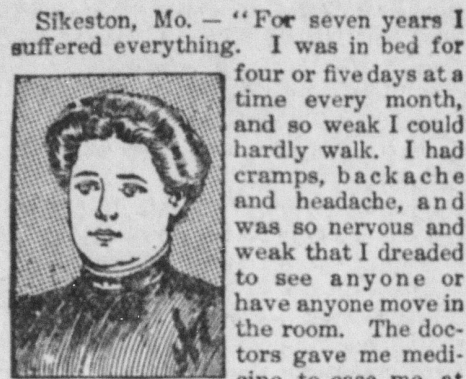


# SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

How Mrs. Bethune was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Sikeston, Mo. — "For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I had cramps, backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband's told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do all my own household work, work in the garden and entertain company and enjoy them, and can walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the week. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl, and tell them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. DEMA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.

Remember, the remedy which did this was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means have failed. Why don't you try it?

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Helen—I intend to propose to a man who is in a position to take me wherever I want to go.

His Economy.  
"What is your idea of economy?" asked one statesman.  
"Making everybody except my constituents get along with as little money as possible," replied the other.

After a Fashion.  
Church Member—Does your father always practice what he preaches?  
Minister's Son—Yessum; before a mirror.—Cornell Widow.

## THE CARELESS GROCER

Blundered, and Great Good Came of It.

A careless grocer left the wrong package at a Michigan home one day and thereby brought a great blessing to the household.

"Two years ago I was a sufferer from stomach troubles, so acute that the effort to digest ordinary food gave me great pain, and brought on a condition of such extreme nervousness that I could not be left alone. I thought I should certainly become insane. I was so reduced in flesh that I was little better than a living skeleton. The doctors failed to give me relief and I despaired of recovery.

"One day our groceryman left a package of Grape-Nuts food by mistake, so I tried some for dinner. I was surprised to find that it satisfied my appetite and gave me no distress whatever. The next meal I ate of it again, and to be brief, I have lived for the past year almost exclusively on Grape-Nuts. It has proved to be a most healthful and appetizing food, perfectly adapted to the requirements of my system.

"Grape-Nuts is not only easily digested and assimilated, but I find that since I have been using it I am able to eat anything else my appetite fancies, without trouble from indigestion. The stomach trouble and nervousness have left me, I have regained my plumpness and my views of life are no longer despondent and gloomy.

"Other members of my family, especially my husband, (whose old enemy, the 'heart-burn,' has been vanquished) have also derived great benefit from the use of Grape-Nut food and we think no morning meal complete without it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pligs.

Ever read the above letter? A second one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

# SERIAL STORY

## No Man's Land

A ROMANCE  
By Louis Joseph Vance

Illustrations by Ray Walters

### SYNOPSIS.

Garrett Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a card party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coast fails to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her friendship. At the party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tuyl. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock shoots Van Tuyl dead. Coast struggles to wrest the weapon from him, thus the police discover them. Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and fled. Coast purchases a yacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from a distant boat. He rescues the fellow who is named Appleyard. They arrive at a lonely island, known as No Man's Land. Coast starts out to explore the place and comes upon some deserted buildings. He discovers a man dead. Upon going further and approaching a house he sees Katherine Thaxter, who explains that her husband, under the name of Black, has bought the island. He is blind, a wireless operator and has a station there. Coast informs her that her husband murdered Van Tuyl.

### CHAPTER X.

Coast had not taken two score paces along the path to the shore before the day was again darkened by a sudden and heavy thickening of the mists. That brightening glow, which a little time back he had hailed with hope as promise of early clearing, was in an instant wiped away. So deep became the gloom to his fancy, as if the fog had been sprayed to saturation with a myriad infinitesimal atoms of ink) that though it was now high morning he found it hard to see the ground beneath his feet.

Then came the deluge. The heavens opened and drenched the earth with a flush of rain literally torrential. In a twinkling soaked to the skin, Coast gasped for breath and bent his head to a downpour which whipped him with a million cruel stinging lashes.

Perforce at pause for fear of losing his way, almost beaten thoughtless, lacking any shelter to fly to, he derived forlorn comfort of a sort from the very violence of the squall, which supplied its own assurance that it could not endure long. And briefly this proved itself: heralded by gradual lightning, the heavier clouds passed off; the initial fury exhausted itself.

For some distance the path led him a wandering way, but this he did not resent, any more than he really resented his soaking, which seemed but an inconsiderable annoyance to a mind preoccupied. His being was altogether obsessed and the process of his thoughts clouded by intense solicitude and pity for Katherine—coupled with doubts as to the wisdom of his course.

Was he justified in leaving her, though she begged and commanded him? He felt his understanding harried by the pro and con of the question like a ball in volley between two rackets. How could he leave her so? What else could he do? She rejected, discredited, dismissed him definitely, without appeal. She needed him—or somebody to whom she might turn for comfort and protection. Blackstock was not to be trusted: yet she loved him. If, as she protested, she were happy in some strange fashion passing Coast's comprehension, had he any right to step between her and her happiness, whatever the circumstances? If, as was the case, Blackstock had murdered a man in a moment of uncontrollable rage, had Coast any right to leave the woman at the mercy of a temper which might at any moment resume the complexion of homicidal mania? Yet would not his presence there, upon the island, work her more harm than good, were he to be discovered?

He was, in the summing up, conscious of no choice of action; he could but go his ways. She desired it, and though his duty (he saw clearly) was to denounce Blackstock to the nearest authority, secure his arrest and imprisonment . . . he could not. Thus in wretched communion with his heart, he came almost unawares a second time to the deserted fishing village, was abruptly conscious of shapes of buildings looming through the mists and driving rain on either hand. And with this recognition recurred the memory of the blind dog and the murdered man.

It was scant consolation that he no longer heard the howling of the dog. Perhaps it had abandoned its dead, perhaps he need no longer fear to meet the blank misery of those uncanny, sightless eyes, perhaps. . . . Even as he warmed that hope, without warning something more cold and moist than his own flesh touched his hand. He jerked away with an uncontrollable shudder and a smothered exclamation of horror, only to realize that the animal had stolen up behind him and thrust its muzzle into his

palm. He bent over and petted the dripping head, soothing the dog with muttered words for a moment or two. It snuggled close to him, whining, shivering.

"Poor boy!" he said gently. "So now, so, old fellow. . . ." Then, surprised: "Hello!" he exclaimed. "What's this?"

Beneath his hand the dog had stiffened suddenly, and now stood tense and bristling, a deep and angry growl rumbling in its throat. Simultaneously, from some indeterminate point, he heard the sound of a man's voice, the words indistinguishable, accompanied by a grating noise like that made by metal encountering stone.

"Hello, hello!" he said softly, knitting his brows, as he stared down the roadway, in the direction that he must go, the direction from which the sounds seemed to come.

He could see nothing save vague shadows, formless, dim. . . . A monotonous iteration of muffled sounds forced itself upon Coast's attention; a thud, a scraping noise, a soft plop; repeated endlessly. He strained his eyes against the veiling mists, seeming to discern a knot of shadows down the road. The sounds continued, to be interrupted, presently by high-pitched accents, apparently lifted in exostulation; but the intonation was foreign and the words unintelligible.

Then a voice said roughly: "Shut up and get on, will you? D'you want to keep me standing here all day?"

A grunt responded and the noises recommenced.

Coast gulped; his temples throbbled



Then Came the Deluge.

and there was a feeling of constriction in his throat. The voice had been Blackstock's. Coast now understood what was towards; they were digging a grave for the dead man.

Quite mechanically he turned aside and moved toward the row of houses on his right; they stood upon the edge of a shelving bank, he found, guessing the beach lay at the foot of this declivity. He descended ten feet or so, and the dog at heel, skulked along in the rear of the buildings until he came to one which he judged to be about opposite the group of shadows. Then climbing again he entered the structure by its rear doorway—which owned no door.

Opening on the roadway were two windows, with broken and empty sashes, and a doorway with vacant hinges. Coast approached one of the windows. The dog, blundering helplessly about for a time, at length found the door and stepped astride the sill, sniffing the air, ears pricked forward, body vibrant with the benevolence of its growls.

From a position near the window, Coast could see with passable distinctness the prone body and round it a gathering of four figures.

Blackstock stood some feet from the body, his feet well apart, his heavy shoulders inclined slightly forward, his hands clasped behind him. He was clothed in shining, shapeless black silks; the drooping brim of a sou'wester hid all his face save a red patch of cheek.

Near the dead man, two Chinamen toiled with spades, waist-deep in a trench. Their bodies, clothed in thin, saturated blue jackets, bent and recovered with nearly automatic precision as they delved and cast up the loam. Behind them a little mound of fresh-turned earth grew rapidly.

To one side a third Chinaman stood in attitude of imperturbable attention, apparently overseeing the job. He was a large man, largely builded; taller than Blackstock by at least three inches, with disproportionately long arms, large hands and feet. In that drearily illusive light he seemed a giant. His face, to Occidental eyes, was a yellow mask, brutally modeled but quite devoid of expression.

"All ready," he said brusquely, in clear English. Blackstock inclined his head, as if doubtful. "How deep?" he asked. "Four feet."

Blackstock appeared to reflect briefly. "Six would be better," he said. "However . . . kick him in and get him covered as quick as you can."

"All right," returned the Chinaman stolidly.

He issued instructions to his countrymen in a swift jumble of sharp syllables. The pitiless brutality of the proceeding, together with the sickening thump of the body falling into the trench, affected Coast momentarily with a sort of vertigo, with something closely resembling nausea, and wrung from him an involuntary cry of horror. "Good God!" he said aloud—how loudly he soon realized.

Barely had the words been spoken when Blackstock, as if galvanized, whirled in Coast's direction. "Who's that?" he demanded sharply, his features darkly distorted with apprehension. "Who spoke?"

His fingers tore nervously at the fastening of his oilskin coat; he jerked it open and plunged one hand into a side pocket, as if seeking a weapon.

In surprise the tall Chinaman turned toward him. "Who spoke?" he iterated, as if he had failed to catch that cry which had unmistakably reached ears that seemed attuned to almost preternatural acuteness. "I heard nothing."

Quickly his gaze quested past Blackstock, raking their surroundings, and for an instant Coast could have sworn rested on his face, indefinite blur

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