THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.

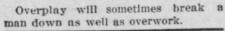
OUCHI LUMBAGO PAIN! RUB BACKACHE AWAY Instant Relief With a Small Trial Bottle of Old "St. Jacobs Oil."

Kidneys cause Backache? No! They have no nerves, therefore can not cause pain. Listen! Your backache is caused by lumbago, sciatica or a strain, and the quickest relief is soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil." Rub it right on your painful back, and instantly the soreness, stiffness and lameness disappears. Don't stay crippled! Get a small trial bottle of "St. Jacobs Oil" from your druggist and limber up. A moment after it is applied you'll wonder what became of the backache or lumbago pain.

Rub old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" whenever you have sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism or sprains, as it is absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.-Adv.

Sweet are the smiles a man's wife hands him ou pay day.

The Cuticura Toilet Trio Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your every-day tollet preparations. The soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them. 25c everywhere .- Adv.

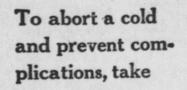




and movement becomes painful It is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking



The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1696. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes. All druggists. Guaranteed as represented. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation







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LADY LARKSPUR

"Lady Larkspur" is a delightful little whimsey of a story by Meredith Nicholson. author of "The House of a Thousand Candles" and other charming romances that nearly everybody has read. It's short and sweet and full of the fanciful charm which has made Nicholson deservedly popular.

Bob Singleton is the hero. He's an aviator invalided home. His Uncle Bashford has married an Englishwoman in Japan in his old age, died and left a widow whom Bob has never seen. Said widow, present whereabouts unknown, is mystery No. 1. Mystery No. 2 is Violet Dewing, an entirely charming English actress, also missing from public view. Bob's friend Searles has written a play, "Lady Larkspur," especially for her and naturally is combing the universe to find her. Bob goes to the Bashford "farm" at Barton in New England to recuperate. The household is made up of broken-down hotel employees befriended by the uncle-comedy material.

A young and attractive woman arrives and says she's the widow. Bob is quickly captivated. Appear in due course a puzzling stranger, a remarkable fan, and a suspected German spy-material for adventure and incidents both exciting and entertaining, to say nothing of mystery deep and dark.

men,' a capital play that died early, but there again I felt her peculiar charm-it was just that. She was exquisite! No one ever captured my imagination as she did. I watched her night after night. I was afraid that when I heard her voice it would break the spell, and I actually shook like a man with an ague when she tripped out on the stage as the ingenue in 'Honorable Women.' And her laughter! You know how hollow the usual stage mirth is, but that girl's laugh had the joy of the lark ascending!"

"By Jove!" I ejaculated, "there's more here than appears. You're in love with the girl !"

"Rubbish," he cried impatiently. "You'll think I'm talking rot, but this girl was the visualization of a character I had dreamed of and groped after for years. That's all; but it's lines: a whole lot, I can tell you!"

"Let us be practical for a moment, Searles," I urged. "Emperors, presidents, and popular murderers are not more conspicuous than the people of the stage. No girl talented enough to get two engagements, even for small parts, in a first-class London theater could vanish. With your acquaintance in the profession you'd be able to trace her anywhere on earth. By the way, what did the paragon call herself?"

"Violet Dewing was her stage name and the only name the managers knew her by. I assumed that, of course, all I had to do was to finish my play and then have Dalton, who represents me over there, make an appointment to read it to her; but Dalton worked for three months trying to find her, without success. I wasn't the only person who was interested in her. Dalton said that half a dozen managers had their eye on her, but after 'Honorable Women' closed she stepped into the void. I knew what you're thinking-that the other members of the two companies she appeared with must have had some inkling of

later she appeared in 'Honorable Wo- | Her voice was her charm made audible! "Rave some more!" I pleaded. "You never talked better in your life." "Don't be an ass," he said sourly. "Let's forget her and take a squint at your affairs. Just what do you mean to do with yourself?"

"My shoulder still creaks a little, and the doctors advise me to sit around for a while. They offered me some jobs in Washington, but desk work and inspection duty are too tame after a couple of years spent in star climbing. I'm going up to Barton-on-the-Sound and I'll camp in the garage on my uncle's place."

"Your uncle played you a nasty trick," interrupted Searles; "getting married and then adding to the crime by dying. You couldn't beat that for general spitefulness."

"Do you remember the immortal

"'Oh, skip your dear uncle!' The Beliman exclaimed As he angrily tinkled his bell''?

"Oh, I'm not knocking the dead !" he protested. "Mr. Bashford always struck me as a pretty decent, square sort of chap, and not at all the familiar grouchy uncle of fiction and the drama. I made notes on him from time to time with a view to building a play around him-the perfect uncle, unobtrusive, never blustering at his nephew; translating the avuncular relationship into something remote and chaste like a distant view of Mount Washington in winter. It was just like him to retire from business on his sixtieth birthday and depart for the Orient, there to commit the shameless indiscretion of matrimony." "Like him! It was the greatest shock of my life. To the best of my knowledge he never knew any women except the widow of his partner in the importing house. She was about eighty and perfectly safe. He spent twenty years in the Tyringham, the dullast and most respectable hotel in the world, and his chief recreation was a leisurely walk in the park before going to bed. You could set

your clock by him. Pretty thin picking for a dramatist, I should think. He used to take me to the theater regularly every other Thursday-it was a date-and his favorite entertainment was vaudeville with blackface embellishment preferred. But in his shy fashion he was kind and



THE SLEIGH RIDE.

"Are you coming to my party?" asked Peter Gnome of Billie Brownie. "I didn't know you were to have a party," said Billie Brownie.

"I didn't know it either," said Peter Gnome.

"What? You didn't know you were to have a party and yet you invited me? What is the matter with you, dear Peter Gnome?"

"Well, what I said is perfectly true," said Peter Gnome. "I didn't know I was going to have a party until I saw you. Then I knew it. I think it would be a fine idea to have a party, though, don't, you? You haven't been to one in a long time, and I would be charmed to be your host."

"And I'd be charmed to be your guest," said Billie Brownie. Whereupon they both hugged each other and rolled over in the soft snow. "When is the party to be?" asked

Billie Brownie. "Well, what do you say to having one tonight? There's a moon tonight. I'll ask the Breeze Brothers to tell Mr. Moon we'd like to have his most illustrious, noble lantern, namely him-

self, for our party." "Tonight would be fine," said Billie Brownie. "Shall I ask the rest of my family and friends?"

"The more the merrier as goes the old saying," said Peter Gnome. "And so, as I'm to give a party for you, Billie dear, I must be off, for I must get things ready. But wrap up warm for I think it had better be a sleighing party with this fine snow."

"Heigh ho," sang Billie Brownie, as he ran off to tell the others about the sleigh ride.

Old Mr. Giant called through this great trumpet and told any number of the Fairyland and Brownieland and Gnomeland friends that there was to be a great sleighing party that night. When evening came everyone was ready and Peter Gnome had a dozen enormous sleighs drawn by two dozen horses-each sleigh had two horses to pull it, and they wore fine reins with jingling bells and great red plumes.

Everyone was in the best of spirits and all came wrapped up for a fine cold night with red mufflers and red mittens and red woolly caps and heavy coats.

"I folded my wings inside on a cold night like this," smiled the Fairy Queen.

Before long they were off at the sound of old Mr. Glant's horn.

"Where is the moon?" asked Peter

IF BACK HURTS USE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS Eat less meat if Kidneys feel like lead or Bladder bothers.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpló liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulates them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

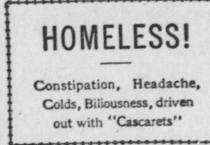
Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithiawater drink which everybody should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble .- Adv.

Appropriate Advice.

"Sam is always talking about his operation for appendicitis."

"Why don't you tell him to cut it out?'



Drive away those persistent enemies of happiness-biliousness and constipation. Don't stay headachy, sick, tongue coated, sallow and miserable! Never have colds, indigestion, upset stomach or that misery-making gas. Feel splendid always by taking Cascarets occasionally. Cascarets never gripe, sicken or inconvenience you like Calomel, Salts, Oll or nasty, harsh Pills. They cost so little and work while you sleep .- Adv.

The different diseases which affect mankind number about 1,200.

A postal card to Garfield Tea, Brooklyn, asking for a sample will repay you. -Adv.

There is no punishment for wasting

The purified and refined calomel tablets that are nausealess, safe and sure.

Medicinal virtues retained and improved. Sold only in sealed packages. Price 35c.



OR WOMAN'S HEALTH

usands of women always have ox of DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS in the house. At the first sign of any irregularity a timely dose is taken. Those who use them rec-ommend them. Hence, their suc-cess for over half a century. FOR CONSTIPATION THEY HAVE NO ECONSTIPATION THEY HAVE NO OTIAT.



In the end-but what's the use in spoiling it! Read it for yourself.

CHAPTER I. -1-The "Troops"

"It was hard luck., said Searles, "that I should spend a year writing a play for a woman only to find that she had vanished-jumped off the earth into nowhere. This was my highest flight, Singleton, the best writing I ever did, and after the vast pains I took with the thing, the only woman I ever saw who could possibly act it is unavailable; worse than that. absolutely undiscoverable! Nobody knows I have this script; I've kept quiet about it simply because I'm not going to be forced into accepting a star I don't want. I have a feeling about this play that I never had about my other things. The public has been so kind to my small offerings that I'm trying to lend 'em on to the best I can do; something a little finer and more imaginative, with a touch of poetry, if you please. And now-" He glared at me as though I were responsible for his troubles. As he knew I had been flying in the French aviation corps for two years and had just been invalided home, I didn't think it necessary to establish an alibi. Fate had been kind to Dick Searles. In college he had written a play or two that demonstrated his

talent, and after a rigid apprenticeship as scene-shifter and assistant producer he had made a killing with "Let George Do It," a farce that earned enough to put him at ease and make possible an upward step into straight comedy. Even as we talked a capacity house was laughing at his skit, 'Who Killed Cock Robin?" just around the corner from his lodgings. So his story was not the invention of a rejected playwright to cover the nonappearance of a play which nobody would produce.

"Isn't it always a mistake to write a play for a particular star?" I suggested. "Seems to me I've read somewhere that that is among the besetting sins of you playwrights."

"Old stuff, my boy; but this isn't one of those cases. The person I had in mind for this play wasn't a star, but a beginner, quite unknown. It was when I was in London putting on tion in the piece. When Terry was in a small part in a pantomime, and to say that only one bird sang like pantomime is the severest test of an agtor's powers, you know. A little this bird sings on the same branch!



"Oh, I'm Not Knocking the Dead!"

willows

her identity, but I tell you Dalton and I exhausted the possibilities. It was by accident that she got her chance in the pantomime-some one wouldn't do at the last minute, and they gave Miss Dewing a trial. She was well liked by her associates in spite of the fact that she was a bit offish and vanished from their world the minute the curtain fell."

"A clever governess out of a job. satisfying a craving for excitement and playing the mysterious role as a part of the adventure. Am I to assume that 'you've burned your play and that the incident is closed?"

"Oh, I didn't burn it; I have a copy locked in a safety vault, and Dalton left one heavily sealed at a small exclusive London hotel where, he found after much difficulty, the girl had lodged during her two engagements." "You're morbid," I said. "Show me her photograph."

He laughed ironically. "Never a chance, Singleton! You haven't yet got the idea that this young woman is out of the ordinary. She refused to be photographedwrote it into her two contracts that this, was not to be asked. I never saw her off the stage, and I can't give you a description of her that would be of the slightest assistance to the keenest detective alive. In that pantomime she was a frolic, the clown's daughter, and, although nobody saw it, she was the whole piece, the elusive sprite that could evoke laughter and tears by a gesture, a lifting of the brows, a grimace. By utterly different methods in 'Honorable Women' she proved her wide range of appeal. Hers was the one true characteriza-

generous and mighty good to me." "If you hadn't gone to war, but had might have been averted," suggested Searles. "He did leave you something, didn't he?"

"Fifty thousand cash and the right to use the garage at the Barton farm. face of old Mr. Moon. Calling it a farm is a joke; it's rocks mostly. He bought the house to have a place to store his prints and Jap

ceramics. He hated motoring except in taxis up and down town, and when I urged him to set up a machine, he told he to go ahead and buy one and build the garage. Told me I'd better fix up the studio in the garage and have it as a place to work in. His will provides that I may lodge in the garage for life." "The estate footed a million, as I

remember, so I can't praise his generosity. But the widow, your unknown auntie, the body-snatcher who annexed the old boy-what of her?" "I've asked the trust company peo-

ple whether she's in sight anywhere, and they assure me that she is not on these shores. Torrence, the third vice president-you know Torry; he was in the class ahead of us at college, the man who never smiles-Torry said she acknowledged the last remittance three months ago from Bangkok-wherever that is. I suppose the old girl's resumed her tour of the world looking for another retired

merchant to add to her list." "Very likely. To what nation, tribe, or human group does this predatory person belong?"

Unrest at the Barton farm. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Too Deep for Him.

fathoms of line, muttered to himself. "Surch it's as long as today and tomorrow! It's a good week's work for any five men. More of it yet? The sny's mighty deep, to be sure." Then he suddenly stopped short; and, looking up to the officer on watch, he explained: "Bad luck to me, sorr, if I don't belave somebody's cut off the other end of this line !"-Congregationalist.

A Thought.

It's not easy to be famous or skillful or pre-eminent in one's chosen profession, but it is easy for every man to be a kind father, a good neighbor, a is saying a great deal! true friend and a loyal citizen. If he is these he is all that men of renown can be. The great man who has won 'Fairy Gold' that I saw her; she had her prime you remember how we used his greatness at the expense of his children or his neighbors or his that, and from paradise it flew? Well, friends has traded lasting memories for temporary fame.

Gnome. "I wonder if the Breeze Brothers forgot to take the message kept right at his elbow, the marriage to him before they went to bed. They've gone to bed now--it's certainly quiet and still enough." Just then from a dark cloud in the

sky peeped the smiling, happy, jolly

"Well," he said, "we're off, ch' And I'm to go along, too. How would you



Called Through His Great Trumpet.

like me to go right down in the sleigh and ride along with you?" "Charmed to have you any way, any way at all," said Peter Gnome.

"That's the good Peter, always kindly and friendly. Well, I guess I'd better stay up here. I don't know just what to do about going down there. I might lose my balance and fall, and oh dear, if the moon should have a fall like that and should get all broken up in bits, what would folks do? "I don't believe I'd better try it." The Moon beamed. "I'd better stay where I'm safe and I can have lots more fun as a moon in the sky looking down upon parties such as these An Irish sailor, after pulling in 50 than I could if I were a broken-up moon down on the earth. Besides they mightn't know how to patch my different suits properly. They might not know which pieces belonged to my fancy dress, crescent-shaped suit, or my half full-dress suit, my second best suit, I call it.

"No, Mr. Moon will stay in the sky. He's always had the sense to stay where he belonged and he always will."

"That's the sensible Mr. Moon." they all shouted.

And he lighted the way on their sleigh ride which was the very jolliest Peter Gnome had ever given, and that

The Dear Girls.

Ethel-I see where candles are going up when Georgia has a birthday." Grace-Well, don't worry, dear: she won't buy very many candles, you

