

WHEN ALL RUN-DOWN, NERVOUS, WEAK

Stanton, Va.—"Whenever I feel all run-down, nervous or weak I always find renewed health and strength in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and the Golden Medical Discovery. These medicines have given me special benefit to me during expectancy and enabled me to raise my child. This was perhaps due to kidney trouble, which always gave me considerable anxiety during each expectant period. After I took the Favorite Prescription and the Golden Medical Discovery I had no further trouble with my kidneys during expectancy, and I surely realize all that these tonics meant to me and to my child."—Mrs. E. V. Hook, 8 Tams St.

Gained 35 Pounds
Mountville, W. Va.—"Some eight years ago in the opening of spring I began to go down in health. I became nervous, weak could not eat nor sleep, and became very thin. Was so completely run-down I could not work. I went on this way one whole summer. I took medicine, but it did not do me any good. I was so weak I could scarcely get up and down stairs, when I began taking Favorite Prescription. I only took about three bottles when I was a well person and began to be strong and hearty. I gained thirty-five pounds in weight and am today strong and have never had any sickness since."—Mrs. M. J. Wilson, 801 First St.

Charlottesville, Va.—"For years I suffered with woman's weakness, during which time I doctored and took medicine without getting relief. I suffered with back-aches and pains in the side. I was very weak and nervous, and was miserable when I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I had taken two bottles I was so much improved that I knew I had at last found the right medicine. I took six bottles and by the time I was well."—Mrs. W. W. Southard, 108 Hinton Ave.



Vaseline Carbollated PETROLEUM JELLY

A convenient, safe antiseptic for home use. Invaluable for dressing cuts and sores. A time-tried remedy.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES
CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
State Street New York

FOR WOMEN

For over half a century DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS have been sold for the Liver. Read the following from a woman of forty-eight: "I have used DR. TUTT'S PILLS for bowel regulation many years. I am now convinced that they are also the best known regulator for other retarded female functions. I have told many of my friends and now none would be without them. A few days before, and you are all right."

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

MYSTIC CREAM
Makes the Skin like Velvet



The Best at any Price

We say this because thousands of women have written us, saying they can use no other than this original non-greasy Vanishing Cream. None so soothing, or so satisfying for chapped hands and roughness of the skin. At all good drug and department stores.

Mystic Cream Co., Middletown, N. Y.

Works like Witchcraft

BRINGS THE ROSES TO CHILDREN'S CHEEKS

Mother: Brew Dr. Carter's K. & B. Tea at Home—Good Health to All the Family. Keeps liver and bowels in proper condition and ends bilious attacks and sick headache. Give to the children when peevish. They like it, and it acts very gently on their little bowels. Be sure you get Dr. Carter's K. & B. Tea.

Dr. Stafford's Olive Tar
Relief from Asthma

LADY LARKSPUR

MEREDITH NICENOLSON

COPYRIGHT BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

"A FOREIGN GENTLEMAN."

Synopsis.—Richard Searies, successful American playwright, confides to his friend, Bob Singleton, the fact that, inspired by the genius of a young actress whom he had seen in London, he has written a play, "Lady Larkspur." He is solely with the thought that she should interpret the leading character. This girl, Violet Dewing, has disappeared and Searies refuses to allow the play to be produced with anyone else in the part. Singleton has just returned (invalided) from France, where he had been serving in the aviation corps. His uncle, Raymond Bashford, a wealthy man, had contracted a marriage a short time before his death, while on a visit to Japan. He left Singleton a comparatively small amount of money and the privilege of residence in the "garage" of his summer home, Barton-on-the-Sound, Connecticut. Mrs. Bashford is believed to be traveling in the Orient.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"I'll tell you all I know. Just as I was sailing from France I got a letter from Uncle Bash stating in a most businesslike fashion that he was about to be married to a lady he had met on the trip out to Japan. The dire event was to occur at the American embassy the following day. From which I judged that my presence at the ceremony was neither expected nor desired. Oddly enough, months afterward, I picked up an English paper in a French inn that contained an announcement of the marriage in the usual advertisement form. The lady was succinctly described as Mrs. Alice Wellington Cornford, widow of the late Archibald Reynolds Cornford, Pepperharrow road, Hants. All Torrence knows of the subsequent proceedings is what he got in official reports of Uncle Bash's death from the consul-general at Tokyo. Whether the widow expects to come to America ultimately or will keep moving through the Orient marrying husbands and burying them is a dark mystery. If she should turn up, the house at Barton is hers, of course, but with her roving disposition I fancy my aunt Alice wouldn't like the place. The Jap stuff is worth a bit of money, and if the lady is keen for such things and not a mere adventuress these days take it into her head one of these days to come over and inspect the loot."

"I can see the vampire," said Searies musingly, "landing at the Grand Central with enough hand-luggage to fill a freight-car; a big, rag-boned creature, with a horse face and a horrible mess as to clothes. You will be there to meet her, deferential, anxious to please. You will pilot her up to the coast of Barton, tip the servants heavily to keep them from murdering her, and twiddle your thumbs in your garage as you await her further pleasure. By the way, are those ancient freaks still on the place—those broken-down hotel employees who were your uncle's sole experiment in philanthropy?"

"Torrence assures me they are all very much there." Searies yielded himself to laughter. "An Englishwoman with lofty ideas of domestic service would certainly enjoy a romp with that crew." "Oh, they are in the same class with me," I explained. "The place can't be sold till I die, and while I live they're to be harbored—about thirty of them—clothed and victualled."

"I think there's a farce in the idea, and I may try it one of these days," he said, scribbling in his note-book. "A refuge for broken-down chambermaids, venerable bell-hops grown gray in the service, and the head waiter who amassed a fortune in tips and then toyed with the market once too often and lost his ill-gotten gains. What was the head waiter's name who presided with such staidness in the dining-room of the Tyringham?"

"That's Antoine, who married the assistant housekeeper at the Tyringham. He's the butler and has charge of the place. When I get settled I'll ask you up and you can study the bunch at leisure." "Splendid! I'll be up in a couple of weeks. I'm going to Ohio tomorrow for a family reunion and a look at the loved spots my infancy knew." "You're lucky to have home-folks even in Ohio," I remarked enviously. "Well, there's always your distant auntie cruising the seven seas in pursuit of husbands. Nobody with an aunt to his credit can pretend to be alone in the world. Aunts must rank just a little below mothers in the heavenly kingdom. When I was a boy out in Ohio there were two great occasions every year in my life—one when I went to visit a grand old aunt I had in the country, the other when she visited us, arriving with a wagonload of jam, jelly,

fling of his head. Antoine indicated him with a contemptuous nod; "Married Elsie, the German woman who worked in the linen-room at the Tyringham! This had caused some trouble, and there is a pantry girl, Gretchen, who was ill for a long time before the master left, and he sent her here for the country air. She is a little devil with her dear Fatherland."

I laughed at the old fellow's gravity and earnestness. That the war should be making itself felt on the quiet acres at Barton-on-the-Sound was absurd.

I was pondering the recrudescence of race hatreds due to the upheaval in Europe when he startled me by a statement uttered close to my ear: "There have been inquiries for the widow; these have caused me much anxiety. It seems that there are persons anxious to see her. There have been inquiries, one—two—three times."

"Probably some of her American friends anxious to pay their respects, or some of the neighbors making calls of courtesy," I suggested.

"A foreign gentleman who acts very queerly," Antoine persisted.

My uncle's widow was a vague, unknown being whom I had never expected to cross my horizons. If she meditated a descent upon Barton-on-the-Sound, the trust company would certainly have had some hint of her approach, but Torrence clearly had had no tidings of her beyond her last communication from Bangkok. Still, it was wholly possible that a globe-trotting widow would have friends in many parts of the world; and I could see nothing disturbing in the fact that inquiries had been made for her. I said as much. Antoine's answer was another shrug and a jerk of his head toward Flynn, as though even the employment of an alien tongue might not conceal our conversation from the big Irishman. When we had reached the farm and were running through the grounds Antoine spoke again.

"We thought we would put you up at the house, Mr. Singleton, and not in the garage," he said inquiringly.

"Not at all, Antoine," I answered quickly. "We must stick close to the law in such matters."

"Very good, sir. Stop at the garage, Flynn."

To the casual observer the garage was a charming two-story house following the general lines of the plaster and timber residence, from which it was separated by a strip of woodland and a formal garden. The garage and quarters for the chauffeur were at one end and at the other were a down-stairs living-room, with a broad fireplace, and three chambers above so planned as to afford a charming view of the Sound, whose shore curved in deeply at this point. On the chauffeur's side was a small kitchen from which I had been served with my meals when I lodged there.

"The house is in order. You will have your meals at the residence, I suppose, sir," Antoine suggested.

I debated this a moment and when he hinted that dinner could be more conveniently served there than in my own quarters, I said that for the present the Flynns might give me breakfast and luncheon at the garage, but that I would dine at the house.

It was five o'clock when I reached the garage, and Antoine left me after opening my bags, with the suggestion that I could summon Zimmerman, a former valet of the Tyringham, for any service I might require. I knew Zimmerman very well and said I would call him when occasion required.

"He is of that race," said Antoine plaintively in the French which now seemed to come readily enough to his lips.

"Race? Botheration! You mustn't trouble yourself about race questions out here, Antoine. Zimmerman is a good old chap, who's probably forgotten the very name of the German town he was born in."

"They do not forget," Antoine replied with emphasis. "There has been much discussion—much—"

"Forget it, Antoine! I supposed you were all living here like a happy family. Please tell them that at the residence that I'll dine at seven."

"Very good, sir," he said in his pompous manner, but I saw that he was miffed by my indifference.

Flynn, having disposed of the car, came to ask if there was anything he could do for me.

"Tony's against the wife and me," he said mournfully. "It's the war, sorr, and she and me that like, sorr, the American flag floats from the garage every day. And if a heart can be like, Elsie's as true to America as though she was born in Boston state-house."

"I believe you, Flynn," I said, touched by his nervousness. "Don't you worry about Antoine and the rest of them; they're just a little nervous; I'll see what I can do to straighten things out."

A coming widow casts her shadow before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
Sophistication.
Bernice had some of her little friends in for luncheon the other day and among other things she had olives. She offered them to Elsie, who said she did not like them, whereupon Bernice replied in a superior fashion: "Oh, I didn't like 'em myself at first, but you must accumulate a taste for them."

JACK'S BLUNDER

By MABEL RICH.

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The big whistle of the Superior shoe factory was shrieking. It was just five o'clock—quitting time for Jack Horton and hundreds of others employed by the Superior Shoe company. It did not take Jack long to wash up, and it is not to be wondered at when one knows the picture Jack had in mind—a cozy little dining room with a steam-heating hot dinner on the table—prepared by a pretty young bride of two months.

For anyone else it was about a five-minute walk from the car line to Jack's house, but he usually made it in two. As he was about to enter his gate his next-door neighbor, Harry Benson, came along. "Hello, Jack," he said, "home early, aren't you? Well, I don't blame you much. By the way, Jack, who was that good-looking chap that drove up with your wife in a roadster this afternoon? And, say, Jack, Harry lowered his voice. "Don't think I am butting in, but I think you ought to know when your wife left him she kissed him." With that, Harry made off down the street.

Jack was astounded! Before he came to his senses Harry was too far away to question further. It didn't seem possible. He tried to think of some one who might be related, but he knew well enough that there were no brothers or cousins with autos. He started to go into the house, then turned back. As he did so he caught sight of the imprint of auto tires in the soft dirt beside the curbstone. So it was true, then! His precious little wife had been out riding with another man. And she had kissed him! The thought sent a pang like a knife through his heart. Then he became angry. "So, that's her game, is it?" he muttered to himself. "Well, I'll show her two can play at the same game." And so saying, he went down the street.

Remembering he had not had any dinner, Jack found his way into a small restaurant on a side street, and ordered all the appetizing things he could think of, but when he tried to eat it fairly made him sick, for he could not forget that cozy little dining room—and Betty. Again he became angry. Without eating a thing he paid his check and went out, leaving behind a bewildered waiter. Upon reaching the street Jack lighted a cigarette and wondered what to do next. As he was pondering upon the question he caught sight of pretty Mary Russell coming up the street. Now he knew what to do. He had taken her to dances before he was married, and he would take her to one this very night.

As she approached, Jack spoke: "Good evening, Mary; how—" but he didn't finish. She had brushed past him without even noticing him. Then, for the first time, Jack realized something—he had on his shabby working clothes. No wonder she didn't speak—why she had not even recognized him.

With a disgusted shrug of his shoulders he went on, and presently found himself seated in a small picture theater but, as for knowing what was on the picture screen, Jack might as well have been at a ball game. At last he could stand it no longer. His mind was made up now. He would go straight home and have it out with Betty at once. So, scrambling out of his seat, he found his way to the street, and it was not long before he found himself in sight of his house, and to his amazement he could see that the house was all lighted up.

"What does it all mean?" he asked himself, for he knew well enough that they never used any more electricity than was necessary, for they were trying to keep down the H. C. of L. as much as possible.

As Jack entered the hall he heard a little feminine sob, and then the comforting words of another feminine voice: "There, my dear; don't cry any more—he has probably been detained at the factory on business of some sort." And then he heard Betty's voice say: "Perhaps so, but he never stayed away like this before." Jack rushed in, but stopped as quickly, for right before him stood his wife and another lady, the perfect image of Betty. In fact, Jack could hardly tell one from the other: "Oh, Jack!" cried Betty, rushing forward and throwing her arms around his neck. "Where have you been all this time? I was wishing you would come home early tonight, as sister Grace has just come this afternoon. Her hubby drove her here and left her, as he had to come through here on business, and is going to call for her tomorrow or next day. You know, she lives in New York, and I haven't seen her in ages." Here Betty had to stop to catch her breath. The words struck Jack like a thunderbolt, and he collapsed into the nearest chair. Now he knew that he had blundered, and oh, what a blunder! He made up his mind not to let Betty know what had happened. Of course, he remembered now he had heard Betty speak of Grace many times, but he never happened to meet her. He remembered that people had said Betty and Grace looked like twins, although there was three years' difference in their ages. What a fool he had been! After a happy meal they all retired to the parlor, and once again Jack's happiness was complete.

No Time for Trifles.

Our observation is that an industrious man is seldom indignant.—Dallas News.

GET READY FOR "FLU"

Keep Your Liver Active, Your System Purified and Free From Colds by Taking Calotabs, the Nauseless Calomel Tablets, that are Delightful, Safe and Sure.

Physicians and Druggists are advising their friends to keep their systems purified and their organs in perfect working order as a protection against the return of influenza. They know that a clogged up system and a lazy liver favor colds, influenza and serious complications.

To cut short a cold overnight and to prevent serious complications take one Calotab at bedtime with a swallow of water—that's all. No salts, no nausea, no griping, no sickening after effects. Next morning your cold has vanished, your liver is active, your system is purified and refreshed and you are feeling fine with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Eat what you please—no danger. Calotabs are sold only in original sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. Every druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not perfectly delighted with Calotabs.—(Adv.)

Defined.
"He's an agricultural failure."
"In what way?"
"He's gone to seed."

YOU'LL SOON LOOK OLD FROM HERE UP

Get "Danderine" check that nasty dandruff and stop hair falling.



Get a small bottle of "Danderine" at any drug store for a few cents, pour a little into your hand and rub well into the scalp with the finger tips. By morning most, if not all, of this awful scurf will have disappeared. Two or three applications often remove every bit of dandruff and stop falling hair. Every hair on scalp shortly shows more life, vigor, brightness, thickness and color.—Adv.

Relaxing.
First Mechanic—Working today?
Second Mechanic—Yep. This is an off day with me.

RUB RHEUMATISM OR SORE, ACHING JOINTS

Rub Pain Right Out With Small Trial Bottle of Old "St. Jacobs Oil"

Rheumatism is "pain" only. Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Stop druging. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right into your sore, stiff, aching joints and muscles, and relief comes instantly. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and cannot burn the skin.

Limber up! Quit complaining! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic pain, soreness, stiffness and swelling. Don't suffer! Relief awaits you. "St. Jacobs Oil" has cured millions of rheumatism sufferers in the last half century, and is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, sprains.—Adv.

If people like each other well enough they will argue. They're not afraid to.

100% PEP!

If Constipated, Bilious or Headachy, take "Cascarets."

Reel bully! Be efficient! Don't stay sick, bilious, headachy, constipated. Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head dizzy, your tongue coated, your breath bad and stomach sour. Why not spend a few cents for a box of Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest laxative-cathartic you ever experienced? Cascarets never gripe, sicken or inconvenience one like Salts, Oil, Calomel or harsh Pills. They work while you sleep.—Adv.

The class that is not out for business has no business to be out.—Marion Lawrence.

Constipation indigestion, sick-headache and bilious conditions are overcome by a course of Garfield Tea. Drink before retiring.—Adv.

If one feels agreeable he can generally be so.