

Stomach Trouble, Sleepless, Palpitation

Dillon Mills, Va.—"Some years ago I had a continuous burning sensation in the pit of my stomach, with palpitation of the heart so bad at night that I could not sleep. I became very miserable and nothing I took gave me any relief. Some one sent me one of Dr. Pierce's pamphlets through the mail and I became interested at once in the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' The first few doses of it gave me the first relief I had had in months and I took three bottles of it, which made me feel like a different man. In eighteen years I have not had to diet or deprive myself of anything to eat, and my appetite is always good, so I know that I have been cured of my stomach trouble."

J. F. Bowles, R. F. D. 1, Box 42. Thin Blood, Run-Down, Nervous, Gall Stones. Fairmont, W. Va.—"My wife became ailing from a complication of diseases; she had thin blood, was run-down, nervous and had other ills. I had to wait on her five weeks, day and night. My time lost from work and money spent cost me about sixty-five dollars. I purchased a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which gave her strength and ambition; also a great number of gall stones came from her, which she did not know she had. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' is more than it is claimed to be; it is worth five cents a drop to the run-down and debilitated system."—Solomon Efav, R. F. D. 6.

Indigestion and Stomach. Linside, W. Va.—"I had been a sufferer from indigestion and stomach trouble for over five months, nothing I ate agreed with me and I could not sleep well at night. I used four packages of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and received the greatest of results from its use. I am using Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets now and find them to give good satisfaction."—Mrs. Hattie Boyd, R. F. D. 1, Box 47.

Every Horse Owner who has ever tried Yager's Liniment will read by admit that it is by far the best and most economical liniment for general stable use. For strained ligaments, sprain, lacerated galls, swollen, wounds or old sores, cuts and any enlargement, it gives quick relief. It contains twice as much as the usual 50 cent bottle of liniment. At all dealers. Price 35 cents. YAGER'S LINIMENT GILBERT BROS. & CO. Baltimore, Md.

HOW TO GET RID OF CONSTIPATION. It's needless and dangerous to suffer from a clogged up system because it often lays the foundation for a lifetime of misery and ill-health. DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS taken one or two at bedtime, quickly eliminates all poisonous waste matter from the system and strengthens the bowels.

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills. "What's your trouble, Dutch? You're not expecting burglars, are you?" "Well, no, sir, but things on the place ain't what they wuz. It's my name, which ain't my name, not regular, an' I'm campin' in the tool-house. An' me—born right there in New York an' American clean through. My grandpap came across when he wuz a kid, but it ain't my fault he wuz Goldman, Mr. Singleton. I don't know no Goldman except pretzel, sauerkraut, wiener wurst, and them kinds o' wolds."

ASTHMA. DR. T. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

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LADY LARKSPUR

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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GOOD NEWS—OR BAD.

Synopsis.—Richard Searles, 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," solely with the thought that she should interpret the leading character. This girl, Violet Dewing, has disappeared and Searles 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, has 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. The household at Barton is made up of elderly employees of the Tyringham, a New York hotel, where Bashford made his home. By the terms of his will these people are to have a home at Barton for the rest of their lives. Singleton goes to Barton, taking with him the manuscript of "Lady Larkspur." There he finds the household strangely upset, some of its members being suspected by their comrades of pro-Germanism. Antoine, head of the establishment, informs him that he has been perplexed by the somewhat mysterious visits of a stranger, apparently a foreigner, seeking Mrs. Bashford.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

As I went about my unpacking I was sorry that I had discouraged Antoine's confidences. That these old hotel servants, flung upon a farm with little to do, should fall to quarreling was not surprising, but what he had said as to the inquiries for Mrs. Bashford had roused my curiosity. In spite of my legal right to live on the farm, I had no intention of remaining if my uncle's widow turned up. She could hardly fail to regard me as an intruding poor relation, no matter how strictly I kept to my own quarters. I whistled myself into good humor as I dressed and started for the house along the driveway, which followed the shore, veering off for a look at the stink garden, one of the few features of the place that had ever interested my uncle. As I paused on the steps I caught sight of a man sitting dejectedly on a stone bench near a fountain whose jet tossed and caught a ball with languid iteration. I had identified him as an old Tyringham bell-hop, known familiarly as Dutch, before he heard my step and sprang to his feet, grabbing a pitchfork whose prongs he presented threateningly. "Oh, it's you, sir," he faltered, dropping the implement. "Excuse me, sir!"

"What's your trouble, Dutch? You're not expecting burglars, are you?" "Well, no, sir, but things on the place ain't what they wuz. It's my name, which ain't my name, not regular, an' I'm campin' in the tool-house. An' me—born right there in New York an' American clean through. My grandpap came across when he wuz a kid, but it ain't my fault he wuz Goldman, Mr. Singleton. I don't know no Goldman except pretzel, sauerkraut, wiener wurst, and them kinds o' wolds." "Those belong to the universal language, Dutch," I answered consolingly. "What is your name, anyhow?" "Augustus Schortemeier, and I say it ain't no worse'n Longfellow," he protested. The point was delicate and not one that I felt myself qualified to discuss. I bade him cheer up and passed on. As I reached the house I heard a sharp command in an authoritative voice and saw at a curve of the driveway a number of men in military formation performing evolutions in the most sprightly manner. They carried broomsticks, and at sight of me the commander brought his company to a very ragged "Present arms!" Their uniform was that of the Tyringham bell-hops and waiters, and it dawned upon me that this was an army of protest representing the Allied armies on the shores of Connecticut. There was a dozen of them, and the captain I recognized as Scotty, a hop who had long worn the Tyringham livery. I waved my hand to them and turned to find Antoine awaiting me at the door. "It's the troops, sir," he explained. "It's to keep Dutch and Gretchen and Elsie—she's the wife of that Flynn—in proper order, sir." "Troops was a large term for the awkward squad of retired waiters and bell-hops, and it was with difficulty that I kept my face straight. "It's most unfortunate, but we was forced to it. Dinner is served, sir." From the dining table in the long dining-room I caught glimpses through the gathering dusk of Scotty's battalion at its evolutions. "Antoine!" I said sharply. "What do you mean by these hints of trouble

of the weather to cover Antoine's retreat. I resolved not to tell him the real cause of the servant's apprehensions, knowing his disposition to magnify trifles and fearing he might send the police to investigate. He lived only five miles from Barton, a fact to which he now referred. "Hadden't heard of any tramps over my way," he said frowning. "These old lunatics your uncle left here are simply blipped; that's all. It's a wonder you didn't think of upsetting his will on the ground of mental unsoundness." "Oh, chuck it! They're well-meaning helpless people, and it's bully that uncle Bash provided a home for them. There's nobody else to use the place." His cigar had proved soothing, but my last remark caused him to sit up straight in his chair. "By George! my hold-up almost made me forget what I came for. I have news for you, Singleton; good or bad, as you may take it; Mrs. Bashford is in America." "Mrs. Bashford," I repeated faintly, "where do you get these pleasant tidings?" "This," he answered, producing a telegram, "is all I know about it." He seemed to sense my discomfiture. The message read:

"Pittsfield, Mass., Sept. 20. "J. B. Torrence. "Bainbridge Trust Co., New York. "Landed at Seattle a week ago, and have been motoring east from Chicago to see the country. Will reach Barton in four or five days. Please wire me at the Washington Inn, Lenox, whether house is in order for occupancy." "Alice Bashford." "Well, what do you say to that?" he demanded. "I say it's taking unfair advantage." I answered savagely. "I've got to clear out; that's the first thing."

"Not necessarily. Your right to the garage is settled; she couldn't oust you if she wanted to. You've got to stay here anyhow till she comes; there's no ducking that. There are many little courtesies she would naturally expect from you." "I'm delighted that you see my duty so clearly! If you hadn't assured me that she was safe at the end of the world I wouldn't have set foot here." "The house is in order, I judge," he remarked, glancing about the room. "I've got to wire her that we're ready for her." "You most certainly have! You might add that she's causing serious inconvenience to her late husband's only nephew."

"You really don't mean that?" he inquired anxiously. "Oh, thunder, no!" I had forgotten how trying Torrence could be. He now suggested that we summon Antoine and take a look at the house. Torrence is a conscientious fellow with an exact and orderly mind, and there was no corner of the place from cellar to garret that we didn't explore. It was highly creditable to the old Tyringham servants that the house was thoroughly habitable. As we were on our way down-stairs the old fellow detained me a moment. "Have you told him about the parties?" I shook my head in angry rejection of the idea that I should tell Torrence about "the parties," and dismissed him as soon as we reached the hall. "I suggest," said Torrence, "that when she comes you have flowers in all the rooms; the conservatory will supply enough. And it occurs to me that the more inconspicuous you make this bunch of lazy dependents the more agreeable it will be for Mrs. Bashford."

"You don't expect much of me! It was never in the contract that I should become the patriarch of these venerable relics. But I'll warn them to conceal themselves as much as possible. I fully expect to leave the reservation for good just one hour after the lady arrives." "That's your affair, of course. As she's motoring, we can't just time her arrival, but when I get a wire that she's on the way I'll telephone you. And, of course, after she gets here I'll come at once to pay my respects." "You can't come too soon!" I answered spitefully.

"Madame, the widow, has arrived, sir." (TO BE CONTINUED.) Cats and Dogs at Peace. There is one place near Philadelphia where cats and dogs dwell together in peace. It is a cemetery devoted to deceased pets. It is at Francisville and contains many handsome tombstones. Too Proud for Goat Hair. Mr. Pevish says that when he proposed to buy little Pansy a goathair muff for her birthday, Mrs. Pevish said no, her child was too proud to wear any but a wild animal outfit—Dallas News.



"The House is in Order, I Judge."

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE. BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER. MR. CHAMOIS CALLS.

"If I had a frock coat, and a silk hat and a walking stick and a diamond pin in my red neck-tie—that is if I had a red neck-tie—I would go around and call on my friends," said Mr. Chamois.

"I'd hope they'd give me a little refreshment too. It is always nice to have something to eat when one goes a-calling. It makes one talk so much better." "But of course I'm without the frock coat, and the last gentleman who came to the zoo who wore one was off before I had the time to ask him for a loan of it."

"There are some people who never enjoy anything properly," he continued. "They never properly look at me because they're trying to see a dozen creatures at the same time. Very queer, very queer are folks." "Ah, yes it would be nice to have a frock coat and a silk hat and a walking stick and a diamond pin in my red neck-tie—that is, as I said before if I had a red neck-tie—and then I would go around and call on my friends."

"Perhaps if they let me out I could walk down into the city and I could go into the first shop I saw and I could say, 'Pray, Mr. Salesman or Miss Salesman, as the case might be, will you kindly oblige me by giving me a frock coat, a silk hat, a walking stick and a diamond pin and a red neck-tie?'" "You may charge them to my account. Have I one? you ask. Ah, yes, my account is care of the zoo—my name—Mr. Chamois."

"Well," said a puma, not far away, "you can't come into my house and call on me anyway for I'm closed off from you, I am." "But you can pretend to be calling and can talk from your house to mine."

"Ah, what a stir I'd cause," said Mr. Chamois, "going a-shopping." "Folks would say, 'Ah see that stylish Mr. Chamois. Let's wear what he wears and follow the style. That's the thing for us to do.'"

"If I went shopping and went into a candy store I suppose they wouldn't have frock coats and silk hats and red neck-ties and diamond pins for sale. If they did I suppose it wouldn't be called a candy store. Pretty smart, eh?" "In that case I'd go to a frock coat shop for a frock coat, a silk hat shop for a silk hat, and a red neck-tie shop for a red neck-tie and a diamond pin shop for a diamond pin."

"That would be the sensible thing to do." "But can't you make a call upon me from your yard as I suggested?" asked the puma. "That's so," said Mr. Chamois, "but of course I don't want to call unless I have all the wonderful things I spoke of—high hat and frock coat and red neck-tie and diamond pin."

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