"Stomach Trouble, Sleepless, Palpitation"

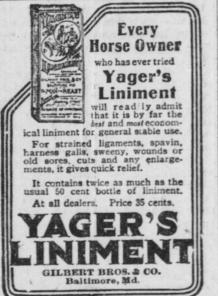


Discovery. The first few doses of it gave me the first relief I had had in months me the first relief I had had in months and I took three bottles of it, which made me feel like a different m.an. In eighteen years I have not had to diet or deprive myself of anything to eat, and my appetite is always 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 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 de'lars. I purchased a
bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medica'.
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 rundown and debilitated, system."—Solomon
Efaw, R. F. D. 6. Efaw, R. F. D. 6.

Indigostion and Stomach 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.



It's needless and dangerous to suffer from a clogged up system because it often lays the foundation for a lifetime of misery and

DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS taken one or two at bedtime, quickly eliminates all poisonous waste matter from the system and strengthen the Bowels.

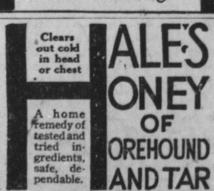
Liver Pills

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For aching teeth use Pike's Toothache Drope

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ER ALTERIC TES

The Quick and Sure Cure for MALARIA, CHILLS, FEVER AND LA GRIPPE It Is a Power ul Tonic and Appetizer

LADY LARKSPUR

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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GOOD NEWS-OR BAD.

Synopsis.-Richard Searles, suc

cessful American playwright, con-fides 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," golely with the thought that she should interpret the leading character. This grid, Violet Devine. acter. 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 (in-valided) 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. 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 manu-script 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

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 sunken 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 languld 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

"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 reg'lar, an' I'm campin' in the toolhouse. 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 be wuz Golman, Mr. Singleton, I don't know no Goiman 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

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 voice and saw at a curve of the driveway a number of men in military the most sprightly manner. They 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 recogonized as Scotty, a cigar?" hop who had long worn the Tyringham livery. I waved my hand to them me at the coor.

"It's the troops, sir," he explained. 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 I forced to it. Dinner is served, sir," dining-room I caught glimpses through the gathering dusk of Scotty's battal-

ion at its evolutions. "Antoine!" I said sharply, "what

enough to imagine that Dutch and a couple of women can do anything out here to aid America's enemies! ' And as for these inquiries about Mrs. Bashford, they couldn't possibly have anything to do with the war. Specifically, who are the persons who've asked for her?"

"There's the party I told you about, most persistent, who's motored here three times, and another person who seems to be looking for him, sir. It's most singular."

"It's singularly ridiculous; that's all. They're probably plano-tuners or rival agents for a rug house or something of that sort."

"They may be agents, but not that kind, sir." His lips quivered, either from fear or vexation at my refusal to take his story seriously.

"If anything tangible happens, Antoine," I said kindly, "anything we can really put our hands on, we'll certainly deal with it. But you mustn't get nervous or allow yourself to suspect everybody who turns up here of evil designs against the republic. I've come here for quiet, you know, and we can't have every passing stranger throwing the place into a panic."

I had no sooner reached the library. where he gave me coffee, than I heard a slow, measured tread on the broad brick terrace that ran along the house on the side toward the Sound. The windows were open and the guard was in plain view. I glanced at Antoine, whose attitude toward me was that of one benevolently tolerant of stupidit. He meant to save me in spite of n a tuseness. "Tell the picket to remove himself where I won't hear him, if you please, Antoine.'

He disappeared through one of the French windows and in a moment I saw the guard patrolling a walk some distance from the house. I now made myself comfortable with a book and cigar, but I had hardly settled myself



"The House Is in Order, I Judge."

for a quiet hour before I heard a commotion from the direction of the gate, followed # few minutes later by a shout and a noisy colloquy, after which a roadster arrived in haste at the front door.

"Mr. Torrence, sir," announced Antoine. "I'm sorry, sir, but he ran by the guard at the gate, and our man below the house stopped him. It's a precaution we've been taking, sir."

Torrence's sense of humor was always a little feeble, and I hastened sharp command in an authoritative into the hall to reassure him as to

his welcome. "For God's sake, Singleton, what's formation performing evolutions in happened here? A band of pirates jumped on my running-board, and carried broomsticks, and at sight of after I'd knocked them off a roadagent stopped me right there in sight of the house and poked the muzzle of

a shotgun in my face." "Mighty sorry you were annoyed, but there have been some queer characters about, tramps and that sort of thing and the people on the place are merely a little anxious. Have a

"All I can say is that you'd better send your friends the password! and turned to find Antoine awaiting | That fool out there with the gun is likely to kill somebody. Antoine"he turned to the butler, who was "It's to keep Dutch and Gretchen and drawing the curtains at the windows-"if the property's been threatened, you should have informed me immedi-

"Yes, sir; but it's only been quite recent, and, knowing Mr. Singleton was coming, we didn't like to bother

you." "We can only apologize, Torry," I From the dining table in the long interposed. "The employees have been alarmed, but we're bound to commend their zeal."

"Humph!" he ejaculated. do you mean by these hints of trouble | I forced a cigar upon him and talk- Dallas News.

on the place? You're not silly | ed 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.

> "Hadn't heard of any tramps over my way," he said frowning. "These old lunatics your uncle left here are simply hipped; that's all. It's a him for a loan of it." 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.

Dashford 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. from you, I am. 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 he wears and follow the style. That's inquired anxiously.

"Oh, thunder, no!" and there was no corner of the place | Pretty smart, eh? house was thoroughly habitable.

As we were on our way down-stairs shop for a diamond pin. the old fellow detained me a moment. "Have you told him about the

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. Penvish says that when he proposed to buy little Pansy a goathair muff for her birthday, Mrs. Peavish said no, her child was too proud to wounds to his dignity still rankling. wear any but a wild animal outfit-



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. 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 "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-tle-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 bne? you ask. Ah yes, my account is care of the zoomy 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

"But you can pretend to be calling and can talk from your house to

"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



"Will You Kindly Oblige Me?"

the thing for us to do.' "If I went shopping and went into I had forgotten how trying Torrence | a candy store I suppose they wouldn't could be. He now suggested that we have frock coats and silk hats and summon Antoine and take a look at red neck-ties and diamond pins for the house. Torrence is a conscientious sale. If they did I suppose it fellow with an exact and orderly mind, wouldn't be called a candy store.

from cellar to garret that we didn't . "In that case I'd go to a frock coat explore. It was highly creditable to shop for a frock coat, a silk hat shop the old Tyringham servants that the for a silk hat, and a red neck-tie shop for a red neck-tie and 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 1 spoke of-high hat and frock coat and red neck-tie and diamond pin."

"I don't suppose you would be satisfied with a pin made of emeralds, eh?" asked Mr. Puma. "While I am wishing for the impos-

sible," said Mr. Chamols, "let me do it properly, and wish for the very, very impossible!"

"Oh," said the puma, "I see now that if that is the way you are wishing you are certainly doing it properly. But if I were wishing I wouldn't wish, for anything I didn't especially want. I would wish for a stick pin made of a piece of meat, for instance.

"Then when I was hungry I would look down at my stick pin and I would say, "There little stick pin, you have served your beautiful purpose long enough. Now do your real work! Allow me to eat you!"

"What an absurd talk we are having," said the Chamois, "for a sensible goat and puma. To think of the times I've escaped dangers by the way I could jump from one rock to another back in the mountains of Switzerland! And here I am, making a makebelieve call and having a make-believe sort of a talk."

"Oh well," said the puma, "we all have our times when we aren't quite so brilliant, even the puma and the chamois!"

Wrong Rule.

Lucy was visiting her aunt in the country. It was the joy of the fouryear-old to hunt for eggs in the barn. One day she brought in a very small one, presumably laid by a bantam. "Auntie," said the little maid, showing it, "the hen that laid this egg didn't have the right recipe."

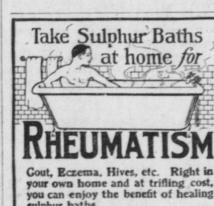
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Caused by

Millions of people—in fact about 9 out of 10—suffer more or less from indigestion, acute or chronic. Nearly every case is caused by Acid-Stomach.

There are other stomach disorders which also are sure signs of Acid-Stomach—belching, heartburn, bloat after eating, food repeating, sour, gassy stomach. There are many aliments trhich, while they do not cause much distress in the stomach itself, are, nevertheless, traceable to an acid-stomach. Among these are nervousness, billiousness, cirrhosis of the liver, rheumatism, impoverished blood, weakness, insomnia, melancholis and a long train of physical and mental miseries that keep the victims in miserable health year after year. The right thing to do is to attack these ailments at their source—get rid of the acid-stomach. A wonderful modern remedy called atomach, a wonderful modern remedy called EATONIC now makes it easy to do this.

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