

### BLACK-DRAUGHT AS A PREVENTIVE

When You Begin Feeling Bad With  
Feverishness, Headache, Cold,  
or Constipation, Give Your  
Liver a Tonic—Take  
Black-Draught.

Candler, N. C.—"I don't believe there is a better medicine made than Black-Draught; I have used it and my mother's folks used it for colds, feverishness, headache and deranged liver." This statement recently was made by Mr. C. B. Trull, a well-known farmer on Route 3, this place.

"I have, before now, begun feeling dull, a headache would come on, and I would feel all full of cold, and take a few doses of Black-Draught and get all right," adds Mr. Trull.

"Last year my brother had measles, flu and pneumonia. They wired us; I went to Camp Jackson to look him up. Down there different ones were using preventatives. I stayed with him. The only thing I used was Black-Draught. It kept my system cleansed and I kept well and strong."

By keeping your liver and stomach in good order, you stand in little danger of catching serious ills that occasionally spread through town and country.

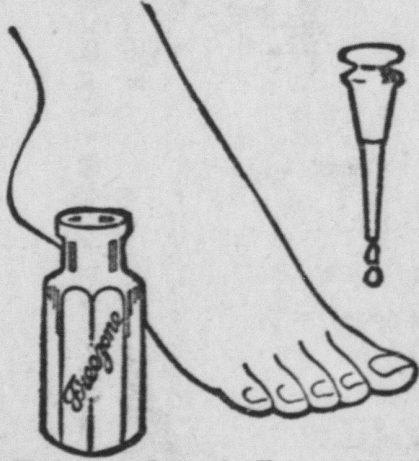
Get a package of Black-Draught and have it ready for the first symptom of a disordered liver.

Most druggist sell Black-Draught. —Adv.

Most young men haven't even a lame excuse for carrying a cane.

### Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callous right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!—Adv.

Instead of sending a friend on a fool's errand, go yourself.

### "CARRY ON!"

If Constipated, Bilious  
or Headachy, take  
"Cascarets"

Feel grand! 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 your stomach sour. Why not get a small 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. Cascarets bring sunshine to cloudy minds and half-sick bodies. They work while you sleep. Adv.

A girl is apt to have many pressing engagements before she marries.

### WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease. If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased. Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble. Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

You will waste ammunition unless you have an aim in life.

Indigestion produces disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills stimulate the digestive processes to function naturally.—Adv

Most men are more prompt about paying a grudge than a debt.

# LADY LARKSPUR

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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### "DON'T BE A FOOL!"

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 Dawing, 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, 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 "parage" 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. Antoine has formed the male members of the household into a guard for protection. Singleton reads "Lady Larkspur" with approval. "Aunt Alice" arrives unexpectedly, meets with a lively reception and turns out to be young and charming. Mrs. Farnsworth is her traveling companion.

### CHAPTER II—Continued.

Antoine departed with a resentful twist of the shoulders, and I decided to meet squarely the matter of the visitors who had so troubled him.

"Please don't be frightened," I said as lightly as possible, "but these old fellows haven't enough to do, and they are full of apprehensions. They have been alarmed by an agent of some sort who wants to welcome you to America by selling you a piano on easy payments."

Antoine had been hovering inside, and my remark brought him to the door.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Singleton, but that party is not an agent, but quite different, sir. He came to the house, quite like a gentleman, several times, and asked if Mrs. Bashford had arrived. He came in a big car, and seemed disappointed, madame, that you were not here and not expected. A very well-spoken gentleman, and we'd have thought nothing of it except that a few days later I caught a man I was sure was the same party, but dressed in rough clothes, sneaking across the veranda right there where you're sitting. When I called to him he ran as hard as he could, and Graves—he's the vegetable gardener—saw him leaving the property by the back way."

"It's hardly possible that a man who impressed you as a gentleman when you saw him at the door should have returned in disguise and tried to break into the house."

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Farnsworth, "it would be so much more delightful if that were true! Any one in disguise is bound to be interesting. A disguise suggests most beautiful possibilities."

I could not be sure in the dim light of the veranda, but I thought I detected a white slipper cautiously reach out and touch a black one. At any rate, Mrs. Farnsworth lapsed into silence.

"Thank you very much, Antoine," said Alice. "It is very proper for you to tell me anything of any stranger on the property, but I see nothing here to be alarmed about. If the same gentleman calls again, let me know instantly."

"Very good, madame." And then, turning as though conferring upon me a part of his responsibility for the security of the premises: "It's a party with a limp; just a trifling limp, sir; you'd hardly notice it. A smallish man, rather dark, with a little mustache turned up at the ends."

"I have noted all these details, Antoine," I replied; and again I thought there was a telegraphic exchange between the ladies though this time a black slipper was the means of communication.

Torrance arrived in a moment, and nothing has ever given me keener joy than his shock of surprise at beholding Mrs. Bashford. I was devoutly grateful that he had not been present at the dinner-table, for my own efforts to interest Torrance in anything but the most practical matters had always been highly unsuccessful, and the discussion of ghosts and witches would hardly have amused him. As Mrs. Farnsworth and I took up the recent movements on the western front I overheard Torrance putting all the machinery of the trust company at Mrs. Bashford's disposal. It seemed almost a blasphemy to be talking of

income and like matters to a woman like Alice Bashford!

They continued their conference for some time, but I got nothing out of Mrs. Farnsworth that shed any light on my aunt's history beyond what she had told me herself, which was precious little. Mrs. Farnsworth's talk was that of a cultivated woman. Her voice interested me unaccountably; the tones had all manner of shadings and inflections; it was curiously musical, but in speaking of the great war a passionate note crept into it that stirred me deeply.

"This has been a dark year for Alice," she remarked. "Mr. Bashford's death, followed quickly by that of her brother—an only son—piled a cruel burden of grief upon the dear child. She wants to go back to England to nurse the wounded, to do anything for our dear country, but I want to keep her here a little while until she can readjust herself. It is my task to encourage her in frivolity and the make-believe she loves—hence our absurdities at the table. She's the drollest child, but with wonderful understanding. And at times it's not easy to keep the divine spark of play alive in her heart."

The light of one of the porch lamps fell upon Alice's face as she patiently gave heed to Torrance's account of his stewardship. One of her hands gently stroked the terrier that lay quietly in a chair beside her. I was sure that his painstaking description of assets and market values was boring her. Once her voice rose in expostulation. Torrance, I judged, was suggesting that legal means could be found to expel the old Tyringham employees from the Barton property.

"Oh, never in the world! It was quite like Mr. Bashford to want to care for these people in their old age. And—she laughed and turned toward me—"they can't be dislodged while Bob lives; and we don't want to part with him just yet."

I was glad to have him hear her address me in this intimate fashion. Tor-



"Those Women Are Under Suspicion."

ry always inspired in me a desire to shock him.

"I shall help Alice to break them in, Torry," I said, lingering upon her name for his special edification.

"Of course, Singleton," he replied. "I wasn't sure you meant to stay on. Pardon me, but I didn't—"

"Oh, it isn't that Bob hasn't a right to stay," said Alice quickly; "Mrs. Farnsworth and I are hoping that he will like us well enough to share our exile on our accounts."

"I am an engaging Mr. Singleton to explain American jokes to me," announced Mrs. Farnsworth. "Alice seems to get them, but I'm never sure."

It is a part of Torrance's business to counsel widows, which he does like the honorable man he is, but as he rose to go presently, remarking that his wife would motor down to call shortly, I caught a glimpse of his face that indicated deep perplexity. I left when he did.

"I want to talk to you," he said nervously when we were outside. "I'll send the car ahead to the gate."

When the shrubbery cut us off from the house he stopped abruptly and seized my arm. "What do you make of it?" he demanded.

"Make of what?" I asked.

"That girl!" he exclaimed testily.

"If you insist, I must avow that she's adorable, nothing else."

"Don't be a fool! You knew Raymond Bashford much better than I did, and you know perfectly well he never married a young girl of that sort! Those women are playing a trick, and I'm surprised that you don't see through it."

"My uncle was a man of taste and a gentleman," I answered deliberately. "There's nothing in the least improbable in his being infatuated with a

young woman of charm and wit like this girl."

"I tell you it won't do," he insisted. "If either of those women at the house is Raymond Bashford's widow, it's the one who calls herself Farnsworth. They're playing a game of some kind, and it's no laughing matter, but it won't take long to find out what they're up to."

"You'll hardly go the length of having them arrested as imposters, Torrance—not without some data to work on."

"Certainly not. You seem to be hitting it off with both of them, but I advise you to be on guard. Are you sure your uncle never sent you his wife's photograph? That would have been a perfectly natural thing to do."

"If I'd got a photograph, I should have headed for Japan, not for France," I laughed, but I was thinking deeply. His line of reasoning as to the incongruity of the marriage was not so different from my own that I could sneer at his suspicions. I shrank from telling him that I didn't care a hang whether the widow was a fraud or not. If the two women who had settled themselves on the Barton estate were imposters, they were extraordinarily daring and clever.

We were nearing a gateway where his car waited, and I saw several of the guard hanging about at a discreet distance. "Look here, Singleton," he said angrily, "you don't seem to take this business very seriously. You don't want to make the mistake of letting a pretty girl pull the wool over your eyes." He lowered his voice and added tensely: "Those women are under suspicion of something more serious than an attempt to rob an estate. An agent of the state department called on me yesterday and asked embarrassing questions about Mrs. Bashford. Not a secret service man, you understand, or anything of that kind, but an important man in the state department."

"Of course you knew nothing to tell," I suggested.

"I took a chance at lying to him about her expected arrival. I thought it only decent to have a look at the woman first. He told me nothing except that the British embassy had made inquiries and that the matter was delicate and must be handled carefully."

"Was this inquirer lame—a small dark man with a black mustache?" I asked, suddenly interested. "Such a person has been hanging about here, so the boys tell me?"

"Not at all! I may as well tell you it was Raynor—you probably remember him. He's a specialist in international law, and they took him into the state department just after the Lusitania business. He's a gentleman and a good fellow—I've played golf with him a good deal—and I hated to lie to him, but I thought I'd see this woman before telling him she had reached America."

I confess that I was a trifle dismayed by this. Raynor I knew slightly. Professionally and socially he stood high, and even without the prestige of his official position he was not a chap to sneeze at; but I didn't want Torrance to know I had any doubts as to the perfect authenticity of my uncle's widow.

"Oh, every transcontinental pilgrim is probably scrutinized closely these days," I remarked carelessly. "Mrs. Bashford has lost a brother in the war, and I haven't heard anyone talk more bitterly against Germany. And her companion certainly has no illusions about the Kaiser."

"I don't like the business," he declared stubbornly.

"Let's do nothing foolish," I insisted.

"If Raynor has reason to suspect either or both of these women, we'll hear further from him."

"I've put myself in a hole," he said, angrily. "Of course I've got to advise him immediately that Mrs. Bashford is here."

"Just wait a few days; I undertake to keep them under surveillance; you can put the whole responsibility on me. If they attempt to leave, I'll warn you and Raynor instantly, but they have settled themselves as though they expected to spend the rest of their lives here."

I told him of Mrs. Bashford's adventures in reaching the house without convincing him that there was anything funny in her experiences, and he left on my promise to report to him daily at a given hour and instantly if anything unusual occurred. I was on my way back through the grounds when Antoine arrested me.

"Pardon me, but I'd like to ask what you think of it, sir?" he asked hoarsely, falling into step.

"If you mean what do I think of Mrs. Bashford," I replied sharply, "I think she's quite charming and delightful and all any one could ask in every way."

"The guard's set, sir; front and rear."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In the Amazon there are known to exist at least 2,000 species of fish.



### THE SPIDER'S MISTAKE.

"This is fine," said the spider, "this is really fine. Here are some folks who've started a whole series of homes for me and for my family. And how gay all the different colored string looks. It is wonderful, simply wonderful. I really will add my fine touches and it will be all right."

Some children were going to give a party and they had made a spider web for every child that was coming. At the end of each web there would be a bon-bon or a little gift of some sort. These had not been arranged as yet, but all the different spider webs had been made for the party and they were all strung in and about a great big play room.

Every one's name who was coming to the party was attached to a string, so that everyone was to have the fun of unwinding a web. If anyone broke the string while unwinding it, or if anything like that happened there was to be a forfeit paid by that person. The forfeits were to be decided by a number of judges chosen among the children who had unwound their string without having to pay forfeits and without making any mistakes.

Everything was ready for the spider web party in the big playroom, and such a party, by the way, is lots and lots of fun to have, and if the webs are made out of all kinds of colors of string such as lavender and red and green and blue, it makes it very pretty. These children had used up all sorts of old pieces of string from all string boxes and they made lovely webs for their party.

"Well," said the spider, "this is very fine. I think I will have to ask all my friends to come here. Of course



They Laughed.

I will make my own bedroom and all of that, but this is gorgeous for the outside of my home.

"I think I will send out invitations to all my friends and will put on the invitations," Mr. Spider At Home. The Many Colored Web, Playroom, Top Floor, House. Please bring refreshments. This is made necessary by the increased cost of everything. R. S. V. P.: That 'R. S. V. P.' will make 'em take notice."

After awhile he wondered how he would be able to tell the other spiders what house to come to, but he thought of a way of hanging his invitation out of the window by a little thread he made and also outside of the door of the playroom in case any spiders around the ceiling or walls might be passing by.

No one could have read his invitation but a spider. That much was certain. Well, he was awfully proud when he heard a lot of excitement one day, a day after he had sent out his invitations.

He saw some children coming around and they fastened on the ends of the strings (which had been left hanging at the window of the webs) some fine presents.

"Ha, ha," chuckled the spider, as well as a spider can chuckle, "this is fine, perfectly fine. My friends will think I've fallen into a barrel of money."

"What's that?" asked a fly upon the ceiling. "I've often heard people say that."

"Oh," said the spider, haughtily and proudly, "it means a great deal of money, so much money in fact that it takes a whole barrel to hold it. Everyone will think I'm worth a barrel of money, you see, to find me living in such luxury."

"But I don't see any barrel filled with money," said the fly.

"Of course you don't; rich folks don't carry their money about them. No one has ever seen a barrel filled with money that I know of, but it means that in the background or in the bank or somewhere like that there is a great deal of money belonging to the person who is worth a barrel of money, or who has a barrel of money, whichever way you want to speak of it."

"Not much sense to it," said the fly, "I was hoping that I'd really see a barrel full of money. Well, I must be off. I don't like talking to spiders. They're not to be trusted."

"Sorry, you feel that way about it. Oh, bark, bark!"

The children were coming to the party and what an excitement there was. When they spied the spider they laughed. "He mistook our webs for his own," they laughed.

Mr. Spider moved away. He was afraid for himself with so many people about him and he said to himself that he was better off not worth a barrel of money after all.

## 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.)

How a baldheaded man does sneer at a woman who dyes her hair!

### USES OF ASPIRIN

Bayer Company, who introduced Aspirin 18 years ago, give advice.

Aspirin created a sensation when introduced by Bayer over eighteen years ago. Physicians at once proved its wonderful efficiency in the relief of pain. The genuine, world-famous Aspirin, in "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" is safely taken by millions for Colds, Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Earache, Toothache, Aching Joints, Neuritis, and Pain generally.

Be sure the "Bayer Cross," which is the mark of true "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," is on each genuine package and each genuine tablet.

Boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents and contain proper directions. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacetic-acidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

It's difficult to understand why some men eat brain food.

### THAT FADED FROCK WILL DYE LIKE NEW

"Diamond Dyes" Freshen Up Old, Discarded Garments.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers—everything!

Direction Book in package tells how to diamond dye over any color. To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.—Adv.

It seldom pays not to pay your debts.

## VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

## GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for these disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

## Durocs Raise Big Families

Little Pigs, Big Cans and Seven Bars

Visit the farms and talk with a Recognized Duroc-Jersey Hog Authority. See the Standard Red Coat the greatest herd of Pure Duroc-Jersey Hogs within 500 miles. (We pay R. R. fare of any buyer.) Write for Parties and Prices. Enclose for free book on "HOW TO RAISE HOGS." We guarantee to exchange any animal purchased by mail if not satisfactory.

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