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Lebanon, Indiana.—"I was completely run down from women's troubles and stomach trouble and for a long time was hardly able to do my work. I had some friends who had taken Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound, and they

told me about it. I know what it has done for me and I recommend it to others, as I am sure help to all sick women. It is a wonderful medicine, and I give you permission to use my testimonial and my photograph."—Mrs. EMMA BAKER, 310 S.

graph."—Mrs. EMMA BAKE East St., Lebanon, Indiana. These letters recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound ought to convince women of the great worth

of this medicine in the treatment of ail-

ments to which they are often subject. Mrs. Baker calls it "a wonderful medicine." If you are suffering from troubles women often have, or feel all run down, without any ambition or energy for your regular work, take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a natural restorative and should help you as it has Mrs. Baker and many, many other women.

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hospital and cheer him up?" "I called," said the tactless man. "but I don't think I cheered him up." "What was the matter?"

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crook to the prison guard, "but I'm going out of here." "Do tarry awhile," said the guard.

"We are going to have a chicken

"Can't possibly do it, old top," replied the crook, as he poked his pistol into the guard's expressive countenance, snatched his keys and strolled toward the main entrance. "I've got a date with my moll and I always make it a point to be at large during the Christmas holidays."-Birming-

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Storm Country Polly by Grace Miller White

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CHAPTER XI.-Continued. --11--

Shaking off her superstitious terror, Evelyn touched the prostrate man. Perhaps he was dead; and out of some where a thought shot into her mind that if he were, her troubles were over. "I don't know," she whispered. "But

he looks so!" Pollyop shoved Evelyn aside and slipped her arm under Bennett's head. him. She realized then only that a dead. At her tender touch the man's eyes flew open; and, panic-stricken, back beside the other girl before she

"He's got life in him, Miss Eve," she chattered between her teeth. "Look at his eyes! God, ain't it awful!" Quietly Oscar lay gazing at the girls as they stared at him. Polly was the first to go to him.

"Feel awful sick, eh, Oscar?" she asked in a low tone.

"The man did not answer even by a movement of his lids. "He can't talk," she went on, look-

ing around at Evelyn. "He ought to have a doctor. Can't you go up to the boulevard an' get Doc Bacon?" A fresh burst of tears so choked

Evelyn Robertson that for a space she could not answer. "No, I can't go out in this awful

storm again," she finally replied. "Of course, I can't," she repeated, swallowing. "I'm afraid. I won't go! I won't take a step. If any one goes-" "Then stay by him," interjected

Polly, dully, "an' I'll go!" Ashamed to declare that she was afraid to be left alone with Oscar, Evelyn watched Pollyop as she went out and softly closed the door behind

Polly Hopkins lingered several moments to accustom her eyes to the night's blackness. Beyond to the east Lake Cayuga rushed on toward Ithaca as if its intentions were to swallow the little town in one huge mouthful. Pollyop crooned over mechanically words which fell hourly from Granny Hope.

"Ask an' it shall be given thee," she whispered. "Then if that's so, let me get some one to help Oscar!"

Through the clatter of the elements she heard the sound of footsteps off in the dark road. An answer to her prayer was about to step out of the tht gloom. She hoped it was Larry Bishop or Lye Braeger. Opening her lips, she gave the weird, crying, squatter-call of the Storm country: and a voice that clutched at her heart answered her.

Then, by the next flash of jagged lightning, she saw Robert Percival coming toward her.

"Is that you, Polly?" he called. "What's the matter?" "Yep," she faltered timidly. "I got

some one sick in the shanty." Of all the people she had expected to see, he was the last. As she waited for him to approach, Pollyop's active mind grasped the fact that now Robert would know what his cousin had done. She saw no way to keep him in ignorance of Evelyn's relation to Oscar, and she was too excited to think of an

excuse to keep him outside. "Pollyop," commenced Robert, "I had to see you if only for a few minutes. Wait a second before you go

Confused and agitated, the girl did not stir a step until he was bending over her. One arm went around her shoulders, one tender hand pressed her head against his breast.

"Daddy's gone!" she choked almost inaudibly. "They've took him to Au-

"Yes, dear child," answered Robert, his own throat full with emotion. "But what I came to tell you is this, dear. I've already set things moving to bring him back. I couldn't sleep tonight until I saw you."

A long shudder ran the length of Polly's body; her legs grew so weak she would have fallen but for the strong arms holding her up.

"I want him awful bad," came up in a breath to the pale young man. "And I say, Polly dear, that he's coming home," repeated Robert, "and every day I want you to expect him. Will you trust me, darling?"

He had asked her that question once, but that was before Old Marc had railroaded Daddy Hopkins to Au-

"Will you, Pollyop?" urged Robert passionately, lifting her face and laying his warm lips on hers. With swift-coming breaths she flung

both arms around his neck. "I'll trust you every day an' all day!" She hesitated and turned her head. A sound in the hut had frightened her. She knew Robert had heard it, too, for he reached out his hand to

open the door. "We'll go in," said he, taking her arm and gathering both of her hands into his.

By a sudden movement, Polly pushed him backward. him, unsteadily. "Mebbe I can find a

squatter." "No, my dear," returned Robert. "When you need help, and I'm here, you can't call any one else."

While he was speaking, he had dis-

latch.

Trembling from head to foot, Pollyop followed him into the hut.

When Robert caught sight of his pale cousin, he stopped short. "You're not ill, Eve, dear?" he cried, going to her quickly. "Polly said some

one was sick here." He glanced around the shanty. A throb of happiness made his pulses She seemed to have lost all aversion to beat faster. "The Greatest Mother in the World" still held her place on the human being was suffering, perhaps. wall. While he was contemplating the wonder of the picture, his thoughts went back to the day he had given it Pollyop withdrew her arm and was to his Littlest Mother in the World. she questioned. "Listen, mebbe you'll Billy-goat Hopkins mousing in the get well. If you do, take your old but not soon enough to catch the meaning glance that Evelyn shot at steadily at her. With a fling of con-

> and laid her hand on his arm. "No, I'm not the least sick, Bob, but -but just now-" she hesitated, then been heard. continued hurriedly: "There's a little boy here; and I often bring him food and candy. When I got here," she ribly sick that I told Polly Hopkins she ought to get a doctor. Naturally, boulevard. In anxious inquiry she I consented to stay until some one else came, but I never expected-you!"

The explanation brought a groan from Pollyop. Slowly Robert drew his gaze from

Oscar's pallid countenance and turned to her. He looked so shocked and hurt that she impulsively moved toward him. "How'd he come here?" Robert ex-

claimed, going to the bedside. "Why, it's Bennett! What's he doing here?" So passionate were his tones, so full of that demanding quality that Evelyn, fearing Pollyop would tell the truth, again caught hold of him. "He's in love with Polly Hopkins, Bob," she offered, trying to speak

calmly, "and really it's none of our business. Is it? But I do think he ought to have a doctor." Robert staggered back, flashing a glance at the squatter girl which

seemed to burn her through and kins?" he demanded honrsely. "Did through. "Are you married to him?" he demanded of her.

word, "No." "Then how in God's name came

Two strides brought him so close that Polly felt his hot breath against her cold face. She cried out in anguish and started to speak; but Eve-

lyn broke in upon her in frantic haste. "Now listen to me, Bob," she insisted. "You are very unkind! What's still fixing upon her that accusatory happened here is none of your business nor mine! Every squatter woman has a man, and you can't expect Polly Hopkins to be an exception. All you can do is to get a doctor."

Robert passed his hand over his face. He looked dazedly from Pollyop, lance."



"All Right," He Replied Gruffly.

so silent and pale, to the man so horribly still on the cot.

"All right," he replied gruffly. "Come on! This is, no place-" flung a glance at Polly Hopkins that struck her like a blow from a whip. and finished, "no place for a decent

Stupefied by the flood of disasters that had overwhelmed her, Polly watched Robert Percival lead his cousin from the hut. After the first wild impulse to tell him the truth, she had not pass out. It was as though the made no further effort to clear herself, agony scorching him fused all his emo-

her to the word she had made two he loved her just the same! No matter years ago! Being innately honest her- what she had done, he loved her, and self, Pollyop could see no way to "I'd rather you'd make off," she told lighten her own dejection or to still take her place. Robert's flerce anger. Her little world was tumbling to pieces around her. No longer could she think of him as her mindful of the man on the bed, he have only been married a few weeks own, though but a few short minutes showered kisses upon her hair, her and the store man might think we before he had comforted her with eyes and lastly seared her lips by his were not getting along together." kisses and promises. He had demand- passionate caresses.

engaged his hands and had lifted the | ed that she should trust him, yet at the very first trial of his faith, he had

flung away and left her alone. Blinded by tears, she felt her way to the cot. Bennett lay in the same position, his wide-open eyes holding an expression of horror.

"She's got a lily liver all right, Oscar," Polly hissed through her teeth. "Did you hear all what she said?" Such is the power of habit over nature like the squatter girl's that

Robert faded from her mind, and Os-

car Bennett, suffering and dying, ab-

sorbed her whole attention. "Can't you hear anything, Oscar?" wood-box brought his thoughts back, mammy an' get out quick. Eve ain't worth one of your toe nails. You've been a mean duffer, Oscar, but you're the squatter girl, who was gazing too d-n good for her. God, but she were a wicked woman, wasn't she,

tempt Miss Robertson walked to him huh?" Not a move of the heavy head on the pillow gave evidence that she had

She was still standing by Bennett's side when, without knocking, Robert opened the door and came in, followed whirled around and flung her hand by the doctor. Polly recognized the toward the cot, "this man was so ter- stranger instantly as the medical man who lived a short distance down the glanced at Percival.

Observing that she had been weeping, his anger flared again. It never occurred to him that his own cruelty had drawn the tears from her eyes. There was the huge farmer stretched out on the bed; and the squatter girl crying beside him! She was mourning over the stricken man! Robert frowned; and hopelessly, in silence, Polly moved aside to give the doctor the space she had occupied.

After a hasty examination of the patient, Doctor Bacon turned to Polly Hopkins.

"Something struck him," he said shortly. "You've been quarreling with him, eh, girl? What did you hit him with?"

Accusation rang against her not only in the speaker's tones but in Robert's inarticulate cry. "Why did you strike him, Polly Hop-

you? Speak! Did you?" That he should believe such things of her crushed her completely. Her Her pale lips framed the single head fell forward, but not until Robert spoke again harshly did she an-

> "Nope," she breathed. Her tongue felt as if it were covered with ashes. "Nope, I didn't hit him!"

That was all she said. She looked up at him pleadingly through her thick lashes. Perhaps he did not really believe her guilty. Yes, he did! He was gaze

"He'd better be moved out of this hole," observed the doctor, looking around, "but it's an awful night," He considered a moment and then added: "I'll telephone to Ithaca for an ambu-

Sternly he directed a look of disgust at Polly. He hated attending the observed Mrs. Hope, looking up into squatters anyway, and never would the girl's face. have consented to enter the Silent City if Robert Percival had not come for breath.

Aghast at the horror of the emergency, Pollyop seemed not to notice the physician's contempt.

"Is 'he goin' to die, mister?" she queried plaintively. "I don't know," he replied in gruff indecision, as he prepared a draught.

When everything within human power had been done for Oscar Bennett, Robert allowed the doctor to pass out of the hut before him. Then, like a shot, he turned back to Polly's side. His eyes blazed with jealousy; and quickly it crossed her mind that he was going to strike her. Oh! How she wished he would and then take back the desire to help him if she could all the cruel words he had hurled at

"When you said you loved me, you lied," he gritted savagely. "You knew all the time you had him. You let me kiss you! You said love was the greatest thing in the world !-- Oh, God! How I wish I could hate you!"

Polly could not speak, neither could she move. Imprisoned tragedy lay in the depths of her eyes. If he had been less violent, she would have implored him to trust her.

Percival really hoped she would resent his accusations. Stormy denials would have been sweet music to his ears. He would have welcomed even a torrent of abuse from her. Anything was less maddening than this sinister silence that seemed to put the stamp of truth upon his cousin's explanation of Bennett's presence.

"Why don't you speak?" he rasped. When she showed no signs of answering, he turned to go. The door was swinging in his hand, but he did Evelyn Robertson was going to hold tions; and in a flash he realized that no woman in the world could or would

He whirled around and with one sweep gathered her into his arms. Un25,000,000 Bottles Sold

"Trust me!" she gasped. "Please

A contemptuous laugh fell from him.

"Trust you?" he grated. "That I

For a long time after he had left the

hut, prone upon the rough shanty

Large Drops Appeared on Bennett's

me; and she came limping out of

Then Mrs. Hope noticed Bennett.

The old woman hobbled to the cot.

"He's awful sick, I guess, ain't he?"

and Polly came to her side silently.

"Mebbe!" was all she could say.

over Oscar's face. In the presence

down upon her knees beside the bed.

Her own hurt had been overcome by

And there, while the rain dashed its

fury into the lake, and the wind shook

the shanty, the three kept quiet vigil.

brow; and Granny Hope lifted one

withered hand and brushed them away.

big dear," she wheezed. "It's all pow-

erful, love is, sir."

head close to his.

man!" she whispered.

Youngstown Telegram.

smiling.

Large drops appeared on Bennett's

"Love'll carry you over weary places,

Oscar's staring eyes lost something

of the abject fear they had shown,

as if he had heard and was comforted.

Then over his face swept that look

"Aw the Christ'll help you, too,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Careful Mrs. Newlywed.

that comes but once to any man.

hard thing for some folks."

His eyes gazed at her a moment and

tonight. It's the storm, I guess.'

through it.

other.

tense suffering.

her room on her stick.

herself to stand up.

then moved back to Polly.

will not! I'll never trust you again.

trust me."

take and-and-"

out, too weak to plead

opened it and was gone.

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But you're mine just the same. Do IT'S A POWDER AND INFALLIBLE you hear? You belong to me. But The chicks inhale the dust. Kills the worm well as the Germ—saves the chicks. after this I'll watch every step you MAKES POULTRY BAISING BOTH PROF-ITABLE AND PLEASANT He almost crushed her into uncon-HACKETT'S GAPE CURE-49c POSTPAID sciousness, and she hung in his arms HACKETT GAPE CURE CO.

Department H - Hillsboro, Md. a fragile, beaten thing, too tired to cry

Then, all of a sudden, Robert loos-Spring It, Bill! "Why is Bill going around with a grin on his face?" "Because he has ened his hold upon her, strode to the door and, without a backward glance, laugh up his sleeve."

> Cuticura Soothes Itching Scalp. On retiring gently rub spots of dan-

druff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make them your everyday toilet preparations and have a clear skin and soft, white hands .- Advertisement.

Wise is the man who is willing to climb down off his dignity long enough to do his duty.

The world is largely made up of people who think they could do some other fellow's job better.

The best advice is not the most pleasant but the most useful.

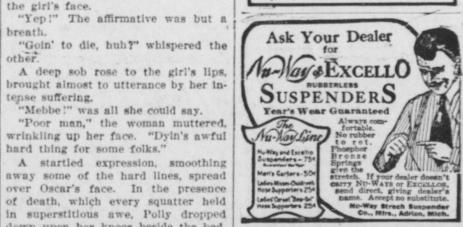


E. J. Carper

Bellepoint, W. Va .- "It affords me Brow; and Granny Hope Lifted One great pleasure to have the privilege Withered Hand and Brushed Them to make public this statement in behalf of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I cannot recommend it too boards, she strained her eyes at the highly to the public. We have used door, as if a ghost had just passed it in our family for years and have reaped good results. We have always found the 'Discovery' superior to any Granny Hope's voice called her -it is a wonderful system builder. I can cheerfully recommend "I heard a lot of folks talkin'. Polit."-E. J. Carper, Box 4.

As soon as you begin to take this lyop," she said, "an' I got awful pains "Discovery" you begin to feel its brac-Almost exhausted, Pollyop forced ing, appetizing effect. Buy of your neighborhood drug store in tablets or liquid, or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's In-"You hadn't ought to be out of bed, valids' Hotel, in Buffalo, N. Y., for Granny," she remonstrated. "Yep, I trial pkg. of tablets, and write for guess it's the rain what makes you free medical advice.

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honey," Granny Hope went on again 100% Pure Polly, weeping silently, bent for-Varnish Will Save ward and gazed hard at the dying You Money and Time farmer. Oscar wanted to stay a little longer. He was trying to speak; but Why buy a varnish that is adulteral with rosin, benzine or other detrimen she knew he could not. To help him through the valley of shadows and upward into eternal light, she thrust her "Jesus is givin' you rest, Oscar "Mother-" "Yes, Ethel-" "Will you do something for me?" "What is MARTIN it?" "I wish you would buy me a rolling-pin." "Why don't you buy one yourself?" "Oh, you know Jim and I FLOOR