Reading for Women and all the Family

BIG TIMBER

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER XV.
A Lost Illusion.

Stella ha dnot minced matters with herself when she left Roaring lake. Dazed and shaken by suffering nevertheless she knew that she would not always suffer; that in time she would get back to that normal state in which the human ego diligently pursues happiness. In time the legal tie between herself and Jack Fyfe would cease to exist. If Monohan cared for her as she thought he cared, a year or two more or less mattered little. They had all their lives before them. In the long run the errors and mistakes of that upheaval would gro w dim, be as nothing. Jack Fyfe would shrug his shoulders and forget, and in due time he would find a fitter mate, one as loyal as he deserved. And why might not she, who had never loved him, whose marriage to him had been only a climbing out of the fire into the frying pan?

So that with all her determination to make the most of her gift of song, so that she would never again be buffeted by material urgencies in a material world, Stella had nevertheless been listening with the ear of her mind, so to speak for a word from Monohan to say that he understood and that all was well.

Paradoxically, she had not expected to hear that word. Once in Seattle, away from it all, there slowly grew upon her the conviction that in Monohan's fine avowal and renunciation he had only followed the cue she had given. In all else he had played his own hand. She couldn't forget Billy Dale. If the motive behind that bloody culmination were thwarted love it was a thing to shrink from. It seemed to her now, forcing herself to reason with cold blooded logic, that Monohan desired her less than he hated Fyfe's possession of her; that she was merely an added factor in the breaking out of a struggle for mastery between two diverse and dominant men. Every sign and token went to show that the pot of hate had long been simmering. She had only contributed to its boiling over.

"Oh, well," she sighed, "it's out of my hands altogether now. I'm sorry, but being sorry doesn't make any difference. I'm the least factor, it seems, in the whole muddle. A woman isn't much more than an incident in a man's life, after all."

She dressed to go to the Charteris, for her day's work was about to begin. As so often happens in life's uneasy flow, periods of calms are succeeded by events in close sequence. Howard and his wife insisted that Stella join them at supper after the show. They were decent folk who accorded frank admiration of her voice and her personality. They had been kind to her in many little ways, and she was glad to accept.

At 11 o'clock a taxi deposited them at the door of Wain's. The Seattle of yesterday needs no introduction to Wain's, and its counterpart can be found in any cosmopolitan seaport city. It is a place of subtle distinction, tucked away on one of the lower hill streets, where after theater parties and nighthawks with an eye for pretty women, an ear for sensuous music and a taste for good food go when they have money to spend.

Ensconced behind a potted palm with a waiter taking Howard's order, Stella let her gaze travel over the diners. She brought up with a repressed start at a table but four removes from her own, her eyes resting upon the unmistakable profile of Walter Monohan. He was dining vis-a-vis with a young woman chiefly remarkable for a profusion of yellow hair and a blazing diamond in the lobe of each ear—a plump, blond, vivacious person of a type that Stella, even with her limited experience, found herself instantly classifying.

A bottle of wine rested in an iced dish between them. Monohan was toying with the stem of a half emptied glass, smiling at his companion. The girl leaned toward him, speaking rapidly, pouting. Mononan nodded, draining his glass, signaled a waiter. When she got into an elaborate opera cloak and Monohan into his Inverness they went out, the plump, jeweled hand resting familiarly on Monohan's arm Stella breathed a sigh of relief as they passed, looking straight ahead. She watched through the upper half of the cafe window and saw a machine draw against the curb, saw the bescarfed yellow head enter and Monohan's silk hat follow. Then she relaxed, but she had little appetite for her food. A hot wave of shamed disgust kept coming over her. Very likely Monohan had put her in that class in his secret thought. She was glad when the evening ended and the Howards left her at her own doorstep.

On the carpet where it had been thrust by the postman under the door, a white square caught her eye, and she picked it up before she switched on the light. And she got a queer little shock when the light fell on the envelope, for it was addressed in Jack Fyfe's angular handwriting.

She tore it open. It was ittle enough in the way of a letter, a couple of lines scrawled across the sheet of note paper.

Dear Girl—I was in Seattle a few days ago and heard you sing. Here's hoping good luck rides with you.

JACK.

Stella sat down by the window. Outside the ever present Puget sound rain drove against wall and roof and sidewalk, gathered in wet, glistening pools in the street. Through that same window she had watched Jack Fyfe walk out of her life three months ago without a backward look, sturdily, silently, uncomplaining. He hadn't whined; he wasn't whining now, only flinging a cheerful word out of the blank spaces of his own life into the blank spaces of hers. Stella felt something warm and wet steal down her cheeks.

She crumpled the letter with a sudden, spasmodic clinching of her hand. A lump rose chokingly in her throat. She stabbed at the light switch and threw herself on the bed, sobbing her heart's cry in the dusky quiet. And she could not have told why, except that she had been overcome by a miserably forlorn feeling. All the mental props she relied upon were knocked out from under her. Somehow those few scrawled words had flung swiftly before her, like a picture on screen, a vision of her baby toddling uncertainly across the porch of the white bungalow. And she could not bear to think of that.

* * * *

When the elm before her window broke into leaf and the sodden winter skies were transformed into a warm spring vista of blue Stella was singing a special engagement in a local vaudeville house that boasted a "big time" bill. She had stepped up. The silvery richness of her voice had carried her name already beyond local boundaries as the singing master under whom she studied prophesied it would. In proof thereof she received during April a feminine committee of two from Vancouver bearing an offer of $300 for her appearance in a series of three concerts under the auspices of the Woman's Musical club, to be given in the ballroom of Vancouver's new million-dollar hostelry, the Granada. The date was mid-July. She took the offer under advisement, promising a decision in ten days.

The money tempted her. That was her greatest need now, not for her daily bread, but for an accumulated fund that would enable her to reach New York and ultimately Europe, if that seemed the most direct route to her goal. She had no doubts about reaching it now. Confidence came to abide with her. She throve on work. And with increasing salary her fund grew. Coming from any other source, she would have accepted this further augmentation of it without hesitation, since for a comparative beginner it was a liberal offer.

(To be continued.)

Three Generations of Women

The young women of this generation, their mothers and grandmothers have proved from actual experience that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcomes the suffering caused by female ills and restores them to a healthy condition. This famous medicine contains no narcotics or habit-forming drugs—but is made from medicinal roots and herbs, nature's remedy for disease. If you are suffering from any form of female ills, it will pay you to give it a trial.

Bringing Up Father

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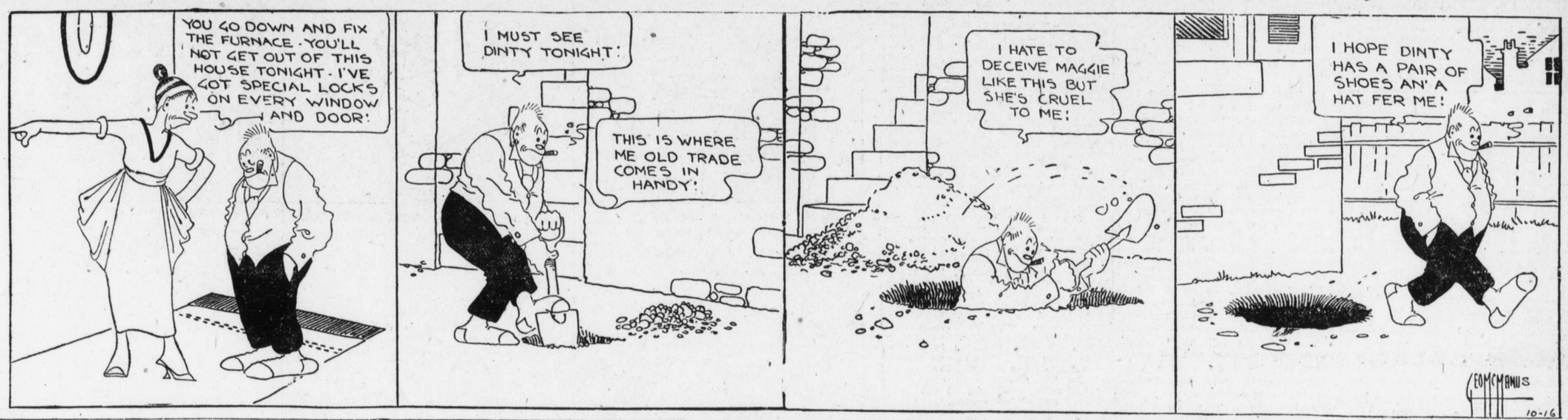
By McManus



"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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Helen followed the kindly conductor's advice when she arrived in Westside, and walked down the country road for a short distance. The place was nothing but a railroad way station and contained only a string of shabby little frame houses. In one of these she encountered a nice-looking boy who agreed to drive her over to Waldron for three dollars.

"Just got my car running to-day," he volunteered, "you're pretty lucky."

Helen thought $3 rather a large sum, but after they had started and saw the condition of the roads, she was more than willing to pay what he asked for a safe delivery at her journey's end. Babbie was waiting on the porch of the picturesque bungalow when Helen drove up. There was a homely attraction about the light streaming out over the porch and the glimpse of the cosy living room beyond with its shaded lights that cheered Helen considerably. Then she was seized upon by Babbie and kissed vociferously while Tom took charge of her baggage.

"My dear," Babbie was saying, "I'll bet you won't want to visit me again in a good while, will you. I feel terribly about this."

"Just thought of it about 4 o'clock," Tom said as they reached the warmth and quiet of the indoors. "I don't see how it happened, excepting that we never think of people coming that way; it's more convenient to trolley over from Riverside."

"I did think of that this morning," Helen returned, "but I had my two bags and my extra coat and the extra trouble just didn't appeal to me at all."

"But I should have thought that you would have discovered that the train had been taken off when you bought your ticket," said Babbie.

"That's just it," said Helen; "the Fates were certainly against me. I had Warren's mileage book and I was going to use it on the train from Westside."

"And so you didn't discover it until you were on the train."

"Why, no, I never thought to ask."

"Why you poor child, and you must be tired and hungry. Never mind, Helen, you'll have a good rest up here, and I have some hot blueberry bread for supper. Tom and I are crazy about this rusticating. We feel as if we had never done anything else."

Helen deposited her possessions in the dainty blue and white guest room and did full justice to a delicious meal. It was so different from the gay house parties down on Long Island that she remarked several times about it before the evening was over.

"We thought we wouldn't ask another soul," Babbie explained, "you and I can visit so much better. It seems strange though to have you without Warren."

Helen thought so too. The quietness of the place had made her lonely even with the Bells, who were good friends and people she loved to visit. But she determined not to think of home. After all Warren was safely on his way to Boston by now. He was probably reading in his berth. A little tight feeling gathered in Helen's throat, but she resolutely fought against it and for the moment it was forgotten as the three of them engaged in a spirited game of dummy auction. At 9:30 Tom yawned.

"Bedtime, Helen," he grinned, "you'll be getting your beauty sleep up here all right."

Half an hour later they were in their rooms and Helen was preparing for bed. That strange, lonely feeling was once more threatening her and she tried to reason with herself. It must be the sense of isolation this place gave one, she thought, for she had been in the country before and had not minded it. She thought of Winifred and smiled contentedly. Winifred would be all right with Mary, but Warren was on his way to Boston and she would worry until she had heard he was all right.

She turned out the light and crept in between the covers. She had opened both windows wide and the sound of the crickets filled her room with their mournful chirping. Then she snuggled closer down in her pillow and dropped asleep. She awoke what seemed hours later with a start. She had dreamed that something awful had happened to Warren. She sat up in bed her heart beating wildly. She wondered what time it was, and decided to get up.

After lighting the lamp she discovered that it was only twelve thirty. Hours would have to pass before morning and Warren's wire. The sensation that she had for a moment of suffocation, frightened her, and then she realized that she must not be foolish and allow her nerves to go to pieces. She would get into something warm and read a while. She got out of bed and closed the windows and a moment later there came a knock at the door. Babbie stole in at Helen's whispered "come," wrapped in a blue dressing gown, her dark hair hanging in a braid down her back.

"Can't you sleep, dear?"

Helen shook her head. "I know I am a fool," she whispered back, "but I had an awful dream, and it has made me nervous."

"Shall I get into bed with you?"

"Oh, that will be fine," Helen agreed. "Aren't the crickets sad?"

Babbie looked at her sagely.

"Better not admit to Warren how much you miss him," she remarked. "He's probably fast asleep by now, without a thought of you."

Helen laughed, but said nothing.

(Watch for the next instalment of this interesting series.)

Rely On Cuticura For Skin Troubles

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

City Physicians Explain Why They Prescribe Nuxated Iron

To Make Beautiful, Healthy Women and Strong Vigorous Men

NOW BEING USED BY OVER THREE MILLION PEOPLE ANNUALLY

Quickly Transforms the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of weak, anaemic men and women into a perfect glow of health and beauty—Often increases the strength of delicate, nervous, run-down folks 100 per cent. in two weeks' time.

New York, N. Y.—It is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually in this country alone are taking Nuxated Iron. Such astonishing results have been reported from its use both by doctors and laymen, that a number of physcians in various parts of the country have been asked to explain why they prescribe it so extensively, and why it apparently produces so much better results than were obtained from the old forms of inorganic iron.

Extracts from some of the letters received are given below:

Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, says: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anaemia. Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anaemic men and women is pale. The flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails and they often become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated corn meal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste-pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked are responsible for another grave iron loss.

Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt.

Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago, and former House Surgeon, Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, in commenting on Nuxated Iron, says "It has been my particular duty during the past six years to assist in keeping Chicago's five thousand bluecoats in good health and perfect fighting trim so that they would be physically equipped to withstand all manner of storms and the ravages of nature's elements.

"Recently I was prompted through an endorsement of Nuxated Iron by Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York, to give it a trial. This remedy has proven through my own tests of it to excel any preparation I have ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves, strengthening the muscles and correcting digestive disorders."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied widely both in this country and in great European Medical Institutions, says: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood.

Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact a young man he really was notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in—now at 50, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth.

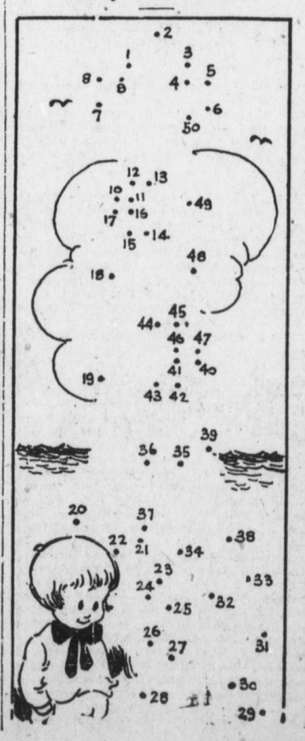
Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly-looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals, for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas, not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully-effective remedy."

Dr. N. H. Hornstine, for ten years in the Department of Public Health and Charities of Philadelphia, said: "After carefully examining the formula of Nuxated Iron I realized that here at last was organic iron—the only kind I could conscientiously recommend, prepared in such a way with other ingredients as to be easily assimilated and calculated to act as a quick revitalizer of the blood and a true strength builder. **Its administration in a number of stubborn cases where other tonics had utterly failed only served to convince me absolutely of the remarkable and unusual power of Nuxated Iron. When I personally took it I found the rapidity with which my energy and endurance increased most surprising.** In my opinion the widespread use of Nuxated Iron is bound to make a nation of stronger men, lovelier women and healthier children."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists, and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under sixty who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by Croll Keller, G. A. Gorgas, J. Nelson Clark and all good druggists.—Advertisement.

Daily Dot Puzzle



Don't Paint Cheeks Girls—Have Beautiful Complexion—No Rouge

Don't use rouge, girls. It never looks natural. It is conspicuous. Everyone knows you have it on.

If you lack natural color and your complexion is pale, sallow or faded, here is a simple home recipe that will give you a soft, velvety peach-like complexion in just a few minutes without hurting your skin and in a perfectly natural way. You need never use a bit of "make up" again.

Get 4 oz. of Witch Hazel and 1 oz. of Borated Mazba from Kennedy Cut Rate Store or any good druggist and put in a clean pint bottle. Then fill up with boiled water. This makes a full pint of the very best complexion beautifier you will ever find. No rubbing or massage is needed. Just apply to face with a bit of sponge or absorbent cotton. Do this each morning or whenever you are going out and you will be astonished at the absolutely natural and refined beauty it gives your skin in less than five minutes and better still, it never injures the skin like rouge.