ulty can be overcome!"

She drew a deep sigh of relief.

"I will not. It is my secret!"

said. "Tell me, what is it?"

belpless to alter it."

"I cannot tell."

"I will keen it!"

dare trust no one."

no reason for doing so."

Pedro drew a long breath.

unfair to her, why then .

beaven, what do you mean?"

CHAPTER XVII.

Plots.

table. It was Rowe, or Ricardo Val-

dez himself, and the anxious manner

in which he glanced at the clock be-

trayed the fact that he was expecting

the arrival of some one. After he had

settled the light to his satisfaction be

corner of the room, and taking a key

from his watchchain, worked the com-

bination, and presently swung open

He knelt before the open safe, and

ooking documents, proceeded to com-

pare one of them with another which

he took from his breast pocket. The

comparison seemed to satisfy him, for

pointment, and he utilized these to

place in security a considerable sum

of money in bank notes. Then the

the safe, he arose to answer the sum

The man who stood, bat in hand, at

was untrustworthy. Rowe made a

welcoming gesture, and the man

stepped in, laying aside his outer gar-

"I am the first, I see," said he in the

same language. "Why do we meet

"Hill may be missed," explained

Rowe, "and we are certainly being

watched. Consequently this place is

safer than any other. To all appear

ances it will merely be an evening

"Yes." said the other, "I have some

"Give it to me before the others

come," €aid Rowe nervously. "It is

"Certainly!" said the other, "and

fortunate it is for you, my friend, that

am in the employ of the post office of

the United States. Otherwise it is

scarcely likely that the millionaire as-

phalt contractor's greetings from the

Venezuelan government would come

"You are well paid," retorted Rowe

'and in the future you shall be paid

even better, but of that later. Let me

see what they say. Of late it has been

very difficult to alter the communica

tions in such a way as to render them

sufficiently antipathetic. They are

growing rather friendly toward him

and on several occasions I have been

That one which you allowed to reach

"With infinite risk and pains!" re

torted Rowe, "Although I have opened

and altered so many epistles both of

his and theirs and have become pretty

expert. You must remember that the

man we are dealing with at this end.

"Yes, Vanderpool is no fool!" agree

"Hush! No names, I beg!" warned

Rowe, "and lower your voice, my

friend." Then he continued in a more

composed tone. "It is essential that

he should go on believing that we are

necessary to his success. Once he dis-

covered that the Venezuela secretary

of commerce would be willing to treat

with him direct, we should lose our

hold upon him, and, with him, our

chances of improving our fortunes!

brought out a letter similar in appear-

and examined the seal. Then, going

to the alcove, where a number of

dishes and arrangements for light

housekeeping were stowed, he lighted

an alcohol burner of great power.

After heating a small instrument in

removed the seal and h, another mo-

'cannot,' and there is panty of space

The man fished for a moment in the

But come, let us see your latest find!"

at least, is no fool."

the man.

obliged to suppress letters entirely

him was nearly fatal to our plans."

"But you repaired the damage!"

from Venezuela, of course."

ments.

here? Is it safe?"

party. Any news?"

thing for you."

into your hands."

the heavy door.

"You must!"

articulated.

erably.

whispered.

## The Impossible Boy

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

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his gaze.

CHAPTER XV.

Snow and Dogs and Things.

As Pedro emerged into the street, fling over the pavements, deadening

A distant chime struck the quarter, new morning was at hand. The wind sympathetic. was biting and Pedro, plowing along ankle-doep in the shifting mass, shiv- chest before I turn in tonight. I've ered beneath the insufficient covering been meaning to say it and, indeed afforded by the old green coat.

With head bent and choulders hunched, Pedro had gone past his corner by mistake, and suddenly realizing this, he gianced up to find himself confronting a building that had often attracted his passing attention. It was before the old First Presbyterian church, with its snow-laden trees, and and turned his back to the lashing innocent." gale. Just as he began to retrace his steps, allowing the wind to push him, he heard a low moan, as of some one

The sound seemed to come from the thing moved, and a gleam of white fair!" flashed out of the gloom.

In an instant Pedro had bounded across the snow-filled space between gate and door, and was kneeling on the flagging of the vestibule, groping about. Then something warm and moist touched his hand, and he discovered the sufferer to be a large black dog with a white star on his face, who lay as though one of his hind legs had been crushed-perhaps by some passing automobile, earlier in the previous day. His coat was coarse and short,



Going Up to Leigh, the Boy Placed His Hands on the Giant's Shoulder.

and his tail, in direct contradiction. long and bushy, with white fringes Like half-moons his eyes rolled at Pedro, and without hesitation the long muzzle was laid into his hand. At the touch Pedro's heart leaped.

"Good dog!" he said huskily, "What shall we do about it, old fellow, ch?" The dog whined a little, and snuggled closer. Pedro put an arm about

"Come on, boy!" he said.

The dog made a vitiful effort to rise and follow him, but failing, sank back upon the steps with a whimper. Pedro looked about him despairingly, but no help was in sight. With a sigh he stooped and lifted him into his arms, a by no means easy accomplishment, for the dog was at least half his own size, and heavy at that.

It was a heavy task he had under taken, and several times be was obliged to pause and seat himself in stay?" some doorway for a moment or two, and before he had arrived half-way to his destination it began to seem to him that he could get no farther. Then, as he arose for a final effort, he raised his eyes to the building before which he had last rested, and recognized it as Leigh's dwelling place. Furthermore, there was a light in the sculptor's window. With a breathless exclamation he clambered up the steps

and pounded on the door. It was several minutes before the fanitor responded, and when he found that he had been summoned from his comfortable basement chamber for the sole purpose of admitting "that dago boy an' a fierce old cur" he flatly refused to help in the animal's removal to the upper regions. So Pedro did It alone, and reached Leigh's door breathless and exhausted. At his knock, the door flew wide, revealing Leigh, clad in an old brown dressinggown and slippers, his pipe, as usual banging reversed from the corner of

his mouth "What the devil-" began the sculp-

"The dog-he's badly hurt!" exclaimed Pedro excitedly. "I couldn't carry him any farther, so I brought him in. Let us make him a bed by the stove, quickly!"

"All right, Doc!" replied Leigh, gathering up sofa cushione indiscriminate-

ty, "we'll fix him up." For twenty minutes they fussed over the animal, and when they had done prise. their best for it, and it had gone to gleep with its head upon Leigh's neath the door! Could there be a rolled-up overcoat, the two shook hands

"When did you get back?" asked

your place at dinner time, but it was !

locked. Where have you been?" And then Pedro, keeping back nothing but Iris' attitude toward himself, that snowy white carpet which ap- gave Leigh a full account of the week's

"There's one thing I must get off my have started to several times, but always forgot, somehow."

"Well, what is it?" asked Pedro. smiling. "I'm old enough to hear it, I

Leigh smiled up at him through a cloud of tobacco smoke. "It is the

"A truism, not an epigram," commented Pedro. "But what is the solemn communication?"

"It's about Miss Vanderpool," replied Leigh, his smile fading. "You front portice of the church. Going up | see her too often, and it won't do! Are to the iron gate, he found it open, and you not aware that she is engaged, or peered inside. Apparently no one was as good as engaged, to the very man jarring a stand full of long-stemmed there, and he was about to leave, when | who has made it possible for you to within the dark central doorway some- know her. Don't do it, boy, it's not son petals fluttering over the sleeping

"How would you have me act? I am painting her."

"Don't see her at other times, then." "Eh? Not go near her? Polite, wouldn't that be!" exclaimed Pedro, just for the wickedness of leading hearth, and dropping into it, sat re-

"You know what I mean," said Leigh, and he was watching Pedro very closely as he spoke. "When, for instance, do you expect to see her next?" "Tomorrow night at the Milligans'

masquerade,2 replied Pedro. "She will be there." "Then don't go!" exclaimed Leigh.

"I hate to flatter you, Pedro, but you are not without attractions." Pedro lighted a cigarette.

"I think I shall go," he said, eying the smoke meditatively, his handsome head cocked to one side; his eyes halfclosed, and a queer little smile playing about his lips.

Leigh swore an oath.

"Don't be a cad!" he said shortly,

Pedro grew solemn at his tone, and depths of his eyes. Going up to Leigh, | so!" the boy placed a hand on the giant's and stood looking

"I don't know quite what that cad way you speak of it, I am sure it is not low and level. "I did not know it mygood to be one. Yet, I am going to self." that party, and simply in order to see the Madonna lady. And in telling you tested. "It was only that I felt you this, after what you have said about might be, and !-oh! I was mad to Hill, I must beg you to believe that no come, I suppose, and you will think me matter how often I should see her. there would be no disloyalty in it to Something seemed calling and calling my benefactor. Such treachery as you suggest would, in my case, be absolutely impossible, for more reasons than I can explain, or you could possibly before him with downcast head. guess. An affair with her is totally impossible for me. Will you not be

lieve this, amigo mio?" As he spoke his face had grown nore and more grave, and at the end he seemed struggling to hide some deep emotion. Very seriously and intently Leigh watched his face until he had ceased to speak.

"Very well, I'll believe you," he said finally, "but it's a tricky dangerous matter, and mark my words, you'll be sorry if you run your head into her eo vast at night, and so full of shadtrap; she's a charming young woman!" "Yes!" said Pedro, "And now I

"Go!" cried Leigh in amazement 'In this storm? What nonsense, man! Sleep here on the couch."

For reply Pedro seized his hat, a panicky expression blanching his face. "No, no!" he said. "I must go!"

"But it's nearly morning!" objected "Why the devil shouldn't you Leigh.

Pedro's fingers were on the latch. Hat in hand, he flung back his answer. "Because!" he replied and rushed

out, banging the door behind him. For a long time Leigh sat looking at the closed door, thinking hard, all the lines in his face springing into prominence as he bent upon his subject

with special concentration. "Because!" he repeated aloud "What a strange answer. Because Why? Why? Why?" Taking a single impulsive step toward the door he flung his arms out before him.

Then, like a blind man who had been suddenly given sight, he staggered across the studio and flung himself upon the couch.

## CHAPTER XVI.

A Byzantine Princess.

Tired and disturbed in heart and mind. Pedro crept wearily up the long flights of stairs to his apartment, and, as he paused upon the landing next to the top, the little clock on Cassie's mantel-shelf rang four clear silvery notes into the dark silence of the musty stairway. With a sigh he commanded his stiffened muscles for a final effort, and mounted the last remaining flight of creaking steps between him and bed. Ah, grateful thought! It made him hurry, and caused him to glance eagerly toward his goal before the top step was fairly reached. There he paused in sur-

A light was shining out from beburgiar in the room? It would scarcely be a visitor, at such an hour, and in any event, how could a guest have obtained admission? It was very purzling! Cautiously he crept over to the 'friend' of yours," she said.

door without making any noise, and | "How do you feel, then?" he asked putting his ear to the panel, listened gently. intently. No sound! Whoever they were, they were quiet enough! But like-like this!" who could it possibly be? Again he pears so magically lay soft and muf- adventures. When he had done, there listened at the door, and at first heard was a long silence, during which Leigh | nothing but the distant roar of the | her knees in front of him, and clasping the sound of such little stir of life as sat staring into the fire, as though elevated cars, and the tense "audible" was still abroad at this most silent obsessed by some idea that he was un- silence of the sleeping tenement. Then at him adoringly, almost touching him able to shake off. When at length he a faint stirring and-was it a sigh?spoke, Pedro thought that the deep came to him from within the room. and proclaimed that two o'clock of a voice had never been so resonant and This was a sound not to be withstood, and, very gently, he turned the doorknob, at the same time fitting in his latch-key. Then, with a swift stealthy movement that was like a panther's it!' maneuver, he opened the door a crack, slid through, and quickly closing it after him, stood motionless with his back against it. A curious scene met

Two old Spanish lamps that hung from the ceiling had been lighted, and dream of the very young to be old and on the hearth glowed the embers of a steeped in sin," said he, "even as it is dying fire. By the soft red light of prove it?" white-mounded garden, that he paused the dream of the old to be young and these the room took shape, and gigantic shadows stirred in the cor-

cupied, but a second glance showed this impression to be a mistaken one, sible. I have already told you so. Ah! for even as he turned toward the I cannot endure to have you act so! couch, there was a gentle stirring | And this is Hill's own room!" among the cushions and one of them, roses near by, sent a shower of crimform of Iris herself.

"Dios!" whispered Pedro.

For a breath or two he stood staring down at her, and then, being careful not to awaken her, he drew up a large armchair to the opposite side of the garding her intently, his hands clasped about his knees, his head bowed.

That Iris had been at a ball or festivity of some sort was plain from the gown she wore.

Her hair seemed washed with melt- itself primarily, and tonight it has ed gold, after the manner of the ancients, and her carmine lips half parted over the little, even white teeth, might have been stained with henna, so red they were-so very red-like wounded past pride; kiss me, Pedro!" poppy-and her skin was so very, very white, yet creamy, too.

"Princess of the past ages," he murmured softly, "your soul shines through the flesh of today!"

Pedro arose, and bending over her. brushed a new-fallen petal from her lips. And Iris awoke, looking at him with love in her eyes.

"I knew you would come tonight," yet a wicked spark Ungered in the she said smiling. "Something told me She held out her hands, and he as-

"What made you think I would be you say is," he said; "but from the here tonight?" he asked, his voice still

> "I was not sure, of course!" she pro-. . yet, I could not stay away. me! Are you not glad to see me? I -oh-say you are glad, for I am so ashamed!" She had arisen and stood

> "Why?" said Pedro. "Ah! If you need to ask that, then I am not ashamed!" she cried. "You always understand! I knew you . . that is, if you were would

here at all!" "This time I do not quite understand, Madonna," sald Pedro, "but you are very gracious. Will you not be

seated?" "I was frightened when I came in here," she confessed. "The studio is ows, and then, coming up the stairs . . that is, the unusualness of it all, you know! And I have been so

worried about you!" "But why?" he asked again

"The paper that I signed!" she laughed nervously, her fingers straying to the truant locks of his hair. "The paper, and the mad way in which you seized upon it. Then this mysterlous absence without warning. And yet I knew you would return; my presence here proves my faith in your ability to win out. Have you any

news?" "Not yet," he said, thinking it heat to let Hill tell his own story in his own time. "But tell me, Madonna lady, is it conventional in America for young ladies in society to go about alone at

such an hour as this?" He was watching her intently as he spoke, and she, wondering how innocent the speech was, felt the hot blood mounting to her forehead.

"No-no!" she stammered, "but we . . surely you understand! No one keeps account of my coming or going, and as far as my household is concerned, I might easily be at the dance until even later than this! Then we are such-we have been such good friends, surely we are different. The ordinary conventions do not concern

"Don't they?" he asked softly. "Not me, poor waif, perhaps-but you! The world is small and full of gossiping tongues."

"The world is idiotic!" she declared tremulously. "It never believes in friendship between men and women!' There was a tense pause. Then he spoke, and the words fell sharp as knives upon the thick emotion that she had conjured up.

"Are we friends?" The question held much more than

the spoken query. It was a denial, and a challenge. Her voice was low and vibrant as she made her reply, her words, like his, carrying a double meaning that was equally apparent to them both,

under its pretense of being matter-of-

"How do I feel?" she cried. "I feel

And slipping from the sofa before he could prevent her, she fell upon her hands as if in worship, gazed up as she knolt.

"That is how I feel," said Iris. "Don't, don't!" said Pedro in a broken voice.

"I love you!" said Iris. "Why, you surely know it-you must have seen She spoke with the glad note of one

who confesses what they believe to be the most desired of facts. "Don't!" Pedro pleaded again.

"But why should I not?" she asked radiantly. "I love you! Do you not like to hear me say it? Does not my having come here in this manner "No!" he cried in agony, springing

to his feet as though to defend himself from something. "No, it proves At first the apartment seemed unoc- nothing of the kind. You do not, cannot love me! It is impossible, impos-

"But I do love you!" she cried, following him. "Pedro, touch me-tell me that you care! Kiss me, Pedro!" "Never!" he said fiercely. "You do not love me-you kee Hill! Yes, yes, you do, although you do not realize it.

I am really nothing to you but a reaction-a pastime!" "That is not true!" she sobbed. "It is!" he shrilled. "You have loved Hill all along! Me! Why, it is out of the question that you should care for me. It is against nature! The atmosphere of the studio is what you love here, the informality, the careless freedom; but, me-ah! no. You love love

love is Hill." "Ah, so you care nothing for me, after all!" she moaned. "But I am

mastered you. But the man whom you

"I will not!" he cried, retreating from her. "I love you in my own way -as much as I can love any womanbut I will not kiss you! You are mad tonight. It is the environment, the situation, not me, that has so aroused you. You must go home!" doorbell tinkled, and, hastily locking

"Kies me, Pedro," said Iris with outstretched arms.

Roughly he flung her away. "Listen!" he commanded, "you don't know what you are doing. You are nothing but an infatuated little animal tonight. You no more love me than you love that lamp-than the hovering moth loves it! There is a splendid man who does love you, and you return his affection, aithough you do not appear to be conscious of it; ; but take warning-and open your eyes to the fact. Do so before you succeed in singeing your wings at some such earth-fire as you have tried to light tonight! Love is a sacred, a wonderful

thing, and it comes to us but once." But she had not been listening.

"Kiss me!" said she. "No!" cried Pedro. "Touch me, then!" she cried wildly

"Take my hand-anything! I am mad for the touch of your hand!" "Will you not listen to reason?" be

implored. "I cannot endure that you should belittle yourself so! I cannot



Touch Me-Tell Me That You Care.

love you as you wish, and again I repeat, you do not love me." She gasped a little, and then came to him swayingly, and placed her hands upon his shoulders,

"I do not care!" she breathed. may not love me-but I love you!" Silence. Then-"It is impossible!" he ejaculated.

Another short pause. "Why did you lead me on to speak?" she demanded, a note of anger creeping into her voice. "Because I knew it had to come. The

sooner the matter was explained the better," he answered. "But you are making no explanation," she complained tenderly. "Come! I shall not let you go until you do!"

And she slid her hands down to his

gripping them tightly. "I cannot!" "But you shall!" she insisted, "What is this mysterious reason why you can not love me-why is it impossible? Tell it to me! I will prove to you that it is a mere phantom! For despite what you say I know that I mean a great deal to you. I see it in your

del Costa cannot agree to do as he "I cannot tell you," said Pedro wearis asked in the little matter of bringly, "and even if I did, you would be ing the asphalt question before the government! Well, tomorrow will do for that! The envelope has not been ·A sudden alarm blanched her face. "You love another woman?" she stamped at this end, I see."

"Of course not!" said the other. "I love no other woman," he told 'Who is that?"

A second time the bell tinkled, and Rowe put the letter in his breast, carefully preserving its fastenings. "Ah! then it can be overcome!" she

"It must be Casablanca and the captain," he replied. "Do you admit them!"

The postal employe did as he was bid, and in another moment there en-"You would intend to, I know, but tered two men, both Latin in type, one of them being the little officer whom "This is unfair to me!" cried Iris. Hill had seen aboard the ship, and the You torture me, and yet you give me other, a larger man, who was the vessel's captain. At sight of Rowe they bowed politely, a courtesy that was returned with all possible formality, "I will tell you," he said unhappily. and then, the four having drawn



Knelt Before the Open Safe and Extracted a Packet of Official-Look-

hairs up about the center table, the captain turned a swarthy face upon went to a small safe that occupied one his host and put a question.

"Senor Valdez," he began, "I presume that something of vital import has moved you to summon us here tonight?" "You are correct in your surmise,"

extracting a little packet of officialreplied Rowe, and we shall come to the point without delay." The captain looked about him in sur-

"But Vanderpool, he is not here!

presently he put all back in their he commented. pigeonhole, including that which he "No, for a reason that is of the best," had been carrying, and then looked declared Rowe, "and Senor Captain, I at the clock again. It still wanted a beg that we do not use the name-it moment or two to the hour of his apis more discreet."

> "Ah!" replied the man addressed. Then it is some matter of which Mr. the gentleman is to have no knowledge?"

"You anticipate my meaning exactly," said Rowe. "Well, then, what is it?" asked the

the entrance was none other than he man who had arrived first, who, in disguise of a wayfarer, had at-(TO BE CONTINUED.) empted to rob Iris on the lonely roas that autumn day, long past. Now he HAS NOVEL USE FOR RUBBER was shaved, garbed in the inconspicu-

ous clothing of respectability, and it Italian Surgeon Has Brought About would have taken a second glance to Perfect Fusion of That Subtell the chance observer that the face

stance and Human Tissue. Rubber has many uses, even to repairing the human body externally, The great Italian surgeon Fieschi conceived the idea of using porous rubber in the form of fine sponge, counting upon the affinity between it and human tissue to bring about a

perfect fusion. Doctor Fieschi called this "nuova carne," or "new flesh." He experimented with it upon animals before he tried it on his patients. He inserted bits of sterilized rubber sponge in various parts of the bodies of dogs and rabbits and found that in a very short time they were not only enveloped, but thoroughly penetrated by granular tissue without any inflammation, suppuration or other ill

Having thus proved its value, Doctor Fieschi used the porous rubber in healing two large wounds resulting from the reduction of bernias. He inserted it where it would be most efficacious in strengthening the muscular walls that retain the internal organs. The wounds healed without complication.

A year after the operation an X-ray examination revealed the rubber still in place and apparently become an integral part of the tissues.

Shape of the Earth. On the earth and on Mars the oceans

dominate the austral hemisphere. This fact may be attributed to the translation of these two planets in a southnorth direction across the primitive nebula. The rotation so set up would result in the production of cold currents which might cause the temperature to become inferior to 364 degrees, the critical temperature of water, and the currents would be such as to cause the condensation of the oceans to be produced round the south pole, and to determine that the direction of the currents should be toward the equator. which explains the pointed form of the austral continents. The theoretical calculation of the velocities of these currents and the amount of solid matter transported by them is verified by direct measurement. Thus, 2,000 meters beneath the surface of the sea the magnitude of the oceans is constant on the parallels of the austral hemisphere, and the magnitude of the inside pocket of his cost, and then continents is constant on the parallels ance to those that Rowe had concealed of the boreal hemisphere. - Scientific in the safe. The latter took it eagerly, American.

> Life's Many Parts. Life that is not a madness, an ob-

session, is a mosaic made up of many parts. There's a bit of the blue of true love, there's the white of an utthe almost invisible flame, he skilfully stained ideal, the rose color of a favorite pastime. to the normal life ment the letter lay open before him. | there is present the gray of duty, the As he read, the croase between his sparse crimson of an occasional vivify eyes deepened. Then his face cleared. ing joy, and a bit of gold. The bit of "This will give little trouble!" he gold is relatively a small part. If the exclaimed "'Cen' must be changed to mosale were all gold it would not be a work of art, but a cubist painter's poraves! Only tell me what it is and I in which to do so. Then it will appear trayal of dollar madness.—Exchange.

will prove that this monstrous diffi- to our patron that the Hon. Don Juan A Necessity in Every Rural 10 Is a bottle of good liniment, Yager Liniment is the best external remed for man or beast. John Aberms Clermont Mills, Md., writes, "For years I suffered with rheumatism. to walk on crutches and the doct said my case was chronic and incu able. I tried Yager's Liniment; it the best Liniment to relieve but ever used, its action is so prompt; effective." Large 25-cent bottles dealers. Gilbert Bros. & Co., la Mfrs., Baltimore, Md.-Adv.

In the Hospital.

Men and women, bearing, some them, the prominent American name are working in the Neutlly hospital the most mental tasks with admira self-abnegation. It is the duty of American multimillionaire to me to that wounded Turcos, some of wh have been without a change of class for a fortnight, are thorography conscientiously scrubbed. Dollar p cesses are busy rolling bandages preparing dressings. - Philadel Ledger.

How the Minister Is Treated. Once upon a time a manager as George Ade if he had ever been tal for a minister. "No." replied Ade, "but I have by

treated like one." "How was that?" "I have been kept waiting for salary six or seven months."-Lad

Home Journal. Money for Christmas. Selling guaranteed wear-proof h ery to friends & neighbors. Big Xr business. Wear-Proof Mills.

Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.-A

"Love often mislends a man." "Yes, and often lets a mas le

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cal Health. The experience of Motherhoodisa ing one to most women and marks tinctly an epoch in their lives. Not woman in a hundred is prepared derstands how to properly care for self. Of course nearly every w nowadays has medical treatment at times, but many approach the ence with an organism unlitted trial of strength, and when it is her system has received a shock which it is hard to recover. Fol right upon this comes the nervou

of caring for the child, and a c change in the mother results. There is nothing more chara a happy and healthy mother of o and indeed child-birth under the conditions need be no hazard to be beauty. The unexplainable the that, with all the evidence of sha nerves and broken health resulting an unprepared condition, and wi ple time in which to prepare,

will persist in going blindly to the Every woman at this time shou upon Lydia E. Pinkhafa's Vege Compound, a most valuable ton invigorator of the female organis

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

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Never Fails to give beautiful coler to GRAY HAIR More than a half century to MRS. S. A. ALLEN, 55 Barcley St

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