

WOMEN FROM FORTY TO FIFTY

Will Be Interested in Mrs. Hooker's Recovery by Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

St. Paul, Minn.—"I was going through the Change of Life and suffered from a run-down condition and the troubles a woman has to go through at that time, hot flashes, nervousness and headaches. At times I was not able to do my work, but since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am gaining every day and can do more than I have for five or six years. I owe it all to your great medicine."—MARTHA HOOKER, 114 College Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

When women who are between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five are beset with such annoying symptoms as nervousness, irritability, melancholia and heat flashes, which produce headaches, dizziness, or a sense of suffocation, they should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is especially adapted to help women through this crisis. It is prepared from roots and herbs and contains no harmful drugs or narcotics. Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts, for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Allments Peculiar to Women."



Doctors who have used Jaques' Capsules in practice highly endorse them.

JAQUES' CAPSULES

For Digestive Ailments L. S. Maas, M. D., Quality Hill Sanatorium, Monroe, N. C., writes, "I have used Jaques' capsules for dyspepsia of a very difficult nature. The results have been very satisfactory. I know their value as a medical preparation for others to use." One or two with a swallow of water 3 or 4 times, regulate stomach and bowels.

At all druggists at 60 cents by mail postpaid from Jaques Capsule Co., Inc., Flatbush, N. Y.

JAQUES' GIVE QUICK RELIEF

Haw! Haw! Two farmers met on a country road and pulled up their teams. "Sir," said one, "I've got a mule with distemper. What did you give that one of yours when he had it?"

"Turpentine, giddap." A week later they met again. "Say, Sir, I gave my mule turpentine and it killed him."

"Killed him, too; giddap."

Cuticura for Sore Hands. Soak hands on retiring in the hot soda of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do for all toilet purposes.—Advertisement.

Of the Vikings' Blood. He—Yes, I suppose the sea must be in my blood. You see my grandfather was vice-president of a marine insurance company.—Harper's Magazine.

By gaining round after round of applause the orator climbs the ladder of fame.

Talk about the weather and sports is popular because it can be broken off anywhere.

Is Your Work Hard?

Is your work wearing you out? Are you tortured with aching back—ache—feel tired, weak and discouraged? Then look to your kidneys. Many occupations tend to weaken the kidneys. Constant backache, headache, dizziness, and rheumatic pains are the natural result. You suffer annoying bladder irregularities; feel nervous, irritable and worn out. Don't wait! Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Workers everywhere recommend Doan's. They should help you, too. Ask your neighbor!

A Pennsylvania Case. "I, W. Baughman, of Oil City, Pa., say: 'My back was so stiff and sore that I could not get up in the morning. It felt as though it were broken. At times everything seemed to whirl around me. Black spots appeared before my eyes. My kidneys acted too frequently, breaking my rest at night, so I became run down. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. Doan's cured me.'"

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

KILLS PESKY BED BUGS P. D. Q.

Just think, a 50c box of P. D. Q. (Pesky Devil's Quinine) kills millions of Bed Bugs, Fleas, Lice, and other pests. It kills them by killing their eggs, and does not injure the clothing. Liquid form of Bed Bug Killer is P. D. Q. in like. Bed Bug Killer is as good a chance as a snowball in a justly famed heat storm. Patient spots it on every crack and crevice of the bed. It kills them and their next eggs in the cracks. Look for the devil's head on every box. Special Hospital size, 25c. It makes five gallons; contains three quarts. Either size at your druggist, or sent prepaid on receipt of price by Chemical Works, Terre Haute, Ind.

GIFT OF THE DESERT

By RANDALL PARRISH

Copyright by A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE STORY THUS FAR

SYNOPSIS.—On the isolated Meager ranch, in the southern border of the Colorado Desert, Deborah Meager, trained nurse, is in attendance on Mrs. Meager, whose husband has recently been killed. Immediately after the death, Bob Meager, Mrs. Meager's stepson, arrives and takes possession. He insists Deborah and she resolves to leave, but there seems no possibility of her getting away. Meager glares over Deborah's plight. He tells her he has sent for a justice of the peace, who will marry them tomorrow. Horrified, she accuses a revolver. The justice, Cornelius Kellean, is summoned and boom friend of Meager arrives with a party among them the "Frisco Kid," a notorious desperado. Despite Deborah's protests, the justice performs the marriage ceremony. She escapes and reaches her room. There she stuns Meager with the revolver and rushes to the station hoping to secure a nurse and escape. There she meets the "Frisco Kid." Somehow he inspires her with confidence and she explains the situation. The "Kid" tells her his name is Daniel Kellean, that he is no friend of Meager. They ride together into the desert. Presently she realizes that Kellean is the "Frisco Kid," but doesn't fear him. Deborah hears the story of the "Frisco Kid" Kellean. Disappointed, Deborah is seized by a man who carries her to what is apparently a cave.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

Deborah's searching eyes, now able to distinguish objects with some clearness, scanned the rock walls to the observed entrance. At first she could not be sure, but finally the "ague outlines" of the man seated on the rock became visible. He was huddled forward in such grotesque posture as scarcely to appear human, but gradually the girl realized that the uncouth shape must be, could even detect the long, scraggly beard, the great breadth of shoulders, and the rife, on which he leaned. With this discovery came the instant assurance also that the fellow slept soundly. A thrill of hope brought courage, and new strength to her limbs. Might it not be possible for her to steal forward silently, and then, with a sudden spring, clear the obstruction of vines, and gain the free day without, before the man could guard could ever comprehend what had occurred? The horse was not a hundred yards away, and even if she had to leap boldly from the shelf of rock, she would willingly dare all for a chance at escape. Yet she had not advanced three steps until she realized the impossibility of the effort—the sleeping body utterly blocked the passage.

She could perceive the fellow now with some distinctness, a giant of a man, with long, apelike arms, bare and hairy, an oddly formed head, almost pear-shaped, long, flat, shading the face, and a black beard sweeping to his knees. Slowly, silently, without actually knowing why, the girl drew back into the deeper darkness behind her, guiding herself with one hand against the rough wall. Into her mind had come the faint hope of another egress somewhere, the very purity of the air suggesting such a possibility, she even imagining she felt a draft upon her cheek. Yet there was no glimmer of light. Once her groping foot struck against fragments of rock left lying where they fell. She bent down better to assure herself of the obstruction, and her exploring fingers touched pick. It was a mine, then; this secret excavation had been man's work; Nature may have pointed the way, but this tunnel itself originated through lust of wealth. Her captors were not outlaws but men crazed by fear of losing what they had uncovered in these rocky hills. Yet this knowledge rendered her situation no whit less dangerous.

Deborah crept forward over the pile of debris, discovering that this fall of stone did not denote the ending of the passage. Suddenly her groping hands revealed a sharp curvature in the tunnel, and she worked her way about the corner with utmost caution. Then she stopped, rooted to the spot, her heart almost ceasing to beat. Far above, up what appeared to be a sharply inclined chute through the solid rock, came streaming down a single ray of daylight, its faint reflection resting directly upon the upturned face of a dead man, stretched on the tunnel floor.

Deborah, started, swayed back against the wall for support, staring down into that white, upturned face, clearly revealed within the little pool of light. It was the face of a young man, his dark, wide-open eyes staring blindly up into vacancy, his brown hair cut short, almost good-looking even in death, with cheeks freshly shaven. This last was what aroused the girl, brought her back quickly to life and action. He had the appearance of having shaved that very morning; the stubble of his beard was not even visible. Then she noted two other facts—his revolver was in the holster at his waist, and the hand, held upright against the side wall, grasped a folded paper. He had just been

killed, not more than two hours before surely, and in no time—perhaps he might have been shot while climbing that narrow passage above. But the wound? There was none visible—not even a bruise on the face. As a woman Deborah shrank from touching the body, but her training as a nurse instantly conquered. She must learn the truth, disagreeable as that task might be. She stepped across the dead body, the man had been shot in the back—the man had been shot in the back. She seemed to comprehend it all in a flash, visioning the scene as she rose quickly to her feet. He must have done the deed—that older man with the beard—shooting treacherously from behind. It had been deliberate murder. But the purpose was not so clear. To all appearances the assassin had never even approached his victim after he fell. Confident of the deadly accuracy of his aim, he had left the inert body lying where it struck, unattended, not even the dead man's gun being removed from its holster, or the folded bit of paper released from those gripping fingers.

The unspeakable, treacherous horror of the act appalled Deborah. There must be some reason behind it all. It was too cold, cold, deliberate, not to have definite cause. No speculation now could solve the mystery, but the murderer still lived, he was back yonder in the darkness she had just left. He would no more spare her than he had shown mercy to this other victim. If he still slept she must take advantage of the moment for escape—the one chance up that long passage toward the gleam of light at the top.

She stepped across the dead body, grasping her skirts tightly in one hand, then hesitated for an instant, obsessed by a new thought. Perhaps that paper might explain all, might prove the very key to all this mystery. She bent and wrested it from out the stiff fingers, hastily endeavoring to learn what it contained. It was a thick, tough sheet, the folds showing yellow and dirty as though it had been carried a long while, and there was writing inside, in fine penmanship, but so indistinct her eyes were unable to decipher a single word in that dim light. She thrust it into the bosom of her blouse, her eyes anxiously searching the only opening was toward the rear.

It scarcely promised even to reveal the murderer, still the ray flitting illuminating the passage. Apparently an irregular sized hole, worn between layers of solid rock by the action of water, it led upward at a sharp angle, and, while wide enough at the lower extremity to permit the entrance of a full-grown man, seemed to contract at the upper opening so as to make it very doubtful if an ordinary body could squeeze through into the open air beyond. Yet Deborah felt that she had no choice but to accept this single chance of deliverance. She could not remain there, the dead man, not retrace her steps backward to where the murderer remained asleep on guard. Her belt was still about her waist, but his holster was empty. Before beginning to climb, she drew the dead man's gun from its scabbard, and stuck it into her own. As she did so the light from above glimmered on a pearl-studded handle, and a barrel of blue steel.

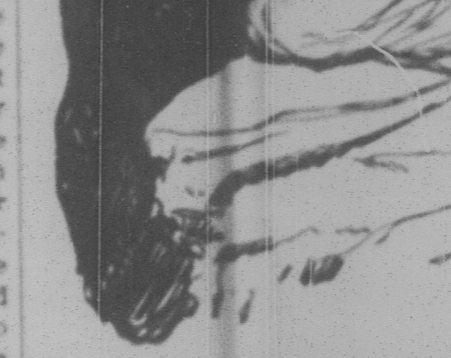
At first the climbing was not difficult, the slope gradual with the walls sufficiently wide apart to afford comparatively easy passage. Drawing herself forward by her hands, with feet groping in the darkness below for any projection against which they could rest, she won her way upward, almost inch by inch, soon creeping over a narrow shelf, alive, finally, to sit upright within a shallow niche on one side, where the stone had been hollowed out for a few inches. She was breathless from the hard climb, her heart beating rapidly, she could see nothing, hear nothing, yet her mind pictured again the dead face of that boy starting up at her—she could not go back to that! Nor to that other living horror beyond! She must go on; better to die there, caught helplessly in that rocky hole, than ever to fall again into the power of that beast. She listened intently, hearing nothing; then lifted her hands to feel upward. She lifted one foot, seeking a fragment of rock to rest upon. Then a flare of red lit the inferno, a dull, muffled report echoed along the impassioned walls, and a bullet brushed her hair, fastening itself on the rock beyond.

She shrank back into the little niche, scarcely certain of her escape, and rested there on her knees, not venturing to move. The shot had come from below; of that there could be no doubt, but there was no other report, no movement to reveal its presence. Deborah had no question as to who had fired—it must be the man she had fled from in the outer cave. He must have seen her outlined against that round opening above. It was a miracle she had escaped; but to have seen her the fellow must have stood directly beneath, beside the body of the dead man. Perhaps he would be there still, peering up to learn the result of his shot, wondering where she had disappeared so quickly. She was safe enough where she was, be-

hind that barrier of rock, and she drew the revolver out of its holster, and listened eagerly for any sound of guidance from below. If he made any effort to climb she meant to shoot to kill.

She dare not venture to advance her face around the rock edge, for fear the movement might bring her into view against that vista of light below. She waited, waiting and watching just as she was discovered by her strange disappearance. No doubt he had fired his bullet had found its mark, but she had fallen either wounded or dead, into some crevice, but was dead as yet to venture up that narrow tunnel. She could not remain there indefinitely waiting for help, gain courage to attempt the ascent. Her hand, with the weapon in it reached noiselessly not beyond the edge of the rock, and pointed downward. A stone rattled below and her finger pulled the trigger.

The muffled report echoed back from the rocks, the flash of the discharge faded in darkness, and the pungent smoke blew back into her face, but there was nothing else. No cry, no crunch, a falling body, no thud of lead. She listened helplessly, half crazed to spy every lead from her poised weapon into that obscurity below. What did it all mean? What had happened behind that black veil? An hour passed, an hour of dreadful watching, of base expectation. It seemed to her to be blue light streaming through that opening was already losing its power, as though the sun was going down. She would escape she must go while she could yet see the way. Desperate as the chance was it must be accepted. She did not look down, or permit herself to think of the possible danger lurking below, with lips closed pressed together, and heart beating rapidly, she drew herself up, inch by inch, bracing her body against the side walls as though



She Listened Eagerly for Any Sound From Below.

in a chimney, making use of every projection as a support to either hand or foot, and the steadily approaching the opening overhead. Her courage had returned; there had been no attack from beneath, no evidence of life.

Deborah resumed the end of her climb, breathing, her limbs aching from exertion, her heart sinking with dismay. It was clear to be accomplished, the passage of her body through that narrow opening to the world without. How sweet the fresh air felt; how beautiful the blue air of sky, yet it was hopeless of attainment. The very madness of the thought proved her salvation. Crazed for the moment, she began to dig fiercely with her fingers at the obstruction, tearing at a projecting point of rock, which suddenly yielded to the furrows of attack, a stream of loosened sand pouring forth. Little by little, maddly tearing the sides of the orifice, she managed to wear away every fragment back the solid rim of rock. She unbelieved her revolver and flung it through the opening; then drew herself upward, until every instant of being irresistibly caught, yet finding purchase for her feet sufficient to thrust her slender body steadily forward. At last her shoulders emerged into the outer day, and she was enabled to drag the rest of her body over the rim of rock. Utterly exhausted, Deborah lay on the sand, gasping for breath, conscious only that she had found refuge in a shallow ravine. She lay there outstretched in the shadow of a steep bank, without strength to lift her head.

CHAPTER XI

More Implications. Deborah felt that she never would regain power, and yet this total exhaustion passed away, as she began to breathe more easily, and finally she sat upon the sand, gazing about her

strange surroundings, eager to discover what she could attempt next. She had escaped from that hell underground, yet was but little better off than before. She was upon the edge of the desert stretching outward toward the Meager ranch. It would be impossible to cross this on foot, with neither food nor water to sustain her, nor could she for a moment contemplate seeking refuge there, even if it were possible. Her only hope was to circle that hidden chasm, and then endeavor to find her way north until she reached some human habitation. The hope of accomplishing this was the merest mirage; the attempt probably meant death. She had no horse, no food, yet somehow, in the exhilaration of that first moment of release, she could not wholly despair. God had been good; she would go on bravely, and trust Him.

She arose to her knees, and looked about. It was a lonely, contracted scene, amid which she was concealed. Some rift in the rocks led down to that opening through which she had just crept. Perhaps it had formed a watercourse in other ages, but now the sand of the desert had drifted in, and covered all with a yellow mantle of desolation. The sides were too steep to scale even on foot, the loose sand falling every attempt, so she was compelled to follow the course of the rift in seeking a way out. For the first few yards of advance the girl had no suspicion she was not alone. A patch of sagebrush limited her view, and she was threading her way through these, when the sound of a voice speaking caused her to crouch suddenly down in the midst of the thicket and be motionless, scarcely daring to breathe. It was the voice of a man, which paralyzed her every motion. A voice instantly recognized never to be forgotten—the voice of Bob Meager.

He was not dead, then, the blow struck had not more than stunned the man, and she was his wife. Deborah's fingers dug at the sand in sudden agony, as the hideous thought came home anew to her mind. In such suppositions she must have discovered what had occurred, suspected that she and Kellean had ridden away together, and then followed like an Indian on the trail. She lifted her head, suddenly another voice spoke quietly, indifferently. Surely the voice was familiar, it must have been Kellean himself who spoke.

Section-Header: Alias and Alack.

Mr. Grill—it is clearly noticeable that the members living at this club are not satisfied with their breakfast.

Mr. Fied—We suggest that the president act as chef for a week to get started.

Mr. Grill—Very well; and at the end of his week a successor will be chosen from among the survivors.

Section-Header: Their Busy Season.

Townley—Hello, old man; things humming out your way?

Subbins—Yes, mosquitoes.

When one is convinced he is wrong, it is weeks afterward before it leaks out; be patient.

Section-Header: I Had Known Her.

Wife—The time will come when every person will have an automobile. Hubby (speed demon)—Shucks, then there'll be no pedestrians to run down.

Section-Header: Quicken the Day.

Wife—The time will come when every person will have an automobile. Hubby (speed demon)—Shucks, then there'll be no pedestrians to run down.

Section-Header: I Had Known Her.

Wife—I had such an interesting conversation this afternoon. Hub—And who was the listener?

Section-Header: Ever stop to think of this?

We are what we eat!

It's a startling fact, yet a simple truth. This is the reason every one should know that his food is really nourishing—not merely filling.

Grape-Nuts—made from wheat and barley—is one of the few cereal foods that includes the vital mineral salts so necessary for supplying proper nourishment for nerve and bone structure.

In Grape-Nuts, too, is retained the important vitamin-B of the wheat.

No food has greater influence in strengthening the body of a growing child than Grape-Nuts. And remember, children need the very best there is in the way of nourishment.

Grape-Nuts is just as delicious as it is healthful, whether served right from the package as a breakfast cereal with milk or cream, with fresh or stewed fruit, or made into an appetizing recipe. Try the suggestion given below.

Section-Header: Grape-Nuts ICE CREAM

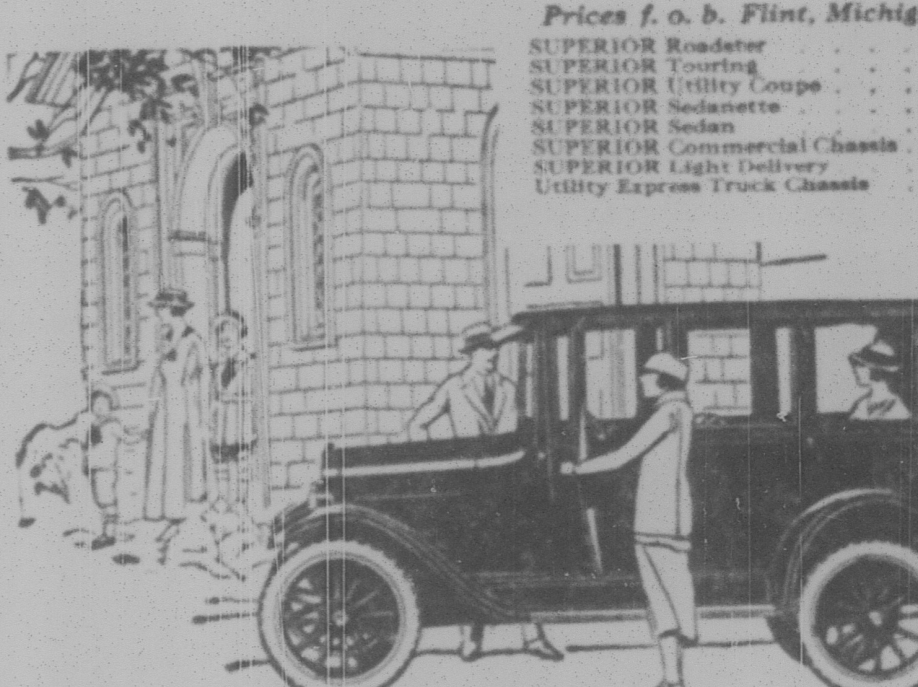
Prepare plain flavored ice cream in the usual way. Just before the cream hardens in freezing, add Grape-Nuts as it comes from the package. In the proportions of one-half cup of Grape-Nuts to one quart of ice cream. If you buy ice cream ready-made, add Grape-Nuts in place of nut meats. You'll find the resulting flavor unique.

Section-Header: There's a Reason

When you don't find Grape-Nuts, you won't find food—There's a Reason

Motor to Church in Comfort

The Chevrolet 5-Passenger Sedan is most popular for family use, because it affords comfort, weather protection and the home atmosphere all the year 'round for five people—yet may be economically operated with only one or two passengers. Its power, reliability and low up-keep appeal to men. Women like its handsome lines, fine upholstery, plate glass windows with Fernstedt regulators, and fine finish. Everybody appreciates its great value at \$860, f. o. b. Flint, Mich.



Chevrolet Motor Company Division of General Motors Corporation Detroit, Michigan

There to Stay.

Two aunts had come to visit at Esther's house at different times this summer, and each brought a small baby. Esther's surprise and chagrin was great when they left, taking their babies away again.

Then one day a new baby sister came to Esther's house.

When they told her the news she hurried over to see her house and announced: "We've got a real stay baby now, 'cause this one was born to stay."

Section-Header: Small Town Bright Lights.

The 100 per cent electrically lighted town of the United States is Johnstown, Colo., according to E. A. Thompson, manager of the Fort Lupton Light and Power company, that supplies the current. Every home in town is wired for electric lights and with few exceptions all these lights are used.

Section-Header: Quicken the Day.

Wife—The time will come when every person will have an automobile. Hubby (speed demon)—Shucks, then there'll be no pedestrians to run down.

Section-Header: I Had Known Her.

Wife—I had such an interesting conversation this afternoon. Hub—And who was the listener?

Section-Header: Ever stop to think of this?

We are what we eat!

It's a startling fact, yet a simple truth. This is the reason every one should know that his food is really nourishing—not merely filling.

Grape-Nuts—made from wheat and barley—is one of the few cereal foods that includes the vital mineral salts so necessary for supplying proper nourishment for nerve and bone structure.

In Grape-Nuts, too, is retained the important vitamin-B of the wheat.

No food has greater influence in strengthening the body of a growing child than Grape-Nuts. And remember, children need the very best there is in the way of nourishment.

Grape-Nuts is just as delicious as it is healthful, whether served right from the package as a breakfast cereal with milk or cream, with fresh or stewed fruit, or made into an appetizing recipe. Try the suggestion given below.

Section-Header: Grape-Nuts ICE CREAM

Prepare plain flavored ice cream in the usual way. Just before the cream hardens in freezing, add Grape-Nuts as it comes from the package. In the proportions of one-half cup of Grape-Nuts to one quart of ice cream. If you buy ice cream ready-made, add Grape-Nuts in place of nut meats. You'll find the resulting flavor unique.

Section-Header: There's a Reason

When you don't find Grape-Nuts, you won't find food—There's a Reason

Advertisement for Grape-Nuts, including a box of Grape-Nuts and a box of Grape-Nuts Ice Cream. Text: Grape-Nuts is just as delicious as it is healthful, whether served right from the package as a breakfast cereal with milk or cream, with fresh or stewed fruit, or made into an appetizing recipe. Try the suggestion given below. Grape-Nuts ICE CREAM. Prepare plain flavored ice cream in the usual way. Just before the cream hardens in freezing, add Grape-Nuts as it comes from the package. In the proportions of one-half cup of Grape-Nuts to one quart of ice cream. If you buy ice cream ready-made, add Grape-Nuts in place of nut meats. You'll find the resulting flavor unique. There's a Reason.