

## The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear **Signature**

**Send postal for Free Package of Paxtine.**

Better and more economical than liquid antiseptics FOR ALL TOILET USES.

**PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC**

Gives one a sweet breath; clean, white, germ-free teeth—antiseptically clean mouth and throat—purifies the breath after smoking—dispels all disagreeable perspiration and body odors—much appreciated by dainty women. A quick remedy for sore eyes and catarrh.

A little Paxtine powder dissolved in a glass of hot water makes a delightful antiseptic solution, possessing extraordinary cleansing, germicidal and healing power, and absolutely harmless. Try a Sample. 50c. a large box at drug stores or by mail.

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

**DAISY FLY KILLER**

placed anywhere, no matter how small, kills all flies, mosquitoes, and other insects. Lasts all season. Made of metal, cannot rust or be injured by anything. Guaranteed effective. Official dealers in every city and town. HAROLD BOWEN, 1000 Broadway, New York.

**SLEEPING IN THE OPEN AIR**

Useful Book With Full Directions Given Away by Philanthropic Association.

"Direction for Living and Sleeping in the Open Air" is the title of a pamphlet being sent out by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis to its local representatives in all parts of the United States. The pamphlet is meant to be a handbook of information for anybody who desires to sleep out of doors in his own home. It emphasizes the fact that outdoor sleeping is as desirable for the well as for the sick. The booklet will be sent free of charge to any one applying for it at the headquarters of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis in New York, or to the secretary of any local or state antituberculosis association.

Some of the subjects of which the pamphlet treats are, how to take the open-air treatment in a tenement house; how to build a small shack or cabin on a flat roof in the city; how to make one comfortable while sleeping outdoors either in hot or cold weather; how to arrange a porch on a country house; and how to build a cheap porch; the construction of tents and tent houses; the kinds of beds and bedding to use in outdoor sleeping; and various other topics. The book is well illustrated and attractively prepared.

**Awfully Busy.**  
Jim—A stitch in time saves nine.  
Tom—Who said that?  
Jim—Gee! Ain't you read your Bible?  
Tom—Nope; I ain't even had time to read the sporting page this morning yet.—Cleveland Leader.

**Not an Objection.**  
"I think he'd like to join your club, but his wife wouldn't hear of it."  
"She wouldn't hear of it? Why, I know of half a dozen men who would join our club if their wives couldn't hear of it."

We know people who seem to know everything except the fact that they don't know how much they don't know.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white skin, use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Truth is cut up to patch too many lies. You can never bolt the lies back into truth again.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

Man cannot be happy when idle, unless resting from previous labor.

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**

## Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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### CHAPTER X.

When Zelda asked her father one day where his office was, he answered evasively that it was in the Dameron Block. This was an old-fashioned office building, with a basement and a short stairway leading to the main corridor. It was no longer fashionable, as the better class of lawyers and real estate brokers had sought building of a later type that offered electric lights and elevators. The Dameron Block faced the court-house square, and was the habitat of divers small attorneys and real estate men. In the basement below, a justice of the peace sat in judgment next door to a musty old book-shop, where the proprietor, a quaint figure with a great mop of iron-gray hair, sold pens and paper and legal blanks to Dogberry Row, as this quarter of the street was called.

Zelda strayed into this thoroughfare by chance one winter afternoon shortly before Christmas and was arrested by the sight of some old books in the bookseller's window. The venerable bookseller came out into the barefoot area and spoke to her of the books, holding a volume meanwhile, with his forefinger closed upon the page he had selected. Yes, he kept French books, and she went into the shop and looked over his shelves of foreign books.

"There is very little demand for them," he said. "Some of these are rare. Here is a little volume of Hugo's poems; very rare. I should be glad if you would take it for a dollar—any of these poets for a dollar. But of course I can only offer. It is for you."

"I shall take the Hugo," said Zelda. He wrapped it for her carefully, even regretfully, and held the packet for a moment, caressing it with his hands, while she produced a dollar from her purse and took it from him.

"Call again. I have been here for twenty years; Congdon, Dameron Block."

"Yes, Dameron Block," repeated Zelda. The constables and loungers on the sidewalk in front of the justice's court stared at her as she came out and glanced for a moment at the upper windows of the building. A galvanized iron sign at the eaves bore the name "Dameron Block, 1370," in letters that had long since lost the false aspect of stone given to them originally by gray paint.

Zelda went into the dim entrance and read the miscellaneous signs that were tacked there. One of them was inscribed "E. Dameron, Room 8"; and another, she recalled, "same place as before." It was late in the afternoon; possibly her father would go home with her, she thought, and turned the knob.

She entered a dark room on a court-way, evidently used as a place of waiting; there was another room beyond, reached by a door that stood half-open. Her father was engaged; his voice rose from the inner room, and she took a chair by the outer door of the waiting-room. She looked about the place curiously. On a long table lay in great disorder many odds and ends—packages of garden-seed under dust that afforded almost enough earth to sprout them; half a dozen fence pickets tied together with a string; and several strata of old newspapers. On the floor in a corner lay a set of harness in a disreputable state of disrepair; and pasted on the walls were yellowed sheets of newspapers containing tables of some sort. Zelda did not know what these were, though any of the loafers on the curbstone could have enlightened her as to their character—they were the official advertisements of the sales of tax titles. Ezra Dameron always "talked poor," and complained of the burden of taxes and street improvements; but he had been the chief buyer of tax titles in the county.

"I'm sure that I've been very lenient, very lenient indeed," Ezra Dameron was saying. "I have, in fact, considered it a family matter, calling for consideration treatment, on the score of my friendship with your husband. If it had been otherwise, I would have been obliged to take steps—steps toward the safeguarding of the interests—the interests of trust, I should say."

She gave a little gasp and reached for it, scarcely stooping, so intent were her eyes on the door of the inner room; and when she had regained it, she ran into the hall and down the steps to the street.

She felt a great yearning for sympathy, for some one to whom she could confess her misery and headache. It was growing dark, and when she reached her uncle's house, the lights shone brightly in his library. She knew he was there, and that she could, at a word, make his house her home and shake herself free forever from her father. The was always rebuffing and thwarting her Uncle Rodney in his efforts to help her. But at the gate she paused with her hand on the catch, checking over what seemed to her the fireplaces of the living-room, and waited until the flames leaped into the throat of the chimney. Polly was in the dining-room, showing a new assistant how to lay the table for the evening meal, and she came to the folding doors and viewed Zelda with the interest that the girl always had for her. Polly was Zelda's slave, and she went about half the day muttering and chuckling over what seemed to her the girl's unaccountable whims.

"Polly," said Zelda, "this is Julius Caesar's birthday—or Napoleon Bonaparte's or the Duke of Argyle's—do you understand?"

The black woman showed all her teeth in appreciation.

"And we'll have out the candlesticks—those very high ones; and you may use that gold-banded china and the real cut glass."

Polly departed chuckling and Zelda went to her room. Her father was reading his newspaper by the fireplace when she came in upon his startled gaze an hour later. She had arrayed herself in a white silk evening gown. He had never before seen her dressed so at their family dinner-table. The long skirt added to her height. Her hair was caught up from her forehead in an exaggeration of the prevailing mode.

"Good evening, father! I thought I'd dress up to-night just for fun, and get the crinkles out of my things. Isn't that perfect?"

She swept past, the rich silk brushing him, and then—Polly having appeared at the door with her eyes staring from her head:

"Now let us feast while we may," she said.

She passed before him into the dining-room with an inclination of her head and to her place. The old man had not spoken and he sat down with painstaking care, finding apparently some difficulty in drawing in his chair. He bowed his head for the silent grace he always said, and raised his eyes with a look of sweet resignation to the girl. Nothing in the old house ever escaped his sharp eyes. The old china with its gold band, and the cut glass that had not known service for years struck him at once.

Ezra Dameron did not understand about human nature, though like all cunning people he thought he did. It was beginning to dawn upon him that Zelda was deeper than he had imagined. Perhaps, he said to himself, she was as shrewd and keen as himself, or he asked again, was she not playing some deep role—even laying a trap for him? He did not know that the moods of a girl are as many as the moods of the wind and sea. He remembered that his wife had been easily deceived. He had crushed the mother; but this girl would not so easily be subdued. The candles made a soft light upon the table. He lifted his eyes furtively to see whether the light in the chandelier overhead was lighted; and was relieved to note that the extravagance of the candles was not augmented there. He drew his bony fingers across the table-cloth, feeling its texture critically. He knew that it had been taken from a forbidden shelf of the linen closet. Clearly his rule over the ancient Polly was at an end.

When they returned to the living-room he tended the fire; and when he took up his paper nervously, from habit, he put it down again, and began to talk. Almost for the first time since Zelda's return, he showed an interest in her foreign experiences, and led her to speak of them. And she exerted herself to be entertaining. He had supposed that Mrs. Forrest would prejudice Zelda against him during the years in which she had kept the girl away; but his daily scrutiny had discovered no trace of disrespect or contempt in her attitude toward him.

It had been on her tongue several times to ask him boldly about the debt of Olive's mother, even if it should be necessary to confess that she had overheard his conversation with Mrs. Marston; but this might cause an unpleasant scene. No great haste was necessary, she judged; and so she waited. She could probably persuade her aunt or uncle to help her in the matter when the time came, if no other way should occur to her.

When she went at last to her room, the old cedars outside her windows were moaning softly. She found a satisfaction in bolting her door, and then she drew from the door, and the little book, tied with its faded ribbon, and opened it to the charge her mother had written—those last pitiful words—and read them over and over again, until they seemed to be audible whispers in the room:

"Perhaps I was unjust to him; it may have been my fault; but if she can respect or love him I wish it to be so."

She lay awake staring into the dark for half the night, with tearless eyes, one hand clasping the little book under her pillow.

### CHAPTER XI.

Zelda saw much of Morris during the winter. He went often to the old house in Merriam street in spite of the fact that she did not interest him more than other girls. She continued to delight in plugging him, particularly before her uncle, who learned, however, not to praise Morris to Zelda. Mrs. Forrest pretended to be a diligent chaperon, but Morris's social affairs did not amuse her, and she went out very little. Frequently Merriam took Zelda to the theater; now and then he connived with Morris to the end that Olive should be asked, and the four would go afterward for a supper at Merriam's house. Zelda brought Olive more and more into touch with her own life. She knew no happier day than Christmas, when Mrs. Forrest—not, however, without urging—gave a family dinner to which Ezra Dameron, Olive and her mother sat down at the same board, with Rodney presiding. There were times when Zelda's courage failed—when the shadow of her mother's unhappiness fell darkly upon her; but she made no sign to the world. So the winter passed, and in the first bright wistful days she went forth with Zan to find the spring.

"I have not heard you speak of your aunt and uncle of late," said Ezra Dameron to Zelda one day, after she had been out for an outing with Olive.

"I saw Aunt Julia this afternoon. She isn't well; she suffers a great deal. She has asked me to go away with her again—she likes going about, and she has planned to visit a number of summer places."

"If you don't go, what will she do?" and the old man looked at Zelda with a gleam of humor in his small gray eyes.

"Well, I have asked her to come to the farm."

"I am very glad you did. It would be a capital arrangement."

"But she won't come. She does not like that sort of thing. She likes to be where there's something doing."

"Yes, yes; a worldly woman; a very worldly woman"—and Dameron wagged his head as he buttered his roll. He was silent for several minutes, and when he spoke it was in a tone of kindness.

"And so you are coming with me, Zelda? I had hoped you would. I have wished it so much that I have not pressed you to commit yourself. I knew that your aunt would be likely to offer something more attractive than a summer at The Beeches."

"Yes, father; of course I shall go with you. I have never had any other intention."

"You are very good to me, Zee. I am grateful to you for many things. An old man is very poor company for a young girl. I had feared that you might not be satisfied here. Your uncle and aunt have never treated me fairly. We have nothing in common. I am glad to find that they have not retained you and me; the paternal beastly!"

Her father had spoken often during the winter of the farm. Zelda's willingness to go there was a great relief to him; and when she suggested that she should like to ask Olive to spend the whole of her vacation with them, he made no objection. He knew that she saw Olive frequently; Zee had asked her cousin to the house for meals several times since the Dramatic Club episode, and her father had treated Olive with his usual formal courtesy. The main thing with Ezra Dameron was to keep Zelda away from her aunt and uncle; and it flattered his vanity that she remained with him so steadfastly and took apparently so filial an interest in his happiness and comfort. Zelda went to Olive at once with her invitation.

"I'd be delighted, of course, Zee; but you mustn't make it hard for me to refuse. This is my busy summer; we have to move!"

"Oh!" said Zelda.

"We're mortgaged; that's the trouble with us; we're not only mortgaged, but we can't pay! So we hope to find another house somewhere and get out of the way."

(To be continued.)

### Keep Your Feet Straight.

How many men know how to walk? Most men turn their toes in or out, a writer in the New York Press says. The toes should point straight ahead, so that the foot at the end of each step can give the body that upward, forward impetus that results in what is called a springy walk. This does not mean that a man should walk exclusively on his toes. The whole foot must be used in proper walking. The goose step of the German army is as absurd as the boy's prank of walking on his heels. The Almighty has not freighted the foot with a single superfluous part. Every inch of every foot is meant for use.

When a man walks in the right way—speaking literally—the back of the heel strikes the ground first. Then the rest of the heel comes down, after which the outer edge of the foot takes the bulk of the burden until the forward movement shifts the weight to the ball of the foot and finally to the toes. The ideal step is a slightly rocking motion. At no time should the entire foot be pressed against the ground. Heel to toe is the movement. Try it and see how much further and more easily you can walk. It's the Indian's way, and what Poor Lo doesn't know about footwork can go into the discard.

### Not the Style.

"There!" said her husband, "that looks like a hat!"

"I will never do in the world!"

"Why not?"

"The hats that are in fashion now don't look like hats."—Houston Post.

### Limited.

"Your father informs me that we can only spend two weeks at the seashore this summer."

"Only two weeks. That means I shall have to become engaged to the first man I meet."—Detroit Free Press.

### ONE THING CERTAIN.



"Don you know," shouted the earnest orator, "what to do to the trust?"

"No, but I know blame well what they're doing to us!" said a man in the front row.

### SOFT, WHITE HANDS

May Be Obtained in One Night.

For preserving the hands as well as for preventing redness, roughness, and chapping, and imparting that velvety softness and whiteness much desired by women Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, is believed to be superior to all other skin soaps.

For those who work in corrosive liquids, or at occupations which tend to injure the hands, it is invaluable. Treatment—Bathe and soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, and in severe cases spread the Cuticura Ointment on thin pieces of old linen or cotton. Wear during the night old, loose gloves, or a light bandage of old cotton or linen to protect the clothing from stain. For red, rough, and chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, and shapeless nails with painful finger ends, this treatment is most effective. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, Mass.

### Didn't Care for Expenses.

They were seated at the breakfast table.

"John, dear," said the young wife, "this is my birthday."

"I'm glad you mentioned it, darling," rejoined her husband. "I'll buy you a present the first thing when I get downtown."

"Well," she said, "I hope you won't get any cheap 98-cent affair."

"Why, I would be ashamed to present you with anything that cost less than a dollar."

### Simple Truth.

You can only do clean washing with clean soap. You know that cocoanut oil, borax and naphtha are natural cleansers and sterilizers and that they can't harm fabrics. Easy Task soap is the only one that combines these scientifically, and for that reason it cuts washday work in two and does the work better than it ever has been done. Ten cents to test it; money back quickly if it isn't what is claimed for it.

### Their Object.

Banks—The women of my town have formed a secret society.

Rivers—A secret society? Surely, that's a misnomer; women don't know how to keep secrets.

Banks—But they know how to tell them, and that's why they formed the society.

### DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.

Seventeen Years the Standard.

Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.

### Otherwise Hopeless.

"My daughter's voice is to be tried today."

"Have you fixed the jury?"—Cleveland Leader.

### ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED?

Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

### Some women are beautiful when they are angry, but generally they are mean and ugly at such times.

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

And many a coming man neglects to arrive.

### Strong Healthy Women

If a woman is strong and healthy in a womanly way, motherhood means to her but little suffering. The trouble lies in the fact that the many women suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism and are unfitted for motherhood. This can be remedied.

### Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Cures the weaknesses and disorders of women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in motherhood, making them healthy, strong, vigorous, virile and elastic.

"Favorite Prescription" banishes the indispositions of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It quickens and vitalizes the feminine organs, and insures a healthy and robust baby. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits.

It Makes Weak Women Strong. It Makes Sick Women Well.

Honest druggists do not offer substitutes, and urge them upon you as "just as good." Accept no secret nostrum in place of this non-secret remedy. It contains not a drop of alcohol and not a grain of habit-forming or injurious drugs. Is a pure glyceric extract of healing, native American roots.

### SHE RECOGNIZED THE VOICE

And From Remark Made, Also Knew the Party Was Not Engaged in Prayer.

Confidential friends of Louis B. Shields are telling this story about that eminent Republican: A state convention at Columbus had just adjourned and the Cuyahoga county delegates were all back home when somebody suggested a friendly game of poker. The game was going along right merrily at three a. m.

At that hour an officious attendant called up Mr. Shields' residence, which happened to be almost next door.

"This is long distance," said the servant with no warrant of authority whatever. "We are all here in Columbus and can't get home until morning."

"That's all right," came back the reply, "but if that voice I hear in the apartment house next door saying 'that's good' isn't Mr. Shields' then I can't recognize a voice when I hear it at night."

And that is the end of the story, for the voice saying "that's good" was indeed that of Mr. Shields, and it was so near home, so the narrator relates, that there was no use in offering a denial.—Cleveland Leader.

### WEAK KIDNEYS WEAKEN THE WHOLE BODY.

No chain is stronger than its weakest link. No man is stronger than his kidneys. Overwork, colds, strains, etc., weaken the kidneys and the whole body suffers. Don't neglect the slightest kidney ailment. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills at once. They are especially for sick kidneys.

Ted Hiatt, Oswego, Kans., says: "For many years I suffered from kidney disorders. I was treated by specialists in Kansas City and Chicago, was told I had an abscess of the kidneys and an operation was advised. I thereupon began the use of Doan's Kidney Pills and gradually improved. Soon an operation was unnecessary as my kidneys were well."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Lots of marriages merely demonstrate that misery loves company.

### STOCKERS & FEEDERS

Choice quality; reds and roans, white faces or Angus bought on orders. Tons of thousands to select from. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Correspondence Invited. Come and see for yourself.

National Live Stock Com. Co.

Kansas City, Mo., St. Joseph, Mo., S. Omaha, Neb.

### WANTED

Everybody suffering from Piles or any form of Rectal Afflictions, to write me for Free Trial of my Postage-Paid Pile Cure.

S. W. TANNEY AUBURN, INDIANA

### CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fitch

In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

### AXLE GREASE

is the turning-point to economy in wear and tear of wagons. Try a box. Every dealer, everywhere.

STANDARD OIL CO. (Incorporated)

### Sickly Smile

Wipe it off your otherwise good looking face—put on that good health smile that CAS-CARETS will give you—as a result from the cure of Constipation—or a torpid liver. It's so easy—do it—you'll see.

CASCARETS is a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

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and Orchestra. Melodies from W. NELSON. 125 West 36th St., New York

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