

### When You Catch Cold Rub on Musterole

Musterole is easy to apply and it gets in its good work right away. Often it prevents a cold from turning into "the flu" or pneumonia. Just apply Musterole with the fingers. It does all the good work of grandmother's mustard plaster without the blister.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made of oil of mustard and other home staples. It is recommended by many doctors and nurses. Try Musterole for sore throat, cold on the chest, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, stiff neck, bronchitis, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back and joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frost-bites—colds of all sorts.

To Mothers: Musterole is now made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. 35c and 65c, jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.00.



Better than a mustard plaster



Use for cuts, burns, sores and wounds. Prevents infection. Cleanses and heals.

## Vaseline CARBOLATED

PETROLEUM JELLY

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

### OFTEN USEFUL IN BIG FAMILY

Black-Draught Proves Valuable Remedy for Liver and Stomach Troubles, Says North Carolina Parents.

Letitia, 5, "I will write to you about Black-Draught over medicine. As I have been using it more than seven years," says a letter written from this place by Mr. F. Mink, of W. I. 2. "I keep it in my home all the time for it is really our family medicine. When we begin to feel nervous or sluggish, with trouble in the stomach, we take a dose of Thedford's Black-Draught and the trouble goes away. I usually buy a little package of a time, and it has saved me nearly a bill."

Mr. Mink says the latest Black-Draught bottles and billings. "It is a very healthy thing we use," he says, "and in the spring when I get up feeling sluggish and with nothing I eat doing good, I know my liver needs to act and I use Black-Draught and very soon I am feeling just like I have eight children and we make tea from Black-Draught for days when they have colic. For more than 30 years Thedford's Black-Draught has been a popular, standard remedy for simple liver stomach and bowel troubles. More than one million packages are now sold per annum, as a result of its proven merit.



### THE BEST WAY TO GET YOUR IRON

PHYSICIANS have prescribed Gude's Pepto-Mangan for 30 years because of its supply of iron. They found that it was readily absorbed, did not irritate the stomach and quickly toned and strengthened the system. At your druggist's, in both liquid and tablets. Free Trial Tablets To see for yourself the health-building value of Gude's Pepto-Mangan, write today for generous Trial Package of Tablets. Send no money—just name and address to M. J. Brettenbach Co., 53 Warren St., N. Y.

## Gude's Pepto-Mangan

Tonic and Blood Enricher

Handkerchiefs, Linen—Ladies \$2.25, men's \$1.50, dozen, postpaid. Also cottons. Agents wanted. Write to M. J. Brettenbach Co., 53 Warren St., N. Y.

But It's a Fact. It is hard to realize that one and his romantic "crowd" of twenty years ago inevitably grow fat, baldheaded and more and more thoughtful of good dinners.

## Hall's Catarrh Medicine

will do what we claim for it—kill your mucus of Catarrh or Discharge caused by Catarrh.

Send for a sample of our Hall's Catarrh Medicine. E. J. CHERRY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

# The Custard Cup

CHAPTER XII.—Continued

Florence Bingham Livingston  
Copyright by George H. Doran Company

"Oh, gee!" he gasped, recovering himself. "Who'd think Penzie'd string you like that?"

At the words, the child's fear was swallowed up in recurring anger. Her beloved Penzie had been criticized.

"Don't you dare talk 'bout Penzie," she flashed. "Get outa here, you nixy stiff! Get outa—!" She dashed toward him with outflung arms, as one might to frighten a small animal; then stopping so abruptly that she swayed dizzily for a moment. "Excuse me," she muttered. "O Lord!" She turned and flew into the house, banging the kitchen door behind her. The minutes that supervened were troubled by a thuddy thumping, as of a drum gone wrong.

When Lettie reappeared she was carrying an armful of boards, a tomato can of old rescued nails, and a hatchet with a notched blade. The household did not possess a hammer, an implement too highly specialized to be afforded; the hatchet had squeezed in by its diversity of service.

Frank Bosley was still there, sitting on a small stump, smoking a cigarette. He watched Jazily while Lettie spread her materials down on the walk.

"What's the fifty notion?" he drawled.

"She gave him a brief glance. "You here yet?"

"Sure, and talking. I asked, what you making?"

"I'm going to make a coop for—"

She broke off and sat back on her heels, considering.

"For the pepper-and-salt shipwreck?" he put in helpfully.

"Tain't a shipwreck," defended Lettie. "It's a Plymouth Rock, guaranteed, and it's going to be a good one. I gotta name her." She reflected deeply, trying out names wondrously, with lips moving. "I'll call her Bonnie Geraldine," she said aloud.

"This decision, honoring the two daughters of Mrs. Weatherstone, was the highest kind of tribute, being spontaneous and given without intention of flattery. The young ladies were only names to Lettie, who had no more thought of ever seeing a Weatherstone than she had of glimpsing the North pole, rising out of its rick of ice and floating aloft the flag of the various nations that have discovered it.

"Better call it the Callen Curiosity," he suggested between slow puffs.

Lettie hit her lips till the color left them. Taking up two pieces of board, she propped them together to see if they would form the conventional public roof of a chicken coop. They would not. With a sigh she discarded one and took up another.

"You can't do it," observed the man. "You don't know how."

"Who don't you help me, then?"

"I'll child, I have better things to do."

"Yes, you have!" she retorted. "Such as sticking in the basement door to see the cross-eyed man?"

With his finger on the clasp of his cigarette case, he gazed. Lettie, working him slowly, was quick to see that her shot had hit.

"And the little man that carries a cane?" she questioned.

"If I was in your place," Lettie proceeded with relief. "I wouldn't leave my machine in the same spot all time. It's kinda pathetic, 'twen them two eucalyptus trees 'on Everidge street, and—here, Bonnie Geraldine," she commended, turning to her new acquisition, "stop flogging 'round so. That dog ain't going to hurt you. Here, dog old Fil, treat her decent, can't you? You gotta get 'quainted and be friends. How can I love you both if—"

She heard steps behind her. Switching about, she encountered the white anger of Frank Bosley.

"You imp of satan!" he growled. "Hold your tongue in your head if you don't know how to use it. You hain't never seen me in any such place. If you want to play safe, you won't get me mixed with somebody else and go-blabbing."

Lettie stood up and confronted him coolly, thin shoulders thrown back, dark eyes undaunted.

"If it wasn't you, what're you getting so mad for? How do you know I ain't praisin' you?"

"I don't care what way 'tis. Whoever you say, 'twan't me. D'you understand? You needn't get me mixed up with anybody else."

"I hain't got you mixed up, Mr. Frank Bosley. I got your number, and I know a lot I hain't told. I seen you three fellers more'n once; and way you slink, I know you're 'shamed of something. Ah is, if you want me to keep still, you get outa here and keep away from Uncle Jerry."

With an assumption of recovered composure, he returned to the stump, took out another cigarette, struck a match, and contemplated the child with well-simulated indifference.

"Don't worry, spitfire."

Lettie was immensely disappointed. She had thought she was making headway, and here she was back where she had been in the first place. It took scarcely ten seconds for her anger to rise.

"Get outa here," she shrieked. "Get out and keep out."

"Dry up!" he retorted. "The board 'bout from you, young lady. I didn't come here to be scolded. I came to see your Uncle Jerry, and right now I stay 'til he comes."

"No, you ain't! No, you ain't! You ain't! You're going out."

or I'll— Oh, by Jingoos, there I go again! Excuse me, I gotta—"

Black curls flashing her thin shoulders, she sprinted to the steps and clipped into the kitchen. The wooden tattoo began again and continued steadily for some time. When it finally ceased, Lettie came back wearily and threw herself down on the walk. Turning all the nails out of the tin can, she proceeded to sort them according to their degree of curvature, few of them being straight.

"Bonnie Geraldine," she said softly. "You sit right still. You're going to be well pretty soon." She threw a nail back into the can, as being beyond her skill in driving. She looked up at Bosley.

"I really wish you'd go home," she urged, in a voice of great reasonableness. "We don't want you here; honest, none of us do. We don't think you're a good friend for Uncle Jerry and—"

An insolent laugh interrupted her plea.

"I mean it," she continued, with growing vehemence. "We don't like you to come here. Please go away."

"Dry up, you little fool. I'm tired of your patter. Ah, there you are, Winston. Say, old man, I thought you'd never come. How does it look?"

Jerry Winston walked into the yard. "Pretty good, I guess. Let's get somewhere and talk it over."

Lettie had risen and was watching them anxiously, her large eyes widening as her dismay increased.

"Come on over to my house," suggested Frank Bosley.

"All right."

Lettie stepped forward. "Uncle Jerry," she begged, "don't go with that man. Penzie doesn't like it."

Jerry Winston said her with a look such as she had never before received

like a great wave, jennyng her head cold. Then another great wave that flooded her with heat, rolled over her, shut off her breath, receded! A black wave!

She was still lying there on the floor beneath the temper gun when Mrs. Penfield came in—her face white in its frame of black curls, her right hand limp on the rolling-pin that had come down with her on its broken string.

CHAPTER XIII

Calamity Coal Oil.

The days of Lorene Percy's engagement had been stormy ones in her home, but through neighborly persuasion and intercession, Mrs. Percy had raised no permanent obstacle. Lorene's friends felt certain that her release from home rule was assured.

It was the evening before the marriage ceremony. All the little Penfields had long since retired to their sleeping-boxes; and that they might not be disturbed by the light, Mrs. Penfield was sewing in the kitchen. It was late and she was very tired. Twice she had caught herself napping and had gone to the back door to breathe in the fresh air and get thoroughly awake again. The moon was full; the sky was intensely blue except where quills of white cloud were laid across it; the back yard was filled with soft radiance that transformed the ugly clothes-poles into slender shafts of light.

"What a beautiful world it is!" she said to herself. "And we all go so fast that we don't have time to look at it the way it is. I wonder why we get fretted up over a lot of petty details that we forget all about in a week, when the universe is calm and happy. Looks like we ain't in harmony with it. I wish I had time—No, I don't. What I wish is that I can stay awake and see an sunset."

Suddenly she went back to her chair and fitted sections of the coat together.

Footsteps sounded on the board walk. There was a quick knock. The door opened.

"Oh, I knew something would happen. I just knew it would. And it has, oh—oh!"

Mrs. Penfield sprang to her feet. The voice was familiar, but she would hardly have recognized, without this evidence, the figure that entered her.

"Lorene!" she gasped.

"Look at me!" cried the girl. Her long hair emphasized her lustrous appearance. Her face and hands were covered with fine wet, it looks, in streaks; her hair had been carefully darkened, as if a thin black veil had been drawn over it. Her right eye had been drawn back and pulled.

"Why, my dear, I can see you've had a little accident," said Mrs. Penfield kindly, "but you'll take time to get you washed up again. I'll help you. Oh, Lorene, I'm glad."

The girl smiled. "Mrs. Penzie lit my hair and put it in my room. I was going to wash. She said I'd take cold if the room wasn't warmed. And—when I went in a few minutes later, I couldn't see. The air was full of black dust—everywhere—clouds of it. Oh, dear; oh, dear, what can I do?"

"Why, Lorene, I'll help. Wait—"

"Mrs. Penzie," shrieked the girl, wringing her hands in distress, "you don't understand. Everything is ruined."

"Everything?"

"Yes, everything. All my clothes! I had them all laid out, ready to pack—on the bed, the chairs. The clothes-press was open. They're all black, sticky, spoiled!" She threw herself on the wash bench and broke into wild sobbing. "Why, by the time I'd been in there two minutes—look at me!"

"Oh, my dear," begged Mrs. Penfield, "don't cry. We've got to think of something."

"We can't," wailed the girl. "There isn't anything to be begun on. They were all there—everything I own in the world, everything I've been saving for all these two months." She lifted her head and looked at Mrs. Penfield with streaming eyes. "Yes, I suppose they can be cleaned, but there isn't time before tomorrow. There isn't ti-time." Her voice broke. "Dick has his leave of absence and the tickets and all the de-details arranged. We can't put it off and—and we can't—I can't be m-m-married like this, can I?" She threw out her arms in a gesture of helplessness.

Mrs. Penfield could not restrain a smile as she gazed at the forlorn bride-elect, huddled on the wash-bench, too abject to realize her own appearance at the moment or to care about it compared with the greater calamity at home.

"What can I do, Mrs. Penzie? I can't ask Dick to take me like this."

"No, dear, you aren't going to." Mrs. Penfield put her hands on the girl's shoulders and gave her a gentle shake that was half reproof and half caress. "Grab your nerve, Lorene, and we'll work a way out of this. So long as there ain't nothing more vital in the path than wool and ribbers, I predict you're going to be married tomorrow noon, at whatever—and all fresh and shiny. You'll get your shadow again, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes."

"Then the all must be done by this time. It's late on the lamp, and we'll go right over and see how things look."



"Uncle Jerry," she begged, "Don't go with that man."

from Mrs. "Keep still, Lettie, and mind your own business."

"But, Uncle Jerry," she gasped, "you mustn't. It's making her unhappy. Oh, please don't."

"Lettie," he returned, in a tone that pierced her heart, "you tend to your own business, I tell you. You're making a big mistake. I choose my own friends, and I choose good ones, too."

"Oh—oh—oh!" she screamed, wringing her hands in agony. "I can't have it. I can't stand it. It makes her so unhappy. Oh, Uncle Jerry, you got me going. Come back, or I'll—"

She reached over and gathered up a handful of nails; then dropped her hand. The nails fell with a jangle on the board walk.

She was alone. Uncle Jerry had gone with Frank Bosley. During the moment that she realized her failure to frustrate this friendship, her breath stopped, from the acute despair. Then her anger rose, mounting to rage—against Uncle Jerry, against Frank Bosley.

"I'll show him; I'll show him!" she vowed in a fury. On a mad impulse she tore around the house—then whirled and tore back again. "O Lord," she groaned, "why can't I remember? I gotta remember, 'cause I gotta stay with Penzie."

Again she pelted into the kitchen and reached for the toy rolling-pin. Vicious blows rained on the board—blows of rage against the two men, blows of exasperation over her failure, blows of wild wrath against her own temper.

"Devil, you shan't have me. You shan't; you shan't. Devil, do you hear? You shan't—have-me!"

Over and over she uttered this defiance, and with every word she struck the toy till the heavy board swung against the wall.

"No, Penzie," she added, sobbing. "The—trying—The trying—"

On and on she pelted, her small feet making noise, a noise that still of the room, since she thought she had to talk. Her eyes were red, but her strength did not waver. Her blood was hot, and



# ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER" when you buy—Genuine

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds	Headache	Neuritis	Lumbago
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Genuine → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturer of Monoclonalacetic Acid

The man who said that two can live as cheaply as one never had to reckon with milliners and dressmakers.

### MOTHER! GIVE SICK BABY "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP"

Harmless Laxative to Clean Liver and Bowels of Baby of Child.

Even constipated, bilious, feverish, or sick, colic babies and children love to take genuine "California Fig Syrup." No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It softens the stomach and starts the liver and bowels acting without griping. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Say "California" to your druggist and avoid counterfeits! Insist upon genuine "California Fig Syrup," which contains directions.—Advertisement.



### WOMEN CAN DYE ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY

Dye or Tint Worn, Faded Things New for 15 Cents.

### Diamond Dyes

Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes" even if you have never dyed before. Druggists have all colors. Directions in each package.—Advertisement.

### Fish Has a Nasal Pocket.

Fishes possess a smelling faculty. An examination of the nostrils of a fish reveals the fact that they are not connected with the air tube system, as is most commonly, but lead into blind pockets lined with delicate membranes well supplied with nerves. In fish water is not drawn through the nostrils, but merely into the small pockets, and there may be expelled and refilled, says the Detroit News. The quantity of water brought into contact with the nerves of small fish is comparatively small. In some fish, as in the globe fish and porpoise, for example, there is an nasal pocket, the action being directed into external processes.

### Wife of Man.

200—I hear that you are carrying on with special attention for saving a person from drowning.

200—The person was his wife.—From State Facts.

Any scheme that doesn't work its way is profitable.

### Hidden Treasures.

"I suggest the finest collection of medals made in the United States is in the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences," observed a gentleman from this city, "and I intended to be there one day when a certain millionaire was examining the collection in the company of a banker."

"Yes," said the banker, "this collection of medals is worth thousands and thousands of dollars."

"Is that so?" said the millionaire. "What, what are they studied with?"—Harper's Magazine.

## "It Keeps Me Awake Nights"

is the familiar confession of the tea and coffee drinker. The reason is that both tea and coffee contain caffeine—a drug which is the foe of night-time sleep and day-time energy.

Postum, the pure cereal beverage, is delicious and satisfying—and free from all the elements which so many users of coffee and tea find disturbing to nerves and digestion.

Postum contains no stimulant to keep you awake nights.

Sold by grocers everywhere!

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"There's a Reason"



Your guests will flourish in two hours; hence Postum (in tin) proved so easily to do up by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in package) for those who prefer the flavor brought out by boiling half an hour. The rest of either form is shown on the tin and cup.

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