

The Poor Rich.

During the past eight months the rich have had a hard time. A railroad director said recently that "It is a great deal harder for a man who has been living at the rate of two hundred thousand a year to get down to a fifty-thousand-a-year standard than it is for a man who has been living on \$15 a week to get along on \$10." This must be so because the fifteen-dollar man has got along on ten so often that it is easy, like any habitual privation. The multi-millionaire is a green hand at economizing, and should be pitied by the expert poor. But he gets no sympathy, and in one respect deserves none. Only this summer a Newport tradesman announced publicly that he would not give his rich customers more than 90 days' time in which to pay for the corned beef, prunes, salt codfish and other delicacies that bend their tables. The curse of the rich is their poverty, and it is a pity to see them ground down by tradesmen. Of course it is hard that in summer, when the rich are taken from the slums and sent for fresh air to Newport and other resorts, they have to be troubled with bills. But holidays have their responsibilities as well as their relaxations. A story comes to the Youth's Companion of a wealthy man to whom a bill was brought on Christmas morning. This seemed to him an outrage, but when he went to the door, fuming with protest, he found a boy, who said: "Sorry to trouble you, boss, but I just have to have that seven-fifty for our Christmas dinner."

Ever since the passage of the pure food law, manufacturers have complained of the injustice of denying them the use of the small amount of preservatives necessary to keep certain kinds of food products from fermentation or other form of deterioration. Prof. Wiley of the bureau of chemistry in the department of agriculture has appointed a pure food committee, to represent the different states having pure food laws, the object of which will be to harmonize the state laws with the laws of the government. The committee will also, without doubt, define what is a safe amount of preservative to be used. It is said that there has been an increase of ptomaine-poisoning since the pure food law went into effect, but perhaps the statement, like some of the food products, can best be taken with a grain of salt—or of boracic acid.

Increase in the number of college degrees may not in itself be a good sign. The progressive decrease since 1900 of the number of medical diplomas awarded means a great gain in the quality of the men entrusted with the health of their fellow men. In 1906 over 25,000 men and women received the degree M. D. In 1907 the number dropped a thousand, and this year the decrease was sixteen hundred. During the year several medical schools not in good repute were closed. Most of the great medical colleges require an A. B. degree or its equivalent for entrance. "Half-baked" professional men are no use to the community, and even when the standards of the medical schools are high, there will be plenty of incompetent men in the profession.

Although apples have been raised in the east a good deal longer than in the west, it is the west which leads off with the first national apple-show, which will open in Spokane, Wash., in December. The \$25,000 in prizes are to be open to the world. For the best car-load of standard commercial winter apples a prize of \$1,500 will be given, and for the largest apple an apple of gold.

"Life, color, demonstration and motion" will be, the managers say, characteristics of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exhibition, which is to be held next year at Seattle, Wash. But if an added promise is fulfilled, that "everything will be in readiness at least a month before the opening date," June 1, that will be distinction beyond all other such fairs.

The first football accident has happened in Massachusetts, where a student in a class game had his back broken. This looks as if the human sacrifice to the game will be normal.

Rejection of the proposal to use the Washington monument as a wireless telegraph station is a reminder that although the inventor is the hero of the present hour he is not quite the whole thing.

A New York boy was arrested for stealing disease germs. He took them from the laboratory of a scientist. Do not think for a moment that he was pinched for contracting the measles from Johnny Jones across the way. Stealing disease germs in the latter way has never been treated as a crime.

Cities that never clean up until the specter of cholera stalks down their dirty streets generally find their frenzied efforts too late.

BLIND-FOLDED

By EARLE ASHLEY WILCOX

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BOYD'S-REIDRILL
COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but eventually explains to him the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him. Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. He learns that there is a boy whom he is charged with protecting and protecting Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is captured by Knapp, a man in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself cased in a room with Mother Borton, who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Slumming four through Chinatown, Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. Luella and Dudley are cut off from the rest of the party and imprisoned in a hallway behind an iron door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One of the boys, Giles begins firing. Tim Terrill is seen in the mob. A newly formed mob is checked by shots from Giles' revolver. Policeman Corson breaks down the door with an axe and the couple is rescued. Luella thanks Giles Dudley for saving her life. Knapp appears at the office with the traces of the previous night's debauch. Following his instructions Dudley has a notable day in the stock exchange, selling Crown Diamond and buying Omega, the object being to crush Decker, Knapp's hated rival. Dudley discovers that he loves Luella Knapp. Mother Borton tells Giles Dudley that "they've discovered where the boy is." The mysterious unknown woman employer of Dudley meets him by appointment with "the boy" who is turned over to Dudley with his guards and they drive with him to the ferry boat to take a train out of the city. Dudley and his faithful guards convey "the boy" by train to the village of Livermore, as per the written instructions. The party is followed. Soon after the party is quartered in the hotel, a special train arrives in Livermore. The "gang," including Darby Meeker and Tim Terrill, lay siege to the hotel and endeavor to capture "the boy," who comes forward to see the fight. "Tricked again," cries Tim Terrill, when he sees the youngster's face. "It's the wrong boy," Dudley and Terrill meet in battle of man to man. Dudley is knocked unconscious by Terrill's assistant and awakes to find himself in a hotel room under care of his guards. The hotel is guarded by Terrill's men who are instructed to kill the first man who tries to escape. Dudley gives the note to the one-eyed man. The boy is left behind and Dudley and his remaining guards make their escape by horseback and by stealing a locomotive. Doddridge Knapp and Decker meet face to face on the stock exchange. Decker is defeated. Dudley and Knapp prevent a coup to control the directors and declare Knapp's stock invalid.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

There was none of the sounds of riot I had expected to hear as we drew up before it. The lantern blinked outside with its invitation to manifold cheer within. Lights streamed through the window and half-opened door, and quiet and order reigned.

I found the explanation of the change in the person of a policeman, who stood at the door.

"Has there been trouble here, officer?" I asked.

"Oh, is it you, sor?" said Corson's hearty voice. "I was wondering about ye. Well, there has been a bit of a row here, and there's a power of broken heads to be mended. There's wan man cut to pieces, and good riddance, for it's Black Dick. I'm thinking it's the morgue they'll be taking him to, though it was for the receiving hospital they started with him. It was a dandy row, and it was siventeen artists we made."

"Where is Mother Borton?"

"The ould she-devil's done for this time, I'm a-thinking. What, I forgot she was a friend of yours, sor?"

"Where is she—at the receiving hospital? What is the matter with her?"

"Aisy, aisy, sor. It may be nothing. She's upstairs. A bit of a cut, they say. Here, Shaughnessy, look out for this door! I'll take ye up, sor."

We mounted the creaking stairs in the light of the smoky lamp that stood on the bracket, and Corson opened a door for me.

A flickering candle played fantastic tricks with the furniture, sent shadows dancing over the dingy walls, and gave a weird touch to the two figures that bent over the bed in the corner. The figures straightened up at our entrance, and I knew them for the doctor and his assistant.

"A friend of the lady, sor," whispered Corson.

The doctor looked at me in some surprise, but merely bowed.

Mother Borton turned her head on the pillow, and her gaunt face lighted up at the sight of me.

"Eh, dearie, I knew you would come," she cried.

The doctor pushed his way to the bedside.

"I must insist that the patient be quiet," he said with authority.

"Be quiet?" cried Mother Borton. "Is it for the likes of you that I'd be quiet? You white-washed tombstone raiser, you body-snatcher, do you think you're the man to tell me to hold my tongue when I want to talk to a gentleman?"

Mother Borton had raised herself upon one elbow; her face, flushed and framed in her gray and tangled hair, was working with anger, and her eyes were almost lurid as she sent Berce

glances at one after another of the men about her. She pointed a skinny finger at the door, and each man as she cast her look upon him went out without a word.

"Shut the door, honey," she said quietly, lying down once more with a satisfied smile. "That's it. Now me and you can talk cozy-like."

"You'd better not talk. Perhaps you will feel more like it to-morrow."

"There won't be any to-morrow for me," growled Mother Borton. "I've seen enough of 'em carved to know when I've got the dose myself. Curse that knife!" and she grunted at a twinge of pain.

"Who did it?"

"Black Dick—curse his soul. And he's roasting in hell for it this minute," cried Mother Borton, savagely.

"Hush!" I said. "You mustn't excite yourself."

"There's maybe an hour left in me. We must hurry. Tell me about your trouble—at Livermore, was it?" said she.

I gave her a brief account of the expedition and its outcome. Mother Borton listened eagerly, giving an occasional grunt of approval.

"Well, honey; I was some good to ye, after all," was her comment.

"Indeed, yes."

"And you had a closer shave for your life than you think," she con-



"I TELL YOU NOW, MY BOY, THERE'S MURDER AND DEATH HEREABOUT!"

tinued. "Tom Terrill swore he'd kill ye, and it's one of the miracles, sure, that he didn't."

"Well, Mother Borton, Tom Terrill's laid up in Livermore with a broken head, and I'm safe here with you, ready to serve you in any way that a man may."

"Safe—safe?" mused Mother Borton, an absent look coming over her skinny features, as though her mind wandered. Then she turned to me impressively. "You'll never be safe till you change your work and your name. You've shut your ears to my words while I'm alive, but maybe you'll think of 'em when I'm in my coffin. I tell you now, boy, there's murder and death before you. Do you hear? Murder and death."

She sank back on her pillow and gazed at me with a weird light in her eyes and a sly look on her face.

"I think I understand," I said gently.

"I have faced them and I ought to know them."

"Then you'll—you'll quit your job—you'll be yourself!"

"I can not, I must go on."

"And why?"

"My friend—his work—his murder."

"Have you got the man who murdered Henry Wilton?"

"No."

"Have you got a man who will give a word against—against—you know who?"

"I have not a scrap of evidence against any one but the testimony of my own eyes," I was compelled to confess.

"And you can't use it—you dare not use it. Now I'll tell you, dearie, I know the man as killed Henry Wilton."

"Who was it?" I cried, startled into eagerness.

"It was Black Dick—the cursed scoundrel that's done for me. Oh!" she groaned in pain.

"Maybe Black Dick struck the blow, but I know the man that stood behind him, and paid him, and protected him, and I'll see him on the gallows before I die."

"Hush," cried Mother Borton trembling. "If he should hear you! Your throat will be cut yet, dearie, and I'm to blame. Drop it, drop it. The boy is nothing to you. Leave him go. Take your own name and get away. This is no place for you. When I'm gone there will be no one to warn ye. You'll be killed. You'll be killed."

Then she moaned, but whether from pain of body or mind I could not guess.

"Never you fear. I'll take care of myself," I said cheerfully.

She looked at me mournfully. "I am killed for ye, dearie."

I started, shocked at this news.

"There," she continued slowly, "I didn't mean to let you know. But they thought I had told ye."

"Then I have two reasons instead of one for holding to my task," I said solemnly. "I have two friends to avenge."

"You'll make the third yourself," growled Mother Borton, "unless they put a knife into Barkhouse first, and then you'll be the fourth belike."

"Barkhouse—do you know where he is?"

"He's in the Den—on Davis street, you know. I was near forgetting to tell ye. Send your men to get him to-night, for he's hurt and like to die. They may have to fight. No—don't leave me now."

"I wasn't going to leave you."

Mother Borton put her hand to her throat as though she choked, and was silent for a moment. Then she continued:

"I'll be to blame if I don't tell you—I must tell you. Are you listening?"

Her voice came thick and strange, and her eyes wandered anxiously

prisoner down on Davis street. I must get him out."

"I'm with you, sor," said Corson heartily. "I'm hopin' there's some heads to be cracked."

I had not counted on the policeman's aid, but I was thankful to accept the honest offer. In the restaurant I found five of my men, and with this force I thought that I might safely attempt an assault on the Den.

The Den was a low, two-story building of brick, with a warehouse below, and the quarters of the enemy, approached by a narrow stairway above. "Step quietly," I cautioned my men, as we neared the dark and forbidding entrance. "Keep close to the shadow of the buildings. Our best chance is in a surprise."

There was no guard at the door that stood open to the street, and we halted a moment before it to make sure of our plans.

"It's a bad hole," whispered Corson. "A fine place for an ambush," I returned dubiously.

"Well, there's no help for it," said the policeman. "Come on!" And drawing his club and revolver he stole noiselessly up the stairs.

We were not two-thirds the way up the flight before a voice shot out of the darkness.

"Who's there?"

There was no more need for silence, and Corson and I reached the landing just as a door opened that let the light stream from within. Two men had sprung to the doorway and another could be seen faintly outlined in the dark hall.

The two men jumped back into the room and tried to close the door, but I was upon them before they could swing it shut. Four of my men had followed me close, and with a few blows given and taken the two were prisoners.

"Tie them fast," I ordered, and hastened to see how Corson fared.

I met the worthy policeman in the hall, blown but exultant. Owens was following him, and between them they half-dragged, half-carried the man who had given the alarm.

"Aren't there any more about?" I asked. "There were more than three left in the gang."

"If there had been more of us, you'd never have got in," growled one of the prisoners.

"Where's Barkhouse?" I asked.

"Find him!" was the defiant reply.

We began the search, opening one room after another. Some were sleeping rooms, some the meeting rooms, while the one we had first entered appeared to be the guardroom.

"Hello! What's this?" exclaimed Corson, tapping an iron door, such as closes a warehouse against fire.

"It's locked, sure enough," said Owens, after trial.

"It must be the place we are looking for," I said. "Search those men for keys."

The search was without result.

"It's a sledge we must get," said Owens, starting to look about for one.

"Hould on," said Corson. "I was near forgetting. I've got a master-key that fits most of these locks. It's handy for closing up a warehouse when some clerk with his wits a-wandering forgits his job. So like enough it's good at unlocking."

It needed a little coaxing, but the bolt at last slid back and the heavy door swung open. The room was furnished with a large table, a big desk and a dozen chairs, which sprang out of the darkness as I struck a match and lit the gas. It was evidently the council room of the enemy.

"This is illigant," said the policeman, looking around with approval; "but your man isn't here, I'd say."

"Well, it looks as though there might be something here of interest," I replied, seizing eagerly upon the papers that lay scattered about upon the desk. "Look in the other room while I run through these."

A rude diagram on the topmost paper caught my eye. It represented a road branching thrice. On the third branch was a cross, and then at intervals four crosses, as if to mark some features of the landscape. Underneath was written:

"From B—follow 1 1/2 m. Take third road—3 or 5."

The paper bore date of that day, and I guessed that it meant to show the way to the supposed hiding-place of the boy.

Then, as I looked again, the words and lines touched a cord of memory. Something I had seen or known before was vaguely suggested. I groped in the obscurity for a moment, vainly reaching for the phantom that danced just beyond the grasp of my mental fingers.

There was no time to lose in speculating, and I turned to the work that pressed before us. But as I thrust the papers into my pocket to resume the search for Barkhouse, the elusive memory flashed on me. The diagram of the enemy recalled the single slip of paper I had found in the pocket of Henry Wilton's coat on the fatal night of my arrival. I had kept it always with me, for it was the sole memorandum left by him of the business that had brought him to his death. I brought it out and placed it side by side with the map I had before me. The resemblance was less close than I had thought, yet all the main features were the same. There was the road branching thrice; a cross in both marked the junction of the third road as though it gave sign of a building or some natural landmark; and the other features were indicated in the same order. No—there was a difference in this point; there were five crosses on the third road in the enemy's diagram, while there were but four in mine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Valuable Fish Catch.

The annual fish catch of England is valued at \$53,960,000.

I AM A MOTHER



How many American women in lonely homes to-day long for this blessing to come into their lives, and to be able to utter these words, but because of some organic derangement this happiness is denied them.

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Pennsylvania Statesmen.

The Pennsylvanians in George Washington's first cabinet were Timothy Pickens, secretary of state, and for a time secretary of war and postmaster-general, and William Bradford, attorney-general. Pickens was the only Pennsylvanian in his second administration.

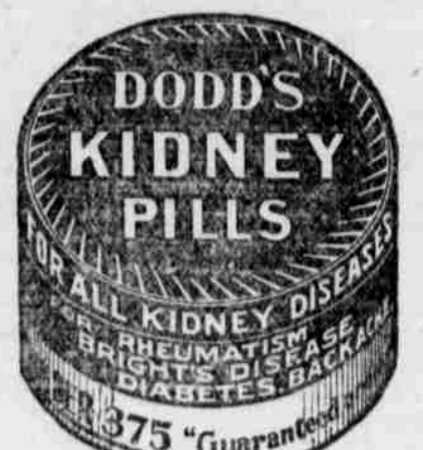
Give Defiance Starch a fair trial—try it for both hot and cold starching, and if you don't think you do better work, in less time and at smaller cost, return it and your grocer will give you back your money.

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