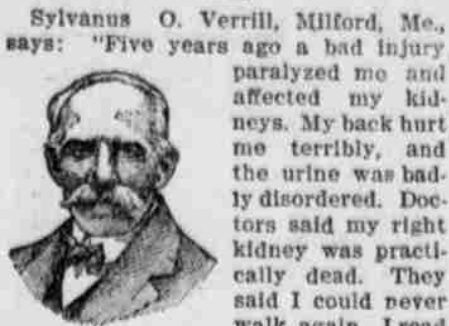


ONE KIDNEY GONE

But Cured After Doctors Said There Was No Hope.



Sylvanus O. Verrill, Milford, Me., says: "Five years ago a bad injury paralyzed me and affected my kidneys. My back hurt me terribly, and the urine was badly disordered. Doctors said my right kidney was practically dead. They said I could never walk again. I read of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. One box made me stronger and freer from pain. I kept on using them and in three months was able to get out on crutches, and the kidneys were acting better. I improved rapidly, discarded the crutches and to the wonder of my friends was soon completely cured."

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

PAMPERED.



Mrs. Newrich—Will your hounds follow a fox?

Newrich—Why—er—I think they would if the fox was dressed and cooked.

NO SKIN LEFT ON BODY.

For Six Months Baby Was Expected to Die with Eczema—Now Well—Doctor Said to Use Cuticura.

"Six months after birth my little girl broke out with eczema and I had two doctors in attendance. There was not a particle of skin left on her body, the blood oozed out just anywhere, and we had to wrap her in silk and carry her on a pillow for ten weeks. She was the most terrible sight I ever saw, and for six months I looked for her to die. I used every known remedy to alleviate her suffering, for it was terrible to witness. Dr. C—gave her up. Dr. B—recommended the Cuticura Remedies. She will soon be three years old and has never had a sign of the dread trouble since. We used about eight cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment. James J. Smith, Durmid, Va., Oct. 14 and 22, 1906."

No Cremation.

"I was visiting Atlanta during the late wave of reform there," recently said a Philadelphian, "when I overheard an amusing conversation in a barber shop between a patron and the boy who shines shoes."

"I saw you playing craps this morning," said the patron, by way of a joke. "If the grand jury got at you, it would make you tell all about the gambling among the darkies."

"No, suh, dey wouldn't," protested the negro, warmly. "I knows enough about de law to know dat a man doan have 't tell nothin' dat cremates hisself."

Better Than Refrigerator.

It is well known that food can be preserved without undergoing decomposition for a much longer period in a container, from which the air has been nearly exhausted, than in the customary refrigerator. In a nearly absolute vacuum milk, fish and meat have been preserved for months unchanged without further expense than that of withdrawing the air originally present in the receptacle.

They Don't Speak Now.

"You love long rambles in the country?" asked the girl in the white sweater.

"Yes, indeed," responded the young man in the green hat with the purple band and buckled shoes. "When I go out in the country all nature seems to smile."

"Gracious! I don't blame her. It is a wonder she don't laugh outright."

NEW LIFE

Found in Change to Right Food.

After one suffers from acid dyspepsia, sour stomach, for months and then finds the remedy is in getting the right kind of food it is something to speak out about.

A N. Y. lady and her young son had such an experience and she wants others to know how to get relief. She writes:

"For about fifteen months my little boy and myself had suffered with sour stomach. We were unable to retain much of anything we ate.

"After suffering in this way for so long I decided to consult a specialist in stomach diseases. Instead of prescribing drugs, he put us both on Grape-Nuts and we began to improve immediately.

"It was the key to a new life. I found we had been eating too much heavy food which we could not digest. In a few weeks after commencing Grape-Nuts I was able to do my housework. I wake in the morning with a clear head and feel rested and have no sour stomach. My boy sleeps well and wakes with a laugh.

"We have regained our lost weight and continue to eat Grape-Nuts for both the morning and evening meals. We are well and happy and owe it to Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

BLIND-FOLDED

By EARLE ASHLEY WILCOIT

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SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and assistant, 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 on the cause of the trip to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover 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 employed by Knapp, to act in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Horton 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 tour through Chinatown is planned. The trip to 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-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One is knocked down. Giles begins firing. 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 ax and the couple is rescued. Luella thanks Giles Dudley for saving her life. Knapp appears at the office with no traces of the previous night's debauch. Following his instructions Dudley has a notable day in the Stock Exchange, selling Crown Diamond Mining Shares, the object being to crush Decker. Knapp's hated rival, Dudley discovers that he loves Luella Knapp. Mother Horton tells Giles Dudley that "the boy" who is turned over to Dudley with his guards and they drive with him to the ferry boat to take a train and 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 man," 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. Dodderidge Knapp and Decker meet face to face on the stock and Knapp prevent a coup to control the directors and declare Knapp's stock invalid. Mother Horton is mortally wounded and dies before she can tell Dudley the secret of his strange mission. The Davis street den is visited to rescue Barkhouse. A diagram that partially explains Dudley's mission is found. Barkhouse released. Dudley goes with a messenger to meet the "unknown woman," his mysterious employer. He is amazed to find that she is Mrs. Knapp.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

"Oh, how thankful I am!" cried Mrs. Knapp. "There is a weight of anxiety off my mind. Can you imagine what I have been fearing in the last month?"

"I had thought a little about that myself," I confessed. "But we are not yet out of the woods, I am afraid."

"Hark! what's that?" said Mrs. Knapp apprehensively.

The carriage was now making its way through the bad stretch in the lane, and there was little noise in its progress.

"I heard nothing," I said, putting down the window to listen. "What was it?"

"I thought it was a shout."

There was no noise but the steady splash of horses' hoofs in the mud and the slop, shearing sound of the wheels as they cut through the wet soil.

As we bumped and groaned again through the ruts, however, there arose in the distance behind us the fierce barking of the dogs, their voices in anger and alarm.

There was a faint halloo, and a wilder barking followed. Then my ear caught the splashing of galloping hoofs behind, and in a moment the man of the house rode beside us.

"They've come," he said, "or, anyhow, somebody's come. I let the dogs loose and they will have a lively time for a while."

A few yards more brought us to the main road, and once on the firm ground the horses trotted briskly forward, while the horseman dropped behind the better to observe and give the alarm.

I leaned out of the window. Only the deadened sound of the hoofs of our own horses, the deadened roll of our own carriage wheels, were audible in the stillness of the night. Then I thought I heard yells and faint hoof-beats in the distance, but again there was silence except for the muffled noise we made in our progress.

"Can't we drive faster?" asked Mrs. Knapp, when I made my report.

"I wouldn't spoil those horses for \$500," growled the driver when I passed him the injunction to hasten.

"It's \$1,000 for you if you get to the wharf ahead of the others," cried Mrs. Knapp.

"And you'll have a bullet in your hide if you don't keep out of gunshot of them," I added.

The double inducement to haste had its effect, and we could feel the swifter

motion of the vehicle under us, and see the more rapid passage of the trees and fences that lined the way.

The wild ride appeared to last for ages. The fast trot of the horses was a funeral pace to the flight of my excited and anxious imagination. What if we should be overtaken?

At last the houses began to pass more frequently. Now the road was broken by cross streets. Gas lamps appeared, flicking faint and yellow in the morning air. We were once more within city limits. The panting horses never slackened pace. We swept over a long bridge, and plunged down a shaded street, and the figure of the horseman was the only sign of life behind us.

Of a sudden there sounded a long roll, as of a great drum beating the reveille for an army of giants. The horseman quickened his pace and galloped furiously beside us.

"They're crossing the bridge," he shouted.

"Whip up!" I cried to the driver. "They are only four blocks behind us."

The hack swung around a few corners, and then halted.

"Here we are!" cried Dicky Dahl at the door. "You get aboard the tug and push off. Jake and I will run up to the foot of the wharf. If they come, we can keep 'em off long enough for you to get aboard."

The tug was where it lay when we left, and at my hall the captain and his crew of three were astride. It was a moment's work to get Mrs. Knapp and her charge aboard.

"Come on!" I cried to Dicky and his companion. And as the lines were

down in the bay. It's the gang we are trying to get away from."

The captain looked at me suspiciously for a moment, and was inclined to resent my interference. Then he shrugged his shoulders as though it was none of his business whether we were lunatics or not so long as we paid for the privilege, and rang the engine bell for full speed ahead.

We had just come out of the Oakland Creek channel and the mist suddenly thinned before us. It left the bay and the city fair and wholesome in the gray light, as though the storm had washed the grime and foulness from air and earth and renewed the freshness of life. We had come but a few hundred yards into the clear air when out of the mist bank behind us shot another tug.

At the exclamation that broke from us our captain for the first time showed interest in the speed of his boat, and whistled angrily down to his engineer.

"We can beat her," he said, with a contemptuous accent on the "her."

"That's your business," I returned, and walked aft to where Mrs. Knapp was standing, half-way up the steps from the cabin.

"Can they catch us?" inquired Mrs. Knapp, the lines tightening about her mouth.

"I think not—the captain says not. I should say that we were holding our own now."

At this moment a tall, massive figure stepped from the pilot house of the pursuing tug and shook its fists at us. The huge bulk, the wolf-face, just distinguishable, distorted, dark with rage and passion, stopped the blood and I felt a faintness as of dropping from a height.

"Dodderidge Knapp!" I cried.

Mrs. Knapp looked at me in alarm and I grasped the rail.

"No! no!" she exclaimed. "A thousand times no! That is Elijah Lane!"

I gazed at her in wonder. Not Dodderidge Knapp! Had my eyes played me false?

"Do you not understand?" she said in a low, intense tone. "He is Elijah Lane, the father of the boy. An evil, wicked man—mad—truly mad. He would kill the boy. He killed the mother of the boy. I know, but it is



"THAT MAN WAS MR. KNAPP'S BROTHER."

cast off they made a running jump on to the deck of the tugboat and the vessel backed out into the stream.

When the mist and darkness had blotted out shore, wharves and shipping, the tug moved at half-speed down the channel. I persuaded the captain that there was no need to sound the whistle, but he declined gruffly to increase his speed.

"I might as well be shot as run my boat ashore," he growled, with a few seamanlike adjectives.

I did not know of any particular reason for arguing the question, so I joined Mrs. Knapp.

"Thank God, we are safe!" she said, with a sigh of relief.

"We shall be in the city in half an hour, if that is safety," I said.

"It will be safety for a few days. Then we can devise a new plan. I have a strong arm to lean on again."

Returning to the deck I found that the light of the morning was growing. Vessels were moving. The whistles of the ferry boats, as they gave warning of their way through the mist, rose shrill in the air. The waters were still, a faint ripple showing in strange contrast to the scene of last night.

"There's a steamer behind us," said Dicky Dahl, with a worried look as I joined him. "I've been listening to it for five minutes."

"It's a tug," said the captain. "She was lying on the other side of the wharf last night."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Put on full steam, then, or we shall be run

could not say. But we saw the man suddenly pitch forward over the low bulwarks of the tug into the waters of the bay.

Mrs. Knapp gave a scream and covered her eyes.

"Stop the boat!" I shouted. "Back her!"

The other tug had checked its headway at the same time, and there was a line of six or seven men along its side.

"There he is!" cried one.

The captain laid our tug across the tidal stream that swept us strongly toward Goat Island. Then he steamed slowly toward the other tug.

"He's gone," said Dicky.

The other tug seemed anxious to keep away from us, as in distrust of our good intentions. I scanned the waters carefully, but the drowning man had gone down.

Then, rising not 20 feet away, floating for a moment on the surface of the water, I saw plainly for the first time, the very caricature of the face of Dodderidge Knapp. The strong wolf-features which in the King of the Street were eloquent of power, intellect and sagacity, were here marked with the record of passion, hatred and evil life. I marveled now that I had ever traced a likeness between them.

"Give me that hook!" I cried, leaning over the side of the tug. "Go ahead a little."

One of the men threw a rope. It passed too far, and drifted swiftly behind.

I made a wild reach with the hook, but it was too short. Just as I thought I should succeed, the face gave a convulsive twitch, as if in a parting outburst of hate and wrath, and the body sank out of sight.

I stood half-bewildered, with a bursting sense of relief, by Mrs. Knapp. At last she took her hands from before her eyes and the first rays of the sun that cleared the tops of the Alameda Hills touched her calm, solemn, hopeful face.

"A new day has dawned," she said. "Let us give thanks to God."

CHAPTER XXX.

The End of the Journey.

For a few minutes we were silent. Water and land and sky started into new glories at the touch of the rising sun. The many-hilled city took on the hues of a fairy picture, and the windows gleamed with the magic fires that were dashed back in greeting to the god of day.

It seemed scarcely possible that this was the raging, tossing water we had crossed last night. And the fiery scene of passion and death we had just witnessed was so foreign to its calm beauties that I could believe it had happened elsewhere in some dream of long ago.

I was roused by the voice of Mrs. Knapp, who sat at the head of the cabin stairs looking absently over the water.

"I have not dealt frankly with you," she said. "Perhaps it is better that you should know, as you know so much already. I feel that I may rely on your discretion."

"I think I can keep a secret," I replied, concealing my curiosity.

"I should not tell you if I did not have full confidence." Then she was silent for a minute. "That man," she continued at last, with a shudder in her voice, "that man was Mr. Knapp's brother."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Way He Thought.

The chaplain of a large private asylum asked a brother clergyman to preach to the inmates on a Sunday during his absence. Before going away he said: "Preach your best, for, though insane on some points, they are very intelligent." So he talked to them of India, and of heathen mothers who threw their dear little babies into the sacred river Ganges as offerings to their false gods. Tears streamed down the face of one listener, evidently affected. When asked by the preacher afterward what part of the sermon had touched his heart with grief the lunatic replied: "I was thinking it was a pity your mother didn't throw you into the Ganges."—Mainly About People.

Peculiar Form of Baptism.

It is reported from Australia that Tom Mann, lately a London publican—not of the clientele of St. Matthew—who has since transferred the benefits of his light and leading to the Antipodes, has instituted a form of Socialistic "baptism" in those parts. This rite consists in his mounting a platform, receiving babies into his arms and attaching to them scarlet rosettes inscribed with their names, their parents acting as their sponsors in devoting them to a life long service of Socialism—London Academy.

Will Study Industrial Conditions.

Suyekichi Nakagawa, who has been a student in the graduate department at Yale for three years sailed for England and the continent to study industrial conditions in Europe. He will remain there six months, and then go to his home in Tokio, where he will become the manager of the Furukawa Mining Corporation, which is one of the biggest mining companies in the Orient. It was largely due to the efforts of Nakagawa that General Kuroki visited the university last spring.

To Make Another Trip.

It is believed that the barkentine Kingdom of the Holy Ghost and Us Society, is to make another trip to Palestine. The vessel is at South Freeport, Me., where she is being fitted out for a long cruise. It is reported that the headquarters of the Holy Ghost and Us Society are to be established in the Holy Land and that Frank W. Sanford, head of the sect is to remain there permanently.

TO CURE A COUGH

Or Break a Cold in 24 Hours

Mix two ounces of Glycerine and a half ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure with a half pint of Straight Whisky. Shake well and take a teaspoonful every four hours.

The genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure is prepared only by The Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, and is put up only in half-ounce vials, each vial securely sealed in a round wooden case to insure its freshness and purity.

USED TO IT.



Old Gent—Are you not ashamed to stand there listening to such awful language?

The Boy—Oh course I ain't. I'm a golf caddy.

MIX FOR RHEUMATISM

The following is a never failing remedy for rheumatism, and if followed up it will effect a complete cure of the worst cases: "Mix one-half pint of good whiskey with one ounce of Toris Compound and add one ounce Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and at bedtime." The ingredients can be procured at any drug store and easily mixed at home.

Not Always What They Seem.

Prof. and Mrs. Hadley were on a train bound for New York, where Yale's president was to speak before a national convention. He made use of the hour and 20 minutes he spent in the train by rehearsing his speech in a low voice, using his hands to emphasize certain passages.

A kindly matron who was sitting directly behind Mr. and Mrs. Hadley, and who had been watching and listening, leaned forward and, tapping Mrs. Hadley on the shoulder, said, feelingly: "You have my sincere sympathy, my poor woman; I have one just like him at home."—Success.

A Terror to His Kind.

A certain congressman is the father of a bright lad of ten, who persists, despite the parental objection and decree, in reading literature of the "half-dime" variety.

"That's a nice way to be spending your time," said the father on one occasion. "What's your ambition, anyhow?"

"Dad," responded the youngster, with a smile, "I'd like to have people tremble like aspen leaves at the mere mention of my name."—Lippincott's.

The Horological Revenge.

They were looking over their wedding presents. He pointed to a small bronze clock. "Seems to me," he said, "that I have seen that before."

"You have," she returned serenely. "You gave it to my first husband and me for a wedding present. When we divided the things after the divorce he kept the clock, and now he is sending it back to us."

Realism.

Stage Manager—I wish we could work in a few more realistic touches in this woodland scene. Now, how would it be to have some one growl like a bear?

Author—The very thing! We'll call in the critics!—Harper's Weekly.



This woman says she was saved from an operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lena V. Henry, of Norristown, Ga., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I suffered untold misery from female troubles. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death."

"One day I read how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it. Before I had taken the first bottle I was better, and now I am entirely cured."

"Every woman suffering with any female trouble should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.