



"Stand Up, You Hound!"



SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She apparently took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anstey. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took the jewels from the desk, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anstey, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Mr. Smith" introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was followed by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anstey himself and he secured the gems. Anstey, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems, after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet and divide the loot. Maitland revived and regretted missing his engagement. Anstey, masquerading as Maitland, narrowly avoided capture through mysterious tip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems, being discovered on return. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anstey, disguised as Maitland, told her his real identity and realizing himself innocent, tried to wring from her the location of the gems. Then he proposed marriage. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland started for home.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

In the cab, Maitland, turning to watch through the rear peep-hole, was thrown violently against the side as the hansom rocked on one wheel into the street. Recovering, he seized the dashboard and gathered himself together, ready to spring the instant the vehicle paused in its headlong career. Through the cabby's misunderstanding of the address, in all likelihood, the horse was reined in on its haunches some three houses distant from the apartment building. Maitland found himself sprawling on his hands and knees on the sidewalk, "licked himself up, shouting: "You'll wait!" to the driver, and sprinted madly the few yards separating him from his own front door, keys ready in hand.

Simultaneously the half-winded policeman lumbered around the Fifth avenue corner, and a man, detaching himself from the shadows of a neighboring doorway, began to trot loutishly across the street, evidently with the intention of intercepting Maitland at the door.

He was hardly quick enough. Maitland did not even see him. The door slammed in the man's face, and he, panting harshly, rapped out an imprecation and began a frantic assault on the push-button marked "Janitor."

As for Maitland, he was taking the stairs three at a clip, and had his pass key in the latch almost as soon as his feet touched the first landing. An instant later he thrust the door open and blundered blindly into the pitch darkness of his study.

Its light, transient as it was, gave him some inkling of the situation. Unthinkingly he flung himself forward, ready to grapple with that which first sought meet his hands. Something soft and yielding brushed against his shoulder, and subconsciously, in the auto-hypnosis of his excitement, he was aware of a man's voice cursing and a woman's cry of triumph trailing off into a wail of pain.

On the instant he found himself at grips with the marauder. For a moment both swayed, dazed by the shock of collision. Then Maitland got a footing on the carpet and put forth his strength; the other gave way, slipped, and went to his knees. Maitland's hands found his throat, fingers sinking deep into flesh as he bore the fellow backward.

A match flared noiselessly and the gas blazed overhead. A cry of astonishment choked in his throat as he recognized his own features duplicated in the face of the man whose throat he was slowly and relentlessly constricting. Anstey! He had not thought of him or connected him with the sounds that had thrilled and alarmed him over the telephone wire coming out of the void and blackness of night. Indeed, he had hardly thought any coherent thing about the matter. The ring of the girl's "No!" had startled him, and he had somehow thought, vaguely, that O'Hagan had surprised her in the flat. But more than that—

He glanced swiftly aside at the girl standing still beneath the chandelier, the match in one hand burning toward her finger tips, in the other Anstey's revolver. Their eyes met, and in hers the light of gladness leaped and fell like a living flame, then died, to be replaced by a look of entreaty and prayer so moving that his heart in its unselfish chivalry went out to her.

Who or what she was, however damning the evidence against her, he would believe against belief, shield her to the end at whatever hazard to himself, whatever cost to his fortunes. Love is unreasoning and unreasonable even when unrecognized.

His senses seemed to vibrate with redoubled activity, to become abnormally acute. For the first time he was conscious of the imperative clamor of the electric bell in O'Hagan's quarters, as well as of the janitor's rich brogue voicing his indignation as he opened the basement door and prepared to ascend. Instantly the cause of the disturbance flashed upon him.

His strange hold on Anstey relaxed, he released the man, and, brows knitted with the concentration of his thoughts, he stepped back and over to the girl, lifting her hand and gently taking the revolver from her fingers.

ing his attention from the burglar. "Into the alcove there, at once! And not a word, not a whisper, not a sound until I call you!"

She gave him one frightened and piteous glance, then, unquestioning, slipped quietly behind the portieres. To Anstey, again: "Turn your pockets out!" commanded Maitland. "Quick, you fool! The police are below; your freedom depends on your haste."

Anstey's hands flew to his pockets, emptying their contents on the floor. Maitland's eyes sought in vain the shape of the canvas bag. But time was too precious. Another moment's procrastination and— "That will do," he said, crisply, without raising his voice. "Now listen to me. At the end of the hall, there, you'll find a trunk closet, from which a window—

"I know." "Naturally you would. Now go!" Anstey waited for no repetition of the permission. Whatever the madness of Mad Maitland, he was concerned only to profit by it. Never before had the long arm of the law stretched hungry fingers so near his collar. He went, springing down the hall in long, soundless strides, vanishing into its shadows.

As he disappeared Maitland stepped to the door, raised his revolver, and pulled the trigger twice. The shots detonated loudly in that confined space, and rang coincident with the crash and clatter of shattered glass. A thin cloud of vapor obscured the doorway, swaying on the hot, still air, then parted and dissolved, dissipated by the entrance of four men who, thrusting the door violently open, struggled into the hallway.

Blue cloth and brass buttons moved conspicuously in the van, a grim face flushed and perspiring beneath the helmet's visor, a revolver poised menacingly in one hand, locust as ready in the other. Behind this outward and visible manifestation of the law's majesty bobbed a rusty derby, cocked jauntily back upon the red, shining forehead of a short and thick-set person with a black mustache. O'Hagan's agitated countenance loomed over a dusty shoulder, and the battered silk hat of the night hawk brought up the rear.

"Come in, everybody," Maitland greeted them cheerfully, turning back into the study and tossing the revolver, shreds of smoke still curling up from its muzzle, upon a divan. "O'Hagan," he called, on a second thought, "jump down stairs and see that all New York doesn't get in. Let nobody in!"

As the janitor unwillingly obeyed, policeman and detective found their tongues. A volley of questions, to the general purport of "What's the meaning of all this here?" assailed Maitland as he rested himself coolly on an edge of the desk. He responded, with one eyebrow slightly elevated:

"A burglar. What did you suppose? That I was indulging in target practice at this time of night?"

"Which way'd he go?" "Back of the flat—through the window to the fire-escape. I suppose. I took a couple of shots after him, but missed, and, inasmuch as he was armed, I didn't pursue."

Hickey stepped forward, glowering unpleasantly at the young man. "Yeh go along," he told the uniformed man, "nd see 'f he's tellin' the truth. I'll stay here 'nd keep him company."

His tone amused Maitland. In the reaction from the recent strain upon his wits and nerve, he laughed openly. "And who are you?" he suggested, smiling, as the policeman clamped heavily away.

Hickey spat thoughtfully into a Satsuma jardiniere and sneered. "I s'pose yeh never saw me before?" Maitland bowed affirmation. "I'm sorry to say that that pleasure has heretofore been denied me."

"I'll-huh," agreed the detective, sourly, "I guess that's a hot one, too." He scowled blackly in Maitland's amazed face and seemed abruptly to swell with mysterious rage. "My name's Hickey," he informed him, venomously, "and don't yeh lose sight of that after this. It's somethin' it won't hurt yeh to remember. Guess yer mem'ry's takin' a vacation, huh?"

"My dear man," said Maitland, "you speak in parables and—if you'll pardon my noticing it—with some un-called-for spleen. Might I suggest that you moderate your tone? For," he continued, facing the man squarely, "if you don't, it will be my duty and pleasure to hotfoot you into the street."

"I got a photograph of yeh doing it," growled Hickey. "Still, seeing as yeh never saw me before, I guess it won't do no harm for yeh to connect with this." And he turned back his

coat, uncovering the official shirt of the detective bureau.

"Ah!" commented Maitland, politely. "A detective? How interesting!" "Fire-escape winder's broke, all right." This was the policeman, returned. "And some one's let down the bottom length of ladder, but there ain't nobody in sight."

"No," interjected Hickey, "nd there wouldn't 've been if you'd been waitin' in the back yard all night."

"Certainly not," Maitland agreed, blandly; "especially if my burglar had known it, in which case I fancy he would have chosen another route—the roof, possibly."

"Yeh know somethin' about roofs yehself, donchuh?" suggested Hickey. "Well, guess yeh'll have time to write a book about it while yeh—"

He stepped unexpectedly to Maitland's side and bent forward. Something cold and hard closed with a snap around each of the young man's wrists. He started up, face aflame with indignation, forgetful of the girl hidden in the alcove.

"What the devil!" he cried, hotly, jingling the handcuffs. "Ah, come off," Hickey advised him. "Yeh can't bluff it forever, you know. Come along and tell the sarge all about it, Daniel Maitland, Esquire, alias Handsome Dan Anstey, gentleman burglar. Ah, cut that out, young fellow; yeh're foxy, all right, but yeh've pushed yer run of luck too hard."

Hickey paused, perplexed, finding no words wherewith adequately to voice the disgust aroused in him by his prisoner's demeanor, something far from seemly, to his mind.

The humor of the situation had just dawned upon Maitland, and the young man was crimson with appreciation. "Go on, go on!" he begged, feebly. "Don't let me stop you, Hickey. Don't, please, let me spoil it all. Your Sherlock Holmes, Hickey, is one of the finest characterizations I have ever witnessed. It is a privilege not to be underestimated to be permitted to play Raffles to you. But seriously, my dear sleuth!" with an unhappy attempt to wipe his eyes with hampered fists, "don't you think you're wasting your talents?"

By this time even the policeman seemed doubtful. He glanced askance at the detective and shuffled uneasily. As for the cabby, who had blustered in at first with intent to demand his due in no uncertain terms, apparently Maitland's bearing, coupled with the inherent contempt and hatred of the night hawk tribe for the minions of the law, had won his sympathies completely. Lounching against a door-jamb, quite at home, he genially puffing an unspeakable cigarette and nodded approbation of Maitland's every other word.

But Hickey—Hickey bristled belligerently. "Fine," he declared, acidly; "fine and dandy. I take off my hat to yeh, Dan Anstey. I may be a bad actor, all right, but yeh got me beat at the post."

Then turning to the policeman: "I got him right. Look here!" Drawing a folded newspaper from his pocket, he spread it open for the officer's inspection. "Yeh see them pictures? Now, on the level, is it natural?"

The patrolman frowned doubtfully, glancing from the paper to Maitland. The cabby stretched a curious neck. Maitland groaned inwardly; he had seen that infamous sheet.

"Now listen," the detective expounded with gusto. "Twice to-day this here Maitland, or Anstey, meets me. Once on the stoop here, 'nd he's Maitland 'nd takes me to lunch—'er Next time it's in Harlem, where I've been sent with a hot tip from the comm's-sioner's office to find Anstey, 'nd he's still Maitland 'nd surprised to see me. I ain't sure then, but I'm doin' some heavy thinkin', all right. I lets him go and shadows him. After a while he gives me the slip 'nd I chases down yeh, waitin' for him to turn up. Comin' down on the car I buys this paper 'nd sees the pictures, and then I'm on. See?"

"I'll-huh," granted the patrolman, scowling at Maitland. The cabby creased his nose with a soiled forefinger reflectively, plainly a bit prejudiced by Hickey's exposition. "One minute," Maitland interjected, eyes twinkling and lips twitching. "How long ago was it that you began to watch this house, sleuth?"

"Five minutes before yeh come," responded Hickey, ignoring the insult. "Now—"

"Took you a long time to figure this out, didn't it? But so on, please."

"Well, I picked the winner, all right," flared the detective. "I guess that'll be about all for yours."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HISTORICAL RECORD OF RINGS

Have Important Part in the Annals of the World.

The ring began when man thrust his finger through a hole in a pretty shell, and later learned to make rings of jet. The ring is very magical. Lord Ruthven, who helped to kill Rizzio, gave Queen Mary a ring which was "sovrain" against poison, and she generously repaid with the prenent of her father's wonderful jeweled dagger of French work, no longer in existence. Whether Ruthven toiled with this magnificent weapon in the affair of Rizzio or used a cheaper article is uncertain. At all events Mary based on the ring that was an antidote to poison a charge of sorcery against Ruthven. The Judges of Jeanne d'Arc regarded with much suspicion her little ring of base metal, a gift from her parents, inscribed with the sacred names Jesus Maria.

It was usual to touch the relics of saints with rings; Jeanne d'Arc said that her ring had touched the body of St. Catherine, whether she meant of the actual saint or a relic of the saint, brought from Sinai to Ferbois. The ring might contain a relic, or, later, a miniature. I fear that I do not believe in the virtues of rings of iron rings. Our ancestors practically knew no poison but arsenic, and Carthaginian science can scarcely have enabled

Hannibal to poison himself with a drug contained under the stone of a ring—Andrew Lang, in London Post.

Where Fruit is Cheap. Fruit is cheap in Morocco. The warm African sun is there tempered by the Atlantic breezes which the west wind wafts obligingly all the summer. These are rivers which flow through the country from the great range of mountains which form its eastern wall and shut it off from the hot sands of Sahara. It has a soil so rich and fertile that with no further cultivation than that afforded by the wooden plowshares which have been in use for 1,000 years three crops a year can be garnered. Grapes cuttings stuck roughly in the ground will in a few years yield good fruit without care being bestowed on them. Last year the best black grapes cost only one cent a pound and figs one cent a dozen. Melons can be had for nothing.

Obeying the Impulse. Slowly, almost reverentially, the young clergyman who was taking his first trip across the Atlantic bowed his head over the vessel's rail.

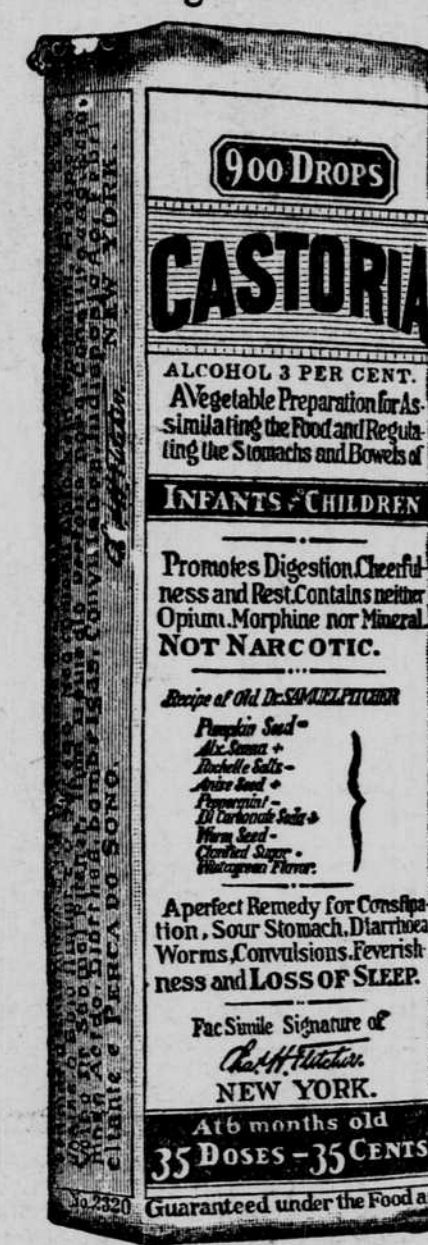
"I'm doing this," he muttered with pale lips, "in response to an inward prompting."

Thereupon the others drew away in silence and left him communing with the great deep.

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CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. F. Gerald Blattner, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Your Castoria is good for children and I frequently prescribe it, always obtaining the desired results." Dr. Gustave A. Eisengraeber, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I have used your Castoria repeatedly in my practice with good results, and can recommend it as an excellent, mild and harmless remedy for children." Dr. E. J. Dennis, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used and prescribed your Castoria in my sanitarium and outside practice for a number of years and find it to be an excellent remedy for children." Dr. S. A. Buchanan, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria in the case of my own baby and find it pleasant to take, and have obtained excellent results from its use." Dr. J. D. Simpson, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used your Castoria in cases of colic in children and have found it the best medicine of its kind on the market." Dr. R. E. Eskildson, of Omaha, Neb., says: "I find your Castoria to be a standard family remedy. It is the best thing for infants and children I have ever known and I recommend it." Dr. L. R. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria certainly has merit. Is not its age, its continued use by mothers through all these years, and the many attempts to imitate it, sufficient recommendation? What can a physician add? Leave it to the mothers." Dr. Edwin F. Pardee, of New York City, says: "For several years I have recommended your Castoria and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results." Dr. N. B. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use."

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THOSE NEW HATS.



"Come into the garden, Maud," said facetious-minded Fred. "What's the matter?" said Maud—"I have it on my head."

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In Despair; Cured by Cuticura.

"Words cannot describe the terrible eczema I suffered with. It broke out on my head and kept spreading until it covered my whole body. I was almost a solid mass of sores from head to foot. I looked more like a piece of raw beef than a human being. The pain and agony endured seemed more than I could bear. Blood and pus oozed from the great sore on my scalp, from under my finger nails, and nearly all over my body. My ears were so crusted and swollen I was afraid they would break off. Every hair in my head fell out. I could not sit down, for my clothes would stick to the raw and bleeding flesh, making me cry out from the pain. My family doctor did all he could, but I got worse and worse. My condition was awful. I did not think I could live, and wanted death to come and end my frightful sufferings. "In this condition my mother-in-law begged me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I said I would, but had no hope of recovery. But oh, what blessed relief I experienced after applying Cuticura Ointment. It cooled the bleeding and itching flesh and brought me the first real sleep I had had in weeks. It was as grateful as ice to a burning tongue. I would bathe with warm water and Cuticura Soap, then apply the Ointment freely. I also took Cuticura Resolvent for the blood. In a short time the sores stopped running, the flesh began to heal, and I knew I was to get well again. Then the hair on my head began to grow, and in a short time I was completely cured. I wish I could tell everybody who has eczema to use Cuticura. Mrs. Wm. Hunt, 135 Thomas St., Newark, N. J., Sept. 28, 1908." Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

And Ma Fainted.

"Why did she faint you?" she asked her son, with fine scorn. "Well," she objects to being his sobs, "she objects to our family. She says pa's a loafer, that you're too fat and that everybody laughs at Darye Mayne because she's a fool and talks about nothing but the greatness of her family." (Chauncey threw water in his mother's face, but at three o'clock this afternoon she was still in a swoon, with four doctors working on her.)—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

Seeks the Man.

Tommy—Pop, what is the office that seeks the man? Tommy's Pop—The tax office, my son.—Philadelphia Record.

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"How long had your wife's first husband been dead when you married her?" "About eight months." "Only eight months? Don't you think she was in a good deal of a hurry?" "Oh, I don't know. We had been engaged for nearly two years."

Provisional.

Mother—Why should we make Willie a doctor when there are so many new doctors every year? Father—But think of all the new ailments!

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Paxtine used as a mouth-wash disinfects the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad teeth, bad breath, grippe, and much sickness.

THE EYES

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Paxtine will destroy the germs of catarrh, cure catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for uterine catarrh.

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