

SYNOPSIS.

eward Jeffries, banker's son, under extli influence of Hobert Underwood, allow-student at Tale, lends a life of spation, marries the daughter of a shier who died in prison, and is disped by his father. He tries to get work falls. A former college chum makes maness proposition to Howard which clies 12,000 cash, and Howard is broke, bert linderwood, who has been resent by Howard's wife. Annie, in his lega days, and had once been engaged Alleia, Howard's stepmother, has ariments at the Astruits. Howard desides to ask Underwood for the 12,000 he da. Underwood, taking advantage of intimacy with Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., because a sort of social highwayman. Dispering his true character she denies in the house. Alicia receives a note from derwood, threatening suicide. Art alers for whom he has been noting as ministioner, demand an accounting. He mad make good. Howard Jeffries he in a intensioned condition. He asks ideawood for 12,000 and is told by the ter that he is in debt up to his eyes wound drinks himself into a mandlin adition, and goes to sleep on a divancaller is amounced and Underwood. could dramks himself into a maidling multion, and goes to sleep on a divanuable is amounted and Underwood ave a screen around the dranken reper. Alicia enters. She demands a soulse from him that he will not take a life, pointing to the disgrace that sold attach to herself. Underwood reces to promise unless she will renew to putrenage. This she refuses to do noterwood kills himself. The report of pistod awakens Howard. He stumbles rwood kills himself. The report of bitod awakens Howard. He stumbles the dead body of Underwood. Reali-his predicament he attempts to flee is met by Underwood's valet. How-or turned over to the police. Capt on notorious for his brutal treatment canners, puts Howard through the degree.

CHAPTER X .- Continued.

Anule sat timidly on a chair in the background and the captain turned again to the doctor. What's that you were saying, doc

"You tell me the man confessed?" Crossing the room to where Howard sat. Dr. Bernetein looked closely at

head drooped forward on his chest. He was ghastly pale. The captain grinned. Yes, sir, confessed-in the pres-

Count. Yes, sir," replied Maloney. "You heard him, too, didn't you, De-

ence of three witnesses. Eh, ser-

laney? "Yes, captain."

Squaring his huge shoulders, the captain said with a self-satisfied 'It took us five hours to get him to

own up, but we got it out of him at captain laconically. The doctor was still busy with his

"He seems to be asleep. Worn out, I guess. Five hours, yes-that's your in a low tone, said: method, captain." Shaking his head, all-night examinations and your 'third scenes here." degree' mental torture. It is barbarous. When a man is nervous and at the end of two or three hours' questioning on the same subject that caught sight of his wife who, with he's liable to say anything, or even tears streaming down her cheeks. believe anything. Of course, you was watching him as if in a dream.

to operate and-The captain turned to his sergeant her, yet seemed too dazed to wonder and laughed:

"The law of suggestion? Ha, ha! That's a good one! You know, doctor them theories of yours make a hit with college students and amateur professors, but they don't go with us. the door, which closed behind him. You can't make a man say 'yes' when he wants to say 'no."

Dr. Bernstein smiled. "I don't agree with you." he said. You can make him say anything, or he is unable to resist your will."

of laughter. "Ha. ba!

My record is a hundred convictions to one acquittal. I catch 'em with he said: the goods when I go after 'em!" A faint smile hovered about the doctor's face.

sarcastically.

The captain thought the doctor was flattering him, so he rubbed his hands with satisfaction, as he replied:

None of them Psyche themes for captain was right. Only foolish wommine." Striding over to the armchair en weep and wall when misfortune where sat Howard, he laid a rough knocks at their door. The right sort hand on his shoulder. "Hey, Jeffries, wake up!"

stupidly about him. The captain took that, no matter how black things him by the collar of his coat. "Come stand up! Brace up now!"

him sign it before breakfast. I'll be front the captain. right over.

Howard struggied to his feet and Maloney belped him arrange his col-lar and tie. Officer Delaney clapped his hat on his head. Dr. Bernstein turned to go.

Good-morning, captain. I'll make out my report."

"Good morning, doctor." had been waiting patiently in the background. Her anguish on seeing Howard's condition was unspeakable. It was only with difficulty that she re shing to his side. But these stern, iformed men intimidated her. It is that Howard was on "Just what I say. Your husband"

A KARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE BY CHARLES KLEIN **ARTHUR HORNBLOW** LLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS



"Sitting There Crying Your Eyes Out Won't Do Him Any Good."

her direction, she darted eagerly for she cried: ward.

my husband."

heard aright?

"The Tombs!" she faltered. "Is the charge so serious?" "Murder-that's all!" replied the

Annie nearly swoomed. Had she would have fallen

The captain turned to Maloney and, "Quick! Get him over to the sta-

he went on: "I don't believe in these tion. We don't want any family

Manacled to Officer Delaney and escorted on the other side by Mafrightened his brain gets so benumbed loney, Howard made his way toward the door. Just as he reached it he know, captain, that after a certain To her it seemed like some hideous time the law of suggestion commences nightmare from which both would soon awaken. Howard recognized

how she came there. He' simply blurted out as he passed: "Something's happened, Annie, dear

I-Underwood-I don't quite know-The policemen pushed him through

CHAPTER XI.

Unable to control herself any longer. Annie broke down completely believe anything-or do anything if and burst into tears. When the door opened and she saw her husband led The captain burst into a hearty peal away, pale and trembling, between those two burly policemen, it was as phatically. if all she cared for on earth had chinnin'? We've got him to rights. I gone out of her life forever. Capt. tell you, doctor, no newspaper can Clinton laid his hand gently on her say that my precinct ain't cleaned up, shoulder. With more sympathy in his face than was his custom to display,

"Now, little woman-'tain't no kind of use carrying on like that! If you want to help your husband and get "I know your reputation," he said him out of his trouble you want to get busy. Sitting there crying your eyes out won't do him any good."

Annie threw up her head. Her eyes were red, but they were dry now. Her "That's right. I'm after results, face was set and determined. The of women go bravely out and make a fight for liberty and honor. Howard The World Has Little Respect for the Howard opened his eyes and stared was innocent. She was convinced of looked against him. She would not leave a stone unturned till she had Turning to Sergeant Maloney, he regained for him his liberty. With added, Take him over to the station. renewed hope in her heart and reso-Write out that confession and make lution in her face, she turned to con-

"What has he done?" she demanded. "Killed his friend, Robert Under-

He watched her face closely to see what effect his words would have on the quiet voice, since it does not de-

"Robert Underwood dead!" ex claimed Annie with more surprise than emotion. "Yes," said the captain sternly,

"and your husband, Howard Jeffries, "That's not true! I'd never believe

that," said Annie promptly.
"He's made a full confession," went

has made a full confession in the presence of witnesses, that he came here to Underwood's rooms to ask for money. They quarreled. Your husband drew a pistol and shot him. He has signed a confession which will be presented to the magistrate this

take. Seeing Capt. Clinton turn in was unshakeable. Almost hysterically can help your husband by helping us.

I want to put one more question to "May I speak to him, sir? He is it. You may have tortured him into you and be careful to answer truthsigning something. Everybody knows fully. Did you call at these rooms "Not just now," replied the captain, your methods, Capt. Clinton. But last night to see Mr. Underwood?" not unkindly. "It's against the rules. thank God there is a law in the Wait till we get him to the Tombs. United States which protects the in-You can see him all you want there." nocent as well as punishes the guilty. astonishment and indignation. "Of Annie's heart sank. Could she have I shall get the most able lawyers to course not." defend him even if I have to sell myseif into slavery for the rest of my ing her narrowly. life."

tain mockingly. "That's the way to talk. I like your spunk, but before see him," he said thoughtfully, "and not caught the back of a chair she you go I'd like to ask you a few ques- I thought that perhaps-"

hear your husband threaten Howard elevator attendant, entered the room. Underwood?"

her self-possession. She knew that the best way to help Howard was to keep cool and to say nothing which was likely to injure his cause. Boldly, therefore, she answered:

"You've no right to ask me that

The captain shifted uneasily in his seat. He knew she was within her legal right. He couldn't bully her into saying anything that would in-

criminate her husband. to assist the authorities, to-" he

stammered awkwardly. "To convict my husband," she said said: calmly. "Thank you, I understand my position.'

"You can't do him very much harm, you know," said the captain with af he said. fected jocularity. "He has confessed

"I don't believe it," she said em-

"Did you know Mr. Underwood?"

never any reason. I refuse to answer any more questions." him. Apparently the prisoner was she had neard the terrible word ment, but her faith in her husband der," but surely there was some misshe had heard the terrible word "mur-| Annie looked staggered for a mo-Jeffries, and then you can go. You

"I don't believe it. I don't believe

"Bravo, little woman!" said the cap-

He waved her to a chair and he sat ly to the door of the apartment and

called to some one who was waiting "Now, Mrs. Jeffries," he began en- in the corridor outside. A boy about

The captain pointed to Annie. By this time Annie had recovered shook his head lady was a great swell."

since you asked me-"

door. She had no time to waste "I merely thought you would like there. Every moment now was precious. She must get legal assistance

to the shooting."

Trying a different tack, he asked carelessly:

Stand up for Convictions

Man Who Seemingly Has No Mind of His Own.

There are many men who seem to have no convictions on any subject If they have any they give no sign. They only smile and are silent. That is probably better than to be verbose ward if and violent. Vanity of opinion is as Journal. bad as to have none at all. In a real simon-pure conviction, there are mod-esty and courage both. Truth is in pend on vainglory or rant.

But a real man will say his say when the time comes, not for controversy-for that is not profitable, but to show his hand and what he is. A man's personal influence is stronger than his argument, and he is false to the truth that is in him if he does not show that

We have great issues before usoral, political, social—which every uld think about and un stand, and be ready to take a stand upon, and take it. But there are many who don't do this, who are negaoffense. It is an offense not to disagree if one really does, for if an error goes unchallenged, it is strength-

ened. When a man says such a thing is right and you think it isn't, say so. quietly and earnestly, and let it go at

The worst mollycoddle is the man who believes a thing is true and negects to say so, when it is called in question. The world would go backward if all were like him.-Columbus A Free Translation.

"Gentlemen of the jury," continued the earnest young lawyer, "the case before you hangs upon that old Latin maxim-'Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.' Now, gentlemen, what does that mean? It means, gentlemen, that if a

man will tell one lie, he'll tell a whole

omnibusful of lies."

Why He Hurried. First Boy-Where yer goin' in such a rush? Second Boy (on the run)-Fire

F. B.-Where? S. F.-Boss said he'd fire me if I wasn't back from dis errand in ten minutes,

Uncle Ezra Says: "A good many people hev the courage uv their convictions, while a good nany more hev the courage of their

THE IMPLIGHT SEVEN YEARS OF

BLIGHTED BY THE THAW CASE



She hesitated before replying, then

"Yes, I knew him at one time. He

"Up at the college, eh? How long

Annie looked at her inquisitor and

said nothing. She wondered what he

was driving at, what importance the

Haven, but I've never seen him since

She stopped, realizing that she had

made a mistake. How foolish she had been! The police, of course, were

anxious to show that there was ill

feeling between the two men. Her

heart misgave her as she saw the look of satisfaction in the captain's

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Not very

"He didn't like him well enough to

run after him," she replied hesitat-

The captain now started off in an-

"Was your husband ever jealous of

By this time Annie had grown sus-

picious of every question. She was

"Jealous? What do you mean?

No, he was not jealous. There was

The captain rose and began to pace

"There's one little thing more, Mrs.

"I!" exclaimed Annie with mingled

"Sure?" demanded the captain, eye-

"A woman called here last night to

Interrupting himself, he went quick-

The boy looked carefully, and then

"Don't think so-no, sir. The other

"You're sure, eh?" said the captain.

"Do you remember the name she

"No, sir," replied the boy. "Ever

Annie arose and moved toward the

at once. Turning to Capt, Clinton, she

"If you've no further use for me,

"Just one moment, Mrs. Jeffries,"

The face of the elevator boy sud-

"That's it," he said eagerly. "That's

it-Jeffries. I think that was the

"Who?" demanded the captain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

captain, I think I'll go."

denly brightened up.

name she gave, sir."

"I think so," answered the boy.

"Positive," said Annie firmly.

The captain looked puzzled.

"Is that the lady?"

good friends, eh? In fact, your hus-

band didn't like him, did he?"

question had to the case. Finally she

have you known Mr. Underwood?"

introduced me to my husband."

indifferently she said:

"Where was that?"

friends. That is-"

said:

face.

ingly.

other direction.

Underwood?"

on her guard.

"In New Haven, Conn."

The recent conviction and sentencing to state prison of Dan O'Reilly for his participation in a theft committed in New York serve to draw attention to the remarkable series of misfortunes attending various persons connected with the Thaw case. O'Reilly was one of the lawyers on the Thaw side and has never had a day's luck since he was mixed up in it. While the crime for which he has been sentenced and which disbars him as a lawyer had nothing to do with the case of Thaw, many believe that it was the nemesis of the White tragedy. which worked his undoing. So far the lives of thirteen persons mixed up one way or another in the case have been blighted.

Of the other lawyers besides O'Reil! ly who figured in the case Clifford W. Hartridge is facing disbarment proceedings growing out of statements made in connection with it. He had to sue Mrs. Thaw, mother of Harry

"I met him once or twice up at New | Thaw, for his fees and a bill of particulars was demanded. In furnishing this he told of trips he made seeking witnesses, of sums of money paid to my marriage to Mr. Jeffries. My hus- buy the silence of certain persons and of excursions to various resorts entailband and he were not very good ing large expenditures. His revelations brought upon him the censure of the New York Bar association and proceedings to disbar him are now in the courts.

A. Russell Peabody, who was associated in Thaw's defense, is dead and so are two other lawyers-John and George Lee, members of an old southern family. Still another was Delphin Michael Delmas, who came out of the west and who on the second trial of Thaw introduced the famous plea of dementia Americana or brain storm. He has had no big cases since.

MISSES HIS WEATHER GUESS

"Professor Moore's rainstorm" has been the topic of much jocund comment in Washington. Before now the weather bureau has played a potent part in fixing the fame of great men. Noah, for example, might be comparatively unknown save for a rainstorm of unprecedented violence, and subsequent history abounds in similar instances, culminating in "Professor Moore's rainstorm" of the night of the lawn fete which crowned the silver wedding anniversary of the president and Mrs. Taft.

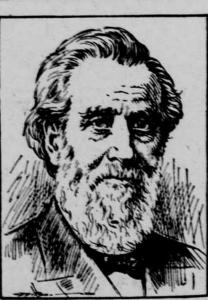
Twenty-four hours previous, when Washington was bedecking itself and joyously entering upon the task of making the silver wedding anniversary a close second to the coronation festivities of that other Anglo-Saxon ruler, George of Great Britain; when Washington was donning its most spotless duck trousers and 'sheerest" gowns, Professor Moore, sequestered in the innermost cham-

ber of the weather bureau building, announced that it was going to rain. Forthwith Washington drooped; it talked sadly of the impending downpour and hunted up umbrellas and goloshes. But the Moore rainstorm was like unto the mystery of the empty box-there was nothing in it,

A tranquil afternoon was followed by an ideal evening. Every silvery star that was permitted by astronomical laws twinkled down on Washington. and only the silvery moon was missing from the presidential silver wedding anniversary.

Therefore, there is much jocund comment on "Professor Moore's rainstorm." And, coupled with the "storm," are many mentions of that other fellow believe that two heads are betday in President Taft's administration which the weather likewise made memorable-the day of the inauguration. The weather man predicted that March 4 would be a pretty fair day, a serviceable inauguration day if not an ideal one. Then came the blizzard that buried Washington inches deep in couragingly, "tell me-did you ever 18 years of age, in the livery of an slush, broke down telegraph poles, tied up train service and almost snowed in the weather office

THREATEN SENATOR'S TOGA



It is reported in Washington that the election of Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin, the lumber king, is to be investigated by the senate committee

on privileges and elections. Senator Isaac Stephenson is a native of New Hampshire, where he was born in 1829. After a brief residence at Bangor, Me., he located in Wisconsin and for a time was a farm laborer. Seeing the prospect of making money in the lake transportation business, he purchased a schooner and operated it successfully between Milwaukee and Escanaba. His savings he invested in timber lands, which then could be purchased cheaply, and gradually became the owner of vast tracts of valuable standing timber. Years ago he was a multimillionaire, and every day now adds to his immense hoard. He is also a banker and is financially interested in various enterprises. Back in the compar-

tively early days of his career he was elected to the Wisconsin legislature, and sat in that body from 1866 to 1868. In 1883 he was elected to congress, retaining his seat until 1889, and in 1907 he was elected to the United States senate to fill an unexpired term ending in 1909. It is his subsequent election for a full term that is to be made the subject of a senatorial inquiry.

Wisconsin is one of the few states in the Union which has a stringent corrupt practices law and it is charged that Stephenson's election to the senate was a violation of this act. The Wisconsin state senate made an investigation of the matter and passed a resolution asking the United States senate to inquire into the circumstances.

EX-QUEEN WHO MAY VISIT US

One of the most deeply beloved of the royalties of Europe is ex-Queen Margherita of Italy, who, it is said, will pay a visit to the United States in the fall. It has long been her ambition to see the country where so many of her race have found a home, but even royal personages cannot travel when they choose, and the visit had to be postponed. It is probable that official recognition will be taken of her coming.

The ex-queen is a daughter of the late Prince Ferdinando of Savoy, duke of Genoa. When only 16 years old she became the bride of King Humbert, second king of United Italy, which this year is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its independence. Eleven years ago she was left a widow owing to the assassination of her husband by the Anarchist Brescia. She is now 60 years old and still retains much of her beauty.

Since her husband's death she has devoted herself greatly to charity and has endeared herself to the Italians. It was her opposition which prevented the marriage of Miss Elkins and the duke of the Abruzzi, and her visit here will on that account be invested with an additional interest.

Much Sought Gem.

The gem most sought after is the the Lightning Ridge district of New South Wales.

Rare Diseased Plant. An exceedingly rare but occasional

Australian black opal, which is found ly found plant is the Cattleya libiata nowhere else in the world. It ap- alba. It is a diseased plant, whose expears in limited quantities in the quisite bloom is snow white. Propernatrix of ironstone and sandstone in ly packed, orchids will stand from forty to fifty days' confinement and main in a healthy condition.

All Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Sikeston, Mo. — "For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramped and had backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the

gave me medicine to lease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do my own housework, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl."
—Mrs. Dema Bethune, Sikeston, Mo.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of

female complaints is Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound.

It is more widely and successfully used than any other remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed. Why don't you try it?

HE KNOWS THEY ARE NOT.



Mrs. Benham-The paper tells about a man who stole a head of lettuce and then went back and got another, being arrested on the second trip.

Benham-I'll bet you can't make that ter than one.

Settled Them. "I've a sight o' sons-thirteen altogether," remarked a prosperous old farmer, "and all of 'em's done me credit save the three eldest, who sowed wild oats at a pretty rapid rate, and then came home and saddled my

shoulders with the harvest. "Well, I own I was glad to see 'em back, and I feasted 'em, and petted 'em, and set 'em on their legs again, only to see 'em skedaddle off afresh when things had slowed down, with all the cash they could lay hands on. "That thereabouts sickened me, so called the rest of 'em together and said .

'There's ten of you left, and if any of you 'ud like to follow t'other three I won't try to stop you. But, understand this, though there may be a few more prodigal sons, there'll be no more fatted calves. I've killed the last of 'em!'

"And," continued the old man, triumphantly, "I've had trouble wi' none of 'em since!"

A Busy Place. "Where is that spot you call the 'lovers' lane?" diffidently asks the young man while the young lady waits

"Right down yonder," replies the clerk. "Just keep going until you see the porter from the barber shop Lovers' lane is so crowded now that we have him stationed there to give the guests checks, so that each may have his turn."-Judge's Library.

on the hotel piazza.

Just So. "Why do they call a bell boy in a hotel 'Buttons?' "Because he's always off when you need him most, I guess."

To The Last Mouthful

one enjoys a bowl of crisp, delightful

Post Toasties

with cream or stewed fruit-or both.

Some people make an entire breakfast out of this combination.

"The Memory Lingers" Sold by Grocers

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