



"It's No Use Talking About Her Any More."

The Third Degree

By CHARLES KLIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the still influence of Robert Underwood, fellow student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is discovered by his father. He is out of money and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's step-mother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Having advantage of his familiarity with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering she cannot make good, Howard calls at her apartments in an impoverished condition to request a loan of \$2,000 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Underwood refuses to be in debt up to his eyes. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caber is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take her life. He refuses unless she will reveal her past and she refuses. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He finds Underwood dead. Realizing his predicament he attempts to flee and is met by Underwood's valet. He is taken to a police station. Underwood, a notorious forger, is the brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree, and finally gets an alleged confession from the harassed man. Annie, Howard's wife, declares her love to her husband's innocent, and says she will clear him. She calls on Jeffries. He refuses to help unless she will consent to divorce. To save Howard she consents, but when she finds that the older Jeffries does not intend to stand by his own daughter financially, she seizes his help. Annie appeals to Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries, and Judge Brewster's office. He declines. Annie haunts Brewster's office.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"You mean about the Underwood case?" Alicia nodded. "Yes, Mr. Jeffries is terribly upset. As if the coming trial and all the rest of the scandal were not enough. But now we have to face something even worse, something that affects me even more than my husband. Really, I'm frantic about it."

"What's happened now?" asked the lawyer, calmly.

"That woman is going on the stage, that's all!" she snapped.

"Hm," said the lawyer, calmly. "Just think," she cried. "The name, Mrs. Howard Jeffries—my name—paraded before the public! At a time when everything should be done to keep it out of the papers this woman is going to flaunt herself on the stage!"

She fanned herself indignantly, while the lawyer rapped his desk absent-mindedly with a paper cutter. Alicia went on:

"You know I have never met the woman. What is she like? I understand she's been bothering you to take the case of that worthless husband of hers. Do you know she had the impertinence to come to our house and ask Mr. Jeffries to help them? I asked my husband to describe her, but all I could get from him was that she was impertinent and impossible." She hesitated a moment, then she added: "Is she as pretty as her pictures in the paper? You've seen her, of course?"

Judge Brewster frowned.

"Yes," he replied. "She comes here every day regularly. She literally compels me to see her and refuses to go till I've told her I haven't changed my decision about taking her case."

"What insolence!" exclaimed Alicia. "I should think that you would have her put out of the office."

The lawyer was silent and toyed somewhat nervously with the paper cutter, as if not quite decided as to what response to make. He coughed and fussed with the papers on the desk.

"Why don't you have her put out of the office?" she repeated.

The judge looked up. There was an expression in his face that might have been interpreted as one of annoyance, as if he rather resented this intrusion into his business affairs, but Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., was too important a client to quarrel with, so he merely said:

"Frankly, Mrs. Jeffries, if it were

a bird, and that she attended a meeting of witches at Salem village. She was not insane, but the horror of the accusation brought against her had been too much for a weak mind. Howard's confession may possibly be due to some such influence."

"I hope for his poor father's sake," said Alicia, "that you may be right and that he may be proved innocent, but everything is overwhelmingly against him. I think you are the only one in New York to express such a doubt."

"Don't forget his wife," remarked the judge, dryly.

"No," she replied. "I really feel sorry for the girl myself. Will you give her some money if I—"

The lawyer shook his head.

"She won't take it. I tried it. She wants me to defend her husband—I tried to bribe her to go to some other lawyer, but it wouldn't work."

"Well, something ought to be done to stop her annoying us!" exclaimed Alicia, indignantly. "Mr. Jeffries suffers terribly. I can hear him pacing up and down the library till three or four in the morning. Poor man, he suffers so keenly and he won't let any one sympathize with him. I feel I ought to do something. Try and persuade him to let me see this girl, and—you are his friend as well as his legal adviser."

Judge Brewster bowed.

"Your husband is a very old friend, Mrs. Jeffries. I can't disregard his wishes entirely."

There was a knock at the door of the private office.

"Come in," called the judge.

The door opened and the head clerk entered, ushering in Howard Jeffries, Sr. The banker, still aristocratic and dignified, but looking tired and careworn, advanced into the room and shook hands with the judge, who greeted him with a cordial smile. There was no response on the banker's face. Querulously he demanded:

"Brewster, what's that woman doing out there again? It's not the first time I've met her in this office."

Alicia looked up eagerly. "Is she out there now?" she cried.

"What right has she to come here? What's her object?" went on the banker irritably.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"The same old thing," he replied. "She wants me to take her case."

The banker frowned.

"Didn't you tell her it was impossible?"

"That makes no difference," laughed the judge. "She comes just the same. I've sent her away a dozen times. What am I to do if she insists on coming? We can't have her arrested. She doesn't break the furniture or beat the office boy. She simply sits and waits."

"Have you told her that I object to her coming here?" demanded the banker, haughtily.

"I have," replied the judge, calmly, "but she has overruled your objection." With a covert smile he added, "You know we can't use force."

Mr. Jeffries shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"You can certainly use moral force," he said.

"What do you mean by moral force?" demanded the lawyer.

Mr. Jeffries threw up his hands as if utterly disgusted with the whole business. Almost angrily he answered:

"Moral force is moral force. I mean persuasion, of course. Good God, why can't people understand these things as I do?"

The judge said nothing, but turned to examine some papers on his desk. He hardly liked the inference that he could not see things as plainly as other people, but what was the use of getting irritated? He couldn't afford to quarrel with one of his best clients.

Alicia looked at her husband anxiously. Laying her hand on his arm, she said soothingly:

"Perhaps if I were to see her—"

Mr. Jeffries turned angrily.

"How can you think of such a thing? I can't permit my wife to come in contact with a woman of that character."

Judge Brewster, who was listening in spite of the fact that he was seemingly engrossed in his papers, pursed his lips.

"Oh, come," he said with a forced laugh, "she's not as bad as all that!"

"I'm sure she isn't," said Alicia, emphatically. "She must be amenable to reason."

The banker's wife was not altogether bad. Excessive vanity and ambition had steeled her heart and stifled impulses that were naturally good.

not for the fact that Mr. Jeffries has exacted from me a promise not to take up this case, I should be tempted to consider the matter. In the first place, you know I always liked Howard. I saw a good deal of him before your marriage to Mr. Jeffries. He was always a wild, unmanageable boy, weak in character, but he had many lovable traits. I am very sorry, indeed, to see him in such a terrible position. It was hard for me to realize it and I should never have believed him guilty had he not confessed to the crime."

"Yes," she assented. "It is an awful thing and a terrible blow to his father. Of course, he has had nothing to do with Howard for months. You know, he turned him out of doors long ago, but the disgrace is none the less overwhelming."

The lawyer looked out of the window and drummed his fingers on the arm of his chair. Suddenly wheeling round, and facing his client, he said:

"You know this girl he married is no ordinary woman."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, sarcastically. "She has succeeded in arousing your sympathy."

The judge bowed coldly.

"No," he replied. "I would hardly say that. But she has aroused my curiosity. She is a very peculiar girl, evidently a creature of impulse and determination. I certainly feel sorry for her. Her position is a very painful one. She has been married only a few months, and now her husband has to face the most awful accusation that can be brought against a man. She is plucky in spite of it all, and is moving heaven and earth in Howard's defense. She believes herself to be in some measure responsible for his misfortune. Apart from that, the case interests me from a purely professional point of view. There are several strange features connected with the case. Sometimes, in spite of Howard's confession, I don't believe he committed that crime."

Alicia changed color and, shifting uneasily on her chair, scrutinized the lawyer's face. What was behind that calm, inscrutable mask? What theory had he formed? One newspaper had suggested suicide. She might herself come forward and declare that Robert Underwood had threatened to take his own life, but how could she face the scandal which such a course would involve? She would have to admit visiting Underwood's rooms at midnight alone. That surely would ruin her in the eyes not only of her husband, but of the whole world. If this sacrifice of her good name were necessary to save an innocent man's life, perhaps she might summon up enough courage to make it. But, after all, she was by no means sure herself that Underwood had committed suicide. Howard had confessed, so why should she jeopardize her good name uselessly?

"No," repeated the judge, shaking his head, "there's something strange in the whole affair. I don't believe Howard had any hand in it."

"But he confessed!" exclaimed Alicia.

The judge shook his head.

"That's nothing," he said. "There have been many instances of untrue confessions. A famous affair of the kind was the Boorn case in Vermont. Two brothers confessed having killed their brother-in-law and described how they destroyed the body, yet some time afterward the murdered man turned up alive and well. The object of the confession, of course, was to turn the verdict from murder to manslaughter, the circumstantial evidence against them having been so strong. In the days of witchcraft the unfortunate woman accused of being a witch was often urged by relatives to confess as being the only way of escape open to them. Ann Poster, at Salem, in 1692, confessed that she was a witch. She said the devil appeared to her in the shape of



Peculiar Vision of Fish

Hypothesis That Seems to Explain the Constant Revolution of the Eyeball.

The medium in which fresh-water fishes live gives them a chance to see a great distance only in the horizontal direction. It seems impossible to explain the constant revolution of the eyeball on any other hypothesis except that the optical axis extends forward instead of sideways.

When a fish wishes to eat anything, either at the bottom of the pond or at the surface of the water, it swims directly toward the object; and in this case the eyes are instantly adjusted in line with the body, so as to bring the image of the particle desired upon the posterior portion of the retina. In this case they lose their horizontal position.

If a fish wishes to turn to the right or left in the water, the first movement is that of the eyes in unison in the direction of the turning. This would be entirely unnecessary if the apparent axis was the axis of the most distinct vision, as one of the eyes would see all that was to be seen on the side of the turning. After this movement of the eyes, the body turns normal to bring the eyes into their normal position, then there is again a

EXERCISE CARE IN SELECTING PARENT STOCK FOR BREEDING

Breeders Do Not Give Sufficient Thought to Individuality, Size, Bone, Substance and Soundness—Temper or Temperament Not Considered, Speed Being One Object Sought for.

(By CAPT. A. H. WADDELL.)

If we are good judges of human nature, or able to judge others by their biographers, we should feel very much inclined to lay a \$10 bill to a 10c piece to the wily "Richard" who once made himself hoarse shouting "A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse," wanted a good one.

Richard had just killed five Richmonds, or thought he had, and was looking for another when his horse was killed under him, and when he uttered his memorable words. Yes, he wanted a horse and he wanted one badly enough, but he wanted a good one.

A good horse was what he wanted, good horses are what we all want, and it is only the large breeder who can really tell us, how many bad horses he breeds, for one good one that he sells. This is in large measure due to haphazard methods in breeding;

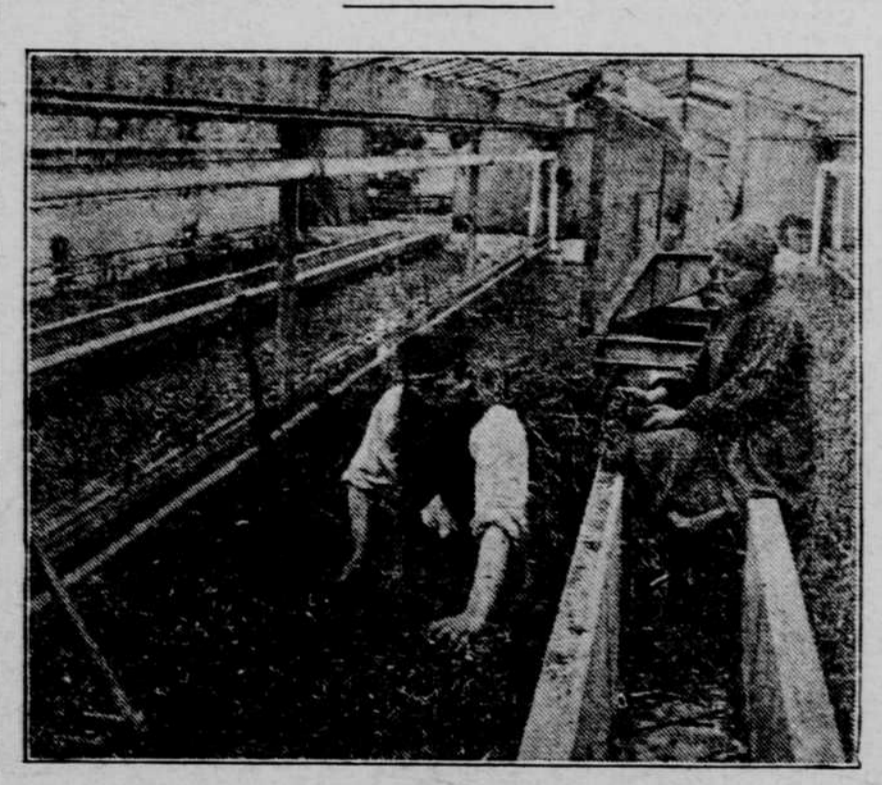


A Good Horse of His Breed—A Hackney.

breeders are not careful enough in the selection of their parent stock, nor do they take pains enough to ascertain the peculiarities and characteristics of the families from which the parent stock comes.

In the trotting horse everything has been neglected for speed, and in the thoroughbred in this country, nothing but this element has been considered; the result is too well known to be recapitulated. Notwithstanding this nobody seems to try to remedy the defects that this near sightedness has produced. There is not one trotting horse in a thousand whose anatomical formation, physical and constitutional soundness, will permit him to become a 2:10 trotter, nor is there one race horse in the same number that can gallop a mile in first class company

ASPARAGUS PLANT IS HARDY



Asparagus may be started from seed and come into size for table use at the third year. Seed may be planted as late as mid-summer.

It requires about six weeks for the seed to germinate and come up. The young plants may be cultivated in rows as other garden vegetables and set in permanent rows or beds this fall or next spring.

The asparagus plant is doubly useful. The young shoots can be used for food and the foliage branches for decoration. Sprays of asparagus are

SUMMER WORK FOR CHICKENS

Where There Is Not Perfectly Comfortable Poultry House on Farm One Should be Provided This Summer.

(By MILLER PUVIS.)

If there is not a perfectly comfortable poultry house on the farm, one should be planned and provided this summer, at least before cold weather sets in, for it is poor planning to put off providing a warm poultry house until the time arrives for its use. A comfortable poultry house need not be a costly one nor a particularly warm one. Every poultry house should have two rooms with a tight partition between them. If it is built in this way, the flock may be crowded into one room when very cold weather comes, and the heat of their bodies will keep the room warm. A hen does not feel the cold as quickly as a man does, for her blood is five per cent. warmer naturally, and if she can sleep where

QUEER DISEASE IS IN UNITED STATES

Many Here Afflicted With Odd Ailment, Says Prof. Munyon.

GREWSOME CREATURES VERY COMMON, FINDS EXPERT.

Many people in the United States are afflicted with a queer disease, according to a statement yesterday by Professor James M. Munyon. He made the following remarkable and rather greswome statement:

"Many persons who come and write to my headquarters at 834 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., think they are suffering from a simple stomach trouble when in reality they are the victims of an entirely different disease—that of tape worms. These tape worms are huge internal parasites, which locate in the upper bowel and consume a large percentage of the nutriment in undigested food. They sometimes grow to a length of forty to sixty feet. One may have a tape worm for years and never know the cause of his or her ill health.

"Persons who are suffering from one of these creatures become nervous, weak and irritable, and tire at the least exertion. The tape worms rob one of ambition and vitality and strength, but they are rarely fatal.

"The victim of this disease is apt to believe that he is suffering from chronic stomach trouble, and doctors for years without relief. This is not the fault of the physicians he consults, for there is no absolute diagnosis that will tell positively that one is not a victim of tape worm.

"The most common symptom of this trouble is an abnormal appetite. At times the person is ravenously hungry and cannot get enough to eat. At other times the very sight of food is loathsome. There is a gnawing, faint sensation at the pit of the stomach, and the victim has headaches, fits of dizziness and nausea. He cannot sleep at night and often thinks he is suffering from nervous prostration.

"I have a treatment which has had wonderful success in eliminating these great creatures from the system. In the course of its regular action in aiding digestion, and ridding the blood, kidneys and liver of impurities it has proven fatal to these great parasites. It one has a tape worm, this treatment will, in nine cases out of ten, starve and pass it away; but if not, the treatment will rebuild the run-down person, who is probably suffering from stomach trouble and a general anaemic condition. My doctors report marvelous success here with this treatment. Fully a dozen persons have passed these worms, but they are naturally reticent about discussing them, and of course we cannot violate their confidence by giving their names to the public."

Letters addressed to Professor James M. Munyon, 834 and Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., will receive as careful attention as though the patient called in person. Medical advice and consultation absolutely free. Not a penny to pay.



TO KEEP THE SKIN CLEAR

For more than a generation, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have done more for pimples, blackheads and other unsightly conditions of the complexion, red, rough, chapped hands, dandruff, itching, scaly scalps, and dry, thin and falling hair than any other method. They do even more for skin-tortured and disfigured infants and children. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world, a liberal sample of each, with 32-page book on the care of the skin and hair will be sent post-free, on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 22 L, Boston.

To Be a Good Cook. "To be a good cook means the knowledge of all fruits, herbs, balsms and spices; and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, savory in meats; it means carefulness, inventiveness, watchfulness, willingness and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers and the science of modern chemists; it means much testing and no wasting; it means English thoroughness, French art and Arabian hospitality; it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always ladies (loaf-givers), and you are to see that everybody has something nice to eat."

—Ruskin.

Cruel Disappointment. Juggend tells this story: "In the lower court of a small town in Saxony William had served faithfully and well as attendant to the presiding judge for many years without ever having received any reward aside from his legal stipend. On the day of adjournment for the season, when visitors had retired, the judge, who was also about to leave, asked: "William, do you smoke?" Seeing a square box under the judge's arm, he answered respectfully: "Yes, your honor." "I knew it by the smell of your coat," said the judge, as he walked out."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

A sordid love of money is certainly a very senseless thing, for the mind much occupied with it is blind to everything else.—Diphilus.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children, teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

For the son of man there is no noble crown, but a crown of thorns.

The satisfying quality in Lewis' Single Binders found in no other 5c cigar.

The hero is he who is immovably centered.—Emerson.