

OPEN DEALING IN PAINT.

Buying paint used to be the proverbial buying of a pig in a poke. Mixtures in which chalk, ground rock, etc., predominated were marked and sold as "Pure White Lead," the deception not being apparent until the paint and the painting were paid for. This deception is still practiced, but we have learned to expose it easily.

National Lead Company, the largest makers of genuine Pure White Lead, realizing the injustice that was being done to both property owners and honest paint manufacturers, set about to make paint buying safe. They first adopted a trade mark, the now famous "Dutch-Boy Painter," and put this trademark, as a guaranty of purity, on every package of their White Lead. They then set about familiarizing the public with the blow-pipe test by which the purity and genuineness of White Lead may be determined, and furnished a blow-pipe free to every one who would write them for it. This action was in itself a guaranty of the purity of National Lead Company's White Lead.

As the result of this open dealing the paint buyer to-day has only himself to blame if he is defrauded. For test outfit and valuable booklet on painting, address National Lead Company, Woodbridge Bldg., New York.

Sewing Room Vaudeville.

"It's nip and tuck with me," said the Sewing Machine, "though I often strike the seamy side."

"I do something of a reel," announced the Spool Cotton.

"I have a good eye for the thread of a plot," complacently declared the Needle.

"I gather interest as I go along," boasted the Ruffler.

"I do a pretty smooth turn in my cancan," modestly remarked the Oil.

"When I try to do anything," mournfully remarked the Eye, "I get the Hook."

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Newspapers of the World.

There are 12,500 newspapers published in the United States; about 1,000 of them are published daily and 120 are managed, edited and published by negroes. In Asia there are 3,000 periodical publications, of which the greater part appear in British India and Japan; the latter country publishes 1,500 newspapers. Africa has only 200 newspapers, of which 30 are published in Egypt and the rest appear in the various European colonies.

Just a Plain Commoner.

Royal names for hotels are sometimes the cause of peculiar misunderstandings. An aged farmer from the home county decided to make a visit to Toronto. It was the first time he had been at a city station and when a hotel clerk hurried to him with the information: "King Edward" the newcomer simply smiled as he answered: "No sir—Thomas Cox of Erasmus."

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

A Financier.

"Dear, what in the world was the lawn mower doing at the foot of the stairs when I came in at midnight last night?"

"Didn't you tell me that you had taken out an accident policy on your life?"—Houston Post.

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That Murine Eye Remedy Cures Eyes, Makes Weak Eyes Strong, Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain and Sells for 50c.

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The best workman is he who loves his work.—T. T. Lynch.

Use Allen's Foot-Paste Guaranteed to cure Bunions. Trial package free. A. S. Glinsky, Ltd., N.Y.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends.—Coleridge.

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BLINDFOLDED

By EARLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

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SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary nature. Wilton leaves Giles in their room, with instruction to await his return. Hardly has he gone than Giles is started by a cry of "Help." 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 fierce and perilous search for clues, and it is in the course of his quest that he meets and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself enclosed in a room with Melvin Burton, who makes a confession of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrell and Darby Bowser who are after him. He is told that "Dickie" Nahls is a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Dudley gets his first knowledge of Knapp's enemy on the board. Dudley visits the home of Knapp's daughter, who learns the note was forged. He is provided with four guards, and he is provided with four guards, the care of the guards being paid by one "Richmond." The body of Henry Wilton is committed to the vault. Dudley responds to a note and visits Mother Burton in company with Policeman Corson. Dudley again visits the Knapp some. He is fascinated by Luella and soiled by Mrs. Bowser, slandering her through Corson's planning. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrell.

"He's just passed up the alley here," said Wainwright in a low voice.

"Who? Terrell?" I asked.

"Yes," said Wainwright. "I've kept him in sight all the evening."

"Hasn't he seen you?" asked Porter.

"I spied you as soon as you turned the corner."

"Don't know," said Wainwright; "but something's up. There he goes now. I mustn't miss him."

Wainwright was off.

The presence of Terrell gave me some tremors of anxiety, for I knew that his unscrupulous ferocity would stop at nothing. Then I reflected that the presence of Dorrdrige Knapp's daughter was a protection against an attack from Dorrdrige Knapp's agents, and I followed the party into the heathen temple without further apprehensions.

The temple was small, and the dim, religious light gave an air of mystery to the ugly figure of the god and the trappings of the place.

"That's one of the richest carvings ever brought into this country," said Corson, pointing to a part of the altar mounting.

"Tin thousand dollars wouldn't touch one side of it."

"You don't say!" cried Mrs. Bowser, while the rest murmured in the effort to admire the work of art. "And is

As she spoke, one of the doors to-

oplum dens, and that will bring us to the stage door of the theater."

"How close and heavy the air is!" said Luella, as we followed the winding passage in the dim illumination that came from an occasional gas jet or oil lamp.

"The yellow man is a firm believer in the motto, 'Ventilation is the root of all evil,'" I admitted.

The fumes of tobacco and opium were heavy on the air, and a moment later we came on a cluster of small rooms or dens, fitted with couches and bunks. It needed no description to make the purpose plain. The whole process of intoxication by opium was before me, from the heating of the metal pipe to the final stupor that is the gift and end of the Black Smoke. Here, was a coolie mixing the drug; there, just beyond him, was another, drawing whiffs from the bubbling narcotic through the bamboo handle of his pipe; there, still beyond, was another, lying back unconscious, half-clad, repulsive, a very sorry reality indeed, repeated to follow in the train of the seductive pipe.

"This is depressing," said Luella, with a touch on my arm. "Let's go on."

"Turn to the right here," Corson called out, as we led the way while he was explaining to Mr. Carter the method of smoking.

"Let us get where there is some air," said Luella. "This odor is sickening."

We hastened on, and, turning to the right, soon came on two passages. One led up a stair, hidden by a turn after half a dozen steps. The other stretched 50 or 75 feet before us, and an oil lamp on a bracket at the farther end gave a smoky light to the passage and to a mean little court on which it appeared to open.

"We had better wait for the rest," said Luella cautiously.

As she spoke, one of the doors to-

figure threw one malignant look at us and was gone.

"Take me home, oh, take me home!" cried Luella in low suppressed tones, trembling and half-falling. I put my arm about her to support her.

"What is it?" I asked.

She leaned upon me for one moment, and the black walls and gloomy passage became a palace filled with flowers. Then her strength and resolution returned and she shook herself free.

"Come; let us go back to the others," she said a little unsteadily. "We should not have left them."

"Certainly," I replied. "They ought to be here by this time."

But as we turned a sudden cry sounded as of an order given. There was a bang of wood and a click of metal, and as we looked we saw that unseen hands had closed the way to our return. A barred and iron-bound door was locked in our faces.

CHAPTER XVIII.  
The Battle in the Maze.

For an instant I was overwhelmed with terror and self-reproach. The bolted door before me gave notice of danger as plainly as though the word had been painted upon its front. The dark and lowering walls of the passage in which the Wolf figure of Dorrdrige Knapp had appeared and disappeared whispered threats. And I, in my folly and carelessness, had brought Luella Knapp into this place and exposed her to the dangers that encircled me. It was this thought that for the moment unnerved me.

"What does this mean?" asked Luella in a matter-of-fact tone.

"It is a poor practical joke, I fear," I said lightly. "I took occasion to shift a revolver to my overcoat pocket."

"Well, aren't you going to get me out of here?" she asked with a little suggestion of impatience.

"That is my present intention," I replied, beating a tattoo on the door.

"You'll hurt your fists," she said.

"You must find some way besides beating it down."

"I'm trying to bring our friends here," said I. "They should have been with us before now."

"Isn't there another way out?" asked Luella.

"I suspect there are a good many ways out," I replied, "but, unfortunately, I don't know them." And I gave a few resounding kicks on the door.

"Where does this stairway go, I wonder?" said Luella. "It can't be the way out. Isn't there another?"

"We might try the passage."

She gave a shudder and shrank toward me.

"No, no," she cried in a low voice. "Try the door again. Somebody must hear you, and it may be opened."

I followed her suggestion with a rain of kicks, emphasized with a shout that made the echoes ring gloomily in the passage.

I heard in reply a sound of voices, and then an answering shout, and the steps of men running.

"Are you there, Mr. Wilton?" cried the voice of Corson through the door.

"Yes, all safe, I answered.

"Well, just hold on a bit and we'll—"

The rest of his sentence was lost in a suppressed scream from Luella. I turned and darted before her, just in time to face three Chinese ruffians who were hastening down the passage. The nearest of the trio, a tall dark savage with a deep scar across his cheek, was just reaching out his hand to seize Luella when I sprang forward and planted a blow square upon his chin. He fell back heavily, lifted almost off his feet by my impact, and lay like a log on the floor.

The other two ruffians halted irresolute for an instant, and I drew my revolver. Their wish seemed to be to take me alive if possible. After a moment of hesitation there was a muttered exclamation and one of the desperadoes drew his hand from his blouse.

"Oh!" cried Luella. "He's got a knife!"

Before he could make another movement I fired once, twice, three times. There was a scramble and scuffle in the passageway, and the smoke rolled thick in front, blotting out the scene that had stood in silhouette before us.

Fearful of a rush from the Chinese, I threw one arm about Luella, and, keeping my body between her and possible attack, guided her to the stair that led upward at nearly right angles from the passage. She was trembling and her breath came short, but her spirit had not quailed. She shook herself free as I placed her on the first step.

"Have you killed them?" she asked quietly.

"I hope so," I replied, looking cautiously around the corner to see the results of my fusillade. The smoke had spread into a thin haze through the passage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN THE DIM LIGHT THE FIGURE WAS THE FIGURE OF THE WOLF

that stuff burning for a disinfectant?" She pointed to numerous pieces of punk, such as serve the small boy on the Fourth of July, that were consuming slowly before the ugly joss.

"No, ma'am—not but they need it all right enough," said Corson, "but that's the haythen way of sayin' your prayers."

This information was so astonishing that Corson was allowed to finish his explanation, without further remarks from Mrs. Bowser.

"I'll show you the theater next," said he, as he led the way of the temple with Mrs. Bowser giving her views of the picturesque heathen in questions that Corson found no break in the conversation long enough to answer. As I lingered for a moment in some depression of spirit, waiting for the others to file out, a voice that thrilled me spoke in my ear.

"Our guide is enjoying a great favor." It was Luella, noticing me for the first time since the expedition had started.

"He has every reason to be delighted," I returned, brightening at the favor I was enjoying.

"Foreign travel is said to be of great value in education," said Luella, taking my arm, "but it's certainly stupid at times."

I suspected that Mr. Carter had not been entirely successful in meeting Miss Knapp's ideas of what an escort should be.

"I didn't suppose you could find anything stupid," I said.

"I am intensely interested," she retorted, "but unfortunately the list of subjects has come to an end."

"You might have begun at the beginning again."

"He did," she whispered, "so I thought it time he tried the guide or Aunt Julia."

"Thank you," I said.

"Thank him, you mean," she said gaily. Now don't be stupid yourself, so please change the subject. Do you know," she continued without giving me time to speak, "that the only way I can be reconciled to this place and the sights we have seen is to imagine I am in Canton or Peking, thousands of miles from home? Seen there, it is interesting, instructive, natural—a part of the people. As a part of San Francisco it is only vile."

"Come this way," said Corson, halting with the party at one of the doors. "I'll show you through some of the

**Experiment Was a Failure.**

And Now Uncle Hezekiah is Down on Washington Officials.

"By gosh, but Uncle Hezekiah is down on them Washington officials," said the old farmer with the big scythe. "What is the trouble?" Inquired the windmill repairer. "Why, you see, them Washington folks sent out a circular saying that 'sketeers' could be killed with kerosene."

"What happened then?" "Most everything happened, stranger; most everything. You see, Uncle Hezekiah tried the experiment. He hunted around half the morning and broke his suspenders before he could catch a live 'sketeer. Then when he did catch one he took him out in the yard and ducked his head down in a big can of kerosene. While Uncle Hezekiah was bending over the sun reflected through the corner of his spectacles and set fire to the oil. Before Uncle Hezekiah could get away it burned off half his whiskers and exploded his cel-



luloid collar. And worst of all, Uncle Hezekiah isn't sure whether the 'sketeer was killed or not."

**Lost a Good Thing.**

Formerly a telephone had stood on the bracket in the corner. The bracket had been made expressly for the phone. It had been so exceedingly convenient to call up her friends that the woman immediately noticed the change; for on the bracket in place of the telephone stood a statuette that she didn't much care for. "What have you done with it?" she asked of them.

"The company tried to collect the bill," they said. "I am sorry," the woman sighed, because at that moment she thought of about a dozen to whom she would have liked to telephone. "So are all our friends," said they pointedly.

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