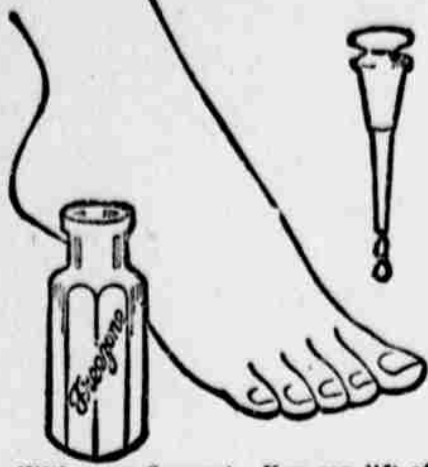


Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callous. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callous right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!—Adv.

A Hard World.

"Did you ever feel that the world was against you?"
"Yes; I felt it this morning when I slipped on the sidewalk."—Boston Transcript.

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Catarrhal Deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. **HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE** acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the Mucous Surfaces. **ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS** for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by **HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE**. All Druggists 75c. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

More men would marry only for love if they could afford it.

Frantic With Pain

A Physical Wreck From Kidney Trouble, But DOAN'S Made Her Well.

"Kidney trouble made a complete wreck of me," says Mrs. Wm. Harvey, 621 N. Eighth St., Grants Pass, Ore. "I was so dependent and miserable it seemed I had nothing left to live for. Death would have been a welcome relief. For six months I was in bed and never expected to leave it alive. I was too weak to move without the help of my nurse and so nervous I screamed when she touched me. My back and head hurt like a throbbing toothache. I had awful dizzy spells, my eyesight failed, my hands and feet felt dead. I was pain-racked all over. The kidney secretions looked like thick, black coffee and burned terribly. They almost stopped passing and then my feet bloated like bags of water. I was frantic with pain, and thought I would lose my reason. I had lost all faith in medicine and tried Doan's Kidney Pills only because a dear friend asked me. Right from the start I began to feel better. Doan's cured me."



Mrs. Harvey

Sworn to before me. A. H. PARSONS, Notary Public. Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box. **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

After you eat—always use EATONIC

FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

—one or two tablets—eat like candy. Instantly relieves Heartburn, Bloating, Gassy Feeling. Stops indigestion, food souring, repeating, headache and the many miseries caused by

Acid-Stomach

EATONIC is the best remedy, it takes the harmful acids and gases right out of the body and, of course, you get well. Tens of thousands wonderfully benefited. Guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded by your own druggist. Coat a trifle. Please try it!

Liver and Bowels Right—Always Feel Fine

There's one right way to speedily tone up the liver and keep the bowels regular.

Carter's Little Liver Pills never fail. Millions will testify that there is nothing so good for biliousness, indigestion, headache or sallow, pimply skin. Purely vegetable. Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price.

DR. CARTER'S IRON PILLS, Nature's great nerve and blood tonic for Anemia, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and Female Weakness. Beware anti-bear clippers. *Sanford*

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 19-1920.

The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD

Copyright by F. G. Brown & Co.

FITZ, MAX AND QUIGG.

Synopsis—Typical tramp in appearance, Daniel Randolph Fitzhugh, while crossing a Chicago street, causes the wreck of an auto, whose chauffeur disables it trying to avoid running him down. In pity the occupant of the auto, a young girl, saves him from arrest and gives him a dollar, telling him to buy soap, and wash. His sense of shame is touched, and he improves his appearance. That night he meets Esther Strom, a Russian anarchist, who induces Fitzhugh to address a meeting. Fitzhugh visits Symington Otis, prominent financier, and displaying a package which he says contains dynamite, demands \$10,000. Otis gives him a check. At the house he meets the girl who had given him the dollar, and learns she is Kathleen Otis. She recognizes him. Ashamed, he tears up the check and escapes, but is arrested. Esther visits Fitzhugh in jail and makes arrangements for procuring legal advice. His trial is speedily completed and he is found insane and committed to an asylum, from which he easily makes his escape. Fitzhugh takes refuge in Chicago, with Esther, who has become infatuated with him. With the thought of Kathleen in his mind, his one idea is to become rich and powerful, and win Kathleen. While hiding in Esther's house he grows a beard, which effectually changes his appearance. In a fight with Nikolay, jealous admirer of Esther, Fitzhugh wounds him, leaving him unconscious, and escapes. Securing mental employment he learns that Nikolay has been found dead in Esther's house, and in a letter to him she admits the killing, telling him she did it for his sake and that she has gone away. He sees Kathleen from a distance, and is strengthened in his determination to win her.

CHAPTER VI.

Fitzhugh began to fret and fume at his irksome employment. He was coming to believe he had made a mistake in adopting such slow means to an eagerly desired end, when, in the fifth week, something occurred that dispelled his growing pessimism. It was a warm Saturday night, and when he came from the broiling kitchen with his coat under his arm, dripping with perspiration, his employer met him and handed him eight dollars, five of which he promptly placed between the leaves of his savings bankbook, which now showed a balance of twenty dollars.

As he nodded good-night to his employer he noticed a hatched-faced man in a checker-board suit on one of the lunch-counter stools. Before Fitzhugh reached Van Buren street this man confronted him and, smiling as cordially as his hard face would permit, asked: "How much does the Greek pay you?"

"According to my desert, my solicitous friend. I draw the munificent salary of eight dollars each week."

The questioner pushed back his hat and chewed his cigar. And his head bobbed up and down as he scanned the dishwasher from top to toe.

"I s'pose you'll do," he finally decided. "Come 'long to the next block. Got some 'in' I want to show you."

He led the way up State street, and near Jackson boulevard stopped before a gold-and-white restaurant, glittering with electric lights, brand new and spick and span. Across the plate-glass window in letters three feet high was the name "MAX'S."

"See that? That's me, I'm Max." He tapped his chest proudly. "You've got to make that name famous. Understand me? Famous! Come! Come 'long inside and I'll tell you all 'bout it."

"They went in, and Mr. Max outlined his plan. Briefly, it was this: Fitzhugh, after a visit to a barber, was to appear himself in distinguished garb, and with an aristocratic demeanor, was to promenade State street for five hours daily. Painted in white letters on the back of his frock-coat would be the name "MAX'S."

"Un-hum," observed Fitzhugh, drawing reflectively on his cigar. "How much do I get for this?"

"Well, let me see—say fifteen a week. How's that strike you?"

"Not favorably. Make it thirty and the deal's closed." And even as he spoke Fitzhugh was wondering if his beard sufficiently disguised him. He decided it did. Besides, there were the theatrical possibilities of the thing, and this appealed strongly to his love for make-believe.

After some further bargaining it was agreed he was to receive twenty dollars the first week and, if employed longer, thirty dollars each for all subsequent weeks.

He reported for work Monday morning. Accompanied by Max, he went to a barber's shop and afterward to a clothing establishment where ready-made apparel of the better class was sold. About eleven o'clock he stepped from the restaurant, paused in the vestibule, took a pair of new chamamois gloves from a pocket and began drawing them on. When he stepped out into the morning crowd and strolled up State street, swinging a gold-headed cane, his glistening hat towered high above the mass of heads, he

started a furore far greater than his sanguine employer expected.

When he reached Adams street there was in his wake a jostling number of more curious ones, anxious to keep him in sight, yet loath to betray their eagerness. He stopped at the corner, mounted a metal refuse box near the curb and, removing his silk hat with a sweeping gesture, shielded his eyes with his hand and stared straight into the zenith. A minute or more he remained thus, the human jam thickening about him with every second. The sidewalk became speedily choked. A policeman shoved his way through the congestion, reached up, jabbed his knuckles in Fitzhugh's side.

"Come out of it, professor," advised he. "It's the closed season for star gazin'."

Fitzhugh put on his hat, stepped down from his pedestal, nodded silently to the officer, and with the pomp and dignity of a lord mayor, retraced his steps down the street, the crowd following.

In the afternoon he again sallied forth and the success of the morning was repeated. He stopped this time



"Come Out of it, Professor," Advised the Officer. "It's the Closed Season for Star Gazin'."

at Monroe street for his skyward gaze. Again the crowd surged about him, and again his poise was jarred by a heavy hand. Instead of a policeman, however, he turned to find a man of his own height, but of larger bulk, regarding him with favor rather than of ill-will. He was fashionably attired and there seemed to envelop him an atmosphere of Cash.

The stranger placed his hand on Fitzhugh's shoulder and lowered his voice to a whisper. "I've something for you, friend, that'll make life worth living."

Fitzhugh whispered back: "Lead on, major. I'll follow straight."

In a little while they were seated in a cool place, where large fans whirred softly overhead and where dark bottles and tall glasses were placed before them. The breezy one flipped a card across the table, with the cryptic remark:

"I'm Quigg."

The card fell face up. Fitzhugh read: **QUIGG & PEEVY, STOCKS—BONDS—GRAIN,**

and then briefly intimated: "And I'm Fitzhugh."

"Greetings, Fitz! Greetings and salutations! What does this sandwich-man stunt bring you in?"

"Such impertinence, Quigg, merits a reprimand, but I'll give you a truthful answer: thirty dollars a week. Commencing next week."

Mr. Quigg placed his glass on the table with elaborate precision. His puppy eyes narrowed.

"Fitz," said he, "I'm going to take a chance. I've watched you twice today, and I think I've found the man I want. I'm no bad judge of a man, either. He produced a fat morocco wallet and slipped therefrom a treasury note which he passed across the table. "There's your first week's salary in advance. When you're ready for work I am."

Fitzhugh glanced at the bill, and saw it was of a hundred-dollar denomination. He rested both arms on the table and, leaning across, looked his vis-a-vis steadily in the eye.

"Would you mind telling me," he inquired pointedly, "what sort of a game you're playing?"

Quigg chuckled and raised a fat, gloved hand in protest. "I beg to be excused until I've seen my attorney. Here, boy! A waiter came hurrying. "Get me a taxi. I've twenty minutes to spare. We'll hustle over to my tailor. That's a bum outfit you're wearing."

Fitzhugh, in accordance with prior arrangement, reported to his new employer at nine-thirty Wednesday morning. He had given up his room in Illinois street, and had taken an unpretentious apartment in a pretentious hotel farther north.

His correct morning attire, faultless, well-tailored, expensive; his finely pointed beard and mustache brushed away from his lips in a French fashion, even the red flower in his button-hole, lent to his inches an air of distinction foreign to Chicago's higgledy-piggledy financial district. He was acting perfectly the popular conception of a "gentleman of leisure," and quick, sidelong glances of surreptitious interest were cast his way by the hurrying clerks and traders, pressing down La Salle street toward the board of trade, as he entered the building where was the abode of Quigg and Peevy.

On a narrow platform before the blackboard which extended the length of the "customers' room" a phlegmatic youth walked up and down chalking mystical figures, while the telegraph instrument in a little box at one end chattered its interminable tale. In the three rows of chairs, also spanning the room's length, sat men, well-dressed and nondescript, the latter jotting in dog-eared memorandum books with stub pencils, the former watching the blackboard and conversing earnestly about "market conditions." Messenger boys scuttled to and fro across the floor, clutching at their caps, slapping their books shut, entering and leaving some inner office whence issued the clackety-click-clack of a battery of typewriters.

And in all this feverish animation there was something vaguely artificial—too subtle for the casual onlooker, perhaps, but there nevertheless.

As Fitzhugh entered, casting a bored glance around the place, he was met by a uniformed negro, who said: "Mr. Quigg says tell you please, sub, step inter his private office at once, sub."

The preceding night, in Quigg's rooms in a hotel, Fitzhugh had been thoroughly apprised of the nature of his post. There had even been "rehearsals." He was therefore not unprepared for what followed his entrance into Quigg's sanctum.

Mr. Quigg, large and prosperous, held a large cigar in a large hand, and occupied a large chair before a large desk, near which sat a colorless, commonplace, inconspicuous man whose weak face was at once inquiring and impressionable. Near by a stock-ticker unwound its tape into a wicker waste-basket, and from a partly-open door came the furious clattering of many typewriters. And here, as in the outer room, there was an unnatural note—faint, almost indistinguishable, but discordant all the same.

As Fitzhugh entered Quigg glanced up, then leaned toward the colorless one and said something in a low voice. Not so low, however, but that Fitzhugh caught some fragments: "Pattington . . . Eastern capitalist . . . Worth ten millions if he's worth a nickel."

This was Fitzhugh's cue. Instantly his bearing changed. His tired air vanished. His eye, languidly supercilious a moment before, became cold, arrogant, alert. He was no longer the biased aristocrat. He was now the high-tensioned financier, whose minutes were diamond-studded. He stood at the door, a slight scowl gathering between his brows, his right thumb and second finger snapping impatiently. Thus until he received his next cue.

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Pattington," Quigg rose, smiling deferentially, and motioned to a chair. "Won't you sit down? I shall be at leisure presently."

Fitzhugh's frown grew a little heavier, his eye a little harder. "I was told I could have an interview with you at once."



"I Was Told I Could Have an Interview With You at Once."

you at once. My time is extremely limited. Our transaction must be consummated this moment, or not at all."

Actor—and swindler's decoy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The First Bottle of **PE-RU-NA**

Gave Relief so Writes

Entirely Free from Catarrh of the Stomach

"Peruna has positively done for me what many doctors failed to do. I have been time and again compelled to take to my bed for days. The first bottle of Peruna gave relief and while I always keep it in the house for emergencies, I consider myself entirely free from catarrh of the stomach, the trouble from which I suffered for so long before taking this remedy."

Liquid or Tablet Form Sold Everywhere Ask Your Dealer

Mr. W. VanBuren, Engineer, G. R. & L. Ry., 17 Highland St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

HORSES COUGHING? USE **Spohn's Distemper Compound**

To break it up and get them back in condition. Twenty-six years' use has made "Spohn's" indispensable in treating Coughs and Colds, Influenza, and Distemper, with their resulting complications, and all diseases of the throat, nose and lungs. Act marvelously as a preventive, acts equally well as a cure. 66 cents and \$1.15 per bottle at drug stores. **SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY, Goshen, Ind.**

Money of the World. From official data supplied by the director of the mint the monetary stocks of fifty-six of the principal countries of the world have been estimated in terms of American dollars. The computation shows the money of the world was approximately \$50,636,558,000.

Utter Silence. "The sounds of battle have been stiller these many months," declaimed the orator. "No longer do the shells shriek, the bullets whistle, the machine guns spit out their rat-tat-tat."

"And you might add," interposed the ex-soldier, "that our peace-time slumbers are not exactly disturbed by the popping of corks."—Home Sector.

An Injury forgiven is better than an injury revenged.

The unfortunate man's friend's live a long way off.

It's an easy matter for a judge to issue an order restraining a woman from talking, but what's the use?

WOMEN! DYE RIGHT!

SAY "DIAMOND DYES"

Don't Spoil or Streak Material in a Poor Dye

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into worn, shabby garments, draperies, coverings, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed even if you have never dyed before. Druggist has color card.

HIS CHANCE TO GET EVEN

Ex-Buck's Opportunity for Revenge on Former Top Sergeant Too Good to Miss.

The ex-buck was back at his old pre-war trade, in which the tools consisted of a pocket flashlight and black silk handkerchief. Inside the darkened house all was silent, save for the heavy breathing of the man who lay asleep on the bed.

The burglar gathered up his spoils—watch, money and a few odds and ends of more or less value—and turned to make his departure. Then, obeying an impulse, he turned the light on the man in the bed and let it creep up until it reached the face.

"My God!" he gasped. "My old top sergeant!"

For a moment he hesitated. Then, forming a sudden resolution, he tipped over to the bureau and—

At the alarm for 3 a. m.—Home Sector.

HIRAM EVIDENTLY A SNORER

Faithful Wife Thought She Recognized Porcine Lamentations as Made by Her Lord and Master.

An amazingly fat couple boarded a sleeping car just before the train pulled out of the Pennsylvania station in New York, and soon retired, the woman taking the lower berth and the man the upper of a section. It was necessary to enlist the aid of the porter and a couple of friendly passengers to enable the man to attain to his lofty couch, but it was accomplished and the car presently became quiet.

Some time during the night the train was held up on a siding, and, as it happened, the sleeping car was stopped right alongside a car loaded with uncomfortable and loudly protesting hogs, the noise of whose lamentations ascended to the stars.

"Oh, Lord!" the occupant of the lower berth was heard to moan. "Just listen to that! Hiram has started to snore! and I can't get up there to make him turn over!"

Slight Complication.

"We must economize on our table," said young Mrs. Tokins.

"That should be easy enough."

"Yes. But it must be managed with a little discretion so that Charley won't spend all his money on lunches downtown."

Airy.

She—That girl's heir—
He—Isn't it awful—
She—To three millions.
He—Nice.—The Yale Record.

Taking Joy Out of Life.

"The meanest man I know is a young fellow who boards with us."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He is trying out an invention to keep subscribers from listening when a party line is being used."

During the honeymoon a man smiles inwardly if his wife confesses that she married him to reform him.

Instant Postum

still sells at the same low price as before the general rise in costs

—and great is the number of families who now use this table beverage in place of coffee.

Attracted to its use by continued low cost, they found its agreeable coffee-like flavor much to their liking.

With no health intent behind their action they discovered better nerves followed the change.

All Grocers sell Postum and your trial is invited

"There's a Reason"

Made by **POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc.** BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN