

PATIENT SUFFERING.

Many Women Think They Are Doomed to Backache.

It is not right for women to be all ways ailing with backache, urinary ills, headache and other symptoms of kidney disease. There is a way to end these troubles quickly. Mrs. John H. Wright, 606 East First St., Mitchell, S. D., says: "I suffered ten years with kidney complaint and a doctor told me I would never get more than temporary relief. A dragging pain and lameness in my back almost disabled me. Dizzy spells come and went and the kidney secretions were irregular. Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of these troubles and I feel better than for years past."

Sold by all dealers. 50c. a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

When the Umbrella Tock Fire.
Thomas Simpson, the Detroit malleable iron man, is a grave and dignified person, but once he made a joke. He was sitting with a party of friends, one of whom was smoking an enormous cigar. The friend had difficulty in keeping the cigar going, and by his repeated lightings had frazzled the end of it until it was about twice its original size. But he kept bravely at it.

Suddenly Simpson began to laugh. "What are you laughing at, Tom?" asked another member of the party. "I was wondering what Jim would do when that umbrella is smoking begins to blaze," he said.—Saturday Evening Post.

And All with Company There.
"Now, children," said the mother, as a whole roomful of company had come in, "suppose you run off and play by yourselves."

"All right, mother," replied Edith. "Can we go up and play Hamlet and Ophelia?"

"Certainly," smiled the mother, while her guests looked on at the tableau.

"Goody!" replied Edith; then, turning to her sister, she said: "Now, Maude, you run up to mamma's room and get all her false hair that you can find."—Judge.

"Chickens a Nuisance."
"Chickens a nuisance," declares the Charleston News and Courier. What, fried?—Baltimore Sun.

Chickens a nuisance? Yes, when all they leave of your garden is a reminiscence; yes, when the young cock full of the joy of life, rouses you in the early dawn; yes, when some low-browed, vulgar fowl whips the very life out of your blooded pet; yes, when the pip or other ailment worries the amateur breeder. But when fried? Never!

Sage Advice for Husbands.
Rev. Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., thus advises husbands about their wives: "Never attempt to check the flowing tide of her talk. Let her talk on while you possess your soul in peace. Remember that a woman needs many more safety valves and outlets for her temperament. Be patient with her."

Reminiscent Skinings.
"Our old schoolmaster was tough as leather."
"No wonder. His principal occupation, if you remember, was tanning hides."

SENSE ABOUT FOOD
Facts About Food Worth Knowing

It is a serious question sometimes to know just what to eat when a person's stomach is out of order and most foods cause trouble.

Grape-Nuts food can be taken at any time with the certainty that it will digest. Actual experience of people is valuable to anyone interested in foods.

A Terre Haute woman writes: "I had suffered with indigestion for about four years, ever since an attack of typhoid fever, and at times could eat nothing but the very lightest food, and then suffer such agony with my stomach I would wish I never had to eat anything."

"I was urged to try Grape-Nuts and since using it I do not have to starve myself any more, but I can eat it at any time and feel nourished and satisfied, dyspepsia is a thing of the past, and I am now strong and well."

"My husband also had an experience with Grape-Nuts. He was very weak and sickly in the spring. Could not attend to his work. He was under the doctor's care but medicine did not seem to do him any good until he began to leave off ordinary food and use Grape-Nuts. It was positively surprising to see the change in him. He grew better right off, and naturally he had none but words of praise for Grape-Nuts."

"Our boy thinks he cannot eat a meal without Grape-Nuts, and he learns so fast at school that his teachers and other scholars comment on it. I am satisfied that it is because of the great nourishing elements in Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason."
It contains the phosphate of potash from wheat and barley which combine with albumen to make the gray matter to daily refill the brain and nerve centers.

It is a pity that people do not know what to feed their children. There are many mothers who give their youngsters almost any kind of food and when they become sick begin to pour the medicine down them. The real way is to stick to proper food and be healthy and get along without medicine and expense.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Brass Bowl

PICTURES BY A. WEIL
LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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 Hammersman, 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 bachelors club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised a lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his jewels. She apparently took him for a well-known crook. Dan and Anisty, half-puzzled, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, 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" card, was followed by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the gems. Anisty, 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. Anisty, masquerading as Maitland, narrowly avoided capture through mysterious tip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned home, being discovered on return. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anisty, disguised as Maitland, told her his real identity and realizing himself tricked 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. He found Anisty and the girl in his rooms. Again he overcame the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman. Dan Anisty narrowly avoids arrest. Janitor O'Hagan witnessed and aided the officers of the law. Hickey, a detective, duped by Anisty, refused to partake and mused on his ill-fate. The girl in gray made her escape, jumping into a cab. An instant later, by working a ruse, Anisty was at her side.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Bitter as poverty the cruel lash cut round the horse's flanks; and as the hansom shot out at breakneck speed toward Fifth avenue, the girl covered back in her corner, shivering, staring wide-eyed at the man who had so coolly placed himself at her side.

This, then, was that nameless danger that had stalked her on the staircase, this the personality whose animosity toward her had grown so virulent that, even when consciously ignorant of its proximity, she had been repelled and frightened by its subtle emanations! And now—and now she was in his power!

Dazed with fear she started up, acting blindly on the primitive instinct to fly; and in another moment, doubtless, would have thrown herself boldly from the cab to the sidewalk, had her companion not seized her by the forearm and by simple force compelled her to resume her seat.

"Be still, you little fool!" he told her sharply. "Do you think that I'm going to let you go a third time? Not till I'm through with you. . . . And if you scream, by the powers, I'll throttle you!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Retribution.

She sank back, speechless. Anisty glanced her up and down without visible emotion, then laughed unpleasantly—the hard and unyielding laugh of brute man brutishly impassioned.

"This silly ass, Maitland," he observed, "isn't really as superfluous as he seems. I find him quite a convenience, and I suppose that ought to be trotted up to his credit, since it's because he's got the good taste to resemble me. . . . Consider his thoughtfulness in providing me this cab! What'd I've done without it? To tell the truth I was quite at a loss to frame it up, how to win your coy consent to this giddy elopement, back there in the hall. But dear kind Mister Maitland, bless his innocent heart! fixes it all up for me. . . . And so," concluded the criminal with ironic relish—"and so I've got you, my lady."

He looked at her in sidelong fashion, speculative, calculating, relentless. And she bowed her head, assenting. "Yes."

"You're dead right, little woman. Got you. Um-mmm."

She made no reply; she could have made none aside from raising an outcry, although now she was regaining something of her shattered poise, and with it the ability to accept the situation quietly, for a little time (she could not guess how long she could endure the strain), pending an opportunity to turn the tables on this, her persecutor.

"What is it," she said presently, with some effort—"what is it you wish with me?"

"I have my purpose," with a grim smile.

"You will not tell me?"

"You've guessed it, my lady; I will not—just yet. Wait a bit." She spurred her flagging spirit until it flashed defiance. "Mr. Anisty!"

"Yes!" she responded with a curling lip, cold eyes to hers.

"I demand—"

"No you don't!" he cut her short with a snarl. "You're not in a position to demand anything. Maybe it would



"You—You Mean You Would Shoot Me?" She Whispred.

be as well for you to remember who you're dealing with."

"And—?"—heart sinking again.

"And I've been made a fool of just as long as I can stand for it. I'm a crook—like yourself, my lady, but with more backbone and some pride in being at the head of my profession. I'm wanted in a dozen places; I'll spend the rest of my days in the pen, if they ever get me. Twice to-day I've been within an ace of being nabbed—kindness of you and your Maitland. Now—I'm desperate and determined. Do you connect?"

"What—?" she asked, breathlessly.

"I can make you understand, I fancy. To-night, instead of dropping to the backyard and shinning over the fence to safety, I took the fire-escape up to the top-flat—something a copper would never think of—and went through to the hall. Why? Why, to interrupt the tender tete-a-tete Maitland had planned. Why again? Because, for one thing, I've never yet been beaten at my own game; and I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks. Moreover, no man yet has ever laid hands on me in anger and not regretted it." The criminal's voice fell a note or two, shaking with somber passion. "I'll have that pup's hide yet!" he swore.

The girl tried to nerve herself. "It doesn't seem to strike you," she argued, controlling her hysteria by sheer strength of purpose, "that I have only to raise my voice to bring all Broadway to my rescue."

For by now the cab had sheered off into that thoroughfare, and was rocking rapidly south, between glittering walls of light. A surface car swooped down upon them, and past, making night hideous with gong and drumming trucks, and drowning Anisty's response. For which reason he chose to repeat it, with added emphasis.

"You try it on, my lady, and see what happens."

She had no answer ready, and he proceeded, after waiting a moment: "But you're not going to be such a fool. You have no pleasure in the prospect of seeing the inside of the Tombs, yourself; and, besides, you ought to know me well enough to know."

"What?" she breathed, in spite of herself.

Anisty folded his arms, thrusting the right hand beneath his coat.

"Maitland got only one of my guns," he announced, ironically. "He'd 've got the contents of the other, only he chose to play the fool and into my hands. Now I guess you understand"—and turning his head he fixed her with an inflexible glare, chill and heartless as steel—"that one squeal out of you will be the last. Oh, I've got no scruples; arrest to me means a living death. I'll take a short course, by preference, and—I'll take you with me for company."

"You—you mean you would shoot me?" she whispered, incredulously.

"Like a dog," he returned with unctious.

"You, a man, would—would shoot a woman?"

"You're not a woman, my lady;

you're a crook. Just as I'm not a man; I'm a crook. We're equals, sexless, soulless. You seem to have overlooked that. Amateurs often do. . . . To-night I made you a fair proposition, to play square with me and profit. You chose to be naughty. Now you see the other side of the picture."

Bravado? Or deadly purpose? How could she tell? Her heart misgave her; she crushed herself away from him as from some abnormally vicious, loathly reptile.

He understood this; and regarded her with a confident leer, inscrutably strong and malevolent.

"And there is one other reason why you will think twice before making a row," he clinched his case. "If you did that, and I weakly permitted the police to nab and walk us off, the business would get in the papers—your name and all; and—what'd Maitland think of you then, my lady? What'd he think when he read that Dan Anisty had been pinched on Broadway in company with the little woman he'd been making eyes at—whom he was going, in his fine manlike way, to reach down a hand to and yank up out of the gutter and redeem—and all that slush? Eh?"

And again his low evil laugh made her shudder. "Now, you won't risk that. You'll come with me and behave, I guess, all right."

She was dumb, stupefied with misery.

He turned upon her sharply.

"Well?"

Her lips moved in soundless assent—lips as pallid and bloodless as the wan young face beneath the small-inconspicuous hat.

The man granted impatiently; yet was satisfied, knowing that he had her now completely under control; a condition not hard to bring about in a woman who, like this, was worn out with physical fatigue and overwrought with nervous strain. The conditions had been favorable, the result was pre-eminently comfortable. She would give him no more trouble.

The hansom swerved suddenly across the car-tracks and pulled up at the curb. Anisty rose with an exclamation of relief and climbed down to the sidewalk, turning and extending a hand to assist the girl.

"Come!" he said, imperatively. "We've no time to waste."

For an instant only she harbored a fugitive thought of resistance; then his eyes met hers and held them, and her mind seemed to go blank under his steadfast and dominating regard.

"Come!" he repeated sharply. Trembling, she placed a hand in his and somehow found herself by his side. Regardless of appearances the man retained her hand, merely shifting it beneath his arm, where a firm pressure of the elbow held it as in a vise.

"You needn't wait," he said curtly to the cabbie; and swung about, the girl by his side.

"No nonsense now," he warned her tensely, again thrusting a hand in his breast pocket significantly.

"I understand," she breathed faintly, between closed teeth.

She had barely time to remark the

FAINT HEART AND FAIR LADY

Chances Good That the Ancient Adage Once More Proved Wisdom of Man Who Uttered It.

He was afraid to tell her right out and out that he loved her, so he began in a roundabout way, hoping she would catch his drift, then betray, by her confusion, her own feelings. He didn't dream but that she loved him, but thought that she, like himself, was afraid to demonstrate it.

"Heart trouble?" she repeated. "Are you sure you've heart trouble, Alfred? You know indigestion is very like it at times."

"Oh, I know I've got heart trouble all right. I—can't you see it your self?"

"Why, how silly, Alfred; no one can see heart trouble; they have to feel it. Have you taken anything for it?"

"No, not yet, but I—I want to, don't you know?"

"Then why don't you?"

"I—I would; that is, if I could get it."

"Can't you get it, Alfred?"

"I—I don't know."
"Have you tried?"
"No, not yet."
"Silence for two provoking minutes."
"Alfred!" (suddenly)
"Yes."
"Let's have a game of checkers."

With a smooth iron and DeWane's Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Drowning the Sound.
Helen—You enjoy singing?
Grace (raising her voice to high pitch)—Not particularly.
Helen—Then why do you sing?
Grace—Why, father is eating corn off the cob.

IN THE SUMMER SEASON
children are especially liable to take summer ailments such as stomach troubles, colds, diarrhoea, etc. Dr. DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS are the best for these ailments.

Also Somewhat Rare.
The best treasure among men is a frugal tongue.—Herodotus.

Dr. Pierce's Peppery, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not grip.

It's too much to expect cross-bred dogs to be amiable.



IF YOUR CHILD NEEDS A TONIC

—if your little boy or girl is delicate and sickly—go to the nearest druggist and get a bottle of

Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge

This splendid tonic has been successful for four generations in making sickly children strong and healthy, and effectively expelling worms.

It is likewise a natural tonic for adults, and restores lasting health and strength to "run-down" systems by toning up the stomach and other digestive organs.

Sold by All Druggists.—2 sizes, 50c. and 35c.
Dr. D. Jayne's Expectantant is the most reliable remedy for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and Pleurisy.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. **SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.**

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature *Wm. Wood* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

towering white facade of upper Broadway's tallest skyscraper ere she was half led, half dragged into the entrance of the building.

The marble slabs of the vestibule echoed strangely to their footsteps—those slabs that shake from dawn to dark with the tread of countless feet. They moved rapidly toward the elevator-shaft, passing on their way deserted cigar and news-stands shrouded in dirty brown clothes. By the dark and silent well, where the six elevators (of which one only was alight and ready for use) stood motionless as if slumbering in utter weariness after the gigantic exertions of the day, they came to a halt; and a chair was scraped noisily on the floor as a night-watchman rose, rubbing his eyes and yawning, to face them.

Anisty opened the interview brusquely. "Is Mr. Bannerman in now?" he demanded.

The watchman opened his eyes wider, losing some of his sleepy expression; and observed the speaker and his companion—the small, shrinking, frightened-looking little woman who bore so heavily on her escort's arm, as if ready to drop with exhaustion.

It appeared that he knew Maitland by sight, or else thought that he did.

"Oh, ye're Mister Maitland, ain't you?" he said. "Nope; if Mister Bannerman's in his office, I dunno nothin' about it."

"He was to meet me here at two," Anisty affirmed. "It's a very important case, I'm sure he must be along, immediately, if he's not upstairs. You're sure?"

"Nah, I ain't sure. He may 've been there all night, for all I know. But I'll take you up if you want," with a doubtful glance at the girl.

"This lady is one of Mr. Bannerman's clients, and in great trouble." The self-styled Maitland laid his hand in a protecting gesture over the fingers on his arm; and pressed them cruelly. "I think we will go up, thank you. If Bannerman's not in, I can 'phone him. I've a pass-key."

The watchman appeared satisfied; Maitland's social standing was guar any enough.

"All right, sir. Step in."

The girl made one final effort to hang back. Anisty's brows blackened. "By God!" he told her in a whisper. "If you dare. . . ."

And somehow she found herself at his side in the steel cage, the gate's clang ringing loud in her ears. The motion of the car, shooting upwards with rapidly increasing speed, made her slightly giddy. Despite Anisty's supporting arm she reeled back against the wall of the cage, closing her eyes. The man observed this with covert satisfaction.

As the speed decreased she began to feel slightly stronger; and again opened her eyes. The floor numbers, black upon a white ground, were steadily slipping down; the first she recognized being 19. The pace was sensibly decreased. Then with a slight jar the elevator stopped at 22.

"You know the way?"

"Perfectly," replied Anisty. "Two flights up—in the tower."

"Right. When you wants me, ring."

The car dropped like a plummet, leaving them in darkness—or rather in a thick gloom but slightly moderated by the moonlight streaming in at windows at either end of the corridor. Anisty gripped the girl more roughly.

"Now, my lady! No shenanigan!" A futile, superfluous reminder. Temporarily at least she became as wax in his hands. So complex had been the day's emotions, so severe her nervous tension, so heavy the tax upon her stamina, that she had lapsed into a state of subjective consciousness, in which she responded without purpose, almost dreamily to the suggestions of the stronger will.

Wearily she stumbled up the two brief flights of stairs leading to the tower-like cupola of the sky-scraper; two floors superimposed upon the roof with scant excuse save that of giving the building the distinction of being the loftiest in that section of the city—certainly not to lend any finishing touch of architectural beauty to the edifice.

On the top landing a door confronted them, its glass panel shining dimly in the darkness. Anisty paused, unceremoniously thrusting the girl to one side and away from the head of the staircase; and here fumbled in a pocket, presently producing a jingling bunch of keys. For a moment or two she heard him working at the lock and muttering in an undertone—probably swearing—and then, with a click, the door swung open.

The man thrust a hand inside, touched an electric switch, flooding the room with light, and motioned the girl to enter. She obeyed passively, thoroughly subjugated, and found herself in a large and well-furnished office, apparently the outer of two rooms. The glare of electric light at first partly blinded her; and she halted instinctively a few steps from the door, waiting for her eyes to become accustomed to the change.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)