

## FAVORED DOGS IN GERMANY

Dachshund is the Most Popular Variety, the English Bulldog Being Second Choice.

The dachshund is the favorite dog in Germany, and a very useful and pleasant companion he seems to be. The English bulldog is a good second in popularity, and the nearer he is to our standard points the better he is liked. The fox terrier varies a good deal in size and marking and is evidently not so well known in Germany as he deserves to be.

The ladies there are as fond of their little Poms and their King Charleses as are their English sisters of their pet dogs at home.

Some few dogs in the streets are harnessed to four wheeled trucks. Usually a man and a dog pull. The work seemed too heavy and exhausting for the dogs, who are generally mongrels of the mastiff type. They look in fair condition and are not ill treated.—Farm and Home.

### They Didn't Have to Change.

During the years in which our pure food laws have been put into effect there has been a great hurrying and scurrying on the part of the food manufacturers to change their methods to make them conform to the law.

The Quaker Oats Company is a conspicuous exception. It was admitted that Quaker Oats was as pure and clean as possible and that it was an ideal food.

It is so cheap that any one can afford it and so nourishing that everyone needs it. The result of last year's experiments at Yale and other points where food values were tested is that Quaker Oats has been adopted by many persons as their food on which they rely for adding vigor and endurance of muscle and brain.

The Quaker Oats Company meets all demands in the way it packs Quaker Oats; regular size packages and the large size family package; the latter, both with and without china.

### Ring of Chinese "Grafters."

Prince Ching, head of the foreign department of the Chinese government, is pictured as an eminent oriental grafter by the Peking correspondent of the London Times, who writes: "Since the downfall of Yuan Shih-kai the Wal-wu-pu (foreign office) has relapsed into its former state of incapacity, and for this Prince Ching is to blame. Amiable but corrupt, he has stood for a generation for all that is worst in Chinese officialdom. All stories of his rapacity, his greed, his unscrupulous sales of office, his indifference to the affairs of state, his wealth is enormous, yet no generous or charitable action has ever been recorded in his favor. Every new minister in every office of emolument has to pay him toll."

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, I ss.  
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 4th day of December, A. D. 1908.  
A. W. GLEASON,  
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the inflamed and sensitive surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Like Their Famous Namesakes.

An upper Harlem man named his twin sons Theodore Roosevelt and William Taft, says the New York Sun. A friend asked him the other day how they were getting along.

"Famously," was the answer. "William digs steadily into his breakfast bowl while Theodore yells and pounds him over the head with a spoon."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. It great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

She Took a Pair.

"How much are these shoes?" asked the lady who had the reputation of being a keen shopper.

"Those shoes are not for sale," replied the salesman, who had some-thing of a reputation, too; "we're giving them away with every pair of shoe laces at \$2.50."—Judge.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist 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.

The Style.

"My! but the old lady from Holland is mad! Somebody ought to tell her it is not considered the thing to show such emotion in public."

"Why, she is just in the style."

"In the style?"

"Certainly. She is merely showing off her Dutch cholera."

A Suggestion.

Ponce De Leon was seeking the fountain of youth.

"I wonder," muttered his impetuous rival, "did he ever try to pass a dog store with his best girl?"

Digging into his jeans he was compelled to pay for four sodas.

If you are on confidential terms with almost any family you discover they are terribly hard up.

There are imitations, don't be fooled. There is no substitute! Tell the dealer you want Lewis' Single Binder cigar.

The shadow of a trouble is often blacker than the trouble itself.



Hickey Was Using His Revolver.



### 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 Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisty. Half-dazed, 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. Maitland overcame him. He and the girl went to New York in her auto. He had the jewels. She was to meet him that day. "Mr. Smith" introduced himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was felled 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. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice, exclaiming, "Anisty, disguised as Maitland, tried to wring from her the location of the gems. Anisty was heard at the front door. Maitland overwhelmed the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman. The girl in gray made her escape, jumping into a cab. An instant later, by working a ruse, Anisty was at her side. He took her to Attorney Bannerman's office. There, by torture, he tried in vain to wring from her the location of the gems. He left her a moment and she phoned O'Hagan, only getting in the words: "Tell Mr. Maitland under the brass bowl," the hiding place in the latter's rooms, when Anisty heard her words. Bannerman also was revealed as a crook. He and Anisty set out to secure the gems and leave town. The girl was still imprisoned, Maitland finding the girl gone, searched his rooms and unearthed the jewels under the brass bowl. He struck Anisty's trail in a big office building.

### CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Ah, cut that, can't yeh?" Hickey got on all fours, found his cigar, stuck it in his mouth, and fell into place at Maitland's side.

"Hickey, I mean. But how—"

"If yeh're Maitland, 'nd Anisty's at the St. Luke buildin', tell that fool up there to drive!"

Maitland had no need to lift the trap; the cabby had already done that.

"All right," the young man called. "It's Detective Hickey. Drive on!"

The lash leaped out over the roof—crack!—and the horse, presumably convinced that no speed other than a dead-run would ever again be demanded of it, tore frantically down the avenue, the hansom rocking like a top-sail-schooner in a heavy gale.

Maitland and the detective were battered against the side and back of the vehicle and slammed against one another with painful regularity. Under such circumstances speech was difficult; yet they managed to exchange a few sentences.

"Yeh gottuh gun?"

"Anisty's—two good cartridges."

"Jus' as well I'm along, I guess."

"And again: 'How'd yeh s'pose Anisty got this cab?'"

"I don't know—must 've been in the

house—I told cabby to wait—Anisty seems to have walked out right on your heels."

"Hell!" And a moment later: "What's this about a woman in the case?"

Maitland took swift thought on her behalf.

"Too long to go into now," he parried the query. "You help me catch this scoundrel Anisty and I'll put in a good word for you with the deputy commissioner."

"Ah, yeh help me nab him," granted the detective. "nd I won't need no good word with nobody."

The hansom swung into Broadway, going like a whirlwind; and picked up an uniformed officer in front of the Flatiron building, who, shouting and using his loudest stridently, sprinted after them. A block further down another fell into line; and he it was who panted at the step an instant after the cab had lurched to a stop before the entrance to the St. Luke building.

Hickey had rolled out before the policeman had a chance to bluster.

"Lo, Bergen," he greeted the man. "Yeh know me—I'm Hickey, central office. Yeh're jus' in time. Anisty's in this buildin'—r was ten minutes ago. We want all the help we c'n get."

By way of reply the officer stooped and drummed a loud alarm on the sidewalk with his nightstick.

"Say," he panted, rising, "yeh're a wonder, Hickey—if you get him."

"Uh-huh," granted the detective with a sidelong glance at Maitland.

"C'm 'long."

The lobby of the building was quite deserted as they entered, the night-watchman invisible, the night elevator on its way to the roof—as was discovered by consultation of the indicator dial above the gate. Hickey punched the night call bell savagely.

"Me 'nd him," he said, jerking the free thumb at Maitland, "I go up and hunt him out. Begin at th' top floor an' work down. That's th' way, huh? 'Nd,' to the policeman, "yeh stay here an' hold up anybody 't tries tuh leave th' buildin'. There ain't no other entrance, I s'pose, what?"

"Basement door an' ash lift's round th' corner," responded the officer. "But that had ought tuh be locked, night."

"Well, 'I anybody else comes along yeh put him there, anyway, for luck. What 'n hell's th' matter with this elevator?"

The detective settled a pudgy index-finger on the push button and elicited a far, thin, shrill peal from the annunciator above. But the indicator arrow remained as motionless as the car at the top of the shaft. Another summons gained no response, in likewise, and a third was also disregarded.

Hickey stepped back, face black as a storm-cloud, summed up his opinion of the management of the building in one soul-blistering phrase, produced his bandana and used it vigorously, uttered a libel on the ancestry of the night-watchman and the likes of him,

and turned to give profane welcome to the policeman who had noticed the cab at Twenty-third street and who now panted in, blown and perspiring. Much to his disgust he found himself assigned to stand guard over the basement exits, and waddled forth again into the street.

Meanwhile the first officer to arrive upon the scene was taking his turn at agitating the button and shaking the gates; and with no more profit of his undertaking than Hickey. After a minute or two of it he acknowledged defeat with an oath, and turned away to browbeat the straggling vanguard of belated wayfarers—messenger boys, slatternly drabs, hackmen, loafers, and one or two plain citizens conspicuously out of their reputable grooves—who were drifting in at the entrance to line the lobby walls with blank, curious faces. Forerunners of that mysterious rabble which is apparently precipitated out of the very air by any extraordinary happening in city streets, if allowed to remain they would in five minutes have waxed in numbers to the proportions of an unmanageable mob, and the policeman, knowing this, set about dispersing them with perhaps greater discretion than consideration.

They wavered and fell back, grumbling discontentedly; and Maitland, his anxiety temporarily distracted by the noise they made, looked round to find his erstwhile cabby at his elbow. Ever thoughtful, never unmindful of her whose influence held him in this coil, he laid an arresting hand on the man's sleeve.

"Yeh've got your cab—?"

"Yissir, right houtside."

"Drive round the corner, away from the crowd, and wait for me. If she—the young lady—comes without me, drive her anywhere she tells you and come to my rooms to-morrow morning for your pay."

"Thankie, sir."

Maitland turned back, to find the situation round the elevator shaft in statu quo. Nothing had happened, save that Hickey's rage and vexation had increased mightily.

"But why don't you go up after him?"

"How 'n blazes can I?" exploded the detective. "He's got th' night car. 'F I takes the stairs, he comes down by th' shaft, 'nd how'm I tuh trust this here mutt?" He indicated his associate but humbler custodian of the peace with a disgusted gesture.

"Perhaps one of the other cars will run—"

"Ah, they're all dead ones," Hickey disagreed with disdain as the young man moved down the row of gates, trying one after another. "Yeh're only wastin'—"

He broke off with a snort as Maitland, somewhat to his own surprise, managing to move the gate of the third shaft from the night elevator, stepped into the darkened car and groped for the controller. Presently his fingers encountered it, and he moved it cautiously to one side. A vicious blue spark leaped hissing from the controller-box and the cage bounded up a dozen feet, and was only restrained from its ambition to soar skywards by an instantaneous release of the lever.

By discreet manipulation Maitland worked the car down to the street floor again, and Hickey, with a grunt that might be interpreted as an apology for his incredulity, jumped in.

"Let 'er rip!" he cried, exultantly. "Fan them folks out intuh th' street, Bergen, 'nd watch 'em out!"

Maitland was pressing the lever slowly wide of its catch, and the lighted lobby dropped out of sight while the detective was still shouting admonitions to the police below. Gradually gaining momentum the car began to shoot smoothly up into the blackness, safety chains clanking beneath the electric light switch but, finding it, immediately shut the glare off again and left the car in darkness.

"Safer," he explained, sententious. "Anisty 'll shoot, 'nd they says he shoots straight."

Floor after floor in ghostly strata slipped silently down before their eyes. Half-way to the top, approximately, Hickey's voice rang sharply in the volunteer operator's ear.

"Stop 'er! Hold 'er steady, 't'other's comin' down."

Maitland obeyed, managing the car with greater ease and less jerkily as he began to understand the principle of the lever. The cage paused in the black shaft, and he looked upward.

Down the third shaft over, the other cage was dropping like a plummet, a block of golden light walled in by black filigree-work and bisected vertically by the black line of the guide-rail.

"Stop that there car!"

Hickey's stentorian command had no effect; the block of light continued to fall with unabated speed.

The detective wasted no more breath. As the other car swept past, Maitland was shocked by a report and flash beside him. Hickey was using his revolver.

The detonation was answered by a cry, a scream of pain, from the lighted cage. It paused on the instant, like a bird stricken a-wing, some four floors below, but at once resumed its downward swoop.

"Down, down! After 'em!" Hickey bellowed. "I dropped one, by God! 't'other can't—"

"How many in the car?" interrupted Maitland, opening the lever with a firm and careful hand.

"Only two, same's us. I hit th' feller what was runnin' it—"

"Steady!" cautioned Maitland, decreasing the speed, as the car approached the lower floor.

The other had beaten them down; but its arrival at the street level was greeted by a short chorus of mad yells,

a brief fusillade of shots—perhaps five in all—and the clang of the gate. Then, like a ball rebounding, the cage swung upwards again, hurtling at full speed.

Evidently Anisty had been received in force which he had not bargained for.

Maitland instinctively reversed the lever and sent his own car upward again, slowly, waiting for the other to overtake it. Peering down through the iron lattice-work he could indistinctly observe the growing cube of light, with a dark shape lying huddled in one corner of the floor. A second figure, rapidly taking shape as Anisty's, stood by the controller, braced against the side of the car, one hand on the lever, the other poised a shining thing, the flesh-colored oval of his face turned upwards in a supposititious attempt to discern the location of the dark car.

Hickey, by firing prematurely, lent him adventitious aid. The criminal reeled with spirit, aiming at the flash, his bullet spattering against the back wall of the shaft. Hickey's next bullet rang with a bell-like note against the metal-work, Anisty's presumably went wide—though Maitland could have sworn he felt the cold kiss of its breath upon his cheek. And the lighted cage rocked past and up.

Maitland needed no admonition to pursue; his blood was up, his heart singing with the lust of the man-hunt. Yet Anisty was rapidly leaving them, his car soaring at an appalling pace. Towards the top he evidently made some attempt to slow up, but either he was ignorant of the management of the lever, or else the thing had got beyond control. The cage rammed the buffers with a crash that echoed through the sounding halls like a peal of thunder-claps; it was instantaneously plunged into darkness. There followed a splintering and rending sound, and Maitland, heart in mouth, could make out dimly a dark, falling shadow in the further shaft. Yet ere it had descended a score of feet the safety-clutch acted and, with a third tremendous jar, shaking the building, the car halted.

Hickey and Maitland were then some five floors below. "Stop 'er at 19," ordered the detective. There was a lit of exultancy in his voice. "We got him now, all right, all right. He'll try to get down by—There!" Overhead the crash of a gate forced open was followed by a scurry of footsteps over the tiling. "Stop 'er and we'll head him off. So now—ceasey!"

Maitland shut off the power as the car reached the nineteenth floor. Hickey opened the gate and jumped out. "Shut that," he commanded, sharply, as Maitland followed him, "in case he gets past us."

He paused a moment in thought, heavy head on bull-neck drooping forward as he stared toward the rear of the building. He was fearless and resourceful, for all his many deficiencies. Maitland found time, quaintly enough, to regard him with detached curiosity, a rare animal, illustrating all that was best and worst in his order. Endowed with exceptional courage, his address in emergencies seemed altogether admirable.

"Yeh guard them stairs," he decided, suddenly. "I'll run through this hall, 'nd see what's doing. Don't hesitate to shoot if he tries to jump yeh." And was gone, clumping briskly down the corridor to the rear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### WHY UMBRELLA WAS RETURNED.

Something of a Joke on the Late Henry Ward Beecher.

Among the financial friends of the great preacher was one old broker in New York—an aggressive Unitarian, which sect he often said bore "the trade mark of honesty." One day he met Mr. Beecher hurrying toward Wall street ferry to avoid the down-pour of a sudden rainstorm.

"Take my umbrella," said the broker. "I don't need it; the coming bus takes me to my door."

At the ferry Mr. Beecher met a lady, a prominent church worker of a sister church, who, having no umbrella, was lamenting her inability to reach her car safely. The urbane preacher forced the umbrella upon her as he said: "I will be out your way to-morrow and will call and get it."

Two hours later as Mr. Beecher was sitting in the old arm chair in his study the doorbell rang and when he responded to the call a boy hurriedly presented him with an umbrella, together with an unsealed note, which read:

"Dear Mr. Beecher—My husband, Mr. M., demands that I return the umbrella you so kindly loaned me at once, and join him in saying that under the circumstances the pleasure of an anticipated call is unregretted. Upon opening the umbrella you will become more fully advised of our united action."

The great expounder of truth and honesty was horrified when upon opening the umbrella he discovered a pasted slip upon which was written in a bold round hand: "Stolen by some Presbyterian thief!"

The Hard-Hit Author.

"Our town poet had been reading about the old-time authors getting inspiration out of garrets, where they did most of their writing, so he went to work and rented the only genuine garret in town, but in his case the scheme didn't work."

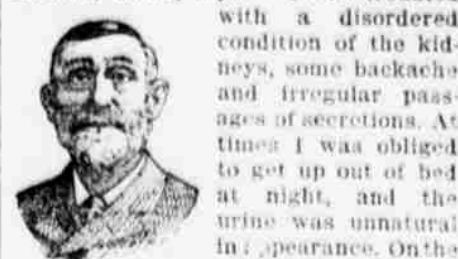
"Nothing happened, eh?"

"Oh, yes—something happened all right. Whilst he was tryin' to look the ceiling out of countenance, three yards of plasterin' broke loose and knocked his head sideways! And now he's even afraid to compose in the open air, for fear some of these balloon fellers will pelt him with sand-bags!"

### A GREAT ANNOYANCE.

Kidney Disease Shows Many Painful and Unpleasant Symptoms.

George S. Crowell, 1109 Broadway, Helena, Mont., says: "I was troubled



with a disordered condition of the kidneys, some backache and irregular passages of secretions. At times I was obliged to get up out of bed at night, and the urine was unnatural in appearance. On the advice of a friend I

procured Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. This remedy helped me at once, strengthened my kidneys and corrected the disordered condition."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### NO FRIENDS.



Cashier—You'll have to bring some one to identify you before we can cash this check. Got any friends in the town?

Stranger—Not one. I'm the tax collector.

### HUMOR BURNED AND ITCHED.

Eczema on Hand, Arms, Legs and Face—it Was Something Terrible.

Complete Cure by Cuticura.

"About fifteen or eighteen years ago eczema developed on top of my hand. It burned and itched so much that I was compelled to show it to a doctor. He pronounced it ringworm. After trying his different remedies the disease increased and went up my arms and to my legs and finally on my face. The burning was something terrible. I went to another doctor who had the reputation of being the best in town. He told me it was eczema. His medicine checked the advance of the disease, but no further. I finally concluded to try the Cuticura Remedies and found relief in the first trial. I continued until I was completely cured from the disease, and I have not been troubled since. C. Burkhardt, 236 W. Market St., Chambersburg, Pa., Sept. 19, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Trsps., Boston.

### Mars the Next Field.

There are many who will part from the north pole with regret. All their lives it has seemed the one unconquerable salient of nature's fortress, the very synonym of the impossible goal of human endeavor. With the pole itself succumbing, the world is no longer the same, and everything seems within the realm of mortal achievement. We must now think of talking with Mars with more respect. The professor's mirrors may prove any day a reality.

### 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 great strength than other makes.

### Snake Story.

"Before he went fishing," said the town story-teller, he swallowed 'bout a pint an' half of snakebite remedy, an' of course you know what that is? Well, after the snake bit him, the reptile cut all sorts o' capers, kaze the remedy went straight to its head. Last thing it tried to do wuz to swallow its tail, an' it got itself in the form of a hoop, an' I'm a liar of the children didn't roll it around all day!"—Atlanta Constitution.

### His Proper Sphere.

Prince Bismarck was once pressed by a certain American official to recommend his son for a diplomatic place. "He is a very remarkable fellow," said the proud father; "he speaks seven languages." "Indeed," said Bismarck, who did not hold a very high opinion of linguistic acquirements; "what a wonderful head waiter he would make!"

### Good Roads Mean Money.

The people need to be educated to the fact that money spent for good roads is not money thrown away, whereas money spent for makeshift improvements is worse than thrown away.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Always use it to Break in new shoes. Sold by all Druggists. 25c. Trial package mailed Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

### Sure Sign of Love.

"So you think he's really in love, eh?"

"No doubt about it. Why, he thinks she's attractive in auto goggles."

### Kind of Wife He Wanted.

Binks—"If you ever intend to marry, pick out a woman who can swim."

Jinks—"Why?" Binks—"She can keep her mouth closed."