

Fought to Retain Formula Which Has Made a Fortune

L. T. Cooper, the man who believes that 90 per cent. of all ill health of this generation is caused by stomach trouble, is fast winning a national faith in his theory. His claim is now admitted by a surprising number of people throughout the country, and he is gaining new adherents every day.

While speaking of his success in a recent interview, Mr. Cooper said: "I believed ten years ago that any one who could produce a formula that would thoroughly regulate the stomach would have a fortune. When I got hold of this formula I knew within six months that I was right, and that my fortune was made. I called the medicine Cooper's New Discovery, although I did not get up the formula. I have owned it, however, for over five years. I have had one lawsuit over it, which I won in the courts. When it was settled The Cooper Medicine Company became the only firm in the world that can prepare the medicine. The preparation has sold like wildfire wherever introduced. As I have said before, it is successful simply because it puts the stomach in perfect shape, then nature does the rest. There are any number of complaints never before associated with stomach trouble that the medicine has alleviated in thousands of cases."

Among statements obtained recently from users of this medicine that is arousing such universal discussion is one from Mrs. Emma Stanley, living in Chicago, at 713 Washington Boulevard, who said: "Perhaps I had the most complicated case that Mr. Cooper had to deal with. I was troubled for years with my stomach. I consulted with doctors and took many patent medicine preparations without result. My stomach was in such a wretched shape that I could not enjoy a meal that I ate.

"I was very nervous, and could hardly sleep. I had a roaring in my ears and dancing spots before my eyes. I felt very bad and weak. Then there was a very sore spot at the pit of my stomach that nearly set me wild.

"I heard about the Cooper medicine and decided to try it. I used four bottles, and the improvement in my case has been really wonderful. My nerves have been quieted, and I am so much improved that I feel like a new woman.

"I cannot say too much for these wonderful remedies, for they have made me well."

Cooper's New Discovery is sold by all druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, we will forward you the name of a druggist in your city who will. Don't accept "something just as good."—The Cooper Medicine Co., Dayton, Ohio.

A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.



"Well, young man, what do you think of my daughter?"
"Rather thin."
"That will improve; at her age it was like that."

WHEN YOUR BACK ACHES SUSPECT THE KIDNEYS.

Backache is kidney ache, in most cases. The kidneys ache and throb with dull pain because there is inflammation within. You can't be rid of the ache until you cure the cause—the kidneys.



Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys. G. S. Warren, 1517 No. 7th St., Boise, Idaho, says: "An injury to my back years ago left me lame. I had to use a cane, and it hurt me terribly to stoop or lift. The kidney secretions passed too frequently. For five years since I was cured by Doan's Kidney Pills, I have had no return of the trouble."

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

Nor On a Half-Dime, Either. Simon Hardcastle, believed with sincere faith that any wife who had, or asked more than a quarter a year for her own amusement or enjoyment was a being too horrible to contemplate. He came from the village store for dinner and told what he had heard.

"Miranda, would you believe that the Lord's prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than a dime?"
"Well, yes, Simon," she hazarded, "if a dime is as large in the engraver's eye as it is in yours, I should think that he would have no difficulty at all."—The Housekeeper.

FILES CURED IN 8 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 10 days or money refunded. 50c.

When common sense takes a vacation it is time to stand from under.

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY
**MEREDITH
NICHOLSON**
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurence Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Helen. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father meet on friendly terms. Donovan fought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Harridge, a canoe-maker. Miss Pat announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Duplicité of Helen was confessed by the young lady. At sight, disguised as a nun, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confronted by Donovan. At the town postoffice Helen, unseen except by Donovan, slipped a draft for her father into the hand of the Italian sailor. A young lady resembling Miss Helen Holbrook was observed alone in a canoe, when Helen was thought to have been at home. Gillespie admitted giving Helen \$20,000 for her father, who had then left to mend it. Miss Helen and Donovan met in the night. She told him Gillespie was nothing to her. He confessed his love for her. Donovan found Gillespie gagged and bound in a cabin, inhabited by the villainous Italian and Holbrook. He released him. Both Gillespie and Donovan admitted love for Helen. Calling herself Rosalinda, a "coke" appealed to Donovan for help. She told him to go to the canoe-maker's home and see that no injury befall him. He went to Red Gate.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

They crossed the deck and entered the boat-maker's shop, and I crept down where I could peer in at an open port-hole. The men remained at the farther end of the house—it was, I should say, about 100 feet long—which, without formal division, was fitted as a sitting room, with a piano in one corner, and a long settle against the wall. In the center was a table littered with books and periodicals; and a woman's sewing basket, interwoven with bright ribbons, gave a domestic touch to the place. On the inner wall hung a pair of foils and masks. Pictures from illustrated journals—striking heads or outdoor scenes—were pinned there and there.

The new-comer stared about, twirling a Tweed cap nervously in his hands, while Holbrook carefully extinguished the lantern and put it aside. His visitor was about 50, taller than he, and swarthy, with a grayish mustache, and hair white at the temples. His eyes were large and dark, but even with the length of the room between us I marked their restlessness; and now that he spoke it was in a succession of quick rushes of words that were difficult to follow.

Holbrook pushed a chair toward the stranger and they faced each other for a moment, then with a shrug of his shoulders the old man sat down. Holbrook was in white flannels, with a blue scarf knotted in his shirt collar. He dropped into a big wicker chair, crossed his legs and folded his arms.

"Well," he said in a wholly agreeable tone, "you wanted to see me, and here I am."

"You are well hidden," said the other, still gazing about.

"I imagine I am, from the fact that it has taken you seven years to find me."

"I haven't been looking for you seven years," replied the stranger, hastily; and his eyes again roamed the room.

The men seemed reluctant to approach the business that lay between them, and Holbrook wore an air of indifference, as though the impending interview did not concern him particularly. The eyes of the older man fell upon the beribboned work-basket. He nodded toward it, his eyes lighting unpleasantly.

"There seems to be a woman," he remarked with a sneer of implication.

"Yes," replied Holbrook, calmly, "there is; that belongs to my daughter."

"Where is she?" demanded the other, glancing anxiously about.

"In bed, I fancy. You need have no fear of her."

Silence fell upon them again. Their affairs were difficult, and Holbrook, waiting patiently for the other to broach his errand, drew out his tobacco pouch and pipe and began to smoke.

"Patricia is here and Helen is with her," said the visitor.

"Yes, we are all here, it seems," remarked Holbrook, dryly. "It's a nice family gathering."

"I suppose you haven't seen them?" demanded the visitor.

"Yes and no. I have no wish to meet them; but I've had several narrow escapes. They have cut me off from my walks; but I shall leave here shortly."

"Yes, you are going, you are going," began the visitor, eagerly.

"I am going, but not until after you have gone," said Holbrook. "By some strange fate we are all here, and it is best for certain things to be settled before we separate again. I have sunk to keep out of your way; I have sunk my identity; I have relinquished the things of life that men hold dear—honor, friends, ambition, and now you and I have got to have a settlement."



Pointed Full at His Brother's Back.

"You seem rather sure of yourself," sneered the older, turning uneasily in his chair.

"I am altogether sure of myself. I have been a fool, but I see the error of my ways and I propose to settle matters with you now and here. You have got to drop your game of annoying Patricia; you've got to stop using your own daughter as a spy."

"You lie, you lie!" roared the other, leaping to his feet. "You cannot insinuate that my daughter is not acting honorably toward Patricia!"

My mind had slowly begun to grasp the situation and to identify the men before me. Holbrook, alias Harridge, the boat-maker of the Tippecanoe, was not Henry Holbrook, but Henry's brother, Arthur! and I sought at once to recollect what I knew of him. An instant before I had half turned to go, ashamed of eavesdropping upon matters that did not concern me; but the voice that had sent me held to the window. It was some such meeting as this that Helen must have feared when she sent me to the houseboat, and everything else must await the issue of this meeting.

"You had better sit down, Henry," said Arthur Holbrook, quietly. "And I suggest that you make less noise. This is a lonely place, but there are human beings within a hundred miles."

Henry Holbrook paced the floor a moment and then flung himself into a chair again, but he bent forward angrily, nervously beating his hands together. Arthur went on speaking, his voice shaking with passion.

"I wanted to say to you that you have deteriorated until you are a common damned blackguard, Henry Holbrook! You are a blackguard and a gambler. And you have made murderous attempts on the life of your sister; you drove her from Stamford; and you tried to smash her boat out here in the lake. I saw the whole transaction that afternoon, and understood it all—how you hung off there in the Sisseton and sent that beast to do your dirty work."

"I didn't follow her here; I didn't follow her here!" raged the other.

"No; but you watched and waited until you traced me here. You were not satisfied with what I had done for you. You wanted to kill me before I could tell Pat the truth; and if it hadn't been for that man Donovan your assassin would have stabbed me at my door." Arthur Holbrook rose and flung down his pipe so that the coals leaped from it. "But it's all over now—this long exile of mine, this pursuit of Pat, this hideous use of your daughter to pluck your chestnuts from the fire. By God, you've got to quit—you've got to go!"

"But I want my money—I want my money!" roared Henry, as though insisting upon a right; but Arthur ignored him, and went on.

"You were the one who was strong; and great things were expected of you, to add to the traditions of family honor; but our name is only mentioned with a sneer where men remember it at all. You were spoiled and pampered; you have never from your early boyhood had a thought that was not for yourself alone. You were always envious and jealous of anybody that came near you, and not least of me; and when I saved you, when I gave you your chance to become a

man at last, to regain the respect you had flung away so shamefully, you did not realize it, you could not realize it; you took it as a matter of course, as though I had handed you a cigar. I ask you now, here in this place, where I am known and respected—I ask you here, where I have toiled with my hands, whether you forget why I am here?"

"I must have my money; Patricia must make the division," replied Henry, doggedly.

"Certainly! Certainly! I devoutly hope she will give it to you; you need fear no interference from me. The sooner you get it and fling it away the better. Patricia has been animated by the best motives in withholding it; she regarded it as a sacred trust to administer for your own good, but now I want you to have your money."

"If I can have my share, if you will persuade her to give it, I will pay you all I owe you—" Henry began, eagerly.

"What you owe me—what you owe me!" and Arthur bent toward his brother and laughed—a laugh that was not good to hear. "You would give me money—money—you would pay me money for priceless things!"

He broke off suddenly, dropping his arms at his sides helplessly.

"There is no use in trying to talk to you; we use a different vocabulary, Henry."

"But that trouble with Gillespie—if Patricia knew—"

"Yes; if she knew the truth! And you never understood, you are incapable of understanding, that it meant something to me to lose my sister out of my life. When Helen died"—and his voice fell and he paused for a moment, as a priest falters sometimes, gripped by some phrase in the office that touches hidden depths in his own experience, "then when Helen died there was still Patricia, the noblest sister men ever had; but you robbed me of her—you robbed me of her!"

He was deeply moved and, as he controlled himself, he walked to the little table and fingered the ribbons of the work-basket.

"I haven't those notes, if that's what you're after—I never had them," he said. "Gillespie kept tight hold of them."

"Yes; the vindictive old devil!" "Men who have been swindled are usually vindictive," replied Arthur, grimly. "Gillespie is dead. I suppose the executor of his estate has those papers; and the executor is his son."

"The fool. I've never been able to get anything out of him."

"If he's a fool it ought to be all the easier to get your pretty playthings away from him. Old Gillespie really acted pretty decently about the whole business. Your daughter may be able to get them away from the boy; he's infatuated with her; he wants to marry her, it seems."

"My daughter is not in this matter," said Henry, coldly, and then anger mastered him again. "I don't believe he has them; you have them, and that's why I have followed you here. I'm going to Patricia to throw myself on her mercy, and that ghost must not rise up against me. I want them; I have come to get those notes."

"I was aroused by a shadow-like touch on my arm, and I knew without seeing who it was that stood beside me. A faint hint as of violets stole upon the air; her breath touched my

check as she bent close to the little window, and she sighed deeply as in relief at beholding a scene of peace. Arthur Holbrook still stood with bowed head by the table, his back to his brother, and I felt suddenly the girl's hand clutch my wrist. She with her fresher eyes upon the scene saw, before I grasped it, what now occurred. Henry Holbrook had drawn a revolver from his pocket and pointed it full at his brother's back. We two at the window saw the weapon flash menacingly; but suddenly Arthur Holbrook flung round as his brother cried:

"I think you are lying to me, and I want those notes—I want those notes. I want them now! You must have them, and I can't go to Patricia until I know they're safe."

He advanced several steps and his manner grew confident as he saw that he held the situation in his own grasp. I would have rushed in upon them but the girl held me back.

"Wait! Wait!" she whispered. Arthur thrust his hands into the side pockets of his flannel jacket and nodded his head once or twice.

"Why don't you shoot, Henry?" "I want those notes," said Henry Holbrook. "You lied to me about them. They were to have been destroyed. I want them now, tonight."

"If you shoot me you will undoubtedly get them much easier," said Arthur; and he lunged away toward the wall, half turning his back, while the point of the pistol followed him. "But the fact is, I never had them; Gillespie kept them."

Threats cool quickly, and I really had not much fear that Henry Holbrook meant to kill his brother; and Arthur's indifference to his danger was having its disconcerting effect on Henry. The pistol barrel wavered; but Henry steadied himself and his clutch tightened on the butt. I again turned toward the door, but the girl's hand held me back.

"Wait," she whispered again. "That man is a coward. He will not shoot."

The canoe-maker had been calmly talking, discussing the disagreeable consequences of murder in a tone of half-banter, and he now stood directly under the foils. Then in a flash he snatched one of them, flung it up with an accustomed hand, and snapped it across his brother's knuckles. At the window we heard the slim steel hiss through the air, followed by the rattle of the revolver as it struck the ground. The canoe-maker's foot was on it instantly; he still held the foil.

"Henry," he said in the tone of one rebuking a child, "you are bad enough, but I do not intend that you shall be a murderer. And now I want you to go; I will not treat with you; I want nothing more to do with you! I repeat that I haven't the notes."

He pointed to the door with the foil. The blood surged angrily in his face; but his voice was in complete control as he went on.

"Your visit has awakened me to a sense of neglected duty, Henry. I have allowed you to persecute our sister without raising a hand! I have no other business now but to protect her. Go back to your stupid sailor and tell him that if I catch him in any mischief on the lake or here I shall certainly kill him."

I lost any further words that passed between them, as Henry, crazily threatening, walked out upon the deck to his boat; then from the creek came the thrashing of oars that died away in a moment. When I gazed into the room again Arthur Holbrook was blowing out the lights.

"I am grateful; I am so grateful," faltered the girl's voice; "but you must not be seen here. Please go now!" I had taken her hands, feeling that I was about to lose her; but she freed them and stood away from me in the shadow.

"We are going away—we must leave here! I can never see you again," she whispered.

In the starlight she was Helen, by every test my senses could make; but by something deeper I knew that she was not the girl I had seen in the window at St. Agatha's. She was more dependent, less confident and poised; she stifled a sob and came close. Through the window I saw Arthur Holbrook climbing up to blow out the last light.

"I could have watched myself, but I was afraid that sailor might come; and it was he that fired at you in the road. He had gone to Glenarm to watch you and keep you away from here. Uncle Henry came back today and sent word that he wanted to see my father, and I asked you to come to help us."

"I thank you for that."

"And there was another man—a stranger, back there near the road; I could not make him out, but you will be careful—please! You must think very ill of me for bringing you into all this danger and trouble."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Mark Inventor's Birthplace. The Vienna College of Physicians will celebrate the centenary of the death of Auenbrugger, the inventor of percussion, on May 18, 1909. A marble memorial tablet will be placed on the house in which he died.

TRICK OF OPIUM SMUGGLERS

Contraband Drug Found by Customs Inspectors in Furniture Springs on Japanese Ship.

Customs inspectors recently found 185 tins of opium stowed among the springs that supported the gorgeous upholstery of the ladies' lounging room on the hurricane deck of the Japanese liner Chiyoma Maru.

The ladies' lounging room is the show place of the ship. Chairs and settees are covered with richly brocaded silk, soft oriental rugs cover the floor and the walls are hung with rare dainty Japanese prints.

Into this beautiful room tramped the searchers the other afternoon. Instead of admiring the Japanese prints they removed them from their hooks to see that they contained no cubby-holes where opium could rest. The brocaded silk that had made many a woman wish she had a sharp knife and a good chance was to these searchers only a screen behind which opium might be hidden. They got behind the screen by prying off a few slabs of polished mahogany and among the springs found the opium.

It was a surprise to the inspectors to find so much opium on a Japanese liner. The Chinese do most of the smuggling and in the past they have been afraid to do much of it on the Japanese ships on account of the watchfulness of their little brown shipmates, whom they neither love nor trust. The temptation of a profit of \$20 a tin seems to have been greater than their usual caution. The opium found on the Chiyoma cost \$975 at Shanghai and is worth \$1,785 in Chinatown.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Fatal Course.

A matron who was visiting her former home city, and was under full headway with the seemingly endless string of questions usual in such a case.

"And your sister's daughter Violet?" she asked.

"Violet is married," the friend replied.

"Indeed! My! How time does fly. Happily married! I trust?"

"Oh, dear, no! My sister always humored her, you know," was the response, "and the poor child was permitted to marry the man she was in love with!"—Sunday Magazine of the Cleveland Leader.

THE STORY OF THE PEANUT SHELLS.

As everyone knows, C. W. Post of Battle Creek, Michigan, is not only a maker of breakfast foods, but he is a strong individual who believes that the trades-unions are a menace to the liberty of the country.

Believing this, and being a "natural-born" scrapper for the right, as he sees it, Post, for several years past, has been engaged in a ceaseless warfare against "The Labor Trust," as he likes to call it.

Not being able to secure free and untrammelled expression of his opinions on this subject through the regular reading pages of the newspapers he has bought advertising space for this purpose, just as he is accustomed to for the telling of his Postum "story," and he has thus spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in denouncing trades-unionism.

As a result of Post's activities the people now know a whole lot about these organizations: how they are honeycombed with graft, how they obstruct the development of legitimate business, curtail labor's output, hold up manufacturers, graft upon their own membership, and rob the public. Naturally Post is hated by the trades-unionists, and intensely.

He employs no union labor, so they can not call out his men, and he defies their efforts at boycotting his products. The latest means of "getting" Post is the widespread publication of the story that a car which was recently wrecked in transmission was found to be loaded with empty peanut shells, which were being shipped from the south to Post's establishment at Battle Creek.

This canard probably originated with President John Fitzgerald of the Chicago Federation of Labor, who, it is said, stated it publicly, as truth.

Post comes back and gives Fitzgerald the lie direct. He denounces Fitzgerald's statement as a deliberate falsehood, an underhanded and cowardly attempt to injure his business, having not the slightest basis in fact. As such an effort it must be regarded. It is significant that this statement about "the peanut shells" is being given wide newspaper publicity. In the "patent inside" of an eastern country paper I find it, and the inference naturally is that labor-unionites are insidiously spreading this lie.

An institution (or a man) which will resort to moral intimidation and to physical force, that will destroy machinery and burn buildings, that will maim and kill if necessary to effect its ends, naturally would not hesitate to spread falsehood for the same purposes.

We admire Post. While we have no enmity toward labor unions, so long as they are conducted in an honest, "live-and-let-live" kind of a way, we have had enough of the tarred end of the stick to sympathize thoroughly with what he is trying to do. He deserves support. A man like Post can not be killed, even with lies. They are a boomerang, every time. Again, we know, for hasn't this weapon, every weapon that could be thought of, been used (and not simply by labor unions) to put us out of business, too?

I am going to drink two cups of Postum every morning from this time on, and put myself on a diet of Grape-Nuts. Bully for Post!—Editorial in The American Journal of Clinical Medicine.