



Tell Your Friends About Holeproof

Let your friends know what Holeproof Hosiery saves for you. Show them "the style"—let them feel the "comfort."

For everyday wear, travel, or exercise; for business men who walk a great deal; for strenuous children; for women who want style with more than a day's wear—Holeproof is the logical hosiery.

Get the lightest, sheerest weights

if you want them. Six pairs of Holeproof will wear half a year without holes or tears. That is guaranteed. If any of the six pairs fail in that time we will replace them with new hose free. See if there is a single wanted hosiery advantage that you do not find in Holeproofs.

The genuine Holeproof is sold in your town. Write for the dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada
Holeproof Hosiery Company, 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England

\$1.50 per box and up, for six pairs of men's; of women's and children's \$2.00 and up; of infants (4 pairs) \$1. Above boxes guaranteed six months.
\$2 per box for three pairs of men's SILK Holeproof socks; of women's SILK Holeproof stockings. \$3. Boxes of silk guaranteed three months.



Holeproof Silk Gloves
FOR WOMEN

Write for the free book about Holeproof SILK gloves, and ask for the name of the dealer who sells them. These are the durable stylish gloves that every woman has wanted. Made in all sizes, lengths and colors.

THAT AWFUL COLD
Every cold is "awful." You are in danger from any germ which comes your way.
Kondon's Catarrhal Jelly kills the germs which accumulate in the thickened passages. Gives quick and permanent relief. 5c and 50c Sanitary tubes.
Get the original genuine Kondon's at all druggists. Or send for trial sample to Kondon Mfg. Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

KONDON'S Catarrhal Jelly

DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM
STOPS THE ACHE
ALL DRUGGISTS - 15¢

Hearing Restored!
to sufferers from deafness. Write today for our big Introductory Offer on the scientific hearing instrument—the Perfected 1914 Diploma Model
New Mears Eight-Tone Ear Phone
Positive, perfect hearing for those who are afflicted with deafness. This scientific hearing instrument has eight different sound strengths, instantly changed by a touch of the finger on a tiny switch. Eight times as powerful, eight times as efficient, eight times as convenient, eight times as helpful as our former One-Tone model.
Our Offer We have discontinued all our American Agencies. The New Eight-Tone Mears Ear Phone is sold only direct from the New York office at the special laboratory price—no dealers' or jobbers' extra profits. A few dollars, payable on easy terms, if desired, secures you relief from your affliction. Write today for this offer that saves you more than one-half the retail price. Postal brings free Mears Book on restored hearing. Send us your address.
MEARS EAR PHONE CO., Dept. 7452, 45 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS
Original and unequalled. Wood of the rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine!
Stewart Hartshorn
Birds Love Bird Manna
It will keep song birds in constant song even when shedding feathers. It cures almost all diseases of the Feathered Kingdom. Especially valuable during breeding. A great delouser. BIRDS LOVE IT. 10c per ounce at all druggists. Name price by mail. Bird Book Free.
PHILA. BIRD FOOD CO., 400 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa.
BE A DETECTIVE Earn \$150 to \$300 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 270 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DINGEE ROSES
Sturdy as Oaks. Founded 1850
Dingee roses are always grown on their own roots—and are absolutely the best for the amateur planter. Write for our "New Guide to Rose Culture" for 1914—it's free. It isn't a catalogue—it's an educational work on rose growing. Profusely illustrated; the cover pictures the new Charles Dingee rose—best, hardiest, free-blooming rose in America. Safe delivery guaranteed. Cash: \$1.00. To greenhouse.
The Dingee & Conard Co., Box 215, West Grove, Pa.
QUEEN GRAY HAIR RESTORER
will restore your gray hair to its youthful color with one application. Is not sticky or greasy. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00. Recommended and sold by leading druggists and hairdressers everywhere. Sent direct upon receipt of price (in plain wrapper) by QUEEN CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 8, Buffalo, N. Y.
ASTHMA REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it helps, send \$1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. N. Starline, 873 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

The train gathered way. The rush of air increased. A hail of pelting grit began to sting round him, searching every inch of his body. The rattle, crash, and shriek of the wheels blended in a roar that stunned him. But still he clung on. His eyes were closed. The skin of his cheekbones was stretched like a membrane. His nostrils were clogged with cinders and filled with the stench of hot oil from the journals. But he clung on. Crosswise in his fast-clenched teeth he held the bank-notes.

So, through the night, an inch from death, he rode. And in the gray light of the dawn he dropped from his place in the same city, in the same yards, almost in the same place where he had slipped into the box car half a day before.

Totteringly he crept out into the streets and set his face toward the business part of the town. His mind was made up. The wages of sin were death; who should know it better than he. He would go back and confess. Perhaps the bank might be merciful. Surely he had been punished enough. At any rate confession would save him from the charge of murder. His half-numbed brain failed to realize that the tragedy at the old jail would seem very clear to those who discovered the bodies of the giant and the hunchback, and that there was nothing to connect him with either death. He was going back. Jail seemed to him a haven of refuge.

The wait till the bank opened did not seem long. When nine o'clock struck he was the first to enter and go to the paying teller's cage.

He laid down the bank-notes. "I've brought them back," he said, stupidly.

The teller picked up the notes curiously. Then a look of recognition came upon his face. "Heavens! But they're filthy," he exclaimed. "I guess they went through the fire all right. Where did you find them?"

Ford's lips moved, but he said nothing audible. The teller looked at him curiously. "I was looking over them when the fire occurred," he began, "and—"

"The fire!"
"Yes! Didn't you know we had a small fire here about three o'clock yesterday? I couldn't find them afterwards, and supposed they had blown out of the door. I was just wondering what I could say to the Secret Service men when they came after them at noon."

"The Secret Service men!"
"Yes!" The teller stopped. Light was dawning upon him. "Good Lord! You didn't think—Whew-oo! No!" he went on slowly, eyeing the cringing figure before him with pitying eyes. "They're not real. They're counterfeit. The Secret Service men brought them in for me to look over. They are coming for them at twelve o'clock. You've saved me a lot of embarrassment. Perhaps"—his hand went to his pocket doubtfully.

Ford shook his head. Then he thrust his hand in his pocket and searched a little. At last he drew out the check that had taken him to the bank the afternoon before. "Could you cash this two-dollar check for me?" he asked plaintively. "I—I need the money."

The Bunk House Prisoner

(Continued from Page 4)

the pack mules were slow. Before dark he would be on the high road, and after that he could not lose his way. After all, perhaps it was better to reach Bleachers at night, and trust to rousing the one tavern of the place.

It was after midnight when his task was accomplished, and having seen to the accommodation of a very tired and hungry horse, Stranleigh threw himself upon the bed to which he was shown by a sleepy man. He had had quite enough equestrian exercise for one day.

Ten o'clock had struck next morning before he woke, and went down to breakfast. His mind was now clear as to what he meant to do. To avoid meeting Ricketts was impossible; of that he was certain. His first object, then, was to draw a red herring across the trail, so he inquired from the hotel keeper the whereabouts of Ricketts' office, and was directed to it.

He crossed the street and ascended a stair. Ricketts kept neither clerk nor office-boy, so Stranleigh knocked at the door, and was gruffly commanded to enter.

SILAS A. RICKETTS was seated at a large table strewn with books and legal-looking documents, and he stared in astonishment at the figure which presented itself. He, like the men on the ranch, had never seen such a costume before.

"Are you Mr. Ricketts?" asked his lordship.

"I am, sir."
"My name is Stranleigh. I took the liberty of calling upon you to learn, if possible, the whereabouts of Mr. Stanley Armstrong."

"Why should I know anything of his whereabouts?" demanded Ricketts, still more gruffly.

"Permit me to explain—"
"Now, before we go any further," interrupted the lawyer, "I want you to know that this is a business office; I'm a business man, and my time is valuable. I thought when you came in that you were a client. If you have come here for gossip, I'm not your man. I have my own affairs to look after."

"You state your case very clearly, Mr. Ricketts, and I congratulate your

clients. My own time is far from precious; I'm here for sport. Tell me, just how valuable is your time? What is your fee for an hour's conference?"

"It depends on the business transacted."

"I can't agree with you, Mr. Ricketts. An hour is an hour. I want to buy sixty minutes of your time and attention. What do you ask for it?"

"Five dollars!" snapped Ricketts. Stranleigh drew forth a five-dollar bill, and placed it on the table.

"May I sit down?" he inquired. "No healthy man should be tired in the morning, but I had a long horseback ride yesterday, and an indifferent night's rest last night."

"Where did you come from?"

"I have been living for the past few days at Armstrong's ranch."

"Ah, you're the man that was shot a time back?"

"Yes; I was mistaken for your estimable sheriff, I understand. You see, I came from New York with a letter of introduction to Mr. Armstrong. I was told that I might enjoy good fishing and a little shooting, while Armstrong was described as a most admirable guide to these sports. I waited at the ranch day by day, hoping Armstrong would return, but nobody seems to know where he is, so I came out here, hoping to get into telegraphic communication with him. I'm well enough now to take part in the chase, and I don't like to return to New York without having had any sport."

"I still don't understand why you come to me about the matter," returned Ricketts, suspiciously.

"I was told by his daughter that Armstrong had written you. She does not know in the least where he is, and so on the chance of your having received a recent letter, I have called to inquire."

"I see. Armstrong's letter to me was written from Chicago. It was a request for money. I had already loaned him a considerable sum, and was unable to meet his further demand. I answered to this effect, but have heard no more from him. You don't know the date of the last letter his own people received from him?"

"Yes; I have the letter with me,"