

QUEER DISEASE IS IN UNITED STATES

Many Here Afflicted With Odd Ailment, Says Prof. Munyon.

GREWSOME CREATURES VERY COMMON, FINDS EXPERT.

Many people in the United States are afflicted with a queer disease, according to a statement by Professor James M. Munyon. He made the following remarkable and rather gruesome statement:

"Many persons who come and write to my headquarters at 121 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., think they are suffering from a simple stomach trouble. When in reality they are the victims of an entirely different disease—that of tape worms. These tape worms are huge internal parasites, which locate in the upper bowel and consume a large percentage of the nutriment from the food. They sometimes grow to a length of forty to sixty feet. One may have a tape worm for years and never know the cause of his or her ill health.

"Persons who are suffering from one of these creatures become nervous, weak and irritable, and tire at the least exertion. The tape worms rob one of ambition and vitality and strength, but they are rarely fatal.

"The victim of this disease is apt to believe that he is suffering from chronic stomach trouble, and doctors for years without relief. This is not the fault of the physicians he consults, for there is no absolute diagnosis that will tell positively that one is not a victim of tape worm.

"The most common symptom of this trouble is an intense, ravenous hunger and cannot get enough to eat. At other times the very sight of food is loathsome. There is a gnawing, faint sensation at the pit of the stomach, and the victim has headaches, fits of dizziness and nausea. He cannot sleep at night and often thinks he is suffering from nervous prostration.

"I have a treatment which has had wonderful success in eliminating these grewsome creatures from the system. In the course of its regular action in aiding digestion, and in clearing the blood, kidneys and liver of impurities it has proven fatal to these great worms. If one has a tape worm, this treatment will in nine cases out of ten, stupefy and pass it away. But if not, the treatment will relieve the run-down person, who is probably suffering from stomach trouble and a general anemic condition. It has effected a marvelous success here with this treatment. Fully a dozen persons have passed these worms, but they are naturally reticent about discussing them, and of course we cannot violate their confidence by giving their names to the public.

Letters addressed to Professor James M. Munyon, 121 and Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., will receive the careful attention as though the patient called in person. Medical advice and consultation absolutely free. Not a penny to pay.

Serenity.
"The true religious man, amid all the ills of time, keeps a serene forehead and entertains a peaceful heart. This, going out and coming in amid all the trials of the city, the agony of the plague, the horrors of the thirteenth tyrants, the fierce democracy abroad, the fiercer ill at home—the saint, the sage of Athens, was still the same. Such a one can endure hardships; can stand alone and be content; a rock amid the waves—lonely, but not moved. Around him the few or many may scream, calumniate, blaspheme. What is all to him but the cawing of the seabird about that solitary, deep-rooted stone?"—Theodore Parker.

Reason Enough.
"What's the trouble, old man?" asked the sympathetic friend.
"Well," answered the judge, "you see, my wife and I have never been able to get along very well. The relationship has become so unbearable that we both want a divorce."
"I see," answered the friend. "Then why don't you get one?"
"Because," answered the judge, and solemnly, "I have sent all the bogus divorce lawyers to the penitentiary."

A Compilation.
Bessie found getting well much more tiresome than being sick. She was becoming very impatient about staying indoors and eating soups.
When her aunt asked her how she felt she replied that she was much worse; that the doctor had found something else the matter with her.
"Why, what is it?" asked her aunt.
"I think the doctor said 'convalescence.'"

Cement Talk No. 1

Buyers of Portland cement should remember that there are various brands of Portland cement on the market and that all Portland cement is not the same. Every manufacturer prints on the sacks the name of the brand and the trade mark. If you find the trade mark printed above and the name Universal on the cement sacks, you may know it is the best Portland cement possible to make. Good concrete depends on good workmanship and good materials. Care and experience make for good workmanship. Good sand and gravel or crushed stone are obtainable quite cheaply. With these you may feel absolutely safe, if you use Universal Portland Cement. It is always uniform, of good color, great strength and works easily. If you need cement, use Universal. Most dealers handle it. If you do not, write us.

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ANNUAL OUTPUT 10,000,000 BARRELS
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PATENTS
DEFIANCE STARCH

The BRONZE BELL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL" ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

CHAPTER I.
Desiny and the Babu.

Breaking suddenly upon the steady drumming of the trucks, the prolonged and husky roar of a locomotive whistle roused an immediate grade-crossing.

Roused by this sound from his solitary musings in the parlor car of which he happened temporarily to be the sole occupant, Mr. David Amber put aside the magazine over which he had been dreaming, and looked out of the window, catching a glimpse of woodland road shining white between somber walls of stunted pine. Lately he consulted his watch.

"It's not for nothing," he observed pensively, "that this railroad wears its reputation; we are consistently late."

His gaze, again diverted to the flying countryside, noted that it had changed character, pine yielding to scrub-oak and second-growth—the ragged vestments of an area some years since denuded by fire. This, too, presently swung away, giving place to cleared land—arable across golden with the stubble of garnered harvest or sentinelled with unkept shocks of corn.

In the south a shimmer of laughing gold and blue edged the faded horizon. Eagerly the young man leaned forward, dark eyes lightning, lips parting as if already he could taste the savour of the sea.

Then, quite without warning, a deep elbow of the bay swept up almost to the railway, its surface mirror-like, profoundly blue, profoundly beautiful.

"I think," said the traveler softly—"I think it's mighty fine to be alive and—here!"

He lounged back comfortably again, smiling as he watched the wheeling landscape, his eyes glowing with expectancy. For his cares were negligible, his content boundless; he was experiencing, for the first time in many years, a sense of freedom akin to that felt by a schoolboy at the beginning of the summer vacation. The work of his heart and hand for a little time belonged equally to a forgotten Yesterday and an unremembered Tomorrow; he existed only for the confident Today. He had put behind him the haunts of men, and his yearning for the open places that lay before him was almost childlike in its fervency; he would, indeed, have been quite satisfied if assured that he was to find nothing to do save to play aimlessly in the sun. But, in point of fact, he looked forward to an employment much more pleasurable; he was out to shoot duck with his very dear friend, Mr. Anthony Quail of Tangiewood lodge, Nokomis, Long Island.

Again the whistle howled unceasingly, and the train began to moderate its speed. Objects in the foreground that otherwise had been mere streaked blurs assumed recognizable contours. North of the line a string of squat, square, unlovely "frame" edifices, aligned upon a country road, drifted back. A brakeman popped head and shoulders into the car and out again, leaving the echo of an abrupt bark to be interpreted at the passenger's leisure.

Stoily jolting across a rutted, dusty road, the train stopped. Amber, alighting, found himself upon a length of board-walk platform and confronted by a distressingly matter-of-fact wooden structure, combining the functions of waiting room and ticket and telegraph offices. From its eaves depended a weather-worn board bearing the legend: "Nokomis."

The train, pausing only long enough to disgorge from the baggage car a trunk or two and from the day coaches a thin trickle of passengers, flung on into the wilderness, cracked bell clanking somewhat disdainfully.

By degrees the platform cleared, the erstwhile patrons of the road and the station loafers—for the most part half-baked natives of the region—straggling or upon their several ways, some afoot, a majority in dilapidated surreys and buckboards. Amber watched them go with unassuming indifference; their type interested him little. But in their company he presently discovered one, a figure so thoroughly foreign and aloof in attitude, that it caught his eye, and, having caught, held it clouded with perplexity.

Apparently he abandoned his belongings and gave chase, overtaking the object of his attention at the far end of the station.

"Doggott!" he cried. "I say, Doggott!"

His hand, falling lightly upon the man's shoulder, brought him square-shouldered, his expression transiently startled, if not a shade truculent.

"Doggott, what the deuce brings you here? And Mr. Rutton?"

Amber's cordiality elicited no response. The gray eyes, meeting eyes dark, kindly, and penetrating, flickered and fell; so much emotion they betrayed, no more, and that as disingenuous as you could wish.

"Doggott!" insisted Amber, disconcerted. "Surely you haven't forgotten me—Mr. Amber?"

The man shook his head. "Bog pardon, sir," he said; "you've got my

name 'andy enough, but I don't know you, and—"

"But Mr. Rutton?"
"Is a party I've never 'card of, if you'll excuse my sayin' so, no more'n I 'ave of yourself, sir."

"Well," began Amber; but paused, his face hardening as he looked the man up and down, nodding slowly.

"Per'aps," continued Mr. Doggott, unabashed, "you mistyke me for my brother, 'Enery Doggott. 'E was 'ome, in England, larst I 'eard of 'im. We look a deal alike, I've been told."

"You would be," admitted Amber drily; and, shutting his teeth upon his inchoate contempt for a liar, he swung away, acknowledging with a curt nod the civil "Good afternoon, sir," that followed him.

The man had disappeared by the time Amber regained his kit-bag and gun-case; standing over which he surveyed his surroundings with some annoyance, discovering that he now shared the station with none but the ticket agent. A shuffling and disconsolate youth, clad in a three-days' growth of beard, a checked jumper and khaki trousers, this person lounged negligently in the doorway of the waiting room and, careening his rusty chin with nicotine-dyed fingers, regarded the stranger in Nokomis with an air of subtle yet vaguely melancholy superiority.

"If ye're lookin' for th' hotel," he volunteered unexpectedly, "there ain't none," and effected a masterly retreat into the ticket booth.

Amused, the dejected outlander picked up his luggage and followed amiably. "I'm not looking for the hotel that ain't," he said, planting himself in front of the grating; "but I expected to be met by some one from Tangiewood—"

"That's the Quail place, daown by th' bay," interpolated the youth from unplumbed depths of mournful abstraction.

"It is. I wired yesterday—"
"Your name's Amber, ain't it?"
"Yes, I—"

"Well, Quail didn't get your message till this mornin'. I sent a kid daown with it 'bout ten o'clock."
"But why—the but I wired yesterday afternoon?"

"I know ye did," assented the youth wearily. "It come through round clostin' time and they want nobody bound that way, so I held it over."

"This craze for being characteristic," observed Mr. Amber obscurely, "is the only thing that really stands in the way of Nokomis becoming a thriving metropolis. Do you agree with me? No matter." He smiled, gagingly, at a seasoned traveler this, who could recognize the futility of bleating over the irreparable. Moreover, he had to remind himself in all fairness, the blame was, in part at least, his own; for he had thoughtlessly worded his telegram, "Will be with you tomorrow afternoon," and it was wholly like Quail that he should have accepted the statement at its face value, regardless of the date line.

"I can leave my things here for a little while, I presume?" Amber suggested after a pause.

The ticket agent stared stubbornly into the infinite, making no sign till a coin rang on the window ledge; when he started, eyed the offering with fugitive mistrust, and gloomily possessed himself of it. "I'll look after them," he said. "Be ye thinkin' of walkin'?"

"Yes," said Amber with his shoulder. He was already moving toward the door.

"Know your way?"
"I've been here before, thank you."

Crossing the tracks, he addressed himself to the southward stretching highway. Walking briskly at first, he soon left behind the railway station with its few parasitic cottages, a dip in the land hid them, and he had hereafter for all company his thoughts, the desultory road, a vast and looming sky, and bare fields hedged with impoverished forest.

Amber had professed acquaintance with his way; it seemed rather to be intempest, for when he chose to forsake the main traveled road he did so boldly, striking off upon a wagon track which, leading across the fields, delved presently into the heart of the forest.

The hush of the forest world bore heavily upon his senses; the slight and stealthy rustlings in the brush, the clear dense ringing of some remote axe, an attenuated clamor of cawing from some far crows' congress, but served to accentuate its influence.

Then into the silence crept a sound to rouse him from his formless reverie. At first a mere pulsing in the stillness, barely to be distinguished from the song of the surf; but presently a pounding, ever louder and more insistent. He paused, attentive; and while he waited the drumming swept swiftly toward him—the rhythmic hoofbeats of a single horse maddly ridden. When it was close upon him he stepped back into the tangled undergrowth, making room; for the track was anything but wide.

Simultaneously there burst into view, at the end of a brief aisle of

the body by the roadside in a gutter. The old man's dog was lying over the body and guarding it. The body had lain there all the night in stormy weather. Information was given to the police, but when an attempt was made to touch the body the dog became so ferocious that no one dared go near it, and before the dead man could be removed the officers had to send for the old man's neighbor, who

frightening this lady's horse? What are you doing here, anyway?"
Almost growling, the babu answered him in Urdu: "Hazor, I am your slave—"

Without thinking Amber couched his retort in the same tongue: "Count yourself lucky you are not, dog!"

"Nay, hazor, but I meant no harm. I was resting, being fatigued, in the shelter of the wood, when the noise of hoofs disturbed me and I stepped out to see. When the woman was thrown I sought to assist her, but she threatened me with her whip."

"That is quite true," the girl cut in over Amber's shoulder. "I don't think he intended to harm me, but it's purely an accident that he didn't."

Inasmuch as the babu's explanation had been made in fluent, vernacular Urdu, Amber's surprise at the girl's evident familiarity with that tongue was hardly to be concealed. "You understand Urdu?" he stammered.

"Aye," she told him in that tongue, "and speak it, too."
"You know this man, then?"
"No. Do you?"
"Not in the least. How should I?"
"You yourself speak Urdu."
"Well, but—" The situation hardly lent itself to such a discussion; he had the babu first to dispose of. Amber resumed his cross-examination. "Who are you?" he demanded. "And what is your business in this place?"

The fat yellowish-brown face was distorted by a fugitive grimace of deprecation. "Hazor, I am Behari Lal Chatterji, solicitor of the Inner Temple."

"Well? And your business here?"
"Hazor, that is for your secret ear." The babu drew himself up, assuming a certain dignity. "It is not meet that the message of the Bell should be uttered if the hearing of an Englishwoman, hazor."

"What are you drivelling about?" In his blank wonder, Amber returned to

and, hitching his clothing round him, made off with a celerity surprising in one of his tremendous bulk, striking directly into the heart of the woods.

Amber was left to knit his brows over the object which had been forced upon him so unexpectedly.

It proved to be a small, cubical box, something more than an inch square, fashioned of bronze and elaborately decorated with minute relief work in the best manner of ancient Indian craftsmanship.

"May I see, please?" The voice of the girl at his side recalled to Amber her existence. "May I see, too, please, Mr. Amber?" she repeated.

CHAPTER II.
The Girl and the Token.

In his astonishment he looked round quickly to meet the gaze of mischievous eyes that strove vainly to seem simple and sincere.

Aware that he faced an uncommonly pretty woman, who chose to study him with a straightforward interest he was nothing loath to imitate, he took time to see that she was very fair of skin, with that creamy, silken whiteness that goes with hair of the shade commonly and unjustly termed red. Her nose he thought a trace too severely perfect in its modeling, but redeemed by a broad and thoughtful brow, a strong yet absolutely feminine chin, and a mouth . . . Well, as to her mouth, the young man selected a rosebud to liken it to.

Having catalogued these several features, he had a mental portrait of her he was not likely soon to forget. For it's not every day that one encounters so pretty a girl in the woods of Long Island's southern shore—or anywhere else, for that matter. He felt sure of this.

But he was equally certain that he was as much a stranger to her as she to him.

She, on her part, had been busy satisfying herself that he was a very presentable young man, in spite of the somewhat formidable reputation he wore as a person of learned attainments. If his looks attracted, it was not because he was handsome, for that he wasn't, but because of certain signs of strength to be discerned in his face, as well as an engaging manner which he owned by right of ancestry, his ascendants for several generations having been notable representatives of one of the First Families of Virginia.

The pause which fell upon the girl's use of his name, and during which they looked one another over, was sufficiently prolonged to excuse the reference to it which Amber chose to make.

"I'm sure," he said with his slow smile, "that we're satisfied we've never met before. Aren't we?"
"Quite," assented the girl.

"That only makes it the more mysterious, of course."
"Yes," said she provokingly; "doesn't it?"
"You know, you're hardly fair to me," he asserted. "I'm rapidly beginning to entertain doubts of my senses. When I left the train at Nokomis station I met a man I know as well as I know myself—pretty nearly; and he denied me to my face. Then, a little later, I encounter a strange, mad Bengali, who apparently takes me for somebody he has business with. And finally, you call me by name."

"It isn't so very remarkable, when you come to consider it," she returned soberly. "Mr. David Amber is rather well known, even in his own country. I might very well have seen your photograph published in connection with some review of—let me see . . . Your latest book was entitled 'The Peoples of the Hindu Kush,' wasn't it?"
"Yes, I haven't read it."
"That's sensible of you, I'm sure. Why should you? But your theory doesn't hold water, because I won't permit my publishers to print my picture, and besides, reviews of such stupid books generally appear in profound monthlies which abhor illustrations."

"Oh!" She received this with a note of disappointment. "Then my explanation won't do?"
"I'm sorry," he laughed, "but you'll have to be more ingenious—and practical."

"And you won't show me the present the babu made you?"
He closed his fingers jealously over the bronze box. "Not unprofitably."
"You insist on reciprocity?"
"Absolutely."
"That's very unkind of you."
"How?" he demanded blankly.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



So She Passed and Was Gone.

as a statue of Phoebus Apollo had been. A babu of Bengal, every inch of him, from his dirty red-and-white turban to his well worn and cracked patent-leather shoes. His body was enveloped in a complete suit of emerald silk, much soiled and faded, and girl with a sash of many colors, crimson predominating. His hands, fat, brown, and not overclean, alternately fluttered apologetically and rubbed one another with a suggestion of extreme urbanity; his lips, thick, sensual, and cruel, mouthed a broken stream of babu-English: while his eyes, nearly as small and quite as black as shoe buttons—eyes furtive, crafty, and cold—suddenly distended and became fixed, as with amazement, at the instant of Amber's appearance.

Instinctively, as soon as he had mastered his initial stupefaction, Amber stepped forward and past the girl, placing himself between her and this preposterous apparition, as if to shield her. He held himself wary and alert, and was instant to halt the babu when he, with the air of a dog cringing to his master's feet for punishment, would have drawn nearer.

"Stop right there!" Amber told him crisply, and got for response obediently, a low salaam, and the Hindu salutation accorded only to persons of high rank: "Hazor!" But before the babu could say more the American addressed the girl. "What did he do?" he inquired, without looking at her. "Frighten your horse?"

"Just that." The girl's tone was edged with temper. "He jumped out from behind that woodpile; the horse shied and threw me."

"You're not hurt, I trust?"
"No, thank you; but—with a new laugh—I'm furiously angry."
"That's reasonable enough." Amber returned undivided attention to the Bengali. "Now then," he demanded sternly, "what've you got to say for yourself? What do you mean by

English as to a tongue more suited to his urgent need of forcible expression. "And, look here, you stop calling me 'Hazor.' I'm no more a hazor than you are an idiot!"

"Nay," contended the babu reproachfully. "It is right that you should seek to hoodwink me? Have I not eyes with which to see, ears that can hear you speak our tongue, hazor? I am no child, to be played with—I, the appointed Mouthpiece of the Voice!"

"I know naught of your 'Voice' or its mouthpiece; but certainly you are no child. You are either mad, or insolent—or a fool to be kicked." And in exasperation Amber took a step toward the man as if to carry into effect his implied threat.

Alarmed, the babu cringed and retreated a pace; then, suddenly, raising an arm, indicated the girl. "Hazor!" he cried. "Be quick—the woman faints!" And as Amber hastily turned, with astonishing agility the babu sprang toward him.

Warned by his moving shadow as much as by the girl's cry, Amber leapt aside and lifted a hand to strike; but before he could deliver a blow it was caught and a small metallic object thrust into it. Upon this his fingers closed instinctively, and the babu sprang back, panting and quaking.

"The Token, hazor, the Token!" he quavered. "It is naught but that—the Token!"
"Token, you fool!" cried Amber, staring stupidly at the man. "What in thunder—!"
"Nay, hazor; how should I tell you now, when another sees and hears? At another time, hazor, in a week, or a day, or an hour, maybe, I come again—for your answer. Till then and forever I am your slave, hazor; the dust beneath your feet, Now I go."
And with a haste that robbed the courtesy of its grace, the Bengali salaamed, then wheeled square about

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PHILOSOPHY TO THE RESCUE

Pat Went Without His Steak, but at That Everything Was Not Lost.

Charles Nagel, secretary of commerce and labor, says the Irish race has, in addition to its sentiment and romance, a lot of philosophy as one of its characteristics.

"The best illustration I ever heard of this," he explained to a dinner party one evening, "was the case of a poor Irishman who had been given a fine, juicy piece of steak. Being a religious man, he placed the steak in front of him, and there, in the shade of the trees surrounding his benefactor's house, he folded his hands, closed his eyes, and gave thanks to heaven for the meal. When he was in the attitude of prayer, a dog rushed up and captured the steak. Pat looked around in time to see the food disappearing over the hill.

"Thank heaven," he exclaimed, again closing his eyes, he left me my appetite!"—The Sunday Magazine.

AS A RULE.



"What is an income tax, pa?"
"A wife, my son."

To Be a Good Cook.

"To be a good cook means the knowledge of all fruits, herbs, balsams and spices; and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, savory in meats; it means carefulness, inventiveness, watchfulness, willingness and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers and the science of modern chemists; it means much testing and no wasting; it means English thoroughness, French art and Arabian hospitality; it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always ladies (and-givers), and you are to see that everybody has something nice to eat."
—Ruskin.

A Personal Matter.

"You must have studied political economy pretty thoroughly to be so impressed with the ingenuity of the trusts."

"To tell you the truth," replied the candid citizen. "I don't know much about the inside workings of trusts. But I have seen pictures of the men who run them, and I have kind of taken a dislike to them."

A Hopeful Fellow.

"What is an optimist?"
"A man whose bump of hope is bigger than the rest of his head."

AT THE PARSONAGE.

Coffee Runs Riot No Longer.

"Wife and I had a serious time of it while we were coffee drinkers. She had gastritis, headaches, belching and would have periods of sickness, while I secured a daily headache that became chronic.

"We naturally sought relief by drugs without avail, for it is now plain enough that no drug will cure the diseases another drug (coffee) sets up, particularly, so long as the drug which causes the trouble is continued.

"Finally we thought we would try leaving off coffee and using Postum. I noticed that my headaches disappeared like magic, and my old 'trembling' nervousness left. One day wife said, 'Do you know my gastritis has gone?'"
"One can hardly realize what Postum has done for us.

"Then we began to talk to others. Wife's father and mother were both coffee drinkers and sufferers. Their headaches left entirely a short time after they changed from coffee to Postum.

"I began to enquire among my parishioners and found to my astonishment that numbers of them use Postum in place of coffee. Many of the ministers who have visited our parsonage have become enthusiastic champions of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.