

**'GATOR ON THE RAMPAGE.**

Edifying Story That is Vouched for by the Georgia Ananias.

"Yes," said the fisherman, "the man had fished all the forenoon, and hadn't got a nibble, so he took another swaller out the jug, pulled out his boots, and lay down on the river bank and went to sleep. As soon as he went to snoring good, a alligator that had been watchin' him all the mornin' crawled up an' swallered his boots, likewise the jug, with 'bout half a gallon in it, I reckon. The cork came out, and, of course, the 'gator got the full benefit of the whisky, which so turned its head that it lashed the water with its tail till the river was a foam'n' mass, after which it crawled up on the bank agin an' made despr't efforts to climb trees an' turn double-somersaults, an' do all manner of impossible things!"

"Why didn't it swallow the fisherman, instead of his boots?" some one asked.

"Gators, gentlemen," said the storyteller, "can't stand ever'thing. They must draw the line some'r's."—Atlanta Constitution.

**SOMEWHAT SUSPICIOUS.**



Of course, it may be all right—still, you don't feel inclined to eat sausages when you find your butcher has removed to a shop next door to the Home for Lost Dogs, do you?

**An Undermestable Temperature.** It was not in his public address that Senator Beveridge related this story, but at an informal gathering of congenial spirits. "When I was a boy in Adams county," he said, "Judge Blank was taken very ill. The doctor called regularly; but the judge kept getting worse. Finally the crisis came. The morning after the doctor called at the judge's house, 'I hope your master's temperature is lower than it was last evening,' said he to the butler. 'Th not so sure about that,' replied the man; 'he died, sir, in the night!'"—San Francisco Call.

**Bells.**

Bells are understood to have had their origin in China, but at so remote a time that no precise date can be given. Their first use was to clear the air of evil spirits and to drive off the storms. Old European records tell how the tolling of bells kept the devils from assailing believers; hence their connection with churches. Bells may be traced in Europe back to the sixth century, but were not generally introduced into the western church much before the eighth century.

**Up to His Tricks.**

Lord Rosslyn, at a dinner in New York, said of a notorious London spendthrift: "When he was at Oxford he wired once to his uncle, whose heir he was: 'If you don't send me a hundred by Saturday, I'll blow my brains out.' His uncle wired back: 'You telegraphed me that before, and when I forwarded you my best revolver, you went and pawned it!'"

**WIFE WON**

**Husband Finally Convinced.**

"Some men are wise enough to try new foods and beverages and then get nervous enough to give others the benefit of their experience. A very "conservative" ill man, however, let his good wife find out for herself what a blessing Postum is to those who are distressed in many ways, by drinking coffee. The wife writes: "No slave in chains, it seemed to me, was more helpless than I, a coffee captive. Yet there were innumerable warnings—waking from a troubled sleep with a feeling of suffocation, at times dizzy and out of breath, attacks of palpitation of the heart that frightened me. "Common sense, reason, and my better judgment told me that coffee drinking was the trouble. At last my nervous system was so disarranged that my physician ordered 'no more coffee.' "He knew he was right and he knew I knew it, too. I capitulated. Prior to this our family had tried Postum, but disliked it, because, as we learned later, it was not made right. "Determined this time to give Postum a fair trial, I prepared it according to directions on the pkg.—that is, boiled it 15 minutes after boiling commenced, obtaining a dark brown liquid with a rick snappy flavor similar to coffee. When cream and sugar were added, it was not only good but delicious. "Noting its beneficial effects in me the rest of the family adopted it—all except my husband, who would not admit that coffee hurt him. Several weeks elapsed during which I drank Postum two or three times a day, when, to my surprise, my husband said: 'I have decided to drink Postum. Your improvement is so apparent—you have such fine color—that I propose to give credit where credit is due.' And now we are coffee-slaves no longer." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-being," in pigs. "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.

**BLIND-FOLDED**

By EARLE ASHLEY WILCOFF

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**SYNOPSIS.**

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he went to assist in a big important and mysterious case, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley, who postpones an episode of the strange errand Dudley is to perform but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary magnitude. Wilton leaves Giles in their room, with instruction to wait in return and about any one who tries to enter. Outside there is heard shouting and cursing and the noise of a quarrel. Dudley is summoned to the room and finds a man in a state of high excitement. He is unable to find any trace of a crime. Giles returns to his room and hunts for some evidence that might explain his strange mission. He finds a map which he endeavors to decipher. Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. "Dicky" takes the supposed Wilton to Mother Barton's. Mother Barton discovers that he is not Wilton. The lights are turned out and Dudley is free for all right follows. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Barton who makes a confidant of him. He learns nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrell and Darby Mesker who are after him. He is told that "Dicky" is a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Giles finds himself locked in a room. He escapes through a window. The supposed Wilton carries out his deed, and friend's work with Doddridge Knapp. He has his first experience as a capitalist in the Board Room of the Stock Exchange. Dudley receives a furtive note purporting to be from Knapp, the forgery of which he readily detects. Dudley gets his first knowledge of Becker, who is Knapp's enemy on the Board.

**CHAPTER XI.—Continued.**

The call closed amid animation; but the excitement was nothing compared to the scene that had followed the fall in the morning. Omega stood at eighty asked, and seventy-eight bid, and the ship of the stock gamblers was again sailing on an even keel. The session was over at last, and Wallbridge and Eppner handed me their memoranda of purchases. "You couldn't pick Omega off the bushes this afternoon, Mr. Wilton," said Wallbridge, wiping his bald head vigorously. "There's fools at all times, and some of 'em were here and ready to drop what they had; but not many. I gathered in six hundred for you, but I had to fight for it." I thanked the merry broker, and gave him a check for his balance. Eppner had done better with a wider margin, but all told I had added but three thousand one hundred shares to my list. I wondered how much of this had been sold to me by my employer. Plainly, if Doddridge Knapp was needing Omega stock he would have to pay for it. There was no one to be seen as I reached Room 15. The connecting door was closed and locked, and no sound came from behind it. I turned to arrange the books, to keep from a bad habit of thinking over the inexplicable. An hour passed and no Doddridge Knapp. It was long past office hours. Just as I was considering whether my duty to my employer constrained me to wait longer, I caught sight of an envelope that had been slipped under the door. It was in cipher, but it yielded to the key with which Doddridge Knapp had provided me. I made it out to be this: "Come to my house to-night. Bring your contracts with you. Knapp." I was thrown into some perplexity by this order. For a little I suspected a trap, but on second thought this seemed unlikely. The office furnished as convenient a place for homicidal diversions as he could wish, if these were in his intention, and possibly a visit to Doddridge Knapp in his own house would give me a better clue to his habits and purposes, and a better chance of bringing home to him his awful crime, than a month together on the Street. The clocks were pointing past eight when I mounted the steps that led to Doddridge Knapp's door. I had something of trepidation, after all, as I rang the bell, for I was far from being sure that Doddridge Knapp was above carrying out his desperate purposes in his own house, and I wondered whether I should ever come out again, once I was behind those massive doors. I had taken the precaution to find a smaller revolver, "suitable for an evening call," as I assured myself, but it did not look to be much of a protection in case the house held a dozen ruffians of the Terrill brand. However, I must risk it. I gave my name to the servant who opened the door. "This way," he said quietly, and in a moment I was ushered into a small, plainly-furnished room; and at a desk covered with papers sat Doddridge Knapp, the picture of the Wolf in his den. "Sit down, Wilton," said he with grim affability, giving his hand. "You won't mind if an old man doesn't get up." I made some conventional reply. "Sorry to disappoint you this afternoon, and take up your evening," he said, "but I found some business that

needed more immediate attention. There was a little matter that had to be looked after in person." And the Wolf's fangs showed in a cruel smile, which assured me that the "little matter" had terminated unhappily for the other man. I airily professed myself happy to be at his service at any time. "Yes, yes," he said; "but let's see your memoranda. Did you do well this afternoon?" "No-o," I returned apologetically. "Not so well as I wished." He took the papers and looked over them carefully. "Thirty-one hundred," he said reflectively. "Those sales were all right. Well, I was afraid you couldn't get above three thousand. I didn't get more than two thousand in the other Boards and on the Street." "That was the best I could do," I said modestly. "They averaged at sixty-five. Omega got away from us this afternoon like a runaway horse." "Yes, yes," said the King of the Street, studying his papers with drawn brows. "That's all right. I'll have to wait a bit before going further." I bowed as became one who had no idea of the plans ahead. "And now," said Doddridge Knapp, turning on me a keen and lowering gaze, "I'd like to know what call you have to be spying on me?" I opened my eyes wide in wonder. "Spying? I don't understand." "No!" said he, with something between a growl and a snarl. "Well, maybe you don't understand that, either!" And he tossed me a bit of paper. I felt sure that I did not. My

carefully, and his brows drew lower and lower as its import dawned on him. The look of angry perplexity deepened on his face. "Where did you get this?" I detailed the circumstances. The anger that flashed in his eyes was more eloquent than the outbreak of curses I expected to hear. "Um!" he said at last with a grim smile. "It's lucky, after all, that you had something besides cotton in that skull of yours, Wilton." "A fool might have been caught by it," I said modestly. "There looks to be trouble ahead," he said. "There's a rascally gang in the market these days." And the King of the Street sighed over the dishonesty that had corrupted the stock gamblers' trade. I smiled inwardly, but signified my agreement with my employer. "Well, who wrote them?" he asked almost fiercely. "They seem to come from the same hand." "Maybe you'd better ask that fellow who had his eye at your keyhole when I left the office this noon." "Who was that?" The Wolf gave a startled look. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"He was a well-made, quick, lithe fellow, with an eye that reminded me of a snake. I gave chase to him, but couldn't overhau him. He squirmed away in the crowd, I guess." "Why didn't you tell me?" he said in a steady voice. "I didn't suppose it was worth coming back for, after I got into the street. And, besides, you were busy." "Yes, yes, you were right; you are not to come—of course, of course." The King of the Street looked at me curiously, and then said smoothly: "But this isn't business." And he plunged into the papers once more. "There were over nine thousand shares sold this afternoon, and I got only five thousand of them." "I suppose Decker picked the others up," I said. "The King of the Street did me the honor to look at me in amazement. 'Decker!' he roared. 'How did you—?' Then he paused and his voice dropped to its ordinary tone. 'I reckon you're right. What gave you the idea?'" I frankly detailed my conversation

an, holding out her hand. "You have neglected us for a long time." There was something of reproach as well as civility in the voice. "Yes," I replied, adjusting my manner nicely to her, "I have been very busy." "Busy? How provoking of you to say so! You should never be too busy to take the commands of the ladies." "That is why I am here," I interrupted with my best bow. But she continued without noting it: "Luella wagered with me that you would make that excuse. I expected something more original." "I am very sorry," I said, with a reflection of the bantering air she had assumed. "Oh, indeed!" exclaimed the younger woman, to whom my eyes had turned as Mrs. Knapp spoke her name. "How very unkind of you to say so, when I have just won a pair of gloves by it. Good evening to you!" And she held out her hand.

It was with a strong effort that I kept my self-possession, as for the first time I clasped the hand of Luella Knapp. Was it the thrill of her touch, the glance of her eye, or the magnetism of her presence, that set my pulses beating to a new measure, and gave my spirit a breath from a new world? What ever the cause, as I looked into the clear-cut face and the frank gray eyes of the woman before me, I was swept by a flood of emotion that was near overpowering my self-control. I mastered the emotion in a moment and took the seat to which she had waved me. I was puzzled a little at the tone in which she addressed me. There was a suggestion of resentment in her manner that grew on me as we talked. Can I describe her? Of what use to try? She was not beautiful, and "pretty" was too petty a word to apply to Luella Knapp. "Fine looking," if said with the proper emphasis, might give some idea of appearance, for she was tall in figure, with features that were impressive in their attractiveness. Through all the conversation the idea that Miss Knapp was regarding me with a hidden disapproval was growing on me. I decided that Henry had made some uncommon blunder on his last visit and that I was suffering the penalty for it. The admiration I felt for the young woman deepened with every sentence she spoke, and I was ready to do anything to restore the good opinion that Henry might have endangered, and in lieu of apology exerted myself to the utmost to be agreeable. I was unconscious of the flight of time until Mrs. Knapp turned from some other guests and walked toward us. "Come, Henry," she said pointedly, "Luella is not to monopolize you all the time. Besides, there's Mr. Inman dying to speak to her." I promptly hated Mr. Inman with all my heart and felt not the slightest objection to his demise; but at her gesture of command I rose and accompanied Mrs. Knapp, as a young man with eye-glasses and a smirk came to take my place. I left Luella Knapp, congratulating myself over my cleverness in escaping the pitfalls that lined my way.

"Now I've a chance to speak to you at last," said Mrs. Knapp. "At your service," I bowed. "I owe you something." "Indeed?" Mrs. Knapp raised her eyebrows in surprise. "For your kind recommendation to Mr. Knapp." "My recommendation? You have a little the advantage of me." I was stricken with painful doubts, and the cold sweat started upon me. Perhaps this was not Mrs. Knapp after all. "Oh, perhaps you didn't mean it," I said. "Indeed I did, if it was a recommendation. I'm afraid it was unconscious, though. Mr. Knapp does not consult me about his business." I was in doubt no longer. It was the injured pride of the wife that spoke in the tone. "I'm none the less obliged," I said carelessly. "He assured me that he acted on your words." "What on earth are you doing for Mr. Knapp?" she asked earnestly, dropping her half-bantering tone. There was a trace of apprehension in her eyes. "I'm afraid Mr. Knapp wouldn't think your recommendations were quite justified if I should tell you. Just get him in a corner and ask him." "I suppose it is that dreadful stock market."

"Oh, madam, let me say the chicken market. There is a wonderful opportunity just now for corner in fowls." "There are a good many to be plucked in the market that Mr. Knapp will look after," she said with a smile. But there was something of a worried look behind it. "Oh, you know, Henry, that I can't bear the market. I have seen too much of the misery that has come from it." She shuddered as she looked about her, as though in fancy she saw herself turned from the palace into the street. "Mr. Knapp is not a man to lose," I said. "Mr. Knapp is a strong man," she said with a proud straightening of her figure. "But the whirlpool can suck down the strongest swimmer." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Coin and Compliments.**

"What would you do if you were a multi-millionaire?" asked the serious man. "Oh," answered the flippant friend, "I suppose I would get to yearning for a few kind words, and endow colleges like the rest of them."

**HEALTH BRINGS HAPPINESS.**

**Invalid Once, a Happy Woman Now.**

Mrs. C. R. Shelton, Pleasant Street, Covington, Tenn., says: "Once I seemed a helpless invalid, but now I enjoy the best of health. Kidney disease brought me down terribly. Rheumatic aches and pains made every move painful. The secretions were disordered and my head ached to distraction. I was in a bad condition, but medicines failed to help. I lost ground daily until I began with Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me at once and soon made me strong and well."

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

**A Deadly Bridge.** "So your son is now a soldier, hey, Uncle Ben?" "Yes, sah; he's done jined de mail-cous corpse, sah."

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

No man on earth is rich enough to enjoy paying taxes.



**Proof is inexhaustible that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound carries women safely through the Change of Life.**

Read the letter Mrs. E. Hanson, 304 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio, writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I was passing through the Change of Life, and suffered from nervousness, headaches, and other annoying symptoms. My doctor told me that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was good for me, and since taking it I feel so much better, and I can again do my own work. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me during this trying period."

**FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.**

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

**Libby's Food Products**

**Libby's Cooked Corned Beef**

There's a big difference between just corned beef—the kind sold in bulk—and Libby's Cooked Corned Beef. The difference is in the taste, quality of meat and natural flavor.

Every fiber of the meat of Libby's Cooked Corned Beef is evenly and mildly cured, cooked scientifically and carefully packed in Libby's Great White Kitchen

It forms an appetizing dish, rich in food value and makes a summer meal that satisfies!

**For Quick Serving:—** Libby's Cooked Corned Beef, cut into thin slices. Arrange on a platter and garnish with Libby's Chow Chow. A tempting dish for luncheon, dinner, supper



Write for free booklet—How to Make Good Things to Eat. Insist on Libby's at your dealer. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.



"YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT CALL YOU HAVE TO BE SPYING UPON ME?"

ignorance grew into amazement as I read. The slip bore the words: "I have bought Crown Diamond. What's the limit?" "Wilton." "I certainly don't understand," I said. "What does it mean?" "The man who wrote it ought to know," growled Doddridge Knapp, with his eyes flashing and the yellow-gray mustache standing out like bristles. The fangs of the Wolf were in sight. "Well, you'll have to look somewhere else for him," I said firmly. "I never saw the note, and never bought a share of Crown Diamond." Doddridge Knapp bent forward and looked for an instant as though he would leap upon me. His eye was the eye of a wild beast in anger. If I had written that note I should have gone through the window without stopping for explanations. As I had not written it I sat there coolly and looked him in the face with an easy conscience. "Well, well," he said at last, relaxing his gaze, "I almost believe you." "There's no use going any further, Mr. Knapp, unless you believe me altogether." "I see you understand what I was going to say," he said quietly. "But if you didn't send that, who did?" "Well, if I were to make a guess, I should say it was the man who wrote this." I tossed him in turn the note I had received in the afternoon, bidding me sell everything. The King of the Street looked at it

with Wallbridge. As I went on, I fancied that the bushy brows drew down and a little anxiety showed beneath them. I had hardly finished my account when there was a knock at the door, and the servant appeared. "Mrs. Knapp's compliments, and she would like to see Mr. Wilton when you are done," he said. I could with difficulty repress an exclamation, and my heart climbed into my throat. I was ready to face the Wolf in his den, but here was a different matter. I recalled that Mrs. Knapp was a more intimate acquaintance of Henry Wilton's than Doddridge Knapp had been, and I saw Niagara ahead of my skull. "Yes, yes; quite likely," said my employer, referring to my story of Wallbridge. "I heard something of the kind from my men. I'll know to-morrow for certain, I expect. I forgot to tell you that the ladies would want to see you. They have missed you lately." And the Wolf motioned me to the door where the servant waited. Here was a predicament. I was missed and wanted—and by the ladies. My heart dropped back from my throat, and I felt it throbbing in the lowest recesses of my boot-heels as I rose and followed my guide.

**CHAPTER XII.**

Luella Knapp. Two women rose to greet me as I entered the room. "Good evening," said the elder woman.