

HOME TONIC FOR OLD PEOPLE

Wonderful results, eventually restoring full physical vigor, are obtained from the following: To one-half pint good whiskey, add one ounce syrup sarsaparilla and one ounce Toris compound, which can be procured from any druggist. Take in teaspoonful doses before each meal and before retiring.



Musical Note.—Signor Harmonetti is at Present Engaged in Composing a New Heir.

Got the Letters Mixed.

A young American, who is particular about his washing, the other day wrote a note to his laundress and one to his sweetheart, and, by a strange fatality, put the wrong address on each envelope and sent them off. The washwoman was delighted at an invitation to take a ride the next day, but when the young lady read, "If you tumble up my shirt bosom any more as you did the last time, I will go somewhere else," she cried all the evening and declared she would never speak to him again.

Professor Munyon has just issued a most beautiful, useful and complete Almanac; it contains not only all the scientific information concerning the moon's phases, in all the latitudes, but has illustrated articles on how to read character by phrenology, palmistry and birth month. It also tells all about card reading, birth stones and their meaning, and gives the interpretation of dreams. It teaches beauty culture, manicuring, gives weights and measures, and antidotes for poison. In fact, it is a Magazine Almanac, that not only gives valuable information, but will afford much amusement for every member of the family, especially for parties and evening entertainments. Farmers and people in the rural districts will find this Almanac almost invaluable.

It will be sent to anyone absolutely free on application to the MUNYON REMEDY COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.

Her Logic.

Anna Margaret had a great many toys, and her mother thought she ought to give some of them away before Christmas to less fortunate children. Anna Margaret was willing to part with the broken trunk and the cracked set of dishes and the one-legged Teddy bear, and a few other toys that were in the same dilapidated condition. But when it came to her pet baby doll, the one that went to sleep with her every night, she rebelled. Mother assured her that Santa Claus would undoubtedly bring her another doll, even better; but she refused to be comforted.

"Mother," she wailed, "if God sent Aunt Jessie another baby, would she give Baby Jean away?" She kept her doll.—Harper's Bazar.

The Penny Saved.

The Penny Saved was put in the bank, the old broken teapot having gone out of style. Here it presently overheard two voices talking.

"I want to borrow \$50,000,000 to finance a candle trust!" said one voice.

"Glad to accommodate you!" said the other.

And the next Penny Saved knew, it was going out into the channels of trade.

When the man to whom it belonged fell into sore need (he was a candle-maker and the trust crushed him out) and came to the bank for his money, he was courteously informed that the institution had passed into the hands of a receiver and recommended to call again in a year or two and get his share of the assets, should there prove to be any.—Puck.

PRIZE FOOD

Palatable, Economical, Nourishing.

A Nebr. woman has outlined the prize food in a few words, and that from personal experience. She writes:

"After our long experience with Grape-Nuts, I cannot say enough in its favor. We have used this food almost continually for seven years.

"We sometimes tried other advertised breakfast foods but we invariably returned to Grape-Nuts as the most palatable, economical and nourishing of all.

"When I quit tea and coffee and began to use Postum and Grape-Nuts I was a nervous wreck. I was so irritable I could not sleep nights, had no interest in life.

"After using Grape-Nuts a short time I began to improve and all these ailments have disappeared and now I am a well woman. My two children have been almost raised on Grape-Nuts, which they eat three times a day.

"They are pictures of health and have never had the least symptom of stomach trouble, even through the most severe siege of whooping cough they could retain Grape-Nuts when all else failed.

"Grape-Nuts food has saved doctor bills, and has been, therefore, a most economical food for us."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "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.



SYNOPSIS.

"Vanishing Fleets," a story of "what might have happened," opens in Washington with the United States and Japan on the verge of war. Guy Hillier, secretary of the British Embassy, and Miss Norma Roberts, chief aide of inventor Roberts, are introduced as lovers. At the most inopportune moment Japan declares war. Japan takes the Philippines. The entire country is in a state of turmoil because of the government's indifference; Guy Hillier starts for England with secret message and is compelled to leave Norma Roberts, who with military officers also leaves Washington on mysterious expedition for an isolated point on the Florida coast. Hawaii is captured by the Japs. All ports are closed. Jap fleet is fast approaching western coast of America through Japanese spy discovers secret preparations for war. He follows auto carrying presidential cabinet. He uncovers source of great mystery and is pursuing: "The gods save Nippon." Fleeting to Pacific coast, Slego is shot down just as journey to get awful news. Tokyo learns of missing Japanese fleet and American waters as a Canadian project against what the British suppose a terrible submarine flotilla. Hillier is also sent to Canada to attempt to force fleet departure, amid misgivings of English. Fleet mysteriously disappears, a sailor picked up on a raft being the only evidence of the loss. Voyagers begin to fear for their safety. Hillier makes a failure of effort to deliver message to the president. War between Great Britain and Germany is threatened. The Kaiser disappears.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The secret service men had already become convinced that the team belonged within the city, and so, as a forlorn hope rather than in the belief that any clew would be gained, they employed the gypsy, giving him license to adopt whatever means seemed the most likely to discover and identify the horse. With Romany cunning, he immediately secured a seat facing one of the most fashionable parkway drives, where he remained for hour after hour, apparently occupied in smoking a short black pipe, and presenting no marked difference in appearance from that of a hundred other loungers.

It was on the second day of the trader's watch that he jumped to his feet and excitedly ran after a passing turnout, until he could attract the attention of a mounted officer, who had been posted on the driveway for the purpose of assisting him in case his quest should develop anything worth following. The man pointed to the carriage ahead, and in broken German asserted his conviction that it was the one which had been used in the abduction. The officer, after giving him hasty instructions to report to headquarters, galloped down the boulevard in pursuit.

Much excitement was caused by the gypsy's story, and a group of the most prominent officials awaited the return of the mounted officer. One hour passed, and still another, before he appeared, and suspense by this time was at high pitch. They began to look at the horse trader with considerable suspicion, fearing a canard, and were almost on the point of sending others to search for the missing officer, when the latter appeared, clanking his spurs across the tiled floor of the entryway. He looked sheepishly about him before saying anything, and then addressing the captain, said: "This man is either mistaken or else the affair promises to be more serious than we at first believed."

"Well," said his superior questioningly, "what about the carriage?"

The officer leaned over and spoke in a confidential tone. "The carriage was that of the American ambassador!"

The captain started back as if paralyzed. He imparted the news in an undertone to his comrades in the room and the excitement grew. They dared go no further in this quest without consulting those of higher authority, and gathered into a private chamber, taking the Romany with them, where they waited till they were joined by the supreme head of the secret service department. This latter, in person, questioned both the gypsy and the officer who had followed the carriage. All that could be elicited from the horse trader was that he had been accustomed to observe animals closely all his life, was positive that he could not be mistaken, and finally, in a fit of sudden wrath, he swore that he would stake his life on this having been the animal which passed him on the night of the Kaiser's disappearance. He even went further and asserted that the harness of the horses was the same which he had seen on that occasion.

The mounted officer was equally certain that the turnout was that belonging to the embassy, because he had observed it before, and knew the ambassador by sight, and this was the reason why he had made no arrest. He said that he had been prepared to do so when he overtook the team, but, identifying the occupant, decided to run no risk of detaining so important a personage, and contented himself with following the carriage throughout its journey and till it was housed. He then dismounted, and by a pretext engaged one of the stablemen in conversation, learning thereby that the ambassador had no horses other than these two. He had not deemed it advisable to make any fur-

ther inquiries for fear of arousing suspicion.

The head of the secret service department saw that he was facing a very grave responsibility. He sent messages calling together the most important men in the government, and within an hour the findings were laid before them. They found themselves in a singularly embarrassing predicament. To take any action which might offend the representative of a nation which was already engaged in triumphant war, and of which the whole world stood in terror and apprehension, was something to be avoided. Even to suggest to the ambassador of the United States that he was suspected of having abducted the Kaiser, an act of less majesty in itself, was something which might arouse that man to appeal to his home government and topple Germany itself into an imbroglio which could end only in defeat. The attitude of America, up to the moment when communication ceased, had been friendly. Therefore, there seemed no logical reason for her taking any such unheard of action as that of interference with the person of his majesty. The consensus of opinion was that the situation was too delicate to admit of any ordinary methods, and that there was only one

sort of half-hearted way to resume their sway.

In this epoch of abnormality the atmosphere joined and sent upon the huge city a June fog, which settled down in the night, adding its blackness to that of the hour. And through it in quest of relaxation rode England's king. On leaving the palace he had no definite plan or destination; but the glare of the theaters lured and beckoned insistently to their wealth of light and entertainment, and he yielded.

His coming was unheralded, and attention was attracted to the presence only when the manager, following time-established custom, which forbade the turning of one's back upon a king, preceded him with steady bows to the royal box and took his place beside the equerry while the visitor entered. The hippodrome was to be honored. Within the box the royal guest seated himself behind the partially drawn curtains, where he could look out upon the bizarre performance and feel himself near a throng of persons. There was some satisfaction at least in mere proximity to companionship.

With languid interest and half absorption he glanced over the program, paying but small attention to what it contained. A herd of performing elephants galloped clumsily round in the ring below, obeying the shrill, nervous shouts of a woman clad in red tights, and then sedately marched out through an aperture by the side of the stage when the act was ended. A man clad in an ill-fitting dress suit, evidently the heritage from some predecessor, came to the front of the stage and began an ornate, rambling, and ungrammatical speech, announcing some wonderful exhibition which was about to take place. The monarch, suddenly aware of the voice, caught only the last words declaring it to be



With a Salute, His Equerry Handed Him the Message.

thing to do—keep the embassy under constant surveillance until by secret service methods they might learn what if any connection the ambassador or those about him had with the disappearance.

The gypsy received the promised reward, and from that hour on the American embassy was unceasingly watched day and night from without and within.

CHAPTER XI.

A King is Lost.

Wearied by hours of suspense, days of anxiety and nights of alarm, the king of England sought relaxation. A period of disaster had reached its culmination where nothing much worse might be predicted. Germany had other occupations than those of aggression, and was now distraught in its effort to find the missing ruler, from whom no word had been received and of whom no information had been obtained. The American dread had been somewhat for days, and the first grief for the loss of the great British fleet had lost its poignancy and was becoming only a bitter recollection to be calmly discussed and speculated upon. After weeks of storm and stress there had come a lull in which England waited for winds more kind.

London had lived so long in misery that it had become callous, hardened, and enveloped in an air of gloom, conditions resembling those of that period of terror which overspread it in the great plague, but which led men by work and pretense of gaiety to seek forgetfulness. Once more the music halls opened, the theaters made their announcements, signs appeared on the boardings and old habits began in a

gauntlet into the lists of the civilized world? It was impossible! But he would send for this individual who by his paltry ruse would infringe upon the privacy of a king and see for himself what sort of fool he was.

"Show him in!" he said to the equerry, and then expectantly watched the door, wondering whether he was to face an adventurer or an imbecile. Between the king and the officer whose name appeared on the card was an intimacy of more than 30 years' standing. The name alone had sufficient weight to preclude the curt refusal of such an extraordinary request. If this was the friend of his younger days, nothing but an errand of the utmost importance could have induced him to seek an audience under such circumstances, and, on the contrary, if his visitor proved to be a nonentity or crank, the guard would give protection and summary punishment.

The door of the cabinet slid back, and a grim, scarred, weather-beaten man stood surrounded by the royal body guard. In utter astonishment that it should be the admiral standing before him, the sovereign rose from his seat and took a step forward.

They stood for a moment, the king and the admiral, and then slowly grasped each other's hand, casting the restraint of situation and the difference of position completely aside.

"Bevins," the monarch said, "for God's sake what brings you here in a time like this? Is there no limit to your daring, and nothing at which your country will hesitate? Do you come as a friend or as an American?"

"Both," answered the officer, standing squarely on his feet and looking steadily into the gray eyes, which persistently scrutinized him as if seeking to read the cause of his visit.

There came another instant's pause, and the king with a gesture invited him to be seated. The guard discreetly withdrew and closed the door of the cabinet.

Bevins continued: "I must apologize for intruding upon you; but I have journeyed a long way to deliver a message which permits of no delay."

"In an official capacity then?" queried the monarch dryly.

"Yes, official and friendly. I was chosen for this mission not only because of our known friendship, but for the reason that I could explain certain events to you better than any man living."

The king nearly forgot the distrust which he had felt first, and almost yielded to the impulse to drop all ceremony and ask his guest for an explanation then and there. He half rose and grasped the arms of his chair. His lips opened to interrogate, and then, his life's training and restraint resuming their hold, his tongue gave a dry click, and he again assumed a posture of repose. It was difficult to assume an air of complacency when every instinct of king and man called out to him to ask impetuously the one before him for the unraveling of the skein of events and the story of the fate of the British fleet. He veiled his curiosity, his emotion and his excitement behind a mask of polite reserve.

But what was coming next? His visitor, who had hesitated, now went on. "This is no time nor place for me to say what I have to; but as an emissary of my government I am asked to induce you, your prime minister and the first lord of the admiralty to grant me a private audience."

The king, impatient, curious and anxious, was yet relieved by what he heard. There was nothing very unusual in a request for a private audience under such circumstances, and he had hope that from it would come elucidation of all which he most wished to know. The morrow then would at least bring some ease of mind and some relief from uncertainty. Before he could reply the voice resumed:

"The audience must be granted to-night."

"To-night, to-night!" The sovereign forgot his aplomb, leaned his body toward his companion, and thrust his chin forward. There had been something in the use of the word "must" and the astonishing declaration that the interview should be conceded at once that aroused a little spark of resentment. And yet he was filled with a curiosity akin to anger.

The admiral was quick to read his royal host's annoyance, and hastened to conciliate. "Your majesty, as your friend I ask you not to misconstrue anything I may say. I am asking as a favor that I be allowed my own time and way—yes, that I even may be permitted to suggest the conditions of the meeting. Believe me, it is for the best."

The king was motionless and speechless for what seemed a long time. From his viewpoint of head of a nation and bound to maintain its dignity, and a man with a man's anxieties and anxious to learn from a friend's lips the story of the last month's secrets and disasters, he was considering what was best to do.

In an oddly repressed tone he answered with another tentative question. "As a friend I received you in my box, and now on this same basis I ask you if this communication of yours is so important and urgent that it cannot take its due course according to official custom?"

"Beyond official ways, your majesty, imperative and urgent," was the response; "otherwise I should not have chosen this unusual method of approaching you, nor asked for such an unusual audience in such haste and at such an unseemly hour."

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

Pitiful.

One of the most pitiful things in the world is a man who thinks everybody with whom he has dealings is trying to cheat him.

NEW STRENGTH FOR WOMEN'S BACKS.

How to Make a Bad Back Better.

Women who suffer with backache, bearing down pain, dizzy spells, and that constant feeling of dullness and tiredness, will find hope in the advice of Mrs. Mary Hinson of 21 Strother St., Mt. Sterling, Ky. "Had I not used Doan's Kidney Pills I believe I would not be living to-day," says Mrs. Hinson. "My eyesight was poor, I suffered with nervous, splitting headaches, spots would dance before my eyes, and at times I would be so dizzy I would have to grasp something for support. My back was so weak and painful I could hardly bend over to button my shoes and could not get around without suffering severely. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me from the first, and I continued until practically well again."

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

Distinction Without Difference. While holding a term of court at Augusta once, Judge Walton sentenced a man to seven years in prison for a grave crime. The respondent's counsel asked for a mitigation of the sentence on the ground that the prisoner's health was very poor. "Your honor," said he, "I am satisfied that my client cannot live out half that term, and I beg of you to change the sentence." "Well, under those circumstances," said the judge, "I will change the sentence. I will make it for life instead of seven years."

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 greater strength than other makes.

Poor Pat.

The surgeon of a large hospital was paying a visit to the patients when he came to a cot whereon lay an Irishman who was not bearing his pains very bravely, for he was groaning loudly.

"Oh, come, my poor fellow," remonstrated the surgeon, "try and bear your pain like a man. It's no use kicking against Fate."

"Shure, you're right, sorr," groaned the Irishman, who had been severely kicked by a mule, "specially whis they're the fate of a mule!"—Exchange.

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

A Republican Reliance.

Three-year-old Norris is fond of the Twenty-third Psalm, sometimes repeating it instead of his regular evening prayer. Last autumn the name of the successful presidential candidate was often heard at the dinner table, and Norris unconsciously fell into the habit of rendering one passage of the Psalm in this reassuring fashion: "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Lippincott's.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured. LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. CATARRH is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Read testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Thoughtful Child. They are considerate youngsters in England, as most people know. A little boy whose grandmother had just died wrote the following letter, which he duly posted: "Dear Angels: We have sent you grandma. Please give her a harp to play, as she is short-winded and can't blow a trumpet."—London Tit-Bits.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Invention of Porcelain. At a display of porcelain in China an exhibitor said that Chinese literature ascribes the invention of porcelain to a period some 25 centuries before Christ. Foreign experts are by no means certain that the art existed before the seventh century of this era.

Asthmatic, Read This. If you are afflicted with Asthma write me at once and learn of something for which you will be grateful the rest of your life. J. G. McBride, Stella, Nebr.

O Happy Beast! Johnny—The camel can go eight days without water. Freddy—So could I if ma would let me.—Harper's Bazar.

Even when the gates of prayer are shut the gates of tears are open.—Hebrew proverb.