"Russel Towers laying dead"

BLACK FOO' "Come stong with me" Chapter I. DEAR SIR, would you not like "Of medium hight with a silky complextion"

"I will call in my assistance for you to look

In came a tall slim gentleman. He looked something like Black Foot. They must of been broth-

Next was Russel Towers a man of about 45

years of age and 5 feet 3 inches tall. Dark com-

plextion but clean shaved. When he approached

I noticed that he walked very lightly and panther

This was the first time that John fell in love

She was a young lady of about twenty. She

"Those people," said Black Foot to John who

was gazing after Miss Carter as she went out

with the other two assistance, "are very much

help to me. The lady Isn't realy a helper because

"Now I think I will leave you to retire. Break-

After John was once more left to himself he

sat down in a chair to think of his adventure

from five o'clock until now and to think of what

the future might be. "What did it all mean? Was

Black Foot an escaped convict or president of

some crooked trust company? Was Black Foot

trying to hide his identity? No that couldn't be,

he was down town this evening when he picked

"Well I am going to make use of that bed,"

said John after every thing was still for the

He lay abed until two o'clock a. m. however

Presently be mrned his head towards the cen-

"Hello! some night walker has stepped into the

"My God! what can that be I Is some one

John went over and pressed the butten which

In the upper floor he could find nothing so he

started down stairs and was in the front part of

the house when he could hear some one move-

ing about. Then a light could be seen in the room

to the left. John tiptoed up to the door and was

"Bang!" a flash of fire could be seen and a

"D-n you! I'll learn ye t' sneak up an' try

t' catch me," said a large black wiskered yegg

with a red handanna handkerchief across his

face," If ye'd a mind yer own business ye would-

and started out but when right in the door way

he dropped his gun which caused John to wake

"Hands up, you fool," John commanded, "do

you think I can dye as eas7 as all of that. If you

lower them one bit. I'll shoot. Turn to your right

"Here! sit in that chair." John said, after they

were in Black Foot's room," and keep them hands

"Here he comes now, prisoner. Keep them hands

"Ha! Ha! It's you again is it, you get down

stairs and out of the house as fast as you can.

If you come back here again there will be

trouble," suggested Black Foot as he entered the

room, "I see you have made good so far, John.

Tell me about what you done. I heard some body

to read a book. My bell began to ring so I went

over and shot it off, picked up my revolver

and then I heard a groan so upon investiga---

"Well I couldn't sleep so I got up and started

They went across the ball and into a large

There upon the floor was the panther like man

"Help me carry him to that little room," John

Black Foot then went back and pressed a but-

ten which caused the dead man to dissapear

through a trap door but left the carpet on which

"You shall except the position that the dead

"Me! and get stabbed in the ribs," answered

Russel Towers laying dead with a knife wound

room, from there into a smaller one and then

through a room about ten feet by ten feet and

there and keep front of my light

"What! You heard a groan."

into a small hall like enclosure.

just under the left arm.

man had once occupied."

John, "I should guess not."

The yegg picked up his treasure and revolver

stopped the bell from ringing, took up his te-

volver and started in serch of the intruder.

ter table and saw a book which he immediately

rose to rend. Howbelt he read to the middle of

the second chapter when bur r-r-r-r-r-r.

I class her as my daughter."

night, "Ill try nnything once

without sleeping a wink.

"O o o o o o o hm"

about to turn the light on.

heavy thump was heard.

na' been a corpse."

up.

"Yes"

was asked.

he was laving.

"Follow me,"

killed aready?"

house.

fast at eight o'clock."

was of medium highth with a silky complextion

and light hair, beautiful blue eyes and dressed

at first sight. You could see him catch his breath

and open his gyes as he greeted her with a smile.

over, then their will be less danger of shooting

ers. The first mans name was Jimmy Wells.

like. In my mind I called him the panther,

Dorthy Carter was the next to come in,

one of your friends,"

ome clothes to wear and something to cat, free of all cost?" "I wouldn't mind it," replied the little ragged, unshaved, cold and hungary wonderer.

"Well then," said the tall slim gentlemen with the high forhead and sharp features, "come atong with me. I will show you where you

get your moneys worth and something for They started off at a lively walk and entered a large house with out a light in it by the rear-

door "This," said the tall man. "is my residence.

Are you very hungary?" . "Quite right," replied the little man I could eat most arything if it didn't cost me anything." "It will cost you not one cent and you shall

have all you can eat and drink if you will be kind enough to take of your cont and roll your sleave "Why such trouble?" replied the smaller fel-

I should think you would ask something more ass com sass com sassas mon sass sass." "What's this on my arm?" uttered the smaller?

low, "that's an odd thing to do to earn a meal.

How did it come to be there? Have I been

"You sure was asleep. That which you see upon your arm is my name. Here in this house they know not no other name. That upon your arm binds you to my services. You can not escape this town and maybe not this house, alive, It means that you will live happlly if you will try to be

'Umph," grunted the wanderer looking at his right arm, "so your name is Black Foot, I understand?"

By the way what is your name? "My name," replied the smaller of the two, "is

John Lester Bruce."

"Well Mr. Bruce," said Black Foot a half hour later, "you may est now."

John immediately went to the table and there before him was a meal, to his estimation, fit for a king. He did not look up from the table until he had devoured his share and more to of mashed potatoes, roasted meats, gravy, sweets and side dishes of various kinds.

The monotonous, continuous pouring of food In the principal organ of digestion, which they call the stonneh, if he had one, was kept up for thirty minutes,

The room appeared as if the owner had an humense sum of money.

What was the idea of bringing a ragged unshaved tramp in a house like this? Why did he call himself Black Foot at home instead of his real name? Why did he put his odd name on my arm and tell me that my life was in danger If I attempted escape? was the thoughts John had In mind just as Black Foot came in and offered him a turkish eigarette with a cork tip.

"Well," he said, as he came in, "are you ready to go up your room."

Black Foot turned and led bim through a hall way and up a stairs; both being paded immensely thick with earpets which made no noise whatever when tredded upon.

' After they had left the stairs and were well on their way through another ball a bell could be heard which was near by.

It was ringing continuously therefor told for liself that it was no telephone, but some other electrical device.

Black Foot led the way into a room on the

"This," he said, as he pressed a button which Immediately stopped the bell from ringing at its' highth of glory in a corner on the wall. is an in-

uruders alarm," / "This is my room here. We will go to yours now."

They went into a room which was unusaly low and large as to width and length. It was finished up to an extent somewhat like the room in which he ate regarding the style. In one corner was a Jarge wooden bed.

"This butten here when pressed," said Black Foot," is what I would cutt a private bell. It rings only when some one is in this room besides on the hed. You press the same button to turn it on as you do to turn it off. The other one is the same as you seen me press in my room."

"Now I wish to have you change your clothes, You'll find plenty in the wardrobe. When you have finished fust open your door. I will hear you

John went to the wardrobe and pulled out a blue serge suite, tooked it over and replaced it with another of different colar which he put on with a silk shirt that he picked out from fifteen others.

He also adopted a rolled luneon-colar and slik tie, silk stockings and brown English walking shoes. Hat, gloves and overcoat he hald on a chair.

He then went to the door and opened it, as Instructed.

Black Foot immediately approached and presented him with a Colt Automatic 32 Caliber revolver and cartridges, "Put these in your pocket or keep them near.

by you. You may need them sometime.

"Oh! Well," said John, "If you insist why alright." "Well," said Black Foot, "It's three o'clock

"You shall. Remember that mark on your arm."

"With Dorthys arm through his" now and if you can't sleep, you may stand guard the door off these rooms at the hall don't let anyone in with out notifying me. You do this now and don't leave until I te'l you to which will be about six thirty in the morning. Remember: don't refuse to obey instructions."

"Just as you say," answered John and was standing gaurd at the door in less than two min-He was on gaurd but an hour when the sllence was broken.

"I'f I'm interupted many more times to-night there will be a few more dye before morning." crack-crack-crack-"don't you yell or I will cause your heart to stop beating with this knife,"

John left the post and went to the door of the little room ten feet by ten sfeet. He peeked through the key hole.

There before his eyes was Dorthy Carter takeing a sound wipping from Black Foot whom had a whip in one hand and a knife in the other. "Black Foot," said John as he entered, "lay off with that whip and drop that knife."

"You get to hell out o here and be quick about

"Nothing doing." The furniture was upsetting and the rugs were tore up within five minutes after they had engaged in a struggle. Back and forth they went across the room. Black Foot with knife in hand and Johns hand clasped on his wrist the whip laying on the floor. John's hold was beginning to slip when bur-r-r-r-r the bell started ringing. Chapter II.

Up town in the police station at 4:20 am were three men, a millionaire dealer in real estate, Mr. Henery Coglan; cheif of police, Mr. King; and a detective, Mr. Cole,

"Mr. Cole, last night," said mr King, "disguised as a burglar and I went into Mr. Westmores residence and got evidence as to Mr Westmore makeing counterfeit money, therfor we have resons to beleive that that is where the money you have come from. Have you had any business with him lately?"

"No," replied Coglan, "but I have had business with a close friend of his."

"Well Mr. Cole." said King, "don't you think that it would be advisable for us three to be going before Westmore gets away? Have you the warrant?"

"You bet I have."

They were half way to Westmore's residence before detective Cole broke the silence, "By the way Mr. Coglan did you ever get track

of your daughter?" "No I haven't Mr. Cole."

"Listen," cried King as they stepped on the front porch of the Westmores house, "what's that noise?"

"Sounds like somebody is haveing a quarrei," replied Coglan. "They are in this room here," said the detec-

tive, as he followed the noise from the bell. There before them was John Bruce with his hand still or Westmores wrist just as they had stopped struggling. In the corner was Dorthy Carter shaking with fright. "What's all this noise about," demanded King,

"Westmore you are under arrest for haveing in your posesion counterefit money." John was the first to speak, "Why this noise was caused by Black Foot and

I struggling to see wheather he should whip Miss Carter or not, with the whip you see laying on the "While your at it officer," said John, "You

might as well arrest him for the murder of Russel Towers early this morning."

"Have you any proof." "This trap door here."

"Oh! My daughter! My daughter! My dear daughter." "Papa! mest Mr. Bruce. He saved my life a

little while ago." "Hello! my son! Hello!"

"Are you comeing Black Foot," cried John as he walked with Dorthys arm through his and her other through Henery Coglons, her father.

BELLS

CHEERING

Having advertised for a chauffour, he multimillioual a sought to test the honesty of the applicant. "Suppose," he said, "you were to

find a pockethook in the tonneau containing \$100,000-what would you do?" "Nothing at all," replied the truthful applicant. "I'd live on my income during the rest of my life."-Boston

Fleeting Fascinations. "Your speeches haven't their oldtime spellbinding qualities."

"I've been trying to get away from that spellbinding stuff," confided Senator Sorghum. "Any good vaudeville monologist can hold an audience spellbound, but after the show is over he couldn't command enough votes to elect him poundmaster."

The Inducement, "I will run again if there is an over-

whelming demand." "I think I can get a petition signed by our four or five office-seekers, Sen-

"All right, it won't take much to overwhelm me."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Reasoning.

He-Look here, I've been working like a dog all day at the office, and I don't intend to come home to crying children and an overdone dinner.

She-And so I suppose you think that secause you have been working like a dog all day you must growl like one all the evening?

Awful Threat. Judge-Why did you strike this

Prisoner-He threatened my wife. Judge-How was that?

Prisoner-He told my daughter that he was going to kiss her for her mother.



'S FUNNY She: How are you making out learning to run your car? He: I have trouble learning to "reverse."

She: And you do it so beautifully when you're waltzing.

Problem. Here is a knotty problem Which we for long have nursed: How can we make our money last Unless we make it first

Talent, Zeb-Am Elusia a musical genius?

Zeke-Am she? Boy, you oughta hear dat baby re-frain I'm singing!-

Wayside Tales. At the Capitol, "Call a janitor and have the cobwebs

swept out of this room. Who meets here, anyhow?" "An investigating committee."

"We are building a railroad through these mountains," "Rich country, they say." "You bet. We pay the cost of every

Good Business.

tunnel with the coal taken out." At the Radical Meeting.

Orator-Do you get me, boys, do you get me? Voice from Rear-No! But walt until youse leave d' platform.-Wayside

Add Pathetic Figures. "I'm sorry for the poor chump." "Why, I understood you to say be was the life of the party."

"He was, but he didn't know it." Very Few of Them. Hubby-Why is it that you women can never keep a secret? Wiffie-Because we seldom hear one

that's worth while keeping!

The Forgetting. "I believe in forgetting injuries!" "That's all right to forget an injury; but don't forget that you have

forgotten it!"-Wayside Tales, What Was Wrong With Moses? "Miss Jane, did Moses have the

same complaint my papa's got?" "Gracious me, Percy! Whatever do you mean, my dear?" "Well, it says here that the Lord

gave Moses two tablets," Often Happens,

The Dowager-What has become of Mr. Gadabout? He used to be guite a society lion. The Old Tea Hound-He doesn't go

out any more. He married a society

liop tamer.

## MOTHERS AND **DAUGHTERS**

Read This Letter from Mrs. W. S. Hughes

Greenville, Del.—"I was under the mpression that my eldest daughter had some internal trouble as ever since the first time her sicknessappeared she had to go to bed and even had to quit school once take Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound myself so I gave it to her and she has received great benefit from it. ou can use this let-

ter for a testimonial if you wish, as I cannot say too much about what your medicine has done for me and for my daughter." - Mrs. WM: S. HUGHES, Greenville, Delaware.

Mothers and oftentimes grandmothers have taken and have learned the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. So they recommend the medi-

The best test of any medicine is what it has done for others. For nearly fifty years we have published letters from mothers, daughters, and women, young and old, recommending the Vegetable Compound. They know what it did for them and are glad to tell others. In your own neighborhood are women who know of its great value. know of its great value.

Mothers-daughters, why not try it?

## DEAD

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take



The National Remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Cities With Similar Names. Burgos in Spain, Bourges in France, Bruges in Belgium are noted for magnificent Gothic ecclesiastical edifices erected in the Middle Ages,

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When run-down you can quickly pick up and regain vim, vigor, vitality by obtaining this Medical Discovery of Dr. Pierce's at your nearest drug store in tablets or liquid.

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The World's Croesus. Knicker-What is Uncle Sam's ratio? Bocker-Dollars to doughnuts,-New York Sun.



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