

LOOK TO YOUR KIDNEYS.

When Suffering From Backache, Headaches and Urinary Troubles.

They are probably the true source of your misery. To keep well, you must keep your kidneys well. There is no better kidney remedy than Doan's Kidney Pills.



They cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently. Ernest Ulbright, Kellogg, Idaho, says: 'I was nearly dead with kidney trouble. I passed quantities of blood and lost 15 pounds in weight in three weeks.'

The Key to Germany. Capt. Charles King, the author, praised, at the Milwaukee club, the German element in Milwaukee's population.

'I know a soldier,' said Captain King, 'who met the Kaiser last year in Berlin.'

'You have a thorough knowledge of our best thought and customs,' said the Kaiser. 'Have you ever been to Germany before?'

'O, yes, sir,' said the soldier. 'What cities have you visited? Berlin and Hamburg?' asked the Kaiser.

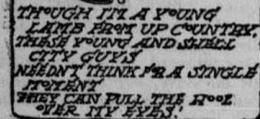
'No, sir,' said the soldier. 'Milwaukee.'

Deserved the Shoes. The weary wayfarer leaned over the fence and watched the housewife doing her chores.

'Ah, lady,' he said, tipping his hat. 'I used to be a professional humorist. If I tell you a funny story will you give me an old pair of shoes?'

'Well, that depends,' responded the busy housewife; 'you must remember that brevity is the soul of wit.'

'Yes, mum, I remember that, and brevity is the sole on each of me shoes, mum.'



Church Unity. Richard, aged five, was being interviewed in regard to his school work.

'And where do you go to Sunday school?' was next asked.

'To the Episcopal,' he replied.

'What have you learned there?'

'Honor thy father and thy mother,' he said. 'And, do you know, I went down to the Methodist church the other day and they were teaching the same thing there!'-Lippincott's Magazine.

THE FIRST TASTE. Learned to Drink Coffee When a Baby.

If parents realized the fact that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving the babies coffee to drink.

'When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. As my parents used coffee exclusively at meals I never knew there was anything to drink but coffee and water.'

'And so I contracted the coffee habit early. I remember when quite young the continual use of coffee so affected my parents that they tried roasting wheat and barley, then ground it in the coffee-mill, as a substitute for coffee.'

'But it did not taste right and they went back to coffee again. That was long before Postum was ever heard of. I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work, I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence.'

'At night, after having coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, and on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous.'

'A friend persuaded me to try Postum. My wife and I did not like it at first, but later when boiled good and strong it was fine. Now we would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever tasted.'

'I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drinkers.'

Read 'The Road to Wellville' in pkgs. '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.

TAVERNAY

A Tale of the Red Terror

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

Author of 'The Marathon Mystery,' 'The Holiday Case,' 'A Soldier of Virginia,' etc.

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CHAPTER XXIV—(Continued.)

'It will not be long,' I whispered. 'We shall find a house. Be brave! Remember only that I love you.'

She answered with a pressure of her arms about my neck, and I went on with new strength, my heart singing. At last, with a deep breath of thankfulness, I discerned the roof of a hovel rising above the hedge to the right. Was it occupied? There was no light at the window, nor smoke rising from the chimney, but I hastened forward to its door and knocked.

There was no response. I tried the door and found it barred, so I knocked again, or rather hammered savagely with my fist. This time a step approached.

'Be off,' cried a harsh voice. 'No entrance here.'

'Citizen,' I said, as mildly as I could, 'I ask you aid—you will lose nothing by opening the door.'

'Be off,' he cried again. 'I will not open.'

'Well, then, I will kick it in,' I said, letting my wrath burst forth, 'and shoot you down like the dog you are. Choose—a gold louis if you aid me; death if you refuse!' and I gave the door a premonitory kick which made the flimsy building tremble.

'Come, is it war or peace?' 'What is it you require, citizen?' asked the voice, after a moment, in a milder tone.

'Some water boiling hot and cloth for a bandage.'

'And for these you will give a gold louis?'

'I promise it.'

'Very well, I will open the door.' 'You will make a light first,' I said, and placing my burden carefully on the ground in the shadow of the hedge, I drew my pistol and assured myself that it was ready. 'Come, make haste,' I added.

In a moment a light sprang up within and the door slowly opened. I crossed the threshold with a bound, to find myself face to face with as villainous a wretch as I had ever encountered. A great shock of yellow hair hung over a face so grimed and crusted with filth that the features were almost indecipherable. The head hung forward and the great hands, hanging below the knees, showed that the man was deformed.

'Quick, stir up the fire,' I commanded, 'and heat the water.'

'And the gold louis?' he asked, eyeing my dress.

I drew it forth and placed it on a rude table which stood in one corner.

'There it is,' I said, 'but it is not yours yet.'

His eyes gleamed as he looked at it and he licked his lips as a dog might have done at sight of a savory morsel. Then he turned to the hearth, stirred the smoldering embers, threw some pieces of wood upon them, filled an earthenware pot from another vessel which stood on the hearth, and placed it in the midst of the flames.

'Your water will be ready in three winks, citizen,' he said.

'Good,' and I moved before the fire a bench which served as a chair. 'Now I will bring in my companion.'

'Your companion?' he repeated, looking about with a snarl.

'Yes—and if you touch the goldpiece, I will kill you. Sit down in yonder corner.'

He backed into the corner indicated and sat down, staring vacantly. In an instant I was outside and lifting my comrade tenderly in my arms, bore her back to the cottage and closed and barred the door.

'Sit here, my love,' I said, and placed her on the bench. 'Now, let us see the ankle.'

I knelt before her and with fingers which trembled so that I could scarcely guide them, removed the shoe and cut away the stocking. The ankle—which should have been so slim, so graceful—was cruelly swollen.

'It will be better in a moment,' I said, and dipping the remnant of the stocking into the steaming water, held it close against the hurt.

'Oh, that is heavenly!' she murmured and breathed a deep sigh of relief. I bathed the ankle thoroughly, immersing it in water almost scalding, and every instant joyed to see the lines of pain in her face soften and disappear.

'And now,' I said at last, 'we will bandage it tightly and it will not pain you—only, of course, you cannot use it for some days.'

'For some days?' she echoed in dismay. 'But we cannot stay here so long a time.'

'No,' I agreed, 'certainly not—but let us bandage the ankle.'

'But my face fell as I glanced about the room.

'What do you require for a bandage?' she asked following my eyes.

those covards out yonder. I'm not afraid of noise.'

'Dog,' he yelled and sprang upon me. But I had my pistol out—it was his life or mine—and fired straight into that savage countenance. I saw the glowing hole the bullet left; I saw the blood spurt from it as he pitched forward at my feet. Then a score of savage hands seized me, and I thought for an instant that I should be torn asunder. But a mounted patrol, summoned by the shot, cantered up, cut their way through the crowd, and jerked me out of its clutches.

'What is all this?' demanded their officer. In two words they told him the story pointing to the body on the floor and to the girl cowering in one corner, her hands before her face. They ended by demanding that I be hanged forthwith.

'Oh, he shall hang,' my new captain assured them. 'Rest content! But let me have a spy and first we'll see what he knows. Tie his hands.'

They were secured behind my back in a twinkling.

'Bring the woman, too,' he said, and one of them brought her forth and threw her across a horse's back with a shout of relief that she had fainted. 'Give me your rope, Couthon,' he added to one of his men.

The rope was a strong yet slender line. Already in one end of it there was a running noose, and I shuddered as I guessed its meaning. He threw the noose over my head, drew it tight about my neck and made the other end fast to a ring in his saddle.

'Release him,' he commanded, with an evil laugh. 'He can't get away. Forward!'

For an instant, the thought flashed through my brain that I would end it with that ring, but I myself was dragged under the hoofs of the horses. Then, as a trooper cantered by me bearing a limp form before him, I realized my cowardice. So long as a breath of life remained, I must fight to save her from the hideous fate which threatened her.

So I ran along in the dust beside my captor in such an agony of rage and despair as I had never known. If a wish of mine could have engulfed the world in ruin, I would instantly have done so, and I would have done so with a vengeance, for an earthquake to swallow us, for a thunderbolt to blast us, I looked up in the clear sky and cursed it. So this was the end—for me, death by the rope—for her—

The lights of the camp gleamed ahead in a moment we passed the sentinel and approached a tent before which another sentry was stationed.

'Announce to Citizen Goujon,' said my captor, remaining in his horse, 'that we have two traitors to be judged.'

The sentry saluted and disappeared into the tent. As for me, my heart stopped at the mention of that name. Goujon! Was he to prove my murderer, too? And Charlotte—

'Enter, citizen,' said the sentry, holding back the flap of the tent.

My captor threw himself from the saddle, and led me into the tent, the rope still about my neck. Another fellow carried Charlotte.

Within the tent was a table upon which two candles gleamed. Before it sat a man examining a pile of papers. He looked up as we entered, and I shuddered as I met his eyes; for they seemed a snake's eyes, so veiled and cold, and venomous as the look of the wasp-pock-marked, clammy-greyness and the nose so assured and swollen that it had the appearance of a sponge.

He glanced from me to the burden which the trooper bore and a slow flush crept into his cheeks.

'Well,' he asked, sharply, turning back to my captor.

And again I had the pleasure of listening to the highly-colored story of my recent exploit. I was a murderer, a traitor—undoubtedly an aristocrat. I had shot down a cold blooded officer who was interrogating the prisoner who was a most desperate character, and should be hanged at once before I had further opportunity for evil.

But just before hanging him, my captor concluded, 'I thought it best to bring him to you for interrogation. He may be a spy.'

'Goujon nodded.' 'You were right,' he said. 'Receive my thanks. Tie him to that pole yonder. As for the woman, place her on my cot; we shall find means to revive her,' and he laughed menacingly. 'You may retire,' he added, 'but say nothing.'

They saluted and withdrew. Goujon waited until the flap fell behind them. Then he approached me slowly, until he was quite near, and contemplated me with those snake's eyes. Then, with a little smile of enjoyment, he turned away and bent above the cot, his hands clasped behind him. At last he turned to the table, took up a candle, and held the light to my face. It flickered back and forth, and he set it down again with a chuckle of satisfaction.

Then he came back to me and stood for a moment gazing over me.

'So, Citizen Tavernay,' he said, at last with an infernal smile, 'you did not escape, after all!'

(Continued Next Week.)

Scriptures in Navajo Language. The American Bible society has just added to its interesting list of versions of the scriptures in the languages of the North American Indians, a translation of the Book of Genesis and the Gospel of Mark in the Navajo tongue.

This is the first publication of the translation of the scriptures into the tongue of these people. The version has been prepared by the Rev. Leonard P. Brink, of Tohatchi, N. M., connected with the Southwest Indian conference, an international mission to work in that region.

There are said to be 25,000 Navajos in the United States, and there are at present Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Christian Reformed, Gospel Union, and Independent missions at work among them. These scriptures will help in the education of the people and in the formation of a Navajo literature.

The French Sardine Industry. France boxes sardines in 200 canning factories on the coast. Fourteen thousand women prepare the fish as they come from the nets, and 2,500 men are employed in canning them.

The average annual production of canned sardines is 20,000 tons. The sum represents values of between \$400,000 and \$1,000,000. About 12 pounds of tin are used on every 100 square metres of the sheet iron from which the cans are made.

How the Greeks Bake. From Wide World Magazine. A very primitive oven is used by the Greek peasants for baking bread. A fire is first lit inside to heat the fabric; then the embers are raked out and the dough placed within.

When the oven grows cool the bread is supposed to be baked. All the ovens are situated in the open air, and several houses usually share one between them.

If the earth, as a New York professor calculated, were 100,000,000 tons heavy, would it weigh if the coldest should go up in a balloon?—Springfield Republican.

LENEVE SET FREE BY ENGLISH JURY IN MURDER TRIAL

Contentions Made That Crippen Deceived Her as He Did Others About His Wife's Death.

London, Oct. 27.—After a trial lasting only a few hours in the New Bailey criminal court today, a jury found Ethel Clare Leneve not guilty as an accessory after the fact of the murder of Cora Belle Crippen for whose death the latter's husband, Dr. Crippen, will die on the gallows on November 8.

Miss Leneve was in love with Dr. Crippen and slept in his house within 48 hours of the time the doctor murdered his wife and buried the dismembered parts in the crows' nest at still Drop Crescent home. She accompanied Crippen in his flight to Canada, and with him was arrested and indicted.

From the first she had maintained innocence of any knowledge of the crime, but the crown alleged that her behavior subsequently to the disappearance of Mrs. Crippen, or Belle Elmore, as she was known on the stage, was such as to betray a guilty knowledge of the murder.

When arraigned today Miss Leneve pleaded not guilty and witnesses were introduced by the prosecution to show that she had experienced periods of great mental distress following Belle Elmore's death. The crown prosecutor, Richard Muir, introduced only such evidence as had been brought out in the earlier hearings.

Crippen's Abject Slave. Miss Leneve's counsel, Frederick E. Smith, m. p., asked the jury to bear in mind that his client had been under the influence of Crippen, one of the most dangerous criminals of recent years, since she was 16 years of age. This, he asserted, accounted for her flight in the doctor's company. There was no proof that she had knowledge of the crime. Counsel said that he took upon his own shoulders the responsibility for not putting Miss Leneve in the witness box.

Lord Chief Justice Alverstone, who presided, in summing up for the jury, said he saw no reason why Dr. Crippen should have told Miss Leneve anything different from that which he told others.

As upon the occasion of the physician's trial, the court room was crowded with members of the legal profession, and as many others as could secure a place by right of influence. There was a difference in the audiences. If Crippen had any well wishers they kept in the back ground, while there was a noticeable sentiment of sympathy for the girl who, for love of a man nearly twice her age, had sacrificed her reputation, deserted home and friends and remained true to him even when their association made her liable as an accessory to a brutal murder.

Is a Pathetic Figure. As Miss Leneve sat in the prisoner's dock today she was a pathetic figure. She is 27 years old, of medium height, light brown hair, gray eyes and excellent teeth. Her face is pretty, and she is trim. She wears good clothes becomingly, and, naturally buoyant and affable, she is a prepossessing woman.

She was attired in the same neat blue costume which she wore at the preliminary hearing in the police court. She entered the dock between two wardresses and remained standing during the few minutes occupied by the swearing in of the jury.

Statement of Prosecutor. Miss Leneve was an object of keen scrutiny on the part of the women, who composed the majority of the spectators. In reply to the formal charge of being an accessory after the fact to the murder of Belle Elmore, the girl pleaded 'not guilty' in a voice that was scarcely audible. Lord Chief Justice Alverstone thereupon called Richard D. Muir, the crown prosecutor, who outlined the case against the accused.

It was clear Mr. Muir said, that the intrigue between Crippen and Miss Leneve constituted the motive for the murder of Crippen's wife. He dwelt upon the evidence given by Mrs. Jackson, Miss Leneve's landlady, at the preliminary hearing, and the fact that she had been in the room when she came to her that Crippen had murdered his wife.

Inspector Dew of Scotland Yard, who arrested Crippen and Miss Leneve, the other witnesses for the crown were taken rapidly through the evidence which they had given in the lower courts. No new testimony was brought out and the prosecution closed its case before lunch.

History of the Woman. Miss Leneve was born at Diss, Norfolk, on June 22, 1883, the daughter of Walter Leneve, a railway agent. There was nothing unusual about her early life. She learned stenography and obtained employment at the Diss court institute where she met Dr. Crippen, who was connected with the institution in a consulting capacity. Later the institute was closed and Dr. Crippen set up for himself in the dental business, and took Miss Leneve as his stenographer and private secretary. She fell in love with her employer, and after the death of Mrs. Crippen went to live with the doctor and later told her friends they were married.

Editor is Fined. There was a sequel to the Crippen murder case today when the high court inflicted a fine of \$1,000 on Assistant Editor Perris for contempt of court in permitting the publication in the London Chronicle of a story from Quebec, asserting that Dr. Crippen had purchased hyoscin and had confessed to the murder of his wife.

The court ordered that Perris be imprisoned until the fine is paid.

OMAHA MUST PAY. St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 27.—Judge W. H. Sanborn, in the circuit court today, filed a decree ordering the city of Omaha, Neb., to pay the Omaha Water company what it demands for the plant. This award is said to be between \$500,000 more than the city was willing to pay. The decree is the outcome of a long fight. Arguments were heard by the court yesterday.

+++++ CARPET TACK FAILS AS A CURE FOR BLINDNESS +++++

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 27.—William Williams, a negro, is in jail here today charged with swindling on account of a peculiar cure for blindness which he devised. His remedy consisted in driving a carpet tack into the back portion of a blind negro's skull and he charged \$25.00 for the operation.

+++++ CINCINNATI, OHIO.—A gift of \$100,000 to the campaign fund for a world's conference on church unity by J. P. Morgan served as a fitting climax yesterday to the greatest convention in the history of the Protestant Episcopal church. Mr. Morgan was named as treasurer of the movement to raise funds required to bring about what is hoped to be the world's greatest conference of Christian churches throughout the universe. Shortly before leaving for the east Mr. Morgan made an announcement that he had started the fund with a gift of a tenth of a million dollars.

SWEDISH ROYALTY FIGHTING LAWSUIT INVOLVING A RULER

Scandal Deals With Name of Ancestor of Present Ruling Family, and Is in the Courts.

Stockholm, Oct. 27.—The appearance of a royal family in the courts as defendants is rare enough to make a case of sensational interest. Next Thursday, in the law courts here, the amazing action will be resumed to recover \$1,250,000 from the Swedish royal purse. The plaintiff is P. A. Johansson, a member of the Landeting. He not only seeks to recover the money but also a number of letters which says were given to the royal family by the late Anna Helga de la Brache.

The allegation is that this Anna Helga de la Brache was a daughter of King Gustavus Adolphus IV. of Sweden, by a marriage subsequent to that with his queen, and the Russian court paid the money named to the Swedish royal family on behalf of this daughter. A pension was paid to her out of the royal purse till 1870, when it was stopped.

Conflict of Testimony. The evidence, so far, has revealed a curious conflict of testimony among well known witnesses. Count von Rosen regards Miss de la Brache as sincere in the claims she put forward during her life. He adds, 'if she had deceived, it was because she herself had been deceived. She had from her earliest childhood heard statements from which sprang the conviction till her dying hour that she was in truth the daughter of the king.'

Director General Lagerheim quotes King Oscar II. to the effect that he did not believe any letters extorted to prove the claim. King Karl XV., in consequence of the claim said, 'I have let an impostor have a pension, but that by any chance, a daughter of Gustavus Adolphus IV., legitimate or otherwise, should suffer want in our country.'

Thinks Woman an Impostor. In consequence of the gravity of a step such as stopping a state pension, General Lagerheim has investigated all the available facts and came to the conclusion that Helga de la Brache was an impostor and her story was an invention. After the pension was stopped she made her first appearance at the foreign office and General Lagerheim tried to demonstrate the future of her pretensions.

'You think, then?' she cried, 'that I am an impostor?'

'I don't think so! I am sure of it,' was the reply of the director general. Miss de la Brache got up and went off, 'looking more like a bad-tempered woman, found out, than an offended princess.'

Her Landlady's Statement. Mrs. Maria Charlotte Nyberg, at whose house the claimant lodged during the last years of her life, declares her guest frequently stated she was the issue of a secret marriage of King Gustavus IV. She also said she met her father on the island of Hven in the Sound about 1830, and received from him several letters of such importance to her fortune that subsequently \$1,250,000 was deposited in her interest by her Russian relatives with the Swedish royal family.

Court Marshal Printzskjold, President Osterberg, Minister of Justice Petersen and Rear Admiral Sandstrom all deny assertions made by Miss de la Brache as to the consideration of her petitions, and the story of her had been helped by the late empress of Austria, through the intervention of the dowager queen of Sweden, Josefina.

Gave Up Documents. On the other hand, L. A. Danielson declares he spent three months in 1901 in Stockholm interviewing members of parliament and high officials, including Premier Baron von Otter, and was given distinct assurances that Helga de la Brache was what she claimed to be. He also stated definitely that the Russian money named had been deposited and that Miss de la Brache had several times been to the royal palace, where she was privately acknowledged of royal blood.

It was only after she had been induced to part with several documents, he declares, that intrigues were set on motion to stamp her as an impostor.

Dr. A. Blomquist, who was Miss de la Brache's legal adviser before her pension was stopped, tells how he made fruitless efforts to secure the resumption of the payments.

As to an incidental assertion put in by the defending attorney, Court Auditor Lungren, that Miss de la Brache was identical with a certain Ansona Florentina Magnusson, the daughter of a customs official, Mr. Blomquist has filed a long statement in disproof, declaring the allegation is senseless.

At this state the case remains till Thursday, when the plaintiff hopes to produce fresh witnesses, including Professor Norby of Upsala, who has, up to now, been too ill to appear.

CRIPPEN HANGING IS ADVANCED ONE WEEK

Wife Murderer, According to Present Plan, Will Be Executed on November 8.

London, Oct. 27.—Dr. Hawley H. Crippen, convicted of the murder of his wife, Belle Elmore, the actress, will be hanged on November 8. The date originally set was November 15, but the sheriff advanced the date two weeks.

This will make the hanging come off within 16 days of Crippen's conviction.

MT. HOLLY, N. J.—Rear Admiral John J. Read, United States navy, retired, died at his home here yesterday after a brief illness of heart disease, aged 79 years. He saw service with the gulf squadron during the civil war, and was afterwards in the lighthouse service and commander of the navy yards at Portsmouth.

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