

WEAK, ILL AND MISERABLE.

How many people suffer from backache, headache and dizziness without realizing the cause? These symptoms of kidney trouble are too serious to neglect.



James C. Hardin, Weatherford, Texas, says: "My feet and limbs became numb and I had terrible pains through the small of my back. Kidney secretions caused untold annoyance by their frequency in passage and I began to think there was no hope for me. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and I have not had the slightest trouble since."

"When Your Back is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S." For sale by druggists and general storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

About the Size of It. "Why is it?" queried the youth, "that so many people fail to mind their own business?"

"There may be one or two reasons, or both," answered the home-grown philosopher. "They may have no mind or no business."—Philadelphia Press.

Usual Thing. "Been taxing your eyes lately?" asked the oculist.

"Yes," replied the patient; "I looked all through a newspaper of 144 pages which came through the mail to me bearing the words 'marked copy.'"

"No wonder your eyes smart!" "Oh, but that isn't the worst of it. I didn't find anything marked."—Buffalo Express.

The Simple Life. Ann Maria Wilhelmina Pickering, in her "Memoirs," edited by her son, tells a Yorkshire incident which contains a great deal of human nature. Variety spices life; the plain is monotonous, until its extent entitles it to the name of prairie or desert, and it gains interest through vastness.

There was an old couple in the village whom I used often to go to see. One day, when I found them sitting, one on each side of the fire, the old man said to me:

"Well, I miss and me, we've been married night on 50 years, and we've never had one quarrel."

The old woman looked at me, with a twinkle in her eye, and said: "It war verie conscientious, but varie dool."—Youth's Companion.

HIGHLY AMUSED.



Hiram Greene—What did your sister say when you told her I was going to make a speech in the town hall tonight?

Willie—She didn't say nothin'; she just laughed until she had hysterics.

SOUND SLEEP Can Easily Be Secured.

"Up to 2 years ago," a woman writes, "I was in the habit of using both tea and coffee regularly."

"I found that my health was beginning to fail, strange nervous attacks would come suddenly upon me, making me tremble so excessively that I could not do my work while they lasted; my sleep left me and I passed long nights in restless discomfort. I was filled with a nervous dread as to the future."

"A friend suggested that possibly tea and coffee were to blame, and I decided to give them up, and in casting about for a hot beverage, which I felt was an absolute necessity, I was led by good fortune to try Postum."

"For more than a year I have used it three times a day and expect, so much good has it done me, to continue its use during the rest of my life."

"Soon after beginning the use of Postum, I found, to my surprise, that instead of tossing on a sleepless bed through the long, dreary night, I dropped into a sound, dreamless sleep the moment my head touched the pillow."

"Then I suddenly realized that all my nervousness had left me, and my appetite, which had fallen off before, had all at once been restored so that I ate my food with a keen relish."

"All the nervous dread has gone. I walk a mile and a half each way to my work every day and enjoy it. I find an interest in everything that goes on about me that makes life a pleasure. All this I owe to leaving off tea and coffee and the use of Postum, for I have taken no medicine." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THAT AFFAIR AT ELIZABETH

By Burton E. Stevenson, Author of "The Marathon Mystery," "The Holladay Case," Etc.

New York—Henry Holt & Co.—1907.

CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued.)

"No," she answered, her eyes glancing from right to left. "I very seldom come down here. Harriet always attended to the household affairs. But I see nothing wrong."

"Come this way," and he passed around the angle of the wall into the recess.

"Some one has been digging," she said, as her eyes fell upon the heap of dirt.

"Yes; what was this recess for, Miss Kingdon?"

"We had intended placing a furnace here," she said, "but after the house was finished, we decided that a furnace wasn't needed. Who has been digging here? You?" and her eyes again examined our earth-stained clothes.

"It was your sister dug the hole, and then filled it again, as you see."

"My sister?" she asked, in bewilderment.

"Yes—she worked at it last night, and again tonight, when she thought herself secure from interruption."

"But why?" she asked, in bewilderment.

"Because she had something to conceal. This hole is a grave, Miss Kingdon. See there."

He flashed a ray from his electric torch full upon the leering face staring up at us.

Lucy Kingdon gazed down at it for a moment with distended eyes. Then, with a deep sigh, she sank backward to the floor.

CHAPTER XIX. UNDER SUSPICION.

We carried her up the stair and placed her on a couch in the room where her sister lay.

"She's only fainted," Godfrey said. "Put some water on her face and chafe her hands. She'll soon come around. I must be off, or I'll miss my scoop, after all."

"All right," I agreed. "I'll wait here. You'd better notify the police."

"I will. But I'll get my shoes first," and he hurried out into the yard, while I got some cold water from the tap in the kitchen. "Here are yours, too," he said, coming back with both pairs.

"You'd better put them on."

He had his own laced in a moment.

"I'll send the first officer I see," he promised, "and get back as soon as I can. But don't wait for me. Get to bed as soon as you can."

I heard his steps die away down the street, and turned back into the room where the two women lay. I was nearly dead for lack of sleep, and found myself nodding more than once, as I sat there by the couch watching Lucy Kingdon's face. How Godfrey kept it up I could not understand, but sleep never seemed to have a place in any of his plans.

But as moment after moment passed and Lucy Kingdon showed no sign of returning consciousness, growing alarm awakened me thoroughly. I roused her head and face and chafed her wrists, but with no perceptible effect. I could feel no pulse, could detect no respiration; perhaps this was something more serious than a mere fainting spell. I should have told Godfrey to summon a physician.

He returned at last to hear a step turn in at the gate and a moment later a patrolman appeared at the door—a rotund and somnolent German, whose somnolence gave place to smarts of mingled terror and astonishment when he saw the two bodies.

"Mein Gott!" he ejaculated. "Two of 'em!"

"No; only one as yet," I corrected. "But there may be two if something isn't done to save this one pretty quick, and bent again over Lucy Kingdon and chafed her hands."

"Hass she fainted?" he asked.

"That or just naturally dropped dead," I said. "She's been like this for 15 or 20 minutes."

He came to the bed, stooped down and pressed back one of her eyelids.

"She ain't dead," he said. "She's chust fainted. I know a trick, and before I could interfere, he gave her carter cruce."

"Why you scoundrel!" I began, but a sigh from the couch interrupted me. I turned to see Lucy Kingdon's dark eyes staring up at me.

"You see," he said triumphantly, "I knew it was to fall!"

She stirred slightly, drew one hand across her eyes, then, with a long sigh, turned over on her side.

"Come on out here," I said in a low tone, "and don't disturb her. Sleep's the best thing for her now, if she can get it. Besides, I've something to show you, and I'm picking up the lamp, I led the way to the kitchen and closed the door."

"Something else to show me?" he repeated, staring about at the walls.

"Yes; come along," and I started down the cellar stairs.

He followed me, breathing heavily. As I glanced over my shoulder I was amused to see that he had drawn his revolver.

"This way," I said, and stepped into the recess. "See there."

He turned livid as he gazed down into the grave, and his hands and face grew clammy.

"Mein Gott!" he breathed. "Mein Gott!" and he returned his revolver to his pocket, took off his helmet and wiped his forehead with a shaking hand.

He said nothing more until we were back in the kitchen. Then he looked at me with glassy eyes.

"But who's the murderer?" he demanded. "Where's the guilty party?"

"I don't know," I answered. "That's for you to find out. As for me, I'm going to bed."

"Wait a minute," he said, detaining me, as I started for the door. "Who was that fellow who told me to come here?"

"He was a reporter named Godfrey. He had nothing to do with it."

"But somebody must be arrested for 'is," and he looked at me in a way that was most suggestive.

"Well, you're not going to arrest me, are you?"

"Who's 'at on your hand?" he asked, and caught my wrist and held it to the light.

"It's blood," I said, "but it's my own, and then I was again suddenly conscious of my strange appearance, and realized how unaccountable my presence in this house must seem. 'Oh, well,' I said, 'there's no use to waste time arguing about it. I suppose you're right in holding me. Go tell your chief. I'll explain things to him.'"

"I can't leave you here," he protested. "The patrol box is at the corner."

"All right; I'll go with you," I agreed. "I don't want to escape," and I accompanied him to the box, and waited while he called up headquarters and sent in a brief but highly colored version of the tragedy.

Then we walked back to the house together. As we approached it, I was startled to see a shadow flit across the kitchen blind.

"She mustn't go down there again," I said, and flung open the door. Lucy Kingdon was standing with her

hand on the knob of the door which led to the cellar. She started around at my entrance, and stared at me, but I saw no light of recognition in her eyes.

"Don't go down there," I said gently. "You'd better lie down again."

She permitted me to lead her back to the couch without protest or resistance.

"Try to rest," I said. "There's nothing you can do. You must be strong for tomorrow."

She lay down as obediently as a child and closed her eyes. Her lips moved for a moment; but at last I was relieved to note by her regular breathing that she had apparently fallen asleep.

I returned to the dining room and closed the door between, so that the light and noise might not disturb her.

"Here 'tis are!" cried the patrolman, who had stationed himself at the outer door, and I heard a wagon rattle up in front of the house.

Then half a dozen policemen came pouring into the yard, headed by a man with grey hair and heavy black moustache, whom I saw to be the chief.

He stopped for a moment to listen to the story the patrolman had to tell, then he turned sharply to me.

"Of course you'll have to explain your presence here," he began.

"My name's Lester; if you doubt it, here's my card," I said, cutting him short. "Mr. Godfrey and I suspected something was wrong here. We looked into it and found much more than we bargained for."

"Who's Mr. Godfrey?"

"The man who sent your patrolman here."

"How did you get so dirty?"

"Uncovering the dead man in the cellar."

"And your hand seems to be wounded."

"Yes; Harriet Kingdon shot me before she hanged herself."

"She discovered you in the cellar?"

"Yes."

He looked at me a moment longer without speaking.

"It's hardly probable," I added, "that if my friend and I had been guilty of any crime, he'd have stopped to warn the police, and I'll have waited here for you to come and take me."

"That's true," he assented; "but I don't quite see what your business was here."

"My friend's a reporter on the New York Record," I explained.

"Oh, a reporter!" he repeated, instantly drawing the inference which I hoped he would not draw.

But, of course, Mr. Lester, you, as a lawyer, know that you had no right to enter a house in that way. It was your duty to inform the police."

"There are emergencies," I protested, "in which one must take affairs into one's own hands."

"I admit that; but whether this was one of them—"

"Doesn't it look as if it was?" I asked, turning to the chief.

"Well, that's not for me to decide. I understand you're staying at the Sheridan?"

"Yes—at least, I was staying there yesterday. I gave up my room, not knowing that I'd need it again. I'm about dead for the night."

He pondered for a moment, looking at my card.

"How do I know this is really your name?" he asked.

"You don't know it," I retorted, growing suddenly impatient. "But I'll have a dozen people down from New York to identify me, if you doubt it. Meanwhile, let me go to bed."

"All right," he said, pocketing the card with which I had just been armed. "But it will have to be under guard. I don't want to place you under arrest, but at the same time I can't run the risk of letting you get away. You've no objection to the company of an officer?"

"I don't care, if he'll only get me sleep."

"All right. But you'd better have that hand dressed before you turn in. We brought a doctor along on the off-chance of needing him. Suppose you let him look at it."

"Thank you," I assented, and the doctor was summoned.

"It's not in the least serious," he assured me, after a moment's examination, and the wound was soon washed and bandaged.

"That feels better," I said, as he pressed the last strip of plaster into place. "Now I'm ready for bed."

"Sherman," said the chief to one of his men, "assign to me. My guard-don't let him out of the door, after assuring himself that escape by window was impossible. As for me, I tumbled into bed as quickly as I could and fell asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow."

I was awakened by some one roughly shaking me. I protested, fought against it, but in vain. At last I opened my eyes, and saw that my persecutor was Godfrey.

"Come, Lester," he said, "you've been sleeping 10 hours. It's time you were turning out."

I sat up in bed and rubbed my eyes. Then suddenly I remembered.

"Where's my jailer?" I asked, looking at the empty chair by the door.

"Oh, I cleared all that up. I didn't realize at first how suspicious our actions might seem, and how hard it would be to explain them."

"It was lucky I didn't have to spend the night in jail," I laughed. "Are those my trousers?"

"Yes; I had them cleaned—and they needed it. I had a hard time getting my special off—the operator took me for a tramp—and no wonder."

"Were you in time?"

"Oh, yes; and a lovely scoop it was. The town's full of special men, now, trying to work up the story."

"And how are they succeeding?"

"They're winding themselves up in the worst tangle you ever saw."

"But you—"

"I'm tangled, too. That's one reason I woke you, Lester. I want to talk to you."

"But surely," I said, "Lucy Kingdon can tell—"

"Lucy Kingdon is delirious, threatened with brain fever. The whole affair is a deeper mystery than ever."

CHAPTER XX. AN APPEAL FOR ADVICE.

A cold plunge wiped away the last vestiges of sleepiness, and 10 minutes

later, I joined Godfrey in the dining room, where he had ordered lunch for both of us, and where we could talk undisturbed, since we were its only occupants.

"I've been up only a few minutes myself," he began as I sat down. "But I didn't get to bed till nearly noon. There was too much to do, this morning."

"Tell me about it," I said. "I'm anxious to hear the developments."

"There aren't any."

"But you've cleared up the mystery of the murder?"

"I've cleared it up! My dear Lester, we haven't been able to take the first step toward clearing up the mystery of the unknown was shot, but as to who shot him, and why, we've utterly at sea."

"Once establish his identity—"

"That's just what we can't do. But perhaps I'd better tell you the whole story."

"Yes, do," I said. "That's what I want to hear."

"Well," he began, "after I left you, I hurried downtown toward the telegraph office, and it wasn't until I'd gone quite a way that I met a patrolman."

I stopped just long enough to tell him that the mystery of the murder in the Kingdon place, for my time was getting short, and I couldn't afford to waste a minute. It wasn't until afterwards that I thought of the equivocal position you'd be in when the police arrived."

"I was certainly under suspicion," I laughed, "but there was no harm done."

"After I got off my message, I stopped here at the hotel, and cleaned up, for I was really a sight. I learned from the clerk that you'd already arrived in the custody of the police."

I stepped in at you, and found you sleeping like a log, not disturbed in the least by the presence of the sentinel."

"The result of a clear conscience," I pointed out.

"So I told the cop, after he'd related your adventure with the chief. Then I hurried back to the Kingdon place, and found that the coroner had just arrived. He's an ambitious young fellow, named Haynes, and is cleverer than the run of coroners. I introduced myself, told him what I knew of the case, and my connection with it, and persuaded him to recall the officer who was guarding you."

"The only thing that bothered me," I said, "was to explain our presence in the house. How did you do it?"

Godfrey laughed.

"Oh, easily enough. We yellow journalists, you know, bear the reputation of pausing at nothing. We're also credited with a sort of second sight when it comes to nosing out news. I encouraged Haynes to believe that I possessed both these characteristics. I dwelt upon the suspicious circumstance of the light in the cellar, and led him to think I saw from the outside considerably more than we really did see. I didn't tell him the whole truth, because I didn't want him to connect this affair in any way with Miss Lawrence's disappearance. I want to work that out for myself—it's my private property."

I nodded; neither did I desire that Miss Lawrence's name should be connected with this tragedy—not, at least, until there was some positive evidence against her. And I hoped against hope that Godfrey's persistence and cleverness, that no such evidence would be found.

"After I'd convinced the coroner of our disinterested motives," continued Godfrey, "we went down to the cellar together, and with the help of a couple of men from the station, we searched the place, and a good deal of the policemen happened to be Clemmie, who'd been stationed at the Lawrence place, and he identified the man at once as the one who had asked him the way to the Kingdon house."

We got him out—and a good load he was, stripped back his clothes, and found that he'd been shot in the breast. The wound was a very small one, and there had been little external bleeding. There were no burns upon the clothing, so the shot was fired from a distance of at least five feet. The police surgeon ran in his probe, and found that the bullet had passed directly through the heart, so that death was instantaneous. From the expression of the face, I should say that the victim had no suspicion of his danger—you remember that leer of self-satisfaction. The course of the bullet was downward, which would seem to indicate that he was sitting in a chair at the time, while his murderer was standing up. He had been dead more than 24 hours. The clay of the cellar was nearly as hard as rock, which accounts for the fact that Harriet Kingdon was so long getting him buried."

"And it was she who fired the shot," I said, with conviction. "Marcia Lawrence had nothing to do with it."

"Do you believe Lucy Kingdon knew anything about it?" he asked, looking at me keenly.

"No—I'm sure she didn't."

"Then you apparently believe that one woman of ordinary strength could handle a body which taxed two strong men to lift? I tell you, Lester, Harriet Kingdon undoubtedly had taken that body to the cellar and laid it in that grave. If Lucy Kingdon didn't aid her, who did?"

"I don't know," I answered. "But it wasn't who you think."

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MOST LIKELY.



Mr. Kidder—Every one speaks of Miss Antique as being a bargain.

Miss Cautique—Well, her age is considerably marked down.

"ECZEMA ITCHED SO BADLY I COULDN'T STAND IT."

"I suffered with eczema on my neck for about six months, beginning by little pimples breaking out. I kept scratching till the blood came. It kept getting worse, I couldn't sleep nights any more. It kept itching for about a month, then I went to a doctor and got some liquid to take. It seemed as if I was going to get better. The itching stopped for about three days, but when it started again, was even worse than before. The eczema itched so badly I couldn't stand it any more."

"I went to a doctor and he gave me some medicine, but didn't do any good. We have been having Cuticura Remedies in the house, so I decided to try them. I had been using Cuticura Soap, so I got me a box of Cuticura Ointment, and washed off the affected part with Cuticura Soap three times a day, and then put the Cuticura Ointment on. The first day I put it on, it relieved me of itching so I could sleep all that night. It took about a week, then I could see the scab come off. I kept the treatment up for three weeks, and my eczema was cured."

"My brother got his face burned with gun-powder, and he used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The people all thought he would have scars, but you can't see that he ever had his face burned. It was simply awful to look at before the Cuticura Remedies (Soap and Ointment) cured it."

(Signed) Miss Elizabeth Gehrik, Forest City, Ark., Oct. 16,