

Constipation and Catarrh



S. B. HARTMAN, M. D.

You are constipated. You have taken laxatives a great many years. You have tried to select a diet that would keep your bowels regular. In this you have failed and were obliged to go back to your laxatives again. This, I say, has been going on many years.

You also have a slight catarrh in the head and throat. You never imagined that the catarrh had anything to do with the constipation. Suppose I were to tell you that as long as you have that catarrh you will never get better of your constipation. Would you believe me? Well, whether you would believe me or not it is the truth.

He Knew.

"Where there's a will there's a way," avers Taylor Holmes, appearing in *The Million*. "The way, however, varies, as in the case of a certain pickpocket, who was convicted and promptly fined.

"The lawyer of the pickpocket took the fine imposed upon his client very much to heart.

"Twenty-five dollars," he expostulated. "Your honor, where is this poor, unfortunate man to get \$25?"

"His honor did not know, or if he did he refrained from saying so, but the prisoner was less discreet.

"Just let me out of here for ten or fifteen minutes," he said, "and I'll show you?"—*Young's Magazine*.

Marie Divided the Candy.

When the uncle of a couple of Brooklyn youngsters last called at the household whereof they form a part he brought with him some pieces of candy, which were given to the little girl to divide with her brother. Later the uncle summoned this child to the living room and asked:

"Marie, when you divided those five pieces of candy with your brother, did you give him two and a half pieces?"

"No, sir," said Marie. "I saw they weren't going to come out even, so I ate one before I began to divide."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

The Greatest Woman.

Who was or is the greatest woman in all history? Two hundred teachers answered the question and with enthusiasm and unanimity the judges awarded the prize to the one who made this reply: "The wife of the farmer of moderate means who does her own cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, brings up a family of boys and girls to be useful members of society, and finds time for intellectual improvement."

Sailing Ships in Demand.

In consequence of the better outlook for sailing ships, values have gone up considerably during the last year or two. For instance, a four-masted sailing ship of 2,750 tons register, which was sold in January last year for \$32,500, is at present in the market for sale, and the owners have refused a definite offer of \$45,000; they are asking \$50,000.

Never do anything, concerning the rectitude of which you have a doubt.—*Pliny*.

IT'S THE FOOD.

The True Way to Correct Nervous Troubles.

Nervous troubles are more often caused by improper food and indigestion than most people imagine. Even doctors sometimes overlook this fact. A man says:

"Until two years ago waffles and butter with meat and gravy were the main features of my breakfast. Finally dyspepsia came on and I found myself in a bad condition, worse in the morning than any other time. I would have a full, sick feeling in my stomach, with pains in my heart, sides and head.

"At times I would have no appetite, for days, then I would feel ravenous, never satisfied when I did eat and so nervous I felt like shrieking at the top of my voice. I lost flesh badly and hardly knew which way to turn until one day I bought a box of Grape-Nuts food to see if I could eat that. I tried it without telling the doctor, and liked it fine; made me feel as if I had something to eat that was satisfying and still I didn't have that heaviness that I had felt after eating any other food.

"I hadn't drunk any coffee then in five weeks. I kept on with the Grape-Nuts and in a month and a half I had gained 15 pounds, could eat almost anything I wanted, didn't feel badly after eating and my nervousness was all gone. It's a pleasure to be well again."

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

THE HEART OF A WOMAN

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "Peticoat Rule," Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in Brussels. Louis Harris, a charming English girl of family, friends and wealth, while absent walking along the Boulevard Waterloo in a November rain, runs into a tragedy.

A man is found murdered in a taxi-cab; his companion who had left the cab some time before and told the chauffeur to drive to a certain address, had disappeared and is unknown.

The scene shifts to London. Luke de Mountford, Louis's affianced nephew and heir of the eccentric and wealthy Lord Radcliffe is in trouble. An alleged friend of his, the unknown son of an ancient brother, Lord Radcliffe's illegitimate son, the old man, passionately fond of Luke, claims that he has examined the papers and that the claimant is an impostor.

Suddenly the alleged Phillip de Mountford appears in London. After a short interview with Lord Radcliffe his claims are recognized and he is installed as heir. With explanation Louis is mysteriously disowned. Phillip seems to exert unlimited influence over Lord Radcliffe which his friends and acquaintances investigate. Lord Radcliffe will explain to us one.

A year has passed since the tragedy in Brussels. Suddenly it is repeated in every detail in London. The victim is Phillip de Mountford. Every circumstance and a very apparent motive points to the displaced nephew, Luke as the murderer. In vain, Louis, in her blind faith, tried to prove him innocent. Every investigation brightens the chains of evidence. At the coroner's inquest the startling development that the murdered man was Phillip de Mountford, the common scoundrel denounced by his father and mother, who identified the body as their son, only complicates the situation. It does not in the least upset the appalling proofs of Luke's guilt. A warrant is issued for his arrest but because of his station in life the police secretly wish him to leave the country before the warrant is served. This he prepares to do. Louis sees him and asks him pointedly for the truth. He confesses his guilt.

Here the heart of a woman discerns his lie and the real truth that he is protecting someone else. Immediately she asks herself—Who? and intuitively reasons that Luke's love for his uncle must be the cause. She is right. The time she has with the solution. In the meantime she is permitted to see him. She demands that she be allowed to talk to him. Her request is denied, but she insists that the physician grant her permission. Lord Radcliffe recognizes no one and does not understand what is said to him. Alone with him for a moment she hears the story to him, although he is apparently unconscious. At the mention of Luke's name and the fact that he is accused of the murder, she has a fainting fit. In the next moment she is in the hospital. The physician returns he has spoken and demands that what he has to say be taken down and witnessed. Luke is allowed to see his uncle. Phillip de Mountford who has been passing as his heir was an impostor. Such a person had at one time existed and become a correspondent. He died a year before. Lord Radcliffe met him in Brussels to examine the proofs which he found correct. In his indecision between his duties as a statement of the so-called affection for Luke he invites the real Phillip de Mountford to ride with him through the streets of Brussels. Suddenly the impostor strikes him with a knife and there—hence, the murder in the taxi-cab which Louis had witnessed.

The papers proving Phillip's claim were left in his room and his rascally roommate knew how to use them and guessed the secret of his death, hence his arrival in London and his hold over Luke Radcliffe, until finally the old man's love for Luke prompted the second murder.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Continued.)

"Well," retorted Sir Thomas, "it is not you, my dear, I presume, who killed this bricklayer from Clapham." She did not reply immediately; but her lips almost framed themselves into a smile. Luke and another woman? To Thomas Ryder that seemed indeed a very odd explanation. Men have been known to do strange things, to endure much and to sacrifice everything for the sake of woman! But then Sir Thomas knew nothing of Luke, nothing more than what the latter chose to show of his inward self to the world. The memory of those few moments in the room in Fairfax mansions laughed the other man's suggestion to scorn. Louis shook her head and said simply:

"No, Uncle Ryder, I did not kill the Clapham bricklayer in the cab." "And you won't admit that Luke may be shielding another woman?" said Sir Thomas, with just the faintest semblance of a sneer.

"I won't say that," she replied gravely. "You see, I don't know. I would take a dying oath at this moment—if I were on the point of death—that Luke never committed that abominable crime. I won't even say that he is incapable of it. I'll only swear that he did not do it. And you do it silent when he is accused. Then to me, the only possible, the only logical conclusion is that he is shielding some one else."

"Have you questioned him?" "Put the question directly to him, I mean?" "Yes."

"And what did he say?" "That his own stick condemns him, and that he would plead guilty at his trial."

"He never told you directly or indirectly that he killed the man?" "For the space of one second only did Louis hesitate. She had asked Luke the direct question: "Was it you who killed that man?" and he had replied: "It was I." She had asked it then, determined to know the truth, convinced that she would know the truth when he gave reply. And she did learn the truth. Then and there, not as Luke hoped that she would interfere, but as it really was, he had never really lied to her, for she had never been deceived. Now, she did not wish to hide anything from Sir Thomas Ryder, the only man in the whole world who could help her to prove Luke's innocence in spite of himself; therefore, when her uncle reiterated his question somewhat sharply, she replied quite frankly, looking straight up at him:

"He told me exactly that it was he who had killed the man."

"And even then you did not believe him?" "I knew that he tried to lie."

"You firmly believe that de Mountford knows who killed that Paul Baker—or whoever he was?" "I do."

"And that he means to go through his trial, and to plead guilty to a charge of murder, so that the real criminal should escape?" "Yes!"

"And that he is prepared to hang, mind you!" reiterated Sir Thomas with almost cruel bluntness. "If he is condemned in order to allow the real criminal to escape?" "Yes."

"And you yourself have no notion as to who this person may be?" "No."

"Is there anybody, do you think, who is likely to know more about Luke de Mountford's past and present life than you do yourself?" "Yes," she said, "Lord Radcliffe."

breaking and others suffered misery to which cruel, elusive death refused its supreme solace.

She waited in the cab whilst Sir Thomas Ryder went in to see the doctor. Fortunately, the latter was at home, and able to see Sir Thomas.

At first he was obdurate. Nothing that the high officer of the police could say would move his medical dictum. Lord Radcliffe was too ill to see any one. He was hardly conscious. His brain was working very feebly. He had not spoken for two days, for speech was difficult.

"If," said Dr. Newington in his habitual pompous manner, "he had the least inkling now, that that favorite nephew of his was guilty of this awful murder, why, my dear sir, I wouldn't answer for the consequences. I believe the feeble bit of life in him would go out, like a candle that's been blown upon."

"Who talks," retorted Sir Thomas somewhat impatiently, and assuming a manner at least as pompous as that of the fashionable physician, "of letting Lord Radcliffe know anything about his nephew's position? I don't! I have no such intention. But de Mountford's plight is a very serious one. There are one or two points about his former life that Lord Radcliffe should elucidate if he will. I want your permission to ask him two or three questions. Hang it all, my dear Sir, de Mountford's life is in danger! I don't think you have the right to oppose me in this. You take a most awful responsibility upon your shoulders."

"A medical man," said Dr. Newington vaguely, "has to take upon himself certain grave responsibilities sometimes."

"Yes, but not such a grave one as this. You must at least give me the chance of interrogating Lord Radcliffe. Supposing he knows something that may throw light on this awful affair, something that may go to prove de Mountford's innocence or guilt—either way—and suppose that owing to your prohibitions, all knowledge of his nephew's fate is kept from him until it is too late, until de Mountford is hanged—for he risks hanging, doctor, let me tell you that—suppose that you have stood in the way, when some simple explanation from your patient might have saved him! What then?"

"But the patient is too ill, I tell you. He wouldn't understand you, probably. I am sure he couldn't answer your questions."

"The doctor's original pompous manner had left him somewhat. He was now more like an obstinate man, arguing, than like a medical man whose pronouncements must be final. Sir Thomas Ryder—one of the keenest men to note such subtle changes in another—saw that he had gained an advantage. He was quick enough to press it home.

"Let me try at all events," he said. "The whole matter is of such enormous importance. After all, doctor, it is a question of one human life against the other. With regard to de Mountford, let me tell you the unless we can get some very definite proof as to his innocence, it is bound to go hard with him. Say that a few weeks hence Lord Radcliffe, recovering from this severe illness, is confronted with the news that his nephew is being tried for murder, or that he has been condemned—I won't even mention the final awful possibility—do you think that you or any one will save the man's life then, or his reason perhaps?"

Dr. Newington was silent for awhile. Clearly he was ready to give way. Like most men who outwardly are very pompous and dictatorial, his blustering was only veneer. The strong will power of a more determined intellect very soon reduced him to compliance.

All that Sir Thomas Ryder said was logical. It carried a great deal of conviction.

"Very well," said the doctor at last. "I'll give you permission to interview my patient. But on two conditions."

"What are they?" "That the interview takes place in my presence, and that at the first word from me, you cease questioning my patient, and leave his room."

"Very well," assented Sir Thomas, without any hesitation, content that he had gained his point, and quite satisfied that the two conditions were perfectly reasonable and such that the doctor was really compelled to impose.

"I must tell you that I came to see you tonight at the instance of my niece, Louis Harris, who was fiancée to de Mountford before this unfortunate business. It was she who adduced certain arguments which she placed before me, and which led to my strong desire to question Lord Radcliffe tonight, before de Mountford is brought up before the magistrate tomorrow. She is down below in the cab, waiting for me."

"I cannot allow her to see my patient also," protested the doctor quickly.

"No, no. She shall not see him, unless you give her permission."

"Why don't you send her home right away, then?" "Because," retorted Sir Thomas tartly, "you might give that permission, you see?"

(Continued Next Week.)

Clam Clutches His Coin. Winsted, Conn., Telegram to the New York Tribune.

A clam pulled off a shell game at Highland lake the other day. Lou's Rudden, invited to a clam bake, stood beside a barrel of clams, which was partly covered. In taking some matches from his trousers pocket, he pulled out a \$5 gold piece which he supposed, he supposed, into the barrel. The barrel was emptied, but no coin was found. Then a search of the grounds was made with the same result.

Due course of time the clams, after being washed were placed in a steamer with other seafood. When the man who lost the gold piece got his portion of clams he found his lost coin reposing in the shell with steamed clam, after getting the deposit.

"Indeed it is, Uncle Ryder," said Louis, as she rose from her chair, with a deep sigh of infinite contentment. "Thank you," she added gently, and placed her neatly gloved hand upon his.

With a kind, fatherly gesture, he gave that little hand an encouraging pat. Then he rang the bell.

"A taxi—quickly," he said to his man. "My fur coat and my hat. I am going."

Louisa had gained her first victory. She had put forward neither violence nor passion in support of her arguments. Yet she had conquered because she believed.

A few moments later she and Sir Thomas Ryder were on their way to Dr. Newington's in Hertford street.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IT IS ONE HUMAN LIFE AGAINST THE OTHER.

Once more Louis was sitting in the dark corner of a cab, seeing London by night, as the motor flew past lighted thoroughfares, dark, narrow streets, stately mansions and mean houses. The same endless monotony of bricks and mortar, of pillars and railings, the same endless monotony of every day life whilst some hearts were

HIS DOUBTFUL STATUS. "Engaged to that beautiful girl, and not happy?" "Well, she's gone in by turns for roving, tennis, horse, golf and dog."

"Sometimes I wonder if I am a sweet heart, or merely a passing fad?"

DESIGN ON GERMAN COINS IS PROPOSED

Emperor Will Be Shown In Uniform Instead Of Classic Nakedness.

NEW CHECK ON ENGINEERS

Plumbing To Be Installed To Prevent Leaks In Danube River—Train Oil Is Good Diet.

Berlin—Special: The 25th jubilee of Emperor William's accession to the throne, to be celebrated next year, will be marked, it is understood, by a change in the portrait of the Emperor on all the gold and silver coins of the monarchy. The present likeness dates from the accession of his majesty, and accordingly shows him as a young man. The new design will be distinguished from the old not only in regard to age but also by the fact that the neck and the chest shown in the portrait, now bare in classic nakedness will be clad in uniform, probably that of the Guard Cuirassiers with its high collared tunic.

An automatic device for keeping a check on locomotive engineers who run by danger signals is being installed on the government railroads. The search for a practical method of stopping automatically a train running by a signal set against it has here, as in other countries, not yet been successful, but the new invention is expected to put such a penalty on carelessness, which has given rise to a large number of cases that accidents of this nature will be reduced to a minimum.

The device consists of an electric connection with the rails at semaphore points, so arranged that if an engine does not stop when the signal is set against him a bell starts ringing at the next station and a record is automatically made upon a sealed register deposited there. As soon as the engineer reaches the station he is called upon for a written explanation, the numbered and sealed register insuring that no offender escapes through favoritism or negligence of the stationmaster, who must turn in an account for every number on the record.

Under the old system an engineer might run by scores of danger signals and evade detection until his train met with an accident. Now he faces the certainty of punishment and possible discharge, which, in the opinion of the railroad officials, will operate against the relaxation of vigilance on the part of the engine crew.

Gigantic and unparalleled plumbing operations to plug leaks in the bed of the River Danube are the subject of a controversy between the governments of Baden and Wurtemberg, which has just been appealed to the Imperial Bundesrat for settlement. The case attracts attention to the curious and almost unknown geographical fact that a branch of the Danube flows into the Rhine and thus finally reaches the North sea, thousands of miles from the Black sea, where the main course of the Danube ends.

For some two or three hundred years a part of the Danube has been passing through a subterranean channel from the vicinity of the little town of Immendingen, in Baden, emerging again in the valley of the River Aach, some seven miles distant, where it forms the largest spring in Germany. The source of the spring was definitely established some years ago by artificially discoloring the water of the Danube above Immendingen. In recent years the phenomenon has become more conspicuous for the towns lying on the Danube in Wurtemberg, which are dependent upon it for water power, because the leakage is steadily growing in quantity.

Wurtemberg is attempting to assert its old water rights, while Baden is disclaiming responsibility on the ground that the leakage is a phenomenon of nature, the latter country having a deep interest in letting nature take her course. Inasmuch as the manufacturing establishments depending on the runaway waters of the Danube have sprung up in the valley of the Aach.

Civil engineers propose to settle the problem by carrying a surface channel from the Danube to the Aach and building several dams on the upper course of the latter to develop electrical power. The holes in the bed of the Danube would then be filled with cement, the total cost of the operation being estimated at not much more than \$1,000,000.

Train oil as an important article of diet is the prospect held out by a chemist writing in the Frankfurter Zeitung. The writer points out that recent chemical progress has solved the problem of purifying and hardening all kinds of oils, thus rendering it possible to use them as a basis for manufacturing oleomargarine. The offensive smell of train oils he says is due to the fact that its molecules contain too little hydrogen, hence the formation of acid products.

Chemists have long known that if the molecules could be made to assimilate hydrogen it would get rid of the deleterious acids and make the oil innocuous. Experiments to treat these oils with hydrogen were unsuccessful until the French chemist, Sabatier and Senderens discovered that hydrogen combinations were greatly facilitated by applying that in combination with very fine particles of nickel, platinum, palladium or copper.

A German chemist, Norman, recently introduced this principle in the treatment of fats and oils, and it proved successful in purifying and hardening to such an extent that they can be pressed into sheets that give a musical tone when struck with a hammer. Cotton seed and many other vegetable oils are expected to assume new importance owing to the discovery.

SKULL OF FIANCEE IS USED AS DRINKING CUP

Paris—Drinking from a cup made from the skull of his fiancée is the way which a German student at Strassburg has adopted to keep the memory of her fresh. The fact is vouched for by the Abbe Wetterle, a famous French-Alsatian priest whose propaganda against Germany has won him several terms of imprisonment. He bought the grim relic from the student to add it to his "museum of German civilization" at Colmar.

The girl died a year ago in the hospital where the student worked, so that the latter had little difficulty in removing the head in the dissecting room. The abbe was put on his track by a jeweler who studied the skull which was brought him with rubies.

In the Canadian province of Ontario no one under 18 years of age is allowed to drive an automobile.