

# Uric Acid Is Slow Poison

Excess uric acid left in the blood by weak kidneys, causes more diseases than any other poison.

Among its effects are backache, headache, dizziness, irritability, nervousness, drowsiness, "blues," rheumatic attacks and urinary disorders. Later effects are dropsy, gravel or heart disease.

If you would avoid uric acid troubles, keep your kidneys healthy. To stimulate and strengthen weak kidneys, use Doan's Kidney Pills—the best recommended special kidney remedy.



Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## HADN'T TOLD ANY UNTRUTH

Colored Witness Simply Stated a Fact, Though It Was Not the Information Desired.

In St. Louis a stout colored woman, apparently about forty years old, was called as a witness in an assault case before a police judge. She said: "I am eighty-four and I live down near the river, and this is what I saw when the fight took place."

She then gave her account of the assault.

On cross-examination the attorney for the defense asked her when and where she was born, and she replied: "Right here in St. Louis, in July, '72."

"Then," cried the lawyer in a triumphant tone, "what do you mean by saying that you are eighty-four?"

"Oh," replied the old ducky, "that ain't my age; that is my bust measurement."

## Scorned.

"It's true, Miss Plummer, that I should not have tried to kiss you on such a slight acquaintance and I am heartily sorry. What can I do in palliation of my offense?"

"If you are sincere, Mr. Pinhead, in what you say, you might betake yourself to some other part of the lawn and leave the coast clear for a man I see approaching who has the reputation of getting what he goes after."

## Quiet English Parish.

The tiny parish of Clannaborough, North Devon, England, a little village, has a population of only 42, so that baptisms, marriages and burials are not very frequent. The other week the first marriage ceremony for 15 years took place, but even then the couple were not parishioners, the bride coming from St. Austell, the bridegroom, whose home is at Exmouth, being the rector's brother-in-law.

## An Endearing Act.

Wife (pleading)—"I'm afraid, Jack, you do not love me any more—any way, not as well as you used to."

Husband—"Why?"

Wife—"Because you always let me get up to light the fire now."

Husband—"Nonsense, my love! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more."

## After the Premiere.

"You're a gay kind of a friend!" said Whimpher to Wiggleworth. "Laughing like a hyena all through the first act of my tragedy!"

"Tragedy? Tragedy?" echoed Wiggleworth. "Why, Whimpher, old man, I really was trying to help you! I thought all along the darned thing was a very amusing farce!"—Judge.

## HAPPY OLD AGE

Most Likely to Follow Proper Eating.

As old age advances we require less food to replace waste, and food that will not overtax the digestive organs, while supplying true nourishment.

Such an ideal food is found in Grape-Nuts, made of whole wheat and barley by long baking and action of diastase in the barley which changes the starch into a most digestible sugar.

The phosphates also, placed up under the outer-coat of the wheat, are included in Grape-Nuts, but are lacking in white flour because the outer-coat of the wheat darkens the flour and is left out by the miller. These natural phosphates are necessary to the well-balanced building of muscle, brain and nerve cells.

"I have used Grape-Nuts," writes an Iowa man, "for 8 years and feel as good and am stronger than I was ten years ago."

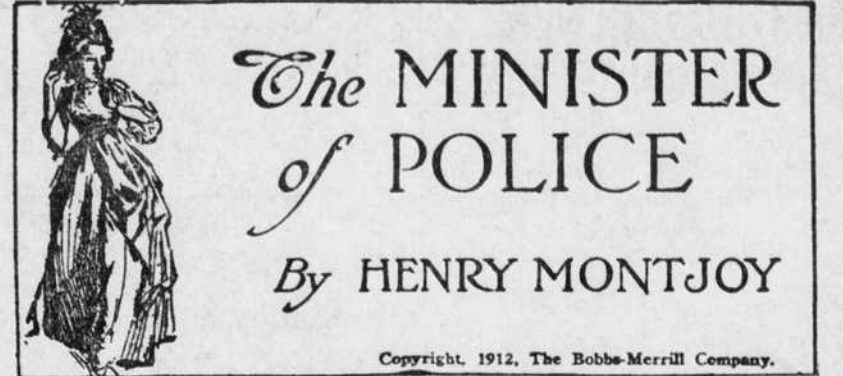
"Among my customers I meet a man every day who is well along in years and attributes his good health to Grape-Nuts and Postum which he has used for the last 5 years. He mixes Grape-Nuts with Postum and says they go fine together."

"For many years before I began to eat Grape-Nuts, I could not say that I enjoyed life or knew what it was to be able to say 'I am well.' I suffered greatly with constipation, but now my habits are as regular as ever in my life."

"Whenever I make extra effort I depend on Grape-Nuts food and it just fills the bill. I can think and write a great deal easier."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "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."



# The MINISTER of POLICE

By HENRY MONTJOY

Copyright, 1912, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Synopsis.

"THE MINISTER OF POLICE," by Henry Montjoy, is a romance of Paris during the Louis XV. reign, a period when Europe was in a condition of ferment and unrest; when Voltaire was breaking to pieces the shackles of religion; when Rousseau at the Cafe de Regence was preaching the right to think; and when a thousand men, some in the gutter, some in the mansions, were preparing the great explosion of the revolution.

Madame Linden, an Austrian lady, after completing a simple mission to France, finds herself in Paris, enjoying the gay life there. De Sartines, the minister of police, thinks she has a right to be there, but she has a story of her departure and her surroundings which she will not disclose, whether she is dabbling in state plots.

De Lussac is a nobleman of exceptional character of that period. Handsome, with all the elegance of a man of the court, he is not without some of the qualities of the visionary, the enthusiast and the poet. He is in that age of animal lust, chilled by the memories of the past. He is, in fact, steeped in the philosophy of Rousseau and is trying to put this philosophy into practice through his connection with a secret society that is plotting the downfall of the state. Before he has gone far enough to incriminate himself he falls in with the beautiful Austrian, who persuades him his method of righting the wrongs of humanity is impracticable, and asks him to promise to go to Vienna with her to be married.

As he leaves her house a fellow conspirator, his chief, joins him, says several things to him, and entrusts the secret articles of the association to him. He then explains to De Lussac what his only hope is to intimidate the minister of police, this can be accomplished only by obtaining an incriminating contract signed by the minister of police in the possession and safe keeping of De Lussac. De Lussac's cousin, with this contract in his possession they can dictate terms to the minister of police, and secure the release of the members already imprisoned and be safe themselves.

De Lussac goes home, writes the papers he has just received, urges Madame Linden that he is attempting to last mission for the society, and also writes an associate, where the papers are to be found in case of his death. Then he enters Richelieu's home and almost succeeds in getting the document, but he is surprised and leaves it in a drawer which he has unlocked. Before he can make another attempt he is arrested and taken to the Hotel de Ville before he has time to think. Linden how nearly he succeeded in getting the document. She, realizing how desperate her lover's position is, visits Richelieu's home and succeeds where her lover has failed.

## PART III.

### CHAPTER II—(Continued.)

"Ah," said Madame du Barry when she had finished reading, "can it be that De Sartines?"

De Maupou cut her short with a grimace. In the mirror opposite to him he had seen a certain pushed aside and the form of a gentleman disclosing himself at the doorway. It was the king, who had entered unannounced.

"Good day, Madame. Good day, Monsieur de Maupou. Well, what is this I hear about Monsieur de Sartines?"

"Oh, your Majesty," replied the comtesse, "it is not what we hear about Monsieur de Sartines that troubles me but rather what we do not hear. He has been called upon me to-day with reference to matters like this—she handed the verses to the king—'but he has not arrived. He is too busy, no doubt, with the arrest of pickpockets and other high affairs of state, no trouble about matters like these.'"

The king read the verses carefully through, for he was very often minute in affairs of that sort, and with every line his irritation deepened. It was not so much the thing itself that angered him as the whole situation. The Choiseuls, the Duchesse de Gramont, the thousand and one bitter enemies of the Du Barry all were conspiring to make his bed of roses a bed of thorns; the ballad-mongers were helping as far as they could.

He flung the thing on the floor with so much ill temper that the favorite forgot her own anger and began to laugh.

"Fortunately, dear France, if we have not a De Sartines to make these gentlemen eat their own words, we have De Maupou." She handed the king the order of inquiry which De Maupou had brought her, and De Maupou, who knew the king better than she did, cursed inwardly as he watched him reading it, knowing that in his present temper his majesty was impracticable.

"What you wish is my command, sire," replied De Maupou, vaguely uneasy at the hinted mystery of this pie and the manner of the king, but glad all the same of another chance to push the king's request. "But, if I may make so bold as say so, at the inauguration of a novel form of cookery a representative of the law seems to me less called for than a representative of medicine in the form of your majesty's physician."

"Make your mind easy, dear Monsieur de Maupou," said the comtesse, "my pie will give indigestion to no one; no one will swallow it, yet it is compounded of one thing that, according to the sages, makes men fat."

"And what is that, madame?" asked the vice-chancellor.

"Laughter," she replied.

"Almost as she uttered the word the door by which the king had entered opened and a servant announced: "Madame la Comtesse d'Egmont."

The daughter of Richelieu belonged to the skirts of the Choiseul party, that is to say, she hated Madame du Barry as bitterly as any one of them, yet was anxious to please the king on her father's account. Hence her presence today.

She had scarcely made her compliments to the king and the comtesse than the servant's voice announced: "Monsieur l'Abbe Fremont."

And before the cleric had fully paid his homage, entered the Comtesse de Coligny, charming, youthful and full of grace, followed by the Duc d'Aiguillon, the Comte de Coligny and Comte de Barry, exquisite in a robe au bord de rivière green clasped by a great brooch of emeralds at the waist.

They had all been herded chattering in the anteroom all the longer moment before the king and they stood talking, the king, the Duc d'Aiguillon, the Comtesse d'Egmont and the Comtesse de Coligny forming one group; the Abbe Fremont, the Comtesse du Barry and the Comte de Coligny forming another. Then the king, who had herself with teasing Comberbe. As they were talking thus the door suddenly opened and like a thunderclap De Maupou, the servant announced: "Monsieur le Comte de Sartines."

"This arrival of Monsieur de Sartines deserves a word: When he had left the Duc de Richelieu's house, having given his grace the order of secret admission to the Bastille, he returned to the Hotel de Sartines very much perturbed in his mind. He was used to economic life and to be treated as a man in all his experience he had never found himself in a position half so grave as the present. He could imagine the woman who held him in her grip, but he did not do so her indignity would hit him no less surely; De Maupou would receive the weapon from the hands of the unknown who held it, and as surely as death is the portion of man De Maupou would use it."

He sat for a while deep in thought. He could see no possible outlet from the trap that surrounded him. Suddenly he struck himself on the forehead. The king! That was his only chance. He would lay his hands on the king before the king could attack De Maupou before De Maupou could attack him.

He knew the king so well, that shuffler and evader and double-dealer. He knew that if De Maupou were to lay a formal charge, backed by the atrocious paper the king would hush the matter up for his own sake, and that the hush money he would pay De Maupou would be his—De Sartines—disgrace and exile. It was imperative to frighten the king, to poison his mind against the king, to do so her indignity would hit him no less surely; De Maupou would receive the weapon from the hands of the unknown who held it, and as surely as death is the portion of man De Maupou would use it."

CHAPTER III.  
A PIE AND A SUPRISE  
Only for half a moment. In the next he was bowing to his majesty, and the comtesse, who had turned and was contemplating him with an expresser curiosity difficult to analyze. Was it derision, was it mirth, was she angry with him, or had she forgotten the broken apartment? The reader of faces, the most astute physiognomist for whom the human face, as

a rule, was but a veil of gauze could read nothing for certain in that beautiful face, so capricious, so strangely unmarked by destiny.

"Why, here is order," cried the comtesse, "comes upon the heels of law and the church! My party is complete. Monsieur de Sartines, you must dine with us today."

"Madame, I shall be charmed. Would that I could have arrived earlier but—"

"Dear poet! So she had not forgotten; not only that, but the words and the manner in which they were spoken told him that she knew of his indifference to the doings of the ballad writers, and he saw in a flash that De Maupou had been before him not only with the king but with the favorite."

"Madame," said he, taking advantage of the fact that the others had drawn slightly away, "of those scribblers about whom you were speaking to me: I hope that the chief of them—the only one who has not escaped from France—I say I hope that the chief of them will be safely in prison by tonight."

"Oh, Monsieur," replied she, "I hope that will not happen. I do not wish on account of my petty affairs that France should lose so excellent a minister of police as Monsieur de Sartines. He is a man of sense, leaving this dagger quivering in his heart, and even as she turned dinner was announced and the guests passed into the dining room, the unfortunate De Sartines bringing up the rear, stricken, speechless, yet showing nothing of his discomfiture in his face."

The dining room which they entered was very different from that which had once been the dining room of the Princess Adelaide. The walls only were the same; upholstered in crimson, with a ceiling of gilded arabesques, a Cupid-haunted ceiling from the brush of Boucher, and panel pictures daring in both color and theme by Vien, the place looked exactly what it was; the home of color that paints the human face, impudence that scents itself with patchouli.

There were nine covers laid and, counting De Sartines, ten guests. When all were seated, De Sartines was left standing.

"Oh, ma foi!" cried the comtesse, as the servants hurried to lay a fresh cover, and she forgot, Monsieur de Sartines, Lubin, place Monsieur de Sartines' chair by the chair of Monsieur l'Abbe, on the left so that the light will not try his eyes. I know you have a horror of a strong light, dear Monsieur de Sartines."

Monsieur de Sartines bowed as he slipped into his seat; he had a poisonous retort on his lips but he dared not utter it.

"Monsieur de Sartines," said the king, who had commenced his soup, "what is this I hear this comtesse saying about your eyes?"

"Only that I am half blinded, sire."

"Since when?"

"Always, your majesty, when I find myself in the presence of superlative beauty."

He bowed to the comtesse, who returned the bow mockingly and turned her attention to the Duc d'Aiguillon; she was evidently still unappeased and beyond the reach of blandishment.

"Monsieur de Sartines," said the king, finishing his soup and raising a glass of topaz-colored wine to his lips, "it seems to me there are only two men in my kingdom who hat portfolios and yet have the old wit that bites in epigrams and charms in compliment."

"And those two men, sire?"

"They are Monsieur le Duc de Choiseul and Monsieur le Comte de Sartines."

"O, sire!" cried the minister of police, picking up his spirits, "what you say is false."

"There is a third man who is, yet not a man, beside whom Monsieur de Choiseul and Monsieur de Sartines are blunderers at that game."

"And who is this man who is not a man, pray?"

"A king, sire."

"Ma foi!" cried his majesty, laughing, "it seems to me Monsieur de Sartines, you pay that king a doubtful compliment."

"O, sire," laughed De Sartines, amazed at himself and hating himself for having made this faux pas, the only one in all his life, "since when is a king a man, since he belongs to the company of those above us?"

De Maupou, who had been sitting unheeded, cast his eyes up to the ceiling and laughed. De Sartines, the king, and all within the range of the conversation looked up, only to see the fat cupid of Boucher leering at them from the ceiling.

"The thing," he cried, "is settled to the Abbe Fremont with some inquiry as to the state of affairs in Picardy, from which province the ecclesiastic hailed, while the Comtesse d'Egmont, unable to contain herself, laughed from this paragraph in all the great newspapers. He would have given his portfolio for the fall of the ceiling, cupid and all, on the head of De Maupou."

It was decidedly one of his unlucky days; a moment ago the king had been charming, and now he was out of temper.

The minister of police applied himself to the trout a la Mayenne which was before him.

(Continued next week.)

## Roosevelt Carried Primaries Once.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean, organ of all that is reactionary and vicious in public life for a quarter of a century, may have changed its spots lately, but it is under suspicion instantly that it begins to ooze to Colonel Roosevelt as it does in this paragraph.

Most states now have direct primary nomination laws. Under these laws a candidate can take any party name that pleases him. They also afford voters the opportunity of changing their party labels.

What prevents Colonel Roosevelt from calling himself a "republican" candidate? What prevents the safe of De Sartines from calling himself a republican, who marked their ballots for him in 1912 from doing so at the primaries in 1917? Thus he could get the nomination without any reputation of principles.

It moves the Chicago Evening Post to say:

The main point of this wonderful political dream of our safe and sane neighbor is that Colonel Roosevelt by entering the republican primaries is to capture the republican nomination in 1918.

Has the Inter Ocean conveniently forgotten 1912? Before the republican nomination of June a year ago Colonel Roosevelt defeated Taft overwhelmingly wherever there was a popular vote. In all the great republican states and yet the national committee gave the nomination to Mr. Taft.

The present national committee has not only perpetuated but increased the powers it held in 1912 to steal a presidential nomination. Omitting, as the Inter Ocean so cheerfully does, all account of the morals of this little scheme, it is natural to expect that the men who stole the nomination from Roosevelt in 1912 would be more zealous about repeating the trick in 1918.

As to our esteemed contemporary's presentation of the boom of Charles E. Hughes, we can only say that the justice of the completely refused to throw his hat into the ring last year. Are the republican prospects to be more tempting to the judicial bonnet in 1918?

There were 1,611 fatalities on British railroads last year, 59 less than the year before.

## BISHOP'S POINT WELL MADE

Mad His Goat, Evidently. A Springfield man, replying to his wife's petition for divorce, says: "Defendant states that the plaintiff is much better qualified than the defendant to carry her part in nagging contests; that she commands a better and more extensive vocabulary than the defendant, and simply overwhelmed him with her complaints and reproaches, and she was so master of her feelings that she could readily pass from storm to sunshine, from abuse to tears, from harsh language to tenderness, and from nagging plaintiff could upon the appearance of a third person so readily become all smiles and suavity that her sudden and complete changes of moods completely bewildered defendant."—Kansas City Star.

Rebuke to Which It Is Hard to See How the Curate Could Make an Answer.

Bishop Oliphant of Llandaff had a well-to-do young man as curate who had rather sporting instincts. He kept his own horses and always drove tandem. The bishop disapproved, and decided to administer a rebuke on a favorable opportunity. Both the bishop and the curate, each driving in his own way, met near the historic Cow and Shufflers. The bishop, of course, was driving two abreast, and the curate tandem, as usual.

"I really must protest," said the bishop, "at your driving about in such a manner."

"Well, my lord," said the curate, "you are driving two horses, and so am I. What is the difference?"

After a few moments' reflection Bishop Oliphant replied:

"If, when you are at prayers at the cathedral, the congregation placed their hands in the same position as you have placed your horses what would become of the dignity and solemnity of the service?"—London Mail.

## Important to Mothers

Examining carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

## After a Pleasant Evening.

Mr. Sydney Buxton told an amusing story for the purpose of illustrating a point at a recent dinner. A certain convivial soul, who had been invited to dine with a friend, whose house was at the end of a dark and muddy lane, was advised to bring a big lantern. After a very jovial evening the convivial one left and struggled home through the mud, firmly gripping his heavy burden by the handle. Next morning he received this message from his host: "Here with your lantern; please return parrot and cage."

## Marked Similarity.

"If 12 persons were to agree to dine together every day, but never sit in exactly the same order around the table," didactically stated the professor, "it would take them 13,000,000 years, at the rate of one dinner a day, and they would have eaten more than 474,000,000 dinners, before they could get through all the possible arrangements in which they could place themselves."

"Yep," snarled Uncle Pepps. "That would be nearly as many ways as a small boy rearranges himself during a long sermon."—Judge.

## Foley Kidney Pills Succeed

because they are a good honest medicine that cannot help but heal kidney and bladder ailments and urinary irregularities, if they are once taken into the system. Try them now for positive and permanent help.

## Had a Chance Now.

While he was playing on a certain Scottish course, a politician remarked to his caddy: "By the way, the last time I was here I played with Tom McGregor. He's grand player!"

"Aye," said the caddy, "but ye could beat McGregor noo." The politician, knowing what a fine player McGregor had shown himself, was immensely pleased at what he deemed the caddy's compliment to his own improved play. "Do you think so?" he exclaimed.

"Aye," came the slow reply, "McGregor's deid!"

## Speak Louder.

An old farmer in Ayrshire had a habit of feigning deafness when he wanted to avoid answering an awkward question. One day a neighbor said to him:

"I'd like to borrow your cart this morning; mine is having a spring mended."

"You'll have to speak louder," the old farmer answered. "I don't hear very well—and I don't like to lend my cart, anyhow."—Glasgow Spy.

## Pithy Postscript.

A striking illustration of the saying that the pith of a lady's letter is in the postscript occurred in the case of a young lady who, having gone out to India, and writing home to her friends, concluded with the following words: "P. S.—You will see by my signature that I am married."

# WINCHESTER

REPEATING SHOTGUNS.

Winchester Repeating Shotguns are not only safe to shoot, but sure to shoot. They are easy to load or unload, easy to take down or put together, and strong and reliable in every way. That's why the U. S. Ordnance Board endorsed them as being safe, sure, strong and simple. Over 450,000 satisfied sportsmen are using them.

Stick to a Winchester and You Won't Get Stuck

Winchester Guns and Winchester Ammunition—the Red Brand—are Made for Each Other and Sold Everywhere

# W. L. DOUGLAS

SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

\$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 AND \$5.00

BEST BOYS SHOES IN THE WORLD \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00

The largest makers of Men's \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes in the world.

Ask your dealer to show you W. L. Douglas \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$4.00 shoes. Just as good in style, fit and wear as other makes costing \$5.00 to \$7.00—the only difference is the price. Shoes in all leathers, styles and shapes to suit everybody. If you could visit W. L. Douglas large factory at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price.

If W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from the factory and have the middleman's profit. Shoes for every member of the family, at all prices. By Parcel Post, postage free. Write for illustrated Catalogue which will show you how to order your shoes, and why you can save money on your footwear.

W. L. DOUGLAS - Brockton, Mass.

TAKEN NO SUBSTITUTE

WOMEN'S COUNTERS