

Glass of Hot Water Before Breakfast a Splendid Habit

Open sluices of the system each morning and wash away the poisonous, stagnant matter.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, lame back, can, instead, both look and feel as fresh as a daisy always by washing the poisons and toxins from the body with phosphated hot water each morning.

We should drink, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to flush from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

The action of limestone phosphate and hot water on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast and it is said to be but a little while until the roses begin to appear in the cheeks. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at your druggist or from the store, but is sufficient to make anyone who is bothered with biliousness, constipation, stomach trouble or rheumatism a real enthusiast on the subject of internal sanitation. Try it and you are assured that you will look better and feel better in every way shortly.—Adv.

Sophie's Quick Retort.

Her quick wit has carried Sophie Tucker through many ticklish positions in vaudeville, and once while rehearsing for a production turned an unpleasant situation in her favor. Ben Teal, the veteran stage director, was doing the rehearsing and took occasion to correct Miss Tucker's pronunciation of a certain word, explaining so the assembled members of the company could get the benefit of his remarks, that in the word disputed the letter "t" was silent. Sophie accepted the correction with the remark: "All right, Mr. Teal—with the 't' silent."

SAVED MINISTER'S LIFE.

Rev. W. H. Warner, Frederick, Md., writes: "My trouble was Sciatica. My back was affected and took the form of Lumbago. I also had Neuralgia, cramps in my muscles, pressure or sharp pain on the top of my head and nervous dizzy spells. I had other symptoms showing that my kidneys were at fault, so I took Dodd's Kidney Pills. They were the means of saving my life."



Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c per box at your dealer, or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets for indigestion have been proved, 50c per box. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free.—Adv.

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Some people don't believe half they hear, and some don't hear half they believe.

When a man begins to repeat the smart sayings of his baby his acquaintances begin to question his veracity.

Wise is the man who knows he isn't.

PAINS IN SIDE AND BACK

How Mrs. Kelly Suffered and How She was Cured.

Burlington, Wis.—"I was very irregular, and had pains in my side and back, but after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets and using two bottles of the Sanative Wash I am fully cured of these troubles, and feel better all over. I know your remedies have done me worlds of good and I hope every suffering woman will give them a trial."—Mrs. ANNA KELLY, 710 Chestnut Street, Burlington, Wis.

The many convincing testimonials constantly published in the newspapers ought to be proof enough to women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they need.

This good old root and herb remedy has proved unequalled for these dreadful ills; it contains what is needed to restore woman's health and strength.

If there is any peculiarity in your case requiring special advice, write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for free advice.

THE GLOYED HAND

A Detective Story

By BURTON E. STEVENSON
Author of "The Holiday Case," "The Marathon Mystery," "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued).

"You mean Miss Vaughan?"

"Just that," and Godfrey leaned back in his chair.

I contemplated this theory for some moments in silence. It was, at least, a theory and an interesting one—but it rested on air. There was no sort of foundation for it that I could see, and at last I said so.

"I know it's pretty thin," Godfrey admitted, "but it's the best I've been able to do—there's so little to build a theory out of. But I'm going to see if I can't prove one part of it true to-night."

"Which part?"

"About his being a fakir. Here's my theory—that hocus-pocus on the roof at midnight was for the purpose of impressing Vaughan. No doubt he believed it real spiritual manifestation, whereas it was only a clever bit of jugglery. Now that Vaughan is dead, that particular bit of jugglery will cease until there is some new victim to impress. In fact, it has ceased already. There was no star last night."

"But you know why," I pointed out. "The yogi spent the night in contemplation. We can bear witness to that."

"We can't bear witness to when he started in," said Godfrey, drily. "We didn't see him till after 11:30. However, accepting his explanation, there would be no reason for omitting the phenomenon tonight, if it's a genuine one."

"No," I agreed.

"And if it is omitted," Godfrey went on, "it will be pretty conclusive evidence that it isn't genuine. Although," he went on hurriedly, "I don't need any proof of that—anything else would be unbelievable." He glanced at his watch. "It's 11:55," he said. "Come on."

I followed him out of the house and through the grove with very mixed sensations. If the star didn't fall, it would tend to prove that it was, as Godfrey had said, merely a fake arranged to impress a credulous old man, but suppose it did fall! That was part of the test concerning which Godfrey had said nothing. Suppose it did fall! What then?

So it was in silence that I followed Godfrey up the ladder and took my place on the limb. But Godfrey seemed to have no uneasiness.

"We won't have long to wait," he said. "We'll wait till 12:05, just to make sure. It must be 12 o'clock now. I wish I could persuade that fellow to show me how the fake was worked, for it was certainly a good one—one of the best."

He stopped abruptly, staring out into the darkness. I was staring, too, for there, against the sky, a light began to glow and brighten. It hung for a moment motionless, and then began slowly to descend, steadily, deliberately, as of set purpose. Lower and lower it sank, in a straight line, hovered for an instant, and burst into 1,000,000 sparks.

A figure of light, a white-robed figure stood, gazing upwards, its arms strained toward the sky.

As we went silently down the ladder, a moment later, it seemed to me that I could hear Godfrey's theory crashing about his ears.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRANCISCO SILVA.

It was not quite 10 o'clock when Godfrey and I turned in at the gates of Elmhurst, next morning, and made our way up the drive to the house, but in the library we found a considerable company already assembled. Goldberger was there, with Freylichgusen his physician, his clerk, his stenographer, and the men who were to constitute the jury; Simmonds was there, and with him was an alert little man in glasses, who, Godfrey told me in an aside, was Sylvester, the head of the identification bureau, and the greatest expert on fingerprints in America. The district attorney had sent up an assistant, also with a stenographer, and altogether the room was decidedly crowded.

It became impossible a moment later when a string of automobiles puffed up the drive and disgorged a mob of reporters and photographers. As many as the room would hold pushed into it, and the others stood outside in the drive and complained loudly. The complaints of the photographers were especially varied and forceful. Goldberger looked around him in despair, mopping his face angrily, for the crowded room was very hot.

"You fellows will have to get out of here," he said to the reporters. "There's no room. I'll give you a transcript of the proceedings after they're over."

The protests redoubled. How were they to get any human interest out of a transcript? Besides, there were the photographers. What did he expect them to do—photograph the transcript? And finally, the law required that the hearing be public, so they had a right to be present. It was a tense moment, the more so since Goldberger was by no means insensible of the value of newspaper popularity to a man in public life.

"Why not go out on the lawn?" Godfrey suggested. "It's only a question of moving some chairs and tables, and the boys will all lend a hand."

The boys applauded, almost forgiving Godfrey his scoop, protested their entire willingness to lend two hands if necessary, and, when Goldberger nodded his approval, fell to work with a will. The lower floor of the house was cleared, the garden seats pressed into service, and at the end of five minutes, the court was established amid the circle of trees, the reporters had their coats off and their pipes lighted, the photographers ditto and their cameras placed. Good humor was restored; the peace reigned, and Goldberger smiled again, for he knew that the adjectives with which the reporters would qualify his name would be complimentary ones!

He took his place, rapped for order, and instructed his clerk to swear the jury. Nobody paid much attention to the jurv, for it was a recognized device for paying small political debts, and its verdict was usually in strict accord with the wishes of the presiding officer. Then Goldberger looked at the vacant chair which I had kept beside me.

"By the way, Mr. Lester," he said, "I don't see Mr. Swain."

"He had to go back to the city last night," I explained. "To get some fresh clothes. He had an errand or two to do this morning, and may have been here this morning, and may have been detained. I left word at the house for him to come over here at once."

"You seem to have a good deal of

confidence in him," Goldberger remarked.

"I have," I answered quietly. "A great deal."

Goldberger frowned a little, but proceeded to open the case without further delay. Godfrey was the first witness, and told his story much as he had told it the night before. I followed him, but contributed no new details. Both of us were excused without cross examination.

To my great satisfaction Swain arrived while I was testifying, and I could not deny myself a triumphant glance at Goldberger, but he was studying some memoranda and affected not to notice it. As soon as I left the stand, Swain came and sat down beside me and gave me a letter. It was addressed to Miss Vaughan.

"It's from Mrs. Royce," he said. "She's a trump. She's determined that Marjorie shall come to her. She says if you don't bring her, she'll come after her herself. Do you know how she is this morning?"

"No," I said. "I haven't seen Hinman. But how are you?"

"Oh, I'm all right again—head a little sore yet where I bumped it—but without organic disease."

"You look it," I said; and I was glad, because I wanted him to make a good impression on the stand. I knew what weight appearances often had, and no jury, I told myself, would believe that the bright-eyed, fresh-colored boy could have had any hand in a brutal murder.

Just then Hinman's name was called and an officer hurried away to the house after him. They returned together almost at once, and Hinman was placed on the stand. He told of being summoned by Godfrey, and of the events which followed. He said that the murder had been committed about midnight, that death had been due to strangulation, and identified the blood-stained handkerchief which the coroner submitted to him. I fancied that Swain lost a little of his color when he saw the handkerchief and learned where it had been found, but he made no remark.

"Will Miss Vaughan be able to testify?" Goldberger inquired, just before the doctor stepped down.

"Unless it is absolutely necessary, I think she would better be excused," Hinman answered. "She is still very nervous. The ordeal might cause a serious organic disease."

"We will try to get along without her," assented Goldberger. "If necessary, I can take her deposition. Is she in bed?"

"Yes; I am keeping her as quiet as possible."

"Very well, we won't disturb her," said Goldberger, and Hinman was excused, and Freylichgusen called. He merely testified to the cause of death and that the autopsy had shown that the deceased was in fair health and without organic disease.

Then the servants were called, but their evidence was unimportant. They had gone to bed about 10 o'clock and had not awakened until the coroner himself had pounded at the door. They heard no gunshots, and they had slept with their doors locked and windows shuttered because that was the rule of the house. Yes, even in the hottest weather; that made no difference, since each of their rooms was fitted with a ventilator.

Questioned as to the manner of life of the other inmates of the house, the German and his wife were noncommittal. They had been with the family a long time; had taken care of the place when their master was abroad; only after his return had it been necessary to get on their feet. He had been at home for a year, and the Hindus had arrived about six months later. Yes, they knew their master was studying some strange religion, but that was no affair of theirs, and they had never seen anything wrong. He had always treated them well, was a little strange and absent minded at times, but neither of them really saw much of him. He never interfered in the household affairs, and they had never given such instructions as were necessary. The man spent most of his time in the grounds and the woman in the kitchen. She was a little petulant over the fact that one of the Hindus—the "ugly one"—refused to eat her cooking, but insisted on preparing his own food. Also the housemaid had told her that there was a snake, but she had never seen it.

From the Irish housemaid a little more was learned on the subject of the yogi. Neither Mr. Vaughan nor the yogi ate any breakfast; indeed, they rarely left their rooms before noon. The other Hindu mixed himself up some sort of mess over the kitchen stove. Miss Vaughan breakfasted alone at 9 o'clock. At such times she was accustomed to talk over household affairs with the maid, and after breakfast would visit the kitchen and make a tour of the grounds and garden. The remainder of her day would be spent in reading, in playing the piano, or doing little household tasks or in walking about the grounds with her father. Yes, sometimes the yogi would join them, and there would be long discussions. After dinner, in the library, there would also be long discussions, but the girl had no idea what they were about. She heard a fragment of them occasionally, but had never been able to make anything of them. In fact, from the way they dressed and all she had come to the conclusion that Mr. Vaughan and the yogi were both a little crazy, but quite inoffensive and harmless.

"And how about Miss Vaughan?" asked the coroner.

"Miss Vaughan, bless her heart, wasn't crazy," said the girl quickly, "not a bit of it. She was just sad and lonely—as who wouldn't be! She never went out—in the five months I've been here, she's never been off the place, and them front gates was never opened to let anybody in. The only people who came in were the grocer and milk man and such like, through the little door at the side."

"You say you have been here five months?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you come to apply for the place?"

"I didn't apply for it. I was sent here by an employment bureau. Miss Marjorie engaged me. I didn't see the Hindus till afterwards, or I don't think I'd have took it. After that, I stayed for Miss Marjorie's sake."

"You thought she needed you?"

"Yes, I did. With her father moonin' round in a kind of trance, and the yogi lookin' at her with eyes like live coals, and a snake that stood on

its tail, and the other naygur going around with nothin' on but a diaper, I thought she needed somebody to look after her; and says I, 'Annie Crogan, you're the girl to do it!'"

There was a ripple of laughter and the pencils of the reporters flew across their paper. It was the first gleam to enliven a prosaic and tiresome hearing.

"Were the Hindus obtrusive in any way?" asked the coroner.

"Oh, no; they minded their business; I've no complaint on that score."

"Did you see any of their religious practices?"

"I wouldn't call them religious—quite the contrary. I've seen them wavin' their arms and bowin' to the sun and settin' in the dark starin' at a glass globe with a light in it; that's about all. I got used to it, after a while, and just went on about my work without takin' any notice."

There was little more to be got from her, and finally she was excused. The reporters yawned. The jury twitched nervously. Worthington Vaughan was dead; he had been strangled—so much was clear; but not a scintilla of evidence had as yet been introduced as to who had strangled him. Then a movement of interest ran through the crowd, for a policeman came from the direction of the house accompanied by two strange figures. One was the yogi, in robes of dazzling white; the other his attendant, wearing something more than a diaper, indeed, but with his thin brown legs bare.

The yogi bowed to Goldberger with grave courtesy, and, at a word from the attendant policeman, sat down in the witness chair. Everybody was leaning forward looking at him, and the cameras were clicking in chorus, but he seemed scarcely aware of the circle of eager faces.

"Hold up your right hand, please," began Goldberger, after contemplating him for a moment.

"For what purpose?" asked the yogi.

"I'm going to swear you."

"I do not understand."

"I'm going to put you on oath to tell nothing but the truth," explained the coroner.

"An oath is unnecessary," said the yogi with a smile. "To speak the truth is required by my religion."

There was something impressive in the words, and Goldberger slowly lowered his arm.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Francisco Silva."

"You are not a Hindu?"

"I am of their faith."

"But by birth?"

"I am Portuguese."

"Born in Goa?"

"Born at Goa."

The coroner paused. He had never heard of Goa. Neither had I. Neither, I judged, had anyone else present. In this, however, I was wrong. Godfrey had heard of it, and afterwards referred me to Harry's "Phantom Ship" as his source of information.

"Goa," Silva explained, seeing our perplexity, "is a colony owned by Portugal on the Malabar coast, some distance below Bombay."

"How does it come that you speak English?"

"I was educated at Bombay, and afterwards at Oxford and at Paris."

"But you are by religion a Hindu?"

"I am a Saiva—a follower of Siva, the lord of life and death."

As he spoke, he touched his forehead with his fingers, and his left hand, there was a moment's silence. Goldberger's moustache, I noted with a smile, was beginning to suffer again.

"You are what is called an adept?" he asked, at last.

"Some may call me that," said Silva, "but incorrectly. Among my fellow Saivas, I am known as a white priest, a yogi, a teacher of the law."

"Mr. Vaughan was your pupil?"

"Yes; for six months he was my pupil."

"In what way did you come to accept this position?"

"Two years ago, Mr. Vaughan visited the monastery of our order in Crete. He was at that time merely a student of orientalism, and came to us from curiosity. But his interest grew; and after a year spent in studying the holy books, he asked that a teacher be sent to him. There was none at that time who could be spared; but six months ago, having completed a task which had occupied me in Paris, I was assigned to this."

"Do you always go to so much trouble to secure converts?" questioned Goldberger, a little cynically.

"Usually we require that the period of study be passed at one of our monasteries. But this case was exceptional."

"In what way?"

"It was our hope," explained the yogi calmly, "that Mr. Vaughan would assist us in spreading the great truth by endowing a monastery for us in this country."

"Ah!" and Goldberger looked at him.

"Did he agree to do so?"

"He did," answered the yogi, still more calmly. "This estate was to have been given to us for that purpose, together with an endowment sufficient to maintain it. Mr. Vaughan himself hoped to gain the white robe and become a teacher."

"What was to become of his daughter?"

"It was his hope that she would become a priestess of our order."

(Continued next week.)

ONE OF SEASON'S PRETTIEST BUDS



Miss Anita Kite.

Miss Anita Kite, daughter of Surgeon I. W. Kite, U. S. N., retired, will be presented to Washington society December 29. Miss Kite is one of the prettiest of the season's additions to capital society.

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He's a Wiser Man Now.

There is no use in arguing with your better half as to who is boss of the shack, especially if she happens to be in the amazon class. This didn't occur to a New York married man until after his spouse was through disciplining him. And then he looked as if he had tried to stop a train. He is wearing enough gauze around his head to make a summer frock for an elephant, his windpipe is in splints and his pretty blue eyes are closed and in deep mourning. The doctors say he will live for years, but that he will be dizzy for about a week. Wife allowed that she did all this by "tapping hubby with a comb." The court, however, inclined to the belief that the lady combs her hair with a healthy anvil.

Eight Hours Enough.

While on a trip out of town a well-known advertising man received the following telegram from his secretary, who was leaving to get married and had arranged for what she considered a highly desirable substitute:

"Ethel lays down at the eleventh hour. What shall I do?"

To which the gentleman, in the full knowledge that the supply of efficient secretaries had not been exhausted at this one defection, replied:

"Set the alarm for seven. Eight hours' sleep is enough for anyone."—Judge.

Similar, but Different.

Miss Sycamore (of Terre Haute)—Walter, you may bring me some deviled crabs.

Miss Emerson (of Boston)—I'll have some satanized crustaceans, also.

Most tall stories are more or less thin.

Makes Hard Work Harder

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before the kidney disease takes a grip—before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.

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