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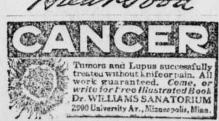
H. Platt, Tipton, "Every Pictore leils a Stery" H. Platt, Tipton, Iowa, says: "For years I had rheumatic pains and lumbago, and my back was so stiff I could hardly move. The kidney secretions contained were irregular in passage. I kept getting worse until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They corrected all these troubles and restored me to good health. Whenever I have used them since they have benefited me."

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THE GLOVED HAND

A Detective Story

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

CHAPTER XVI--(Continued.)

Mr. Swain in a mest violent manner. Mr. Swain in a most violent many.

Mr. Swain attempted to take me away from him, not knowing, at first, who it was had seized me; but I pushed it was had seized my father away to
"Thank you!" she gasped. "I—wait in the give way so. ward the house.'

ward the house."
"Did Mr. Swain touch your father?"
"No; I was between them all the time. I was determined that they should not touch each other. I was afraid, if they came together, that something terrible would happen."
Goldberger glanced at me.

"Something terrible to your father?

he asked. "Oh, no," she answered, quickly; Mr. Swain would not have harmed my father, but father did not know what he was doing, and might have harmed Mr. Swain." It was my turn to look at Gold-

berger.
"After you left the arbor," I asked

"After you left the arbor," I asked,
"did you see Mr. Swain again?"
"No, I did not see hlm again."
"You went straight to the house?"
"Yes; father was still very violent.
He had forbidden me to see Mr.
Swain or to write to him. He had
taken a violent distince to him."
"Do you know why?"
"Yes" and she flushed a little, but

"Yes," and she flushed a little, but went on bravely. "He believed that Mr. Swain wished to marry me." "As, in fact, he did," I commented. "Yes; or at least he did before his

"Yes; or at least he did before his financial troubles came. After that he wished to give me up."

"But you refused to be given up?"

"Yes," she said, and looked at me with eyes beautifully radia t. "I refused to be given up."

I felt that I was rushing in where angels would hesitate to enter, and beat a hasty retreat.

"Was your father always opposed to your marriage?" I asked.

"No; he has wanted me to wait until I was of age; but he never ab-

til I was of age; but he never absolutely forbade it until a few months ago. It was at the time he first tried to persuade me to become a convert to Hinduism."

Hinduism."

"What occurred after you and your father reached the house?"

"Father was very angry and demanded that I promise never to see Mr. Swain again. When I refused to promise, he sent me to my room, forbidding me to leave it without his permission. I came up at once, more than ever convinced that father needed medical attention. I was very nervous and over wrought, and I sat down by the window to control myself before the window to control myself before going to bed. And then, suddenly, I remembered something the yogi had told me—that father was not strong, and that a fit of anger might be very

serious. I knew the servants had gone to bed, and that he must be downstairs alone, since I had heard no one come up." come up.'

"You had heard no one in the hall at all?" I asked.
"No, I had heard no one. But I remember, as I started down the stairs, a curious feeling of dread seized me. It was so strong that I stood for some moments on the top step before I could muster courage to go down. At last I did go down and—and found my father."

She stopped, her hands over her eyes, as though to shut away the remembrance of that dreadful night.

"Have you strength to tell me just what happened, Miss Vaughan?" I

"Have you strength to tell me just what happened, Miss Vaughan?" I asked gently.

She controlled herself with an effort and took her hands from her face.

"Yes," she said, "I can tell you. I remember that I stood for a moment at the door, looking about the room, for at the first glance I thought there was no one there. I thought, for an instant, that father had gone into the grounds, for the curtain at the other door was trembling a little, as though "Ah." I said, and his lips were at my ear the lawn, and his lips were a instant, that father had gone into the grounds, for the curtain at the other door was trembling a little, as though some one had just passed."

"Ah," I said, and looked at Gold-

berger.
"It might have been merely the breeze, might it not?" he asked.
"I suppose so. The next instant I saw my father huddled forward in his

chair. I was sure he had had a seizure of some sort; I ran to him and raised his head. *

'I do not remember anything more,' she added, in a whisper.

For a moment we all sat silent. The only portion of her evidence which only portion was her. could in any way help Swain was her discovery of the swaying curtain, and even that, as Goldberger had pointed out, might easily mean noth-

ing.
"Miss Vaughan," I said at last, "how long a time elapsed from the moment you left your father in the library un-

til you found him?"
"I don't know. Perhaps 15 minutes." "Was he quite dead when you found

"Yes, I—I think so."
"Then," I said to Goldberger, "the murder must have been committed very soon after Miss Vaughan came up-Yes," agreed Goldberger, in a low

tone, "and by somebody who came in from the grounds, since she met no one in the hall and heard no one."

om the storm on the storm on the half and heard no one."

Miss Vaughan leaned toward him, er hands clasping and unclasping.

The work who it was?" she "Have you found out who it

was?"
"We suspect who it was," answered Goldberger gravely.
"Tell me," she began,

"Wait a minute, Miss Vaughan," I broke in. "Tell me, first—did you hear anyone following you across the gar-

"Yes," she answered thoughtfully:
"once or twice I fancied that someone
was following us. It seemed to me I
heard a step, but when I looked back

saw no one."
"Did that fact make you uneasy?" "No," she said, with a little smile. "I thought it was Mr. Swain," I saw Goldberger's sudden move-

ment. I myself could not repress a lit-tle shudder. "You thought that would be the natural thing for Mr. Swain to do, did you not?" the coroper inquired. "Yes-I thought he might wish to see

me safe." Then she stopped, leaning forward in her chair and staring first at Goldberger and then at me. "What is it?" she whispered, her hands against her heart. "Oh, what is it?" You don't mean—you can't mean—oh. tell me. It isn't Fred you suspect! It can't be Fred!"

What is the verdict? "

"Have you reached a verdict, gentleme?" the coroner asked, after his clerk had polled them.

"Yes, your honor," the foreman answered.

"What is the verdict?" It was Dr. Hinman who laid a gentle

"He was very excited and spoke to Swain; but both Mr. Lester and I are certain he isn't guilty. We're going to prove it!"

a moment—I was silly te give way so.
Of course you will prove it! It's
absurd!" And then she stopped and
looked at Goldberger. "Do you believe
it?" she demanded.

Goldberger flushed a little under her "I don't know what to believe, Miss

Vaughan," he said. "I'm searching for the truth." "So are we all," I said. "I am counsel for Mr. Swain, Miss Vaughan,

and I have come to you, hoping that your story would help to clear him." "Oh, I wish it might!" she cried.

There could be no question as to what she had done, I told myself, bit-terly: she had added another link to the chain of evidence about her lover. I could see the same thought in the sardonic gaze which Goldberger turned upon me; but before either of us could say a word the doctor with a personne.

Goldberger paused at the stair head and looked at me, an ironical light in his eyes. I knew he suspected that

his eyes. I knew he suspected that Miss Vaughan's story of the handkerchief was no great surprise to me. "Well," he asked, "will you wish to put her on the stand?"

I shook my head and started down the stairs, for I was far from desiring an argument just then, but he stopped me, with a hand upon the sleeve. "You realize, Mr. Lester," he said, more seriously, "that it is plainly my duty to cause Swain's arrest?"

"Yes," I assented. "I realize that. Under the circumstances, you can de nothing else."

Under the circumstances, you can denothing else."
He nodded, and we went dewnstairs together. I saw Swain's eager eyes upon us as we came out upon the lawn, and his lips were at my ear the instant I had taken my seat.
"Well?" he whispered.
"She cannot help you," I said. I did not think it necessary to say how does.

he demanded hoarsely.

"Oh, no." I hastened to assure him;
"she says such an accusation is absurd; she was greatly overcome when she learned that you were even sus-

pected; she said. But the coroner rapped for order.

"Have you any other evidence to in-trduce, Mr. Lester?" he asked. "No. your honor," I answered, and I

saw the cloud of disappointment that saw the cloud of disappointment that fell upon the faces of reporters and photographers. To have been able to feature Miss Vaughan would have meant an extra column. I could also see, from the expression on the faces of the jury, that my failure to put her on the stand made an unfavorable impression. There was, indeed, only one inference to draw from it.

Goldberger turned aside for a few words with the prosecutor, and I sus-pected that he was telling him of Miss pected that he was telling him of Miss Vaughan's discovery of the bloodstained handkerchief; but there was no way to get the story before the jury without calling her. They seemed to agree, at last, that they had evidence enough, for the jury was instructed to prepare its verdict. Its members withdrew a little distance under the trees, and gathered into a group to talk it and gathered into a group to talk it over.
I watched them for a moment, and

then I turned to Swain.

"I suppose you know," I said, "that they're certain to find against you? Even if they don't, the district attorney will cause your arrest right away."

He nodded.

"The not worming about that I'm

"I'm not worrying about that. I'm worrying about Miss Vaughan. You won't forget your promise?

'No."
"She'll have no one but you," he went on rapidly. "Neither will I! You must not fail us!" "I shan't," I promised. "But you'd better think about yourself a little,

"Plenty of time for that when I'm sure Marjorie's safe. The minute you tell me she's at the Royces', I'll begin to think about myself. I'm not afraid. I didn't kill that man. No jury would

convict me."
I might have told him that convic tions are founded on evidence, and that the evidence in this case was certainly against him, but I thought it better to hold my peace. The more confident he was, the less irksome he would find imprisonment. So I sat silent until the members of the jury filed back into their places.
"Have you reached a verdict, gentle-

"What is the verdict?"

The foreman held out a folded paper

and quieting hand upon her shoulder and twas his grave voice which answered her.

"Yes," he said, "there are some 12th day of June, 1903, into the death

of one Worthington Vaughan, residing in the Borough of the Bronx, City of New York, do find that the deceased came to his death by strangu-ation at the hands of Frederic Swain."

There was an instant's silence, and then Goldberger turned to the fury.

"Is this your verdict, gentlemen?" he asked quietly; and each juryman replied in the affirmative as his name was called. "I thank you for your services," Goldberger added, directed his clerk to give them vouchers on the city treasurer, and dismissed them

treasurer, and dismissed them.
Simmonds and the assistant district attorney came toward us, and I arese to meet them. Swain got up, also, and when I glanced at him I saw that he was smiling.

"I don't know whether you have met Mr. Blake, Mr. Lester," said Simmonds, and the prosecutor and I shook hands. I introduced him to Swain, but Swain did not offer his hand.

"I suppose you've come to take me along?" he said, the smile still on his line.

lips.
"I'm afraid we'll have to." "Would bail be considered?" I asked.
"I'm afraid not," and Blake shook his
head. "It isn't a bailable offense."
I knew, of course, that he was right
and that it was of no use to argue or Swain turned to me and held

"Then I'll say goodby, Mr. Lester,"
he said "I'll hope to see you Monday."
"You shall," I promised.
"And with good news," he added.
"Yes—and with good news."
"Can we give you a lift?" Blake

"No," I said, "thank you; but I'm

than I have come to you, hoping that your story would help to clear him."

"Oh, I wish it might!" she cried.
"You knew Mr. Swain cut his wrist as he came ever the wall that night?"

"Yes, he told me. He did'nt know it was bleeding, at first; then he felt the bloed on his hand, and I wrapped his wrist in my handkerchief."

"Was it this handkerchief?" asked Goldberger, and took from his pocket to her.

She took it with a little shiver. She took it with a little shiver. Then she sat upright, her clenched hands against her breast, staring at us with starting eyes.

"I remember now!" I saw it—a blotch of red—lying on the floor beside my father's chair! How did it get there. Mr. Lester? Had he been there? Did he follow us?" She stopped again, as she saw the look in mine. With a long, indrawn breath of horror, she cowered back into the chair, shaking from head to foot. "Oh, what have I done!" She moaned. "What have I done!" There could be no question as to staying out here for the present."

I watched them as they climbed into a car—Goldberger, Blake, Simmonds and Swain; I saw the latter take one last look at the house; then he waved to me, as the car turned into the high-road—at least, he was taking it brave-ly: The coroner's assistants climbed into a second car, and the four or five policemen into a third. Then the re-porters and photographers piled into the others, the few straggled on again, and is five minutes the place was deserted As I looked around, I was surprised to see that even Godfrey had departed. There was something depressing about the jumble of chairs and tables, the litter of paper on the grass—something sordid, as of a banquet hall deserted by the diners.

I turned away and started for the gate; and then, suddenly, I wondered who was in charge of the house. Who would arounge for the function of the province of the house. As I did so, I was surprised to see a man appear at the edge of the lawn and run toward me. It was Himman.

"There could be no question as to staying out here for the present.' I watched them as they climbed into

surprised to see a man appear at the edge of the lawn and run toward me. It was Himman.

"I was afraid I'd missed you." he said. "Miss Vaughan wishes to see you. She's all alone here and needs some help."

"Pd thought of that," I said. "I was just coming to offer it. Is she better?"

"Yes, much better. I think she has realized the necessity of conquering her nerves. Of course, we must still be careful."

I nodded, and followed him into the I nodded, and followed him into the

I nodded, and followed him into the house. Then I stepped in astonishment, for Miss Vaughan was sitting in a chair in the library. She rose as I entered, came a step toward me and held out her hand.

"Yeu must not think so badly of me, Mr. Lester," she said. "I won't give way again, I premise you."

"You have had a great deal to bear," I protested, taking her hand in mine. "I think you have been very brave. I enly hope that I can be of some service to you."

"Thank you. I am sure you can. Let us all sit down, for we must have quite."

"Thank you. I am sure you can. Let us all sit down, for we must have quite a talk. Dr. Himman tells me that I shall need a lawyer."

"Undoubtedly," I assented. "Your father's estate will have to be settled, and that can only be done in the courts. Besides, in the eyes of the law, you are still a minor."

"Will you be my lawyer, Mr. Lester?"

"It will be a great privilege," I answered.

she was rattling on. The color was coming and going in her cheeks and her eyes were very bright. I wondered if she had escaped brain fever, after

all.
"No," she said, smiling audaciously, "it was because I liked your face—I knew you could be trusted. Of course, for a moment I was startled at seeing you looking down at me from a tree. I wondered afterwards how you came to

be there."

"Just idle curiosity," I managed to stammer, my face very hot. "I am sorry if I annoyed you."

"Oh, but it was most fortunate," she protested; "and a great coincidence, too, that you should be Mr. Swain's employer, and able to get hold of him at once."

(Continued next week.)

MILITANT IS WOMAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY



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Proof Unnecessary. The Rev. Blox.-Then you don't honestly believe that Jonas was swal-

lowed by a whale! His Son-Sure, did. I'd believe anything of a Jonah.—Judge.

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and bowels. of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

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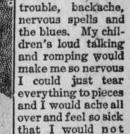
A. G. DRAKE.

NOTE:-When your kidneys get sluggish and clog, you suffer from backache, sick-headache, dizzy spells, or the twinges and pains of lumbago, rheumatism and gout. "Anuric" is the uric acid, as hot water melts sugar. Ask the druggist for "Anuric," put should never fail to take this tried and up by Dr. Pierce, in 50-cent packages. true women's medicine.

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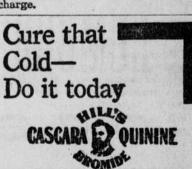
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SIOUX CITY PTG. CO., NO. 8-1916. Mrs. Hep's Sayings. "Liza Spriggs is afful forehandud," admired Mrs. Jonathan Hep to her. neighbor, "she sez she ain't gonna let nothin' git ahead uv her, sose she's got her new di'ry thet she got fer Christmus all writ up till next August,

-Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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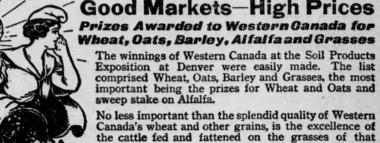
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At the first symptoms of any de tired, worn-out feeling. Was unable to rangement of the feminine organism stand erect and scarcely able to get at any period of life the one safe, really around. It would usually come on at helpful remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite first with crick in small of my back. Prescription for every conceivable ailment and disease of a womanly nature. have to walk doubled over as I did It is a woman's temperance medicine before using the "Anuric." It is the and its ingredients are published on

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