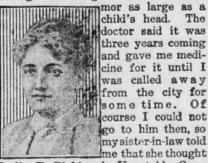
HOW MRS. BEAN MET THE CRISIS

Carried Safely Through Change of Life by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Nashville, Tenn.-"When I was going through the Change of Life I had a tumor as large as a



three years coming and gave me medicine for it until I was called away from the city for some time. Of course I could not go to him then, so my sister-in-law told me that she thought

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would cure it. It helped both the Change of Life and the tumor and when I got home I did not need the doctor. I took the Pinkham remedies until the tumor was gene, the doctor said, and I have not felt it since. I tell every one how I was cured. If this letter will help others you are welcome to use it." -Mrs. E. H. BEAN, 525 Joseph Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a pure remedy containing the extractive properties of good old fash-ioned roots and herbs, meets the needs of woman's system at this critical period of her life. Try it.

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The old standard remedy—In tablet form—No unpleasant after effects—No opiates—Cures colds in 24 hours—La Grippe in 3 days—Money back if it fails—
Insist on genuine—Box with red top—Mr. Hill's picture on it—25c—Any Drug Store.

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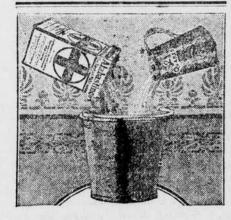
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"So is mine, for when I order a book, he books the order."

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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 XXIII-(Continued).

I reached the lawn, crossed it, and traversed the short avenue which ended at the library dor. Three men were at the library dor. Three men were traversed the short avenue which ended at the library dor. Three men were there, and Simmonds came panting up an instant later. The detectives had their torches in their hands, and saw that they had broken one of the glass panels of the doors, and that one of them had passed a hand through the opening and was fumbling about inside. There was a sharp click, and the hand came back.

"There you are," he said, threw the came back.
"There you are," he said, threw the

door open, and stood aside for his su or open, and stood dark rior officer to lead the way. "What's wrong?" Simmonds asked. "I don't know—but the girl showed I saw the Thug spring into the air, his face distorted, his mouth open—

a light at her window."
"You heard nothing?"

"Not a sound."
Simmonds hestitated. No doubt the same thought occurred to him as to me; for the lawyer-Tartarin in me suggested that we scarcely had warrant to break our way into a sleeping house

to break our way into a steeping house in the middle of the night.

But no such doubts seemed to disturb Godfrey. Without a word, he caught the torch from Simmonus' hand, and passed through the doorway. Simmonds followed, I went next, the two other men came last, eorches also flarng. Three beams of light flashed about the library and showed it to be empty. One of them— Godfrey's—lingered on the high-backed but this time it had no oc-

Then Godfrey switched on the light, passed into the hall and switched on the light there. The hall, too, was empty, and only the ticking of a tall clock disturbed the silence. I was fatlering and ready to turn back, but, to my amazement, Godfrey crossed the hall at a bound and sprang up the stairs, three steps at a time.

"Make all the noise you can!" he shouted over his shoulder, and the clatter of our feet seemed enough to wake the dead.

horror of that moment. Fear—cold, abject, awful fear—ran through my veins ject, awful fear—ran through my veins ject, awful fear—ran through my veins clutched wildly at some drapery, which tore from its fastenings and came down in my grasp.

Three shafts of lights swept across the floor, and almost at once picked up that horrid shape. It was coiled, with head raised, ready to strike, and I saw that one side of its hood had been shot away. Then Godfrey switched on the light,

The upper hall was also empty; and

peered over Godfrel's shoulder at what start, lay within; and then a gasp of amuse.

turned back, ready for its occupant, but the bed was undisturbed. Godfrey glanced about the room again, a sort of frenzied concentration in his gaze, and then went, out, leav-

in his gaze, and then went, out, leaving the lights burning. It took but a moment or two to look through the other suites. They were all empty. "If Miss Vaughan was anywhere about, and unharmed," said Godfrey, "the noise we made would have brought her out to investigate. There's only one place she can be," and he led the way resolutely back to the door of

the way resolutely back to the door of The yogi had not moved.

Godfrey contemplated him for a moment, with his torch full on the bearded face. Then he crossed the threshold, his torch sweeping the floor in front of him.

"Let's see what the Thug is up to." he said, crossed the room, drew back the drapery, and opened the door into the little closet where we had seen Mahbub once before.

There was a burst of acrid smoke into the room, and Godfrey stepped back with a stifled exclamation. "Come here, you fellows!" he cried, and Simmonds and I sprang to his "Thank God!" said Godfrey, in a

For a moment I could see nothing; the rolling clouds of smoke blinded and choked me; I could feel the tears running down my cheeks and my throat burned as though it had been

scalded.

Then the smoke lifted a little, and I caught a glimpse o. what lay within the room.

In the middle of the floor stood an open brazier, with a thin yellow flame hovering above it, now bright, now dim, as the smoke whirled about it. Before the brazier, sat Mahbub, his legs crossed with feet uppermost, his hands pressed palm to palm before

"But he'll suffocate!" I gasped, and, indeed, I did not see how any human being could breathe in such an atmos-

And then, as the smoke whirled aside again, I saw the snake. Its head was

his dripping eyes flercely, "there

I heard Godfred's startled cry, saw is hand swing up, saw a tongue of cellow flame leap from his revolver.

And with the echo of the shot, came, scream—a scream piercing, unarthy, of terror unspeakable.

I saw the control of a single glance.

"He can't be far away!" he said. "He can't get away in that white robe of his. Come along, Tom!" and, followed by his assistant, he plunged down the stairs.

I saw him tearing at something that swung from his neck—something horrible, that clung and twisted.

rible, that clung and twisted.

He tore the thing loose—it was only an instant, really, but it seemed an age—and, still shricking, flung it full at us.

I was paralyzed with terror, incapable of movement, staring dumbly—but Godfrey swept me aside so sharply that I almost fell.

And that foul shape swished past us, and that foul shape swished past us, and that foul shape swished past us, the such hope.

ly that I almost fell.

And that foul shape swished past us, fell with a thud, and was lost in the

CHAPTER XXIV. KISMET!

Words cannot paint the nauseating horror of that moment. Fear-cold, ab-

away.
I have, more than once, referred to then my heart gave a sudden leap, for the circle of light from Godfrey's torch the circle of light from Godfrey's torch had come to rest upon a white robed figure, which had stolen half way down the stirs from the supper story. It was the maid, holding her nightdress about her; and her face was as white as her gown.

Godfrey sprang to her side.

"What is it?" he asked. "What is wrong?"

"I heard a cry," gasped the girl.

Godfrey joined me there in a moment. "I'm feeling pretty bad myself," he said, putting the torch in his pocket and mopping his shining forehead. "It's plain enough what happened. I caught a glimpse of Miss Vaughan on the floor there, realized that we couldn't do anything with the snake in the way, and shot at it, but I only ripped away a portion of the hood, and the thing, mad

choked off short."

Godfrey leaped down among us, and, as the light of a torch flashed across it, I saw that his face was livid.

I scarcely noticed him; I was staring for a moment down into the garden. Then he turned back to me with a motionless on the divan, his eyes fixed "It's a good night's work, Lester," he will not be the start of the first and then I start of the divan, his eyes fixed "It's a good night's work, Lester," he it, I saw that his face was livid.

"Who's got an extra gun?" he demanded, and one of the detectives on the crystal sphere, undisturbed amid all this terror and tumult. It is impossible for me to remember him, as threw open the outer door into Silva's room, and flung back the drapery beyond.

My heart was in my threat as I may dearly shoulder at what a passed over Godfrel's shoulder at what start, and then I stared at Francisco Silva, motioniess on the divan, his eyes fixed on the crystal sphere, undisturbed amid all this terror and tumult. It is impossible for me to remember him, as he was in that moment, without admiration—yes, and a little awe.

But Godfrey's voice, shrill with excitement, brought me around with a panel when the start of the divan, his eyes fixed on the crystal sphere, undisturbed amid said, "even if we don't catch Silva. I fancy Miss Vaughan will change her mind, now, about becoming a priestess of Siva!"

"It's a good night's work, Lester," he waid, "even if we don't catch Silva. I fancy Miss Vaughan will change her mind, now, about becoming a priestess of Siva!"

"But, Godfrey," I asked, "what happened? What was she doing in there? What."

peered over Godfrei's shoulder at what lay within; and then a gasp of amazement from my companions uniqued with my own.

For the crystal sphere was glowing softly, and seated closs legged on the odivan, his hands folded, his eyes fixed in meditation, was Silva.

We all stood for a moment staring at him, then Godfrey passed his hand dazedly before his eyes.

"You two men stay on guard here"

Start.

Lend a hand hand upon my arm.

"I don't know. But she'll tell us when she comes around. I only hope they'll get Silva. That would make the victory complete."

He stopped me with a hand upon my arm.

"I don't know. But she'll tell us when she comes around. I only hope they'll get Silva. That would make the victory complete."

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He stopped me with a hand upon my arm.

"I don't know. But she'll tell us when she comes around. I only hope they'll get Silv

dazedly before his eyes.

"You two men stay on guard here" smoke.

he said. "One of you keep your torch on this fellow, and the other keep his torch on the floor. There's a cobra around somewhere."

An arc of light swept shakingly open!" he gasped. "Get a window open!" Ne gasped. "Get

ening her robe at the throat. My terriffed eyes, staring at that throat, half
expected to find a cruel mark there,
but its smoothness was unsullied. The
robe loosened, Godfrey snatched his
cap from his head and began to fan
the fresh air in upon her.
"Pray heaven it is not too late!" he
murmured and kept on fanning watch
"We've sarched the gate after you?"
"Yes—I heard the key turn."
"Yes—I heard the key turn."
Without a word, Godfrey hurried
down the stairs. At the foot we met
Simmonds.
"We've searched the grounds," he
murmured and kept on fanning watch.

murmured, and kept on fanning, watching the white lips and delicate nos-trils, so drawn and livid. "We must try artificial respiration," he said, after a moment. "But not here—this atmosphere is stifling. Take her feet,

We staggered out with her, somehow, across the hall, into her room, and laid her on her bed. Godfrey, kneeling above her, began to raise and lower her arms, with a steady, regular

rhythm. "Open the windows wide," he commanded, without looking up. "Wet a towel, or something, in cold water, and

bring it here. Simmonds threw open the windows, while I went mechanically to the bathroom, wet a towel, and slapped it against her face and neck as Godfrey directed. The moments passed, and at room. last the lips opened in a flutering sigh, the bosom rose with a full inhalation, and a spot of color crept into either

voice that was almost a sob. "Now, Simmonds, go out and bring that Irish girl, and send one of your men to phone for Hinman. Simmonds sent one of his men scur-

rying with a word, and himself dashed up the stairs to the other floor. He was back in a moment, almost dragging the frightened girl with him. Her teeth were chattering and she started to scream when she saw that still form on the bed, but Simmonds shook her

There's nothing to be afraid of." Godfrey assured her. "Your mistress isn't dead—she'll soon come around. But you must get her undressed and to bed. And then keep bathing her face with cold water until the doctor comes. Understand?'

"Ye-yes, sir," faltered the girl. "But oh!" and a burst of hysterical sobbing choked her. Simmonds shook her again.

waving slowly to and fro, its horrible bood distended, its yellow, lidless eyes fixed upon us.

Simmonds saw it, too, and retreated step.

"We'd better keept out of there," he gasped, "till that little pet's put away in his basket."

But Godfrey grind. "Simmonds shook her again.
"Don't be a fool, Annie Crogan!" he said. "Get hold of yourself!"
Godfrey stepped off the bed and picked up one of the limp wrists.
"Her pulse is getting stronger," he said, after a moment. "It will soon—hello! What's this?"
Clasped fight in the class.

But Godfrey seized his arm and dragged him back to the threshold of the door.

"Look, Simmonds." he cried, rubbing "Look, Simmonds." he cried, rubbing "Look, Simmonds." he cried, rubbing to unclass the fingers, but when he touched them, they contracted rigidly, a diminution of 5,000 applications.

and a low moan burst from the uncon-

scious girl. So, after a moment, he desisted and laid the hand down again. "You understand what you're to do?" he asked the maid, and she nodded mutely. "Then come along, boys," he added, and led the way back to the hall. His face was dripping with perspira-tion and his hands were shaking, but he managed to control them. "And now for Senor Silva," he said, in another tone, taking the torch from my hand. 'I fear he will have a rude awaken

"He sat there like a statue, even when I shot the snake," remarked Simmonds. "He's a wonder, he is."

"Yes," agreed Godfrey, as he stepped into the entry, "he's a wonder." Then he stopped, glanced around, and turned a stern face on Simmonds. "Where's here?" he the man I left on guard here?"

"Why," faltered Simmonds, "I remember now—he helped us carry the young lady. But we were all right there in the hall—you don't mean

Godfrey stepped to the inner door and flashed his torch about the room. The divan was empty. Simmonds paused only for a single

I saw Godfrey half turn to follow: then he stopped, ran his hand along the wall inside the door, found the but-ton, and turned on the lights. His face was pale and angry.

"It's my fault as much as anyone's,"

the room, showed that he cherished no such hope.

"Let's see what happened to Mahbub," he said. "Maybe he get away, too," and he crossed to the inner door. The flame in the brazier had died away, and the smoke came only in fitfuls puffs heavy with deadening perfume. The thug had not got away. He lay on the floor—a dreadful sight, He was lying on his back, his hands clenched, his body arched in a conculsion, his head drawn far back. The sion, his head drawn far back. The black lips were parted over the ugly teeth, and the eyes had rolled upward till they gleamed, two vacant balls of white. At the side of his neck, just under the jaw, was a hideous swelling.

Godfrey's torch ran over the body from head to foot, and I sickened as I looked at it. "I'm going out," I said. "I can't stand this!" and I hurried to the open win-

dow. Godfrey joined me there in a mo-

what is it: he asked.

Wrong?"

I heard a cry," gasped the girl.

"Down here somewhere. And a scuffle in the dark. A woman's cry. It was choked off short."

Godfrey leaped down among us, and.

Fell forward to the floor.

At the same moment, Godfrey sprang to the door from which volumes of heavy, scented smoke still eddied, and disappeared inside.

I scarcely noticed him; I was star-ing for a moment down into the garden.

Then he turned back to me with a

He stopped me with a hand upon my

come up?"
"Is it you, doctor?" asked Godfrey,

"Yes."
"Come right up, then, to Miss

An arc of light swept shakingly across the floor, as one of the men turned his torch toward it. But I saw no sign of Toto.

"Lester, you and Simmonds come with me," Godfrey added, stepped back into the hall, and tapped at the door of Miss Vaughan's bed room.

There was no response, and he tapped again. Then he tried the door, found it unlocked, and opened it. He sent a ray of light skimming about the room; then he found the switch turned on the lights and entered.

The room was empty, as were the groped along the wall until be found a window, pulled the hangings back, threw up the sash, and flung back the shutters.

"Quick!" said Godfrey. "Over there. Now hold the torch."

And as I took it and pressed the button with a trembling finger, the halo of light fell upon a bloodless face—the face of Marjorie Vaughan.

Simmonds was supporting her, and Godfrey, with frantic fingers, was loosed it softly behind him.

"Open!" repeated Godfrey, staring at me. "Open! Then that is the way Silva went!"

"Yes, yes," I agreed. "He had the

said, "but haven't found anyone. I've left my men on guard. I 'phoned for some more men, and notified head-

(Continued next week.)

++++++++++++++++++++ SUFFRAGE NOTES.

The first two weeks of the campaign conducted by the Iowa Men's League for Woman Suffrage have indicated be-yond a doubt that the men of Iowa intend doing their share in the equal suf-frage campagn. The response being made to the state wide appeal for active work on the part of the men has not only been prompt, but is of the most encouraging sort. Men of prom-inence in almost every walk of life are lining up as workers, and on election day, according to present indications, the women of Iowa will be represented by a splendid corps of workers at the

A most hopeful sign in the campaign is the interest the union labor men are taking in the equal suffrage cause. One of the active workers from now on will be President J. H. Strief, of Sloux City, who expects to do much good for the suffrage cause while traveling about the state in his work as the head of the Iowa State Federation of Labor. A. L. Urick, state commissioner of labor, also is an active suffrage worker, and is serving as a vice president and member of the executive board of the Iowa Equal Suffrage association. Judge John L. Stevens, of Boone, one of the progressive party leaders, became a member of the league last week and will do some active work.

February saw a large number of suf-frage speakers in the field, but the coming months will see many more. This week was begun Monday with an address at Iowa City by President John D. Denison, jr., of the Iowa Men's League for Woman Suffrage. On Tues-day Miss Elizabeth Perking moders day Miss Elizabeth Perkins made an address at Audubon.

Hot Water Each Morning Puts Roses in Your Cheeks



best is to enjoy an inside bath each ach. morning to flush from the system the indigestible material, which if not one or two weeks. eliminated, form toxins and poisons which are then sucked into the blood phate costs very little at the drug through the very ducts which are in- store but is sufficient to demonstrate sustain the body.

If you want to see the glow of on the outside, so hot water and limehealthy bloom in your cheeks, to see stone phosphate act on the inside oryour skin get clearer and clearer, you gans. We must always consider that are told to drink every morning upon internal sanitation is vastly more imarising, a glass of hot water with a portant than outside cleanliness, beteaspoonful of limestone phosphate cause the skin pores do not absorb in it, which is a harmless means of impurities into the blood, while the washing the waste material and toxins bowel pores do. from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, thus cleansing, sweetening and beauty of their complexion should just

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Many war zone hospitals have ordered Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder, for use among the troops. Shaken into the shoes and used in the foot-bath, Allen's Foot-Ease gives rest and comfort and makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere, 25c. Try it today. Adv.

Over 150,000,000 people now speak the English language.

BACKACHE AND KIDNEYS

Dear Mr. Editor:

For the benefit of others, I gladly give this statement regarding the merits of "Anuric." Am nearly 76 years of age. I suffered from backof Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., has els and purifies and enriches the blood. done me more real good than anything Signed-Mrs. N. M. Flint.

more potent than lithia, and dissolves it has made them stronger in body. uric acid, as hot water does sugar. brain and nerve.

To look one's best and feel one's before putting more food into the stom

Girls and women with sallow skins, previous day's waste, sour fermenta- liver spots, pimples or pallid complextions and poisonous toxins before it is ions, also those who wake up with absorbed into the blood. Just as coal, coated tongue, bad taste, nasty breath, when it burns, leaves behind a certain others who are bothered with headamount of incombustible material in aches, bilious spells, acid stomach or the form of ashes, so the food and constipation should begin this phosdrink taken each day leave in the ali- phated hot water drinking and are asmentary organs a certain amount of sured of very pronounced results in

A quarter pound of limestone phostended to suck in only nourishment to that just as soap and hot water cleanses, purifies and freshens the skin

Women who desire to enhance the purifying the entire alimentary tract, try this for a week and notice results.

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