

WOMAN'S NERVES MADE STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Winona, Minn. - "I suffered for more than a year from nervousness, and was so bad I could not rest at night—would lie awake and get so nervous I would have to get up and walk around and in the morning would be all throed out. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it. My nervousness soon left me. I sleep well and feel fine in the morning and able to do my work. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make weak nerves strong."—Mrs. ALBERT SULZKE, 603 Olmstead St., Winona, Minn.

How often do we hear the expression among women, "I am so nervous, I cannot sleep," or "it seems as though I should fly." Such women should profit by Mrs. Sultze's experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.

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SCORED HEAVILY ON SLACKER

Probably Dude Will Think Twice Before He Again Attempts to Have Fun With a Kiltie.

The following was overheard on a street car one very cold day in winter in a Canadian city. At a corner the car was boarded by a husky soldier in the picturesque Highland uniform—the kilts of which leave the knees bare. On the car was a young dude still in muft, seated with his best girl. The girl cast admiring glances at the attractively uniformed "Kiltie" much to the displeasure of her slacker escort. So he endeavored to make fun of the uniform by remarking: "I think that outfit is most ridiculous. That fellow's knees look as if they were frozen."

The Kiltie overhearing the comment glanced contemptuously at the dude's civilian clothes, then scornfully replied: "Well, young fellow, it is a sure thing my knees aren't as cold as your feet."

The slacker got off at the next stop.—Canadian.

Business Mind.
A prominent Indianapolis banker, thinking to practice a little conservation, took five Liberty loan colored posters home to his four-year-old son to use as playthings, telling him they were Liberty bonds. The boy, evidently inheriting some of his father's own business ability, started out in the neighborhood to sell the "bonds" for a nickel each. He succeeded promptly in selling all five, and brought the quarter to his father to buy a "Thrifty stamp."
—Indianapolis News.

Eating War Bread.
"My son has some grit in him, I can tell you." "Been eating war bread, I suppose."—Ideas.



ECONOMY TALK is all right—ECONOMY PRACTICE is better. INSTANT POSTUM is an economy drink—absolutely no waste. Besides, it is convenient, saves fuel and sugar, and leaves nothing to be desired in the way of flavor. TRY A CUP!

THE TEETH OF THE TIGER

BY MAURICE LEBLANC
TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

CHAPTER SEVEN. (Continued.)
For, after all, she was free, entirely free in her actions and movements. The windows opening on the Place du Palais-Bourbon gave her every facility for leaving the house under cover of the darkness and coming in again unknown to anybody.

It was therefore quite possible that, on the night of the double crime, she was among the murderers of Hippolyte Fauville and his son. It was quite possible that she had taken part in the murders, and even that the poison had been injected into the victims by her hand, by that little, white, slender hand which he saw resting against the golden hair.

A shudder passed through him. He had softly put back the paper in the book, restored the book in its place, and moved nearer to the girl.
All of a sudden, he caught himself studying the lower part of her face, the shape of her jaw! Yes, that was what he was making every effort to guess, under the curve of the cheeks and behind the veil of the lips. Almost against his will with personal anguish mingled with torturing curiosity, he stared and stared, ready to force open those closed lips and to seek the reply to the terrifying problem that suggested itself to him.

Those teeth, those teeth which he did not see, were not they the teeth that had left the incriminating marks in the fruit? Which were the teeth of the tiger, the teeth of the wild beast: these, or the other woman's?

It was an absurd supposition, because the marks had been recognized as made by Marie Fauville. But was the absurdity of a supposition a sufficient reason for discarding it?

Himself astonished at the feelings that agitated him, fearing lest he should betray himself, he preferred to cut short the interview, and, going up to the girl, he said to her, in an imperious and aggressive tone: "I wish all the servants in the house to be discharged. You will give them their wages, pay them such compensation as they ask for, and see that they leave today, definitely. Another staff of servants will arrive this evening. You will be here to receive them."

She made no reply. He went away, taking with him the uncomfortable impression that had lately marked his relations with Floreence. The atmosphere between them always remained heavy and oppressive. Their words never seemed to express the private thoughts of either of them; and their actions did not correspond with the words spoken. Did not the circumstances logically demand the immediate dismissal of Floreence Levasseur as well? Yet Don Luis did not so much as think of it.

Returning to his study, he at once rang up Mazeroux and, lowering his voice so as not to let it reach the next room, he said: "Is that you, Mazeroux?" "Yes." "Has the prefect placed you at my disposal?" "Yes."

a photographer, who made a new copy of Mlle. Levasseur's photograph. Don Luis had this touched up and faked it himself, so that the prefect of police should not perceive the substitution of one set of features for another.

He dined at a restaurant and, at 9 o'clock, joined Mazeroux on the Boulevard Suchet.
Since the Fauville murders the house had been left in the charge of the porter. All the rooms and all the locks had been sealed up, except the inner door of the workroom, of which the police kept the keys for the purposes of the inquiry.

The big study looked as it did before, though the papers had been removed and put away and there were no books and pamphlets left on the writing table. A layer of dust, clearly visible by the electric light, covered its black leather and the surrounding mahogany.

"Well, Alexandre, old man," cried Don Luis, when they had made themselves comfortable, "what do you say to this? It's rather impressive, being here again, what? But, this time, no barricading of doors, no bolts, eh? If anything's going to happen, on this night of the 15th of April, we will put nothing in our friend's way. They shall have full and entire liberty. It's up to them, this time."

Though joking, Don Luis was nevertheless singularly impressed, as he himself said, by the terrible recollection of the two crimes which he had been unable to prevent and by the haunting vision of the two dead bodies. And he also remembered with real emotion the implacable duel which he had fought with Mme. Fauville, the woman's despair and her arrest.

"Tell me about her," he said to Mazeroux. "So she tried to kill herself?" "Yes," said Mazeroux, "a thoroughgoing attempt, though she had to make it in a manner which she must have hated. She hanged herself in strips of linen torn from her sheets and underclothing and twisted together. She had to be restored by artificial respiration. She is out of danger now, I believe, but she is never left alone, for she swore she would do it again."

"She has made no confession?" "No. She persists in proclaiming her innocence."

"And what do they think at the public prosecutor's? At the prefect's?" "Why should they change their opinion, chief? The inquiries confirm every one of the charges brought against her; and, in particular, it has been proved beyond the possibility of dispute that she alone can have touched the apple and that she can have touched it only between 11 o'clock at night and 7 o'clock in the morning. Now the apple bears the undeniable marks of her teeth. Would you admit that there are two sets of paws in the world that leave the same identical imprint?"

"No, no," said Don Luis, who was thinking of Floreence Levasseur. "No, the argument allows of no discussion. We have here a fact that is clear as daylight; and the imprint is almost tantamount to a discovery in the act. But then how, in the midst of all this, are we to explain the presence of—?"

"Whom, chief?" "Nobody. I had an idea worrying me. Besides, you see, in all this there are so many unnatural things, such queer coincidences and inconsistencies, that I dare not count on a certainty which the reality of tomorrow may destroy."

They went on talking for some time, in a low voice, studying the question in all its bearings.

At midnight they switched off the electric light in the chandelier and arranged that each should go to sleep in turn.

monotonous snoring of his companion.
"Can I have been mistaken?" he wondered. "Did the clue in that volume of Shakespeare mean something else? Or did it refer to events of last year, events that took place on the dates set down?"
In spite of everything, he felt overcome by a strange uneasiness as the dawn began to glimmer through the half closed shutters. A fortnight before, nothing had happened either to warn him; and yet there were two victims lying near him when he woke.

At 7 o'clock he called out: "Alexandre!" "Eh? What is it, chief?" "You're not dead?" "What's that? Dead? No, chief; why should I be?" "Quite sure?" "Well, that's a good 'un! not you?"

"Oh, it'll be my turn soon considering the intelligence of scoundrels, there's no reason they should go on missing me!" They waited an hour. Then Perenna opened a window and threw back the shutter.

"I say, Alexandre, perhaps you're not dead, but you are certainly very green." Mazeroux gave a wry laugh. "Upon my word, chief, I confess that I had a bad time of it. I was keeping watch while you were asleep."

"Were you afraid?" "To the roots of my hair. I was on thinking that something was going to happen. But you, chief, don't look as if you've been enjoying yourself. Were you also?"

He interrupted himself, making an expression of unbounded astonishment on Don Luis's face. "What's the matter, chief? Look! . . . on the table." He looked. There was a letter on the writing table, or, rather, a letter card, the edges of which had been torn along the perforation marks; and they saw the outside of it, with the address, the stamp, and the postmarks.

"Did you put that there, Alexandre?" "You're joking, chief. You know it can only have been you." "It can only have been I . . . and yet it was not I."

"But then—?" Don Luis took the letter card and, on examining it, found that the address and the postmarks had been scratched out so as to make it impossible to read the name of the addressee or where he lived, but that the place of posting was quite clear, as was the date: Paris, 4 January, 19—.

"So the letter is three and a half months old," said Don Luis.

He turned to the inside of the letter. It contained a dozen lines and he at once exclaimed: "Hippolyte Fauville's signature!"

"And his handwriting," observed Mazeroux. "I can tell it at a glance. There's no mistake about that. What does it all mean? A letter written by Hippolyte Fauville three months before his death?"

Perenna read aloud: "My Dear Old Friend: I can only, alas, confirm what I wrote to you the other day: the plot is thickening around me! I do not yet know what their plan is and still less how they mean to put it into execution; but everything warns me that the end is at hand. I can see it in her eyes. How strangely she looks at me sometimes!"

"Oh, the shame of it! Who would ever have thought her capable of it? I am a very unhappy man, my dear friend."

"And it's signed Hippolyte Fauville," Mazeroux continued, "and I declare to you that it's actually in his hand . . . written on the 4th of January of this year to a friend whose name we don't know, though we shall dig him out somehow, that I'll swear. And this friend will certainly give us the proofs we want."

Mazeroux was becoming excited. "Proofs? Why, we don't need them! They're here. M. Fauville himself supplies them: 'The end is at hand. I can see it in her eyes.' 'Her' refers to his wife, to Marie Fauville, and the husband's evidence confirms all that we knew against her. What do you say, chief?"

"You're right," replied Perenna, absent mindedly. "You're right; the letter is final. Only—?"

least scrap of paper on it last night, we find this letter in the morning."
A careful inspection of the place gave them no clue to put them on the track. They went through the house from top to bottom and ascertained for certain that there was no one there in hiding. Besides, supposing that any one was hiding there, how could he have made his way into the room without attracting their attention? There was no solving the problem.

"We won't look any more," said Perenna, "it's no use. In matters of this sort, some day or other the light enters by an unseen cranny and everything gradually becomes clear. The letter to . . ."

He looked down at the letter he had picked up on the Rue Octave-Feuillet, and disappeared.

"All right, you scoundrel, I'll catch you yet!" snarled Don Luis, abandoning a vain pursuit.

"But you don't even know who he is, chief?" "Yes, I do; it's he." "Who?"

"The man with the ebony stick. He's cut off his beard and shaved his face, but I knew him for all that. It was the man who was taking pot shots at us yesterday morning, from the top of his stairs on the Boulevard Richard-Wallace, the one who killed Inspector Ancenis. The blackguard! How did he know that I had spent the night at Fauville's? Have I been followed then and spied on? But by whom? And why? And how?"

Mazeroux reflected and said: "Remember, chief, you telephoned to me in the afternoon to give me an appointment. For all you know, in spite of lowering your voice, you may have been heard by somebody at your place."

Don Luis did not answer. He thought of Floreence.

That morning Don Luis's letters were not brought to him by Mlle. Levasseur, nor did he send for her. He caught sight of her several times giving orders to the new servants. She must afterward have gone back to her room, for he did not see her again.

In the afternoon he rang for his car and drove to the house on the Boulevard Suchet, to pursue with Mazeroux by the prefect's instructions, a search that led to no result whatever.

It was 10 o'clock when he came in. The detective sergeant and he had some dinner together. Afterward, wishing also to examine the home of the man with the ebony stick, he got into his car again, still accompanied by Mazeroux, and told the man to drive to the Boulevard Richard-Wallace.

The car crossed the Seine and followed the right bank.

"Faster," he said to his new chauffeur, through the speaking tube. "I'm accustomed to go at a good pace."

"You'll have an upset one fine day, chief," said Mazeroux. "No fear," replied Don Luis, "Motor accidents are reserved for fools."



ON GUARD
At this time of the year people feel weak, tired, listless, their blood is thin, they have lived indoors and perhaps expended all their mental and bodily energy and they want to know how to renew their energy and stamina, overcome their headaches and backaches, have bright eyes, a smooth, ruddy skin, and an exhilaration of real good health thrumming thru their body. Good, pure, and blood is the best insurance of all kinds. Almost all come from impure and impoverished blood. It is to be noticed in the pale, the tired, haggard, or the listless manner.
After a half hour before a vegetable tonic there's more than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the old-fashioned tonic, which has had such a reputation for fifty years. It contains Golden Seal root, Blood-purifier, Queen's root, Bark, extracted with glycerine into tablets and liquid. Guaranteed pure blood and a system try this tonic Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery now!

TIME FOR EVERYTHING is the time to Clean Up!
ANY IN EVERY CAKE
SAPOLIO
with SAPOLIO

Clear Your Skin While You Sleep with Cuticura
Soap 25c. Ointment 25c & 50c

HOW "THIRD DEGREE" WORKS
According to This Explanation, an Innocent Man Need Have No Fear of the Ordeal.

During the trial of a murder case recently the presiding judge interrupted the testimony of a detective to ask him to define the third degree. The detective replied that, although he was familiar with the term, he was in the dark as to just what was meant by it.

The third degree, until recent years, was in the main a physical ordeal. The culprit was often struck, kicked, pinched, and otherwise roughly handled. Today the third degree has become more of a mental ordeal. The prisoner is taken in hand by several detectives, who put him through a rigorous questioning. Experienced detectives assert that no guilty man can long stand up under a severe cross-examination, and that, on the other hand, if he be innocent, he will have no difficulty in convincing his questioners.

FRECKLES
Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots
There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these lonely spots.
Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and give a beautiful clear complexion.
Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Alloyed Bliss.
A friend overheard this on the street car: "Maude doesn't look quite happy." "She isn't." "Why, she ought to be. She's got a beautiful new engagement ring and—?" "Yes, but she hasn't found out how much it cost yet."

What some men need is a curb that will prevent them from butting in.
As for honor among thieves, they are just as bad as other people.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy
No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 60 cents a bottle. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO. CHICAGO

(Continued Next Week.)