

# NERVOUS PROSTRATION

May be Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound — This Letter Proves It.

West Philadelphia, Pa. — "During the thirty years I have been married, I have been in bad health and had several attacks of nervous prostration until it seemed as if the organs in my whole body were worn out. I was finally persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made a well woman of me. I can now do all my housework and advise all ailing women to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I will guarantee they will derive great benefit from it." — Mrs. FRANK FITZGERALD, 25 N. 41st Street, West Philadelphia, Pa.

There are thousands of women everywhere in Mrs. Fitzgerald's condition, suffering from nervousness, headache, dizziness, and other symptoms of a functional derangement. It was a grateful spirit for health restored which led her to write this letter so that other women may benefit from her experience and find health as she has done.

For suggestions in regard to your condition write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

## Drawing the Line.

"Anyhow," said Farmer Comtossel, "if we do take boarders this summer we won't have any more of their slackers around."

"What do you mean by 'slackers'?"

"Girls that swing in hammocks and read novels when they ought to knit for soldiers."

## You May Try Cuticura Free

Send today for free samples of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and learn how quickly they relieve itching, skin and scalp troubles. For free samples, address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

## One Per Cent.

"Take it from me," said Ivy L. Lee, the Red Cross propagandist, a few days before his departure for France—"take it from me, when you hear anything generous or kind or noble on Germany's part the thing turns out to be a misunderstanding."

"It's like the talk between Skinner and Grabber, the two storekeepers."

"Say, Skinner, Grabber asked, 'what base o' profit do ye work on?'"

"One per cent," said Skinner promptly.

"One per cent," said Grabber. "Holy smoke! That ain't no profit at all. Why, man, I run my store on a profit of 25, 40, yes, and sometimes even 50 per cent."

"Well, yer a greedy devil, then," said Skinner. "One per cent is enough for me. If an article costs me a dollar I let it go for two."

## How Many Work Here?

A visitor to the national capital entered one of the department buildings one day while he was sightseeing. Entering a large room where he expected to see many clerks, he was surprised to find only one occupying the numerous desks that looked as if they had just been vacated. No one was in sight but a janitor, who was dusting and cleaning. Thinking to obtain some knowledge of the room, its capacity and use, he addressed her:

"How many people work in here?"

"Hum! About half of 'em, I 'low."

## The Right Talk.

"What is your business?"

"Helping with the war. I'm a piano dealer on the side."

# THE TEETH OF THE TIGER

BY MAURICE LEBLANC

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

## CHAPTER SEVEN. (Continued.)

"It's nothing," he said. "I'm all right. And you, Alexandre?" They helped the sergeant out. He had a few bruises and a little pain, but no serious injury.

Only the chauffeur had been thrown from his seat and lay motionless on the pavement, bleeding from the head. He was carried into a chemist's shop and died in 10 minutes.

Mazeroux had gone in with the poor victim and, feeling pretty well stunned, had himself been given a pick-me-up. When he went back to the motor car he found two policemen entering particulars of the accident in their notebooks and taking evidence from the bystanders; but the chief was not there.

Perenna in fact had jumped into a taxicab and driven home as fast as he could. He got out in the square, ran through the gateway, crossed the courtyard, and went down the passage that led to Mlle. Levasseur's quarters. He leaped up the steps, knocked, and entered without waiting for an answer.

The door of the room that served as a sitting room was opened and Florence appeared. He pushed her back into the room, and said, in a tone furious with indignation:

"It's done. The accident has occurred. And yet none of the old servants can have prepared it, because they were not there and because I was out with the car this afternoon. Therefore, it must have been late in the day, between 6 and 9 o'clock, that somebody went to the garage and filed the steering rod three-quarters through."

"I don't understand. I don't understand," she said, with a scared look.

"You understand perfectly well that the accomplice of the ruffians cannot be one of the new servants, and you understand perfectly well that the job was bound to succeed and that it did succeed, beyond their hopes. There is a victim, who suffers instead of myself."

"But tell me what has happened, monsieur! You frighten me! What accident? What was it?"

"The motor car overturned. The chauffeur is dead."

"Oh," she said, "how horrible! And you think that I can have— Oh, dead, how horrible! Poor man!"

Her voice grew fainter. She was standing opposite to Perenna, close up against him. Pale and swooning, she closed her eyes, staggered.

He caught her in his arms as she fell. She tried to release herself, but had not the strength; and he laid her in a chair, while she moaned, repeatedly:

"Poor man! Poor man!" Keeping one of his arms under the girl's head, he took a handkerchief in the other hand and wiped her forehead, which was wet with perspiration, and her pallid cheeks, down which the tears streamed.

She must have lost consciousness entirely, for she surrendered herself to Perenna's cares without the least resistance. And he, making no further movement, began anxiously to examine the mouth before his eyes, the mouth with the lips usually so red, now bloodless and discolored.

Gently passing one of his fingers over each of them, with a continuous pressure, he separated them, as one separates the petals of a flower and the two rows of teeth appeared.

They were charming, beautifully shaped, and beautifully white; a little smaller perhaps than Mme. Fauville's, perhaps also arranged in a wider curve. But what did he know? Who could say that their bite would not leave the same imprint? It was an improbable supposition, an impossible miracle, he knew. And yet the circumstances were all against the girl and pointed to her as the most daring, cruel, implacable, and terrible of criminals.

Her breathing became regular. He perceived the cool fragrance of her mouth, intoxicating as the scent of a rose. In spite of himself, he bent down, came so close, so close that he was seized with

giddiness and had to make a great effort to lay the girl's head on the back of the chair and to take his eyes from the fair face with the half parted lips.

He rose to his feet and went.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DEVIL'S POSTOFFICE.

Of all these events the public knew only of the attempted suicide of Mme. Fauville, the capture and escape of Gaston Sauverand, the murder of Chief Inspector Ancenis, and the discovery of a letter written by Hippolyte Fauville. This was enough, however, to reawaken their curiosity, as they were already singularly puzzled by the Mornington case and took the greatest interest in all the movements, however slight, of the mysterious Don Luis Perenna, whom they insisted on confusing with Arsene Lupin.

He was, of course, credited with the brief capture of the man with the ebony walking stick. It was also known that he had saved the life of the prefect of police, and that, finally, having at his own request spent the night in the house on the Boulevard Suchet, he had become the recipient of Hippolyte Fauville's famous letter. And all this added immensely to the excitement of the aforesaid public.

But how much more complicated and disconcerting were the problems set to Don Luis Perenna himself! Not to mention the denunciation in the anonymous article, there had been, in the short space of 48 hours, no fewer than four separate attempts to kill him; by the iron curtain, by poison, by the shooting on the Boulevard Suchet, and by the deliberately prepared motor accident.

Florence's share in this series of attempts was not to be denied. And, now, behold her relations with the Fauvilles' murderers duly established by the little note found in the eighth volume of Shakespeare's plays, while two more deaths were added to the melancholy list: the deaths of Chief Inspector Ancenis and of the chauffeur. How to describe and how to explain the part played, in the midst of all these catastrophes, by that enigmatical girl?

Strangely enough, life went on as usual at the house in the Place du Palais-Bourbon, as though nothing out of the way had happened there. Every morning Florence Levasseur sorted Don Yuis' post in his presence and read out the newspaper articles referring to himself or bearing upon the Mornington case.

Not a single allusion was made to the fire fight that had been waged against him for two days. It was as though a truce had been proclaimed between them; and the enemy appeared to have ceased his attacks for the moment. Don Luis felt easy, out of the reach of danger; and he talked to the girl with an indifferent air, as he might have talked to anybody.

But with what a feverish interest he studied her unobserved! He watched the expression of her face, at once calm and eager, and a painful sensitiveness which showed under the placid mask and which, difficult to control, revealed itself in the frequent quivering of the lips and nostrils.

"Who are you? Who are you?" he felt inclined to exclaim. "Will nothing content you, you she devil, but to deal out murder all round? And do you want my death also, in order to attain your object? Where do you come from and where are you making for?"

On reflection, he was convinced of a certainty that solved a problem which had preoccupied him for a long time—namely, the mysterious connection between his own presence in the mansion in the Place du Palais-Bourbon and the presence of a woman who was manifestly wreaking her hatred on him.

He now understood that he had not bought the house by accident. In making the purchase he had been persuaded by an anonymous offer that reached him in the

form of a typewritten prospectus. Whence did this offer come, if not from Florence, who wished to have him near her in order to spy upon him and wage war upon him?

"Yes," he thought, "that is where the truth lies. As the possible heir of Cosmo Mornington and a prominent figure in the case, I am the enemy, and they are trying to do away with me as they did with the others. And it is Florence who is acting against me. And it is she who has committed murder."

"Everything tells against her; nothing speaks in her defense. Her innocent eyes? The accent of sincerity in her voice? Her serene dignity? And then? Yes, what then? Have I never seen women with that frank look who have committed murder for no reason, almost for pleasure's sake?"

He started with terror at the memory of Dolores Kesselbach. What was it that made him connect these two women at every moment in his mind? He had loved one of them, that monster Dolores, and had strangled her with his own hands. Was fate now leading him toward a like love and a similar murder?

When Florence left him he would experience a sense of satisfaction and breathe more easily, as though released from an oppressive weight, but he would run to the window and see her crossing the courtyard and be still waiting when the girl whose scented breath he had felt upon his face passed to and fro.

One morning she said to him:

"The papers say that it will be tonight."

"Tonight?"

"Yes," she said, showing him an article in one of the newspapers. "This is the 25th; and, according to the information of the police, they say, by you, there should be a letter delivered in the house on the Boulevard Suchet every 10th day, and the house is to be destroyed by an explosion on the day when the fifth and last letter appears."

Was she defying him? Did she wish to make him understand that whatever happened, whatever the obstacles, the letters would appear, those mysterious letters prophesied on the list which he had found in the eighth volume of Shakespeare's plays?

He looked at her steadily. She did not flinch. He answered:

"Yes, this is the night. I shall be there. Nothing in the world will prevent me."

She was on the point of replying, but once more controlled her feelings.

That day Don Luis was on his guard. He lunched and dined out and arranged with Mazeroux to have the Place du Palais-Bourbon watched.

Mlle. Levasseur did not leave the house during the afternoon. In the evening Don Luis ordered Mazeroux's men to follow any one who might go out at that time.

At 10 o'clock the sergeant joined Don Luis in Hippolyte Fauville's workroom. Deputy Chief Detective Weber and two plain clothesmen were with him. Don Luis took Mazeroux aside:

"They distrust me. Own up to it."

"No. As long as M. Desmoulin is there, they can do nothing against you. Only, M. Weber maintains—and he is not the only one—that you fake up all these occurrences yourself."

(Continued Next Week.)

## AMERICA MUST MAKE HER OWN BASKETS NOW

Washington, D. C.—War conditions have forced America to depend almost exclusively on her own resources for a supply of baskets. It is revealed in a report of an investigation of the industry made public tonight by the tariff commission.

Importation of cheaper baskets virtually has stopped. Prior to the war Germany was the largest maker of the commodity for the American trade. Then Japan, which had taken up the task after the blockade of the German coast, was compelled to relinquish a large export trade in baskets to this country because of an increase in ocean freight rates from \$3 to \$30 per ton. In this country, says the commission's report, scarcity of labor, strikes, increased cost of material and higher wages have resulted in a rise in price of the finished article from 100 to 200 per cent. As a result, many of the large commercial consumers are turning to substitute containers made of paper mache, pasteboard and wood veneer.

Willow and rattan basket making in this country is chiefly a household industry. The manufacture of splint or good veneer baskets is carried on in factories, and in this line the American manufacturer has no competition from abroad. Liverpool, N. Y., with the sole exception of New York City, turns out more willow baskets than any other place in the country. A pre-war output of between 10,000 and 15,000 dozen annually has been exceeded materially in the last year.

Girls in the car department of the Standard Oil company struck at Bayonne, N. J., because the foreman would not give them 15 minutes in the morning to put on their overalls (trousers). They declared it took that long. The foreman would not believe it. They must have proved their case, for the company gave in.

## AVIATION RECORDS BEING MADE DAILY

Fliers on Texas Field Constantly Doing What Has Not Before Been Done There.

Dallas, Tex., (by mail).—New achievements in endurance and altitude tests at the Texas aviation camps have been recorded frequently this spring. Some of the latest are reported from Ellington field at Houston, where on a single day new camp records for both height and endurance were set. An army flyer whose name is withheld by order of the executive authorities at the post, climbed to 20,000 feet, only a little less than four miles in the air. On the same day, a civilian demonstrator for an eastern motor company remained in the air, with a passenger for nine hours and 53 minutes and descended only when his last drop of gasoline had been consumed.

The type of machine used in the test for altitude, was withheld by the Ellington field authorities. The result, they said was gratifying and of great value in demonstrating the utility of certain innovations and improvements that have been under consideration for some time. The climbing quality and power and speed developed exceeded expectations.

In the endurance trial some of the officers had been of the opinion that the motor to be tested would stall before the gasoline in the tank was completely exhausted, while the manufacturer's demonstrator contended, of course, that the motor would consume every drop of available fuel. With a passenger he arose at 8:25 a. m. and stayed aloft until he was obliged to land at 6:18 p. m. without a hitch to interrupt his flight. The engine continued running without the slightest indication of stalling until the last drop of fuel in the tank was drained into the cylinders.

## River Jordan Not a River.

By Richard Newton, D. D.

The Jordan has nothing to make it specially attractive beyond the historical associations connected with it. But as the stream that is woven in so freely into the thread of the narrative, it will always retain the place it has held so long in the estimation of Christians who visit the Holy Land. It is the only river of any importance in all that part of the country which the Jews occupied. And yet there is a great deal of truth in a description, which one has thus given of it:

"For all practical purposes to which a river is ordinarily applied, the Jordan is useless; so rapid, that its course is to a great extent a continued cataract; so crooked, that in the whole of its lower and main course it has hardly a mile straight; so broken with rapids and other impediments, that no boat can swim for more than the same distance continuously; so deep below the surface of the adjacent country, that it is invisible, and can only be approached with difficulty; resolutely refusing all communication with the ocean, and ending in a lake, the peculiar conditions of which render navigation impossible." With all these characteristics, the Jordan, in any sense we attach to the word "river," is no river at all. Unlike useless for irrigation and navigation, it is, in fact, what its Arabic name signifies, nothing but a "great watering place."

The plain of Jericho, owing to the want of rivers and the neglect of irrigation, has lost very greatly its former fertility. We found the ride across hot and uninteresting, and were not sorry when we reached the banks of the sacred stream, and got our first view of its rapidly flowing waters, which are invisible till that position is gained. The banks of the river are fringed with broad belts of tamarisk, oleander, and willow trees, among which reeds and underwood spring up so as to form impenetrable jungles. These offer secure den for the wild boar and other beasts of the forest. In former times, as the prophet says, "the lion would come up from the swellings of Jordan."

## The New Wheat Crop.

From the New York Times.

When the Kansas state board of agriculture, three weeks after the government's report for April 1 had estimated the coming crop of winter wheat at 600,000 bushels, said that more than 3,000,000 acres of the winter sown fields in that state had been abandoned some feared that the yield would not exceed 500,000 bushels. But there are some remaining in Kansas 5,310,000 acres, in which the yield in fair condition, is almost twice as large as the harvested acreage there last year, and the indicated yield is 86,500,000 bushels, while the crop in 1917 was less than 46,000,000. In most of the winter wheat areas there has been marked improvement since the government's inquiry was made, and conditions warrant a prediction that the yield will not be less than 600,000,000 bushels.

There will be gains in the spring wheat states. When winter losses were foreseen, farmers were urged by the government to increase the spring sown acreage. In reply it was said that the needed labor could not be obtained. From all the spring wheat states there were reports that acreage would be reduced. But now a statement published by a prominent western grain firm, based upon the inquiries of several hundred correspondents, says that in all these states acreage has been largely increased. This firm's estimate of the entire wheat area exceeds last year's harvested acreage by 28 per cent. Additions to the spring fields promise to give a crop of 256,000,000 bushels. Last year's was 222,000,000. It now seems reasonable to expect 600,000,000 in the winter states and a total of more than 850,000,000. Last year we had only 651,000,000, and this was not much more than is required in normal times for our own use. Only by reducing consumption at home has it been possible to send to our allies what they needed.

If 850,000,000 bushels are harvested this year, there will be an export surplus of 250,000,000 or even 300,000,000. In Canada also there will be gains. Acreage increase is 19 1/2 per cent in Alberta and 12 per cent in Manitoba. For the whole country an addition of at least 5 per cent is expected. In England and Italy there has been preparation for a crop larger than last year's. Reports from all countries to which the allies look for wheat point to a greater available supply.

## The Bolshevik Alphabet.

Maynard O. Williams, in the Christian Herald.

Samara, on the Volga, which is the Mississippi of Russia, is an American city with a set of signs that look like a bilingual in the Latin and Greek alphabets, with a few extras added to confuse the unwary traveler. "Homepa" is perfectly good English, especially if you see it as I first did, in the two parts "home" and "pa." But the Russian, an alphabetic as he is, chooses to pronounce this word, which means hotel, as though it were spelled "nomera." But when the well-informed Russian names a letter for an spoken drama with the suggestive title "Sphinx," he starts it with a "C" and outside the entire Latin alphabet, in order to convey his meaning.

## WANT TO SELL

3347 acres of old cut over timber land with fine growth of tame grasses, green pasture the year around; abundance of running water, 1/2 mile to railroad and Auto Highway to Seattle and Tacoma. An ideal ranch for cattle, hogs and sheep. Price, \$17 per acre, part trade, balance 10 years' time.

W. W. DURLINGER  
1112 No-Eye St., Tacoma, Wash.

## FIND NEW MAMMOTH CAVE IN CALIFORNIA

Visalia, Cal.—Hidden deep in the recesses of a hitherto practically unexplored section of the Marble Park of the Kaweah river, almost within a stone's throw of the Black Oak trail and within eight miles of the famous General Sherman big tree, in Giant Forest, is said to lie one of the most wonderful subterranean caverns known to the mountaineers of California. The cave was discovered only last week by a party of fishermen exploring the upper reaches of the stream and these men, pioneers of the region, declare the newly discovered Sequoia national park wonder to be the largest of the several big caves in the park.

Enthusiastic accounts of the cave's interior are brought in by the mountaineers who ventured as far into its recesses as possible without light. Strangely they declare the air within appears fresh without the usual foul odor emanating from other such caves and this fact, they believe, is due to the stream of pure, snow water which flows through the cave and across a bed of soft marble of various hues and which evidently enters from another opening to the cave beyond.

The accounts recite at least a dozen large rooms within the cavern, one of sufficient size for a modern ball room setting, and all covered with a fine, soft, white marble of various tints in great number and of every color in one instance, they declare, forming an arch like canopy not unlike a great throne room. The fishermen did not venture further into the cavern than 600 feet as they had no lights and bones found there indicated that the cave had been the lair of the wild animals which are in the Sequoia park.

Government agents will investigate the new discovery at once, it is said, and a new trail will be cut from Giant forest directly to it, probably cutting the eight mile distance in half. Other improvements said to be in contemplation, if the cave proves as stated, include electric lights and a big dance floor for Giant forest campers throughout the summer season.

## The Cyclops Mystery.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Few mysteries of the sea have been so inexplicable as the loss of the collier Cyclops. All the West Indian waters have been diligently searched for some time, but none has been found. Now the passengers on a ship which has just arrived from Rio tell a strange tale which may have some bearing on her fate. One of the passengers on the Cyclops was the American engineer, none of the details capital. Two weeks before she was reported as missing an advertisement in Portuguese appeared in a Rio newspaper stating that mass would be said in a certain church for Mr. Gottschalk, the distinguished North American consul. At that time, of course, none of his friends knew he was dead. The pastor of the church denied that any arrangements had been made for a mass. Whence, then, came this ominous hint? What was the purpose of such an announcement? Some one must have had knowledge of the ship had been sunk, or foreknowledge that she would be.

There are two obvious explanations for the appearance of the advertisement. One is that it was a disguised assertion that the Cyclops had been sunk by a German submarine. The other is that it was a message to some German agent or agents engaged in the plot. The difficulty in accepting either is that no trace of the missing vessel has yet been found. Ships have been "spurious versenkt" before, to be sure; but it seems a curious fact that a ship of the character of the Cyclops could go down in waters so near our own shores without even a wireless call or a piece of wreckage to reveal her fate. If there is really a German submarine lurking in the Caribbean or somewhere of the Bahamas, it may be one of those with the wide cruising radius which have been built recently. The story from Rio is perplexing, but it is too circumstantial to be wholly disregarded. If the navy could have first help in solving the mysterious fiction the mystery might be solved. In any event, there are likely to be renewed efforts to solve it.

## Moving Trucks Toward Port.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Running during the night hours only, and under as near "war zone" conditions as this peaceful section of America can provide, six trains of army trucks destined for service with Pershing in France are pushing forward from Detroit to an allied port. The convoy consists of 322 Packards and the trains are 24 hours apart.

Except that they use their lights and are not bothered by sudden gusts of shrapnel or other attentions from Fritz, the truck companies are proceeding as if in the immediate neighborhood of the front. The soldier drivers, 78 men to a train, make camp by the roadside wherever dawn greets them, cook their meals on field ranges carried in the trucks, and clamber into the 3-ton carriers for their day's sleep. As soon as "breakfast" is finished in the evening, they swing the big khaki colored trucks into the road again and hit out toward the seaboard. Besides the equipment of the soldiers—there is a 15-day ration aboard for each man—the trucks carry loads of parts, also destined for the American expeditionary force.

This is the first night run of a series in which the quartermaster's department of the United States army is giving the drivers a foretaste of the work they will be called on to do overseas. The trucks are given the honor of pioneering the night drives. Another innovation is that each of these truck companies numbers 14 more trucks than those which have been making the daylight run.

The only undoubted notice of silk in the bible occurs in Revelations, xvii, 12, where it is mentioned among the treasures of the typical Babelians.

The spent yeast which collects in breweries and distilleries is put through a process which turns it out in the form of buttons, doorbell plates and knife handles. Formerly this left over material was considered to be a bothersome waste; now it is utilized, every bit of it. At it is gathered from the vats the yeast is of a dirty, gray-brown color. The first operation is to dye it and then to work it over until it assumes the form of powder and can be hot pressed into any form. In this stage it is called "erolith." It may be sawed, scraped, filed, drilled, engraved, turned to an edge and polished.

War Demands Saving of Sugar, Saving of Fuel, Use of other Grains with Wheat—No Waste.

Grape-Nuts answers every demand. It's an economical, nourishing and delicious food, a builder and maintainer of vigor and health. Try it. "There's a Reason"