

**Had to Give Up Work**

Mr. McMurray Was in a Bad Way Until He Used Doan's—They Brought a Quick Cure.

F. K. McMurray, 48 W. Hickory St., Chicago Heights, Ill., says: "I was always a strong man until I was taken with kidney trouble. I worked many years as a blacksmith and this work brought the trouble on. When I stooped over there was a grinding pain in my back and I couldn't straighten up for four or five minutes. Sometimes it took me half an hour to get on my feet. I got so bad, I had to lay off work for days at a time. Often I would have to get up a dozen times at night to pass the kidney secretions, and they burned like fire. My feet swelled, and at times they burned so that it seemed I was standing on a hot stove. I had spells of gasping for breath and dizzy spells. Too, and my health failed rapidly. I was told that my working days were over, but Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention and before I had used one box, I began to feel relieved. I kept on and by the time I had used ten boxes, I was absolutely cured. All pains left my back and other symptoms of kidney trouble disappeared and I felt as well and strong as ever."

*"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of July 1917."  
DAVID H. SHAPIRO,  
Notary Public.*

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**  
For Constipation  
Carter's Little Liver Pills will set you right over night.  
Purely Vegetable  
Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

**Carter's Iron Pills**  
Will restore color to the faces of those who lack iron in the blood, as most pale-faced people do.

**AGENTS**—A new one, Harper's Fibre Broom and broom expander, Spin-Use Brush Set combined. Saves money, lightens housework, easy seller. Best order obtainable, Harper Brush Works, Dept. O, Fairfield, La.

**His Souvenir.**  
Ordinarily a soldier doesn't appear at the leave center with any more baggage than the law allows. One man arrived with a pair of extra socks and a rifle. Why the rifle? This was his explanation:  
"It's a souvenir. Oh, it still shoots all right, and I'm going to use it for the rest of the war, and after that—well, this is one rifle no supply sergeant is ever going to get hold of."  
He exhibited the stock. There was a nick an inch deep at the top.  
"Machine gun near Solissons. Shows how near a bullet can come without getting you."—Stars and Stripes.

**UPSET STOMACH**  
PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN AT ONCE ENDS SOURNESS, GAS, ACIDITY, INDIGESTION.

Don't stay upset! When meals don't sit and you belch gas, acids and undigested food. When you feel lumps of indigestion pain, flatulence, heartburn or headache you can get instant relief.



No waiting! Pape's Diapepsin will get you on your feet. As soon as you eat one of these pleasant, harmless tablets all the indigestion, gases, acidity and stomach distress ends. Your druggist sells them. Adv.

**Little Mistake.**  
"I saw your husband passing the growler the other day."  
"My husband never goes near a saloon, I'd have you know."  
"I didn't say he did. All I saw him do was to walk by the bulldog next door."

Most particular women use Red Cross Blue. American made. Sure to please. At all good grocers. Adv.

United States in 1917 produced 100,743,434 barrels of cement.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets put an end to sick and bilious headaches, constipation, distress and indigestion. "Clean house." Adv.

A woman's idea of real sport is hunting a new hat.

**THE TEETH OF THE TIGER**  
BY MAURICE LEBLANC  
TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATOS

(CHAPTER TWENTY—Continued.)

He took breath and continued:  
"After that? After that, Florence, this: either the smash will take place in such a way that your body will not even be in sight, if any one should dream of coming here to look for you, or else it will be partly visible, in which case I shall at once cut and destroy the cords with which you are tied."  
"What will the law think then? Simply that Florence Levasseur, a fugitive from justice, hid herself in a grotto which fell upon her and crushed her. That's all. A few prayers for the rash creature's soul, and not another word."  
"As for me—as for me, when my work is done and my sweetheart dead—I shall pack my traps, carefully remove all the traces of my coming, smooth every inch of the trampled grass, jump into my motor car, sham death for a little while, and then put in a sensational claim for the hundred millions."  
He gave a little chuckle, took two or three puffs at his cigarette, and added, calmly:  
"I shall claim the hundred millions and I shall get them. That's the prettiest part of it. I shall claim them because I'm entitled to them; and I explained to you just now, before Master Lupin came interfering, how, from the moment that you were dead, I had the most undeniable legal right to them. And I shall get them, because it is physically impossible to bring up the least sort of proof against me."  
He moved closer.  
"There's not a charge that can hurt me. Suspicions, yes, moral presumptions, clues, anything you like, but not a scrap of material evidence. No body knows me. One person has seen me as a tall man, another as a short man. My very name is unknown. All my murders have been committed anonymously. All my murders are more like suicides, or can be explained as suicides."  
"I tell you the law is powerless. With Lupin dead, and Florence Levasseur dead, there's no one to bear witness against me. Even if they arrested me, they would have to discharge me in the end for lack of evidence. I shall be branded, execrated, hated, and cursed; my name will sink in people's nostrils, as if I were the greatest of malefactors. But I shall possess the friendship of all decent men!"  
"I tell you again, with Lupin and you gone, it's all over. There's nothing left, nothing but some papers and a few little things which I have been weak enough to keep until now in this pocketbook here, and which would be enough and more than enough to cost me my head, if I did not intend to burn them in a few minutes and send the ashes to the bottom of the well."  
"So you see, Florence, all my measures are taken. You need not hope for compassion from me, nor for help from anywhere else, since no one knows where I have brought you, and Arsene Lupin is no longer alive. Under these conditions, Florence, make your choice. The ending is in your own hands: either you die, absolutely and irrevocably, or you accept my love."  
There was a moment of silence.  
"Answer me yes or no. A movement of your head will decide your fate. If it's no, you die. If it's yes, I shall release you. We will go from here and, later, when your innocence is proved—and I'll see to that—you shall become my wife. Is the answer yes, Florence?"  
He put the question to her with real anxiety and with a restrained passion that set his voice trembling. His knees dragged over the flagstones. He begged and threatened, hungering to be entertained and, at the same time, great was his natural murderous impulse.  
"Is it yes, Florence? A nod, the least little nod, and I shall believe you implicitly, for you never lie and your promise is sacred. Is it yes, Florence? Oh, Florence, answer me! It is madness to hesitate. Your life depends on a

fresh outburst of my anger. Answer me! Here, look, my cigarette is out. I'm throwing it away, Florence. A sign of your head is the answer yes or no?"  
He bent over her and shook her by the shoulders as if to force her to make the sign which he asked for. But suddenly seized with a sort of frenzy, he rose to his feet and exclaimed:  
"She's crying! She's crying! She dares to weep! But, wretched girl, do you think that I don't know what you're crying for? I know your secret, pretty one, and I know that your tears do not come from any fear of dying. You? Why, you fear nothing! No, it's something else! Shall I tell you your secret? Oh, I can't, I can't—though the words scorch by lips. Oh, cursed woman, you've brought it on yourself! You yourself want to die, Florence, as you're crying—you yourself want to die!"  
While he was speaking he hastened to get to work and prepare the horrible tragedy. The leather pocketbook which he had mentioned as containing the papers was lying on the ground; he put it in his pocket. Then, still trembling, he pulled off his jacket and threw it on the nearest bush. Next, he took up the pickaxe and climbed the lower stones, stamping with rage and shouting:  
"It's you who have asked to die, Florence! Nothing can prevent it now. It's too late! You asked for it and you've got it! Ah, you're crying! You dare to cry! What madness!"  
He was standing almost above the grotto, on the right. His anger made him draw himself to his full height. He looked terrible, hideous, atrocious. His eyes filled with blood as he inserted the bar of the pickaxe between the two blocks of granite, at the spot where the brick was wedged in. Then, standing on one side, in a place of safety, he struck the brick, struck it again. At the third stroke the brick flew out.  
What happened was so sudden, the pyramid of stones and rubbish came crashing with such violence into the hollow of the grotto and in front of the grotto, that the cripple himself, in spite of his precautions, was dragged down by the avalanche and thrown upon the grass. It was not a serious fall, however, and he picked himself up at once, stammering:  
"Florence! Florence!"  
Though he had so carefully prepared the catastrophe, and brought it about with such determination, its results seemed suddenly to stagger him. He hunted for the girl with terrified eyes. He stooped down and crawled round the chaos shrouded in clouds of dust. He looked through the interstices. He saw nothing.  
Florence was buried under the ruins, dead, incisable, as he had anticipated.  
"Dead!" he said, with staring eyes and a look of stupor on his face. "Dead! Florence is dead!"  
Once again he lapsed into a state of absolute prostration, which gradually slackened his legs, brought him to the ground and paralyzed him. His two efforts, following so close upon each other and ending in disasters of which he had been the immediate witness, seemed to have robbed him of all his remaining energy.  
With no hatred in him, since Arsene Lupin no longer lived, with no love, since Florence was no more, he looked like a man who had lost his last motive for existence.  
Twice his lips uttered the name of Florence. Was he regretting his friend? Having reached the last of that appalling series of crimes, was he imagining the several stages, each marked with a corpse? Was something like a conscience making itself felt deep down in that brute? Or was it not rather the sort of physical torpor that numbs the sated beast of prey, glutted with flesh, drunk with blood, a torpor that is almost voluptuousness?  
Nevertheless, he once more repeated Florence's name and tears

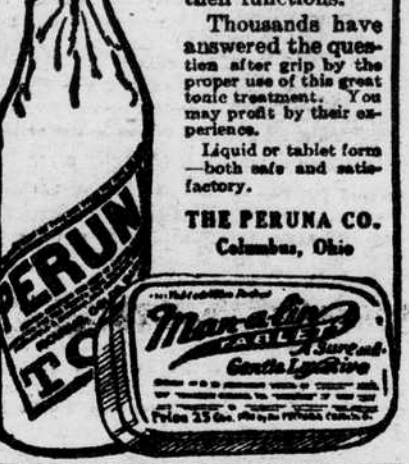
rolled down his cheeks.  
He lay long in this condition, gloomy and motionless; and when, after taking a few sips of his medicine, he went back to his work, he did so mechanically, with none of that gayety which had made him hop on his legs and set about his murder as though he were going to a pleasure party.  
He began by returning to the bush from which Lupin had seen him emerge. Behind this bush, between two trees, was a shelter containing tools and arms, spades, rakes, guns, and rolls of wire rope.  
Making several journeys, he carried them to the well, intending to throw them down it before he went away. He next examined every particle of the little mound up which he had climbed, in order to make sure that he was not leaving the least trace of his passage.  
He made a similar examination of those parts of the lawn on which he had stepped, except the path leading to the well, the inspection of which he kept for the last. He brushed up the trodden grass and carefully smoothed the trampled earth.  
He was obviously anxious and seemed to be thinking of other things, while at the same time mechanically doing those things which a murderer knows by force of habit that it is wise to do.  
One little incident seemed to wake him up. A wounded swallow fell to the ground close by where he stood. He stopped, caught it, and crushed it in his hands, kneading it like a scrap of crumpled paper. And his eyes shone with a savage delight as he gazed at the blood that trickled from the poor bird and reddened his hands.  
But, when he flung the shapeless body into a furze bush, he saw on the spikes in the bush a hair, a long, fair hair; and all his depression returned at the memory of Florence.  
He knelt in front of the ruined grotto. Then, breaking two sticks of wood, he placed the pieces in the form of a cross under one of the stones.  
As he was bending over, a little looking glass slipped from his waistcoat pocket and, striking a pebble, broke. The sign of ill luck made a great impression on him. He cast a suspicious look around him and, shivering with nervousness, as though he felt threatened by the invisible powers, he muttered:  
"I'm afraid—I'm afraid. Let's go away—"  
His watch now marked half-past four. He took his jacket from the shrub on which he had hung it, slipped his arms into the sleeves, and put his hand in the righthand outside pocket, where he had placed the pocketbook containing his papers:  
"Hullo!" he said, in great surprise. "I was sure I had—"  
He felt in the left inside pocket, then, with feverish excitement, in both the inside pockets. The pocketbook was not there. And, to his extreme amazement, all the other things which he was absolutely certain that he had left in the pockets of his jacket were gone: his cigarette case, his box of matches, his notebook.  
He was flabbergasted. His features became distorted. He spluttered incomprehensible words, while the most terrible thought took hold of his mind so forcibly as to become a reality: there was someone within the precincts of the old castle.  
There was someone within the precincts of the old castle! And this someone was now hiding near the ruins, in the ruins perhaps! And this someone had seen him! And this someone had witnessed the death of Arsene Lupin and the death of Florence Levasseur! And this someone, taking advantage of his heedlessness and knowing from his words that the papers existed, had searched his jacket and rifled the pockets!  
His eyes expressed the alarm of a man accustomed to work in the darkness unperceived, and who suddenly becomes aware that another's eyes have surprised him at his hateful task and that he is being watched in every movement for the first time in his life.  
Whence did that look come that troubled him as the daylight troubles a bird of the night? Was it an intruder hiding there by accident, or an enemy bent upon his destruction? Was it an accomplice of Arsene Lupin: a friend of Florence, one of the police? And was this adversary satisfied with his stolen booty, or was he preparing to attack him?  
The cripple dared not stir. He was there, exposed to assault, on open ground, with nothing to protect him against the blows that might come before he even knew where the adversary was.

At last, however, the imminence of the danger gave him back some of his strength. Still motionless, he inspected his surroundings with an attention so keen that it seemed as if no detail could escape him. He would have sighted the most indistinct shape among the stones of the ruined pile, or in the bushes, or behind the tall laurel screen.  
Seeing nobody, he came along, supporting himself on his crutch. He walked without the least sound of his feet or of the crutch, which probably had a rubber shoe at the end of it. His raised right hand held a revolver. His finger was on the trigger. The least effort of his will, or even less than that, a spontaneous injunction of his instinct, was enough to put a bullet into the enemy.  
He turned to the left. On this side, between the extreme end of the laurels and the first fallen rocks, there was a little brick path which was more likely the top of a buried wall. The cripple followed this path, by which the enemy might have reached the shrub on which the jacket hung without leaving any traces.  
The last branches of the laurels were in his way, and he pushed them aside. There was a tangled mass of bushes. To avoid this, he skirted the foot of the mound, after which he took a few more steps, going round a huge rock. And then, suddenly, he started back and almost lost his balance while his crutch fell to the ground and his revolver slipped from his hand.  
What he had seen, what he saw, was certainly the most terrifying sight that he could possibly have beheld. Opposite him, at ten paces distance, with his hands in his pockets, his feet crossed, and one shoulder resting lightly against the rocky wall, stood not a man: it was not a man, and could not be a man. For this man, as the cripple knew, was dead, had died the death from which there is no recovery. It was therefore a ghost; and this apparition from the tomb raised the cripple's terror to its highest pitch.  
He shivered, seized with a fresh attack of fever and weakness. His dilated pupils stared at the extraordinary phenomenon. His whole being, filled with diabolical superstition and dread, crumpled up under the vision to which each second lent an added horror.  
Incapable of flight, incapable of defense, he dropped upon his knees. And he could not take his eyes from that dead man, whom hardly an hour before he had buried in the depths of a well, under a shroud of iron and granite.  
Arsene Lupin's ghost!  
A man you take aim at, you fire at, you kill! But a ghost! A thing which no longer exists and which nevertheless disposes of all the supernatural powers! What was the use of struggling against the infernal mechanisms of that which is no more? What was the use of picking up the fallen revolver and leveling it at the intangible spirit of Arsene Lupin?  
And he saw an incomprehensible thing occur: the ghost took his hands out of its pockets. One of them held a cigarette case; and the cripple recognized the same gunmetal case for which he had hunted in vain. There was therefore not a doubt left that the creature who had ransacked the jacket was the very same who now opened the case, picked out a cigarette and struck a match taken from a box which also belonged to the cripple!  
O miracle! A real flame came from the match! O incomparable marvel! Clouds of smoke rose from the cigarette, real smoke, of which the cripple at once knew the particular smell!  
He hid his head in his hands. He refused to see more. Whether ghost or optical illusion, an emanation from another world, or an image born of his remorse and proceeding from himself it should torture his eyes no longer.  
But he heard the sound of a step approaching him, growing more and more distinct as it came closer! He felt a strange presence moving near him! An arm was stretched out! A hand fell on his shoulder! That hand clutched his flesh with an irresistible grip! And he heard words spoken by a voice which, beyond mistake, was the human and living voice of Arsene Lupin!  
(Continued Next Week.)

**After the Grip**

**What?**  
Did it leave you weak, low in spirits and vitality? Influenza is a catarrh disease, and after you recover from the acute stage much of the catarrh is left. This and your weakness invite further attacks.

**The Tonic Needed is Peruna.**  
First, because it will assist in building up your strength, reinvigorating your digestion and quickening all functions. Second, because it aids in overcoming the catarrh conditions, helping dispel the inflammation, giving the membranes an opportunity to perform their functions.



Thousands have answered the question after grip by the proper use of this great tonic treatment. You may profit by their experience.  
Liquid or tablet form—both safe and satisfactory.  
**THE PERUNA CO.**  
Columbus, Ohio

**Kultur Again.**  
"How can the Germans boast to us about their kultur and their old German Gott while at the same time bombing babies and torpedoing hospital ships?"  
"The speaker was a senator. "It was a German," he added, "who once puffed out his chest at a Krupp banquet in Essen and declared: "Modern civilization, or kultur, gentlemen, has not reduced crimes. It has just changed a lot of them into virtues."  
**Catarrh Cannot Be Cured**  
by LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will cure catarrh. It is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is what produces such wonderful results in catarrh conditions. Druggists for Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

**The Frugal Goat.**  
Kidder—Say, my boy's goat got in the garage and ate a lot of electric bulbs and wires.  
Kidd—I s'pose you're going to hand me that old stuff about wanting a light lunch?  
Kidder—Oh, not at all. He did it to keep down current expenses.

**Important to Mothers**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

American soft coal production in 1917 was 551,780,583 net tons, 10 per cent more than in 1916.

**HOW TO FIGHT SPANISH INFLUENZA**  
By DR. L. W. BOWERS.

Avoid crowds, coughs and colds, but fear neither germs nor Germans! Keep the system in good order, take plenty of exercise in the fresh air and practice cleanliness. Remember a clean mouth, a clean skin, and clean bowels are a protecting armor against disease. To keep the liver and bowels regular and to carry away the poisons within, it is best to take a vegetable pill every other day, made up of May-apple, aloes, jalap, and sugar-coated, to be had at most drug stores, known as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. If there is a sudden onset of what appears like a hard cold, one should go to bed, wrap warm, take a hot mustard foot-bath and drink copiously of hot lemonade. If pain develops in head or back, ask the druggist for Auric (anti-uric) tablets. These will flush the bladder and kidneys and carry off poisonous germs. To control the pains and aches take one Auric tablet every two hours, with frequent drinks of lemonade. The pneumonia appears in a most treacherous way, when the influenza victim is apparently recovering and anxious to leave his bed. In recovering from a bad attack of influenza or pneumonia the system should be built up with a good herbal tonic, such as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, made without alcohol from the roots and barks of American forest trees, or his Irontic (iron tonic) tablets, which can be obtained at most drug stores, or send 10c. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.

**Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste**  
**MORGAN'S SAPOLIO SCOURING SOAP**  
Every Cak in Every Cake

**Persistent Coughs**  
are dangerous. Get prompt relief from PISO'S. Stops irritation; soothing. Effective and safe for young and old. No opiates in

Des Moines is wondering, since no foreign language has been used in any public meeting. "Mary Garden may sing in French, and Galli-Curi in Italian, as per schedule.

