

**STANDS OFF A LOT OF DOCTOR BILLS**

Recommends Pe-ru-na for Catarrh of the Stomach, Colds and Grip

"I have used Pe-ru-na for several years and can heartily recommend it for catarrh of the stomach or entire system. I always get benefit from it for colds and grip. It stands off lots of doctor bills and makes one feel like a new person."

E. F. BUTLER,  
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PE-RU-NA is justly proud of its record of fifty years as health protector for the whole family.

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Quinine in this form does not affect the head—Cascara is best Tonic Laxative—No Opiate in Hill's.

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**GREETINGS THAT TELL MUCH**

All Have a Character and to the Initiated Are Like an Open Book.

"Chawmed"—One dance with this type. They always talk about the thatness of the that or G. B. Pshaw's latest.

"Do you do?"—Not a question in a world. This class evolves slowly. It is sure to get you in the end.

"Delighted"—With praise and invitation from baby-blue eyes. Must be so treated.

"Very glad to know you, I'm sure"—It is not sure, but it seems best to say. Last season's del. Expires to be loved and it is best to live up to expectations.

"Oh, Mr. Stover, I'm so glad to know you. I've heard," etc.—Football hero stuff. Must use skill and ingenuity to escape this type.

Mere nod—Possibilities, but, oh, man, you'll have to work.—Yale Record.

**What Johnny Meant.**

"Next boy!" exclaimed the teacher. "Can you give a simile to the word 'maiden'?"

"Yes, miss," responded Johnny Summers. "A maiden is like cider."

"Very good, Johnny. You see, boys," explained the teacher, who was of uncertain age and farsighted disposition. "Johnny means that a maiden is sweet."

"Yes," broke in Johnny, "and grows sour with old age."

**Sparing Their Feeling.**

"Why do you call this fire a 'conflagration'?" asked the crusty city editor. "According to your story the damage done didn't amount to \$1,000."

"There were fully 10,000 people present to watch it," said the facetious reporter.

"Well?"

"I didn't want to make it appear that they were wasting their valuable time."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Best Plan.**

"Did you nail the lie?"

"Yes, after I had hammered the liar."

Made From Our Native Grains

**Grape-Nuts**

Rich and Nourishing

A blend of wheat and malted barley that costs but little, yet provides a food of most attractive flavor, ready to serve direct from the package.

**Grape-Nuts Needs No Sugar**

**THE MARK OF CAIN**

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At last they heard steps outside, and they knew Rowland Trowbridge was being brought into his house for the last time. Judge Hoyt came in first and kept the two women in the drawing-room while the bearers took their tragic burden up to Mr. Trowbridge's own room. Shortly afterward Doctor Fulton came down.

"Mr. Trowbridge was murdered," he said briefly. "Stabbed with a dagger. He has been dead five or six hours now. Perhaps more."

"Who did it?" cried Aviece, looking more like an avenging angel than a grief-stricken girl.

"They have no idea. The coroner must try to determine that."

"The coroner!" exclaimed Mrs. Black in horror.

Aviece turned on her. "Yes, coroner," she said; "how else can we find out who killed Uncle Rowly, and punish him,—and kill him!"

Every one stared at Aviece. The policeman in the hall looked in at the doorway, as her ringing tones reached him. The girl was greatly excited and her eyes blazed like stars. But she stood quietly, and spoke with repressed force.

"What is the first thing to do?" she said, turning to Doctor Fulton, and then glancing past him to the policeman in the doorway.

"Wait, Aviece, wait," put in Leslie Hoyt; "let us consider a moment."

"There is nothing to be considered, Leslie. Uncle is dead. We must discover who killed him. We must get the best detectives, and we must never rest until we have brought the villain to justice."

"Of course, of course, Aviece," said Mrs. Black, soothingly, "but we can't hurry so, child."

"We must hurry! It is only by beginning at once that we can find clues and things. Delay means opportunity for the criminal to escape!"

Hoyt and Doctor Fulton looked at the girl in amazement. Where had she learned these terms that fell so readily from her tongue?

"She is right," said Judge Hoyt, sadly. "There must be no unnecessary delay in these matters. But the law moves slowly, at best. Everything possible will be done, Aviece; you may rest assured of that. The coroner is upstairs now, and when he comes down he will want to talk with you. You won't object."

"Indeed, no. I want to see him. Why, only think, I know nothing,—nothing, as yet, as to how Uncle Rowly met his death!"

**CHAPTER II.**

**Who Could Have Done It?**

Coroner Berg came down stairs and joined the group in the drawing-room. He was a bristling, fussy little man, with a decided sense of his own importance and evidently inclined to make much of his office. His sparse, sandy hair stood out straight from his head, and his light blue eyes darted from one to another of the impatient people awaiting his report.

"Sad case," he said, wringing his hands; "very sad case. Fine man like that, struck down in the prime of life. Awful!"

"We know that," and Aviece looked annoyed at what she thought intrusive sympathy.

"But who did it? What have you found out?"

"Very little, Miss," answered Berg. "Your uncle was killed by a dagger thrust, while up in Van Cortlandt Park woods. His body was found in a lonely spot up there, and there is no trace of the murderer. The police were informed of the murder by telephone, which is a mighty queer performance if you ask me! They say a Dago woman called up headquarters and told the story."

"Extraordinary!" said Hoyt; "an Italian?"

"Yes, sir; they say she sounded like one, anyhow."

"And a dagger or stiletto was used," said Doctor Fulton, thoughtfully; "that looks like Italian work. Had your uncle any Italian enemies, Miss Trowbridge?"

"Not that I know of," and Aviece spoke a little impatiently; "but uncle had no enemies that

came right up at once."

"Well, I think I'll go now, for I may dig up something of importance at the police station, and I'll be here tomorrow for the inquest at 10 or thereabouts."

As Coroner Berg left, the men from the undertaker's arrived, and the trying session with them had to be gone through.

"But I can't make arrangements about the funeral now," said poor Aviece, breaking down again. "Why, I can't even realize Uncle Rowly is dead, and—"

"Never mind, my dear," said Mrs. Black, "don't try to. Go to your room now, and leave the funeral matters to me. I will arrange everything, and Judge Hoyt will assist me with his advice."

"Indeed you won't," said Aviece, spiritedly. "I suppose I am still uncle's niece. And I prefer to be consulted about the last rites for him."

"Then stay by all means," and Mrs. Black's voice was honey-sweet. "I only meant to save you a harrowing experience." She turned to the suave young man who had with him a book of pictured caskets, and was soon deeply interested in the choice of shape, style and number of handles that seemed to her most desirable.

Aviece looked at her with aversion. It seemed to the girl almost ghoulish to show such absorption in a question of the quality of black cloth, or the lettering on the name-plate.

"But it must be decided," said Mrs. Black. "Of course, we want the best of everything, and it is the last honor we can pay to dear Mr. Trowbridge. You should be very thankful, Aviece, that you have me here to assist and advise you. You are too young and inexperienced to attend to these matters. Isn't that so, Judge Hoyt?"

"It seems so to me, Mrs. Black. These selections must be made, and surely you are showing good taste and judgment."

"Very well," returned Aviece. "Go on, and get whatever you like. As for me, I'm far more concerned in hunting down my uncle's murderer. And I doubt if that coroner man will do it. He's a perfect lump! He'll never find out anything!"

"Why, Aviece," remonstrated Hoyt, "what could we find out tonight? It is a mysterious affair, and as we here know nothing of the crime, how could Mr. Berg discover anything from us?"

"But he has no brains, no intelligence, no ingenuity!"

"Coroners rarely have. It is their province only to question and learn the circumstances. 'Sleuthing' is what you have in mind, and that must be done by detectives."

"I know it," cried Aviece, eagerly; "that's what I said at first. Oh, Leslie, won't you get the very best detectives there are and put them on the case at once?"

"Wait a moment, Aviece," said Mrs. Black, coldly. "I am not sure you are in absolute authority here. I have something to say in the decisions."

"But surely, Mrs. Black, you want to spare no pains and no expense to learn who killed Uncle Rowly!"

"You talk very glibly of expense, my dear Aviece. Until your uncle's will is read, how do you know who will be in a position to bear these expenses you are so ready to incur?"

Aviece looked at the older woman with scorn. "I don't quite follow you," she said, slowly; "but surely, whoever inherits my uncle's fortune, owes first the duty of bringing his murderer to justice!"

Leslie Hoyt looked very grave. "As Mr. Trowbridge's lawyer," he said, "I know the contents of the will. It will be read after the funeral. Until then, I am not at liberty to disclose it. I must go now, as I have some investigations to make myself. By the way, Aviece, I brought home a Philadelphia afternoon paper, and it contains a glowing account of the debut of your friend, Rosalie Banks. But, perhaps, you don't care to see it, now?"

"Yes, leave it," said Aviece, apathetically; "I am fond of Rosalie and I'd like to look it over."

Hoyt found the paper where he had left it on the hall table, and gave it to her, and then with a sympathetic, but unobtrusive pressure of her hand, the lawyer went away and the doctor also.

"May I look at that Philadelphia paper a moment?" asked Mrs. Black, "I want to see an advertisement."

"I know of. At least, none who would kill him."

"He had enemies, then?" spoke up the coroner, alertly.

"Uncle Rowly was not an easy-going man. He had many acquaintances with whom he was not on terms of friendship. But I'm sure none of his quarrels were grave enough to lead to this."

"But somebody committed the crime, Miss Trowbridge, and who so likely as a known enemy? Tell me any of your uncle's unfriendly acquaintances."

"Positively no one, Mr. Berg, who could be in the least suspected. I'm thinking of such men as Judge Greer, who holds political views opposed to those of my uncle. And Professor Meredith, who is an enthusiastic naturalist, but who disagrees with my uncle in some of their classifications. As you see, these are not sufficient grounds for killing a man."

"Of course, not," said Hoyt. "I know these men, and their relations with Mr. Trowbridge were really friendly, though differing opinions frequently led to quarrels. Mr. Trowbridge was quick-tempered and often said sharp things, which he forgot as quickly as he uttered them."

"Yes, he did," corroborated Aviece. "Why, he sometimes scolded me, and soon after was sunny and sweet again. No, I'm sure Uncle Rowland had no real enemies, surely none that would seek his death. And the fact that an Italian woman gave the message proves to my mind that he was struck down by some horrid Italian society,—Black Hand, or whatever they call it."

"That remains to be seen," said Berg, with an air of importance. "I shall conduct an inquest tomorrow morning. It is too late to get at it tonight, and too, I want to collect a little more evidence."

"Where do you get evidence, Mr. Berg," asked Aviece, eager interest and curiosity shining in her brown eyes.

"Wherever I may pick it up. I must question the police further and I must endeavor to trace that telephone call, though that is a hard matter usually. Then, also, I must question all members of this household. As to his habits, I mean, and his whereabouts today. He left home this morning, as usual?"

"Quite as usual," broke in Mrs. Black, before Aviece could reply. "I was probably the one who saw him last as he departed. I went to the door with him, and he,—he kissed me good-by." Mrs. Black's handkerchief was pressed into service, but she went on, clearly: "we were to have been married next month. Our engagement had been announced."

"And you heard nothing from Mr. Trowbridge during the day?"

"No," said Aviece, taking up the tale again; "uncle told me before he left he would be home by 5, as I was to help him with his work. He is a naturalist, out of office hours, and I assist with his cataloguing. Then, when he didn't come at 5, I was worried, and I kept on being worried until—until—" and here the girl broke down and buried her face again in the sofa pillows.

"And you weren't worried?" asked Coroner Berg, turning his pale blue eyes on the house-keeper.

"No," and Mrs. Black's voice was cool and composed; "I supposed he was merely detained by some business matter. I had no reason to fear any harm had come to him."

"When did you last see him?" went on the coroner, turning to Judge Hoyt.

"Let me see; it was—yes, it was last Friday. I was at his office consulting with him about some business, and promised to report today. But as I was called to Philadelphia today on an important matter, I wrote him that I would come here to his house to see him this evening, and give him the report he wanted."

"And you went to Philadelphia today?"

"Yes, I left there at 3 and reached New York at 5. I intended coming here this evening, but when Miss Trowbridge telephoned me soon after 6, I

"Certainly, here it is," and Aviece passed it over. "Just think of Rosalie having her coming-out party just now while I'm in such sadness. We were at school together, and though younger than I, she was always one of my favorites."

"You didn't care to go to the party?"

"No it was yesterday, and I had that luncheon engagement here, you know. And oh, Eleanor, isn't it fortunate I am here and not in Philadelphia!"

"Why? You can't do anything."

"I know it. But it would have been awful to be away making merry when uncle was—was breathing his last! Who do you suppose did it?"

"Some highway robber, of course. I always told your uncle he ought not to go off in those lonely woods all by himself. He ran a risk every time. And now the tragedy has occurred."

"It doesn't seem like a highway robber to use a dagger. They always have a club or a—what do the call it? a blackjack."

"You seem to know a lot about such things, Aviece. Well, I'm going to my room, and you'd better do the same. We've a hard day before us tomorrow. I think it's dreadful to have an inquest here. I thought they always held them in the court-room or some such place."

"They do, sometimes. Inquests are informal affairs. The coroner just asks anybody, hit or miss, anything he can think of. That's why I wish we had a cleverer coroner than that Berg person. I can't bear him."

"I don't care what he's like if he'll only get the scene over. Shall we have to be present?"

"Gracious! You couldn't keep me away. I want to hear every word and see if there's any clue to the truth."

The two went up to their rooms, but neither could sleep. Aviece sat in an easy chair by her open window, wondering and pondering as to who could have been the criminal. Mrs. Black, on the other hand, thought only of herself and her own future.

She was a very beautiful woman, with finely cut features and raven black hair, which she wore in glossy smooth waves partly over her small ears. Her eyes were large and black and her mouth was scarlet and finely curved. She was of Italian parentage, though born in America. Her husband had been a New York lawyer, but dying, left her in greatly straitened circumstances and she had gladly accepted the position of house-keeper in the Trowbridge home. At first, she had rejected the advances of Rowland Trowbridge, thinking she preferred a younger and gayer man. But the kindness and generosity of her employer finally won her heart, or her judgment, and she had promised to marry him. It is quite certain, however, that Eleanor Black would never have come to this decision, had it not been for Rowland Trowbridge's wealth.

Late into the night, Aviece sat thinking. It seemed to her that she must by some means ferret out the facts of the case,—must find the dastardly villain who killed her uncle and let justice mete out his punishment. But where to turn for knowledge, she had no idea.

Her mind turned to what Mr. Berg had said about enemies. It couldn't be possible that either of the men she had mentioned could be implicated, but mightn't there be some one else? Perhaps some one she had never heard of. Then the impulse seized her to go down to her uncle's library and look over his recent letters. She might learn something of importance. Not for a moment did she hesitate to do this, for she knew she was the principal heir to his fortune, and the right to the house and its contents was practically hers.

And her motives were of the best and purest. All she desired was to get some hint, some clue, as to which way to look for a possible suspect.

Walking lightly, though taking no especial precautions of silence, she went slowly down stairs, and reached the door of the library. From the hall, as she stood at the portiere, she heard some one talking inside the room. Listening intently she recognized the voice of Eleanor Black at the telephone.

**A Variant.**

From the Boston Transcript.

Friend—Well, how do you think the election will go?

Actor—It is on the knees of the gods.

Friend (galant to suffragist)—Say, rather, it is on the laps of our goddesses.

Owing to a strike of municipal workers at Chemnitz the doctors and dentists have gone on counter strike.

(The London Times)