

KEEPING WELL MEANS A CONSTANT FIGHT AGAINST CATARRH

Many diseases may be described as a catarrhal condition. Coughs, colds, nasal catarrh, stomach and bowel disorders are just a few of the very common ill's due to catarrh.

Fight it! Fight catarrh with a remedy of assured merit, a remedy which has a reputation for usefulness extending over half a century—

DR. HARTMAN'S

PE-RU-NA

Tablets or Liquid

Sold Everywhere



DON'T LET THAT COUGH CONTINUE!

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

Will knock it in very short time. At the first sign of a cough or cold in your horse, give a few doses of "SPOHN'S". It will act on the glands, eliminate the disease germ, and prevent further destruction of body by disease. "SPOHN'S" has been the standard remedy for all diseases of horses, Malaria, Pink-Eye, Catarrhal Fever, Coughs and Colds for a quarter of a century. 60 cents and \$1.20 per bottle at your drug store.

SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY.

Cochran, Ind.

Backhand Compliment.

Proud Parent—What do you think of the baby? They say he looks like me.

Truthful Friend—That is a tough inheritance for the poor child to face in the future.

Inquiry Misinterpreted.

He—Does your mother object to kissing?

She—Now, just because I allow you to kiss me, you needn't think you can kiss the whole family.—Beacon Transcript.

Another Royal Suggestion

3-Egg Angel and Sunshine Cakes From the NEW ROYAL COOK BOOK

AN Angel cake that fairly melts in your mouth. Instead of eight eggs it can be made with three and the yolks of the eggs can be used for a Royal Sunshine cake.

Angel Cake

1 cup sugar
1/2 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup scalded milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
whites of 3 eggs

Mix and sift first five ingredients four times. Add milk very slowly, while still hot, beating continually. Add vanilla; mix well and fold in the egg whites beaten until light. Turn into ungreased angel cake tin and bake in very slow oven about 45 minutes. Remove from oven, invert pan and allow to stand until cold. Cover top and sides with either white or chocolate icing.

Sunshine Cake
3 tablespoons shortening
1/2 cup sugar
yolks of 3 eggs
1 teaspoon flavoring extract
1/2 cup milk
1/2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, and yolks of eggs which have been beaten until thick; add flavoring, sift together flour and baking powder and add alternately, a little at a time, with the milk to first mixture. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes. Cover with white icing.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes.

FREE

By all means get the new Royal Cook Book—just out. Contains these and 400 other delightful, helpful recipes. Free for the asking. Write TODAY to ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 115 Fulton Street, New York City

JOKE ON AMATEUR FARMER

He Still Has Something to Learn About the "Enormous Profits" Made by Agriculturists.

A federal official at Washington has discovered that he has still something to learn touching agriculture.

Now, he purchased a farm as a summer home for his family, and finds special delight in walking about the place, commenting on the condition of the crops and in many ways showing his interest in his possessions.

One evening during the summer he was strolling over the farm. The hired man had cut the grass during the day—a very thin crop—and left it on the ground to dry. The official saw it and, calling his man, said:

"It appears to me that you are very careless. Why haven't you been more particular in raking up this hay? Don't you see that you have left drippings all around?"

For a moment the hired man stared, wondering whether his boss was quizzing him. Then he replied:

"Dribblings? Why, sir, that's the crop!"

The discontented man finds no easy chair.—Franklin.

OF SUCH THINGS ARE DREAMS

Remarks That Might Well Be Classed Under the Head of "Impossible Paragraphs."

"What! Only \$7 for a steak with potatoes? Well, I must say that is very reasonable! Here, waiter, take this \$10 and keep the change."

"Spiffkins, the boss says you can have a two months' vacation with pay instead of the usual two weeks. And he wants me to notify you that he will pay all expenses."

"Stay out as late as you please, dear man and have a good time. A married man is entitled to jump the fence once in a while."

"Dear Sir: We want you to try our new brand of granulated sugar and beg you to accept a ten-pound sample free of charge."

"Isn't this near-beer delicious? I tell you it is much superior to real beer don't you?"

"Come on down to my house, Jim and I'll give you a case of whisky. I've got more than I can use myself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

And every man is afraid of some thing; if it isn't anything else it's a woman.

THE MARK OF CAIN

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"Perhaps nothing to prevent or help, but I would have been at your uncle's office during the day, and I would have known of his plans. Who is this Pinckney you mentioned?"

"A reporter for The Daily Gazette? I didn't want to see him at first, but I'm glad I did. He's going to help me detect."

"Avice, dear, 'detecting' as you call it, isn't a casual thing, to be done by anybody. It's a trade, a profession—"

"Yes, I know. But Mr. Pinckney knows something of it, and he is very kind."

"When a reporter is kind, it's only for his personal benefit. The moment crime is committed, Avice, the reporters are on the job, and they never let go of it, until all suspects are freed or sentenced. But what they learn by their 'detection' is only for their paper; it is rarely given in testimony, or turned to real account."

"Mr. Pinckney will help me, I'm sure," Avice persisted. "And besides, he was in college with Mr. Landon, uncle's nephew out West."

"Landon? The chap you used to be in love with?" and Judge Hoyt made a wry face.

"I love! Nonsense! I'm as much in love with him now as I ever was."

"And how much is that?"

"It's so long since I've seen him, I've forgotten," and Avice, who couldn't help an occasional flash of her innate coquetry, smiled up into the stern face regarding her.

"Beg pardon, Miss Avice," said Stryker, the butler, coming toward them; "but do you want to be in the drawing-room for the—inquest, or upstairs?"

"I want to be right near the coroner and the jury. I want to know everything that goes on. Shall we go in there now, Leslie?"

"Yes, in a moment. What do you know of Mr. Trowbridge's death, Stryker?"

"Me, Judge Hoyt? Nothing, nothing at all, sir. How should I?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I merely asked. Where were you yesterday afternoon, Stryker?"

"It was my day off, sir. I was out all afternoon."

"Oh, all right. Don't take my question too seriously." Hoyt spoke kindly, for the butler showed considerable agitation. He started to say something, paused, stammered, and finally burst out with, "I didn't kill him, Sir!"

"Good Lord, Stryker, nobody thought you did! But don't show such a scared face to the coroner when he questions you, or he may think all sorts of things."

"What could he think?"

"Nothing that I know. By the way, Stryker, now that Mr. Trowbridge is gone, you can take out that insurance policy, can't you?"

"Oh, Mr. Hoyt, don't speak of such things now!" and the old butler fairly wrung his hands.

"All right, I won't. But when you want to talk it over, come to me. Is that your Pinckney, Avice, talking to Mrs. Black?"

"Yes, why, he's interviewing her! See his notebook. She is telling him lots!"

"He's getting what they call a 'sob story.' She's working on his sympathies by pathetic tales of her loss. How does she treat you? All right?"

"Yes, except that she wants to be head of the house, and—"

"That will settle itself. You won't stay here, dear, you will come to me. We will—"

"Please don't talk like that now. I can't bear it." Avice's brave, determined air forsook her, and with quivering lip, she looked imploringly at the man who gazed passionately into her troubled eyes.

"Forgive me, dear, I should have known better. But when I think of you, here, alone, save for a woman who is nothing to you, I want to carry you off where I can protect you from all annoyance or trouble."

"I know you do, and I ought to feel more grateful, but I can't seem to think of anything just now—but—"

"Of course, my darling, I understand, and it is all right. Only tell me what you want and I am at your orders, always and forever."

"Then come with me to the

other room, stay by me, and tell me what things mean, when I don't understand. Listen, too, yourself, to everything, so you'll know just what to do when the police fail."

"Why are you so sure they will fail?"

"Because the case is all so mysterious. Because it will take a clever and skilled brain to find my uncle's murderer."

"Avice spoke in low, intense tones, as if she were stirred to the very soul by her harrowing anxiety.

"Avice," said Hoyt, suddenly, "have you any suspicion of anybody—anybody at all?"

"No! oh, no! How could I have?"

"But have you?" Hoyt scanned her face closely, noting the quickly dropped eyelids and firm, set mouth.

"Not a suspicion—oh, no!"

"A premonition, then? A vague idea of any way to look?"

"No—no. No, I haven't."

The first negative was hesitating, the second, positive and decided. It was as if she had instantly made up her mind to say nothing more.

Leslie Hoyt looked at her, and then with a gentle smile, as of one humoring a child, he said:

"All right, dear. Come now with me."

And together, they went to listen to the inquest held to determine the circumstances of the death of Rowland Trowbridge.

CHAPTER IV.

The Inquest Begins.

As Avice entered the drawing-room, she seemed to sense only a blur of faces. It was incredible that this should be the room where she had so often laughed and danced and sung in thoughtless joyousness of spirit. She blindly followed Judge Hoyt, and sat where he bade her, quite near the coroner and his jury.

The jurymen, though solemnly attentive to their duty, could not help their roving gaze being attracted to the splendor of their surroundings. The Trowbridge home was the perfection of quiet, old-fashioned elegance. Often Avice had wanted to introduce more modern furniture and decorations, but Mr. Trowbridge had firmly denied her requests. And so the old crystal chandeliers still drooped their festooned prisms and the massive doors were still of a soft, lusterless black, with fine gilt outlines of paneling.

Mrs. Black, too, often sighed for modern brie-a-brac and fashionable window draperies, but the will of the master was law, and the quaint Sevres vases and heavy hangings remained untouched.

Coroner Berg fairly fluttered with importance. Only lately had he been appointed to his office, and he assumed a knowing air to hide his lack of experience. He was naturally acute and shrewd, but his mind just now was occupied more with the manner than the matter of his procedure.

He had studied well his book of rules, and it was with great dignity that he called for the police report on the case.

The testimony of the chief of police and the police surgeon set forth the principal known facts, which were, however, lamentably few. Even the coroner's intelligent questions failed to bring out more than the story of the telephone message, the account of the finding of the body and the nature of the crime.

"Do you assume the assailant to have been righthanded?" Berg asked the surgeon.

"Apparently, yes. But not necessarily so. The blade penetrated the victim's left breast, and was most likely dealt by a person standing directly facing him."

"Was the thrust directed with an upward slant or downward?"

"Neither. It was just about level. It slanted, however, toward the middle of the body, from the left side, thus practically proving a right-handed use of the weapon."

"Was death instantaneous?"

"Probably not. But it must have occurred very shortly after the blow."

"Doctor Fulton, the family physician, corroborated the report of the police surgeon in all its essentials."

"Was Mr. Trowbridge in general good health, so far as you know?" asked the coroner.

"Absolutely. He was strong, hale and hearty, always. I have known him for years, and he was never seriously ill."

"And strong?"

"Of average strength."

"Would you not judge then, he could have resisted this attack?"

"Undoubtedly he tried to do so. There is some indication of a muscular struggle. But the assumption must be that the assailant was a stronger man than the victim."

"How do you explain his contorted features, even in death?"

"By the fact that he was surprised and overpowered, and his dying struggles were so desperate as to leave their mark."

"You do not attribute the expression on the dead face to any terrific mental emotion at the moment of death?"

"It may be so. Indeed, it may be the result of both mental and physical agony."

"The point is important," said the coroner, with an impressive wave of his hand. "For in mental, it might mean that the man who attacked him was known to him; while merely physical horror would imply a robber or thug."

The jurymen wagged their heads wisely at this sapient remark, as if it opened up a new field of conjecture.

Avice was questioned next.

She was a little startled at the suddenness of the call, but responded clearly and with an entirely collected manner to all queries.

"You are Mr. Trowbridge's niece?"

"Yes, the daughter of his younger brother."

"You make your home here?"

"Yes."

"How long have you done so?"

"Since childhood. My parents died before I was 10 years old."

"And you are your uncle's heiress?"

Judge Hoyt looked a little annoyed at