

Women Who Suffer

Should find relief from their sufferings by taking the woman's temperance tonic and Nervine, which has helped so many women, some of them right in your neighborhood. When the household cares and the worries of everyday life have dragged you down, made you unhappy, and there is nothing in life but headache, backache and worry, turn to the right prescription, one gotten up by Dr. Pierce fifty years ago, which has helped many thousands of women in this country. It is called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and can be had in every drug store in the land, in tablet or liquid form.

HASTINGS, NEBR.—"About seven years ago I became very miserable with weakness from which women suffer. I pined with pains all the time. One of my neighbors urged me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription because it had cured her of similar symptoms, so I decided to try it. I took four bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' before I felt satisfied as to my condition and felt certain that 'Favorite Prescription' saved me from the operating table and the surgeon's knife. Two years afterwards when the turn of life commenced, I took 'Favorite Prescription' again with the result that I came through strong and healthy and still maintain wonderful health."—MRS. MARTHA STRAYER, 515 South Denver Street.



Meditation.

Meditations of a young woman dressed a la mode on the coldest day of winter.—B-R-R-R-R-R-R.

He who divides gets the worst share.—Spanish proverb.

HELP THAT AGING BACK!

Is your back giving out? Are you tortured with backache and stabbing pains? Does any exertion leave you "all played out"? Feel you just can't keep going? Likely your kidneys are to blame. Overwork, colds, hurry and worry tend to weaken the kidneys. Backache is often the first warning. Headache and dizziness may come, too, and annoying kidney irregularities. Help the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills—the remedy recommended by thousands. Ask your neighbor!

A South Dakota Case

J. S. Tutty, retired cattleman Spearfish, S. D., says: "My kidneys were disordered and I had backache. I had to get up nights to pass the secretions, which were scanty and burning. After I got down awhile, it was hard to get up. I had sharp pains through my back when I bent over." Doan's Kidney Pills strengthened me up.

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

Freed From Torture

Eaton Cleared His Up-Set Stomach

"The people who have seen me suffer tortures from neuralgia brought on by an up-set stomach now see me perfectly sound and well—absolutely due to Eaton," writes R. Long.

Profit by Mr. Long's experience, keep your stomach in healthy condition, fresh and cool, and avoid the ailments that come from an acid condition. Eaton brings relief by taking up and carrying off the excess acidity and gases—does it quickly. Take an Eaton after eating and see how wonderfully it helps you. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.



PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.
Price 25c. Sold at Druggists.
Hills Chemical Works, Patheburg, N. Y.

HINDERGONS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., from all parts, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at Druggists. Hills Chemical Works, Patheburg, N. Y.

Kill That Cold With



FOR Colds, Coughs AND La Grippe
Neglected Colds are Dangerous
Take no chances. Keep this standard remedy handy for the first sneeze.
Breaks up a cold in 24 hours—Relieves Grippe in 3 days—Excellent for Headache
Quinine in this form does not affect the head—Cascara is best Tonic Luxative—No Opium in Hill's.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

Organization, Responsibility, Integrity — In Other Words the Reputation of
RICE BROTHERS
Cattle Live Stock Commission, Sioux City Stock Yards, Cattle
Hops GUARANTEES SATISFACTION
Sheep A Reliable Firm to Ship to
Accurate market reports gladly furnished free. Write us. Also Chicago, Ill., Sioux Falls, S. D.

HONOR FOR CANADA

Wins Championships at International Live Stock Show.

Splendid Exhibits, Both of Animals and Grain, Won Admiration of Judges and Spectators.

One of the most interesting sights at the International Live Stock show at Chicago was the evening parades of horses and cattle. As the Canadian section of these parades came into view, and as it passed around the ring, there was continued applause. There were two or three reasons for this, the principal one being that in this section there were the wonderful Clydesdales, the Belgians and the Percherons that had carried off championships and first prizes. The province of Saskatchewan had a splendid display of Clydesdales and showed in a number of classes, and in every class they got in the money. A remarkable and noted winning was that of the University of Saskatchewan, showing "Lady Bruce," female Clydesdale, in a class of 24 and taking second. In competition there were entries from such famous studs as Conyngham Bros. of Wilkesbarre, P. L. James of Easton, Mass., and George Chiffet of the same state. She was beaten by an imported mare, but was later made champion American-bred mare and reserve grand champion, an honor never before conferred upon anything but an imported animal.

The following are some of the good things that Canada won at the International, in a fair fight and no favors. Grand championship for Clydesdale stallions; championship for American-bred Clydesdale mares; reserve senior and reserve grand championships for Clydesdale mares; grand championship for Southdown sheep; sweepstakes grand championship for wheat for the continent of America; championship for Durum wheat for America.

Another of the reasons for the applause given the Canadian sections of the parade was the heartiness with which the American spirit was imbued that impelled it to greet with the fullest appreciation the efforts of the winner, and the hundreds of Canadians in the immense audience of the amphitheater appreciated it.

The purpose that Canada had in making exhibits from their farms, whether it was of live stock—and they had it there in all branches—grains, grasses or roots, was to demonstrate that the war had not created devastation, that the country was alive with interest in the matter of production and that it had ability to produce in a manner that would bring it championships, and what better place than the International, where it would be placed before thousands, many of whom, with the enlightenment thus gained and with a desire to better their condition, would be made to realize that in the neighboring country to the north, there was an opportunity that it might be of advantage to them to embrace.—Advertisement.

Eagle in Danger of Extinction.
The white-headed eagle, United States national emblem and symbol of power, is threatened with extinction. Far from being the "bird of freedom," he is the victim of persecution—and in the land of his exaltation! For Alaska fixed a bounty of 50 cents upon his head, and in two years 5,000 eagles were brought low. The charge against him is eating fish and game, principally dead fish, and such prey as he obtains by right of might.

Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum
When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisitely scented face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

Wanted Information.
As Mr. Smith was looking through the paper he was astounded to find an announcement of his own death. He went to the telephone and called up his friend Brown.

"Have you seen the announcement of my death in this morning's paper?" he asked.

"Yes," his friend replied; "where are you speaking from?"—Everybody's Magazine.

THE MARK OF CAIN

Copyright, 1917, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

"Who?"
"Landon. Say, what's the matter? Won't you tell me who you are? What's it all about? Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm inexcusably butting in! Forgive me, do. Yes, Kane Landon had these rooms to himself for a night or two while I was away. I believe he's at a relative's on Fifth Avenue now. Want to see him?"

"No—thank you. Good-by."
Avice hung up the receiver, her brain in a whirl. Had Eleanor, then, been telephoning to Kane the very night of the murder? What had she said? For him not to try to see her that night! For him to meet her next day at the same time and place! Oh, they were old friends, then. More, they were keeping that fact quiet, and pretending to meet as strangers! Was there, could there be any connection between all this and the murder?

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, Avice left the booth and went for a long walk. But she could get no meaning or explanation of the facts she had learned. The more she mulled them over the more confused she became as to their import. Her mind turned to Hoyt. After all, Leslie was the one to bank on. He would help her and advise her as he had always done. But, that will! She could ask no favors or advice of Judge Hoyt now, unless she acknowledged herself his betrothed. And was she prepared to do that? Well, one thing certain, if Kane was all mixed up with Eleanor Black, she surely wanted no more to do with him! And he had told her he loved her. Perhaps because he thought she was her uncle's heiress! Of course, he did not know then of the clause about her marrying the judge. Probably now, Kane would have no further interest in her. Well, he could marry Eleanor, for all she cared!

She went home, and paused first for a few moments in a small reception room, to calm her demeanor a little. But, on the contrary, the sight of the familiar walls and the realization that she was to leave them, struck a sudden sadness to her already surcharged heart, and she gave way to silent weeping.

And here Hoyt, looking for her, found her.
"What is it, dearest?" he said, sitting beside her. "I have now a right to comfort you."

"Why?" said Avice, throwing back her head and meeting his eyes.

Hoyt smiled tenderly at her. "Because our betrothal, long tacitly agreed upon, is now ratified by your uncle's wish and decree."

"Not at all. Because my uncle wished me to marry you, is no reason that I am obliged to do so."

"Not obliged, my darling. That is a harsh word. But you want to, don't you, my Avice? My beautiful girl!"

"I don't know whether I do or not. But I'm sure of one thing, I won't marry you simply because Uncle Rowly wanted it! Much as I loved him, and much as I revere his memory, I shall not marry a man I don't love for his sake!"

"But you do love me, little Avice. You are so worried and perturbed now, you can't think clearly. But you will find yourself soon, and realize that you love me as I love you."

Hoyt spoke very tenderly and the girl's quivering nerves were soothed by his strong, gentle voice, and his restrained manner. He didn't offer endearments which she might resent. He knew enough to bide his time, confident that she would turn to him of her own accord when ready.

"I don't want to think about marrying now," she said, wearily; "I have so much to think about."

"No, dear, don't think about it now," he said; "but remember, if you don't marry me, you lose a very big fortune."

The words were meant to be half playful, half remindingful, but they roused the deepest indignation in the heart of Avice Trowbridge.

She turned on him with flaming eyes. "How dare you! How can you put forth such an argument? Do you think that will help your cause? Do you suppose I would marry any one for

a fortune? And any way, as a lawyer you can find some way to set aside that proviso. It can't be possible a whim like that can stand in law!"

Hoyt looked at her intently. "It will stand," he said, coldly; "I do not use it as a bribe, but I tell you truly, if you do not marry me the bulk of your uncle's fortune will go to a museum."

"Can't a will like that be broken?"
"In no possible way. Your uncle was in full possession of all his faculties, the will is duly witnessed and recorded, there isn't a flaw that could be found on which to base a contest. But don't let us talk in this strain, dear. If you don't want to marry me, you shan't, but must realize the situation."

"I begin to realize it at last. But I cannot decide now. Give me time, Leslie," and the sweet brown eyes looked appealingly into his.

"Of course, I will, you darling girl, all the time you want. And please, Avice, if you want any information or advice, come to me and let me help you, without feeling that you are committing yourself to anything. You understand?"

"Oh, thank you! That is what I wanted. Yes, I do understand, and I bless you for it. I am very much perplexed, Leslie, but I want to think out things a little for myself, before I tell you what I'm bothered about."

"So be it, then. And whenever you're ready, I'm waiting."

Judge Hoyt went away, and Avice, wandering listlessly through the house, came upon Eleanor Black. That volatile spirit had already assumed complete ownership and command of the home that was now all her own. She was giving orders to the servants in quite a different manner from the one she had shown as a mere housekeeper, and was already arranging for a different mode of life.

"I shall close the house for the summer and go away," she was saying to Stryker, "and then in the fall there must be complete renovation. Avice, what are your plans?"

"Oh, Eleanor, I haven't made any yet. How can you be so hasty? Do have a little respect for uncle's memory, if you have no sorrow in your heart."

"Don't trouble yourself to talk to me like that, Avice," and the black eyes snapped. "There's no need of pretense between us."

"Then let's lay pretense aside," and the girl's attitude suddenly became as haughty as the older woman's. "Who is Jim Lindsay?"

"Merely! I don't know, I never heard of him. Why?"

It was impossible to doubt the sincerity of Eleanor's speech and expression, and Avice was at once sure that it was the truth.

"Nothing, then. I don't know him either. And Eleanor, I'll talk with you some time, soon, about our future plans and all that, but I can't just yet. You don't mind my staying in the house a short time, do you?"

"Of course, not. Don't be a goose. Stay till you marry Judge Hoyt, if you will. But I'm going away for the summer."

"When?"

"As soon as I can settle up some matters and get off. But you stay here if you choose. Keep the servants, and get some one to chaperone you. My dear Avice, look on the place as your home just as long as it suits you to do so, won't you?"

The invitation was given in a whole-souled, honest manner, and Avice really appreciated the kindness that prompted it.

"Thank you, Eleanor," she said; "I shall be glad to stay for a time, I can't say yet how long. And it's good of you to be so hospitable."

"I've asked Mr. Landon to stay a while," Mrs. Black added, "until I go away, at any rate."

Avice wanted to ask her then, how long she had known Kane Landon, but something seemed to restrain the question. So with a few murmured words of acquiescence, she went her way.

CHAPTER X.

Stryker's Handkerchief.

It was soon after this, that the reporter, Pinckney, came again to see Avice. The girl liked the

wide-awake young man, and granted him an interview.

"Shall I announce your engagement to Judge Hoyt?" he asked, gravely, but with intense interest.

"No, indeed!" said Avice, with spirit.

"You're not going to lose all that fortune?"
"Not necessarily. But I object to having my engagement announced before it has taken place! Oh, do all these things have to be in the papers?"

"Certainly they do; and that's why you'd better tell me the truth than to have to stand for all the yarns I'd make up."

"Oh, don't make up a lot of stuff, please don't!"
"Well, I won't, if you'll give me a few facts to work on. First, do you think that Swede killed your uncle?"

"Oh, I don't know what to think! But I'm going to get the best detective I can find, and let him find out all he can. I believe uncle was killed by some robber, and his reference to Cain was merely the idea of a murderer. Uncle often talked that way."

"Look here, Miss Trowbridge, I don't want to butt in, I'm sure; but I'm a bit of a detective, myself, in an amateur way. Don't you want me to,—but I suppose you want a professional."

"I think I do want a professional," began Avice, slowly; "still Mr. Pinckney, if you have a taste for this sort of thing, and know how to go about it, I might work with you more easily than with a professional detective. I'm going to do a lot myself, you know. I'm not just going to put the matter in an expert's hands."

"I hardly know what to say, Miss Trowbridge; I'd like to take up the case, but I might miff it awfully. I suppose you'd better get the real thing."

"Well, until I do, why don't you have a try at it? If you discover anything, very well; and if not, no harm done."

Jim Pinckney's face glowed. "That's great of you!" he cried; "I'd like to take it up on that basis, and if I don't find out anything of importance in a few days, engage any Sherlock Holmes you like."

But a few days later when Pinckney again called on Avice, he was in a discouraged mood.

"I can't find out anything," he said. "The whole case is baffling. I went to the scene of the crime, but could find no clues. But, what do you think, Miss Trowbridge? When I reached the place where they found Mr. Trowbridge, there was that young office boy, looking over the premises."

"That Fibly, as he calls himself?"

"Yes; I asked him what he was doing, and he said, 'Oh, just pokin' around,' and he looked so stupid that I feel sure he had found something."

"He's just smart enough for that," and Avice smiled a little.

"Yes, he is. I asked him to come here today, and I thought you and I would both talk to him, and see if we can learn anything of his find. If not, I admit I am at the end of my rope, and if you choose, perhaps, you'd better get a real detective on the case."

"I spoke to Judge Hoyt about that, and he agreed. But Mr. Landon doesn't want a detective. Ah, here's Fibly, now. Come in, child."

The boy had appeared at the door with a beaming face, but at Avice's calling him "child," his countenance fell.

"I ain't no child," he said, indignantly; "and say, Miss Avice, I found some clues!"

"Well, what are they?"

"A shoe button, and a hunk o' dirt."

"Interesting!" commented Pinckney. "Just what do you deduce from them?"

Then Fibly rose up in his wrath. "I ain't a-goin' to be talked to like that! I won't work on this case no more!"

"Sorry," said Pinckney, grinning at him. "Then I suppose we'll have to call in somebody else. Of course, he won't do as well as you, but if you've decided to throw the case over, why—"

"Aw, can the guyin'!" and with a red, angry face, Fibly jumped up and fairly ran out of the room and out of the house.

"Now you've made him mad," said Avice, "and we'll never know what he found in the way of clues."

"He said, a shoe button, and some mud! We could hardly expect much from those treasures." Then Judge Hoyt came. His calls were frequent, and he continually tried to persuade Avice to announce their engagement.

But the girl was perverse and said she must first solve the mystery of her uncle's death. The judge was always willing to listen to her latest theories, but though he never said so, Avice felt pretty certain that he did not suspect the Swede.

She told him of Fibly's finds, and he said curiously, "what did he mean by mud?"

"He didn't say mud," corrected Avice, "he said dirt. I think he meant soil or earth."
"How would that be a clue? Any one can get some soil from the place, if they don't take too much. A few square feet might be valuable."

"Why pay any attention to that rubbishy boy?" exclaimed Pinckney. "Why not get a worth-while detective, and let him detect?"

"Yes, that's the thing to do," agreed Hoyt. "Duane stands well in the profession."

"Alvin Duane! Just the man," and Pinckney looked enthusiastic. "But he's a bit expensive."
"Never mind that," cried Avice; "I must find uncle's murderer at any cost!"

"Then let's have Duane," and Judge Hoyt reached for the telephone book.

Meantime the administrators of law and justice were pursuing the uneven tenor of their way, hoping to reach their goal, though by a tortuous route.

"It's a mighty queer thing," said District Attorney Whiting. "I'm dead sure the western chap killed his uncle; we've even got his uncle's word for it, and yet I can't fasten it on him."

"But," said the chief of police to whom this observation was addressed, "aren't you basing your conviction on that curious coincidence of names, Cain and Kane? To my mind that's no proof at all."

"Well, it is to me. Here's your man named Kane. He's mad at his victim. He goes to the place where the old man is. And as he kills him, the old man says, 'Kane killed me.' What more do you want? Only, as I say, we've got to have some more definite proof, and we can't get it."

"Then you can't convict your man. I admit it's in keeping with that young fellow's western ways to kill his uncle after a money quarrel, but you must get more direct evidence than you've dug up yet."

"And yet there's no one else to suspect. No name has been breathed as a possible suspect; the idea of a highway robber is not tenable, for the watch and money and jewelry were untouched."

"What about the Swede?"
"Nothing doing. If he had killed the man, he certainly would have done it for robbery? What else? And then he would not have come forward and told of the dying words. No, the Swede is innocent. There's nobody to suspect but Landon, and we must get further proofs."

The district attorney worked hard to get his further proof. But through his sleuths searched the woods for clues, none were found. They had the bare fact that the dying man had denounced his slayer, but no corroboration of the murderer's identity, and the neighborhood of the crime was scoured for other witnesses without success.

The district attorney had never really thought the Swede committed the murder. A grilling third degree had failed to bring confession and daily developments of Sandstrom's behavior made it seem more and more improbable that he was the criminal.

And so Whiting had come to suspect Kane Landon, and had kept him under careful watch of detectives ever since the murder, in hope of finding some further and more definite evidence against him.

But there were no results and at last the district attorney began to despair of unraveling the mystery.

And then Groot made a discovery.

"That Stryker," he said, bursting in upon Whiting in great excitement, "that butler,—he's your man! I thought so all along!"
"Why didn't you say so?" asked the other.

(To be continued next week.)

"Peppin' Up Hamlet."

From the Columbus Dispatch.
An aspiring young man, of considerable wealth, called upon a New York producer of plays and confidentially made known his decision to "write a play" which he would be pleased to have the manager bring out.

"May I," politely inquired the manager, keeping his face straight, "venture to ask what sort of play you purpose to write?"
"Oh," came in an offhand way from the aspirant for fame, "I think of doing something like 'Hamlet,' only livelier, you know!"