

SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffrice, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, fellow-student at Yale, lends a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gam-bler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother, Allcia, is apparently in prospercus circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alicia denies him the house. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good Howard calls at his apartments in an intextented condition to request a loan of 2,000 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Underwood tells him he is in debt up to his eyen. Howard drinks himself into a maudile condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the dranken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take his life. He refuses unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses, and takes her leave. Underwood wills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He finds Underwood's valet. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third dagree, and finally gets at alleged confession from the harassed man. Annie, Howard's wife, declares her beited in her husband's innocence, and says she will clear him. She calls on Jeffrica. Sr. He refuses to help unless the will consent to a divorce. To save Howard she consents, but when she finds that the elder Jeffrice does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she core in the help annie appeals to Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries, Sr., to take Howard's case. He declines.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

CHAPTER XIII .- Continued.

"Where are the women?" asked Annie, trying to keep down the lump that rose chokingly in her throat.

"They're in a separate part of the prison," replied the keeper. "isn't it dreadful?" she murmured.

Not at all," he exclaimed cheerfully. "These prisoners fare better in prison than they do outside. I wager some of them are sorry to leave."

"But it's dreadful to be cooped up in those little cells, isn't it?" she said "Not so bad as it looks," he laughed. They are allowed to come out in the gorridor to exercise twice a day for an hour and there is a splendid shower bath they can take."

Where is my husband's cell?" she whispered, almost dreading to hear the reply. There it is," he said, pointing to a

door, "No. 456." Walking rapidly ahead of her and ish glad to get out."

stopping at one of the cell doors, he rapped loudly on the iron grating and doing everything possible to get you of you, dear." "Jeffries, here's a lady come to see

Wake up there!" A white, drawn face approached the

grating. Annie sprang forward. "Howard!" she sobbed. "Is it you, Annie?" came a weak

voice through the bars.

"Can't I go in to him?" she asked pleadingly.

"No, m'm, you must talk through the bars, but I won't disturb you."

and wife were left facing each other. The tears were streaming down Annie's cheeks. It was dreadful to be standing there so close and yet not erly. be able to throw her arms around him. Her heart ached as she saw the distress in his wan pale face

"Why didn't you come before?" be asked. "I could not. They wouldn't let me. Oh, Howard," she gasped. "What a him wash his hands of you forever." dreadful thing this is! Tell me how

you got into such a scrape!" He put his hand to his head as if it eyes looked queer. For a moment the her mind. Was it possible that in a though, to give you legal assistance, moment of drunken recklessness he but only on one condition." had shot Underwood? Quickly, almost breathlessly, she whispered to him: Tell me quickly, 'tis not true, is it?

You did not kill Robert Underwood" He shook his head. "No," he said.

"Thank God for that!" she exdoes that mean?

"I do not know. They told me I did it. They insisted I did it. He was sistance. On that I left him." sure I did it. He told me he knew I did it. He showed me the pistol. He was so insistent that I thought he was right-that I had done it." In a deep whisper he added earnestly: you know I didn't, don't you?" Who is he?" demanded Annie.

"The police captain." "Oh, Capt. Clinton told you you

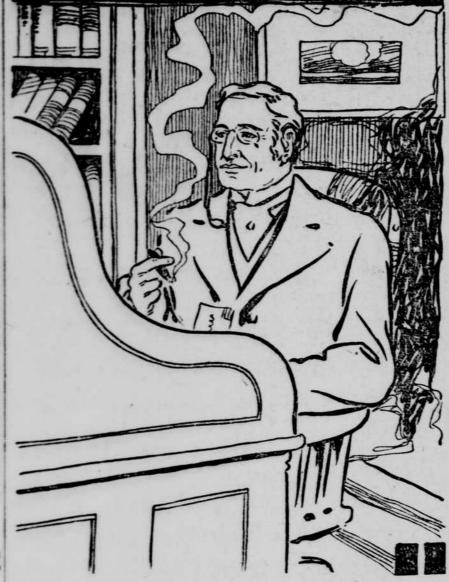
did it?" Howard nodded.

"Yes, he told me be knew I did it. He kept me standing there six hours. Underwood's rooms while you lay on questioning and questioning until I was ready to drop. I tried to sit down; be made me stand up. I did not know what I was saying or doing. He told me I killed Robert Under wood. He showed me the pistol under the strong light. The reflection from the polished nickel flashed into my eves, everything suddenly became a blank. A few moments later the coroner came in and Capt. Clinton told him I confessed. But it isn't true, An-You knew I am as innocent of

that murder as you are." Annie. "I see it all now." Her tears were dried. Her brain was

"I don't know how it all happened." went on Howard. "I don't know any I got there I took more whisky. Be- noon. He must-" fore I knew it I was drunk. While talking I fell asleep. Suddenly I heard

a hadirative of METROPOLITAN LIFE ARTHUR HORNBLOW ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS



He Felt in Singularly Good Spirits.

heard a woman's voice. Capt. Clinton mission. He won't even see you."

said there was a woman in it." "We'll see," she said quietly. "He'll signal triumph over his legal oppotempers are at their best. The average weight of these sp Thoughtfully, as if to herself, she see me if I have to sit in his office nents. Certainly, fortune smiled on

ard, "it was dark. Groping around cause I believe it would mean ac could look forward to a few weeks of for the electric light, I stumbled over quittal. He will build up a defense absolute rest. He struck a bell on his something. It was Underwood's dead that will defeat all the lies that the desk and a clerk entered. Handing have not the slightest idea. I at once a strong case because of your alleged said: realized the Jangerous position I was confession. It will take a strong lawin and I tried to leave the apartment yer to fight them." Earnestly she senger." unobserved. Just as I was going, added: "Howard, if your life is to be Underwood's man servant arrived and saved we must get Judge Brewster." clerk. be handed me over to the police. That's the whole story. I've been can only leave it in your hands. I "has that woman been in to-day?"

free. I've been trying to get the best lawyer in the country-Richard Brew-

"Richard Brewster!" exclaimed How ard. "He's my father's lawyer.

"I saw your father yesterday afternoon," she said quietly. "You did!" he exclaimed, surprised. "Was he willing to receive you?"

"He had to," she replied. "I gave him a piece of my mind." Howard looked at her in mingled amazement and admiration. That she

He walked away and the husband should have dared to confront a man as proud and obstinate as his father astounded him

What did he say?" he asked eag-

"I asked him to come publicly to your support and to give you legal assistance. He refused, saying he could not be placed in a position of condoning such a crime and that your behavior and your marriage had made Tears filled Howard's eyes and his mouth quivered.

"Then my father believes me guilty burt him, and she noticed that his of this horrible crime?" he exclaimed. "He insisted that you must be guilty, agony of a terrible suspicion crossed as you had confessed. He offered,

"What was that condition?" he de-

"That I consent to a divorce," replied Annie quietly.

"What did you say?"

would help you, but when he told me "Mr. Brewster, Private." cisimed "But your confession-what that even then he would not come personally to your support I told him we would worry along without his as place that this was the headquarters

"You're a brave little woman!" cried Howard. Noticing her pale, anxlous face, he said:

"You too, must have suffered." "Oh, never mind me," she rejoined quickly. "What we must do now is to get you out of this horrid place and

clear your name before the world. We must show that your alleged confession is untrue; that it was dragged from you involuntarily. We must find that mysterious woman who came to the couch asleep. Do you know what my theory is, Howard?" 'What?" demanded her husband.

"I believe you were hypnotized into making that confession. I've read of such things before. You know the to speak to her again if she bore him boys in college often hypnotized you. another daughter. He already had You told me they made you do all kinds of things against your will. That big brute, Capt. Clinton, simply forced his will on yours." "By Jove-I never thought of that!"

be exclaimed. "I know my head Thank God, thank God!" exciaimed sched terribly after he got through all that questioning. When he made me look at that pistol I couldn't resist ready saw a possible line of deferme. But how are we going to break through the net which the police have thrown around me?"

"By getting the best lawyer we can more about it than you do. I left you procure. I shall insist on Judge Brewto go to Underwood's apartment. On ster taking the case. He declines, but the way I foolishly took a drink. When I shall go to his office again this after-

Howard shook his head.

added: "We must find that woman." all day for weeks. I have decided to him. He had no other immediate "When I woke up," continued How- have Judge Brewster defend you be cases on hand to worry about. He body. How he came by his death I police have concocted. The police have him the note he had just written, he "All right, dear," he replied. "I

dor. The keeper came up. "Time's up, m'm," he said civilly.

his lips. "Good-by, dear," she said. "Keep up your courage. You'll know that I tered the room. am working for your release every moment. I won't leave a stone unturned.

"Good-by, darling," he murmured. He looked at her longingly and there were tears in her eyes as she turned away.

"I'll be back very soon," she said. sunlight street.

CHAPTER XIV.

Outwardly, at least, Judge Brewthousand other lawyers who strive to gallantly and pointed to a chair. eke out a difficult living in the most overcrowded of all the professions. They consisted of a modest suite of rooms on the sixth floor. There was a hurriedly. small outer office with a railed-off inclosure, behind which sat a half dozen stenographers busy copying legal documents; as many men clerks were writing at desks, and the walls were fitted with shelves filled with ponderous law books. In one corner "I said I'd consent to anything if it was a room with glass door marked

> Assuredly no casual visitor could guess from the appearance of the ried."



most sensational victories ever recorded in the law courts.

Visitors to Judge Brewster's office were not many. A man of such renown was naturally expensive. Few wealthy corporations. In these cases, of course, his fees were enormous. He had very few private clients; in fact, he declined much private practice that was offered to him. He had been the legal adviser of Howard Jeffries, Sr., for many years. The two men had known each other in their younger days and practically had won success together-the one in the banking business, the other in the service of the law. An important trust company, of which Mr. Jeffries was president, was constantly involved in all kinds of litigation of which Judge Brewster had exclusive charge. As the lawyer found this highly remunerative, it was only natural that he' had no desire to lose Mr. Jeffries as a client. Secluded in his private office, the

judge was busy at his desk, finishing a letter. He folded it up, addressed an envelope, then lit a cigar and looked at the time. It was three o'clock. The day's work was about over and he smiled with satisfaction as he thought of the automobile ride in the park he would enjoy before dressing and going to his club for dinits that afternoon. He had just won in the court a very complicated case

"Have this sent at once by mes-"Very well, judge," answered the

"By the by." frowned the lawyer,

here since yesterday and I'll be devil- know that whatever you do will be for "Yes-she sat in the outer office all "You will get out." she cried. "I'm doing everything possible to get you doing everything possible to get you doing everything possible to get you do not soon or not soon or not soon enough, from experience: If the farmer don't A heavy step resounded in the corri- tired. She had no idea that you went out by another stairway."

"Humph," growled the lawyer: "a Annie thrust her hand through the nice thing to be besieged in this manbars; Howard carried it reverently to ner. If she annoys me much longer, I shall send for the police."

At that moment another clerk en-"What is it. Mr. Jones?" demanded

the lawyer. "A lady to see you, judge," said the clerk, handing him a card.

The lawyer glanced at the bit of pasteboard, and said immediately: "Oh, yes, show her in."

The two clerks left the room and A few minutes later they were in Judge Brewster, after a glance in the the elevator and she passed through mirror to re-adjust his cravat, turned the big steel gate once more into the to greet his visitor. The door opened and Alicia entered. She was faultlessly gowned, as usual, but her manner was flurried and agitated. Evidently something had happened to upset her, and she had come to make ster's offices at 83 Broadway in no her husband's lawyer the confidant of way differed from the offices of ten her troubles. The judge advanced

"Good morning, my dear Mrs. Jeffries; how do you do?" "Is Mr. Jeffries here?" asked Alicia

"Not yet," he replied, smiling. "This is an unexpected pleasure. I think it is the first time you have graced my office with your presence." "How quiet it is here!" she exclaimed, looking around nervously. "It is hard to believe this is the very center of the city." Taking the seat offered to her, she went on "Oh, judge, we are dreadfully wor

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Strange Freaks of Nature

ness Which Scientists Are Unable to Explain.

vow in the presence of his wife never three. A son was born, but, strange to say, when the child became old enough to talk and did talk to his mothers and sisters, the father could never get a "word out of him." and what was more the boy could not talk to any man. This was assumed in the neighborhood to be a punishment of the man for his rash vow. The republication of this curious case led to the appearance of another similar tale of intermittent aphonia, vouched for by a clergyman of Bath. In this instance a young man of 28 years had never spoken to his father nor to anyone in the neighborhood but his mother and sisters. And he could not talk with them in the presence of his fa-"You'll not be able to get Brewster. ther. But when he visited the clergy-He would never dare offend my father man in a neighboring town he talked and fuss over a little plain cooking!"

Well-Authenticated Cases of Dumb- as well as anyone. When asked for an explanation of his curious actions he had none to offer. "I simply can't talk, no matter how hard I try." was talk, no matter how hard I try," was The London Lancet recently dug up the substance of his answer. He had from its old files the following story: heard something of a "rash vow" by A farmer of Somersetshire made a his father, but could give no further details. If these stories are to be accepted as true, they may perhaps be explained as the result of what are called "fixed ideas," which sometimes dominate slightly disordered or unsteady minds.

Could De Better.

The lecture was on the economics of nature and showed that her great destructive poweers were used only to transform the elements into other

"To filustrate," said the professor. "there is in one of the Pacific islands a volcano which has for 16 years been pouring molten lava into the ocean over a precipice 400 feet high eleven miles long. Eggs are boiled in the open sea 22 miles away."

"My goodness!" cried a fer voice in the audience, "what a big pas and what a waste of fire and water

PROPER TREATMENT OF COLTS **DURING THE SUMMER'S HEAT**

Many Good Animals Have Been Aged and Made Dull by Foolish Habit of Letting Them Run Unbroken Into Spring When They Are Three or Four Years Old and Then Putting Them to Work.

(By J. M. BELL, Virginia.) yes, as green as the grass he eats so dle-aged farm horse. peacefully when you turn him out to In that section of Virginia known as his soft young body.

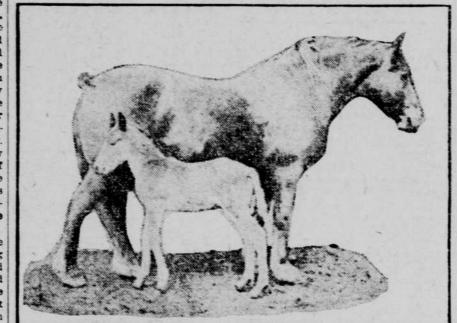
that, no green, unbroken coit should be expected to do a full day's work in the team of well seasoned farm or road horses.

and made dull by this foolish habit used to the daily handling of horses. could afford to retain his services. of letting them run absolutely un. The writer visited that section two and in fact he was seldom called upon broken into the spring when they are lears ago this month and while the three or four-year-olds and then catch- guest of a well-known horse breeder,

| kick or rear upon what might be con-Try to be patient with your colt sidered a very slight provocation, or Mr. Farmer. Remember he is green- no provocation at all to a broken, mid By Lydia E, Pinkham's

graze and the harness no longer chafes The "Valley" famous for its splendid line of stock, the farmers are very All farmers know that a four-year-successful breeders of horses, notably old colt will stand more than a three- heavy draft horses and their rule is year-old. Bone and muscle are better to break these big colts at two years matured and generally better size, old, never working them over half a therefore, he is better able to stand day at time and beginning the breaka day's work. But, when it comes to irg-in process in the late winter and early spring.

The first link is to a wagon in a steady team and with a quiet team-So many good colts have been aged ster, generally a white man who is



Prize Winnink Draft Mare and Foal.

ner. He felt in singularly good spir ing them and putting them at hard, saw four full-blooded Percherons

mow hay with a green or half broken each, but the remarkable part of the colt hitched alongside of a mule or business war that these two young, a steady farm horse to a mowing ma- rigorous stallions were working quietchine, double row cultivator, corn ly with mares. Their teamster had planter, plow or harrow.

broken team and at the same time a year-olds and had become used to good driver, who, in order to do his farm labor by degrees. best work has little time for else than quietly handling his team and imple- farmers get lots of it and in this matment at one and the same time.

faction out of a day's work if he has it all-fitting on the harness, scraping straight line at a slow gait, etc.

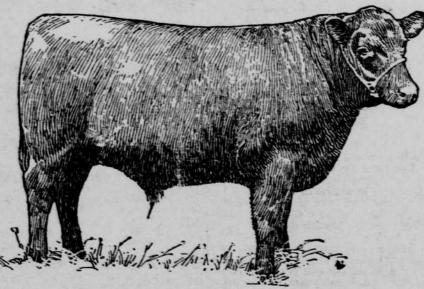
steady work just as the busy season working to a manure spreader, a ninecomes on, when the crops need work. year-old-mare under the saddle, a "Ah!" interrupted Annie. "You, too, by taking up my case without his per which meant not only a handsome ad- when the files are rampant and when three-year-old-stallion in the off-lead The average weight of these splen-

Imagine a farmer starting out to did horses was about 1,800 pounds them under perfect control, but they All implements need a steady, well- had been worked the same as two-

Of course, advice is cheap and the ter of working colts and green horses This man will not get much satis- in the summer time they have heard

It is not impossible that he will balk, and sluggish long before their time.

CHAMPION STEER SHAMROCK II.



in the upper edge of the corn belt, Live Stock show. where dent corn often fails to come to maturity because of early frosts, are using this slage method with the best of success, and for wintering cattle very poor ration for any animal, but it its use is equal to pasturing them. is much worse for a growing one. It Meanwhile the demand for breeding will fill, but he who feeds it will not cattle is showing a steady increase, get best results.

Silage is going to be more used than | and Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and in the past, and cattle feeders are com- Ohio farmers are buying thousands of ing to the conclusion at last that it good breeding cows, paying as high should not be ignored, says the Na- as \$50 per head, or more than killers tional Stockman. Cheaper grains have will offer. Farthermore, west of the been made by using silage as rough. Missouri river, in the former range age, while gains have been made more country, new farmers have fenced in rapid, especially where the cattle the lands and are in the market lookwere fed only 90 days. The plan ing for pure-bred bulls in some inadopted in handling silage is to let the stances, although most of the demand ear of the corn reach as advanced a now is for cheap bulls. The illustrastage of maturity as possible without tion shows Shamrock II., grand chamfiring the fodder. Many stock feeders pion steer, at the recent International

> Timothy Hay. Timothy hay, when fed alone, is a

GOOD TREATMENT

Animal Should Have Access to Should Not be Hurried by Dog or Horse.

A small quantity of barrel salt should be given the cow once or twice a week: and she should have constant access to rock salt, either in the yard

In going to and from the pastures the cows should have the use of a good wide lane, so that they may not be hooked and jammed about. Do not hur- If horses are worked hard all week ry them with a dog or horse. If the and fed heavily, and are idle on Sunoors of the barn are of cement, a day, a bran mash on Saturday night small quantity of sand should be is invaluable and a handful of linseed sprinkled on the floor before the cows meal adds value. It makes the horse are turned out or allowed to come in. look and feel better.

This will prevent them from slipping. Care should be exercised, when they are running together, that heavy cows

treatment; broken-down rumps being rather common in some herds.

Increase of Cost and Profits.

It is true that the cost of raising hens and producing eggs has increased, but the proportion is very small when compared with the increased value of the output. The cost of production has become about 50 per cent larger, while the growth of receipts per dozen eggs is between 150 and 250 per cent, and the increase in the rate for chickens and fowls is about 100 per cent

Wheat Bran for Horses.

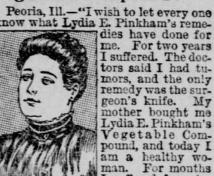
Give your horses some wheat bran.

Farm-Made Pork.

Pork produced and cured on the do not ride the young heifers when farm will cost less than half as much the latter are in season. Heifers are as if bought piece by piece at the marfrequently injured for life by this ket.

FROM AN **OPERATION**

Vegetable Compound



know what Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies have done for me. For two years I suffered. The doc-tors said I had tumors, and the only remedy was the surgeon's knife. My mother bought me Lydia E. Pinkham's Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am a healthy woman. For months I suffered from in-

fiammation, and your Sanative Wash re-lieved me. Your Liver Pills have no equal as a cathartic. Any one wishing proof of what your medicines have done for me can get it from any drug. gist or by writing to me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters."-Mrs. CHRISTINA REED. 105 Mound St.

Another Operation Avoided.

New Orleans, La .- "For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Veg-etable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."—Mrs. LILY PEYBOUX, 1111 Kerlerec St., New Orleans, La.

The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

THE LONG BOW.



Sharpe-Wilson says he stayed under water one day last summer for fifteen minutes.

Wise-Why, he must be amphibi-Sharpe-No; he's a- well, I

wouldn't like to say.

Baffling the Mosquito. Last summer we were pestered with to worry with a green, restive colt, the collars at night, washing off the the awful nuisance, mosquitoes, night after night, and on one occasion killed between thirty and forty in our up a little too soon or not soon enough, from experience: If the farmer don't bedroom, at midnight. The following protests at having to walk in a go easy with the three and four-year-day I took a woolen cloth, put a little olds at this season they will be old kerosene oil on it, and rubbed both sides of the wire mesh of the screens with it. That night one lonely mosquito disturbed our rest. Two or three times each week I rubbed the screens in like manner, and we enjoyed peace the rest of the summer. The odor from the oil remains only a few minutes, and the oil itself preserves the screens and keeps away flies .- Good Housekeeping Magazine.

Tit for Tat. A young man, who had not been married long, remarked at the dinner table the other day:

"My dear, I wish you could make bread such as mother used to make." The bride smiled and answered in a voice that did not tremble:

"Well, dear, I wish you could make the dough that father used to make." The Ground of Their Love.

"Let us have peace," said the English invader. "Can you not see that the white strangers love the redmen?" "Ah, yes," replied the intelligent Indian, "they love the very ground we walk upon."-Sacred Heart Review.

Consolation.

Knicker-My wife is always praising

the men she rejected for me. Bocker-Never mind; she will praise you to her second husband. "That's

Good" Is often said of

Post Toasties

when eaten with cream or rich milk and a sprinkle of

sugar if desired. That's the cue for housekeepers who want to please

the whole family. Post Toasties are ready to serve direct from the

Convenient

package -

Economical Delicious

"The Memory Lingers" Sold by Grocers

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.,

Battle Creek, Mich.