

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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[Continued from last week.]

"This is probably the worst company you were ever in," Struve observed to Helen, with a forced attempt at lightness.

"Are there no guests here?" she asked him, her anxiety very near the surface.

"Travel is light at this time of the year. They'll come in later perhaps."

A fire was burning in this pink room where the landlord had begun spreading the table for two, and its warmth was grateful to the girl. Her companion, thoroughly at his ease, stretched himself on a fur covered couch and smoked.

"Let me see the papers now, Mr. Struve," she began, but he put her off.

"No, not now. Business must wait on our dinner. Don't spoil our little party, for there's time enough and to spare."

She arose and went to the window, unable to sit still. Looking down the narrow gulch, she saw that the mountains beyond were indistinct, for it was growing dark rapidly. Dense clouds had rolled up from the east. A raindrop struck the glass before her eyes, then another and another, and the hills grew misty behind the coming shower. A traveler with a pack on his back hurried around the corner of the building and past her to the door. At his knock Struve, who had been watching Helen through half shut eyes, arose and went into the other room.

"Thank heaven, some one has come!" she thought. The voices were deadened to a hum by the sod walls till that of the stranger raised itself in such indignant protest that she distinguished his words.

"Oh, I've got money to pay my way! I'm no deadhead."

Shortz mumbled something back.

"I don't care if you are closed, I'm tired, and there's a storm coming."

This time she heard the landlord's refusal and the miner's angry profanity. A moment later she saw the traveler plodding up the trail toward town.

"What does that mean?" she inquired as the lawyer re-entered.

"Oh, that fellow is a tough, and Shortz wouldn't let him in. He's careful whom he entertains, there are so many bad men roaming the hills."

The German came in shortly to light the lamp, and, although she asked no further questions, Helen's uneasiness increased. She half listened to the stories with which Struve tried to entertain her and ate little of the excellent meal that was shortly served to them. Struve meanwhile ate and drank almost greedily, and the shadowy, sinister evening crept along. A strange cowardice had suddenly overtaken the girl, and if at this late hour she could have withdrawn she would have done so gladly and gone forth to meet the violence of the tempest. But she had gone too far for retreat, and, realizing that for the present apparent compliance was her wisest resource, she sat quiet, answering the man with cool words while his eyes grew brighter, his skin more flushed, his speech more rapid. He talked incessantly and with feverish gaiety, smoking numberless cigarettes and apparently unconscious of the flight of time. At last he broke off suddenly and consulted his watch, while Helen remembered that she had not heard Shortz in the kitchen for a long time. Suddenly Struve smiled at her peculiarly, with confident cunning. As he looked at her over the disorder between them he took from his pocket a flat bundle, which he tossed to her.

"Now for the bargain, eh?"

"Ask the man to remove these dishes," she said as she nudged the parcel with clumsy fingers.

"I sent him away two hours ago," said Struve, arising as if to come to her. She shrank back, but he only leaned across, gathered up the four corners of the tablecloth and, twisting them together, carried the whole thing out, the dishes crashing and jangling as he threw his burden recklessly into the kitchen. Then he returned and stood with his back to the stove, staring at her while she perused the contents of the papers, which were more voluminous than she had supposed.

For a long time the girl pored over the documents. The purport of the papers was only too obvious, and as she read the proof of her uncle's guilt stood out clear and damning. There was no possibility of mistake. The whole wretched plot stood out plain, its darkest infamies revealed.

In spite of the cruelty of her disillusionment Helen was nevertheless excited with the fierce ecstasy of power, with the knowledge that justice would at last be rendered. It would be her triumph and her expiation that she, who had been the unwitting tool of

this miserable clique, would be the one through whom restitution was made. She arose with her eyes gleaming and lips set.

"It is here."

"Of course it is. Enough to convict us all. It means the penitentiary for your precious uncle and your lover." He stretched his chin upward at the mention as though to free his throat from an invisible clutch. "Yes, your lover particularly, for he's the real one. That's why I brought you here. He'll marry you, but I'll be the best man." The timbre of his voice was unpleasant.

"Come, let us go," she said.

"Go," he chuckled mirthlessly.

"That's a fine example of unconscious humor."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, first, no human being could find his way down to the coast in this tempest; second—but, by the way, let me explain something in those papers while I think of it." He spoke casually and stepped forward, reaching for the package, which she was about to give up, when something prompted her to snatch it behind her back, and it was well she did, for his hand was but a few inches away. He was no match for her quickness, however, and she glided around the table, thrusting the papers into the front of her dress. The sudden contact with Cherry's revolver gave her a certain comfort. She spoke now with determination.

"I intend to leave here at once. Will you bring my horse? Very well, I shall do it myself."

She turned, but his indolence vanished like a flash, and, springing in front of the door, he barred her way.

"Hold on, lady. You ought to understand without my saying any more. Why did I bring you here? Why did I plan this little party? Why did I send that man away? Just to give you the proof of my complicity in a crime, I suppose. Well, hardly. You won't leave here tonight. And when you do you won't carry those papers. My own safety depends on that, and I am selfish, so don't get me started. Listen!"

They caught the wail of the night crying as though hungry for sacrifice.

"No, you'll stay here and"—

He broke off abruptly, for Helen had stepped to the telephone and taken down the receiver. He leaped, snatched it from her and then, tearing the instrument loose from the wall, raised it above his head, dashed it upon the floor and sprang toward her, but she wrenched herself free and fled across the room. The man's white hair was wildly tumbled, his face was purple, and his neck and throat showed swollen, throbbing veins. He stood still, however, and his lips cracked into his ever present, cautious smile.

"Now, don't let's fight about this. It's no use, for I've played to win. You have your proof—now I'll have my price—or else I'll take it. Think over which it will be while I lock up."

Far down the mountain side a man was urging a broken pony recklessly along the trail. The beast was blown and spent, its knees weak and bending, yet the rider forced it as though behind him yelled a thousand devils, spurring headlong through gully and ford, up steep slopes and down invisible ravines. Sometimes the animal stumbled and fell with its master, sometimes they arose together, but the man was heedless of all except his haste, insensible to the rain, which smote him blindingly, and to the wind, which seized him savagely upon the ridges or gasped at him in the gullies with exhausted malice. At last he gained the plateau and saw the roadhouse light beneath, so drove his heels into the flanks of the wind broken creature, which lunged forward gamely. He felt the pony rear and drop away beneath him, pawing and scrambling, and instinctively kicked his feet free from the stirrups, striving to throw himself out of the saddle and clear of the thrashing hoofs. It seem-

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To-day we want to talk to you about "Catarrh cures"

During the past few months we have been publishing what some of our good friends have called "heart-to-heart talks" on patent medicines.

That name suits us all right—"heart-to-heart talks" is just what we have intended. There can't be anything more serious to a sick man or sick woman than his ailment and the remedies he or she takes to cure it.

Our talks have been "heart-to-heart." Every word we have printed has been written in absolute earnestness and sincerity, and judging from what our customers tell us, we have not been talking in vain. We are convinced that our frankness has been appreciated, and that our suggestions have been welcomed—which naturally encourages us to continue.

To-day, and perhaps for some time to come, we want to talk about that big class of remedies known generally as "catarrh cures."

Broadly speaking these are the patent medicines that have been the chief targets for the attacks of the "Ladies' Home Journal," "Collier's Weekly" and other magazines which are waging such a lively warfare against patent medicine abuses.

As we have pointed out in previous talks, it is not our business to pass judgment on the crusade of these well-known, highly-respected publications. The public alone must be the judge and jury. Our business, as we see it, is to carry in stock a complete line of patent medicines, and to sell those medicines at the lowest possible price.

We sell hundreds—yes, thousands of bottles of so-called "catarrh cures," and know nothing of their ingredients. The manufacturers advertise them, the public demands them; we order them from the manufacturers, and sell them at the lowest price. That is absolutely as far as our knowledge goes. The manufacturer keeps his formula a secret. It may be good, or it may not—we don't know, and we have no means of finding out.

Naturally, we would rather sell a rem-

edy that we know is right—that we can back up with all our reputation for honesty and square-dealing.

And wouldn't you rather buy that kind of a remedy? Wouldn't you rather hold us responsible than to hold no one responsible? We are right here, right where you can get at us every day in the week, right where one false move on our part will bring upon us your condemnation, the loss of your friendship, your patronage, your influence. **Can we afford to tell you anything that you will learn later is not absolutely true?**

Are you not safer in taking our word for the merits of an article, than you are to rely on the printed statement of a patent medicine manufacturer, whom you never even saw and probably never will?

Common sense most emphatically tells you that we cannot afford to depart one hair's breadth from the rigid truth.

None of us can deny that there is such a disease known as "catarrh." Those who have it, or who have had it, know that it is one of the hardest diseases to cure.

Perhaps the worst thing about catarrh is its prevalence. Almost everyone—especially in a climate like ours—has catarrh in some form or another. That is what has made the "catarrh cure" business so profitable. There are so many thousands of cases of the disease and it is so hard to cure, that the patent medicine manufacturers have reaped a harvest in preparing remedies that appeal to this large class of sufferers.

One of the most serious things about catarrh is that it breaks down the system, so that the sufferer becomes a prey to other diseases. This fact has led the proprietors of so many "catarrh cures" to advertise their remedies as a specific for almost every disease under the sun.

We have ONE catarrh cure that we are willing to say to you: "We know this is all right. Take it home and use it with the full assurance that if it does not cure you, you can bring it back to us and we will promptly refund your money." That catarrh cure is

Rexall

MUCU-TONE

There is no guess work with us on Rexall Mucu-Tone. We know what it is made of. Not only do we know, but we will give you a copy of the formula.

There is no secret about any Rexall remedy—we make them—one thousand of us leading druggists all over America—in our great co-operative laboratories at Boston, Mass. We own the laboratories, and everything in them, and we operate them just as skillfully as our combined brains and money will let us, and just as honestly as honest men know how.

The Ingredients of Mucu-Tone

The chief ingredients of Mucu-Tone are Gentian, Cubebs, Cascara, Sarsaparilla, Glycerine, and Sarsaparilla.

Gentian is recognized in medicine as one of the greatest tonics ever discovered. It is the foundation on which Mucu-Tone is built. Gentian combines in high degree the tonic powers of all the known "bitters," with none of the disadvantages applying to them.

Cubebs have long been recognized as a specific in the treatment of all catarrhal conditions. Its action is prompt and its benefits almost invariable. In whatever part of the body the inflamed or diseased condition of the mucous membrane exists, the use of Cubebs has been recommended by the best physicians for many generations.

Cascara Sagra is especially introduced for its necessary laxative properties.

The combination of these with Glycerine and Sarsaparilla makes Mucu-Tone a remedy that attacks catarrh from every point, gradually restores and rebuilds the diseased tissues to their former health and strength, promotes digestion and creates a normal appetite. Large trial bottle, 50c.

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How can you know whether or not you have catarrh?

Well, here are the symptoms that usually indicate its presence. Check them over, and if you have any of them, try a bottle of Rexall Mucu-Tone.

CATARRH OF THE NOSE:—Chilliness—feverishness—passages obstructed—watery discharge and latter thick, yellow and tenacious discharge into the throat—headache—foul breath—weak and watery eyes—and sometimes loss of memory.

CATARRH OF THE THROAT:—Irritation—sensation of heat and dryness—constant hawking—sore throat—and difficult to breathe.

CATARRH OF THE STOMACH:—Dizziness—emaciation—hollow cheeks—sleeplessness—bad dreams—despondent—dull, grinding or sharp, short pains in side and stomach—nausea after eating—shortness of breath—and bitter fluid rising in throat.

CATARRH OF THE INTESTINES:—Dull, grinding pain in bowels—diarrhea—emaciation—nervousness—and sleeplessness.

CATARRH OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS:—Skin drawn and yellow—black specks floating on field of vision—weak and dizzy—dull pain in small of back—and constant desire to urinate.

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER:—Sharp pains in the lower abdomen and a loss of control over urine—constant desire to urinate—burning sensation when urinating—face drawn and pallid—eyes dull—palms of hands and feet damp and clammy.

PELVIC CATARRH:—Constant leucorrhœa—dragging pain in the back and hips, abdomen and thighs—stomach disturbances—skin eruptions—sick headache—female irregularities—and constipation.

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