

The Real Man By FRANCIS LYNDE Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS Copyright by Chas. Scribner's Sons

CHAPTER XVIII. The Arrow to the Mark. Smith, concentrating abstractedly, as his habit was, upon the work in hand, was still deep in the voucher-auditing when the office door was opened and a small shocked voice said: "Oh, wooo! how you startled me! I saw the light, and I supposed, of course, it was Colonel-daddy. Where is he?"

and there was a struggle in the auto. I—I had to beat him over the head to make him keep quiet; I thought for the moment that I had killed him, and I knew, then, just how far I had gone on the road I've been traveling ever since a certain night in the middle of last May. The proof was in the way I felt; I wasn't either sorry or horrified; I was merely relieved to think that he wouldn't trouble me, or clutter up the world with his worthless presence any longer.

CHAPTER XIX. A Little Leaven. The summer-night stars served only to make the darkness visible along the road down the Timanyoni river and across to the mining camp of Red Butte. Smith twisted the gray roadster sharply to the left out of the road, and four miles from the turn, shut off the power and got down to continue his journey afoot. The mine workings were tunnel-driven in the mountainside, and a crooked ore track led out to them. Smith followed the ore track until he came to the entrance, and to the lock of a small door framed in the bulkheading he applied a key.

Smith! You can't knock me on the head and lock me up as if I were a yellow dog. I'll fix you! Smith made no reply. Linking his free arm in Jibbey's, he led the way through the mazes, stopping at the tunnel mouth to blow out the candle and to pick up Jibbey's suitcase. In the open air the freed captive tramped in sober silence at Smith's heels until they reached the automobile. At the crossing of the railroad main track and the turn into the highway, the river, bannooing deep-toned among its bowlders, was near at hand, and Jibbey spoke for the first time since they left the mine mouth.



"If You Think That Squares the Deal."

not stop to analyze, Smith left his seat behind the wheel and walked over to the edge of the embankment where Jibbey had descended. With the glare of the roadster's acetylenes turned the other way, Smith could see Jibbey at the foot of the slope lowering himself face downward on his propped arms to reach the water. Then, in that instant, Jibbey, careless in his thirst, lost his balance and went headlong into the torrent.

In good time, after an interval so long that it seemed endless to the despairing first-aid, the breath came back into the reluctant lungs. Jibbey coughed, choked, gasped and sat up. His teeth were chattering, and he was chilled to the bone by the sudden plunge into the cold snow-water, but he was unmistakably alive.

"Strip!" he commanded; "get out of those wet rags and tumble into the bath. Make it as hot as you can stand it. I'll go down and register you and have your trunk sent up from the station. You have a trunk, haven't you?"

"MURDER ROOM" NOW IS BRIDAL CHAMBER

Man Acquitted of Killing Wife Returns With New Bride and Occupies House.

St. Joseph, Mo.—The room in which Mrs. Harriet Moss McDaniel was murdered a year ago became a bridal chamber last week.



Mrs. McDaniel Was Murdered a Year Ago.

of the most mysterious murder cases in the history of the country. Beginning with the murder of Mrs. McDaniel a year ago, continuing with the trial and acquittal of her husband, then adding more tragedy when John E. Krucker shot and killed his wife and committed suicide, the case now takes a new turn with the marriage of the principal figure.

Miss Cook gave testimony for McDaniel. Following the trial rumors that the pair were to be married were persistently denied by both. Miss Cook is a graduate of St. Joseph Central High School and is noted for her beauty and musical accomplishments.

ARRESTS SELF WITH HIS OWN HANDCUFFS

Indianapolis, Ind.—Abe Brown is a most accommodating man; he handcuffed himself and made his arrest a simple matter.

SHOT SELF WHILE ASLEEP

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Miss May Wilson, twenty-five years old, is believed to have been asleep when she placed a revolver against her head and fired a fatal shot.

Back Given Out? Housework is too hard for a woman who is half sick, nervous and always tired. But it keeps piling up, and gives weak kidneys no time to recover. If your back is lame and aches and your kidneys irregular, if you have "blue spells," sick headaches, nervousness, dizziness and rheumatic pains, use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have done wonders for thousands of worn out women.

YOU CAN'T CUT OUT A Bog Spavin or Thoroughpin but you can clean them off promptly with ABSORBINE

PATENTS Watson K. Coleman, Wash. D.C. Book free High-class references. Best results.

Russell J. Coles of Danville, Va., who taught Colonel Roosevelt how to harpoon devilfish, announced that he has discovered a method of preventing world-wide starvation by tests he has carried out with regard to certain species of the dark shark and ray family.

Seized Her Opportunity. For nine long years he had been wooing the fair daughter of the farm. "Jennie," he mused, as they sat on the old fence, "I read the other day that in a thousand years the Lakes of Killarney will dry up."

Change the Name. "John," she said sternly, "the coal bin is empty." "Yes," was the disconsolate reply. "It's that way the most of the time. It's never of use in an emergency. I'm going to change its name, and call it a coal has-bin!"

St. Louis claims 905,050 population; directory estimate.

Grape Nuts. A wholesome nutrition of wheat and barley in most appetizing form. The wholesome nutrition of wheat and barley in most appetizing form.