

Retribution.
 "Stand up, prisoner," orders the stern judge.
 The trembling culprit, who has been found guilty by a jury of his delighted peers, stands.
 "Prisoner at the bar," solemnly declares the judge, "you have been convicted of building house after house containing one of these confounded little boxes called 'reception rooms,' in which there is neither room to receive nor hooks to make it a wardrobe. The sentence of the court is that for the next ten years you shall be confined in one of these alleged reception rooms of your own construction and design."
 Immediately the lawyers for the defendant begin work upon an appeal on the ground that a cruel and unusual punishment has been decreed.—Life.

PERFECT HEALTH AT 73.

A Stryker, O., Woman Tells How Well Kidneys Help.

Mrs. Marie Pequet, Lynn street, Stryker, Ohio, says: "Sharp pains in the back caused me great suffering for years. The kidney secretions showed a sediment and too frequent passages disturbed me. Short use of Doan's Kidney Pills made marked improvement. Continued use cured me. Although I am seventy-three years old, I am enjoying perfect health."
 Remember the name—Doan's.
 For sale at all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Not In Her Set.

"Why should we be so anxious to signal Mars?" asked Mrs. Cumrox.
 "It would surely be desirable to know something of its inhabitants," replied the modest scientist.
 "Do you think so? From what I read, I gather the idea that most of them are working on canals. Knowing as I do how some canalboatmen talk, I am very much inclined to let well enough alone."—Washington Star.

Yet to Be Tested.

"Brother Stoneking, how do you think you are going to like the new preacher?"
 "I don't know; I haven't played a game of golf with him yet."

AFTER SUFFERING FOR YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Park Rapids, Minn.—"I was sick for years while passing through the Change of Life and was hardly able to be around. After taking six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I gained 20 pounds, am now able to do my own work and feel well."—Mrs. Ed. La Dou, Park Rapids, Minn.

Brookville, Ohio.—"I was irregular and extremely nervous. A neighbor recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I have become regular and my nerves are much better."—Mrs. R. KINNISSON, Brookville, Ohio.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more than any other make, BECAUSE:
 W. L. Douglas shoes are the lowest priced, quality considered, in the world.
 W. L. Douglas shoes equal in style, fit and wear, other makes costing \$6.00 to \$8.00.
 Fast Color Eyelets.
 The genuine W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on the bottom. Talks to Subscribers.
 Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If they are not for sale in your town write for Mail Order Catalog, giving full directions how to order by mail. Shoes ordered direct from factory delivered to the wearer all charges prepaid. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

Walk ten miles daily and you won't need laxatives. But indoor people all need candy Cascarets. They exercise the bowels in a gentle, natural way—not like harsh cathartics. Have them always with you—take one when you need it.
 Vest-pocket box, 10 cents—at drug-stores. People now use 1 million boxes monthly.

TWO FOUND GUILTY OF SAYLER MURDER

Jury Gives Woman Three Years and Dr. W. R. Miller Twelve in Prison.

WOMAN'S FATHER IS SET FREE

Banker's Wife Collapses as Verdict Is Read—New Trial Asked.

In Watseka, Ill., Dr. William R. Miller and Mrs. Lucy R. Saylor both were found guilty of manslaughter the other day. Dr. Miller was sentenced to twelve years and Mrs. Saylor to three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. John Grunden, father of Mrs. Saylor, tried with the other two for the murder of Banker John Byron Saylor, was found not guilty. Twelve ballots in all were cast to reach the verdict. Two members of the jury demurred, holding out for an acquittal for Mrs. Saylor for many hours.

As the prisoners entered the courtroom Mrs. Saylor and Dr. Miller looked expectant and confident. So sure of acquittal were they that earlier in the day both had packed their trunks preparatory to leaving the jail. In strange contrast to her mother's self-confidence, Golda Saylor, the young daughter of the convicted woman, entered the courtroom at the same moment weeping bitterly. As the judge uttered the verdict against Dr. Miller Mrs. Saylor paled noticeably, and when her own sentence was read fell over upon her daughter's shoulder and wept. Dr. Miller showed no sign of emotion save for a slight twitching of the muscles of his mouth. Mrs. Miller uttered no sound, but was plainly overcome.

Grunden took his acquittal as phlegmatically as he ignored the trial proceedings. "I never knew Dr. Miller until I came to Crescent City three days before the tragedy," said Grunden. "I simply came up to visit my children. I expect never to see my daughter again, for I won't live much longer."
 Dr. Miller refused to make any statement. The verdict is universally received in Watseka as satisfactory. Counsel Free P. Morris for the defense said that an appeal would be made and he expected it to be granted.

WOMAN REVEALS COAL STEAL

Stenographer Exposes Plot Which Stirs Indianapolis.

After a desperate battle of conflicting emotions, the instinct of self-preservation and a sense of honesty, a struggle continuing for almost a year, Mrs. Jeannette Florence Stern, formerly of Chicago, a stenographer in the employ of the Eclipse Coal Company, 4030 Indiana avenue, Indianapolis, yielded to her better promptings, as she thinks, and has given to the police startling information, which has already resulted in the arrest of six men, said to be involved in the most gigantic coal graft scheme in the history of Indiana. Six big coal companies are concerned in the alleged steals.

The men arrested are: Charles James Jackson, senior partner of the Eclipse Coal Company; Edward R. Gross, junior member of the firm; Rhodie Jackson, clerk; John H. Hanrahan, engineer at English's Hotel; Fred J. Voss, engineer at Claypool Hotel; Charles Edmondson, engineer at the City Hospital.

A searching detective campaign of a year came to an end in the offices of Superintendent of Police Hyland when Mrs. Stern confronted each of the six men arrested and accused them directly of conspiring to rob Henry Lawrence, proprietor of the Claypool Hotel; W. E. English, proprietor of the Hotel English, and the city of Indianapolis, besides several other corporations in the sale in the coal short in weight many thousands of pounds. One by one, the men were compelled to face the woman who, backed by a coterie of policemen and detectives, finally caused them to quail and confess.

TORNADO CARRIES OFF HOUSES.

Woman, Blown Into Air, Saved by Telephone Wires.

A tornado carrying with it many cottages, trees and timber caused great damage southeast of Pine Bluff, Ark. Homes, stores, outhouses and other buildings were demolished, trees uprooted, fences blown away and much damage done to property of telephone and telegraph companies. A woman was blown from her home and carried into the air. She became caught in telephone wires and her screams attracted several men who let her down with a rope. She was uninjured.

No lives are reported lost, although it is said the tornado did great damage east of Pine Bluff. The storm was preceded by a rainfall and hail. The clouds formed into a funnel. People living in the path of the storm say it was over in a few seconds. Fifty small cottages occupied by negroes were unroofed and otherwise damaged. One house was completely overturned, but none of the occupants seriously injured. The storm appeared to take turns in skipping over one block and wrecking homes in every other one. The tornado was followed by terrific rainfall, which flooded the streets

The Wand of Sleep
 OR
The Devil-Stick
 By the Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," Etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

After this enigmatical remark he hurriedly left the room, for the purpose, without doubt, of escaping further questioning. His demeanor completely puzzled Jen, who could not make out the meaning of his conversation. Evidently David knew something which he was unwilling to reveal—something which might lead to the solution of the profound mystery which enveloped the death of Maurice, and the extraordinary disappearance of his body.

The more Jen thought about the matter the more perplexed did he become. The recovered devil-stick found in the grounds of Mrs. Dallas, the saturated handkerchief found in the bedroom of the dead man; and now the unaccountable hints of David that he knew something likely to throw a light upon these mysteries, joined with an equally unaccountable refusal to afford such revelation, all these things puzzled him; but as it was impossible, in the absence of actual knowledge, to come to any reasonable decision, Jen determined to seek Jaggard, and see how he was. If Jaggard could only recover his senses, argued the Major, he would be able to say who had stolen the body. Moreover, in Jen's opinion, the person who committed the second crime would most probably, by the force of analogous reasoning, have committed the first.

To the Major's surprise, he found that Jaggard had recovered his senses, and although still weak from his accident and long insensibility, he was able to talk fairly well. Jen was puzzled by this sudden recovery; and he expressed himself forcibly to the housemaid Anne, who had been watching for so long by the bedside of the sick man. The woman—with the shrewdness of her class—gave her opinion as to its reason.

"Ever since that handkerchief has been removed, sir," said she, earnestly, "Jaggard has got well. I do believe, sir, that the scent on it kept the poor dear stupid."
 Another light was let in on Jen's mind. Here was the handkerchief again—perfumed with the devil-stick decoction of poison by Dido—applied by the hand of Etwald, and its design was evidently to keep Jaggard in a state of stupor, and prevent him from making dangerous disclosures. Dido and Etwald once more in partnership. Jen was more convinced than ever that the pair were at the bottom of the whole terrible affair.

CHAPTER XVII.

Exhausted by the few words he had spoken, Jaggard fell back on his pillows in a dead faint. Jen left the patient to the tender attentions of Anne, and withdrew to seek David. He found him in a melancholy mood, pacing up and down the lawn before the window of the smoking-room. On perceiving his guardian, Sarby turned pale, for he thought that Jen had come to continue their previous conversation, and to force his confidence.

"Well, David!" said the newcomer, with significance, "I have made one discovery without your help. I know who drugged Jaggard. I have learned who stole the body of Maurice!"
 "Then you know more than I do," replied David. "My knowledge extends only to the death; not to the seizure of the body."
 "And you refuse to aid me," said the Major, reproachfully; "well, keep your secret. I may be able to do without your help. But," added Jen, fixing a piercing glance on the young man, "I notice that you do not ask me the name of the person who drugged Jaggard."
 "Because I guess the name."
 "Ah!"
 "Mrs. Dallas," said David, faintly. "It was Mrs. Dallas."

"Jen drew back a step and looked at his ward with marked surprise.
 "No," he said, at length. "Mrs. Dallas has had nothing to do with it."
 "But I thought from what you said of the handkerchief dropped in the room—"
 "That being the property of Mrs. Dallas, she had lost it there," interrupted Jen, smartly. "No. I told you also that Isabella had confessed to having dropped it at the time of her midnight visit. But now I know that she told me a lie!"
 "Isabella! A lie! Impossible!"
 "Not at all," rejoined Jen, coldly. "I can understand her reason for telling the lie. She wanted to shield—"
 "Her mother?" cried David, quickly interrupting in his turn.
 "Your mind seems to run on the mother, David. Can you prove by any chance that she committed the crime?"
 "No, Uncle Jen, I can't. I have my suspicions."
 "It pleases you to be mysterious, David. Shortly I shall insist upon an explanation. You owe it to me—your second father—to tell the truth. You owe it to your dead brother's memory—for assuredly Maurice was your brother."

David stared sullenly at the ground, but in a moment or two he lifted his head in a defiant manner.
 "I owe you much more than I can ever repay," said he, in hard tones "All the same, Uncle Jen, I cannot reveal, even to you, what I know. If I did so, you would be the first to blame me."
 "I don't understand you," said the young man, despondently, "save that I am the most miserable man alive."
 "You must be, if you know who killed Maurice, yet refuse to confess," retorted Jen, with some heat. "Will you not tell me the truth? I ask you for last time."
 "And I answer for the last time that the truth is not mine to tell," replied David, coldly. "If you doubt me question Etwald."
 "What! that criminal? I believe that out of jealousy he killed Maurice."
 "Oh," said Sarby, sardonically; "and out of jealousy he stole the body?"
 "No. Dido did that. Jaggard has just informed me that it was Dido who drugged him. Why did she drug him? To steal the body of my poor lad. Why did she steal the body? To conceal the crime committed by Etwald. I firmly believe that Etwald stole the devil-stick, and with it killed Maurice."
 "From a motive of jealousy?"
 "Precisely. As you know, the body was stolen before the post-mortem examination could be made. Why was this? Does not your own reason find an answer to that question?"
 "No," replied David, still obstinately unconvinced.
 "Why," said Jen, with a nod, "if a post-mortem examination had been made, traces of poison would have been discovered. The poison would have been proved as identical with that of the devil-stick. Thus, beyond all doubt, we should have learned that Maurice had been killed by the devil-stick. To avert the discovery, and to prevent the analysis of the poison in the body, Dido, under the direction of Dr. Etwald, committed the third crime. The man has some power over her. What that power may be, I know no more than you do. Although," added Jen, with an afterthought, "you may be able to explain."
 "No, I have no idea why Dido should serve Etwald."
 "Take care, David. You are forcing me to believe that you are acting in this way from an unworthy motive. It is your duty to aid me in discovering and punishing the murderer of Maurice. Yet you leave me to do all the work, and refuse your assistance in any way. Unless you alter your manner, and take me into your confidence regarding the reason of this strange behavior, a breach not easily mended may occur between us."
 He paused, waiting for his ward to make some reply in defence of his conduct. The young man neither moved nor spoke, but, paler than usual, he stood before the Major with his eyes on the ground. More in sorrow than in anger, Jen looked at him, then turned on his heel and walked into the house. David looked after him with quivering lips.
 "If he only knew the truth," said he, wiping the perspiration from his face, "what would he say? What would he do? He blames me now; would he blame me then?"
 In the meantime, while Sarby was indulging in this enigmatical soliloquy, Major Jen was pursuing his way towards the room of Jaggard. Despairing of obtaining information from David, he thought it possible to learn the truth from Jaggard. Honestly speaking, the Major was puzzled by the conduct of his ward. Hitherto, he had always considered David to be an honest man, but at the present time his conduct savored of duplicity. Did he know of anything relative to the triple crime which had been committed? If so, why did he not speak? Finally, was David also under the fatal influence of Dr. Etwald—the man who, Jen verily believed, was the source of all these woes?
 Jen found that Jaggard, having had a sleep during the long absence of his master, was much better. Finding himself alone with his servant, Jen addressed himself immediately to the business in hand.
 "Do you feel stronger, Jaggard?" he asked. "I wish you to tell me what took place on the night you were drugged."
 "After you left me, sir, I remained seated in my chair beside the bedside of my poor master. If you remember, there was only one candle in the room, which was placed on the table, some little distance away. I examined the window and found it closed. It was bolted and barred. The door was similarly closed, for I never thought of locking it, as I fancied, sir, that you might return after midnight to see if all was right."
 "I did not, however, Jaggard. I fell asleep in the library, after Mr. Sarby had gone to bed; and, of course, I had every confidence in you."
 "Please, don't say that, Major," said Jaggard, imploringly, "as I did my best. It was not my fault that Dido drugged me. I'm sure I don't know why she did so. I never did her any harm."
 "Do you know what occurred during the time you were insensible?"
 "No, sir. I've only got my wits about me now."
 "Well," said Jen, seeing that the man spoke in all good faith, "the body of Mr. Maurice was stolen on that night."
 "The body stolen!" repeated Jaggard, in amazement. "For why, sir?"
 "I can't tell, nor can anybody else. All we know is that at that 3 o'clock in the morning we entered Mr. Mau-

rice's room and found the window open, the body gone, and you insensible."
 "The window open," said Jaggard, thoughtfully. "Then it must have been opened from the inside, sir."
 "By Dido, no doubt."
 "I'm certain of it, Major; and it was that black witch who stole the body. She was hidden under the bed, sir."
 "Under the bed! Are you sure?" said Jen, greatly startled by this information.
 "Yes, Major. It was this way. I was seated by the bed, at the foot of it, with my face to the door. The window, as I said, was locked. She could not have got in at the window, and had she entered by the door, I should have seen her. Besides," added Jaggard, in a faint voice, "she grabbed me from behind."
 "From behind?"
 "Yes, sir. I was not quite asleep, but a kind of dozing in my chair. I don't know what it was made me sleep, as I was wide awake when you left, sir. But there was a kind of heavy, sleepy smell about."
 "I know, I know—the devil-stick perfume."
 "Well, sir, the smell made me sleepy; and though I heard a noise behind me I could not turn my head. I was just as if in a nightmare, sir. Then the black man and grabbed at my throat, and she held a handkerchief with that stuff on it to my nose."
 "Ah," said Jen to himself, "I know that Isabella was speaking falsely."
 "Go on, Jaggard," he added aloud. "Why did you not call out?"
 "I couldn't, sir. I felt as in a dream; but I turned and tried to fight her. She pushed me over, and I fell like a log. I think I must have hit my head on a corner of the bed, for I felt a cruel pain at the back of it. I don't know what it all means, sir, but I am sure I know how Dido got into room."
 "Ah! That is what I wish to learn. Well?"
 "If you remember, sir, Dido called to see you that day."
 "Yes. To ask if I would see her mistress; a most unnecessary question."
 "It was a blind, sir; and when she left the room I don't believe she left the house."
 "What makes you think so?"
 "Sir, I took Dido out to the door, and while I was telling her to go away, Dr. Etwald came out. He told me he would see after her, and I left them alone. Now, sir," said Jaggard, with emphasis, "I do believe as Dr. Etwald took that black jade to the room of Mr. Maurice and hid her under the bed."
 (To be continued.)

MARRY AND ENJOY LONG LIFE.

Dr. Jacques Bertillon's Advice Is Backed Up by Statistics.

On the subject of matrimony, Dr. Jacques Bertillon, the French statistician, differs in his advice from Punch, which summed up its counsel to those about to marry in the one word, "Don't!" Dr. Bertillon, on the contrary, explains his reasons for believing that marriage and longevity go hand in hand.

He calls in the aid of statistics to prove his contention that a married man or woman has three times as much chance to attain a ripe old age as a bachelor or a spinster; and with regard to men he shows that the mortality among widowers is greater than among married men. The New York Sun London correspondent says. Dr. Bertillon says that his father went thoroughly into the question and obtained statistics from other European countries which completely support this opinion, while he himself has studied later figures in France. So his advice to young men runs:
 "Marry; you will do well even from a selfish standpoint. But watch carefully over your wife's health, as even from this egotistical point of view her loss will be a terrible misfortune, for your life depends in a great measure on her own."
 Addressing himself to young women he says:
 "To you I give the counsel to marry in your most selfish interest, as married women have less mortality than spinsters of the same age, at least after the age of 20; but the difference is less for women than for men. The mortality among spinsters is much greater than among married women, but it is not twice as great, as in the case of men."
 Dr. Bertillon does not take a cheerful view of the lot of the widow. He says:
 "The mortality among widows is distinctly much greater than among married women of the same age. The sweet state of widowhood, is, on the contrary, fatal to young widows. Their death rate from 20 to 25 years of age is twice that of married women at the corresponding age."
 He gives the reason why matrimony conduces to longevity thus:
 "Married people lead a more regular life. They are more surrounded and therefore more controlled, discreet though this control may be, and it must be discreet if it is to be useful. Their physical life, like their moral life, is healthier, quieter, more natural."
 In the French statistics of one year which Dr. Bertillon has selected the deaths in a thousand men among bachelors between the ages of 35 and 40, were nineteen, while those of married men were only eight. Between the age of 55 and 60, the figures were forty-one for the former and twenty-three for the latter.
 With women the mortality was twelve to eight, between 35 and 40, and twenty-four and eighteen between 55 and 60. The death rates among widows and divorcees were respectively twelve and twenty-one women a thousand.

FASHION HINTS

This amethyst-lined suit was charming with its simply shirred waist, and the embroidery of amethyst and white. The shirred sleeves were of very sheer batiste. The jaunty black and white hat had an owl's head as the only trimming.

As He Saw It.

Mrs. Jipes hadn't wanted to go out in the new automobile, anyhow, and she was telling her husband so in several different kinds of ways.
 "I'd rather have waited until I had something fit to ride in," she said, "but you just would have me come. It isn't a bit of fun for me, and I'd like to—There! You narrowly missed running into the curb. What do you think you're doing!"
 "I'm taking a 'javy ride!' savagely answered Mr. Jipes.—Chicago Tribune.

A Vegetable Cameo.

Spain is the land of the onion—a fact which tempted Mr. Shaw, the author of "Spain of To-day," to fall into the appended easy verse:
 All returned travelers are sure to appreciate it for its feeling for truth rather than its resemblance to the form of "The Ancient Mariner."
 Garlic, garlic everywhere Except in what you drink.

TRIALS of the NEEDLEMS

CANT YOU HURRY THIS ABOUT? HERE'S THE PLACE TO GET IT TO LIVE IN! HERE'S THE PLACE TO GO ON!

EVERYTHING LOOKS AS GOOD AS NEW SINCE YOU CLEANED HOUSE! GLAD I TOOK THAT PAW-FILL LAST NIGHT!

RESOLVED: IT'S PRETTY HARD TO GET ANY ASSISTANCE FROM A MAN WHOSE LIVER OR STOMACH IS OUT OF ORDER! HINDERS PAW-FILL LAXATIVE PILLS KEEP YOU WELL!

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of charge. MUNYON'S, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Munyon's Cold Remedy cures a cold in one day. Price 25c. Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy relieves in a few hours and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

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 BRILLIANT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, ETC.

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