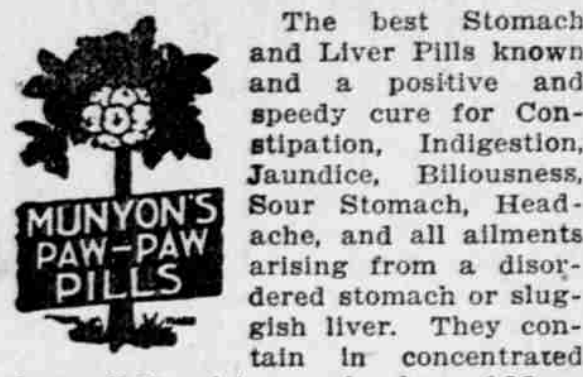


A PACKAGE MAILED FREE ON REQUEST OF

# MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS



The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain concentrated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw Tonic and are made from the juice of the Paw-Paw fruit. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Send us a postal or letter requesting a free package of Munyon's Celebrated Paw-Paw Laxative Pills, and we will mail same free of charge. MUNYON'S HOMEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., 532 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

## The Natural Laxative

acts on the bowels just as some foods act. Cascarets thus aid the bowels just as Nature would. Harsh cathartics act like pepper in the nostrils. Soon the bowels grow so calloused that one must multiply the dose.

Vest-pocket box, 10 cents at drug-stores. Each tablet of the genuine is marked C. C.

**LADIES.** Can make \$2.00 to \$5.00 a day selling Bordeaux Pocket Moistener for all genders surfaces. 25c for sample. Write today. Joliet Office Supply Co., Joliet, Ill.

### Conspicuous.

The minister had preached to the graduating class of a girls' college. The girls of the class were on the platform all round the pulpit and all dressed in white.

"I felt," confessed the preacher to his wife when he got home, "like a crow on a snowdrift."—Pittsburg Press.

### Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure.

Teacher (quoting)—"Man wants but little here below"—Tommy, can you finish the quotation?

Tommy Tucker—But he wants it when he wants it, and he wants it mighty bad.

### Children Who Are Sickly.

Mothers should never be without a box of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They break up colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Constipation, Headache, Teething Disorders and Stomach Troubles. Over 10,000 testimonials. At all Drugstores, 25c. Ask to-day. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

## FASHION HINTS



Our sketch shows one of the lovely chiffon robes veiled in gauze. The robe is creamy white with a shaded pink border, while the overdress is a deep pink. A black satin hem makes an effective and practical finish to the skirt.

### Probably for the Trust.

"Hello, old chap! I haven't seen you for a year. Where have you been?"  
"Down in South America."  
"South America? What have you been doing there?"  
"O—er—just rubbering around."—Chicago Tribune

**A clear brain and steady, dependable nerves can win wealth and fame for their owner.**

**Clear-headedness and a strong, healthy body depend largely on the right elements in regular food and drink.**

**Coffee contains caffeine—A poisonous drug.**

**Postum is rich in the gluten and phosphates that furnish the vital energy that puts "ginger" and "hustle"**

**into body and brain.**

**"There's a Reason"**

# The Wand of Sleep OR The Devil-Stick

By the Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," Etc.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)  
The door opened to admit—Dr. Etwald. Both the Major and the Creole stared at him in surprise, as neither for the moment could grasp the idea that he had been bold enough to present himself before those whom he had so deeply wronged.

"Ah," said Etwald, as complacently as ever, "I thought I should find you here, Major; but I hardly expected to see Mrs. Dallas."

"You villain!" cried that lady, starting from her seat. "Do you think I want to see you after all this misery you have caused? Why, I refuse even to remain in the same room with you!" And with a furious gesture the Creole swept past Etwald and out of the door, which she banged loudly. Etwald looked at the door, shrugged his shoulders, and turned politely to the Major.

"It is just as well she is gone," said he, quietly. "It is better than our conversation should be private."  
"I wish to hold no conversation with a scoundrel, sir!" cried Jen, purple with rage. "I'll have you turned out of the house!"

"In that case you'll never hear what I have come to tell you."  
"What is that, sir?" demanded Jen, in a calmer tone.

"The truth! My story is quite different to that of Dido."

"David's was different also."  
"I know it. But my story—the true story—differs even from David's. Will you hear it, Major, or shall I leave your house before I suffer the disgrace of being kicked out?"

The Major considered for a few moments before replying. There was a hint of mystery in the manner of Etwald which puzzled him not a little. Moreover, he wished to know the actual facts of the case, and now that Dido had fled, Etwald was the only one who could tell them. Acting upon these considerations, Jen sat down again in his chair and sulkily gave Etwald permission to remain and explain. This the doctor proceeded to do at once.

"As you are aware," said he, calmly, "I escaped the charge of murder, and very right, too, seeing that I was innocent of the crime. But as to the stealing of the body I am guilty. I am out on bail, and must come up for trial soon, on the charge that I spoke of. However, I am not afraid, as I can defend myself in a manner you little dream of. But being out on bail, I came to see you."

"To tell me more lies."

"To tell you the truth, my dear Major; and I assure you that the truth will surprise you not a little. But, by the way, Major—Dido?"  
"She has fled."

"I know it. She was afraid of me."  
"Hardly," replied Jen, a trifle spitefully. "You have lost the Voodoo Stone, remember?"

"Yes, I was taken advantage of for once in my life. A cunning woman, that Dido. She got permission to see me in prison, and to talk to me alone, under the pretence of seeing me about her evidence. Knowing that I could compel her to do what I wished by means of the Voodoo Stone, I saw her with pleasure, as it was my intention to put the words likely to get me off—to prove my innocence—into her mouth. However, while I was talking to her, she suddenly produced a phial of the devil-stick poison, and threw it in my face. Of course, I instantly became unconscious, and it was then that she wrenched the talisman off my watch-chain."

"Is the poison so quick in its effects, then?"

"I should think so," said Etwald, coldly. "You saw how David fell in court, after wounding his hand. I fell in prison quite as quickly, but as my skin was not scratched, and the drug only took effect through the nostrils, I recovered."

"And when you recovered?"

"The gaoler told me that Dido had called him in, saying that I had fainted. While they were getting me round Dido went off with the Voodoo Stone. Those about the prison had no reason to detain her, so she left. When I found the Voodoo Stone gone," added Etwald, impressively, "I knew that the black wretch would give evidence against me, and that the game was at an end."

"You expected to be hanged?" suggested Jen.

"Well, no," replied the doctor, with wonderful coolness. "I did not expect that. If the worst came to the worst, I knew that I could protect myself; but I must admit that the confession of my counsel, Mr. Sarby, took me somewhat by surprise."

"Poor David!" sighed Jen, thinking of the young man cut off in the bloom of his youth.

"Poor David!" echoed Etwald, with a sneer. "Foolish David, you might say, to die for the sake of a woman."  
"Yet you risked death for the same woman."

"I risked danger for the woman's fortune," retorted Etwald, with reviling candor. "It was the money I wanted. But death, no, I did not risk that."

"I am not so sure of that, Etwald. How did you know that David would confess in so dramatic a fashion?"

"I did not know it, Major. As I said before, his confession took me by surprise. Still, as I was innocent, I knew that I could not be hanged."

"Well," said Jen, growing weary of this long-continued conversation, which seemed to lead to nothing, "at all events, you'll not escape a long term of imprisonment."

"Why?" said Etwald, with an agreeable smile. "There are two opinions about that. Mine is that I shall go free. Then," he added, coolly, "I intend to seek Barbadoes, and search for

that black witch in order to recover the Voodoo Stone."

"I hope you'll get the change of going; but I doubt it. However, if you do get as far as the West Indies, you'll find friends there. Mrs. Dallas and her daughter go back to their estates in Barbadoes within the month."

"Really?" said Etwald, again. "Then I may marry her after all."

"She won't have you."  
"Oh, I think so. I have a means of compelling her to marry me."  
"I'm tired of your enigmas," he cried, angrily. "What is it you wish to tell me?"

"The name of the person who committed the murder!"

"I know it, David Sarby!"

"Not at all! He accused himself to shield the real person!"

"To shield the assassin?" gasped Jen, thunderstruck. "And who is the assassin?"

"Can't you guess from his self-accusation? Why, the woman he loved!"

"Isabella?"

"Exactly, Isabella Dallas, and none other, killed your boy, Maurice."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

"Isabella killed Maurice!" said Jen, pushing back his chair. "Impossible, Doctor. You must be mistaken."

"I don't think so!" replied Etwald, dryly. "I saw her do it. So did David."

"You must be mistaken!" insisted the Major once more. "David was in New York on the night when the crime was committed."

"By his own confession in court, David was in the grounds of Mrs. Dallas on that night."

"Yes, yes. You are right," said Jen, in a bewildered tone. "Still, I cannot believe that Isabella killed Maurice. She loved him dearly, and had no reason to murder him."

"None in the world. Yet she certainly took his life. Come, Major, I won't worry you any longer with inquiries. Dido hypnotized the daughter to commit the crime, as she had willed the mother to steal the devil-stick; Isabella is absolutely ignorant of what she did, and firmly believed that I was the guilty person. Now, of course, she thinks David—by his own confession—is the assassin."

"But David confessed himself guilty to save her?"

"Of course; but Isabella does not know that. She thinks—and, on the face of it, with reason—that David killed Maurice out of jealousy."

"How was it that David saw the crime committed?"

"I shall explain," said Etwald. "David found out that Maurice was going to meet Isabella that night, secretly, in the grounds of Mrs. Dallas, near the gate. Determined to see the meeting, and to learn if there was any hope for him, he feigned a journey to New York in order to lull any suspicions which Maurice might have that he was being watched. Instead of going, however, he concealed himself at a spot where he could see the gates, which opened on to the highway. Now," added Etwald, with a side glance at the Major, "it so happened that I also wished to see that meeting."

"How did you know it was about to take place?"

"I learned the fact from Dido. Well, I saw David in his place of concealment, and guessed his reason for coming. Maurice appeared at the rendezvous, and shortly afterwards Isabella, under the hypnotic influence, came down the avenue. In her hand she held the devil-stick, and came swiftly towards Maurice. He, not understanding the deadly weapon with which she was armed, came to meet her with outstretched arms. She thrust the devil-stick before her, and wounded him in the palm of the hand. With a cry he fell—dead."

"Within the gates?" asked the Major, much agitated.

"Yes, within the gates," responded Etwald. "When Isabella had struck the blow, she dropped the devil-stick in the grass where, if you remember, it was found by Battersee. Then she returned to the house by the little path which leads thence through the surrounding trees. The body lay in the bright moonlight, full in the center of the path, not a stone's-throw from the high-road. David and I rushed simultaneously from our hiding-places, and I explained hurriedly that the body must not be found in the grounds. He understood, and we carried the body on to the road. Before we had time to deliberate what was to be done, we heard the noise of approaching footsteps, and afraid—both of us—of being accused of the crime, we fled. Then you came down the road and discovered the corpse."

"Yes, I heard the poor lad's cry," said Jen, simply. "And I ran down at once. You must have been very quick in your movements. I wish both of you had been more open with me."

"I am afraid that would have been impossible, Major," said Etwald, rising. "You were so distracted over the death of Maurice, and so unjust in your hatred of me, that it would have been dangerous to trust you."

"Am I unjust in my hatred of you?" demanded Jen, getting on his feet. "I think not, Dr. Etwald. Your desire to marry Isabella, or, rather, her fortune, has been the cause of all these ills. Dido was only your instrument, whom you compelled to work by means of the Voodoo Stone. That she betrayed you in the end was your punishment. I do not blame her so much as I do you. You alone are responsible for the death of those two poor lads of mine."

"Well, have it your own way," said Etwald, carelessly. "I am a scoundrel

in your eyes, I dare say; but if you will permit me to see you to-morrow at 11 o'clock, I shall be able to prove that I am not quite so black as you have painted me."

"I never want to set eyes on you again," said Jen, bluntly.

"Now will you—after mid-day to-morrow. But you will regret if you do not grant me this interview. If you are wise you will arrange to let me come here to-morrow at 11, and meet Mrs. Dallas and her daughter."

"Both of them will refuse to meet you. You saw Mrs. Dallas to-day, how she behaved."

"Like the fool she is," said the doctor, putting on his hat. "Well, I am going. Will you see me to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, I don't know what possible things you can find to say to me after this interview; but, as you make such a point of it, I'll see you."

"And ask Mrs. Dallas and her daughter to be present."

"Yes, I'll try and get them to come." Later on in the day Jen sent a letter to "The Wigwam," asking Mrs. Dallas to come with her daughter the next morning at 11 o'clock. He did not explain that Dr. Etwald would be present, as he knew the temper of Mrs. Dallas. Whatever might be at stake even if it were to her own interest, she would refuse to meet the men toward whom she bore so strong a hatred.

Therefore Jen decided to be diplomatic, and keep silent as to the visit of Etwald. During the afternoon a note was brought to Jen, in which Mrs. Dallas promised to come and to bring Isabella.

At 11 o'clock next morning Mrs. Dallas arrived with Isabella, the latter looking wan and ill. Even had the Major not promised to be silent, he could not have brought himself to tell the poor girl the truth at that moment.

After all, she was perfectly innocent and had committed the crime unwittingly. Dido was the culprit, not Isabella; and the Major felt a profound pity for the miserable girl, who had been made a tool of by the unscrupulous nigger and the evil-minded Etwald.

"Well, Major," said Mrs. Dallas, after the first greetings were over, "what did that wicked man say to you yesterday?"

"He explained how my poor Maurice was killed."

"Ah!" said Isabella, clasping her hands. "I am sure that it was that terrible man who made David kill Maurice. Oh, if I had only met Maurice or that night, I might have prevented the quarrel."

"Did you meet Maurice, my dear?"

"Of course not," replied Isabella, in the most truthful manner. "I did not leave the house, and Dido was with me all the time. I expect Maurice was waiting for me, and that David saw him. No doubt they quarreled, and then the death took place. I had a nervous headache, and Dido hypnotized me. When I woke up it was too late to see Maurice."

"The Major had learned all that he wished to know, and, not wishing to pursue the subject, turned the conversation by explaining that Etwald was coming in a few minutes. Mrs. Dallas rose up in a cold fury.

"Did you ask me here to insult me, Major?"

"I asked you here at the particular request of Dr. Etwald."

"Why? What can he have to say to my mother?" cried Isabella, in surprise.

"Miss Dallas, I know no more than you do; but he evidently desires to make a clean breast of this whole miserable business."

"I have heard quite enough about it," said Mrs. Dallas, marching towards the door, "and I refuse to meet that monster of iniquity!"

(To be continued.)

### GIRLS AS VETERINARIANES.

They Have Established Free Dispensaries, Where Animals Are Treated.

It hasn't taken long for the story of the free dispensary for animals to get noised abroad. To the headquarters recently opened in this city now goes daily, according to the Philadelphia Record, a stream of visitors, some with sick cats and dogs, others with injured or ailing horses and seeking professional aid for their family pet or their four-footed fellow worker.

At the new dispensary, known as the Caroline Earl White Free Dispensary for Animals, all the dumb invalids are given a welcome and in their turn ministered to by the veterinary surgeon who is in attendance.

But the most interesting feature of this new work is that the services of the regular veterinary who is in attendance are not essential, for the women themselves are ready to play doctor to the sick animals and some of them are as well qualified to do so as any diploma veterinary from the halls of surgical learning.

Mrs. Caroline White, the founder of the dispensary, has made a life study of the ailments of animals and during her attendance at the dispensary she is ready at any time to treat a horse or dog or cat brought there sick or injured.

"I don't know whether a woman veterinary surgeon is a rarity or not," said one of the ladies in attendance at the dispensary, "but I can think of few vocations that are more suitable to women than that of ministering to the wants of dumb animals. When we women see a horse brought limping to the dispensary our hearts go out to the poor thing and we are ready to do any kindness in our power to help the wounded one. What could be more appealing than the look in the eyes of a horse or dog or cat suffering agony and unable to help itself? If we have any horror of blood and wounds we soon overcome it when those appealing eyes are turned upon us."

### A Business Conference.

The junior partner wants to see you right away," announced the bookkeeper. "I guess it's the bounce for yours."

"Nix," responded the office boy. "He only wants to find out what new payers have been signed."—Washington Herald.

### Church to Seek Farmers.

Hundreds of ministerial delegates from Michigan, New York and Ohio arrived in Bellefontaine, Ohio, the other day, to attend the Country Life Institute, called by the Presbyterian Church to devise some means of increasing church attendance in rural communities.

## BLAZING WOODS PERIL FARMS AND VILLAGES

Grand Marais, Minn., Reported by Wireless to Be Doomed by Flames.

WIND SHIFT AIDS ALSTON, MICH.

Farmers in Wisconsin and Michigan Battle Blazes to Save Their Homes.

A wireless message from Grand Marais, Minn., received at Duluth, said that forest fires were bearing down on the village and that it seemed doomed. The operator said it was his last message, as the fire was getting so close that he would have to abandon his tower and seek safety. Grand Marais is on the north shore of Lake Superior and is an old trading post. So far as is known, no lives have been lost. Wild animals are being driven to the lake shore by the fires. Reports received indicate that the entire northeastern part of Minnesota is smoldering, that hundreds of men are out fighting the fires, and that many villages are threatened with destruction.

A desperate battle is being waged by farmers and miners against forest fires in four different districts within a fifty mile radius of Houghton, Mich. They are trying to save a number of small settlements from destruction by the fast spreading flames.

The woods are dry and a brisk wind is carrying the fire from tree to tree with alarming rapidity. A change in the direction of the wind saved the town of Alston, which had been threatened. At L'Anse village several hundred residents quit labor and business and by means of trenches and back fires worked to arrest the progress of the fire toward the town. The Baraga County infirmary, a few miles from L'Anse, was threatened by the fire, and only valiant fire fighting saved the place from destruction. The inmates were taken to private residences. Fires are raging in Ontonagon and Keweenaw Counties, and also near Allouez, Ahmeek, and Gay. The loss of ties, poles, and other cut timber is great, while much standing timber is fire swept. Fires are reported between Laurium and Torch Lake.

The entire country to the west of Washburn, Wis., is being swept by forest fires and damage running up into thousands of dollars is reported from the stricken district. The great blueberry fields west of that city have been destroyed. Hundreds of miles of country is fire swept. The smoke is so thick that the view of the sun has been shut out for days. Forest fires have leveled the south half of the town of Mosinee, Marathon County. Just before wire communication was cut off word came that a number of buildings had been destroyed, including ten residences, four stores, two saloons, post-office and a sawmill.

CHINESE SLAVES ARE FREED. Compromise Measure Ultimately Will Liberate Millions.

The Chinese government by imperial rescript has abolished slavery throughout the empire and has prohibited henceforth the purchase and sale of human beings under any pretext. The reform, however, is not altogether complete, as by the rescript certain forms of slavery will still be tolerated. In a report made to the State Department in Washington it is said that the retainers of the Manchurian princes are not emancipated, but it is forbidden to call them slaves. They have long enjoyed educational and other privileges, although still bound to their hereditary masters.

The household slaves of the Manchus are also refused emancipation, but their status under the law is improved. They are to be regarded as hired servants, but their services are due for an unlimited term of years, so that they are in reality perpetual slaves. Under this rescript the practice of selling children in China in times of famine is abolished, although they may be bound for a specific term, but never beyond the age of 25 years. Concubinage is still to be permitted, but there is to be no bargain and sale. Such concubines are to be married with proper legal formalities, and they will enjoy the protection of the law, but in reality they will be no better than perpetual slaves to the principal wife.

The rescript is said to be a compromise measure, but it will eventually give freedom to millions of human beings, and is declared to mark a distinct advance in civilization.

Dick Case to Be Appealed. An appeal of the suit to keep Senator Charles Dick's name off the primary elections ballot May 17, lodged in the Ohio Supreme Court. The Circuit Court sustained the decision of Judge Babcock that Dick's name must be presented to the people for nomination to the United States Senate.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all blood humors, all eruptions, clears the complexion, creates an appetite, aids digestion, relieves that tired feeling, gives vigor and vim.

Get it today. In usual liquid form or chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 Doses \$1.

### Country Picnic of To-Day.

Suppose you had been touring in an airship and had been spinning over Kansas in a light summer breeze. Suppose that you had noticed signs of activity as you approached the little town called Frankfort. Picture your astonishment, says J. George Frederick in the Travel Magazine, on learning that there was an automobile festival that day and that several hundred farmers and their families were steaming their cars into town, until the streets of the town were quite blocked with autos!

Your ideas of a backwoods Kansas town and the farmers would have a rude jar, for here was Mme. Farmer in a becoming automobile veil and a stylish tailored suit taking tea at an afternoon reception—instead of working the butter churn, in a wrapper, or staring open-mouthed out of the window in a scared way when you steamed past in your auto.

And there was her daughter, draped in the sweetest of summer gowns, talking of college days with a dapper youth with a fraternity hatband and positively the latest thing off Broadway in neckwear! And that was one little unknown town in Kansas!

### A Boy's Holidays.

The ardent controversy which has been waging in England and America concerning the best way to dispose of school boys in the long summer vacation has prompted the Grand Trunk Railway System to issue a special publication giving suggestions and practical hints to parents, as to what to do with the school boy during the months of July and August. The vacation camp is one of the solutions and the publication entitled, "What shall a Boy do with his Vacation?" thoroughly covers the ground.

A copy may be obtained for the asking by applying to W. S. Cookson, 317 Merchants Loan & Trust Building, Chicago.

### All in the Family.

Forty Dams—Your face is strikingly familiar. Have you ever done any work for me before?

Chiroprapist—No, ma'am. You are probably thinking of my twin brother, who runs the shoe store on the ground floor. He must have sold you these shoes. A great many of his customers come here, ma'am.

PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER draws the pain and inflammation from bee-stings and insect bites. Soothes and allays the actual itching of mosquito bites. 25c, 50c and 60c bottles.

### Only an Imitator.

"Like your great prototype, now abroad, I suppose you lead the strenuous life."

"Lead it? No, I merely follow it!"

Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c at Your Drugstore. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

### Uncle Allen.

"An optimist," said Uncle Allen Sparks, is (slap) a man who believes the mosquito (slap) was created for some lofty and (slap) beneficent purpose."

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

Wasn't That Sufficient? "Willie, you don't chew your victuals well enough. You must learn to Fletcherize."

"Why, maw, I do, in my mind."

Good for Sore Eyes. For over 100 years PITT'S EYE SALVE has positively cured eye diseases everywhere. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Love and Finance. Omaha folks are telling of the ardent wooing of a belle of that town by an Italian count, whom the young lady met last year while touring the continent with her mother. The count hastened to America soon after the arrival home of the object of his attention and, presenting himself at the Omaha office of the father, unburdened himself of his sentiments.

"I love her! I love her!" he exclaimed dramatically. "I desire ver' much to marry her!"

The old man eyed the titled person narrowly. "Well, count," he finally asked in a resigned way, "what are your lowest terms?"—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE

375 "Guaranteed"