MUNYON'S RHEUMATISM CURE
Has cured thousands and it can cure you
Relieves from the first
All Druggists, 25¢

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY
For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and GRANULATED EYELIDS
Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain
Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00
Murine Eye Salve, in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, $1.00
EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

AN EXCUSE FOR EACH.

Mother (severely) — How many strawberries have you eaten out of this basket, Ethel?

Ethel—Only two. One to see how it tasted, and the other to take the taste out of my mouth.

NO HEALTHY SKIN LEFT

"My little son, a boy of five, broke out with an itching rash. Three doctors prescribed for him, but he kept getting worse until we could not dress him any more. They finally advised me to try a certain medical college, but its treatment did no good. At the time I was induced to try Cuticura he was so bad that I had to cut his hair off and put the Cuticura Ointment on him on bandages, as it was impossible to touch him with the bare hand. There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body that was not affected. He was one mass of sores. The bandages used to stick to his skin and in removing them it used to take the skin off with them, and the screams from the poor child were heartbreaking. I began to think that he would never get well, but after the second application of Cuticura Ointment I began to see signs of improvement, and with the third and fourth applications the sores commenced to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, but it finally yielded to the treatment. Now I can say that he is entirely cured, and a stronger and healthier boy you never saw than he is to-day, twelve years or more since the cure was effected. Robert Wattam, 1148 Forty-eighth St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 9, 1909."

Puzzled by Wireless.

"Mistah Jenkins," asked an old negro of Atlanta of his employer, "would yo' be so good, sah, as to explain to me 'bout this wireless telegraph business I hears 'em-a-talking 'bout?"

"Why, certainly, Henry," responded the employer, "though I can do so only in a general way, as I myself know little of the subject. The thing consists in sending messages through the air instead of over wires."

"Yassah," said Henry, "I knows 'bout dat; but, sah, what beats me is how dey fasten the air to the poles!"

In a Hurry.

It was Anna's first visit at the seaside. She was only a little girl, and very enthusiastic over the long-looked-for opportunity to go into the water.

They came too late the previous day for a dip in the surf, so Anna was up early, and as she put on her bathing suit while the rest were at breakfast some one questioned her as to her haste.

"Well, you see," replied the thoughtful child, "I want to hurry and go in before so many people get in and get the water cold."

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE will cure any possible case of DISTEMPER, PINK EYE, and the like among horses of all ages, and prevents all others in the same stable from having the disease. Also cures chicken cholera, and dog distemper. Any good druggist can supply you, or send to mfrs. 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle. Agents wanted. Free book. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

No Friend of His.

"Is Mrs. Gaussip a friend of yours?"

"No; she's a friend of my wife's."

"Isn't that the same thing?"

"Not at all. She feels very sorry for my wife."

Diplomatic.

"No, I can never be your wife."

"What? Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?"

She succumbed.—Lippincott's.

WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP
Buy Furs and Hides. Send for catalog 105. N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Forgive the man who smites you on one cheek and he will generally swat you on the other.

Zelda Dameron

By

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER XXIII.

"Good-by, and hail my fancy!" shouted Balcomb as Leighton entered the promoter's office. "Excuse my quotation from Whitman, the good gray poet; but you always suggest bright college years, the dearest, best of life to me, Demetrius."

"I don't want to suggest anything to you, Balcomb. I've come to talk seriously about an unpleasant matter. You've been taking advantage of Mr. Dameron. You've played upon his necessities and got a block of lots away from him for nothing. You've also got an option from him on the strip of land out there on the creek where you propose putting up that flat you've been talking about. While you were planning this you were going to his house, where his daughter received you with courtesy. And I suppose that, in a way, I was responsible for you. I rather let it be inferred that you were a good fellow, and I allowed you to mention that we had been friends in college, though I knew all the time that you were a blackguard. I really think Miss Dameron might forgive you for involving her father in disgrace, but I don't think she would ever overlook your attentions to her cousin at a time when you were plotting to swindle a member of the family."

"You are a fool," said Balcomb. "I'm not responsible for old man Dameron's morals, am I? He was crazy to get money and came to be because he knew I had some snap and could get cash for his lots. He lied to me about it all along. You can't charge me with notice of all the private history of the Dameron family. I didn't know about the trusteeship until I took the deed. I was just as surprised as anybody when found it out."

"You are a depraved beast," declared Leighton. "It seems a shame to disturb your peace of mind; but I came here to talk business. Now, your agricultural friends, when you sprang this lot purchase, asked about the title to the real estate, didn't they? If they didn't they are not the farmers I take them for."

"Your confidence is not misplaced. They did, and they quite satisfied themselves about it."

"They wanted to see an abstract of title."

"They certainly did, old man. You're a regular mind reader."

"They asked for an abstract of title," continued Leighton, "and you give them one, didn't you?"

"Please don't mention it, as thou lovest me. They nearly wore out the thing studying it."

"I have seen a copy of the original at the abstracter's office."

"Awfully keen of you, I'm sure," said Balcomb, amiably. "I tell you, you're a credit to the bar, Morris. You do honor to your preceptor."

He bowed mockingly, but he was growing a trifle anxious and fingered the papers on his table nervously.

"The abstract, as I was saying, consisted of a good many pages. And there was a certain page forty-two, where a will was set forth, in due form, when you got the document from the abstract office; but when your friend Van Cleve made his report on it for your rural syndicate that particular page was missing, and another, bearing the same page number, but with certain points of the Margaret Merriam will omitted, was substituted. That is quite correct, isn't it?"

"You may search me! If there's anything crooked about that abstract it's not on me, you can bet your life. But say, you're getting insulting. Now, I'll tell you something, Leighton, as long as you've come to me in this friendly spirit—this old-college-friendly spirit. I've been all over this thing in my mind. I'm not the twittering little birdling you think I am, to fix up a fake abstract and work it off on a lot of reubs. I didn't order that abstract made; I didn't have a thing to do with it. You seem to think that because there's a beneficiary of the fifteenth amendment in the cordwood, I must be there somewhere, dressed up like a minstrel first part; but you're a dead loser. I'm prepared to prove that that abstract of title was ordered by your Uncle Ezra Dameron, and that he gave it to me with his own hands. I guess you'll have to admit that my reputation in this community is about as good as your Uncle Ezra's. Now, it wounds my pride to have you talking to me as though I were the traditional villain of our modern melidrama, that you have cornered with a merry 'Ha, ha! base churl, at last I have tracked thee to thy lair!' No, darling, you can't catch me on fly paper—not while my wits are in good working order. If you can see how to save Miss Dameron's money without getting her dear old papa into the mulligatawney all well and good; but if you're trying to bring me within the long, lean arm of the penal code you'll have to get better. It's your Uncle Ezra that you're looking for."

"We're going to protect the stockholders of your company whose money has gone into the Roger Merriam lots," continued Leighton. "I honestly think I could set aside the sale; but we'll be generous and straighten the title for you."

"I rather guess you will, or Uncle Ezra wears the stripes."

"I don't think I'd say much about the stripes, with that abstract in Harry Copeland's possession. You know Copeland is rather a persistent fellow, and one of his rural friends is in your company. Now give me that option; it isn't any good, anyhow; but I'll feel more comfortable to have it out of your hands."

"You're welcome to it," replied Balcomb, fiercely. "The old man's crooked, and the idea of his being swindled by me or anybody else is funny, as you'd see if you weren't trying to be his son-in-law. The old fool is playing the bucket shops——"

"I'm in a hurry. Give me the option and get busy about it."

One of the typewriters came in with a card.

"Excuse me, Mr. Balcomb, but the gentleman said he couldn't wait"—and Balcomb rose from the iron safe before which he was bending and snatched the card.

"Tell him I'm engaged. Tell him I don't want to see him anyhow," yelled Balcomb, in a voice that was perfectly audible to the waiting caller in the anteroom.

"Here," he said to Leighton, in the same tone of fury, "here's your option. Give me back the thousand I paid Dameron!"

"Now I want you to give me a check for that money you wrung from Mr. Dameron——"

"I didn't wring any money from him, you yelping ape. I paid him money. You don't seem to understand this transaction."

"I understand it perfectly. You reported to your company that twenty thousand would buy that group of lots; you took that amount of money from them, gave Mr. Dameron eighteen thousand and put the rest in your pocket as commission. It sounds well, doesn't it?"

"He isn't making any kick, is he? I bet he isn't. He was perfectly satisfied. He needed money and was glad to sell at any price. I did him a great service." And Balcomb thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoast with the air of a man who is ready and anxious to face the world on any charge.

"Jack, you will write me a check for that money—your commission, as you call it, deducting the one thousand that was paid for this option, or I'll make Mariona too hot to hold you."

"This is blackmail and I won't submit to it," shouted Balcomb.

"Maybe so, and you can get redress later if it is. I want your check—whether it's any good or not."

"I'll give you half of it if the old man's beefing," said Balcomb, after a minute's reflection.

"All—right away—quick!"

Leighton rose and stood with his hands thrust into his pockets while Balcomb turned to his desk and wrote the check.

The girl outside was heard debating with the caller, who refused to be denied. The door opened suddenly and Leighton, with the check and option in his hand, looked up to see Captain Pollock standing within the partition, his little stick, as usual, under his arm.

"Leighton," he said, quite imperturbably, "I'm awfully sorry to disturb you, but I'm really glad you're here. In fact, I thought for a moment of going to your office to ask you to come with me—to call on our gifted friend."

"You get out of here——"

"My dear Mr. Balcomb, you are a contemptible scoundrel——"

Balcomb made a rush for him, but the captain thrust his stick forward and Balcomb seemed, rather ridiculously, to have impaled himself upon it.

"Stand back, Balcomb," commanded Leighton, and as Balcomb tried again to reach Pollock, Leighton stepped between them.

"I quite agree with you, Pollock, that Balcomb is a bad lot, but this isn't the right place for a scrap."

"I don't care whether it is or not," snapped Pollock. "I'm going to muss him up. He's lied about me; he's tried to blacken my reputation——"

"You're a fool," shouted Balcomb. "I've never mentioned you—I wouldn't mention you."

"You wouldn't, wouldn't you? I should like to know what you meant by writing a letter to the War Department charging me with being drunk here in one of the clubs—a club, you lying blackguard, that you never were in in your life—that you couldn't get inside of to save your neck. You charged me with being drunk and raising a row in that club; and you hinted that I was in collusion with contractors at work on the army post. You don't deny it, do you?"

"I do, indeed! I never wrote any letter to the Ward Department on any subject!"

Pollock laughed and took a step toward him.

"Don't you deny what I tell you before Mr. Leighton! I have the letter here in my pocket. It was sent to me direct by my chief, the very hour it reached him. I suppose you thought they would telegraph my discharge immediately when they got an anonymous letter like that. I've a good notion to break your neck right here."

He was a little fellow, but he seemed suddenly to take on heroic proportions. He whipped open his tightly buttoned coat and drew out an envelope.

"Here's a letter—do you dare tell me you didn't write it—an unsigned typewritten letter to the quartermaster-general. I knew instantly where it had come from."

"I never saw it before; it's a put-up job," declared Balcomb, though not in a tone that carried conviction.

"My chief sent it to me," continued Pollock, "with his indorsement, 'Better find this fellow and punch his head. And now I'm going to obey orders!'"

Balcomb ducked under Leighton's arm and bolted for the door, but as his hand found the knob Pollock seized him by the collar and flung him back against the ground-glass partition with a force that shook it.

"Leighton," said Pollock in his blandest tones, as he held Balcomb against the partition at the end of his stick, "I've told you, and probably some of the adjoining tenants have heard me, that Mr. Balcomb is a liar. I wish to add now that he is a coward. Stand up!" he commanded, letting his stick fall, and Balcomb, thus released, made another rush for the door, only to be seized by the little captain.

Leighton had tried up to this time to keep a straight face, but Balcomb was so clearly frightened to the point of panic that Morris sat down and laughed. Pollock, however, was as grave as an adjutant on parade, and he continued to address Leighton:

"He is a contemptible coward, and I want to warn him before a witness that if he ever appears at any place where I am—I don't care where or when—I'll rise and proclaim him. Now get out before I break my stick on you!"

He turned away from Balcomb, who seized the moment to dart into the anteroom, where the two young women stood huddled together, and began giving them orders with a great deal of unnecessary vehemence. Leighton and Pollock followed at once, passing through the anteroom at a leisurely pace set by Pollock. At the outer door the captain paused, lifted his hat with a mockery of courtesy to Balcomb's back, and remarked in a pleasant tone:

"Good day, Mr. Balcomb. If you should ever need anything in my line please give me the please give me the pleasure of a call."

"Sutler's clerk!" screamed Balcomb. Pollock made a feint of turning back suddenly and Balcomb darted into his private office and slammed the door.

Leighton leaned against the elevator shaft outside and laughed until the corridors rang and sedate tenants came out to see who was disturbing the peace. He laughed at Balcomb's anxiety to keep out of Pollock's way, and he laughed now at Pollock, who joined him, wearing a look of outraged dignity that was altogether out of proportion to his size.

"He called me a sutler's clerk," said the captain, twisting his moustache.

"Then he ducked. His insults don't cut very deep."

"I owe you an apology," said Pollock, when they had reached the street, "for running in on you that way; but I had to tell the chap I knew about his lying letter the hour I got it."

"It's his busy day. I was there on a similar errand," said Leighton. "He's a dangerous person—not in the way of personal violence"—and they both laughed—"but as an intriguing scoundrel."

"Say, old man"—they paused on the corner and Pollock cleared his throat once or twice and struck a trolley pole with his stick as he hesitated. "You don't think she's interested in him, do you?"

"Which she are you talking about?"

"I mean Miss Merriam. He's been about with her a good deal. I just wondered." And the captain seemed both perplexed and embarrassed as he continued to tap the pole.

"Miss Merriam is a very bright young woman, and bright young women are not easily deceived," replied Morris.

"You really think they're not? Well, I devoutly hope they're not; but I believe I'll ask her."

"I think I'd ask her," said Morris, significantly.

And Captain Frank Pollock walked up-town with a look of determination on his face.

(To be continued.)

MIND'S EFFECT ON HEALTH.

Mental Unification with Illnesses Will Produce Them.

Understand that if you are mentally unified with illness, old age and death no amount of desire or affirmation can make you well, young or long lived. To be healthy, writes Wallace D. Wattles in the Nautilus, you must be mentally in unity with health, to remain young, you must be mentally one with youth, and to live long you must be mentally unified with life.

Never see yourself as a sick person; never speak of yourself as a sick person; never think of yourself as a sick person, or, as likely to become sick in the future. And, never act like a sick person. Unite yourself, mentally, with health for the present and for all time to come; look into the future and see yourself as a perfectly healthy and very strong person.

Form a conception of yourself as a perfectly healthy person, and never hold any thought which is out of harmony with this conception. Be perfectly healthy in mind, and think the thoughts of a perfectly healthy person; then you will be mentally united with health and separated from disease, and the same will soon be manifested in your outer world.

"Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

Odorless Frying Pan.

One of the objections to the process of frying is that of the odor which emanates from the frying pan. But a utensil for this purpose has been recently designed which has the merit of overcoming this. The smoke and odor are permitted to pass into the firebox of the stove and thence up the chimney, through the means of a crescent-shaped opening at the end of the pan. With the pan cover on, the natural draft of the range starts a quick and positive circulation through the pan, over the cooking meat or vegetables, carrying down with it all steam and odors. This circulation is made more effective by an air intake space where the handle is attached. This patent air space method of attaching the handle is said to assure a cool handle at all times.

A Bird Census.

The department of agriculture is taking a census of the birds of the United States, and even before its completion is able to estimate that there are 1,414,000,000 or thereabouts. The census is also for the purpose of finding out what birds help and what birds harm the crops with a view to distinguishing the insect-eating varieties.

A Bad Case.

"What seems to be the matter?"

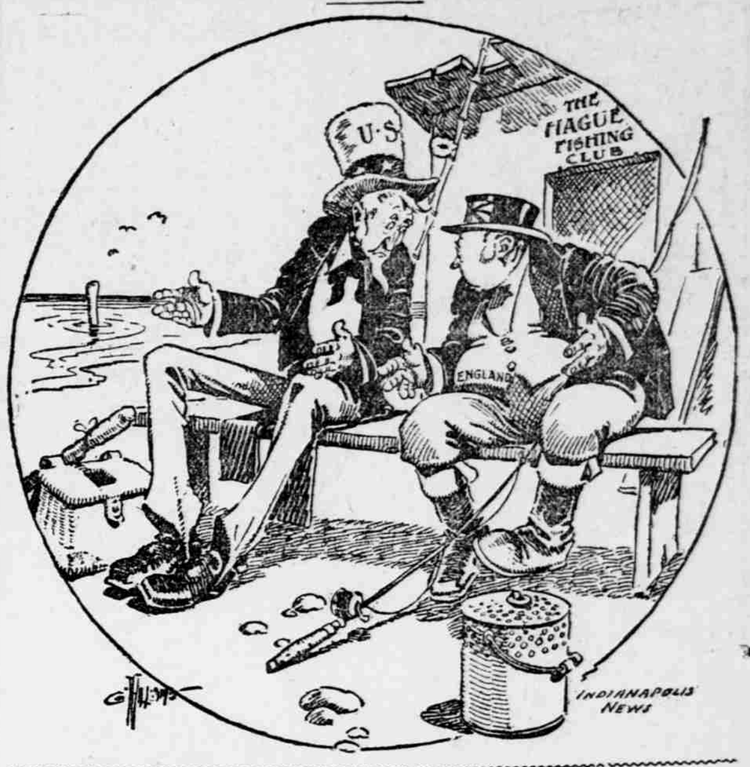
"I'm troubled with insomnia."

"Can't sleep nights, eh?"

"I can't even sleep mornings, doc."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Just under one-third of the total population of England and Wales is under 15 years of age

WHO GOT THE BIGGEST FISH?



OUST "PORK BARREL"

TAFT DECLARES FOR NEW POLICY IN RIVER IMPROVEMENTS.

PLAN TO CUT FREIGHT RATES

President Denounces Selfish Exploitation for Benefit of Few—Asserts Country Is Aroused Against Corrupt Control of Legislatures.

Cincinnati.—Doom for the "pork barrel" and a new policy of waterway improvement, under which congress would authorize prompt completion of a project when once undertaken, to the end that river transportation may prove a strong factor in reducing rail rates, were advocated here at the Ohio Valley exposition by President Taft.

The president said that the country is roused against corrupt control of legislative agencies, but that selfish combinations of the representatives of the majority are equally dangerous.

We have reached a new epoch in the matter of improvement of our waterways. The public is greatly aroused by the confident and just belief that by a more symmetrical, reasonable and prompt expenditure of money upon approved projects, rates for transportation may be lowered, and the business of the country entirely benefited.

As a country, we are all in favor of the most effective and economical expenditure for the development of our waterways, but as members of a district, and as representatives of districts, we are selfishly insistent upon our shares of public appropriations each year, however much that division of the spoil impedes the adoption of the effective and economical improvement of our water transportation.

The evil in the corrupt control of a congress or a legislature by private interests is manifest and always called for condemnation. But there is another kind of legislative abuse as dangerous to public weal in certain of its aspects as corruption, and that is the selfish combination of the constituences to expend the money of the government for the temporary benefit of a part or with little benefit to the whole.

It is the duty of the majority and the minority to legislate always for the benefit of the whole people, and any enactments that look to the selfish exploitations of less than the whole at the expense of the whole, and without benefit to the whole, is a species of legislative abuse that comes very near corruption in its effects, and is perhaps more dangerous than corruption, because those who support such a combination are generally bold in its defense. The days of the pork barrel should be numbered. The country is roused against corporate or corrupt control of legislative agencies.

BURGLAR SLAYS RAIL CHIEF

Wife and Children Witness Tragedy—Suspect Arrested and Is Identified by Victim's Daughter.

Chicago.—Clarence D. Hiller, chief clerk of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway, was shot three times and killed by a negro burglar whom he found ransacking the Hiller home early Monday.

The murder was witnessed by the victim's wife and two daughters, who were aroused when Hiller attacked the intruder at the head of the stairs on the second floor. The men fought for several minutes, finally rolling to the foot of the stairs. The negro fled.

Chanler Acts Against Diva.

New York.—Announcement was made Thursday by Sidney Harris, attorney for Robert Winthrop Chanler, that Chanler has revoked the power of attorney, given by him to his wife, Mme. Cavalieri, the singer, in connection with the antenuptial agreement.

Countess Ill in Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Countess Constance Wachtmeister, former theosophist lecturer and companion of Mme. Blavatsky, is seriously ill at the home of friends in this city.

WESTERN RAIL MEN TESTIFY

PRESENT EVIDENCE IN SUPPORT OF HIGHER FREIGHT RATES.

Hearing Is Conducted by Commerce Commission Along Lines of Court Procedure.

Chicago. — Western railroads continued the presentation of evidence before the interstate commerce commission in support of their contention that a general advance in freight rates is necessary to maintain the standard of service demanded by the government and the people.

Commissioners Clements, Clark and Lane conducted the hearing which hitherto has been in the hands of examiners. Commissioner Clements outlined the work of the week along lines of court procedure, asking railroads, as affirmants, to show cause why the advances proposed should not be permanently suspended, and the shippers, as respondents, to show the contrary.

C. M. Kittle, vice-president of the Illinois Central, the first witness heard, presented statistics showing the cost of operating the road since 1891. Commissioner Lane called the attention of Attorney Norton, representing the Illinois Central, to Mr. Kittle's figures, showing in 1892 a higher cost of operation per mile than in 1910. Attorney Norton replied that this was only a chance comparison; he was about to show, he said, a higher cost in every department of maintenance not on any one feature.

Mr. Kittle testified that in damaged freight indemnities alone this year the road paid out $4,845,470 as against only $60,000 in 1892.

As an instance of increased cost of material Mr. Kittle said that lumber which could be bought in 1900 for nine dollars now costs $13. Increased wages also were a drain on the revenue of the company, he declared.

HEIKE GETS A PRISON TERM

High Official Sent to Penitentiary for Eight Months and Fined $5,000 for Sugar Frauds.

New York.—Judge Martin in the United States circuit court, Monday, sentenced Charles R. Heike, former secretary and treasurer of the American Sugar Refining company, who has been termned the "man higher up" in the sugar trust, to serve eight months in the New York penitentiary on Blackwell's island and to pay a fine of $5,000. Heike had been convicted with others of conspiring to defraud the government by the underweighing of sugar.

Judge Martin granted a stay of execution of the sentence pending an appeal to the United States circuit court of appeals. The court also reduced Heike's bail, which had been $25,000 since his conviction last June, to $15,000.

CHARLTON MAD, EXPERTS SAY

Alienists Make Report on Wife Slayer—Declare He Should Be Confined in Asylum.

New York.—"It is our opinion that Porter Charlton is of unsound mind and liable to attacks of impulsive violence and that his moral sense is pathologically defective. He should be taken to a hospital for the insane and there kept indefinitely, for he is likely at any time to be a menace to society."

This is the conclusion reached by the alienists who examined the slayer of Mrs. Scott Castle, the actress, who was Charlton's wife, at Lake Como, Italy, last June.

Kaiser's Daughter Engaged.

Berlin.—It is reported in connection with the kaiser's present visit to Vienna that the engagement is being arranged for the kaiser's only daughter, Victoria Louise, to the archduke, Karl Franz, eldest son of the late Archduke Otto.

Shoots Officer; Is Killed.

Billings, Mont.—Benjamin Franklin, chair car porter on the Burlington, was shot and killed Thursday while resisting arrest. Deputy Sheriff Pound was fatally wounded by Franklin.