From Among the Shadows a Face Gazed Down at Me.

The MAN in LOWER TEN

10

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

ILLUSTRATIONS by M. G. KETTNER

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SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with the forged notes in the Brouson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's home he is attracted by a picture of a young girl, whom the millionaire explains is his granddaughter. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower eleven and retains lower ten. He finds a drunken man in lower ten and retires in lower nine. He awakens in lower seven and finds his clothes and bag missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence points to both Blakeley and the unknown man who had exchanged clothes with him. Blakeley becomes interested in a girl in blue. The train is wrecked. Blakeley is rescued from the burning car by the girl in blue. His arm is broken. They go to the Carter place for breakfast. The girl proves to be Alison West, his partner's sweetheart. Her peculiar actions mystify the lawyer. She drops her gold bag and Blakeley puts it in his pocket. Blakeley returns home. He finds that he is under surveillance. Moving pictures of the train taken just before the wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaping from the train with his stolen grip. Blakeley learns that a man named Sullivan leaped from the train near M——and sprained his ankle. He stayed some time at the Carter place. While waiting breakfast at Carter's, Blakeley finds Miss West asleep. Mr. Carter, the woman for whom Blakeley bought the Pullman ticket, tries to make a bargain with him for the forged notes, not knowing that they are missing. An amateur detective claims he has found Sullivan. Blakeley and the amateur detective go to the home of Sullivan's sister to investigate.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

"Couldn't see you," I maintained; "I can't see you now. And your sense of continuity didn't tell you about that flower creek."

In the end, of course, he consented to go with me. He was very lame, and I helped him around to the open window. He was full of moral courage, the little man; it was only the physical in him that quailed. And as we groped along, he insisted on going through the window first.

"If it is a trap," he whispered, "I have two arms to your one, and, besides, as I said before, life holds much for you. As for me, the government would merely lose an indifferent employe."

When he found I was going first he was rather hurt, but I did not wait for his protests. I swung my feet over the sill and dropped. I made a clutch at the window frame with my good hand when I found no floor under my feet, but I was too late. I dropped probably ten feet and landed with a crash that seemed to split my eardrums. I was thoroughly shaken, but in some miraculous way the bandaged arm had escaped injury.

"For heaven's sake," Hotchkiss was calling from above, "have you broken your back?"

"No," I returned, as steadily as I could, "merely driven it up through my skull. This is a staircase. I'm coming up to open another window."

It was eerie work, but I accomplished it finally, discovering, not without mishap, a room filled with more tables than I had ever dreamed of, tables that seemed to waylay and strike at me. When I had got a window open, Hotchkiss crawled through, and we were at last under shelter.

Our first thought was for a light. The same laborious investigation that had landed us where we were, revealed that the house was lighted by electricity, and that the plant was not in operation. By accident I stumbled across a tabouret with smoking materials, and found a half dozen matches. The first one showed us the magnitude of the room we stood in, and revealed also a brass candle-stick by the open fireplace, a candle-stick almost four feet high, supporting a candle of similar colossal proportions. It was Hotchkiss who discovered that it had been recently lighted. He held the match to it and peered at it over his glasses.

"Within ten minutes," he announced impressively, "this candle has been burning. Look at the wax! And the wick! Both soft!"

"Perhaps it's the damp weather," I ventured, moving a little nearer to the circle of light. A gust of wind came in just then, and the flame turned over on its side and threatened demise. There was something almost ridiculous in the haste with which we put down the window and nursed the flicker to life.

The peculiarly ghost-like appearance of the room added to the uncanniness of the situation. The furniture was swathed in white covers for the winter; even the pictures wore shrouds. And in a niche between two windows a bust on a pedestal, similarly wrapped, one arm extended under its winding sheet, made a most life-like ghost, if any ghost can be life-like.

In the light of the candle we surveyed each other, and we were objects for mirth. Hotchkiss was taking off his sodden shoes and preparing to make himself comfortable, while I hung my muddy raincoat over the ghost in the corner. Thus habited, he presented a rakish but distinctly more comfortable appearance.

"When these people built," Hotchkiss said, surveying the huge dimensions of the room, "they must have bought a mountain and built all over it. What a room!"

It seemed to be a living room, although Hotchkiss remarked that it was much more like a dead one. It was probably 50 feet long and 25 feet wide. It was very high, too, with a domed ceiling, and a gallery ran around the entire room, about 15 feet above the floor. The candle light did not penetrate beyond the dim outlines of the gallery rail, but I fancied the wall there hung with smaller pictures.

Hotchkiss had discovered a fire laid in the enormous fireplace, and in a few minutes we were steaming before a cheerful blaze. Within the radius of its light and heat, we were comfortable again. But the brightness merely emphasized the gloom of the ghostly corners. We talked in subdued tones, and I smoked a box of Russian cigarettes which I found in a table drawer. We had decided to stay all night, there being nothing else to do. I suggested a game of double-dummy bridge, but did not urge it when my companion asked if it resembled euchre. Gradually, as the ecclesiastical candle paled in the firelight, we grew drowsy. I drew a divan into the cheerful area and stretched myself out for sleep. Hotchkiss, who said the pain in his leg made him wakeful, sat wide-eyed by the fire, smoking a pipe.

I have no idea how much time had passed when something threw itself violently on my chest. I roused with a start and leaped on my feet, and a large Angora cat fell with a thump to the floor. The fire was still bright, and there was an odor of scorched leather through the room, from Hotchkiss' shoes. The little detective was sound asleep, his dead pipe in his fingers. The cat sat back on its haunches and wailed.

The curtain at the door into the hallway bellied slowly out into the room and fell again. The cat looked toward it and opened its mouth for another howl. I thrust at it with my foot, but it refused to move. Hotchkiss stirred uneasily, and his pipe clattered to the floor.

The cat was standing at my feet, staring behind me. Apparently it was following with its eyes an object unseen to me, that moved behind me. The tip of its tail waved threateningly, but when I wheeled I saw nothing.

I took the candle and made a circuit of the room. Behind the curtain that had moved the door was securely closed. The windows were shut and locked, and everywhere the silence was absolute. The cat followed me majestically. I stooped and stroked its head, but it persisted in its uncanny watching of the corners of the room.

When I went back to my divan, after putting a fresh log on the fire, I was reassured. I took the precaution, and smiled at myself for doing it, to put the fire tongs within reach of my hand. But the cat would not let me sleep. After a time I decided that it wanted water, and I started out in search of some, carrying the candle without the stand. I wandered through several rooms, all closed and dismantled, before I found a small lavatory opening off a billiard room. The cat lapped steadily, and I filled a glass to take back with me. The candle flickered in a sickly fashion that threatened to leave me there lost in the wanderings of the many hallways, and from somewhere there came an occasional violent puff of wind. The cat stuck by my feet, with the hair on its back raised menacingly. I don't like cats; there is something psychic about them.

Hotchkiss was still asleep when I got back to the big room. I moved his boots back from the fire and trimmed the candle. Then, with sleep gone from me, I lay back on my divan and reflected on many things; on my idiocy in coming; on Alison West, and the fact that only a week before she had been a guest in this very house; on Richey and the constraint that had come between us. From that I drifted back to Alison, and to the barrier my comparative poverty would be.

The emptiness, the stillness were oppressive. Once I heard footsteps coming, rhythmical steps that neither hurried nor dragged, and seemed to mount endless staircases without coming any closer. I realized finally that I had not quite turned off the tap, and that the lavatory, which I had circled to reach, must be quite close.

The cat lay by the fire, its nose on its folded paws, content in the warmth and companionship. I watched it idly. Now and then the green wood hissed in the fire, but the cat never batted an eye. Through an unshuttered window the lightning flashed. Suddenly the cat looked up. It lifted its head and stared directly at the gallery above. Then it blinked, and stared again. I was amused. Not until it had got up on its feet, eyes still riveted on the balcony, tail waving at the tip, the hair on its back a bristling brush, did I glance casually over my head.

From among the shadows a face gazed down at me, a face that seemed a fitting tenant of the ghostly room below. I saw it as plainly as I might see my own face in a mirror. While I stared at it with horrified eyes, the apparition faded. The rail was there, the Bokhara rug still swung from it, but the gallery was empty.

The cat threw back its head and wailed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

His Wife's Father.

I jumped up and seized the fire tongs. The cat's wail had roused Hotchkiss, who was wide-awake at once. He took in my offensive attitude, the tongs, the direction of my gaze, and needed nothing more. As he picked up the candle and darted out into the hall, I followed him. He made directly for the staircase, and part way up he turned off to the right through a small door. We were on the gallery itself; below us the fire gleamed cheerfully, the cat was not in sight. There was no sign of my ghostly visitant, but as we stood there the Bokhara rug, without warning, slid over the railing and fell to the floor below.

"Man or woman?" Hotchkiss inquired in his most professional tone.

"Neither—that is, I don't know. I didn't notice anything but the eyes," I muttered. "They were looking a hole in me. If you'd seen that cat you would realize my state of mind. That was a traditional graveyard cat!"

"I don't think you saw anything at all," he fled cheerfully. "You dozed off, and the rest is the natural result of a meal on a buffet car."

Nevertheless, he examined the Bokhara carefully when we went down, and when I finally went to sleep he was reading the only book in sight—"Elwell on Bridge." The first rays of daylight were coming mistily into the room when he roused me. He had his finger on his lips, and he whispered sibilantly while I tried to draw on my distorted boots.

"I think we have him," he said triumphantly. "I've been looking around some, and I can tell you this much. Just before we came in through the window last night, another man came. Only—he did not drop, as you did. He swung over to the stair railing, and then down. The rail is scratched. He was long enough ahead of us to go into the dining room and get a decanter out of the sideboard. He poured out the liquor into a glass, left the decanter there, and took the whisky into the library across the hall. Then—he broke into a desk, using a paper knife for a jimmy."

"Good Lord, Hotchkiss," I exclaimed; "why, it may have been Sullivan himself! Confound your theories—he's getting farther away every minute."

"It was Sullivan," Hotchkiss returned imperturbably. "And he has not gone. His boots are by the library fire."

"He probably had a dozen pairs where he could get them," I scoffed. "And while you and I sat and slept, the very man we want to get our hands on leered at us over that railing."

"Softly, softly, my friend," Hotchkiss said, as I stamped into my other shoe. "I did not say he was gone. Don't jump at conclusions. It is fatal to reasoning. As a matter of fact, he didn't relish a night on the mountains any more than we did. After he had unintentionally frightened you almost into paralysis, what would my gentleman naturally do? Go out in the storm again? Not if I know the Alice-sit-by-the-fire type. He went upstairs, well up near the roof, locked himself in and went to bed."

"And he is there now?"

"He is there now."

We had no weapons. I am aware that the traditional hero is always armed, and that Hotchkiss as the low comedian should have had a revolver that missed fire. As a fact, we had nothing of the sort. Hotchkiss carried the fire tongs, but my sense of humor was too strong for me; I declined the poker.

"All we want is a little peaceable conversation with him," I demurred. "We can't brain him first and converse with him afterward. And anyhow, while I can't put my finger on the place, I think your theory is weak. If he wouldn't run 100 miles through fire and water to get away from us, then he is not the man we want."

Hotchkiss, however, was certain. He had found the room and listened outside the door to the sleeper's heavy breathing, and so we climbed past luxurious suites, revealed in the deepening daylight, past long vistas of hall and boudoir. And we were both badly winded when we got there. It was a tower room, reached by narrow stairs, and well above the roof level. Hotchkiss was glowing.

"It is partly good luck, but not all," he panted in a whisper. "If we had persisted in the search last night, he would have taken alarm and fled. Now—we have him. Are you ready?"

He gave a mighty rap at the door with the fire tongs, and stood expectant. Certainly he was right; some one moved within.

"Hello! Hello there!" Hotchkiss bawled. "You might as well come out. We won't hurt you, if you'll come peaceably."

"Tell him we represent the law," I prompted. "That's the customary thing, you know."

But at that moment a bullet came squarely through the door and flattened itself with a sharp pst against the wall of the tower staircase. We ducked unanimously, dropped back out of range, and Hotchkiss retaliated with a spirited bang bang at the door with the tongs. This brought another bullet. It was a ridiculous situation. Under the circumstances, no doubt, we should have retired, at least until we had armed ourselves, but Hotchkiss had no end of fighting spirit, and as for me, my blood was up.

"Break the lock," I suggested, and Hotchkiss, standing at the side, out of range, retaliated for every bullet by a smashing blow with the tongs. The shots ceased after a half dozen, and the door was giving, slowly. One of us on each side of the door, we were ready for almost any kind of desperate resistance. As it swung open Hotchkiss poised the tongs; I stood, bent forward, my arm drawn back for a blow.

Nothing happened.

There was not a sound. Finally, at the risk of losing an eye which I justly value, I peered around and into the room. There was no desperado there: Only a fresh-faced, trembling-lipped servant, sitting on the edge of her bed, with a quilt around her shoulders and the empty revolver at her feet.

We were victorious, but conquered army never beat such a retreat as ours down the tower stairs and into the refuge of the living room. There, with the door closed, sprawled on the divan, I went from one spasm of mirth into another, becoming sane at intervals, and suffering relapse again every time I saw Hotchkiss' disgruntled countenance. He was pacing the room, the tongs still in his hand, his mouth pursed with irritation. Finally he stopped in front of me and compelled my attention.

"When you have finished cackling," he said with dignity, "I wish to justify my position. Do you think the—er—young woman upstairs put a pair of number eight boots to dry in the library last night? Do you think she poured the whisky out of that decanter?"

"They have been known to do it," I put in, but his eye silenced me.

"Moreover, if she had been the person who peered at you over the gallery railing last night, don't you suppose, with her—er—belligerent disposition, she could have filled you as full of lead as a window weight?"

"I do," I assented. "It wasn't Alice-sit-by-the-fire. I grant you that. Then who was it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The ONLOOKER

by WILBUR D. NESBIT

The Story of the Apple

A farmer picked this apple in his orchard
In the west
And put it in a barrel with some others
of his best;
Because they were so splendid he declared the price must climb
And so he raised his figure on that barrel by a dime.

The man who bought that barrel stuck a
label on the top,
Then told the interviewers of a shortage
in the crop;
And when he came to sell it to a buyer
on the floor
He added on his profit and a half a dollar more.

The man who shipped that barrel stuck
his label on it, too,
And talked of early freezes and the damage they do;
The man to whom he shipped it said the
grower's price was high
And raised the price two dollars more than in the days gone by.

The man who stored that barrel told of
shortage in the pick,
Of scale and other pests that make the apple orchards sick,
And he put on five dollars to the cumulative price—
And so it went, each handler taking out his little slice.

O, when you eat this apple, may it fill
you with delight
To know that some one profits on each nibble and each bite.
And, O, be glad you do not live so very far away
From where the apple started, for think what you'd have to pay!

BOOK REVIEWS.

"Fine Furs," from the press of Skin & Peltz, seems to be another of those Rex-Beach-Jack London things about northwest Canada and Alaska. A hasty glance over the illustrations shows that the hero is pestered half to death by foxes and minks and beavers and wolves and polar bears. Evidently he comes out alive, for one picture shows the heroine arrayed in a complete outfit of muff, boa, etc.

A neat little brochure published by Short Ton & Co., is entitled "Coal." It is quite impressionistic and at the same time is a nature story.

"Tropic Breezes," by G. P. Agent, is published by the Southbound Railway company. The title is misleading. One expects from it to peruse a cluster of erotic poems. Instead, the story is laid in a summer resort in Florida, and most of the text is taken up with descriptions of the scenery. The illustrations show the hero and heroine eating, golfing, walking and sailing—quite the conventional pictures.

"Beautiful Mudhurst," is not a William Dean Howells story at all. It is by A. Lott Seller, and published by Hot, Aire & Co. It tells how a young couple built a bungalow which the architect estimated would cost $2,500 and paid for it and a $1,500 lot out of the money they saved by moving out of a house they were renting for $40 a month. Very idealistic.

Up-to-Date.

O, young Lochinvar has come out of the
west and of all the swift airships his
'plane is the best.
In a thousand-foot spiral he drops to the
door and immediately calls for the lady Lenore.
She is ready, forsooth, and her trunk is
well-packed while a dress-case and
satchel supply what is lacked.
She has also a handbag, a hatbox or two
—and from the dressmaker a gown
that is new—
'Tis still in the box that the dressmaker
send (And let us say naught of what
dear papa spent!)—
One glance at the stack of her baggage
he threw; one glance and away by
his lonely he flew.
And his words floated back with no
shadow of hope: "I will come with
a freight train next time we elope!"

Its Mission.

"They say the hobble skirt is going out."

"That's odd. I should think it was exactly suited to be a fall style."

Man and Woman.

"Anyway," says the woman, "scientists and—and—and all such people agree that a woman can endure far more pain than a man, and without complaining, too. So there!"

"Yes," say the man. "But it's this way. A woman can talk more about how she can endure pain without complaining than a man talks about how much he suffers from pain."

In Berlin.

"There goes that witty Miss Munneigh of America," says the count to the colonel. "Her father made his money by inventing a substitute for coal, and I tell you she is a brick."

"Ah, yes," comments the colonel, "but would it not be more appropriate to call her a briquette?"

Just So.

An implement is something to work with; a compliment is something to work people with.

Wilbur D. Nesbit

OLD FASHION ROAST

IT SHOULD BE COOKED OVED BED OF HOT ASHES.

Now Is the Time to Have an Old-Fashioned Corn Roast, Build a Huge Bonfire and Invite Your Friends Over.

Corn and baked potatoes, with oysters roasted in the shell, will be all that is needed for supper beyond the usual sandwiches and soft drinks. If a salad is wanted the tiny pear-shaped tomatoes carry easily and are not messy nor do they need preparation. Mayonnaise should be mixed at home, put in a small glass jar, and packed in a kettle filled with ice.

To insure a successful roast it is necessary to have a huge bed of ashes. If you can find any of the party enthusiastic enough to start the fire the night before and keep it going steadily, you will have much better results. Otherwise it should be started hours ahead of the meal time.

Tear off all the husks but the thin inner layers. Remove silk and tie rest of husks so they do not come open.

Put the corn and potatoes in the ashes about the same time, the potatoes five minutes earlier if they are big ones. The oysters roast in much less time.

Use Good Butter.

Have a supply of good butter with which to dress oysters and corn. Potatoes are dug from their charred shells and mixed with plenty of butter, salt and pepper.

Let the men tend to putting the foods in the ashes, also to removing them with small shovels. Girls' dresses are too inflammable to go near a bonfire.

There is a flavor to these ashes cooked food that can be had in no other way—nor is it just imagination or youth lending a glamour.

Some picnickers include apples for dessert in the roasting list. The skins are somewhat too much charred to be palatable, but they are excellent when put in long iron skewers or in corn poppers and cooked over the flame.

Corn popping is also an agreeable addition if long enough handles can be rigged up not to toast the toasters.

Cabbage in a Loaf.

Scoop out the crumbs from a square loaf of bread, leaving only the four walls. Leave in the oven until crisp and fill with the following mixture: Take off the large outside leaves from a small head of cabbage, remove the stalk and soak in water for about ten minutes, drain and cook in boiling salted water with a teaspoonful of soda until tender; cut into small pieces, season with salt and pepper and put a layer of the cabbage into the loaf with small pieces of butter over it. Add a layer of breadcrumbs and grated cheese. Let stand in the oven until the cheese has melted, and serve very hot.

Jelly Hint.

In making jellies of all kinds this plan is good. Instead of making all jelly at once, simply can the juice of the fruit. To do this, extract the juice in the usual way, bring it to a boil and can without sweetening in quart jars. A jar at a time may then be opened, the sugar added and the jelly finished in the usual way. In this way you may have fresh jelly all the time and the time and labor of making it all up at once is saved.

Sour Milk Cake.

One cup light brown sugar, one tablespoon butter or lard well mixed with the sugar, one cup buttermilk or sour milk, one teaspoon of soda, one of vanilla and two heaping ones of cocoa, also a pinch of salt. Stir in enough flour to make a little thicker than for layer cake and bake slowly. Frosting—One-quarter cup cream and beat in enough powdered sugar until it is as thick as desired. Flavor with vanilla.

Apple Ginger.

Apple ginger is a relish that will find appreciation. Make a syrup of four pounds of sugar and a pint of water. As soon as it comes to a boil add one ounce of green ginger sliced, the yellow rind of four lemons cut in tiny bits, and four pounds of apples pared and quartered. Cook twenty minutes, add the juice of four lemons, let it come to a boil and seal while hot.

To Remove Grease.

To remove candle grease from a fabric or any smooth surface, heat a knife and carefully scrape off with this hot implement. This is easier than ironing over the grease, besides being possible of achievement in more cases.

Sealing wax is a harder problem. It is easy to remove, but leaves a white spot after it. This spot, however, will yield to sponging with turpentine, or, if it still persists after this, to a further application of alcohol.

Escalloped Potatoes.

Pare and slice thin one quart of potatoes; put layer of potatoes in baking dish, seasoning with pepper and salt. Repeat this until all the potatoes are used. Then take milk, one egg, and heaping tablespoonful of flour, beat all together, pour over potatoes and cut thin slices of bacon and put on top of potatoes. Put in oven and bake until brown.

Glace au Chocolate.

Glace au Chocolate—Place two ounces of chocolate in a saucepan with a half teaspoonful of vanilla extract; place over hot water until melted, then add three ounces of powdered sugar and the white of an egg, place over the fire and mix with a wooden spoon until just warm. Remove and immediately use as directed.

Carrot Pie.

One cupful cooked carrots mashed fine, one-half cupful of sugar, two eggs, one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of ginger, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon. Bake in one crust. It is better than pumpkin pie.

WOMAN TELLS STORY OF INTENSE SUFFERING

At the age of about 40 years, I was attacked with hemorrhage of the kidneys or bladder which continued for several years without a check. I finally took advantage of your generous offer and procured a sample bottle of Swamp-Root. Believing it helped me, I purchased a fifty-cent bottle, which convinced me that it was helping me. Three other bottles cured me. In two or three years, over-work brought my ailment back, but one bottle stopped it.

I feel as if I owe my life to you for the great blessing Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root has been to me. I recommend it to all human beings suffering as I was. You have my permission to publish this letter and if any person doubts it, if they will write me, enclosing stamp, I will give full particulars.

Yours very truly,
MRS. T. B. PHELPS,
Rocky, Ark.

Personally appeared before me this 31st day of August, 1909, Mrs. T. B. Phelps who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

L. P. PURVIS, J. P.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co. Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty cents and one-dollar.

Supreme Test.

"I thought you said this bathing suit was in fast colors," said Binks, indignantly, to the bathing master of whom he had bought his dollar suit that morning.

"Yes, that's what I said," returned the bathing master.

"Well, every blessed stripe on the blooming thing has come off on my back," retorted Binks.

"Ah, but wait until you try to get 'em off your back," smiled the bathing master, suavely. "Then you'll see."—Harper's Weekly.

A Touch of Family Life.

When the country youth proposed to the city girl, he received the conventional assurance that she would be his sister. It happened that this youth had sisters at home and knew exactly his privileges. So he kissed her. At this juncture she availed herself of the sisterly right to call out to father that brother was teasing her. Father responded in good, muscular earnest. Then the new brother-and-sister relation was dissolved by mutual consent.—Judge.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Unfraternal.

"It seems cruel to slaughter all those pigs for the market," said the Chicago girl.

"I know that it's cruel," replied Miss Cayenne. "But when you think of what the packers charge for the meat it does seem a little unfraternal."

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 Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

One of the Producers.

"You should endeavor to do something for the comfort of your fellowmen," said the philanthropist, "without thought of reward."

"I do. I buy umbrellas instead of borrowing them."

Ten Beautiful Christmas Cards Free

To quickly introduce the biggest and best farm journal in the West, we make this special 20 day bargain offer: Send 10 cents for trial 3 months' subscription and we will give you free our collection of 16 very finest Gold Embossed Christmas post cards. Nebraska Farm Journal, 319 Ramge Building, Omaha, Neb.

With the advent of the telephone the old "working nights at the office" excuse has been given a permanent vacation.

The satisfying quality in Lewis' Single Binders found in no other 5c cigar.

It is perhaps better to build air castles than to have no ambition at all.

DRINK WATER TO CURE KIDNEYS AND RHEUMATISM

The People Do Not Drink Enough Water to Keep Healthy, Says Well-Known Authority.

"The numerous cases of kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism are mainly due to the fact that the drinking of water, nature's greatest medicine, has been neglected.

Stop loading your system with medicines and cure-alls; but get on the water wagon. If you are really sick, why, of course, take the proper medicines—plain, common vegetable treatment, which will not shatter the nerves or ruin the stomach."

To cure Rheumatism you must make the kidneys do their work; they are the filters of the blood. They must be made to strain out of the blood the waste matter and acids that cause rheumatism; the urine must be neutralized so it will no longer be a source of irritation to the bladder, and, most of all, you must keep these acids from forming in the stomach. This is the cause of stomach trouble and poor digestion. For these conditions you can do no better than take the following prescription: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking well in bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime, but don't forget the water. Drink plenty and often.

This valuable information and simple prescription should be posted up in each household and used at the first sign of an attack of rheumatism, backache or urinary trouble, no matter how slight.

Somewhat Hard to Answer

Judge's Questioning Telegram Must Have Made the Railroad Men Sit Up and Wonder.

Some years ago Judge Gray of the supreme bench of Iowa was called to Colorado by the death there of a relative, who had in vain sought better health in the mountains. On the way back with the body a transshipment was necessary at Council Bluffs. Judge Gray purchased tickets for Iowa City, and attended to the checking of the coffin box in regular form. Then he retired to his berth in the sleeper for a night's rest. At half-past four the next morning the porter roused him to dress, as Iowa City was but a few miles away. The judge had not slept well, and the early rising had not helped to put him in good humor. He was feeling anything but cheerful when he stepped upon the platform at Iowa City, and, walking to the baggage office, found that the body of his relative was not there. "No body came this morning," said the agent. Judge Gray was furious. He was too full for utterance, and, without uttering one word, he walked to the telegraph office, seized a pen, dashed off a dispatch to the baggage agent at Council Bluffs, and thrust it through the window to the astonished operator. It was this: "Where in —— is my mother-in-law?"

Novel Use for Electric Motor.

An electric motor is used in San Francisco to haul sand for grading purposes. With a drag and cable the sand is scraped from the hills to fill the hollows.