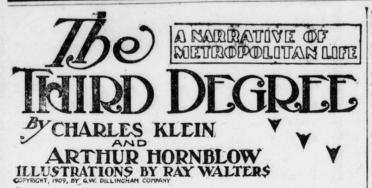
# CAMERON COUNTY PRESS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1911.



### SYNOPSIS.

6

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, a fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is dis-owned by his father. He tries to get work and fails.

## CHAPTER I .--- Continued.

"I wish I could help you, old man. As it is, my own salary barely serves to keep me in neckwear. Wall street's great fun, but it doesn't pay much; that is, not unless you play the game yourself.

Howard smiled feebly as he re plied:

"Nonsense-I wouldn't accept help of that sort. I'm not reduced to soliciting charity yet. I guess I'd pre-fer the river to that. But if you hear of anything, keep me in mind."

The athlete made no response. He was apparently lost in thought when suddenly he blurted out:

"Say, Jeffries, you haven't got any money, have you—say, a couple of thousand dollars?"

Howard stared at the questioner as "Two thousand dollars!" he gasped.

"Do you suppose that I'd be wearing out shoe leather looking for a job, if I had \$2,000?" Coxe looked disappointed as he re-

plied:

"Oh, of course, I understand you haven't it on you, only I thought you might be able to raise it."

"Why do you ask?" inquired How ard, his curiosity aroused.

Coxe looked around to see if any one was listening. Then in a whis per he said:

"It's a cinch. If you had \$2,000 you and I could make a snug little fortune. Don't you understand? In my office I get tips. I'm on the inside. I know in advance what the big men are going to do. When they start to move a certain stock up, I'm on the job. Understand? If you had \$2,000, job. I could raise as much, and we'd pool our capital, starting in the business ourselves-on a small scale, of course we hit it right we might make a nice incor

Howard's mouth watered. Certain ly that was the kind of life he liked best. The feverish excitement o gambling, the close association with rich men, the promise of a luxurious style of living—all this appealed to him strongly. But what was the use? Where could he get \$2,000? He couldn't go to his father. He shook his head

"I'm afraid not, old sport," he said they left the saloon and he held out his hand to say good-by. "But I'll ear it in mind, and if things improve

I'll lock you up. So long!" Climbing wearily up the dirty stairs of the elevated railroad, he bought a ticket with one of the few nickels re maining in his pocket, and taking a seat in a north-bound train started of his trip back to Harlem.

The day was overcast, rain threat ened. A pall of mingled smoke and mist hung over the entire city. From the car window as the train wound its serpentine course in and out the maze of grimy offices, shops and tene marts, everything appeared drab, dirty and squalid. New York was seen at its ugliest. Ensconced in a cross-seat, his chin leaning heavily cross-seat, his chin leaning heavily ness or profession. on his hand, Howard gazed dejectedly lege he became inter

nue. Underwood was coming out of a curio shop. He explained hurriedly that he had left Yale, and when asked about his duture plans talked vaguely of going in for art. His matter was frigid and nervous—the attitude of the man who fears he may be ap-proached for a small loan. He was evidently well aware of the change in his old associate's fortunes, and havthink of it, perhaps it was true. Possibly he was a subject. Anyway he was glad to be rid of Underwood and ing squeezed all he could out of him, had no further use for him. It was his uncanny influence. only when he had disappeared that Howard suddenly remembered a loan of \$250 which Underwood had never station and Howard rode down in the Some time later Howard repaid. elevator to the street. Crossing Eighth learned that he occupied apartments avenue, he was going straight home at the exclusive and expensive As-

truria, where he was living in great and tempting array of bottles in a He went there determined to corner saloon window tempted him. style. see him and demand his money, but the card always came back "not at thing he needed in the world above home.'

Underwood had always been a myshe had had more than enough already tery to Howard. He knew him to be But that was Coxe's fault. He had an inveterate gambler and a man en- invited him and made him tirely without principle. No one knew There couldn't be any harm in taking another. He might as well be hanged who his family were or where he came from. His source of income, too, was always a puzzle. At college for a sheep as a lamb. By the time he emerged from the saloon his he was always a puzzle. At conlege he energed from the saloon his he was always hard up, borrowing right and left and forgetting to pay, yet he always succeeded in living on the fat of the land. His apartments of a cheap-looking flat house. As he



in the Astruria cost a small fortune; | reached the top floor a cheerful voice "Is that you, Howard, dear?"

CHAPTER II.

him what he chose. He wondered why The box-like hole where Howard he had not tried to resist. The truth sat awaiting his meal was the largest was Underwood exercised a strange, room in a flat which boasted of "five subtle power over him. He had the and bath." There was a bedroom of power to make him do everything he equally diminutive proportions and a parlor with wall paper so loud that it talked. There was scarcely enough wanted him to do, no matter how foolish or unreasonable the request. Every one at college used to talk about it. room to swing a cat around. The One night Underwood invited all his thin walls were cracked, the rooms classmates to his rooms and made him cut up all kinds of capers. He at first were carpetless. Yet it showed the care of a good housekeeper. Floors refused, point blank-but Underwood and windows were clean, the cover on got up and, standing directly in front the table spotless. The furnishings got up and, standing directly in front of him, gazed steadily into his eyes, Again he commanded him to do these ridiculous, degrading things. Howard feit himself weakening. He was sud-denly seized with the feeling that he must obey. Amid roars of laughter he recited the entire alphabet stand-in the table spotless. The furnishings were as meager as they were ingen-ious. With their slender purse they had been able to purchase only the bare necessities—a bed, a chair or two, a dining room table, a few kitch-en utensils. When they wanted to sit in the parlor they had to carry a chair from the dining room; when ing on one leg, he crowed like a chair from the dining room; when rooster, he hopped like a toad, and meal times came the chairs had to he crawled abjectly on his belly like travel back again. A soap box turned a snake. One of the fellows told him upside down and neatly covered with upside down and neatly covered with afterward that he had been hypchintz did duty as a dresser in the bedroom, and with a few photographs notized. He had laughed at it then and tacks they had managed to im-part an aesthetic appearance to the as a good joke, but now he came to

parlor. This place cost the huge sum of \$25 a month. It might just as well have cost \$100 for all Howard's ability to pay it. The past month's rent was The train stopped with a jerk at his long overdue and the janitor looked more insolent every day. But they did not care. They were young and life was still before them. when suddenly he halted. The glitter

Presently Annie came in carrying steaming dish of stew, which she laid on the table. As she helped How-ard to a plate full she said: "So you He suddenly felt that if there was one "So you had no luck again this morning?" all others it was another drink. True,

Howard was too busy eating to answer. As he gulped down a huge piece of bread, he growled: "Nothing, as usual-same old story,

nothing doing." Annie sighed. She had been given this answer so often that it would have surprised her to hear anything else. It meant that their hard hand-to-mouth struggle must go on. She said nothing. What was the use? It would never do to discourage How-

ard. She tried to make light of it. "Of course it isn't easy, I quite understand that. Never mind, dear. Something will turn up soon. Where did you go? Whom did you see? Why didn't you let drink alone when you promised me you would?" "That was Coxe's fault," blurted

out Howard, always ready to blame others for his own shortcomings. 'You remember Coxe! He was at Yale when I was. A big, fair fellow with blue eyes. He pulled stroke in the 'varsity boat race, you remember?

"I think I do," replied his wife, in differently, as she helped him to more stew. "What did he want? What's he doing in New York?"

"He's got a fine place in a broker's office in Wall street. I felt ashamed to let him see me low down like this. He said that I could make a good deal of money if only I had a little capital. He knows everything going Wall street. If I went in with him I'd be on Easy street.'

"How much would it require?" "Two thousand dollars.

The young wife gave a sigh as she answered:

"I'm afraid that's a day dream. Only your father could give you such an amount and you wouldn't go to him, would you?"

"Not if we hadn't another crust in the house," snapped Howard savage-ly. "You don't want me to, do you?" he asked looking up at her quickly.

"No, dear," she answered caimly. "I have certainly no wish that you should humble yourself. At the same time I am not selfish enough to want to stand in the way of your future. Your father and stepmother hate me, I know that. I am the cause of your separation from your folks. No doubt your father would be very willing to help you if you would consent to leave me."

Howard laughed as he replied: "Well, if that's the price for the \$2,000 I guess I'll go without it. I wouldn't give you up for a million times \$2,000!

# CHECK IT IN TIME.

Few people realize the grave danger of neglecting the kidneys. The slightest kidney symptom may be Nature's warning of dropsy, diabetes or dreaded Bright's dis-

ease. If you have TELLS A STORY any kidney symptom, begin using Doan's Kidney Pills at once. W. P. Miller, Pender, Nebr., says: "I spent over \$1,000.00 trying to get well, but my life was despaired of. The doc-

tors said I had torn the ligaments of the kidneys apart. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and they were the first remedy that helped me. Were it not for them, I would have had to give up work."

Remember the name-Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Art in the Nude. The photographer's lady was very preoccupied showing some samples of work to prospective sitters, when a tall and raw-boned individual, apparently from "the land," stalked solemn-ly into the studio, and intimated that he would like to know what the "pic-

were worth. "Like that, \$3 a dozen." said the photographer's lady, handing him one

The farmer gazed long and earnestly at the photograph of a very small

baby sitting in a wash basin. "And what would it cost with my clothes on?" he finally asked.

# Many Feel So.

"I'm so sorry about it, but my hus-band actually hates music." "How strange!"

"Isn't it. His prejudice is so strong that he has to jump up and leave the theater whenever the orchestra is playing an entr'-acte.'

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F. C. Imes, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Scarecrow. Miss Brush—I suppose you don't mind my being in your field, Mr. Gobel?"

Farmer Gobel (heartily)-The longer you stay, the better, miss. Fact is, the birds 'ave been very troublesome this season .-- London Tattler.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

If some men were compelled to pay as they go they would stay.

# Constipation

"For over nine years I suffered with chronic constipation and during this time I had to take an injection of warm water once every 24 hours before I could have an action on my bowela. Happily I tried Cascarets, and today I am a well man. During the nine years before I used Cascarets I suffered untold misery with internal piles. Thanks to you, I am free from all that this morning. You can use this in behalf of suffering humanity. B. F. Fisher, Roanoke, Ill

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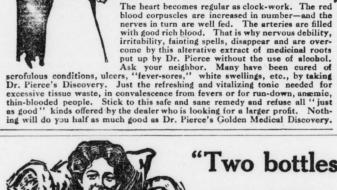
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# The heart becomes regular as clock-work. The red



out of the window. outlook was in keeping with his own state of mind.

How would the adventure end? of the question. Letters sent home remained without response. He wasn't surprised. He knew his pater too well to expect that he would re-lent so soon. Besides, if the old man was so infernally proud, he'd show him he had some pride, too. He'd drown himself before he'd go down on his knees, whining to be forgiven. His father was dead wrong, anyway. His marriage might have been foolish;

her, his hinter would have thought more highly of him. If he'r tuike the girl, no doubt he would have been welcomed home with open arms. Pahaw! He might be a poor, weak fool, but thank God, they couldn't re-proach him with that. Annie had been loyal to him throughout. He'd stick to her through tick and that as a lie. Annie, he wood. He had seen his old associate anly once since leaving cellege. He fran across him one day or Fifth are

ame interested in art He The depressing frequented the important art sales

and soon got his name in the news of the apartments to greet Howard. papers as an authority on art matters. She was a vivacious brunette of me-His apartment was literally a museum dium height, intelligent looking, Reconciliation with his father was out of European and oriental art. On all good features and fine teeth. It was sides were paintings by old masters, beautiful rugs, priceless tapestries, antique furniture, bronzes, etc. He passed for a man of wealth, and mothpassed for a man of weath, and moth-ers with marriageable daughters, con-sidering him an eligible young bach-elor, hastened to invite him to their homes, none of them conscious of the amiable disposition. There was de-termination in the lines above her nouth. It was a face full of character, the face of a woman who by sheer danger of letting the wolf slip into the lambs' fold. dint of dogged perseverance might ac-complish any task she cared to set

inter was dead wrong, anyway. His marriage might have been foolish:
Annie might be beneath him socially.
She was not educated and her father ton, mused Howard as the train jogged along, men of Underwood's bold and reckless type wield, espenanners left much to be desired, at times he was secretly ashamed of her.
But her bringing up was her misfor tune, not her fault. The girl herself at college had fallen entirely under the was responsible for all his trout telligent, far more likely to make him a happy home than some stuck up, lele society girl who had no thought for anything save money, dress and show. Perhaps if he had been his will. What a fool had made of him at the university He had been his will consult on the was not easting of the himself to serious study, left the was doubt have been welcome with with honors and be now a welcome d home with norm of the was the was not and therein proachfully:

Annie stretched her hand across A young woman hurried out of one the table

"Really?" she said (TO BE CONTINUED)

# Engineering in Hospitals.

Practically all the important in-firmaries and hospitals in England in have their own electric generating whom adversity had not succeeded in stations, and the size of the installa-wholly subduing a naturally buoyant, tions would surprise the majority of engineers. The equipment has to be designed with unusual care, owing to the special conditions which prevail in hospital work. Even where a pub-lic supply is available, the use of an independent system is justified on ac-count of the security which it gives against failure of current at a critical The installations are used moment. The installations are used for lighting, heating, ventilating, telephoning and other purposes, many hospitals have laundries and op erated electrically. One county asylum has its own private electric railway for conveying supplies from the nearest railway station.

## The Duration of Dreams

Something regarding the duration of dreams can be gathered from this experience of a man who, on sitting down for a dental operation, took gas and dreamed. He saw himself finish his work, go to the club, leave for

his work, go to the club, leave for the station, run for the train and miss it. He returned to his club and re-clined on a settee in the library. There he passed a miscrable, restless night, getting gradually colder and colder as

used your Liniment and

found relief at once. I

got two bottles and they cured me. I think it is the best Liniment a person I shall always keep a bottle in my house as long as I can have in the house. I shall always keep a bottle can get it."-MRS. E. R. WALLACE, Morrisons, Va.

Another Letter. MRS. JAMES MCGRAW, of 1216 Mandeville St., New Orleans, La., writes :--"I take pleasure in writing to you that I had a pain in my arm for five years, and I used



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