

OLD MAN STILL HAILE AND HEARTY; WORKS EVERY DAY AND PRAISES NEW REMEDY

In Bed for Months He Was Too Weak to Stand Up.

TAKES HYPO-COD REGAINS HEALTH

"I certainly am indebted to this new tonic Hypo-Cod," declared Wm. E. Gilbert, 1289 Battery Ave., Baltimore, Md.

"For months I was spending most of my time in bed with two doctors part of the time. Nervous indigestion had made me so weak and had I could hardly stand on my feet. I had a bad cough too and pains in my chest and a general breakdown kept me away from work and in bed for months.

Good health, more strength, better appetite, strong lungs, steadier nerves and richer blood means better work, easier work and more fun out of life and it costs very little when you stop and think.

Earle's Hypo-Cod is simply a newer, more modern, more powerful tonic and is so pleasant to take even children love it and elderly folks say it agrees perfectly with the weakest stomach.

A Fresh Start.

"Jack's married." "Got through sowing his wild oats, eh?" "No, he's already started a new crop with his wife's money."—Boston Transcript.

Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be dependent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them.

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The Mystery of Hartley House

By CLIFFORD S. RAYMOND

Illustrated by IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"There was a lot of malevolence in Mr. Sidney's tone, a tremendous amount of hate. Richard Dobson uttered the quivering, quivering little cry again and started to run. As he got under way, he shrieked. It sounded like an old woman's shriek.

"Mr. Sidney started after him. He had that cane you saw him take out of this room. That was the one he was beaten down with.

"I think for a moment he wanted to kill Richard. He flourished the stick and yelled. Richard, being in a frenzy of fright, was stronger on his legs than his brother. He was off into the bush. Mr. Sidney stumbled and fell.

He got up rather slowly, as if he were either hurt or as if his strength were leaving him. I could hear Richard shrieking farther off in the bush.

"When Mr. Sidney got up, he turned toward the house, and I ran to beat him here and found you."

Jed rocked a while, and I did not say anything.

"I am decidedly shaken," he said after a while. "I was very fond of him, and I am a useless old man, an alcoholic of no account except to him, and he is dead."

"There is only one thing to do," I said. "Richard Dobson must be on his way to freedom tomorrow. We shall have to see to that."

Jed aroused himself for an instant. "You copy-book moralist!" he said. "You would interfere with a genial, lovable man's magnificent hate just because he is dead and your scruples have become important. You ought to choke. Let the brute Dick Dobson rot in prison. It's his desert."

"It can't be done, Jed," I said. "Tomorrow we'll go to Alwick prison and explain."

For me to act without telling Mrs. Sidney was impossible, and it was almost impossible for me to take the subject up with her. I saw her only for a moment, told her that, being acquainted with the facts, I thought I knew what the conscience of the house would require.

Her world had been destroyed; her light had gone out. She had no pride for herself; she shrank from the possibility of a hurt to Isobel, but I had judged the conscience of the house correctly. She would have protected Mr. Sidney against all the equities and injustices in the world—that was her sin in her own esteem. But now he was dead; justice could be done.

I did not want to act without Isobel's knowing what I was doing. I hoped she would approve of what I intended to do, though I intended to do it whether she did or not. I had to tell the story.

"You are right, John," she said. "But how magnificent father was! He was stark Nemesis, the cleanest, purest justice there is!"

She was a bit ecstatic. They teach young ladies too many generalizations, I thought. There was no rhapsody in this; it was ugly.

Jed had one more flash of spirit as we started for the penitentiary.

"You poor old copy-book fool of a moralist!" he said. "Why can't your insignificant conscience be satisfied without doing a lot of damage to a good end? Hang you moralists! You wreck life. Richard Dobson can't be

can have it either way you want. You are going to force him out of the only place he has to live, and you are going to give him the tragedy of knowing that his life was wrecked."

"He is a rich man," I said. "Half the old Dobson estate is his. All of it is his. His brother was legally and is now actually dead."

"You are a worse man than I was," said Jed. "I never interfered with Mr. Sidney's scheme of punishment. You are trying to. His scheme was just."

"What's the use of this debate?" I exclaimed. "You are morally incapable of right doing."

"And you are a foolish collection of pious axioms," said Jed.

When we came to the penitentiary entrance, we encountered Morgan of the Metropolitan agency. He stopped me.

"You had me fooled," he said. "I really thought you didn't know."

"I did not know," I said.

"Didn't you?" he exclaimed. "You are here to see Richard Dobson. I followed my hunch. I have the answer to the thing. I know why this man Sidney never was younger than twenty years. You are here to see Richard Dobson because you are representing Arthur Dobson."

"Arthur Dobson is dead."

"I know he is—as a name; but he is alive as Sidney."

"Mr. Sidney is dead," I said. "We have come here to tell Richard Dobson that he can go free. I did not know who Arthur Dobson was until last night."

As Morgan stood before us on the penitentiary steps, I thought how true had been my conception of him as the inevitable. Mr. Sidney had outplayed fate, but it was by using the trump card death.

Morgan's face showed some unpleasant lines.

"What do you mean, that Sidney is dead?" he asked.

"He died Christmas night. I read his diary last night. Jed gave it to me. It is the one Dravada tried to steal. We came here at once to tell Richard Dobson."

"Let his brother Arthur tell him. Richard is dead," said Morgan, going on down the steps. "But I am not through with you people. Publicity is just as good now as it was before."

established yourselves, and Morgan's story will be a dried-up walnut."

The proposal was so repulsive that I did not answer Jed. He said a great deal more in a great deal of bitterness, chiefly against me and what he conceived to be my moralistic ideas.

When we had returned to Hartley house, Jed said:

"Do at least one thing, ask Miss Sidney what she prefers."

I had no right and no inclination to make a decision which concerned the family and not me. I did not want to speak to Mrs. Sidney—Jed was right, her conscience might permit only the answer which would expose the family to consequences. I spoke to Isobel.

We compromised with Morgan. Jed again was right. Morgan wanted \$50,000. He took \$20,000.

Isobel had been insistent. She had been impatient of any suggestion that there could be anything immoral or dangerous in such compromising. Feminine morals are selfishly protective of things near and dear. A generalized immorality, an unembodied immorality, is to women unimportant. It is less than unimportant; it is impossible; it does not exist. This is a part of the instinct which nourishes and protects the infant.

"I don't understand you at all, John," she said. "Is there any question in your mind that we ought to protect my father's memory and my mother's peace of mind? You admit that even now this man Morgan can wreck the things we hold dearest. You admit that a small payment can protect these things. You know that the one thing of which we have more than we need is money, and you admit that we are not doing any person any harm by using it to bribe this man Morgan."

Of course, I had to give in.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mr. Sidney was buried by the pool on a bitter afternoon when the snow creaked underfoot, and the sun, in a cold blue sky to the southwest above the hills across the river, could hardly be regarded as a warm and sustaining star.

The servants were pall bearers—sad ones; and we had the chaplain from the penitentiary to read the service in the room Mr. Sidney had used. The sun came in the southwestern windows, and the canaries sang. Algot was afraid of strangers and hid himself. Otherwise it was Mr. Sidney's room.

We carried the coffin the half-mile in the bitter cold to the grave which had been dug by the pool with mattocks through the frozen earth. Mrs. Sidney took my arm, but walked the distance bravely. Isobel went as if she were a clear-eyed Spartan girl accepting life without a quaver or whimper, upon the terms offered. We left the remains of our gracious gentleman there.

So genial a man could not die. He still pervaded the house. He had impregnated it. His death could not destroy his influence. Even his room, his death chamber, remained jovial; but Algot attached himself to Isobel and could not be parted from her. He went to her room that night.

Necessity and delicacy both suggested that I go away for a while the following morning. It was necessary for me to establish myself in the city, in material and physical facts of lodging, and so forth, and delicacy intimated that I was an alien in the house, hold upon a strangely fictitious standing.

I went away in the early morning, leaving word that I would return in a day or two to say good-bye. I came back the evening of the second day, by automobile from the city. I had been impelled to go back and had so far resisted the compulsion that I had missed train time. Then the impulse reasserted itself so irresistibly that I took an automobile for the 40-mile ride.

Jed met me at the door. His cordiality was unforced. It was the dinner hour. Jed suggested either some biscuits and sherry in my room or an omelet with mushrooms. Mrs. Sidney, he said, had been Spartan, but was in collapse. Miss Sidney was somewhere about—he did not know where.

I did not want anything to eat and went toward the library. Isobel was sitting there by the fire.

I had often seen her thus before. It was one of the familiar pictures I should remember. There were probably a half dozen others—none better than this.

She looked up as I entered.

"I am glad you are back, John," she said.

I could think only of a commonplace.

"I did not intend to disturb you," I said. "How is your mother?"

"Utterly and happily stupefied," said Isobel. "Her pain waits for her."

"And yourself?"

"I can't find a tragedy in it," she said. "I feel a sense of terrible but inevitable loss. I had reconciled myself to it. I can't be a sentimental rebel against life. His life was happy to the end. He would hate us if we

were morose. Please sit down, John." I did, in a comfortable chair. We looked at the fire.

"I'll be saying good-bye tomorrow," I said.

"What are you going to do?"

"I have made some arrangements. I'll build up a small practice. I may go to a small town, I think that would suit me. I haven't the temperament for a city. It is chill."

"You have really set yourself back by coming here," she suggested.

"Possibly," I admitted, "in purely material ways; but I have lived the wonder time of my life here. The sacrifice was cheap."

"But it was a sacrifice?"

"In a strictly pragmatic fashion, yes."

"You think of it as a sacrifice?"

"I do not. I think of it as my real life. The rest of my existence will be the sacrifice."

"You are a simple sort of a person, John."

"I presume so. I have no reason to think otherwise."

"Where did you get your ideas of women, John?"

"I have no ideas of women. I am not presumptuous or, in that fashion, egotistic."

"Yes, you are," she said.

"I don't think you are right in saying that."

"You are presumptuous about me."

"I am not!" I exclaimed in hurt pride.

"You are," she said. "You presume that I am not in love with you."

(THE END.)

WANTED TO "GO IT ALONE"

Many Years Ago Missouri Declared Her Ambition to Become an Independent Republic.

Missouri once had intention of setting up as an independent republic all by herself. The Session acts, state of Missouri, 1838-1839, contain a memorial to the congress of the United States relative to the Santa Fe trade.

It tells of an expedition of traders to Santa Fe in 1812 from St. Louis, though it is not specifically stated that they went over the Santa Fe trail.

The early Session acts of the Missouri legislature, starting in 1824, contain many interesting resolutions and memorials to congress on all manner of political and historical subjects. Incidentally the Missouri constitution of 1820 starts with the preamble that the citizens of the state agree to form and establish a free and independent republic by the name of the state of Missouri.

Missouri was one of the pivotal states in the history of this country. It was made such in the ancient fight in congress over the slavery question, which took up the admission of free and slave states and considered the balance thereof in congress. Missouri was also a pivotal state in yet another and larger sense—she was the jumping-off place for that wild and unknown country called the Wild West—the land west of the Missouri river.

She made the midway point between the frontiersmen of Kentucky and those of the great plains, occupying a generation of history herself as a frontier commonwealth.

Value of Snakes. Most people have a decided shrinking from snakes, which is not to be wondered at in tropical countries, where their bite is venomous and often fatal. But the grass snake ought not to be confounded with the rattlesnakes, cobras or pythons. It is as harmless to humanity as a frog and a good deal more useful. No greater enemy to bugs is in existence. And slugs are among the most hurtful of garden and field pests. They keep down the numbers also of such other pests as mice, shrews and other small rodents. But as slug destroyers they deserve to be cherished rather than massacred at sight, which is their usual fate.

FOUND CARDUI GREAT BENEFIT

South Carolina Lady Suffered Until She Couldn't Stay Up or Go Anywhere—Tells How Cardui Helped Her Get Well.

Batesburg, S. C.—In telling how she found relief from troubles that had caused her much suffering, Mrs. E. E. Oswald, of this place, says: "Each month I would begin to suffer with my back and head. My limbs would ache and I would chill. I wouldn't be able to stay up, no matter what I wanted to do, or where I wanted to go. My people tried giving me different medicines and teas and tonics, yet I didn't get any better."

"Some one told me of Cardui, and I began to take it. I noticed it helped me. I kept it up. After a few months I didn't have any trouble. For about six months I used it, before . . ."

"I found I was all right, and from that day to this have never had any trouble at this time. I have taken it since, a bottle or two in the winter, especially when I have been exposed, and would take a cold, for I consider it the best thing a woman can take to tone up the system, keep off nervousness, and increase the appetite. I certainly know it has been of great benefit to me."

If you are weak, nervous, or suffer from womanly troubles such as Mrs. Oswald mentions, take Cardui, the Woman's Tonic. All good druggists sell Cardui.—Adv.

Savages Poop Physically. The natives of the African jungle, instead of being the lusty savages of imagination, are for the most part physically below par. The majority of them are malnourished and diseased and marked physical defects are common.

USE "DIAMOND DYES"

Dye right! Don't risk your material in a poor dye. Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can, diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into old garments, draperies, coverings, everything, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed. Druggist has "Diamond Dyes Color Card"—16 rich colors. Adv.

Japanese Industry. If Japanese mills had been able to obtain deliveries of all machinery ordered from English and United States builders since 1914, their equipment would now aggregate about 5,000,000 spindles. The actual number, however, is not more than 3,250,000.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*.

In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Turning the Luck. In Yorkshire, country folk cross their thumbs "to turn the luck" should they meet a single magpie. In Scotland a magpie seen near a dwelling is believed to portend death to one of the inmates.

What She Hunted. "Do you ever go hunting?" asked a friend. "No, but my wife does," was the reply. "Your wife?" "Yes."

"What for?" "Oh, for burglars, or fire, or paregoric, or trouble, or my salary; it's always hard to tell in advance."—Houston Post.

Don't Go From Bad to Worse!

Are you always weak, miserable and half-sick? Then it's time you found out what is wrong. Kidney weakness causes much suffering from backache, lameness, stiffness and rheumatic pains, and if neglected, brings danger of serious troubles—dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease. Don't delay. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Virginia Case. Mrs. Chas. Cook, 410 Queen St., Alexandria, Va., says: "The flu left my kidneys in bad shape. My back pained and it seemed as though a dagger were being thrust into my kidneys. The kidney secretions passed too freely. Mornings I was a tired. A friend told me how wonderful Doan's Kidney Pills were and I used them. Before long I was entirely cured."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Constipation, Stomach Trouble, Instant relief. Treatment, Standard Headache Chart, 16c. Prof. Gilbert, 5426 Vireo St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Mr. Sidney Started After Him.

outside the penitentiary. He has no money, no way of making any, no place to go, no friends. You are going to throw him out of his home. You are going to torture him with the knowledge that his life was wasted in prison when he was a free man in law. You are going to destroy "the Sidney family."

"Richard Dobson saw his brother," I said, "that night at the pool."

"He saw a ghost," asserted Jed. "Or it he can't see a ghost, I must want to stay in the penitentiary. If he knew it was his brother, why didn't he demand an inquiry and his freedom? Either because he saw a ghost or he does not want his freedom. You

MURINE Night and Morning Keep Your Eyes Clean—Clear and Healthy

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