

HOW DOCTORS TREAT COLDS AND THE FLU

First Step in Treatment Is a Brisk Purgative With Calotabs, the Purified and Refined Calomel Tablets that are Nausealess, Safe and Sure.

Doctors have found by experience that no medicine for colds and influenza can be depended upon for full effectiveness until the liver is made thoroughly active. That is why the first step in the treatment is the new, nausealess calomel tablets called Calotabs, which are free from the sickening and weakening effects of the old style calomel. Doctors also point out the fact that an active liver may go a long way towards preventing influenza and is one of the most important factors in enabling the patient to successfully withstand an attack and ward off pneumonia.

One Calotab on the tongue at bed time with a swallow of water—that's all. No salts, no nausea nor the slightest interference with your eating, pleasure or work. Next morning your cold has vanished, your liver is active, your system is purified, and you are feeling fine, with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Druggists sell Calotabs only in original sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. Your money will be cheerfully refunded if you do not find them delightful.—(Adv.)

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff, Itches, and Itching
Restores Color and
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
Sole and Only at Druggists, and
Hiscox Chem. W. E. Pathe, N. Y.

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc. Stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. By mail or at Druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patheburg, N. Y.

Investment and Business Opportunities. FREE. Upon receipt of your name and address I will furnish you full information and map covering operation of company that looks like a sure shot to pay 10% the first year and double from then on. This investment will particularly appeal to those of moderate means. Quick. Write to: NORTHROP, 1204 1/2 Main St., Dallas, Texas.

Chief Task.
"What is your boy doing now at college, old man?"
"Me."

NEW TONIC MADE HER STRONG AND WELL VERY QUICK

I Took Earle's Hypo-Cod Too and It Worked Wonders.

I KNOW MANY OTHER FOLKS IT HELPED

"I was so nervous I could hardly write my name and was almost down and out. I could hardly get around at all. One bottle of Earle's Hypo-Cod helped me so much I took three and it built up my appetite, revived my lost strength and drove away a case of nervousness which I had for seven years. I heard about this tonic through a couple men I know who built themselves up after the 'flu' with it," declared R. F. Anderson, Farmer at the Hyattsville, Md., National Training School for Boys.

"My relief was so complete I never felt better in my life. My daughter-in-law after a spell of sickness developed a cough which the doctor couldn't seem to help. I told her to stop the doctor and take Hypo-Cod, which she did, and although I don't know whether she took more than two bottles or not—she got rid of that cough and is as strong and well as she ever was. I could mention others I've known to be helped with this wonderful tonic, but what is the use? People can easily find out how it does the work by getting a bottle just like I did," continued Mr. Anderson, who at the age of 76 looks and works like a young man.

Thousands of men and women are stronger, healthier and vigorous and thank Hypo-Cod for it. Professor Early asserts it is the most powerful reconstructive tonic made. Druggists endorse it and its formula is one endorsed by leading physicians all over America. Each bottle bears name of the nationally known Earle Chemical Co., which is a guarantee of finest quality. (See formula on bottle). Drop in at the drug store tonight and take home a bottle with you.—Adv.

False Hopes.
"Why is the deaf man you brought here so anxious to go to a police court?"
"Because somebody told him the magistrate there would give him a hearing."

A torpid liver condition prevents proper food assimilation. Tone up your liver with Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. They act gently and surely.—Adv.

A Grouchy Comment.
"Of course, women will take naturally to the ballot."
"What makes you think that?"
"Don't they take naturally to anything on earth that's unsexed down?"

MURINE Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they are Itchy, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

The Mystery of Hartley House

By CLIFFORD S. RAYMOND

Illustrated by IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"But this scheme of life had this in it that brought disaster to his sons—a laxness of any discipline related to their spiritual and mental development. When we were corrected or punished it was for conduct which affected his comfort or dignity, never for a thing which affected the development of our character.

"We had abundant money to spend. It was a part of our father's egotism that we should be young swells, and we were early in disorderly ways. Richard had a genius for cruelty. A normal boy is likely to be thoughtless, but Richard was inventive in his cruelties. It was brutal. He liked to tear things to pieces slowly, a fly if it was all he could catch—a grasshopper, a field mouse. I had a faithful little dog which Richard stalked out in the ground and killed by vivisection. I saw the little animal when it was breathing its last with its bowels exposed and its lungs laid bare.

"Richard destroyed birds' nests for pleasure. He liked to cut a leg off a hen and see it stagger about vainly trying to walk. He maimed dogs. He tortured cattle and horses. He killed a fine carriage horse by driving it to death purposely to see how long it would live under the treatment he gave it.

"I doubt that I was a more lovable child, but at least I did not have the attribute of cruelty. I was not only younger but I was weaker physically. I was sensitive to a degree which made me an extraordinary victim to Richard when he cared to express his fondness to or upon me.

"We were getting into late childhood—I should say that I was about fourteen—when Richard began to use his inventiveness in cruelty upon me directly. As soon as he had a taste of the delight which came from tormenting me I had no further peace.

"I remember with a still agonized vividness my experience in finding a snake in my bed. He had put it there. He used his superior strength to torture me physically. He dominated me spiritually. He made life a hell, such a hell as life can be made only for a child by mistreatment, when reality has not starkly asserted itself, when proportions are not established and when illusions can be kindly or hideous.

"Richard and I grew up in this fashion, I in terror of him and his malevolence. When I was fifteen mother died. She had been an unassertive mother. Circumstances and conditions were beyond her strength of mind or body, but she had been a friend, and I missed her cruelly. It was really a terrible loss at a time when I much needed a friend.

"As we grew older Richard's diabolical habits became only shrewder, not less assertive. He contrived the most ingenious schemes for my torment. He humiliated me whenever possible before other boys and, better for his purpose, before girls.

"My father put us out to school together, and this suited Richard's purpose admirably. How I hated this thing that bore my name and my blood! It became an indomitable hate. It exists to this day. No human being ever was so hated by another as my brother Richard was by me—and I—his to this moment and will be hated while a breath remains in my body.

"When I was eighteen my father died, and Richard and I inherited the estate under a trusteeship to continue until I was twenty-one. Richard was then twenty. In another year he attained his majority. He was profligate and wild, a heavy drinker, a coarse, cruel boor, a licentious young ruffian who had suffered twice in actions brought by weak and unfortunate girls.

"It irritated him beyond expression that he had to wait the slow process of my coming of age before he could come into his share of the property. His constant demeanor toward me was violent. Several times I tried to establish the reasonable relations which ought, in convention, to exist between brothers. It was quite hopeless, and my hate for this boor came to be an insane passion. It remains as a passion now.

"I may not be able to satisfy anyone that this was the inevitable consequence of the treatment given me, but I could if I were to elaborate the details—of merely state them. However, my purpose is not so much to indict my brother as to record my own triumph—to assist the commission of a crime which has been of intense satisfaction to me, a crime in which I have maintained my culpability with joy and from which Richard has suffered and is suffering.

"He is a broken old man. He is in a penitentiary."
Here followed a section of the manuscript from which, as I recognized, the page Dravada had taken was missing. Then it continued:

"I became a little more assertive of my rights and dignity, with the result that our quarrels were more violent. I tried to fit myself physically to meet Richard, but he was very sturdy, and his profligate habits had not yet undetermined his health. When I resisted him physically he had the better of me.

Three times he knocked me unconscious. Once I was ill in bed a week as the result of a beating he gave me.

"Frequently he threatened that he would kill me. He said this often and openly, with every evidence of earnestness and determination. Later that counted against him.

"I was not cowed, and with the great hatred firmly rooted I was willing to accept the unequal struggle with him. It was a joy to hate him, fight him, even to be beaten by him. I had regained enough courage to seek sociability. It was difficult, because his refined sense of cruelty led him to search me out, wherever I might be with my friends, and to humiliate me, if possible, before them.

"One night I had been at a tavern in the village with some boys of my acquaintance when Richard, being drunk and very violent, found me, and there was a scene in which he made loud threats that he intended to kill me.

"One of my friends persuaded me to go home. At Hartley house we walked the distance from the house to the village in those days. I set out alone, but Richard, breaking away from the young men who would have detained him, pursued me. He caught up with me, and we abused each other as we walked, being overheard by several persons along the way.

"When we came to a pool by the river near the house, he became insanely violent, cried that he was sick



He Became Insanely Violent.

of seeing me on earth and would rid himself of the sight of me. He attacked me with a heavy stick he carried, succeeded in breaking down my guard and knocked me unconscious. Our cries, while he was attacking, were heard by a farmer living across the road. Richard was 'insanely drunk.' He intended to kill me and thought he had done so. He left the spot, disturbed, probably, by the thought of physical consequences but, I am sure, not by any spiritual misgivings.

"I do not know how long I remained unconscious or when I awoke. It may have been ten, forty or sixty minutes. It may have been an hour or two. When I was, consciousness brought an aching head and a dawning determination.

"Life with Richard at Hartley house had become impossible. I could no longer control him, I could no longer endure him.

"A chance of escape and of revenge was possible. I was, in Richard's understanding, dead. He had tried to kill me. He might be made to think he had. I had considerable money with me. Richard, of course, had not touched it. Each of us had been given, that morning, five hundred dollars by trustees. That had been the occasion of Richard's murderous debauch. It is strange—or is it?—that I never think of him as, or ever called him, Dick.

"I arranged the spot as well as I could in the details to suggest that my drunken and brutal brother had not only killed me but had disposed of my body in the river. When I had done this, relying for success on his uncertain memory of the act which already had terrified him, I left Hartley house—all its painful memories and brutal experiences, the unhappiness I had experienced there, the miserable childhood, the wretched boyhood and the young manhood, come to this furtive, malevolent end. And I there resolved that if I got safely away and if my design worked out successfully, I should return to the seafaring spot some time to live a jovial life where life had been so drear.

"My plans were not perfect; my resources and my intelligence for this sudden meeting of the world were slender; but my success was beyond expectation.

"First I had the satisfaction of knowing that my brother was taken for my murder. Circumstances were all against him, and he was convinced in his own heart that he had not only killed me but he so often had wished

to do, but that he had disposed of my body.

"In arranging the spot to indicate a murder I had thrown my hat, which was broken and bloody, down the bank. It had caught on a projecting rock. I had taken a ring off my finger and had thrown that into the pool. I also had thrown in my coat. It had blood on the collar and shoulders. All this seemed to me to afford inconclusive evidence, but there were obvious difficulties in finding a body which might increase Richard's troubles.

"I waited in New York, carefully concealed, many months, reading of the progress of my murder trial in the newspapers. It gained some celebrity. The prosecuting zeal was tremendous, and public interest, I gathered, acute. My ring was dredged up and was regarded as important evidence. The dredge also brought up some bones which, as I read in the papers, were regarded as fish-bibbled remains of me.

"Much legalistic argument ensued. I became a case of importance, involving principles of evidence. The superficial facts were all against Richard. His confession faced him. The evidence I had arranged damned him. Our relationship in hate and his threats against me arose against him. He thought he had killed me. He knew he had. There were many witnesses against him.

"The only thing helping him, was the lack of a clearly identified body. But there were vestiges of something which, in the circumstances, were accepted as parts of the corpus delicti. I think the prosecution and the jury, convinced that I was dead and my remains swept away, were anxious to meet technically the requirements of law.

"The story of our lives together, as I read it in the testimony of witnesses who knew more of its terrors than I thought anyone knew, was terrific. It would have damned any aggressor in the opinion of any body of men. Everyone who knew anything of the case, Richard himself included, was convinced that I had been murdered. The doubt which remained merely served to get Richard a life sentence instead of the gallows. Popular psychology condemned him. The lack of essential evidence was ignored.

"I waited until I knew what his fate was, and then, rejoicing, I left the country. I had no prospects and few plans, but my inclination was to go to South America, and I followed it.

"My hatred never ceased. It grew as a passion, at first a disturbing one, later a satisfactory one. I wanted this man to suffer. Nothing that he can suffer will properly pay him—at least it will not pay my score.

"Some day, I know, for I have the determination, I shall return to Hartley house as its owner, although esteemed an alien, with a false name, a false life and a great joy. What is a family that I should not enjoy my perfect revenge upon this brute who made fifteen years and more of my life, in its most impressionable form, an undesirable thing when it was most desired?

"I shall go back to Hartley house, and if life and health be spared me, I shall make it and life in it jovial, and if strength be spared my will, the knowledge that my brother Richard is suffering for the murder of a dead live man shall be the cosy north wind in the caves below which burn my cheerful fires.

"This is my crime, and if it causes no one dear to me later to suffer, I want it known. Some day I shall go back as a man wholly unknown to people who knew the Dobsens. I shall buy the old place. I shall know that Richard Dobson is suffering a most equitable but illegal punishment in a penitentiary close to the place where I shall live in the circumstances which a great deal of money will enable me to set up.

"That is my natural revenge upon a fiend who happened to come of the same parents as I. Hate is a wonderful friend."

CHAPTER XVII.

Jed came into the room again as I finished reading, and put another log on the fire. Then he sat down in a rocking chair by the fire.

"They met that night, you know," he said after he had rocked a while.

"They?" I said.

"Arthur and Richard Dobson," said Jed.

"Mr. Sidney and his brother, who is over there in the penitentiary."

"They met what night?" I asked.

Jed was patient.

"They met the night last fall," he explained, "when you found Mr. Sidney leaving the house, the night I found you outside, the night we pretended I was sick, the night he came in home and had us call the penitentiary to say a convict had escaped. That night, he met his brother. His brother was the convict."

Jed was rocking and talking to the fire.

"Mr. Sidney—Arthur Dobson—" he said, "went out to see the pool on

every anniversary of his murder. He found the strength out of some reservoir of will. The reaction was almost disastrous. I imagine he might have lived another year or two if he had not had the experience he had this fall.

"I knew it was a great hate that was keeping Mr. Sidney alive," he continued. "Such a hate as he had! I don't know that I understand it now. It was so unprofitable. Or was it? I do not know. It had a great value in his life. I think the hate he cherished warmed and colored his life.

"He went to the pool every year the night of his murder. He did not know that I went with him. It was such an abnormal abuse of his strength. I was afraid for him."

"Your prospects depended upon him," I suggested.

He allowed a moment to pass in silence. It was as if he permitted ventilation before we again entered the room of common thought and communion. He did not look pained or hurt in any fashion. There was no display about it. He just refrained for a moment from talking. It was as if he were opening the windows for that moment. When the air was cleared of the odors of my testy remark, he went on as if I had said nothing. The old rascal was very difficult to deal with.

"The night I am reminding you of he met Richard Dobson at the pool and recognized him. The poor old fool, Dick, had walked out of the penitentiary. He had every opportunity to do so. The warden would have let him out if he had asked to go. He was helpless outside. He did not have a place to get a rag or a crust. But he wanted to escape.

"There must have been something in his mind about this night and this place. Arthur Dobson found his brother standing by the pool. I was 50 feet away, hidden by the bushes. I could see the two old men in the moonlight, and when Arthur Dobson began to speak, I could hear distinctly.

"Well, Richard," said Mr. Sidney, "we are here again."

"Richard Dobson quavered in a weak, senile tone, almost a falsetto: 'Who are you?'

"I'm your brother Arthur," said Mr. Sidney. "What are you doing here?"

"Richard Dobson must have felt that he was confronted by a ghost. He made a shrill little sound, as an old woman might. I was palsied. The situation was tremendous. I didn't know what would happen, and I didn't know what to do. Mr. Sidney was calm as an oyster.

"I am your brother Arthur, Richard," he said, "and I am not dead. I haven't been dead. You didn't kill me. I have been living in the old place" comfortably while you have been in prison. No one would believe you if you told that. You are old and half crazy. If you were out of prison, you would die of starvation and exposure in 24 hours. I am not a ghost, Richard; I am your living brother."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DAYS

Study of Statistics Will Enable Almost Any One to Justify His Pet Belief.

Cold, hard statistics prove that the greatest number of premier awards for gallantry were won on Monday. No other day showing anything like the same record, though the much-maligned Friday stands out noticeably.

Which fact gives some color to the superstitions many people have about certain days of the week being lucky, while others are unlucky.

Tuesday seems to be the bad day of the week; calamities are far more common on that day than on any other day. Railway disasters, fires, street accidents—the record in each case is held easily by Tuesday. And it is the day most favored, too, by those who desire to put an end to their existences.

Saturday also has a bad reputation; its speciality is murders; and fully half the petty crime that is dealt with in the police courts occurs on that day. But probably that is because Saturday also holds the record for drunkenness.

There is nothing very distinctive about Thursday beyond the fact that it is the day upon which the birth-rate is highest; and Sunday is noticeable only for its low death-rate.

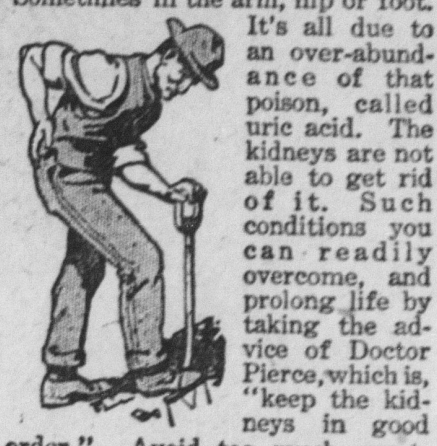
Wednesday is, above all the rest, the day of weddings. This applies to all classes, and nearly as many marriages are celebrated on that day alone as upon any three of the others.—Montreal Herald.

Why Holland Grows Willows
Holland is covered with willow trees, and the great dikes of the country are made stronger by the network formed by the roots.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Some Never Unmask.
Unfortunately our blessings in disguise are painfully slow in unmasking.—Boston Transcript.

Ouch! Such Pain!

It takes you right in the back! Sometimes in the arm, hip or foot.



It's all due to an over-abundance of that poison, called uric acid. The kidneys are not able to get rid of it. Such conditions you can readily overcome, and prolong life by taking the advice of Doctor Pierce's Anuric Tablets, which, "keep the kidneys in good order." Avoid too much meat, alcohol or tea. Drink plenty of pure water, preferably hot water, before meals, and drive the uric acid out of the system by taking 'Anuric.' This can be obtained at any drug store, in tablet form.

STREBY, W. VA.—"I have used Doctor Pierce's Anuric Tablets with great pleasure as they always give relief. I was afflicted with kidney trouble for several years. I tried several doctors and none of them helped me but little. After I saw Doctor Pierce's advertisement, I thought I would try 'Anuric' and the first bottle helped me so much that I got more. Anuric is the best kidney medicine I ever used. I will tell all my friends about these tablets and do all I can to get sufferers to use them."—ISAAC NELSON.

Stomach on Strike 20 Years Eatonic Settled It!

"Eatonic is wonderful," says C. W. Burton. "I had been a sufferer from stomach trouble for 20 years and now I am well."

Eatonic gets right after the cause of stomach troubles by taking up and carrying out the acidity and gases and of course, when the cause is removed, the sufferer gets well. If you have sourness, belching, indigestion, food repeating or any other stomach trouble, take Eatonic tablets after each meal and find relief. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

Keep a Bottle Handy
Pain whether it comes from rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, backache or sprain is usually most acute at night.
If you have a bottle of Yager's Liniment handy and use it you get quick relief. Price 35c.
The large bottle contains twice as much as the usual 5c. bottle of liniment and lasts the average family for months. At all dealers.

YAGER'S LINIMENT RELIEVES PAIN

GILBERT BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

FOR WOMAN'S HEALTH

Thousands of women always have a box of DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS in the house. At the first sign of any irregularity a timely dose is taken. Those who use them recommend them. Hence, their success for over half a century. FOR CONSTIPATION THEY HAVE NO EQUAL.

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

DON'T GO TO BED WITH A COLD
TAKE HALE'S HONEY OF MOREHOUND AND TAR
relieves colds, coughing, throat and bronchial troubles in a good, old-fashioned, safe, quick, home way.
Sole at all druggists.
For aching teeth—Fike's Toothache Drops.

Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Talcum 25c.

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A FULL PENT FOR 50 CENTS
If you prefer Lotion, Hair, Violet or Mincosolons for the skin you have your choice for the each. Send 50c and we will send you enough Compound and Tonic to make a full pint. You simply add water as you direct. The Hair Tonic is wonderfully effective for the hair and is especially fine for the scalp. Used by Barbers and Hair Dressers. Or for Flower and Day Room Lotions.
The Veer Co., 811 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

Constipation, Stomach Trouble—Instant relief. Treatment, Standard Remedial Chart, 10c. Prof. Gilbert, 1216 Vine St., Phila., Pa.

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