Run-down-Blood Impoverished Richmond, Va.—"When I was a girl I became all run-down, my blood



erable as one could be when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was recom-mended to me. I took about four bottles and some of the 'Pleasant Pellets' with it. After taking these medicines I was in better health and felt better than I had for several years."—MRS. C. N. OLIVER, 908 27th St. All druggists sell Medical Discovery, liquid or tablets.

HOW DOCTORS TREAT COLDS

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 ef. fectiveness until the liver is made thoroughly active. That is why the first step in the treatment is the new, nausealess colomel 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 with-stand 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 eriginal sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. Your money will be cheer-fully refunded if you to not find them delightful.—(Adv.)

Acid Stomach for 10 Years NOW A DIFFERENT WOMAN

Earnestly Praises Eatonio "My wife was a great sufferer from

acid stomach for 10 years," writes H. D. Crippen, "but is a different woman since taking Entonic." Sufferers from acid stomach-let

Eatonic help you also. It quickly takes up and carries out the excess acidity and gases and makes the stomach cool and comfortable. You digest easily, get the full strength from your food, feel well and strong, free from bloating, belching, food repeating, etc. Big box costs costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.



Discovery.

She-"I hear you skated into an airhole the other day." He-"That's what they call it, but I found it full before somebody lamps us!" of water.'

Garfield Tea, the incomparable laxative, pleasant to take, pure, mild in action and wonderfully health-giving .- Adv.

A Misnomer. "He has a big enterpise on hand

in a pedestian competitive race." "I should call that an enterprise on

Hands rough? Mystic Cream, that's the staff. Ask your druggist for it.-Adv.

Daddy's Child. "Wot you doin', chile?" "Nothin', mammy." "My, but you is gittin' like you father."





MARIO, NOT RED.

Synopsis.-Vaguely conscious of a double personality, but without any idea of its meaning, the girl Leonora makes her accustomed way into the Street of Strange Faces in the underworld of New York.

Mario joins her. Greatly in love and seeing the fine qualities which the girl really possesses, Mario seeks to turn her from the path of inevitable destruction. She promises to marry him. At Ristori's cafe, gathering place of criminals. Leonora meets her partner, "Red" Carnehan, and his associates, and is accused of hetraying a fellow criminal to the police. Police crash into the room and two are killed by Carnehan, Leonora and the rest escape. In her studio, Priscilla Maine, wealthy artist, awakes from troubled sleep with a distinct feeling of having her life linked with Leonora's. Prisoilla has painted a picture of herself in fancy dressa gipsy—which has a strange effect on her. Unnerved, and fearful that her mind is affected, Priscilla calls to her aid a dear friend, Dr. Philip Fosdick, who is in love with her. He is stunned to find that her dream story of the police fight is confirmed by the newspapers. Priscilla tells him about the mystery of her mother, who died when she was born. He sees the effect of the painting and pronounces it a case of auto-hypnosis. Priscilla makes him promise not to go to the police and he begins investigating it for himself. The personalities of Priscilla and Leonora bemore closely identified. Red sends word to Leonora to come to him in hiding. Treacherous Inex, in love with Red, volunteers as

IV. THE ROOFS-Continued.

"That's no dick," she declared impulsively. "How d'you know?"

"I don't know, but somehow I do. Seems like I must've seen him somewheres before."

"Well, if he nin't no pussyfooter, what for's he followin' us?" "I don't know," Leonora repeated raguely. "Maybe I'm wrong . . ." She was not, as the Self knew that

journeyed with her, though she did not suspect its company. An iron ladder rose to a trap door through which they crawled out upon the roof.

Here the blackness was oppressive, relieved only by a dull reflection of the city's glow on the low-hung canopy of cloud; and the tempest had unhindered sweep. Time and again vicious blasts all but carried the two women off their feet. Rain driving in vast sheets half blinded them and rendered their passage of the roofs doubly perilous. They slipped, stumbled, blundered, bruised their bodies against unseen obstacles, their shins upon low copings dividing house from house (for the roofs were fortunately all on a level) and more than once by the narrowest of margins escaped pitching headlong to death at the bottom of some dark airshaft.

Leonora soon lost all sense of reckoning and was beginning to wonder how Inez could hold on so confidently when the latter stopped, knelt, and began to tug at the heavy hatch of another trap door. Leonora assisting, between them they threw it back, descended a second iron ladder into a hallway indistinguishably unlike that which they had just left. But Inezseemed to recognize it instantly.

"It's all right," she whispered harshly, pausing half way down the ladder when Leonora steed on the landing below. "The door on the left, at the back. You know the high sign. I'll be shutting this trap. Look sharp-

She climbed back a couple of rungs to wrestle with the hatch, while Leonora, turning to the door designated, saluted its panels with the peculiar rap which alone would be acknowl-

edged by Red. For some time she waited, hearing no sounds from the far side of the door, hearing indeed nothing other than the bluster of the storm and Inez. petulantly anathematizing the clumsy and obstinate hatch. Presently the thing fell into place with a crash, and the girl turned, looking to see Inez drop to the landing and surprised that she did not, but with a surprise no sooner conceived than smothered in a greater. For the door swung open suddenly, and a voice she knew, for whose accents she had hungered night . . ." ceaselessly for days on end-neither Red's voice nor Leo's-cried in amazement:

"Leonora !" And looking up into the face of the man Mario, the girl uttered a broken cry of wonder and gladness. She did not understand how this thing had come about, that she should find here the man she loved where she had feared with fear so profound that it was twin with hatred. But it didn't safe place over in Jersey, but they matter; in the stunning joy of that surprise, nothing seemed to matter except that chance had led her at last

to Mario, in spite of all her struggles to keep away from him, to deny love and self lest she entangle him as well in the toils of her misfortunes.

She went as naturally to his arms as a child in trouble to the arms of its father: Inez, Red, Leo, the police everything-forgotten in the happiness of that meeting. Gently drawing her across the threshold, Mario shut the door between them and the world.

V. THE HAVEN. "So you have come to me . . . at

last !" She lifted her rain-sweet face from the warm haven of his shoulder, blindly yearning toward his lips . . . and remembered. Fear lanced that ecstasy like pain. With a convulsive movement she wrenched away her lips and struggled from his arms. "Leonora!" he protested-"what is

"Red!" she gasped, staring wildly round-"Leo-where are they?" "How should I know? What are those two to me-to us?" "Where are we?"

"In my rooms, as you see . well beyond the reach of those cutthroats! "But"-a dublous hand faltered to her cheek-"I came here to meet Red.

He sent for me. Inez brought me." "Then Inez led you amiss, dearno: aright!" His arms again enfolded her. "And thank God for that."

Confused, she fell into a silence, misgivings benumbed by wonder. Taste and means had transfigured the commonplace into an abode of such luxury as the girl had seldom dreamed of-indeed, had never seen but in the pages of illustrated magazines.

In this main room, dark hangings disguised the walls, with framed paintings like glowing windows open on exotic landscapes, and shelves heavy laden with volumes in rich bindings. An antique Chinese rug of exquisite artistry hid in part a polished dark floor of parquetry. Upon a library table of old Spanish oak books, manuscripts and objets d'art were lustrous in the warn lamp of wrought brass. Wide-armed chairs of deep upholstery in leather offered caressing invitation to weary limbs. An atmosphere of studious repose soothed excited sensibilities,

A bedchamber partly visible through one open door offered a strong contrast of almost Spartan simplicity with soberly tinted walls, a parrow day bed of mahogany and unpretentious chairs and dressing table to match this last.

Through still another door a glimpse of white enameled walls, stainless porcelain and nickeled fittings proved that a civilized bathroom had there been installed, in a building whose every other tenant was content with such facilities for personal cleanliness as were afforded by the common kitchen sink.

The girl shook a bewildered head. "And you've lived here all along, Mario- !

"Here I have come to rest, Leonora, worn out with the weariness and disappointment of fruitless searching for you. How could you torture me so? Where have you been?" "Not far . . . hiding."

"From the police? Because of that business at Ristori's? You were involved in that? Carnehan, too, and all those others, as well as Bielinsky?" She nodded to every question. "I feared this! Tell me what happened, Why did you not come to me first of all?"

"I was afraid-"

"Afraid of the man who loves you, whom you love? You do love me, Leonora?"

"Yes," she murmured-"yes, with all of me, Mario." "Then why-?"

"I was afraid of Red. He swore he'd have you murdered if I ever spoke to you again."

"That, then, was the only reason why you wouldn't communicate with me, send me one word to say you still lived, you were well, you thought of me? Death itself were preferable to such torments of doubt!"

"I know, Mario, I know. Wasn't I suffering the same way? I wanted you so much, I needed you, I thought about you all the time, dear, day and

There was an interlude. "If there'd been any chance," she resumed when it was possible for her to speak . . . "But if I'd written you, or called up, or tried any way . . . I was indefinitely dissociate mentality; a watched every minute, I didn't dare. dear . . . for your sake."

"And I thought you had deserted me . Ah, forgive me!" "Red's sure you train with the cops,

thought to find that other whom she and he and Leo are desperate. They've had it all fixed for days to-lay in a can't make a getaway; the bulls are watching too close, they're all over."

said nothing of him in connection with | ness aware of the snug dartness of the affair, only the man Bielinsky." "It was Red done up those two at

Ristori's, Leo wasn't even in the room. Because Red killed 'em both, we all beat it without anybody seeing us except Ristori. He was in the hall, just outside the door, and saw everything. Maybe he didn't tell anything, like the papers say. Maybe he got the third degree and spilled everything he knew, Then there's Harry. He's gone south -I mean, disappeared-and if he once gets where he thinks he's safe he'il squeal sure as death. Likely he has already. Only headquarters knows, and it isn't saying. Sometimes, you know, they have sense enough to work that way, keep all they know under their hats and pretend they're gunning for somebody besides the bird they're really after. So now it's maybe Red they're laying for on the quiet, all the while they're kicking up this row about Leo, making out they think he's the only one . . . Don't you see?"

"All but why you had to hide . . "Because I was in the room when it happened. Ristori saw me. Harry knew I was there. Besides, the cops are looking for anybody who knew Leo--and they know I know him. If they get me on the carpet, and then a warrant's sworn out charging Red with murder, no matter if I haven't peeped a word I'll get the credit for squealing."

"I see now. My poor, hunted love!" Mario gave a gesture of decision. "No matter. Now you are with me, there is no more fear. . . . All that is ended! I shall take you away with me tonight-far, far from these haunts of crime and terror-and make you my wife!

"Oh, if you only could-!" "What is to prevent?"

She hesitated, then cried in passionate protest: "I can't, Mario, I can't, The risk's too big. I tell you, you don't know Red. He never gives up. He'll



"I Know, Mario, I Know-Wasn't I Suffering the Same Way?"

follow us to the end of the earth. It isn't me alone-it's you. How can I do anything I know'll mean your death?"

"Never fear!" The Spaniard had a short laugh of scorn. "Do you imagine that good Mr. Carnehan will remain long at liberty, now that I know what you've just told me?"

"You don't mean you'd squeal,

Mario!" "Why not?" ."It means the Chair for Red-!"

"Shall that stop me when your life and happiness are at stake? Am I to let the life of a thug continue to stand a constant menace to the woman I

She started forward and caught the lapels of his coat with frantic hands, "Mario, you mustn't! You mustn't go to the cops! Mario! if you do, they'll get both of us-sure!"

"But every word you say proves there is no room for the three of us in this world. It is his life or ours . . . Resign yourself, Leonora. No argu-

ment can move me." "But you can't, Mario-you can't! I won't let you. I won't be the kind of girl that'll squeal on a pal!"

"It is no fault of yours, dear, if I

make proper use of information which came to me by chance." "No, Marlo-please!" she sobbed.

He shook his head. She flung angrily away, then swung back, her countenance ablaze. "Do you think I'd go away with you if you did that-marry you-go on loving you, even? Well, you're wrong, you're dead wrong, Mario. Get me right: I love you but . . You do like you say, and I'll see you d---d!"

VI. RECALLED

Somewhere a tiny bell began to ring. At first no more than ghostly echo in the dimensionless and silent vast which lay between intelligence and body, that shrill small voice gained-strength of its very perseverance, became a thin thread of importunate sound, calling, calling without pause or pity, till it fairly ground its character into that telephone was ringing.

The body resting on the bed in that darkened chamber stirred uneasily and flung out a hand of ineffective protest. The noise persisted relentlessly. The somnambulist started up I would quit setting him a bad examon an elbow, made as if to rise, sank | pie."-Birmingham Age-Herald. back again with a sigh of relief when

the ringing was suddenly interrupted. She lay with open eyes, unwinking,

that room so intimately her own, of the rain clashing outside the window, of the wan light streaming in from the street, of the blank, moonlike face of the little clock upon the dressing table; and at the same time living intensely in that distant place where two wills were contending, striving each to impose upon the other its conception of what was right, fair, just, and inevitable.

It was as if her mind were a photographic plate upon which two scenes had been developed: one wherein her common self of everyday was resting securely at home, one in which that wild other self of her dreams disputed hotly with the man she loved, In surroundings strange to both selves till that hour.

Of the two scenes, the stranger was the stronger; all her interest was centered therein, and all other things were negligible beside the issue of that struggle, since that issue must be (this she knew the passionate certitude) nothing less than life or death, life with love or death with shame.

And she was racked with the imperative need of making Leonora understand that Mario was right, that no good could come of standing out against him, that nothing but good could come of yielding to his insistence, the fruit of his great love and greater wisdom. Percipience of her bodily environment was waning swiftly: with all her strength she was willing herself back to Leonora . .

The telephone began again to gibber, in short, strident bursts of sound demanding her heed.

She faltered, hesitated, looked back, In bitter resentment, she understood she could go no further, accomplish nothing, till that insensate thing had

been silenced. In sleep-waking, the girl roused with measured movements that cost her incalculable effort, sat up on the side of the bed, drew the telephone to her, It continued to chatter angrily till the receiver was actually at her ear and she had said: "Hello?"

Out of the enigma of night Philip Fosdick's voice cried: "Priscilla!" She answered without emotion: "Yes, Phillip."

"Did I wake you up? Sorry! I had to. Listen to me Priscilla: I've seen Leonora! I saw her in the street, followed her for blocks, lost her when she entered a tenement; and now I'm on the watch, waiting for her to come out. I had to be sure you were at home-safe-so I called up from a pay station. Are you all right?"

"Yes, Philip." "Are you quite awake? You don't seem to understand. I tell you, I have seen Leonora-the girl you dream about-a living woman so like you I couldn't at first believe it wasn't you in disguise!"

"Yes, Philip." "So now you needn't worry any more. I'm on the right track at last. The problem will be solved in no time, once I clap my eyes on that girl

"Yes, Philip,"

"Priscilla! Can't you say anything else? Is anything the matter?" "No. Philip . . ." She pursued in the same level accents, speaking slowly, as if with difficulty finding words: "I am quite all right am safe with Mario now Mario will take good care of

Good-night." Without waiting for his reply, she hung up the receiver replaced the telephone on the bedside stand, sighed, and again stretched out upon the bed. Immediately deep sleep enfolded her senses like a warm cloud of dark-

ness, and her soul fared forth once more on its far quest.

VII. SURRENDER.

Out of that blank void grew light and shade in a nebulous swirl of formless patches. Only by slow degrees did it subside. It seemed long before fered to repay it. one dared open eyes again. The first thing recognized was the concerned it now." dark face of Mario . .

She was in one of the big leather chairs. Mario knelt with an arm round her shoulders, lifting them forward a trifle that she might drink with more take it fra you on Monday."-New ease from the glass of dark red wine which he was offering her.

"Drink before you try to talk." His tone was tenderly imperative. With an insistence as gentle he pressed the gians to her lips. She drank; gratefully draining the glass.

"Excellent!" Marlo let her head back to the cushion, rose, put the glass aside, returned. "You feel better, stronger, elf?"

She nodded, but her smile was still bewildered. "What happened, Mario? I felt so

telephone began to ring; and then I don't seem to remember." "Don't you know you fainted?" "Fainted!" She started indignant-

ly. "But I never in my life! Why should I faint? I'm all right." In proof of this assertion she sank weakly back.

Mario and Leonora make plans for their wedding.

TO BE CONTINUED. Sensible Mr. Dubwaite.

"Did you ever come in unexpectedly and find your office boy reclining in your easy chair, with his feet propped up on your desk?" "Oh, yes," replied Mr. Dubweite, "And what did you do?" "I registered a mental vow that

The name Epsom salts is derived from the sulphate of magnesia springs "But why Carnehan? The papers in a confusion of divided conscious of Epsom, in Surrey, England,

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are re-jected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample battle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Dangerous to Boast.

Little Eleanor vehemently announced her intention of giving up her French lessons with her governess. Her father, however, was very anxious that the child should learn French and did not intend to humor her.

"She hugs and kisses me to make me do my lessons !- and-ugh !- I do hate lessons!" cried the little girl.

"See here, my dear," returned her father in a reasoning, diplomatic way, "I have read French with your governess ever since she has been here, and she has never tried to hug and kiss

"Father," observed the child gravely, "you'd better knock wood."

WOMEN! USE "DIAMOND DYES"

Dye Old Skirts, Dresses, Waists, Coats, Stockings, Draperies-Everything.

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for dyeing any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye streaks, spots, fades, and ruins material by giving it a "dyed-look." Buy "Diamend Dyes" only. Druggist has Color Card .- Adv.

New Science Center.

Some time ago the Carnegie corporation of New York provided funds for erecting in Washington a building to serve as a home for the National Academy of Sciences and the National Research council. Subsequently a number of individual patrons of science contributed a fund of \$200,000 for the purchase of a site, which has now been secured. It comprises the entire bounded by B and C streets and Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets, Northwest, facing the new Lincoln memori-1 in Potomac park.

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. Catarrhal Deafness requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed. Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced, your hearing may be destroyed forever. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring pormal conditions.

Circulars free. All Druggists. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio,

Would Hold More. Here's the newest Scotch story: Donald had borrowed three pipefuls of tobacco from his fellow-workman, Sandy. Getting a new bag he of-

"No," said Sandy, "I'll no be taking "Take it, mon," insisted Donald. "No," said Sandy, viewing his carbonized pipe, "I'll be cleaning my pipe after the kirk on the Sabbath, an' I'll

York World. Acid Stomach, Heartburn and Nausea quickly disappear with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Send for trial box to 372 Pearl St., New York.—Adv.

Logic at Work. Teacher-Thomas, will you tell me what a conjunction is, and compose

a sentence containing one? Thomas (after reflection)-A conjunction is a word connecting anything, such as "The horse is hitched to the fence by his halter." "Halter" is a conjunction, because it connects funny, all of a sudden, just when the the horse and the fence.-Harper's Ba-

> For a disordered liver, take Garfield Tea. the Herb laxative. All druggists.-Adv.

> What He Understood. Lawyer-So you want a divorce from your wife. Aren't your relations

Client-Mine are, but her's are the

most unpleasant lot I ever met.



sulsted GELATINE in 2 tablespoons cold water; boil is cup sugar, pinch of salt and is cup boiling water until eyrup spins a thread; mix well in Gelatine and set-saide to cool; best until thick and creamy; when "PURITY"