

Run-down—Blood Impoverished Richmond, Va.—When I was a girl I became all run-down, my blood was impoverished and my complexion became sallow. I also suffered from indigestion and constipation. I was extremely nervous and as miserable as one could be when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was recommended 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 N. 27th St. All druggists sell Medical Discovery, liquid or tablets.

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.)

Acid Stomach for 10 Years NOW A DIFFERENT WOMAN

My wife was a great sufferer from acid stomach for 10 years," writes H. D. Crippen, "but is a different woman since taking Eaton's. Sufferers from acid stomach—let Eaton's 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 only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

HORSE OWNERS

Keep a bottle of Yager's Liniment in your stable for sprain, curb, splint or any enlargement, for shoulder galls, scratches, collar or shoe boils, sprains and any lameness. It absorbs swellings and enlargements, and dispels pain and stiffness quickly.

YAGER'S LINIMENT

At all dealers. Price 35 cents. The large 35 cent bottle of Yager's Liniment contains twice as much as the usual 50 cent bottle of liniment.

GILBERT BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Discovery. She—"I hear you skated into an air-hole the other day." He—"That's what they call it, but I found it full of water." Garfield Tea, the incomparable laxative, pleasant to take, pure, mild in action and wonderfully health-giving.—Adv. A Misanomer. "He has a big enterprise on hand in a pedestrian competitive race." "I should call that an enterprise on foot." Hands rough? Mystic Cream, that's the staff. Ask your druggist for it.—Adv. Daddy's Child. "Notin', mammy." "My, but you is gittin' like yoh father."

Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELLANS Hot Water Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION

The DARK MIRROR

by Louis Joseph Vance

Author of "The False Faces," "The Lone Wolf," Etc.

Illustrated by Irwin Myers

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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," Carmichael, and his associates, and is accused of betraying a fellow criminal to the police. Both crash into the room and two are killed by Carmichael. 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. Priscilla has painted a picture of herself in fancy dress—a gipsy—which has a strange effect on her. Unnerved, and fearful that her mind is affected, Priscilla calls to her a dear friend, Dr. Philip Furdick, 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 become more closely identified. Red sends word to Leonora to come to him in hiding. Treacherous Inez, in love with Red, volunteers as guide.

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 somewhere before." "Well, if he ain't no pussyfoot, what for's he followin' us?" "I don't know," Leonora repeated vaguely. "Maybe I'm wrong." She was not, as the Self knew that suffering 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 Inez seemed to recognize it instantly. "It's all right," she whispered harshly, pausing half way down the ladder when Leonora stood 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—before somebody lamps us!" 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 acknowledged 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 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 thought to find that other whom she feared with fear so profound that it was twin with hatred. But it didn't matter; in the stunning joy of that surprise, nothing seemed to matter except that chance had led her at last

said nothing of him in connection with the affair, only the man Biellinsky. "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'll 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 squealed 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. Carmichael 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 thrug continue to stand a constant menace to the woman I love?" 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 argument 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, Mario—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 I see you do like you say, and I'll see you do—!"

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 one dared open eyes again. The first thing recognized was the concerned 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 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 glass to her lips. She drank; gratefully draining the glass. "Excellent!" Mario let her head back to the cushion, rose, but the glass aside, returned. "You feel better, stronger, eh?" She nodded, but her smile was still bewildered. "What happened, Mario? I felt so funny, all of a sudden, just when the telephone began to ring; and then . . . I don't seem to remember." "Don't you know you fainted?" "Fainted!" She started indignantly. "But I never in my life! Why should I faint? I'm all right." In proof of this assertion she sank weakly back.

VII. 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 indefinitely dissociate mentality; a telephone was ringing. The body resting on the bed in that darkened chamber stirred uneasily and flung out a hand of ineffective protest. The sound persisted relentlessly. The somnambulist started up on an elbow, made as if to rise, sank back again with a sigh of relief when the ringing was suddenly interrupted. She lay with open eyes, unwinking, in a confusion of divided consciousness.

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 rejected 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 bottle. 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 me." "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 "Diamond 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 block bounded by B and C streets and Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets, Northwest, facing the new Lincoln memorial in Potomac park.

Catarhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one remedy, a 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 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 normal 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 offered to repay it. "No," said Sandy, "I'll no be taking it now." "Take it, mon," insisted Donald. "No," said Sandy, "I'll be cleaning my pipe after the kirk on the Sabbath, an' I'll take it fra you on Monday."—New York World.

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 "His horse is hitched to the fence by his halter." "Halter" is a conjunction, because it connects the horse and the fence.—Harper's Bazar.

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 pleasant? Client—Mine are, but her's are the most unpleasant lot I ever met.

Soak 1 level tablespoon CHAMBERLAIN'S GUMMED GELATINE in 2 tablespoons cold water; boil 5 cup sugar, pinch of salt and 1/2 cup boiling water. Add 1 egg yolk; stir well in Gelatine and set aside to cool. Beat until thick and creamy; then add 1/2 cup very small pieces, and cook 1/2 hr. Chop nuts and 1 egg whipped cream; season with vanilla, pour into glasses to chill, garnish with cherries or strawberries.

"PURITY"