Has Your Back Given Out ? Are you dragging along with a dull, throbbing backache? Do you feel lame in the morning; suffer sharp twinges at every sudden move? Then there's something wrong! You may never have suspected your kidneys, yet often it's the kidneys that are at fault. You may have headaches and dizzy spells, Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They too. have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Virginia Case

A VIrginia Case Mrs. F. M. Entwisle, 107 Gibbon St., Alex-andria, Va., says: "There was a sore and lame feeling and a heavy, bearing-down ache in my back all the time. My head felt as though some-one were pounding it and I became very period the time I had inshed the second Kidney Pills I was en-

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S HIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER -MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y. 80 Years Old -Was Sick **Now Feels Yound After Taking Eatonic for**

Sour Stomach

"I had sour stomach ever since I had the grip and it bothered me badly Have taken Eatonic only a week and am much better. Am 80 years old," says Mrs. John Hill.

Eatonic quickly relieves sour stomach, indigestion, heartburn, bloating and distress after eating because it takes up and carries out the excess acidity and gases which cause most stomach ailments. If you have "tried everything" and still suffer, do not give up hope. Eatonic has brought relief to tens of thousands like you. A blg box costs but a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

When Grandmother Was a Girl

Hoop skirts were worn

by those who first asked

the druggist for, and in-

sisted on having the gen-

uine Golden Medical Dis-

covery put up by Dr.

Pierce over 50 years ago.

Dress has changed very much since then! But Dr. Pierce's ines contain the say

8.终终未未未来来来。 *** 熟想感到思想感到感到 By The DARK LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE Author of . "The False Faces," "The Lone MIRROR Wolf," Etc. **Illustrated by IRWIN MYERS** Copyright 1920 by the Author.

THE CENTRE REPORTER. CENTRE HALL, PA

RED AND HIS GUN.

O:

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, Marlo 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 accused of betraying 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 feel-ing of having her life linked with Leonora's. Priscilla 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 person: alities of Priscilla and Leonora be

come more closely identified. Red sends word to Leonora to come to him in hiding. Treacherous Inez. in love with Red, volunteers as guide and takes her to Mario. She promises to marry him but changes her mind when he decides to set the police on Red.

VII. SURRENDER-Continued. -10-

"You are overwrought." Mario drew up a chair and sat down. "For devs you have been living at high nervous tension, never knowing what fatality the next hour might bring forth. Tonight, against your wish and judgment, you came out to meet a man you fear and loathe-braving the peril of arrest as well as the brutall

personality lingered, precious and compelling: she did not feel alone. She moved slowly toward the bath-

room, unconscious fingers loosening her sodden blouse. Finding the tub nearly full, she shut off the taps. Only with the silence that followed did appreciation of her solitude come home. Till then, in her wonder and delight,

she had accepted without question the easy explanation that Inez had lost her way upon the roofs and brought her to the wrong house.

Even so: Red must be hidden somewhere in the same block of tenements. Suppose he were to learn where she was now . . . Suppose Inez had not blundered, but deliberately and with malicious intent had led her to Mario, then had gone to tell Red . . .

and surmise, completing the circuit of conviction. Instantaneously Leonora perceived with hideous clearness that Inez had planned this in revenge for the long series of dereats she had suffered in their rivalry, something for which Inez alone had been in the first instance responsible. It was Inez who had made Charlle hft the pipe too often, thus clearing the way for this supreme trick of treachery. This made it plain why Inez had not followed to the door to Mario's flat, but had climbed back to the roof and shut the trapdoor. Now Leonora no longer guessed; she knew Inez had gone straightway to tell Red that Leonora, refusing to answer his call, had taken refuge with Mario instead.

Beyond shadow of reasonable doubt. Red was even now on his way to make good his threats. What if he were lurking in the hall-

ways of the house, or in the dark of the street outside the door? And Mario going unsuspiciously to his death

Perhaps it was not yet too late to cream a warning down the stairs . . . Madly Leonora ran to the door, tore with trembling fingers at the latch and threw it open-to find Red standmg on the threshold, a shape of grim-



"Well"-a grimace made the man's | feared. But to declare his purpose face terrible-"then he'll be back before long. I'll wait-thanks!" "For God's sake, Red-!"

"Ah, shut your trap!" He cast her arm free violently and stood back. "So you thought you could gyp Red Carnehan and get away with it! You little fool !"

She attempted no reply. The first spasm of consternation passing, the faculty of concentrated thought returned. She entertained not the faintest hope of escaping her fate at the hands of Red Carnehan. Whether she lived or died, she conceived, didn't matter. But it was otherwise with Mario. Him she must save somehow, by some heroic exercise of wit and spirit . .

Yet in the beginning she cast about in vain for ruse or wile that might serve. Alone, defenseless, in the company of a man armed and determined. murder in heart and mind: a man insane with fealousy and hatred, allke bred of sheer fear, the fear of the assassin living moment by moment in the shadow of arrest: what could she do against such odds?

ly nothing. And yet, she knew, there must be some way out. If only she could find if .

She knew herself to be clever, far cleverer than Red-as she had once boasted to his face. Her wits had yet to fail her, however extreme or exigent the loccasion. Give her time to think and she could circumvent him) But now that one essential element. time, was lacking. Impossible to guess how soon Mario might return. And then there was Red's impatience to be reckoned with".

most to abstraction. She seemed to less composure, as she might one fac-This change in her annoyed the man

RUB RHEUMATIC PAIN FROM ACHING JOINTS

Rub Pain right out with small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil."

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism.

It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson-out comes the rheumatic pain and distress. "St. Jacob's Oil" is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; openly in anticipation, to discuss it stops sciatica, lumbago, backache and in cold blood with an intended victim, neuralgia.

Limber up! Get a small trial bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment, you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away .-- Adv.

Nothing Else to Do.

"Algernon 1 cannot be engaged to you any longer."

"Why not? Some whim, I suppose." "Because yesterday I married Mr. Flubdub."

"In that case I guess I'll have to release you, kid."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Womens' 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 or gans to become diseased. Pain in the back, headache, loss of am-

bition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's pre-scription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.» 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.

Didn't Feaze Him.

A well-known author was vainly endeavoring to write the other morning. when he was repeatedly interrupted by his six-year-old son.

"If you ask me one more question." the harassed writer declared at last, "I will go out and drown myself."

"Father," came the small voice, "may I come and see you do it?"

WOMEN! USE "DIAMOND DYES"

She could think of nothing, positive-

Her look of a trapped animal faded; in its stead her face reflected concentration of thought amounting alcousider Carnehan out of a fathomtor in an engrossing problem in whose solution she was vitally interested.

cops-honest to God, he hasn't !" intolerably. Not only was any sem-The Madeira was working powerfulblance of indifference offensive, but ly. A flash of unwonted insig he had learned to distrust the girl's moments of thoughtfulness. If his intelligence was not of a high order, he had at least cunning, with acumen enough to feel and fear the finer mettle of her mentallty. Instinctively he sought an outlet for his exasperation

Intuition linked the poles of fact

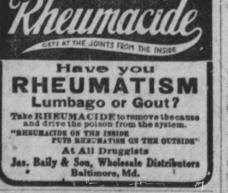
able ingredients. They are standard today just as they were over fifty years ago. Nearly a million bottles were sold last year. Send Dr. Plerce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., ten cents for trial package tablets.

. Women Made Young

Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by regularly taking



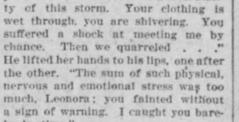
The world's standard remedy for kidney, Hver, bladder and wric acid troubles, the enemies of life and looks. In use since 1696. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every hes and accept no imitation





No cigarette has the same delicious flavor as Lucky Strike. Because-





ly in time." "I suppose I must've, if you say so. Mario . . . But I don't understand. I remember our rowing-"

"Think of that no more," Maria pleaded and, at the same time, insisted. "You and I must never quarrel. There can be no excuse for misunderstanding, when our hearts are one." She nodded meekly. "Tell me one thing only," he pursued. Her eyes promised. ""Who is Philip?"

"Philip?" Her look was completely blank. "I don't know any Philip . . ." "You are sure?" Intent search of

her face'satisfied him. "Strange! In your faint you spoke that name, as if you were talking in your sleep; you said distinctly: 'Yes, Philip;' and again: 'No, Philip . . . I am safe with Mario, now.' "

"I don't know." She drew a hand over perplexed brows. "And yet it's funny . . . like an echo, what you say I said."

"No matter." With decision the Spaniard dismissed the puzzle, took her hands in a firm grasp and held her eyes with a gaze earnest and commanding. "For the present forget all that, forget everything but that we are united now and forever. Nothing-nothing, Leonora-can come between us now. We cannot permit it, we will not. Love such as ours is not to be denied or paltered with upon any conceivable consideration. As I am wholly yours, so you must henceforth be mine; and to us all the rest must be 'such stuff as dreams are made of.' You understand that, Leonora? I have your promise?"

Never since childhood had she so surrendered to domination. But now . . . She knew a strange, dear joy in submitting. She bowed her head, then lifted, it to show him adoring eyes.

"Yes, Mario . . "So that is settled !"

Marlo got up and strode into the bathroom. Water began to gush loudly into the tub. He brought back a light, warm robe of fleecy stuff.

"You are cold and wet; a hot bath will make you another woman. Then put this on. Meanwhile, I will find dry clothing for you, and a cab. NTonight you sleep uptown : the best and quietest hotel in the city will be the safest. In the morning I will call for you; we will go to get the license for our marriage. By noon you will be my wife. By nightfall we will be far from New York." They kissed. Mario lifted her to

her feet. "The door latches of itself. If anyone knocks, pay no attention. I shall be back in a few minutes, and have my key.

In a staring daze, utterly an un-W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 9-1921, thinking puppet of love and gratitude.

"Where's That D-n Wop?"

mest menace, his slender, feline body poised alertly, an automatic pistol in the hand at his right hip, an evil sparl twisting his cruel lips, murder in eyes whose glance shot directly past the girl to the room beyond.

Before she could lift a hand the man darted in, caught her arm and sent her reeling to the middle of the room and kicked the door to behind him.

She staggered against the table and caught hold of it to save herself a fall. Carnehan was at her side before any sound could issue from lips which his hard palm sealed brutally. His pistol nuzzled her bossom.

"One peep out of you-!" he rasped. Cunning eyes raked the room suspiclously. "Where's that d-n wop?"

VIII. CARNEHAN.

She tried to speak, but a dry mouth and a constricted throat refused their office. She could only shake her head, in dumb fright with piteous eyes. With a grunt of impatience the gangster released her, flung across the room in two cat-like bounds, stopping to peer in through the doors to bedchamber and bathroom and satisfy himself that Mario was skulking in neither. He came back at a slow prowl, with

staring menace in his eyes and a mirthless grin. "Where is he?" He seized her arm in a grasp intentionally savage. "Whyn't you answer me?" Pain unsealed pale lips on which acr whisper rustled : "I don't know-" "That's a lie!"

Her wrist suffered a more violent wrench. She cried out in protest: 'Please, Red! I don't know-hones' don't know where he's gone. He went out just a minute ago-" "What for?"

"He-he said he'd get me some dry

in a burst of lurid blashphemy. "Whyn't you say somethin'?" he concluded, gesticulating wildly with the pistol. "What you standin' there for, dumb's a cat. Whyn't you try to come clean by lyin'?"

She responded quietly: "What's the use? Even if I told you the truth it wouldn't do any good. You've made up your mind-" "You said it. I'm wise, and I've

got you where I want you. If you think you can put anything over on me now-well, try it. That's all: try it. I wish you would." She-shrugged wearly, then inquired

in tone of moderate curiosity: "Where's Inez waiting for you?" "How d'you know-?" He was obviously posed. "What's Inez got to do-?"

"You know well enough it was her that told you I was here." "Well . . . What if she did?"

"Nothing-only she brought me here first."

"Like h-1-"

"Yes"-the girl ignored the interruption-"I didn't even know where he lived, no more'n I knew where to look for you. So Inez framed me, just to put me in bad with you." "Ah, tell't to Sweeney."

"Ask Charlle, if you don't believe me-ask him after he comes to at Sing Ho's tomorrow. He'll tell you he promised to meet me'sthere tonight and bring me to you. But when I got there Charlie was dead to the world. Inez said she'd show me the way to where you and Leo was laying up; and when I said all right, she brought me here, left me at the door and blew, And then . . . What could I do? I didn't know where to find you and I was cold and wet and tired."

Her statement carried conviction. Against his wish the man believed her; and because it was against his wish he was the more irritated and chose to deny his belief. His glare was ugly.

"So that's the stall, is it?" "You ask Charlie. He'll tell you

the truth-you needn't look to get it out of Inez-only he'll tell you too late." "What do you mean, too late?"

"Too late to stop you making d-n fool of yourself." "How's that? How'm I goin' to

make a d-n fool out of myself?" "I don't know yet; but I hope you don't think I'm such a flat as to think you've come here tonight just for a friendly talk."

"You're dead right there !" His laugh rang with brutal scorn. "Til say I didn't come for no friendly talk with him and you."

"Well . . . What did you come for?" She confronted him with sullen, yet fearless eyes. His own shifted. He had little stomach for plain speech. The instinct of his kind was strong she saw him go. The sense of his things to put on. Mine's all soaked." in him, to kill, if he could, what he

ited his sodden intelligence. "You wouldn't be beggin' for that pill if you wasn't stuck on him. And that's enough. Bull or no bull, he ain't goin' to live to say he store Red Cartehau's girl !"

was more than he had bargained for.

Inarticulately resentful of such squeamishness in himself, he looked

furtively aside, licking his lips, and

discovered the decanter of Madeira

which Mario had left unstoppered on

the table, after opening it for Leonora.

Carnehan brimmed . an ordinary

drinking glass with the wine and

drank it in one long draught, grateful

for its pungent warmth, deluded by

Now, Madeira may not wisely be

taken on top of rye whisky. Con-

scious of reinforced bravado, the man

leaned against the table, his back to

"What did I come for? Oh, I dun-

"You've threatened me often enough,

if you ever caught me with him

He nodded in a heavy humor. "You

got that right, kid. No girl of mine can

pass me up for any stool pigeon or

"And get away with it. You wait-

She shut her eyes. In spite of her-

self she shuddered. He laughed with

gratification, and her eyes reopened

of a sudden, passionately unafraid,

seeking first the pistol in his hand,

"You're going to . . kill me, Red !"

In spite of his shamefaced smirk,

he meant it in deadly earnestness. She

had another shudder, but fought it

After a minute she said: "Very

He interrupted: "You're worse'n

ready; you're in a heluva hurry. His

turn comes first, yours next. Get me?"

"But"-she implored his credulity

with clasped hands extended-"I tell

you, you're wrong about him, Red. He

hasn't got anything to do with the

down without releasing his gaze.

its mellow smoothness.

it, leering truculently.

again .

"He isn't."

you'll see !"

then his face.

"I'll say I am."

well; I'm ready, only-"

no. What d'you think?"

dick that ever lived-"

"You're wrong, Red-you're all wrong," she protested willy. "And anyhow, what good'll it do you? Don't you know you're just playing Inez" game?"

"G'wan. Inez ain't nothin' to me." "I know she isn"t, and she knows it, too, and that's why. Don't you see? You turned her down for me and she's been crazy jealous ever since. Now she gets even with us both-gets me out of the way right off the but and sends you to the chair for It. My God, Red! You don't trust that hellcat, do you? Don't you know she's only waiting to fix things safe for Leo before she squeals on you?"

"Ah, forget it !" That, together with more profanity, silenced her. "Le' me and Inez alone. Mebbe I did pass her up for you: but that's a long time ago and she's forgot all about it by now, She don't think of nobody but Leo."

"If you believe that you're as big a boob as she thinks."

"Maybe-but not as big a one as you think." Carnehan emptied the decanter into the glass and swilled it at a gulp. "'Most anybody Fm strong for can fool me once, but not even you can fool me twice." "Inez has."

"Ah, sure! You'd say so . . . But there was an accent of doubt in his jeering retort and in the look he gave the girl as well. Far gone in befuddlement, he was unsure of himself, unsure of anything within the scope of his perceptions, and uneasy. What if Leonora were telling the truth about Inez? Inez whom he secretly despised, Leonora who was worth a score of Inez' sort . . .

"How do you mean she's fooled me twice?" he demanded thickly.

"First, when she made you think I cared anything about anybody but you. Red." The girl inched nearer, playing to perfection a part upon which her life depended-her life and Mario's. "She was the one told you about Mario-lied to you, told you I was seeing him often-a man I hardly knew. hadn't spoken to a dozen times in all my life. Why, Red, before tonight I never have seen that man anywheres but in the street, and then only to pass the time of day! But you'd take anybody's word instead of mine, you'll believe anybody except the girl that gency. loves you !"

Her hands came lightly to rest upon his forearms. He gave them no welcome but made no move to repuise them. The uncertainty in his eyes was giving way to another emotion, one which the girl knew too well. She moved still closer, and one hand stole slowly up to his shoulder.

Saved by a miracle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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

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

Rural Sarcasm.

A New Yorker, visiting an Iowa town, was talking to a prominent citizen with reference to the one paper the town boasted.

"Well," observed the citizen, "I'll say for the editor that he can be the most sarcastic fellow that ever was when he tries."

"How so?"

"Why, in last week's issue the department entitled 'Local Intelligenco' was only about three inches in length."

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

Latarrnai Deamess Cannot De Curea by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. Catarrhal Deafness requires constitu-tional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an in-flamed 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 entire-ly closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced, your hearing may be destroyed forever. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acti through the blood on the mucous surthrough the blood on the mucous sur-faces of the system, thus reducing the in-flammation and restoring normal condi-

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

Vanity in Animal's Custom. The investigating scientist who has been studying wild animals has learned that members of the feline tribe do not play with their long claws on the bark of trees to sharpen them, as is popularly supposed, but the antics are a display of vanity on the part of the male, to show how agile and powerful

he is,

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes That itch and burn with hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Talcum is dusted on at the finish. 25c each everywhere.--Adv.

Where Small Savings Count. Small savings are like stones in a bridge; they form a firm support to carry one over the flood of an emer-

For Constipation use a natural remedy. Garfield Tea is composed of carefully selected herbs only. At all drug stores .- Adv.

A Mind Reader. "Are you Doctor Smith?" "No, but I know where we can get some,"

Mystic Cream relieves chapped hands like magic. Ask druggist for it .-- Adv.

Expect to be treated as you have treated others .- Latin proverb.