

W. H. JOHNSON, of Portland, Ore., who says no one could have done him any greater kindness than the friend who advised him to try Tanlac. — Gains fifteen pounds.



"Not in a long time, have I enjoyed such good health or felt so well generally as I do since taking Tanlac," said W. H. Johnson, 319 East 43rd St., Portland, Ore., who holds a responsible position with the Northwest Transfer Company.

"About a year ago I began suffering from lack of appetite and stomach trouble and since that time—that is, until Tanlac set me right—I have felt so poorly that I could hardly do my work. My food seemed to do me little good, if any, as my digestion was bad, and I lost both weight and strength continually.

"After every meal there was a dull, nagging pain in the pit of my stomach that kept me feeling miserable for hours.

"The gas from my sour, undigested food would blot me up terribly and my nerves were so upset that I would lie awake half the night unable to sleep. I was constantly having blinding dizzy spells and could not bend over and straighten up quickly but what everything seemed as dark as night to me.

"I was telling a friend one day how bad I felt and he advised me to try Tanlac and I just want to say he couldn't have done me a greater kindness.

"I have picked up all of fifteen pounds in weight, my appetite is fine, and although I am eating just anything I want my stomach never gives me a particle of trouble. My sleep is sound and restful and my strength and energy have been so renewed that my work is no longer a burden to me."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

It Is Sometimes Gustly.

Operator Keys (just married)—I tell you, Brown, a man without a wife is like a ship without a sail—he's adrift. Brown—Maybe he is, but when he gets one he is still liable to have a few squalls.—New York Central Magazine.

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Take Aspirin only as told in each package of genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin. Then you will be following the directions and dosage worked out by physicians during 21 years, and proved safe by millions. Take no chances with substitutes. If you see the Bayer Cross on tablets, you can take them without fear for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

#### Problems.

"What is the problem you are studying now?"

"Just at this moment," replied Senator Sorghum, "you find me engaged in a somewhat personal calculation. I am trying to figure out how I can continue to serve the public at my present compensation and pay my rent and other inevitable expenses."

Pure blood is essential to good health. Garfield Tea dispels impurities, cleanses the system and eradicates disease.—Adv.

#### Fatal Mistake.

(Situation: Burglar caught red-handed arraigned in court.) Woman—"The source of the fellow! He pretended to be my husband and called out: 'It's all right, darlin'—it's only me.' It was the word 'darlin' that got 'im away.'—London Punch.

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# The DARK MIRROR

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By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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

Illustrated by Irwin Myers

## VIII. CARNEHAN—Continued.

"Won't you be fair to me, Red? You know you're everything to me. But what's inez to you that you've got to let her come between us and spoil everything? We were so happy before you listened to her lies. . . . Please, Red, please!"

There was an instant's pause, vibrant with the passion of her purpose and his doubts. But that very moment of indecision told her she was winning—had already won.

Her arm moved round his neck, drawing his head down. He resisted stubbornly, but of a sudden yielded. With a low cry he crushed her to him. The hard stubble of his beard, unshaven for three days, rasped her sensitive skin. The reek of his breath was sickening as he sought the fragrance of her mouth. But she steeled herself, repressed her shudder of repulsion, let him have his way, even mustered a show of response that contented him. For if her flesh crawled, her heart sang; she had won. He had dropped his pistol; it lay unheeded on the table beside them. She nestled more closely into his embrace, breathing broken terms of endearment in answer to his half-coherent words. The movement brought her nearer the table and the pistol, almost between it and Carnehan. He did not seem to notice. She debated the next move, trying to scheme some way to free a hand without exciting his suspicions, so that she might grope behind her until her fingers found the weapon.

What sound it was that startled him, whether a footfall on the stairs or a door banging on one of the lower floors, she never knew. But the man lifted his head sharply, listening, and his embrace relaxed. He muttered: "What was that?" "I didn't hear anything, Red. . . ." With no more warning she thrust him vigorously from her. Altogether taken by surprise, he stumbled backward, grasping at the air, his face a tragicomic mask of maudlin stupefaction, until the wall behind him brought him up. At the same time understanding smote him like a thunderbolt. He pulled himself together and started for her, but ducked smartly and again fell back on finding himself under the threat of his own pistol.

But the reaction was involuntary, dictated by instinct more than by conscious fear. Drink and rage had put him well beyond the influence of that emotion. He could not grasp the possibility of her carrying out that threat implicit in her attitude. He knew only that he had been tricked and must be revenged.

For a little neither spoke nor moved. The girl was motionless, tense, her eyes dark with settled purpose in a face abnormally pale with excitement. The man stood in a semi-crouching pose, swaying slightly from side to side; shoulders bowed, head thrust forward, murder glimmering in bloodshot eyes. A dull growling issued from his half-open lips. Abruptly, making nothing of the pistol, he charged head-long.

She had not dreamed he would dare. The pistol exploded in a wavering hand, and its shot went wide; but

lost hold of the pistol. Her ineffective fingers tore at wrists of steel.

A gust of hot air rose round her head. She saw Red's face fitfully illumined by a bluish glare. The glass reservoir of the lamp had broken, and the oil, spreading upon the rug, had caught fire of the flickering wick. She redoubled her efforts, but the pressure upon her windpipe was cruel beyond description, her brain was reeling, so was all the world. Darkness was fast closing in upon her like a black fog. . . .

Then something happened, something miraculous intervened. Too dazed to comprehend, at first conscious only of the freedom of her throat, she was caught up and carried swiftly away.

Set upon her feet, she found herself in the hall, at the head of the stairs, Mario supporting her with an arm. To his anxious inquiry, she returned a ghastly smile and a feeble shake of her head.

"What happened?" she creaked in a voice she did not know as her own. "I returned—thank God!—in time!" "But Red—?"

"Knocked senseless—back there—"

Through the open doorway she caught a glimpse of a room that seemed a well of raging flames, violet, orange and green. Then Mario picked her up again and started downstairs.

On the first landing she heard him shouting the alarm of fire. She struggled, and he put her down, but held her hand and dragged her with him as they plunged down flight after flight.

Before they had accomplished half of that descent, the house was buzzing like a hive of enraged bees. On the lowermost landing they had fairly to fight their way through the crowd of panic-stricken tenants swarming out of their cells.

A motorcab was waiting at the curb. Mario hustled her into the vehicle, followed, and slammed the door. Evidently the driver was already instructed; he made off without delay. Leonora collapsed, sobbing weakly, upon the bosom of Mario.

## IX. AT MIDNIGHT.

And sobbing as though her heart must break, the girl Priscilla came back to herself in the ordered and luxurious security of that quiet home on Park avenue.

But it was some time before her bemused wits were able to grasp the singular circumstances that attended this return, or this awakening—which, ever it was. She had been recalled too suddenly, too harshly, from that weird realm of her life in dreams to the sane world of her waking existence. At first she found nothing strange in the fact that she, who had lost consciousness in darkness, quiet and solitude, should regain it in a confining glare of light, see the intent, anxious countenance of Philip Fosldek bending over her, as he sat on the edge of the bed, holding her by the shoulders, and hear the beating of her Aunt Esther, who stood beside Philip, kneading together vague and futile hands.

But the sobs ceased when the oddness of it all at length struck home, and Priscilla sat up, shaking off Philip's hands and instinctively drawing her negligee together over her night-dress.

"Why, Philip?" she stammered. "And Aunt Esther! Is anything the matter?"

"I fancy you can tell us that," Philip suggested mildly with a sympathetic smile.

"I'm sure I don't understand in the least." This was Aunt Esther. "It seems very peculiar, I must say. Doctor Fosldek called a few minutes ago, and insisted on seeing you. He said he had telephoned you some time ago, and you answered him so peculiarly, he wanted to make sure you were all right. So I brought him up—"

"I think you understand, 'Cilla," Philip interposed in a guarded manner.

"And we found you writing and moaning in your sleep—and do what we could it seemed impossible to wake you up!"

"I see," said Priscilla—"I understand. I'm sorry to have worried you so."

She tried to smile reassuringly for Philip's sake, but the attempt was not altogether a success. Her memories were too vivid, too moving, the pain in her heart too new and keen. Her lips quivered, her wide dazed eyes once more brimmed with tears.

Fosldek looked aside to Mrs. Trowbridge. "Priscilla's in a highly nervous state," he explained with the authority of the physician. "But I've been studying her for some time and have the case, I think, well in hand. If you don't mind telephoning my office that I can't get there within an hour or two, I think I can quiet her so that she'll sleep naturally for the rest of the night."

But he knew very well that the office telephons would not be answered, and that it would take Aunt Esther at least ten minutes to find that out. . . . When they were alone he turned again to Priscilla.

"You must tell me your dream, 'Cilla dear—let me help you all I can."

In the stress of her emotion, quite thoughtlessly, acting wholly upon an impulse of gratitude and affection, she insisted in a broken whisper—"no body can. They've escaped. Philip—she and Mario have—they love each other and are going to be married and. . . . Oh, it's so impossible, so mad, so silly of me! But I can't help it. I'm jealous, Philip—I'm wild with jealousy—jealous of a dream thing!"

## CHAPTER SIX

### The Gathering Storm.

#### I. THE PLAIN MAN, ANDREWS.

Daily from nine till noon Dr. Philip Fosldek sat in his consultation room, a grave, pleasant spoken, quiet-mannered gentleman, dispensing interest, sympathy and wisdom without stint to all and sundry who thronged his waiting room with care-worn faces and one by one filed in to lay bare to him sick bodies, minds and souls.

Today, however, he found himself irked by his patients, attending with a divided mind to their complaints—



Mario Husted Her Into the Vehicle.

the undercurrent of his thoughts constantly preoccupied with the riddle of Leonora and Priscilla Maine.

So he was relieved when the clock struck twelve, and for once he enforced inflexibly his rule to see nobody after office hours but by appointment.

Alone, he tilted back his chair, clasped hands behind his head, and focussed his gaze upon remote abstraction. A look of pain lurked in the clear and steady eyes of gray, disconsolation in the set of his firm, thin-lipped mouth; the debacle of a love, for many years the ruling motive of his life, foreshadowed in his meditation.

Not for an instant had he forgotten the confession of love for Mario implicit in Priscilla's confession of jealousy of Leonora.

From the first sensitive to the girl's romantic interest in this man, Fosldek had seen in it no cause for active concern so long as Mario remained no more ponderable than a figure in a dream. But now it appeared that, like Leonora, whom Fosldek had seen in the flesh; like Bielinsky, known to and wanted by the police; like the gunman Carnehan whose haunts Fosldek had been frequenting in search of a key to the riddle; like all these folk, Mario was a thing of flesh and blood, and so perilous to all Fosldek's hopes of happiness, and Priscilla, too.

For Mario, in love with if not already married to Leonora, was lost to her already. However heavily it might cost her, Priscilla must resign herself to renunciation. And then Time would have to do the rest, with its magical hands of healing and obliteration. In time Priscilla would forget, and be healed, and would find herself anew. And then another's turn would come.

He had been patient now these many years, he could be patient a little longer. And while he waited he would be helping her; he who alone could help her to forget. For her dreams must cease, they must be stopped by one means or another, so that the figures of Mario and Leonora might no longer haunt and torment her. It could be done, they could be stopped, it was a question of means merely. Fosldek pondered two, alike distasteful: drugs and hypnotism. Sincerely Fosldek believed he chose the lesser evil when, taking a pad of blanks, he jotted down a formula for a sedative which he hoped might give the girl nights of dreamless sleep without harmful reaction.

The assistant who answered his summons took the prescription to be filled, and at the same time announced a Mr. Andrews, calling by appointment.

Ushered in, he sat himself in the easy chair beside Fosldek's desk, mulling a cigar and nursing a rusty derby on his knees; a commonplace citizen incarnate at the mean of his unremarkable mediocrity, distinguished by nothing whatever more than an utter lack of distinction; the sort of man who, as we say, would pass in a crowd—unseen.

To Fosldek's pleasant query: "Well, Andrews, what luck?" he replied mildly: "Guess I got your party located all right."

"So soon?" Fosldek's manner betrayed some excitement. "Where?" "Hotel Walpole," Mr. Andrews stated in a voice exasperatingly matter-of-fact.

"You're sure?" "Well, she answers your description. Registered about twelve last night. Seemed all fussed up. Wore a long cloak and no hat. A dark-complected guy that come with her fixed up for her room and everything—paid in advance, because she didn't bring no baggage—and beat it as soon's he'd said good night."

"Under what name did she register?" "Nora O'More." Mr. Andrews produced a slip of tracing paper from a worn leather wallet. "I took a copy off the register."

Fosldek studied briefly the traced signature: a round, firm, but unformed hand.

"Is she at the Walpole now?" "Nope—she flew the coop with the dark-complected guy about ten this mornin'. He called for her with a tounin' car, a Jap chauffeur and a skirt that looked like a lady's-maid. The dark bird hands your party into the car, and the Jap has her goin' before the porter can nip his tip."

Fosldek frowned thoughtfully for a moment. "Did you call up the marriage license bureau?"

"Uh-huh, but nobody like them parties has applied there today for permission to hitch. If they shows up later, one of the clerks is a friend of mine, he'll gimme a buzz."

"Where do people go, as a rule, when they want to marry in a hurry and without publicity?" "Jersey City, gen'ly; sometimes Stamford, Conn."

"Wish you'd get in touch with both places."

"Sure."

Fosldek hesitated, then reminded himself of other appointments.

"I presume there's nothing more."

"Nope, only—yunno that Carnehan?"

"Did you find him, too?"

"Yeah," said Mr. Andrews placidly—"in the morgue. He kicked off in a tenment fire last night. A guy I know down to piece headquarters gimme the noos. It seems Carnehan and Bielinsky—Leo the Blood, what shot up a harness bull and a couple plain-clothes at Ristori's a while ago, yunno—anyway he got the credit for all of the shootin'; but it seems somebody slipped headquarters the tip it was Carnehan bumped off the detectives, only headquarters wasn't lettin' on it knew, hopin' Carnehan'd maybe think it was all right to come up for air, and do it. . . . Well, anyway: them two is layin' up in a flat in one of them tenments. Bielinsky just manages to get out before the staircase caves, and is spotted and pinched when he tries to sneak through the fire lines. He says Carnehan was slow gettin' to the stairs, account of him bein' stewed, and this mornin' they takes Leo to the morgue and shows him the stiff they'd dug out the ruins and he identifies one as Carnehan."

"But are the police satisfied with his identification? I understand the members of these gangs are rather loyal to one another. Bielinsky may have lied to give Carnehan another chance."

"Oh, I dunno. I guess headquarters must've figured it was Carnehan before they called on Leo. Only my friend says they finds this body in the ruins of the tenment next door, where the fire started, instead of the house where these two birds was hidin'. But that's easy explained if Carnehan tried to get away across the roofs. Yunno them old-law tenments: fire-traps, that's all. And that gate last night helped a lot. . . ."

## II. RESIGNATION.

When he called, late in the afternoon, through some blessed accident Fosldek found Priscilla alone, and she had a brave smile of welcome for him, although he fancied it a trifle forced; for the effort she was making to keep a stiff upper lip seemed only too apparent to his solicitous regard.

"Philip, I do believe you're never on time!"

"Seldom if ever," he asserted solemnly. "One must sport a professional mannerism or two, you know, to hold the confidence of one's clientele, if one simply won't wear a beard or tote a shabby black bag."

"I almost think," she said, "I'd prefer the beard, plus punctuality, this afternoon at least. Next to sitting through a musical comedy, I don't know anything more enervating than waiting for the doctor's call."

"I'm sorry, 'Cilla," he protested contritely. "I really was more keen to get here than you could possibly have been to see me."

"Don't be too sure," Philip found something almost pathetic in this fugitive dash of her rare coquetry. "I was lonely, waiting, with no company but my thoughts."

"But not unhappy?"

"No-o," she admitted dubiously, giving him tea—"nor happy, either; rather, I should say, resigned. You see, Philip, they—they're married."

"How do you know?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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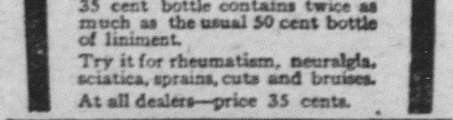
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