

**Sure Relief**



**BELL-ANS**  
INDIGESTION  
25 CENTS

6 BELL-ANS  
Hot water  
Sure Relief

**BELL-ANS**  
FOR INDIGESTION

To abort a cold  
and prevent complications take



The purified and refined calomel tablets that are nausealess, safe and sure. Medicinal virtues retained and improved. Sold only in sealed packages. Price 35c.

**Side and Back Hurt**

Jordan Mines, Va.—"I am making this statement for the benefit of any one suffering as I did. I had pain in my side and could scarcely eat anything. My back hurt all the time and I was very nervous. No medicine did me any good until I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his Pleasant Pellets. After taking four bottles of each I could be up all day."—MRS. SARAH R. TERRY.

All druggists, or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial package of any of his remedies.

**Cuticura Soap**  
Clears the Skin  
and Keeps it Clear

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

Plant at Victoria Falls. The project to erect a power plant at Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi river, in South Africa, has been revived and it is exceedingly likely that a 250,000 horsepower plant will soon be under way at that place. It has been under discussion for many years, but the one thing which stood in the way was the proximity of cheap coal, but this fuel is now at such a price that there is a demand for hydro-electric power. Current will probably be conveyed to the Rand mines, 600 miles away.

**HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR A COLD**

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh.—Adv.

Tomorrow They'll Do It Again. Spark Plug—"I got fired today." Battery—"That's nothing. I'm discharged, also."—Science and Invention.

Constipation generally indicates disordered stomach, liver and bowels. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills restore regularity without griping.—Adv.

Some day every turnstile will encounter its fattest man and go on strike.

No harmful drugs in Garfield Tea. It is composed wholly of simple, health-giving herbs.—Adv.

If you want to be happy and to make others happy, put some play into every day.

**MURINE**  
Night  
Morning




**Keep Your Eyes**  
Clean—Clear and Healthy

Write for Free Eye Care Book Murine Co., Chicago, U.S.A.

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 11-1921.

**The DARK MIRROR**  
by  
**Louis Joseph Vance**  
Author of "The False Faces,"  
"The Lone Wolf," Etc.

Illustrated by  
**Irwin Myers**  
Copyright 1920 by the Author.



II. RESIGNATION—Continued.

She shook her head. "I can't tell you, but I do. It was just before noon. I was in my room, alone, wondering—trying to think things out some way. And suddenly—there's no explaining—I knew it had happened. It was nothing like a dream: I haven't the remotest idea how or where they were married, I only know they were."

He studied her closely, detecting no trace of hysteria in her manner. There were melancholy shadows beneath her eyes, but the eyes themselves were calm, clear and direct.

"Tell me as nearly as you can . . ." She overcame a reluctance. "I slept well enough, after you left last night, heavily but without dreams that I remember: but I woke up with a sense of strain, a tension of nerves, as if subconsciously waiting for something to happen. It got worse as the morning wore on, though I fought it as hard as I knew how, and I had a feeling of suppressed excitement, too. And then as I sat—about noon, the tension snapped. Without the least warning it was gone, there was nothing left, just emptiness—you know—desolation. And after a little time of that, peace of a sort: the feeling one has when something terribly important that's been a long time hanging fire is at last settled, even if it's settled disappointingly. So I knew—the least suspicion of a tremor crept into her voice—"It was over and done with, they were married, the thing was finished."

"When?" she asked.

"In a way, yes. I had a sense of happiness, but it wasn't mine, it didn't rise in me, it was her happiness I was sharing. Then even that left me, nothing remained, only the forlornest loneliness, Philip . . . as if I'd lost something I could never regain. I presume I have. Somehow I've got a notion I shall never see Leonora again, even in my dreams. Do you think it's possible I'll never dream again—that way?"

"I hope so, 'Cilla—with all my heart!"

She sat very still for a time, gaze downward to the hands that held her teacup.

"I suppose I hope so, too," she said faintly.

III. MOTHER O'MORE.

"I've got news," Fosdick offered. Priscilla looked up sharply, under knitting brows. "Though, I imagine from what you've told me, it will seem less news than confirmation—in a way." He was quick to satisfy her movement of impatience. "There's every reason to believe Leonora spent last night, after the fire, at the Walpole, and Mario called for her there this morning, about ten o'clock, with a motorcar. He had a Japanese chauffeur and an-

other woman with him, presumably a maid. Apparently the man has means of his own."

"He has, I think. But how do you know all this?"

"I had a man, a private detective, make the rounds of the hotels, first thing this morning—on the off-chance that Mario had acted on his suggestion, if you remembered it correctly, of putting Leonora up for the night at the best and quietest place in town."

"You employed a detective, Philip?"

"After your promise—"

"Hold on, 'Cilla! I promised I wouldn't go near police headquarters or let the truth leak out about what happened at Ristori's. And I was better than my word. In the beginning I sleuthed for you all on my own—spent the better part of three days snooping around the lower East side in a slop-

shop suit, unshaven, my nails in mourning, till I got what I was after, established indisputably the fact that your dreams were true telesthetic visions—clairvoyant—whatever you care to call them—anything but hallucinations of a disordered mind. More than that, I proved that Leonora was as real a creature as you are, not a sort of secondary personality you'd been projecting more or less involuntarily into phases of life utterly outside your comprehension and experience."

"I know, Philip." She leaned forward to touch his hand in gratitude. "Don't think me unappreciative. If you only knew what it means to have my heart lightened of that fear—"

"Then I don't think you ought to complain if I turn over routine investigation work to a private detective, a man of absolute discretion who is not in the police department, who hasn't even heard your name, who thinks I'm interested in this Leonora for reasons purely personal to myself."

"I don't complain, Philip. I was surprised, and at first didn't understand. You see—I presume I'm too much Leonora or she's too much me—but I can't somehow help sharing her feelings. She was wretchedly afraid the police might send Red to the electric chair on information they'd got through her—"

"They'll never do that now," Philip interrupted. "Carnehan is dead." The girl uttered a little cry, something between pity and thanksgiving, and sank back, staring. "Yes. His body was found in the ruins of the tenement house this morning. Bielinsky, who was arrested fleeing the flames, identified the remains. . . . So that fear passes, 'Cilla."

be a good thing if you never dreamed again of Leonora."

"But one can't control one's dreams!"

"I'm not so sure. I believe it might be done. I can help a little, I think—but really it all rests with you."

"I suppose so . . ." She was puzzled, intent. "But what to do?"

"It's a matter of will power simply. You can do it if you will, but you must want to heart and soul."

Her face was at once dark with thought and flushed with hope—beyond all telling sweet.

"But I do, Philip—I want so much to forget, more than you know. I want so much to think there's nothing strange about me any more, I'm just a normal human being like any other girl. I want never to think again . . ." She caught herself up in confusion and did not complete the thought. More subdued, she continued: "I promise faithfully to do all I can, whatever you think best."

"Well, as I say, it's all up to you. You've got to make yourself mistress of your own mind, make it think what you want it to think and forget and disregard everything else, no matter how insistently it may claim attention. Keep yourself constantly occupied, constantly doing and going, keep every minute filled. Paint every day till you're tired out; but don't stop then. When you've worked till you feel ready to drop, play till you can't think, and then as you drift off to sleep fix your thoughts steadfastly on something like your work. On no account permit yourself to drowse off wondering about Leonora."

"My work will help," she agreed. "I'm so glad you want me to keep on."

Then you think there's no more danger—in the studio—associations?"

"Not since this afternoon," he said smiling. "The portrait is no longer there."

"My portrait gone?" Distress vibrated in her voice. "What has become of it?"

"Harkness has it," Fosdick laughed, pleased by her bewilderment and at the same time apprehensive of the effect of his confession. "You see, you left the studio key on your dressing table last night; I saw it there and borrowed it. This afternoon I took Harkness to see the portrait, and he was so enthusiastic—it's really fine work, you know—he insisted on carting it off with him then and there. Inasmuch as that was precisely what I wanted, I let him have his way. It's no use, 'Cilla. I had to get that thing out of your way, and if I had waited for your permission it might have meant weeks of delay. Now that the portrait's disposed of, you may use the studio as freely as you like."

Which reminds me: here's the key."

She took it from him brusquely, at once annoyed and gratified, her face slightly flushed with the one emotion, her eyes luminous with the other.

"I like your impudence!"

"We strive to please."

Divided between anger and mirth, she compromised by giving free rein to both, so that resentment was swiftly swept away in laughter.

"Philip, you are incorrigible!"

"I have to be, to get my own way."

IV. AFFINITY.

The girl suffered atrociously at first. But nobody knew; or Philip Fosdick alone suspected something of what she was going through. He could not know all, for even to him she said little or nothing, and went sweetly through her days with a high head and eyes of lying calm. But he was sick with sympathy for her and so in some measure quick with intuition. He helped her more than she knew, indeed, for he contrived to devote to her more time than a physician had any right to, with so many patients leaning heavily on him for comfort.

And though he refused to experiment with obvious forms of hypnotism such as mesmeric gestures and the induced trance, he worked insidiously upon her by suggestion, not so much at the expense of her spiritual independence as to its re-establishment and invigoration. It was never, "You must, for it is my will"; but always, "You can if you will"—though far more subtly. . . .

Thus gradually self-confidence was built up in her anew, she began to perceive the truth, like a light dim at the far end of a tunnel, that nothing mundane transcends the power of the informed, self-regulated and applied

will, that not even the mortal ache of longing can withstand it. So vaguely she began to apprehend a coming time when, instead of flying from her sorrow, it might be to a state more unhappy yet, she would be able to face it, even to outface it unafraid, its master and her own.

However, that was only toward the end . . .

Meanwhile she was faithful to her word, faithfully regulated her life in accordance with the scheme suggested by Fosdick. She started a portrait of Ada Moyer and worked at it steadily every morning, and in amazingly few sittings managed to make the painted canvas body forth the implish charm of that lady, her irresistible gay impudence. This in spite of the fact that Ada posed poorly and pervaded the studio with an atmosphere of infectious irresponsibility that was most demoralizing to a serious-minded artist—and did Priscilla no end of good.

In the afternoon she labored more soberly but no less successfully upon a composition employing two professional models, a mother and daughter—painting famously well, with a decision new in her work, with a dashing technique whose secrets she had newly surprised and whose manipulation proved an abiding joy.

In between there were luncheons at Arivon, Del's, the Ritz, with the women of her world, and others with professional workers like herself in dingy, amusing little holes of restaurants with which that part of Greenwich Village immediately adjacent to her studio was riddled. And after the light faded there were teas, motoring and bridge parties, dinner, the theater, dances . . .

Alike to work and to play she gave herself without reserve, entering with thoughtless animation (though nobody thought it feverish) into whatever diversion the hour offered. And if at times there was an undernote of sadness in her laughter, shadowed wistfulness in her eyes, weariness in her gesture, she was the first to notice and swift to dissemble. So that none remarked any change in her, more than an access of loveliness and charm at once elusive and insistent, and she was more than ever sought after, importuned, courted, wooed. A dozen conquests were added to her score in that too brief lull. But she seemed altogether unaware of them, save as friends, and moved sedately among them, adorably pretty, tantalizingly desirable, exasperatingly detached. In those days she liked all men and loved none . . . none but one . . .

Not Philip Fosdick.

With herself she was honest and unpretending; if Mario was never for her, she was for no one else.

She was patient in confidence of ultimate emancipation. Already she had gained much. The question of her sanity no longer harassed her. More; she had ceased to dream of Leonora.

Or rather, she no longer remembered what she dreamed. She awakened every morning from a night whose dream content was blank—if she had dreamed at all. She was far from satisfied, however, that she had ceased to dream. It seemed to her that she had ceased merely to remember. For in spite of the cessation of her dreaming the sense of the hansen persisted; never had she felt more near to Leonora, more intimately a sharer in her psychic life.

Now and again there would come without warning, without any encouragement of conscious wish or thought, a feeling of identity with that other, of understanding, of personal participation in Leonora's happiness, that brought a strange exaltation of spirit, paradoxically akin to that happiness which life refused her. And at such times she would experience indefinite, teasing glimpses into Leonora's present circumstances—glimpses no sooner granted than snatched away, of a life half known, half foreign, like a stir of shadow shapes in the depths of the dark mirror of her unconscious mind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PART OF RELIGIOUS WORSHIP

Decorative Church Windows Have Long Been a Form of Ornamentation Beloved by the Faithful.

The art of glass decorating is not a modern Bohemian accomplishment. The Roman cathedral of Prague contained in 1276, two windows which were decorated with Old and New Testament scenes. Decorative windows soon became a favorite form of church ornamentation. Assnes Sylvius, who subsequently became Pope Pius II and incidentally was a very close student of contemporary affairs of Bohemia, records that the churches of the Czechs possessed many "high and wide windows which were brightly and artistically decorated, and such style of decorating was not confined to the churches in the large cities and towns, but even the distant hamlets prided themselves on churches containing windows ornamented in a similar fashion." The curriculum of the division of technical arts of the University of Prague included courses in painting, wood carving and glass ornamentation. No degree was ever conferred on a student unless he could exhibit sufficient aptitude as a "glass man" or quality in "glassery," a practical demonstration of the high esteem in which this branch of the arts was held.

The Unfortunate Rich. Our observation is that being rich is no credit to a bachelor and no help to a married man.—Dallas News.

Did you ever hear of a man's getting married for the purpose of having some one read poetry to him?

Just as Bad. Art Critic—"Have you ever been done in oil?" Vanderlop—"No; but I have in steel common."

Sore Eyes, Blood-Shot Eyes, Watery Eyes, Itchy Eyes, all healed promptly with night applications of Roman Eye Balsam.—Adv.

It is better to be enthusiastic in a mistaken cause than apathetic in everything.

STOMACH MISERY

Meadow Creek, W. Va.—"I had been sick for about a year and had been doctored with several different doctors and none seemed to do me any good. Anything I ate seemed to blow me and cause great misery, and at night I would take spells with my heart and had to jump up to get my breath. I had just about given up all hope of ever getting well when I decided to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. After taking the first bottle I could see a difference in myself so I continued until I took six bottles and now I am sound and well."—BEN BOWLES. All druggists.

"I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN AFTER USING HYPO-COD"

After Effects of Sickness Leaving, and He Has a Good Appetite.

WIFE TAKES IT, RESULTS GOOD

"I suffered from influenza a year ago, and it left me with a cough and rundown system. I certainly had the influenza bad," declared Mr. Boyd, whose address is given below.

"A friend recommended Earle's Hypo-Cod to me, so I decided to give it a trial, and after I had taken four bottles it made a big change in me. I feel stronger, feel like a new man, and it has given me an appetite. I recommend Hypo-Cod because I think it is the best medicine I have ever taken since being sick for a rundown condition. I can cheerfully recommend it to anyone that has suffered as I have. My wife is also taking it, and feels better. My home will never be without a bottle of Earle's Hypo-Cod. It is a great health restorer," continued John Boyd, 239 East Phila, Ellena St., St. Arny, Pa.

People with coughs, colds and weak, rundown systems are in prime condition to catch even more serious sicknesses. They should at once rid their system of the congestion, cough and cold, and then fortify and increase their disease resisting vitality. Everyone should take a tonic at this season of the year. Sickness is too expensive. Drop in at the drug store tonight and ask about this new, more modern, powerful and up-to-date tonic that thousands have found does the work so quickly.—Adv.

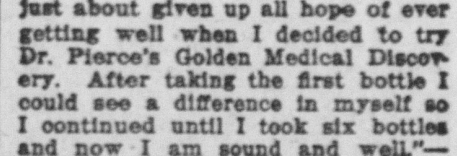
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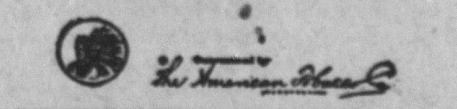


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Do you know why it's toasted

To seal in the delicious Burley tobacco flavor.

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE



SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HARBLEN OIL CAPSULES

bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

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