TOSEPH A. YORK, well-known business man of Portland, Me., who says he feels twenty years younger and has e gained sixteen pounds on four bottles of Tanlac. Declares he can now eat three square meals a day.



"I am now able to eat three square meals a day for the first time in two years," was the emphatic statement made recently by Joseph A. York, well-known business man and highly respected citizen of Portland, Maine.

"I am now sixty-nine years of age, and in all my life I have never run across a medicine that I consider in a class with Tanlac. I have just finished my fourth bottle and this medicine has benefited me even beyond my greatest hopes. Besides gaining sixteen pounds in weight, I have been built up and strengthened until I feel all of twenty years younger.

"For the past two years I have been in a miserably run-down condition, and was compelled a short time ago to give up all idea of business as I was too weak to look after anything. I was nervous, worn-out, had no appetite, and suffered most all the time with indigestion. Some days I would eat scarcely anything; in fact I was afraid to eat because I knew I would suffer afterward. Sometimes I had such severe cramping pains after eating that I would almost die. My nerves were all unstrung and the least thing would worry me and I never could get a good night's sound sleep. In fact I just lost interest in everything and was greatly discouraged over my condition.

"The ordinary treatment falled to do me any good, and as I had read so many statements from people I know here in Portland who had been benefited by Tanlac, I decided to give it a trial. And now I know for myself what it will do, for I have simply taken a new lease on life. I am now able to look after my work as usual. and never felt better in my life. I am able to eat three hearty meals a day and everything agrees with me perfectly. I eat anything I want and never feel a touch of indigestion. 1 never thought there was a medicine that could do me so much good, and I am only too glad to have the facts about my case given to the public."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists, everywhere.-Adv.

Between Sisters.

Mabel-"Tve got to ask father for some money." Ethel-"So have I. I'll match you for first chance at him."-Life.

### 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; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache and 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.

Sure Sign. If a man can operate a cash register with sore fingers and never feel the pain he is the proprietor of the place,-Toledo Blade.

"Cold in the Head"

is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh.
Those subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the system, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh. hronic Catarrh.
HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is
HALL'S CATARRH medicine is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions.

All Druggists. Circulars free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Man is a two-legged animal who tries to work all the other animals for a living.

Garfield Tea stimulates the liver, corrects constipation, cleanses the system and rids the blood of impurities. All drug-

Every man has a right to his own jaw, but he has no right to give it to other people.

# The DARK LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE Author of "The False Faces," "The Lone Wolf," Etc. Illustrated by IRWIN MYERS Copyright 1920 by the Author.

V. THE PORTRAIT AGAIN. -13-

That week saw infatuated spring. abandoning every show of diffidence, hastening with footsteps daily more fleet to fling herself into the arms of summer.

Mrs. Trowbridge had arranged to take over the Southampton cottage of a friend who was going abroad. Priscilla, preoccupied with personal interests, her unhappiness and the work that seemed its only antidote, was careless whither they went for the summer, or when, or how, so long as the change were not permitted to hinder her painting, and asked only to be let alone till she finished her two latest canvases.

Twice she begged for postponements, which were grudgingly conceded, and ultimately, badgered beyond endurance by her aunt's insistence that she name a definite day when she would be willing to go, flatly declared she wouldn't budge a foot out of town before she had at least completed the portrait of Ada Moyer.

Mrs. Trowbridge heard the accent of finality and gave in at discretion-but with pursed lips.

Fosdick, observing Priscilla in a threefold capacity, conceded the conquest of his admiration as a sportsman: the girl was putting up the gamest fight conceivable, against crushing odds.

The physician in him saw with satisfaction the seemingly successful working out of his prescribed regime. Even the sedative which, by his order, Priscilla took every night on going to bed, was doing its work without any apparent ill effect: to the contrary, indeed, since her dreams no longer distressed the girl. Still, it would be over-sanguine to consider the case already closed with a cure.

And the lover remained in suspense, hoping against hope with an uneasy

Andrews turned up no trace of Leonora after her departure from the Walpole in company with Mario. If those two had married, they had managed the business with the utmost circumspection and secrecy.

He reported no progress in his search for traces of "Mother O'More" -assuming that such a person had ever existed. There came at length a day of re-

laxing beat, when everything went

Ada Moyer showed up in the morning only to announce that, much as she adored her portrait, she hadn't the slightest intention of going on with the sittings or, for that matter, of stopping on in town another day in such weather. If Priscilla wanted to finish the portrait she would have to bring it down to the Moyer country home and work on it there. This being manifestly unreasonable-Ada knew quite well it would be impossible to duplicate the lighting of the studio-Priscilla felt constrained to point out candidly how selfish Ada was. And they bickered until they

tears. Priscilla consoled herself, she had shopping to 40. . .

parted, each buffed to the verge of

The shops were crowded, the salespeople irritable and irritating. She found nothing that suited her. Between three and four she gave up trying and, thoroughly out of humor, started to walk home up the avenue.

In front of the Harkness gallery a little knot of people had collected, creating an eddy in the tides of foot traffic. Priscilla hesitated, then with quickening pulses added herself to the group before the show window, working her way into its heart, where she obtained an unobstructed view of her

For it was true, what she had surmised: Harkness had already put the portrait of Leonora on exhibition. And already it was attracting a conspicuous amount of attention.

Enchanted, Priscilla stood before her painting with eyes that shone and cheeks aglow, an exquisite emotion welling in her bosom.

Near by a man spoke in the language of the studios, praising the pertrait to a companion. And Priscilla

heard and was exalted. When she dared trust herself to do so, she looked around cautiously, seeking to identify that kindly critic whose appreciation was so much the more acceptable because he spoke with the tongue of understanding.

A small chuckle was struggling in her throat. She could not Help wondering what the man would think could he know how dangerously near he was to being publicly kissed by a strange woman.

But the chuckle expired in a strangled gasp. The dancing eyes steadled to a fixed stare. The color in her cheeks ebbed more swiftly than it had

She began to wonder if her heart would ever beat again, if she would ever find strength to move from that spot where terror had transfixed her.

Her veering glance had been arrested aimost as soon as detached from the portrait by the sardonic and insolent regard of one who stood at a slight distance, though in the same

never seen yet knew; the man whom she knew only by the style under which he passed among his criminal kind-"Harry the Nut."

And he knew her, as his meaning sneer witnessed. shoulder a second face showed, color-

# CHAPTER SEVEN

ice; the face of the woman Inez.

Rendezvous With Death.

I. FOREBODINGS. Only with the four walls of her

own room shutting out the world was Priscilla able to take up the task of rebuilding equanimity out of a chaos of shattered nerves and scattered

By sheer force of will she made herself reconstruct and review that adventure which had loosed panic upon her in the crowded street and driven her, a hunted thing, to seek refuge in flight from the hostility of those who had walked bodily out of the phantasmagoria of her dreams, like ghosts by some black magic materialized in flesh and blood.

Nevertheless they had been curiously metamorphosed in process of materialization. There could be no question as to their identity; but they singularly were and at the same time were not the Inez and Harry the Nut whom Priscilla had known in dreams. But the look and attitude of Harry

and Inez had been etched indelibly upon the tablets of her memory by She could see now, as clearly as she had then, the blazing hatred in the black eyes of Inez, the supercilious

and derisive malevolence in Harry's, As definitely she retained the detalls of their appearance; which was something vastly different in the case of both from the time of Leonora's knowledge of them.

The Nut, for one, had won his nickflashy if expensive clothing as for the silly-ass manner which he commonly affected, finding it useful in his business. But today he was well, if perhaps too much, dressed. A black morning coat with striped gray trousers, white linen waistcoat and spats, radiant topper and varnished shoes, makes a perfectly correct costume for afternoon on the avenue. For all that, on a day of summer heat it is undeniably conspicuous.

In the case of Inez the transformation had proved even more startling. The Inez whom Priscilla had seen with the eyes of Leonora was prone to shoddy finery and strident color schemes, and displayed lofty contempt for trifles such as buttons missing or hanging by a thread, grease stains, shoes down at the heels, skirts that cleared the ground at the same elevation fore and aft. Whereas today she was trimly turned out in the smartest of tailleurs, with a hat the last cry in popular impudence, and gloved and shod as well in a way that none could criticise.

Clearly the Nut had prospered since that night at Ristori's. As clearly the inconstant Inez, following the arrest of Leo the Blood, had been swift to forsake a sinking ship for passage on a more seaworthy craft with every promise of a prosperous voyage.

But (Priscilla argued firmly with herself) what of that? What was it to her whether Inez and Harry fared well or ill?

After all, why in the name of reason need she have been so easy a prey to consternation on unexpectedly coming face to face with the pair?

What though Inez and Harry had mistaken her for Leonora? She was not, she was merely one who resembled Leonora strangely and still more strangely was sib to her in spiritual affinity. A woman of another world entirely, occupying an established position in an ordered and solid state of society, she was secure against any offense which wrong-headed malice might offer her

She had nothing, positively nothing, to fear from them.

And yet-she was afraid, fear crawled, in the back of her mind, outside the bright arena of common sense, like a snake in a shadowy thicket. . . She pondered the riddle for a long time before it was revealed to her | could you?"

that her fear was not for herself but for Leonors.

Imagination called up again those faces that had glared at her in the crowd, two masks of evil lighted from within by a hatred deadly and implacable

As long as those two remained at large. Priscilla knew, so long would the happiness, if not the life, of Leonora be in jeopardy.

She tried to think of something she

could do to confound them, frustrate them, reduce them to impotence. been too well sheltered, she could not imagine how to deal with creatures of their sort-recourse to the police

being out of the question since it must necessarily involve Leonora. A chiming clock reminded her that

group; a man whose face she had | it was half after four, while at five she was to take tea with some friends who were leaving town the next day. With every wish and reason to disappoint them, she bestirred herself and made ready to ge. It would never do to let herself be cowed and overcome Nor was this the worst; beyond his by minor alarms. There was in her mind foreboding of greater trials to come . . . less and drawn with passionate mal-

II. MR. CHILVERS.

With what she later chose to think unpardonable stupidity, she perceived, utterly without misgivings, that a maid was answering a ring at the front door; and she paused on the lower landing. In some surprise she saw the maid approach the foot of the stairs with a silver tray on which lay a card.

Discovering her on the landing, the maid paused, looking up.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss." Wondering, still unsuspecting, Priscilla went on down.

A man standing near the front door, contentedly inspecting his image in a mirror, straightened up with a wellfeigned start and came quickly toward

"Miss Maine!" he exclaimed in a rather high voice, clipping his words after a fashion which he believed to be English-and carrying it off fairly well-"I say, what rippin' luck! Fancy findin' you in!"

Completely nonplussed, she stared blankly into his eyes, ignoring the chamois-gloved hand he proffered.

"You don't remember me?" He uttered a little giggle. "Why, of course you do! Harry Chilvers-met you at the Lathom's a few weeks ago. Now you remember-don't you? Saw you on the avenue this afternoon, and thought I'd call on the off-chance of findin' you in. Merely passin' through town, got in yesterday, off to Newport tomorrow, you know. . . Awf'ly jolly to see you, really."

She was able to say coolly: "How do you do?"-and with a nod aside dismissing the maid, turned toward name as much for his weakness for the door of the drawing room. "Won't you come in?"

"Charmed!" Priscilla halted in the middle of the



"Where You Catch Him, Nora?"

manded a view of the entrance hall; the maid had disappeared-she devoutly hoped was out of earshot. "What can I do for you?" she asked

quietly, looking down at the card to refresh her memory-"Mr. Chilvers?" Tall, slender, carrying the art of his tailor admirably, the man paused before her in an attitude of raffish ease. With an ironic smirk, he jerked his head toward the doorway.

"Safe to talk here?" "I cannot imagine," Priscilla uttered slowly, "why it should not be." She met his stare steadily, calmly, "Unfortunately I do not remember you, Mr. Chilvers. Nor am I acquainted with the Lathoms. I have an engagement for five o'clock . . .

"Really?" Mr. Chilvers drawled. Couldn't put it off, I presume-now, She lifted a wrist to consult her

watch. "If you have anything to say to me, I can give you two minutes." With unblushing effrontery Mr. Chilvers closed in, caught hold of her wrist and bent his head over the watch, an exceedingly handsome affair in platinum and small diamonds. "Pretty thing." he approved with a nod, letting her wrist fall. "Where

you catch him, Nora?" She showed him a face like marble, cold, hard, expressionless. But inwardly resentment burned so hotly But she knew so little, her life had that fear of any sort was utterly con-

> sumed. "My name is not Nora-" "So I understand." Mr. Chilvers carefully deposited his hat, crown down, upon the table, clipped his stick under his arm, and with a flourish

He repeated slowly in a voice of deep amusement: "So - I - under - stand. Mind me smokin'?"

"I'd rather you didn't. I haven't "Oh, but I have-I've got all the time there is." He tucked a cigarette

between his lips and lighted it, glancing appreciatively round the room. "Jolly little nest you've feathered for yourself, Nora. Pardon: Miss Priscilla Maine-anythin' you like. I don't mind what name you call yourself by, so long as you humor my whim for Chilvers. Rather fond of Chilvers, you know. Don't remember ever wearin' an alias I took such a fancy to."

"I don't understand you. Won't you be kind enough to go?"

"Presently, me dear-all in good time." The Nut unceremonlously whisked away a dust cloth and sat down in the chair it had bidden. "I've got to hand it to you, Nora-Priscilla, I mean," he observed with a look of admiration; for the moment forgetting to be British. "You sure do get away with the grande dame stuff to the queen's taste. Not to mention this house, and that limousine at the door

. . I take it, that's yours, too? Mind tellin' me how you do it, and how long you've been doin' it? Just between ourselves, both members of this club . . .

"Evidently," said Priscilla, "you are mistaken about me, Mr. Chilvers. I don't know you, and have no wish to." She moved a step toward the door. "Good afternoon."

Mr. Chilvers did not budge, but wagged a reproachful head. "I say, Nora, don't be so up-stage.

What's the use? I understand perfectly how annoyin' it is and everythin'; but you know, the game's upit is as far as Inez and I are concerned, at any rate-so you might as well accept the situation gracefully, come down to earth and be sweetly reasonable."

"I tell you," Priscilla began, "I am not the person you-"

But Mr. Chilvers, talking steadily, cheerfully, and with persistence, talked her down.

"There's no sense your bein' afraid of my blowin' on you, or Inez, either, you know. Nora. That wouldn't b pally, would it? Wouldn't be business, either. We admire your work, we admire it no end, so much so that we're all in a sweat to know how you do it, and get in on the graft ourselves. With all the coin that this layout stands for, surely you can spare a little for old friends who are just

makin' a fresh start in life." "Please!" Priscilla insisted. don't understand you in the least.

must ask you to excuse me-" "Ah, cut it!" An ugly light glimmered in the rat-like eyes. "Chuck it, Nora. Don't tempt me to pull any rough stuff; it ain't the little thing I do best, somehow I haven't get the polish you might expect. But I've got you where I want you and you're goin' to come through like a dear girl or

I'll He paused, his cruel smile playing round thin, hard lips: "How would you like me to tip off Red Carnehan where to look for you?"

"You can't!" the girl protested wildly. "He's dead--"

"Really?" Mr. Chilvers puffed contentedly on his cigarette. "Sure about

A baffling twinkle in his look, coupled with the innuendo, annoyed and confused her. "What do you mean?" she demanded, instinctively lowering her voice and taking a step toward him.

"Nothin'. I'm merely inquirin', are you sure Red's dead?"

"It was in the papers-" "Oh, I know Leo identified a body as Red's. But nobody's proved to me that Leo didn't tell an awful naughty

fib for the sake of a friend."

that she was Leonora .

"You mean - you think - Red's alive?" "Well, if I were you, my dear, I wouldn't take any chances except on

a sure thing. And, anyway, I guess this crabs the mistaken identity stall for good. You won't try to sling that bunk again with your dear old sidekick, Harry the Nut, will you?" She gasped and was silent, discoun-

tenanced, appreciating how hopelessly she stood committed. Impossible now to deny to this man

Of a sudden she felt herself uplifted by a vast sense of relief. In a twinkling doubts and fear and indecision were all swept away; all that misery of uncertainty, heartache and dread which had been her portion for many days abolished by the magic wand of a settled purpose which had been, as it were, thrust into her hand. Now she had something to do, something to live for, something to fill the emptiness that love denied had made in her life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Little Pitchers. before you came here?" "Sharpen what, sonny?"

"Mr. Smith, did you sharpen it just "The axe pa said you had to

# Stop That Backache!

Those agonizing twinges, that dull, throbbing backache, may be warning of serious kidney weakness—serious if neglected, for it might easily lead to gravel, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. If you are suffering with a bad back look for other proof of kidney trouble. If there are dizzy spells, headaches, tired feeling and disordered kidney action, get after the cause. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has helped thousands. Satisfied users rechelped thousands. Satisfied users rec-ommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

A Virginia Case

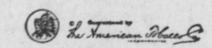
M. D. Jones, 15 cecan St., Abing-on, Va., says: My back was weak and lame and tions passed too frequently,

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S RIDNEY FOSTER - MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



# CIGARETTE

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



DRIVE MALARIA OUT OF THE SYSTEM



A GOOD TONIC AND APPETIZER Ladies Let Cuticura Keep Your Skin Fresh and Young

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

Motors Drive Out Horses. The rapidity with which automobiles are superseding horse-drawn vehicles, has been proved by an experiment at a popular point of the state highway. at Burlingame, California, some 16 miles from San Francisco and one of the main arteries leading into the city, Keeping check at a given point from 6 a. m. to 8 p. m., it showed that 11 horse-drawn vehicles against 19,581 motor-driven vehicles passed in the 14 hours. Last year a much greater number of horse-drawn vehicles was shown in a similar experiment.

# CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS

Tells How to Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh will be gone.

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.-Relief comes so quickly .- Adv.

In Gangs.

"It's queer how these robbers all get into gangs," remarked Mr. Smith, looking up from his evening paper. "How is that?" asked his wife, look ing up from the society page.

the owner of their apartment house," he explained. Health is the fashion. Take Garfield Tea, the herb laxative which purifies the blood and brings good health.—Adv.

how the Brown family's cook married

"Oh, I see here on the front page

The holdup man is in the imperative mood when he requests you to

"stand and deliver." If the conceit were taken out of some people there would be nothing left to bury.



Have Strong, He Eyes. If they Tir