

MRS. NANCY SHARP, of Los Angeles, who says she received the greatest surprise of her life when Tanlac completely restored her health after she had almost lost hope of ever getting well. Suffered twelve years.



"After seeing the wonderful results my husband obtained from Tanlac I began taking the medicine myself, and now we both agree that it is the grandest medicine on earth," said Mrs. Nancy Sharp, a prominent and highly esteemed resident of Los Angeles, Calif., living at 921 Camulus street, whose husband is proprietor of the Merchants' Express Co.

"During the twelve years that I suffered with indigestion and stomach trouble I tried nearly every medicine I heard about, but nothing helped me and I lost faith in everything. So, my wonderful restoration to health has been the greatest surprise of my life.

"I began to feel an improvement on finishing my second bottle of Tanlac, and now after taking six bottles I am like a new woman. I have a splendid appetite, eat three hearty meals a day, enjoy them thoroughly and am never troubled in the least with indigestion or any other disagreeable after effects.

"Before taking Tanlac most everything I ate caused my stomach to rebel and I would suffer for hours afterwards. I was so dreadfully nervous that many nights I never closed my eyes in sleep, but now I am not the least nervous, and I sleep like a child. My strength has been wonderfully increased, and I have much more energy.

"I just wish it was so everybody troubled like I was knew about this wonderful medicine."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

No man knows half as much about women as he tries to make them believe he knows.

Pleasant Relief.
"Winter often lingers in the lap of spring."
"Yes, and that's a nuisance. Now we might not object if winter tries that occasionally with summer."

"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.
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.

A woman likes any one who admires her new dress that she made out of an old one.

Dr. Peary's "Dead Shot" is not a "loosener" or "slurp," but a real old-fashioned dose of medicine which cleans out Worms or Tapeworm with a single dose.—Adv.

True blue is a term that isn't applicable to milk.



50 good cigarettes for 10c from one sack of

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FOUND—Four fly head knitting worked, all shades, direct from mill, 15¢ a ounce. Think of the saving. For samples write OLD COLONY MILLS, Mansfield, Philadelphia.

The Dark Mirror

by **Louis Joseph Vance**

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

Illustrated by **IRWIN MYERS**

II. MR. CHILVERS—Continued.

Now she desired no longer to deceive the man who sat leering in mean exultation over her discomfiture. Let him continue to believe that she was Leonora, and make what profit he could of that belief. If she could not have that happiness of which Leonora unwittingly had despoiled her, she could at least protect Leonora's happiness and conserve it by taking upon herself the punishment Leonora otherwise must suffer at the hands of her forsaken associates, by way of penalty for her defection.

Exalted by a sublime spirit of self-sacrifice, she faced Mr. Chilvers with a decision and confidence that would have made him uneasy had he been less infatuated in the triumph of his low cunning.

As it was, not till long after he had left did he recall that look, try without avail to fathom it, and become suspicious.

The slamming of the outer vestibule door disturbed them. Priscilla turned hastily to peer out into the hall. On the fllet lace that covered the glass of the front door the vague silhouette of Mrs. Trowbridge showed.

"Please!" An imperative gesture brought Mr. Chilvers to his feet, somewhat to his own surprise. "You must go now—or you'll spoil everything."

"Papa comin'?" he inquired with a knowing look.

"My aunt, I aren't present you to her. You must go."

"Well—but bow about our next little chat?"

"Anywhere you say, any time—"

"I say the Plaza. Four o'clock tomorrow afternoon. We'll have tea. Mind my draggin' Inez along?"

"No—surely not. But don't delay now."

Mr. Chilvers deftly flicked the stub of his cigarette into the empty fireplace, took up his hat and stick, and moved gracefully out into the hall.

"Remember: the Plaza at four. And don't stand me up—not unless you're lookin' for real trouble."

"I'll be there." The front door swung open, admitting Mrs. Trowbridge. Priscilla gave the criminal her hand. "Then good afternoon, Mr. Chilvers—and thank you for calling. I'm so sorry I have to rush off to keep my appointment."

"Don't mention it. Charmed to have had the pleasure of seein' you, even for a moment."

The door closed behind him. Aunt Esther bore down on Priscilla with supercilious brows.

"My dear child, who was that strange creature?"

"That?" Priscilla laughed with a note of hysteria. "Oh, nobody of any consequence—just an acquaintance—an artist of a sort."

"An artist? I thought as much!" The good woman sighed. "I did hope you wouldn't bring such people to the house, but I presume . . ."

Priscilla laughed, and for the first time in days with a genuine ring of mirth.

"Don't worry, dear," she offered vaguely; and added with more decision: "By the way, I've been thinking it's selfish of me to keep you in town in this heat. Besides, Ada Moyer won't pose again till some time next autumn. We might as well go down to Southampton as soon as you can manage."

III. THE THREAT OF THE WILD.

In the morning she dreamed once more of Leonora . . .

But now the way of the dream with her was something new; perhaps in that it was more in true sense a dream, less an involuntary essay in telepathy. For all that, it had its element of clairvoyance, as the outcome was to prove.

What instinct had foreshadowed in the dream proved true. The scene was in a theater of the hills, set high upon a wooded mountain flank, overlooking a deep wide valley, the soft green velvet of whose forest carpeting was threaded by slender silver streams and dotted with little shining lakes.

Sunlight, flashing level across the eastern ridges, struck squarely a bungalow set in the clearing, a rambling structure that hugged the earth, the primitive crudity of its undressed logs belied by every refinement civilization could contribute.

On the veranda, near the steps, Leonora stood waiting, looking back into the living room.

The girl was brilliant with a beauty new in Priscilla's knowledge of her, every shade of care and discontent disestablished from her countenance, its clear pallor enriched by a newfound glow of well-being. In her eyes peace had taken up its abode.

Dressed in a brief skirt of tan twilling and blouse of white silk simply fashioned, with high-laced boots sturdy enough for woods walking, hatless, her hair dressed low upon her neck, she held herself with a confidence unrelated to her one-time arrogance. Of that truculent swagger which had been so becoming in the Street of Strange Faces today no trace survived. Here was a woman so utterly regenerate that the history of her beginnings seemed completely abolished and annulled and as if it had never been.

So much, in those few days, love had done for Leonora . . .

The clear radiance of her eyes was clouded only when, restless with waiting, she turned for a moment to look over the valley that swept below, abrim with fluid blue shadow, in all its far sweep never one hint of another human habitation.

Then her face sobered for an instant, she had almost a look of fear . . .

It was swiftly dissipated by a sound of footsteps. Mario came out of the bungalow.

Clothed far more formally than she, in a costume better suited to city streets, he carried a small, locked attache case, chamolis gloves, hat. Evidently Leonora was not to go with him.

Silently they embraced. . . .

Piloted by a Japanese boy in a white jacket, the motor car rolled out of the garage and to one side of the veranda, where it stopped. The Japanese jumped down and, leaving the door open, ejected himself. Mario and Leonora, he with an arm round her waist, moved across the lawn to the car, into which he tossed his attache case, lingering for a last caress.

She clung to him as if she could never bring herself to let him go. Touched, responsive, he made but the gentlest efforts to disengage. At length, however, he had to remind her:

"Dear, if I am to catch my train at Kingston, I must go."

She trembled a little, held him closer for an instant, then quickly released him and stood aside, averting her eyes.

"It's so hard," she said with a quivering mouth. "How do I know I'll ever get you back?"

"But it's only for the day. I'll be home before dinner time."

"I know, but . . ."

He consulted his watch. "There's a later train we can catch if you will hurry and change."

"No!" She lifted her eyes with a forced smile of adorable bravado. "I won't be silly! It's only because it's the first time . . . I've got to learn to do without you for a while now and then, I might as well begin now—I must, I will! She stamped a foot to assert her determination, and laughed a little rueful laugh. "Now go—kiss me once, just once more—and go!"

They kissed.

"You're sure, Leonora?"

She swallowed a sob and nodded bravely: "Sure!"

"You're not afraid?"

"What of? There's nothing but these woods, and I'm only scared of them—a little—because I never saw anything like them before in all my life. I'll get over that—I've got to get over a lot of foolishness—just give me time . . . Now I won't have you miss that train!"

She ran down to the road to watch the car till a turning took it out of sight.

She stood listening till the hum of its motor was blotted out by the abiding stillness.

She did not understand. Such silence frightened her. It surged in wave on wave upon her senses, like a sea seeking to stun and engulf them, to obliterate them altogether. And of a sudden she could no more endure her isolation there in the sunlight open, and she turned and fled wildly to the friendly closeness of the house.

IV. TRANCE.

Like a clapnet illusion of the cinema the shadows of her dream dissolved into the substance of her waking life. But that terror which had clutched at the heart of Leonora in the wholesome freedom of the hills lived on in the heart of Priscilla, cunning awake in the inviolable and confined security of her bedchamber.

It lay upon her soul like a cloud of darkness that no will of hers might lift. She appealed in vain to reason,

to common sense. The inarticulate menace of the woods that had been so eloquent to the senses of Leonora continued to oppress Priscilla with a premonition of predestined evil, from whose imminent fall there could be no escape.

She rose, bathed, dressed, breakfasted, all mechanically. Prepossession with that feeling of impending disaster weighed more and more heavily upon her mind as the day aged. More and more strongly she felt herself incapable of coping with the routine duties of her course. She went to and fro like an automaton, aware of one thing only: that danger of some sort threatened Leonora, that she was powerless to avert it—who could not even name it.

What otherwise had held place of first importance in her consideration, her encounter with Harry Chilvers of the day before and her appointment to meet him at the Plaza today for tea, was displaced, relegated to a status of least consequence, then forgotten altogether.

At four o'clock, indeed, she was pacing up and down the waiting room of Dr. Philip Fosdick, digging nails into her palms and teeth into her underlip in the endeavor to keep from giving away to hysteria.

One glance at her face of suffering, one look into those eyes of pitiful appeal—Fosdick drew her into his consultation room. There she collapsed utterly, going with childlike trust into his arms, hiding her face in his shoulder, shaken by that tempest of emotion against which her last, slight guard had been beaten down upon his arrival.

She told her story eagerly, but in fragments only; she was powerless long to follow any one train of thought because, invariably, when she seemed on the very verge of losing herself in the interest of narration, a chill breath of fear would numb her confidence, her eyes would fill with daze, her voice break in the middle of a sentence, her relaxing grasp on Fosdick's hand tighten convulsively, her thoughts fall into momentary incoherence.

Again and again he needed to exert himself to the utmost in order to restore the mean balance of her self-command. Only the tenderness and solicitude of the lover allied with the knowledge, the patience, the compassion of the physician served. . . .

"But what am I to do?" she demanded in a calmer phase. "I tell you, Philip, I can't stand it; I can't go on like this knowing she's in deadly peril, not knowing what to do, knowing she needs me, not knowing how to get to her, to help her. . . . It isn't imagination, Philip—it's so. I know it's so, that she's in danger, threatened, afraid; something in me knows and shares her sufferings and won't—can't be still. . . . Philip, won't you help me?"

His head described a slow sign of regret. "I'm doing my best, Priscilla—"

"I mean, hypnosis!"

"No—"

"You must, Philip, you must! I'm not afraid of being hypnotized by you. You've explained everything so clearly, I know it's nothing but the utilization of a natural means to remove the barrier between the two states of consciousness, so that the imprisoned subconscious can find expression. Philip, you won't refuse me this once? You see what this thing is doing to me, you know I'll go mad if I don't find relief—"

He gave a gesture of surrender, and got up from his chair.

"As you will," he said. "Perhaps, after all, you know best."

He arranged pillows at the head of a couch. "Lie down here—rest—relax. Remember that, as you've just declared, you've got nothing to fear from the hypnotic trance, something as natural as sleep—even more natural, if what I believe of it is true."

"I'm not in the least afraid."

With a readiness and docility which he thought touching, she suffered Fosdick to make her comfortable upon the couch. He was insistent upon an attitude of complete relaxation, supine, the head barely elevated by a thin down pillow, the ankles together, but not crossed, the hands open at either side. Further, he bade her loosen her locked teeth, so that they no longer touched. And drawing a chair close to the head of the couch, he sat down and with his own hands, contracted muscles round her eyes and mouth and brows.

His touch, his tone, his presence, were all soothing. Already she was pleasantly aware of slackening nervous tension. In her eyes a vague smile formed.

"Drowsy?"

Her lips framed but did not utter the word "no." She was not in the least sleepy, but deliciously at ease. The weight of his hand on her forehead was like an imponderable force of obliterating influence. Consciousness was slowly retreating into a boundless space of inertia. She had no desire to restrain it. . . .

She did not know that her eyes had closed of their own accord, and spent a moment in idle speculation concerning the singular disappearance of Philip's face.

He had not moved, she knew; his hand still rested on her forehead. But his voice sounded far away:

"Sleep . . ."

She wondered that he should bid her sleep or wish her to. Perhaps it was because he thought it would better prepare her for the ordeal of the hypnotic trance—if it were any ordeal.

"Sleep . . ."

Iteration of that monosyllable excited no more interest. She had become completely engrossed with the phenomenon of respiration, her own

breathing, its tempered, constant ebb and flow, upon which her being swung like a leaf in a tide-way . . .

"Sleep . . ."

She had no desire to sleep, felt no need of it. Never had she known such absolute command of all her faculties. The sensation of being acutely alive was extraordinary, without precedent. Divorced from that complexity of cares and interests of daily life which ordinarily distracted and diverted the full stream of its powers into an hundred channels, the ego turned back to the ego and in that inversion achieved an isolation with a self-completeness and containment and independence passing anything known in waking life.

In this Nirvana, an unawed initiate of the arcana of existence, the soul dwelt in exalted abstraction, in a phase of sublime self-sufficiency, free-



His Touch, His Tone, His Presence Were All Soothing.

dom and peace . . . But not for long; how long, there could be no computing; consciousness of measured time had been abolished by contact with eternal verities. Nevertheless the period of that detachment was not unlimited, it had an end, there was at length a necessity imposed upon the soul, a summons, a calling to it from out the vast which it could by no means ignore.

The call was from Leonora; it was the soul of Leonora, voiceless and inarticulate, calling to its own, calling without rest through the void from a far and unknown bourne.

And the spirit to which its soundless call was tuned answered and fared forth, seeking, forever seeking . . .

Time beyond reckoning was consumed, yet the search had no end, the soul adventured fruitlessly, its yearning was denied.

At last it returned, weary and frustrated and spent it came back to its own place, to the tenement of its refuge, and there rested upon and within itself, demanding the consolation of its integrity yet knowing no comfort of it when found, tormented by knowledge of its failure, haunted by the call . . .

Then that which it had sought and found not, sought it in turn, and it was found, the I that was Leonora was joined to the I that was Priscilla, and the twain were as one, and there was solace in this apprehension of oneness.

But there was likewise sorrow and dread that had neither of them any form, so that there was not any sort of rest. But as if the very face of their reunion forbade them rest, the one that was two stirred and rose up again and once more committed itself to the toil and fatigue of search, whipped on and on by the lash of a necessity that had no name but was none the less inexorable and pitiless . . .

But this time the search found an end . . .

There was in a forest a pool, a dark, still pool in a forest dark and still. Huge boughs of ancient trees, weighed down with their burden of interwoven foliage, overhung the water, darkening its face to blackness, a half-light of limpid green.

The air of this place was sluggish, dank and warm and without movement, it was heavy with the cloying sweet breath of mold. Neither was there any movement in the pool, though its still black plaque was broken by a white, cold, wet face upturned, the face of a drowned woman whose clothed body was vaguely revealed by the stained element in which it was suspended.

To the smitten spirit of Priscilla it was as if she gazed at her own face, still and calm in sleep, counterfeited in the depths of a wide dark mirror.

But the face, she knew, was the face of Leonora, who was dead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

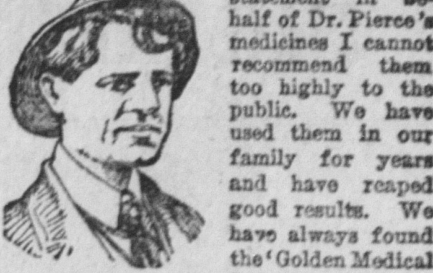
"Sir."

Like Doctor Johnson, Mr. Hazlitt addressed everybody as Sir. The youngest and most intimate of his friends was not exempt from this rule, unless Mr. Hazlitt happened to be in an unusually happy and cordial humor. Mr. C. H. Reynell's sons, whom he knew as well as his own child, were almost invariably saluted in what would now appear a ludicrously formal manner; but indeed this mode of address had not gone out then so entirely as it has in our day.—R. H. Stoddard.

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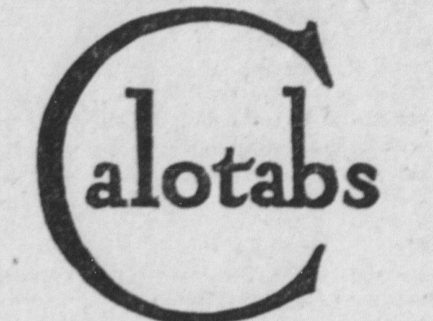
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"That's strange."

"Oh, I don't know. I reckon fish don't like canned worms."

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