

Mrs. Robert O. Reynolds



"I have actually gained twenty-five pounds and I just think Tanlac is the grandest medicine in the world," said Mrs. Robert O. Reynolds, 127 North Denver St., Kansas City, Mo.

"For ten long years I suffered from a very bad form of rheumatism, stomach and nervous troubles. My appetite was very poor. What little I did eat soured on my stomach and I suffered the most severe pains in my back, hips and shoulders. My rheumatism was so bad that I could not raise my hands to comb my hair and my arms hurt me to my finger tips. I became so weak and run down that I lost all my energy and life had become almost a burden. I tried many things but nothing helped me.

"I had only taken my first bottle of Tanlac when I noticed my appetite was improving and I could sleep better at night. I have taken three bottles and the way it has helped me and built me up is really astonishing. I can eat anything and everything without the slightest disagreeable after-effects. I sleep just fine at night and am in better health than I have been for years. I am glad to give this statement, hoping that any who are suffering as I did may experience the same wonderful results which I believe they will if they give Tanlac a fair trial."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

Sight Regained After 23 Years.

Mrs. Jenkins, wife of a mason living at Fleur-de-Lis, a little village near Penguam, in Monmouthshire, has just recovered her sight after being completely blind for 23 years. She was struck by lightning 23 years ago, and in consequence of the shock she lost her sight a year afterward. She also became subject to trances, some of which lasted as long as 14 days. On Saturday night she suddenly exclaimed to relatives in the house: "I can see," and began to describe the objects around her. Her doctor believes the recovery will be permanent.—London Times.

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Women's 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 organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, 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.

Almost Had It.

Proud Mother—Oh, George, little Harry is just beginning to talk. He's learning to recite "Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?"

Proud Papa—Does he really say all that?

Proud Mother—Well, not quite all of it yet, but he's got as far as "Baa, baa."

Another Call to Arms.

A lad of twelve, riding his wheel at top speed, suddenly burst out singing, "Good-by, Ma, Good-by, Pa, good-by mule with your old hehaw."

An old dandy, sitting half asleep on the board seat of a little old wagon, and drawn by a gray mule, roused himself and exclaimed, "What, you goin' agin'?"

All Settled.

"Do you think your father will forgive us for eloping?"

"I'm sure he will," answered the bride.

"How can you be so sure?"

"Well, you see, dear, I felt a little nervous about it, so I asked him before we started."—Boston Transcript.

Bible characters are easy to understand. They were about as human as we are.

It's awful to hear a tomcat tell another tomcat to go to the devil.



The DARK MIRROR

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

Illustrated by **Irwin Myers**

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III. THE TRAP—Continued.

Priscilla began to get her bearings, finding herself in that sordid room where she had witnessed the meeting of Leonora and Inez, beside the insouciant body of the drug fiend, on the night of the storm. She reviewed face after face known to her through the associations of her dreams: English Eddie, heavy, florid and flashy; Charlie the Coke, ghostly of face, shifty-eyed, with his frail, racked body and spasmodic gestures; Inez with elbows planted on the table, a sullen face clamped between two fists; at her side, the Nut, to whose presence nothing of his uptown elegance adhered but the handwork of his excellent tailor, laboring under the burden of a new part, self-assured, his bottle neck shoulders wearing with poor grace the mantle of Red Carnehan, master of gunmen; three or four others, remembered as lesser limbs of Red's gang.

The company sat in silence, staring at Nora with unfriendly, inquisitive eyes. Precisely so had Leonora on that occasion faced a prejudiced jury of her kind. Only the setting was slightly different, the company decimated, its presiding spirit gone beyond recall.

The pause lasted longer than the patience of Inez. She sat up suddenly and waved an extravagant arm, mimicking the manner of bally-hoo before a circus side show.

"Ladeez and gempnum!" she proclaimed in a flat professional bawl: "I have the honor to present to you tonight the only certified Two-in-One in captivity—Miss Priscilla Maine, the latest fashion hint from Fift' avenue, and plain Nora O'More of this club. Take a good look, ladeez and gempnum, at this peerless freak, the only livin' Two of a Kind. A single price of admission pays for both—one dime, the tenth part of a dollar—and your money back if y'aint sat'isfied!"

IV. RESURRECTION.

Somebody chuckled hoarsely. Chairs were shifted. Asides were exchanged in audible murmurs. A contemptuous voice declared loudly: "It's Nora, all right, all right!" The Nut bent his mouth to mumble into the ear of Inez something apparently in the nature of a remonstrance. She heard him with a surly face, growled a response which seemed to irritate him exceedingly, and turned scornfully away. English Eddie alone changed neither her pose nor the moderately dubious expression with which she was regarding Priscilla.

The latter, drawing upon an unexpected store of latent spirit, moved forward to the edge of the table.

"My name is Priscilla Maine," she uttered with difficulty. "I—I—"

"My Gawd!" Inez commented dramatically—"she admits it!"

"Please!" Priscilla pleaded—"I can hardly speak—give me something to drink—water."

English Eddie sat forward sharply and squirted siphon water into a glass. "A drop of brandy, dearie?"

"I think you must be mad!" Priscilla's head was swimming again. "Was it to tell me this that you—"

"Precisely," Harry assented with an amiable nod.

For an instant she was dumb perforce. Then the vertigo beginning to pass, and with it the fear of fainting again; she found fresh confidence and was visited by an inspiration of cunning.

"If I refuse—?"

"You'll get twenty-four hours to think it over," the Nut replied. "If by that time you're still stubborn..."

"And if I agree?"

"We'll put our heads together and scheme out a working arrangement."

"But, I'm too ill tonight..."

A gleam dawned in the ugly little eyes of the Nut.

"That sounds like you mean to come down to earth."

Priscilla inclined her head: "I will do what you wish—"

"Sensible young woman!"

"But I'm unable to discuss details tonight."

"You can go back and lie down till you feel stronger."

"No. I can't stay here. You must let me go home."

Inez laughed aloud.

"Hardly, my dear," Harry said. "You won't get another chance to give me the slip until the cases are all framed, and I'm satisfied you won't dare try it again."

"You'll have to take my word sometime—now or later."

"Sorry—no can do."

English Eddie interposed: "But we all know Leonora never went back on her word."

"Never," Priscilla affirmed; and had



she suggested in a tone not unkind, Priscilla shook her head. "You'd better," the woman insisted; "you need it." She tilted a bottle over the glass, coloring the water with the liquor. Despairing of getting what she wanted, too thirsty to permit of long hesitation, Priscilla put the glass to her lips and drank.

"Everybody sit tight," Inez warned; "the big bunk set is about to commence."

Priscilla lowered the glass, nodded her thanks to the English woman, and with something remotely resembling defiance again confronted her captors.

"I am Priscilla Maine," she stated for the second time. "What do you want with me?"

The Nut tipped his chair back and eyed her quizzically. "An even break," he replied.

"And no more shenanigan," Inez supplemented.

Priscilla looked blank. "I don't understand..."

"Ah—out the stallin'!" Inez flared. "I'm gettin' sick of your airs and every'n'!"

"I don't understand," Priscilla repeated, patiently, ignoring the interruption. "I'm not the woman you believe me to be." She addressed herself directly to Harry: "I told you that this afternoon. If you had made the inquiries I asked you to, you could have satisfied yourself I was telling the truth. As it is, you have done this thing—kidnaped me—laid yourself open to the law—"

"We'll take our chances with the law," Inez put in, sardonic. "But don't mind me: you intrust us strangely. Go on, go on."

"But even if I were Leonora—as some that I am—what do you want with me?"

"An even break," Harry iterated—"fair play and no more stalling."

"Please explain what you mean—and let me go."

"Fat chance," Inez commented. "I am ill, unfit to stand on my feet or talk to you—but if you will only let me go, I promise to keep this outrage to myself. The police need never know it."

"You can go, maybe," Harry responded—"when we've come to an understanding and you've satisfied us you'll act in good faith and not try any more foolishness."

"Won't you please explain?"

"Ah! You know perfectly well—" Inez began.

With a sharp explosion of temper Harry silenced her. "Be quiet! If you want us to get anywhere with this talk—keep quiet. If you go on like this, you'll only make her stubborn."

"That's right," English Eddie advised. "Give Nora a chance, dearie."

Inez meditated mutely, thought better of it, subsided into a fit of sulks.

"I'm sure it's simple enough," Harry proceeded loftily, with something of the condescension of one humoring a wilful child—"I'm sure you understand what we want, Nora; but if you insist I'll try to put it in words of one syllable... We're all old pals of yours, and we feel we've got a right to be let in on the ground floor when you've struck it rich like you have. We want a chance to work in with you and cop out something for ourselves. You've got the inside track now—God knows how you worked it, but you did—you've got it, you can go where you want and do about as you please with the Ritz mob. And that makes it simple for you to open things up for us. You know what we can do, each one of us; you can easy slip us a tip now and then and leave the rest to us. All I ask for myself, for instance, is a few introductions. I'll take care of the rest."

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wit enough to refrain from throwing a look of gratitude to this new-found ally.

"Ah, for Gawd's sake!" Inez protested in disgust. "You unke me weary. If you think you can trust that double-faced cat any further—you can see her—!"

"I don't ask you to trust me," Priscilla explained—"only to give me time to rest in quiet and comfort—not here—before we go into our plans. And you need not trust me. I'm willing that one of you shall come with me and see that I play fair. You can trust Addie..."

"That's perfectly fair," the English-woman insisted. "I'll go with Nora, and you know me well enough to know she won't lift 'er 'and without me seein' it."

"All right," the Nut conceded. "Take Addie home with you and give me your word you'll be ready to see me at eleven tomorrow—"

Inez flounced to her feet in a rage. "You pack of poor boobies!" she shrieked. "Can't you see she's only fram'in' to slip you the double cross—and you all helpl' her!"

"Only one thing more," Priscilla insisted, as if she had not heard. "I must have my things back—my suit, my blouse, my jewelry."

"Hello!" Harry sat forward, eyeing her sharply. "Thought you looked different. What's become of your clothes?"

Priscilla's nod indicated Inez. "She stole them from me. Make her give them back."

The Nut turned to Inez, scowling blackly. "Give them back—"

"Yes, I will—not. I got a bromide enlargement of me bein' such a sump."

"You'll do as I say," Harry insisted darkly. "I'm runnin' this show—"

"You are—like h—!"

The girl's defiance found an echo in a new voice at the back of the room.

"Like h—I is right!"

There was a concerted turning of startled heads.

The door had opened noiselessly. It framed the figure of a man wearing a greasy red sweater hiked up at either hip to permit his hands to remain in the pockets of a pair of tattered, frayed and stained khaki trousers. His pose was rudely nonchalant. A cap of gray cloth pulled forward shadowed his eyes; but the face stamped with an evil, mirthless grin, was unmistakable.

After a moment's relish of the dramatic sensation effected by his unheralded resurrection, Red Carnehan slouched in, closed the door with a kick of his heel, and put his shoulders to it.

"It'll take a smarter gu'n you are or ever will be, Harry," he asserted in a blurred voice of arrogance, "to boss this bunch as long's I'm on top of the map."

V. THE HAUNTED MAN.

Stupefied silence held till shattered by a laugh of uncouth joy.

"Red!" Inez cried, jumping up and overturning her chair. "Red Carnehan! My Gawd, Red, you've come back!"

"I'll say I have."

Grinning, the gunman slouched toward the table.

They crowded about Carnehan, shaking his hands, slapping his back, screaming and bellowing a hundred phrases of congratulation, delight, and amazement, together with questions innumerable. He suffered the ovation, laughing, greeting each by name, yielding his hands to one after another.

Then, without warning he began to strike down the fawning hands and thrust his way through the group toward the table.

"Lay off me!" he snarled. "Lay off—gimme air! I'll bean the next guy what puts his hands onto me! Lay off!"

"But Red!" Addie protested—"we thought you was dead!"

"You wasn't far wrong, at that." Carnehan seized the brandy bottle and chattered its neck against a glass into which he spilled the raw spirit lavishly. The drink at his lips, his gaze, roving above the brim, discovered and was transfixed by the pale, set face of Priscilla. He started violently. As if an invisible but mighty hand had struck him a crashing blow, he staggered back, lost his footing, brought up heavily against the table. Bottle and glass, escaping his palsied grasp, crashed to the floor. In a fluttering breath the blood drained from his face, and left it livid, leaden and blue. His widened eyes were fixed in horror.

"What's 'at?" Broken words brushed his stiff lips. "What's 'at?" He lifted a shaking arm and singled out Priscilla. His voice became a scream: "Name of Gawd! somebody tell me—what's at there?"

The Nut dropped a soothing hand upon his shoulder.

"Why, Red—it's Nora!"

"Nora?" the gunman chattered. "I know it's Nora! But what's it doin' here?"

"But, Red!"—in alarm English Eddie ranged up on his other side and laid hold of his arm—"why shouldn't Nora be here?"

"Why?" He glared madly at the woman. "Why, 'cause she's dead."

"But, Red—"

"Dead, I tell you!—I guess I oughta know. Didn't I croak her meself, up there in the woods, yest'day aft'noon?" He seemed to realize what he had said and tried to cover it with hysterical protest. "No; that's a lie! Who said I croaked her! I never, she done it herself, it was all a accident! I tell you I didn't have nothin' to do with it—her foot slipped and she went over the edge before I could catch her, and I seen her drown! I couldn't help her, I don't know how to swim. I'd 've pulled

her out if I had! It wasn't my fault—I swear to Gawd it was all a accident!"

"But, Red—you're off your nut!" Addie reasoned. "Nora couldn't be dead and here at the same time—"

"She is dead! Didn't I see her drown meself? Gawd! I ain't seen nothin' since but her face when she went under, I ain't heard nothin' but her beggin' me not to..."

He stammered into incoherence, his chin sank upon his breast, he glared at Priscilla with the look of a lunatic. Abruptly he roused, wild of eye, features working insanely, and threw off the hands of Addie and the Nut.

"Lemme loose!" he screamed. "Lemme loose! I croaked her once, but if once ain't enough, I'll croak her again and make it sure, the—"

Epithets unspeakably vile fell like toads from his slaving mouth. He tugged at a pocket of his trousers—and suddenly an automatic pistol was



"Lemme Loose!" He Screamed. "Lemme Loose!"

wavering in his hand. With a choking cry, Priscilla cowered, throwing both hands out to shield her face. The Nut and Addie fell upon Carnehan bodily. For a moment it seemed that they might be able to hold him. But he fought with the strength of a maniac. The hold of the English woman was broken first, she was thrown off shrieking for Carnehan's pistol hand, striving to wrest the weapon from him. Then others closed in, Carnehan became the core of a swaying, writhing tangle of bodies.

It was, Priscilla thought, like looking through a peep hole into hell. They fought like wild beasts in a pit, like beasts they growled, yelped, snarled, snapped, howled, roared. A haze of dust, beaten up from the unswept floor by scuffling, shifting, stamping feet, hung in the gas light. The pistol exploded with a detonation ear-splitting in that confined space.

Priscilla, witless with fright, felt herself seized and urged toward the door.

"Beat it, child—get out of this as quick's you can! I seen from the very first you wasn't Nora!"

She recognized the accent of English Eddie.

In one lithe bound, a crouching shape of malice with a pale face of evil and blazing eyes planted itself before them and blocked the way. "Keep away from that door!" Inez screamed. "She shan't get away, she shan't! I'll rip her eyes out first!"

She darted clawing hands at Priscilla's face. The bulk of the English-woman came between them. In panic Priscilla pawed frantically at the door, swung it wide, stumbled out, blundered blindly into the wall where the hallway turned, cannoned off, and somehow found herself before a second door.

An aged Chinaman was guarding it. Dully she remembered having seen him before and wondered would he seek to hinder her. But he seemed unaware of her. He was eyeing impassively the door, which she discovered was quivering under a rain of blows on the other side.

Grasping instinctively at the truth, she thrust the guardian unceremoniously aside and began to fumble with the bolts.

Without protest, the Chinaman turned and shuffled off.

The storm of blows continued. The bolts were reluctant to her shaking, un instructed fingers. At length, however, the last slid back, she lifted the stout iron latch, the door slammed open.

Three uniformed policemen, armed with pistols and nightsticks, charged in. Seeing the girl, one seized and threw her roughly back against the wall. She gave a cry of pain. A voice she knew protested sharply: "Let that lady go, officer. She is my wife."

Priscilla turned. Mario was offering her the haven of his arms. She went into them sobbing his name aloud. Other police officers passed them, running.

As readily as though she had been a child, Mario gathered her up and strode down the stairs. Arms round his neck, she clung closely to him. His breath was on her cheek, she was aware of his strength and gentleness. Nestling against his bosom, she was sensible of the un hurried, powerful pulsations of his heart...

Catarrh Can Be Cured

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work.

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

It Was His Brother!

At a crowded dance one evening a fellow I had just finished the previous dance with bumped into me. Feeling indignant at him for having trampled on my pet corn and new satin slippers, I exclaimed to my partner, "That fellow is about as light on my feet as the bird they call the elephant."

"Yes, it's too bad. My brother is just learning to dance and you know, the first hundred years are the hardest," was the unexpected reply.—Chicago American.

When a man takes himself too seriously he seldom takes himself seriously enough.

Education is only like good culture, it changes the size but not the sort.—H. W. Beecher.

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