SHE DIDN'T DARE **TO LEAVE HOUSE** On Verge of Nervous Collapse,

Indiana Woman Was Almost Helpless.

# HER FRIENDS DISHEARTENED

Troubles Disappear When She Takes Tanlac, and Nerves Now Are as Steady as Can Be-General Health Splendid.

"I was on the verge of a collapse and was actually afraid to leave the house, but I am overjoyed now at the way Tanlac has restored my health so perfectly," declared Mrs. Cora M. Jackson, 504 Mulberry St., Terre Haute, Ind."

"I was almost a nervous wreck, and at times for anyone to even talk to me upset me completely. Even at night I could not get easy and quiet and would lie wide-awake, hardly able to sleep at all, and often just got up out of bed, I was so restless. Nervous headaches often came on me and frequently lasted for days at a time. Then I had rheumatism so bad in my joints I was almost helpless. My legs and elbows hurt fearfully and sometimes I just ached all over. There seemed to be no relief for me, my friends were all worried and I was almost disheartened.

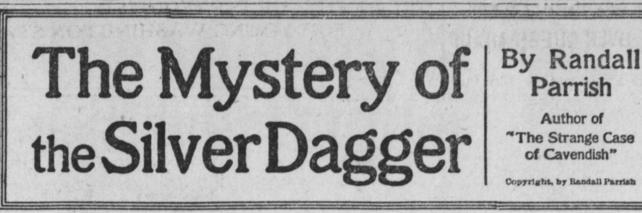
"But, happily for me, one of my friends suggested that I try Tanlac. I never will forget how I began to improve and now I think it is wonderful that I am feeling so well and strong. My nerves are just as steady as can be and I haven't a rheumatic pain about me. I am in just splendid health and wish everybody knew what a grand medicine Tanlac is."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.-Advertisement.

#### Reasonable Supposition.

"A hant, or something, is raising thunder at Gabe Hornboggle's house," related a neighbor. "I was there tuther night, and after we'd set for a spell it commenced. The table was flopped over by unseen hands, three drawers of the bureau slid out by their selves and dumped all the stuff on the floor, a flock of spoons came floating in from the kitchen, a gun in the corner fell down and shot one of the dogs, and all such as that. I never seed such goin's-on in my life!"

"Then you hain't never drunk none of Gabe's bone-dry licker before?" inquired a resident of Mount Pizgy,



ness.

# THE PLOTTERS.

Synopsis.-In a New York jewelry store Philip Severn, United States consular agent, notices a small box which attracts him. He purchases it. Later he discovers in a secret ompartment a writing giving a clew to a revolutionary movement in this country ostensibly seeking to overthrow the Chilean government but evidently international in character. The writing mentions a rendezvous, and Severn decides to investigate. Finding the place mentioned in the writing apparently deserted, Severn visits a saloon in the vicinity. A woman in the place is met by a man, seemingly by ap-pointment, and Severn, his suspicions aroused, follows them

#### CHAPTER II-Continued. -3-

The street was deserted and rainswept, the few lights showing mere pin-pricks in the darkness. I plunged straight across the street, as though headed for the nearest car line, and then, in the shade of darkness, retraced my steps, passing the corner, until I attained the side entrance. Here, assured that I was safely beyoud observation, I paused to gain some conception of my surroundings. Across from where I stood appeared the dim outlines of a long, ramshackle building, apparently a shed of some kind, while beyond the saloon was a row of one-story dwelling houses, seemingly exactly alike, and exhibiting no evidence of being occupied.

In which direction had the couple turned after their exit through the side door of the saloon-to right, or left?

Jans had unconsciously pointed in this direction when he told of where the girl lived, and, although that was doubtless a lie intended to deceive, it was no more than natural for him to have thoughtlessly designated the proper point of the compass.

I advanced cautiously, finding the narrow sidewalk one of boards, in very bad condition. It was only when I attained the end of this row of houses. and came to the entrance of a parrow. dark alley, that I found the slightest strain I took a step forward into the darkness. At that instant the latch of proof that I was, by good fortune.

upon the right trail. It was above this opening that the incandescent bulb flickered dimly, yet, in spite of win

no doubt, and a lingering desire to tally unable to determine in my own make certain of what was inside the mind what to do. The fellow in the barrier. The entrance was easily darkness evidently mistook me for found, a mere wooden door, held by an some one of the gang. His confidence iron clasp, which opened instantly to in my identity as Charlett might win because she was always waiting for my touch. I stepped inside, closing it me entrance-but what then? That I quietly behind me, and stared uneasily was not Charlett would certainly be reabout through the enshrouding blackvealed by the first gleam of light, and I would be helpless. I was alone, un-

THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.

My eyes, grown accustomed to the armed, and these fellows, beyond quesgloom, made out dim outlines, encourtion, were engaged in a desperate aging further exploration. Discovergame, I am sure I should never have ing ample space, and what felt to my ventured it had not my companion said, "Here comes my wife. Look at feet like a walk, I turned the corner in suddenly turned and grasped my search. At that moment the gate latch sleeve clicked sharply, and I sank down into

"You saw Mendez, of course?" "Sure."

"And he vouched for her; he says she is all right?" "He chose her; that ought to be

ment, and hear the crunch of a heavy enough. footstep on the cinder path within. "H--Il, I suppose so, but even Men-The fellow evidently knew his way dez has made mistakes. Here's the

even in that darkness, for there was no door." hesitancy in his movements, no uncer-He rapped lightly, his fingers still tainty. He faded away along the rear gripping my sleeve in a grasp of friendwall, and I became aware that he had ship. I could have broken away, and ran for it, but something mysterious held me, some odd fascination of danger. I saw nothing, heard nothing, yet had an instinctive feeling that a nar-

row wicket had opened in the door, through which our dim outlines were being scrutinized. I held my breath

"Who is there?" the voice was a mere whisper, so close as to startle me. you ask your husband to let us go? "Gaspar Wine," was the answer, in the same low tone, "163."

"What word?" "Cervantes."

"But there are two of you." "Oh, this is one of us. It's all right,

Juan; I'll wouch for him." The fellow inside grumbled some thing in indistinguishable Spanish, but opened the door silently, just far enough for us to slip through one at a. time. I felt Wine press past me, and was aware that the guard closed and away barred the door, but could see nothing; not even my own hand before my eyes. go of us." A latch clicked softly, and a dim ray of light broke in upon us from a revealed passage beyond. It was so faint as to scarcely render features vis-

perceive something of the fellow now.



## Although the Moving Man screamed at the top of his voice when he spoke to the boy and girl adventurers they liked hearing what he had to say to them. They were anxious to meet his daughter. They had heard that she was always behind in everything something to happen.

In that way she missed so much that was happening right around her because she didn't have the sense to notice it.

But as they were talking to the Moving Man, he stopped suddenly and her! Isn't she a pretty mess!"

The boy and the girl looked at Mr. Moving Man's wife. She was certainly a pretty mess, but still it did seem strange to think of Mr. Moving Man calling his own wife such a thing. "Good-day, Mrs. Moving Man," said the girl. "I hope you're quite well." "Same here, Ma'am," said the boy. "Two little idiots, aren't they?" asked Mr. Moving Man's wife of Mr. Moving Man. He nodded his head. "They are really too big to be such

idiots," his wife went on. "Here," her husband said, "you take hold of this girl so she can't get away. and I'll keep hold of this boy so he can't get away. They're going journeying in my trunk. They don't like the idea, though."

"Oh, Mrs. Moving Man," begged the girl as she was grabbed by the shoulder by Mr. Moving Man's wife, "won't We haven't done anything. We're looking for the House of Secrets."

"Oh, he'll never let you go if that's where you're bound for. He tried once to get there himself and couldn't, so the doesn't like to hear of other folks going there.'

Mr. Moving Man's grip on the boy seemed less tight though he couldn't get away from him and the boy whispered while Mr. Moving Man was muttering in a noisy fashion and looking

"Let's keep quiet and they may let

The girl whispered back. "Yes, that is the only thing to do." "My name," said Mr. Moving Man's wife, "is not Mrs. Moving Man. I'm ible, and, as my coat collar was still his wife, and of course I've his name, upturned, I pressed forward close be- too, but I have my other name also. hind Wine without discovery. I could That is, I keep the name I had before I was married, though I am called Mrs. Moving Man ve

# Thousands Have Kidney **Trouble and Never** Suspect It

# Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is

soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success. An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applica-tions are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bittle. When writing be sure and mention this paper .- Adv.

# Greecing the World.

Two children were talking. "What is it that makes day and night, anyway?" asked one.

"Well, you see, the earth turns round on an axis," answered the other.

"Do you mean to say that the earth torns around and around?"

"Yes. What are you laughing at?" "I was just thinking how funny it would be if the axle got rusty and the earth stopped."

"Why, the axle doesn't get rusty; they keep it oiled all the time." "Where do they oil it, in China?" "No, in Greece."

# SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

And sprinkle in the foot-bath ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE, the antiseptic, healing pow-der for Painful, Swollen, Smarting Feet. It prevents blisters and sore spots and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Always use Allen's Foot=Ease to break in new shoes and enjoy the bliss of feet without an icche.-Adv.

# As Funny as Ever.

He had one of those long mustaches-one of the kind that, if you had been buying him a birthday present a few years ago, you would have thought of a mustache cup the first thing.

Everybody had been making fun of it, so one Sunday morning he shaved it off. The first person to get a look at his upper lip in 20 years was a neighbor girl about the age of four. As she came into the house she said: "Oh! Mr. Bowin, you look just as funny as ever."

Girl He Was Looking For. "Why are you so pensive?" he

turned about the further corner. That would naturally mean there was a door there. I had evidently been searching the wrong side. Assured the man had vanished, and that he sought entrance to the building through some passage well known to him, I crept forth along the end expectantly. wall, crouched low in the shadow, using every precaution against discovery. All that was venturesome in

me held high carnival and nothing of danger now could have held me back. I reached the corner around which the fellow had disappeared, but, in the intense blackness, could perceive no movement beyond, no sign of any pres-

the black ground shadow, every nerve

tingling with alarm. The gate oper-

ated almost noiselessly, yet my strain-

ed ears could detect its stealthy move-

ence. I listened eagerly, scarcely venturing to breathe, and in another moment was rewarded by hearing the gentle tap of knuckles on wood a few feet away; there could be no doubt of the number-two raps, a pause, three raps; the very signal mentioned in the letter. I waited, still breathless, uncertain what had occurred, yet convinced the man ahead had been given

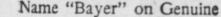
entrance. Unable longer to withstand the

the gate clicked behind me.

CHAPTER III.

Ark .--- Kansas City Star

# ASPIRIN





Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin poxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicycacid,-Adv.

#### Two Innocents.

Cop (surprising footpad at work)-Ah, that's the second time I've caught you redhanded.

Crook (calmly puffing cigar)-What's de matter? I got me license.

Cop-Don't pratend innocence; you know there's a law against smoking on Sunday !-- California Pelican.

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes That itch and burn with hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuti-

cura Talcum is dusted on at the fin-

#### Embarrassing Questions.

ish. 25c each everywhere.--Adv.

Now when the mortality rate of grandmothers, etc., is about to reach its peak, one firm, a large employer of boys, and evidently with some feeling for grandmothers, has inaugurated an employment application blank which calls for full and detailed information regarding the health of their relatives .- New York Evening Post.



Catarrh is a loc... disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a Tonic and Blood Purifier. By cleansing the blood and building up the System, HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE restores normal conditions and allows Nature to do its work.

All Druggists. Circulars free. F. J. Chaney & Co., Toledo, Obio.

#### Some Come.Down.

Laura-Was Harry much cast down after he spoke to your father? Nora-Yes, three flights of stairs.

## and rain, gave me glimpse of the mud underfoot. The two must have been the only ones passing that way since the drizzle began, for their footprints were yet visible in the soft mud of the against the wall, unable to move.

crossing as they advanced beyond the safety of the board walk. By bending low, and keeping my own shadow out of the way, I was able to trace their progress for two or three yards quite easily, and then, to my surprise, the footprints turned abruptly to the left, and disappeared entirely.

To all appearances the two had proceeded down the alley. Black, uninviting, as that gloomy passage appeared, they must have turned into it and groped their way forward. Where? For what purpose? I could think of but one object-the Alva iron factory. the mysterious meeting place at 876 Gans street. Beyond all question this alley would skirt along the back of that building, and there would be an entrance at the rear.

Dare I go on alone, unarmed as I was, knowing nothing of what I might encounter? I hesitated, my heart beating like a trip-hammer, yet, after aH the danger seemed more of the imagination than reality. Besides, I was still young, and venturesome ; the situation appealed to me, and-well, the memory of that girl's face remained strangely insistent. Odd as it may seem, her predicament yielded me a reckless desire to have an immediate hand in the game,

I found two imprints of her narrow shoe in the mud after the turn had been made, then all trace vanished. I

crept forward, enveloped in gloom, keeping as closely as possible to the high board fence at the left. The way was rough underfoot, and my progress consequently slow, being anxious to make as little noise as possible. The passage was so black. I lost all knowledge as to how far I had gone, and was

only aroused to my position by finally coming up against a pile of lumber which completely blocked the further end of the alley. I recalled dimly that the passage swerved here, running along the side of the Alva factory, until it reached Gans street. Then the place I sought was to my left, behind

the protection of this high fence, along which I had been so cautiously feeling my way.

The silence was profound, stupefying, uncanny. Against the lighter lead of the upper sky I was barely able to town? trace the upper story of the building.

but it was all black, a gloomy, deserted hole. Any faith I might have had that the two I had attempted to follow

had come there vanished as I strained my eyes for some gleam of light, or any other sign to denote their presence within. I still believed they had turned down the alley, but this was not their goal; beyond doubt they had entered some gate along the way, and thus escaped me entirely.

I hardly know what impelled me to grope my way back along the fence.

blindly feeling for a gate. Curiosity,

Within the Factory Walls.

I stood as though paralyzed, with one foot uplifted, a hand pressed



Could Perceive Something of the Fellow Now.

There was nothing I could do to avert discovery, no place in which I could crouch in hiding. The newcomer moved swiftly, knowing his way through the had been designed as a cloakroom. darkness, and I had scarcely opportunity to even glance backward when he rounded the corner and bumped into me

"What the h-ll!" he exclaimed, startled at the encounter. "Why. d-n it. Charlett, what are you slouching here for? You're Charlett, ain't you?" "Yes," I muttered, the assent actually frightened out of me; then added lamely, "I couldn't remember the signal."

The fellow laughed softly, releasing his grip on my coat.

"If you attended more meetings you'd be letter perfect," he said, his English without an accent. "Where have you been the last month-out of

"In Washington," I ventured, praying the swift answer might suffice. "Oh, I see," more heartfly. "So you

were the one Alva sent? Did the woman come back with you?" The woman! Who could he mean but the same girl who had been waiting in the saloon? I had ventured already too far to draw back; I must take yet another chance, an answer. "Not with me; that would be too

risky. She is here, though.". "Good enough. That means money.

Let's go in." He pushed past and I followed, toa rather squat figure, concealed by a long, uppeless raincoat, wearing a closely trimmed beard, and horn spec- that is me!" The Moving Man's wife tacles. His features were clearly foreign, yet failed to bespeak the fighting type. I placed him as a theorist, a professor, perhaps, in some small col-

lege.

But my thoughts were not so occupled with my guide as with the problem of how I was to escape from him. I dare not go on into the presence of others, where discovery that I was not Charlett would be immediate. At any cost I must avoid such exposure-but how? The place in which we were gave me little inspiration. It was a low passage-way, inclosed by rough board walls, instantly driving home upon me the impression that it had been constructed for the very purpose for which it was now being utilizeda secret entrance to prevent any gleam of light from being seen without. This precaution, coupled with the tightly boarded passage, left the whole building apparently deserted and desolate, to any chance watcher without. This was evidently no common, vulgar band of schemers, but men with a definite purpose in view, which they were engaged in carrying out with true secret efficiency. They were plotting revolution. Only a strange chance had given me the clew, and only a reckless persistency had opened a way before me. Now my life was no longer my own ; If belonged to my country.' I must live to expose these men. But how?

My heart failed me as I stared about at the bare walls, and forward to where a heavy curtain draped the end of the passage. This widened as we advanced, so as to form what evidently Wine stopped and removed his coat, appropriating an unoccupied nail, and I followed his example, rejoicing to observe that he still remained so confident of my identity as to not once glance around in my direction. The fellow seemed obsessed with some special desire, for he swept his eyes over

the swinging garments, and exclaimed : "Not half of them here yet. I want a word with Alva before the show opens, Charlett, so you better go right

on in. See you later."

Fifty-Fifty on a Million

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Fit for the Gods." Fragrant woods have always been

held in highest esteem among primitive people and were considered especially pleasing to the gods, says the American Forestry Magazine. Accordingly, they have figured prominently in their religious ceremonies and burial rites. Sandalwood is of the first rank.

The man whose only thought is for himself has little use for brains,

"You notice how I look-untidywas covered with weeds and patches;



### "A Fright."

her hair was all in knots and very snarly. Then her dress which was ragged and untidy was covered with weeds and burrs and brambles. She did. indeed, look a fright.

"My name," she continued, "is Miss Rolling Stone. I pick up brambles and burrs, but I never settle down long enough to gather any moss. Did you ever hear of the creature who was called a rolling stone, and they said of him that he could gather no moss? It's the same with me. There are a number of us, teo.

"You see I have always been going from one thing to the other. I haven't progressed and improved and gone on. Twe simply tried one thing a little and then another thing a little. I've picked up brambles and burrs but I've never even stopped long enough to see if beneath the brambles and the burrs there was anything worth seeking.

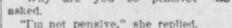
"And my husband, Mr. Moving man, is always moving from one spot to another. He is never satisfied. He never wants to stick in one place and work until what he has started is finished when he can march forward to something else. No, he's just never settled.

"We have a daughter, her name is Miss Waiting-for-Something-to-Turn-Up. She never does a thing, not a thing."

Then Mrs. Moving Man began 10 snore and they noticed her hushand was fast asleep too.

#### Premature Blossoming.

Be a girl while you are a girl. Womanhood lasts many years, girlhood very few, and so the sensible thing is not to anticipate maturity, but to be a whole-souled, thorough-going girl while you may. You can be womanly without putting on grown-up airs and claiming the privileges that belong to the years ahead. The rosebud is so beautiful that it is a pity to force it into premature blossoming .-- Girls' Companion.



"But you haven't said a word for 20 minutes." "Well, I didn't have anything to

say." "Don't you ever say anything when

you have nothing to say?" "No." she said.





bonus (all or part) Souther ., Md., \$85 share. Details Polack, American Bidg.,

