

HE AWOKE DAILY FEELING SICKLY, WEAK AND SHAKY

Never Had Appetite for Breakfast, and Slept Restless Nights.

SIMPLE, CHEAP HOME TONIC FIXED HIM UP

"I've got to hand it to this tonic they call Hypo-Cod. It doesn't cost much and tastes fine and in no time at all you begin feeling tip-top. I believe that two or three bottles of Hypo-Cod will build anybody up good and strong," declared Benson C. Hardesty, 803 N. Gilmore St., Baltimore.

Before I took Hypo-Cod I felt tired and weak all the time and was so restless at night I would wake up two or three times and have a dence of a time getting back to sleep. Practically every morning I would wake up about four a. m. and couldn't sleep another wink. Then I would get up tired and shaky and with no appetite at all for breakfast, but now you should see me hustle out of bed when the alarm clock goes off, and dash downstairs for breakfast. I sleep like a boy and have the appetite of a bear. Feel good and robust, strong and fine all over. Hypo-Cod has the stuff in it to tone and build you up," continued Mr. Hardesty.

Hypo-Cod is said by chemists to be the most powerful and effective reconstructive, strength-building, nutritive tonic made. It surely does the work days and weeks sooner than weaker old-fashioned tonics, and it is by far the nicest tasting and economical tonic. Drop in at the drug store and get two or three bottles. Take a dose before meals a few days. Sleep, eat, feel, work and play better. It is risky to be weak and run down this wet, cold, pneumonia and grippe weather. Ask about Hypo-Cod at nearest drug store.—Advertisement.

What Did He Get Then?

Benny, small scion of a Montgomery county family, is at the age when instruction on etiquette seems necessary. Sunday the family was invited out for dinner. While at the table, the hostess served Benny with a second piece of cake. On his noncommittal acceptance of the favor, he was admonished by his mother:

"Now, what do you say, Benny?" Hastily gulping down the last fragment of the second slice, Benny replied, with difficulty:

"Got any more?" — Indianapolis News.

RELIEF FROM BRONCHIAL COUGH

Mr. John D. Bear, Clearbrook, Va.

Dear Sir:—I am writing you in regard to a bottle of your Emulsion.

As I cannot get it here in Pennsylvania and not knowing the price, will you please send me a bottle and bill for same and I will send you a check by return mail.

Certainly will appreciate it if you will do this as I have had this dreadful cough now for over a week.

Hoping to hear from you by return mail, I am, a well-satisfied user of your Emulsion.

Mrs. K. L. Messick, Harrisburg, Pa. Coughs, colds, lung trouble and general run-down condition yield to the wonderful healing powers of Bear's Emulsion. If you feel run down or have a cough, get a bottle of this splendid tonic, for sale by leading druggists, \$1.25 a bottle.

Moral Character Everything.

All human wisdom and experience unite in recognition of moral character as the basis factor in the development of stable civilization and in the realization of peace among men.—H. O. Rittenhouse.

DYED HER BABY'S COAT, A SKIRT AND CURTAINS WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her old, worn, faded things new. Even if she has never dyed before, she can put a new, rich color into shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything. Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade or run.—Advertisement.

White and Black not Colors.

Pure white and darkness are not colors, but white and black objects are commonly spoken of as colored, although the former reflects and the latter absorbs all the rays of light without separating them into colors, properly so called.

To Have a Clear, Sweet Skin

Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Advertisement.

Honesty is the best policy; it is hard to tell whether modesty always is or not.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoagland* in Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

An old traveler never has the end of a necktie or a sock sticking out of his grip. He looks.

Infections or inflammations of the Eye, whether from external or internal causes, are promptly healed by the use of Roman Eye Balsam at night upon retiring. Adv.

People and pins are useless when they lose their heads.

The Blind Man's Eyes

By William MacHarg, Edwin Balmer

Copyright by Little, Brown and Company.

"UNTIL I COME TO YOU AS—"

She caught at his hand. "No; no!" she cried. "You must get as far away as you can before they come! I'm going back to meet and hold them." She threw the car into the reverse, backed and turned it and brought it again onto the road. He came beside her again, putting out his hand; she seized it. Her hands for an instant clung to it, his to hers.

"You must go—quick!" she urged; "but how am I to know what becomes of you—where you are? Shall I hear from you—shall I ever see you?"

"No news will be good news," he said, "until—"

"Until what?"

"Until— And again that unknown something which a thousand times—it seemed to her—had checked his word and action toward her made him pause; but nothing could completely bar them from one another now. "Until they catch and destroy me, or—until I come to you as—as you have never known me yet!"

What a situation! Here are two young people, obviously in love with each other. The girl is aiding the man to escape. Yet the man is virtually a prisoner on the country estate of her father, who is trying to solve a most complicated and baffling mystery which concerns them all. For the man is suspected of a murderous attack on the girl's blind father. Moreover, he is apparently connected with a previous murder. And, finally, he has just taken part in a midnight encounter in the girl's home in which a relative has been shot to death. In addition the man is using an assumed name and will not tell who he is or what is his purpose. But the girl—who is a nice girl—knows with love's prescience that the man is worthy and dares to put her faith to the test.

Love, mystery, action, a deep wrong righted, the confounding of the wicked—what more is needed for a good story?

The authors are William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer, those interesting Chicago brothers-in-law who separately and together have won the reading public.

CHAPTER I

A Financier Dies.

Gabriel Warden—capitalist, railroad director, owner of mines and timber lands, at twenty a cow-puncher, at forty-eight one of the predominant men of the Northwest coast—paced with quick, uneven steps the great wicker-furnished living room of his home just above Seattle on Puget sound. Twice within ten minutes he had used the telephone in the hall to receive the same reply—that the train from Vancouver, for which he had inquired, had come in and that the passengers had left the station.

It was not like Gabriel Warden to show nervousness of any sort; Kondo, the Japanese doorman, who therefore had found something strange in his telephoning, watched him through the portieres which shut off the living room from the hall.

Warden turned suddenly and pressed the bell to call a servant. Kondo entered the room; he noticed then that Warden's hand, which was still holding the watch before him, was shaking.

"A young man who may, or may not, give a name, will ask for me in a few moments. He will say he called by appointment. Take him at once to my smoking room, and I will see him there. I am going to Mrs. Warden's room now."

He went up the stairs, Kondo noticed, still absently holding his watch in his hand.

Warden controlled his nervousness before entering his wife's room. She talked with him casually for a moment or so before she even sent away her maid. When they were alone, she suddenly saw that he had come to her to discuss some serious subject.

"Cora," he said, when he had closed the door after the maid, "I want your advice on a business question."

"A business question?" She was greatly surprised. He was one of those men who believe all business matters should be kept from their wives.

"I mean it came to me through some business—discoveries."

"And you cannot decide it for yourself?"

"I had decided it." He looked again at his watch. "I had quite decided it; but now— It may lead to some result which I have suddenly felt that I haven't the right to decide entirely for myself."

Warden's wife for the first time felt alarmed.

"You mean it affects me directly?"

He seized both her hands in his and held her before him.

"Cora," he said, "what would you have me do if you knew I had found out that a young man—a man who, four or five years ago, had as much to live for as any man might—had been outraged in every right by men who are my friends? Would you have me fight the outfit for him? Or would you have me—lie down?"

She stared at him with only pride then; she was proud of his strength, of his ability to fight, of the power she knew he possessed to force his way against opposition. "Why, you would fight them?"

"You want me to fight them?"

"Of course."

"No matter what it costs?"

She realized then that what he was facing was very grave.

"Cora," he said, "I didn't come to ask your advice without putting this squarely to you. If I go into this fight, I shall be not only an opponent to some of my present friends; I shall be a threat to them—something they may think it necessary to remove."



As They Stopped, a Young Man of Less Than Medium Height, Broad-shouldered, and Wearing a Mackintosh, Came to the Curb and Spoke to Warden.

man of less than medium height, broad-shouldered, and wearing a mackintosh, came to the curb and spoke to Warden. Corboy did not hear the name, but Warden immediately asked the man into the car; he directed Corboy to return home. The chauffeur did this, but was obliged on the way to come to a complete stop several times, as he met street-cars or other vehicles on intersecting streets.

Almost immediately after Warden had left the house, the doorman rang and Kondo answered it. A young man with a quiet and pleasant bearing inquired for Mr. Warden and said he came by appointment. Kondo ushered him into the smoking room, where the stranger waited. In about forty minutes, Corboy drove the car under the porte-cochere again and got down and opened the door. There was no motion inside the limousine. The chauffeur looked in and saw Mr. Warden lying back quietly against the cushions in the back of the seat; he was alone.

Corboy noticed that the curtains all about had been pulled down; he touched the button and turned on the light at the top of the car, and then he saw that Warden was dead; his cap was off, and the top of his head had been smashed by a heavy blow.

The chauffeur drew back, gasping; Kondo, behind him on the steps, cried out and ran into the house calling for help. Two other servants and Mrs. Warden, who had remained nervously in her room, ran down. The stranger who had been waiting, now seen for the first time by Mrs. Warden, came out from the smoking room to help them. He aided in taking the body from the car and helped to carry it into the living room and lay it on a couch; he remained until it was certain that Warden had been killed and nothing could be done. When this had been established and further confirmed by the doctor who was called, Kondo and Mrs. Warden looked around for the young man—but he was no longer there.

The news of the murder brought extras out upon the streets of Seattle, Tacoma and Portland at ten o'clock that night. Seattle, stirred at once at the murder of one of its most prominent citizens, stirred still further at the new proof that Warden had been a power in business and finance; then, as the second day's dispatches from the larger cities came in, it stirred a third time at the realization—for so men said—that this was the second time such a murder had happened.

Warden had been what was called among men of business and finance a member of the "Latron crowd"; he had been close, at one time, to the great western capitalist Matthew Latron; the properties in which he had made his wealth, and whose direction and administration had brought him the respect and attention of other men, had been closely allied with or even included among those known as the "Latron properties"; and Latron, five years before, had been murdered. Latron's murderer had been a man who called upon him by appointment, and Warden's murderer, it appeared, had been equally known to him, or at least equally recommended. Of this as much was made as possible in the suggestion that the same agency was behind the two.

The statements of Kondo and Corboy were verified; it was even learned at what spot Warden's murderer had left the motor unobserved by Corboy. Beyond this, no trace was found of him, and the disappearance of the young man who had come to Warden's house and waited there for three quarters of an hour to see him was also complete.

CHAPTER II

The Express is Held for a Personage.

Bob Connelly, special conductor for the Coast division of one of the chief transcontinentals, was having late breakfast on his day off at his little cottage on the shore of Puget sound, when he was treated to the unusual sight of a large car stopping before his door. The chauffeur hurried from the car to the house with an envelope in his hand. Connelly, meeting him at the door, opened the envelope and found within an order in the handwriting of the president of the railroad and over his signature.

"Connelly:

"No. 5 being held at Seattle terminal until nine o'clock—will run one hour late. This is your authority to supersede the regular man as conductor—prepared to go through to Chicago. You will facilitate every desire and obey, when possible, any request even as to running of the train, which may be made by a passenger who will identify himself by a card from me."

"H. R. JARVIS."

The conductor, accustomed to take charge of trains when princes, envoys, Presidents and great people of any sort took to travel publicly or privately, fingered the heavy cream-colored note-paper upon which the order was written and looked up at the chauffeur.

The order was surprising enough even to Connelly. Some passenger of extraordinary influence, obviously, was to take the train; not only the holding of the transcontinental for an hour told this, but there was the further plain statement that the passenger would be incognito. Astonishing also was the fact that the order was written upon private note-paper. There had been a monogram at the top of the sheet, but it had been torn off; that would not have been if Mr. Jarvis had sent the order from home. Who could have had the president of the road call upon him at half past seven in the morning and have told Mr. Jarvis to hold the Express for an hour?

Connelly was certain of the distinctive characters of the president's handwriting. The enigma of the order, however, had plighted him so that he pretended doubt.

"Where did you get this?" he challenged the chauffeur.

"From Mr. Jarvis."

"Of course; but where?"

"You mean you want to know where he was?"

Connelly smiled quietly. If he himself was trusted to be cautious and

circumspect, the chauffeur also plainly was accustomed to be in the employ of one who required reticence. Connelly looked from the note to the bearer more keenly. There was something familiar in the chauffeur's face—just enough to have made Connelly believe, at first, that probably he had seen the man meeting some passenger at the station.

"You are—" Connelly ventured casually.

"In private employ; yes, sir," the man cut off quickly. Then Connelly knew him; it was when Gabriel Warden traveled on Connelly's train that the conductor had seen this chauffeur; this was Patrick Corboy, who had driven Warden the night he was killed. But Connelly, having won his point, knew better than to show it. "Waiting for a receipt from me?" he asked as if he had abandoned his curiosity.

The chauffeur nodded. Connelly took a sheet of paper, wrote on it, sealed it in an envelope and handed it over; the chauffeur hastened back to his car and drove off. Connelly whistled softly to himself. Evidently his passenger was to be one of the great men in eastern finance who had been brought west by Warden's death. As the car disappeared, Connelly gazed off to the sound.

The March morning was windy and wet, with a storm blowing in from the Pacific. From Elliot wharveatered the roar of the steam-whistle of some large ship signaling its intention to pass another to the left. The incoming vessel loomed in sight and showed the graceful lines, the single funnel and the white and red-barred flag of the Japanese line, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. Connelly saw that it was, as he anticipated, the Tamba Maru, due two days before, having been delayed by bad weather over the Pacific. It would dock, Connelly estimated, just in time to permit a passenger to catch the Eastern Express if that were held till nine o'clock. So, as he hastened to the car line, Connelly smiled at himself for taking the trouble to make his earlier surmises.

Old Sammy Seaton, the gateman, stood in his iron coop twirling a punch about his finger. Old Sammy's scheme of sudden wealth—everyone has a plan by which at any moment wealth may arrive—was to recognize and apprehend some wrongdoer, or some lost or kidnaped person for whom a great reward would be given. His position at the gate through which must pass most of the people arriving at the great Coast city, or wishing to depart from it, certainly was excellent; and by constant and careful reading of the papers, classifying and memorizing faces, he prepared himself to take advantage of any opportunity. Sammy still awaited his great "strike."

"Any one off on Number Five, Sammy?" Connelly questioned carelessly as he approached.

Old Sammy shook his head. "What are we holding for?" he whispered. "Ah—for them?"

A couple of station-boys, overloaded with hand-baggage, scurried in from the street; someone shouted for a trunk-truck, and baggagemen ran. A group of people, who evidently had come to the station in covered cars, crowded out to the gate and lined up to pass old Sammy. The gateman straightened importantly and scrutinized each person presenting a ticket. Connelly inspected with attention the file at the gate and watched old Sammy also as each passed him.

The first in line was a girl—a girl about twenty-two or three, Connelly guessed. She had the easy, interested air of a person of assured position. When Connelly first saw her, she seemed to be accompanying the man who now was behind her; but she offered her own ticket for perusal at the gate, and as soon as she was through, she hurried on ahead alone.

Connelly was certain he did not know her. He noticed that old Sammy had held her at the gate as long as possible, as if hoping to recollect who she might be; but now that she was gone, the gateman gave his attention more closely to the first man—a tall, strongly built man, neither heavy nor light, and with a powerful, patrician face. His eyes were hidden by smoked glasses such as one wears against a glare of snow.

Connelly found his gaze following this man; the conductor did not know him, nor had old Sammy recognized him; but both were trying to place him. He, unquestionably, was a man to be known, though not more so than many who traveled in the transcontinental trains.

A trim, self-assured man of thirty—his open overcoat showed a cutaway underneath—came past next, proffering the plain Seattle-Chicago ticket.

An Englishman, with red-veined cheeks, fumbling, clumsy fingers and curious, interested eyes, immediately followed.

"Avery, I wish you to get into conversation with this Philip. Eaton. It will probably be useful if you let Harriet talk with him, too."

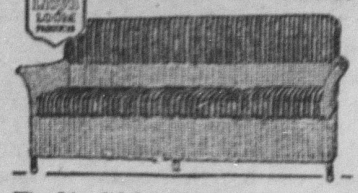
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Write for picture and rules for letter contest. 25¢ prize. NOVELTY GIFT TRADING CO., Box 1246, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

Three-Minute Corn Remedy—Corns, callouses, bunions removed. 25¢ for sample, prepaid. Jos. Whalen, 136 E. Jefferson, Detroit, Mich.

Rubber Boots.

Parents are beginning to learn the advantages of rubber boots for children, especially the shorter boots that flare a little at the top. In wet weather or after a heavy snow, it has been found, the boots will hold a great deal more water than shoes, goloshes or rubbers, and will hold it a great deal longer.

Acid Stomach, Heartburn and Nausea quickly disappear with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Send for trial box to 372 Pearl St., New York. Advertisement.

King George's crown weighs 39 ounces.

Mrs. Clara B. Redmond



Fairmont, W. Va.—"I suffered for about six years with serious feminine trouble. At last I had to take to my bed. I was so weak I could hardly raise up. I suffered for ten weeks, enough to die. Three doctors said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation or face sure death. I went to the drug store and got a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, also a box of Dr. Pierce's Purifying Lotion Tablets and used both exactly according to the directions. When I had used these wonderful remedies only one week I could go around in the house and assist with my work. I now can do all my own work and some for others, too. I can't praise Dr. Pierce's wonderful medicines enough for the great benefit I have received. They will doubtless do as much for others as they did for me."—Mrs. Clara B. Redmond, Route 1.

If you want good medical advice write in all confidence to Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y. No charge for this advice.

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