The Mysteries of Myra

An Inspiring Novel and Motion Picture Drama

Written by Hereward Carrington.

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Dramatized by Charles W. Goddard.

CHAPTER LV.
The Hatred Implacable.

"VARNEY, I would speak with you!"

The discordant voice rang out through the clammy recesses of the council room. Arthur Varney arose from his knees, where with his fellow members of the Black Order he had been swinging in rhythmic chanting, a part of the weird rites of the Devil Worshipers.

The leader of ceremonies had just opened a meeting of the evil clan, as the brazen gong rang out.

"Yes, master," answered the clubman, as he went slowly toward the black velvet curtains, which puffed in the cold breeze of the subterranean chambers.

There were three resonant crashes of the gong once more, and he entered.

Into his vision there grew stronger with the spreading red luminosity the sight of the gnarled features of the supreme ruler of the order.

The two exchanged the sign of their brotherhood, thumbs pointing upward, from clenched hands, pressed against either side of their cheeks. The diabolical significance of this sent a shudder through Varney. The piercing black eyes of his superior did not miss the hesitant manner, and the despairing look upon his human tool of death.

"Look in my eyes, Varney!" was the curt command.

The man raised his glance and then dropped the lids, as though he feared that some inner weakness might be discovered by the gimlet sharpness of the master's stare.

"Varney, you have been brooding of late. I know all you have done, all that you have said, and even your innermost thoughts. My power is so tremendous that I will know every weakness—every unfaithful thought which you have!"

Varney, despite his effort at calmness, started ever so slightly.

The High Master observed.

He raised a bony fist, clenched until it looked like the talon of some omnivorous bird of prey. He leaned forward with an evil curse on his thin lips.

"Arthur Varney, woe betide you if you play false to your oaths to the Black Order and to me, your Master of Soul and Eternity!" he cried. "You are letting your passion for this girl, Myra Maynard, weaken your loyalty. If you attempt to betray us I will . . ."

His lips drew back over the fang-like teeth. His hand descended toward the cowering man.

"Oh, master! I swear that I have obeyed your every command. But, master. I do love Myra Maynard. She does not love me, but she could learn. My influence with her even now is so strong that I would force her to turn over her fortune to the order," he began piteously.

How often before had he made this weak plea in vain, to the indissuadable monster sitting in judgment above him. The horror of it all was finally borne in his iron nerves. Through such frightful catastrophe had they been during these past few weeks that he was yielding to the strain. No longer did he believe the occult promises made by the master of a reward of ettrnal love and existence with Myra Maynard in mysterious paradises beyond the grave!

But the supreme ruler of the Black Order banged upon the richly carved altar with a furious fist.

"Varney, I have told you once too often that this cannot be. Myra Maynard is possessed of a power, which, if she ever learns to master it, it will undo me, and our order. She must be disposed of. I command you to take out all the members of the Black Order this afternoon, to scour the country, and leave no opportunity for her to escape. My will is supreme here, and at the slightest sign of your falter I will give you the most horrible punishment which the mind of man can conceive, and which only my art can administer!"

At these awful words, the sinister truth of which Varney understood only too well, he bowed low.

"I obey, Oh, mighty master;" he murmured weakly. And with a hopeles drop of his broad shoulders, he made a low obeisance, and backed, shuddering from the secret room.

Once in the general council chamber he gave directions to the leader of the ceremonies, who evidently understood even more than he the nature of the master's plans.

But it was part of the cunning ruler's scheme to force no other than the lovelorn Varney to lead in the cowardly attack upon the unsuspecting girl. He was certain of his dominance with the man, and confident that his supposed innocence of any connection with the evil order would cover the most daring episode of the crime.

Varney and the other members removed their black robes, soon to be hurrying in a formation like a great net to encircle the unsuspecting girl.

And all this time Myra was as happy as a child, in the glorious thrill of such weather as would dispel al brooding thoughts of unseen fear.

Little did she dream of the treachery of the man she had promised to marry.

CHAPTER LVI.
The Woodland Whistle.

MYRA stood in the window of her bed room dropping corn to the windowsill, while her pet pigeons fluttered and crooned happily over the treat.

One beautifully burnished bird, which she had especially trained, flew to her shoulder and daintily pecked a piece of corn from the girl's rosebud lips.

"Lucky bird!" called a merry voice from the garden drive below at this juncture.

"Oh, is that you, Dr. Alden?" exclaimed the girl, blushing prettily. "I did not know that you had the horses ready so quickly. I'll be right down, for I have been dressed for the ride nearly half an hour."

The physician was a handsome figure, as he sat astride his spirited horse, with the unconscious grace of a born equestrian. Myra's eyes reflected a little unconscious spark of admiration as she stepped through the doorway accompanied by her mother. Mrs. Maynard did not resist the same impulse, as the doctor slid to the ground to help Myra with her mount.

"Where are you going, dear?" asked her mother. "Do be very careful, now, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed. Where shall we ride today, Dr. Alden?" asked Myra, holding in her impatient steed with a firm grip of the small gauntleted fingers.

"I rode yesterday through the Pine Woods," Alden replied. "I believe that if we go up there we will enjoy it—it's as wild as some mountain trail in Tennessee."

"Splendid! All right, mother, I'll be as careful as an old maid on a merry-go-round pony! Good-by!"

And blowing a kiss to Mrs. Maynard, she led the way down the driveway.

She had not been gone, with her escort, more than ten minutes when the telephone bell rang.

It was Arthur Varney, and when Willis, the butler, informed him that Myra was not in he inquired for her mother. They exchanged the usual pleasantries and Varney ended up with a polite question as to Myra's whereabouts.

"Oh, she is out horseback riding with Dr. Alden. They were going up through the old Pine Woods section," answered Mrs. Maynard. "It is such a beautiful day, and she was not able to reach you to ask you t ogo along, Arthur."

Myra's mother was very fond of Varney, and she felt that she should make some excuse for the ride with a rival. However, Varney laughed, albeit with a sharp contraction of the eyebrows.

"That's all right. I will try to see her this evening; perhaps we can have a little hand of bridge after dinner," he remarked agreeably.

"Splendid!" said Mrs. Maynard. "Come early and take dinner with us. Now you must promise."

Varney did yield, before he rang off, but he had sore misgivings. He hurriedly telephoned the high master of the location of the girl, and within a few minutes two speedy automobiles were racing up to head off the unsuspecting pair of equestrians.

The ride was a welcome relief to the physician, who had been working unusually hard in his psychic laboratory, and over some scientific articles which he had under preparation for a well-known magazine.

And so they cantered along, enjoying the twittering of the birds, the thrill of the warm sun, and the almost intoxicating perfume of woodland and flowery stretch of roadside.

They did not observe that more than once a sinister face peered out from behind a tree or shrub as they passed.

But, finally, Alden became aware that his saddle girth was becoming slightly loosened. He called to Myra, drew up his mount and vaulted to the ground.

"Just a minute, Myra," he said. "I'll fix this and be with you right away."

The girl laughed back.

"No, I'll ride on and you will have to do some fancy horsemanship to catch up with me!"

Alden was dismayed.

"Don't ride on!" he called. "Wait for me!"

His tone was almost imperious, and maiden-like, Myra resented it, with a pout.

She did ride on, and by the time Alden had adjusted the girth and mounted his horse she was out of view beyond a curve in the heavily wooded road.

But she was visible to more than one person unseen by her. Among them was Arthur Varney, struggling against his heart's own promptings to bring the girl to destruction.

Alden galloped after her, but came to a fork in the road. The thoroughfare was so heavily verdured on either side of this point that it was impossible to go along either section of the branch more than a hundred yards.

He stopped and listened; there was no sound of hoof beats.

Myra had coquettishly stopped her horse behind the first sharp turn to tease him.

Alden put his fingers to his lips and whistled with a shrill bird note.

He hearkened once more and now came the answer.

He had taught Myra the trick, although the girl did not master it well.

"There she is," he laughed, with relief, and whistled again.

But this time the whistle came from two directions at once. He paused and then a vague alarm smote his breast. What could be the meaning of this, he poundered.

Again he made the signal, and promptly came two answering notes, one from the right turn of the road and the other from the opposite side. The heavy undergrowth of the winding roadways baffled any attempt to peer through them.

"This is serious," he muttered, as he listened again.

Still there was no sound of horse's hoofs upon the ground, and after a moment's hesitation he paced madly on to the left.

And as it happened Myra had taken the right turn.

Alden rode for fifteen minutes as hard as his panting horse would carry him.

I didn't know she could ride so fast!" he exclaimed, angry at the worriment which it had caused him.

Then, at last, as he came to a long stretch of open country, from which he could look down on a clear view of the highway, he became convinced that he had taken the wrong fork.

"Well, I must get back, or Heaven only knows what may happen to her!" and he turned his horse to retrace the mad flight. "But that was a curious echo. I never heard one before in such thick woods as those."

Meanwhile Myra had blundered upon a curious tragedy, for these modern days of cynicism against everything of the mystic.

CHAAPTER LVII.
The Witch of the Woods.

A GROUP of boys, with a sturdy, broad shouldered bulldog on a leash, were standing at the foot of a big tree.

As Myra, irritated at Payson Alden's apparent stupidity in following her raced along the roadway she caught a sudden view of this little tableau.

"Sic 'im, Tige;" cried one lad.

Myra brought her horse to a stop; it was simple feminine curiosity. But a sweeter feminine instinct, the sympathy for the weaker in a struggle, prompted her to ride up a minute later, after she saw a pathetic little scene enacted.

An old woman, stooped of shoulder and with a ragged cloak about her weazened shoulders, rushed out of a small frame house nearby.

"You let that cat alone!" she cried to the youngsters.

"Oh, the cat's up a tree. What do we care?" cried the largest boy of the group. "Let's beat up the old witch, for luck!"

And he picked up a broken branch from the ground. The others followed him, and to Myra's consternation rushed at the expostulating old woman.

The girl tapped her nervous steed with the riding crop and leaped over the narrow gully at the roadside, speeding into their midst, just as the biggest boy, evidently the "gang bully" was raising his impromptu cudgel to strike the screaming woman.

One of the boys gave a warning cry and they scattered, but not before the indignant girl had delivered a punishing stroke with the crop on the shoulder of the biggest lad.

"You get away from here, or I will lash all of you" she cried. Her flashing eyes and the imperious note in her voice gave evidence to the young marauders that she meant what she said. They obeyed with alacrity, but before they departed with the growling bulldog nature asserted itself with a parting verbal shot:

"You'd better be careful of the old witch!"

"She'll put a spell on you!"

Other, less impolite jeers, followed, but as the boys disappeared Myra rode her horse up to the tree, and reached up for the trembling cat on an overhanging limb. The animal yielded to her gentle hand as she lifted it down and turned toward the frightened old woman.

"Here's tabby, safe and sound. I am sorry the boys alarmed you." she began.

She slid nimbly to the ground, and stroking the black fur of the animal, lowered it to the grass.

The old woman regarded her with a curious expression.

"You're very good to an old woman that every one hates!" were her surprising words.

"Why! I don't understand. I don't believe that everyone hates you."

The old woman shook her head, as her hands trembled with the pitiful palsy of extreme old age.

Neither Myra nor she saw two heads, under heavy black caps, protruding from the tree trunks a few yards to the right.

"Aren't you afraid of a witch?" was the hesitating query.

Myra laughed merrily, as she shook her blonde head.

"Not at all. I don't believe in such nonsense. It's only an excuse to make fun of people who have reached the age where they should be respected and loved," she responded. "I am not afraid of you at all."

The old woman laughed now, with her wrinkled eyes squinting until they became mere slits in a leathery face. Yet there was a pleasant ring to the merriment.

"You're a queer little girl," she said. "Not like any one I've seen for, oh, so many years. I may not be a witch, but I can do something nice for you!"

"What is that?" asked Myra, eagerly. "Can you tell my fortune? Van you tell me who I am going to marry?"

And she held out her soft, white palm, after impetously jerking off her gauntlet.

The old crone shook her gray head, with another cackle.

"That's what all girls want to know. It's easy to tell things like that when you have my power," and she started toward the door of the little house, followed by the black cat, which arched its back as it brushed against the hem of the long brown skirt.

As Myra looked at her she realized that the unfortunate old creature did indeed resemble the drawings of witches which she had seen in old story books in childhood's credulous days.

"But, I'd not tell a nice girl about the future. If it's sad news it's better not to know it. And if it's good news, it's nicer to be surprised," she mumbled and shook her toothless jaw wisely. "But I was young once myself, you know. And I can show you some one who has always been young—only the young believe in them—and only the young in innocence and goodness can see them again, except me."

Myra followed her, fascinated.

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked.

"I can show you the real fairies!"

Myra smiled, doubtfully, but the old woman shook a talon-finger, as she paused at the door.

"You don't believe it, but wait until I get some of the fairy salve, and I'll rub it on your arm and prove it to you."

Myra could hardly believe her ears. Now, she guessed that the strange old woman was demented, but before she had returned to her horse the door opened again and she reappeared.

This time she bore a queer white jar in her hands.

"It's nearly all gone!" cackled the old lady, "but you were good to me and my tabby-cat. I'll let you have a little. Roll up your sleeve."

The skinny finger was scraping at the bottom of the jar. Myra hesitated, but her strange companion nodded emphatically.

"Don't be afraid. I wouldn't hurt you. I don't hurt any one. Just try it and see!"

She insisted, and Myra, almost against her will yielded to the piercing dominance, of those superanturally bright old eyes. The old woman rubbed and rubbed, upon the soft white flesh of her forearm.

Whether it was the vision, under some strange form of hypnotism, or some other occult manifestation of which neither she nor Alden could ever find out, something began to dance about in the tender green blades of the grass at her feet. Then other little creatures joined in the merry-making.

And to Myra's firm belief—despite the unreality of it, despite the bright sunlight and her conviction that here, in the glorious woods, of all places she could have no hallucinations—the fairies actually danced before her on the little stretch of green turf!

CHAPTER LVIII.
The Spell of Witchcraft.

THERE was the sound of thundering hoofbeats upon the roadway, and Alden's steed dashed up.

"Thank heaven!" muttered the physician, dismounting and walking toward the peaceful duo—Myra, standing silently with fascinated eyes as she watched the grass, and the old woman at her side.

"Oh, Dr. Alden, I saw the fairies dancing!" exclaimed the girl, happily.

The physician laughed and regarded the old woman with a sharp glance of suspicion. But nothing seemed wrong to Myra.

"We'd better be returning, Miss Myra. You gave me a scare and I went down the wrong road," he said.

"But you should ee them, too," insisted Myra. "Won't you show my friend the fairies? I'll even pay you."

The old woman shook her head.

"No, I cannot do it now, for I've used up the last bit of magic salve. And, besides, he's too old to believe them," she answered.

Alden glared at her now, and beckoned toward Myra's horse, which was becoming restive.

"Let's go home and let well enough alone," he said.

Myra was offended at what seemed his curtness, and she bowed politely to the quaint old person.

"I'll come back some time, if I may, and learn some more," she declared. The old woman waved her hand strangely in the air, and smiled as though in some sort of silent blessing. She turned to enter the little hut.

"I don't think you ought to take such risks," said Alden.

"After all your occult experiences you should have learned the danger. I didn't like the look in that old bar's eyes!"

Myra was now truly offended, as only a girl can be offended by the man she likes.

"I don't care to be scolded. You missed something very wonderful. And I want to go home myself, now," she said, haughtily.

They turned back on the roadway. She was silent for awhile.

"Oh, look, there's the little railroad station which I passed on the way here from the fork. There is a poor telegraph operator who was sound asleep in there when I came up."

"He will have a wreck on the road. He ought to be careful!" observed Alden.

"Poor fellow. I did wake him up and told him not to go asleep again. He said that his assistant was sick and he had to work twenty-four hours a day until they got a new man."

She rode toward the station, peered into the window and then jumped down to the platform, walking toward the door.

Alden followed her in surprise.

"Wake up, sir. You might lose your position if any one found you asleep again," said Myra, touching his shoulder kindly.

"Oh, thank you, miss," and the tired young operator rubbed his eyes. "I'm so sorry, but I'm so tired."

Alden smiled sympathetically.

"I'll tell you how to make an alarm clock. Hold that tin pan in your hand, when you get drowsy and nod. And if you go to sleep you will wake up when it falls on the floor," he said with a serious tone in his voice.

The operator looked at him incredulously, laughed, and then promised to try it. He had six more hours of duty before him.

"If you go to sleep again I'll haunt you," teased Myra.

Alden and Myra rode on then, little knowing what had happened at the home of the old woman.

When they reached Myra's home Alden dismounted to help her down. They had been gone perhaps a couple of hours.

"I must feed my pigeons again before I let the groom take the horse," she said. She hunted up some crushed corn and began to feed the birds once more, as Alden watched her with an admiring glance.

"Why, look what this pigeon has on its foot!" exclaimed Myra, in surprise, as she picked up one which had lit on her shoulder.

It carried a finely written note attached to one of its legs, with a small silver wire.

Myra read it. Then she chuckled.

"She must be a witch! Look what she said!"

Alden read the missive incredulously. It was scrawled over a tiny drawing of an old woman, with a witch's hat, riding a broomstick.

"If you want more of the Witch's ointment come tonight!" it said.

"You remain home tonight!" cautioned Alden imperiously.

"I'll do just as I please, sir—you are becoming a dictator, and I don't like you!" cried Myra. She walked into the house in a huff, with her pretty head up in the air. Alden waited for a farewell and then laughingly mounted his horse to go home.

On the road he passed Arthur Varney, driving his new automobile. The two men barely nodded. As soon as Alden was out of sight Varney drove into the Maynard estate, and hurried up the portico steps. Myre was changing to her dinner gown and Mrs. Maynard spoke about the curious message on the foot of the pigeon. Varney dismissed it as the joke of some friend, and Mrs. Maynard left him alone for a few minutes. He caught up the telephone receiver, assured that no one was within hearshot.

"Hello, is this you, Master?" he whispered, when his number had been obtained. "Our man caught one of her pigeons and I see it has returned with a queer message."

"Good, Varney. That was from me. Take her to the Witch's house, up in the Pine Woods when she asks to go to night. We will get her there. Do not betray your trust!"

And he hung up the receiver. Varney did not know that two of the Black Order had sprung out of the woods after Myra's departure from the old woman's house, and forced her to tell about the ointment, but was more terrified than ever of the Master's cunning.

After dinner that night, Mrs. Maynard retired early, leaving Varney and Myra together.

The girl then told of her desire to visit the old woman's place once more. He tried oddly enough, to dissuade her, but suddenly over her shoulder in the reflection of the window, he seemed to see a vision of the High Master, with the thumbs upturned on either side of the evil face. He weakened and agreed to take her in his machine.

They sped out along the road, at Myra's direction, until after half an hour's ride they found the clearing.

Myra dismounted with agility from the throbbing car. As she did so Varney slipped a revolver into the girl's hand.

"You may need this," he muttered, and forced her to slip it into the pocket of her automobile coat. Then he trembled at his own treachery to the Black Order.

The girl hurried toward the door of the little house. A dim light shone through a window. As she knocked four masked men sprung from the roadside upon Varney and pretended to struggle. Then they rushed at the girl, who had stepped within.

"I received your message," exclaimed Myra, as she peered about the dimly lit interior. "I came for the ointment, as you told me to do."

The old woman arose stiffy from the cot upon which she had been lying.

"It is a trick! I didn't send for you," she cried, affrightedly. Outside were voices, and the crone sprang toward the door to swing it shut and bar it. Rough hands were pounding at the portal; the men were demanding admittance. The two women stood quiet, in their terror. Then some heavy beams or ladder, Myra could not tell which, began to bang rhythmically against the door; the intruders were using it as a battering ram.

Myra remembered the revolver which Varney had slipped to her. She drew it from her pocket and fired three times in rapid succession. At the last report there was a cry of anguish from the other side of the wooden door. Then silence indicated a temporary retreat.

"They will return," said the old woman. "When they do, I will show you how to escape, for you were kind to an old witch like me!"

Myra sank weakly into a chair as her companion patted her shoulder and then her forehead soothingly. The girl's body suddenly seemed to become lifeless. Far off in the telegraph station the drowsy operator, nodding once more, seemed to behold a vision of the same young woman who had chided him that afternoon. She seemed to lean over his shoulder, this fair apparition, to write a message on the top blank of a message pad on the desk before him. Unconsciously he began to tick-tick the name and address, then the message, as he saw it written, sending it along the wire to the next station.

As he finished the spirit vanished and he awoke with a start. The tinpan dropped noisily on the floor, and he rubbed his eyes.

"I wonder if that was a dream?" muttered the operator. He looked at the pad of telegraph blanks in front of him. But there was no message written upon the yellow sheets.

However, Dr. Alden had received a telegram, transmitted for speed from the receiving office by telephone. The message read: "I am in the Witch's house. Save me. Myra."

The physician hurriedly called up the police station, located in the suburbs near this lonely address. The captain promised action, with his reserves, at once.

Alden summoned a taxicab, armed himself, and was soon speeding through the dark streets toward the rustic highway over which he had ridden so carefree that afternoon.

Within the hut Myra had returned to consciousness, under the old woman's administrations.

As she rose, exhausted from her curious trance, she sniffed suspiciously.

"What's that? Something is burning!" she exclaimed. The old woman ran to the other side of the little house, felt the wooden wall and wailed hopelessly.

"They have set fire to this side," she exclaimed. "If we run out they will catch us. They threatened my life this afternoon when you left and now they will kill me surely."

Myra fired the remaining shots in the chamber of the weapon through the wall, but evidently no harm was done to the conspirators outside. The flames now began to lick their way into the room, through cracks and chinks of the wodwork.

"Oh, we are doomed," she exclaimed, but the old woman drew her toward the other corner.

"I have a secret passage here by which we may escape; follow me." She raised some boards and disappeared into a dark hole.

Myra obeyed, and was soon crawling on hands and knees through a shallow, roughly excavated tunnel. After five minutes or more she was relieved to breath the fresh night air again. They had reached the mouth of the passage and emerged in a clump of heavy underbrush.

"Come now—run!" cried the old woman. She made away with the same surprising alacrity which Myra had observed before.

But dark forms in the woodland espied them. Shots were fired, and the old woman dropped cautiously to her knees. Myra crouched down as well, her beating heart threatening to betray their whereabouts.

"Don't move—I'll beglamour them so that we will look like trees to them," said the old woman, making some curious passes with her hands in the direction of their pursuers. At her command, Myra lay flat upon the ground while the old woman crouched.

Four men, weapons in hand, rushed toward them. Then they stopped.

"Nothing but a fallen tree and a stump!" cried one of them, pointing at Myra and her aged protector. "I could have sworn that they were the two women."

He rubbed his eyes in a dazed way, as though half hypnotized. The others peered around stupidly, cursing in their disappointment.

On the roadside, Alden, with several policemen, was rushing toward the flaming house. His heart sank as he saw the walls cave in with a great shower of angry sparks shooting skyward.

"Too late!" he muttered. "They have succeeded!"

With the bluecoats he ran toward the house, to do what he could—ineffectual as he felt it would be.

Suddenly from the thick woodland, behinn the ruined hut, he heard the piercing scream of a woman.

He dashed in that direction, followed by a police officer. He fired point blank at two men who opposed him, and they melted away in the darkness.

He almost tumbled over Myra, who was still lying upon the ground. He saw three other figures just disappearing ahead of them; but the safety of the beloved girl came first. He caught her up in his arms. She had fainted. He bore her in his arms to the automobile, where she regained consciousness, to inquire about her protectress.

"The police have found no one in the woods," answered Alden. "Heaven help the old soul."

"The man had just recognized her when she screamed," explained Myra, "and he struck her with a knife! Oh, it was dreadful, but what can have become of Arthur Varney?"

An officer just walked over to them with Varney at his side limping noticeably. The latter had been found in his own automobile gagged and bound. It was a perfect alibi, and yet Alden listened to the story with a growing distrust. At Myra's insistence he rode back home with her in Varney's machine. She recounted the whole story to him and told of her dream. Alden surprised her with the account of the telegram.

"And yet they say that dreams are never true," he remarked. "We will have a whole lot to investigate, before we understand all of this night's work!"

He was right. Even more surprises were to come!

(To Be Continued.)

THE DOVES FELT AT HOME.

MYRA STOOD READY TO SHOOT

This Episode Today at Hippodrome, 9th and New York Ave.—Advt.

First Episode Today, Georgia Theater, 3422 Georgia Ave. N. W.—Advt.

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Mrs. Walter F. Dixon, of Dorsey, Howard County, Md., Is Saving Money on Doctors.

Mr. Walter F. Dixon, of Dorsey, in the employ of the B. & O. R. R., made this interesting statement the other day: There's sincerity in every line—and enough proof in every paragraph to convince anybody. Here's what he said:

"If you ever saw a man spending every dollar he could lay hold of with physicians, trying to cure his wife—I am that man! I positively spent what was a fortune to me, and seemed as if I could never get ahead any, for the constant drag of doctor's bills. And the worst of it was, I saw little or no improvement in her condition. She suffered from chronic constipation, pains in the back and limbs, was very nervous, had so little appetite she ate like a bird, and had almost constant headaches.

"The sort of thing went on for a long time; we'd try first one doctor and then another. She took bottle after bottle of drugs of every sort, and any benefit she experienced was so slight, it wasn't worth talking about, and she was getting pretty discouraged, I can tell you.

"I heard of Dreco somewhere—I don't remember where now! My wife said she'd try it thoroughly, if I'd get it for her. She was about to that point where she'd try anything to get relief.

"She's taken two bottles now, and she's a new woman! Absolutely, you wouldn't know her! She's looking better and feeling better than for years. After the first few doses the pains in her back and limbs left her, and she was comfortable for the first time in months! She was able to eat like any other normal woman, and suffered no ill effects afterwards! No more trouble from constipation, and, in fact, I consider that another bottle or two at the most will make an entirely well woman of her—and you can bet she's going to have them!"

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