



The Jeffries-Manson Was Besieged by Callers.

man, and in all quarters of the city there was universal sympathy for Mr. Howard Jeffries, Sr. It was terrible to think that this splendid, upright man whose whole career was without a single stain, who had served his country gallantly through the civil war, should have such disgrace brought upon him in his old age.

The Third Degree

BY CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLAW ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, fellow-student at Yale, leader of a dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison and is discovered by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. He becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alicia denounces him. Her dealer for whom he acted as commissioner, demands an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartment in an intoxicated condition to request a loan of money to enable him to take up a business proposition. Underwood tells him he is in debt up to his eyes. Howard drinks himself into a dizziness. A caller is announced and Underwood retreats to a room where he is sleeping. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will never take his life. He refuses. She will rescue her patronage. This she refuses, and takes her leave. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He finds Underwood dead. Realizing his predicament he attempts to flee and is met by Underwood's valet. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, who has had a great deal of experience in the treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree, and finally gets an alleged confession. He declares he killed his father in his own hand.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"Not this lady," said the boy. "The other lady, I think she is Jeffries, or Jenkins, or something like that." The captain waved his hand toward the door. "That's all right—go. We'll find her all right." The boy went out and the captain turned round to Annie. "I'll be rather a pity if it isn't you," he said, with a suggestive smile. "How so?" she demanded. The captain laughed. "Well, you see a woman always gets the jury mixed up. Nothing fuses a man like a pretty face, and 12 times 1 is 12. You see if they quarreled about you—your husband would stand some chance." "Fervidly," she added. "Come, Mrs. Jeffries, you'd better tell the truth and I can advise you who to go to." Annie drew herself up, and with dignity said: "Thanks, I'm going to the best lawyer I can get. Not one of those court-room politicians recommended by a police captain. I am going to Richard Brewster. He's the man. He'll soon get my husband out of the Tombs." Reflectively she added, "If my father had had Judge Brewster to defend him instead of a legal shark, he'd never have been railroaded to jail. He'd be alive to-day."

Capt. Clinton guffawed loudly. The idea of ex-Judge Brewster taking the case seemed to amuse him hugely. "Brewster?" he laughed boisterously. "You'd never be able to get Brewster. Firstly, he's too expensive. Secondly, he's old man Jeffries' lawyer. He wouldn't touch your case with a ten-foot pole. Besides," he added in a tone of contempt, "Brewster's no good in a case of this kind. He's a constitution lawyer—one of them international fellers. He don't know nothing." "He's the only lawyer I want," she retorted determinedly. Then she went on: "Howard's folks must come to his rescue. They must stand by him—they must—"

Prayers Never Passed Over

First Thought in the Mind of Mohammed in His Duty of Devotion to Allah. "And while we three white men of a Christian race stuffed ourselves without preliminary or postprandial grace, and our shawl porters gracelessly gorged themselves like beasts, scarce 30 feet from our table stood the noble form of old Regal and the spare ascetic-faced Awala, musically intoning their evening prayers to Allah, oblivious to all about as if alone in a monastic cell. It was a majestic rebuke to us, a weird mystery to the shawl, whose voices were always lowered when the Somals began to pray, and who sat contemningly grim in wild-eyed wonder to the end of each prayer, awed, almost silent—as were we ourselves silent out of the sheer

PILOTED BY AN EAGLE

Big Bird From Cebu Held by Twenty-Fathom Line.

Captured by American Naturalist After Two Weeks of Arduous Mountain Climbing and Watchfulness—Goes to Zoo. New York.—Piloted by the bay by an immense American eagle, the steaming Pathan closed a two-months' trip from Cebu, in the Philippine Islands. The eagle has a double claim to the title American. Its native eyrie in the mountains of Cebu is under the American flag, and the bird itself will make its permanent home hereafter in the Bronx Zoo. After nearly two weeks of arduous mountain climbing and untiring watchfulness, the bird was trailed to its nest high upon the face of a precipitous cliff by Professor Kingsome, an American naturalist, who had a thrilling adventure making it captive. Accompanied by three Filipinos, he climbed the mountain by a roundabout trail, coming out on the cliff some 40 feet above the eagle's nest, at an elevation of 3,000 feet above the sea. The face of the cliff was sheer and presented no foothold by which the bird hunter could descend. Making a rope fast under his arms, and taking a turn with it around a tree, he instructed the little brown men how to lower him by slacking away easily. The descent was made all right, and the eagle, found asleep, was easily captured by means of a good box for a coop. The Filipinos are not noted for big muscles, and the professor, with the added weight of the eagle, proved too much for their strength. For more than an hour they tugged and pulled the rope, only to give out entirely.

HEN HAS MONKEY'S FACE

New Jersey Fowl, Marked in Its Egg-hood Days, Is Hatched Out a Real Nature Freak.

New York.—Moritz Adler has a country home and farm near Deal, N. J. He also has a Plymouth Rock chicken. He gave her a place in the back yard of the home, with a dry goods box for a coop. Though perfectly normal in every other way, Rose—that's her name—has the shrewd face of a monkey. She drinks soup from a spoon held in the hand of her nurse. Having no beak, she does not peck at meat scraps after the manner of fowl, but picks them up daintily with her strawberry-lipped lips. The facial expression of Rose is piquant. She has a rather set expression at the corner of her mouth, indicating firmness of character. Her nose is well defined. Rising from her rather broad forehead is a pompadour of feathers in the style that young girls affected with their hair a year ago, which Rose was a smooth white egg instead of a remarkable chicken. The general contour of her face is somewhat like that of Susie, the funny little orang-outang from Borneo who delights children at the Bronx zoo. Her sturdy body and legs light up wonderfully when she sees cracked corn or oatmeal mush. "She was born a year ago," said Adler. "I knew her mother well. She was a fine old fussy Plymouth Rock hen, who stuck steadily to her business of scratching grain and producing eggs. She wasn't quite as progressive as some of the more flashy Brown Leghorn and Indiana game ranging ladies of the barnyard. She didn't take kindly to new-fangled ideas like women's rights. Nothing made her so mad as to see some other hen strutting around and clucking about wanting a vote. "An Italian organ grinder passed the farm one day with a funny little South American monkey. He gave old Mrs. Plymouth Rock quite a fright. The old lady disappeared, and three weeks afterward I found her nest under the hayrack. Twelve little yellow chicks had just hatched out. The remaining egg was cracked, and something inside was peeping sadly. All the other chicks had pecked their way out by their bills, but this one was trying to get out and couldn't. "I broke the shell, and then I saw why—it didn't have any beak. And

TRAINING GIRL FOR MOTHER

Woman Dean Says College Should Be Preliminary to Knowledge of How to Care for Babies.

Cambridge, Mass.—Believing that her four college years are merely preliminary to a girl's training, in which studies should serve to make, first of all, a competent wife and mother, Miss Louise Arnold, dean of Simmons college, declares herself an advocate of "home education." Dean Arnold says that, although the girl usually goes to college on the advice of her mother, her father is most anxious to establish her as a competent householder, and, if necessary, a wage earner. "A girl should have opportunity to train herself for married life," says Dean Arnold. "She needs to learn how to take care of home and children and how to earn her living if thrown on her own resources. "When the daughter goes to college the father does not often appear except in the signatures to checks. When a father does accompany a girl, or when he conducts a correspondence, a different conception of a girl's needs is generally apparent. In the conferences with fathers one may discern no less solicitude for the daughter's welfare, but often a clearer sense of the practical side of her education. "It is a pity that the wisdom of parents and school should not be more fittingly associated. "College is at fault, for it substitutes intellectual accomplishments for the kind of heart leaving which has made the greatest women most helpful and most influential."

COIN SOMETHING OF A FREAK

Atlanta the Possessor of Silver Dollar with Two Heads—Its History.

Hansel W. Compton has just returned from New Orleans, La., where he went upon a business trip, bringing with him the only genuine silver dollar with heads stamped on both sides ever seen in Atlanta. And there by hangs a tale, relates the Atlanta Constitution. Mr. Compton got this silver dollar in change and did not notice the unusual fact about it at the time. Some time later he was matching a friend for car fare, happening to use this silver dollar, when he noticed that the coin fell 'heads' every time. He looked closer and saw that there was a head on each side of the dollar. Under one head were the figures '1906,' the date of the initial stamping, and under the other '1905,' the date of the second stamping. He showed it to several New Orleans men, who offered him various premiums the highest being \$10, all of which he refused. The story in connection with this coin is as follows: An employe in the New Orleans mint, whose duty it was to run the silver coin through the dies to have the head stamped on it substituted a current silver dollar for the coin immediately after the head had been stamped upon it, with the other side unstamped and perfectly blank. This was the coin. Three years later he ran the coin through the stamper for the reverse side, impressing another head and 1905 upon it. The fact that a coin had been put in at the first instance, to replace the half-cent dollar, prevented detection. In this manner, it is explained, the silver dollar came to have its two heads. The First News Agency. Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless.—Paley.

CAMORRA TRIAL EXCITES ALL ITALY



THE CASE IN WHICH THE ACCUSED SIT WHILE ON TRIAL.

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Rheumatism Comes From Bad Kidneys

How to Cure Yourself. It is no longer necessary to spend good money in doctor's bills. A new treatment has been discovered which seems to act more like a marvel than a medicine.



Rheumatism means nothing more now than that your kidneys are not doing properly. When the kidneys are weak, the poisons are not taken out of the blood as they should be. This leads to various diseases, such as rheumatism, terrible Bright's disease, dropsy and bladder trouble. The new guaranteed treatment is Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills. One day's use of them will prove their remarkable effect. Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills are sold at all drug stores—25 and 50 cents, or we will send them direct to you from the laboratory of Derby Medicine Co., Eaton Rapids, Mich. Please arrive with 10c you want to try them first. Just tell your druggist to give you a free sample package.

NATURALLY.

Viterbo, Italy.—Few events in recent years have so stirred Italy as has the trial of members of the Camorra now going on here. Dramatic scenes are of daily occurrence, and only the other day the court was compelled to adjourn because of the demonstrations of the 41 defendants in their cage and of their friends in the courtroom. The trial is expected to last for about a year, and will be one of the most remarkable in history.

ITCHED SO COULD NOT SLEEP

"I suffered from the early part of December until nearly the beginning of March with severe skin eruptions on my face and scalp. At first I treated it as a trivial matter. But after having used castile soap, medicated washings, cold cream, vanishing cream, etc., I found no relief whatsoever. After that I diagnosed my case as eczema, because of its dry, scaly appearance. The itching and burning of my scalp became so intense that I thought I should go mad, having not slept regularly for months past, only at intervals, waking up now and then because of the burning and itching of my skin. Having read different testimonials of cures by the Cuticura Remedies, I decided to purchase a box of Cuticura Ointment and a cake of Cuticura Soap. After using them for a few days I recognized a marked change in my condition. I bought another two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and five cakes of Cuticura Soap in all, and after a few days I was entirely free from the itching and burning. My eczema was entirely cured, all due to using Cuticura Soap and Ointment daily. Hereafter I will never be without a cake of Cuticura Soap on my washstand. I highly recommend the Cuticura Remedies to anyone suffering from similar skin eruptions and hope you will publish my letter, so that others may learn of Cuticura Remedies and be cured." (Signed) David M. Shaw, care Paymaster, Pier 55, N. R., New York City, June 2, 1910. Cuticura Remedies sold everywhere. Send for Free Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, for free book on skin and scalp troubles.

Preventing a Disturbance.

Colonel Scotchman was very. He had had a very arduous day retreating from the enemy, and he wished to recoup his strength in order that he might retreat still further on the morrow. "MacPherson," he said to his new servant, "I'm going to snatch forty winks' sleep. Stay in my tent and see that I'm not disturbed." Mac saluted. Five minutes later the snoring of Colonel Scotchman were cut short by the loud report of a gun. "Great Scott!" cried the colonel, "Are the enemy upon us?" "No, sir, fret," replied Mac, inserting his head through the tent flap, "it was only a woe mouse. But as I thought he might wake you up I shot him."—Answers.

Truly Wonderful Cat.

A wonderful cat is that owned by Mr. A. J. Gorrings, a tradesman of Ditching, England. Mr. Gorrings has a bantam which lays her eggs in different parts of the yard, but his cat never fails to find them. She takes the egg between her teeth, places it on the step, and rattles the door handle with her paws until her mistress arrives to take the egg. Not one of the eggs has yet been broken.

Feeble Guardianship.

"I wonder," said the Sweet Young Thing, "why a man is always so frightened when he proposes?" "That," said the Chronic Bachelor, "is his guardian angel trying to hold him back."—Stray Stories.

It Does The Heart Good

To see how the little folks enjoy

Post Toasties

with cream

Sweet, crisp bits of pearly white corn, rolled and toasted to an appetizing brown.

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

ABOLISH TITLES FOR WOMEN

German Mothers' Society of Berlin Calls "Fraulein" Antiquated Word—Reform Advocated.

Berlin.—The custom of distinguishing married from unmarried women by giving them different titles is antiquated and undignified, and must be abolished. This new reform is advocated by the German Mothers' society, one of the most influential of women's organizations in the empire. Leaders of the society declare that the distinction between "Miss," or the German equivalent, "Fraulein," and "Mrs." or "Frau," is a relic of barbarous times. In a resolution just adopted the promoters of the reform declare that in this age of woman's advancement the title "Miss" is simply a ridiculous anachronism. "The worth of woman, as of man," the resolution continues, "depends upon her personality and achievements." The classification of women into

670,000,000 Nickels Yearly.

New York.—Although the New York subway takes in enough nickels day by day to pay for the cost of construction every three years, the "L" lines still lead it in point of traffic carried. Reports to the public service commission show that the elevated lines gather up 300,000,000 nickels annually, as against the subway's 270,000,000.