

Why that knock

Bent cam-shaft? Maybe. Timing-gears a little loose? Perhaps. Ten-to-one, the power plant is chuck-full of carbon. And it was only last month you had the valves reground—Good Night! There you are—the symptoms are unmistakable: improper lubrication.

Atlantic Motor Oils will offset that condition like magic. They will diminish carbon to an absolute minimum—and the knock will take to the tall timber in the bargain. Atlantic Motor Oils are not prescribed as a panacea for car-troubles, but they are recommended by the oldest and largest manufacturers of lubricating oils in the world as the correct lubricants for all makes of motors. Polarine, the famous year-round lubricant, is

exactly right for eight out of ten cars. Under certain conditions, your particular motor may require one of the other principal motor oils—Atlantic "Light," Atlantic "Medium" or Atlantic "Heavy." Your garageman will advise you which. Actual tests demonstrate that proper lubrication often, increases gasoline-mileage by as much as five miles to the gallon. That's worth considering.

Read up on this subject. We have published a handsome and comprehensive book about lubrication. It is free. Ask your garage for it. If they cannot supply you, drop us a postal and the book will be sent you without charge.



ATLANTIC MOTOR OILS

THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY

Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Lubricating Oils in the World

PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURGH

HARRISVILLE OLD HOME WEEK
Harrisville, Pa., Sept. 13. — Old Home Week festivities opened yesterday with one of the largest crowds in the history of the borough. Many for-

mer residents are here from all sections with their families. Postmaster Fritts is on the entertaining committee and the historical meeting in the after-

noon was a success. Kersey Carrigan, president of the school board, presided. "The History of Harrisville" was read by L. T. Hessel, a descendant of the first residents.

Jess Willard says: Take Nuxated Iron

If you want plenty of 'stay there' Strength and Endurance and Health and muscles like mine."

A hitherto untold Secret of his Great Victories over Jack Johnson and Frank Moran.

Ordinary Nuxated Iron will often increase the strength and endurance of the delicate nervous folks 200 per cent. in two weeks' time.

SPECIAL NOTE.—Dr. E. Sauer, a well-known physician who has studied widely in both this country and Europe, has been specially employed to make a thorough investigation into the real secret of the great strength, power and endurance of Jess Willard, and the marvelous value of nuxated iron as a strength builder.

NEW YORK. Upon being interviewed at his apartment in the Colonial Hotel, Mr. Willard said: "Yes, I have a chemist with me to study the value of different foods and products as to their power to produce great strength and endurance, and I have particularly advocated the free use of iron by all those who wish to obtain great physical and mental power. Without it I am sure that I should never have been able to whip Jack Johnson so completely and easily as I did, and while training for my fight with Frank Moran, I regularly took nuxated iron, and I am certain that it was a most important factor in my winning the fight so easily." Continuing, Dr. Sauer said: "Mr. Willard's case is only one of hundreds which I could cite from my own personal experience which proves conclusively the astonishing power of nuxated iron to restore strength and vitality even in most complicated chronic conditions."

Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old, and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man — in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret he said was taking iron—nuxated iron had cured him with renewed life. At 50 he was in bad health; at 45 careworn and nearly all in. Now at 40 a miracle of vitality and health beaming with the buoyancy of youth. He has said a hundred times over iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away their patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more or less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking. Just like a



JESS WILLARD AT HOME

Among all the prominent figures of the prize ring, probably none is so devoted to family life as Jess Willard. After each engagement the champion hurries to his wife and children and remains at their side until public demand forces him to leave for new encounters. Everything is done to bring up the "little Willards" with strong healthy bodies. Mr. Willard accounts for his own success by saying:—

"I consider that plenty of iron in my blood is the secret of my great strength, power and endurance."

Jess Willard

plant trying to grow in soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people, who were ailing all the while, double their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron. If you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless.

NOTE.—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. Sauer, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 200 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in ten-day's supply by Croll Keller, G. A. Gorgas, and all other druggists.

Silver Sandals

A Detective Story of Mystery, Love and Adventure.

By Clinton H. Stagg

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

"He never admits defeat, either," the blind man declared shortly. "You bet he don't!" McMann gloated. "I'll get a confession out of them!" he swore. "Late, as usual, captain." Colton's voice was very dry. "Both have already confessed to the murder of that man you found at the Beaumonde." The old compelling manner came back; the dominant ring of voice that Captain McMann had heard so many times before characterized the blind man's next sentence. "But head down, Colton, I'll make you the laughing-stock of New York City!"

CHAPTER XVII

Confessions

Tense, strained silence followed the words of the blind man; the shock of them seemed to stun, overwhelm. The first statement had struck the police captain squarely between the eyes. The swift change of tone and of attitude, coming so close on its heels, completed the effect. Only the woman at the table was unmoved. The entrance of the police captain had not caused her even to lift her head or to change a line in the age-wrinkled face. Not even the eyes had moved from their fixed stare at the papirus. It required a Newfoundland shake of the burly captain's body to throw off the shock the blind man's words had caused. Then bluster, the refuge of the defeated, came. "Trying to scare me, eh?" he sneered. "Snap the cuffs on Bracken, Tom!"

The square-jawed detective who had been a back-ground for Captain McMann ever since that case had begun, took a step forward. "Go ahead," Colton's voice was quietly ominous; "arrest him, and by the Lord Harry, I'll see that you lose every cent you have on a false-arrest suit!" "He confessed, didn't he?" The snappiness of bluster was still evident, but there was anxiety, too, that only Colton's throat could have brought. A suit for false arrest meant something, even to bull-dog Captain McMann. He was getting old, and a false-arrest suit is the Nemesis of a policeman who has money—especially with men like the son of Millionaire Bracken and Thornley Colton.

"Yes, the blind man answered evenly. "He killed him!" "For God's sake take me to jail then!" Bracken stepped toward the detective with outstretched hands. "I killed him! I'll confess as soon as you get me to police headquarters!" "False arrest on that!" Gloating triumph was in the captain's manner. "Slip on the bracelets, Tom!" The two sharp clicks sounded in the silence of the room. "I guess that's bad! Bad!" The detective spoke, and for the first time in the case, and proved that he was human, and that human emotions were behind the hard-looking face with the square chin.

"Better arrest Silver Sandals, too," remarked Colton quietly. "She confessed, too." "That's a lie!" Once more the snarl was in Bracken's voice. "I did it! I did it alone! Take me away!" "You hurry, it's suspicious." The way Colton said it made it a gentle hint.

Captain McMann took it up. He strode over to the table where the blind woman sat. He glared across the table at her. She did not move. "What did you have to do with that murder?" he demanded. "No lies! Come on!" Not a quiver of an eyelash told that the woman had heard. There were twenty-five years of stolid-faced posing behind her. Her eyes were on the wall at her elbow. The ink-dipped stylus wrote queer combinations of figures, of designs.

"I'm guilty, I tell you! I did it! Alone!" Bracken screamed the words in raised, his face pale with fury and fright. "Only the detective, who kept within touch of his elbow, paid any attention to him. Captain McMann glared across the table at Silver Sandals. Thornley Colton appeared merely as a disinterested spectator who was bored.

"You're under arrest for the murder of that man!" snapped the captain. "John Neilton was his name," put in the blind man casually. "How'd you know that?" McMann spun around as he asked the question. Colton waved a hand toward the woman. "His sister," he explained. "Only for a second was the police officer taken off his mental feet by this new evidence of the blind man's getting ahead of him. His pugnacious obstinacy wouldn't let him swerve from his path longer than that. His hands gripped the table edge as he leaned across toward the woman. "You killed your brother!" The accusation came like the vicious snap of a whip.

"Third-degree methods aren't very effective on a deaf-and-dumb person," observed Colton dryly. "Let me try." He walked to the table, and leaned over to wave his cane so that the shadow would fall across the woman's eyes. She looked up, with never a shade of expression in her cold, black eyes. "You killed John Neilton," he said quietly.

The captain watched her eyes on the blind man's lips. He watched her as she pulled the pad nearer, without haste, without outward indication of any inner emotion. She tore the top figure-covered sheet off. She wrote slowly, and as slowly extended the paper toward the blind man. Captain McMann grabbed it. "Easy!" he gloated. "Easy!"

"On the paper the woman had written: "I killed John Neilton!" Bracken broke away from the detective. He saw the words on the paper, and the captain had a chance to conceal them. For some reason they seemed to take all the strength from him for the moment, before he braced himself to furious outcries.

"What did you do that for?" he demanded in fury, hands clenched on the table edge as wide apart as the chief of the handcuffs would allow. "Great God! Don't you know what it means? It means jail! It means that you'll be shut up in a cell, where you can't—" He stopped, fairly gulping the words back.

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castic surprise in Colton's voice. The unintelligible growl of the captain was apparently the encouragement he sought to go on. "The answer to your first question is: She is safe from badgering and fool police work. The answer to your second question may surprise you: She killed John Neilton!" The blind man's words made of Bracken an unleased, rabid animal. He broke again from the detective, sprang across the room, straight at the blind man, mouthing his oaths of fury. McMann yelled his warning. The woman jumped to her feet. Colton did not move a muscle until Bracken reached him, manacled hands upraised for a crushing blow. Then the problemist's hand shot up, grasped the chain of the steel cuffs, pulled the arms down, and held them rigid as the infuriated man twisted and writhed.

"I thought you'd be easier to handle that way," Thornley Colton said smoothly. "That's why I let them handcuff you." "Damn you!" shrieked Bracken. The detective took him then, and snapped a nipper on his wrist, so that he could not move without breaking his arm. "Jam him down in a chair, and sit on him!" ordered Captain McMann. Then he spoke to Colton. "What did the girl have to do with it?" he demanded again.

"I told you she killed him. He was her father." Colton was as unflinching as a summer sea. He could hear the struggle of Bracken trying to get at him. He heard the sharp breathing of the woman. "Bunk!" McMann snapped. "Man's job, with the help of a woman like that!" He nodded his head toward Silver Sandals. "Girl ain't the kind, even if she wanted to. Tryin' to kid me by saying three people killed him." "He killed himself." The blind man's voice was almost gentle. In sharp contrast came the imperative question he shot at Bracken: "You know that?" "I killed him," the answer came, sullenly and doggedly. McMann snorted. "Nuff fool stuff!" he growled. "No suicide! It was murder!" "The nastiest I've ever encountered!"

The sharp note was still in the blind man's voice. There was a new tenseness of muscles that showed even under the well-cut clothes. The faint flush was on his pale cheeks. "It was murder!" "And I've got the murderer!" McMann positively chuckled. "You haven't! You don't even suspect him! You never would suspect him!" The sentences crackled from the lips of the problemist.

(To Be Continued.)

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Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1885.

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