

Free Sample Aids Old Men

The sudden change from years of activity of both body and mind to the quiet of later years causes the human system to undergo many changes, chief of which is in the digestive organs.

It becomes harder and harder to get the bowels to move promptly and regularly and in consequence many elderly men suffer not only from the basic trouble, constipation, but from indigestion, headache, belching, sour stomach, drowsiness after eating and similar annoyances. It is first of all necessary to keep the bowels open and then to tone the digestive muscles so as to get them to again do their work naturally. A violent cathartic or purgative is not only unnecessary but harmful, and something mild will do the work just as well.

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This remedy is rapidly displacing all other forms of medication for the cure of stomach, liver and bowel trouble, and families like Mr. O. F. Wisner's of Sycamore, Ill., and Mrs. Carrie Culler's of 325 N. Notre Dame street, South Bend, Ind., are now never without it in the house. They have tested it and know its grand value to every member of the family.

Dr. Caldwell personally will be pleased to give you any medical advice you may desire for yourself or family pertaining to the stomach, liver or bowels absolutely free of charge. Explain your case in a letter and he will reply to you in detail. For the free sample simply send your name and address on a postal card or otherwise. For either request the doctor's address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, R. 606 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

TOO MUCH RED TAPE

PROPOSED REFORMS IN POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT MAKE FOR BETTER SERVICE.

ONE GENERAL MANAGER TO BOSS THE ENTIRE JOB

Pending Bill Proposes Elimination of Postmasters General and Substitution of Assistant Managers—Country to Be Divided into Districts, Each With Responsible Head.

[Special Correspondence.]

Washington, April 1.—The question of reorganization of the postoffice department promises to become a live one before the session ends. The movement for legislation establishing a director of posts and abolishing the assistant postmasters-general is making headway.

That a bill making provision for such reorganization and a general rehabilitation of the system of running the postoffice department will be reported out of the house committee on postoffices and postroads before the session is much older is probable. A subcommittee of the postoffice committee, headed by Representative Stafford, of Wisconsin, is now considering the question. It is going to report a bill to the main committee and the indications are the bill will be reported favorably to the house.

One Man to Boss.

The bill which, according to present indications, will be reported out will provide for a director of posts under the postmaster general, to be a permanent official and a sort of general manager of the institution. In the place of the assistant postmasters-general, there will be seven assistant directors, who will meet in council every seven days.

Second, the bill will provide for the division of the country into fifteen districts, at the head of which shall be a district postmaster, to whom all postmasters in the district are to report, instead of reporting to Washington as at present.

Third, postoffices are to be divided into two classes, accounting offices and impress offices. The postoffices which are accounting offices will be required to report to an auditor in Washington. Impress offices will not be subject to audit.

Fourth, the bill will provide for the creation of a court of commission of postal appeals, to which challenged fraud orders and questions of the admissibility of second-class matter may be taken.

These are not all the features of the proposed legislation, but they are some of the most important.

Reforms Long Needed.

This is not by any means the first time the matter of a reorganization of the postoffice department and the establishment of a director of posts has come up. It was urged strongly by the joint commission which about two years ago investigated the business methods of the postoffice department and the postal service. Former Representative Jesse Overstreet of Indiana was prominent in this investigation and was a believer in the director of posts. Senator Penrose, as chairman of the senate postoffice committee, took a leading part in the investigation.

The plan is to have the director of posts immediately responsible to the postmaster general for the administration of the entire postal service. The commission two years ago said that this position if created should be filled by a man of exceptional executive ability, familiar with the routine of the postal service, and that he should be given a free hand to effect complete reorganization of the postoffice department. The director of posts is supposed to entirely relieve the postmaster general of the general administrative duties which he has at present to perform and leave him free to devote attention to matters of large public policy, and questions of supreme importance to the efficiency of the service.

Would Make For Efficiency.

When the subject was first agitated, it was talked that the office of director of posts would be made the roosting place for some favored lame duck; also that into the offices of assistant directors, there would find their way various lame political fowls. Evidently, the postoffice committee believes that the proposed reorganization would make for the efficiency of the postoffice department.

One of the features of the bill will be to provide for a system of appealing from the decisions of the postoffice department in regard to fraud orders and the admission of second-class matter to the mails. Some of the decisions of the department in the issue of fraud orders have aroused bitter controversy. They have been condemned as unjust and many complaints on this score have been made to members of congress.

The result is a good deal of feeling in house and senate for a system of appealing from such orders.

A Dead Stomach

Of What Use is It?

Thousands of yes hundreds of thousands of people throughout America are taking the slow death treatment daily. They are murdering their own stomachs, the best friend they have, and in their sublime ignorance they think they are putting aside the laws of nature. This is no sensational statement; it is a startling fact, the truth of which any honorable physician will not deny. These thousands of people are swallowing daily huge quantities of peptic and other strong digestives, made especially to digest the food in the stomach without any aid at all from the digestive membrane of the stomach.

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Booth's Pills cure constipation, 25c.

Through the Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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CHAPTER XIII. FROM HIGHER UP.

AS part of a day's work M. Paul had taken steps for the finding of the augee dropped into the Seine by Pussy Wilmott, and betimes on the morning after that lady's exclamation a diver began work along the Concorde bridge under the guidance of a young detective named Bobet, selected for this duty by M. Paul himself. Another man was circulating in and out among friends of Martinez, whom he must study one by one until the false friend had been discovered. And another thread was hurrying still another man along the trail of the fascinating Anita, for Coquennil wanted to find out why she had changed her mind that night and what she knew about the key to the alleyway door. Somebody gave that key to the assassin!

Besides all this, and more important, M. Paul had planned a piece of work for Papa Tignol when the old man reported for instructions this same Wednesday morning.

"Ah, Tignol!" he exclaimed, with a buoyant smile. "It's a fine day, all the birds are singing, and—we're going to do great things." He rubbed his hands exultantly. "I want you to do a little job at the Hotel des Etrangers, where Kiltredge lived. You are to take a room on the sixth floor if possible and spend your time playing the flute."

"Playing the flute?" gasped Tignol. "I don't know how to play the flute!" "All the better! Spend your time learning. There is no one who gets so quickly in touch with his neighbors as a man learning to play the flute."

"Ah," grinned the other shrewdly, "you're after information from the sixth floor! Eh, eh? A droll idea! I'll learn to play the flute!"

"Meet me at 9 tonight at the Three Wise Men and—good luck. I'm off to the Sante."

He proposed to make Lloyd walk back and forth several times in a pair of his own boots over soft earth in the prison yard and then show the impressions of these new footprints were different in the pressure marks and probably in the length of stride from those left in the alleyway. This would be further indication, along with the differences already noted in the nails, that the alleyway footprints were not made by Kiltredge.

Not made by Kiltredge, reflected the detective, but by a man wearing Kiltredge's boots, a man wearing the missing third pair, the stolen pair. Ah, there was a nut to crack! This man must have stolen the boots, as he had doubtless stolen the pistol, to throw suspicion on an innocent person. It was essential to his purpose that the boots be found in Kiltredge's room. He must have intended to return them. Something quite unforeseen must have prevented him from doing so. What had prevented the assassin from returning Kiltredge's boots?

As soon as Coquennil reached the prison he was shown into the director's private room, and he noticed that M. Dedet received him with suspicion. "What's the trouble?" he asked. "Everything. What the devil did you mean by sending that girl to me?" "What did I mean?" repeated Coquennil. "Didn't she tell you what she wanted?"

Dedet made no reply, but he searched among some envelopes and produced a square of faded blotting paper. "There!" he said. And, with a heavy finger, he pointed to a scrawl of words. "There's what she wrote, and you know d— well you put her up to it!"

"I have no idea what this means," declared Coquennil. "You lie!" retorted the jailer. M. Paul sprang to his feet. "Take that back!" he ordered, with a look of menace, and the rough man grumbled an apology. "Just the same," he muttered, "it's mighty queer how she knew it unless you told her."

"Knew what?" "The jailer eyed Coquennil searchingly. "Nom d'un chien, I guess you're straight after all, but how did she come to write that?" He scratched his head in mystification.

"I have no idea." Coquennil took off his glasses and rubbed them carefully. Then without more discussion he left the prison and drove directly to the Palais de Justice to see Hauteville, who had previously summoned him. What did this mean? What could it mean?

As he approached the lower arm of the river he saw Bobet sauntering along the quay. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "I told you to watch that diver."

The young detective shrugged his shoulders. "The job's done. He found the augee."

"Ah! Where is it?" "I gave it to M. Gibelin because he told me to."

"You must be crazy! You take your orders from me."

"Do I?" laughed the other. "M. Gibelin says I take orders from him."

"We'll see about this," muttered M. Paul. He entered the courtyard of the Palais de Justice and hurried to the office of Judge Hauteville. On the stairs he met Gibelin.

"See here," he said abruptly, "what have you done with that augee?" "Put it in the department of old iron," mused the other. "We can't waste time on foolish clews."

Coquennil glared at him. "We can't, eh? I suppose you have decided that?"

so he waited again Saturday night, and something did happen. "The night of the murder?" "That's it. He saw a man pass his window, and he was sure it was the medical student. He stepped out softly and followed him as far as the window of Room C. Then he sprang upon the man from behind, intending to chastise him. The man turned on him like a flash, and it wasn't the medical student."

"Who was it? Go on!" "He doesn't know anything about the man except that his hand shut like



"PARBLEU!" MUTTERED THE SHRIMP.

a vise on the shrimp's throat and nearly choked the life out of him. You can see the nail marks still on the cheek and neck, but he remembers distinctly that the man carried something in his hand."

"My God! The missing pair of boots!" cried Coquennil. "Was it?" Tignol nodded. "Sure! He was carrying 'em loose in his hand. I mean they were not wrapped up. He was going to leave 'em in Kiltredge's room. Here it is, A." He pointed to the diagram.

"It's true. It must be true," murmured M. Paul. "And what then?" "Nothing. I guess the man saw it was only a shrimp he had hold of, so he shook him two or three times and dropped him back into his own room, and he never said a word."

Coquennil's face grew somber. "It was the assassin," he said. "There's no doubt about it." The detective stopped short. "Great heavens," he cried, "can you prove it? You say your nail marks show?"

Tignol shrugged his shoulders. "They show as little scratches."

"Little scratches are all I want," said the other, snapping his fingers excitedly. "It's simply a question which side of his throat bears the thumb mark. We know the murderer is a left handed man, and, being suddenly attacked, he certainly used the full strength of his left hand in the first desperate clutch. He was facing the man as he took him by the throat, so if he used his left hand the thumb mark must be on the left side of the photographer's throat, whereas if a right handed man had done it the thumb mark would be on the right side."

"Yes," said Tignol. "Now bring the man in here." "I'll get him in," said the commissary.

A few moments later was brought in a thin, sleepy little person wrapped in a red dressing gown.

The photographer stood meekly for inspection while Coquennil studied the marks on his face. There, plainly marked on the left side of the throat, was a single imprint, the curving red mark where a thumb nail had closed hard, while on the right were prints of the fingers.

"He used his left hand, all right," said Coquennil, "and, sapristi, he had sharp nails!"

"Parbleu!" mumbled the shrimp. Patiently the photographer stood still while the commissary and Tignol tried to stretch their fingers over the red marks that scarred his countenance. And neither of them succeeded. They could cover all the marks except that of the little finger, which was quite beyond their reach. Coquennil remembered Alice's words that day as she looked at his plaster casts.

A very long little finger—here it was, one that must equal the length of that famous seventeenth century criminal's little finger in his collection. But this man was living! He had brought back Kiltredge's boots! He was left handed! He had a very long little finger! And Alice knew such a man!

(To Be Continued.)

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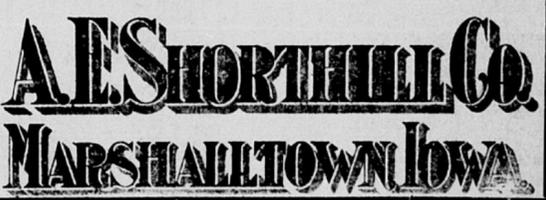
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