

GOT HIM!



Gertrude—The man I marry must be a genius.

Bertie—Thank heaven we have met!

IN AGONY WITH ECZEMA.

Whole Body a Mass of Raw, Bleeding, Torturing Humor—Hoped Death Would End Fearful Suffering.

In Despair; Cured by Cuticura.

Words cannot describe the terrible eczema I suffered with. It broke out on my head and kept spreading until it covered my whole body. I was almost a solid mass of sores from head to foot. I looked more like a piece of raw beef than a human being. The pain and agony endured seemed more than I could bear. Blood and pus oozed from the great sores on my scalp, from under my finger nails, and nearly all over my body. My ears were so crusted and swollen I was afraid they would break off. Every hair in my head fell out. I could not sit down, for my clothes would stick to the raw and bleeding flesh, making me cry out from the pain. My family doctor did all he could, but I got worse and worse. My condition was awful. I did not think I could live, and wanted death to come and end my frightful sufferings. In this condition my mother-in-law begged me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I said I would, but had no hope of recovery. But oh, what blessed relief I experienced after applying Cuticura Ointment. It cooled the bleeding and itching flesh and brought me the first real sleep I had had in weeks. It was as grateful as ice to a burning tongue. I would bathe with warm water and Cuticura Soap, then apply the Ointment freely. I also took Cuticura Resolvent for the blood. In a short time the sores stopped running, the flesh began to heal, and I knew I was to get well again. Then the hair on my head began to grow, and in a short time I was completely cured. I wish I could tell everybody who has eczema to use Cuticura. Mrs. Wm. Hunt, 135 Thomas St., Newark, N. J., Sept. 28, 1908.

Putzer Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Getting at the Root.

Fair Patient—Oh, doctor, I'm positively all run down and I'm so miserable, I have that tired feeling all the time.

Physician—No doubt. Let me see your tongue.—Cleveland Leader.

Indigestion takes wings when the refreshing perfume of WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT is flying around!

All a Matter of Comparison. In blind man's land a one-eyed man is a celebrity.—Baltimore Sun.

Teach the little ones their A B C's and to look for the spear on WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT.

When a woman gets really sick she begins to wonder if she will look good in a halo.

THE FINEST FABRIC In coarse contact with the lining of the bowels. When irritated we have pain, diarrhea, cramps. We never the cause, take PINKETTES (Ferry's Pills).

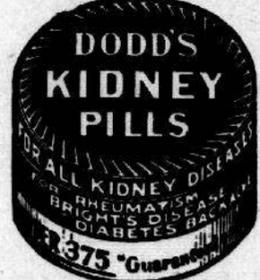
Our mistakes of yesterday are responsible for our worries of to-day.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. Is a bottle.

Time will tell—unless the gossips beat it under the wire.

Fail in line for better digestion! WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT.

Wise is the man who closes his face before he says too much.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dis-eases from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

GENUINE MUST BEAR Face-Simile Signature REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Escaping by a Technicality. Teacher—Tommy, what is an improper fraction? Tommy—You don't expect me to mention it 'fore all these people, do you?

About Housecleaning. High finance is making two shares of stock grow where but one grew before, but woman's crowning achievement while cleaning house is to leave two rocking chairs in the dark spot where one was never known before.

A Glimpse of the Past. The giant—his name of no consequence—was putting on his seven league boots. "Including, of course," he explained, "both the major leagues and perhaps the Three Eye. I've forgotten the names of the others."

Unsympathetic. Mrs. Malaprop—Young Sharp will have to apologize before I'll speak to him again. Miss Interest—Did he insult you? Mrs. Malaprop—Did he? The last time I met him I told him that my uncle, Lord de Style, had locomotive stacks, and he had the impudence to ask if he "whistled at crossings." He's an unsympathetic brute.

The druggery we call a drug may be the counterpoise that helps us rise.

Through a Woman's Heart.

By Sidney Warwick.

CHAPTER XXXIV—Continued.

"At least you wrong me there," cried the rector, in a low voice. "I should have broken silence then; God knows what suffering it has cost me to keep silent as I did, only—" His voice suddenly rose: "I don't try to justify my silence; only there are things a man cannot do! Try to put yourself in my place—for three weeks I had guarded this secret before you were arrested; I had planned to save her, I believed I had saved her—and then your arrest brought down the house of cards. My duty was clear, no doubt; but to reveal what I knew was to strike at her, the woman I loved! And I felt that there was no case against you—could be no case; that the magistrates would dismiss the charge. So I did not speak. You say the law would not have punished her, but there was something I was even more afraid of for her."

He paused—no one spoke; Hilda's eyes as they rested on him were still passionately averted and unrelenting, but the hard, stern lines about Latham's mouth had suddenly softened, as though in spite of himself the appealing cry had touched his pity.

"Something else; before any suspicion fastened on you," the low voice went on, "this woman was slowly finding her way back from her delirium to life and reason, and with returning consciousness she asked for me. Latham, I learnt almost from her first words then that she had forgotten—forgotten that night as though it had never been—forgotten anger and hatred against the man who had wronged her—that she still loved the man who had stolen her from me, never dreaming that he was dead."

For a moment Stephen Ruthen paused; then he cried, almost passionately:

"Was I to tell her then what I suspected—wrongly suspected, as I am sure now—that the man she spoke of so wistfully lay under his shroud of snow, dead by her act? Could any man with a grain of pity have told her? Think what the shock must have meant for her, weak and ill as she was; it might have killed her or wrecked her reason; at the least the horror of it must have blighted all her future."

"Then the final blow of your arrest fell. I couldn't speak; I was caught between two terrible alternatives—but I felt there was no real case against you; and to speak would be to doom the woman I loved. No doubt the law would not have exacted her life, but almost assuredly it would have exacted her liberty, since the purpose that had seemingly impelled her to steal out as she did might argue by its very accomplishment that she was sane then. And I did not know at that time what I know now."

A puzzled look had crept into Latham's face. He broke in suddenly:

"But why did you say—and you had hinted before—that you had changed your opinion about this woman's guilt?"

Latham's voice had lost its hard ring; the poignancy of the feelings suddenly stripped naked to him had not been without their strong appeal to his pity.

"I didn't know then that I had been fighting shadows, after all. Latham, I had resolved at last to break silence; the burden of my secret had grown too intolerable, and I had resolved to speak. On that day I learnt that in all probability Olive Vanstone was as guiltless as myself of Philip Hume's death."

"What do you mean?" cried Latham. "The revolver I found grasped in her hand that night—the revolver that almost beyond question was the weapon from which the fatal shot was fired—was not hers. And that one discovery changed, in my eyes, the whole aspect of the case," said Stephen. "Finding her with that weapon in her hands, I had assumed it to be hers; that she had had it in her possession unknown to us at the rectory; had stolen out armed with this. But the revolver was not hers; it could not have been in her possession when that inexplicable impulse of the sick brain made her steal out that night. That revolver was identified only a few days ago as belonging to someone in the village. I have no doubt now that Olive Vanstone found the man lying dead with the weapon near him, and had mechanically picked it up."

"But the revolver—to whom did it belong?" broke in Latham, in unconcealed impatience.

"To Bonholt Hume,"

"To Bonholt Hume!" echoed Latham, in surprise. "It is strange it should have belonged to him. How was it discovered that it was his?"

Stephen told Latham how the weapon had lain for weeks in the drawer of his writing table; that at last he had thrown it into the river. Of the suspicious interest that the man he now knew to have been the owner of the revolver had manifested in that locked drawer, the rector did not speak. When he made his statement to the police, it would be his duty to tell them; but no good purpose could be served by telling it now.

"So it seems after all, Ruthen, that, though you suppressed these facts, it would hardly have cleared me if you had made a clean breast of everything," Latham said at last, looking at the rector's face. It was almost lost in the shadow, but Latham saw that there was an agony of shame and remorse written there.

"Jack!" cried Hilda, swiftly—"but won't this discovery about the revolver clear you of suspicion?"

He shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, though no doubt it will help my case. You see, if Miss Vanstone came upon Hume lying dead, we have still to discover who his assassin was. Probably the police, who don't like to be proved wrong, will persist that I was the guilty man; possibly their line of argument will be that Bonholt Hume's revolver was in Philip's possession—that I wrested it from him in a struggle and shot him. Still, Ruthen, you will tell them what you know?"

should have belonged to him. How was it discovered that it was his?"

Stephen told Latham how the weapon had lain for weeks in the drawer of his writing table; that at last he had thrown it into the river. Of the suspicious interest that the man he now knew to have been the owner of the revolver had manifested in that locked drawer, the rector did not speak. When he made his statement to the police, it would be his duty to tell them; but no good purpose could be served by telling it now.

"So it seems after all, Ruthen, that, though you suppressed these facts, it would hardly have cleared me if you had made a clean breast of everything," Latham said at last, looking at the rector's face. It was almost lost in the shadow, but Latham saw that there was an agony of shame and remorse written there.

"Jack!" cried Hilda, swiftly—"but won't this discovery about the revolver clear you of suspicion?"

He shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, though no doubt it will help my case. You see, if Miss Vanstone came upon Hume lying dead, we have still to discover who his assassin was. Probably the police, who don't like to be proved wrong, will persist that I was the guilty man; possibly their line of argument will be that Bonholt Hume's revolver was in Philip's possession—that I wrested it from him in a struggle and shot him. Still, Ruthen, you will tell them what you know?"

"Yes; I have only waited that I might see Miss Vanstone. It seems only fair to her that I should tell her—what she is as yet unconscious of—how I found her on the scene of the tragedy, and warn her of my intention. Tomorrow I go to London to see her; then immediately I shall tell the police all I know."

"Odd that it should be Bonholt Hume's revolver," Latham said, thoughtfully. "If it wasn't that we knew how devoted Bonholt was to the dead man—" He did not finish the sentence. Suddenly, on an impulse, he held out his hand to Stephen.

"Ruthen," he went on, quietly, "less than five minutes ago I thought I should never touch your hand again; only—well, I think I understand how you must have felt. 'I don't know that I shouldn't have acted just the same if I had been in your place.'"

Stephen took the outstretched hand; he could not speak—something caught in his throat. Hilda still stood aloof, with hostile eyes. She could not forgive her brother so easily, and something of her feelings Latham divined from her face. Still holding Stephen's hand in his, he held out his other hand to Hilda in the deepening dusk of the room—and in the shadows he joined their two hands together.

They had almost forgotten the presence of the blind man, who had stood a silent listener throughout the rector's confession. He was the first to break the silence now.

"Hark! What's that?"

The window of the drawing-room, at the back of the house, framed a vista of the dim garden, from which the blind man's quick ears had suddenly caught the sound of a cautious footstep. The next moment a figure appeared outside the window, and gave a low familiar whistle.

"It's Freddy Thornton!" cried Latham; he felt a little surprised that Thornton should have made his appearance in this fashion, almost as though he had known that the fugitive was here in this room. "What luck that he should have turned up to-night!"

Latham went out quickly to open the garden door to admit his friend; it was several minutes before he came back into the room with Thornton; they had paused outside, speaking in hurried whispers.

"We have been neglecting Miss Strangways shamefully," said Latham. "And she must be growing impatient to be starting with so long a journey before her. Stephen, may I run up to your room for a wash—Jove, I need it!—before I go, whilst you return to Miss Strangways?"

As the men went to rejoin Miss Strangways Latham drew Hilda back into the room; he held her in his arms for a moment close to him.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "we may not be able to snatch another precious moment together before we have to part; but after this revelation of Stephen's I leave you with a new hope that our parting is not for long—that happiness is waiting for us at some not far distant bend of the road! This clue may lead to the tracing of the real criminal."

They stood for a space in the dim,

shadowy room, his arms holding her tight to him, whilst their whispering lips found the old words that are so sweet to lovers; then they walked together to the door of the room where the others were; Hilda passed into the lighted room, and outside Latham shut the door softly.

"I told you, rector," Thornton was saying, as Hilda entered, "that I had discovered the identity of that man who asked at the club for Philip Hume under another name; that he was a racing tout, whom the police hadn't been able to trace. From what Latham tells me, it was this same man who wired anonymously to the police from Lendal about Jack. This is a valuable clue, and we've got to find that man. He may know something, otherwise, why didn't he come forward at the time? He must have known from the papers that he was being inquired for. I shall go over myself to Lendal tomorrow."

He turned to Margaret Strangways. "By the way, Miss Strangways, Latham is rather concerned about you—about the long journey before you at so late an hour"—he glanced at the clock; he seemed to be watching the minute-hand rather intently all the time he spoke—"that your kindness to him has let you in for."

Miss Strangways laughed. "Oh, that is nothing. Though I think we ought to be making a start soon, as I have to drive Mr. Latham round to Westham on my way."

"No," said Thornton, quickly; he was still watching the clock; "as a matter of fact, Miss Strangways, Latham and I have another plan. He is awfully grateful to you, but at the last moment he and I have decided on an alternative plan; and under these circumstances you may prefer to return by train, in which case I would drive your car over for you in the morning."

Miss Strangways looked surprised. Hilda cried quickly:

"Do you say Jack is not going to Westham tonight in Miss Strangways' car? You and he were only together a few minutes; you must have decided on your plans very quickly." She was puzzled, but Thornton did not speak.

"Then since it is getting late, won't you stay for the night with us, and send a telegram home, Miss Strangways?" she added.

"That would be a still better plan than going by train," said Thornton, quickly.

"But about Mr. Latham—" "You must ask him about the new plan when you see him," responded Freddy, enigmatically.

The blind man, who had lingered listening to what Freddy was saying, rose to go; he had already said goodbye to Latham in the other room.

"I am glad you spoke, Mr. Ruthen," he said, in a low voice, as he walked to the door with Stephen; and there was a warmth in his hand-grip, as the two men parted, that there had not been for weeks.

Stephen stood looking after him thoughtfully, as the other tapped his way down the garden path. Thank God, he had found the courage to make his confession! It was like a load off his mind that Latham knew the worst of him; and Latham's generosity had touched him beyond telling. Tomorrow he would seek out Anthony Strangways and compel him to give Olive's address; no time must be lost in acquainting the police with what he knew about the revolver—and about its owner; it was a stronger clue than Latham suspected. The rector was just closing the door, with these thoughts in his mind, when the voice of the blind organist reached him from the gate.

"Parson—one minute! There's something I forgot to say to you."

Mr. Grate had turned and was coming back up the path. Stephen went forward to meet him.

"Just remembered in time, parson, to save me another journey to the rectory!" said the older man, in a louder voice than he usually used; and it suddenly struck Stephen—why he could scarcely have said—that the words were intended to reach other ears than his own.

Then as he came up to the rector the blind man whispered, in a low, troubled voice:

"Parson, there are men out in the road watching the gate—close by the gate; I heard them, and I've come back to warn you. The police—I'm afraid it's the police that have tracked young Jack Latham here!"

Stephen stood appalled by this whisper of sudden unlooked-for danger. Men watching the gate—it must be the police!

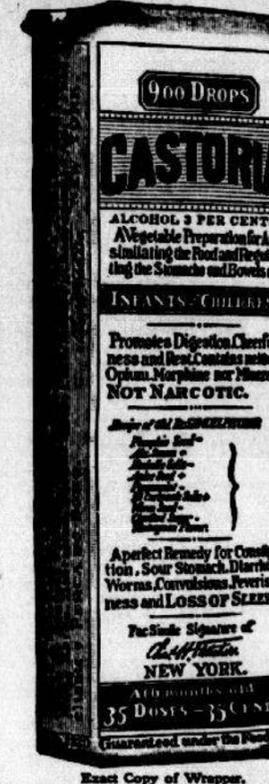
"Don't lose a moment; go in and warn young Latham! Every minute's precious!"

Stephen turned to obey. He went back into the house, to the room where he had left the others. Jack had not yet come downstairs. Hilda saw the moment that he entered how white her brother's face was in the lamplight and she started up with a little cry.

"What are we to do?" Stephen cried. "The police must have traced you here, Miss Strangways; they are watching outside the gate now."

To Be Continued.

What is Castoria. CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend. The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.



Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher. Dr. F. Gerald Blattner, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Your Castoria is good for children and I frequently prescribe it, always obtaining the desired results." Dr. Gustave A. Eisengraber, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I have used your Castoria repeatedly in my practice with good results, and can recommend it as an excellent, mild and harmless remedy for children." Dr. E. J. Dennis, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used and prescribed your Castoria in my sanitarium and outside practice for a number of years and find it to be an excellent remedy for children." Dr. S. A. Buchanan, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria in the case of my own baby and find it pleasant to take, and have obtained excellent results from its use." Dr. J. E. Simpson, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used your Castoria in cases of colic in children and have found it the best medicine of its kind on the market." Dr. R. E. Ekildson, of Omaha, Neb., says: "I find your Castoria to be a standard family remedy. It is the best thing for infants and children I have ever known and I recommend it." Dr. L. R. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria certainly has merit. Is not its age, its continued use by mothers through all these years, and the many attempts to imitate it, sufficient recommendation? What can a physician add? Leave it to the mothers." Dr. Edwin F. Pardee, of New York City, says: "For several years I have recommended your Castoria and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results." Dr. N. B. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use." GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years.

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC. NOTHING LIKE IT FOR THE TEETH. Paxtine excels any dentifrice in cleaning, whitening and removing tartar from the teeth, besides destroying all germs of decay and disease which ordinary tooth preparations cannot do. THE MOUTH. Paxtine used as a mouth-wash disinfects the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad teeth, bad breath, grippe, and such sickness. THE EYES. When inflamed, tired, ache and burn, may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Paxtine. CATARRH. Paxtine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for urticaria catarrh. Paxtine is a harmless yet powerful disinfectant and deodorizer. Used in bathing it destroys odors and leaves the body antiseptically clean. FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, 50c. OR POSTPAID BY MAIL. LARGE SAMPLE FREE! THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT. Shave Yourself NO STROPPING NO HONING. KNOWN THE WORLD OVER.

WRIGLEY'S PATENTS. Dainty, Crisp, Dressy Summer Skirts. are a delight to the refined woman everywhere. In order to get this result see that the material is good, that it is cut in the latest fashion and use Defiance Starch. Defiance Starch Company, Omaha, Nebraska.

Is Your Health Worth 10c? That's what it costs to get a week's treatment of CASCARETS. They do more for you than any medicine on Earth. Sickness generally shows and starts first in the Bowels and Liver; CASCARETS cure these ills. It's so easy to try—why not start tonight and have help in the morning? CASCARETS cost a box for a week's use treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month. DAISY FLY KILLER. blood-sucking, annoying, and kills all flies, bees, etc. Pleasant, convenient, cheap. Does not stain. Covers all spots and corners. Kills all flies, mosquitoes, etc. Guaranteed effective. 25¢ per bottle. Sold everywhere. Write for free literature. W.R. Grace & Co., Portland, Ore.

Defiance Starch Company, Omaha, Nebraska. Dainty, Crisp, Dressy Summer Skirts. are a delight to the refined woman everywhere. In order to get this result see that the material is good, that it is cut in the latest fashion and use Defiance Starch. Defiance Starch Company, Omaha, Nebraska.

COMBINED BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COURSE FOR \$1.00 A WEEK. and learn to write. Do not pay extravagant school bills. The largest private institution in the Northwest. Text books rented. No entrance fee. OTHER COURSES. Franchise, Music, Civil Service, Art, Special Training, Book Binding, Engineering, Agriculture and Typewriting. Send for free catalogue. Address—NORTHWESTERN BIBLE NORMAL COLLEGE, 440 West College St., Astoria, Minn. AGENTS WANTED for Churches, Washing Tabernacles, etc. A high grade specialty printed in every home. Copies, 10c. Particulars write: Chesapeake, Etc. Co., Oakland, Cal. (If interested with Thompson's Eye Water)

WIZARD OIL. "Representing Independent Grain Shippers" WOODWARD & COMPANY. Duluth GRAIN COMMISSION Minneapolis