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Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a brick dust sediment, or settling, stringy or milky appearance often indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back are also symptoms that tell you the kidneys and bladder are out of order and need attention.

What To Do. There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills almost every wish in correcting rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. Corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often through the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest because of its remarkable health restoring properties. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

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Does more trouble than any other organ of the body. The function of the kidneys is to separate inorganic salt and water in the process of circulation, and to remove them and excrete them from the body through the bladder. Therefore when the kidneys become diseased and weak they are naturally unable to perform their work properly, and this is the beginning of the bladder and kidney disorders are the result. It is imperative that a prompt relief be afforded, if it is impossible unless you remove the cause.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

promptly eliminate poisons from the system and at the same time make the kidneys well and strong.

For Weak Kidneys, Backache, Inflammation of the Bladder and all urinary disorders DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are unsurpassed.

A Week's Treatment for 25c.
Money back if they fail.

E. A. PFEFFERLE

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Pass. No. 514 (Daily) new line, 8:45 a.m.
" No. 24 (Ex. Sun) old line, 10:15 a.m.
" No. 502 (Daily) new line, 12:25 p.m.
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" No. 6 (Ex. Sun) new line, 10:12 a.m.
DEPARTURE OF TRAINS WEST.
" No. 501 (Daily) new line, 12:15 a.m.
" No. 21 (Ex. Sun) new line, 8:31 p.m.
" No. 22 (Daily) old line, 10:23 p.m.
" No. 508 (Daily) new line, 1:30 a.m.
" No. 507 (Ex. Sun) old line, 9:00 p.m.
No. 21 does not run west of Sleepy Eye, connects at Sleepy Eye with Redwood Falls and Marshall branches.
Through Sleepers on Trains 501 and 503 between Rapid City and Chicago.
Through Sleepers on Trains 502 and 504 between Minneapolis and Redfield and Huron. S. D. Further information inquire of F. P. Starr, Agent, New Ulm, Minn.
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Washington, D. C., Jan. 7, 1907.—There has been filed with the Department of Agriculture here, one of the strongest documents we have ever seen. It guarantees that Jell-O and Jell-O Ice Cream Powder are strictly pure and comply with the requirements of the National Pure Food Law. The guarantee is filed under serial number 1584, and protects absolutely all wholesale and retail grocers who handle the products named. Jell-O and Jell-O Ice Cream Powder are well thought of in official circles and their purity and wholesomeness has never been questioned.

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THE PETROSINO CASE

W. H. Bishop Tells Why the Detective's Slayers Will Escape.

LIPS OF SICILIANS SEALED.

"Betray No One, Not Even a Murderer," a Creed of the Race, Says American Consul at Palermo—How Petrosino Scorned Protection—A Change in Passports Suggested.

William H. Bishop, American consul at Palermo, Sicily, who was threatened with death just after the assassination of Lieutenant Joseph Petrosino in the streets of Palermo, recently arrived in New York city. He is not telling his abiding place, for it seems desirable on more than one account that members of the Black Hand in New York should not learn of his whereabouts.

Mr. Bishop has received two letters warning him that unless he ceases lending a hand in the search for Lieutenant Petrosino's assassins and in the deportation of several of the notorious Italian blackmailers now in the United States he will meet the fate which befell Commissioner Bingham's special agent. From the time the first warning letter was received until he was safely on his way to the United States Mr. Bishop was under the constant surveillance of two Italian detectives. They even went on board the Cunard liner Carpathia with the consul and his wife and remained until the vessel had cleared Palermo.

Mr. Bishop says that, although the danger of assassination by Black Hand agents in the United States is not so great as in Sicily, he is not taking any chances. He expects to remain two months in the United States. During that time he will lay before the state department at Washington a plan which he believes will lead to the material lessening of the number of Italian criminals who land in New York and other Atlantic ports and also will provide a means of deporting many already in the United States who have been troubling the police of New York and other cities in the last few years. Mr. Bishop will meet Police Commissioner Bingham in the near future to place certain information in his hands concerning the Petrosino case.

Mr. Bishop's recent experiences in Palermo have been so far the most trying period of his life. His coming to the United States had nothing to do directly with the Petrosino case, this being his annual leave of absence. While in America he has some important matters to communicate.

Mr. Bishop said frankly that he did not believe that the murderers of Lieutenant Petrosino would ever be caught. The Sicilian police have been hampered from the start, he says, by the fact that nearly every Sicilian is averse to telling anything he knows to the police.

"There is a dogma which has come down from the middle ages and is still in full force in Sicily which makes it well nigh impossible for the police to catch some criminals," said Mr. Bishop. "This is the belief that it is unmanly to tell anything about a fellow countryman which could get him into trouble. It is called 'omertà' in the Sicilian tongue, which means manliness. They believe it is dishonorable to inform on any one even in a case of murder."

Mr. Bishop said that Petrosino did not seem to realize the danger of his mission. He even went about the streets unarmed and had no revolver with him when he was murdered. The dispatches from Palermo at the time said that Petrosino did have a revolver and fired back at his assassins.

"I frequently spoke to Lieutenant Petrosino about his danger," said Mr. Bishop, "but he made light of it. I asked him if the Black Hand agents in New York had never tried to kill him. He said he had been threatened many times, but was never afraid. 'All the stories about his wearing a coat of mail were untrue. When he was shot his revolver was in his room at the hotel. When he first came to Palermo the authorities asked him if he didn't want a guard to accompany him. They told him it was dangerous to go about on such a mission alone, but he refused any escort."

"One day he was going into a very dangerous locality infested with men known to be desperate. He asked me what he had better do. I told him to take along some of the carabinieri, but he finally decided to go alone. That was just before he was shot down. 'Lieutenant Petrosino did not even disguise himself. True, he registered under an assumed name at the hotel and let his beard grow, but it changed him very little. He was of a distinctive type, easily recognized. I told him one day that he looked like Napoleon, and he said 'Yes' and that in New York they called him a second McKinley, as he looked not unlike the former president."

"The people of Palermo were inclined to look upon Lieutenant Petrosino as an intruder, and after his murder many would say that he got what he deserved. I only tell this to show what a difficult proposition the authorities have been up against in trying to locate his murderers."

Mr. Bishop said that the immigration laws had not been lived up to in Italy for many years. He said that under the present passport system there is no means of identifying the holder of a passport other than the general description given. "Every passport should have the photograph of the man for whom it is issued," he said. "The present system is a farce."

NEW WOODS FOR CALIFORNIA.

Eastern Hard Woods to Be Transplanted to Pacific Coast.

The Pacific coast will soon be the scene of an interesting tree growing experiment. The United States forest service at Washington is planning to introduce a number of the more important eastern hard woods into California and will experiment this year with chestnut, hickory, basswood, red oak and yellow poplar or tulip trees. Small patches of these trees will be planted near the forest rangers' cabins on the national forests, and if these do well larger plantations on a commercial scale will soon be established on wider areas.

There are more than 125 different species of trees in California, a number of which produce some of the most valuable varieties of lumber in the United States. Although considerably over one-half of the species are hardwood or broad leaved trees, yet, with the exception of the exotic eucalyptus, there is not a single species of hard wood there ranking in commercial importance with the leading eastern hard woods. Climatic conditions in many parts of California are undoubtedly favorable for the growth of a number of the valuable hard woods, and the absence of these trees is due mostly to unfavorable factors of seed distribution.

If the experiments are successful a valuable asset will have been added to the forest resources of California, which should prove of special benefit to the local furniture and vehicle industries.

THE MODERN MIDNIGHT OIL.

Two Remarkable Jersey Boys Caught In Studious Devotion by a Cop.

Patrolling the streets of South Orange, N. J., about 1 o'clock the other morning, Policeman Mattie came upon a sight that made him stop and rub his eyes. There under the glare of the electric light at the corner of South Orange avenue and Bailey street were two lads, oblivious of their surroundings, poring over a school-book. It brought back his old school days, and Mattie thought that he was in a dream. He approached the lads and touched one of them on the shoulder.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

Then he heard a story that made him marvel and write down the youngsters as the most praiseworthy he had ever heard of. They were behind in their studies, they said, and after tending a sick mother all the day and into the night they had at last, after she had fallen asleep, determined to make up for lost time and prepare their studies for the morrow. Afraid of disturbing their mother, they went out of doors looking for a bright light. The brightest is at the corner where they were found by the policeman.

Mattie took the boys to the station house, and they were taken in charge by their father. The boys are William and Alfred Papke, twelve and fourteen years old, of 502 Twelfth street, South Orange. They are dutiful sons, the father said, with a touch of pride, as he led them away.

COMPASS RECORDER.

Lake Sailor Invents Device For Tabulating Vessel's Course.

John Schuette, formerly of Menominee, Mich., and a well known lake seaman, who for several months past has been experimenting with his new compass recorder, has announced to Menominee marine men that the device has been pronounced perfect by experts and that he will soon have it on the market.

The instrument, the first of its kind to be brought to perfection, is said to be able to record the course of a steamship or sailing vessel every moment the boat is in motion. By means of electricity and a series of disks and keys a long strip of paper marked by the points of the compass and hours of the day is traced by a thin stream of ink, so that the captain from his private room can without moving see exactly the course of the vessel.

The device also serves to keep tab on the wheelsman, for it is impossible for him to disobey orders without being detected.

Women Fighters of Big Hats.

Policemen are looking for a number of women in Los Angeles said to have formed a secret society for the purpose of the annihilation of the big hat. The receipt of a dozen or more complaints from women regarding assaults upon their headgear is responsible for the activity of the police. Women who wear big hats are the object of attack. The finer the hat the more vicious the assault upon it. The women who make the attacks are well dressed and apparently refined and wealthy. They all wear small hats and seem to hold a violent hatred for the big straws and ultra felts. One woman was ejected from a Hollywood car because of her attack upon women passengers who wore big hats.

"Swat the Fly" Device.

William Kaute, who lives in Kansas City, Kan., has perfected a "swat the fly" device, on which he has obtained a patent. It consists of a flat plate with extended edge, in which an ordinary sheet of sticky fly paper is placed. The raised edges prevent the paper from coming in contact with the walls or ceiling. A long handle enables the wielder of the implement to "swat" flies perched on the ceiling or other remote places in a room.

The amity that wisdom knits not, silly may easily untie.—Shakespeare.

PLAN OF NEW AIRSHIP

Washington Man Building Unique Type of Machine.

HAS GAS BAGS AND PLANES.

G. W. Byron's Aerial Craft Is Combination of Aerodrome and Dirigible Balloon—Inventor Predicts It Will Be Flier of Future and Could Destroy Big Fleet.

George West Byron of Washington is building an airship which will be a combination of an aerodrome and dirigible balloon and which will be totally different from anything heretofore constructed either in the United States or in Europe. Mr. Byron has obtained patents on his aerial craft and believes it will revolutionize navigation of the air.

This latest ship of the clouds consists of two superimposed planes, each forty feet wide and seventy-five feet long, constructed of aluminum tubing, strengthened with manganese bronze and vanadium steel, the strongest possible construction. The extraordinary feature of these planes is that the upper one consists of five flat connected gas bags inclosed in a rigid aluminum envelope and the lower plane of seven similar gas bags, also inclosed in a rigid flat envelope. The planes are seven feet apart. This construction gives an air supporting surface similar to the planes in the Wright machine and with the gas bags has the additional buoyancy of a dirigible or a free balloon. Suspended from the lower plane by a strong steel wire network is the car of the airship. This is slightly smaller in area than one of the planes.

In the car is located the engine that will drive the ship. A motor of twenty-five horsepower will be used, which will develop a speed of more than forty miles an hour. A bicycle framework, with four wheels, is attached to the bottom of the car. The ship will rest on this when it is on the ground. One of the ingenious features of this framework is that the wheels fold up automatically when the vessel is in the air.

The propellers—two in front and two behind—are placed at the least point of resistance in the car, the engine being located amidships. The cabin will act as a ballast to preserve the equilibrium, so that the airship will be stable even in a strong wind. The whole machine will weigh when completed only 800 pounds, and it will have a lifting capacity of nearly 1,000 pounds more than its weight, the inventor claims.

Mr. Byron believes this type of airship will be the aerial craft of the future, combining as it does the advantages of a true heavier than air machine and the buoyancy and lifting capacity of a dirigible balloon. With this type accidents such as cost the life of Lieutenant Selfridge in the wreck of the Wright machine last summer at Fort Myer would be impossible.

The inventor in speaking of his machine said:

"An airship of this type, carrying 900 pounds of tubing filled with high explosives and a crew of four men, could destroy the largest battleship fleet in a few hours. It could do it with perfect safety, for the ship would be practically indestructible, even if it were hit many times with shells fired from forts or from the battleships. This type of airship is bound to be the one in universal use in a few years."

It is stated that several Washington capitalists have investigated Byron's plans and have advanced considerable sums for the construction of the airship.

Mr. Byron is unable to say just when the craft will be completed, but when it is finished trials probably will be held near Washington, and if it comes up to the expectations of those interested the United States government will be given the opportunity of purchasing it and the patents under which it is constructed.—Washington Post.

Artificial Flower Fans Next.

Fans made of artificial flowers now are used by women in the most fashionable circles in London and Paris. Mrs. Potter Palmer was one of the first to carry a flower fan, which was of lilies of the valley so delicately cut and colored as to appear natural to the most critical eye. The flowers are placed in a crescent along the tips of ivory ribs, which are left bare and without carving or other decoration. When folded these fans give the effect of flowers gathered compactly in a tall, slender vase. A silk bow is tied to one of the outer ends, the bow offering a color contrast to the flowers used. The fans now are made in lilies of the valley, Parma violets and roses, and it is likely they soon will be seen in the United States.

Ice Skating Rink a Summer Novelty.

The grill room in the Plaza hotel, in New York, will be transformed into an ice skating rink, which will be opened June 15 and kept open until cold weather comes. An orchestra, the members of which will wear white uniforms, will play in the rink each afternoon and evening. Skates will be furnished to persons staying in the hotel, and an effort will be made to restrict the use of the icy floor to those persons and their friends. Arrangements have been made with makers of ice, who will use pipes from the engine room of the Plaza in laying a coating of ice on a zinc floor to be placed over the tile floor in the grill room.

MEMORIAL TO THE INDIAN.

Giant Statue Planned For New York Harbor by Rodman Wanamaker.

In the grand ballroom at Sherry's, in New York, the other night Rodman Wanamaker, son of John Wanamaker, tendered a dinner to Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) which will be long remembered by those who attended. It was suggested during the evening that a statue of an American Indian, with arms outstretched in welcome to the world and matching in size the Liberty statue, be placed in New York harbor at the Hudson's mouth. The memorial will be erected by Rodman Wanamaker, son of John Wanamaker. Colonel Cody voiced the proposition, and it was indorsed by General Nelson A. Miles, General Leonard Wood and General Horace Porter.

It was a distinguished company that listened to Colonel Cody after he was presented by the toastmaster, Job E. Hedges. They applauded the colonel, who, with a bow to Sioux Chief Ironshell and his son Henry, dressed in their war togs and feathers, first paid tribute to the great service rendered by Mr. Wanamaker in sending expeditions to the far west for the collection of historical material so that the vanishing red man should not go down in history with the real virtues of his great race unknown and unappreciated.

"Mr. Wanamaker has not told me what he intends to do for the Indian," said Colonel Cody. "I know the value of his expeditions, but I believe he has in mind some further way of perpetuating the character of the race. I have an idea that the work now begun means a monument in the harbor as big as Liberty or bigger of an Indian with hands extended in welcome."

"I have known the red man since I was a baby. I have known him on the warpath and in peace, and I have known him to be always honorable in peace or war. He has been driven back over the country of which he once was lord. I have seen the bones of white men on Indian land, but never have I seen the bones of Indians on white men's land."

General Miles, old Indian fighter and friend of Buffalo Bill, praised his scout and told stories of the plains. General Porter, who crossed the continent before the days of the first transcontinental railroad, said he had found Buffalo Bill the most reliable scout in the country, and Cody always knew where the best grass, water and whisky could be had.

WOULD LABEL ALL THE BIRDS.

Illinois Audubon Society's Plan to Shed Light on Their Habits.

If a plan the Illinois Audubon society has in mind goes through it will not be long before one will be able to capture any bird whatsoever, glance at his right leg and see thereon a neatly tabulated history of the bird's career, telling his winter and summer quarters and where he was last seen.

At a business meeting of the society the other afternoon in Fullerton Hall Art institute, Chicago, a remark was made of the fact that there were a number of birds in existence of whom little was known, not even their migratory courses.

"A scheme has been tried out which might be successful in this case," remarked Ruthven Deane, president of the society, "and which would help us in learning where these birds winter. Whenever one of them is captured alive let a small bit of aluminum be put on his right leg, upon which shall be the place and date he was last seen. When he is again found, in some other clime, his identity will be known."

The suggestion was enthusiastically received, and the Audubon society requested that funds with which to purchase the "tags," or labels, be sent to headquarters; also an individual desiring to lend personal effort to the work would please answer.

NATIONS IN MIMIC SEA BATTLE

San Francisco's Emissary to European Capitals Will Arrange Such Event.

A farewell luncheon, attended by men widely known in California, was given the other day to C. C. Moore, who recently left San Francisco for Washington, whence he will go to European capitals to interest foreign governments in the Portola festival, to be held in San Francisco next October to commemorate the discovery of San Francisco bay and the rehabilitation of the city of San Francisco.

Mr. Moore will try to induce foreign nations to send warships to San Francisco to participate in a mimic international sea battle, which it is planned to have fought in San Francisco bay in Portola week.

An Anti-treating Saloon.

The first anti-treating saloon in the United States will be opened at Des Moines, Ia., on May 22. Permit to open was granted the other night to A. S. Kirkhart of Des Moines, who controls fifteen saloons and declares that if the venture proves a success he will install the same system in all of the others. Kirkhart's plan goes that of Bishop Potter one better in that treating will not be tolerated.

Payson, the Walker.

Here's to you, Payson Weston—Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! You surely are the best 'un Of your day. It truly is inspirin' Just to see you march along, Sets a feller's zeal afirin' And his heart to beatin' strong. So may your years be many And your old age full of song. Payson Weston. —Kansas City Times.

THE BIRTHMARK.

By GWENDOLIN ADAMS. [Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

"My dear," said Sir Huntley Hurlbut soon after his marriage to his American wife, "why is it that you, who have very pretty round arms, never show them uncovered?"

"I have two dresses made without sleeves."

"Yes, but when you wear either of them I have noticed that you wear a band of black velvet midway between shoulder and elbow."

"That's to make me display that ancient buckle which belonged to your grandmother."

Their eyes met. There was distrust in the husband's and fear in the wife's. He had not only noticed what he had referred to, but that robbing or disrobing his wife had never uncovered her right arm above the elbow. They had been married three months before he had made this discovery.

"Hunt, dear," she said, going to him and endeavoring to caress away a cloud resting upon his brow, "I will confess that I am hiding something from you, a blemish."

"A blemish—a blemish on you! Such a thing can't be."

"Nevertheless there is something on my arm that I wish to conceal from you."

"A birthmark?"

She hesitated, glanced out of a window and finally answered:

"Yes."

She lied, and he knew she lied. A good woman or a good man may tell a lie. The man will tell it with all the appearance of a clear conscience. The woman will spoil it by trying to soften the deception or betray it in her look.

Sir Huntley arose and, without looking at his wife, went out to his club. He had met her in England, fallen in love with her and married her without visiting her native land or inquiring as to her antecedents. He knew that she was but fairly educated, fairly refined and had no money. What had fascinated him was an appearance of sterling worth there was about her. Somehow he had felt that she was to be relied on under any strain. And now when it was too late he had discovered that she was hiding something from him and that she had lied to him.

It was early morning when he returned. His wife was sleeping with a troubled look on her face. Her right arm lay extended. Could he not lift the sleeve and, without waking her, get a view of what she was concealing? He advanced to do so and shrank back. He was above possessing himself of what she would not willingly give him. For a moment he hesitated, then went to his own room and to bed.

A cloud hung over the Hurlbuts. Neither mentioned the secret, yet both felt that it was turning their love to bitterness. There were no reproaches, no hot words. The husband was scrupulously deferential, the wife obedient to his slightest wish, attentive to his slightest comfort. Yet there was an absence of that delightful interchange of sympathy which had existed up to the moment the husband had discovered that his wife had a secret which he was not permitted to share. Meanwhile his imagination was conjuring all sorts of probabilities. She might have been married before. She might have committed some sin of which this so called birthmark was an unerasable token. He thought of crossing the ocean to hunt up her record. What—hunt a record he dreaded to know! He thought of leaving her, losing himself in the wilds of some distant continent. This, too, he flung away as impracticable. He could not get on without her till he was assured there was some crime connected with her past, and to know of that crime would drive him mad.

One day while he was about to enter his house something fitted before him and fell on the walk. He picked it up. It was a clipping from a newspaper. He glanced at it, then crumpled it in his hand, intending to throw it away. The door opened, and his wife met him, with an anxious look on her face. After a basty greeting, such as passed between them since the secret came, she hurried out, and through a pane of glass he saw her looking for something. Then he knew the clipping had blown from her window. He went up to his room, locked himself in and read under a date of ten years past: Yesterday the brave girl who pulled out with a rope in the storm that wrecked the Clara Jones submitted to have tattooed upon her arm a memento of her daring exploit. Bill Peters, an expert in such work, did the tattooing, and it was exhibited last night at a reception given the wearer at the Sailor's Snug Harbor. Sir Huntley went downstairs and met his wife, who was returning from an unsuccessful hunt. He handed her the paper.

"Are you that girl?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, palling.

"Why have you kept this from me?"

"Because you are so proud of your lineage I knew it would wound you to learn that you had married one who had belonged to fisher folks."

"You told me you were concealing a birthmark."

"She hung her head."

"Pull up your sleeve."

She raised the sleeve and displayed an anchor tattooed in blue ink. Across the anchor was the letter H.

"What does the H mean?"

There was no reply for a time, then a faint "I don't know."

He advanced and took her in his arms.

"Lying again," he said. "You know very well it stands for"—He paused.

Again she hung her head, but not for shame.

"Heroin."