Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

Glass of hot water each morning helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert—vigorous and vivacious—a good clear skin; a natural, rosy complexion and freedom from illness are assured only by clean healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realize the wonders of drinking phosphated hot water each morning, what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anaemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nerve wrecks," "rundowns," "brain fags" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking, each morning before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any druggist or at the store which will cost but a trifle but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood, while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels do.—Adv.

His Job.

There was once a rich but very mean old lady who paid her servants as little as possible, and kept very few.

One of her staff was a thin, very miserable-looking lad of twelve, who answered the door, did the knives and the windows, waited at table, weeded the garden, washed the poodle and had the rest of the time to himself.

One visitor asked him:

"Well, my boy, and what do you do here?"

"I do a butler and a gardener out of a job!" snapped the lad, sourly.

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and indigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

Its Nature.

"I make a point of looking up family trees."

"That's a very shady business."

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your Eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies Murine Your Eyes. Don't tell your age. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request.

The Northern Pacific railroad has ordered 2,000 cars especially for handling fruit. Cost, $3,500,000.

Piles Relieved by First Application

And cured in 6 to 14 days by PAZO OINTMENT the universal remedy for all forms of Piles. Druggists refund money if it fails. 50c

It's easier to inherit trouble than coin of the realm.

THE GLOVED HAND

A Detective Story

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

Author of "The Holladay Case," "The Marathon Mystery," "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet," etc.

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"I gathered from what she told me," said Swain, his face flushing with anger, "that she has been practilly a prisoner ever since the yogi arrived. Besides, even if she had succeeded in mailing the letter, it wouldn't have reached me until too late."

"In what way too late?"

"Her father seems to have had a sudden turn for the worse yesterday; he became almost violent in insisting that she consent to his plan. He told her that the life of his own soul, as well as that of hers, depended upon it. He threatened—I don't know what. The yogi talked to her afterwards. He, of course, believed, or pretended to believe, as her father did; moreover, he told her that her father would certainly suffer a serious mental shock if she refused, perhaps a fatal one. In despair, she finally agreed, on the condition that she be given three days in which to prepare herself. If she did not hear from me in that time, she had made up her mind to consent."

Swain stopped again, and I lay back in my chair, wondering if such things were possible in this Twentieth century, here within the boundaries of Greater New York! My brain reeled at the absurdity of it!

"Vaughan was undoubtedly suffering from mania," said Dr. Hinman, in a low voice. "The symptoms, as Mr. Swain describes them, are unmistakable."

"It was that argument I used," said Swain. "I told her that, since he was clearly mad, she must, in self defense, place herself beyond his reach. But she refused to leave him. Then, I argued, in kindness to him she must have him committed to some institution where he would be taken care of, and where he might, in time, regain his sanity. I told her that it would be criminal folly to permit him to remain longer under the influence of the yogi. She had to agree with me; and she finally consented to sign an affidavit to the facts as I have told them, and a petition asking that a commission be appointed to examine her father. You were to have drawn up the papers today, Mr. Lester, and I was to have taken them to her for signature tonight.

"That would have settled the matter," said Godfrey, thoughtfully. "It's too bad it wasn't settled in that way. What else happened, Mr. Swain?"

"Miss Vaughan had grown very nervous, with all this discussion, and at last she sprang to her feet and said she must go, or her father would discover her absence. We rose to leave the arbor, and at that instant, a white-robbed figure sprang to her side, seized her and tore her away from me. I was too startled for an instant to resist; then, as I started toward them, Marjorie pushed me back.

"'Go! Go!' she cried. 'It is my fault!'

"But he stopped me. In a voice shaking and husky with rage, he warned me that if I entered the place again, my life would be forfeit. I can't repeat the horrible things he said. I could see his eyes gleaming like a wild beast's. He cursed me. I had never been cursed before," and Swain smiled thinly, "and I confess it wasn't pleasant. Then he led his daughter away.

"I stood staring after them. I didn't know what to do. I felt like a madman myself. I sat down and tried to collect my thoughts. I saw that some new plan must be made—that there was no hope of meeting Marjorie again. I was sick with fear for her; I thought of following to the house and compelling her to come with me at once. And then, suddenly, I saw two eyes gleaming at me. They were not human eyes—they were too close together—and they were swaying gently back and forth in the air, about a foot from the ground. I gazed at them, fascinated, and then I heard a soft, low whistle, followed by a faint hissing as the eyes fell forward.

"In a flash, I knew what it was—the cobra; I knew why it was there—Vaughan had said my life was forfeit. I sprang up with a shriek, dashed along the seat to the door and out into the darkness. I struck my head against something—a tree, I suppose; but I kept on, and reached the wall and got over it somehow—it is all confused, after that. I seem to remember hearing Marjorie scream, and finding her lying beside her father, who was dead—but I can't put things together," and he rubbed his head helplessly.

"I'll put them together for you," said Godfrey. "When you ran into the tree, you suffered a partial concussion. It's lucky it wasn't total, or Toto would have got you!"

"Toto?"

"That, I believe, is the cobra's name," explained Godfrey, with a smile; "unless, of course, there are two of them." And he told Swain in detail of the events which had followed.

Swain listened with staring eyes. I did not blame him. Indeed, I felt that my own eyes were staring a little, though I already knew the story. But Godfrey, with a gift or narration born of long newspaper experience, told it in a way that made its horror salient and left one gasping.

"There is one question I want to ask you, Swain," he said, in conclusion, "and I want you to think carefully before you answer it. During your altercation with Mr. Vaughan, did you at any time touch him?"

"Touch him? No, of course not," and Swain shook his head decidedly.

"You are sure of that?" asked Godfrey earnestly.

"Perfectly sure," said Swain, looking at him in astonishment. "I was never within three feet of him."

Godfrey sprang to his feet with a gesture of relief.

"I seem to need a cocktail," he said, in another tone. "Isn't that the prescription for all of us, doctor?"

"Yes," assented Hinman, smiling, "and, after that, complete change of subject!"

CHAPTER XII.

GUESSES AT THE RIDDLE.

We tried to follow Dr. Hinman's prescription, but not with any great success, for it is difficult to talk about one thing and think about another. So the doctor took himself off, before long, and Swain announced that he himself would have to return to the city. He had come out without so much as a tooth brush, he pointed out; his trousers were in a lamentable condition, and, while Godfrey's coat was welcome, it was far from a perfect fit.

"Which reminds me," he added, "that I don't know what has become of my own coat and shirt."

I looked at Godfrey quickly.

"No, I forgot them," he said. "They are over in the library at Elmhurst," he added to Swain. "You can get them tomorrow."

"I shall have to be there tomorrow, then?"

"Yes, at the inquest; I've promised to produce you there," I said.

"At what time?"

"You'd better be there by 10."

"Very well; that's all the more reason for getting back to my base of supplies. If I went on the stand looking like this, the jury would probably think I was the murderer!" he added, laughing.

My answering smile was decidedly thin. Godfrey did not even try to force one.

"Wait a few minutes," he suggested, "and I'll take you down in my car. I'll try to get back, Lester," he added apologetically. "I'm far from an ideal host—but you'll find some books on my desk that may interest you—I got them up today. Take a look at them after dinner."

He went back to bring out his car, and Swain sat down again beside me.

"Mr. Lester," he said, in a low voice, "I hope you haven't forgotten your promise."

"What promise?"

"To put Miss Vaughan in a safe place and to look after her interests."

"No," I said, "I haven't forgotten. I am going to ask to see her after the inquest tomorrow. If she wishes us to represent her, we will."

"And to protect her," he added quickly. "She hasn't even a mad father now!"

"She's safe enough for the present," I pointed out. "Dr. Hinman has employed another nurse, so that one is with her all the time."

"I won't be satisfied," said Swain, "until you get her out of that house and away from those damned Hindus. One nurse, or even two, wouldn't stop them."

"Stop them from what?"

"I don't know," and he twisted his fingers helplessly.

"Well, the police will stop them. There are three or four men on duty there, with orders to let no one in or out."

His face brightened.

"Ah, that's better," he said. "I didn't know that. How long will they be there?"

"Till after the inquest, anyway."

"And you will see Miss Vaughan after the inquest?"

"Yes."

"And urge her to go to Mr. and Mrs. Royce?"

"Yes—but I don't think she'll need much urging. I'll get a note from Mrs. Royce. I'll telephone to Mr. Royce now, and you can stop and get the note as you come up in the morning."

Godfrey's car glided up the drive and stopped at the porch. Swain held out his hand and clasped mine warmly.

"Thank you, Mr. Lester," he said; and a moment later the car turned into the highway and passed from sight.

Then I went in, got Mr. Royce on the 'phone, and gave him a brief outline of the incidents of the night before. He listened with an exclamation of astonishment from time to time, and assented heartily when I suggested that Miss Vaughan might be placed in Mrs. Royce's care temporarily.

"She's a beautiful girl," I concluded, "and very young. I agree with Swain that she mustn't be left alone in that house."

"Certainly she mustn't," said my partner. "I'll have Mrs. Royce write the note, and get a room ready for her."

"Of course," I said. "it's possible she won't come—though I believe she'll be glad to. Or there may be a family lawyer who will want to look after her. Only she didn't appear to know of any when she was talking to Swain."

"Well, bring her along if you can," said Mr. Royce. "We'll be glad to have her. And take your time about coming back, if you're needed up there. We're getting along all right."

I thanked him, and hung up; and, presently, Mrs. Hargis came to summon me to dinner. That meal over, I went in to Godfrey's desk to see what the books were he had suggested that I look at. There was quite a pile of them, and I saw that they all related to mysticism or to the religions of India. There was Sir Monier Williams' "Brahmanism and Hinduism," Hopkins' "The Religions of India," a work on crystallomancy, Mr. Lloyd Tuckey's standard work on "Hypnotism and Suggestion," and some half dozen others whose titles I have forgotten. And, as I looked at them, I began to understand one reason for Godfrey's success as a solver of mysteries—no detail of a subject ever escaped him.

I lit my pipe, sat down, and was soon deep in the lore of the east. I must confess that I did not make much of it. In that maze of superstition, the most I could do was to pick up a thread here and there. The yogi had referred to the White Night of Siva, and I soon found out that Siva is one of the gods of Hinduism—one of a great trilogy—Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer. He had also spoken of the attributes of Kali, and, after a little further search, I discovered that Kali was Siva's wife—a most unprepossessing and fiendish female.

But when I passed on to Hinduism itself, and tried to understand its tenets and its sects, I soon found myself out of my depth. They were so jumbled, so multitudinous, and so diverse that I could get no clear idea of them. I read of the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Brahmanas; of metaphysical abstractions too tenuous to grasp; of karma or action, of maya or illusion, and I know not what "tangled jumble of ghosts and demons, demi-gods, and deified saints, household gods, village gods, tribal gods, universal gods, with their countless shrines and temples, and din of discordant rites." At last, in despair, I gave it up, and turned to the book on crystallomancy.

Here, at least, was something comprehensible, if not altogether believable, and I read with interest of the antiquity of crystal gazing as a means of inducing hallucination for the purpose of seeking information not to be gained by any normal means. I read of its use in China, in Assyria, in Egypt, in Arabia, in India, in Greece and Rome; of how its practitioners in the Middle Ages were looked upon as heretics and burnt at the stake or broken on the wheel; of the famous Dr. Dee, and so down to the present time. The scryers or seers sometimes used mirrors, sometimes vessels filled with water, but usually a polished stone, and beryl was especially esteemed.

The effect of gazing at these intently for a time was to abstract the mind from normal sensory impressions, and to induce a state of partial hypnosis, during which the scryer claimed he could perceive in the crystal dream pictures of great vividness, scenes at a distance, occurrences of the past, and of the future.

I was still deep in this, when I heard a step outside, the door opened, and Godfrey came in. He smiled when he saw what I was doing.

"How have you been getting along?" he asked.

"Not very well," and I threw the book back on the table. "The crystal gazing isn't so bad—one can understand that; but the jumble of abstractions which the Hindus call religion is too much for me. I didn't know it was so late," I added, and looked at my watch; but it was not yet 11 o'clock.

"I'm earlier than usual," said Godfrey. "I cut loose as soon as I could, because I thought we'd better talk things over. I saw Simmonds in town tonight."

"Ah," I said; "and what did he tell you?"

"Nothing I didn't know already. The police have discovered nothing new—or, if they have, they're keeping it dark until tomorrow. Simmonds did, however, regale me with his theory of the case. He says the murder was done either by one of the Hindus or by young Swain."

"What do you think?" I asked.

"I'm inclined to agree with Simmonds," said Godfrey grimly. "With the emphasis on the Hindus," he added, seeing the look on my face. "I don't believe Swain had any hand in it."

"Neither do I," I agreed, heartily. "In fact such a theory is too absurd to discuss."

"Just the same," said Godfrey, slowly, "I'm glad he didn't touch Vaughan. If he had happened to seize him by the neck, while they were struggling together—in other words, if those finger prints Goldberger found had happened to be Swain's—things would have looked bad for him. I'm hoping they'll turn out to belong to one of the Hindus—but, as I said to Goldberger, I'm afraid that's too good to be true."

"Which one of the Hindus?" I asked.

"Oh, the Thug, of course."

I sat bolt upright.

"The Thug?" I echoed.

"Didn't you get that far?" and Godfrey picked up one of the books and ran rapidly through the pages. "You remember we found him squatting on the floor with a rag and a tooth and a bone in front of him?"

"Yes."

"And do you remember how the yogi described them, when Goldberger asked him about them?"

"Very distinctly—he called them the attributes of Kali."

"Now listen to this: 'The Thugs are a religious fraternity, committing murders in honor of Kali, the wife of Siva, who, they believe, assists them and protects them. Legend asserts that she presented her worshipers with three things, the hem of her lower garment to use as a noose, a rib to use as a knife, and a tooth to use as a pick-ax in burying the victims.'" He glanced at me, and then went on: "'But the knife was little used, for the religious character of an assassination came to depend more and more upon its bloodless character, and for this a nose was used. The aversion to bloodshed became in time so great that many sects of Thuggee consider it defiling to touch human blood'" He closed the book and threw it on the table. "Don't you think that proves the case?"

"Yes," I said, thoughtfully. "And the yogi—is he also a Thug?"

"Oh, no; a White Priest of Siva could never be a Thug. The worship of Siva and of Kali are the very opposites of each other. The Saivas are ascetics. That is," he added, in another tone, "if the fellow is really a Saiva, and not just a plain fraud."

"All these fellows are frauds, more or less, aren't they?" I questioned.

"No," was Godfrey's unexpected answer; "the real yogin are no doubt sincere; but a real yogi wouldn't waste his time on a soft brained old man, and fire skyrockets off at midnight to impress him. My own opinion is that this fellow is a fakir—a juggler, a sleight of hand man—and, of course, a crook."

"Well?" I asked, as Godfrey stopped and failed to continue.

"Well' that's as far as I've got. Oh, yes—there's Tota. A cobra is one of a fakir's stock properties."

"But, Godfrey," I protested, "he is no ignorant roadside juggler. He's a cultivated man—an unusual man."

"Certainly he is—most unusual. But that doesn't disprove my guess; it only makes the problem harder. Even a roadside juggler doesn't do his tricks for nothing—what reward is it this fellow is working for? It must be a big one, or it wouldn't tempt him."

"I suppose Vaughan paid him well," I ventured.

"Yes; but did you look at him, Lester? You've called him unusual, but that word doesn't begin to express him. He's extraordinary. No doubt Vaughan did pay him well, but it would take something more than that to persuade such a man to spend six months in a place like that. And I think I can guess at the stake he's playing for."

(Continued next week.)

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER; BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Hairs of Rock Plants.

In a certain issue of the English publication, Knowledge, there is a short paper on the hairs of rock plants, by K. E. Styan. The glandular hairs of the Saxifrage are described. The three type of hairs dealt with are the silky or woolly hairs of the Edelweiss and the like; the stellate hairs which form a felted covering to many leaves, as in Aubretias and Alyssums, and the glandular, which may occur alone or in conjunction with one of the other types. The hairs are mainly protective against atmospheric conditions, but the glandular hairs may in some cases serve to attract insects.

STOP EATING MEAT IF KIDNEYS OR BACK HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Clean Kidneys If Bladder Bothers You—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and uninary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.—Adv.

Compliments Exchanged.

A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor, he chanced to pass his place and saw his little boy sitting on the edge of the pigpen, watching its new occupant.

"How d'ye do, Johnny?" said he. "How's your pig today?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the boy. "How's all your folks?"—Harper's.

For a really fine coffee at a moderate price, drink Denison's Seminole Brand, 35c the lb., in sealed cans.

Only one merchant in each town sells Seminole. If your grocer isn't the one, write the Denison Coffee Co., Chicago, for a souvenir and the name of your Seminole dealer.

Buy the 3 lb. Canister Can for $1.00. —Adv.

Man's Foolish Impatience.

In that worthiest of all struggles—the struggle for self-mastery and goodness—we are far less patient with ourselves than God is with us.—Selected.

Where Switzerland Leads.

Switzerland spends more for relief of the poor than does any other country.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

A recent official estimate gave Venezuela a population of 2,812,662.