

Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast

Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs.

There are vast numbers of men and women who, immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it.

People who feel good one day and badly the next, but who simply can not get feeling right are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any druggist or storekeeper.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

Mean. "Jack proposed three times before I accepted him."

GAS, DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" settles sour, gassy stomachs in five minutes—Time it!

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you mustn't injure it.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in giving relief; its harmlessness; its certain unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent case from any dealer and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them;

BIG EATERS HAVE BAD KIDNEYS AND BACKACHE

Take a Glass of Salts at Once If Your Back Is Hurting or Kidneys and Bladder Trouble You.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night;

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

Members of the New York fire department are given military training.

Dark Hollow By Anna Katharine Green Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes

Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes. Copyright 1914 by Dodd, Mead & Company.

SYNOPSIS.

A curious crowd of neighbors invade the mysterious home of Judge Ostrander, county judge and eccentric recluse, following a veiled woman who proves to be the widow of a man tried before the judge and electrocuted for murder years before.

Her daughter is engaged to the judge's son, from whom he is estranged, but the murder is between the lovers. She plans to clear her husband's memory and asks the judge's aid.

She discovers a broken knife-blade point embedded in it. Deborah and Reuther go to live with the judge. Deborah sees a knife with a broken blade-point. Anonymous letters and a talk with Miss Weeks increase her suspicions and fears.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

Once within the room, he became his courteous self once more. "Be seated," he begged, indicating a chair in the half gloom.

It was a weird beginning to an interview whose object was as yet incomprehensible to her. One minute a blinding glimpse of the room whose details were so varied that many of them still remained unknown to her.

"Mrs. Scoville (not Deborah now) have you any confidence in Oliver's word? Has there ever been anything in his conversation as you knew it in Detroit to make you hesitate to reply?"

"No; nothing. I have every confidence in his assertions. I should have yet, if it were not for this horror."

"I trusted him. I would trust him in many ways yet."

"Then I will let you read something he wrote at my request these many years ago: An experience—the tale of one awful night, the horrors of which, locked within his mind and mine, have never been revealed to a third person."

"I want you sit here and read," said he, laying the manuscript down on a small table near the wall under a gas jet which he immediately lighted.

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HAVE RESERVE TO DRAW ON

New York Newspaper Gives Good Advice to Those Who Must Fight for a Living.

A bank account is the ammunition needed by every worker in the battle for a livelihood. And this kind of preparedness can have no opponents.

before the glimmering marble and unrolled my bundle of wet clay.

I began my work, then I began to realize a little the nature of the task I had undertaken and to ask myself whether if I stayed all night I could finish it to my mind.

But the thunder growled again and my head rose, this time in real alarm. A man—two men were entering by the great front door.

"There! shut the door, can't you, before it's blown from its hinges? You'll find everything jolly here. Wine, lights, solitude in which to finish our game and a roaring good opportunity to sleep afterwards."

The answer I failed to catch. I was simply paralyzed by terror. As the door of the room opened to admit them, I succeeded in shutting that of the closet into which I had flung myself—almost so.

"This is the spot for us," came in Spencer's most jovial tones. "Big table, whisky handy, cards right here in my pocket. Wait, till I strike a light!"

A gas jet shot up, then two, then all that the room contained. "How's that? What's a flash more or less now!"

I heard no answer, only the slap of the cards as they were flung onto the table; then the clatter of a key as it turned in some distant lock.

The bottles were brought forward and they sat down one on each side of the dusty mahogany table. The man facing me was Spencer, the other sat with his back my way.

"We'll play till the hands point to three," announced Spencer, taking out his watch and laying it down where both could see it.

"I agree." The tone was harsh; it was almost smothered. The man was staring at the watch; there was a strange set look to his figure; a pausing as of thought—of sinister thought.

"You'll win! I feel it in my bones," came in encouraging tones from the rich man. "If you do"—here the storm lulled and his voice sank to an encouraging whisper—"you can buy the old tavern up the road. It's going for a song; and then we'll be neighbors and can play—play—"

The bills had all gone one way. They fell within Spencer's grasp. Suddenly hard upon a rattling peal which seemed to unite heaven and earth, I heard shouted out:

"Half-past two! The game stops at three."

"Damn your greedy eyes!" came back in a growl. Then all was still, fearfully still, both in the atmosphere outside and in that within, during which I caught sight of the stranger's hand moving slowly around to his back and returning as slowly forward, all under cover of the table-top and a stack of half-empty bottles.

"I can buy the Claymore tavern, can't I? Well, I'm going to," rang out into the air as the speaker leaped to his feet. "Take that, you cheat! And that! And that!" And the shots rang out—one, two, three!

Spencer was dead in his Folly. I had seen him rise, throw up his hands and then fall in a heap among the cards and glasses.

Then the man who stood there alone turned slightly and I saw his face. I have seen it many times since; I have seen it at Claymore tavern. He put the weapon back in his pocket and began gathering up the money.

Next moment I woke to a realization of myself and all the danger of my own position. I had the instinct to make a leap for the window over my head and clutch at its narrow sill in a wild attempt at escape.

But the effort ended precipitately. He was coming toward me—a straining, panting figure—half carrying, half dragging, the dead man who flopped aside from his arms. My senses blurred and I knew nothing till on a sudden they cleared again, and I woke to the blessed realization that the door had been pushed against my slender figure, hiding it completely from his sight, and that this door was now closed again and this time tightly, and I was safe—safe!

The relief sent the perspiration in a reek from every pore; but the icy revulsion came quickly. As I drew up knees to get a better purchase on the sill, heaven's torch was suddenly lit up, the closet became a pit of dazzling whiteness amid which I saw the blot of that dead body, with head propped against the wall and eyes—

Remember, I was but fifteen. The legs were hunched up and almost touched mine. The door—the door—there was my way—the only way

which would rid me instantly of any proximity to this hideous object. I flung myself at it—found the knob—turned it and yelled aloud—my foot had brushed against him. I knew the difference and it sent me palpitating over the threshold; but no farther. Love of life had returned with my escape from that awful prison house, and I halted in the semidarkness into which I had plunged, thanking heaven for the thunder peal which had drowned my loud cry.

For I was not yet safe. He was still there. He had turned out all lights but one. He had not seen me and was going.

He had not seen me and was going. I had to re-enter that closet; had to take the only means of escape proffered. But I went through it as we go through the horrors of nightmare.

I simply did it and escaped all—lightning flash and falling limb, and the lasso of swirling winds—to find myself at last lying my full length along the bridge amid a shock of elements such as nature seldom sports with. Here I clung, for I was breathless, waiting with head buried in my arm for the rain to abate before I attempted a further escape from the place which held such horror for me!

But no abatement came, and feeling the bridge shaking under me almost to cracking, I began to crawl, lurch by inch, along its gaping boards till I reached its middle.

There God stopped me. For, with a clangor as of reading worlds, a bolt hot from the zenith, sped down upon the bluff behind me, throwing me down again upon my face and engulfing sense and understanding for one wild moment. Then I sprang upright and with a yell of terror sped across the rocking boards beneath me to the road, no longer battling with my desire to look back; no longer asking myself when and how that dead man would be found; no longer even asking my own duty in the case; for Spencer's Folly was on fire and the crime I had just seen perpetrated there would soon be a crime stricken from the sight of men forever.

In the flare of its tremendous burning I found my way up through the forest road to my home and into my father's presence. He like everybody else was up that night, and already alarmed at my continued absence.

"Spencer's Folly is on fire," I cried, as he cast dismayed eyes at my pallid and dripping figure. "If you go to the door, you can see it!"

But I told him nothing more. Perhaps other boys of my age can understand my silence.

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Skunks Enemies of Caterpillars. A new field of usefulness has been found for the much-ridiculed skunk in the fact that it is a vigorous enemy of the full-grown range caterpillars.

Birds are of no service whatever in destroying these large caterpillars, but skunks devour quantities of them, and this is another reason why these little creatures should receive more consideration than they now do.

LEEKS FOR REGIMENTS OF WELSHMEN. The official adoption of the leek as the badge of the Welsh Guards recalls the various Welsh traditions concerning the first adoption of the leek as a national emblem.

According to some of the traditions the practice of wearing the leek took its rise in consequence of a victory obtained by Cadwallon, king of Gwynedd, over Edwin, king of Northumbria, in the year 633, when the Welsh, to distinguish themselves, wore leeks in their hats.

In the Iolo MSS. it is stated that at Crey, "the Welsh acquired great fame for their brave achievements in support of Edward, the Black Prince. It was at this time that Capt. Cadwgan Vael called to the Welsh desiring them to put leeks in their helmets, the battle there being in a field of leeks, and when they looked about they were all Welshmen; that locality except 130, and it was from this circumstance that the Welsh took to wearing leeks."

To the Shakespeare seems to allude when he has Fluclius say, "The Welsh did good service in a garden where leeks did grow."

WOMAN AVOIDS OPERATION

Medicine Which Made Surgeon's Work Unnecessary.

Astoria, N. Y.—"For two years I was feeling ill and took all kinds of tonics. I was getting worse every day. I had chills, my head would ache, I was always tired. I could not walk straight because of the pain in my back and I had pains in my stomach."



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told my husband about it. I said 'I know nothing will help me but I will try this.' I found myself improving from the very first bottle, and in two weeks time I was able to sit down and eat a hearty breakfast with my husband, which I had not done for two years. I am now in the best of health and did not have the operation."

Every one desires the surgeon's knife and the operating table. Sometimes nothing else will do; but many times doctors say they are necessary when they are not. Letter after letter comes to the Pinkham Laboratory, telling how operations were advised and were not performed; or, if performed, did no good, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used and good health followed.

If you want advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

Plenty of Material. "Do you think that society belle will make much noise when she goes on the stage?" "She ought to; she'll have a lot of clappers."

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR. To half pint of water add 1 oz Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 4 oz of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade.

His Specialty. "Jimson doesn't cut much ice as a skater, does he?" "No, but he breaks a lot of it."

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's. The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON.

Deliver us from the man who looms up only when tight.

When Housework Drags. Keeping house is hard enough when well. The woman who has a bad back, blue, nervous spells, and dizzy headaches, has a hard lot, for the family tasks never let up. Probably it's the result of kidney trouble and not the much feared "woman's weakness."

Strengthen the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. They are as harmless as their effects and may be used for children with weak kidneys, too.

A North Carolina Story. Mrs. C. A. P. of Garden St., Durham, N. C., says: "My system was full of uric acid and my feet and hands were swollen. My skin was light and purple. I was unable to walk for months and the pain in my back never let up. At times, there was an almost complete retention of the kidney secretions. After the doctor failed, Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and I have been in good health since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Bottle. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

YAGER'S LINIMENT For Horse Lameness

Yager's liniment is a stable necessity for spavin, galls, boils, sprains, strained ligaments, swellings, wounds, cuts, and bruises.

Best Liniment on the Market! Mr. Bert Martin, Wesley, Pa., writes: "I had a horse lame from a sprain two months ago and tried four different kinds of liniment on him and he did not get any better. I got a bottle of Yager's Liniment and he is better already. I think it is one of the best liniments on the market."

At all dealers—An eight ounce bottle for 25c. Prepared by GILBERT BROS. & CO., Inc. Baltimore, Md.

CALL FOR Lookout Biscuit

STANDARD of EXCELLENCE SOUTHERN MADE CHATTAHOOGA BAKERY CHATTAHOOGA, TENN.

YOU CAN GET FREE RANCH South America by assisting in expenses securing big concession; rich soil, fine climate; references; map, 25c. J. B. Shoenfelt, Ravenna, Calif.

\$3 TO \$10 A DAY made working for a few months. Permanent and pleasant occupation. J. F. Jackson, Inc., 1601 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.