

That Nagging Backache

Are you tortured with a throbbing backache? Suffer sharp pains at every sudden move? Evening find you "all played out"? Perhaps you have been working too hard and getting too little rest. This may have weakened your kidneys, bringing on that tired feeling and dull, nagging backache. You may have headaches and dizziness, too, with annoying kidney irregularities. Don't wait. Help the weakened kidneys with **Doan's Kidney Pills**. They have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

An Illinois Case

Wm. Branch, 202 Main St., St. Charles, Ill., says: "Sharp twinges caught me when I bent over. Soon my back was stiff and sore and some mornings I could hardly get out of bed. My kidneys acted too often and the secretions were scanty. I was nervous and had headaches, too. I used Doan's Kidney Pills, and five boxes gave me fine results."

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

**—if you catch me!**

To the wearer who finds PAPER in the heels, counters, insoles or outsoles of any shoes made by us, bearing this trade-mark.



"It Takes Leather to Stand Weather"

See your neighborhood dealer and insist on the Friedman-Shelby "All-Leather" Trade-Mark. It means real shoe economy for the whole family.

Pitfalls of Siang.

Those well-intentioned leagues and clubs which are always talking about the unity of the English-speaking races, the bond of a common language and the rest are a delusion and a snare. There is no common language between the peoples; it is the very specious resemblance which makes the gap. Kipling well described the American in London who "heard men talking a tongue superficially like his own, which on inquiry turned out to be something quite different." An American says: "I've got you," meaning "I understand." The Englishman thinks he has been discovered in some ghastly deception. The language resemblance is in fact a bar rather than a bond.—London Express.

Fully Occupied.

Mrs. Peevish says she feels confident that Mr. Peevish will never acquire another bad habit, as it takes all his waking hours to practice those he already has, and when he is asleep he snores.—Dallas News.

Valuable.

King Midas turned a hand to gold. "It isn't as bad as turning a head to ivory," we console him.

Women Made Young

Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by regularly taking



The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles, the enemies of life and looks. In use since 1895. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Cuticura Soap
The Safety Razor—Shaving Soap

Cuticura Soap shaves without nicks. Everywhere.

PILES

ORIENTAL PILE SALVE is sold on a positive guarantee to give relief. Use for itching piles, blood, bleeding or protruding piles. If you are not satisfied you get your money back. You are the judge. We don't argue; square dealing is our motto. Try us. Price \$1.00. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

East India Medicine Co.

126 South Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

FORTUNES BEING MADE IN OIL

Get your share of California oil profits. Famous RICHFIELD District leads state's production. Write for FREE folder descriptive of this favored field and its opportunities.

EDWARD L. OLMSTEAD & CO., Brokers Bank references. 50 years in California. 11 W. Hollman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, NO. 41-1920.

The Mystery of Hartley House

By CLIFFORD S. RAYMOND

Illustrated by IRWIN MYERS

Copyright by George H. Doran Co.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

By this time I had my senses fully recovered. I ran to the nearest window and was just in time to see two figures, one in white, the other indistinct, at the far edge of the lawn, running. They ran into the woods, and while I stood at the window, trying with painful consciousness of stupidity and ineptitude to decide upon a course of action, I heard an automobile engine start in the lane beyond the woods.

Out of a stupor, in which I watched the two strange figures go from the moonlight on the lawn into the dark of the oak grove, I was aroused—possibly by the sound of the engine of the automobile—with a course of action suggested.

It came of fears long entertained, now present with a threat of imminent consequence. I ran for the stairs, flashing the light, up the stairs and to Jed's room.

His door was open. As I have said, this wing was not wired for electricity. I turned my light about the room, saw that the fear which had caused me to patrol the house was realized and then hunted for the lamp, which I found and lighted.

Jed's room was in the disorder in which a hard-working housebreaker, intent on finding jewels he knew the room contained, might have left it. It seemed almost ripped to pieces.

On a table was a small pearl-inlaid ebony box. The lid was open; the box was empty.

As I stood in the midst of the disarray of the room, with the empty box the most significant thing in it, the marvelous unreality of Hartley house, a smiling dread, seemed to have visible token.

The empty box, I thought, had contained the manuscript which recorded Mr. Sidney's secret. The flash of white which I had seen in the hall indicated the method by which it had disappeared. The two figures crossing the lawn in the moonlight were further indication. There was the sound of the automobile engine. I had a sore spot on my head. The manuscript, I knew—or believed—had been in the box which stood with significant emptiness in the midst of the disordered room of Jed, who had been kidnapped. If my surmises were correct, Mr. Sidney's secret, upon which I knew the happiness of the family depended, was in the hands of men designing to make use of it.

Jed, being a major-domo about the place, had in his room a telephone connecting with the various servants' quarters. I used it to arouse the chauffeur. It took five minutes of ringing his bell to awaken him; when he responded, I told him that the house had been robbed by a man and a woman dressed in white, who had escaped, under my sight, through the oak grove and had used an automobile waiting for them on the road beyond the grove. I told him to awaken one of the gardeners, take weapons and go as quickly as possible south by the best roads.

When this had been done, I called Mrs. Sidney's maid and told her to awaken Mrs. Sidney and tell her, if

diary. Do you know where Jed kept it?"

"No, doctor," said Mrs. Sidney. "If there had been any chance of finding it we should have taken it away from him. In his absence we have searched his room frequently."

"These people are after the manuscript, and they are satisfied that they have it," I said. "I am sure of that. There was a small pearl-inlaid box, open and empty, in the middle of the floor."

"We never found such a box," said Mrs. Sidney.

"Then it might have been there?"

"It might."

"If it was, they have it and we must get it back."

"Oh, if we can, we must!" she cried, holding her hands so tightly clasped that the delicate bones made a crackling noise.

I tried to be encouraging and consoling and, as a practical measure, gave her a bromide.

CHAPTER X.

Hartley house had a general office where the business of the estate was handled. It was to one side of the main entrance.

I had promised to be an extraordinary person in meeting extraordinary circumstances, but all I did was to go to the office and, lighting the lights, sit there. I was in the extreme dejection of a weakling when the door opened and Isobel came in.

"What are you doing, up?" I asked.

"I'll ask the same thing of you. What are you and the whole household doing, awake and moving?"

I told her that housebreakers had been surprised at work and had escaped.

"If you have been disturbed," I suggested, "probably your father has, also. You had better go to his room and tell him that the servants have been flustered by a burglar scare, and then you had better go to your mother's room and stay with her until things quiet down."

That seemed sound enough advice, but when Isobel had gone I was left wondering again what to do next. It was out of the question to notify the authorities. The thieves had stolen something which, from what I knew of it, I preferred to have in their hands rather than in the possession of the police.

Our detective agency I could trust, but I did not want to communicate with anyone but McGuire, the superintendent, and there was no need of telephoning him until later in the morning.

The case, as I thought it over, came to this: The Spaniard and the attorney, by the aid of a confederate, a woman, had obtained possession of the diary containing the secret of Hartley house. They would soon be heard from. They would not disappear. We did not have to pursue them. They would pursue us.

There was the possibility of dealing with them by force extra-legally. Anything we did for our protection had to be done extra-legally. I thought McGuire could and would attend to that, and I intended to instruct him to consider murder the only process not to be thought of.

I tried to reconcile my ideas of Mr. Sidney's character with the facts of the family's terrible dilemma. What could a man of so just and honorable, kindly and charming a nature—as revealed in his old age—have done, even in a hot and passionate youth, which he could not face now? What crime could he have committed which not only constituted a danger to his security but remained a source of satisfaction to him?

For two hours I sat by the telephone, expecting momentarily to hear from the chauffeur who had gone in pursuit of the thieves. It was about four o'clock in the morning—there was a pale suggestion of light in the windows—when Mrs. Aldrich, the housekeeper, came to the office. She was an imperious, formidable lady of disciplinary habit and ordinarily unruffled dignity, but now she was disturbed.

"Doctor," she said, "Agnes, the new maid, cannot be found. She is not in her room. Her bed has not been touched. Most of her belongings and her suitcase are gone. I came to you with this probably unimportant domestic incident, thinking that—well, the occurrence of the night might have some connection with this girl."

"I think Agnes probably was involved in the matter," I said.

"We have always so dreaded to take a new servant," said Mrs. Aldrich. "But Agnes came recommended for the month by a very faithful girl who wanted a month's leave. Has anything of great value been taken?"

"Nothing of any intrinsic value whatever," Mrs. Aldrich. I imagine the robbers were alarmed before they found any jewels or plate."

"That's a consolation, in any event," said the housekeeper; "but we never shall be able to take in a new servant again with any ease of mind."

The chauffeur telephoned as Mrs. Aldrich went away. The chase in the night had been useless, as might be expected, and I told him to return home.

Mrs. Aldrich brought me a light breakfast, and one of the gardeners came to say that the dogs had been found in the woods. They had been fed drugged meat and were sick and even now barely able to stand.

I was preparing to go to Mr. Sidney's room when the telephone rang again. It was a call from the village of Horwich, forty miles east, a place of some repute, or ill repute, for the number and character of its drinking places and roadhouses.

The man calling me said he was the constable of the township of Horwich and asked if he were talking to a person of responsibility. I assured him he was. Then he told me that an automobile accident had occurred two miles out of Horwich and that the only identifying marks suggested Hartley house as a place to make inquiries. He asked if I could come to Horwich.

I endeavored to question him over the telephone, but he said there was little information he could give, a

**I Had My Bottle of Beer.**

man and a woman in a car—man past middle age, a young woman in white; the man was dead, the woman badly injured.

"I'll be over as soon as possible," I said. "Please keep the effects all together."

There was no doubt in my mind that the quivering little rascal of a lawyer with his precise way and timid but controlling unscrupulousness had come to the end of his road—and at the very moment when he had success in his hand. There was no reason to doubt that the woman was the maid Agnes whom I had surprised at midnight stealing down the stairs from Jed's room with Mr. Sidney's diary.

But if we were rid of the timorous, grasping little attorney, we were in worse difficulties. With the attorney and his Spanish client, we at least knew the manner of dealing. It was disconcerting—I might almost be forgiven the exaggeration of saying it was horrifying—to consider that the diary was being handled by a constable, a sheriff or a coroner or even by any idler or resort-keeper in the village of Horwich.

If the automobile accident had disposed of one ingenious enemy only to make a half-dozen equally unscrupulous ones, or to apprise (I was tempted to think this was worse) one incorruptible officer of the condition of Hartley house—in either event, we were the worse for the chance in circumstance.

One of the stablemen knew how to drive a car, and I asked him to bring out the automobile which I used when I went to town. The chauffeur, when he returned, would have been up most of the night. I did not want to impose on him. I might be gone most of the day. In a half-hour we were away toward Horwich. I never had been over the road, which ran by old farms with stone fences and was little traveled except by the people who lived along it.

Originally the place had a respectable tavern. It was called the White Owl. It was still respectable, but oddly enough, it was the success of the White Owl which had attracted the other places.

I inquired for the constable and was told that I should likely find him at the White Owl, he being a frequenter of that place and now having a case which needed a great deal of drinking and talking over.

I went to the White Owl and on entering the barroom, which really had an attractive rather than a disreputable appearance, saw a group of men about a short, broad, square-shouldered fellow who was talking to the interest of half a dozen or more fellows.

My entrance made no diversion, and, judging from what I had been told, that the squat, talkative fellow was the constable and that he was telling the story I wanted to know, I decided to remain unidentified, have a bottle of beer—from the bartender, who came half-heartedly from the constable's narration—and thus as an

eavesdropper get what I came to get in direct conversation.

I had my bottle of beer, and the bartender went back to the group, dominated by the squat, talkative fellow.

He was not the comic type of constable. He showed intelligence and decision, but evidently he was fond of a story when he had it to tell. He was saying:

"I was up late because there was a bad set at the Half Day, and Bill Dalley thought he might have trouble with them before he got them on their way. About one o'clock they had a quarrel, without anything but talk, divided into two sets and went away in two cars toward the city. Bill and I split a bottle of beer, and Bill said he'd be going himself. It was nearly one-thirty then, and I thought I'd wait up for Number Eleven at two o'clock and see if anyone got off."

"Bill gave me the keys and told me to shut the place up. I had another bottle of beer and was playing solitaire on the bar when Number Eleven stopped."

"I went to the front door of the bar and looked over toward the station. A man had got off, and he was headed toward the Half Day, which was the only place showing a light. I waited in the doorway, and when he came up, I saw he was a foreigner. He had gold rings in his ears."

"He made as if he wanted to come in. He didn't speak enough English for me to make out what he was saying. I let him in, and he went up to the bar, put down a quarter and pointed toward the whisky. I gave him the bottle, and he pointed to me and smiled. So I said I didn't mind if I did, and we had a drink together. I thought I'd like to know what this fellow wanted in town, so I didn't suggest it was closing time."

"Then I was surprised to hear a car coming along. The other fellow seemed to be expecting it. We both went to the door. The car stopped at the door, and a man helped a woman out. He was a little old shriveled fellow. She was young and pretty."

"The old fellow said something to my foreigner, and he threw his arms in the air, wriggled all over, laughed and fell on the old fellow and kissed him. The old boy struggled and kicked, but the foreigner just picked him right up and kissed him on both cheeks."

"That old boy was mad when he got loose. 'This is unthinkable,' he said. 'It is beyond expression. You human pig! Dog of a man—slobbering beast!' Then he stopped speaking English and said a lot of things the foreigner understood, but it didn't make him mad. His eyes just sparkled. He put a dollar on the bar and pointed to the whisky again."

"Bring our drinks over here," said the old boy, pointing to one of the tables in a far corner of the room.

"They sat down, and the two men talked. The girl didn't seem to have the language. The foreigner was excited. The old boy kept wiping his eyes with his handkerchief. He wasn't showing as much nervousness as the foreigner, but he was pleased over something."

"I kept behind the bar, as near their table as I could, and pretended to play solitaire and wait for their orders, watching them as much as possible and trying to make out what they were talking about. Pretty soon they wanted another round of drinks. When I served them the old boy wanted to know if he could telephone to the city. He paid me the toll, and I showed him the telephone booth and heard him give his number. It was River 4690."

"When he got his party, he said: 'Is that you, Sim? Everything is all right. Yes, as expected. Let him go.'"

"That was all. He went back to the table. I noticed that he kept tight hold all the time on a leather case. When they got to talking again, the foreigner kept pointing toward the case and began to get more excited. As near as I could make out what was happening, as they kept on talking and musing, it was the black leather case the foreigner wanted, and the other man wouldn't let him have it. (TO BE CONTINUED.)"

Meredith and Lady Macbeth.

Lady Butcher in her "Memories of George Meredith," recently published, gives the world not a little new information about the novelist which is both significant and extremely entertaining. Here is one of the passages she quotes from her diary which shows his amazing power to paint with words:

"Mr. Meredith went with father and me to see Irving and Mrs. Crowe (nee Bateman) in 'Macbeth.' During supper he explained the acting of the sleep-walking scene to mother, and wishing to describe the way that Lady Macbeth pushed the palms of her hands from nose to ear, he said: 'My dear Mrs. Brandreth, I assure you that she came through her hands like a corpse stricken with mania in the act of resurrection!'—From 'Book Gossip.'"

To a person, five feet tall standing on the beach at seaside, the horizon is about two and three-quarters miles away.

NR
TONIGHT
Tomorrow Alright
NR Tablets stop sick headaches, relieve bilious attacks, tone and regulate the eliminative organs, make you feel fine.
"Better Than Pills For Liver Ills"

OLD SORES, PILES AND ECZEMA VANISH
Good, Old, Reliable Peterson's Ointment a Favorite Remedy.

"Had 51 ulcers on my legs. Doctors wanted to cut off leg. Peterson's Ointment cured me."—Wm. J. Nichols, 40 Wilder Street, Rochester, N. Y.
Get a large box for 35 cents at any drugist, says Peterson, of Buffalo, N. Y., and money back if it isn't the best you ever used. Always keep Peterson's Ointment in the house. Fine for burns, scalds, bruises, sunburn, and the surest remedy for itching eczema and piles the world has ever known.

World's Largest Organ.
The largest organ in the world will be installed in the cathedral now nearing completion in Liverpool. This mammoth among musical instruments will have no fewer than 10,567 pipes and 215 stops, each actuated by its separate draw-stop knob.

"DANDERINE"

Girls! Save Your Hair! Make It Abundant!



Immediately after a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful because each hair seems to fluff and thicken. Don't let your hair stay lifeless, colorless, plain or scraggly. You, too, want lots of long, strong, beautiful hair.

A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty- tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness—All druggists!—Adv.

Too Hot.
Jimmie felt the heat and asked his mother if he could take off his shoes and stockings. He could. Later the mother found him naked. "Jimmie, what do you mean?"
"Why," said he, looking straight into her eyes, "all my clothing slipped off and I couldn't get 'em on again."

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism. You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Needed "Pill" Right on the Spot.
Little Eleanor returned home after her first day at school. She said: "Ma'mam, I need a pencil and a pill. The pill is a book you write in, the teacher said."

MURINE
Night
Morning
Keep Your Eyes
Clean—Clear—And Healthy
Write for Free Eye Care Book Murine Co., Chicago, Ill.