CURE THAT COLD TODAY

"I would rather preserve the health of a nation than be its ruler."—MUNYON.

Thousands of people who are suffering with colds are about today. Tomorrow they may be prostrated with pneumonia. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Get a 25 cent bottle of Munyon's Cold Cure at the nearest drug store. This bottle may be conveniently carried in the vest pocket. If you are not satisfied with the effects of the remedy, send us your empty bottle and we will refund your money. Munyon's Cold Cure will speedily break up all forms of colds and prevent grippe and pneumonia. It checks discharges of the nose and eyes, stops sneezing, allays inflammation and fever, and tones up the system.

If you need Medical Advice, write to Munyon's Doctors. They will carefully diagnose your case and advise you by mail, absolutely free. You are under no obligation.

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FOR BIRD LOVERS — a trained Hartz Mountain Canary in full song. A handsome brass cage, seeds, gravel book and spring, complete outfit, **$4.00.** Sent by express anywhere.

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For almost everybody, the course of life is fixed by inexorable necessities. Not one in a thousand is free to choose the life he would care for.—Dickinson.

Sore throat leads to Tonsilitis, Quinsy and Diphtheria. Hamlins Wizard Oil used as a gargle upon the first symptoms of a sore throat will invariably prevent all three of these dread diseases.

Too Free.

Seymour—What caused the Alcome Life Insurance company to fail?

Ashley—It was altogether too free in accepting risks. I don't believe it would have even refused to insure the life of a turkey the day before Thanksgiving."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, Price, 75c. per bottle.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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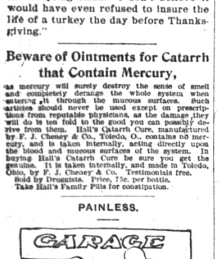

Garage Humor.

First Chauffeur—I ran over a man yesterday and it didn't hurt him a bit!

Second Chauffeur—How was that?

First Chauffeur—It killed him instantly!

Good Arrangement.

A genial looking gentleman wanted an empty bottle in which to mix a solution, and went to a chemist's to purchase one. Selecting one that answered his purpose he asked the shopman how much it would cost. "Well," was the reply, "if you want the empty bottle it will be a penny, but if you want anything in it you can have it for nothing." "Well, that's fair," said the customer; "put in a cork."

STOPPED SHORT
Taking Tonics, and Built Up on Right Food.

The mistake is frequently made of trying to build up a worn-out nervous system on so-called tonics—drugs.

New material from which to rebuild wasted nerve cells is what should be supplied, and this can be obtained only from proper food.

"Two years ago I found myself on the verge of a complete nervous collapse, due to overwork and study, and to illness in the family," writes a Wisconsin young mother.

"My friends became alarmed because I grew pale and thin and could not sleep nights. I took various tonics prescribed by physicians, but the effects were off shortly after I stopped taking them. My food did not seem to nourish me and I gained no flesh nor blood.

"Reading of Grape-Nuts, I determined to stop the tonics and see what a change of diet would do. I ate Grape-Nuts four times a day, with cream and drank milk also, went to bed early after eating a dish of Grape-Nuts.

"With these two weeks I was sleeping soundly. In a short time gained 23 pounds in weight and felt like a different woman. My little daughter whom I was obliged to keep out of school last spring on account of chronic catarrh has changed from a thin, pale, nervous child to a rosy, healthy girl and has gone back to school this fall.

"Grape-Nuts and fresh air were the only agents used to accomplish the happy results."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The MAN in the TOWER

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Author of "The Circular Staircase"

Illustrations by M. B. Kestner

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SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's home he is attracted by a picture of a young girl, whom the millionaire explains is his granddaughter, a lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower eleven and retains lower ten. He finds a drunken man in lower ten and retires in lower nine. He awakens in lower seven and finds his clothes and bag missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence points to both Blakeley and the unknown man who had exchanged clothes with him. Blakeley becomes interested in a girl in blue. The train is wrecked. Blakeley is rescued from the burning car by the girl in blue. His arm is broken. They go to the Carter place for breakfast. The girl proves to be Alison West, his partner's sweetheart. Her peculiar actions mystify the lawyer. She drops her gold bag and Blakeley puts it in his pocket. Blakeley returns home. He finds that he is under surveillance. Moving pictures of the train taken just before the wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaping from the train with his stolen grip. Blakeley learns that a man named Sullivan leaped from the train near Manson and sprained his ankle. He stayed some time at the Carter place. While making inquiries at Carter's, Blakeley finds Alison and kisses her. Mrs. Conway, the woman for whom Blakeley bought the Pullman ticket, tries to make a bargain with him for the forged notes, not knowing that they are missing. An amateur detective thinks he has found Sullivan.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

I sat for a few minutes thinking it over. "But what did he mean by saying he hadn't seen the notes for ten days? And why is Bronson making the overtures?"

"I think he was lying," Hotchkiss reflected. "Bronson hasn't reached his figure."

"It's a big advance, Mr. Hotchkiss and I appreciate what you have done more than I can tell you," I said. "And now, if you can locate any of my property in this fellow's room we'll send him up for larceny and at least have him where we can get at him. I'm going to Cresson to-morrow, to try to trace him a little from there. But I'll be back in a couple of days and we'll begin to gather in these scattered threads."

Hotchkiss rubbed his hands together delightedly.

"That's it," he said. "That's what we want to do, Mr. Blakeley. We'll gather up the threads ourselves; if we let the police in too soon they'll tangle it up again. I'm not vindictive by nature, but when a fellow like Sullivan not only commits a murder, but goes to all sorts of trouble to put the burden of guilt on an innocent man—I say hunt him down, sir!"

"You are convinced, of course, that Sullivan did it?"

"Who else?" He looked over his glasses at me with the air of a man whose mental attitude is unassailable.

"Well, listen to this," I said.

Then I told him at length of my encounter with Bronson in the restaurant, of the bargain proposed by Mrs. Conway and finally of McKnight's new theory. But, although he was impressed he was far from convinced.

"It's a very vivid piece of imagination," he said, drily; "but while it fits the evidence as far as it goes, it doesn't go far enough. How about the stains in lower seven, the dirk and the wallet? Haven't we even got motive in that telegram from Bronson?"

"Yes," I admitted, "but that bit of chain—"

"Pooh," he said, shortly. "Perhaps, like yourself, Sullivan wore glasses with a chain. Our not finding them does not prove they did not exist."

And there I made an error; half confidences are always mistakes. I could not tell of the broken chain in Alison West's gold purse.

It was one o'clock when Hotchkiss finally left. We had by that time arranged a definite course of action—Hotchkiss to search Sullivan's rooms and if possible find evidence to have him held for larceny, while I went to Cresson.

Strangely enough, however, when I entered the train the following morning, Hotchkiss was already there. He had bought a new notebook and was sharpening a fresh pencil.

"I changed my plans, you see," he said, bustling his newspaper aside for me. "It's no discredit to your intelligence, Mr. Blakeley, but you lack the professional eye, the analytical mind. You legal gentlemen call a spade a spade, although it may be a shovel."

A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And nothing more!

I quoted as the train pulled out.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Night at the Laurels.

I slept most of the way to Cresson, to the disgust of the little detective. Finally he struck up an acquaintance with a kindly faced old priest on his way home to his convent school, armed with a roll of dance music and surreptitious bundles that looked like boxes of candy. From scraps of conversation I gleaned that there had been mysterious occurrences at the convent—ending in the theft of what the reverend father called vaguely "a quantity of undermuslins." I dropped asleep at that point and when I roused a few moments later, the conversation had progressed. Hotchkiss had a diagram on an envelope.

"With this window bolted and that one inaccessible and if, as you say, the —er—garments were in a tub here at X, then, as you hold the key to the other door—I think you said the convent dog did not raise any disturbance? Pardon a personal question, but do you ever walk in your sleep?"

The priest looked bewildered.

"I'll tell you what to do," Hotchkiss said, cheerfully, leaning forward, "look around a little yourself before you call in the police. Somnambulism is queer thing. It's a question whether we are most ourselves sleeping or waking. Ever think of that? Live quietly life all day, prayers and matins, and all that, and the subconscious mind hikes you out of bed at night to steal undermuslins! Subliminal theft, so to speak. Better examine the roof."

I dozed again. When I wakened Hotchkiss sat alone and the priest, from a corner, was staring at him dazedly over his breviary.

It was raining when we reached Cresson, a wind-driven rain that had forced the agent at the news stand to close himself in and that beat back from the rails in parallel lines of white spray. As he went up the main street Hotchkiss was cheerfully oblivious of the weather, of the threatening dusk, of our generally draggled condition. My draggled condition, I should say, for he improved every moment—his eyes brighter, his ruddy face ruddier, his collar newer and glossier. Sometime, when it does not encircle the little man's neck, I shall test that collar with a match.

I was growing steadily more depressed: I loathed my errand and its necessity. I had always held that a man who played the spy on a woman was beneath contempt. Then, I admit, I was afraid of what I might learn. For a time, however, this promised to be a negligible quantity. The streets of the straggling little mountain town had been clean washed of humanity by the downpour. Windows and doors were inhospitably shut and from around an occasional drawn shade came narrow strips of light that merely emphasized our gloom. When Hotchkiss' umbrella turned inside out, I stopped.

"I don't know where you are going," I snarled, "and I don't care. But I'm going to get under cover inside of ten seconds. I'm not amphibious."

Another Mile Saw Us, if Possible, More Despondent.

I ducked into the next shelter, which happened to be the yawning entrance to a livery stable, and shook myself, dog fashion. Hotchkiss wiped his collar with his handkerchief. It emerged gleaming and unwilted.

"This will do as well as any place," he said, raising his voice above the rattle of the rain. "Got to make a beginning."

I sat down on the usual chair without a back, just inside the door, and stared out at the darkening street. The whole affair had an air of unreality. Now that I was there I doubted the necessity or the value of the journey. I was wet and uncomfortable. Around me, with Cresson as a center, stretched an irregular circumference of mountain, with possibly a ten-mile radius, and in it I was to find the residence of a woman whose first name I did not know and a man who, so far, had been a purely chimerical person.

Hotchkiss had penetrated the steaming interior of the cave and now his voice, punctuated by the occasional thud of horses' hoofs, came to me.

"Something light will do," he was saying. "A runabout, perhaps." He came forward rubbing his hands, followed by a thin man in overalls. "Mr. Peck says," he began—"this is Mr. Peck of Peck & Peck—says that the place we are looking for is about seven miles from the town. It's clearing, isn't it?"

"It is not," I returned, savagely. "And we don't want a runabout, Mr. Peck. What we require is an hermetically sealed diving suit. I suppose there isn't a machine to be had?" Mr. Peck gazed at me in silence: machine to him meant other things than motors. "Automobile," I supplemented. His face cleared.

"None but private affairs. I can give you a good buggy with a rubber apron. Mike, is the doctor's horse in?"

I am still uncertain as to whether the rawboned roan we took out that night over the mountains was the doctor's horse or not. If it was, the doctor may be a good doctor, but he doesn't know anything about a horse. And furthermore, I hope he didn't feed the beast that miserable evening. While they harnessed the horse Hotchkiss told me what he had learned.

"Six Curtises in the town and vicinity," he said. "Sort of family name around here. One of them is telegraph operator at the station. Person we are looking for is—was—a wealthy widow with a brother—named Sullivan! Both supposed to have been killed on the Flier."

"Her brother," I repeated, stupidly. "You see," Hotchkiss went on, "three people, in one party, took the train here that night, Miss West, Mrs. Curtis and Sullivan. The two women had the drawing room, Sullivan had lower seven. What we want to find out is just who these people were, where they came from, if Bronson knew them, and how Miss West became entangled with them. She may have married Sullivan, for one thing."

I felt into gloom after that. The roan was led unwillingly into the weather, Hotchkiss and I eclipsed behind the blanket. The liveryman stood in the doorway and called directions to us. "You can't miss it," he finished. "Got the name over the gate anyhow, 'The Laurels.' The servants are still there: leastways, we didn't bring them down." He even took a step into the rain as Hotchkiss picked up the lines. "If you're going to settle the estate," he bawled, "don't forget us, Peck & Peck. A half-bushel of name and a bushel of service."

Hotchkiss could not drive. Born a clerk, he guided the roan much as he would drive a bad pen. And the roan spattered through puddles and splashed ink—mud, that is—until I was in a frenzy of irritation.

"What are we going to say when we get there?" I asked after I had finally taken the reins in my one useful hand. "Get out there at midnight and tell the servants we have come to ask a few questions about the family? It's an idiotic trip anyhow; I wish I had stayed at home."

The roan fell just then and we had to crawl out and help him up. By the time we had partly unharnessed him our matches were gone and the small bicycle lamp on the buggy was wavering only too certainly. We were covered with mud, panting with exertion and even Hotchkiss showed a disposition to be surly. The rain, which had lessened for a time, came on again, the lightning flashes doing more than anything else to reveal our isolated position.

Another mile saw us, if possible, more despondent. The water in our clothes had had time to penetrate; the roan had sprained his shoulder, and drew us along in a series of convulsive jerks. And then through the rain-spattered window of the blanket, I saw a light. It was a small light, rather yellow, and it lasted perhaps 30 seconds. Hotchkiss missed it, and was inclined to doubt me. But in a couple of minutes the roan bobbled to the side of the road and stopped, and I made out a break in the pines and an arched gate.

It was a small gate, too narrow for the buggy. I pulled the horse into as much shelter as possible under the trees, and we got out. Hotchkiss tied the beast and we left him there, head down against the driving rain, drooping and dejected. Then we went toward the house.

It was a long walk. The path bent and twisted, and now and then we lost it. We were climbing as we went. Oddly there were no lights ahead, although it was only ten o'clock—not later. Hotchkiss kept a little ahead of me, knocking into trees now and then, but finding the path in half the time I should have taken. Once, as I felt my way around a tree in the blackness, I put my hand unexpectedly on his shoulder and felt a shudder go down my back.

"What do you expect me to do?" he protested, when I remonstrated. "Hang out a red lantern? What was that? Listen."

We both stood peering into the gloom. The sharp patter of the rain on leaves had ceased and from just ahead there came back to us the stealthy padding of feet in wet soil. My hand closed on Hotchkiss' shoulder and we listened together, warily. The steps were close by, unmistakable. The next flash of lightning showed nothing moving: the house was in full view now, dark and uninviting, looming huge above a terrace, with an Italian garden at the side. Then the blackness again. Somebody's teeth were chattering: I accused Hotchkiss but he denied it.

"Although I'm not very comfortable, I'll admit," he confessed; "there was something breaking right at my elbow here a moment ago."

"Nonsense!" I took his elbow and steered him in what I made out to be the direction of the steps of the Italian garden. "I saw a deer just ahead by the last flash; that's what you heard. By Jove, I hear wheels."

We paused to listen and Hotchkiss put his hand on something close to us. "Here's your deer," he said. "Bronze."

As we neared the house the sense of surveillance we had in the park of Schiller let us. Stumbling over flower beds, running the length of a sundial, groping our way savagely along hedges and thorny banks, we reached the steps finally and climbed the terrace.

It was then that Hotchkiss fell over one of the two stone urns which, with tall boxwood trees in them, mounted guard at each side of the door. He didn't make any attempt to get up. He sat in a puddle on the brick floor of the terrace and clutched his leg and swore softly in government English.

The occasional relief of the lightning was gone. I could not see an outline of the house before me. We had no matches and an instant's investigation showed that the windows were barred and the house closed. Hotchkiss, still recumbent, was ascertaining the damage, tenderly peeling down his stocking.

"Upon my soul," he said finally, "I don't know whether this moisture is blood or rain. I think I've broken a bone."

"Blood is thicker than water," I suggested. "Is it sticky? See if you can move your toes."

There was a pause: Hotchkiss moved his toes. By that time I had found a knocker and was making the night hideous. But there was no response save the wind that blew sodden leaves derisively in our faces. Once Hotchkiss declared he heard a window sash lifted, but renewed violence with the knocker produced no effect.

"There's only one thing to do," I said, finally. "I'll go back and try to bring the buggy up for you. You can't walk, can you?"

Hotchkiss sat back in his puddle and said he didn't think he could stir, but for me to go back to town and leave him, that he didn't have any family dependent on him and that if he was going to have pneumonia he had probably got it already. I left him there and started back to get a horse.

If possible, it was worse than before. There was no lightning and only by a miracle did I find the little gate again. I drew a long breath of relief, followed by another, equally long, of dismay. For I had forgotten the hitching strap and there was nothing at the end of it! In a lull of the wind I seemed to hear, far off, the eager thud of stable-bound feet. So for the second time I climbed the slope to the Laurels and on the way I thought of many things to say.

I struck the house at a new angle, for I found a veranda, destitute of chairs and furnishings, but dry and evidently roofed. It was better than the terrace, and so, by groping along the wall, I tried to make my way to Hotchkiss. That was how I found the open window. I had passed perhaps six, all closed, and to have my hand grope for the next one and to find instead the soft drapery of an inner curtain was startling, to say the least.

I found Hotchkiss at last around an angle of the stone wall, and told him that the horse was gone. He was disconcerted, but not abased; maintaining that it was a new kind of knot that couldn't slip and that the horse must have chewed the halter through! He was less enthusiastic than I had expected about the window.

"It looks uncommonly like a trap," he said. "I tell you there was some one in the park below when we were coming up. Man has a sixth sense that scientists ignore—a sense of the nearness of things. And all the time you have been gone, some one has been watching me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Irish vs. Italian Method

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Rev. Sanford Culver Hearn, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church, Yonkers, is relating a street-car incident which concerns a conductor, an Irishman and an Italian. Each had given a dime to the fare-taker, But had received no change.

"I wanta da nick," complained the Neapolitan.

"You've got your nick. No more nicks for you. See?" And the conductor moved to the rear platform.

The Italian sat meekly in silence, but the Irishman employed different tactics. He went to the doorway.

"Gimme five cints change," said he to the conductor.

"You've got all the change you're going to get," was the retort.

"See here," exclaimed the Irishman, "you may play that chune on a hand organ, but you can't do it on a harp! Gimme five cints."

And he got it.—Judge.

Almost.

"It's wonderful how these Italian women can carry so much around on their heads, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed. They almost equal their American sisters."—Town and Country.

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