TAKE FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
For Backache Rheumatism Kidneys and Bladder

Official Scouring.

"Should Blucher get the credit for winning Waterloo?"

"No; that victory is properly credited to Wellington. Blucher didn't relieve him until about the eighth inning."

Heredity.

"Miss Comeup is now in the swim!"

"She ought to take naturally to it. Her father was a milkman."

PIMPLES COVERED FACE

1613 Dayton St., Chicago, Ill.—"My face was very red and irritated and was covered with pimples. The pimples festered and came to a head. They itched and burned and when I scratched them became sore. I tried soaps and they would not stop the itching and burning of the skin. This lasted for a month or more. At last I tried Cuticura Ointment and Soap. They took out the burning and itching of the skin, soothing it very much and giving the relief that the others failed to give me. I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment about three weeks and was completely cured." (Signed) Miss Clara Moeller, Mar. 16, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Submits Tamely.

"Is Scriblet what you would call a struggling author?"

"No, indeed. When an editor puts him out he doesn't offer the slightest resistance."

Mother Goose in Poultry Trade.

It is reported that the following occurred in a small poultry store kept by the widow of the deceased merchant:

"I should like to see a nice fat goose," said a customer, entering the shop.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "Mother will be down directly."—Woman's Home Companion.

Righteous Indignation.

Little Ruth was the youngest daughter in a very strict Presbyterian family that especially abhorred profanity.

One day little Ruth became exceedingly exasperated with one of her dollies. In her baby vocabulary she could find no words to express adequately her disapproval of dolly's conduct.

Finally, throwing the offending dolly across the room, she cried, feelingly:

"My gracious! I wish I belonged to a family that sweared!"

A While for a Time.

A Cleveland school teacher writes that she asked her class what was the difference between the expressions, "a while," and "a time," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Nobody seemed to have any idea on the subject. Finally the light of intelligence was seen to shine in the eyes of one little boy, and the teacher called upon him to save the intellectual honor of the class.

"I know, teacher!" he cried, eagerly. "When papa says he's going out for a while, mamma says she knows he's going out for a time!"

That's one way of looking at it.

Eggs Clotworthy Ate.

Harry Clotworthy, who is an expert on military affairs, entered the diningroom of the National Press club one morning and carried with him a ravenous appetite. Having eaten one breakfast, which consisted largely of eggs, he ordered another breakfast, which consisted even more largely of eggs. After his repast he went to the writing-room to get off some letters. Half an hour later the steward of the club found the colored waiter loafing about the entrance of the writing-room and asked him what he meant by being absent from his post.

"I got a good excuse," exclaimed the water, exhibiting the check for the egg breakfast. "Mr. Clotworthy done eat $2 worth of eggs and I ain't goin' to let him git away from here without payin' for them, high as eggs is now."

"GOOD STUFF."
A Confirmed Coffee Drinker Takes to Postum.

A housewife was recently surprised when cook served Postum instead of coffee. She says:

"For the last five or six years I have been troubled with nervousness, indigestion and heart trouble. I couldn't get any benefit from the doctor's medicine so finally he ordered me to stop drinking coffee, which I did.

"I drank hot water while taking the doctor's medicine, with some improvement, then went back to coffee with the same old trouble as before.

"A new servant girl told me about Postum—said her folks used it and liked it in place of coffee. We got a package but I told her I did not believe my husband would like it, as he was a great coffee drinker.

"To my surprise he called for a third cup, said it was 'good stuff' and wanted to know what it was. We have used Postum ever since and both feel better than we have in years.

"My husband used to have bad spells with his stomach and would be sick three or four days, during which time he could not eat or drink anything. But since he gave up coffee and took to Postum, he has had no more trouble, and we now fully believe it was all caused by coffee.

"I have not had any return of my former troubles since drinking Postum, and feel better and can do more work than in the last ten years. We tell everyone about it—some say they tried it and did not like it. I tell them it makes all the difference as to how it is made. It should be made according to directions—then it is delicious."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "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. Adv.

The Yellow Letter

by William Johnston

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Illustrations by Y. L. Barnes

SYNOPSIS.

Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrish to propose marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investigation and finds that Hugh Crandall, suitor for Katharine, who had been forbidden the house by General Farrish, had talked with Katharine over the telephone just before she shot herself. A torn piece of yellow paper is found at sight of which General Farrish is stricken with paralysis. Kent discovers that Crandall has left town hurriedly. Andrew Elser, an aged banker, commits suicide about the same time as Katharine attempted her life. A yellow envelope is found in Elser's room. Post Office Inspector Davis, Kent's friend, takes up the case. Kent is convinced that Crandall is at the bottom of the mystery. Katharine's strange outcry puzzles the detectives.

CHAPTER V.

Two Discoveries.

"Where are we going now?" I asked sarcastically.

I was thoroughly indignant at the levity with which the inspector had received my theory of Crandall's guilt. Firmly convinced of my sound logic, the thought of Davis laughing at me before Louise rankled. As I began to expound, as forcefully as I could, the reasons for my belief, he cut me short.

"Come along, Harding," he said in authoritative tones, "we're no time to lose."

Almost before I knew it I found myself by his side in the taxicab he had hailed. In my indignation I had failed to hear the direction he gave the chauffeur.

"According to your theory, Mr. Detective Kent," he said with assumed gravity, for he was still in a chaffing mood, "where would be the best place for us to go next?"

"To Hugh Crandall's apartments," I cried, determined to convince him of my view of the case.

"That is exactly where we are bound," he replied to my amazement.

"But," I stammered, "I thought from your manner that you disagreed with me as to Crandall's guilt."

"I do. I doubt every man's guilt until it is definitely proved." I admit there is plenty of evidence of Crandall's connection with the case. I do not admit that any of the evidence yet shows it to be a guilty connection."

Again I started to explain my reasons for thinking Crandall guilty, but again he refused to listen.

"My dear fellow," he said, "in my years of investigating crimes I have thoroughly learned one lesson, and that it the unwisdom of jumping at conclusions. There is only one rule that never fails. Collect all the evidence possible first and then see to whom it points. Most detectives, both professional and amateur, make the fatal mistake of deciding on a theory and then setting out to prove it. That is the reason so many innocent men are convicted and so many guilty ones escape. You can prove almost anything about anybody if you work hard enough. Starting out with the theory that no such man as Napoleon ever lived, I could gather many convincing proofs—"

He stopped the taxicab at the corner long enough to gather in an armful of afternoon papers from a newsboy, and began scanning their first pages and throwing them aside. From the disappointment in his face I judged he had not found what he was looking for.

"What did you expect to find?" I asked wonderingly.

"Other suicides," he said tersely, keeping on with his hasty reading.

Though I have known Miller Davis for years I must confess that I constantly find myself almost dazed by the seeming rapidity of his mental processes and their apparently erratic course. Here he was rejecting my theory of Crandall's guilt, yet jumping wildly to the conclusion that there would be other suicides, possibly connected with Katharine Farrish's act and Andrew Esler's death. It was entirely beyond my comprehension, and the next tack of his mind seemed even even more puzzling.

"Do you know anything about art?" he asked as calmly as if we were having an after-dinner chat at the club.

"A little, not much."

"If any one asked you to define technique I doubt if you could do it. I do not believe there is a painter or an art critic who could give a satisfactory definition. Yet any one who knows even a little about painting knows something of technique. We know that every painter has his own technique. Show me paintings by Henri, Lawson and Glackens and you do not have to label them for me to tell them apart. I recognize the work of each man by his technique. Even if Lawson painted a portrait and Henri a landscape, the individuality of the artist would make his work recognizable, though masked by a subject unusual for him. Crime is like art in one respect at least—technique. Every criminal brain has its own technique. Any one who has investigated crime, who has studied evil-doers under all conditions, who has matched his wits against theirs, inevitably comes to recognize types of crimes. Given any particular crime to trace, from the very nature of it he is able to say at once, 'This is the work of So-and-so.' Now in the Farrish case I am confident that a crime of some kind has been committed or is even now being committed. I may not know what particular thing it was that drove Katharine Farrish and old Elser to seek death—in fact I do not know as yet—but that makes no difference. I know the type of crime. I recognize in the case certain indefinable things which convince me that behind it all is a cunning criminal brain that has planned some far-reaching plot. If it was devilishly ingenious enough to drive two people to suicide, in all probability it will have the same effect on others. There may be no other suicides, but I believe there will be. I shall watch every report of a suicide for the next few days with particular interest. Who the criminal is, and who his associate is—for I am convinced it is a crime of the pair—I have no idea. Investigation of mail thefts and stamp counterfeiting never has brought me in touch with this particular sort of crime, so that as yet I am entirely at sea as regards the identity of the criminals."

"All you have said," I told him, "only convinces me that I am right about Hugh Crandall. An intelligent, educated man gone wrong, a respectable broker with a secret propensity for crime, would fit your theory, wouldn't it?"

"You saw Crandall's janitor last night, didn't you?" was all the response he chose to make to my question. "What kind of a chap is he?"

"If you can get him to admit you to Crandall's rooms you are a wonder," I replied, repeating word for word my interview with the janitor the night before.

"I generally go prepared for such fellows," he answered, smilingly drawing from his pocket a blank legal document on which the word "attachment" was printed boldly across the back. Taking out a fountain pen, he rapidly filled in Hugh Crandall's name, on the outside only.

Of course I saw through his ruse. He would represent himself as an officer come to attach Crandall's furniture and thus gain access to the rooms.

"But suppose the janitor insists on reading the document and sees that it is blank inside?"

"No one ever reads legal documents unless necessary. Besides, a man of the janitor type generally has considerable respect for the arm of the law. He is probably more or less familiar with its workings in dispossessions and such things, and realizes how futile opposition would be, supposing that we really were sheriff's deputies, as he will undoubtedly take us to be."

We reached the place, and, dismissing the taxicab half a block away, marched boldly up the steps and rang the bell. As the janitor answered, Davis, carelessly flipping back his coat to show a badge of some sort, demanded admittance to Crandall's apartments.

"I've got an attachment, see?" he said, flashing the back of the document before the janitor's eyes.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said the janitor. "That's why he beat it so quick yesterday and told me not to let any one into his rooms?"

"So he has gone," exclaimed Davis in mock surprise. "I don't wonder at that. Has he paid you the rent?"

"Come to think of it, he is a month behind," said the janitor, "though often it's been that way and he always made good."

Even as he was talking he began to lead the way upstairs. "Respect for the law, coupled with the insidious doubt of his tenant that Davis' remark had implanted, removed all obstacles to our purpose.

As he flung open the door to Crandall's apartment after unlocking it with his pass key, Davis turned, and handing him a coin, said:

"Can you get me a hammer and a couple of tacks till I put up a notice?"

"Sure," said the janitor, as he tucked the coin in his pocket. "I'll go down stairs and get one right away."

The apartment into which he had admitted us was a two-room-and-bath suite, with furnishings indicating that its occupant was a man of comfortable means and good taste. There were some well-chosen pictures on the wall and a fine lot of books. There was none of the display of stage favorites and sporting pictures found in bachelor dens; but two framed photographs of Katharine Farrish, one with an inscription, smiled down from the walls, almost the only touch of femininity about the place.

As soon as the janitor disappeared Davis made a bee-line for a desk that stood open and began a hasty search of the papers. I stepped into the bedroom and glanced about. Something on the dresser caught my eye and I crossed and picked it up. I started as I realized what it was. The small object in my hand was to me more and more convincing proof of Crandall's guilt.

"Come on, Kent," called Davis from the adjoining room; "I've got what I came for."

Still clutching the object I had picked up, I returned to the sitting-room to find Davis impatiently waiting for me at the head of the stairs.

"Quick," he said, "let's get out before the janitor returns. There is no use waiting to make explanations, as long as we have all we need."

As we reached the front door we heard the janitor shuffling up the stairs, but we were around the corner and safely seated in a hotel cafe almost before he could have discovered our absence from the rooms.

"See what I found," I exclaimed in triumph, drawing a silver hypodermic syringe from my pocket and laying it on the table. "Crandall's a morphine fiend."

"It does look like it," said Davis unconcernedly. "See what I found!"

Tearing off a corner of a menu card he wrote something on it and then tore it up quickly after showing it to me.

"Lock Box No. 17, Ardway, N. J.," I repeated after reading the words. "What does that mean?"

"That," said Davis positively, "is where the yellow letter came from—or the yellow letters."

"How do you know?" I asked in astonishment. I had supposed that the one thing of importance we would be likely to find in Crandall's apartments would be a bundle of Katharine Farrish's letters. In fact I took it for granted that they were what Davis had been searching for in the desk. It seemed to me such an obvious thing I had not suggested it to him, yet here we were after our visit to the rooms with only two things—the hypodermic syringe and a post-office address. Surely there must have been in those rooms something more definite, something more damaging to Crandall than the things we had obtained, and of the two I believed that my discovery was the more significant. How could Davis possibly know that this was the address from which the yellow letters emanated?

"It is a simple problem in addition and subtraction," said Davis. "The yellow letter connects the Farrish and Elser cases. Many things connect Crandall with the Farrish case. A criminal using the mails for illegal purposes naturally locates, if possible, in another state from the scene of his operations, foreseeing the better chance of legal delays and possible escape. A criminal working in New York naturally seeks New Jersey as headquarters. If Crandall was cognizant of the yellow letters, whether his connection was innocent or guilty, he naturally would have known or would have tried to find out whence they came. I went into his rooms with one question in my mind and I soon found the answer. In Crandall's address book will be found some address in New Jersey that may give a clue? Almost the first thing I turned to was this one of Lock Box 17. Now in the postal business one of the first things we learn is that the criminal always tries to get a postoffice box. For that reason two references are always required. In spite of that precaution, many of the boxes are constantly being used for fraudulent purposes. When we find out who rented Lock Box 17 at Ardway, we shall be close on the trail of the yellow letter."

"Were there any letters of Katharine Farrish's in the desk?" I asked.

"I guess so," said Davis unconcernedly. "I saw a bundle of letters in a woman's handwriting, but I didn't even look to see whose they were."

I was disappointed thus far with the inspector's handling of the case. His disregard of what appeared to me to be vital evidence and the decision he had made about this address being that of the sender of the yellow letters seemed to me wholly illogical."

"You'll grant, of course, that Crandall is a morphine user," I ventured.

"A pair of swords in a man's room don't make him a fencer. Excuse me for a minute while I telephone my office."

While he was telephoning I reviewed the case in my mind. I was strongly tempted to break with him and continue the investigation my own way, and yet what had I to gain by it? After all, we had learned very little except that Crandall was connected with the mystery. Where were we likely to find Crandall? Davis had had much more experience in tracking men. He was resourceful, as the method in which he had affected entrance into Crandall's apartments showed. Just as I made up my mind that I would be wise to continue to follow his lead, lacking one of my own, Davis returned, an expression of annoyance on his face.

"Kent," he said, abruptly, "you've got to start at once for Ardway. I had planned to go out there, but as I have to appear in court to-morrow there is no use in my going to-night."

"I'll go first thing in the morning," said I, determined to see Louise again and have a talk with her.

"There's a train out there at four o'clock this afternoon," he said, looking up from a schedule he had picked up in the lobby. "It takes nearly three hours to get there. Never let a trail get cold if you can help it."

"But—" I protested.

"You can telephone her," he said. "It is for her sake that you will be going, and she will appreciate your energy in the matter more than anything else."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Come Along, Harding," He Said in Authoritative Tones.

Davis Made a Bee Line for the Desk That Stood Open.

Since Time of Grandma

Remarkable Changes Effected in Dress and Social Activities in Feminine World.

The modern society woman has a multitude of expenses that her grandmother never even dreamed of; her visits to the masseuse, the hairdresser, the chiropodist, are a necessary part of her grooming today. While grandma tucked her switch guiltily away in the drawer of her dressing table and could not be bulled into the admission that she used powder, today her granddaughter unhesitatingly admits that she wears false braids and curls and that the soft glow of health on her rounded cheek was skillfully applied by a "perfect wonder" of a beauty doctor.

Social affairs have increased in number as well as in variety, and this has brought about a great change in my lady's wardrobe. Our grandmothers talked about their "best dress" and "best hat," the up-to-date lady speaks of her bridge gown, her dinner gown and her dancing frock. She has not one gown for dress up affairs, but 12 or 15. She has an appropriate outfit for each occasion. Not only must the gown be suitable, but all the accessories, including hat, wrap, gloves, shoes, veil, jewelry and even lingerie must be in absolute harmony.

When one stops to consider that the woman who is "in society" does remarkably well if she keeps within $100 for a year's supply of gloves, some idea may be formed as to the amount which she spends for such items as tailored suits, ball gowns and furlined evening wraps.

Work Was Remedial.

The following report from the records of a probation officer is significant: "M. Z., of German descent; graduated from grammar school. Parents neat, respectable, and thrifty. Germans. Girl wanted to go to work. Parents would not allow this, as they did not need her wages and thought she should stay at home and help about the house. Girl became unmanageable, and stayed out several nights, whereupon her parents brought her into court as incorrigible. The probation officer urged that the girl be allowed to go to work. The parents agreed, the girl was placed on probation, and found work for herself in a department store. From that time she gave no trouble."

Pure From Start to Finish.

There is perhaps nothing in daily use in the home in which purity is so important as it is in baking powder. On its purity depends the purity of the materials used, the success of the bakings, etc. And possibly the one thing that has served to make Calumet Baking Powder so much of a favorite with the critical cooks of the country, is the fact that Calumet is pure from start to finish.

You can rely on Calumet's purity for the simple reason that every ingredient of the materials used is first tested by experienced chemists and then mixed with the utmost care to insure its uniformity. And standing in the can or changes of weather, etc., cannot alter it in any respect.

But perhaps the best thing of all, is the fact that Calumet never fails. Every baking in which Calumet is used, is sure to come from the oven as light and as fluffy as you can wish. This not only means wholesome, tasty foods—but a big economy as well. Try Calumet next bake-day—it's the best baking powder made—for two World's Pure Food Expositions, one in Chicago, 1907, one at Paris, France, 1912—have given it the highest awards. Adv.

Wise Young Man.

That was a very wise Cambridge student of whom the London story tellers were talking some time ago. One of his college friends finding himself without funds, went to this Solomon of students to borrow. He found him in bed. Seizing him by the shoulder, he shook him.

"I say," he cried, "are you asleep?"

"Why do you ask?" queried the other, sleepily.

"I want to borrow a sovereign."

"Yes," said the other, turning over and closing his eyes. "I'm asleep."

Reason Was Plain.

"My husband has deserted me and I want a warrant," announced the large lady.

"What reason did he give for deserting you?" asked the prosecutor.

"I don't want any lip from you. I want a warrant. I don't know what reason he had."

"I think I understand his reason," said the official feebly; as he proceeded to draw up a warrant."

Mooted Question.

"How's Willie getting on at that free thought Sunday school you're sending him to?"

"First rate, from last accounts. He asked his pretty lady teacher who it was that first bit the apple in the Garden of Eden. Willie says she looked him straight in the eye and said nobody knew; that they'd been trying to figure out for the last 6,000 years."

Call to Arms.

"Bang!" went the rifles at the maneuvers.

"Oo-oo," screamed the pretty girl—a nice, decorous, surprised little scream. She stepped backward into the surprised arms of a young man. "Oh," said she, blushing, "I was frightened by the rifles. I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," said the young man. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."

CURBS BURNS AND CUTS.
Cole's Carbolisalve stops the pain instantly. Cures quick. No scar. All druggists, 25 and 50c. Adv.

No Such Aspersion.

"Do you get a stipend for your weekly work?"

"Nothin' like that. I git reglar pay."

The pitcher that goes to the box too often is knocked out.

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Dixie Blue Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ask your grocer. Adv.

Is it a blow to spiritualism when a man strikes a happy medium?

BACKACHE NOT A DISEASE

But a Symptom, a Danger Signal Which Every Woman Should Heed.

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Read about Mrs. Woodall's experience.

Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since. I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. Ollie Woodall, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

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FINEST QUALITY LARGEST VARIETY
They meet every requirement for cleaning and polishing shoes of all kinds and colors.

GILT EDGE, the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains Oil. Black and Patent Leather and children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing. 25c. Other sizes, 15c and 10c.
STAR combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes. 25c.
BABY ELITE combination for cleaning and polishing baby shoes. Keep the kind that makes the color and insures an black shoes. Bottle with brush or cloth, 10 cents. "Elite" size 25 cents.
If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for a full size package, charges paid.
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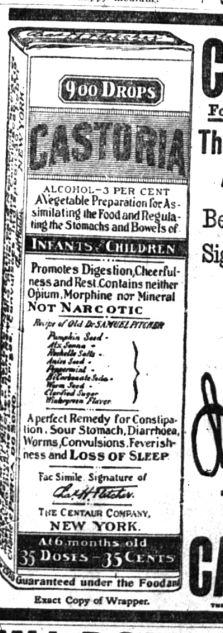

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In Use For Over Thirty Years
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FOR MEN AND WOMEN
Says wear W. L. Douglas $2.00, $2.50 & $3.00 School Shoes, because one pair will positively outwear two pairs of ordinary shoes, same as the men's shoes.
W. L. Douglas makes and sells more $3.00, $3.50 & $4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.
THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS.
The workmanship which has made W. L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.
Ask your dealer to show you W. L. Douglas latest fashions for fall and winter wear, notice the *short vamps* which make the feet look smaller, and the *extra* shoe particularly desired by young men. Also the *conservative styles* which have made W. L. Douglas shoes a household word everywhere.
If you could visit W. L. Douglas large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would understand why they are warranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price.
CAUTION: To protect you against inferior shoes, W. L. Douglas stamps his name on the bottom. Look for the stamp. Beware of substitutes. W. L. Douglas shoes are sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Insist on having them from your dealer. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to factory for catalog showing how to order by mail. Shoes sent everywhere, delivery charges prepaid. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.