

Whenever You Use Your Back

Doan's Kidney Pills advertisement with illustrations of a man and a woman.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills. This good remedy cures bad kidneys. A TYPICAL CASE—

Technical. Autoliet—How did you escape a fine? Motorist—Our attorney proved the constable's watch was fast—Judge.

Unhappened. "Yes, sir, the cause of woman's suffering is going to advance with scientific strides from now on."

American Tools Preferred. A favorite article in New Zealand, also in Australia and Tasmania, is competition in wood chisels and augers.

Obiging. A young man who had never testified before was called before the court as a witness in a certain case.

A Pen and Ink Shakespeare. Woodrow Wilson, on a recent visit to Atlantic City, referred to the secretary by his illegible handwriting.

The Educational Gladiateur. We know what kindergarten is for: it is to educate children for the primary grades.

Old Roman Wall Unearthed. A part of the wall which once enclosed old St. Paul's, London, has been discovered in excavations at the corner of Paternoster Row and Fleet Alley in London.

RIGHT HOME. Doctor Recommends Postum from Personal Test.

No one is better able to realize the injurious action of caffeine—the drug in coffee—on the heart, than the doctor. Tea is just as harmful as coffee because it, too, contains the drug caffeine.

When the doctor himself has been relieved by simply leaving off coffee and using Postum, he can refer with full conviction to his own case.

Every reader of the above letter? A plea for the coffee and tea time. They are available from the Postum Co., Detroit, Mich.

The Mystery Letter by William Johnston

Illustrations by V.L. Barnes

SYNOPSIS. In one long his that was a pledge—a pledge that beneficent my life, my heart, my mind, my powers, my every-

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.) "Hearing Kent's words, Louise Farrah to protest marriage and finds the hope in her eyes."

"It must have been Hugh Crandall," said Louise. "I was afraid that it was."

Her remark puzzled me. The only Hugh Crandall I knew anything about was a prosperous young broker whom I had seen only once or twice.

"Do you mean Hugh Crandall, the broker?" I asked.

Louise nodded, and leaning against my shoulder, told me of a chapter of the family history with which I was somewhat unfamiliar.

"That's sure," Louise explained. "But Katharine cared for him very much. She and father had a bitter quarrel about him, though, I never recall."

"None whatever that I could see. Through it all, except for that afternoon, Katharine's attitude toward father has been most loving. If anything, it seemed to me that she was loving him more toward him afterward than before."

"Do you suppose she has been meeting Crandall surreptitiously?" I asked.

"But he telephoned her today," I persisted.

"That's a lie," admitted Louise. "I think he must have done so day before yesterday, too. Some one called her, and she went out just as she did today. Generally, I know, I have seen where we are going, and I thought it peculiar at the time that she said nothing to me."

In deep perplexity we both sat, silently pondering the mystery of Katharine's action. What could have made her do it? Why was she so secret, because her father had learned something about her creditable about her suit and had forbidden him the house?

that it had been her purpose to destroy it. On the other hand, General Farrah, too, must have known of the existence of the letter, else why did he know such terror at the mere mention of a scrap of it? It must have been part of some document that had made a vivid impression on his mind.

"I was not so positive as she that the letter did not apply to the general. The thought came to me that perhaps even in the proud Farrah family there might have been some girl child of unblemished birth whose existence had been kept secret from Louise."

"My eye fell to the crate below, where a fire burned cheerily. Here, in the ashes of burned letters and the charred corner of a photograph, I discovered a scrap of paper that had fallen through the grate."

"Clad in a dressing-gown, his white hair in wild disorder, he pointed with accusing hands at the relic scrawled in paper in hand. Never in moral face have I seen such terror as I saw his. His eyes dilated, seemed bulging from their sockets. His countenance was white as chalk. His jaw had dropped in the paralysis of terror."

Louise and I sprang to his side, but when she turned to look at me, she shook us off, and with fingers still pointing to the yellow scrap I had left falling to the floor, he uttered a gasp.

CHAPTER II. Our First Clue. Louise and I sat at dinner together. It is strange that the commonplaces of the terrible, how the usual and the usual intermingling, how the clock ticks in the room, how the water runs in the tub, how the fire burns in the grate, how the wind whistles in the chimney, how the clock ticks in the room, how the water runs in the tub, how the fire burns in the grate, how the wind whistles in the chimney.

"The large catch of food red shad so in the midst of the shad hatching season and daily many thousands of the young fish are hatched in the artificial waters of the propagating station."

The eggs are being taken from the shad by agents of the station at the fishing shores at Clapman's point, Plymouth, Pompano Point and from the gilliers and trap net fishermen. Launches several times each day make trips to the different shores, and the total number of shad hatched each month is expected to be well up in the millions.

The United States fish commission station at Bryant's wharf, Md., soon in the midst of the shad hatching season and daily many thousands of the young fish are hatched in the artificial waters of the propagating station.

The paper, of a peculiarly yellowish tint, was hardly more than two square inches in size, and was folded lengthwise. On it we could make out these words:

On the table before us lay the scrap of yellow paper. I am certain that it concerned Crandall. "I do not know," said Louise. "I know nothing about his family. It seems strange, too, when for months and months we saw so much of him, I do not recollect his ever having mentioned any of his relatives."

"My brain recorded a victory for what I had just overheard. Her theory seemed infinitely better than mine. After all it was absurd to suspect a skeleton in the life of a man like General Farrah, who had been constantly under public scrutiny for many years. It was much more probable that the letter, which had been so incident in the life of Crandall, something so discreditable that the general had been forced to forbid Katharine to mention his name with her."

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Calumet Baking Powder advertisement. Costs Less Bakes Better. ECONOMY—that's one thing you are looking for in these days of high living cost—Calumet insures a wonderful saving in your baking.

W.L. Douglas Shoes advertisement. \$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 AND \$5.00. FOR MEN AND WOMEN. Boys wear W. L. Douglas \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00 School Shoes.

GREENING BEGAN THE LORD LEFT OFF. English Honors Cost Money. The letter patent granted for the dignity of a baronet cost \$150, and for that of a viscount \$400, payable to the board of inland revenue.

White more's Shoe Polish advertisement. English Honors Cost Money. The letter patent granted for the dignity of a baronet cost \$150, and for that of a viscount \$400, payable to the board of inland revenue.

BURNED AND ITCHED BADLY. 639 Lincoln Park Blvd., Chicago, Ill. "A year ago I received a very severe burn on my left arm. I caught cold in it and it was all sore and ulcerated. The sore was as large as a silver dollar."

Hatching Shad by Millions. The United States fish commission station at Bryant's wharf, Md., soon in the midst of the shad hatching season and daily many thousands of the young fish are hatched in the artificial waters of the propagating station.

Readers desiring to receive this paper. advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

Richest in Healing Qualities FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, MONEYS AND BLADDER. FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS.

"ANTI-JAG" advertisement. "Yes, my husband home?" "No, my husband is in the library."

Whittemore's Shoe Polish advertisement. English Honors Cost Money. The letter patent granted for the dignity of a baronet cost \$150, and for that of a viscount \$400, payable to the board of inland revenue.

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