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men and women are subject to the numerous ailments caused by defective or irregular action of the organs of digestion and elimination. Headaches, depression, nervousness, indigestion, are first consequences, and then worse sickness follows if the trouble is not removed. But thousands have discovered that

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are the most reliable corrective, and the best preventive of these common ailments. Better digestion, greater strength, regularity of habit, brighter spirits, clearer complexion are given to those who use Beecham's Pills with this time-tested home remedy. Beecham's Pills will do doubt help speedily to your stomach. Try them—for all over the world they

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Sole everywhere. In boxes, 1/6; 2/6; 3/6. The directions will tell you how to use very conveniently—especially to women.

BEING THE HAPPENINGS OF A NIGHT IN RICHMOND IN THE SPRING OF 1865.

BY WILLIAM GILLETTE;
BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY
ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR BERT SMITH

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Arrested had said, earlier in the day; he had allowed himself to be taken; he had been thrust into Libby prison with dozens of prisoners taken in the same sort. He had not been searched, but then none of the others had been; had he been selected for that unwanted immunity alone it would have awakened his suspicions. He had marched his way to the prison, and the Confederates had made a show of great haste in disposing of their prisoners, and had promised to search them in the morning. There fore Henry Dumont had retained the paper which later he had given Jonas, when by previous arrangement he had introduced him, and his love passion had broken all bounds, and he had spoken to her and she had answered. She loved him. What did she care for the future? He had been arrested, and she had been arrested. Sometimes woman's love makes duty easy, sometimes it makes it hard. Sometimes it is the crown which vic- tory wears and sometimes it is the pall that overshadows defeat.

What Edith Varney knew or suspected concerning him, she could not tell. That she suspected something, had been evident, but whatever her knowledge and suspicion, she was not a power- ful or telling to prevent her from returning love for love, kiss for kiss. But did she love him in spite of his being a prisoner? The problem was too great for his solution then.

These things passed through his mind as he stood by the window, wait- ing. It was all he could do. Some- times even to the most fiery and the most alert of soldiers comes the con- viction that there is nothing to do but wait. And if he thinks of it he will sympathize with the women who are left behind times of war, who have little to do but wait.

The room had suddenly become his world, the walls his horizon, the ceiling his sky. At another moment he would have been in the room, free, armed, his revolver in his hand?

None but the bravest would have entered upon such a career as he had chosen. His nerves were like steel in the presence of danger. He had trod before the woman in the garden a moment since; the stone walls of the house were no more rigid to him than the walls of a prison room now. It came to him that there was nothing left but one great battle in that room unless they shot him dead before he could get to the door, giving him no chance, if he did confront him openly he would show them that if he had chosen the secret service of the life of a sol- dier, he held some lives within the chamber of his revolver, and they should pay did they give him but a chance.

In the very midst of these crowding thoughts, a sharp rattle which rang through his mind in the far distance, that it had taken to record them, he heard a noise at the window at the farther side of the room, a noise which he instantly recognized as the sound of a door being opened. He bent his body slightly, and even the thought of Edith Varney passed from his mind. He stood ready, pow- erful, concentrated, and he was con- fronting an almost certain enemy with the fierce heart and unquenched anger of the fighter at bay.

He had scarcely stepped into his position when the window was opened, and a man was thrust violently through the room. At the first glance Thorne, an instant recog- nized the newcomer as his elder brother, Henry Dumont. Unlike the two famous brothers in the parable, these two loved each other.

Thorne's muscles relaxed, his hand still clutched the butt of his revolver, he was still alert, but he was not an enemy. He began at once to fath- om something at least of the plan and the purpose of the people who had trapped him. In a few moments he was aware that his enemies were not yet in possession of all the facts which would warrant them in laying hands upon him. He had seen, but he had not the evidence upon which to turn suspicion into certainty was evidently lacking. He could act, although he could not see the door, and he had not had any eyes solely for him, and that he was closely watched for some false move, he had not seen anything. A less cautious and more jealous man might have evinced some emotion, might have gone forward or back, might have shown his hands, but at least do something to have at- tracted his attention, but save for that relaxation of the tension, which was the only sign of any possibility of being taken, Thorne stood motionless, silent, watch- ing; just as he might have stood and waited had he been what he seemed to be, a nervous and friendly un- known and indifferent to him.

Henry Dumont had been thrust vio- lently into the room by soldiers outside. He had not captured the man of the man was overwhelming him.

Red Cross Ball Blue will show double as many clothes as any other Blue. Don't let your money into any other Blue. Ad.

Easy to Tell What He Thought.— Little Thorne, aged five, heard his mother read from the beauty columns of the paper that eating raw carrots would make one beautiful. A short time ago he was called into the room to view his baby sister for the first time. His mother asked him what he thought of her. Taking poms and looking at her, he answered in a disgusted tone. "Let's give her a carrot."—Chicago Tribune.

Puritan Foes of Lace.— In Puritan times, though the bob- bins were carved with texts warning the workers against the moral and errors of this wicked world, lace was still worn to a great extent, the fam- ily of Oliver Cromwell in particular having a decided penchant for the more costly varieties, and after his death his body was clothed in a gar- ment most richly trimmed with lace and ermine than that of any king be- fore him.

Important to Mothers.— Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Sounded Very Alarming.— Simmons had returned from his va- cation.

"I certainly enjoyed the husking bees," he said to a young woman. "Were you ever in the country during the season of husking bees?" "Thinking back," answered the girl; "why, of course not! How do you husk a bee, anyway, Mr. Simmons?"

Monuments.— A quarrelsome couple, having ex- hausted many subjects, came to dis- cussing tombstones, and the husband said: "My dear, what kind of a stone do you suppose they will give me when I die?" "Brimstone," was the reply.

Declares Women Drink More.— A. S. Shoemaker, attorney for the Anti-Saloon league, whose home is in Washington, says the women of the present day drink more intoxicating drinks each year.

"Invisible" Telephone.— Both transmitter and receiver of a new French-speaking telephone can be concealed in a case of drawers, a table ornament or any other incon- spicuous object in a room.

Rudely Frank.— Sapsmith: I wonder how it comes that Miss Swift is always out when I call. Grimsback:—Oh, I guess it's just her luck.—Puck.

New vs. More.— "Why are you in such a hurry for the new currency?" "The little supply that I had of the old is almost exhausted."—Buffalo Express.

Peaches.— "He says he is in love with daisies." "Oh, well, he has." "Ox-eyed daisies?" "No, peroxide daisies."

Some men seem to have outlived their usefulness when, as a matter of fact, they never had any.

DAISY FLY KILLER

Kills all flies, mosquitoes, and other insects. It is safe for all animals and humans. It is the best fly killer ever made.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S
ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever.

NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., LTD., BUFFALO, N.Y.

ABSORBINE

Reduces Strained, Puffy Ankles, Swollen Feet, Puffiness, Itching, and all sorts of skin eruptions. It is the best remedy for all skin troubles.

W. F. YOUNG, P. O. Box 118, Columbus, Miss.

He made a quick inspection of the room. Thorne, in the deeper shadows of the farther end of the room, was invisible to him. He stood motionless save for the turning of his head as he looked around him. He moved a few steps toward the back of the room, opposite his entrance, passed by the far door opening into the back hall which was covered with portiere, and went swiftly toward the rear door into the front hall. The door was slightly ajar, and as he came within range of the opening he saw in the shadows of the hall, crossed by a woman and man. No escape that way!

He went on past that door toward the large windows at the front of the room, and in another moment would have been at the front window where Thorne stood. The latter dropped the curtain and stepped out into the room.

For the thousandth part of a second the two brothers stared at each other, and then, in a barely intense voice, the younger, playing his part, desperately called out:

"Halt! You are a prisoner!"

Both brothers were quick witted, but knew that the man in the closest observation, both realized that they were expected to betray relationship, which would incriminate both, and probably result fatally for one and certainly ruin the plan. Thorne's eye was to regard his brother as the pris- oner, and Dumont's eye was to regard his brother as an enemy with whom it was his duty to struggle. The minds of both were quick as lightning. With a quick movement Dumont sought to pass his brother, but with a powerful equal rapid Thorne leaped upon him, shouting again:

"Halt, I say!"

The two men instantly grappled. It was no minute struggle that they engaged in. They were of about equal height and weight, if anything Thorne was the stronger, but this advantage was offset by the fact that he had been wearing a more violent struggle therefore on equal terms at first. It was a fierce, desperate grapple in which they met. As they struggled, Dumont's eye was to regard his brother toward that part of the room near the mantel which was farthest away from doors or windows, and Thorne's eye was to regard his brother to be overheard or to be more closely observed. As they fought together, Thorne called out again:

"Corporal of the guard, here is your man! Corporal of the guard, what are you doing?"

At that instant the two reeling bodies struck the wall next to the mantel with a fearful smash and a chair that stood by was overturned by a quick movement by the part of



"Look Out, Harry! You'll Hurt Yourself!"

replied, and "Surrender, curse you!" the shouted anger. "You'll hurt yourself!" he pleaded.

"I don't care," muttered Dumont. "Let me have it!"

His hands slipped down from Thorne's shoulders and grasped the butt of the revolver. The two grappled fiercely, but the struggle was beginning to tell on Thorne, who was not yet in full possession of his physical vitality. His long lines had sapped his strength.

"Don't, don't, for God's sake!" he begged, and then shouted desperately: "Here's your man, corporal, what's the matter with you?"

"Give me that gun," said Dumont, and in spite of himself his voice rose again. There was nothing suspicious in the words, it was what he might have said had the battle been a real one, he was to be by a more violent effort he wrenched the weapon from the holster and away from Thorne's retaining hand. The latter sought desperately to repossess himself of the revolver, but he was too weak to do so.

"Look out, Harry! You'll hurt yourself!" he implored, but the next mo- ment a superhuman effort Dumont threw him back as Thorne was staggered. Dumont turned the pistol on himself. Recovering himself with in- stantaneous swiftness, Thorne leaped at his brother, and the two fought on down together with a crash in the midst of which rang out the sharp report of the heavy weapon. Instead of shooting himself harmlessly through the lung, (TO BE CONTINUED)

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ANCIENT CRIME UNPAID FOR

Murder 700 Years Ago Still Causes Annual Tribes to Be Paid by Community.

Seven hundred years ago some shepherds of the Valley of Roncal, in Navarre, were murdered by shepherds of the Valley of Barreton, in Bearn, the crime being the cause of the annual tribute of the Spanish people of the lands of Arles, in the Pyrenees.

It would have been difficult to bring the murderers individually to justice, and the Spanish people, in order to maintain the price of a yearly tax or tribute, to endure for all time, and this proposition was accepted without dissent.

The payment of this blood tax originally three white marks, but later three cows of a particular breed and color, was made by the community, and the custom is not being changed.

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Still In The Lead

For over fifteen years the Grape-Nuts, the pioneer health cereal, has had no equal, either in flavour or nutrition.

Thousands of families use it regularly because

Grape-Nuts

Has qualities which make it the ideal food—

Delicious Flavour,
Rich Nourishment,
Quick Preparation,
and withal, easily digested.

Grape-Nuts and cream, in place of heavy, indigestible food, helps to make one cooler and more comfortable on hot days; and builds and brain in a way that gives zest and energy.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

At a certain stone, remote from any town, and go through the ceremony of presenting and receiving the cattle, of the order and procedure, which is elaborate and impressive, is fixed by a document bearing the date 1375, though the tribute was paid a hundred years prior to that time.

Four Great Sauces.— A Frenchman has declared that "man has created the culinary art; he does not eat like an animal—he breaks fast, dines and sups."

The French are particularly eloquent on the subject of sauces. Among their famous chefs are recog- nized four great sauces: Spanish, Veloute, Bechamel and Goussier. The Spanish and Veloute were known as far back as the seventeenth century, though the others were modified by the masters of cookery particularly by Carême, who was called "the Raphael of the kitchen."

It is composed of a mixture of juices extracted from a mixture of lamb, veal, chicken and pheasant. It is similar, but is not colored. Bechamel is a white sauce, and the German sauce is Veloute plus the yolks of eggs.—Harper's Weekly.

Wanted to Be a Puppy.— Margaret, as usual, wanted to leave the table with her hands full of bread and jam.

"Margaret," said her mother, "can't you remember, that your grandfather said that he reminded him of a little puppy taking his bone out to chew?" Margaret slipped from the table with her bread.

Fanny watched her sister slither, and then fixed herself a small piece of bread and jam, then turning to her mother her big brown eyes she said meekly: "Mamma, may I be a little puppy?"—Judge.

Summer Hearts.— The sea was blue and sparkling. The white sand glittered in the sunshine. A great wind, moist and cool, and laden with salt, blew steadily. Stuffed, doubtless by the same and tonic breeze of the scene, all the young people at Atlantic City seemed to be swooning. Bathing, they bathed hand-in-hand. Seated on the sand, their shoulders touched. They walked arm-in-arm upon the broad, windswept promenade.

All this proximity caused Nat Willis, the actor, to say with a smile: "Distance lends enchantment, but the average summer girl and summer man prefer to borrow at another bank."

Disgusted "Fan."— George McConnell, the Yankee pitcher, has a very bright little boy of five. The youngster, who goes to most of the ball games with his mother, is a very "nosy" fanner. One day he was disgusted to see that his father knocked out of the box. The next day Jack Warbur attended the same sort of treatment, and after he had dressed he went to sit with the McConnell family in the grand stand.

He and the little McConnell boy are the best of chums, but this day "Hops" could not get a rise out of the little coddler. Every advance was met with cold disdain. Finally the coddler could repress his wrath no longer.

"Go on away from me," he said, "and don't ever talk to me again till I see a game. You're almost as rotten as dad."

Power.— Woman happened to wear modest clothes, an extra session of congress was immediately called. The president was present in person.

Thereseau woman, fanning herself, he said, "is unnecessary for me to dilate upon. The question is—what can you do?"

A committee was appointed to wait upon the ladies, who remained firm. Wall street was suspended and the leading banks failed. The balance of trade, reversing against by several billions, and on top of this the crops gave indications of total collapse.

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Life.— "What is the use of having stuff when we can do things like this?"—Life.

Daring Aeronaut Bly of Horse.— A Rockwood farmer thinks these balloonists fellows are queer. He is still scratching his head over a strange remark by Capt. Honeysell. As the balloon was packed and ready for shipment to St. Louis, a farmer standing near, offered his team to transport the balloon and the men to Rockwood. Honeysell demanded to know if the horse was a "safe dog." "Yes," said the farmer, "but a bit afraid to automobiles." "Nothing on your care to risk my life behind a scary horse." And Honeysell had ridden a balloon from Kansas City, feeling brave a storm the whole way.—Toledo Blade.

Love Isn't Fatal.— "So your friend Jasper has been jelled?" "Yes, he has. Along bygone times," says a Calif. physician, "I have never found a food to compare with Grape-Nuts for the benefit of the general health of all classes of people. I have recommended Grape-Nuts for number years to patients with the greatest success and every year's experience makes me more enthusiastic regarding its use."

"I make it a rule to always recommend Grape-Nuts, and Postum in place of coffee. I have given my patients all sorts of instructions as to diet, for I know both Grape-Nuts and Postum can be digested by all."

"As for myself, when engaged in much mental work I diet twice a day on Grape-Nuts and Postum. I find it just the thing to build up and keep the brain in good working order."

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