

POLICE VETERAN REGAINS HEALTH

Could Hardly Eat or Sleep Because of Chronic Indigestion

—Now Praises Taniae.

W. N. Hatcher, 110 Lucile Ave., Greenville, S. C., is still another who has realized the wonderful merits of Taniae. Mr. Hatcher has been a member of the Greenville Police department for thirty years and is one of the most efficient and popular officers on the force. In commenting on his experience with Taniae Officer Hatcher said: "I know many others, besides myself, Taniae has helped and I am glad to speak out for it. I had suffered from indigestion and constipation for something like fifteen years. I had about reached the point where I could neither eat nor sleep, for every time I ate it hurt me and the misery kept me awake at night. I had lost energy and strength until when my day's work was over I would feel completely played out."

"I now eat anything I want, always have a fine appetite, and I have gained eight pounds. I am certainly thankful to be able to enjoy a good meal once more and not suffer afterwards. I am just like a new man and Taniae gets all the credit."

Taniae is for sale by all good druggists. Over 25 million bottles sold—Advertisement.

Ought to be Happy. "What the man gets a treasure and the woman gets a treasury."



FATHER JOHN'S MEDICINE RICHEST IN VITAMINS ALL PURE FOOD

Grippe Physicians advise keeping the bowels open as a safeguard against Grippe and Influenza. When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating-tissue is produced in the bowels to keep the moving doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus secures regular bowel movements by Nature's own method—Influenza.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine. It is a natural product of nature. It cannot gripe. Try it today.

Dr. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for 25 cents and one dollar. Write to Dr. J. C. K. P. L. E., Northport & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Ladies Let Cuticura Keep Your Skin Fresh and Young

Your Hair for that COUGH! KEMP'S BALSAM

MURINE Night Morning Keep Your Eyes Clean—Clear—Healthy

William MacHarg

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"I REFUSE" Gabriel Warden, Seattle capitalist, called to his butler he is expecting a caller. He informs himself of the danger that threatens the lives of the only honorable one, Warden leaves the door open and sees a man who man who takes into the man's white. When the door is closed, the man and alone. The caller, a young man, leaves unobserved. Mr. Conroy, conductor of the train, the train for a party. Five men, a girl and a girl board the train. The father of the girl, Mr. Dorne, is the person for whom the train was held. Philip D. Eaton, a young man, also boarded the train. Eaton took his father and his secretary, Don Avey, to find out what was making Eaton's acquaintance. Dorne was a man who had been in a murder case. A surgeon operated on Dorne and revealed a power in the financial world as the adviser of the man who had been in a murder case. Eaton asked for information and questioned. He refused information about the man who had been in a murder case. Eaton pleaded with Harriet, telling her he was in a serious danger, telling her he was in a serious danger, telling her he was in a serious danger. He felt the girl believes him.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

While she spoke, the blood, rising with her embarrassment, had dyed Harriet's face, suddenly turning away from him and out the window. "He would be called, I judge, a rather likeable-looking man. His question plainly was only meant to lead up to something else. Santonio had judged in that particular. Santonio addressed him suddenly—"I understand that you have admitted that you were at the house of Gabriel Warden the evening he was killed while in his car. Is that so?"

"Yes," said Eaton. "You are the man then, then, of whom Gabriel Warden spoke to his wife?" "I believe so."

"You believe so?" "You believe so?" "You believe so?" "You believe so?"

"What, then, was your position in regard to Mr. Warden?" Eaton remained silent. "You refuse to answer?" Santonio inquired. "I refuse."

"In spite of the probability that Mr. Warden met his death because of his intention to undertake something for you?" "I have not been able to fix that as a probability."

"Mr. Eaton, have I ever injured you personally—I don't mean directly, as man to man, for I have never put a hand on you, but I have done things which I have ever done anything which indirectly has worked injury on you, or your affairs?"

"No," Eaton answered. "Who sent you aboard this train?" "Sent me? No one."

William MacHarg

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is the gentleman?" Conroy said to the chauffeur to whom Harriet Santonio had spoken. Warden looked at the man who had been in a murder case, whom Eaton had not met before, who was seated in the car; before Eaton stepped into the car, he had extended his hand—"Good-by, sir."

The motor-car drove down a wide, winding road with tall, spreading trees on both sides. The man in the car with Eaton, whose duty plainly was only that of a guard, did not speak to Eaton nor Eaton to him. The motor passed other limousines occasionally; then, though the road was still wide and smooth and still bounded by great trees, it was lovelier; no houses appeared for half a mile; then lights glowed directly ahead; the car ran under the portico of a great, stony country mansion, a servant sprang to the door of the limousine and opened it; another man seized Eaton's handbag and stepped into the car. Eaton looked at a large, bearded man and panned halfway with an immense fireplace with logs burning in it; there was a wide stairway leading to the second floor, and had appointed himself Eaton's guide, ascended. Eaton followed him and found another great hall upstairs. The servant led him to one of the doors opening off this and into a large room, fitted for a man's occupancy, with dark furniture, cases containing books looking on the wall, and a smoking pipe; off this was a dressing room with the bath next; beyond was a bedroom.

"These are to be your rooms, sir," the servant said. A valet appeared and unpacked Eaton's traveling bag. Eaton went to bed, but amazement would not let him sleep. "He was in Santonio's house; he knew it could be no other than Santonio's house that he had come from. As he had thought and planned and schemed all through the long voyage on the steamer how it was to be done. He would have been willing to cross the continent on foot to accomplish it; no labor that he could imagine would have seemed too great to him if this had been his end; and here it had been done without effort on his part, naturally, inevitably. (Conroy and the servant were silent. Eaton had realized this, his mind was full of what he had to do in Santonio's house. For many days he had not thought about that; it had seemed impossible that he could have any opportunity to act for himself. And the return to it thoughts of possibility of carrying out his original plan brought before him thoughts of his friends—those friends who had been so kind to him, who had been obliged to deny, when questioned, to protect them as well as himself."

As he lay on his bed in the dark, he stared upward to the ceiling, wide awake, thinking of those friends whose devotion to him might be justified at almost any time. "I understood that you were at the house of Gabriel Warden the evening he was killed while in his car. Is that so?"

"Yes," said Eaton. "You are the man then, then, of whom Gabriel Warden spoke to his wife?" "I believe so."

"You believe so?" "You believe so?" "You believe so?" "You believe so?"

"What, then, was your position in regard to Mr. Warden?" Eaton remained silent. "You refuse to answer?" Santonio inquired. "I refuse."

"In spite of the probability that Mr. Warden met his death because of his intention to undertake something for you?" "I have not been able to fix that as a probability."

Edwin Balmer

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only along the little projecting breakwaters which gurgled the bluff against the washing of the waves, some ice still clung and this was rapidly melting. A gravelly path led them around the south end of the house. Eaton saw at a little distance a powerful, strapping man, half-conscious, though he did not seem to be lying—binding some bushes. The man might have passed for an under-guard; but he was not working; and once before during their walk Eaton had seen another man, powerfully built as this one, who had looked keenly at him and then away quickly. Harriet flushed slightly as she saw that Eaton observed the man; Eaton understood then that the man was a guard, one of several, probably, who had been put about the house to keep watch of him. "Had Harriet Santonio understood his interest in the grounds as paratory? Did he plan to escape, and had therefore taken him out to show him the guards who would prevent his escape?"

"You're both, sir; hot or cold in the morning, sir?" "Hot," Eaton answered. "Of course, sir. I forgot you're just come from the Orient. I shall then to bring breakfast up, sir; or will you go down?" the man asked. Eaton considered. The manners of servants are compiled on the order of their masters, and the man's deference told plainly that, although Eaton might be a prisoner, he was not to be treated openly as such. "I think I can go down," Eaton replied. He found the hall and the rooms below bright and open but unoccupied; a servant showed him to a blue felt breakfast room to the east. He had had finished his bacon and greens before anyone else appeared.

This was a tall, carefully dressed man of more than fifty, with handsomely weathered features—a man of position and wealth but without experience in affairs, and without power. He was dark haired and wore a mustache which, like his hair, was beginning to gray. As he appeared in the hall without hat or overcoat, Eaton understood that he lived in the house; he came directly to the breakfast room and evidently had not breakfasted.

"I am Wallace Blatchford," the stranger volunteered as Eaton looked up. He gave the name in a manner which seemed to assume that he was not to be recalled; Eaton therefore respectfully reminded him of his name in return. "Blatchford is better this morning," Blatchford announced. "I understand that you're very comfortable last evening," Eaton said. "I have not seen either Miss Santonio or Mr. Avey," Eaton said. "I was last night," the other boasted. "He was very tired; but when he was tired of control he came directly to be beside him for a time."

"Of course," Eaton replied, at the other halted. There was a humility in the least of the man's friendship for Santonio which stirred sympathy almost pity. Eaton finished his breakfast but returned to the table while Blatchford, who scarcely touched his food, continued to boast in his queer humility. "He is a man of position and wealth," Blatchford said. "She is a woman of position and wealth," Blatchford said. "I understand that you're very comfortable last evening," Eaton said. "I have not seen either Miss Santonio or Mr. Avey," Eaton said. "I was last night," the other boasted. "He was very tired; but when he was tired of control he came directly to be beside him for a time."

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Grip Left You a Bad Back?

DOES your back ache day after day with a dull, unceasing throbb? Are you worn out, and discouraged—ready to "give up"? Then why not look to your kidneys. Chances are a cold or a chill has weakened your kidneys? Poisons have accumulated that well kidneys would filter off. It's little wonder, then, you have constant backache, headaches, dizzy spells, annoying bladder irregularities, and sharp rheumatic twinges—that you feel nervous, "blue" and irritable. Don't wait for serious kidney trouble. Get back your health while you can. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

"Use Doan's," Say These Grateful Folks:

E. A. Smith, 523 N. Madison St., Marshall, Mich., says: "Whenever I have taken cold and so much lifting and stooping caused my kidneys to bother me a great deal. Especially when I take cold it settles across my kidneys and I have a great deal of backache. The minute my hips got very sore, too. Whenever I am sick with these attacks I use Doan's Kidney Pills and they always bring the best of relief."

Red Tape at Its Highest. Circumlocution in the civil service is not always the result of the system. A few weeks ago an official in one department made an inquiry about a certain case to a subordinate official in another section that allowed the matter to slide. Last week the official addressed a complaint to the subordinate's superior and the superior passed on the minute to the subordinate with the query, "Has nothing been done?" The minute was returned marked "Yes" and was sent back to the subordinate with a laconic "What?" "Nothing," was the subordinate's comment on the minute.

More than rouge and powder are needed to alter the complexion of a woman's features.

SPHON'S DISTEMPOR COMPOUND Are your horses coughing or running at the nose? If so, give them SPHON'S. A valuable remedy for Coughs, Colds, Diarrhoea, Influenza, Pink Eye and Worms among horses and mules. An occasional dose "tones" them up. Sold at all drug stores.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM Restores Color and Promotes Growth of Hair. Sold at all drug stores.

HINDERCORNS Remove Corns, Calluses, etc. Sold at all drug stores.

More than rouge and powder are needed to alter the complexion of a woman's features.

Help You Run the Ball

—bring home the bacon, collar the blue vase, carry the message to Garcia, etc.

LITTLE Rains, full of energy and Lion, will put the pep into you that makes winning plays. Use vms like it in your business, too.

One hundred and forty-five calories of energizing nutrient in every little five-cent red box that you see. Comes from fruit sugar in practically predigested form—levulose, the scientists call it—so it goes to work almost immediately. Rich in food-also.

Try these little rains when you're hungry, lazy, tired or faint. See how they pick you up and set you on your toes.

Little Sun-Maids "Between-Meal" Raisins So Everywhere Had Your Iron Today?



LANDED HERE BEFORE COLUMBUS

Every Reason to Believe That Liefr Ericsson Was Real Discoverer of America.

Who may have been the first discoverer of America to one known, but Liefr Ericsson visited it over 400 years ahead of Columbus. A recent writer on this matter has said: "The evidence that Liefr Ericsson came to the North American coast in the year 1000 and that he returned to Europe, making his discovery known to the world, is clear and without question. He is defended against the charge of being a 'barbarous Norse adventurer,' though he might have been a 'barbarous discoverer of America.' It is maintained that he represented the highest type of the Scandinavian civilization of that time which had risen above the decadent Roman culture of southern Europe. The Sagas say that Ericsson was a large, powerful man of most imposing bearing, 'a man of sagacity and just in all things.' Before his discovery of America he had been converted to the Christian faith, and had been commissioned by King Olaf to proclaim the faith to the people of Greenland, which the Scandinavians and settled countries considered to be that time. It is quite reasonable to believe that the Norsemen who had been in Greenland had made voyages to America in advance of Ericsson."

Brighter Days Ahead. "Don't marry a man who hasn't any sense of humor," the Rev. John M. Moore of Brooklyn advises girls. Well, that would solve the housing problem in time.—New York Times.

Should Slow Down. The kind of man who is always in a hurry is liable to dash past a good thing without seeing it.