NO OPERATION FOR HER

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Backache, nervousness, painful times, irregularity, tired and run-down feelings, are symptoms of female troubles. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound should be taken whenever there is reason to fear such troubles. It contains nothing that can injure, and tends to tone up and strengthen the organs concerned, so that they may work in a healthy, normal manner. Let it help you as has thousands of others. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now selling almost all over the world.

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Those who are in a "run down" condition will notice that Catarrh bothers them much more than when they are in good health. This fact proves that while Catarrh is a local disease, it is greatly influenced by constitutional conditions.

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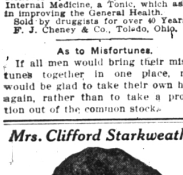
Mrs. Clifford Starkweather



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It is the most complete system cleanser ever offered to the public, acting on both uppers and lower bowels and removing foul matter which probably poisoned the system for months and which nothing else can dislodge.

It eliminates all gasses immediately, thus relieving pressure on the heart. You will be astonished at the great amount of poisonous matter May's Wonder Herb Pills draw from the alimentary canal. Matter you never thought was in your system.

Try it right after a natural movement and notice how much more foul matter it will eliminate. Also for slight disorders, such as occasional constipation, sour stomach, gas on the stomach and sick headaches.

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NO DYE To restore gray or faded hair to original color, don't use a dye—it's dangerous—Get a bottle of Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer—it's as a water—apply it and watch results. At all good druggists $1.00, or direct from HESSIG-ELLIS Chemists, Memphis Tenn.

The Blind Man's Eyes

By

William MacHarg

Edwin Balmer

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"AN ACCIDENT!"

Gabriel Warden, Seattle capitalist, tells his butler he is expecting a caller, to be admitted without question. He informs his wife of danger that threatens him if he pursues a course he considers the only honorable one. Warden leaves the house in his car and meets a man whom he takes into the machine. When the car returns home, Warden is found dead, murdered, and alone. The caller, a young man, has been at Warden's house, but leaves unobserved. Bob Conners, conductor, receives orders to hold train for a party. Five men and a girl board the train, the eastern express. 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. Dorne tells his daughter and his secretary, Don Avery, to find out what they can concerning him. The two make Eaton's acquaintance. Dorne is found nearly dead from a murderous assault. A surgeon operates. Dorne is transported as Hasil Sanitoine, blind, and a power in the financial world as the adviser of "big interests." Eaton is suspected and questioned. He refuses information about himself and admits he was the caller at Warden's house. Eaton pleads with Harriet Santoine to withhold judgment, telling her he is in serious danger, though innocent of the crime against her father. He feels the girl believes him. Santoine recovers sufficiently to question Eaton, who refuses his identity. The financier requires Eaton to accompany him to the Santoine home as a semi-prisoner. Eaton meets a resident of the house, Wallace Hitchford, and Mildred Davis, a stenographer, with whom he is acquainted, though they conceal the fact. Eaton's mission is to secure certain documents which are vital to his interests.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

—9—

Eaton drew further back into the alcove as some one passed through the hall above. The footsteps ceased overhead; Eaton, assured no one was coming down the stairs, spoke swiftly to tell her as much as he might in their moment. "He—Santoine—wasn't taken ill on the train. Edith; he was attacked."

"Attacked!" Her lips barely moved. "He was almost killed; but they concealed it. Edith—pretended he was only ill. I was on the train—you know, of course; I got your wire—and they suspected me of the attack."

"You? But they didn't find out about you, Hugh?"

"No; they are investigating. Santoine would not let them make anything public. He brought me here while he is trying to find out about me. So I'm here, Edith—here! Is it here too?"

Again steps sounded in the hall above. The girl swiftly busied herself with gloves and hat; Eaton stood stark in suspense. The servant above—it was a servant they had heard before, he recognized how—merely crossed from one room to another overhead. Now the girl's lips moved again.

"It?" She formed the question noiselessly.

"The draft of the new agreement."

"It either has been sent to him, or it will be sent to him very soon—here."

"Where will it be when it is here?"

"Where? Oh!" The girl's eyes went to the wall close to where Eaton stood; she seemed to measure with them a definite distance from the door and a point shoulder high, and to resist the impulse to come over and put her hand upon the spot. As Eaton followed her look, he heard a slight and muffled click as if from the study; but no sound could reach them through the study doors and what he heard came from the wall itself.

"A safe?" he whispered.

"Yes; Miss Santoine—she's in there, isn't she?—closed it just now. There are two of them hidden behind the books, one on each side of the door."

Eaton tapped gently on the wall; the wall was brick; the safe undoubtedly was backed with steel.

"The best way is from inside the room," he concluded.

She nodded. "Yes. If you—"

"Look out!"

Someone now was coming down stairs. The girl had time only to whisper swiftly, "If we don't get a chance to speak again, watch that vase." She pointed to a bronze antique which stood on a table near them. "When I'm sure the agreement is in the house, I'll drop a glove button in that—a black one, if I think it'll be in the safe on the right, white on the left. Now go."

Eaton moved quietly on and into the drawing room. Avery's voice immediately afterward was heard; he was speaking to Miss Davis, whom he had found in the hallway. Eaton was certain there was no suspicion that he had talked with her there; indeed, Avery seemed to suppose that Eaton was still in the study with Harriet Santoine. It was her lapse, then, which had let him out and had given him this chance; but it was a lapse, he discovered, which was not likely to favor him again. From that time, while never held strictly in restraint, he found himself always in the sight of someone.

Eaton let himself think, idly, about Harriet—how strange her life had been—that part of it at least which was spent, as he had gathered most of her waking hours of recent years had been spent, with her father. Strange, almost, as his own life! And what a wonderful girl it had made of her—clever, sweet, lovable, with more than a woman's ordinary capacity for devotion and self-sacrifice.

But, if her service to her father was not only on his personal side but if also she was intimate in his business affairs, must she not therefore have shared the cruel code which had terrorized Eaton for the last four years and kept him an exile in Asia and which, at any hour yet, threatened to take his life? A grim set came to Eaton's lips; his mind went again to his own affairs.

CHAPTER XII

The Man From the Train.

In the supposition that he was to have less liberty, Eaton proved correct. Harriet Santoine, to whose impulses had been due his first privileges, showed toward him a more constrained attitude the following morning. She did not suggest hostility, as Avery constantly did; nor, indeed, was there any evidence of retrogression in her attitude toward him; she seemed merely to be maintaining the same position; and since this seemed difficult if they were often together, she avoided him. Eaton understood that Santoine, steadily improving, but not yet able to leave his bed, had taken up his work again, propped up by pillows; one of the nurses had been dismissed; the other was only upon day duty. But Eaton did not see Santoine at all; and though he learned that Miss Davis or another stenographer, whose name was West, came daily to the house, he never was in a position again to encounter any outsider either coming or going.

There was no longer room for Eaton to doubt that Harriet had the confidence of her father to almost a complete extent. Now that Santoine was ill, she worked with him daily for hours; and Eaton learned that she did the same when he was well. But Avery worked with the blind man too; he, too, was certainly in a confidential capacity. Was it not probable then that Avery, and not Harriet, was entrusted with the secrets of dangerous and ugly matters; or was it possible that this girl, worshiping her father as she did, could know and be sure that, because her father approved these matters, they were right?

A hundred times a day, as Eaton saw or spoke with the girl or thought of her presence near by, this obsessed him. A score of times during their casual talk upon meeting at meals or elsewhere, he found himself turned toward some question which would aid him in determining what must be the fact, but each time he checked himself, until one morning—it was the fifth after his arrival at Santoine's house—Harriet was taking him for his walk in the garden before the house. She had just told him, at his inquiry, that her father was very much stronger that morning, and her manner more than ever evidenced her pride in him.

They walked on slowly. "I wish you could tell me more about yourself Mr. Eaton."

"I wish so too," he said.

"Then why can you not?" She turned to him frankly; he gazed at her a moment and then looked away and shook his head. Did she know all of what was known even under her father's roof; and if she knew all, would she then loathe or defend it?

A motor sped near, halted and then speeded on again; Eaton, looking up, saw it was a runabout with Avery alone in it; evidently, seeing them in the road, Avery had halted to protest, then thought better of it and gone on. But other motors passed now with people who spoke to Harriet and who stopped to inquire for her father and wish him well.

"Your father does not seem to be one of the great men without honor in his own neighborhood," Eaton said to her after one of these had halted and gone on.

"Everyone who knows Father likes and admires him!" she rejoiced.

"I don't mean exactly that," Eaton went on. "They must trust him too, in an extraordinary way. His associates must place most complete confidence in him when they leave to him the adjustment of matters such as I understand they do." He tells them what is just, and they abide by his decision."

Harriet shook her head. "No; it isn't quite that," she said.

"What, then?"

"You are correct in saying that men of the most opposite sorts—and most irreconcilable to each other—constantly place their fate in Father's hand; and when he tells them what they must do, they abide by his decision. But he doesn't decide for them what is just."

"I don't understand. What does he tell them, then?"

"He tells them what would be the outcome if they fought, who would win and who would lose and by how much. And they believe him and abide by his decision without fighting; for he knows; and they know that he knows and is absolutely honest."

Eaton was silent for a moment as they walked along. "How can he come to his decision?" he asked at last.

"How?"

"I mean, much of the material presented to him must be documentary."

"Much of it is."

"Then someone must read it to him."

"Of course."

Eaton started to speak—then restrained.

"What were you going to say?" she questioned.

"That the person—or persons—who reads the documents to him must occupy an extremely delicate position."

"He does. In fact, I think that position is Father's one nightmare."

"Nightmare?"

"The person he trusts must not only be absolutely discreet but absolutely honest."

"I should think so. If anyone in that position wanted to use the information brought to your father, he could make himself millions overnight, undoubtedly, and ruin other men."

"And kill Father too," the girl added quietly. "Yes," she said as Eaton looked at her. "Father puts nothing above his trust. If that trust were betrayed—whether or not Father were in any way to blame for it—I think it would kill him."

"So you are the one who is in that position."

"Yes; that is, I have been."

"You mean there is another now; that is, of course, Mr. Avery?"

"Yes; here at this house Mr. Avery and I, and Mr. Avery at the office. Before Mr. Avery came, I was the only one who helped here at the house."

"When was that?"

"When Mr. Avery came? About five years ago. Father had an immense amount of work at that time. Business conditions were very much unsettled. There was trouble [illegible] time between some of the big eastern and big western men, and at the same time the government was prosecuting the trusts. Nobody knew what the outcome of it all would be; many of the biggest men who consulted Father were like men groping in the dark. I don't suppose you would remember the time by what I say; but you would remember it, as nearly everybody else does by this: it was the time of the murder of Mr. Eaton."

"Yes; I remember that," said Eaton; "and Mr. Avery came to you at that time?"

"Yes; just at that time I was thrown from my horse, and could not do as much as I had been doing, so Mr. Avery was sent to Father."

"Then Mr. Avery was reading to him at the time you spoke of—the time of the Eaton murder?"

"No; Mr. Avery came just afterward. I was reading to him at that time."

"The papers must have been a good deal for a girl of eighteen."

"At that time, you mean? They were; but Father dared trust no one else."

"Mr. Avery handles those matters now for your father?"

"The continuation of what was going on then? Yes; he took them up at the time I was hurt and so has kept on looking after them; for there has been plenty for me to do without that; and those things have all been more or less settled now. They have worked themselves out as things do, though they seemed almost unsolvable at the time. One thing that helped in their solution was that Father was able, that time, to urge what was just, as well as what was advisable."

"You mean that in the final settlement of them no one suffered?"

"No one, I think—except, of course, poor Mr. Latron; and that was a private matter not connected in any direct way with the question at issue. Why do you ask all this, Mr. Eaton?"

"I was merely interested in you—in what your work has been with your Father, and what it is," he answered quietly.

They had been following the edge of the road, she along a path worn in the turf, he on the edge of the road itself and never to the tracks of the motors. Suddenly she cried out and clutched at him. As they had stopped, she had heard the sound of a motor approaching them rapidly from behind. Except that this car seemed speeding faster than the first, she had paid no attention and had not turned. Instantaneously, as she had cried and pulled upon him, she had realized that this car was not passing; it was directly behind and almost upon him. She felt him spring to the side as quickly as he could; but her cry and pull upon him were almost too late; as he leaped, the car struck. The blow was glancing, not direct, and he was off his feet and in motion when the wheel struck; but the car hurled him aside and rolled him over and over.

As she rushed to Eaton, the two men in the rear seat of the car turned their heads and looked back, but without checking its speed or swerving; the car dashed on and disappeared down the roadway.

She bent over Eaton and took hold of him. He struggled to his feet and, dazed, tottered so that she supported him. As she realized that he was not greatly hurt, she stared with horror at the turn in the road where the car had disappeared.

"Why, he tried to run you down! He meant to! He tried to hurt you!" she cried.

"No," Eaton denied. "Oh, no, I don't think so. It must have been—an accident. He was—frightened when he saw what he had done."

"It wasn't at all like an accident!" she persisted. "It couldn't have been an accident there and coming up from behind the way he did! No; he meant to do it! Did you see who was in the car—who was driving?"

He turned to her quickly. "Who?" he demanded.

"One of the people who was on the train! The morning Father was hurt. Don't you remember—a little man, nervous, but very strong; a man almost like an ape?"

He shuddered and then controlled himself. "Yes, I remember a fellow the conductor tried to seat me opposite."

"This was the same man!"

Eaton shook his head. "That could hardly be; I think you must be mistaken."

"I am not mistaken; it was the man!"

"Still, I think you must be." It again denied.

She stared studying him. "Perhaps I was," she agreed; but she knew she had not been. "I am glad, whoever it was, he didn't injure you. You are all right, aren't you?"

"Quite," he assured. "Please don't trouble about it, Miss Santoine."

They walked back rather silently, she appreciating how passionately she had expressed herself for him and he quiet because of this and other thoughts too.

They found Donald Avery in front of the house looking for them as they came up. Eaton succeeded in walking without limping; but he could not conceal the marks on his clothes.

"Harriet, I've just come from your father; he wants you to go to him at once," Avery directed. "Good morning, Eaton. What's happened?"

"Carelessness," Eaton deprecated. "Got rather in the way of a motor and was knocked over for it."

Harriet did not correct this to Avery. She went up to her father; she was still trembling, and still with horror at what she had seen—an attempt to kill one walking at her side. She stopped outside her father's door to compose herself; then she went in.

The blind man was propped up on his bed with pillows into almost a sitting position; the nurse was with him.

"What did you want, Father?" Harriet asked.

He had recognized her step and had been about to speak to her; but at the sound of her voice he stopped the words on his lips and changed them into a direction for the nurse to leave the room.

He waited until the nurse had left and closed the door behind her. Harriet saw that, in his familiarity with her tones and every inflection of her voice, he had sensed already that something unusual had occurred; she repeated, however, her question as to what he wanted.

"That does not matter now, Harriet. Where have you been?"

"I have been walking with Mr. Eaton."

"What happened?"

She hesitated. "Mr. Eaton was almost run down by a motorcar."

"Ah! An accident?"

She hesitated again. "Mr. Eaton said it was an accident," she answered.

"But you?"

"It did not look like an accident, Father. It—it showed intention."

"You mean it was an attack?"

"Yes; it was an attack. The man in the car meant to run Mr. Eaton down; he meant to kill him or to hurt him terribly. Mr. Eaton wasn't hurt. I called to him and pulled him—he jumped away in time."

"Every One Who Knows Father Likes and Admires Him!" She Rejoiced.

"The attack made on me was meant for you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RANKS AS ONE OF EARLIEST ARTS

Embroidery With the Needle Has Been Practiced as Far Back as History Records.

Embroidery is the art of ornamenting cloth and other materials with the needle. Most of the embroideries made today are usually copies of the ancient ones.

Embroidery is believed to have been applied to skins almost as soon as needle and thong were first employed to join pieces of skins together into garments. In Lapland the natives embroider their reindeer-skin clothing with a needle of reindeer bone, using reindeer sinew and applique of strips of hide.

Travelers say that in Central Africa, among the primitive tribes there, the girls embroider skins with figures of flowers and animals, supplementing the effect with shells and feathers.

Among the ancient Greek textiles exhumed from Crimean graves are both tapestries and embroideries now preserved in the Hermitage at Petrograd. One of the embroideries is attributed to the Fourth century B. C., and is in colored wools on wool.

Largest Book in the World.

In the British museum may be seen an Atlas which is probably the largest book in the world. It measures 5 feet 10 inches in height, 3 feet 2 inches in width, and to lift it is considered a four-man job—with a foreman to stand by and say, "Gently, now!" It is bound in leather, and eight distinct skins were used. On it are diamond-shaped spaces showing alternately the rose, thistle and harp. Three gilt clasps hold it together. This heavy tome was presented to the nation by George IV. in January, 1823.

All Right Today.

"And was the dance crowded?"

"Yes, there was standing room only."—Arlright.

JAIL FOR SPEEDERS

Reports of penalties imposed on automobile offenders by justices in cities of the Middle and Far West reveal a growing policy of severer punishment. In Detroit speeders are sent to jail for terms of one to fifteen days. In Louisville fines of $2 for each mile per hour are imposed by one police judge, with jail sentences for intoxication. Cleveland courts impose workhouse sentences and require morgue and hospital visits. The latter practice prevails in Omaha. In Los Angeles during the two weeks ending December 3, 281 persons convicted of traffic-law violations were sentenced to jail terms of from one to one hundred days. The Los Angeles convictions followed a campaign by police magistrates to curtail accidents, and the harsher penalties elsewhere evidence a similar disposition to deal more drastically with a progressive evil. It is a commendable policy, says the New York World. In the case of automobile accidents resulting in death the punishment has never been adjusted to fit the crime. The time when it will be may be far in the future, but it is encouraging to find indications of progress toward it.

Much has been written about forestry in recent years. Many of our important industries, including the manufacture of lumber, furniture, pulp and paper, depend upon the preservation of our forests. Some legislation has been enacted to control the waste caused by careless lumber companies, but a more rigorous enforcement of the laws is reawakening to the need of more adequate protection against forest fires. Many people are killed and tremendous financial loss is incurred every year through fires which might have been prevented. The problems of reforestation have scarcely been touched upon, but a wide field of possibilities has been opened up. The result may be the utilization of many barren or partially barren areas. The outlook of the science of forestry is very bright indeed.

"Cats" is the caption of an editorial in a recent issue of the Times of London, in which, as might be expected, cats are discussed in full detail. Of all domesticated animals, for example, cats, it appears, have changed least in appearance or in character under human guidance. Thus it may be presumed that the tabby which is the delight of its mistress today as it reclines in feline happiness before the blazing log-fire would have passed for a domestic cat in ancient Egypt and would have purred to the royal stroking of a Rameses or a Tutankhamen. Upon one point, however, the writer fails to enlighten his readers, namely, whether the cats of those ancient days had as many lives as they are reputed to enjoy today.

Capital punishment for women is repulsive to men. Whether it is so to all women is another question. Women have been courageous in assuming civic responsibilities and are likely in most instances to be less fearless in demanding that punishments legally incurred shall not be waived out of deference to their sex.

London makes a concession to its merchants and permits the erection of buildings 140 feet high. The tallest building over there is Whitehall court, a clubhouse, 110 feet high. We Americans wouldn't have anything taller if land values didn't force us up into the air.

That Purdue professor who has invented a device to make the heartbeat audible, should now get busy on something that will enable some of us to hear more distinctly the still small voice of conscience.

The radio permits one person to talk and 100,000 to listen. The contraption that will prove the great success will be one that will permit 100,000 to talk with only one to listen. What mankind yearns for is a chance to eructate.

French scientists have discovered how to make "mineral oils" of vegetable oils. And after a while some scientist will discover how to make "vegetable oils" of mineral oils. Ain't science wonderful!

A submerged mountain a mile high has been discovered in the Pacific ocean off the coast of California. It stands in 2,000 fathoms of water, which probably makes it a little too wet to climb.

And now the man who has in his back yard a large tree that needs to come down, can smile and proceed to get in his fuel supply.

Astronomers tell us they have discovered a new universe. That's fine—let's scrap this one, move across and start over again.

The government urges the people to eat more meat. All right. And now will the government urge the retailers to let us?

Purebred Bull Will Pay.

When a heifer, at her first freshening at less than two years, will produce more than twice as much milk as the average mature cows in the dairy herds of the country, there is no doubt that it pays to have a purebred bull at the head of the herd.

Ventilation Disregarded.

Many dairymen disregard ventilation. Some barns are built tightly and make no provision for circulation of air. The average cow requires about 60 cubic feet of air per minute.

After Every Meal

WRIGLEY'S

and give your stomach a lift.

Provides "the bit of sweet" in *beneficial* form.

Helps to cleanse the teeth and keep them healthy.

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Michigan people prefer this hotel for its service, courtesy and fairness of charge. The Fort Shelby Garage is one of the finest in the world. Great excellence at moderate prices in the Cafe.

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Discovery of a New Valley.

The discoveries of new territory are comparatively few in the United States, owing to the great activity of the geological survey, as well as explorers and mountain climbers. There seems, however, to be an unconquered valley in Siskiyou county, California. "Hidden Valley." G. W. Pellepreau, the discoverer of the valley, said he had glimpsed it from a mountain peak with the aid of a high-powered binoculars. From all reports he believed the valley had never been entered. Some men believe it abounds in game and that mineral deposits are likely to be found. Walls of sharp peaks surround the valley, standing like a barricade against man's advance. Once over the walls, Pellepreau predicts, scaling roper and ladders will be necessary to get beyond the chasm, which thinks the valley contains 300 acres.—Scientific American.

No Male Topsies Need Apply.

English Ad—"Widow lady, with one child wishes to correspond with gentleman born by birth."

There are many disputes which reason can never decide; where much must be done and little said.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

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