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 in baking methods which gave the world Uneda Biscuit also resulted in a Revelation  
 in soda cracker quality. You realize this the moment you open the royal purple package and find soda crackers so tempting and good that they cannot be resisted.

**5c**  
 a Package  
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The Emery Shirt is "built" in the finest shirt factory in this country. It requires a large, seven-story building, equipped with every modern appliance and facility, operated by workmen of the highest skill, to produce the perfection found only in

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We'll paint it, in reality, just as you want it. Impossible you say—your ideas are higher than you can at present afford?

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**We Are Ready**

With the largest stock of WATCHES, DIAMONDS and JEWELRY that it has ever been our pleasure to show. Two stores devoted exclusively to Jewelry, Cut Glass and Art Goods, gives us one of the largest displays of Holiday Goods to be found in the South. A visit to both stores from our friends and customers will be appreciated.

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at this, the nearest approach to perfection demonstration Bob had ever made, the cloud vanished from Remington's face. Impulsively he held out his hand.

"Forgive me, old man," he said with fine humility. "You make me heartily ashamed of myself. You are the prince of friends, and I'm a damned ingrate. But I ask one favor."

"All right. What is it?"

"I must present your name to the convention. It shall be the speech of my career. God! what a chance! You say you have no personal hold on the people." He began to pace the floor, his eyes shining brightly. "I will compel them to love you. They shall learn to know you in your true, heroic proportions. Not a man in that convention will dare vote against you."

"In the meantime I'll keep an eye on the delegates. Come down to earth."

Long after Paul had gone, until the clock had struck the hour of four, Bob worked and read, closely. At last he threw aside his book and went to the window. A thick coat of frost had covered it. He threw it open and looked out. The gale had subsided. Through broken clouds filtered the white radiance of the setting moon, silvery snow-encrusted lawn and trees. The silent beauty of the night seemed to him uncanny; it touched no responsive chord in his restless heart. He looked out over the sleeping city—his by right of conquest. He shook his head impatiently.

"It hasn't been worth while," he muttered.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

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Kathleen laughed. Her answer was lost to Bob in a sudden, fiercer rising of the wind that rattled the windows like castanets.

In response to this turn of the screw, his brow suddenly creased in an angry frown. He muttered a savage oath. Then he broke into a mirthless, ironical chuckle.

"Me! Bob McAdoo, the man of iron—save the mark!—apostle of self-sufficiency! Jealous of a woman—of a dream! Bound! Helpless!"

Resolutely striving to put away disturbing thoughts, he closed the door and set himself to work. For an hour he pored steadily over the papers before him. Suddenly he swept them aside and fell back in his chair, chuckling mirthlessly once more. The chuckle increased in volume, became a laugh, a wild, unaccountable gale of laughter that shook the body and soul of him, according with the shrieking storm that swept over the city.

The uncanny laughter subsided. "This business of living," Bob remarked, "is a joke—but a decidedly practical joke."

Later Paul went up to Bob's library and began to discuss the coming mayoralty convention, set for three days thereafter; under the provisions of the "ripper bill" the Steel City was to choose a new mayor in February. The Republican primaries had already been held, resulting in the choice of delegates, from a majority of the precincts, instructed for Bob's candidate, Hemenway.

"Bob," said Paul, "what's up?"

"What's up?"

"There's something in the air. I can feel it. I was at headquarters today, and every one who came in had caught the fever of restlessness. But one could fathom it. You and Haggin haven't been visible for two days, and Hemenway is at home sick, no one allowed to visit him. What's up? My guess is an independent candidate backed by the old MacPherson crowd."

"Worse," Bob answered coolly. "Hemenway has sold us out."

Paul turned pale. "My God!" he gasped. "You mean he has gone over to MacPherson, is going to give them the administration?"

"It's not so simple as that. They're wise enough to know that Hemenway is a hard one to make stay bought—which is more than I knew," he added manly. "He is to withdraw the day of the convention—giving ill health as the excuse—and leave his delegates unpledged."

"My God!" Paul gasped again, falling limply into a chair. "Why, man, it means—it means that they've bought over the delegates, too, and will push their man Rusling through. They wouldn't let Hemenway withdraw without first making sure of the delegates."

"Precisely."

Paul raised his hands and let them fall in a gesture of utter helplessness. "What shall we do?" he groaned.

"What can we do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!" Paul cried in excited reproach. "Are you going to allow them to carry off the victory without a fight?"

"I say, nothing," Bob explained calmly, "because there's nothing more to do. It has all been done. They kept it mighty quiet—they had to—but I got wind of it right before last. They overreached themselves as Mack generally does. They made the mistake of going to Haggin. He led them on, agreeing to everything they proposed, pocketing their money like the old grafter he is, and then came and told me. We got busy at once. We have the delegates back—and the other crowd is out of money."

Paul leaped to his feet and seized Bob's hand. "You old Roman!" he exclaimed in affectionate pride. "They can't beat you, can they?"

His face lighted up. "But what will you do for a candidate?"

"There's only one thing to do," Bob answered slowly. "We must have a man we can count on at every turn."

"Yes, yes," Paul interrupted eagerly. "Who has good nerve?"

"With the courage to withstand all their power."

"Who won't worry over newspaper attacks?"

"With a spirit too strong to be wounded by their malicious lies."

"And not too much conscience," Bob concluded dryly. "There's just one man in the city who fills the bill. And he is—" He paused, searching Paul's countenance keenly.

"Yes, yes," Paul's face shown with anticipation.

Myself.

Bob turned his eyes away quickly, that he might not behold the disappointment which he knew was written on Paul's face. For several minutes they sat thus, without speaking, while the storm outside howled in fierce glee.

"I'm sorry, Paul," Bob broke the silence for the first time. "I thought of you the first thing, but I think it better not. It would hurt you more than it could help you. The mayor of a big city always goes out of office with more enemies than when he goes in. There is the crowd of disappointed job-hunters, who are convinced that they have been unfairly treated and hate him forever afterward. What do you do there? There are always a lot of critics who believe he has behaved criminally. We've got to play politics. This trouble has shown up several weak places in the organization. We've got to bolster them up. And these fellows who tried to sell us out—we have them safe now and we'll keep them so until we're safely in, but then—they'll wish they hadn't!" Bob's face, as he uttered this threat, was not good to look upon.

"I'm planning several things," he continued quietly, "that will stir up a big howl. It won't hurt me. I'm used to it. I have no personal hold on the people anyway; they yell for me now because they think I'm doing it for their advantage—and because I'm on top. But with you it is different. You're strong with them, all over the state, stronger than you know. You can't afford to reduce that strength for a mere mayoralty. You go on building it up, and your time will come for coming better."

"Square with me," he added awkwardly, "when you might have bettered your-

self by going over. And I won't forget it."

that I'm fit for higher things than a mere state senatorship. And it's true." He flung his head back sharply. "It's true. The crown would fit. I know my worth. And I'm ambitious. At times, when I see Bob stripping me so rapidly, my ambition literally hurts me."

"Then why did you say, No?"

"Because," he answered simply, "as long as I have his friendship, I must be true to him. For I am the victim of my own plot. I set out to like him as a matter of policy, to climb in his trail. And now—" He hesitated.

"I love him as my own brother."

The main up-stairs felt his heart give a quick, sharp throb.

One by one Bob's crude, narrow schemes of existence were being shattered. He had thought to be supreme in his life; he found himself to be but the creature of circumstance, which is but another name for the Force. He had schemed an existence in which love should ever feel mind or heart; at an acknowledgment of affection from one whom he had called friend, hardly knowing the meaning of friendship, a strange, unaccustomed joy flooded his heart, revealing the hold that friendship had taken on him.

And, strangely enough, there was no resentment. For the first time in his life Robert McAdoo knew the meaning of genuine happiness and content. All his store of affection, so long suppressed, flooded out in a passionate, yearning love for the handsome, magnetic Paul. He gloried in his power to win Paul's regard as he had never gloated over the strength that had successfully defied the mightiest political forces of the state. . . . A new purpose came to him. His power took on a new and higher value. With it he would royally endow this friend, defending Paul from the weakness of his own temperament, and make him great and honored in the land.

But the Force was not yet through with Bob. Another turn of the screw, and the mold pressed more closely around him.

"It has been a day of fate," Paul said. "For today I saw her once more."

"Surely not the dream lady? I supposed you had forgotten her."

"The same. I was walking along the street, there was a carriage blockade. I had the feeling one has when another's eyes are fastened on one. I looked into the carriage beside me. It was she. She turned away quickly, but not before I had looked full into her eyes for a moment. She will know me when we meet—as we shall soon. No, I have not forgotten. I shall never forget her. I can't. I wouldn't if I could."

**\$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men--Free**

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, falling memory and lame back, brought on by excessive, unnatural drains, or worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and vitality, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest and most effective combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

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**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**  
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**THE MAN HIGHER UP**  
*The Story of a True American*  
 BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

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**Book Two.**  
 IN THE MOULD.

**CHAPTER VII.**  
 Eavesdropping; Light to the Blind.

Bob McAdoo threw down the papers he had been comparing and leaning back, lighted a cigar. He puffed contentedly for a few minutes, as he thought over the events of the past few days.

It was an evening early in January. A blizzard had fallen upon the city. Outside, the wind howled around corners and under eaves. A foot of light, feathery snow had fallen, only to be caught up and tossed about in dizzy swirls by the gale. Even Bob, not overfond of the creature comforts, relished the warmth and cheer of the flames in his grate.

From the library below came voices. They were talking about him, and he listened frankly. In this case he was the eavesdropper would hear nothing unkind.

"He is the last man most people would choose as a subject of romance," it was Paul's voice speaking. "And yet where will you find a more romantic life? He started with nothing but a stout fist and a sturdy heart. In his thirtieth year, rich as he was, he was to be better educated than most men, almost a national figure, political leader of three quarters of a million people. Tendent but, news-mill, ward heeler—Bob McAdoo, by grace of God, king!"

"Yes," Kathleen assented gravely. "By the grace of God."

"One of what I believe the greatest cities in the world," Paul continued musingly. "What a role to play! I'd give my life if it were mine!"

"The man upstairs shook his head and smiled, a trifle satirically. "You'll never play it," he thought, "for you miss the essence of the game. I fear. But that after all you aren't the true sterner. It's not the mastery, but the statement of it, that is worth while."

He gave over his eavesdropping and fell to thinking of himself and of what he had wrought.

Bob was surely growing. Once he had thought mastery—power—the only thing in life worth having. Now that he had it, he valued it only as evidence of his self-worth. If he allowed himself to exult, who shall wonder? For years he had fought, single-

**Old Men Retired**  
 Industrial Concerns Will Engage Only Young Men.

In these days of strenuous competition when dividends count for more than men, the man who retains his youth is the man who holds his job the longest.

That is why one of the most successful dermatologists in Paris has warned young men to take good care of the hair. If you grow bald at 30 or 35 or even when you are older, that bald spot will go far as an appearance goes add 10 years to your life.

Men who have hair should by all means keep it. In later years it may mean a livelihood to yourself and family.

Hand-draft means falling hair; falling hair means hand-draft. Stop falling hair and hand-draft now. Go to R. H. Jordan & Co.'s and get a 50-cent bottle of Paristan Sage. They will guarantee it to stop falling hair; to drive out all hand-draft and kill the hand-draft germ, or money back.

Remember that the man with a bald head who seeks a position is handicapped at the start. Paristan Sage will make hair grow, will give it a lustre and appearance that denotes health and youthfulness. For sale by R. H. Jordan & Co., and druggists every where. Get with Auburn hair on or-