

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
Vegetable Preparation for Simulating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**
A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.
16 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS
Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Hutchins
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

to do a surprisingly good business and the attic of the house next door to Mrs. Martin's was rented by a couple of inventors who wanted to work secretly on a new electrical appliance that would make a stir in the world. This new appliance was the dictograph, the greatest of eavesdroppers, which has already made a considerable stir in various quarters of the United States. This dictograph is a fearsome device. It is so small and unpretentious that it can be concealed in the barest of rooms. It is a telephone produced to the ultimate power of sensitiveness. Placed in a corner of the floor behind the dresser of a great chamber it will

HUSBAND TIRED OF SEEING HER SUFFER

Procured Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which made His Wife a Well Woman.



Miss Mazuret Greeted Them With Nervous and Eager Relief.

Middletown, Pa.—"I had headache, backache and such awful bearing down pains that I could not be on my feet at times and I had organic inflammation so badly that I was not able to do my work. I could not get a good meal for my husband and one child. My neighbors said they thought my suffering was terrible. "My husband got tired of seeing me suffer and one night went to the drug store and got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told me I must take it. I can't tell you all I suffered and I can't tell you all that your medicine has done for me. I was greatly benefited from the first and it has made me a well woman. I can do all my housework and even helped some of my friends as well. I think it is a wonderful help to all suffering women. I have got several to take it after seeing what it has done for me."—Mrs. EMMA ESPENSHADE, 219 East Main St., Middletown, Pa.

The Pinkham record is a proud and honorable one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate ills of woman—ills that deal out despair. It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women. Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

transmit over little wires to listeners miles away every syllable of a whispered conversation in the opposite corner.

All of these changes in the neighborhood occurred within a few hours after Miss Mazuret had entered the house in Greenwich village; also one or two men dropped in to call on her in the course of the afternoon and evening.

The next day there were other callers on Miss Mazuret, and finally, early in the afternoon, the four—Mrs. Martin and her three lodgers—left the house in a body. Thereafter there was no caller until nearly 7 o'clock in the evening, when night had fallen. These were unusual visitors. There were two of them, and, though they had never entered the house before, they produced a bunch of keys and fitted one into the front door. The younger of the two men carried a woman's hand bag partially concealed under his coat. Miss Mazuret met them in the hall and greeted them with nervous and eager relief. They were Mr. Kayton and his irrepressible assistant.

The assistant had shortly before cleverly possessed himself of Mrs. Martin's bag and the keys while the party lei surely dined.

The girl piloted them upstairs through the empty house to the attic, where Kayton unlocked the door with a key off the same bunch that had enabled them to enter the house.

A rather large work table was between the door and the fireplace, and between the fireplace and the table but backed against the wall opposite the windows, was a low lounge. A folding bed stood between the windows. To the right of the door was another door which evidently opened into a closet. Kayton tried the handle. It was locked.

"I'd like to search this rat hole," he muttered. Then, "Where's that dictograph, Joe?" he demanded suddenly, looking up. Manning produced the little square box that had caused one of his pockets to bulge. "Connect it out of that window," ordered his chief, indicating the one that opened on to the fire escape.

Manning gently opened the window as Kayton shut off his flashlight. He groped around in the dark, and after much grunting and swearing to himself, reappeared from the outer darkness with two little wires. Deftly and swiftly he scraped the insulation off the ends and twisted them on to the wires that protruded from the dictograph. Then he fastened the little box securely in the angle of the window frame in the corner where it came out several inches from the wall. Only a search with the foreknowledge that the little betrayer was somewhere in the room could possibly have unearthed it.

When he had finished Kayton walked out into the middle of the room, and Manning again thrust his head out of the window.

"If you get this," said the chief in a low voice, "wave out your window." A moment later Manning drew back. "It's all right, governor," he said. "They're waving."

At this moment a cat in the dark regions somewhere outside the house walked plaintively.

"Here they come, governor," said Manning, and he started to close the window, but Kayton stopped him.

"You hustle right back to the other house by the roof," he ordered, "and get on the dictograph. Don't leave it for a second until you get my orders."

"All right, governor," nodded the young man, and the next instant the darkness of the fire escape had swallowed him up.

"Aren't you going with him?" asked the girl quickly, speaking for the first time since their entrance into the room.

"I'm going to stay here with you," was the quiet reply. Miss Mazuret gasped and Kayton felt his pulses quicken.

"Oh, don't—don't!" she protested in cool terror.

He smiled. "I've heard that before." Steady as were the great detective's nerves the word was wiped off his lips, and he started like a race horse as an angry buzz burst just over his head.

"Oh! What's that?" gasped the girl, both hands at her throat. Kayton threw his light above the door and discovered the "buzzer."

"That's their warning," he explained softly, hastening her toward the stairs. "They've got the front steps wired. There's some one at the street door now."

The girl hurried down distractedly. "What shall we do?" she whispered. "Right into your room!" he ordered. They were barely concealed from view before the other four members of the household came in the front door.

As they passed the door Kayton could hear them talking uneasily in undertones and now and then catch a word such as "don't like it" and "all the locks," and he smiled to himself. He knew they were discussing Manning's theft of the bag.

On the second floor the party broke up and their voices died away. The woman and the older of the three men went on to the attic, followed a minute later by the youngest member of the confederacy.

They were a strangely assorted trio. The leader and brains of the conspiracy against the currency of the land was the strangest of the three. He was a man of about fifty years, but one terrible experience had taken the stiffness out of his spine and the color out of his face, though it had not dimmed the hot fire of his dark eyes.

The other man was much younger, fashionably dressed in the extreme of masculine fashion. His face was flat and pasty. He was small boned and undersized—anaemic, crafty, ratlike.

He chose to be known as Simeon Gage. The older man was known to the secret service and a number of municipal police bureaus as Friedrich Kreisler, and with a certain heroism of crime he scorned an alias. He calmly lit the gas while Mrs. Martin drew the curtain. The younger man stood in the middle of the room and fidgeted.

"Doctor, we'll have to have all those locks changed, don't you think?" he inquired nervously in a high pitched voice that was almost a whine. "We might as well go to bed with the front door open."

"There was nothing in my bag to show what house the keys were for," Mrs. Martin reminded him quietly.

"I know, Mrs. Martin, but I've been uneasy lately—ever since that girl came," he confessed. "I thought I was being followed yesterday."

"You're always being followed," commented Kreisler. "You must have a bad conscience."

TO BE CONTINUED.

GOOD DIGESTION MEANS A JOYOUS LIFE

Who ever heard of a jolly dyspeptic? Merriment and indigestion are as far apart as the North and South Poles. The dyspeptic should not be blamed if he is blue, irritable, or grouchy—he can not help it.

On one who has a coated tongue, dizziness, nerves on edge, sour and gassy stomach, and knows that he cannot eat a hearty meal without stomach distress, can be sweet tempered or enjoy life.

Why allow this condition to continue? Mi-o-na, a specific for out-of-order stomachs, can be had from any drug store on money back if not benefited plan.

Mi-o-na is not only a digestive which gives prompt relief whether taken after meals or at any sign of stomach distress, but contains ingredients which strengthen the walls of the stomach, stimulate the flow of gastric juices, and restore the digestive organs to a normal condition.

The stomach must digest your food readily and supply the body with its proper nourishment before you can be well, strong, or have life assume anything but a gloomy aspect.

If you have any symptoms of a disordered stomach, begin the use of Mi-o-na at once—today. Why wait—stomach ills usually lead to something serious. Always keep Mi-o-na in the house—carry it when traveling. You have nothing to lose—for money refunded if not satisfied. Smith's Drug Store and druggists everywhere. A large box 50c.

The Argyle Case
A Novelization by J. W. McConaughy of the Successful New Play by Harriet Ford, Harvey J. O'Higgins and Detective William J. Burns, in Which Robert Hilliard is Appearing :: ::
Copyright, 1912, by Journal-American-Examiner.

"Don't think about that," she said bravely. "I'll do anything you say."
"Thank you," he said, and his voice quavered slightly. "Mrs. Martin is here. Will you go now?"
The girl shivered slightly and a frightened look leaped to her eyes, but passed in an instant.
"Yes," she replied. "I will go."
He pressed a button and Joe Manning slipped into the room.
"Joe, bring Mrs. Martin in. Have you plenty of money with you?" he asked in a low voice.
"Yes," returned the girl in the same tone. Then suddenly with a little shiver. "Oh, I dread to meet her!"
Kayton looked at her in curious wise for a moment or two.
"I must ask you," he said coldly, "to show no feeling of repulsion for this woman."
"I won't; I won't," Miss Mazuret assured him under her breath as Mrs. Martin slowly walked into the office.
Mary gripped the top of a chair by which she was standing and waited, rigid and erect. The woman entered almost reluctantly, stopped and gazed at the girl with a mixture of dread, curiosity and something else.
"Mrs. Martin," said Kayton in casual matter of fact tones, "this is Miss Mazuret."
He resumed his seat at his desk and bent over his papers. The girl looked at the woman and smiled slightly. The woman looked at the girl and mused

slowly over to her and bent out her hand.
"My dear," she said gently, "will you come with me?"

CHAPTER XI. The Co-venturer's Den.

THE neighborhood of Washington square, like one or two other sections of New York, is essentially medieval. Individualism is its most salient characteristic. Even the many who live there to think thoughts of social brotherhood insist on adhering to their own particular thoughts, and thus, as in the middle ages, when a man enters his dwelling and bars the door he is free of all danger that his neighbors may intrude on his privacy.

Mrs. Martin recognized that this community was the ideal one for her "rooming house." No one would or could inquire as to the character or occupations of her roomers. No one cared. Beyond a little printed sign above the bell pull that protruded from the dingy brick wall by the door she made no effort to secure lodgers. The few who came were told that the house was full. She had three lodgers—all men. These three came when she took the house and remained always. No new lodgers were added to their number and these never left her house.

They occupied rooms on the second floor. It was a two story and attic house, with a dining room and kitchen in the basement. They were not often in each other's rooms, but they met frequently in the garret, which was scantily but innocently furnished. But by the manipulation of certain boards in the floor and sliding panels at the backs of closets and cupboards these men could instantly avail themselves of the tools for a printing trade industry that is most severely frowned upon by the treasurer of the United States.

But that there was no possible occasion for her to appear in the upper rooms of the house, Mrs. Martin would never have consented that Miss Mazuret should become a lodger. She had a back parlor bedroom on the first floor in which she lodged the girl and felt that she was as much out of the way as if she had been in a Broadway hotel.

Immediately thereafter events moved with great swiftness. An organ grinder began haunting the block at all hours of the day and night. There was a new man at the newsstand on the corner across the street. The saloons at either end of the block began

PARISIAN SAGE

The Hair Grower Now Sold in America on Money Back Plan.

It's a mighty good thing for the women of America that Parisian Sage can now be obtained in every town or consequence.

No preparation for the hair has done so much to stop falling hair and eradicate dandruff and make women's hair beautiful as Parisian Sage.


Parisian Sage is the only certain destroyer of the dandruff microbe which is the cause of 79 per cent of hair troubles.

These pernicious, persistent and destructive little devils thrive on the ordinary hair tonics.

Parisian Sage is such an extraordinary and quick acting rejuvenator that Smith's Drug Store, who is the agent in Asheville, guarantees it to cure dandruff, stop falling hair and itching scalp in two weeks or money back.

It is a magnificent dressing for women who desire luxuriant, lustrous hair that compels admiration.

And a large bottle of Parisian Sage costs only 50 cents at Smith's Drug Store and leading druggists all over America.



The Men You Want To Know Will Be There
Do you want to meet the men who have successfully conducted the greatest advertising campaigns in the United States and Canada—the men who have built big business in every line of manufacturing and merchandising—the men who have lifted advertising out of the mire and carried it forward and upward to its present proud position? Do you want to know what is being done in your own line of business to improve advertising and merchandising conditions, and learn just how and why the winners win? If so, go to the ninth
Annual Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America
to be held in Baltimore, June 8 to 13.
Over one hundred and thirty clubs from all parts of the continent will be represented, and clubs in Great Britain, Germany, and other foreign countries will have delegates present. It is expected that 10,000 members and guests will be there. There will be powerful addresses by notable men and open forum discussions on all questions relating to modern sales and advertising.
Baltimore has prepared a great program of evening entertainments to make the occasion a social as well as a business success.
You do not have to be an advertising club member in order to be welcome. Every business man ought to go and every one who goes will be made to feel that it is his convention—that all Baltimore belongs to him.
If you cannot go yourself, send your advertising manager or whoever is responsible for your advertising. Write to the address below for full information as to the program and hotel or other accommodations.
Associated Advertising Clubs of America
Convention Bureau
1 North Calvert Street
Baltimore, Md.

Princess Theatre
TO-NIGHT
3 GOOD PICTURES 3
ESSANAY
Western Drama
THE \$100 ELOPEMENT
Comedy-Drama.
FATTY'S BUSY DAY
Kalam Comedy.
MUSIC BY PRINCESS ORCHESTRA.
ADMISSION
ADULTS 10c CHILDREN 5c

To Contractors
Estimates wanted for additions and alterations to Montford avenue and Orange Street School building. Plans and specifications can be obtained at the architect's offices, College street, by depositing \$15.00, which amount will be returned when plans, specifications and bona fide bid is delivered on Saturday, 12 o'clock, May 31st.
Smith & Carrier
ARCHITECTS
84-3.

MAJESTIC THEATRE
Today, Friday and Saturday, May 22, 23 and 24
"From the Manger to the Cross"
A REVERENT MOVING PICTURE LIFE STORY OF
JESUS OF NAZARETH
5 REELS Produced in Authentic Locations in Palestine and Egypt 5000 FEET
THE WORLD'S MOST MARVELOUS, MOST CAREFULLY PLANNED, MOST EXPENSIVELY PRODUCED PICTURE, REQUIRING EIGHT MONTHS TIME, AND COSTING \$100,000
SPECIAL SACRED MUSIC THIS PICTURE WILL BE SHOWN IN THE AFTERNOON FROM 2:30 TO 5:30 AT NIGHT FROM 7:30 TO 10:30.
Prices: Children 5 cents, Adults 10 cents **Balcony exclusively for White People**