

That Tired Feeling

That is caused by impure, impoverished blood or low, run-down condition of the system, is burdensome and discouraging. Do not put up with it, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which removes it as nothing else does.

"I had that tired feeling, had no appetite and no ambition to do anything. A friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and soon that tired feeling was gone. I had a good appetite and felt well. I believe Hood's saved me from a long illness." Mrs. B. Johnson, Westfield, N. J.

Get Hood's Sarsaparilla today. In liquid form or in tablets called Sarsastabs.

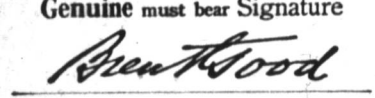
Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature



BABY EASE

Trade Mark

A LIQUID REMEDY FOR CHILDREN'S ILLS

Makes Teething Easy

RECOMMENDED FOR

Constipation, Diarrhoea, Convulsions, Colic, Sour Stomach, etc. It destroys Worms, kills Feverishness and Colds. It aids digestion. It makes Teething easy, soothes the throat and relieves the pain of Natural Sleep. For sale by all druggists in a glass bottle. *Manufactured by BABY EASE CO., ATLANTA, GEORGIA*

YOU NEVER SAW CHICKENS GROW

IF YOU HAVE NOT USED

Park & Pollard Gritless-Chick and Growing Feed

Money back if results are not better than we claim

Dover, Del., March 7, 1911.

Gentlemen: I put 24 chicks in one of your Lullaby Brooders three and a half weeks ago. Have fed them on your Gritless-Chick and Growing Feeds and they are all doing well. I cannot recommend the combination too highly.

Sincerely,
W. L. Simmons

THE PARK & POLLARD CO. DRY-MASH

MAKES THEM LAY OR BUST

When eggs are scarce and high you need our Dry-Mash to produce them. When eggs are cheap you need our Dry-Mash to get a large yield and keep costs down.

Tell your dealer he can get Park & Pollard feeds—the money back kind—FOR YOU from the following distributors:

J. M. Cawley & Co., Norfolk, Va.
S. T. Beveridge Co., Richmond, Va.
Producers Naval Stores Co., Savannah, Ga.

The Park & Pollard Year Book and Almanac contains more detailed facts about poultry than any \$1.00 book published. It is free for the asking. Write us for it today. Please mention name of your dealer.

THE PARK & POLLARD CO.
108 Canal Street, Boston, Mass.

KODAKS

High Grade Finishing. Mail orders given Special Attention. Prices reasonable. Send for Price List. LAYMAN'S ART STORE, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Pettit's Eye Salve

RELIEF FOR WEAK EYES

DEFIANCE STARCH

DOES NOT WEAR OFF

Charlotte Directory

Typewriters Rebuilt

Your old machine can be made as good as new in our shops at a nominal cost. All makes of typewriters rebuilt, repaired, cleaned and adjusted in the shortest possible time and in the most satisfactory manner.

J. E. Crayton & Co., Charlotte, N. C.

THE STIEFF PIANO

is the only

Artistic Standard

Sold direct from factory to the home.

A Stieff Piano in a musical education has the same effect as fine literature in a literary education. Write today.

5 West Trade Street
C. H. WILMOTH
Charlotte, N. C.

The MAN in LOWER TEN

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETNER

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SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower 11 and retains lower 10. He finds a drunken man in lower 10 and retires in lower 7. He awakens in lower 7 and finds his clothes and bag missing. Circumstantial evidence points to both Blakeley and the man who stole his clothes. The train is wrecked and Blakeley is rescued from a burning car by a girl in blue. His arm is broken. The girl proves to be Alison West, his partner's sweetheart. Blakeley returns home and finds he is under surveillance. Moving pictures of the train taken just before the wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaping from the train with his stolen grip. Investigation proves that the man's name is Sullivan. Mrs. Conway, the woman for whom Blakeley bought a Pullman ticket, tries to make a bargain with him for the forged notes, not knowing that they are missing. Blakeley and an amateur detective investigate the home of Sullivan's sister. From a servant Blakeley learns that Alison West had been there on a visit and Sullivan had been attentive to her. Sullivan is the husband of a daughter of the murdered man. Blakeley's house is ransacked by the police. He learns that the affair between Alison and his partner is off. Alison tells Blakeley about the attention paid her by Sullivan, whom she was on her way to marry when the wreck came. It is planned to give Mrs. Conway the forged notes in exchange for Sullivan. Mrs. Conway kills herself and Bronson, and the ashes of the forged notes are found in the room. Sullivan is found and explains how he got in the power of Bronson, who ordered him to steal the forged notes from Blakeley.

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

"He would probably be accused of the crime. So, although when the wreck occurred I supposed everyone connected with the affair had been killed, there was a chance that you had survived. I've not been of much account, but I didn't want a man to swing because I left him in my place. Besides, I began to have a theory of my own.

"As we entered the car a tall, dark woman passed us, with a glass of water in her hand, and I vaguely remembered her. She was amazingly like Blanche Conway.

"If she, too, thought the man with the notes was in lower ten, it explained a lot, including that piece of a woman's necklace. She was a fury, Blanche Conway, capable of anything."

"Then why did you countermand that message?" I asked curiously.

"When I got to the Carter house, and got to bed—I had sprained my ankle in the jump—I went through the alligator bag I had taken from lower nine. When I found your name, I sent the first message. Then, soon after, I came across the notes. It seemed too good to be true, and I was crazy for fear the message had gone.

"At first I was going to send them to Bronson; then I began to see what the possession of the notes meant to me. It meant power over Bronson, money, influence, everything. He was a devil, that man."

"Well, he's at home now," said McKnight, and we were glad to laugh and relieve the tension.

Alison put her hand over her eyes, as if to shut out the sight of the man she had so nearly married, and I furtively touched one of the soft little curls that nestled at the back of her neck.

"When I was able to walk," went on the sullen voice, "I came at once to Washington. I tried to sell the notes to Bronson, but he was almost at the end of his rope. Not even my threat to send them back to you, Mr. Blakeley, could make him meet my figure. He didn't have the money."

McKnight was triumphant.

"I think you gentlemen will see reason in my theory now," he said. "Mrs. Conway wanted the notes to force a legal marriage, I suppose?"

"Yes."

The detective with the small package carefully rolled off the rubber band, and unwrapped it. I held my breath as he took out, first, the Russia leather wallet.

"These things, Mr. Blakeley, we found in the sealskin bag Mr. Sullivan says he left you. This wallet, Mr. Sullivan—is this the one you found on the floor of the car?"

Sullivan opened it, and, glancing at the name inside, "Simon Harrington," nodded affirmatively.

"And this," went on the detective—"this is a piece of gold chain?"

"It seems to be," said Sullivan, recoiling at the blood-stained end.

"This, I believe, is the dagger." He held it up, and Alison gave a faint cry of astonishment and dismay. Sullivan's face grew ghastly, and he sat down weakly on the nearest chair.

The detective looked at him shrewdly, then at Alison's agitated face.

"Where have you seen this dagger before, young lady?" he asked, kindly enough.

"Oh, don't ask me!" she gasped, breathlessly, her eyes turned on Sullivan. "It's—it's too terrible!"

"Tell him," I advised, leaning over to her. "It will be found out later, anyhow."

"Ask him," she said, nodding toward Sullivan.

The detective unwrapped the small box Alison had brought, disclosing the trampled necklace and broken chain. With clumsy fingers he spread it on the table and fitted into place the bit of chain. There could be no doubt that it belonged there.

"Where did you find that chain?" Sullivan asked, hoarsely, looking for the first time at Alison.

"On the floor, near the murdered man's berth."

"Now, Mr. Sullivan," said the detective, civilly, "I believe you can tell us, in the light of these two exhibits, who really did murder Simon Harrington."

Sullivan looked again at the dagger, a sharp little bit of steel with a Florence handle. Then he picked up the locket and pressed a hidden spring under one of the camos. Inside, very neatly engraved, was the name and a date.

"Gentlemen," he said, his face ghastly, "it is of no use for me to attempt a denial. The dagger and necklace belonged to my sister, Alice Curtis!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

And Only One Arm.

Hotchkiss was the first to break the tension.

"Mr. Sullivan," he asked suddenly, "was your sister left-handed?"

"Yes."

Hotchkiss put away his notebook and looked around with an air of triumphant vindication. It gave us a chance to smile and look relieved.



"I Understand Now What Puzzled Me Then."

After all, Mrs. Curtis was dead. It was the happiest solution of the unhappy affair. McKnight brought Sullivan some whisky and he braced up a little.

"I learned through the papers that my wife was in a Baltimore hospital and yesterday I ventured there to see her. I felt if she would help me to keep straight, that now, with her father and my sister both dead, we might be happy together."

"I understand now what puzzled me then. It seemed that my sister went into the next car and tried to make my wife promise not to interfere. But Ida—Mrs. Sullivan—was firm, of course. She said her father had papers, certificates and so on, that would stop the marriage at once."

"She said, also, that her father was in our car, and that there would be the mischief to pay in the morning. It was probably when my sister tried to get the papers that he awakened and she had to do what she did."

It was over. Save for a technicality or two, I was a free man. Alison rose quietly and prepared to go; the men stood to let her pass, save Sullivan, who sat crouched in his chair, his face buried in his hands.

McKnight saw her, with Mrs. Dallas, to their carriage and came back again. The gathering in the office was breaking up; Johnson had slipped away as unobtrusively as he came. Sullivan, looking worn and old, was standing by the window, staring at the broken necklace in his hand. When he saw me watching him, he put it back on the desk and picked up his hat.

"If I cannot do anything more—" he hesitated.

"I think you have done about enough," I replied, grimly, and he went out.

I believe that Richey and Hotchkiss led me somewhere to dinner and that, for fear I would be lonely without him, they sent for Johnson. And I recall a spirited discussion in which Hotchkiss told the detective that he could manage certain cases, but that he lacked induction. Richey and I

were mainly silent. My thoughts would slip ahead to that hour, later in the evening, when I should see Alison again.

I dressed in savage haste and was so particular about my tie that Mrs. Klopston gave up in despair.

"I wish, until your arm is better, that you would buy the kind that hooks on," she protested, almost tearfully. "I'm sure they look very nice, Mr. Lawrence. My late husband always—"

"That's a lover's knot you've tied this time," I snarled, and, jerking open the bow knot she had so painfully executed, looked out of the window for Johnson—until I recalled that he no longer belonged in my perspective. I ended by driving frantically to the club and getting George to do it.

I was late, of course. The drawing room and library at the Dallas country home was very empty. I could hear billiard balls rolling somewhere and I turned the other way. I found Alison at last on the balcony, sitting much as she had that night on the beach—her chin in her hands, her eyes fixed unseeing on the trees and lights of the square across. She was even whistling a little, softly. But this time the plaintiveness was gone. It was a tender little tune. She did not move, as I stood beside her, looking down. And now, when the moment had come, all the thousand and one things I had been waiting to say forsook me, precipitately beat a retreat and left me unsupported. The arc-moon sent little fugitive lights over her hair, her eyes, her gown.

"Don't—do that," I said unsteadily. "You—you know what I want to do when you whistle!"

She glanced up at me and she did not stop. She did not stop! She went on whistling softly, a bit tremulously. And straightway I forgot the street, the chance of passers-by, the

WORSER EACH YEAR.

How Chronic Kidney Trouble Was Finally Checked.

Mrs. C. L. Wolfe, Anita, Pa., says: "The terrible pains across the small of my back caused me greater misery than I can describe. Often I felt as sore as a boil all over my body. I grew worse and worse until finally I became so bad I could not do the least work. I was so dizzy I feared I would fall and my head was constantly racked with pain. Nervousness prevented my sleeping and in the morning I awoke more tired than ever. Seeing that I was not improving under the physician's treatment, I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They made me the strong, well woman I am today."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

NATURAL EVIDENCE.



Adelaide—Why, Cornelia, your hair is all mussed up.

Cornelia—Yes, dear; you—you see, George stole up and snatched a dozen kisses before I could scream.

Adelaide—But why don't you step in front of the mirror and rearrange your hair?

Cornelia—Gracious! Why, I wouldn't do it for the world. Why, none of the girls would believe he kissed me.

Join in War Against Tuberculosis.

From statistics published in the new tuberculosis directory of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis it is ascertained that over 600 cities and towns of the United States, besides about 100 in Canada, are engaged in the war against consumption, and that on April 1st there were nearly 1,500 different agencies at work in the crusade, an increase of nearly 700 per cent. in the last seven years.

The new directory lists 421 tuberculosis sanatoria hospitals, and day camps; 511 associations and committees for the prevention of tuberculosis; 342 special dispensaries; 63 open air schools; 98 hospitals for the insane and penal institutions, making special provision for their tuberculosis inmates; besides giving an account of the anti-tuberculosis legislation in every state and in about 250 cities.

The new directory is sold by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, 105 East Twenty-second street, New York City, at cost price, 50 cents postpaid.

Shouldn't He?

A very good natured broker, who is very much larger than his wife, and who likes his little joke at someone else's expense, was sitting in the theater. A man behind him, not knowing who he was, leaned forward and whispered, "Will you please ask your wife to remove her hat?"

"You'd better do it yourself. I'm afraid."

Whereupon the man behind became angry, arose, protested and left the theater.

FEED YOU MONEY

Feed Your Brain, and It Will Feed You Money and Fame.

"Ever since boyhood I have been especially fond of meats, and I am convinced I ate too rapidly, and failed to masticate my food properly.

"The result was that I found myself, a few years ago, afflicted with ailments of the stomach, and kidneys, which interfered seriously with my business.

"At last I took the advice of friends and began to eat Grape-Nuts instead of the heavy meats, etc., that had constituted my former diet.

"I found that I was at once benefited by the change, that I was soon relieved from the heartburn and indigestion that used to follow my meals, that the pains in my back from my kidney affection had ceased.

"My nerves, which used to be unsteady, and my brain, which was slow and lethargic from a heavy diet of meats and greasy foods, had, not in a moment, but gradually, and none the less surely, been restored to normal efficiency.

"Now every nerve is steady and my brain and thinking faculties are quicker and more acute than for years past.

"After my old style breakfasts I used to suffer during the forenoon from a feeling of weakness which hindered me seriously in my work, but since I began to use Grape-Nuts food I can work till dinner time with all ease and comfort." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A few one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Pungent Flavors.

"One of these food experts says that a cactus leaf is edible."

"Well," said the man who is not an epicure, "a cactus leaf is a little spiny. But I shouldn't think it would hurt any worse than horseradish or chile con carne."

HEADACHES AND BILIOUS ATTACKS

Caused by malaria removed by the use of Elixir Babel cure for such ailments. I have used Elixir Babel in my family for sixteen years and found it even more than you claim for it in treating cases of Chills or Malarial Fevers. One member of our family was cured of Malarial Fever by it when given up to die by physicians.—J. F. Oberier, Vienna, Va. Elixir Babel 50 cents, all druggists or Kloczewski & Co., Washington, D. C.

Sure Thing!

Hubby (with newspaper)—Well, well! Another bank gone to smash, and none of the directors knew anything about what was going on.

Mrs. Volington—Of course not! It wouldn't be so if the directors were all women.—Boston Transcript.

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. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

He Got It.

"Won't you give me an order?" pleaded the too-persistent traveling salesman.

"Certainly. Get out!"

CHILDREN WHO ARE SICKLY.

Mothers should never be without a box of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They Break up Colds, Relieve Feverishness, Constipation, Teething Disorders, Headache and Stomach Troubles. Used by Mothers for 30 Years. THESE POWDERS NEVER FAIL. Sold by all Drug Stores, Etc. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE to any mother. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Ever notice how many people there are in the world who say: "You just wait, I'll get even with you!"

For COLDS and GRIP

Hicks' CAPSULE is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the Cold and restores normal conditions. It's liquid—effects immediately. 10c, 25c, and 50c. At drug stores.

A man can get along without doing much if he has sense enough to know what not to do.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

Many a fellow who falls into a fortune goes right through it.

If constipation is present, the liver sluggish, take Garfield Tea; it is mild in action and never loses its potency.

Many a man succeeds because he's a good guesser.

SHE SUFFERED FIVE YEARS

Finally Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Erie, Pa.—"I suffered for five years from female troubles and at last was almost helpless. I went to three doctors and they did me no good, so my sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and when I had taken only two bottles I could see a big change, so I took six bottles and I am now strong and well again. I don't know how to express my thanks for the good it has done me and I hope all suffering women will give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It was worth its weight in gold."—Mrs. J. P. ENDLICH, R. F. D. No. 7, Erie, Pa.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

HUNT'S CURE

GUARANTEED For Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Piles, etc.

At your Druggist.

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This Institute Treats Club Feet, Dislocations of the Spine, Hip Joints, Paralysis, etc. Send for illustrated catalog.