

Backache Is a Warning

Thousands suffer kidney ills unawares—not knowing that the backache, headaches, and dull, nervous, dizzy, all tired condition are often due to kidney weakness alone.

Anybody who suffers constantly from backache should suspect the kidneys. Some irregularity of the secretions may give just the needed proof.

Doan's Kidney Pills have been curing backache and sick kidneys for over fifty years.



"Every Patient Tells a Story"

A South Carolina Case
Mrs. Mary West, Spartanburg, S. C., says: "I was so run down with my back, I couldn't get about. My appetite became poor and I felt all sorts of discomfort. Doan's Kidney Pills put me in good shape and I now feel better than before in years."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

Highest Market Prices

PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF HIDES

Furs, Skins, Tallow, Beeswax, Scrap Rubber, Metals, etc. Write us your offerings. Price list, tags, etc., furnished on request. Standard traps at wholesale cost. Our dealings guaranteed correct and on the square.

SUMTER JUNK COMPANY
SPARTANBURG & SUMTER, S. C.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Glosses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore gray hair to its youthful color. Prevents hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

MORPHINE
Uptum, Whiskey and Drug Habits treated at home or at Sanitarium. Book on subject free. DR. H. M. WOODLIEGE, 100 VICTOR ST. ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Pettit's Eye Salve FOR WEAK SORE EYES

At the Studio.
A motor stopped in front of the photographers, and a woman lacking none of the artificial accessories deemed necessary to "looks," entered the studio.

A couple of days later the photographer submitted proofs for her approval.

"Not one of those pictures looks anything like me," the woman insisted.

The photographer tried in every way to pacify her, but finding this an impossibility, lost control of his temper:

"Madam!" he exclaimed, "did you read my sign?"

"Yes."

"Well! It does not say 'cleaning, dyeing and remodeling.' It says 'portraits.'"

Surprise for Mother.

A Chicago school teacher tells with great gusto of the shrewd little "colored brother" who once arrived at school provided with a most unusual excuse for tardiness. "I couldn't help bein' late, please, teacher," he bubbled, shrilly. "Somepin happened to us las' night. My maw, she went ter bed with a headache, and when she wakes up dis mornin', dere's two little quins (twins) one on each side of her, and—she don't know nuffin' 'bout 'em tell she wakes up! An' my maw, she so 'sprised, she can't get up ter get me ready for school!"

Sometimes They Are Stolen.

"After all, you ought to buy an auto."

"Buy one, child? That would be difficult. But I might try to get one."

—Meggendorfer Blaetter (Munich.)

Shivery Mornings

You can have a taste of the summer sunshine of the corn fields by serving a dish of

Post Toasties

These crisp flavory bits of toasted white corn make an appetizing dish at any time of year.

Try them in February

and taste the delicate true maize flavour.

A dish of Toasties served either with cream or milk, or fruit, is surprisingly good.

"The Memory Lingers"

Grocers everywhere sell Toasties

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

The Yellow Letter

Illustrations by YL Barnes

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SYNOPSIS.

Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrish to propose marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investigation and finds that Hugh Crandall, suitor for Katharine, who had been forbidden the house by General Farrish, had talked with Katharine over the telephone just before she shot herself. A torn piece of yellow paper is found, at sight of which General Farrish is stricken with paralysis. Kent discovers that Crandall has left town hurriedly. Andrew Elser, an aged banker, commits suicide about the same time as Katharine attempted her life. A yellow envelope is found in Elser's room. Post Office Inspector Davis, Kent's friend, takes up the case. Kent is convinced that Crandall's room and find an address. Look Katharine's strange outcry puzzles the detectives. Kent and Davis search Crandall's room and find an address. Look Box II, Ardway, N. J. Kent goes to Ardway to investigate and becomes suspicious of a "Henry Cook." A woman commits suicide at the Ardway Hotel. A yellow letter also figures in this case. Kent calls Louise on the long distance telephone and finds that she had just been called by Crandall from the same booth. "Cook" disappears. The Ardway postmaster is missing. Inspector Davis arrives at Ardway and takes up the investigation.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

The dry, matter-of-fact way in which he recited the facts he had learned added to the value of his narrative. More and more I marveled at the man's detective ability. I was overwhelmed with a sense of my own incapacity. All day long the coroner, the constable and I had been trying to ferret out the mystery of the unfortunate woman's identity with practically the same properties to draw deductions from, the inspector in a very few minutes had not only learned her identity, but many other important facts about her. Nor did it occur to me to doubt the truth of his information. The assurance with which he spoke was in itself a sufficient guarantee.

"How on earth did you learn all this so quickly?" I asked in amazement.

He smiled with that grim tantalizing smile of his that I had seen before. His cigarette had burned itself to a stub as he spoke. He turned it carefully in his fingers, inspecting it as if to see whether he could extract another puff before throwing it away. He finally decided that he could not, and drew forth his cigarette papers and tobacco, preparatory to rolling a new one. Meanwhile I awaited his answer in suspense.

"Go on," I continued. "Tell me about it. I must know how you did it."

"The principal part of a magician's art," he said as he lighted his new cigarette, "lies in what is called 'misdirection.' With a glance from his eyes, with a sudden movement of his hand he attracts your attention to his right side. Meanwhile his left is doing the trick. Now, misdirection, in my business, has just the opposite effect. Amateurs, in investigating crime, examine the evidence and see clues pointing in some direction. They follow those clues and find themselves floundering. They have the right clues, but they go in the wrong direction. You read the evidence aright as to Miss Sackett coming from Bridgeport, but all your efforts to locate her as Mary Jane Teiler were simply a waste of time. In the clothes she left behind her was her real name."

"Look here," I said, "you can't string me in that fashion. I myself examined those garments closely. There was no name in them and there were no marks by which she could be identified."

"Is that so?" There was deep sarcasm in his tone.

"And not only that, even if I overlooked any marks that might have been there, the landlord, the coroner, the constable and half a dozen others examined them closely. If there were any marks, some one of us surely would have discovered them."

For answer he got up leisurely and walked across to a chair where the garments were still lying. He picked up the skirt and held it by the lower hem.

"Look closely at it," he commanded.

"Do you see nothing there?"

I scanned the dusty cloth intently and shook my head. He picked up the coat and offered it gravely for my inspection, even turning it inside out, sleeves and all.

"Well, what of it?" I exclaimed impatiently. "I can't see anything there either."

"Can't you?" he asked over-pleasantly. "That's where I found the woman's name."

Again I took up both garments and studied them, but I was positive that there was no name of any sort or anything to indicate a name. I felt that he must be simply jesting with me.

"You can't fool me," I exclaimed. "I would wager you a thousand dollars to five hundred that coat and skirt do not differ in any the slightest from hundreds of other coats and skirts worn by hundreds of other women."

"You lose," he responded tersely. With one finger he began to trace an almost invisible line on the goods

where there had once been a seam.

"Do you see that mark?"

"Yes," I replied. "I noticed that long ago. It simply means that the skirt has been lengthened or shortened, but what of it?"

"It means more than that," he answered almost severely, as if reproaching me for my lack of observation. "It means that a thirty-eight skirt has been lengthened an inch and a half. Look at this coat. The sleeves have been lengthened two inches. It is a thirty-eight coat. Can't you see how simple the problem has become?"

"I confess I can't see it at all."

"Let me state it for you: A woman from somewhere in Connecticut buys a black suit of a rather peculiar texture from a cloak and suit house that receives a great many mail orders. She requires a thirty-eight coat with sleeves lengthened two inches and a thirty-eight skirt let down an inch and a half. That's enough to identify any person."

"I must confess I still don't see how that knowledge will help you."

"In these days of system every house that sells women's garments has elaborate card indexes. The greatest expense they have is in alterations. They figure that a roll of cloth that costs so much will make so many suits of a certain pattern which they will sell for so much in a certain length of time. They figure on making so much profit on the suits. If the cloth is all right, the pattern popular and the price reasonable, they can figure to a certainty on their profits, except for one factor—alterations. Alterations require the time of skilled work-people and also correspondence and frequently extra express charges. The aim of the manager is to reduce alteration to a minimum. For that reason he keeps a record of every alteration made. This particular dress happened to come from a store where I know the manager well. It is their busy season just now, and I took a chance on finding him in his office. I described the goods in the suit, gave him the size and the sort of alterations that had been made on it and asked him to have his card index looked up. I told him in all probability the woman I wanted to know about came from Bridgeport, Conn., or near there. It happened that only three of the eight suits they had made from this piece of goods—at least the only ones entered on the alteration cards—had gone to Connecticut. Of the three, two were thirty-six coats,

"We've got to find Hugh Crandall!" I exclaimed. "I will not be content until we do. There is no doubt in my mind that he is the author of those letters. We've got to find him, Davis, and make him explain. I promised the girl I love I would not rest until I had cleared away the mystery, until I had lifted the cloud that is hanging over her father and her sister. Nothing, nothing shall stand in the way! Think what it means to me! The one I love, the one who is dearer to me than anything else in the world, is living in constant dread of an unknown terror. I feel that Crandall is responsible. I am positive that he is guilty. Help me find him, Davis! We must find him!"

As I spoke Davis sat regarding me with unmoved countenance. He puffed leisurely at his cigarette two or three times, and then, with cutting asperity, without the slightest indication of sympathy for my anxiety, said slowly:

"Harding, I told you that one of the reasons for my success was that I never undertake anything that I can not accomplish. I came out here to find the man who has been using the mails illegally to terrorize people to such an extent that they are driven to suicide. I am confident that we will quickly locate him and his accomplice in crime. Rest assured that you can safely leave the plan of action to me."

"Breathlessly I rushed into the booth and grabbed the receiver."

be he. It must be Louise. She would not call me at this time unless something had happened. That was it. Something terrible had happened! Katharine was dead, or perhaps her father. Perhaps both of them. Or maybe Katharine had spoken again. Perhaps she had given some information that Louise felt would aid me in the investigation that meant so much for both of us.

Isn't it strange how fast we can think? It could not have taken me more than thirty seconds to race from my room to the telephone booth in the hall below, yet in that brief period all these thoughts and a hundred other queries and fears pursued each other in mad tumult through my brain.

Breathlessly I rushed into the booth and grabbed the receiver. It was the voice of Louise that I heard. Faint though it was, I recognized it at once, and was overjoyed to note that there was nothing in it of the sadness there would have been if the worst had come to her father or Katharine.

"Is that you, Mr. Kent?" she asked.

"Yes, yes," I cried. "What is it?"

"This is Louise Farrish speaking. I want you to promise me that you will drop your investigation at once and return to the city."

"What's that?" I cried, not believing my ears.

"If you love me"—she was speaking slowly and enunciating with labored distinctness that there might be no mistake—"you will drop all investigation at once without any questions. Do you hear me? Repeat what I have said so I can be sure you understand."

Word for word I repeated her message, amazed beyond thought at its import. As I finished repeating it, I cried, "Why, tell me why—" but I heard the thud of the broken connection.

Frantically I called central. I pleaded, urged, demanded that she get the person at the other end of the wire again. It was no use. I called for the Farrish's number. Central reported, "Don't answer." I said that I had been called just now from there. After weary, impatient minutes of waiting and wrangling, she told me the call had come from another number, from a pay station. I demanded that number at once and finally she got it for me. It was a drug-store near the Farrish home. The druggist's clerk said that the young lady who had been telephoning had left the store. I tried to get him to send a messenger around to the Farrish's, to ask Miss Louise Farrish to come to the telephone. He refused. It was useless. I was forced to give it up.

I emerged from the telephone booth perspiring, frantic, puzzled beyond measure at the sudden and startling turn in affairs.

What could have induced Louise to send me such a message? What could have happened?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Revealed Family Secret.

The other day a teacher in a Boston school, who had just had a present of a very handsome hand-painted fan, took it down to the class room for the edification of the scholars. Very few of them had seen anything other than the palm leaf, or cheap Japanese fan, and did not associate this gorgeous affair even with the five cent paper things of somewhat similar shape.

Selecting perhaps the dullest of the pupils, the teacher held up the fan, and asked "what the lovely thing was."

The child did not know.

"What does your mother use to keep her cool in the hot weather?" asked the teacher.

"Beer," was the reply.

the size of Bridgeport the inference was plain that the agent was probably an acquaintance. If she lived in Bridgeport, she would have given street and number. I concluded at once that she lived in the suburbs near Bridgeport. I called up the express agent, and he gave me the rest of my facts.

"Did he tell you why she committed suicide?"

"He doesn't dream that she has," the inspector replied. "I put my questions in a guarded way and he happened to be a garrulous fellow, who readily followed my leads. All I asked him was where a letter would reach Miss Sarah Hackett, saying I had forgotten which rural free delivery route it was that she lived on. He told me that she and her brother were still living on the old Sackett place, Route No. 1. I explained that I wanted to make sure of an important letter reaching her at once. He told me she was away, explaining that he had seen her come down to the station with her brother, and suggested that it might be a good idea to send the letter in her brother's care, and told me the address of the bank where her brother could be reached. So you see it is all quite simple when you know how."

"I don't see, though," I objected, "how anything that you have learned in any way connects this woman with the Farrish mystery."

"I told you there would be other suicides, didn't I?"

"It looks to me like a mere coincidence."

"How about the yellow letter she was reading?"

I started. For a moment I had forgotten the strange, tinted link that seemed to bind the Farrish tragedy, the Elser case and the Sarah Sackett suicide together in the terrible chain of mystery.

"We've got to find Hugh Crandall!" I exclaimed. "I will not be content until we do. There is no doubt in my mind that he is the author of those letters. We've got to find him, Davis, and make him explain. I promised the girl I love I would not rest until I had cleared away the mystery, until I had lifted the cloud that is hanging over her father and her sister. Nothing, nothing shall stand in the way! Think what it means to me! The one I love, the one who is dearer to me than anything else in the world, is living in constant dread of an unknown terror. I feel that Crandall is responsible. I am positive that he is guilty. Help me find him, Davis! We must find him!"

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Selecting perhaps the dullest of the pupils, the teacher held up the fan, and asked "what the lovely thing was."

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to turn in when I was startled by a sharp rap on my door.

"Come in," I called, thinking, of course, it was Davis with some new theory to suggest.

Instead it was the clerk from the office below.

"You're wanted on the telephone," he said.

I had already taken off my coat and waistcoat and I did not wait to put them on. Just as I was I sped through the hall to the telephone booth. Who could it be that was calling me at this hour? It must be long after ten. I could think of only two persons who know of my being in this hotel, Louise and Hugh Crandall. I felt that it must be Louise. Why should Crandall call me up? True, he could have learned my name from the hotel register, and from my question about the yellow letter he must know that I was on his trail, but having escaped from the village, why should he communicate with me? No, it could not

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HAVE YOU TRIED THIS?

Simple Prescription Said to Work Wonders for Rheumatism.

This has been well known to the best doctors for years as the quickest and most reliable cure obtainable for rheumatism and backache. It has been published here for several winters and hundreds of the worst cases cured by it in a short time. "From your druggist get one ounce of Toris compound (in original sealed package) and one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound. Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Shake the bottle and take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bedtime." Results come the first day. If your druggist does not have Toris Compound in stock he will get it in a few hours from his wholesale house. Don't be influenced to take some patent medicine instead of this. Insist on having the genuine Toris compound in the original one-ounce, sealed, yellow package. Published by the Globe Pharmaceutical Laboratories of Chicago.

Jumped the Track.

"And Zens turned Nlobe into a stone."

"Did they have motor cars in those days, dad?"

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-PAISE. The Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes for tired, aching feet. It takes the sting out of corns and bunions and makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere, 25c. Refuse substitutes. "PRIME" trial package, address A. S. Oimsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

He's a good man who sleeps all the time.

TAKE FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS For Backache Rheumatism Kidneys and Bladder

Stiff Joints Sprains, Bruises

are relieved at once by an application of Sloan's Liniment. Don't rub, just lay on lightly.

Sloan's Liniment has done more good than anything I have ever tried for stiff joints. I got my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work right in the busiest time of the year. I thought at first that I would have to have my hand taken off, but I got a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and cured my hand."

Good for Broken Spleen.

G. G. Jones, Baldwin, L. I., writes: "I used Sloan's Liniment for broken spleen above the knee cap caused by a fall and to my great satisfaction was able to resume work in less than three weeks after the accident."

Sloan's Liniment

Fine for Sprain

MR. HENRY A. VOELT, 84 Somerset St., Plainfield, N. J., writes: "A friend sprained his ankle so badly that it went black. He laughed when I told him that I would have him out in a week. I applied Sloan's Liniment and in four days he was working and said Sloan's was a right good Liniment."

Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00