SYNOPSIS.

Congressman Standish and the Woman, believing themselves in love, spend a trial week as man and wife in a hotel in northern New York under assumed aames. The Woman awakens to the fact that she does not love Standish and calls their engagement off. Standish protests undying devotion. Wanda Kelly, telephone girl at the Hotel Keswick, Washington, is loved by Tom Blake, son of the political boss of the house. He proposes marriage and is refused. She gives as one of her reasons her determination to get revenge on Jim Blake for ruining her father, Congressman Frank E. Kelly. Congressman Standish, turned insurgent, is fighting the Mullins bill, a measure to the interests of the railroads. The hachine is seeking means to discredit Standish in the hope of pushing the bill through. Robertson, son-in-law of Jim Blake, and the latter's candidate for speaker of the house, tries to win Standish over, and falling, threatens to diginto his past. Jim Blake finds out about the episode of five years back at the northern New York hotel. He secures all the facts except the name of the Woman and prop. ses to use the story as a club to force Standish to allow the Mullins bill to pass. Tom Blake lays a trap to secure the name of the Woman Hae tells Miss Kelly that he is going to have a talk with Standish, and that a lts conclusion the latter will call up a number on the telephone to wara the Woman. He offers Miss Kelly 100 for that number. At the conclusion of the interview with Blake, Standish Congressman Standish and the Woman, ter will call up a number on the telephone to wara the Woman. He offers Miss Kelly \$100 for that number. At the conclusion of the interview with Blake, Standish sets a New York wire and calls Plaza 1001. A few minutes later Robertson tells Miss Kelly to call Plaza 1001 and get his wife or one of the servants on the phone. Miss Kelly refuses to give Jim Blake the number called by Standish. Blake has a story of the Standish episode prepared ready to send out as soon as the Woman's name is learned. Tom Blake tells his father of his love for Wanda Kelly, and a family row ensues. Blake's daughter Grace arrives with her husband, Governor Robertson. Miss Kelly calls on Grace to warn her that her good name is threatened by impending exposure of Standish and is insuited for her pains. Grace appeals to Standish to give up the fight in order to protect her name. He refuses. Grace sends for Miss Kelly, apologizes for her rudeness and begs Wanda's asistance. Wanda declares she will never betray the Woman.

CHAPTER XV.

A Wasted Plea.

to the light.

"You're ill!" he exclaimed in quick "You took actually ghastly. Shall I send for a doctor?"

"What nonsense!" she laughed. "I'm all right. Just a little tired. A good night's sleep will put me on my feet again."

"I've buried myself so deep in politics," he frowned self-accusingly, "that I hadn't sense enough to remember that you might be worn out and might (sulkily bringing up the rear) Tom. want to go to Led. But I didn't notice heart!"

"Really?" she asked almost timidly; condemned man might gaze on his last first word she caught.

"Glad?" he cried. "Indeed I am. I'm afraid I'll never get past the honeymoon stage. You don't want me to, do talk freely here. No one will interyou?"

"I wonder," she faltered, "-if you'd never met me-if you'd-' "I'd never have known what I miss-

ed. That's where nature is kind. People who miss the real love never know. We only know when we've found it."

"But," she pursued, "when people find out too late-afterward- That's the bitterest thing in life, I should think. It isn't easy to judge peoplewomen, especially-who find out too late-and-and who try then to get their birthright of happiness in spite of everything."

"Such people have lost their birthright," he answered. "They've sold it for a mess of pottage. That's one of the problems of the ages, Grace. And man has made laws to govern it. Laws that are wise and-"And often bitterly cruel."

"Laws are for the many. Not for the few. And the few must obey them for the good of the many. But I didn't give the rest of the crowd the slip. fust to bore you by discussing ethics. Was it foolish of me to run away, simply to have a few extra minutes with you? I've been fighting so hard-

"And fighting fairly, too, I know. Dear, you'd never take an unfair advantage of-"

"Politics," answered Mark, "iz war. And war is the science of finding the weakest point in your enemy's armor and hammering away at it till he yields. For instance, we've just found the weakest sort of spot in Standish's armor and-'

"You have? What is it?" "There are only two weak spots in

most men's armor. One is money crockedness. The other is women. In Standish's case it was a woman. An affair he got tangled up in five "ears ago."

"And you'll stoop to use such a

"Why not? He'd use the same sort hole. He'll-" of weapon against us, fast enough; if he had it."

But that isn't fair fighting, Mark. way around." It's disgusting scandal."

in a minute

"Don't ask me, dear. This is one of

"Perhaps," she retorted desperately, "I may understand it far better than you do. You say there's a woman concerned in it. This scandal will pillory

her and-"That type of woman belongs in the pillory."

"You are cruel!" she cried. "You the Woman may have repented. Are you going to refuse her the benefit of that chance?"

"The chance is too small to be considered. Don't let's talk of it. You can't-

"Then," she continued, unheeding, There's something else you don't consider. Se may have married. She may be the wife of some honorable man who loves her and thinks she is perfect. All his heart and all his ideals may be bound up in her. Are you going to ruin his life, too?"

"Dear," sneered Mark, "the sort of fool who marries women of that kind (like the man who teaches his wife to be a 'dead game sport') deserves what he gets. And generally he gets it. Though, in both cases, he doesn't always find it out. Don't waste sympathy on him. If he married her he probably knew what she was. If he didn't know, it's time he learned. No sane man should want to live in a fool's paradise."

"But her family! Her parents? Her brothers or sisters? Surely they aren't to blame. And they will be disgraced,

too." "Such things are rather apt to run, in families. Cankered flowers don't ship?" grow from clean roots. You're wasting a lot of sympathy over a woman and a man who are unworthy to speak your dear name. There are your father and the rest, getting out of the elevator now. Go to bed, dear girl, Grace started guiltily at her hus. and try to get a good rest. Don't sit band's troubled question. He took up for me. I'll probably be up all night her face between his hands and raised on this Standish affair. Good night, sweetheart."

> As he bent to kiss her, her arms clung to his neck like a frightened child's. She tried to speak, faltered, and hurried from the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sixty Seconds Leeway.

In they trooped, Jim Blake at their head-Van Dyke, Neligan, Gregg, and Grace had quitted the library at her that you looked badly at the station. husband's order. Now, starkly un-It wasn't till just now when the light ashamed of the eavesdropper's role, tice." bappened to strike your face- Oh, but she was standing tense, expectant, her I'm glad to see you here again, sweet- ear to the closed door leading to the inner rooms. Through the thin panel she could hear every syllable from drinking in her husband's words as a the library. Her own name was the

"Grace turned in?" Jim Blake was asking; and Robertson replied:

"Yes. She's all tired out. We can



She Tried to Speak, Faltered, and Hurried From the Room.

rupt. Sit down. The cigars are over there. And here's the Scotch.'

"Has Standish been around yet? queried Van Dyke.

"Oh, he'll be here all right," vouchweapon as that?" she cried indignant- safed Blake, before Mark could answer. "He knows we've got him in a

"But have we?" argued Van Dyke. 'As far as I can see, it's still the other | ish. "And I advise you, Governor Rob-

"It's bad enough to be delayed by "That's his lookout, not ours. If anything," fumed Mark. "But it's ten Van Dyke. "The proprietor of the hohe chanced to know something dam- times worse when we're blocked by a tel is coming tonight. The hotel where aging in my private life, he'd use it damned little-by the person who got Mr. and Mrs. Fowler were registered. this information," he corrected him- We may not need him to identify her. "But if I asked you-if I begged self, catching a warning glint frem But he'll be on hand in case we do.

Blake's half-shut eyes. save time."

"No," contradicted Blake, his glance | "If I did," said Standish, "I would | shifting as if by accident to Tom. "Her-the-the price is too high."

"Too high?" snorted Neligan on insisted Mark. "If this story will beat whom the undercurrent of Blake's re- you tonight it will beat you 20 years fusal was entirely lost. "It's the first from today. Particularly if this Womtime we've ever economized."

Before Blake could reply the buzzer it :-- a trifle off color?" sounded.

"There's Standish, now," said Jim, Let him in, Neligan. Take the lead from me, all of you. And don't disgrace me by acting like wild asses of the desert.'

Neligan, in obedience to his chief. had opened the outer door. Standish. after a quick and seemingly indifferent look that itemized the room's occupants, walked forward. Neligan care-

fully closed the door behind him. The men nodded stiffly, uncomfortably, in response to the visitor's slight

"Good evening, gentlemen," said yourself admit that there is a chance Standish pleasantly. "This setting of the stages seems to auggest Daniel in the lions' den. I hope pone of you has made the error of casting me for the role of Daniel."

Neligan's lips flew apart with the force of a retort that leaped to them. But the words were never formulated. For Blake, beaming on the newcomer like a father upon his dearest loved son, exclaimed affectionately:

"Why, how are you, my boy? How are you? Take a chair. Neligan, get him a-"

"Thanks," declined Standish. "I can talk better on my feet."

"Oh!" deprecated Blake, in pathetic disappointment. "You've come to talk? I was hoping you had come to-" "To lie down?" supplemented Stand-

"Well," answered Blake oracularly, "the man who lies down can get up again. But the man who is knocked down, is apt to take the count."

"The question is this, Mr. Standish," broke in Mark, impatiently at his father-in-law's slower method of reaching the point. "Will you support us, or will you not?"

"I will not," returned Standish. "Or at least resign your leader

"No. I thought we had settled all that."

"Then," asked Van Dyke, "you are prepared to take the consequences, Mr. Standish?"

"If there are consequences-yes." "Oh, there'll be consequences, all right," Blake assured him, "Hell's full protect the Woman?"

"You haven't found her yet." "No?" smiled Blake. "Son, I told you there was a trap. Well, it caught her. And we'll have her name in half an hour at most. Probably sooner, If you think that's a bluff, you're welcome to. But you've only a half-hour to keep on thinking it."

"Look here, gentlemen," said Standish, turning to the others. "All this does not interest me in the least. I came here tonight for just one rea- an's name? You've just been told son-to appeal to your sense of jus-

stirred his slow voice to slightly faster measure.

am secure. But, for the sake of others, use that power, I tell you now, one I ask you not to make political capital and all-my father as well as the rest out of something in my private life."

Gregg's loose mouth parted in a grin. Neligan laughed aloud. But Mark Robertson could see no humor in the situation.

"You're wrong, Standish," he declared. "This scandal will beat you." "Let us suppose, for argument's sake, that it would," agreed Standish. 'Can't I appeal to your honor? Won't you fight fairly?"

"We'll publish the truth," retorted Mark. "If that's unfair."

"It is unfair. If not to me, then to

the Woman." "It is too late to go into that matter now, Mr. Standish, Your presence here tonight is, by itself, strong proof against you; if further proof were needed."

Standish made a gesture of weary mpatience

"Proof?" he echoed. "I don't deny the story. You wouldn't dare use it if you couldn't prove it. But, gentlemen, there comes a time -even in politics-when we've got to be men first and politicians afterward."

"Then," suggested Blake, "be a man

Give up the fight." "No," replied Standish, "I won't be blackmailed. The affair was over and done with before I asked the people to accept me as their leader. Long before. It has no bearing on my pres-

ent fitness." "That's your misfortune," sneered Mark. "The people have a right to know who represent them. In the newspaper articles we have prepared, there are no facts we cannot prove; your affair with the Woman-your failure to carry out your pledge to marry her-

"Then the story is written?" exclaimed Standish.

"It is in type," put in Van Dyke, 'and waiting our word to send it out to the whole country."

"I see," mused Standish. "And I see how such a story will be handled in print. You'll use every trick of suggestion, every fact inferring a lie-" "And," cried Mark, "It will beat you.

It will beat you, man-and that's what we've been working for, for years." "I'm not beaten yet," retorted Stand-

ertson, to be careful--" "Oh, we shall be careful," returned Take my word for it, Mr. Standish, "Whatever the price is," suggested you'll save a great deal of unnecesthe things you don't understand. You'll Gregg, "I say pay it! Pay it and sary trouble if you'll quietly step down and out."

be politically dead. You know that." And-"You're politically dead, anyway,"

an proves to be-what shall we call

"Robertson!" "Ah! That hurts, does it? Then it's probably true. If the Woman is the kind that-that would not do you credit, you can understand how much

more effective it will be." "You are wrong!' denied Standish. "She is of good family. She-"

"She may have been a good woman

when you found her," said Mark, "But there must have been a bad streak in her, somewhere. You left her to sink as low as I expect to find her and-" "Drop that, Mark!" burst out Tom Blake, jumping from his ceat and con-

fronting his brother-in-law. "Don't! I can't listen to it any longer. Standish is right. What you men are doing is vile. If you've got a scrap of manhood left in the whole bunch of you, you won't drag this Woman into your dirty schemes. I-'

"Oh," drawled Blake with the air of a sleepy man bothered by a fly, "for the love of Mike, don't you butt in!



'Thanks," Declined Standish, "I Can Talk Better on My Feet."

of 'consequences.' So you won't even | The situation's punk enough as it is, without your laying your trophies of

idiocy at its feet." "Idiocy?" flared Tom, "Perhaps common decency's a better term. Or perhaps in your vocabulary the two mean the same thing. You men are known as political leaders. The public looks to you for examples. And yet you stoop to a currish trick like this! Isn't there enough whiteness in the whole lot of you for a single voice to protest against such use of a womshe's of good family. That she has a A ripple of derision from his hearers litical necessity!' You know this story will destroy at least two lives, Probably several more. And again you an-"You can't beat me," he went on. swer: 'Political necessity!' You have And you know it as well as I do. I the power to ruin these lives. If you -I'm ashamed to have breathed the

same air with you!" "Good night, Tom," drawled Blake, not so much as troubling to glance in

his irate son's direction. "No," corrected Tom, "good-by."

"It's up to you," yawned Blake. "Good-by," reiterated Tom, stamping from the room and slamming the outer door of the suite behind him. The others stared after him in dull

wonder. But an exclamation from their host suddenly shifted their attention. "Grace!" cried Mark in surprised disapproval.

She had come, unnoticed, from her hiding place behind the inner door and was standing among them before they were aware of her presence. "Mark!" she panted. "I-I heard

what Tom said. And he was right. You must not-" "Please keep out of this, Grace," re-

quested her husband in dire embarrassment. "You don't know anything about it. You couldn't possibly-'

"I do," she denied. "Two heard.

"Grace, dear girl," soothed Blake. "This is muddy business at best. It's no time for you to be here. You'll only soil those pretty hands of yours."

"It is the time for me to be here!" she declared. "I can see this from the Woman's standpoint. You men can't." "There is nothing in common between your standpoint and that of the Woman we are talking about," protest-

"Tom was right!" she persisted. You must not sink to using this story.

The whirr of the buzzer interrupted her. At such high tension were they all that the sound made them turn as though to confront a physical presence. Neligan strode to the door, conferred for an instant with some one outside, then returned with a slip of blue paper in his hand.

"The duplicate list of phone numbers from central," he announced, turning over the paper to Van Dyke. "Good," approved Blake. "Now we'll get to what we're chasing. And we'll get it mighty quick."

Van Dyke and Neligan were already poring over the sheet of numbers that the lawyer had just spread on the table under the lamp.

"Now, then, Standish," exulted Robertson; "we're ready to begin. One of these numbers leads directly to the Woman We'll put a man at work tracing each one of them. In a few hours at longest we will have what we want. And when we find the Woman we'll lay bare every soiled page in her

life and in yours." It was Standish who broke the mo-

ment's silence. "Very well, Robertson," he said calmly. "I've done what I promised to do. And I have failed. You drive me now to the use of your own weapons. I shall have to fight ex-

posure with exposure." "No, no!" moaned Grace, incoherent

with fear. Mark Robertson had caught up Standish's defiance and had stepped forward to confront him.

"In other words, Mr. Standish," he demanded, "you threaten me? That's an empty threat. There is nothing in my life you have not already shouted from the housetops."

"Don't be too sure," warned Stancish, meeting Mark's scornful glare with unconcern.

"What do you mean? Speak up!" "Mr. Standish!" pleaded Grace. beg-

"Don't worry, dear," said Mark. "Lot him bluff. I'll call him. Mr. Standish. I give you full permission to use any weapon that I use. If you know anything against me, tell it here and now. Here, in my wife's presence. You know our cards. Show yours."

Standish's gaze strayed, as if by chance, to Grace's ghastly face. "Well?" urged Mark. "Speak up!

We're waiting!" At sight of the mortal terror in Grace's eyes, Standish checked tha words that were on his lips. Turning ing any pain, feel fine in every way, away from the domineering man who so truculently confronted him, he mut. a day without feeling tired.

tered: "I'll choose my own time!" "I thought so!" scoffed Mark. You're licked. This is your last fight. From tonight you're a dead man, powoman or two to keep you dead, we'll

do it." Van Dyke had glanced from the teles-

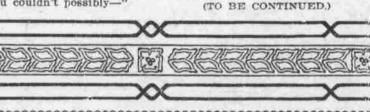
phone list to his watch. "We've just time enough to cate? the last editions of the morning papers." said he. "I told Jennings to

hold a wire ready-' "What?" exclaimed Standish, "You'T go ahead without the Woman's name?" "Yes," answered Van Dyke. "Since we've an absolute certainty, now, of getting it. We can afford to do that and publish the name tomorrow. Tell Jennings to send out the story. Tell him we're holding the Woman's namand that we won't give it out unless Standish denies the story. Py the time he can get his denial in print we'!

have the name.' "Good!" asserted Robertson, catch ing up the telephone. "Hello! Give

me-"Mark!" begged Grace. "Oh, I inplore you-don't-"

"4400 Main."



NAPOLEON WROTE OF DEEDS | great general is not an ordinary man

Great Soldier Told How He Used to Play on the Feelings of His Soldiers.

Great interest has been aroused among military students and historians through the publication by Col. Ernest Picard of a selection from one's own forces and minimize those hitherto unknown military maxims! and precents dictated by Napoleon a strong artillery the prime factor in during his imprisonment at St. Hel. success.

The emperor attached great weight to tact and skill in the treatment of soldiers.

'When I used to say," he wrote, "as rode through the lines in the heat of battle, Unfurl your flags; the mo- Frenchmen should consider the laws meat has come,' the French soldier simply shook with eagerness

"At such a moment nothing seemed devastated." impossible to me. The Thirty second demibrigade would have died to a man for me, because after Lonato I wrote, 'The Thirty-second was there, and I was at ease.' The power of words on men is astonishing."

The following is Napoleon's idea of a general: It is one man who is everything. A | 000,000.

Military genius is a gift from heaves but the most essential quality for e commander-in-chief is firmness of character and the resolution to wir at all costs." Next to the qualities of the con-

mander, whose surest way of win ning was, he thought, "to exaggerate of the enemy," Napoleon cousidered

"If I had had 30,000 more rounds on the evening of Leipzig, I should today be master of the world."

In speaking or a market strong which he was, of course strong that In speaking of a national arm favor, Napoleon insisted that of conscription necessary and eacred, if they do not wish to see their homes

Millions Spent for Soda. Authorities in the drug business of

timate the number of soda fountain in use in the United States at not lear than 75,000 and they are said to rep resent an investment of \$50,000,004 The annual receipts of these suy "In time of war men are nothing. plies of soft drinks may total \$50.

"Pape's Diapepsin" settles sour, gassy stomachs in five minutes-Time It!

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad-or an uncertain one-or a harmful one-your stomach is too valuable; you mustn't injure it.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in giving relief; its harmlessness; its certain unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. Its millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach trouble has made it famous the world

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home-keep it handy-get a large fifty-cent case from any dealer and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them; if what they eat lays like lead, ferments and sours and forms gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eructations of acid and undigested foodremember as soon as Pape's Diapepsin comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. Its promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it .- Adv.

Then the Apparatus Is in Demand. A visitor was being shown through a lid lifting "athletic" club. The chief attraction seemed to be the liquid gymnastic department. However, there was a cheaply equipped gymnasium which showed evidences of disuse. There was dust on the Indian clubs

and cobwebs on the dumbbells. "Don't the members ever use this equipment?" the visitor asked. 'Oh, yes, occasionally-when a fight

starts," was the reply.

PLEASE PUBLISH THIS LETTER

Writes Lady Who can Now Walk Four Miles a Day Without Feeling Tired.

Boydton, Va.-Mrs. Fannie Boyd, of this town, says: "I am sure I would have been in my grave, had it not been for Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I certainly cannot praise it enough, for it is worth its weight in gold. I am, today, a walking adver-

tisement for Cardui. Before taking Cardui, I could hardly walk across the floor, I was so weak. underwent an operation last spring

for womanly trouble, but felt no better. After using 8 bottles of Cardui, the woman's tonic, my ulcers were all gone, I can eat hearty without sufferwork all day, and can walk four miles

Please publish this letter, as I would like for every woman to know what

Cardui did for me." Many letters, similar to the above, come to us, unsolicited, every day. litically. And if we have to hunt out & This one should surely convince you of the merit of Cardul, as it expresses the earnest sentiment of a lady who has tried it.

> If you suffer from any of the numerous ailments so common to women, such as headache, backache, nervousness, weakness, pains in sides and limbs, sleeplessness, etc., begin taking Cardui today. It will help you, as it has helped so many others, in the past half century. N. B.—Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chatta-nooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treat-ment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request. Adv.

request. Adv. Talking Machines. "Papa, did Edison make the first

talking machine?" "No, son, the Lord made the first talking machine, but Edison made the one that could be shut off at will

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HER GRAY HAIR

She Made Up a Mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to Bring Back Color, Gloss, Thickness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and fustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture . was to make it at home, which is mussy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy. Adv.

Mean. "I have a very thick head of hair." "I guess it's the result of environnent."

Constination causes many serious dis-eases. It is thoroughly cared by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, three for enthartic. Adv.

But the average man would have no use for mirrors if he sould see himself in them as others see him-

Standing on one's merits is good but moving on them is better.