

**PAINS NEARLY DOUBLED ME UP**

The low price of cotton has stopped the real estate business. Judge Horton will hold our next term of court. We read he only 26 years old.

We have not heard of a deer, in fact nothing worth while, being killed this season.

The Journal has been wrong; Superior court convene Nov. 29, Monday after Thanksgiving.

The hobbyhorses are in town, and running at a loss, still they are here, if that's comforting.

of my head at times. My bowels did not move for days and I could not eat without suffering. The doctor could not help me and one day I told my husband that I could not stand the pain any longer and sent him to the drug-store to get me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and threw the doctor's medicine away. After taking three bottles of Vegetable Compound and using two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash I could do my own housework. If it had not been for your medicine I don't know where I would be today and I am never without a bottle of it in the house. You may publish this if you like that it may help some other woman."—Mrs. MARY STENDER, 120 Orange St., Wyandotte, Mich.



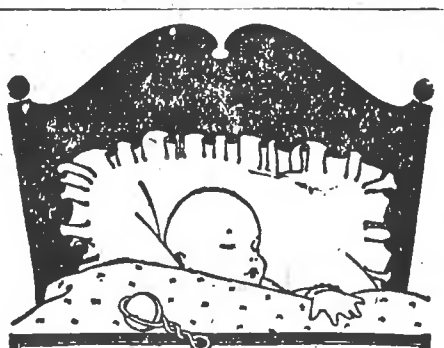
**This will fix my cold**

"I ALWAYS keep Dr. King's New Discovery handy. It breaks up hard, stubborn colds and stops the prooxymos of coughing." No harmful drugs, but just good medicine. At your druggists, 60c and \$1.20 a bottle.

**For colds and coughs Dr. King's New Discovery**

**Stubborn Bowels Tamed**  
Leaving the system unclogged, clogged bowels unmoved, results in health destruction. Let the gently stimulating Dr. King's Pills bring you a regular, normal bowel and liver functioning. Same old price, 25c. All druggists.

**Prompt! Won't Grip Dr. King's Pills**



**Comfortable, Healthful Nights for Baby**

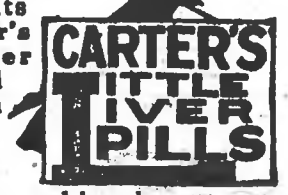
follow the use of the safe, pleasant, purely vegetable, guaranteed non-alcoholic, non-narcotic preparation

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP**

The infants' and Children's Regulator. Medical skill has never devised a safer or more satisfactory remedy for overcoming colic, diarrhoea, flatulency, constipation and similar disorders. Thousands of parents owe baby's bounding health to Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. They find it never fails to bring quick and gratifying results. Pleasant to take, pleasant to give. Open published formula appears on every label. At All Druggists

**Clogged-Up Liver Causes Headache**

It's foolish to suffer from constipation, sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, indigestion, and kindred ailments when Carter's Little Liver Pills will end all misery in a few hours. Purely vegetable. Act gently on liver and bowels. Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price



**3 Best Silks in America NOW \$1.50 YARD**

Peau-de-Soie, Taffeta, Satin, Black, Navy, Brown. Usual Retail Price \$3.00 to \$4.00 a yard

Ladies Get Samples and Order Direct Money Refunded if Not Satisfied

John M. Riddel, Johnston, Pa. In Great Britain at London and Aberdeen Born in 1884 and not a single complaint

**The MYSTERY of HARTLEY HOUSE**  
by Clifford S. Raymond  
Illustrated by Irwin Myers Copyright by George H. Doran Co.

**JED ABDUCTED.**  
Synopsis.—Dr. John Michelson, just beginning his career, becomes resident physician and companion of Homer Sidney at Hartley house. Mr. Sidney is an American, a semi-invalid, old and rich and very desirous to live. Mrs. Sidney is a Spanish woman, dignified and reticent. Jed, the butler, acts like a privileged member of the family. The family has come from Montevideo, South America. Hartley house is a fine old isolated country place, with a murder story, a "haunted pool," and many watchdogs, and an atmosphere of mystery. The "haunted pool" is where Richard Dobson, son of a former owner of Hartley house, had killed his brother, Arthur Dobson. Jed begins operations by locking the doctor in his room the very first night. Doctor John fixes his door so he can't be locked in. He meets Isobel, daughter of the house, and falls in love at first sight. In the night he finds the butler drunk and holding Mrs. Sidney by the wrist. He interferes. Mrs. Sidney makes light of it. John buys a revolver. John overhears Jed telling Mrs. Sidney he will have his way. In reply she says she will not hesitate to kill him. Mrs. Sidney asks John to consent to the announcement of his engagement to Isobel. The young people consent to the marriage engagement. Later they find it is to head off Jed, who would marry Isobel. Jed tries to kill John, but the matter is smoothed over. John, though "engaged" to Isobel, conceals his love. Mr. Sidney visits a nearby prison and has Dobson, the murderer, pointed out. Jed tells the story of the Dobson murder. The family go to South America for the winter. John is left at home, but the "engagement" is not broken. John hears the story of a tragedy that night has happened in Montevideo. The family returns. A mysterious Spanish sailor appears. Jed recognizes him and wants to kill him. The sailor plays burglar. Mr. Brown, "attorney" for the sailor, calls on John and makes demands.

**CHAPTER VIII—Continued.**  
"I cannot correct your convictions," I said. "You must use your best judgment. You have our permission to do anything that suggests itself to you."  
"You're going to brazen it out," he cried.  
"We are not going to do anything at all," I said, "not seeing any necessity for doing anything. I might merely suggest to you that there are legal provisions against blackmail."  
The quiet little man, with his notions of profit evaporating, suddenly became savage and desperate.



"You are in for trouble," he said. "We know what you have, and we'll get it."  
Is not enough of a hold, but it is enough to keep you from making trouble for me, and I'll see that soon it will be enough to make you listen to me."  
"You may do anything you want to do," I said.  
He became quiet and cunning again. "Then, if you don't mind, I'd like to speak to Jed," he said.  
I rang for him.  
When Jed came, the little shabby lawyer became excited again and got up out of his chair to shake his finger at Jed.  
"You are in for trouble," he said. "We know what you have, and we'll get it. They don't dare stop us, and I'll give you notice that you are wanted. That's all. You'll be followed and hounded and run down in the city and there'll be an end to this business here. It may be when

"That's a threat, and the people in this house can make the best of it. I'm in this case to stay, and my Spanish client is not easily discouraged or controlled. You have chosen to deal with us in this fashion. We'll get the rest of this evidence, and we'll make you pay ten times more than we'd be willing to settle for now. We've got an equity in this matter, and we're going to collect it. We know all about you, my friend Jed, and we'll show you that we do. Where's my cane and hat? I'm going to get out of here. You'll regret it."

"Jed," I said, "show the gentleman where the door is and don't let the dogs attack him on the way out."  
A disappointed shyster went away in a hurry. I was not only perplexed but alarmed. Of the rapacity of the little man, of his lack of conscience and morals, I had no doubt at all. My only question was whether he could make his malevolence and cupidity effective.

**CHAPTER IX.**

We had seen nothing of Dravada or the lawyer for nearly three weeks. I was unable to think that he had heard the last of them. Dravada's purpose had been too long nourished and the lawyer's cupidity was too great for either to abandon his intent. Jed's disposition was resilient, and soon he recovered his poise. He thought his enemies had abandoned their intent.

It was a relief to me when going to bed and lying a few minutes awake, to hear the rush and scurry of the dogs about the place. They were active at night. Rabbits, coons, weasels and occasionally a fox kept them moving. Jed's courage returned—and with it, I was disturbed to observe, a threat of another fit of temper. It showed itself first in moodiness and then in insolence. I was glad to find that Jed in this mood this time was not directing himself against Mrs. Sidney. He had turned against me. I knew that he was in torment again. He had nothing to say to me unless he saw me in Mr. Sidney's room. Then he was pleasant.

"Jed," I said to him one morning. "I know you better than you think I do. You'll torment yourself until you do something you'll regret."  
"Go to the devil," said Jed.  
Isobel and I had been progressing as rationally as two young people could, situated with regard to each other as we were.

One evening I had been reading and Isobel had gone to the piano. I had put my book down on my knees as she began to play. Then I was aroused by perceiving, without seeing, that somebody was near me.

I turned suddenly and saw Jed. He was not three feet behind my chair. His face revealed disorder of mind.  
"Do you want a cocktail?" he asked.  
"No," I said.  
Isobel touched the keys of the piano, as a lawyer done with a mood may do to express surfeit or conclusion.

"Not a mild one?" Jed asked, persisting.  
"Well, then, very weak," I said.  
I took up my book again and forced myself, as discipline, to read. I had not been able to do so long as Isobel played, but now that she had stopped I might at least try.

I made an effort. I tried to keep my attention on the type. It was no use. After fifteen minutes' reading I found that I had not turned a page. Neither had Jed brought the cocktail. I got up and walked about the library. I went to the front entrance to find if a few deep breaths in the open would not produce tranquillity.

As I stood at the entrance Isobel came running toward it. I heard her before I saw her. She was running and gasping. She came up the steps, saw me, controlled herself and tried to appear undisturbed. She might have succeeded, but a sleeve of her gown was torn from her waist and had fallen to her wrist.

"What has happened to you?" I asked.  
"Nothing," she said.  
"You are running."  
"A little exercise."  
"Look at your sleeve," I said.  
She clutched at it as if she had become conscious of it for the first time, and then ran by me and indoors.

We met at dinner twenty minutes later. Isobel had on another gown. Jed did not serve us. Dinner was delayed ten minutes. Then two maids undertook the service. Mrs. Sidney asked for Jed. One of the maids said that he had not appeared and they were doing the best they could without him.

"Why, what can have happened to Jed?" Mrs. Sidney exclaimed.  
"What did happen to Jed?" I asked Isobel after dinner when we were alone.  
"I don't know," she said.  
"Where's he?"  
"I don't know."  
"Where were you when he did it?"  
"At the edge of the woods. I had gone out for a bit of air—just across the lawn. Jed appeared."  
"What did he say?"  
"I don't know—something incoherent, violent; and he took me by the sleeve. I was not frightened, but I drew back suddenly. My sleeve ripped out. We were at the edge of the woods. Three men appeared, strangled Jed before he could cry out, picked him up and carried him off."  
I spent the evening with Mr. Sidney and told him that Jed was ill. He was concerned, and I made the lie a kindly one.  
"It is insignificant," I said. "With his habits he must occasionally pay a price. A touch of indigestion this time."  
To extemporize a few lies to get through the night was easy enough; but Jed was not back in the morning, and Mr. Sidney had to be deceived in more enduring fashion.

Ever since Jed had disappeared I had been accustomed to taking certain responsibilities with regard to the house. The element of security entered as a question. I knew we were in circumstances which demanded—at least asked—precautions. So I went about the house at night to see to locks, in a supervision of the duties the servants performed in closing the place—one I took on myself without saying anything about it.

Hartley house was large, with many wings. It was nearly a half-hour's work to visit all the entrances and see to bolts. Many of the halls and corridors were dark, and I carried an electric flash to use when needed.  
I did not say anything of my assumed duties, but I suggested to Mrs. Sidney that, considering the state of

the house, it would be wise to tell the household that all doors would be locked at ten o'clock. Mrs. Sidney thought this good policy and the servants were so informed.

The night which had our phenomenon as a development I started from the house at midnight. I had gone from Mr. Sidney's room to my own, had put on a smoking jacket and slippers, put my revolver in my pocket and had laid my watch on the dresser.

I went downstairs and examined the bolt, lock, and chains on the doors at the main entrance. In the halls leading from these doors there were electric buttons, and the house being presumably closed for the night and darkened, I went from hall to hall, from door to door, lighting my way by pushing the buttons and turning off the lights when I had satisfied myself. In two wings, one to the north and one to the south, there was no electric wiring. In the halls of these wings I went along easily enough with an occasional flash of the little light I carried.

Jed's room was in the south wing on the second floor. The windows of the hall toward the east showed the waning moon just rising above a grove of oak mixed with larch, and I stopped at one of the windows to admire the quiet scene. I was attracted—not startled but turned—by a noise at the farther end of the hall. At that end of the hall were the stairs to the second floor, where Jed had his room. There were no windows at that end, and it was in complete darkness, although three faint rays of moonlight reversed the hall from the windows nearer me.

I listened, and it seemed that the sound I heard was the creaking of old stairs under a light and stealthy step. That interested me, and I went as quietly as I could toward the sound. I must have made some noise. The creaking stopped. I stood still—in one of the shafts of moonlight. There was an instant of silence. I took another step toward the stair and hit my foot against a chair, almost losing my balance.

There was a scurry of feet and a rustling of skirts from the bottom of the stairs across the dark hall. I flashed my electric light, and within its rays saw a glint of white which instantly disappeared down a side corridor which led to a small door used by servants. I started in pursuit, but a blow on the head, sharp but not powerful, coming from behind, knocked me down.

It dazed me a bit and felled me, but was not enough to make me unconscious. Nevertheless I got to my feet unsteadily and made my way slowly down the corridor into which the flash of white had turned. I came to the door with my electric light illuminating the hall, and thus I knew no one was in it—it had no recesses or furniture to offer concealment—and found the door locked from the outside.

"Agnes, the new maid, can not be found."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Eye of the Cat.  
As showing how widely the peculiarly blue eyes of cats differ from other eyes, it is noted that immediately the eyes of white cats that are to have permanently blue eyes open they shine bright red in the dark. No other colored eye does this.

One of Human Way.  
Ever notice how even the most near-centenarians habit is the same

"I'll Not Be Bulldozed," Said the Lawyer.  
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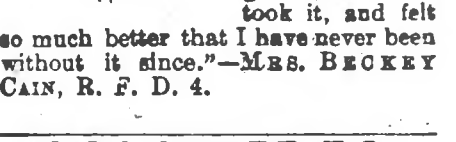


**WHEN A WOMAN IS NEARLY WORRIED**

Most women neglect their health, and for this they pay the penalty. Any woman will find that neglect does not pay. A little more attention to health would brighten up her life. If she asks her neighbors she finds that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription benefits a woman's whole system. It not only acts upon the troubles and weaknesses peculiar to women, but is an all-round tonic that braces the entire body, overcoming nervousness, sleeplessness, headaches, dizziness and a run-down condition.

All druggists. Liquid or tablet form. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.

ATHENS, TENN.—I have been ailing with feminine troubles for years, and though I would never be well, I had five different doctors, and was confined to my bed at times. A friend told me to try a bottle of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and I got a bottle and took it, and felt so much better that I have never been without it since."—MRS. BECKY CAIX, R. F. D. 4.



**VICTIMS RESCUED**

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

**GOLD MEDAL HAMLEM OIL CAPSULES**

The world's standard remedy for these disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

**WHEN RHEUMATISM HITS YOU HARD!**

Sloan's Liniment should be kept handy for aches and pains

WHY wait for a severe pain, an ache, a rheumatic twinge following exposure, a sore muscle, sciatica, or lumbago to make you quit work, when you should have Sloan's Liniment handy to help curb it and keep you active, and fit, and on the job? Without rubbing, for it penetrates, apply a bit today to the afflicted part. Note the gratifying, clean, prompt relief that follows. Sloan's Liniment couldn't keep its many thousands of friends the world over if it didn't make good. That's worth remembering. All druggists—three sizes—the largest is the most economical. 35c, 70c, \$1.40.

**Sloan's Liniment** (Pain's Enemy)

**FOR WOMEN**

For over half a century DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS have been sold for the Liver. Read the following from a woman of forty-eight: "I have used DR. TUTT'S PILLS for Bowel regulation many years. I am now convinced that they are also the best known regulator for other retarded female functions. I have told many of my friends and now none would be without them. A few days before, and you are all right."

**Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills**

**SAYS PILES ALL GONE AND NO MORE ECZEMA**

"I had eczema for many years on my head and could not get anything to stop the agony. I saw your ad and got one box of Peterson's Ointment and I owe you many thanks for the good it has done me. There isn't a blotch on my head now and I couldn't help but thank Peterson, for the cure is great." Miss Mary Hill, 42 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
"I have had itching piles for 15 years and Peterson's is the only ointment that relieves me, besides the piles seem to be gone." A. B. Ruser, 1127 Washington Avenue, Racine, Wis.  
Use Peterson's Ointment for old sores, salt rheum, chafing and all skin diseases. 50 cents. Druggists recommend it. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**DON'T CUT OUT A Shoe Boil, Capped Hock or Bursitis**

FOR **ABSORBINE**

will reduce them and leave no blemishes. Stops lameness promptly. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. \$2.50 a bottle delivered. BOTTLED BY ABSORBINE, J.A., for sale, the nearest Dealers for Bulk Orders. Some Foreign Varieties Have Altho Pills and Indigestion. Price \$1.25 a bottle in large quantities. Will tell you more if you wish. N. F. YOUNG, Inc., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.