The Trey O'Hearts

By Louis Joseph Vance

CHAPTER IX.

Forewarned.

The thing was managed with an ingenuity that Alan termed devilish-it was indisputably Machiavellian.

The lovers had come down from the forth in hot haste and the shadow of death. Two days of steady traveling by canoe, by woods trail, by lake steamer-forty-eight hours of fatigue and strain eased by not one instant's relaxation from the high tension of rigilance upon which their very fives depended - were to a culmination through this tedious afternoon on the train from Moosehead-a trap of physcal terment only made possible by Alan's luck in securing, through sheer secident, two parlor-car reservations urned book at the last moment beore leaving Kineo station.

No matter-the longest afternoon nust have its evening: the pokiest of trains comes the more surely to its estination; in another hour or two hey would be in Portland-free at picked up hapharard at some distance ast to draw breath of ease in a land of law, order and same living.

As if in answer to this thought, the rain slowed down with whistling rakes to the last bill-station, and as he trucks groaned and moved anew. lout of a boy came galloping down be aisle, brandishing two yellow enslopes and blatting like a stray calf: "Mista Lawr! Mista Lawr! Tel'rams for Mista Lawr!" Alan had been expecting at every

station a prepaid reply to his wire for eservations on the night express from Portland to New York.

But why two envelopes superscribed "Mr. A. Law, Kineo train southbound, Oakland Sta. ?"

He tore one open, unfolded the inclosure, and grunted disgust with its curt advice, opened the other and caught his breath sharply as he withdrew-part way only-a playing card, a trey of hearts.

Thrusting it back quickly, he clapped both envelopes together, tore them into a hundred fragments, and scattered them from the window. But the flendish wind whisked one small scrap back-and only one!-into the lap of the woman he loved.

Vainly he prayed that she might be asleep. The silken lashes trembled on her cheeks and lifted slightly, disclosing the dark glimmer of questioning eyes. And as she clipped the scrap of cardboard between thumb and forefinger he bent forward and silently took it from her-one corner of the trey of hearts, but inevitably a corner bearing the figure "3" above a heart.

"The Pullman agent at Portland wires no reservations available on any New York train in the next thirty-six hours," he said with lowered voice.

"Couldn't we possibly catch the New

York boat tonight?"

we get in."

She said, "Too bad," abstractedly, reclosed her eyes, and apparently lansed anew into semi-somnolencebut without deceiving him who could well guess what poignant anxiety gnawed at her heart.

He could have ground his teeth in exasperation-the impish insolence of that warning timed so precisely to set their nerves on edge at the very mo-



He Could Have Ground His Teeth in Exasperation.

ment when they were congratulating themselves upon the approach of a respite!

The sheer insanity of the whole my hand!" damnable business-! The grim, wild absurdity of it!

To think that this was America, this the twentieth century, the apex of the highest form of civilization the world had ever known-and still a man could be hunted from pillar to post, haunted with threats, harried with atheart of a thug, the face of a charm-

tempts at assessination in a hundred forms-and that by a slip of a girl with the cunning of a madwoman, the ing child-the face of the woman that sat beside him, duplicating its every perfect feature so nearly that even he who loved the one could scarcely distinguish her from the other but by instinct, intuition, blind guesswork. . . .

He nodded heavy-hearted confirmation of a surmise slowly settling into conviction in his mind, that such cunning, such purpose and pertinacity could not possibly spring from a mind well balanced, that the woman, Judith Trine, elster to the Rose he loved so | aside; "so I arose and got ready, and well, was as mad as that monomaniac, watched from the window till I saw her father, who sat helpless in his you drive up."

cell of allence and shadows in New . He acquainted her briefly with his York, day after day, eating his heart out with impatience for the word that his vengeance had been consummated by the daughter whom he had inspired o execute it.

An hour late, in dusk of evening he train lumbered into Portland station; and, heart in mouth, Alan helped Rose from the steps, shouldered a way for her through the crowd, and almost lifted her into a taxicab.

"Best hotel in town," he demanded. "And be quick about it-for a double

He communicated his one desperate scheme to the girl on route, receiving her indersement of it. So, having rea istered for her and seen her safely to the door of the best available room in the house within ready call of the public lobby and office, be washed up, gulped a hasty meal-which Rose had declined to share, pleading fatigueand hurried away into the night with only the negro driver of a public back. from the hotel, for his guide.

CHAPTER X.

He wested the better part of an hour in fruitless and perhaps Illadvised inquiries; then his luck, such as it was, led him on suspicion down a poorly lighted wharf, at the extreme end of which he discovered a lonely young man perched stop a pile. hands in pockets, gaze turned to a tide whereon, new black night had fallen, pallid wraiths of yachts swung just visibly beneath uneasy riding-Hights.

"Pardon me," Alan ventured, "but perhaps you can help me out-"You've come to the wrong shop, my friend," the young man interposed with morose civility: "I couldn't help anybody out of anything-the way I

"I'm sorry," said Alan, "but I thought possibly you might know where I could find a seaworthy boat to charter."

am now."

The young man slipped smartly down from his perch. "If you don't look sharp," he said ominously, "you'll charter the Seaventure." He waved his hand toward a vessel moored alongside the wharf: "There she is, and a better boat you won't find anywhere schooner-rigged, fifty feet over all, twenty-five horsepower, motor auxiliary, two staterooms-all ready for as long a coastwise cruise as you care to take. Come aboard."

He led briskly across the whart. down a gangplank, then aft along the deck to a companionway, by which the two men gained a comfortable and roomy cabin, bright with fresh white enamel.

Here the light of the cabin lamp re-He shook a glum head. "No-I vealed to Alan's searching scrutiny a person of sturdy build and independent carriage, with a roughly modeled, good-humored face, reddish hair, and steady though twinkling blue eyes.

"Name, Barcus," the young man introduced himself cheerfully: "christened Thomas. Nativity, American. State of life, flat broke. That's the rub," he laughed, and shrugged, shamefaced. "I found myself hard up this spring with this boat on my hands, sunk every cent I had-and then some -fitting out on an oral charter with a moneyed blighter in New York, who was to have met me here a fortnight since. He didn't-and here I am. in pawn to the ship chandler, desperate enough for anything."

"How much do you owe?" "Upwards of a hundred." "Say I advanced that amount-when can we sail?"

The young man reflected briefly. 'There's something so engagingly idiotic about this proceeding," he observed wistfully. "I've got the strangest kind of a hunch it's going to go through. Pay my bills, and we can be off inside an hour. That is-

He checked with an exclamation of three of us aboard. Now you'd best ever dreamed of loving you-because dismay, chapfallen. "I may have some turn in. This is evidently to be your I hate you, too! What is love that trouble scaring up a crew at short stateroom, this one to port, and you'll is no more than love? Can't you unnotice. I had two men engaged, but have a long night's sleep to make up derstand?" last week they got tired doing noth- for what you've gone through-dearing for nothing and left me flat."

est."

He drew nearer, dropping his voice

"But you?" she murmured. "You

"Oh, no I don't" he contended. "Be-

up once we're fairly at sea. Barcus

do but be completely at your ease.

Eyes half-closed, her head thrown

rather than to respond, then turned

hastily away to her stateroom-leav-

ing him staring with wonder at her

By midnight the Seaventure was

spinning swiftly south-southeast, close

reefed to a snoring sou'west wind-

the fixed white eye of Portland head

CHAPTER XII.

Down the Cape.

went on deck again, to stand both dog-

bound for Boston, raised and over-

hauled a graceful but businesslike fish

opined when called to stand his trick

At four o'clock, or shortly after,

But-you must let me go."

light fast falling astern.

arms and clung pasionately to him.

"Then that's settled," Alan said, "I know boats; I'll be your crew-and the tenderly. And of a sudden, with a better satisfied to have nobody else little low cry, the girl came into his aboard."

The eyes of Mr. Barcus clouded. "See here, my headlong friend, what's need rest as much as I! What about your little game, anyway? I don't you?" mind playing the fool on the high seas, but I'll be no party to a kidnaping sides I'll have plenty of time to rest

"It's an elopement." Alan interrupt, and I stand watch and watch, of ed on inspiration. "We've simply got course. There's nothing for you to to get clear of Portland by midnight." "You're on!" Barcus agreed promptly, his face clearing. "God only knows why I believe you, but I do-and here's

CHAPTER XI.

Blue Water.

Anxiety ate like an acid at Alan's heart. If this shift to the sea might be thought a desperate venture, has was a weathered salt-water man and undismayed; nothing would have been more to his liking than a brisk coastwise cruise in an able Boat-under auspices less forbidding.

But when he re-entered the hotel one surprising thing happened that Alan was awakened by boot-heels gave him new heart-momentarily it pounding imperatively overhead, and seemed almost as if his luck had turned. For, as he paused by the deak | watches-saw the sun lift up smiling of the cashier to demand his bill, the over a world of tumbled blue water. elevator gate opened and Rose came crossed the wake of a Cunard liner inout eagerly to meet him with an eager air of hope that masked measurably the signs of fatigue.

erman (from Gloucester, Barcus "I worried so I couldn't rest," she at eight) and saw it a mile or two told him guardedly as he drew her astern when-still aching with fatigue -he was free to return to his berth for another four-hour rest.

fortune

But she seemed unable to echo his confidence or even to overcome the heaviness of her spirits when their cab, without misadventure, set them down at the wharf.

Here, Alan had feared, was the crucial point of danger-if the influence of the trey of hearts was to bring disaster upon them it would be here, in the hush and darkness of this deserted water front. And he bore himself most warily as be helped-the girl from the car and to the gangplank of



Lingered Watchfully on Deck.

the Seaventure. But nothing happened; while Mr. Barcus was as good as his word. Alan had barely set foot on deck, following the girl, when the gangplank came aboard with a clatter, and the Seaventure swung away from

Until the distance was too great for even a flying leap Alan lingered watchfully on deck.

At length, satisfied that all was well, he returned to the cabin.

"All right," he nodded: "we're clear

She Whips Out a Gun as Big as a Cannon,

"Judith!" he cried in a voice of stu-

peraction. "But-Good Lord!-how

"Where you'll not find her easily

"What do you mean?" Illumination

again," the woman angrily retorted.

came in a blinding flash. "Do you

mean it was you-you whom I brought

"You waylaid her there in the hotel,

"Of course," she said simply. "Why

substituted yourself for her, deceived

not? When I saw her sleeping there-

the mirror of myself, completely at

I loved? I knew you'd never know the

difference-at least I was fool enough

for the moment to believe I could

stand being loved by you in her name!

It was only today, when I'd had time

to think, that I realized how impos-

A sudden slap of the mainsail boom

athwartships and a simultaneous cry

from over the stern roused Alan from

his consternation to fresh appreciation

of the emergency. With scant consid-

eration he hustled the woman to the

companionway and below, slammed its

doors and closed her in with the slid-

ing hatch-all in a breath-then

sprang to the taffrail, just in time to

lend a helping hand sorely wanted by

Mr. Barcus in his efforts to cilmb

aboard, after he had pulled the dory

He came over the rail in a towering

"I hope you'll pardon the apparent

impertinence," he suggested acidly,

as soon as able to articulate coher-

ently-"but may I inquire if that

up under the stern by its painter.

"Trust me for that!"

aboard last night?"

me into thinking you-!"

"Who else?"

sible that was!"

This time misguided consideration induced Barcus to let his crew sleep through the first afternoon watch. Six bells were ringing when, in drowny apprehension that something had gone suddenly and radically wrong, Alan waked.

He was on deck again almost before he rubbed the sleepiness from his eyes, emerging abruptly from the halflight of the cabin to a dazzle of sunlight that filled the cup of day with rarefied gold, even as he passed from conviction of security to realization of Immediate and extraordinary perit.

His first glance discovered the wheel deserted, the woman with back to him standing at the taffrail, Barcus-nowhere to be seen. The second confirmed his surmise that the Seaventure had come up into the wind, and now was yawing off wildly into the trough of a stiff if not heavy sea. A third showed him, to his amazement, the Gloucester fisherman - overhauled with such ease that morning and now, by rights, well down the northern horigon-not two miles distant, and standing squarely for the smaller vessel.

Bewildered, he darted to the girl's side, with a shout, demanding to know what was the matter. She. turned to him a face he hardly recognized-but still he didn't understand. The inevitable inference seemed a thing unthinkable; his brain faltered when asked to credit it. Only when he saw her tearing frantically at the painter, striving to east it off and with it the dory towing a hundred feet or so astern, and when another wondering glance had discovered the head and shoulders of Mr. Barcus rising over the stern of the dory as he strove to lift himself out of the water-only then did Alan begin to appreciate what had happened,

Even so, it was with the feeling that all the world and himself as well had gone stark, raving mad, that he seized the girl and, despite her struggles, tora her away from the rail before she had succeeded in unknotting the painter.

"Rose!" he cried stupidly. "Rose! What's the matter with you? Don't you see what you're doing?"

Defiance inflamed her countenance and accents. "Can't you ever say anything but 'Rose! Rose!' Is there no other name that means anything to you? Can't you understand how intolerable it is to me? I love of that lot, apparently; nobody but the | you no less than she-better than she

bloody-minded vixen is your blushing as it grew still more dark she lowered ride-to-baT

ong defied reasonable explanation. Alan shook a belpless head. The made a feeble stagger at it with out much satisfaction either to himself or to the outraged Barcus.

"No-it's all a damnable mistake! She's her sister-I mean, the right girl's sister-and her precise doublefooled me-not quite right in the head, I'm afraid."

"You may well be afraid, you poor flati" Mr. Barcus shapped. "D'you know what she did? Threw me overboard! Fact! Came on deck a while ago, sweet as peaches and all of a cannon, points it at my head and orders me to luff into the wind. Before I could make sure I wasn't dreaming. she had fired twice-in the air-a signal to that blessed fisherman astern there—at least, they answered with two toots of a power whietle and changed course to run up to us. Look how she's gained already!"

"itut how did she happen to throw you overboard?"

"Happen nothing!" Barcus snapped, getting to his feet. "She did it apurpose-flew at me like a wildcat, and before I knew what was up-I was slammed backwards over the

"I can't tell you how sorry I am," Alan responded gravely. "There's blow your fool heads off!" more to tell-but one thing to be done

suspiciously.

"To get rid of the lady," Alan announced firmly. "Make that fisherman a present of the woman in the case. You don't mind parting with the dory in a good cause—if I pay for

"Take it for nothing," Barcus grumbled. "Cheap at the price!"

He took Alan's place, watching him with a sardonic eye as he drew the tender in under the leeward quarter. made it fast, and reopened the companionway.

As the girl came on deck without other invitation, in a sullen rage that only heightened her wonderful loveliness. Alan noted that her first look was for him, of untempered malignity; her second, for Barcus, with a curling lip; her third, astern, with a glimmer of satisfaction as she recognized how well the fisherman had drawn up on the Seaventure.

"Friends of yours, I infer?" Alan inquired civilly

Judith nodded. "Then it would save us some trouble -yourself included-if you'll be good

enough to step into the dory without a struggle.' Without a word, Judith stepped to

herself overside into the dory. the little boat sheered off livrous with a sigh of relief, brought the Seaventure once more back upon her

lence between the two men, while the tender dropped swiftly astern, the woman plying a brisk pair of oars.

Then, suddenly elevating his nose, Barcus sniffed audibly. "Here," he said sharply, "relieve me for a minute, will you? I want to go forward and have a look at that motor." In the time that he remained invis

ible between decks the fisherman luffed, picked up the dory and its occupant, and came round again in open chase of the Seaventure. When Barcus reappeared it was

with a grave face.

"The devil and the deep She," he observed obscurely, coming aft, "from all their works, good Lord deliver us!" "What's the trouble now?"

"Nothing much-only your playful little friend has been up to another of her light-hearted tricks. . . . If you should happen to want a smoke or anything to eat when you go below, just find a mirror and kiss yourself good-by before striking the match. The drain-cocks of both fuel tanks have been opened, and there are upwards of a hundred and fifty gallons of highly explosive gasoline eloshing did you get aboard? Where's Rose?" around in the bilge!"

CHAPTER XIII.

No Quarter.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Barcus indulgently, breaking a long silence. "Very interesting. Very interesting, indeed, I've seldom listened to a more entertaining life-history, my poor young friend. But I tell you candidly, as man to man, I don't believe one word of it. It's all d-n foolishness!"

His voice took on a plaintive acback, she seemed to suffer his kiss my mercy-what else should I think tulated, and waved an indignant hand, of than to take her place with the man | compassing their plight.

"The rest of your adventures are reasonable enough," he said, "they won my credulity-and I'm a native of happen-and has. And there, in a manner of speaking, we are!"

Against the western horizon a long. like a bar of purple cloud between the crimson afterglow of sunset in the sky and the ensanguined sea that mir-The wind had gone down with the

-her motor long since inert for want of fuel-in shoal water a mile or so deck to topmasts. off the desolate and barren coast that Beach Still another mile further off shore

the so-called Gloucester fisherman rode, without motion, waters as still and glassy. Through the gloaming. with the aid of glasses, figures might be seen moving about her decks; and

small boat that theretofore had wung in davits. A little later a faint

umming noise drifted across the tide. "Power tender," the owner of the Beaventure interpreted. "Coming to call, I presume. Sociable lot. What I can't make out is why they seem to think it necessary to tow our dory back. Uneasy conscience, maybewhatm

He lowered the binoculars and glanced inquiringly at his employer, who grunted his disgust, and said no

"Don't take it so bard, old top," Harcus advised with a change of note sudden whipe out a gun as big as a from irony to sympathy. Then he rose and dived down the companionway. presently to reappear with a megaphone and a double barreled shotgun.

"No cutting-out parties in this outfit," he explained, grinning amiably. "None of that old stuff, revised to suit your infatuated female friend-once aboard the lugger and the man to mine!

Stationing himself at the seaward rail, where his figure would show in sharp silhouette against the glowing sunset sky, he brandished the shotgun at arm's length above his head, and bellowed stertorously through the megaphone:

"Keep off! Keep off! This means you! Come within gunshot and I'll The Cataphoric Medical

Putting aside the megaphone, he sat down again. "Not that I'd dare fire "And that?" Mr. Barcus inquired this blunderbuss," he confided, "with



Schooner.

this reek of gasoline; but just for moral effect. Phew-w! I'd give a dollar for a breath of clean air; I've inhaled so much gas in the last few hours I'm dry-cleaned down to my silly old toes!"

Gaining no response from Alan, he observed critically: "Chatty little customer, your are," and resumed the binoculars.

For thirty minutes nothing happened, other than that the sound of the rail and, as Barcus luffed, awang | the fisherman's launch was stilled. It rested movelers in the waters, two immediately Alan cast off, and as figures mysteriously busy in the cock-Seavenfure's dory trailing behind it on a long painter.

Gradually these details became blurred, and were blutted out by the closing shadows. The afterglow in the west grew cool and faint. The crimson waters darkened, to mauve, to violet, to a transducent green, to blackness. Far up the coast two white eyes, peering over the horizon, stared steadfastly through the dark. "Chatham lights," Barcus said they

Abruptly he dropped the glasses and umped up. "Hear that!" he cried. Now the humming of the motor was again audible and growing louder with every instant; and Alan, getting to his feet in turn, infected with the excitement of Barcus, could just make out at some distance a dark shadow bes neath the dim, spluttering glimmer of light, that moved swiftly and steadily

oward the Seaventure. "What the devil!" he demanded,

puzzled. "You uttered a mouthful when you said 'devil'!" Barcus commented, grasping his arm and hurrying him to the landward side of the vessel, "Quick-kick off your shoes-get set for a mile-long swim! Devil's work, all right!" he panted, hastily divesting himself of shoes and outer garments. "I couldn't made out what they were up to till I saw them lash the wheel, light the fuse, start the motor, and take to the dory. They've made on grand little torpedo boat out of that tender-"

He sprang upon the rail, steadying himself with a stay. "Ready?" he

asked. "Look sharp!" By way of answer, Alan joined him; the two had dived as one, entering the water with a single splash, and coming to the surface a good ten yards from the Seaventure. For the next several seconds they were swimming cent. "Particularly this!" he expos- frantically, and not until three hundred feet or more separated them from the schooner did either dare

pause for breath or a backward glance. Then the impact of the launch against the Seaventure's side rang out Missouri. But this last chapter is im- across the waters, and with a husky possible. And that's flat. It couldn't roar the launch blew up, spewing skywards a widespread fan of flame. Over the Seaventure, as this flamed and died, pale fire seemed to hover like a low-lying strip of sand dunes rested tremendous pall of phosphorescence, a weird and ghastly glare that suddenly descended to the decks. There followed a crackling noise, a sound as of the labored breathing of a giant; and bright flames, orange, crimson, sun, leaving the Seaventure becalmed | violet and gold, licked out all over the schooner, from stem to stern, from

It seemed several minutes that she Barcus, out of his abounding knowl- burned in this wise-it was probably edge of those waters, named Nauset not so long-before her decks blew up and the flames swept roaring to

the sky. By the time Alan and Barcus, swimming steadily, had gained a shoal which permitted them footing in waist-deep waters, the Seaventure had burned to the water's edge.

MILWAUKIE WATER BONDS HELD LEGAL

PORTLAND, Ore. Aug. 14.—Milway, kie may procure Buil Run water, as it now has the means, the \$20,000 water. bonds having been declared legal by the attorneys, who have completed the attorneys, and the completes their examination. The bands were awarded the Portland Lumbermen's awarded the Fortishe Lambernsey Trust company, and the company took them subject to the approval of its at-torneys. These bonds were authorized special election last year.

Under the conditions of the election Under the conditions of the election, the city may acquire the present wa-ter plant or erect a municipal plant of its own. Tentative plans for laying water main to connect with the Post a water main in the Eastmoreland addi-tion were drawn some time aco, but tion were drawn some done reading nothing further has been done reading the examination of the leasing of the bonds. Mayor Elmer and the touchell favor fluit Run water, if Reas he had a Probably fair country and country and

Pendleton East Oregonization man by the name of Otto Hell and who invariably signs his name as O. Hell will leave Pendleton in a few days by oin the troops of the kalser in the fight Germany is making against the other European powers. He has been working for the Newport Land & Conatruction company in the west end of the county.

Most people talk too much and me always because they have something to say.

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NONE ARE SO BLIND AS THEY WHO NONE ARE SO BLIND AS THEY WHO

REFUSE TO SEE!

MONE ARE SO BLIND AS THEY WAS REFUSE TO SEE!

"Because one billion people in this world say that a thing is a ile, and but one person claims it is the truth, it does not follow that the billion are right."

Hundreds of years ago Galileo claimed that the world was round and revolved. A billion called him a maniac. Near the middle of the last century Morse said that it would be pestable to send messages over a wire by means of electricity. A billion called him a fraud Bell in our own time said that soon the saund of the human voice could be transmitted from New York to San Francisco, and Bell was branded a dreamer. Marcon's prediction that a telegraphic message could be flashed over the trackless miles of sea separating Japan from San Francisco without wires was hailed as the joke of the century. Those who talked years ago of automobiles and cable roads and electric tractions were smiled at.

Who was richt and sane, the billion or the one man!

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