

Prostrated Every Spring



Suffering from dyspepsia, weakness, general run-down condition that some call 'that extreme tired feeling,' was my regular experience until I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gave me relief almost from the first dose, and soon I was completely restored to health and strength. I have now for some years used this unfailing remedy each spring, and have been rewarded with good health in the summer and winter." Mrs. L. U. Bickford, Gossville, N. H.

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Wanted His Body Above Ground.

Not so very long ago there died, in the north of England, a farmer who left instructions that his body should be put in a coffin, and then placed in the loft of one of the barns on the farm premises. It was done, and will probably remain there for generations.

Underrating Influenza Germ.

One orange a week is to be given to each child in the Lambeth Guardians' schools at No-wold, England, as a preventive against influenza. All we can say is that, if the influenza germ is to be intimidated by one orange a week, it has sadly lost its pluck since we last met it.

No Romance in These.

Polly—"Having announced that they were going to live in an apartment, I suppose the Newlyweds got a lot of useful presents." Dolly—"Yes, indeed! Among them I saw a snow shovel, a lawn mower and a set of garden tools."—Judge.

After Material.

Editor—"Why do you persist in coming here? I tell you I don't buy fiction." Author—"Oh, I don't wish to sell any of my stories. I am writing a short serial, entitled 'The Ugliest Man on Earth,' and came in merely to obtain local color."

Friendship.

Friendship is the gift of the gods, and the most precious gift to man.—Disraeli.

Daily Thought.

I am more and more impressed with the duty of finding happiness.—George Eliot.

You're "Out!"

In the "game of health" you are soon "down and out" if you allow the stomach to become weak and the system run-down.

BRACE UP!

Tone the stomach, stir the lazy liver, make the bowels active by the daily use of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

MUCH IN PLEASANT MANNER

Man Uniformly Courteous, Has an Advantage Over Rival With Morose Bearing.

A pleasing manner is an important essential to success in any business. A gentle, courteous manner will win recognition anywhere. So much depends upon first impressions, and these are favorable or unfavorable according to whether a man is polite and courteous or brusque and nervous in bearing.

We cannot always judge a man by what he says or does, but the way in which he says or does a certain thing will prove the best index to his character.

A pleasant, courteous bearing will help a man to success in business, where a boorish, impatient manner will turn away customers. The brusque man may be as well meaning as his more affable rival, but people have not the time nor inclination to find out what is beneath the rude exterior; they prefer to patronize the man who makes it plain that it is a pleasure to serve; that the world is a mighty pleasant place, and that he is glad to be alive.

If you are not the possessor of a pleasant manner, start in to acquire it. You will find it an immense help in making a success of anything you undertake.

FREE ADVICE

For the cure and prevention of every disease with **HERB-NATURE'S OWN REMEDIES**. Are you sick? Have you a friend that is sick? Write today for symptom blank and we will diagnose your case free of charge and tell you what remedies are needed to cure yourself at home. Aid Dept. American Herb Doctor, 4158 Arcade Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

Small Print Bad for Children.

Small print leads the young scholar to look too closely at his books. He is not yet familiar with the forms of the words, and his eyesight has not yet reached its full acuteness. For easy vision he must have retinal images larger than those which satisfy the trained reader. To obtain these larger images he brings the book too near to his eyes, or his eyes too near the book, and this is apt to be injurious.

Save Your Horses

From Distemper, Mountain Fever, and all other forms of Contagion by using Spohn's Distemper Compound. Put on the tongue or in the feed. Safe at all times for all ages and sexes, under all conditions. Same for Dog Distemper and Chicken Cholera. Acts on the blood, expels the germs. Removes worms from stomach and intestines. A fine tonic and appetizer. Absolutely safe, even for human beings. Over 1,000,000 bottles sold last year. Greatest cure and preventive ever known for Contagious diseases. Nearly everyone knows Spohn's. Over 18 years on the market. Have you used this great remedy? Why not? It is not an experiment. Try it; be convinced; let "Spohn's" help you save and make money. All wholesale druggists handle it. Your home druggist can supply you, or write to manufacturers, with price enclosed. A bottle, 50c, and \$1.00, \$5.00 and \$10.00 the dozen. Local agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Zones of Silence

Zones of silence such as that discovered in the Alps have been known to scientists for a long time. Some years ago a committee conducted a series of experiments in the English channel with the loudest and most ear piercing sirens, whistles and hoosters they could procure. It was found that sometimes on the clearest and quietest day a sound was unaccountably inaudible at a short distance. This demonstrated conclusively the existence of soundless zones and incidentally suggested an explanation of certain ocean disasters.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Advertising Always Going On.

From the first announcement of a fond mother that you have made your bow to the world to the time when your friends put up their belated appreciation of your virtues on your tombstone, you are constantly advertising or being advertised.—Edmund Street.

Sunflowers and Temperature.

Sunflowers reduce temperature, and are known to arrest the malaria that prevails in some localities. Hundreds of homes in Missouri and Arkansas, as well as in Texas, are provided with a southern or southwestern patch of sunflowers near the home. It is said to work wonders in that respect.

Music and Mosquitoes.

In some parts of India, where mosquitoes abound, it is impossible to play the violin because the music attracts the insects in great numbers. When the first notes are heard the mosquitoes swarm in clouds around the player and make the movements of the hand impossible.—Harper's Weekly.

Paint on Window Glass.

If the window glass has been splashed with paint, melt some soda in very hot water and wash the pane with it, using a soft flannel rag.

Camel's Speed Considerable.

A camel with an average load will travel twenty-five miles a day, and when unencumbered it will reach ninety miles a day sometimes.

Earthly Punishment.

The way of the transgressor is well written up.—Kansas City Journal.

SERIAL STORY

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. Fletcher Robinson

Co-Author with A. Conan Doyle of "The Hound of the Baskervilles," etc.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAUSEWAY

(Continued.)

"Well, well, no one can think of everything," said Peace, with a flicker of a smile. "Come and show me where you found him."

The dark stain upon the slabs between the nodding reeds was sign-post sufficient. The little detective took one look at the spot, and then stood with his hands behind his back, peering about him.

"Were the prisoner's clothes wet?" he asked quietly.

"No, sir; quite dry."

"And how deep is the lake?"

"From three to six feet deep, or so I've always heard."

"Is there a boat on it?"

"Jake keeps an old punt, I believe, but the pleasure craft are under lock and key in the boathouse. They've not been in the water for years, and would leak like sieves."

"That is all. Go up to the house and wait for me there. I shall be back in an hour or so."

The policeman saluted and retired down the causeway, his heavy boots clattering upon the stones.

"Now we can get to work, Mr. Phillips," said the little man, cheerfully, his eyes dancing with a pleasant expectation. "While I am making a little examination of the causeway, I should be obliged if you will wait for me at the cottage on the island yonder."

The last thing I saw of him was a neat boot sticking out from the reeds into which he was crawling on hands and knees.

The cottage was an old-fashioned, one-storied building. The red tiles of its gabled roof had been delicately toned by age until they had sunk to a color very restful to an artist's eye. Wooden shutters blocked the windows; its door of stained and worm-eaten oak was firmly secured. A path led through straggling laurel bushes from the door to the lake, and I walked down to it to the loud outcry of the nesting ducks that rose with flapping wings about me and circled round to splash into the water at a safe distance. By a dilapidated wooden landing stage I stepped to light a cigarette. As I threw away the match a ragged tear in the deep moss that covered the planking caught my eye. I stooped to examine it. Under the moss the wood itself was splintered with a deep, fresh scar! I studied the rest of the landing stage without result. Neither the moss nor the exposed patches of woodwork showed any similar signs. The one fresh scar—that was all.

I was still considering the problem when Peace joined me. He was in high good humor. For a time he stared at the mark with his head on one side like a meditative sparrow, and then, seizing me by the arm, led me back by the way we had come.

"Picturesque, eh?" he said, pointing to the old pavilion. "It catches your artistic eye. Perhaps you will have time to make a sketch of it this afternoon."

"Nonsense," I said, irritably enough. "Who shot this poor fellow?"

"No one."

"What—suicide?"

"Nothing so simple, I'm afraid. Now don't lose your temper. You will understand within the hour. Come along."

"Where are we going?"

"To visit our esteemed friend, Jake Warner. There is just a chance he may show temper. Shall we risk it, Mr. Phillips, or shall we call the policeman from the house yonder?"

I told him quite briefly that I would see the policeman condemned first.

Warner's cottage was a straw-thatched, ivy-covered little place, built on the slope of the park. Beneath it a brook that carried the overflow from the lake gurgled monotonously by. A thin, long-legged man, who was digging in a patch of garden, stopped his work at sight of us and waited, leaning on his spade.

"Jake Warner, isn't it?" Peace inquired over the low fence of split-pine.

"Yes, sir."

"I am Inspector Addington Peace of the Criminal Investigation Department."

Warner said nothing, but I saw his fingers clench upon his spade, as he gave the detective stare for stare.

"A fairly good breeding season for the ducks, I should imagine," con-

tinued the little man, with a benevolent interest.

There was still no reply.

"I understand the foxes are very troublesome."

Warner threw down his spade and strode up to where we stood. His eyes had in them the dumb agony of a wild thing in a trap.

"I am a married man, sir," he said. "For my wife's sake take me away quietly."

"I have not come to arrest you, Jake Warner," said Peace. "If you are responsible for your master's death, it was by sheer accident. But the question is, are you responsible?"

"No, sir, I am not. But I can never prove it."

"Perhaps it would be best if you explained."

We remained where we were, with the fence between us, while he told his story.

"It was on Monday afternoon, sir," said Jake Warner, addressing Addington Peace of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard. "I was crossing the public path that runs near the other end of the lake, when I fell in with a middle-aged, spectacled gentleman, who was strutting along with a tin collecting-case on his back, such as botanists use. We fell to talking, and one thing led to another, until, when I turned off down to the lake to see after my ducks, he came with me. He never meant no harm as I know of, but I would give all I have never to have seen him."

"What was he like?" asked the inspector.

"A short fellow, with a brown full beard and a slight stutter. Very pleasant he was to talk to; but this is outside the point, sir, as you will see. We walked down the causeway, and just before the pavilion what should we come across but three dead birds, all with their heads bitten clean off. It made me wild, for the foxes have been plaguing me cruel this spring. Sir William never would have one shot, though he had given up hunting many years. As for the young master, I couldn't say as to his views, for I had never set eyes upon him."

"The stranger, he sympathized very kindly with me, and I told him my troubles. How they can expect a keeper to rear a decent lot of wild duck with a plague of foxes in his midst, I'm dashed if I know," I said. He allowed that a fox who would kill ducks like that was as bad as a man-eating tiger. "She's a cunning old vixen as won't let me get within shot of her," I told him, "but I've half a mind to set a spring gun for her on the causeway here."

"Bless my soul, how that fellow laughed. He threw back his head and crowed with joy at my idea. 'A spring gun for a fox,' he says; 'why, keeper, it's the very thing! Think of the simplicity of it and the certainty of it and the security of it.' Those were his words. After that he sobered down and began talking more serious. Did I really understand how to set a spring gun? I told him no; and then he explained how he had a friend from India who had often used them to kill jackals. Whether I did right or wrong, the fact is that I agreed to set the gun when he sent me the instructions.

"Well, sir, his letter arrived yesterday morning with careful little plans and all. I loaded my gun with buckshot and carried it down to the causeway shortly after dusk. I had lost several more ducks each day, and my mind was made up to have that old vixen. I fixed the gun, with a thread of strong cotton across the path and round the trigger. You may think I took a wicked risk, but I had hardly ever known any one to pass along the causeway in the daytime, far less at night. Yet, for safety's sake, I meant to take it up again at dawn."

"I walked home and sat smoking my pipe for a while. But I was worried and disturbed. I couldn't get it from my mind that there was danger in that spring gun left to itself as it were. Even if I bagged the old vixen some one might hear the shot and find the body. A dead fox would make me a marked man amongst all the hunting people about. I didn't like that thought neither. At last I couldn't stand it no longer, and set off back to the causeway. I was more than half-way when I heard the shot, and that set me running. When I saw the policeman I was mightily afraid he would be finding the vixen dead. That's why I lied to him."

"I know the rest, Warner," said Peace; "but I want a few details. Did you see any sign of another man?"



MULE DEVoured THE PIANO

Animal Totally Wrecked a Musical Instrument Near Him on a Steamboat's Deck.

"Mule ate piano shipped. Send another next boat." This message was received recently by a local piano house from an "up-the-river" purchaser whose \$500 instrument had been forwarded via Mississippi river steamboat. In its usual pine box the piano was installed on the lower deck next to a lanky, sleepy looking mule bound for the cotton fields of the upper bends. Although provided with plenty of oats and hay, the mule

"No, sir."

"Where was Sir Andrew hit?"

"The chest, sir; he got it full in the chest."

"So I understood. A curious elevation of the muzzle, eh? Did you expect a fox over five feet high?"

Peace brought out the words with a snarl, but the keeper answered him without hesitation.

"That is the point, sir," he said. "That is why I am not responsible for the master's death. I set the gun at a level of eight inches from the ground, which I reckoned would take the fox about the shoulder. Some one altered the elevation of the muzzle after I had gone."

"The second forked stick that supported the gun was in the mud. Might it not have sunk under the weight, and thus raised the muzzle?"

"No, sir. I had pushed it through the mud down to the gravel. It was a good foot deeper when I went to look at it. A man must have used great force to get it so far through the gravel."

"What became of the gun?"

"After they carried Sir Andrew away, I must have gone off my head for awhile. What would they say to me for setting such a trap for my master? That was the only thing I could think about. I ran back and pulled up the sticks, and carried away the gun to the cottage here."

"But you saw the policeman arrest the man whom we may presume to be the murderer?"

"Yes, sir; but I was too wild to reason it out. I made up my mind this morning to tell them all about it at the inquest. That is the truth."

"Did you use the punt last night?"

"No, sir, it must have been the man that was caught. I missed her this morning, and after a search found her in the reeds near the island where she had drifted. Though I don't see how you could have known anything about the punt, sir."

"The iron-shod pole had chipped the landing-stage. The other man had ferried himself across rather than use the causeway. And now please fetch me the plans and the gun."

When Warner returned Peace slipped the envelope into his pocket, and examined the weapon with great care, snapping the lock twice.

"You had eased the trigger, eh?"

"Yes, sir; I thought a light pull would be best, so I oiled and loosened the screws."

The little man handed it back to him and turned away, starting over the lake towards the distant woodlands, with his hands clasped behind his back.

"That fellow, sir—he must have done it, don't you think?" asked the under-keeper.

"So it would seem, Warner," said Addington Peace over his shoulder.

It was eleven o'clock on the following day when Peace was announced. I was sitting in the garden of my friend's cottage smoking my pipe and reading the paper. From within the villa came the sound of whistling that told of my host working at his Academy picture.

"Why, Peace," I said, "what brings you here?"

He seated himself on a corner of the garden bench and lit a cigarette.

"I went to London last night," he told me. "And as I had to pass your friend's house on the way from the station to Airlie Hall, I thought I would call in and see you."

"Any further news?"

"I have had an interesting visit. The botanist with the beard has stepped into a leading part in our little tragedy, Mr. Phillips."

"Do you mean—?"

"Yes, I believe him to be the murderer of Sir Andrew Cheyne."

"Then the man under arrest is innocent."

"That scarcely describes him—but he had no hand in this crime."

"Confound you and your riddles," I said. "Where is the murderer? Have you caught him?"

"There is a carriage at the door. If you care to come along perhaps I may be able to show him to you."

It was a swift horse from the stables of Airlie Hall, and we covered the ground quickly. There was little talk between us. Twelve had struck when we stepped out at the overhanging porch of the old gray mansion and walked through into the library that overlooked the terrace and the lake. By the window, twisting his cap in his nervous fingers, stood Jake Warner. Peace nodded him a good morning, and then slipped away with a word of apology.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAP and BELLS



IN EMBARRASSING POSITION

Barney Oldfield Receives Startling Reply to Query as to His Standing in Auto Race.

Herbert Corey, New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star, has run across a new story about Bill Pickens, the renowned automobile and airship "Impresario," and Barney Oldfield, automobile racer. Bill is an Alabama product and has often "breezed" into Birmingham, each time with a brand new scheme. Barney is also well known here for his performances on the local track in past years. This is the story:

"Here's another yarn of Barney Oldfield, right from Gasoline Lane:

"Oldfield was driving in the Grand Prix last summer," says Burton Brown, under the management of Bill Pickens. "A lot of things happened and he began to lose alps. Each time he passed the grand stand Pickens would run out and hold up a board on which was chalked Barney's position. By and by Barney got so far behind that Pickens lost heart. He let Barney whiz by several times without informing him of his place. Then Barney got anxious. He leaned out from the driver's seat as he roared by:

"'Hey, B-I-I!' he shouted. 'What's my position?'"

"The next time around Pickens was ready for him, his hands cupped to his mouth.

"'Most embarrassing, Barney,' he bellowed."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Good Sign.

"How's your wife this morning?" asked the solicitous neighbor.

"I think she's a little better," replied the worried husband.

"Do the doctors think now that she will recover?"

"They haven't given me much hope."

"Is her fever down?"

"Not at all."

"And yet you think she's improving?"

"Yes. Last night before I retired she called to find out if I was sure I had checked the furnace and locked the back door."

SO EASY.

"Yes, Willie, when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock it was dreadfully cold and they suffered terribly."

"Why didn't they go to Florida for the winter?"

Poor Old New York.

The man from the west was visiting the nation's biggest town. "It is true," he said to the native, "that your taxes are high, but only see what a magnificent return you get for them! Your street service, your water supply, your fire department, your police protection."

"Our police protection is an extra cost," replied the New Yorker gloomily.

Pleasanter for Both.

"So your wife intends to vote?"

"No," replied the argumentative man. "I don't think she'll find it necessary. If we disagree about politics as we do about other things, we can consider ourselves paired in the voting and not bother about going to the polls."

Camera Ananias Wanted.

She (looking at the photo proofs)—Do you mean to tell me that I have such an ugly nose as that?

Photographer—My apparatus cannot lie, madam.

She—Then, for goodness' sake, go and get one that can.

Seeming.

"Biggins seems tremendously busy sometimes."

"Yes," replied the cynical person.

"He's one of these people who can avoid a great deal of actual work by seeming busy."