



OLD FOLKS SAY
DR. CALDWELL
WAS RIGHT

The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, nor since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice.

He treated constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a combination ofenna and other mild herbs, with pepsin.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you. And as you can get results in a safe and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs?

A bottle will last several months, and all can use it. It is pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. Elderly people find it ideal. All drug stores have the generous bottles, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

For Piles, Corns, Bunions, Chilblains, etc.

HANFORD'S BALM OF NITRIN
Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Marvelous Strength
A Yugo-Slavian athlete recently gave a remarkable demonstration of strength, when he held back two airplanes that were endeavoring to leave the ground.

A passenger machine was lashed to his right arm and a sporting model to his left, and their engines were started.

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No Inconvenience
Singers can't always keep from catching cold, but they can get the best of any cold in a few hours—and so can you. Get Pape's Cold Compound that comes in pleasant-tasting tablets, one of which will break up a cold so quickly you'll be astonished.—Adv.

Canada's Great Record

Canada heads the world in aerial surveying. The photographing in five years of 200,000 square miles of hitherto inaccessible country, which, nevertheless, is richly endowed with natural resources, has created a world record, and is equivalent to eight flights completely around the world with a photograph taken of every foot of the way.

Old Beliefs Cling

What we have inherited from our fathers and mothers is not all that "walks in us." There are all sorts of dead ideas and lifeless old beliefs. They have no tangibility, but they haunt us all the same and we cannot get rid of them.—Ibsen.

Scientific search for Chinese antiquities is hampered by the people's belief that disturbing the ancient graves will bring misfortune.



A Bad Wreck

Of the constipation may follow in the track of a disordered system, impure blood or inactive liver. Don't run the risk! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is an alternative extract of herbs and roots that drives out impurities—acts on the liver.

When you're debilitated, and your weight is below a healthy standard, you regain health and strength by using the "Discovery." It builds up the body. Mrs. Myrtle Davis of 255 E. Chestnut St., Everett, Wash., said: "Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery was so helpful to me for my blood, liver and stomach. I write to you now."

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Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

The Double Cross

By A. E. THOMAS

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

"Jefferson," said Doris, "get the garden—tell him to get what men he can—get them out of their beds—pay them anything they want, I don't care. We've got to search the grounds again from end to end. Get some boats—we've got to follow the shore of the lake. Get lanterns—searchlights—anything you can. We mustn't wait! Mr. Stanley may be laying out there dying at this very moment. Hurry!"

Thus electrified, the butler went out and shut the door.

Doris turned to Nina, took her by the hand and led her to the divan.

"Sit down," she said, "I want to talk to you. Rollin has gone away—we shall not see him again, any of us."

"Gone?" cried Nina.

"Yes, he leaves the country today forever."

"But look here," cried the other, "he can't go like this, without settling with me."

"He is going," repeated Doris, "and you can't help it. You mean to say that he's taken care of you all this time?"

Nina laughed. "Yes, he had to. He was afraid I'd blab to you if he didn't."

"I suppose you knew it was my money that he gave you?"

"I suspected it."

"You must have done rather well," commented Doris, with a tinge of sarcasm. "Have you saved anything?"

Nina showed her white teeth. "Oh, I've been thrifty," she admitted.

"Yes," commented Doris, "you don't look exactly poverty-stricken."

"But I say, what's up?" asked the other. "Here's the whole house in an uproar in the middle of the night, but no Mr. Stanley. And that butler was so scared he couldn't hardly talk to me."

"Never mind that," said Doris. "There's a question or two I have to ask you. You must realize that the middle of the night is a peculiar time for you to be calling on Mr. Stanley? What does it mean?"

"I don't know much more about that than you do," Nina replied. "I'll tell you everything I do know, and it's this. Somehow or other Mr. Stanley found out where I was living, and came to see me. He said that he had something very important to discuss with me, and that I must come here at precisely this time of night to do it. He didn't tell me any more than that."

"Did you think it peculiar?"

"I did—very. But he said that he would make it worth my while. In fact, he paid me very well in advance and promised that he would double the sum if I did as he said. Well, I knew that he was a very rich man and that I could rely on him to keep his word, so I'm here. And that's all I know."

"Very well," said Doris, "whatever he promised you, I will make it my business to see that you are paid. Come and see me when you like; but just now, if I were you, I wouldn't wait for Mr. Stanley any longer."

"All right; you seem to be the boss," Doris glanced at the sleeping child.

"Poor little lamb, he's tired out," she said. "Well, now that his father has gone, I suppose I shall have to go right on taking care of him—only now I shall know it."

"You needn't worry about him," was the somewhat surprising response, "his father'll look after him. Oh, yes, and his mother, too. They're both perfectly crazy about him."

"What are you saying?"

Nina smiled broadly. "I haven't got any kid," she announced. "He's my sister's."

"What?"

"I borrowed him."

"Look here!"

"Oh, yes," went on Nina cheerfully. "Mr. Rollin Waterman wasn't so clever by half. The best way to hold a man is through a kid. Well, just when I needed one, I didn't have any, but my sister did, so I borrowed him. Oh, you should have seen me! I looked quite sweet when Rollin came to see me, lying in bed, pale and interesting, all dolled up in a silk negligee and a boudoir cap, and was quite chap in my arms. Rollin was quite touched for a moment—and later on he was touched a good many times."

"Good heavens!" said Doris feebly.

"Yes," continued Nina, "Heaven will protect the poor working girl, but she can help herself a lot. Well, I'm off. She rose.

"Tell Mr. Stanley I was here, when you see him."

"Yes," said Doris, and her voice fell. "When I see him?"

Nina opened the door. "He knows my telephone number, if he wants me." She went out.

CHAPTER XV

When Wilson left the library with the stricken Waterman, he found Jefferson and O'Hara sitting bolt upright upon the stairs. They rose hastily, and stood aside to let Waterman pass. The secretary detained the latter with his hand upon his arm, while he said to the butler:

"Jefferson, Mr. Waterman finds himself obliged to go to town at once. Go upstairs with him, help him dress, and pack his bag."

"Very good, sir," replied the butler.

As soon as they were out of sight, Wilson sat down upon the stairs and cupped his face with his handkerchief. The chauffeur stared at him in silence.

"Well," he said presently, "it's a—of a night, ain't it?"

"Eh?" said Wilson absently.

"Oh, yes, it's a—of a night!"

"Oh, yes, yes. But—it's over now."

"What do you mean, over?" demanded the chauffeur.

But Wilson did not enlighten him. Dazed as he was by the swift over-reaches of the night, he made an effort to spur his faculties. Suddenly he thought of Nina. "Where's the girl who came to see Mr. Stanley?" he asked.

"Oh, she's in the reception room," replied O'Hara.

The secretary considered a moment

"Listen," he said. "There's a line of steamers plying between New York and South America ports with sailings every Monday morning. I happen to know because sometimes at the office we used to have to catch these boats with mail. I don't know which boat it is that sails tomorrow morning, but any morning newspaper will tell you. It's the Blue D Line. Mr. Waterman will sail on this liner. You are to see that he does."

"They, wait a minute," objected O'Hara. "You ain't asking me to kidnap the guy, I suppose?"

"Nonsense, what an idea!"

"Well, it sounds kind of queer to me."

"Nothing of the sort. Mr. Waterman is going of his own free will. If he decides at any time between now and the time the ship sails that he prefers not to go, that is his business. It is his present intention to take that boat. I want you to have the car at the door in five minutes. You will take Mr. Waterman to town. There will be a few hours to spend before the boat sails. What you will do with them is Mr. Waterman's business. Only this—if Mr. Waterman should change his mind, should he decide not to sail, turn him over to the nearest policeman and let me know by telephone at the earliest possible instant. Is that clear?"

"Sure, that's clear enough." The chauffeur rubbed his chin doubtfully.

"But how about this business in there?" He jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward the library door.

"You needn't worry about that," said Wilson. "Everything will be done that's possible. I shall call the police as soon as you're gone."

Suddenly he started to his feet. "Oh," he said, "there's one thing more. Wait here."

In a moment or two he was back. "Here," he said to O'Hara, handing him a bulky envelope. "When you see Mr. Waterman safely aboard the ship, give him this envelope—but not before. And stay there till you see the ship actually under way."

"And what then?" demanded the chauffeur.

"Why then call me up and I'll tell you what to do. Now go and fetch the car."

Again the little man collapsed upon the lowest stair. But not for long. For him the place was truly haunted. He rose and paced uneasily up and down the spacious hall, pausing every now and then to listen for a possible sound upstairs. Putting his hand in his pocket for the solace of tobacco, his fingers encountered something hard and cold. For the second time that night he handled the Colby necklace. "Good heavens," he thought, "to think I could have forgotten all about them. What a night! What a night!"

As he stood at the foot of the staircase staring at the jewels, a voice spoke from the hall above.

"Ah-h," it said, "so you've got em now?"

The secretary replaced the diamonds in his pocket without answering and Waterman came heavily down the staircase. The butler followed, carrying his bag.

Outside a gentle purring announced the arrival of the car. The butler opened the door. The three men went out into the night. O'Hara opened the door of the limousine. Waterman got in and fell limply among the cushions.

Wilson put his head in at the door and said: "Mr. Waterman, I have told O'Hara of your plan to sail this morning on the Blue D Line. When you go aboard the boat he will hand you an envelope containing the funds necessary for your journey. Upon your arrival at your destination, if you will cable your address, the arrangements already agreed upon will be made at this end. The Blue D liners are equipped with wireless. I believe, and I would like it understood that soon after sailing you are to send us a radio confirming your departure. And if I may say so—"

"Oh, for God's sake," cried Waterman, "shut up!"

Wilson stood back and closed the door. He nodded to O'Hara. The car disappeared swiftly in the darkness.

Wilson sat down heavily upon the stone steps and watched the redness of the tall light until it disappeared around the bend in the road.

While he smoked a welcome cigar, he reviewed the tumultuous events of the night. Presently, as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he became aware of a figure standing at the far corner of the house. His heart leaped up—he started to his feet and approached it.

"Well," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"I'm just waiting for the lady that I brought to the house," said the man. "The car's around the corner. Blue night."

"Oh—yes," said Wilson. As he turned, the door opened once more and Nina emerged. In her arms she carried the sleeping child.

"Here's your passenger," he said turning to the man, who disappeared in search of the car.

"Well, Pop," said Nina cheerfully, "here we are again, eh?"

"So it appears," he answered abruptly.

"Funny how old pals like you and me are always turning up, ain't it?"

"Very true indeed," he answered.

"Funny, too, of a night I get here. You went on the girl?"

"Yes, sir. The car's just pulled out. In the middle of the night—makes it worth my while, too. I'll say—I show up, bringing me defenseless child, according to orders—and then no Stanley. Not but what we had a nice little party, what with dear old Rollin and his Missus and the Oriental conjurer and the dear old pop—but no Stanley. What's the idea?"

"I'm sorry," said the secretary coldly. "This is really a terrible night for you. You always were a glib old soul, weren't you?" She jerked the car rolled around the corner and pulled up in front of them. Wilson opened the door.

"Here," she said, "I can't get in and carry this. She thrust the sleeping child into Wilson's reluctant arms, and scrambled in. The drowsing butler awakened slightly, thrust his arms around the little secretary's neck, and

murmured sleepily, "Is that you, daddy?"

Nina heard him and laughed. "He she cried, and the child, who had been asleep, woke up and said, 'Daddy, I'm here.'"

Wilson scarcely heard her. He was

voice. He was scarcely aware of the child's head being touched by the grasp of the tiny arms and the drowsy murmur of the childish voice. It was only a second.

"Good-by, Pop," cried Nina, and again Wilson stood alone in front of the gray old house.

Doris was scarcely conscious of the closing of the library door behind the departing Nina. Minutes passed, she never knew how many. All her faculties seemed paralyzed. But the moon altered, when it did alter swiftly. Suddenly her brain was on fire. Action—action—that was it! Something must be done! She turned again to summon the butler. She would send for Wilson, and between them they would get to work. Even at this moment Stanley might be lying almost at the door, dead or dying! Her hand was on the door when she felt a presence in the room. Frozen into immobility she stood, unable to stir. A voice spoke.

"Well, Doris," it said quite cheerfully, "I thought you had gone to bed?"

Slowly she turned. Across the room, just within the open French window, Stanley was standing. Speechless, she stared. He came to her, smiling.

"What's the matter?" he said.

Then she found her voice. "Jim—Jim—Jim! Is it really you?"

"Of course, why not?" he spoke lightly.

With a cry she threw herself into his arms, sobbing hysterically. He did not try to stop her. He understood perfectly the strain through which she had been passing. But presently, when her sobs grew less hysterical he murmured, "Doris, Doris, my darling! Don't—don't cry—it's all right. Oh, it's been too much for you, hasn't it? But it's all right now. See here, I am I, I'm all right. Look at me."

Still she clung to him tightly, so that he held her close and said no more. At last she drew away and murmured, "But we—we thought you were dead."

"Dead?"

"Why yes—yes—all of us—the Swami and everybody—"

With a click of the latch the door opened behind her. The Swami stood open-mouthed and saw him. Quickly she ran to him, seized his hand and cried:

"Oh, sir, he isn't dead at all—Jim's not dead—here he is!"

The Swami bent his calm, benignant gaze upon her and said, "And why not?"

"What? You knew it all the time?" she cried.

"Knew what?" was the calm inquiry.

"Why, that Jim wasn't dead at all? The Swami smiled at her. "I do not understand, madame?"

"You don't understand? Why, when you left here five minutes ago you said—you said—"

The Swami raised his hand. "I fear there is some mistake. I have not seen madame since noon."

"What?" she cried, falling back in amazement.

"I have been in my room absorbed in meditation for many hours. By-and-by, a little while ago, I hear strange sounds about the house. I open my door. The house is light. It is long past midnight, so I come to see what it might be."

The violet eyes stared more widely than ever before. "You haven't seen me since noon?" she cried.

"No, madame—not since the noon meal."

"And you haven't been in the room for the last hour? How about the pistol, the blood stain on the rug, the strange dark woman and her child? How about them?"

"Wait, my friend," replied the Swami in a puzzled voice, and he turned to Stanley: "Is madame quite here?"

"I think so," answered Stanley with a smile.

"But I do not understand one word of what she says."

"Madame has had a trying experience, but she will be quite all right after a night's sleep, I am sure."

"Ah, and all else is well?" inquired the Hindu.

"Oh very; never was better."

"Then perhaps I will retire."

The Swami moved to the door. "Good-night, my friend; Madame, good night," Stanley he was gone.

Jim turned again to Doris. She looked at him with something of a glare. "Jim, Jim, am I going mad?" she cried.

Through the door behind the desk came Wilson at this moment. Had died in his arm he carried a bundle of clothes.

Stanley grinned at him frankly. "Well, Frank, it was a great success, eh?"

"Immense," said Wilson, grinning back. "Ten thousand thanks!"

"That's all right, sir," returned Wilson easily, but his face was still dead white. "What do you want me to do with these things?"

"Eh?"

"Your Hindu costume, sir?"

"I don't care—I'm through with them."

"In that case I think I'll go to bed sir—I'm a little tired."

"Sleep well, my friend. Oh, by the way, O'Hara's gone?"

"Yes, sir. The car's just pulled out."

"Do you think he will go through with it?"

"I'm sure he will. What else can he do? You see, sir, there's this, and once more, and for the last time that night, Wilson produced the Colby necklace.

Stanley took the blazing beauty from his hands. He looked at Doris, still smiling. She came slowly toward him smiling herself and for the first time he clasped the diamonds about his throat. A moment the two men looked at her.

"Hm," said Stanley at length, clearing his throat. "Good night, Frank."

"Good night, sir," responded the little clerk, and he went out.

"Jim—Jim," breathed Doris faintly. "It was you—you were the Swami!"

"You clever, clever darling!"

[THE END.]

The Kitchen Cabinet

Life let us cherish while yet the tanger glows,
And the fresh flowers' pluck are it close.
Why are we fond of toil and care?
Why choose the ranking thorn to wear?

HONEY WAYS

Honey is one of our most easily digested sweets and one that children may enjoy with freedom. Where the home is supplied from a hive or two of bees one will always have plenty of good honey for the table. The bee forages for himself and with little care supplies plenty and many pounds to sell during the season. The flavor of honey combines well with spices in cookery and it takes the place of sugar and molasses in cakes, puddings and cookies.

As a medicine honey is unrivaled. Combined with horseradish it makes a good cough medicine. When used in place of sugar the food keeps moist longer and is of better flavor.

Honey Ice Cream.—Take one pint each of milk and cream, the yolks of six eggs and one cupful of strained honey. Heat the milk in a double boiler and add the egg yolks, a pinch of salt and the honey. Cook until smooth and thick. Cool and add the cream and a bit of almond or any desired flavoring. Freeze as usual.

Honey Custard.—Take five eggs, two cups of honey, four cups of milk, the rind of a lemon, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Beat the eggs enough to break up well, add the other ingredients and pour into cups. Set the cups into hot water and bake until set. For a boiled custard cook in a double boiler until the custard coats the spoon.

Honey Pudding.—Take one-half cupful of honey, one cupful of bread crumbs, one-half cupful of milk, one-half cupful of flour, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of butter and one-half cupful of ginger. Mix the egg yolks, honey, bread crumbs and seasoning. Beat well, then add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Steam two hours in a pudding mold.

Honey Salad Dressing.—Take three tablespoonfuls of honey, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one-third of a cupful of mild vinegar, and two well beaten egg yolks. Mix one-half teaspoonful each of salt and mustard, a dash of cayenne and add to the honey mixture. Cook over hot water until smooth, stirring all the time, or beating with an egg beater.

Try These.

The wholesome beet so well liked as a vegetable and as a salad with other combinations, is too often served with little variety.

Virginia Creamed Beets.—Boil the beets until tender, rub off the skins and arrange sliced in a deep dish. Make a sauce, using two tablespoonfuls of butter, and

one-half cupful of milk. Add a little salt, cayenne pepper, a tablespoonful of sugar and a cupful of hot cream. Stir until well mixed, then pour over the beets. Serve hot.

Baked Kidney Beans.—Soak three cupfuls of kidney