

FOREMAN MYERS NOW TESTIFIES

Michigan Alkali Plant Man Lived
on Bread and Water for
Weeks.

SUFFERED 4 YEARS

Nothing Did Him Any Good Until He
Took Tania—Has Gained Seven
Pounds and All His
Troubles Gone.

"I had to live on nothing but bread
and water for weeks at a time, but
since taking Tania, I can eat anything
I want and enjoy it as well as I ever
did," said Fred M. Myers, of 17 West
van street, Ford City, the other day.
Mr. Myers is the well-known foreman
at the Ford City plant of the Michigan
Alkali company.

He suffered from stomach trouble
and indigestion for four years," he
explained. "Everything I ate formed gas
on my stomach that seemed to press
on my heart so I could hardly breathe.
I belched up bits of food, undigested
and had an awful, gnawing pain in
the pit of my stomach that at
times burned like a coal of fire.
Mucous was constantly dropping down
my throat. My eyes were watery so
at times I could hardly see. I slept
poorly and felt tired and worn out
all the time.

"I have tried many different medi-
cines but nothing did the least good
until I got Tania. Tania seems to
be made especially for my case for I
commenced picking up right from the
start and improved every day. My ap-
petite now is fine and everything I eat
goes down with me. I have no more gas
on the stomach, sleep like a log and
wake up feeling fine as a fiddle. I have
actually gained seven pounds and an
relief of my troubles.

There is a Tania dealer in your
town—

Matter-of-Fact Love-making.

For downright prose, Doctor John-
son, of hand and heart to his second
wife would be very hard to beat.

"My dear woman," said Johnson, "I
am a far-seeing man and will tell
something of a philosopher. I am, as
you know, very poor. I have always
been respectable myself, but I grieve
to tell that one of my uncles was
hanged."

"I have less money than you, doc-
tor," demurely answered the lady, "but
I shall try to be philosophical, too.
None of my relatives has even been
hanged, but I have several who ought
to be."

"Providence and philosophy have es-
timated us, my good woman," said
the doctor as he pressed a check
salute upon the lady's brow—Rich-
ard Smiley Herald.

YES! LIFT A CORN OFF WITHOUT PAIN!

Cincinnati man tells how to dry
up a corn or callus with lifts
off with fingers.

You corn-pestered men and women
need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes
that gently killed you before, says this
Cincinnati authority, because a few
drops of freezeone applied directly on a
tender, aching corn or callus, stops
soreness at once and soon the corn or
hardened callus loosens so it can be
lifted off, root and all, without pain.

A small bottle of freezeone costs very
little at any drug store, but will pos-
sibly take off every hard or soft corn
or callus. This should be tried, as it is
inexpensive and is said not to irritate
the surrounding skin.

If your druggist hasn't any freezeone
tell him to get a small bottle for you
from his wholesale drug house—adv.

The Retort.

"Two wrongs don't make a right.
Still—"

A senator was discussing the food
control bill.

"While the bill has its drawbacks,"
he went on, "there would be worse
drawbacks without it, and so we can
face our opponents like the lady."

"My love," the husband said to this
lady, "you spend all your money get-
ting your palm read."

"And you, dear," she retorted,
"spend all your years getting your nose
red."

YOU MAY TRY CUTICURA FREE

That's the Rule—Free Samples to Any-
one Anywhere.

We have so much confidence in the
wonderful soothing and healing prop-
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THE GIRL WHO HAD NO GOD

By
Mary Roberts Rinehart

BORODAY, THE RUSSIAN,
HAS AN UNCOMFORT-
ABLE INTERVIEW WITH
THE POLICE CHIEF.

Synopsis: For years old Hilary
Kington lived with his
daughter, Elzior, in a beautiful
home on a hill in the suburban
village of Nottingham. The
neighbors knew nothing about
the establishment, except that
the father was quite wealthy,
and the daughter very good
looking and gentle. In reality
Kington was head of an an-
archist band, composed of Huff,
Boroday, Talbot and Lebridge,
that robbed the rich and gave
to the poor and oppressed. One
day Old Hilary was shot dead,
and the course of life changed
abruptly for his daughter. The
Rev. Mr. Ward, a young bachel-
or, began to take an uncom-
mon interest in Elzior.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Ward had risen. He towered far
above Elzior. Because of his heavy
shoulders, he never looked his full
height. Boroday, in the corridor, stole
a moment from his anxieties. One
of the young clerksman every inch of a
man, and to throw him the grudging
admiration of defeated middle-age for
youth and vibrant life.

"Then I shall not send for the rec-
tor."

"Please, no."

"Is there anything at all that I can
do?"

"Do the police know about this?"

"Surely. I suppose you have been
told what happened."

"They will tell me nothing."

There was a car coming up the hill.
That would be it. Boroday eased his
aching arm. He did not dare a sling,
but the hand was thrust in the pocket
of his coat. If only the hemorrhage
did not start again! He braced him-
self and waited.

"It was a robbery, you know that?"
said Ward, in the library. "He picked
the money carefully. As I got the
note, the house was empty."

Your father had stepped to the curb
to hail the taxi, and it happened
then, a—stray bullet from one of
the bandits' guns."

Boroday, eye on the car, heard the
statement, and, with the chief coming
up the steps from the road to the gar-
den, took the time to regulate it.

"Murder!" he said. "It was not a
weapon in the hands of the bandits. It
was the revolver of the bank messen-
ger."

Ward turned in surprise. Boroday's
eyes were fixed on Elzior, with reas-
surance in their depths. The assistant
rector was not subtle, but he had a
curious feeling of something behind all
his was uncomfortable.

"Trust," he said earnestly, "that
these various outrages will be at an
end now. Surely the police—"

"Possibly. The anarchist's gaze
wandered to the garden, where even
then the chief was making his way to
the house. "Of course, these
bandits are trained men of unusual
intelligence. If the police were of in-
telligence to cope with them—"

"Yes?"

"They would not be on the force, at
meager salaries and petty graft. They
would be—"

"He shrugged his shoulders
—bandits themselves, very possibly."

Ward left after that—hurt with an
uncomfortable feeling of having got
nowhere. He was convinced of one
thing, death, which for him was an
open gateway, was for this girl a
closed and fastened door.

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stairs and into old Hilary's room. The
chief glanced about while the hasty
examination was being made. "But a lot
of good it does the old gentleman
now! Nice little girl downstairs, too.
I've seen that chap in the hall some-
where."

"The corner drew the sheet over old
Hilary's peaceful face.

"The preacher? They all look alike.
It's the vest and the collar."

"The other man, with the accent
German, I take it—Boroday."

Boroday was waiting for them at the
foot of the staircase. In the li-
brary was a tray, with drinks and
sandwiches. The shades had been
lowered.

"The chief ate and drank. And as
often as he raised his glass he looked
at the Russian over at. At last:
"Haven't we met somewhere, Mr.

"Boroday. I rather think not."

"You remind me of someone—I'll
place you, or the person you resemble,
pretty soon. I have a slow mind. It's
like an Alsatian dog; it's a long time
getting started, but when it begins it
tangles on like the devil."

"The drinks were cold, and the house
cool. The prospect of starting out in
the heat again did not allure the two
men. Sitting there at his ease, the
chief ran over the points of the out-
rage."

"In several ways," he observed com-
placently, "the affair resembles one that
happened in St. Louis several years
ago. There's the same quality of au-
dacity—and there are other things."

Quite suddenly a light came into his
eyes.

"Ah! he said, bending forward to-
ward Boroday. "I told you I'd get it.
It was in St. Louis I saw you!"

Their glasses clashed, the chief's in-
tention, the Russian's cool, unsmug.

"The dog," said Boroday, "holds on
well, but to the wrong throat."

"You have never been in St. Louis?"
"Never."

CHAPTER IV.

Elzior lived alone after the funeral.
Her father, who had now a chance to
direct her favorite vice of thrift, was
for sending away the other servants.

"I can manage," she said. "For all
you can do."

But Elzior protested.

"I shall want to keep up the Satur-
day dinner. Let things stay as they
are for a time."

It had been old Hilary's custom to
have such members of the band as

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thinking about it ever since—for some
time. The first thing, of course, is
whether we are going to hang together
or not."

Talbot had rather a weird sense of
humor. He suggested that the word
"hang" be changed to "remain."

"We've been doing well. We'll do
all right again, too, as soon as this
thing blows over. It was unlucky, but
we've been pretty fortunate. Now we
can do one of two things. For Elzior's
sake, I suggest the first."

"And that is—"

"Send Boroday to Paris to dispose of
your jewels. Then get a conservative
lawyer to invest the money."

"And after that?"

"Forget you ever knew any of us."

Huff, across the table from her, went
white, but said nothing.

"Would there be an alternative?"
Elzior was white, too. The room was
profoundly still.

"To keep on as we are at present,
you, Elzior, acting in your fa-
vor, sending and transmitting mes-
sages, and—keeping the vault in
charge."

Boroday was on his feet in a mo-
ment, protesting. He would take the
jewels and send them abroad. It was
risky, but it could be done. But this
outrageous arrangement had been sug-
gested—

"What we are, we are by choice," he
declared. "You have never had a choice,
and now it is given to you. For God's
sake, child, go away now, while you
may."

Elzior's reply, when it came, was
unmistakable.

"Where could I go? I know in all the
world only you four, and old Hen-
riette, and a governess of mine who
has gone into a convent in France. I
shall stay here with you all."

So it was settled.

That was an eventful evening, with
Elzior, misty-eyed, moving into her fa-
ther's chair at the table, and the house-
hold settling down to the new arrange-
ment which held them together. And when
they had moved from the dining room,
Walter Huff, following Elzior out to
the terrace, told her he loved her.

The staid old above, and those near-
er stars that outlined the streets be-
low, threw a soft radiance over her.
She was dressed in white; old Hilary
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