

Many Women Think They Are Doomed to Backache

It is not right for women to be always ailing with backache, and other symptoms of kidney disease. There is a way to end these troubles quickly. Mrs. John H. Wright, 506 East Street, St. Mitchell, S. D., says: "I suffered ten years with kidney complaint and a doctor told me I would never get more than temporary relief. A dragging pain and lameness in my back almost disabled me. Dizzy spells came and went and the kidney secretions were irregular. Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of these troubles and I feel better than for years past."

Sold by all dealers. 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

#### VAIN THREATS.

Jimmy Jugan—If you do not consent to my marriage with your daughter I swear I'll kill myself. Her Pa—Ha, that's good, you'll save me the trouble.

Breaks a Cold Promptly

The following remedy is a never failing formula for colds.

One ounce of Compound Syrup of Sassafras, one ounce Tonic Compound and one-half pint of cold whiskey, mix and shake thoroughly each time and use in doses of a table spoonful every four hours.

This if followed up with care will cure a cold in 24 hours. The ingredients can be gotten at any drug store.

Rather Remarkable Certainty.

The lawyer for the plaintiff had finished his argument and counsel for the defense stepped forward to speak.

"But your honor," said the attorney for the defendant, "at least let me present my case."

"Well, on ahead, then," said the judge.

The lawyer went ahead. When he had finished the judge gaped in even greater astonishment.

"Now, if your honor," said the defendant's lawyer, "I have a few words to say."

"That's all right," said the judge, "but I don't want to hear any more of this."

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# BOGGS—HIS GREENGOODS CUP

By an Ex-Operative of the Secret Service

## A True Story of a Countryman Who Got Away with a Stacked Pack

ONE evening when I looked in on Capt. Dickson, who had but recently retired from a position high in the United States secret service, I found him seriously engaged in reading the afternoon paper. "Amazing yarns, you newspaper men write," he greeted me cheerily.

"What gives you that thought?" I queried, thinking how much more amazing were the experiences in the life of this man than anything he was likely to find in the paper which he held crumpled in his hands, and hoping to get him started telling one of his adventures.

"I was just reading about a green goods swindle pulled off in New York city yesterday. It is strange how men, who have sense enough to accumulate a sum of money, can be so foolishly as to part with it on a palpable swindle like this one. And yet you know," he continued, there are some shrewd business men roped in on this selfsame proposition—men who are respected in their home community for their business sense."

"I know in a moment there was a story ready for me, so I quietly filled my pipe, he pushed over the bottle of favorite sherry, and this came from him.

"The king of the green goods sharks was Hank Bonner, alias 'Red,' 'Madison,' 'Saucy,' and a hundred others. He worked in New York city, and it was his pleasure to make his acquaintance in a detective's manner.

Hank didn't do indiscriminate advertising as do the green goods sharks of the present time. Not Hank. He picked out his victims with care and made the selection of them a personal matter. He would make a 'tour through the provinces' in which he explored it, and one of these tours that failed to land two or three victims was the 'back' sort of a failure. When Hank had spotted his man he would return to the city and write him a personal letter, in which he hit out to a dot the man's weakest point of character, whether it was simplicity, vanity, or downright criminality. Hank wasn't taking chances in these letters, for he had seen his victim, talked with him, tried him out, and he studied him at close range that the man generally knew more about the man than the latter knew about himself.

He kept a close tab on the men whom he had worked and never tried to pull off two jobs in the same neighborhood. He would make a sucker from Maine one week and one from Texas the next. In making his tours he assumed different characters, sometimes a gentleman of wealth seeking a bit of recreation, sometimes an itinerant minister or a book agent. Whatever character he assumed he acted it to perfection, and never made a false play in all his record until he tumbled up with a lucky swindle-pull from Louisiana.

Hank had been down there selling patent chum, and at a county seat some distance from the railroad he had spotted a victim named Simon Boggs. The shark's characteristic of Boggs' nature was his suspicion of everything and everybody. He must have been of Missouri ancestry, if there is anything in the slang expression that is current today. A really suspicious man is the easiest victim of a swindle in the world. He is so careful to investigate every detail of a proposition before he bites at it, that if you can once satisfy him in this instance, he is taken everything he is granted after that and you don't have any further trouble with him.

Boggs had been written "just the right sort of letter." It was a masterpiece. It is over there in one of my copybooks, and you can read it some time if you think it will interest you. It had the desired effect, for Boggs answered with a "cautious letter," in which he said that he would have to be "showed" before he would invest in the money, but that he would take a small quantity of it, as was the real stuff. Boggs had more ready money than any man in his part, and Hank knew that if he could rope Boggs in he would prove well worth the plucking.

An appointment was made with the wily Boggs and he came on to New York to look the situation over. Hank met him at the depot and took him to his rooms by a roundabout way in a hooded carriage, so that Boggs never could have found it again. He was carried into a room where money seemed to be the cheapest commodity in the world. If he shot in piles on tables and chairs and the bed and floor were littered with it. His eyes grew as big as saucers at this vulgar disregard for Uncle Sam's currency.

"The gas," said the customer, "and the stool, please, and the rug, I want it, working in the money off in too large quantities in New York city. But was assured that every bill in the room would pass at the government treasury or any bank. He was di-

Hank Bonner, alias "Red," "Madison," "Saucy," is Badly Stung by His Own Game Juggled by a Deceiving Farmer Who, When He Had Notified the Proper Authorities, Skipped for Parts Unknown After Disposing of His Farm Properties in the South.



"GIVE ME SHERRY WITH GRABBY!" LET'S TAKE A DRINK IN HONOR OF THE OCCASION.

from which they were printed and the printing plant. This was something that Hank didn't consider. He said it was fine sailing, but Boggs was adamant and refused to invest a dollar unless they showed him. Hank agreed to do so the next day, and during the night he bought a couple of half-ton plates and some ink and had half-ton plates made for him. He had the three denominations of the bills that he was purporting to have in such profusion, that he could have sold them for a fortune. Boggs couldn't know the difference between a half-ton plate and a steel plate. There was one matter he overlooked, and that was the paper on which his print his bills.

Boggs was "conducted with great secrecy," to the printing plant, which, as a matter of fact, was on the floor above the room, where the profusion of money was displayed. He examined everything minutely and expressed his satisfaction in everything. Then he asked to see the stock of paper. Having taken a couple of half-ton plates, Boggs couldn't know the difference between a half-ton plate and a steel plate. There was one matter he overlooked, and that was the paper on which his print his bills.

This seemed to satisfy Boggs for the time, but he wanted to see the paper being made. Hank was stumped here for a fair and to the fact, saying the process was so secret that even he had never visited the place. Boggs accepted this explanation for all appearances, but as a matter of fact he was not satisfied in his own mind. His suspicion was aroused to that degree and he made a resolution to

see the paper before he invested heavily.

Nevertheless, he invested \$100 in the money, a part of the \$200 he had secured in having the four bills changed, getting for it \$100, which he counted with great care, examining each bill as it was handed over to him. Hank had carefully thrust a bundle containing a thousand dollars at Boggs, but the farmer had untied it and looked at every bill on both sides before he paid over the \$100 agreed upon. He returned to his swamps and passed the money with so little difficulty that he soon wrote Hank and arranged to come to New York and take his entire stock and trade. This was what Hank had been playing for, and he counted on getting his \$100 back and a lot more besides.

He made preparations accordingly, dragging out of the bank some \$45,000, the net proceeds of his years of swindling, and laying in a stock of paper that he thought would suit the farmer. He had a grip built especially for this transaction, an ingenious contrivance with a false bottom. The grip was a plain alligator hanging and in the delivery of its construction it was a work of art. Hank knew that he couldn't pack a bundle of green money, nor could he carry the money in a bag, and he didn't have much faith in switching grips on him. His plan was to let the farmer place the bills in the grip while it stood on a table. The grip dropped through a hole in the table and down through a pipe to the room below where they were caught in a basket and brought up to Hank by his confederate as they were needed, for Hank had to make his \$45,000 serve for \$200,000.

Boggs arrived in due time, and he had with him, as Hank had taken the precaution to learn from Boggs' own

town, through a confederate, \$20,000 in cash, all in \$1,000 bills.

He had something else with him, as Hank had learned to his sorrow, but Hank didn't suspect that at the time Hank had as few confederates as possible, both because it made the splitting of the swag into fewer parts and because every additional man in on the deal was an added danger of detection. He worked his delivery of the goods always with only one man besides himself, Joe Lattimer, as old a criminal and as shrewd a bird as the redoubtable Hank.

with as much secrecy as on former occasions to the room of grinning wiles. He accepted the alligator bag without complaint, and counted the bills, one by one, as they were passed over to him by Hank and his assistant. There is no doubt that he detected the false bottom of the grip, but he gave no sign of it. He counted the money as Hank passed it over to him and poked it into the nitless maw of the alligator hand, as seriously as if he suspected no thing.

When he was paid over the \$200,000 all in \$50-dollar bills, and had poked them into the grip, he was waded down through the pipe to the room below, he reached into his pocket for his wallet, and after fumbling about a bit pulled out the bottle of drugged whiskey and sat it upon the table.

"Gentle," he said, with gravity, "let's take a drink in honor of the occasion. I never cease a trade of any size without taking a drink. It makes it easier to pay over money to have a little stimulant inside." Hank and his pal were so greedy to get their hands on Boggs' coin and get rid of the farmer that they readily consented, so each of them took a long pull at the flask and passed it back to Boggs, who held it out at arm's length, shook it to make it head, and passed it on, fondly and lovingly at it as one a jewel-like young man at his own throat.

He didn't drink it at first, but began to talk, rambling along about how he got his start in the world and how he made his first dollar and the luck he had and the big until the effects of the liquor began to work on the two crooks. They were soon in a frame of mind bordering on oblivion and Boggs made a feat of drinking from the bottle and pressed them to have another pull at it. They accepted without musing. This was the last straw, and before either of them realized it they crumpled up in their chairs and tumbled out upon the floor. Boggs was ready for the occasion and gagged and handcuffed both.

He examined the grip and saw where the money had gone. Then he secured the keys to the room before the reluctant Joe let himself in and secured the basket of money which he stuffed into the grip, after attending to the hole in the bottom so that there was no danger of it leaking.

He looked the sleepers in their room and made his departure, not, however, until he had learned from the street lamp at the corner the location of the house. He caught the midnight train for his country home.

The next morning the chief of the secret service at Washington received a collect telegram informing him that two green goods men with half-ton plates of bills of three denominations would be found in a room upon the third floor of a certain house in New York city. This telegram was forwarded to me, as I chanced to be in the city at the time, and I made an investigation. I found Hank and Joe still sleeping and captured the plates and enough packages of green paper with bills upon the top and bottom to send Hank and Joe up for long terms.

Boggs was not presented. Before we secured a confession from the two men he had bunched so neatly, he had cashed out his properties in Louisiana and left for parts unknown. There was really no charge against him, but the stealing of the money from the two criminals, and neither of them cared to prosecute him on that score. They seemed to realize, in a rough sort of equitable way, that they had done what they got out, and that both of them had a higher regard for Boggs because of it. They gave me a good description of Boggs and told me of several little peculiarities of speech and manner which I passed on to you. I am sure that I met up with him down in Mexico some years later. He was a highly respected manufacturer and ranch owner then, and reported to be the wealthiest man in the state of Sonora. I tried to draw him out or trap him into saying something about the incident with the men in New York, but he was too smooth for that, and he never without laughing and I am sure that his mirth was induced by the memory of the trick he turned there on the green goods men.

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Going to Sleep.

What is this thing that kills up the raveled sleeve of care? Cabalas in his investigations on the mind, enunciated for the first time in which the different parts of our organization go to sleep; namely—first, the legs and arms, then the muscles that support the head and back. The first sense that is lost is that of sight, followed in regular succession by the senses of taste, smell, hearing and feeling. The viscera (contents of the body cavities), he says, fall asleep one after the other, but with different degrees of consciousness—New York Press.

#### ROSY AND PLUMP

Good Health from Right Food.

"It's not a new food to me," remarked a Va man, in speaking of Grape-Nuts.

"About twelve months ago my wife was in very bad health, could not keep anything on her stomach. The doctor recommended milk, but water but it was not sufficiently nourishing.

"A friend of mine told me one day to try Grape-Nuts and cream. The result was really marvelous! My wife recovered from that illness and today is as rosy and plump as when a child of sixteen."

"These are plain facts and nothing I could say in praise of Grape-Nuts would exaggerate the least the value of the great food."

Name given by Postum Co. Battle Creek, Mich.: Read "The Road to Health" in "Pills," "There's a Reason."

For read the above letter and see how Grape-Nuts, made of whole wheat, are so good, so healthy, and full of vitamins.