

## Don't Neglect Kidneys

Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Prescription, Overcomes Kidney Trouble

It is now conceded by physicians that the kidneys should have more attention as they control the other organs to a remarkable degree and do a tremendous amount of work in removing the poisons and waste matter from the system by filtering the blood.

The kidneys should receive some assistance when needed. We take less exercise, drink less water and often eat more rich, heavy food, thereby forcing the kidneys to do more work than nature intended. Evidence of kidney trouble, such as lame back, aching joints, troubles, smarting or burning, brick-dust or sediment, yellow complexion, rheumatism, maybe weak or irregular heart action, warns you that your kidneys require help immediately to avoid more serious trouble.

An ideal herbal compound that has had most remarkable success as a kidney and bladder remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. There is nothing else like it. It is Dr. Kilmer's prescription used in private practice and it is sure to benefit you. Get a bottle from your druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents for Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a booklet and sample. When writing be sure and mention this paper. Adv.

## ONE SIGHT HE HAD MISSED

American Traveler in Rome Particularly Anxious to View Corral Where "Bulls" Were Kept.

A traveler tells this story of an American fellow who was in Rome:

"The American, who had come from the plains of the West, visited the Vatican, and was shown over the papal palace. He asked many questions and desired to see everything. After the customary slight had been shown, the priest who attended him asked:

"Is there anything else, Signor Americano, that you would like to see?" "There is one thing," replied the American, "that I want to see more than anything else, and I haven't been on the edge of it yet."

"What is that, signor?"

"The cattle pens."

"The cattle pens? Why, we have nothing of the sort, signor."

"You haven't? Then where in the world do you keep those poor bulls that we're always hearing about?"

Exchange.

## GOOD FOR HUNGRY CHILDREN

Children love Skinner's Macaroni and spaghetti because of its delicious taste. It is good for them and you can give them all they want. It is a great builder of bone and muscle, and does not make them nervous and irritable like meat. The most economical and nutritious food known. Made from the finest durum wheat. Write Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb., for beautiful cook book. It is sent free to mothers—Adv.

## Why He Wanted to Go to M. T. H. S.

Four-year-old Bobby lives in the country. At his house the butter is kept in the cellar on a swinging shelf quite high, beyond his reach. If his request for bread and butter comes at a time which his careful mother considers inopportune, there is nothing for him to do but to wait her good pleasure.

Recently his father found him sitting dejectedly with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, evidently pondering deeply.

"Bobby, what are you thinking?"

"Thinking that I want to go to manual training."

"Manual training high school? Why, Bobby?"

"So I can learn to make a ladder that will reach to the swing-shelf so I can have bread and butter whenever I want it."—Indianapolis News.

## Appropriate Advice.

"They say Doctor Polytick always adapts his advice to his individual patients."

"I believe that's true. He told an artist who wanted to him that he must not draw too much on his reserve strength, and an architect that he needed building up."

## All Kinds.

"What is it, lady?"

"I want some needles."

"Yes'm. Quilting, sewing or graphophone?"

## The cheerful feeling you

possess after a drink of something hot and flavory

should be only the beginning

of your satisfaction.

## For this very reason more

and more people are turning

from coffee to

## Instant Postum

A lessened tendency to such

annoyances as nervousness

and sleeplessness repays

them

A ten-day trial of this

delightful, flavory hot drink has

assisted so many to health

and comfort that your friend,

the Postum drinker, will tell

you its well worth while.

"There's a Reason"

## The DESTROYING ANGEL

By Louis Joseph Vance

## HAVE YOU ANY "SAND?"

If you should be mysteriously beaten up when you stepped into your home some night, and the following day should be warned that you would be killed next trip, do you think you'd hurry to hiding—or would you take defense steps and defy the Mystery to do its worst?

Supposed to be dead, Hugh Whitaker turns up in New York after five years in the girl he married there to protect her good name. During the midst of a brilliant theatrical performance, he and she recognize one another across the footlights. (She is known as Sara Law, a noted actress.) The play stops abruptly. She refuses to see him. Drummond, his former law partner, engaged to marry the supposed widow, is reported a suicide. Whitaker's friend, Martin Ember, former detective, doubts the report and warns Whitaker to beware of violence from a mysterious source. The warning is ignored. Whitaker is murderously assaulted and goes to Ember's country place to recover. Strange things happen there as told in this installment. Queer goings on!

## CHAPTER IX.

## —10—

## The Window.

Though they left New York not long after three in the afternoon, twilight was fast falling into night when Ember gave the motor its head. His headlights clove a path through the dark like a splendid sword on either hand. The wooded and desolate clearings blurred into dark and rushing walls; only the wonderful wilderness of stars remained imperturbable.

Whitaker, braced against the jolting, snatched begrudged mouthfuls of air strong of the sea. He had no very definite idea of their whereabouts, having neglected through sheer indifference to question Ember, but he knew they were drawing minute by minute closer to the Atlantic.

After some time the car slowed to a palpitant pause. Ember jumped out to open a barred gate, then, returning, swung the car into a clear but narrow woodland road. "Mine own domain," he informed Whitaker with a laugh. "Now we're shut off of the world entirely."

Whitaker bent forward, inquiring: "Where are we?"

"Almost there, Patience."

Whitaker reckoned idly that they must have threaded a good two miles of woodland, when at length the car emerged upon a clearing and immediately turned aside to the open doorway of a miniature garage.

The forest hemmed the clearing on three sides; on the fourth lay water. A hundred yards distant the lighted windows of a one-story structure shone pleasantly through a scattering plantation of pine.

Linking arms the better to guide his guest, Ember drew him toward the lights.

"Bungalow," he explained, tentatively, flourishing his free hand; "hermitage—retreat."

"Paradise," Whitaker summed up, in the same manner. "No neighbors?"

"Oh"—Ember motioned to his left as they faced the water—"there's a married establishment over there some where, but we don't bother one another. Fellow by the name of Fiske. I understand the place is shut up—Fiske not coming down this year."

"So much the better. I've been wanting just this all summer, without realizing it."

"Welcome, then, to Half-a-Loaf lodge!"

They entered a lot, and deep living room with walls of pinked and blue at one end, a stone fireplace, wherein a wood fire blazed heartily. At a comfortable distance from the hearth stood a table bright with linen, silver and crystal—covers for two. The room was broken by three doors, in one of which a round Chinaman beamed obligingly. Ember hailed him by the title of Sum Fat, explaining that it wasn't his name, but claiming for it the virtue of exquisite felicity.

"My servant in town, here man-of-all-work; I've had him for years; faithful and indispensable."

Toward the end of an excellent dinner, Whitaker caught himself nodding and blinking with drowsiness. Ember took laughing compassion upon him and led him forthwith to a bedroom furnished with the rigid simplicity of a summer camp. Then he slipped round the clock. The shrill, imperative rattle of a telephone bell roused him. As he hesitated he could hear the voice of Ember in the living room talking over the telephone. Presently there came a tap at his door, and his host entered.

"Up, eh?" he said cheerfully. "I was afraid I'd have to wake you." His smile vanished beneath the clouds of an impatient frown. "This is the devil of a note: I've got to leave you."

"What's the trouble?"

"That's what I'm called upon to find out. A friend of mine's in a tight place, and I've got to go and help him through. He just called me up—and I can't refuse. Of you mind being left alone for a day or so?"

"Certainly not—only I'm sorry."

"No more than I. But I'll try to get back tomorrow. If I don't, the next day—soon as I possibly can."

Meanwhile, please consider yourself lord and master here. Sum Fat will take good care of you. Now I've got to take water-proofs—it's raining like all get-out, but I can't wait for a let-up."

By the time Whitaker was ready for breakfast the first had splashed off to his motor car.

"The wind, freshening, and driving very respectable if miniature rollers

graciousness of men rarely to be noticed even in the most beautiful of the women he had known.

Of a sudden the man paused, produced a watch from beneath his duster, consulted it briefly and shut the case with a snap. He said something in a brusque tone, and was answered by what sounded like a pleasant negative. Promptly, as if unheeded, he turned and strode hastily away, disappearing round the house.

Alone, the woman watched him as long as he was in sight, her head to one side with an effect of critical amusement. Then, with a low laugh, she crossed the veranda and entered the lighted room. At the same time Whitaker, lingering and watching without in the least understanding or even questioning why he was doing this thing so contrary to his instincts, heard the heavy rumble of a motor car on the far side of the house and saw the machine swing off across the clearing into the woods.

In the living room the woman was saying: "You may go now, Elise. I'll be ready for bed before long." "Yes, madam." The maid rose and moved briskly out of sight—charmingly poised. Her mistress, casting aside a scarf of embroidered Chinese brocade, stood for a moment in deep thought, her head bowed, the knuckle of a slender forefinger tapping her chin—charmingly posed. Whitaker abruptly understood why it was he loitered, peeping—she was absolutely beautiful, a creature both exquisite and superb, a matchless portrait for the galleries of his memory.

Something—a movement or perhaps a slight sound—had drawn his attention from the woman. He saw the other man standing boldly in full moonlight, all his attention concentrated on the brilliant picture framed by the window. He was unquestionably

When he had finished, Whitaker put a question:

"Sum Fat, which way does the wind blow, do you know?"

Sum Fat flashed him a dazzling smile.

"East!" he said in a cheerful, clucking voice. "I think very fine three-day blow."

"At least," said Whitaker, "you're a high-spirited prophet of evil. I thank you."

He selected a book from several shelves stocked with a discriminating taste, and settled himself before the fire.

The day wore out before his patience

and, with every indication of fulfilling the prognosis of Sum Fat; by midnight the wind had developed into an enthusiastic gale, driving before it sheets of rain and great ragged wastes of mist.

And the second day was like unto the first. The third day broke full of the spirit of the second; and toward noon the rain ceased. In the evening, weary of the sedulous attentions of a cloud of famished mosquitoes, Whitaker sat in darkness, not tired enough to go to bed, too tired to bestir himself and seek distraction from a tormenting train of thought.

A pool of lumpy moonlight lay like milk upon the floor beneath a window and held his dreaming gaze while memory marshaled for his delectation a mosaic of wretched years, infinitely delicate and dreary in his vision.

How long he sat unthinking, preoccupied with fruitless inquiry, he did not guess. But later he reckoned it could not have been long after ten o'clock when he was disturbed. The sound of a footfall, hushed and stealthy on the veranda, roused him with a start, and almost at the same instant he became aware of a shadow that troubled the pool of moonlight, the foreshortened shadow of a man's head and shoulders. He sat up, tense, rigid with surprise and wonder, and stared at the silhouetted body at pause just outside the window. The fellow was stooping to peer in. Had Drummond hunted him down to this isolate hiding place? On the thought he leaped up, in two strides slammed out through the door.

"I say!" he cried loudly. But he stood, apparently, to empty air. The man was gone—vanished as strangely and as quietly as he had appeared.

Pausing and glaring round the clearing in complete bewilderment, he detected or else fancied a slight movement in the shadows on the edge of the encompassing woodland. Instantly, heedless of the risk he ran if the man were indeed Drummond, and if Drummond were indeed guilty of the assault now four nights old, Whitaker broke for the spot. It proved to be the entrance to one of the woodland paths, and naturally—whether or no his imagination were to fault—there was nobody waiting there to be caught.

But if anyone had been there, he had unquestionably fled along the trail. Whitaker in a rage set himself to follow. Before he realized he could have covered half the distance, he emerged abruptly into the clearing of the Fiske place.

Here he pulled up, for the first time since the fatuous idiosyncy of his conduct, and diverted besides by the discovery that his impression of the early evening, that the cottage was tenanted, had been well founded.

The ground floor windows shone with a dim but warm illumination. He could see distinctly part of a living room rather charmingly furnished in a sum-

mary way. At its farther end a dark-headed woman in a plain black dress

read by lamplight—evidently a maid. Her mistress—judging by appearances—was outside on the lawn

below the veranda, strolling to and fro

company with a somewhat short and

heavy man who wore an automobile

duster and visored cap. By contrast,

her white-clad figure, invested with

the illusion of moonlight, seemed un-

usually tall. Her hair was fair, shining

like a headress of palest gold as she

bent her head, attentive to her

companion. And Whitaker thought to

discern an unusual quality in her

movements, a quality of charm and

gracefulness of men rarely to be

noticed even in the most beautiful

of the women he had known.

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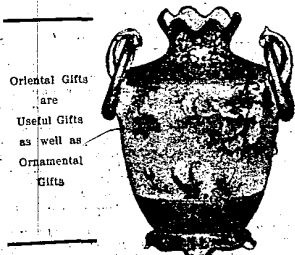
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