Sure Relief



6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION

To abort a cold and prevent complications, take

Calotabs

The purified and refined calomel tablets that are nausealess, safe and sure.

Medicinal virtues retained and improved. Sold only in sealed packages. Price 35c.



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nature's own blood purifying and skin healing remedy—SULPHUR—prepared in a way to make its use most efficacious. Use it in the bath; use it as a lotion applying to affected parts; and take it internally.

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INDIGESTION
Caused by
Acid-Stomach

Millions of people—in fact about 9 out of 10—suffer more or less from indigestion, acute or chronic. Nearly every case is caused by Acid-Stomach.

There are other stomach disorders which also are sure signs of Acid-Stomach—belching, heartburn, bloat after eating, food repeating, sour, gassy stomach. There are many ailments which, while they do not cause much distress in the stomach itself, are, nevertheless, traceable to an acid-stomach. Among these are nervousness, biliousness, cirrhosis of the liver, rheumatism, impoverished blood, weakness, insomnia, melancholia and a long train of physical and mental miseries that keep the victims in miserable health year after year.

The right thing to do is to attack these ailments at their source—get rid of the acid-stomach. A wonderful modern remedy called EATONIC now makes it easy to do this.

One of hundreds of thousands of grateful users of EATONIC writes: "I have been troubled with intestinal indigestion for about nine years and have spent quite a sum for medicine, but without relief. After using EATONIC for a few days the gas and pains in my bowels disappeared. EATONIC is just the remedy I needed."

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Your druggist has EATONIC. Get a big 50c box from him today. He will refund your money if you are not satisfied.

EATONIC
FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

A Stock Chaser.

A manufacturing concern recently advertised in the papers for a "stock chaser" in the purchasing department.

Many answers were received, but one in particular showed the writer's conception of the job, for he said: "I think I am qualified to fill the position I see you advertise, as I've been a farmer all my life."

GRUMPY?

If Constipated, Bilious or Headachy, take "Cascarets"

Brain foggy? Blue devils got you? Don't stay sick, bilious, headachy, constipated. Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head dizzy, your tongue coated, your breath bad and stomach sour. Why not spend a few cents for a box of Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest laxative-cathartic you ever experienced? Cascarets never gripe, sicken or inconvenience one like Salts, Oil, Calomel or harsh Pills. They work while you sleep.—Adv.

Eskimo children play football with a bag stuffed with hair.

Pluck loses no time on account of hard luck.

Use **MURINE** Night and Morning
Keep Your Eyes
Clean—Clear and Healthy
Write for Free Eye Care Book Murine Co., Chicago, U.S.A.

The House of Whispers

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

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"LEFTY MOORE'S WIFE."

Synopsis.—Spalding Nelson receives an invitation to dinner from his great-uncle, Rufus Gaston. On the way he meets Barbara Bradford and renders her a service. She lives in the same apartment building as the Gastons. They go there together. Gaston and his wife are going to Maine for a trip and ask Nelson to live in their apartments. He accepts. The Gastons tell him of mysterious noises about the apartment—"whispers" and noises that have scared them. Going to the apartment a few days later Nelson again meets Barbara, his accidental acquaintance. Nelson meets the building superintendent, Wick, and instinctively dislikes him. In a wall safe he finds a necklace of magnificent pearls. Next day Nelson finds the pearls have disappeared from the wall safe. His first idea of informing the police is not acted upon because of peculiar circumstances. He has been discharged from his position without adequate explanation or reason, and feels himself involved in something of a mystery. He decides to conduct an investigation himself. That night Barbara signals from the window of her apartment, which is opposite his, and they arrange a meeting for next day. In the morning he finds a note in his room, asking him why he had not informed the police of the loss of the jewels. Barbara tells Nelson her sister Claire had some years before made a run-away marriage with an adventurer, from whom she was soon parted, and the marriage had been annulled. Claire is engaged to be married and someone, knowing of her escapade, has stolen documents concerning the affair from the Bradford apartment and is attempting to blackmail the Bradfords. Nelson and Barbara exchange confidences about the "whispers," mysterious notes and other queer doings, which are much alike in both apartments. Nelson encounters more mysteries. He takes Miss Kelly, the telephone girl, to dinner with the idea of pumping her.

CHAPTER VI.

—7—

Left alone for a moment by my companion, I sat there at the table in the crowded restaurant, idly watching the beautifully costumed women all about me, listening dreamily to the music of the orchestra, observing with interest the graceful gyrations of the occasional couple who sought the dancing floor in the center, when suddenly I was brought to myself by hearing a gruff voice saying:

"What'd you bring that crook in here for?"

"What do you mean?" I gasped in astonishment, looking up at a square-shouldered man with a neatly trimmed black mustache who was standing beside my table.

"It's you I mean," he announced. "Don't you know you can't bring that kind of people in here?"

As explanation for my presence there in the White room of the famous Hundredth hotel, let me say that my investigations into the perplexing chain of mysterious circumstances in which Barbara Bradford and I seemed to be each day becoming more firmly involved, had finally led me to deduce three different theories, each more or less plausible, and each involving an entirely different set of persons.

There were certain happenings and circumstances that made me sometimes wonder if the whole thing were not a base plot on the part of my great-uncle Rufus, perhaps influenced by a desire for revenge or perhaps led on by an insane greed for still greater wealth.

Yet, on the other hand, there were those entries in his diary about the mysterious voices. Apparently, too, his wife and Mrs. Burke had heard them.

Did it not seem more likely that the arch plotter was Claire Bradford's ex-husband?

This theory seemed far more tenable. While the Bradfords had heard nothing from him for several years, the publication of Claire Bradford's engagement might have attracted his notice and inspired him to an attempt at blackmail. Yet how could he gain access to the wall safe where the divorce papers were kept, or how could he be dropping notes on the floor of Barbara Bradford's bedroom? How could he have stolen the Gaston pearls? It seemed incredible but still my thoughts kept returning to the possibility of his directing Claire Bradford's actions through hypnotic control. Once he had had influence over her sufficient to make her give up family, friends, home, everything, to marry him. Had he, in some way unknown to Barbara Bradford, regained his control over her sister and was he using her as the unconscious tool for his villainies? She could have gained access to my room by walking along the ledge when all the house was still. Yet this theory explained neither the theft of the pearls, my great-uncle's peculiar actions, my own discharge, nor the mysterious noises in the apartment. I had still a third theory.

Suppose a band of criminals was located in the apartment house on the floor above the Bradfords and me?

Access to either apartment would not be difficult. By short rope ladders they could easily reach either set of rooms. They would be so located that there would be little difficulty for them to devise mysterious sounds for terrifying the people in the apartments below. I recalled that in every case the voices and the footsteps seemed to come from somewhere up near the ceiling. Of course it seemed preposterous that a criminal band would find lodging in a luxurious apartment house like this, yet, why not? Tenants in these buildings knew little about each other and cared less. There was no exchange of neighborly visits. Once having gained access to such a building by forged references, so long as they paid their rent promptly, no one in the building would bother his head about the character of any of the other tenants.

This last theory seemed the most plausible. Besides it was the easiest to work on. It ought not to be difficult to ascertain who lived in the two apartments above. Undoubtedly my best source of information would be Nellie Kelly, the telephone operator. Perhaps, too, she might be able to inform me of my great-uncle's whereabouts. More than likely he had left a forwarding address for his mail with her.

With a letter I had written to my mother, I descended to the main floor and began a conversation with Miss Kelly by asking where was the nearest place that I could buy stamps. As we chatted I began complaining how lonely it was in the apartment and wound up by inviting her to dine with me that evening.

I had anticipated a ready acceptance of my invitation and was amazed to find it firmly refused. In a much confused manner she advanced a dozen reasons, or rather pretexts. She did not go out with the people of the house. Her mother would not like it. She did not know me well enough. Mr. Wick would discharge her if he heard about it.

From an unexpected source, though none the less unwelcome, I found an ally. Mr. Wick himself bobbed up from somewhere, apparently having overheard enough of our conversation to know what it was abut.

"Why, of course, Mr. Nelson," he began in an ingratiating manner that was most repellent to me, "Miss Kelly'll be glad to go to dinner with you. It's part of her business to make things pleasant for the tenants."

It seemed to me that the girl's eyes flashed defiance at him and that she was still inclined to refuse, and I was about to explain resentfully that my invitation was not issued on a business basis, when into Wick's face came an ugly look, something almost threatening.

"Of course Miss Kelly will be glad to go with you," he repeated sharply.

"Certainly," said the girl quickly, before I had a chance to speak, "if Mr. Wick thinks it is all right, I will be glad to go."

Her acceptance did not ring true. I was convinced that it was unwillingly given under some sort of compulsion from the odious Wick.

I met her, at her suggestion, in the parlor of one of the less pretentious hotels. In the hour that had elapsed since she left the apartment, she had exchanged her neat black working suit for more modish clothes. After one quick glance at her transformed appearance my mind was quickly made up as to what sort of a restaurant to take her. It was manifest that she was of the type that would enjoy to the utmost the costly whirl of the fashionable cafe of the moment. It was my purpose to give her such a delightful evening that she would be wishing to spend others in the same way, for I felt certain that she, perhaps better than anyone else, could supply me the information I wanted about the tenants in the building. I was sure it would be well worth my while to win her good graces, cost what it may. Calling a taxi, I bade the chauffeur take us to the "White Room," the very latest fashion in restaurants, where hordes of hectic pursuers of pleasure were wont to assemble to dine and dance. I observed the gleam of satisfaction that came into her eyes as she heard me mention our destination.

At first we talked, in Broadway fashion, of the theaters and restaurants, of the place we were in, of the people at the tables about us, but gradually I led the conversation to Miss Kelly herself and to her work in the apartment.

"It was funny, wasn't it," I said, "about Mr. Wick insisting on your coming with me? I had a notion he didn't like me."

Hitherto my companion had been most vivacious, chatting merrily, flashing back at my sallies with clever bits of that slangy repartee of which most of the metropolitan business girls are such clever mistresses. At my last remark a quick change came over her face. It was as if a mask had been set up between us behind which she was hiding from me.

"I guess he likes you," she answered guardedly. "I never heard him say one way or the other."

"While we're talking about the apartment," I went on, "did my great uncle happen to leave a forwarding address with you? There are some things I want to send him—some pearls they left behind—and he has not written me yet where his address will be."

I had not intended to mention the Gaston pearls. I had slipped that phrase in on the spur of the moment, but little was I prepared for the astounding effect my words had upon her.

"The pearls!" she gasped, turning white. "You're going to send him the Gaston pearls!"

There was a note of amazement, of incredulity in her tone.

"Excuse me," she said, rising unexpectedly, "I gotta telephone."

Before I could gather my wits together she had vanished, leaving me sitting there, staring after her in dismay. What did she—the telephone girl—know about the Gaston pearls? How could she possibly know that they were missing? I had told no one—no one except Barbara Bradford—about the rifled wall safe. How could her excitement and perturbation be accounted for except by the fact that she knew of their loss? I was sitting there, puzzling over her mysterious conduct, when I became aware that a man was standing beside my table, glaring down at me. I looked up, expecting to see the waiter, or head waiter. Instead it was a man in a dinner jacket, a stocky, broad-shouldered chap with a close-cropped gray mustache.

"You're got your nerve," he sneered at me. "Bringing a woman of that sort here."

"A woman of what sort?" I asked eagerly, surprised to find someone in a place of this sort who knew the Granddeck's telephone girl.

"Why, Lefty Moore's wife, of course."

"I don't understand," I replied, "I'm here with Miss Kelly."

"Oh, she told you that was her name, did she?"

"I know it's her name. She's the telephone girl in the apartment where I live—the Granddeck."

I could see his manner toward me change at the mention of my abode, but he was still insistent about the identity of my companion.

"How well do you know her?" he asked.

"Well"—I am afraid I colored, as I realized that my acquaintance with the girl was limited—"I've been living there for a week or so, and I've talked with her two or three times and—"

"I thought so," said my inquisitor. "There's nothing to it. She's Lefty Moore's woman all right. If I'd seen you come in with her, you'd never have got a table in this place."

"What is the matter with her? Who is Lefty Moore?"

An expression of amazement came into the man's face.

"Did you never hear tell of Lefty Moore, the cleverest three-time burglar there is in or out of Sing Sing? Fourteen years he got the last time, and it was quite a write-up the papers gave me for catching him."

It began to dawn on me then who the man was. He must be an ex-policeman employed as the restaurant bouncer or house detective.

"You're sure Miss Kelly and Lefty Moore's wife are the same person?"

"I've reasons for not forgetting her. She was with him that time when I took him. I've got the marks of her



"You've Got Your Nerve," He Sneered at Me.

nails in my face yet. It's her all right, even if she has gone to work as Miss Kelly while Lefty's doing his stretch. She's a bad one, she is."

"Is she a crook, too?" I asked excitedly. I was trying to measure up the importance of this astounding bit of information. Already my deductions had convinced me that some band of criminals was in collusion with someone in the apartment who was carrying out their plots against the Bradfords and me. I had been thinking of an apartment surreptitiously tenanted by a criminal gang. How much more likely that an employee of the place was in the pay of the plotters! And now to learn that the telephone girl was, if not a criminal herself, at least the associate of criminals.

"She's got no record that I know of," the detective admitted, "but she couldn't be Lefty Moore's wife without being a crook herself."

"That helps explain things," I said more to myself than to him.

"Explains what?" he asked suspiciously.

"Look here," I said with a new determination. "There have been some mysterious happenings in the Granddeck, and I brought this girl here to try to pump her. I asked her a question or two, and she became much embarrassed and confused. She jumped up and said she was going to the telephone. Do you suppose that she saw you and recognized you?"

"Not a chance," said the detective.

"Well, I'd like to find out to whom she telephoned. Can you find out for me?"

"Sure I can, but you got to get her out of here."

"All right," I replied. "As soon as she returns to my table, I'll pay my check and we'll leave. I'll be back by and by and see if you've learned anything."

"Here she comes now," said the detective, hastily taking his departure, but I noticed that he had stationed himself behind some palms where he could watch the girl without being seen.

"Who was the fellow talking to you as I came up?" asked Miss Kelly curiously.

She was cool and collected now. Her telephone message—if she had been really phoning—seemed in some way to have fortified her.

"Oh, that fellow," I replied with assumed carelessness, "that was the manager of the place."

"What'd he want?"

"Nothing in particular. He just asked if everything was all right. Why?"

"He looked to me like a bull—like a detective I used to know," she hastily corrected herself.

Her slip in using the thieves' slang phrase served to aid in convincing me that my informant had been correct in his identification. I was as anxious now as the house detective to get her out of the restaurant, and summoning the waiter I hastened to pay my check.

"Let's stay for a couple of dances," she suggested.

"Sorry," I said, "but I can't dance"—mentally adding the words, "with you."

"Let's go then," she said disappointedly, and to my surprise on the way out she renewed the subject of Mr. Gaston.

"You were asking if the old gentleman left a forwarding address. He didn't leave any with me. If you find out where he is, will you let me or Mr. Wick know? Mr. Wick wants to get in touch with him."

Something told me then it must have been Mr. Wick she had telephoned to. Probably she had informed him I had been asking about the Gastons' address and had consulted him as to what answer to give. Putting the girl into a taxi I paid her driver to take her home and hurried back into the hotel. I found the house detective—James Gorman, I learned his name was—waiting for me in the lobby.

"Was it to the Granddeck she telephoned?" I asked eagerly.

"It was 0909 Plaza. That's a private number. I called up information, and she wouldn't tell me where it was. I'll find out tomorrow, though. There's other ways besides through 'information.'"

"If you find out you'll phone me right away, won't you?" I asked him, giving him my card.

"And have Lefty Moore's wife listening in," he suggested. "Nothing doing, son. You'd better call me from a public pay station."

A night visit from a beautiful ghost.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SCULPTOR FOUND IN ERROR

Stonemason Had to Be Called In to Shave the Bust of John Howard Payne.

"The man who never had a home"—meaning John Howard Payne, of course—also never had a beard.

When the author of "Home, Sweet Home" had died in Tunis and his body was being brought back at the expense of W. W. Corcoran the newspapers broke out all over in a beautiful something about "the man who never had a home and was coming home at last." And when Mr. Corcoran had erected a monument at the poet's grave in Oak Hill, about all Washington attended the dedication ceremonies, either as privileged spectators inside the cemetery or just plain people packed against the railings on the street side—which, generally speaking, folks, is a good place to be, so far as graveyards are concerned—but, anyhow:

The bust of Payne that topped the marble shaft showed a dreamy face bearded like unto the gentleman of western literature usually mentioned as a "pard." And everybody said what a manly man he must have been, but—you know how things get around—after the impressive ceremonies were over—say about two weeks—the town become aware that the late Mr. Payne never wore a beard.

And the next thing that happened: he was shaved by a stonemason.—Washington Star.

Ancient Egyptian Confectionery.

The invention of confectionery, an English writer guesses, is due to Noah, who "first hit on the idea of boiling down the starch of the wheat and the juice of the grape. The result was a paste, said to be the original of our present day 'Turkish delight.' Among the ancient Egyptians whole fruits, particularly figs and dates, were used for flavoring purposes, the latter especially for preserves and cakes. In old tombs date sweetmeats have been found, also records of honey jellies. The making of confectionery, in fact, goes back 3,400 years, proof of which is to be found on the walls of Egyptian tombs."

Word to the Women.

It may not beget undue attention, but 240,162,943 needles were made in the United States last year. It would be pleasant mental recreation for a long evening to figure how many hours of labor, based on the proverb that a stitch in time saves nine, would have been saved the women of the nation if all these needles had been applied at the psychological moment.

First Gun of the Civil War.

On the 9th of January, in 1861, the steamship Star of the West was sent by the federal government from New York with supplies and re-enforcements for Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor. When the Star of the West reached Charleston she was fired upon by Confederate batteries from the town and was obliged to turn back. This was the first actual gunfire of the Civil war.

"LUCY'S BOY"

By KITTY PARSONS.

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"I don't care if he is a nice man, Aunt Mary—I don't want to meet him! I hate paragons and from what I hear about him, he's a regular one. Please don't ask him while I'm here, dear aunty; I'll just be horrid to him, if you do!"

Aunt Mary frowned and tried to look angry.

"You're an ungrateful child, Mollie, and goodness knows when you'll ever have another chance to meet anyone with as much money as Lucy's boy has. Not that I'd think of money, if I didn't know he was a fine young fellow, besides. He couldn't be anything else with such a mother as he had. Lucy was the dearest friend I ever had in the world. Her boy couldn't be anything but a paragon, my dear. I don't see why you're so stubborn about this, Mollie."

"I'm sorry, aunty, but I'm so happy and contented here that I can't bear to have anybody's pampered darling boy come along and spoil it, even for a week. Summer is so short, and I'll have to go back to work next month. Please let me enjoy it just with you and the other folks around here; every single minute is so very precious!"

"Well, well, you're a funny girl, and I suppose you might as well have your own way. What have you young people planned for tonight?"

"Bess, and Chet Olney, and a friend of his are coming to drive me out to the club with them to a dance—I suppose I'd better get ready now."

Mollie kissed her aunt on the tip of her nose. "Don't be cross with me, dear, about 'Lucy's boy.' I know he's a marvel of virtue, but I don't pine to know him."

Bess and the two young men called for Mollie about half past eight, and she was quickly hustled into the back seat with Chet's friend, who was cheerfully introduced as "Skinny" Smith. She couldn't see him very clearly, but his voice was nice, and they found each other's company so agreeable that when they reached the club and the others go out, they still sat talking together.

"Come on, Skinny—up to your old tricks again?" called Chet. "This is the last stop!"

They all laughed, and started up the steps of the clubhouse. It was a beautiful night, and Mollie was sure she was going to have a wonderful time—she felt just in the spirit to enjoy every minute of it. She was always popular, but she found young Smith such a good dancer, and so entertaining a talker that she didn't mind at all when he repeatedly begged her to dance with him. They found a great deal to talk about, too, and when they were tired of dancing, they sat out on the cool porch, where they could look at the moon.

"I guess Mollie's made some hit with old Skinny," whispered Chet to Bess, as they disappeared in the direction of two wicker porch chairs.

"Do you live in this town all the time?" asked the visiting young man hopefully.

"I'm just spending the summer here with my aunt. She's a dear, and I adore her. We had our very first quarrel today because she wanted to have a stupid young man from Greenfield here on a visit. His mother was her best friend, Lucy Norris, and I've heard so much about 'Lucy's boy' that if I ever see him I think I could choke him with my bare hands! Why are you laughing, Mr. Skinny Smith?"

"I was just thinking I might know him—I live in Greenfield myself. What's his name?"

"I'm sure I don't know—I always think of him as 'Lucy's boy.' I think it's Carter something or other, but I'm not at all sure. Do you know such a person?"

"We went to school together; he's sort of a queer fish—not much of a lady's man as a rule, either."

"I knew there must be something wrong with him the way aunty raved. I loathe paragons, and I hope I never have to meet this one—never!

Skinny became suddenly serious.

"Please don't say that," he begged her.

"Why not?"

"You've met him already—yes, you have, too! I'm he—'Carter something or other.' I'm sorry, but I didn't know you had such an aversion to me, really."

Mollie was covered with confusion.

"Oh, you can't be 'Lucy's boy!' I never pictured him that way. I'm dreadfully sorry I spoke as I did."

"Are you sorry or glad I'm different?"

"Why, I'm glad, of course! You're a perfect angel compared to what I thought you might be."

"If you think I'd improve on acquaintance would you be willing to think about me a little more?"

"How much more?"

"Well, for life, anyway—for better or worse."

Bess and Chet came rushing out on the porch to tell them that the last dance was over.

"How is it?" Skinny, asked Mollie, scarcely noticing the others at all. "Better or worse?"

"Why, what's the matter with Mollie? Is she sick?" cried Bess, in concern.

Mollie laughed a little nervously.

"Just a little headache," she told them reassuringly. "And now that I've been sitting out here in this bracing atmosphere, I begin to feel sure that it is really going to be better."

Dogs as Vocalists.

Not all dogs have a "taste" for music. Only some of them will howl responsively to a piano or other instrument.

The notion that a dog howls under such circumstances because the music gives him a pain is a mistake. He probably imagines that he is singing.

The writer once had a St. Bernard that would run a block any time to sit up in front of a hand organ and sing. His favorite tune was "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood."—Exchange.

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Doesn't hurt at all and costs only a few cents



Magic! Just drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly it stops aching, then you lift the corn off with the fingers! Truly! No humbug!

Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius.—Adv.

No Rest.

"Darling," she said, "if you should die before me I shall certainly try to talk to you."

"Gosh," he said, "aren't you even going to give me a minute's rest after death?"

Not Yet but Soon.

Peddler—Can't I sell you a paper of pins today, lady?

Lady—No, thanks; my husband bought a new shirt yesterday.—Judge.

Constipation generally indicates disordered stomach, liver and bowels. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills restore regularity without griping.—Adv.

A Boy's Idea.

The small boy's idea of hell seems to be an empty wood-or-coal-box when it is time to go skating.—Leavenworth Post.

Some people haven't any influence—even with themselves.

COLDS breed and Spread INFLUENZA
KILL THE COLD AT ONCE WITH
HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture.
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Bronchitis Chest Colds

When that tightness appears in your chest and the sharp pains signify inflammation and congestion you need a hot application right away.

Heat eases pain, and when you use Begy's Mustarine you get just the right kind of heat—penetrating heat—that quickly reduces all soreness and congestion. Apply it to-night and cover with a cloth. You'll feel lots better in the morning. It's a grand, sensible remedy that all who use it praise. 30 cents. S. C. Wells & Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

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HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Callouses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 15c. by mail or at Druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N.Y.

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