

A GUARDIAN'S TROUBLE.

The promptness with which the National Guard of the different States responded to President McKinley's call for troops at the beginning of the war with Spain made the whole country proud of its patriotic spirit. In Detroit there are few guardmen more popular and efficient than Matt R. Davies, first sergeant of Co. B. He has been a member of the Kellogg for the past six years, and his home is at 410 Third Avenue. For four years he was connected with the well-known wholesale drug house of Farland, Williams & Co. in the upper city of keepers.

"I have charged up many thousand dollars for Dr. Williams' 'Pills for The First Sergeant Pale People,'" said Mr. Davies, "but never knew their worth until I used them for the cure of chronic dyspepsia. For two years I had suffered and doctored for that agonizing trouble, but could only be helped temporarily."

"I think dyspepsia is one of the most stubborn of ailments, and there is scarcely a physician or doctor who has not once or twice been a victim. Some days I could eat anything, while at other times I would be starving. Those distressing pains would force me to quit work."

"Why, Bob! Bob!" he exclaimed. "I have tried many advertised remedies, but they would help only for a time. A friend of mine recommended Dr. William's Pink Pill. I have not had one of those since."

"Finally was induced to try the pills and commenced using them. After taking a few doses I found much relief. I do not remember how many boxes of the pills used to be used, but the trouble soon stopped. I know they will cure dyspepsia of the worst form and I am pleased to recommend them."

Dr. William's Pink Pill is sold by all dealers, or you may pay post on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by address Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Book of War and Javy Pictures.

"Official Photographs of the United States Navy" is a book of 102 pages containing views and descriptive matter that every boy should have conveniently at hand for reference in connection with daily news reports, as well as for study of the sights and scenes at the seat of war and the strength, speed and armament of the American fleets.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of twenty-five cents in silver, or money order, by Chicago Newspaper Union, 40 South Jefferson street, Chicago, Ill.

See advertisement in another column.

Two Ever Thus.

Wilson—a new rapid mechanical movement yesterday.

Jillon—Can you give me some idea of it?

Wilson—Yes; it was a cleric tacking up an early closing sign.

The lake and rail arrangements of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for this year are practically the same as were in effect in 1897. Freight for Lake Superior ports is sent by way of the Northern Steamship Company and the Owen line is used for the Lake Michigan ports. The trans-Lake Erie arrangements are with the Detroit and Northern between Cleveland and Detroit and the Michigan and Ohio Car Ferry Company between Sandusky and Detroit.

For War at Once.

"I should say I am. My mother-in-law declares she will go to Cuba as a nurse, and I want her to have a chance to show her bravery."—Chicago Record.

There is a Class of People.

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that when taken in small quantities, delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15c. and 25c. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

A French professor is said to be the owner of a collection of 920 heads, representing the various known races of people on the globe.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

There is but one method of obtaining excellence and that is by hard labor.—Sydney Smith.

Nature is the supernatural partially unrolled.

FTS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness. No fits or nervousness. No fits or nervousness. Send for FTS. Price 50 cents. Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. H. Kline, Ltd., 921 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children testing: softens the lungs, removes inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

RADWAY'S PILLS.

Pure Vegetable, Mild and Reliable. CURE ALL DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, SICK HEADACHE, B. LOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, TORPID LIVER, DIZZY FEELINGS, DYSPEPSIA.

One or two pills a day will cure the system rapidly and secure healthy digestion.

OBSEERVE

The following symptoms resulting from Disease of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, inward piles, ulcers in the stomach, heartburn, digest of food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fulness in the abdomen, flatulence, belching, etc., etc., when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dizziness or giddiness, headache, pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, numbness of the hands and feet, palpitation, palpitation, and pain in the heart, difficulty of breathing, the head, limbs, and body, and of course of fever, burning in the head, etc., etc. A dose of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all these symptoms.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by druggists and mail.

RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York.

HEADACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been taking CASCARETS and that are the best medicine we have ever had. I took one this week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your Cascarets, and the pain was gone in less than a minute. Immediately we both recommend Cascarets."—CHAS. STEDWORTH.

Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIFE.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good, Never Nicker, Weaken, or Grippe, 100c. per oz.

CURE CONSTIPATION.

Billing Rosney Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, N.Y.

NO-TO-BAG Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE THE TOBACCO HABIT.

SHOOT WINCHESTER LOADED SHOT GUN SHELLS

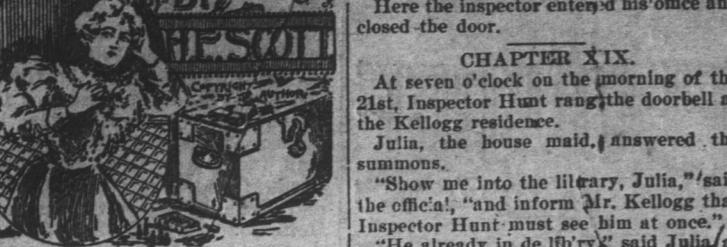
USED BY ALL THE CHAMPION SHOT.

TELL. SEND NAME ON A POSTAL CARD, FOR 152 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.

100 WINCHESTER AVE., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

PAYING THE PENALTY.



Here the inspector entered his office and closed the door.

CHAPTER XIX.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 21st Inspector Hunt rang the doorbell at the Kellogg residence.

Julin, the house maid, answered the summons.

"Show me into the library, Julius," said the official, "and inform Mr. Kellogg that Inspector Hunt must see him at once."

"He already in the library," said Julius as she led the way.

"Oh, you, inspector? You are here early. You bring news."

"Very sad news," the inspector said, as he ascended the stairs. Descending the stairs rendered him more limp than ever; but now the little breeze stirring fanned his hot face and he perceptively straightened up, though his mind was in a chaos and he knew nothing of where he was.

"Speak it out, inspector!" he exclaimed.

"It is the bank," he hesitated.

"Worse than that," was the reply, "far worse. At five minutes to twelve last night, Lawrence Terry, the cashier of your bank was found in an alley between Monroe and Madison streets with a dark blade buried in his bosom."

"Heavens!" said the man who had approached from the south.

"I don't know you. I—I'm—hile all right."

"Don't know me! Why, Bob, I am Lawrence Terry. I am just from a meeting of the bank directors. It is nearly twelve o'clock; there are hardly any people on the street—"

"He's a man of 40," said the man who had been following him.

"Pray where did you encounter him?"

"He does not know my physician, hope to see him again. A daguerreotype in his breast pocket diverted the course of the blade. His ribs swerved it more. But it was a close call. He nearly bled to death. He is now unconscious, but prohibited from speaking."

"Poor boy, I must go to him at once."

One on each side of Robert, the three men staggered along—staggered for the reason that Robert's feeling pulled and pushed them from side to side.

Crossing the mouth of an alley between Monroe and Madison streets, Robert apparently made a tremendous lurch, and the three men disappeared within the dark alleys.

The cashier, who was on the inside of the walk, stumbled and fell, and Robert went down nearly on top of him.

One of the three did not fall, and two minutes later was back in the gambling rooms inquiring if he had dropped a silk handkerchief on the floor.

"Yes," said the man who had dropped it, "I think it must be mine."

"Oh, the man I saw down stairs?"

"Is that his name? I left him quarreling with a man on the street—some one named Terry, who wanted to take him home. Said he'd be to some directors' meeting. He seemed to know the young fellow all right, but Robert, as he called him, didn't want to go with him. He was crazy drunk."

"I am glad to hear that. I was not aware that the young man had an enemy. Oh, it was probably another robbery case."

"He was found lying partly on the body of his victim. His hand yet clutched the hilt of the bloody blade that was buried in Terry's bosom."

"He is a prisoner in the station."

"I am glad to hear that. I was not aware that the young man had an enemy. Oh, it was probably another robbery case."

"He was not at home last night."

"That accounts for it. He had not returned when the crime was committed, and he was not seen again until there at once. I am very glad, but—"

"I have a hard task before me," thought the inspector.

"Remember," he said, "Terry will recover; there has been no murder done."

"That should not mitigate the punishment of the assassin," observed the banker.

"The intent to do murder was there."

"Oh, Lord," thought the officer, "if I can't do this business."

"—you know I inferred you that the man who attempted the life of the cashier was found drunk, partly lying on his victim's body, with the dirk hilt clasped in his hand."

"The wretch!"

"He was unconscious as well. Terry, Dead drunk. Had been drinking, probably, when he did it, but, oh, no, he was unconscious on the floor at the station. The boy was a dead stunner."

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