DESERET EVENING NEWS SATURDAY FEBRUARY 2 1907

E STORY OF THE STOLEN DOL: By George Barton.

bachelor quarters for nearly two B weeks with an attack of his old emy, rheumatic gout. He was now, and Clancy called with some papers that needed immediate at-The hum of the busy life of New York came through the window and made the old man long to get wek into harness again. He lolled' book in his chair, crunched an unlightst stogle between his teeth and gazed requiredly at a newspaper clipping in his right hand. Clancy, compiling deparimental reports at an adjoining tahis had one eye on his work and the other on his chief. Clancy's natural siter on his onlet. Only a material love of adventure made him hope that the puzzling paper might bring some relet from the deadly monotony of routine which had brooded over the of-

relef from the doknoled over the of-toutine which had brooded over the of-tor for a fortnight. Presenty the perplexity faded from the eyes of the older man and he looked at his assistant with an induigent smile. Cancy returned the smile with interest and waited for an explanation. Barnes siteffly handed him the newspaper dipling, which read as follows: "The larceny of an idol is the latest it of sensationalism. The curious in-ident occurred at the Chinese exposi-tion at Coney Island. Ten days ago the customs officials at this port, by au-thority of a special act of Congress, ad-mitted into the United States n com-pany of Chinese players who are to give performances in their native tongue during the continuance of the exposi-tion and after its close return to their ion and after its close return to their to be of the articles in during the continuance of the exposi-tion and after its close return to their homes in China. One of the articles in their baggage was a Chinese idol, which, being an article of religious worship, was admitted free of duty and was duly bisalled in a temporary joss house creeted on the exposition grounds for the nurbose. Early yesterday morning rected on the exposition grounds for the purpose. Early yesterday morning the idol disappeared from its pedestal in the joss house, and when this be-came known to the members of the company they were almost frantic with grief and anger. Their weird lamenta-tions filled the grounds. Two hours later the idol was found unharmed in its original position. The mystery is the base taken at all and who was riginal position. was taken at all, and who was

The young man read the paragraph and was about to inquire sible interest it could have for the United States government, when his unspoken question was cut off by the chief, who had already mentally out-

her, who had already intention of the lined his plan of campaign. "Con," he asked, with a smile hov-ring about the corners of his mouth, are you a student of the drama?" "Yes," was the half hesitating reply. I enjoy a show as well as the next fel-ow, but when it comes to these heath-

The brisk laugh of Barnes drowned it the remainder of the sentence; im-ediately afterward he became the offi-al, announcing with curt formality lecision

We'll go down this afternoon and

"We'll go down this atternoon and take a look at this heathen show." At 2 o'clock, when the chief and his assistant were installed in front seats in the little theater on the Midway of the exposition grounds, Barnes was his ordinarily agreeable self, happy to dis-card temporarily the straitjacket of officialdon. For more than two hours the seemingly interminable perform-ance went on. For a time the noise and latter and strangeness interested ance went on. For a time the noise and clatter and strangeness interested clancy, but after that he began to daget and glance at his watch. Not so the chief inspector. He looked intently at the actors and frequently questioned ab Sin, the obliging interpreter, who had been provided for bis benefit. A lainty Chinese girl, emerging from the shown back of the size, trotted down oward the foolights to the weird ac som back of the stage, frotted down ward the footlights to the weird ac-ampaniment of the torn torms, and accruity sinking to the floor, skilfully tot open her fan in the direction of and and the state here of response shot open her fan in the direction of the audience. An instant look of recog-nition overspread the face of the chief inspector. He turned to the interpre-

building, which served as a dining room of the Chinese artists. The mem-bers of the troupe were already seated around a long, wooden table, drinking tea and chattering away like magples. Barnes, intent on his secret quest, no-ticed that Lew Pang, the stage villain; Woo Tong, the colorless hero, and his beloved, the heroine of the drama, sat at the head of the board intent upon one another and oblivious of their sur-roundings. Ten other Chinamen were there, five on either side of the table. All had smooth, yellow faces, triangular eyes, glistening white teeth, expres-sionless countenances and a gravity of demeanor that was terribly depressing. The face an manner of each one of them, the blue cotton blouses, the white drawers, the heavy wooden shoes with their brocaded uppers, and the long shining, plaited pigtalis, were so pre-cisely allke that a bibulous spectator might have been pardoned for believing he was seeing the same men ten times over.

he was seeing the same men ten times over. When Barnes' identity became known the clattering conversation ceased with nerve racking suddenness. The Mon-gollans were all very reverent in the presence of the representative of the Unitd States goverment. The interpret-er, who gloated over his work, insisted upon presenting the chief to the actors. He began with the fond parent in the drama, who bowed low to Barnes and gave vent to a series of shrill ejacua-tions lasting for half a minute. "He say," remarked the interpreter, blandly, "he velly glad to see you." "It's fortunate," whispered Clancy to Barnes, "he didn't wish ye the compli-ments of the season. He'd be talking yet."

ments of the season. He d be taking yet." Barnes noticed that the girl at the head of the table was in high spirits, but saw that the men on either side of her, the villain and the hero, were al-ternately raised to the highest heights of hopes or plunged into the deepest depths of despair. The sight of her childish face, framed in a mass of coal black hair, melted the antagonistic heart of Clancy, and he muttered some familiar quotation about a rose be-

black hair, melted the antagonistic heart of Clancy, and he muttered some familiar quotation about a rose be-tween two thorns. But to Barnes she looked more like a doll, a play toy, than a flower. The pinkish cheeks against the tawny skin, the tiny dots of eyes peering out of the heavy lids, under the arched brows: the waxen ears, like the most delicate of shells; the flat nose, the small, straight mouth with the blood-red lips, all helped the illusion. A pearl comb was thrust carelessly into a glist-ening coll of her jet black hair. She wore the costume that had done ser-vice in the play, a richly trimmed gar-ment with a gracefully draped train. The light blue waist was kimono shaped and the large flowing sleeves contrast-ed oddly with her small hands, which seemed altogether too dainty and trans-parent to be real. She held a rose coquettishly in the doll-like fingers, and the two men

seemed altogether too dainty and trans-parent to be real. She held a rose coquettishly in the doll-like fingers, and the two men struggled for it with a pretence at boyishness which was belied by the glitter in their usually dull, filmy eyes, Lew Pang whispered very earnestly to her, but she answered with an in-different shrug and a laugh. His face hardened, and jumping up with an angry gesture, he strode from the room. After that the coal black head of Ching Moy and the shaven crown of Woo Tong got very close together. Presently there was a flutter in the room. One of the stolid faced China-men on the side of the table made a discovery. The little god of love, hov-ering above them—or was it Woo Tong?—had softly dropped something on the table. It was exquisitely sim-ple. A paper dragon was before the man and a paper phoenix in front of the woman. They were sewed togeth-er with two pieces of red silk. Every one in the room—except Barnes and Clancy—recognized the meaning of the ancient symbols. Woo Tong and Ching Moy were betrothed! All were happer over this beautiful bit of imag-ery, and no one gave any thought to the absent Lew Pang, thus worsted by his rival in real life, as he had re-peatedly been on the mimic stage. Nothing would do but that Barnes should stay for the evening perform-Nothing would do but that Barnes should stay for the evening perform-ance and then participate in a genuine should stay for the evening periodic ance and then participate in a genuine Chinese dinner to celebrate the real engagement of the hero and heroine, a consummation which had been eag-erly looked for by the members of the company, who had participated in the stage affair so many hundreds of times. Clancy threw out a hint about going home, but the positiveness with which Barnes said "We're going to stay" convinced the young man that the veteran had something up his sleeve, and that he, too, would be compelled to remain and see the game to the end. compelled to remain and see the game to the end. Barnes conversed with the China-men and gradually led up to the dis-appearance of the idol, and showed the newspaper clipping to the inter-preter. That person became interest-ed at once, and amid a wealth of de-tail told what he knew of the occur-rence which had mystified the colony so much. He said the idol had dis-appeared not once, but several times. Barnes asked where it had come from in the first place. Lew Pang, who had originally procured the Joss for the company in China, was not present, so the query could not be answered. While the interpreter was talking. Ching Moy watched the Americans in-tently from the depths of hor beady little eyes. After Ah Sin finished his story, Barnes fell into one of his char-acteristic reveries, from which he was aroused by a plucking at his coat sleeves. He looked around and saw Ching Moy beckoning to him with a half mocking smile. She walked out sleeves. He looked around and sow Ching Moy beckoning to him with a half mocking smile. She walked out of the room and he followed her. Once outside she pursed up her ruby lips and genuficeting reverently, spread her flowing sleeves until they looked like the outstretched wings of a beau-tiful bird.

ARNES had been laid up in his indication in a low, one-story wooden building, which served as a dining "No, no," she cried in protest, "no allee light. Lew Pang he want Ching allee light. Lew Pang he want Ching Moy. He take Ching Moy back to China and mally her." "But," said Barnes cheerily, "I sup-But, said Garnes cheerily, 'I sup-pose Ching Moy will have something to say about that?" She shook her head sadly. "Lew Pang velly bad man; he make Ching Moy mally him; he hurt Woo Tong." Tong The chief put a reassuring hand on shoulder.

'Not in this country," he said soothingly

She sighed, a sigh of relief and a

sigh of bliss, "Oh, Ching Moy love Woo Tong velly much; oh, so velly much." "Tell me about the joss," he said peremptorily, coming back to the busias in hand

"Can Ching Moy love Woo Tong velly much?" she asked guardedly. "Certainly," and the chief laughed at the graciousness of his permission. "No ene hurt Woo Tong?" "No, no!" was the now impatient re-ply.

Custom house man put Lew Pang in prison' "If he gets half a chance." This th vehemence.

with

If he gets half a chance." This with vehemence. This promise appeated to satisfy the girl, for she silently uptoed in the di-rection of the joss house. The ex-position grounds were almost deserted. The afternoon crowds had departed, and it wanted nearly an hour before the evening visitors would arrive. The door of the rude temple was closed, but the girl soon effected an entrance, and the customs inspector quickly fol-lowed her into the dimly lighted room. There was something weird about the barren interior. The hideous statue stood in state on its rough pedestal, glaring at them with glassy eyes and an insufferable smile. It sat with lega crossed, taflor fashian, and a pair of wooden hands were complacently fold-ed across an abnermally fat stomach. Once it looked as if the thing were sneering at them, but the illusion was probably caused by a ray of the set-ting sun that penetrated a chink in the doorway.

probably caused by a ray of the set-ting sun that penetrated a chink in the doorway. Barnes' bump of fear was not strong-ly developed, but he felt for a moment as if this invasion were half a mis-take. His natural caution told him that if he were detected by the China-men, their outraged feelings might prompt them to swift vengance. But a sense of his duty to the government loomed up vividly before him, and he advanced without hesitation. The girl, half hysterical over the sacrilege and half gleeful in the thought of her powerful ally, was pointing to the floor of the temple. The man could see noth-ing. She raised the wick of the smoul-dering lamp, and the ghostly light re-vealed a soft white covering over the earthen surface. Still puzzled, he looked at her for a further explanation. Her answer was to point silently to a small closely woven sieve in the corner of the teroom.

small closely woven sieve in the corner of the room, The explanation flashed on him in an instant. A portion of the floor had been sifted over carefully with a cov-ering of fine white flour. Designedly she had led him about the extreme edge of the room without disturbing the stuff. He adjusted his glasses, and, leaning over, inspected the soft mantle. In the center, leading up to the idol, was a series of distinct foot-prints. A second and closer inspection satisfied him that the impressions had been made by a pair of wooden soled shoes such as are commonly worn by China-men. The tracks reversed themselves after a while and showed where the man had left the building. "You sprinkled the flour here?" he exclaited

"You sprinkled the flour here?" he exclaimed, grasping the girl's wrist. She nodded her head, her doll-like face glowing with feverish excitement, "When?"

"Last night."

"Get in communication with the In-spectors at once; have men sent out here to watch both the joss house and Lew Pang's shack, and wait until I give the word and then seize the smug-gled stuff and arrest the men." Within a few minutes the orders had been put into effect. After that Clancy looked up into Barnes' face so appeal-ingly that he could not withhold the explanation.

planation

Con, my boy, that little news item this morning's paper kept sticking in eraw.

"Why?" "Well, it was so puzzling. Why should any one want to steal a Chinese idol, and, having stolen it, why should it be replaced? There were two probable explanations: the first was that it might have been a lark on the part of some college students. The second was some deeper and more serious reason. Almost instantly I rejected the notion of a boyish prank, and in the next thought my mind said 'oplum.' The nationality and the drug are almost in-separable. A lot of smuggled oplum have been closely watched. What more natural than that the stolen idol should come under suspicion? Once out here the fear and the guilelessness of the girl made the solution easy. Ching Moy has been in love with Woo Tong for a long while, but through fear of Lew Pang did not declare herself. My presence gave her the courage to do so a little while ago.

The scheme of the sifted flour in order to entrap him. His methods have been wary. He feared to dispose of all the oplum at once. That might have aroused suspicion and caused his ar-rest. So he took it out a little at a time, and was selling it by degrees. He feared discovery while abstracting it from the idol, so he boldly carried the statue to his room, where he could work

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"Get in communication with the in-pectors at once; have men sent out here to watch both the joss house and lew Pang's shack, and walt until I dive the word and then seize the smug-gled stuff and arrest the men." Within a few minutes the orders had off to the city disposing of his illgotten stuff. Will we lock him up when he returns?'

The chief rubbed his chin reflectively. "I think I'll let him finish the evening performance. After that he'll go to the temple to take his regular supply of oplum. I'd like to get him with the reads."

any one want to steal a Chinese idol. and, having stolen it, why should it be replaced? There were two probable explanations: the first was that it might have been a lark on the part of some college students. The second was some deeper and more serious reason. Almost instantly I rejected the notion of a boyish prank, and in the next thought my mind said 'oplum.' The attionality and the drug are almost in-separable. A lot of smuggled oplun has found its way into the local mar-ket. How? All of the incoming ships have been closely watched. What more the fear and the guilelessness of the girl made the solution easy. Ching Moy has been in love with Woo Tong for a long while, but through fear of the wang did not declare herself. My At this point Ching Moy came runafter the evening performance. It in cluded such delicacles as pineapple, dried nuts, ginger, melon seeds, spiced fish, bird's nests with chicken, oolong

A call from the prompter carrie Ching Moy off to the theater. For more than two hours the tedious drama was played for the benefit of a curious and tortured public. At the end of that time Ching Moy, fatigued but happy, having rejected Lew Pang for the twenty-first time, scampered off the boards, and, making her way to the long diningroom, defuly put the finish-ing touches on the well propared feast. Lew Pang and Woo Tong remained in the theater for the concluding scene of the drama, wherein the villain by the aid of his blank cartridge snuffs out the life of the hero. Ching Moy re-lighted all of the candles, rearranged some of the decorations with nervous fingers, and then with a sigh of im-patience sat down at the head of the table, with one pink and yellow cheek resting on her babytsh hands and her beady eyes fastened on the paper drag-on and the paper phoenix. The crack of a pistol shot rang out sharp and ching Moy sprang to her feat, the joy of expectancy banishing her restless-mest. call from the prompter carriedright hand in her two tiny ones and

"At last," she breathed, "allee ovel now; Woo Tong come to Ching Moy." The caterer standing in the doorway caught the look of command from her eager eye, and his string of attendants began carrying in the delicacies. Barnes at that moment was structure by a at that moment was attracted by a commotion in the theater. He turned

commotion in the theater. He turned to Clancy. "Tell the men to seize the oplum-idol and all. I'll be with you in a minute." He burried into the playhouse, while Clancy carried out his orders to the let-ter. As he concluded he saw an am-bulance and a police patrol wagon sim-ultaneously driving away from the the-aiter. Barnes emerged a moment later, uncommonly flushed and agitated. Ching Moy, coming to the door of the diningroom, gave a coquettish whirl of

liningroom, gave a coquettish whirl of her little fan. "Custom house man take dinner with Ching Moy?"

Ching Moy?" He averted his head before replying. "Sorry, but I haven't time; must go to the office at once." A premonition of trouble chased the

joy from her eyes. She took his big

Tong any more?" He wheeled around, and, looking her squarely in the face, said, deliberately: "No, Ching Moy; Lew Pang will ner-er hurt Woo Tong any more." The childish smile returned; a look of cunning shone from the beady eyes. "Lew Pang smuggle: custom house man put him in prison; Ching Moy go back to China with Woo Tong." Barnes noded absently and walked away. Clancy followed closely. He looked at the chief. "Did you get Lew Pang?" "Yes; he's gone off in that police pa-trol."

Tong any more?

"It won't be hard to prove the charge of smuggling in this case," was Clan-cy's admiring comment. "The charge will have to be chang-ed." said Barnes will 64.2

said piteously: "Tell me, can Lew Pang hurt Woo

23

said Barnes, with a grave significance of tone. "To what?"

"To murder!"

Clancy started. The absence of Woo Tong, the pistol shot and the meaning of the ambulance dawned on him. "Did Tong die?"

"Instantly," said the chief.

Clancy felt a troublesome lump in his throat.

"Why didn't you tell her?" he guiped. The chief turned and for reply point-ed to the room they had left. The lights shone through all the windows. The shone through all the windows. The interior was radiant with warmth and comfort. Ching Moy sat at the head of the table-alone. The paper dragon and the paper phoenix were before her, and she lifted them up by means of the two strands of red silk and, tossing back her doll babyish head, surveyed the childish pledge of her love with a look of ineffable bliss.

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"Who is that?" "That's Ching Moy," was the re-

ronse. "She seems to be a favorite." "Oh, yes." replied Ah Sin proudly; "she leading lady allee samee." The play was a tragedy—perhaps that is why it furnished so much unalloyed by to the Americans in the audience. The Chinamen among the speciatore. by to the Americans in the audience. The Chinamen among the spectators looked on in stolid silence and with un-sinking patience. During a lull in the performance the chief, with a yawn of lesixation, turned to list assistant. "What do you think of 'em?" Conglanced up globally. They look like tea chests and smell like the yep?"----

like the very state of the state in the like the very state a protesting finger. But Barnes raised a protesting finger, But Caney was in one of his argumentae moods. "A Chinaman's a Chinaman. Whatta

A Canaman's a Chinaman. What we want with 'en? They'll open laun-dies, ruin our shirts, put a lot of hon-est widders out of business, live on rice and burn tissue paper in the grave-varia."

ad burn tissue paper in the grave-iards." The chief, maintaining his gravity, aid with a sober face:--"But these are artists; they'll go home after the exposition." Clancy shook his head disconsolately. "On, a Chinaman's an artist, all right, but I never know'd any of 'em to go back to China-anyhow, not till they set to be a bandle of our good money to take with 'em." The villain of the play-the Irishman hasted that they were all villains-was and, as Clancy described him in the veracular, "a dead ringer for Li Hung Chang." Lew Pang, the villain-set new in and forbidding in appear-ance, and as Clancy described him in the veracular, "a dead ringer for Li Hung Chang." Lew Pang, the villain-set new in the bart and was merciless in his treatment of the hero, a small, dell-ate booking Chinaman by the name of we fors. Both played incessant court whe heroine, impersonated by the fra-st fathe maiden who was billed as pand barnes unconsciously found inset barnes unconsciously found inset hat oriental finally discovered the many wooderfully long drawn the many know the sat-

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iffer the outer could be an want to find "Do custom house man want to find out about Chinese joss?" she said, pronouncing each word quickly and

pronouncing each word quickly and sharply. He nodded eagerly. She pointed to the temple, a few yards away and began to walk in that direction. Barnes halted. "Ching Moy," he said, "I've seen you before."

before.

before." She looked up exultant and bobbed her head in assent. "On the wharf on the day you ar-rived in this country." She laughed with glee at his won-derful memory, "You were trying to tell me some-thing that day; what was it?" For a moment the tiny face was a blank—the next moment she burst forth in a frantic effort to be under-stood.

stood, "Yes, yes: Ching Moy she love Woo "Tong velly much!" "Well," said the chief, with his in-



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"Last night." "A woman's wit," he muttered. The next moment he was on the out-side, following the white footprints with the eagerness of a bloodhound. They led toward the main living room of the troupe, and then suddenly branched off and finally ended in front of a low, one story frame structure in of a low, one story frame structure in the rear.

the rear. He turned quickly. "Whose room is this?" A look of fear came to her baby face and she was silent. "Tell me," commanded the chief. "No harm shall come to you." "Lew Pang!" she exclaimed, throw-ing discretion to the winds. "Ah!" ejaculated Barnes, and there was satisfaction and triumph in the brief word.

brief word.

was satisfaction and triumph in the brief word. He made no bones about breaking through the frail doorway, which readi-ly yielded to his strong arms. At this she gave a little shriek and ran away with her face buried in her hands. He paid no further attention to the girl, but got down to work at once. A chest stood in the corner of the room. It was the work of a minute to pry open the lid with a chisel which lay near by. A lot of old clothes greeted his gaze. He tossed them aside and dug to the bottom of the chest. Presently his hand struck a hard substance. He reached down and brought up a square shaped mat containing a sticky material. Be-neath it he found a half dozen similar packages. He arose from his knees, his face glowing. "Opium! At last!" In an incredibly short time he had thrust everything back into the chest and closed and fastened it. He hastened toward the large building. Clancy was cn the doorsteps, curiosity and wonder in his face. "Con!" shouted the chief, beckoning

"Con!" should the chief, beckoning to his assistant.

Clancy responded without question. The two men hastened to the temple. Barnes entered first. He turned to Clancy.

"Guard that door with your life, We've only got a short time. I must not be interrupted."

The light was bad, but it answered. The chief pulled the lid down. It was made of rattan and was light in weight. The base was heavier than the other portion. Barnes irreverently turned it upside down. The bottom was portion. Barnes irreverently turned it upside down. The hottom was screwed on in a workmanlike manner. With the adeptness of a cabinetmaker the chief got to work. The screws moved easily. They had evidently been in and out before. In a few minutes the bottom came off and out of the cav-ity there rolled numberless small mats. Clancy's mouth distended in frank amazement. He deserted his next for a

amazement. He deserted his post for a moment "What is it?" he gasped in an awed

whisper, "Opium," replied Barnes calmiy, "Hundreds of dollars' worth-probably

thousands.' 'And it's' 'Yes," sai

"And U's _______ and the chief ironically, an-"Yes," said the chief ironically, an-swering the question before it had been fully framed. "It's all been smuggled into the port before our very eyes."

"By Lew Pang-your villainous friend of the play."

lis success in determining the under-lying cause of those diseases which seem to have baffled the skill of the seem to have baffled the skill of the average physician, and his applica-tion of the proper remedy to disease, has been remarkable. He has asso-clated with him several prominent physicians who are specialists in their respective lines, therefore our patients are assured of the best professional services that can be obtained. A spec-ialist usually charges from \$10 to \$25 for his services. WE CHARGE YOU NOTHING. NOTHING.

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few expressions of gratitude from thousands who have taken our treatmont: "Force of Life remedies were a God-

"Force of Life remedies were a God-send to me—"" "If it were not for Force of Life remedies, I would have been in my grave—" "I thank God for the day He sent Force of Life remedies to me. I had been told my case was incurable, and I had given up all hope of getting well, but I took your treatment and today I am well—" "I had sectored years with a torethly your treatme "I had suffe malady. I d ered years with a terrible doctored and tried remedy y spent large sums of mon-after remed of my power of endur-that Death would be a ance and f welcome re thanks to the cured, strong

t that Death would be a asse from my agonies, but e marvelous healing pow-of Life remedies, I am r and happy—" ime of these persons live ity. We will gladly give reasses that you may write ally if you so desire. We r leiters dally from pa-av their cases were pro-May be # you their addre are receiving tients who say their cases were pro-nounced incurable, but Force of Life remedies cured them. What it has done for them, it should do for you.

friend of the play." "What are you going to do with it?" "We'll close it up for the present," said Barnes blandly, and, suiting the action to the word, he screwed the bot-tom on again and placed the idol on its pedestal in its former position. The next moment they had closed the door and were on the outside of the temple. Their exit was in the nick of time, for it was dusk and the exposition grounds were beginning to fill up. Barnes paused to think for a moment and then said:

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