

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

By ADA G. SWEET

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HE hot May sun was shining down upon the city. Men, women and children surged out from streets, alleys and courts, intent on reaching the fields and their encircling acres, here and there, shaded by trees and shrubs, and thickly planted with the Dead.

Abner Hull stood aimlessly looking about him. The street to which he had just walked from his cheap boarding-house, was one of those which led through the town. The old man walked aimlessly on in the direction taken by the overflowing electric cars. His face, lined and weather-beaten, was serious, almost grim. The corners of his mouth drooped, his shoulders were bent, his feet dragged, his clothing hung loose upon his gaunt frame; he looked, as he felt, forgotten and alone in the world.

Suddenly a shrill, faintly heard, but persistent strain of music came borne on the soft south wind, the thin stream of sound upheld by the throb of drums. Old Abner Hull stood still. Nearer came the music, and around a corner a square away wheeled a double line of blue-clad men. Old Abner hurried to the curbstone, and stood awaiting the little band of veterans.

"Hello, comrade," called a hearty voice from the passing G. A. R. post. From the double file of men, one dropped out and grasped Abner's hand.

"Where have you been? Haven't seen nor heard of you for ten years!" said the friendly veteran. "Come on, fall in, let's see if you have any vim left in you! You've grown a little worse for wear since sixty-four—like the rest of us."

Abner was hurried on after the blue streak in the street, and was soon marching along in step with the somewhat slow pace of the veteran's march.

"Bring the good old bugle, boys. We'll have another song."

"There it is! Good old tune!" said Abner, and he stamped along lustily with the others.

"You don't ask any questions, Asher," said Abner, at last, just as the train was backing in. "And I know why; but I am going to tell you, all the same."

"All right," replied Hillis, "but wait till we get settled in the car."

When they were seated side by side, and the dingy houses began to fly past them as the train pulled out, Asher—his arm laid along the back of the seat, his hand touching Abner's shoulder, spoke:

"Now out with it. And first—you left home looking for work, and never came back, never wrote. That much I know. How about it?"

The broken old soldier sat in silence, for a time, embarrassed by the comrade's scrutinizing look.

Married soon after the civil war to a woman of strong will, rugged health, and coarse grasping nature, the gentle warrior had fallen an easy victim to petticoat government of the absolute despotism type. Four strapping daughters in time became assistants to their mother in the business of carrying on the family affairs. His fifth daughter, Mandy, looked like him and was like him in gentleness and refinement of nature, and she came to be the one ray of sunshine in Abner Hull's dull and sordid existence. All this had not to be told, anyone could see it, though no one could understand the misery of it, looking from the outside.

Then Hillis spoke:

"Your wife—she's been dead more than a year, hasn't she?"

"So they say—I've heard it from strangers. I haven't let any of the girls know I am back—I want to find Mandy, though. I believe she'd like to see me."

"Of course she would! The others are all married and living away from the city, but Mandy boards with Comrade Williams' wife, and works at the milliner's trade. Know that?"

Hull's face turned toward Hillis, now, and glowed with pleasure.

"Come," urged Hillis—"tell your story, we'll soon be at Rose Hill, and there won't be any time. Then I'll tell you more about Mandy. My wife thinks a lot of her."

"Of course I ain't got any excuse," returned Hull, in a husky voice, "and I shan't try to make any. It was the moving, mostly, the everlasting moving from house to house. The eternal restlessness and fault-finding I could stand, but the moving—why, Ash, in the 27 years we lived together, we moved more than 60 times—I got count after the first five years—I kept on moving—sort of unreasonable over it—moving, always moving. I worked—just a day laborer I was, you know—and I brought every cent I earned home, and 'twas never enough. And after awhile when the girls grew up they went to work, and then I was Jess (thats nothing—used to sit out on the back steps, there wasn't room for me in our little place—too many big strapping women."

"But," said Asher, "there was Mandy."

"Yes, there was Mandy! She used to come out and cuddle up to me, and then I'd have a minute or two of comfort."

"How was it you got up steam to leave at last?" asked his sympathetic comrade.

"Oh, well—it was in the hard times—I was out of work, and I came home one day a little out of sorts—possibly like you know the way a man feels when

he's been turned down about 40 times in a day—looking for a job—and I went round the house to the back door, and glanced in at the window. The stove was took down, I knew what that meant. Mandy came out and said: 'We're going to move over to Clay street early to-morrow, Pa.' 'Who's going to pay for carting us around?' says I, kind of gruff. 'Why, Arabella!' answers Ma, coming on us sudden, and opening the back door. 'Arabella, your hard-worked girl, and you a doing nothing!' And she went in and slammed the door. Then she opened it again and called out: 'And I don't care whether you come along or not!'

"Then I just sort of slunk out of the back yard gate, and walked away. Mandy followed me as far as the gate, and I said to her: 'Mandy, tell your Ma I am going to look for work.'"

"Yes, and that's the last word we ever heard from you," said Hillis.

"I went right west, straight as a bee-line, worked as a farm-hand, railroad-hand, anything. Got to Nebraska, and hired out on a ranch. And I never moved again, once on that ranch, till last month, and then I did want to see Mandy. So I came back, and now I wish't I hadn't."

"Well," continued Abner, brightening up, as the train slowed down on its approach to the scene of the day's celebration, "I am glad to be with you, comrade, and with the other comrades. I haven't worn my old button till to-day, in years." He lovingly fingered the bronze treasure on his dingy brown coat. "I believe I'll get courage to look up Mandy now, and I've got all of my savings for her. Couldn't spend any money out on that ranch!"

While the railway train had been scudding over the rails, two young people walked across the fields, from the end of the electric road, on their way to the Decoration day exercises.

"Let me carry that big bunch of flowers," said the man to the pretty girl at his side.

"No, Tom," the girl protested, keeping her flowers in her own grasp, but smiling upon the stalwart young fellow with a good deal of friendliness. "You have enough to do to take care of that basket of lilies. And they are the most important. White and purple lilies seem just made for Decoration day."

"Do you come out here every 30th of May?" asked Tom.

"Yes," answered the girl, "and this time I am so glad you are with me. Before, I have come alone."

"I can guess why you come," said Tom, edging as near to his companion as the peace and dignity of the state—and of the young lady herself—allowed.

"I don't know whether father is living or dead," said Mandy, "but it is because of him that I bring flowers out here every Decoration day. I make it a point to put flowers on the graves of the unknown, dead, or those with no stone to mark them."

Her eyes filled with tears and she turned her head away from Tom.

"I shall always be with you after this," said Tom, quietly and earnestly. "And who knows but that your father may be with us, too, another year? Don't cry, I am in hopes that you will see him again, one of these days."

"If he should come, Tom, and we should be in our own little home, would you be good to him?"

"I will, Mandy, you may be sure of that," said Tom, with a seriousness that was convincing.

Just as the young couple reached the foot of the mound on the little hill by the soldiers' monument, they heard the throb of drums. They drew aside and stood under the shade of an elm, to see the veterans march by.

"There's father," said Tom, as his eye encountered, from a distance, that of Asher Hillis. And then, at a warning gesture from the elder Hillis, Tom guided the girl who was with him, as she still watched the little procession, toward the screen made by a clump of lilies and snowballs, near a little foot-path which led away from the crowd surrounding the monument, where the formal exercises were to be held.

"What is it, Tom," she said. "I was going to hear the singing, and the speaking."

"Wait a minute," whispered Tom, "here comes father, and who's that with him?"

Asher Hillis had the stranger by the elbow, and was steering him toward the young people. At the edge of the little plot of grass where they stood, the two veterans stopped.

"Abner," the voice of Hillis was low and a little tense, "look at that youngster, that's my boy Tom. And the girl—"

"Father!" In a moment Mandy's arms were around the wanderer's neck, and the grass was covered with Mandy's peopies and panicles.

Tom gathered them up for his basket and together he and his father walked away, joining a band of veterans as they started upon their work of decorating the graves of soldiers marked "Unknown."

"Abner shall stay with me," said Asher Hillis, "until Mandy marries and settles down." He noted the flush on his son's cheek and smiled. "We're just got settled in our home," he continued, "and your mother's no more. Abner shall live in peace what little time there's left to him."

And at evening the crowds were gone; the decorated graves were glowing, unseen by mortal eye, in the tiny splendors of the setting sun. The night came on. The flags and flower-beds their brightness as long as there was a ray of light. And then at last the stars shone arching vault of blackness above down upon a world of shadowy, colorless shapes. It was night, and the glorious day was in peace.

UNCLE SAM—NOW LET'S SEE YOU PUNCH THE BAG.



—N. Y. Herald.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

It is said the population of London is so dense it is unable to see the point of an American joke.—Chicago Daily News.

It may appear to you that all the good jobs are taken, but by the time you are capable of filling one it will be vacant.—Atchison Globe.

Nell—"Is she a society woman?" Belle—"Yes, indeed. She belongs to no less than 18 societies for the suppression of as many things."—Philadelphia Record.

A Frightened Bride—Bridesmaid—"You poor, frightened darling. You looked scared to death at the altar." Bride—"Yes, George trembled so I was dreadfully afraid he'd lose courage and run away."—N. Y. Weekly.

"What's the derivation of the word 'college'?" "I givelt up." "But surely the word must mean something." "Oh! I guess it was just faked up by some poet who needed a rhyme for 'knowledg'."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Easy Enough—Miss Yerne—"Her complexion is just lovely. I wish I had it." Miss Peppery—"Well, you know, the advertisement says: 'If your druggist doesn't keep it write direct to the manufacturer.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Progressive—"Say, Parker, why does that dentist go around telling strangers funny stories?" "Why, he has an eye for business. When they laugh he notices their teeth, and if they need fixing up he passes over a card."—Chicago Daily News.

Smith—"The papers speak enthusiastically of your daughter's singing at the musicale last week." Rogers—"Yes, I am surprised they should all speak so flatteringly. What does the Planet say?" Smith—"There's nothing in the Planet about her." Rogers—"That's queer. I certainly sent the same notice to the Planet that I sent to the other papers."—Boston Transcript.

Another New Kind of Rays.

M. Blondlot, a French scientist, has discovered a new set of radiations emitted by a Roentgen tube, differing from the X-rays in that they can be concentrated by means of a quartz lens, and can also be reflected. The X-rays undergo neither reflection nor refraction. The new rays pass through aluminum, paper and wood, being rectilinearly polarized on their emission. They are susceptible of both rotary and elliptical polarization. But they produce neither fluorescence nor photographic action.—Science.

Industries in Russia.

Government agents and Russian subjects are building flour mills, factories and meat packing establishments, and are opening mines and selling goods throughout Manchuria, privileges which Americans are not permitted to enjoy.—Chicago Chronicle.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Several patents for producing solid alcohol have been granted in Germany. Seventy-six per cent. of all Bremen steamers and 80 per cent. of the Hamburg fleet are built of steel.

The catching of snakes and the collecting of their venom, which fetches \$1 per grain, is a new industry in Australia.

An electric machine which is intended to produce rain in times of drought is being constructed in Paris by a municipal engineer.

The South African cycle trade is practically in the hands of British manufacturers, even American makes being imported in very small quantities.

Telegraph poles the lower end of which has been soaked in creosote last more than 30 years; in Ireland they are some erected in 1858 and still in good condition.

There is a large demand for pocket-knives all over South Africa. The Kafir, however, seldom pays more than 25 cents for a knife, and consequently cheap knives would find the best sale.

The opinion of Sir John Herschel that the southern portion of the milky way, near the southern cross, is nearer to us than the northern, is quoted against the assertion of Prof. Wallace that we are in the center of the universe.

Although the first vessel passed through the Suez canal in 1865 it was not formally opened until 1869. The British government receives \$314,766 yearly upon the Suez canal shares it owns. These it bought for just under \$4,000,000.

Capers are the flower buds of a bush that grows in France, Spain and Algeria. The buds are picked by women and are placed in barrels of vinegar for preservation. An expert can gather 44 pounds a day. It is believed that the bush would do well in California.

Dining in the Future.

The host sat at the head of the table, surrounded by the various food-condensing devices.

"Light or dark meat, Mr. Smith?" "Light, if you please."

"A little of the gravy?" "A very little thank you."

"Cranberry sauce, of course?" "Please."

The host pressed three buttons and turned a crank.

"Tea or coffee, Mr. Smith?" asked the hostess, from the other end of the table.

"Coffee."

The hostess pulled a lever.

Then a servant came with a tray and carried Mr. Smith his tabloid, which he swallowed at once, since it was not deemed good form to wait till the others were served.—Detroit Free Press.



Home Duties

The real heroines of every day are in our homes. Frequently, however, it is a mistaken and useless heroism. Women seem to listen to every call of duty except the supreme one that tells them to guard their health. How much harder the daily tasks become when some derangement of the female organs makes every movement painful and keeps the nervous system unstrung? Irritability takes the place of happiness and amiability; and weakness and suffering takes the place of health and strength. As long as they can drag themselves around, women continue to work and perform their household duties. They have been led to believe that suffering is necessary because they are women. What a mistake!

The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will banish pain and restore happiness. Don't resort to strong stimulants or narcotics when this great strengthening, healing remedy for women is always within reach.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

If there is anything in your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. No man will see your letter. She can surely help you, for no person in America has such a wide experience in treating female ills as she has had. She has helped hundreds of thousands of women back to health. Her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is free. You are very foolish if you do not accept her kind invitation.

For proof read the symptoms, suffering and cure recited in the following letters:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express to you the great benefit I have derived from your advice and the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My trouble was female weakness in its worst form and I was in a very bad condition. I could not perform my household duties, my back ached, I was extremely nervous, and I could not eat or sleep, and the bearing-down pains were terrible. My husband spent hundreds of dollars to get me well, and all the medicine that the doctors prescribed failed to do me any good; I resorted to an operation which the physician said was necessary to restore me to health, but I suffered more after it than I did before; I had hemorrhages of the womb that nothing could seem to stop.

"I noticed one of your advertisements and wrote you for advice. I received your reply and carefully followed all instructions. I immediately began to get stronger, and in two weeks was about the house. I took eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and continued following your advice, and to-day I am a well woman. Your remedies and help are a Godsend to suffering women, and I cannot find words to thank you for what you have done for me."—Mrs. LOTTIE V. NATION, 1328 N. J. Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I write to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was suffering with falling of the womb and could hardly drag about, but after taking five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was completely cured. I am now a well woman and able to do all my work."

"I think your medicine one of the best remedies in the world."—Mrs. J. M. LEE, 141 Lyndal St., Newcastle, Pa.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done a great deal for me. I suffered so much from falling of the womb and all the troubles connected with it. I doctored for years with doctors and other remedies but received only temporary relief.

"I began taking your medicine, and had not taken it long before I was feeling better. My husband said that I should keep right on taking it as long as it gave me relief from my suffering, as I could not expect to be cured by one or two bottles. I did so and am now able to be on my feet and work hard all day, and go to bed and rest at night. Thanks to your Vegetable Compound I am certainly grateful for the relief it gave me. It is the mother's or one of a doctor's few does and feel all right.

"I would recommend your medicine to all tired mothers, and especially to those suffering as I was."—Mrs. R. F. CHAMBERS, Bennet, Neb.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

The Adirondack Mountains.

The lakes and streams in the Adirondack Mountains are full of fish; the woods are inviting, the air is filled with health, and the nights are cool and restful. If you visit this region once, you will go there again. An answer to almost any question in regard to the Adirondacks will be found in No. 20 of the "Four-Track Series," "The Adirondacks and How to Reach Them," sent free on receipt of a 2-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Tired Tommy? Didn't youse belong to de Woodworkers' union when youse was a workin'?" Resting Rastus—"Nah I belonged to de Woudn'tworkers union."—Baltimore American.

Go South Young Man.

Locs Haver, Pa.—Mrs. L. W. Ammann writes: "A few weeks ago I sent for a trial box of Doan's Kidney Pills for myself, and they did all they are said to do. My husband was kicked last fall

to Sunny Alabama and Mississippi, the Mecca of the Fruit and Truck Grower. 300,000 acres of good, fertile land for sale at wonderfully low prices. Write Jno. M. Beall, A. G. P. A., Mobile & Ohio R. R., St. Louis, for full particulars.

The scientists have discovered that laziness is a disease, but they will never find out how lazy people can be induced to take anything for it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

He that committeth no evil bath nothing to fear.—Hindoo Proverb.

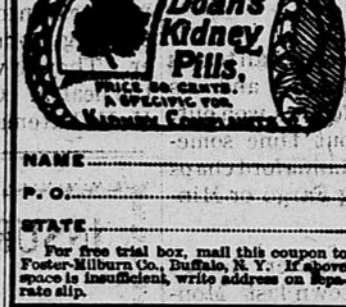
Trial plus toil equals triumph.—Eam's Horn.

NERVE WORN KIDNEYS.

Doan's Kidney Pills make freedom from kidney trouble possible. They carry a kind of medication to the kidneys that brings a bright ray of hope to desperate cases.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish.

Locs Haver, Pa.—Mrs. L. W. Ammann writes: "A few weeks ago I sent for a trial box of Doan's Kidney Pills for myself, and they did all they are said to do. My husband was kicked last fall



by a horse and badly hurt—his hip was fractured—and after he recovered he was in such misery that he could hardly walk, and to stop caused him such distress that he thought he would have to quit work—also, it affected his bladder, and he was unable to make his water with out so much distress. I insisted on his getting a box of your pills and trying them as I went to Mason's Drug Store and got a box. The first box helped him so much that I got the second and also the third, and now he is entirely well."—Mrs. L. W. AMMANN, Lock Haven, Pa.

Settlements and the Workingman

By ROBERT HUNTER

Head Worker University Settlement, New York.

Every Settlement house represents, to a number of leaders of opinion among employers and among the employed, a neutral territory where they may have personal intercourse and amicable conference across class lines.

Anyone who has ever looked into a dispute between capital and labor will be strongly impressed with the fact that a large share of the difficulty lies in pure prejudice, in personal and class misunderstanding. Hence it will easily be seen that at this point the Settlement is rendering a profound public service.

The greatest result thus far achieved in the career of all the Settlements is found in their reflex influence upon their residents, their occasional volunteer workers, upon special friends and supporters and upon thoughtful people throughout the community.

An increasing number of young men and women after a period of Settlement work and residence in the poorer quarters of the cities return to the ordinary ways of life, but carry with them a new sense of the meaning and power of life at this present time. These persons and many with whom they are to be intimately associated will infuse something of the Settlement spirit into their own home life and into their ordinary social circles. They will be at greater pains to get over artificial social distinctions. They will understand the human meaning of the struggle of organized labor.

They will wish to carry municipal reform back to the sources of boss rule in the evil conditions which surround tenement house life. In each of the various callings of life they will be inclined so to extend its bounds as to give it a sort of missionary character, and make it in a wider and more enlightened way the means for the upbuilding and enlargement of the souls of men.



The Lass With a Glass of Hires Rootbeer brightens her eyes, deepens the roses in her cheeks, and acquires sound health and buoyant spirits from her favorite beverage.

Hires Rootbeer

Get your next weather drink, Hires Rootbeer. It's the only one that's good for you. A package of Hires Rootbeer is always handy for you.

W. H. Hires Co., Evansville, Ind.

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