speak with this friend of mine,"

La Forest, still bareheaded, his fore-

head bleeding, pressed down the sword-

"The company is a good one," he

"King's messenger - you! Mon

Cassion took them as though in a

Sword Point Into D'Artigny.

"By my hand," returned La Porest

"Ay, I know you ever a follower of

La Salle, and friend of Frontenae.

'Twas through his influence you got

this. 'Tis little use for us to quarrel,

order; it does not supersede my com-

mission; I outrank this De Tonty."

"Hush, do not play the fool."

cols Cassion of Quebec?"

the Governor La Barre.'

"Mon Dieu, I care not for such an

"Better the fool than the coward."

"Wait," said La Forest sharply, "the

matter is not ended. You are Fran-

"Major of infantry, commissaire of

"So the titles read in this document.

arrest you by king's order for trea-

son to France, and mutilation of offi-

cial records. Here is the warrant, M.

de Baugis, and your orders to convey

Cassion's face went white, and he

struggled madly for breath. De Bau-

gis grasped the paper, so startled at

this new development as to be in-

Treason, and mutilation of official rec-

"Under arrest? For what, monsieur?

"This-the man knows, and will not

deny the charge. False testimony

sworn to, and signed by this Francols

Cansion, charged Captain la Chesnayne

with cowardice and treason. In con-

sequence the latter was broken of his

command, and his estates forfeited to

the crown. Later, through the efforts

reached Ouchec, but was never re-

corded. This Cassion was then private

secretary to the governor, and the pa-

per came into his hands. Later, to

hush up the scandal, he married Cap-

"Yes, I had the files searched secret-

France five years ago, but was

stamped as received the day Cassion

I failed to note how the accused met

which drew my attention - high-

"Mon Dieu! 'twas not 1-'twas La

"Tell that in Quebec; though little

hand outstretched; then all was con-

My eyes were upon the speaker, and

The order was dispatched from

"You saw It?"

departed from Quebec."

pitched harsh, unnatural,

the prisoner to Quebec for trial."

capable of comprehension.

ords? What does it mean?"

M. Cassion-the order is renuine.

"You know me-Monsieur

Look at the paper."

proudly.

Francois in Forest."

the name of France!"

eyes on the other's face.

of La Salle's spawn?"

mummery is this?"

blade.

CHAPTER XXIV-Continued.

-18-I cannot describe my feelings-joy. sorrow, memory of the past over whelming me. My eyes were wet with tears, and I could find no words. D'Artigny seemed to understand, yet he made no effort to speak, merely holding are close with his strong arm. So in slience, our minds upon the past and through the black night along the dim trail. For the time I forgot where I have a bit of cloth-a handkerchief?" was, my weird, ghastly surroundings, the purpose of our stealthy advance, and remembered only my father, and the scenes of childhood. He must have comprehended, for he made no attempt to interrupt my reverle, and his slience drew me closer-the steady pressure of his arm brought me peace Suddenly before us loomed the shad-

ow of the great rock, which rose a mighty barrier across the trail, its crest outlined against the sky. The Indians had halted here, and we pressed for | wait." ward through them, until we came to where the chief and La Forest waited. There was a growing tinge of light in the eastern sky, enabling us to perceive each other's faces. All was tense, expectant, the Indians scarcely venturing to breathe, the two white men conversing in whispers. Sequitah stood

"Your scouts ventured no farther?" questioned D'Artigny.

'No: 'twas not safe; one man scaled the rock, and reports the Iroquois

"They hide in covert where I suspected them; but I would see with my ments, for the light of early dawn was own eyes. There is crevice here, as I still dim and spectral, making those remember, to give foothold. Ay, here savage figures below appear strange it is, an easy passage enough. Come. and inhuman, while, through the tree La Forest, a glance shead will make barrier, the more distant stockade was clear my plans."

The two clambered up noiselessly, and outstretched themselves on the flat pointed logs, and if any guard passed, surface above. The dawn brightened, almost imperceptibly, so I could disfinguish the savage forms on either tide, some standing, some squatting on have been a mystery. Yet I lay there, the grass, all motionless but alert, my eyes peering through the cleft in their weapons gleaming, their cruel the rock, every nerve in my body throbeyes glittering from excitement. La bing. All had been intrusted to me; Forest descended cautiously and turned it was to be my signal which would foward me.

loin him."

foot in his hand, and crept forward nothing could absolve me from this along the smooth surface until I lay duty. beside Rene. He gianced aside into

"Do not lift your head," he whis-

ievoid of vegetation, a sterile patch of and taking up their new positions acfringe of trees, matted with under. Those having rifles loaded their weapthat, from our elevation, we could look | glittering to the gray light through the interlaced branches across leader remained beside the blg tree. Tonty?" the cleared space where the timber had paying no apparent heed to anything the fort. The first space was filled davlight brightened, but mist clouds watchfully peering through toward the



Suddenly Before Us Loomed the Shadow of the Great Rock,

fort gates, but a few were standing, or moving cautiously about bearing word up their arms and fail; I saw them of commund.

"Monsleur," I whispered timidly, run. Surprised, stricken, terrified by "you can never attack; there are too the warwhoops of the maddened lilini,

They appear more numerous than they are." he answered confidently, but it will be a stiff fight. Not all Tuscaroras either; there are Eries youder to the right, and a few renegade also hurt, dived into the underbrush. Mohawks with them. Look, by the foot of that big tree, the fellow in war bonnet and deerskin shirt-what make sallants were upon them. Leaping you of him?"

"A white man in spite of his paint." likely they had a renegade with them, flamed with revenge, maddened with for this is not Indian strategy. La hate, flung themselves straight at Forest was of the same opinion, at them. though 'twas too dark when he was tomahawks whirled in the air, but here for us to make sure."

watching?" they suspect nothing within, they will from the bushes he had plunged send out a party soon to reconnoiter through, his rifle barrel gripped, a yard failing; then anger conquered, and he I saw De Baugis step forward, his the trait, and reach the river below for in front of them all. I saw La Forest, water. It is the custom, and, no doubt, bare headed, and Sequitah, his Indian these devils know, and will wait their stoicism forgotten in mad blood lust. chance. They urge the largards now,"

| knees, and, weapons in hand, crouched | hawks dealing the death blow, knives | cois de la Forest, monsieur, one-time Not a sound reached us, every movegesture of the hand. D'Artigny pressed

my fingers. "Action will come soon," be continued, his lips at my ear, "and I must "Yes, monsieur."

you see them open drop the cloth over derstand?"

"Surely, monsleur: I am to remain into each other's eyes. here and watch; then signal you when the fort gates open. "Ay, that is it; or if those savages

advance into the open-they may not knife, its point reddened with blood, burning with malignant rage. I doubt "Yes, monsteur."

His lips touched mine, and I heard him whisper a word of endearment. "You are a brave girl." "No, monsleur; I am frightened, ter-

ribly frightened, but-but I love you.

and am a Frenchwoman." He crept back silently, and I was motionless as a statue, his lips tightly left alone on the great rock, gazing out anxiously into the gray morning.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Charge of the Illini.

It seemed a long time, yet it could scareely have exceeded a few molittle more than a vague shadew. I could barely distinguish the sharphis movements were indistinguishable

Had I not known where they were even the position of the gates would send D'Artigny, La Forest, and their "Madame, D'Artigny would have you Indian allies forward. I must not fall them; I must do my part. Whatever Surprised at the request I rested my the cost-even though it be his life-

The Iroquols were massing toward the center, directly in front of the closed gates. The change in formation "Peer through this cleft in the was made with all the stealthiness of Indian cunning, the warriors creeping Before us was a narrow opening, silently behind the concealing bushes, stone and sand, and beyond this a cording to motions of their chiefs. brush below so us to make good screen. ons, while others drew knives and tombut sufficiently thinned out above, so shawks from their belts, and held them The white been chopped away to the palisades of excepting the stockade in front. The with warriors, crouching behind the overhung the valley, while floating cover of underbrush. Most of these wreaths of fog drifted between the were lying down, or upon their knees, great rock and the fort gates, occasignally even obscuring the Iroquois n vaporous folds. There was no sound, no sight, of those hidden below, wait

ing my word. I seemed utterly alone. Suddenly I started, lifting myself slightly on one arm, so as to see more clearly. Ay, the gates were opening, alowly at first, as though the great wooden hinges made resistance; then the two leaves parted, and I had a glimpse within. Two soldiers pushed der, and still in command." against the heavy logs, and, as they opened wider, a dozen or more men their rifes. Bolsrondet, bearing gun in the hollow of his arm, stepped forcarelessly about over the gray, mist

shrouded acene. The arm of the white renegade shot nto the air, and behind him the you monsteur." massed Iroquois arese to their feet. spring. I reached over the rock edge, his absent chief. and dropped the handkerchief.

I must have seen what followed, yet do not know; the incidents seem surned on my memory, yet are so confused I can place them in no order. The white renegade seemed waiting. ils arm upraised. Ere it fell in signal to dispatch his wild crew to the slaughter, there was a crash of rifles all about me, the red flare leaping into the gray mist-a savage yell from a bundred throats, and a wild rush of naked bodies.

I saw warriors of the Iroquels fling shrink and shrivel, break ranks and realizing only that they were caught between enemies, their one and only thought was escape. Two of their chiefs were down, and the white rene gade, stumbling and falling as though

Before they could rally, or even comprehend what had occurred, their ascross the open, over rock and sand, Twas my guess also. I thought it in the duil light, the frenzied Illini, en-

Rifles finshed in their faces nothing stopped that rush. Warriors For what are they walting and fell, but the others stumbled over the naked bodies. I saw D'Artigny, "The gates to open, no doubt, if stripped to his shirt, and that in rage

We lay and watched them, his hand the fierce maeistrom of struggle, strik- the cost of a wife. Well, I soon will der, and drove sword point into D'Ar river Tigris was the scene of the Britclasping mine. Those warriors who ing, falling, red hands gripping at red be. Here, Duractaye, bring your men; tigny. De Tonty gripped him, but was ish disaster before Kut-El Amara,had been being prone tive to their throats, ride butts flung high, toma- we have a prisoner here to stretch buried aside by insane strength, reel- Literary Digest.

for a spring; the chiefs scattered, care- gleaming as sinewy arms drove them commandant at Detroit; at present ful to keep concealed behind cover. home. I could not longer distinguish messenger from the king of France." enemy from friend; they were interment noiseless, the orders conveyed by locked, struggling like mnd dogs, fighting as devils might, a wild, tangled mass of bodies, of waving hair, of

blazing eyes, of uplifted steel. The Iroquois had railled from their king's own word to M. la Barre. 'Tis be ready below to take the lead. You first shock; already they realized the with his indorsement I journeyed the future, we followed the savages can serve us best here, Adele; there small number of the attackers. Those hither to restore Henri de Tonty to his is no safer spot if you lie low. You who had fled were turning back; those rightful command of Fort St. Louis." on either flank were running toward the scene of fight. I saw the white blazing hatred and anger, "'tis some "Then watch the fort gates, and if renegade burst from the press, urging hellish trick." these laggards forward. Scarcely had the edge of the rock there in signal. he attained the outer edge, when D'Ar-I will wait just below, but from where | tigny fought his way forth also, tearwe are we can see nothing. You unding the mass asunder with sweep of where you stand. Ay, I mean the rifle. They stood face to face, glaring words-now listen; lift that sword

The ride in D'Artigny's hand was de Tonty, show the man the papers." but a twisted bar of iron; the renegade's only weapon was a murderous daze, his hand trembling, his eyes well?" What word was said, I know not, but I saw D'Artigny tling his har aside. and draw the knife at his belt. Mon Dieu! I could not look; I know not how they fought; I hid my eyes and prayed. When I glanced up again both were gone, the fighting mass was surging over the spit-but the Iroquels were in flight, seeking only some means of escape, while out through the fort gates the soldiers of the garrison were coming on a run, pouring volleys of lead into the fleeing savages. I saw De Touty, De Baugis, De la Durantaye-ay! and there was M. Cassion, back among the stragglers, waving his sword gallantly in the air. It was all over with so quickly I could but sit and stare; they ran past me in pursult, wild yells echolng through the woods, but all I thought of then was M. d'Artigny. I scrambled down the rock, falling heavily in my baste, yet once upon my feet again, rushed forth, reckless of danger. The ground was strewn with dead and wounded, the victorious lilini already scattered in merciless, headleng pursuit. Only a group of soldiers remained at the edge of the forest. Among these were De Tonty and La Forest. Neither noticed my approach until I faced them.

"What, madame," exclaimed De Tonty, "you here also?" he paused as though in doubt, "and the Sieur d'Ar Cassion Leaped Forward and Drove tiguy-had he part in this feat of arms?

"A very important part, monsieur," on his forehead, yet bowing gallantly to me. "'Twas indeed his plan, La Barre's signature. and I permitted him command as he

"But does he live, monsieur?" I broke in auxiously.

lines. Jules Lescalles kulfe to knife, and ended the career of that renegade. Is that not a recommendation M. de surrounding him, "and the signature of the governor. How came it here?'

The other did not answer; he was watching D'Artigny approach, his eyes filled with doubt. I stepped forward to greet him, with hands outstretched. He was rogs from head to foot, snattered with blood, an ugly wound showing on one cheek, yet his lips and eyes smiled.

"'Twas good work, well done," he sald cheerly. "Twill be a while before the Iroquois besiege this fort again. Is that not your thought, M. de Tenty?"

"I appreciate the service rendered," replied the other gravely. "But you are in peril here. M. Cassion is you-

D'Artigny glanced inquiringly at La Forest, and the latter stepped forward, were revealed, leaning carelessly on a leather-bound packet in his hands. "Your parden, M. de Tonty," he sald. "I had forgotten my true mission here. ward into the opening, and gazed I bear orders from the king of France." "From Louis? La Salle has reached the king's ear?"

"Ay, good results. These are for

De Touty took them, yet his thought crouching behind their cover rendy to was not upon their contents but with

"You saw Sieur de la Salle in France? You left him well?"

"More than well-triumphant over all his enemies. He sails for the mouth of the great river with a French coleny; Leuis authorized the expedition."

"And is that all?" "All, except it was rumored at the court that La Barre would not for long remain governor of New France."

The face of the Italian did not of Frontenac, the king was convinced change expression; slowly be opened of injustice, and the estates were rethe papers, and glanced at their con- stored by reyal order. This order then folded them once more, and lifted his eyes to our faces.

"By grace of the king," he said sim-"I am again in command of Port St. Louis."

We made our way slowly through tain la Chesnayne's daughter against the fringe of woods, and across the her will. The day this was accomopen space before the fort gates, which plished the lost order was placed on still stand open. Casslon had disap- tile." peared; indeed, there was not so much as a single goard at the gate when we entered, yet we were greeted instantly by his voice.

" 'Tis well you return, M. de Tonty," he said loudly. "I was about to call yelling like fiends, weapons gleaming those soldiers yonder, and close the gates. 'Tis hardly safe to have them left thus with all these strange Indians | this damning charge. It was his voice

"They are Illini, monsieur-our al-

"Pah! an Indian is an Indian to my | Barre!" mind; bid M. de la Durantaye come hither." He stared at D'Artigny and good 'twill do you. M. de Baugis, in me, seeing us first as he stepped for the king's name I order this man's ward. A moment he gasped, his voice arrest." strode forward, sword in hand.

"Mon Dieu! What is this? You fusion and struggle. With the hourse here again, you basturd wood ranger? snarl of a beast, Cassion leaped for on the Viatuin, Dvina, Pruth, Dniester. Then they struck and were lost in I had hopes I was rid of you, even at | ward, struck La Forest with his shoul. Bug, Styr and Linu rivers, while the

rope. De Tonty, I command you in ling back so that the weight of his body struck me to my knees. The next in-The point of his sword was at D'Arstant, his aword point dripping blood, tigny's breast, but the younger man the runner was beyond reach, speeding stood motionless, his lips smiling, his for the open gate. What followed I know from word of others, and no "Perchance, monsteur," he said quiview I had of it. etly, "It might be best for you first to "What friend? Sacre! What is the

D'Artigny had fallen, huddled in a heap on the grass, and I dragged myself to him on my knees. I heard onths. fellow to me? Who is he-another one a shuffling of feet, a rush of bodies, a voice I did not recognize shouting some order-then the sharp crack of a rifle, and silence. I cared not what had occurred; I had D'Artigny's head in my arms, and his eyes opened and said bluntly enough, "and just now smiled up at me full of courage. "You are badly hurt?"

well worth belonging to. I am Fran-"No. I think not; the thrust was too high. Lift me, and I breathe better The man must have been mad." "Surely yes, monsieur; think you be

Dieu! you look it. Come, man, what had hope of escape?" "The likely he thought only of re-"No mummery, monsieur, I left venge. Ah, you are here also, De France two months since, bearing the Tonty."

"Yes, lad; there is small use for me yonder. You are not seriously struck?" "I bleed freely, but the thrust was in the shoulder. I could stand, I think. "You lie!" Cassion cried hotly, eyes with your aid." On his feet he leaned heavily on a

both, yet would not be led away, until "Monsieur, never before did man La Forest joined us. He held in his say that to me, and live. Were you not hand some papers, yet neither of us felon and thief, I would strike you questioned bim. "Monsieur de Tonty," he said, "I

would have private word with you." point, and I shoot you dead. Monsieur "When I help D'Artigny to his bed. and have look at his wound. Yet is it not matter of interest to these as

"I take it so." "Then speak your message-M. Caslon is dead?" "The sentry's bullet found his heart,

monsleur." "I saw him fall. Those papers were pon him-are they of value?" "That I know not; they possess no

meaning to me, but they were addressed to the man killed at St. Ignace.

"Hugo Chevet?" I exclaimed. "My uncle; may I not see them, monsieur? De Tonty placed them in my handsletter from a lawyer in Quebec, with form of petition to the king, and a report of his search of the archives of New Prance. The other document was the sworn affidavit of Jules Beaubaou, a clerk of records, that he had seen and read a paper purporting to be a restoration from the king to the beirs of Captain in Chesnayne. It was dgned and sealed. I looked up at the faces surrounding me; startled and frightened at this witness from the "They are papers belonging to Che-

vet?" asked De Tonty. "Yes, monsieur-see. He must have

known, suspected the truth before our departure, yet had no thought such villainy was the work of M. Cassion. He sought evidence." "That is the whole story, no doubt.

La Barre learned of his search, for he would have sples in plenty, and wrote if he ever saw clearly the printed and his letter of warning to Cassion. The returned La Perest, stanching a wound | written words of the document, but he | latter, fearing the worst, and desperate, seemed to grasp vaguely the face of did not even hesitate at murder to gain possession of these documents. "A forgery," he gasped. "Ah. De Fate served him well, and gave him knows these Illini Indians better than Baugis, see here; these damned curs D'Artigny as a victim. I wonder only of La Salle would play a trick on me. that he did not long ago destroy the papers."

"There is always some weakness in The dragoon took it, and smoothed it out in his hands. His face was crime," commented La Forest, "and comes youder now. Faith, he fought grave, as his eyes searched the printed the man has puld penalty for his. It would be my guess he desired to place ""Tis the great seal of France," he them in La Barre's hands in proof of said soberly, looking about at the faces | his loyalty. But, messieurs, D'Artigny needs to have his wound dressed. We can discuss all this later."

> It was two days later, and the bright sunshine rested on Fort St. Louis. fleeking the sides of the great rock with gold, and bridging the broad valley below. D'Artigny, yet too weak to rise unaided, sat in a chair Barbeau had made beside the open window. and to his call I joined him, my arm on his shoulder as I also gazed down upon the scene below. It was one of peace now, the slivery Illinois winding hither and you among its green islands, the shadowy woods darkening one bank, and the vast meadows stretching northward from the other. Below the bend an Indian village, al ready rebuilt and occupied, slept in the sun, and I could see children and dogs playing before the tepees.

Down the sharp trail from the fort a line of Indian packers were tolling slowly, their backs supporting heavy burdens, which they bore to two canoes resting against the bank. About these were grouped a little party of white men, and when at last the supplies were all aboard, several took their places at the paddles, and pushed

off into the stream. There was waving of hands, and one among them—even at that distance could tell La Forest-looked up at our window, and raised his hat it gesture of farewell. I watched untithey rounded the rock and disappeared on their long journey to Quebec, until the others-exiles of the wildernessturned away and began to climb up ward to the fort gates. D'Artigny's hand closed softly over mine.

"You are sad, sweetheart; you long oe for New France?" "No, dear one," I answered, and he

read the truth in my eyes. "Wher ever you are is my home. On this rock in the great valley we will serve each other-and France. THE END.

Something New, Please. "Can you bear it if I tell you some thing serious?" ventured the young husband.

"Yes; don't keep anything from me," gasped the bride. "Remember, this does not mean that my love for you is growing less,'

"Don't break my heart. What is it?" "Well, my dear, I'm getting tired of angel food every day for dinner. Would it be too much to ask you to have liver and ontons?"

War of Rivers. One curious fact may be noted in passing: This war is a war of rivers. The important battles on the western front have all been connected with some river, namely, the Marne, Alsne, Meuse and Somme. On the eastern front great conflicts have taken place DOUGLAS

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Payer and Payee, George W. Perkins was talking about multimillionaire.

"He's honest," said Mr. Perkins, dubiously. "Oh, yes; he's as honest as the day is long. Of course, the days are shortening now, aren't they?

"Anyhow, he said to me once: 'Perkins, I'm one of those old-fashloned codgers who firmly believe that honesty pays." 'Then he gave me an enigmatic nudge

with his elbow and said: "'And I believe Just as firmly, Per kins, that dishonesty gets paid,"

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tle creature." "Oh, Isn't It a dear!"

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Had a Rest Coming. An Irishman had just got a job in a nunition factory which promised well, but he was distinctly annoyed to see the manager watching him fixedly for an hour at a time. The surveillance

seemed insulting to Pat and after a little he could stand it no longer. "I say," he asked, "is watching me all ye have to do?"

"Yes," answered the manager, curtly. "Bedad, thin," said Pat, "if it is ye'll

be idle tomorrow." Perilous Game. "Don't you play bridge whist at

Crimson Gulch?" "Not any more," replied Broncho Bob. "It upsets all the rules. When you lose at poker, you can keep your troubles to yourself and not talk about the hand. But when one of us loses at bridge whist he doesn't know what minute his partner is goin' to draw

Bavarian Colony in Greece.

homicide."

a gun an' rely on a verdict of justifiable

In Greece there is at least one tiny German casis as a set-off to the kaiser's 36,000 Greek guests now being fed in Envaria. A few miles north of Athens is a village with a churchyard upon whose tombstones German names alone appear. The village has been the home for 20 years of a colony of bavarians brought to Greece by King Otho. The villagers have the fair hair and the blue eyes of Bavaria, and although very few now speak their grandmethers' tongue, service is performed in the old church according to the Roman ritual.

His Responsibility. "I suppose you are going home and

et your constituents thinking." "No," replied Senator Sorghum They're already at it. I've got to go and find out just what they're thinking and what they're liable to do about

Los Angeles police last year arrested one person for every twelve of popu-



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"ROUGH on RATS" Reds Rats, Mice, hour Mother's Ruse Failed.

Dear Auntie Mabel had sent the hree Morgan children a very beautiful imitation fruit peach made of sugar and nicely colored.

Mrs. Morgan thought they ought to e saved; the kids thought differently. "Now, you really musn't eat them. you know," explained mother, in a last desperate effort. "They look awfully pretty, but Pnr not sure that the coloring may not be dangerous. In fact," she went on, dropping her voice in an awesome whisper, "I have heard of children dying from eating colored

things. She thought that would do the trick; but early next morning she heard a sound out on the landing, and, going to see who was astir so early, found Elsie trotting along the passage.

"Where are you going, dear?" she asked. "It's not six o'clock yet." "Going to see if Dick and Arthur are dead yet," replied the eight-year-old miss, "I'm not."

"Lay Off" Before Sundown. The man who day after day lets sundown find him digging for dear life, will surely come to a time when sunrise will look in at his window for many a week and find him flat on his back. Before sundown is a good time for every farmer to "lay off."

"Everybody says my daughter got her beauty from me." "How selfish of her to take it?"

When The Doctor Says "Quit"

-many tea or coffee drinkers find themselves in the grip of a "habit" and think they can't. But they caneasily-by changing to the delicious, pure food-drink,

This fine cereal beverage contains true nourishment, but no caffeine, as do tea and coffee.

Postum makes for comfort, health, and efficiency.

"There's a Reason"