THE QUARTERBREED

A Tale of Adventures on An Indian Reservation

Robert Ames Bennet

The two preceding installments described the rescue of a quarterbreed girl and two men from an Indian attack at the edge of Lakotah Indian reservation, by Capt. Floyd Hardy, U. S. A., the new Indian agent. The rescued ones are Reginald Vandervyn, nephew of United States Senator Clemmer and agency clerk, Jacques Dupont, post trader, and his daughter, Marie. Vandervyn tells Hardy of disaffection among the Indians, of the murder of Nogen, the last agent, and of his hav-Ing been promised the agency. Hardy calls a council of chiefs at the agency. Redbear, the halfbreed interpreter, brings his sister, Oinna, to the valley. Captain Hardy accepts a dinner invitation from the Duponts and learns something which amazes him and causes all sorts of

CHAPTER IV-Continued.

The hostess signed her Indian boy to take the box into the parlor, together with the ice bucket, in which was still obeyed, she bowed her dismissal of the guests from the table.

fatigued," she said. "Good evening, he didn't jump at it!" Mr. Vandervyn, Good evening, Captain

Vandervyn nodded, and followed Dupont with a nonchalant bearing that trick, we'll play the other. We're not tainty of his step. Hardy lingered for the game." a word of appreciation: "This has been a most enjoyable evening, Miss Dupont.

and warmth behind the formal phrase. You are very kind, Captain Hardy, But pray do not overestimate. Where all else is off-color, three-quarters white seems dazzling."

"Believe me, it is not a question of contrast or comparison," he protested. "Not even in New York or Washing-

"You flatter me. And now, as I am tired-'

He bowed and left her, concenling the sting of her polite rebuff under his grave smile. The Indian boy, who was standing at the parior door, closed it behind the guest at a sign from Marie. Dupont took the drink that he had poured out for himself and undertook the perilous operation of opening the champagne. He fumbled the bottle and would have dropped it had not Vandervyn jumped up and taken it from him. Thrust aside by the younger man, he lurched and sat down in a chair near Hardy.

"Shelipp'ry-ben in ice," he explained with solemn emphasis. He threw back his head and burst into an uproarious laugh, "Shelipp'ry - like that gobe-mouche Redbear. Him trying to smooth me down-zif that'd give hlm n show with M'rie! An' me the lash time I got goods on credit, they shent me a skeshule to lisht my Wbll'ties, 'n' I jush took my pen in han' 'n' wrote 'cross tha' shere lish, 'I don't owe no man nushing," He again drew laugh.

"Poor grammar, but rich rhetoric, Jake," remarked Vandervyn as he filled the champague glasses, "You told me for."

"I got the goods," said Dupont, pulling himself together and sobering his tongue with an effort. "Nothing like being on the square. That's what makes me sore at them there chiefs, Cap. Won't let me help out the bucks and squaws what's aching for workgood pay in trade goods, and us taking all risks on the ore smelting out N. G. What'll the tribe do after they git their last issue next spring? That's what I'd like to know."

"Yes, captain," said Vandervyn. "Next spring will come the last issue of goods that is provided for in the government treaty with this tribe, They will be in a bad fix if something is not done to get them used to white

"How about a new treaty, to partition the reservation and give land in severalty to each head of a family?' suggested Hardy.

That would take a long time to bring about, and meantime the young bucks should be taught to work. Why wouldn't it be a good idea for us to take charge of the mine-pay all who want to work at fair wages, and take the risk of getting our money back out of the ore shipments?"

As Vandervyn made the suggestion. he smiled ingenuously, and his handsome, flushed face shone with philan thropic enthusiasm. Hardy's face lighted with a responsive glow. He smiled into the boyish blue eyes.

"The proposal does you credit," he responded. "You may count on me to contribute my share."

"You will, will you, Cap?" exclaimed Dupont. He reached out his thick-fingered hand, "You're in, hey? Put It there, old pard! Just you make them damn ki-yi-s savvy they've got to hustle for what we give 'em. like Nogen done, and we'll round up fifty

thousand aplece before snow flies." "What's that?" demanded Hardy, in stantly stiffening to stern rigidity.

He failed to catch the furious glane from Vandervyn that sent their halffuddled host lurching over to the whisky bottle. When he did turn, the chief clerk met his hard glance with a him find out anything against you, and knowing wink and a chuckling com- it's Charlie in the jug, with his job ment: "Spiffled!"

Hardy did not smile. "Explain," he

ordered. "Oh-you mean Jake's pipe dream that this low-grade stuff may some time turn into a streak of solid gold. the three of us dividing up the proceeds, even if it did turn out a bo- or throw down." panza?"

"Certainly not." "Your idea would be to give all the profits to the tribe, even if we had bought the ore and taken the risk of its

"Nom'chien!" muttered Dupont.

turning out worthless?" "I am the acting agent, not a trader." "That ain't no way to treat a white man, Cap. Won't you let 'em trade me no more ore?"

"I shall investigate before I decide," said Hardy, and he rose to leave, "Good left a bottle of champagne. As he evening, Good evening, Mr. Vandervyn,"

> "Told you so," snapped Vandervyn. But we'll fix him yet-two more cards up our sleeve. If one fails to take the

drew attention from the slight uncer- going to be bluffed out at this stage of the way. Only, remember, you get Dupont caught at the whisky bottle with a shaking hand. "No, by Gar."

he protested. "We don't play that She chose to disregard the sincerity other card, Mr. Van. I quit first." "Oh, well," replied Vandervyn, "if you're going to throw down, I shall not try to play it alone. But you're in on

the next play." Dupont grunted, and poured himself a full glass of whisky.

CHAPTER V.

By-Play.

Sunrise found Vandervyn riding down the valley on his nimble-footed pinto. He left the road and cantered across into the bend where Redbear had pointed out his new house to Hardy. When Vandervyn rode up, Redbear was shoveling clay upon the uncovered brush thatch at one corner of the roof. The halfbreed did not trouble over Nogen, and will see that stop work until his visitor drew rein almost within arm's reach. Vandervyn met his civil greeting with a cynical smile. "So you've builded you a home

Charlie. How's your sister Winna? That's the name, isn't it?" "No, we say it O-ee-nah. The school

people made her get up at four. I told her to'sleep all day, if she liked."

"Come up the creek. I want to tell you something," replied Vandervyn, When they had gone beyond earshot of squarest trader in the U. S.! Why, the cabin, he stopped his pony and faced the uneasy halfbreed with a look of sympathetic concern. "Charlie, it's all up.

Redbear's face turned a mottled gray. "All—all up?" be gasped.

"Amounts to the same thing," answered Vandervyn. "We sounded him last night. He won't sit in to the game -the board-backed fool! No chance to deal with him, and you know what they gave you the credit you asked that means. Next thing, he'll have it all out of the chief :- the mine-everything."

"No. no. Mr. Van! He can't find out They don't know about what you and me- Nobody saw us-nobody. If there'd been a fresh track anywhere inside a quarter-mile, I couldn't have

Vandervyn shrugged. 'Tm not so sure of that. You are not a full-blood tracker. But what if that is covered? It's bad enough. As soon as he finds out about the mine, he will kick the whole bunch of us off the reservation. That's the kind of fool he is."

"He can't put me off. I'm a member of the tribe. "Yes, and Jake is a member by mar-

ringe. Lots of good that will do you both-in the guardhouse." Redbear cringed at the word, "But

my sister- He won't put me in." "Wait and see when he finds out how things have been going here. Let



'It's Up to Us to Bluff Him or Throw

gone glimmering."

The halfbreed looked up, his eyes desperate, his face set in the grin of a

cornered rat. He muttered a curse. "That's it, boy!" encouraged Vandervyn. "Don't lay down. We're with But of course you wouldn't stand for you. But remember, we've got to make a bluff. It's up to us to bluff him off,

> "I don't understand you, Mr. Van." "Here it is, then. He doesn't know i word of Lakotah. 'The tribe doesn't know English. You are the interpreter. Get that?"

Redbear shook his head. "No,

don't." "Yes, you do, Charlie. We've already to press his vantage.

told Hardy that there is a lot of bad ! translate the talk of the chiefs that men kiss them." way. You can start in by telling them how he pacified the Moros. He killed old fossils know about it?" His voice nearly as many of them as there are deepened to an alluring richness. members of this tribe. The chiefs he put in jall. All the rest he moved to Give me a kiss." another island-you can sar, to another reservation."

"But if that is a lie-" "It isn't, It's exactly what hap-

to warm him-"

They once put him in jail for a week. returning? If I tell him, it will make him fighting mad."

"That's what we want. I'll post you He went out. Dupont gaped after that will get Hardy's goat. No man him, and grunted incredulously: "Fifty has nerve to stand up to a whole tribe. "I shall now permit myself to be thousand-made it fifty thousand, and He will have to quit. Then the job comes to me. You know what that

> "You promised me a full share." "Yes, and that means a third of the

net proceeds, now that Nogen is out of nothing-none of us gets a cent more you now, Charlle. You turn the trick of me," implored the girl, and get your share; or you fall down, lose share and job, and go to the guardhouse-on your way to the federal penitentiary. Which is it to be?"

Redbear's ratlike grin had changed to the grimace of a rabid coyote. "Curse him!" he snarled, "I'll make him run clean to town."

"Good boy!" praised Vandervyn. "Had your breakfast? Yes? Then trot up to the agency and pass the time of day to the chiefs as they come in. It will help things along to post his shoulder with well-felgned surprise, them beforehand. Don't forget that Hardy is a cold-hearted army martinet who despises Indians. He is planning punish the chiefs for the killing of Nogen. But if he leaves the reservation, I become the agent. I will make no the government keeps giving Issue That's the talk. Now trot along and with me?" get them screwed up."

"Oinna?" said Redbear.

"Don't waste time going back," replied Vandervyn, "I'll stop and tell your sister not to expect you home until after the council. Get busy-Walt. We can work in the police. Tell them pont waiting. they are ordered to walt at the guardhouse until the council is under way. They are then to march around and post themselves behind Hardy, fully armed. If the chiefs get angry, they are to close up around Hardy. Are you

Redbear responded with an eager nod, and started off at a log trot. Vandervyn smiled, turned his pony about, and rode back to the cabin. Without dismounting, he reached down and knocked, the door opened a scant inch and Olnna peeped out at the visitor.

"'Lo," he said in an indifferent tone. "I brought word to your brother that he was wanted at once. Told him I would let you know. He will not be

home until after the council." "Thank you, sir," murmured the girl. "No trouble at all," replied Vandervyn. "You don't happen to have a drink of good water handy, do you?" Instinctive hospitality overcame the girl's shyness. Her tall young figure

and handsome face appeared as the door swung open. "I boil the water. Do you like tea?" she asked in a flutelike voice.

"All right." When she returned to the door, he was tightening his saddle girth. He kept her waiting several moments before he turned to take the cup of tea. The hand that held the cup was rough from hard work, but the girl's cheap calleo dress was neat and clean and it covered a form as supple and erect as a reed. Unlike her brother, she had inparents. The blend of types apparent

in her face was far from unpleasing. She kept her soft brown eyes shyly downcast. Yet she must have watched him covertly through her long lashes. The tea was hot. He sipped it slowly and gloated on the girl's confusion. Unable longer to endure the strain, Olnna at last faltered in timid desperation: You-you are Mr. Van. Charlie-he

said you and he are partners," "Partners?" repeated Vandervyn with quick frown. "He said that?"

The girl shrank back, "Please, sir, he didn't mean anything wrong," "What more did he say?"

"Nothing-only that. Please, It's only his way of talking." "That's all right. Don't be afraid,"

Vandervyn reassured her with a quick change to smiling friendliness. "I am Charlie's best friend."

"Oh, thank you, thank you! He is my only brother. We have nobody else; only ourselves."

" In her gratitude the girl forgot her self-consciousness. She raised her soft eyes and looked full at Vandervyn. He smiled and bent nearer. Though she blushed scarlet, she was unable to turn her gaze away from his

ardent blue eyes. "O-ee-nah," he drew out her name in the caressing tone that he would have used in fondling a pet dog.

She smiled even as she trembled. He came closer. Her gaze wavered and sank before the look in his glowing eyes, and she shrank back. He sought to put his arm about her, but she sprang clear with the agility of a star-

"Oh, come now!" he urged. "Just a kiss. What's the harm of a kiss?" The girl had retreated into the cabin. He blocked the door. There was no way for her to elude him if he wished

blood stirred up. It will be easy to school they told me only bad girls let

"Bah!" he scoffed. "What do thos

"Let me-let me out!" she panted. "Not unless you pay toll."

She looked around for some way of escape. There was none. She stared pened. The Moro head chief was kept wildly out through the window and in jail until he was hung. Be sure to then looked at him over her shoulder. tell that to old Thunderbolt. If it falls The sudden stillness of her pose checked and disquieted him. Was it "Hoganny-hunk!" gasped Redbear. possible that she had seen her brother

He sprang outside and around to the corner of the cabin. A short distance away he saw Marie Dupont riding to interpret what he says, in a way across from the road at a smart canter. He waved his hat to her and faced about just as Olnna was gliding from

"Stop!" he called in a tone that Oinna. You have my word for it I meant no harm. If you run now, Miss Dupont will think we have been doing something wrong." "Oh, I don't want her to. She was

out of it-if Hardy stays. It's up to good to me. Don't let her think bad "Then go in and get her a cup of

> ten. Quick-here she comes." The girl disappeared as Marie's pony swung around the corner of the cabin. Vandervyn stooped to fiddle with his stirrup leather. He straightened, and looked over his pony's back. Marle had pulled up a few feet away, and was staring past him toward the door of the cabin, her cheeks ablaze and her eyes flashing with anger.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, glancing over "What's the matter?"

"You ask that?" she cried. "I met Charlie half way to the agency. He to stop all issue goods, and intends to said you were riding out of the valley."

"Yes. Stopped here to get a drink from his sister. They have only creek water. I've had to wait while she boiled some for tea. But it was a goods to the tribe for a long time, lucky delay-you're here. You'll ride

"I wish to speak to that girl," replied Marie.

"Going to hire her for a kitchen maid?" he asked, and he called over his shoulder in a rough tone: "Hurry up in there. You're keeping Miss Du-

"You should not speak that way to Oinna. She is not a dog," reproved "See; you have frightened he declared. Marie. her- It's all right, Oinna. Mr. Van didn't mean to be cross." The girl had stopped in the door-

way, her eyes timidly downcast. Without looking up, she came around to Marie and offered her the cup of lukewarm ten that she had brought in obedience to Vandervyn's command. Marie took a sip and paused to peer down into the dark brew. "Merci!" she cried. "It is half

"You were good to me," naively ex-

plained Oinna. Marie laughed and handed back the offering.

"You child! Drink it yourself. I can guess how few sweets you've had at school. Come on, Reggie." Vandervyn mounted, and their po-

nies started off on a lope. The young man kept his eyes to the front. But Marie soon glanced about. "Look!" she said. big granite-ware cup to her uptilted upraised in his hand.

lips, draining the moist sugar from the bottom. The action was laughably childish, but the girl's attitude was the perfection of grace. Marle caught the look that flitted across Vandervyn's face, and her eyes flashed. "So I was right!" she exclaimed. "You were flirting with her."

"I-flirting with her?" he wonderingly queried, and he turned sideways herited only the good features of her in his saddle, to stare wide-eyed at his companion, from the tip of her dainty riding boot up to the feather felt hat on her coal-black hair.

Under that prolonged scrutiny the scarlet of the girl's anger changed to rose, and her eyes sank as coyly as had Oinna's. He smiled. The girl was good to look upon. Mid-morning was past when they

walked their ponies up the slope of the terrace. The bare level, back of the you prefer." warehouse, was dotted with groups of stolld, half-naked Indians.

"Look!" exclaimed the girl. "What is it?" he asked.

"Don't you see? There is not woman or child among them. Let us go and find out what Pere thinks of it."

CHAPTER VI.

Thunderbolt.

But Dupont was not at home. When they failed to find him either in the store or the living rooms, Marie stepped to the door for another look at the Indians, and then calmly went in to prepare a noon dinner. Vandervyn sauntered over to the of-

fice. On the way back he observed Redbear, out back of the warehouse, drifting unobtrusively from one group of Indians to another. Hardy was at his desk in the office, intent on the government treaty with the tribe

At noon, as the head chief of the tribe had not yet arrived, Hardy and Vandervyn started to go for their midday meal. As they rounded Hardy's cabin, they were overtaken by Dupont. who came from the direction of the stable. His face was as stolld as the faces of the chiefs and headmen among whom he had passed. "Well, Jake, what's the good word?"

inquired Vandervyn. The trader gloomlly shook his head.

"Ain't none, Mr. Van. No women, no

creek." "Do you mean they expect trouble?" asked Hardy.

"Well, it kind of looks that way," anwered Dupont. "Explain," ordered Hardy.

"You remember I told you there was t lot of bad blood stirred up. It all same- That's old Ti-owa-konza, the head chief. If he's feeling bad, we'd rifle thrust from under the outspread better look out."

"I am confident there will be no trouble," said Hardy. "We have only to find out the cause of the ill feeling row of subchlefs, and after a deliberaand remove it."

"If it can be removed," qualified Vandervyn.

"Better figure on letting the warehouse go and piling into my place, Cap, "Come. I will not hurt you, Olnna. if they start to ki-yi," suggested Dupont. "I'll show you how I got it all loopholed. Water inside and a lot of is wrong shall be made right." grub and ammunition-we can hold it don't go back on us."

> "They will not, nor will there be any outbreak," insisted Hardy. "Do not needlessly alarm your daughter."

"Can't scare her," grunted Dupont They were now almost at the house porch. Marie appeared in the doorway, aglow with animation.

"Good day, Captain Hardy. I fear we had breakfast too early for you. Pere, you look sober as an awl. You can't be afraid of an outbreak. What if they do turn loose? I have everything ready-all the loopholes opened forced the girl to obey. "Don't be silly, and the ment brought in from the icehouse. It will keep in the cellar,"

Hardy followed the others into the parlor, and looked at the slots cut



Bare Level Was Dotted With Stolid, Half-Naked Indians.

through the wallpaper to expose the loopholes, from which the chinks had been removed.

"Miss Dupont," he said, "you are a very brave young lady." "Yes, it took courage to cut my wallpaper," she replied.

"And all for nothing, I feel sure," "Well, it's best to be ready, in case,"

muttered Dupont. The girl's eyes sparkled, "I wouldn't fun it must have been in the old days!" "Fun?" exclaimed Vandervyn.

"I have no doubt we could defend the house," remarked Hardy. could hold out until the arrival of troops. But there will be no uprising, no trouble."

"Oh, captain!" protested Marie. They passed on into the dining room where the silent Indian boy at once served dinner. It was a plain family meal. But the china and plated ware were artistic, the table linen was clean, and the food very well cooked.

Dupont was still gormandizing when Redbear came with the news that Ti-owa-konza had at last reached the agency. The halfbreed looked so worried that Vandervyn rose from the table as quickly as Hardy, Dupont back for the trenches again. He turned and saw Oinna with the paused with a slice of pumpkin pie

"What's the rumpus, Charlie?" he asked. "Old Thunderbolt ain't gone on the warpath, has he?"

"No, he looks quiet now. But one of the headmen told me he said he would wipe out the agency if the new agent didn't do what he wanted." Dupont muttered one of the two

oaths ever ready on his tongue: "Nom

d'un chien! Cap, you sure ain't going to risk all our scalps by bucking his game?" "I shall see what he wants, and then do what I consider right," replied Hardy, "Miss Dupont, I ask you to stay close indoors. May I ask you to

have your Indian boy take my mare down to Redbear's sister, with orders for her to escape if she hears any firing? Mr. Vandervyn, you may remain here or join myself and Redbear, as "I'll go along with you, captain. You

may have to fight your way back here." Hardy nodded in approbation of the spirited reply, bowed to Marie, and started for the agency buildings with a step that was brisk yet dignified. The Indians had assembled for the council in a semicircle, three rows deep, facing the rear of the warehouse. Hardy went first to his cabin, where he "broke" his rifle and put a piece of the mechanism into his pocket.

"There shall be no display of weapons on our part," he ordered. "You will not take your rifles. At close quarters your revolvers will be more effective. Carry them concealed." "We will put on coats," said Vander-

vyn. "Come to my cabln." "Meet me at the office," directed Hardy, and he walked on ahead, cool and resolute.

The others soon rejoined him, Redbear in an old shooting Jacket, and major," in perfect tune. - London Vandervyn in a frock coat and tile, to Times, Hardy reminiscent of smart society, but to the Indians emblematic of paleface dignity. When the little party came around the end of the warehouse to take up their position before the silently awaiting assembly, the covert turned upon the chief clerk, Soon, however, they shifted to the erect milltary figure of the new agent, and remained fixed.

The Indian police, fully armed, start-

children, no old men-just bucks. No ed to file out of the guardhouse. Hards trading- I been over to the p'leece waved them back, and sented bimself camp. Ponies all in; tepees down, on the chair that Redbear had brough They're gitting ready to silp down from the office. With a calm, direct gaze, Hardy studied the appearance of the triple row of Indians, To an inexperienced eye they could not have appeared more peaceably disposed. But Hardy's keen eyes noted that the blankets of some of the men in the rear were hunched out over well-filled quivers of arrows. Here and there or turns on whether Thunderbolt feels the the ground beside the subchlefs who formed the front row a muzzle of a

> blanket ends. Hardy at last fixed his gaze on Thunderbolt, who sat in the center of the tive silence that accorded with the Indian idea of etiquette, spoke to Redbear: "Tell them that I am pleased to meet in council with the head chief and subchiefs and headmen of the tribe. I am here to find out what has

troubled the tribe and to see whatever

Redbear glanced at Vandervyn, who ag'in the whole tribe, if the p'leece stood behind Hardy. The eyes of the chief clerk narrowed, and his small, red mouth straightened. Redbear drew in a quick breath, faced about, and addressed the assembly. What he said took several moments to deliver,

The hush that followed seemed to quiver with suppressed hostility. though the faces of the Indians remained stolid. At last old Ti-ownkonza ventured a response. His tone and bearing were mild. He first spoke soothingly to his fellow councilors, and then addressed Hardy in dignified remonstrance. When he sat down again, Redbear stood silent, uneasy and vacil-"Interpret," ordered Hardy.

"I-I-it isn't easy. You mightn't like it," mumbled the halfbreed. "Never mind that, Proceed."

"Well, it's not easy to get it just the same," hesitated Redbear. He glanced at Vandervyn, licked his lips, and be-

"He says all this land belongs to the tribe; that the white man has no business here. He says that he is not sorry Mr. Nogen was killed, but he is sorry that you have come here. He says his people do not like the Longknives, who used to kill them, and they do not want you for agent, because you are a chief of the Longknives. He says they like Mr. Van. and they want him to be their agent, THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF T

> How long do you think it will take Hardy to find out that he is being double-crossed by Vandervyn and Redbear? Will Marie help him-or do you think she is crooked too?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GETTING USED TO SHELLS

Narrow Escapes Do Not Even Pro voke a Comment in the Present War. As we bowled down the road toward group of brick houses on the left, a

shell passed not more than 50 yards in front of us and through the side of one of these houses as easily as a circus rider pops through a tissue paper hoop. Almost at the same instant anmind a day or two of fighting. What other exploded-where I haven't the least iden, except that the dust from it hit us in the face. The motor rolled smoothly along meanwhile, and the "We Belgian soldler driving it stared as imperturbably ahead of him as if he were back at Antwerp on the seat of his taxleab.

You get used to shells in time, it seems, and, deciding that you either are or are not going to be hit, dismiss responsibility and leave it all to fate. I must admit that in my brief experience I was not able to arrive at this restful state. We reached at last the city gate through which we had left Antwerp, and the motor came to a stop just at the inner edge of the passage under the fort, and I said goodby to the young Englishman ere he started "Well," he called after me as I start-

gate and the house, a stone's throw away, "you've had an experience, anyway." I was just about to answer that un doubtedly I had when-"Tzee-ce-ceee-r"-n shell just cleared the ram parts over our heads and disappeared in the side of a house directly in front of us with a roar and a geyser of

dust. Neither the motor nor a guest's

duty now detained me, and, waving

ed across the open space between the

him goodby, I turned at right angles and made with true civilian speed for the shelter of a side street. The progress of the motor seemed slow and disappointing. Not that the spot a quarter of a mile off was at all less likely to be hit, yet one felt conscious of a growing desire to be some where else. And though I took off my hat to keep it from blowing off, found that every time a shell went over I promptly put it on again, indicating, one suspected, a decline in what the military experts call morale.

-Collier's Weekly.

Better Than Fish Stories. C. O. Bartrum informs us that he has heard the major triad sung as an arpeggio by a blackbird. E. B. Hawes has heard a blackbird "singing two triplets in succession, beginning with the fifth and going down." M. L. Hovenden reports that a thrush has

been heard at Streatham "singing the first line of the tune of 'The Campbells Are Coming"; F. G. Highe of Castleacre, Norfolk, has heard : thrush "which frequently repeats the arpeggio of the major triad" and H C. Barton has heard a thrush "distinctly whistle the three notes of the minor subdominant chord, followed by the three notes of the tonic of the relative

Fullness of the Heart. In the days before the war there

was a story of a prima donna, wrestling with her inadequate knowledge of our language to express her gratiglances of the many beadlike eyes first tude to a Dublin audience, who wished she could have a window over her heart to show how she felt, when the irrespressible gallery boy cried: Won't a pane in the stummick do as IF YOUR CHILD IS CROSS. FEVERISH, CONSTIPATED

Look Mother! If tongue is coated cleanse little bowels with "California Syrup of Figs."

Mothers can rest easy after giving *California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels, and you have well, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy be cause they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is promp

and sure. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bot tle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for bables, children of all ages and for grown-ups .- Adv

Good-By Luck!

Two colored women were passing North side residence this morning and by way of greeting, one of the women said to the other:

"Why, hello, Mandy. Is you happy? "Why, 'cose I'se happy," sald the other. "Have you got a husband?" "Of course, I ain't got a husband

That's why I'm happy." "Well, doggone the luck! I'm goin' t' git you a husband," was the parting word as the two women separated.-Indianapolis News.

MOTHER'S JOY SALVE

Colds, Croup, Pneumonia and Asthma: GOOSE GREASE LINIMENT Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Sprains. For sale by all Druggists GOOSE GREASE COMPANY, MFR'S. Greensboro, N. C .- Adv.

Rabbit's Rise in Importance.

When we used to go hunting down

the country, quall had to be might) scarce before we would waste any non munition on a rabbit. Sometimes, late in the day, we would kill three or four rabbits to give to the watchdogs on the way home to amuse them while we operated in the persimmon orchards but that was about the extent of our interest in the rabbit. But times have changed. Fried rabbit nowadays bas assumed a place alongside of liver and siriola and prime ribs au jus.-Kansas City Star.

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