

KEELER, AT 80, GOES TO WORK

After fourteen years of enforced idleness because of ill health, J. H. Keeler, widely-known Maryland citizen, has gained forty pounds at the age of eighty years and gone back to work every day. Mr. Keeler, who resides at 3700 Thirty-Second St., Mt. Ranier, Md., gives entire credit for his extraordinary rehabilitation to Taniae.

"My stomach was in such terrible condition I could hardly digest a thing," says Mr. Keeler. "It would swell to nearly twice its normal size and I would have frightful pains through my stomach and back. I felt so weak, dizzy and miserable work was out of the question. In fact, my friends gave me up on three or four occasions.

"Five months ago I began taking Taniae and improved from the very first bottle. I now eat anything on the table, have gained forty pounds, and am back at work every day. Actually, I feel like a boy again. It would be ungrateful of me not to praise Taniae."

Taniae is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 37 million bottles sold.

Taniae Vegetable Pills are Nature's own remedy for constipation. For sale everywhere.—Advertisement.

Growing Weary.

"Looky here," sternly chided Constable Slackpater of Petunia. "I've been shuddering you for three, four days now, and ain't found out a single thing against you."

"Yes," replied the stranger. "I have observed you doing so."

"Well—got-ran. It—do something pretty quick or hanged. I don't see rest you, shorn? I'm getting tired of your foolishness."—Kansas City Star.

Not So Long.

"How long has it been since you read the Bible?"

"Lassie. Lemme finger. I ain't never read it still. How long is 'at?"

—Nashville Tennessean.

Keeping your mouth shut is an easy way to keep from hurting people's feelings.

MRS. LINDQUIST TELLS WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did for Her

Kansas City, Mo.—"I was left in a very serious condition after childbirth and no one thought I could ever be any better. I was so nervous and didn't sleep. For nearly two years I was this way and the doctor was frank enough to tell me that he could do no more for me. Shortly after this I happened to see in a newspaper an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to others when I have the opportunity."—Mrs. MAY LINDQUIST, 2214 Independence Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Do Your Feet Hurt?

When shoes pinch or corns and bunions ache, get a package of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder to be shaken into the shoes. It takes the sting out of corns, bunions and callouses, and gives instant relief to Smarting, Aching, Swollen feet. At night when your feet ache and burn from walking or dancing sprinkle some Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath and you will solve your foot troubles. Over 1,500,000 pounds of powder for the feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war. Sold everywhere.

PILES

"One Bottle Colac Pills Did Wonders"

"My case is of long standing, but one bottle of Colac Pills has done wonders. They have done more for me than all the doctors." Charles Ammerman, 202 Howard St., Bellefonte, Pa. COLAC PILE PILLS are a real internal remedy. COLAC stimulates circulation in lower bowel where piles originate and drives them away. Do away with piles, suppositories and operations. Only 60c at druggists or 60c postpaid plain wrapped from Colac Chemical Co., Glens Falls, N. Y.

Take BEECHAM'S PILLS for Constipation

W. N. U. PITTSBURGH, NO. 26-1923.

GIFT OF THE DESERT

By Randall Parrish

Copyright by A. C. McClung & Co.

"I'VE KILLED HIM!"

SYNOPSIS.—On the isolated Meager ranch, on the southern border of Nebraska, Meager, a trained nurse, is in attendance on Mrs. Meager, whose husband has recently been killed. Immediately after the death, Bob Meager, Mrs. Meager's stepson, arrives and takes possession. He invites Deborah and she resolves to leave, but there seems no possibility of her getting away. Meager glazes over Deborah's plight. He tells her he has been sent for a justice of the peace, who will marry them tomorrow. Horrified, the girl secures a revolver. The justice, meanwhile, having Meager, arrives with a party, among them the "Frisco Kid," a notorious desperado. Despite Deborah's protests, the justice performs the marriage ceremony. She escapes and reaches her room. There she stuns Meager with the revolver and rushes to the stables, hoping to secure a horse and escape. There she meets the "Frisco Kid," who, however, inspires her with confidence and also explains the situation. The "Kid" tells her his name is Daniel Keeler, that he is no friend of Meager.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Yes, I will tell you, Daniel Keeler," she said gravely. "I must trust someone, and you seem to be the one sent. All I know of you is that you are an American. I am an American also, and a woman. If that does not appeal to you, then nothing else will. I have told you already who I am and how I came here. The remainder of the story is brief. I have had nothing to do with Bob Meager since he returned, immediately after his father's sudden death. There was no opportunity for me to leave the ranch, so I remained in care of Mrs. Meager. Until last evening I never even encountered Bob but once. Then he came unexpectedly into his stepmother's room. He was brutal and insulting to me both. After that I kept out of his way, and he apparently ignored my presence entirely. I did not notice, however, that he was getting rid of all the old employees on the ranch, and replacing them with Mexicans. Evidently he wanted no Americans about here."

"I understand; not his kind."

"So I thought, but with no conception that this change had any reference to me."

"It did have, then?"

"So it seems now. He came upon me suddenly alone last evening. There was no chance for me to get away, and I had to listen to what he said. She dropped her face into her hands, but instantly lifted it again, and went on, her voice strengthening with indignation. Keeler made no movement.

"He—he was not even decent about what he had to say. I was merely a chattel he had to deal with, a slave to

me."

"No, I had no chance. I got away from them, and ran to my room, where I meant to lock myself in, but someone had taken the key. I shut the door behind me and got the revolver out of a drawer, determined to defend myself. The men followed, but stopped outside in the hall. I could hear them laugh and talk; then they went back to the front room again. Bob was so sure I couldn't get away, he wasn't afraid to leave me there. He planned to get drunk first, and then come back."

"Sure; that would be his style; and you wanted? You didn't try to get away?"

"Get away? Where could I go? Only out into the desert, and those men would have trailed me if I tried that. Yes, I wanted in the dark, desperate, determined to kill him when he came. And he came finally, so drunk he could hardly stand, but ugly with the liquor. I do not seem to remember exactly what did happen; he laughed and jested at me, and got hold of the scapular before I had courage to fire. Then we struggled, and the grip of his hands drove me mad. The revolver fell to the floor, but I got it, and struck at him with all my might. That was all; he lay just there, and never moved; I came up his face in the starlight, but—but I couldn't make myself touch him. I—I believed he was dead, that I had killed him."

"Never mind, little girl," interrupted Keeler firmly, "maybe he was, but I doubt it; guys like that are not crooked so easy. Then, I take it, you ran away?"

"Yes; I—I couldn't stay there, and I thought perhaps there might be a chance, if I could only find a horse somewhere. I knew the others were all drunk, and I would not be missed before morning. I had to try, and that was how I came to be here. You—you understand now?"

"Yes, I understand, and I am going to stay with you. But first, let's get this straight. The main question is, are you ready to trust me as a white man?"

"Yes—I am."

"That means a lot more than you think right now," he went on, but evidently encouraged by her line.

"Because it ain't going to be so easy getting away. I don't take any stock in Bob's being dead; he's got a knock-out, that's all, and when he comes to himself again he's going to be raving. He'll have every rider on this ranch on our trail, and the best we can reckon on is maybe three hours' start. You got to stay with me, and do just what I say—and, girl, that sure means you must trust me plumb to the limit. Do you see that? This ain't going to be no canter between here and Nogales; the only chance we've got is to hide out, first in the desert, and then in the hills. I'm telling it to you rough; but you better know it now than later."

I went back to the house; what else was there I could do?"

"Nothing, I reckon, unless you killed the ass. What did you do?"

"I do be but wait, desperately. I tried to explain to the man who came to marry us, but he wouldn't listen. He was just a creature Bob Meager had picked up to serve him."

"Sure! I know him—Garity, he'd murder his mother for a drink of booze."

"That is he really a judge?"

"He's a justice of the peace down at Nogales."

"Then I was really married? It—it was legal?"

"Damn if I know about that. I think likely the whole outfit would swear you consented. Who were in the gang?"

John Sanchez, a ranch foreman, and a black-faced fellow who came out from Nogales."

"Arrah, they'd swear anything Bob told them. They'd make it out you were married all right."

"But not I'm not, not now?"

"Not now? What do you mean?"

"I've—I've killed him!"

CHAPTER VI

A New Alliance.

For a moment Keeler did not move; then, impulsively he groped for her hand in the darkness. "But I—I am not sure some girl you are. But are you certain you killed him?"

"I—I think so—yes," she stammered, totally surprised by the way in which he greeted her news. "But I—I am not exactly sure. All I know is he is lying there on the floor of my room, and he never moved after he was struck."

"Knew? You did not shoot, then?"

"No; I had no chance. I got away from them, and ran to my room, where I meant to lock myself in, but someone had taken the key. I shut the door behind me and got the revolver out of a drawer, determined to defend myself. The men followed, but stopped outside in the hall. I could hear them laugh and talk; then they went back to the front room again. Bob was so sure I couldn't get away, he wasn't afraid to leave me there. He planned to get drunk first, and then come back."

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"You mean you shall have to be alone together—for some time?"

"That's the stuff. We ain't going to have an easy gallop into town. You don't know me from Adam, and if you did, I reckon you wouldn't go a mile with me. I ain't very highly thought of along this border, but if you don't feel that you can go the limit, then the best thing for you to do, maybe, is to stay here, and scrap it out with Bob Meager. My notion is this run

to repose trust in him? Who was the man? Why was he at the ranch if he had no connection with Bob Meager? What would his presence there imply? The ranch was an no commonly used trail, visitors never came at all required miles of desert travel, with no little hardships. There must always be an object in such a journey. What could it be in this case? Was the fellow a mere drifter, seeking a job? A fugitive from justice, hiding from the law? or actually in Meager's service? Surely he must be one of the three, nothing else would account for his presence under such circumstances.

Yet she liked, and trusted him; felt no fear of the man. So far as his relations with her were concerned, not a doubt of his absolute goodness assailed her. She believed his promises. Outlaw, fugitive, border desperado, he had won her faith already. The reaction she experienced from being helplessly alone caused her now to put all hope on this stranger who had so mysteriously come to her rescue. She cared not who he might be, or from whence he came. Enough that he was there, strong-armed, capable, fearless, willing to befriend her, to guide her safely. It was in this spirit of almost blind confidence that the girl welcomed his return when he finally emerged from the black shadows, leading her, his trailing quickly behind, through the normal gate.

He added and bridled the two rapidly, evidently accustomed to working in the dark.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Put your foot in my hand. This is my horse; he'll carry you fine. Now, up you go. Take your water bottle. I'll strap it to the pommel where it will be handy."

He swung into the saddle himself, restraining the half-broken animal with an iron hand.

"You know the way down the mesa?"

"He asked, "the Nogales trail?"

"Of course."

"Then ride ahead, and I'll follow. I may have trouble with this brute before he learns who is master. Just go straight on out into the desert. I'll not be far away."

She rode forward, never questioning his right to command. The horse unperceived, walked steadily at a swift pace, alert but well-trained, obedient to the slightest pressure of her fingers on the rein. Her courage was high; she was no longer alone; the dread of the desert had left her.

Deborah found passage down the steep hillside and had advanced some distance across the level, before Keeler joined her. No words were exchanged between them as he reined his horse beside her own. Evidently the man was satisfied with her knowledge of the trail as well as her progress made. He turned in the saddle, gazing searchingly back at the dim outline of the mesa, now barely visible through the gloom.

"There is something wrong?" she asked, troubled by his silence.

"No, nothing stirring. I circled the bunkhouse before leaving; the whole outfit is still asleep. I was just getting directions fixed in my mind. We are going a route I haven't traveled lately."

"But the Nogales trail is not difficult to follow."

"That is exactly what is wrong with it," he explained, his face now turned forward. "It is so easily followed, we could never get far enough ahead of pursuit to be safe. They will jump to the conclusion that you have gone this way, of course. I am hoping they will believe you have gone alone."

"Do they know you were at the ranch?"

"Yes, unfortunately; but my disappearance during the night will not necessarily make them conclude we have disappeared together." He laughed. "I haven't a reputation for remaining very long in any one place, so my going will create no particular suspicion. Then I've covered things the best I could. They'll be sure you've gone this way—because it's the only trail you know anything about—but they won't have the ghost of an idea what has become of me. That is exactly what I'm aiming to do—get the bunch riding this trail, thinking you're going to blind, and that all they've got to do in order to catch you is to ride hard enough. Then they won't stop to read 'Sign-see'."

"But—but I do not, she ventured doubtfully. "It seems to me we are going exactly what they expect us to do."

"Sure; I'm counting on two hours and a half, or maybe three hours of darkness yet. An hour will bring us to Silver Springs. Silver Springs is where we take a side trip. The scout I'm now with, and I, will be on our way from there the whole United States couldn't find where you was hid away."

"I—I know now who you are," she managed to say. "You—you are the 'Frisco Kid.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STATE TO MARK BOUNDARY LINES

Markers With Suitable Inscriptions To Be Erected By Highway Department

TO SHOW STATE BOUNDARIES

Interesting News Items, Briefly Condensed, Picked Up at the Department Which Are of Interest to the People of the State.

Harrisburg, Pa.—The State Highway Department is working on plans to mark Mason and Dixon's line, the most famous boundary in the United States and long a historic location. The work will be similar to that undertaken at various county lines the department at various points. The department of Highways has announced. All state highways which intersect this boundary line will have a white reinforced concrete marker which will be inscribed by the line and in addition to the words "Pennsylvania" and "Maryland" will bear the inscription, "Mason and Dixon Line." Erection of a marker at the extreme southwestern border of the State, telling the story of the creation of the West Virginia "Panhandle" also is proposed. When Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon were running the original line in 1783-88 their instructions were to carry the survey all the way to the Ohio river, the department explained.

Frequently they encountered bands of Indians who attempted to divert them, with the suggestion that the surveyors were exceeding the charter grant. The department's statement said. "Essentially at a point west of what is now the hamlet of Harrison, Green County, the surveying party found its path entirely blocked by a large party of Indians, the leader of which declared Mason and Dixon would not be permitted to proceed to the Ohio river as was their original intention. Consequently the surveyors turned north at that point and ran what is now the western boundary of Pennsylvania. The narrow strip between that boundary and the Ohio river eventually began the West Virginia Panhandle."

Markers similar to those to be erected along the Mason and Dixon line will be erected also on all other State highways which intersect the boundary lines of Pennsylvania.

Gasoline Tax Set at \$285,813. Gasoline tax collection for June on May sales totaled \$285,813, as compared with \$10,244 for May, 1922. State Treasurer Charles A. Snyder announced today. Philadelphia county led with \$73,193. Allegheny with \$64,740 was second and Montgomery with \$13,623 third. Forest County collected the least, \$157. Other county collections included Berks, \$8,651; Bucks, \$4,963; Chester, \$8,320; Clinton, \$1,157; Crawford, \$1,175; Erie, \$11,216; Fayette, \$475; Lancaster, \$9,389; Lawrence, \$2,543; Lehigh, \$20,146; Luzerne, \$2,593; Lycoming, \$1,680; Mercer, \$1,873; Northampton, \$4,664; Schuylkill, \$6,221; and York, \$8,124.

Will Investigate Text Books. The resolution of Representative C. A. Whitehouse of Schuylkill County providing that the Department of Public Instruction shall make an immediate investigation of all text books of history in use in the public schools of the state to ascertain if any of them "incite, omit, discount or in any manner belittle, ridicule, falsify, question, doubt or deny events leading up to the Declaration of Independence or connected with the American Revolution, or the spirit, determination or patriotism with which this nation was founded," has been approved by Gov. Pinchot.

Lead in Forestry Planting. During the spring of 1923, thirty coal companies planted more forest trees than any other group of tree planters in the state, according to an announcement made by Major R. Y. Stuart, secretary of forests and waters. They planted a total of 1,137,175 trees. This number will reforest about 1,200 acres of idle land, and when the trees reach maturity they should yield at least \$6,000,000 board feet of lumber.

Walnut Gets Appointment. Announcement of the appointment by Gov. Pinchot of T. Henry Walnut, as chairman of the State Workmen's Compensation Board has been announced. Mr. Walnut, an attorney and former assistant United States district attorney, will take the place made vacant by Harry A. Mackey, who was appointed under the Brumbaugh administration. The position carries a salary of \$7,500 a year.

Many Ticks Examination. Thirty-eight applicants took the examinations for the ten scholarships, which are being offered by the State Forest School at Mount Alto. Besides the ten scholarship students, fifteen non-scholarship students are to be admitted next September. Lack of accommodations at the school caused more than half the applications for admittance to be refused. According to Dr. H. A. Zeigler, director of the State Forest School, who supervised the examinations said that physically this year's applicants were the finest

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



BELLANS INDIGESTION TABLETS
6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Census of Greenland. The population of Greenland, according to an official census completed by the Danish government, the results of which have just been made known, consisted of 274 Europeans, practically all Danes, and 14,581 natives, states the American consul at Copenhagen in a report to the Department of Commerce. The natives number 4,720 men and 7,862 women.

Idleness is emptiness, the tree in which the sap is stagnant remains fruitless.—Bailton.

Instant relief from CORNS without risk of infection

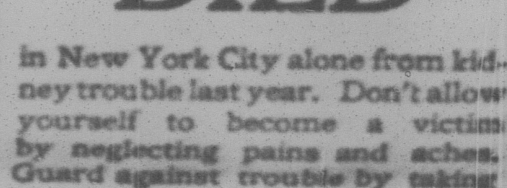


Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Made in the Laboratories of The Scholl Mfg. Co., makers of Dr. Scholl's Corn-Cure, Callus-Remover, etc. Get a box today at your druggist or shoe dealer's.

Put one on—the pain is gone!

16799 DIED

In New York City alone from kidney trouble last year. Don't allow yourself to become a victim by neglecting pains and aches. Guard against trouble by taking



LATHROP'S GOLD MEDAL HAARLUM OIL
The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Holland's standard remedy since 1896. All druggists, three sizes. Guaranteed. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

FRECKLES

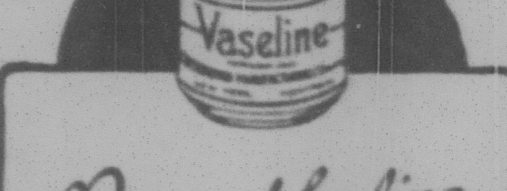
Don't Hide Them With a Veil, Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double-strength Othine. It is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

Skin Tortured Babies Sleep Mothers Rest After Cuticura



Pure and healing, a grateful aid on countless occasions

GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMA COMPOUND

quickly relieves the distressing symptoms. Used for 25 years and remains of same purity and effectiveness in treatment of throat and lung diseases by Dr. J. H. Guild, FRED TULL, D.O., Treatise on Asthma, the cause, treatment, etc., sent upon request. See and be convinced. 25c and \$1.00 at druggists. J. H. GUILD CO., BUREAU, W.C.