

VETERAN JUDGE GIVES FACTS IN HIS CASE

Honorable A. P. Tarbox, distinguished lawyer and judge, residing at 217 West 23rd St., University Place, Neb., lends his name to further the cause of Taniae, the famous treatment that has proved of such great benefit to him.

"If anybody knows what Taniae will do," recently said Judge Tarbox, "it is me, for the medicine has kept me on my feet and able to work for the past two years."

Judge Tarbox has been a member of the bar since early manhood and has practiced law in Illinois, Nebraska and Oklahoma for more than a half century. He is a charter member of Farquhar Post, Lincoln, G. A. R., and also prominent in fraternal order circles. Speaking further of his experience with Taniae, Judge Tarbox said:

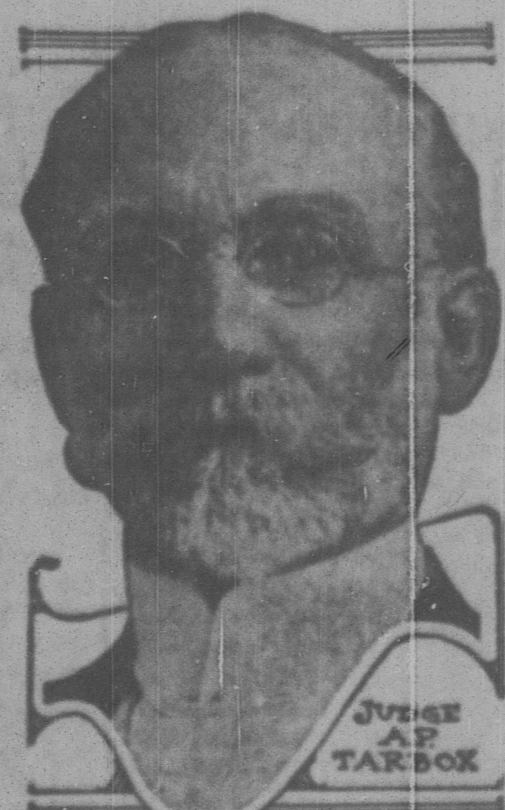
"Somehow trouble had been the bane of my existence even before the Civil War. Indigestion such as I had is about the worst enemy a person could have, and it kept getting worse all the time."

"I simply could not have kept going the past two years if it had not been for Taniae. It made my weak stomach sound and wholesome, did away with all signs of indigestion and built me up in a way I had thought impossible."

"In fact, Taniae has brought me health, strength and happiness when I was sick and suffering, so I have every reason to give it my unqualified endorsement and praise."

Taniae is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 40 million bottles sold.

Take Taniae Vegetable Pills for constipation. Made and recommended by the manufacturers of Taniae.



Judge A. P. Tarbox

reason to give it my unqualified endorsement and praise."

Take Taniae Vegetable Pills for constipation. Made and recommended by the manufacturers of Taniae.

JAQUES LITTLE MINNESOTA CAPSULES Auto Intoxication. Auto Intoxication is caused by fermenting food which produces acids. To prevent acidosis, remove the acids. One of the best ways to do this is to take a course of water pills to restore normal digestion and regulate bowels.

WORMS in Children and Older Folk. Causes many cases of constipation, flatulence, headache, nausea, and loss of sleep and concentration. FRET'S VERMIFUGE is a safe, reliable remedy for all cases of worm infestation.

GUARANTEED SQUARE TIME EMPLOYMENT. MONEY TO INVEST. MONEY TO BORROW. MONEY TO LEND. MONEY TO SAVE. MONEY TO SPEND. MONEY TO GIVE. MONEY TO TAKE.

SAVE YOUR EYES! Clear your eyes of all impurities. Clear your eyes of all impurities. Clear your eyes of all impurities. Clear your eyes of all impurities.

Test for Tet. Mrs. Crawford—Did you succeed in getting an extra allowance? Mrs. Crawford—Not exactly, but my husband says he's willing to give me a bonus providing I show him how he is to raise the money—Chicago Journal.

Children Cry for "Castoria" Especially Prepared for Infants and Children of All Ages. Mother's Friend's Castoria has been in use for over 30 years as a pleasant, harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrup. Contains no narcotics. Forthright directions are on each package. Dispensed everywhere.

Up Ladder of Fame From Bottom Rung. The fact that a labor government is now sitting in the seats of the nation has focused the mind of the nation on the wonderful advance made from hell and mines and footplate to high offices of state, says London Tit-Bits.

It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that it is a new thing to start at the foot of the social ladder and climb to the top. Don Johnson, poet and scholar, whose aptitude, "O Rose Don Johnson" is one of the characteristics of Westchester ability, started at the bottom of the ladder, with a book in his pocket and a lover.

SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS. There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidney, liver and bladder.

No Problem at All. An instructor in an automobile school was instructing his class in regard to breakdowns on the road, and how to make rapid repairs for same.

Weatherman's Dick. Weatherman, popular in century ago, and which disappeared from general use about a generation back, are coming into vogue again in America. This probably is due to the increasing use of copper in a weatherproof material for the veins, and the revival of colonial architecture. In contrast to weatherman of the past, which were conventional, atreous, homes, or hives, gilded, the new weatherman are more works of art, and lack the garish appearance imparted by gold leaf.

Dead to Trouble. "That new water is very ruin when people kick." "Honest of experience. He used to serve subpoenas." The quickest generosity is the best.—Arabian Proverb.

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Diamonds of Malopo By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

He went back. The animal had not moved. He looked about him. In the far distance were the faintest blue outlines of hills. It occurred to him that De Witt might have been making for them. And he might as well go forward as turn back.

He trudged on endlessly, leading the horse, the sun a grilling fire above him. His boots were burned through from contact with the hot stones. Loose shale and flints slipped under his tread.

The sun, even in its descent, seemed to grow hotter. Winton was half dead from thirst. The panting horse was becoming a burden. At last it stood still and dropped slowly upon its knees. It looked at him and whinnied.

As Winton glanced hopefully over the plain his eyes were arrested by the sight of a dark object lying an indefinite distance away. It was too large for a man—too black for a rock. And there were no rocks anywhere for the whole plain seemed to have been crushed flat by a giant steam-roller.

Winton made his way toward it. It began to take form; it was a dead horse. It had dropped in its tracks, and its sufferings had been ended by a bullet through the head. But there were no signs of a rider, and it was impossible to distinguish any foot-prints on the ground.

Winton drew his revolver, took careful aim behind the ear, and fired. The horse's head went down—it quivered, rolled on its side, and died.

And he went on. By degrees his journey became automatic, so that he was hardly conscious of his surroundings. He saw only the distant hills and the western sun descending with tantalizing slowness. His tongue swollen and numb, seemed to distend his cheeks. Sometimes the stony desert yielded for a few steps to sparse patches of stony ferns, indicating the hope of some fertile region beyond, but it always began again.

The sun dipped into the west, and still the man staggered onward. The significance of the patches of stony scrub was lost to him, of the rugged and broken terrain, of the foothills about him, with their straggling masses. But suddenly Winton stopped, trembling.

Green grass was at his feet, and out of a fissure in the ground there bubbled a little spring, unguessed at by the map-makers. It was a tiny unknown oasis in the vast wilderness. De Witt had evidently possessed the secret, and had planned to make this his headquarters until the hue and cry had been dropped.

Winton flung himself upon the earth beside the spring, and, burying his face in the water, drank until his shriveled veins seemed to pulse with new blood.

The sun had set, and the intense heat was changing to the icy cold of the desert night when he arose, rested, and with all the grimness of his resolution serving him to action, he knew that Sheila could not be far away. He looked at his revolver. To his astonishment he discovered that only two shots remained. However, these should be enough—enough, at least, would save Sheila from De Witt; the other—

He would not face the possibilities that awaited himself before him, but rose to his feet, and was about to follow the spring through a valley into the hills when something lying upon the ground attracted his attention.

It was Sheila's handkerchief. He snatched it up and pressed it to his lips. He felt that Sheila had dropped it for an indication, knowing that he would follow. Lightly he stepped forward into the bush-clad hills, among the boulders.

The valley opened. The scene grew dimly again. All round Winton were hills of a precipitous character, which gradually grew steeper until he found himself in a sort of level amphitheater, apparently inclosed, save at the end through which some vegetation grew around the base of the cliffs, but the central portion of the valley was of a dazzling whiteness, as if inclosed with salt or ash.

Each plan was hopeless; but then everything else was hopeless. The minutes seemed lengthening into hours. At last Winton's plans had narrowed down to this: he would not risk discovery until he was assured that Sheila was in imminent danger. For the present she was probably safe. He felt sure she was not in De Witt's tent. Where, then, was she?

As his eyes traveled from spot to spot they lit upon a recess in a wall of rock at the summit of the mountain. The leaping flames of the fire illuminated the interior of what seemed a little cave. And somehow Winton sensed that Sheila was within that.

It was some thirty yards away, and he saw little chance of reaching it unobserved. There was a fringe of grass through which he might crawl for the greater part of the journey, but for the last few feet he would have to traverse bare rock, within a few feet of the fire. Yet he began his task, and it was infinitely arduous and slow. It was a matter of inch-long movements—first of one arm, then of the other, then of the corresponding lower limbs. The dry blades of grass cracked under the slightest movement.

The natives were doing over the fire. Winton had gone perhaps six feet when one of the Hottentots raised himself suddenly to a kneeling position and thrust out his hand toward him, pointing intently through the grass. Winton, perfectly motionless, stared for at least five minutes into the yellow face within a few feet of his own. The man knelt like a statue, the eyeballs glistening in the moonlight, the fingers encircling the spear-shaft.

Suddenly the light faded. The moonlight was cut off abruptly, plunging the land into immediate darkness. Then a few drops of rain began to fall. In half a minute a torrent was descending.

It was the characteristic beginning of a heavy rain storm. Winton, however, was not prepared to cross the open space, there came a flash of lightning that made the world as bright as day. It showed him the form of the Hottentot, motionless where he had been watching, the fingers still about the spear. But it showed him another sight that drew the blood from his heart.

He saw De Witt crouching from the tent to the cave. So momentary was the flash that the movement of his body and limbs seemed caught as on a photographic plate. He was halfway to the cave, hurrying with head bent down to shield his face from the rain. But Winton could still see the look of anticipation on his features, and it was that which gave him, for the second time, the last for his life.

It was borne in upon him then that for no possibility could De Witt and he live in the same world together.

The flash, which had given Winton his final clue to Sheila's hiding-place, had shown him the topography of the mountain cliff. The place was a natural fortress. The only apparent approach was the narrow path along which he had come. Beyond the mountain dropped in a vertical cliff, and beyond that was the stony desert where no tree grew and nothing could live.

In the interval between two succeeding flashes Winton crept noiselessly across the open space in front of the cave and crept forward into the darkness of the interior. As he gained the shelter of the projecting wall, and crouched behind it, hidden alike from the sight of the Hottentots without and from those within, he heard Sheila speaking, and knew that his search was ended.

CHAPTER XVI The Passing of De Witt. "Yes, I am in your power, but do you think he will not avenge the wrong you would do me?" she asked.

"Sheila, listen to reason! We've both fought for you, and I've won. You'll never see him again. He can't find the way here, and even if he knew where you are he couldn't cross the desert. You're in my power—and I'm offering to marry you. Can I be fair?"

"To your own wife?" asked Sheila scornfully. "That happened years ago. Maybe she's dead. I haven't heard of her in five years, and nobody will know about it where I'll take you. You shall have your fling in Johannesburg and live with the best people. Sheila, I love you."

"If you loved me, Mr. De Witt, you would care to threaten me." "You talking plain sense. You're in my power—and nobody will know about it where I'll take you. You shall have your fling in Johannesburg and live with the best people. Sheila, I love you."

"You told the truth," answered Sheila. "What do you mean? Suppose I tell you it wasn't the truth?" "But it was the truth," cried Sheila. "For I have always let it. Blood tells, and mine has called out to me that I was white, white, ever since I was a child in the village. I cling to that belief in spite of everything."

"Well, it was the truth," said De Witt grudgingly. Then his tone softened. "Sheila, I've got you now, and, by Heaven, I won't let you go!" he said.

There was a struggle in the cave. The girl uttered a cry. And at that moment Winton bounded forward. The second cry that came from Sheila's lips was drowned in the roll of the river-erecting thunder that followed a vivid lightning flash. In that instant Winton saw De Witt standing, one arm grasping Sheila to him, while his eyes dilated as he recognized her rescuer confronting him, revolver in hand.

The darkness and the echoes of the thunder seemed interminable. Sheila broke from De Witt with a cry and ran to Winton. He felt her arms about him, but he thrust her gently aside.

"I have you covered," he called to De Witt. "If I hear you stir, or if you cry out, I fire!" No answer came. Winton waited, tense, his revolver aimed at the spot where he imagined De Witt to be. The next flash showed the outlaw standing with his back against the wall of the cave, a dozen feet distant. The flash and De Witt's shot were almost simultaneous.

Winton saw a slip of the rocky wall beside him. He sprang for De Witt, touched him, lost him, and stood panting for the next flash.

It came, and the two shots rang out together, though the sound of the discharge was lost in the rolling thunder and the rattling rain. Both missed, and Winton, perfectly motionless, waited. He would catch the man before he could fire. But he could hear nothing, and he lost his bearings in the complete darkness.

In the light of the next flash Winton saw that De Witt had disappeared. He glared furiously about him. Then a bullet whipped his cheek, he heard a faint crack from one side of him, and he saw, before the light vanished, De Witt's hand and arm apparently from behind the solid wall at the back of the cave.

A series of flashes illuminated the entire interior. Now Winton could see a narrow opening in the wall at the back of the recess. De Witt did not fire—perhaps he thought that Winton had him covered. Winton leaped forward, found the opening, and stepped. Some instinct of caution held him rooted to the spot.

The thunder peals were deafening. The rain was driving into the cave, which was ankle-deep in water. Suddenly Winton realized that the rocks at his feet were heaving a waterway toward him, and he understood his situation. He was standing upon the brink of a deep chasm. A single forward step would have hurled him to destruction.

The same warning instinct that had stopped him at the edge taught him to spring back behind the ledge of the protruding rock. He had just regained this refuge when another flash showed De Witt standing on the opposite brink, less than six feet distant, aiming at where Winton had been.

With horror Winton saw that Sheila stood in the line of fire. She was standing motionless, staring after Winton, horror and anguish on her face. The sight of her peril electrified Winton. He leaped into the darkness. He heard the shot ring out, but his instinct had detected his enemy's aim. And this time he had De Witt in his arms, fumbling the hand that held the revolver.

On the brink of the abyss the two fought for their lives. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Hasty Despatch. Ethel had been warned time and again that she must not keep company with Tom Jones, a young man with a questionable character. But it so happened on this particular night that Ethel's father was the one who greeted the young man as he entered the vestibule of his sweet-heart's home. He no sooner had passed the time of the day than he found himself seated in the middle of the street, assisted by the foot of Ethel's angry father.

"Ethel, just having completed her toilet, came downstairs and asked of her father what had become of Tom." "He just went out," replied the father, gruffly.

"Gone out? How soon will he be back?" asked his daughter. "Well," replied he, with sarcasm, "it he comes back as quickly as he went out he'd be here now."

A fool tries to get square with others, but the wise man spends his time in blocking the attempts of others to get square with him.

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

Greek Chronology. Greek chronology was reckoned in cycles of four years, corresponding with the periodic Olympic games held on the plain of Olympia.

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS. Thick Wind or Choke-dewness is relieved with ABSORBINE also other Runches or Swellings. No matter, no hair loss, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at an application. \$1.50 per bottle delivered. Book 2 & Free. W. F. Young, Inc., 518 Iron St., Springfield, Mass.

Pesky Bed-Bugs P. D. Q. Try just once P. D. Q. Pesky Bed-Bugs—get a preventive or to rid bed bugs, fleas, lice, and ticks. Every family should have it. It is the only reliable remedy for bed bugs, fleas, lice, and ticks. It is the only reliable remedy for bed bugs, fleas, lice, and ticks.

FOR OVER 200 YEARS. Harlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL. correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine Oude Maan.

There is Hope. Professor Murray himself said it years ago, and thousands are echoing the words today. There is hope for YOU! Write for "Murray's Guide to Health" (Dr. Murray's Secret, Pa.). At any first-class druggist's: Murray's Life Saver, Murray's Pain Expeller, Murray's General Health Saver, Murray's Family Saver, Murray's Kidney Saver, Murray's Stomach Saver, Murray's Blood Saver, Murray's Brain Saver, Murray's Nerve Saver, Murray's Heart Saver, Murray's Lung Saver, Murray's Liver Saver, Murray's Gall Saver, Murray's Bladder Saver, Murray's Prostate Saver, Murray's Testes Saver, Murray's Ovaries Saver, Murray's Uterus Saver, Murray's Vagina Saver, Murray's Cervix Saver, Murray's Vagina Saver, Murray's Cervix Saver, Murray's Vagina Saver, Murray's Cervix Saver.

The ideal mouthwash. Zonite used simply as a mouth-wash or gargle does three things: (1) It destroys the breath odor arising from conditions in the mouth. (2) It kills the germs responsible for pyorrhea and other gum diseases. (3) It kills the germs that cause colds, sore throats and most common respiratory diseases. Zonite is absolutely non-poisonous. Is harmless to your druggist's.

BETCHAM'S PILLS. Sweeten the Stomach. 30c and 75c.