Ene Red Albert-Circle O Payson. Terhune

AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHTER," "CALEB CON-OVER," "SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC. **NOVELIZED FROM PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF** THE SAME NAME BY WILL M. RITCHEY.

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, named from a red birthmark on his hand, has served his third prison term. One in each Borden generation, always a criminal, has borne the Red Circle mark. Jim and his son Ted are the only known living of the Bordens. Max Lamar, a detective, is detailed to keep an eye on Jim. June Travis and her mother meet Jim as he is released. Jim and Ted are killed. Next day Lamar sees the Red Circle on a woman's hand outside a curtained automobile. June, marked with the Red Circle, robs Grant, a loan shark. Mary, June's nurse, discovers her theft and tells her she is "Circle Jim's" daughter, though Mrs. Travis does not know, Mary tricks Lamar. June, dressed as a boy, recovers nar. June, dressed as a boy, recovers dary's coat from the police. Lamar visits Smiling Sam." Jim's old crime partner. At the seaside June steals war invention plans from Todd Drew and sinks them in

the sea with her boy's clothes. Sent to Surfton by Smiling Sam, Alma La Salle paints the Red Circle on her hand and robs the guests at a ball. Mary sees her wash off the mark and points her out to Lamar who follows her back to town. EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

"PEACE AT ANY PRICE." Inch by inch, the door began to

give. Under the smashing blows of he had left the shop, on the approach e two men the gap widened. A of Lamar and the officers. agged rent appeared across the surce of the panel. One more mighty crash of the improvised battering m, and the bench-end burst in. There was a hole in the secret door

enough for a slender man to wrigde through. Lamar dived head first ato the breach, closely followed by is companion.

Into the inner room they plunged, d across it, guided by the noise of ighting outside. The low door leading to the yard

Across the yard he raced and out of the gate into the alley, arriving just as the two policemen were abjugation of Mr. Thomas Dunn.

A crack on the head had momentarily dazed that industrious young battler, and before his cigarette-sod. sign: ien brain could clear from the impact one of the policemen had snapped a pair of handcuffs around the prisoner's unwashed wrists.

"Now, then!" said Lamar, briskly, where's your boss?" "Ruh?" grunted Dann.

"I say, where's your boss? Where's Sam Eagan? Where is he hiding? Tom looked dully bewildered.

"I don't know no Sam Eagan," "One of you take him to headquarters," Max ordered. "The chief will find a way to make him talk. You two others go through the building, cellar to roof. I'm going back for another while, if I can find what I want."

A minute later Lamar was back in the wrecked cobbler shop. He had remembered the shoe that had ratled when he so idly played with it on his visit to Sam the previous day. And he set to work looking for it after another, he picked up from the

neap in the corner of the room. And at last he found the shoe he sought. With an awl he pried loose the runlown heel. It was hollow. Empty hough the hollow now was, it corre-



hrust the Hat Into It and Piled the

Sand Over It. oe Alma La Salle had been carry ander her arm when she was ar-

"No sign of Eagan, either in this nining the hollow heel.

hough," answered Lamar, holding up throw away this gorgeous bunch of the shoe, "I've found what I was look- paradise feathers in my hat." ng for. It's the link I needed to

ring you people. Ten minutes later Chief Allen was tening attentively to Max Lamar's

every town in the state: Wanted for Burglary and for "Fence" Work: Samuel Eagan, Alias "Smiling Sam."

"We'll have the city scraped for him. too, of course," added the chief, turning back to Lamar, "but there's not the sand, began to walk slowly toward much use in that. He's too slick to the boathouse. June watched her gohang around here. He'll beat it for watched her until a corner of the boatthe nearest out-of-town hiding place house hid her from view. and lie low there till it's safe to travel farther.

chief had diagnosed the procedure with the skill of a mind reader.

Tom Dunn's heels, had prudently allowed his "lookout," to pass through stant, an impulse seized and mastered the gate into the alley in front of him. her. He himself had lingered for a moment, so that Dunn might prove for him whether or not the coast was clear. At first sound of the scuffle, Sam had darted back from the half-closed

gate and across the yard through the rear doorway of the tumbledown house that adjoined his own. Always prepared for emergencies he

Now, in the hallway of the house he shed his apron, threw it down a coal- from view by the boathouse. A very hole, put on the coat and hat, and very

shop and thence down the street to words: the railroad vards.

line of freight cars. When he came to ing hat." an "empty," he clambered inside and

with thirty others and puffed out of to the shelter of the cliff. as ajar. Through the doorway hur- the yard. Early next day the freight | Meanwhile, the bride, rounding the to scold you, afterward." Lamar, bending double to clear train rumbled slowly past a suburban corner of the boathouse, had beheld station and on into the sand-swept her newly espoused lord and master the distance between them and the waste beyond.

Sam, through a crack in his "sideputting the finishing touches upon the door pullman," had kept rigid tabs on the train's general direction. And now he knew just where he was. He had caught a glimpse of the station's

"Surfton-by-the-Sea."

A brilliant idea struck him. An idea that brought him to his feet with a bound and, tugging open the sliding door of the car, he leaped out.

"This'll be worth a dozen reg'lar hide-out places to me," he chuckled. "Just let me find June Travis and spring the right sort of hard luck whine, and she'll help me out, all right, all right!"

Meanwhile, at Surfton, June Travis had just done what Mary characterized as "a foolish, dangerous thing, if ever there was one."

The girl had sent the following telegram to Lamar-first showing it mischievously to the scandalized and protesting Mary:

Mr. Max Lamar, 512 Blank Building: As your assistant in "Red Circle" cases, I report monkey stolen from Italian organ grinder by girl with Red One disreputable piece of footgear Circle on hand. Mary saw her; gives description of red hair and blue eyes. Better come down and investigate. JUNE TRAVIS.

"You're never going to send that crazy message?" Mary gasped, as June. pausing in their morning walk, at the local telegraph office, scribbled the dispatch and laughingly showed it to

her. For reply June handed the telegram to the desk clerk.

Left alone on the veranda, later June beguiled the time for a half hour or so in jotting down notes on bits of scratch-pad paper-notes for Lamar's guidance in his hunt for the pseudored-haired girl with blue eyes.

Then, growing restless, she set out for a walk along the sand at the base of the cliffs, beyond the village.

June, full of the glory of the sky, strode along the beach with the tread of a young goddess.

Midway in her walk she stopped to watch a queer tableau on the shore, a few yards away from her. A young each other, angry of eye, sharp of voice, quarreling violently. The man was clad in blue serge, and a camera was slung from his shoulder. The white parasol with which she was making impatient gestures. Her sailor hat her insane prank. was adorned by an enormous bird of paradise plume.

At second glance June recognized the couple. They were a Mr. and Mrs. Lake, newlyweds. The bride was an old school friend of June's.

June went forward. The bride recegnized her and greeted her eagerly. from the station to the Travis cottage. "Oh, June Travis!" exclaimed the lding or the next," reported a po- bride. "I'm so glad to see you! Har- Mary, very red-faced and uncomfort- to thank you as I ought to?" ceman, coming in as Max stood ex- ry is being perfectly abominable. What able, was finishing a right untruthful do you think he has the nerve to want version of the monkey-theft. June "Plenty of signs of him here, me to do? He actually wants me to came to her relief.

"Can you blame me. Miss Travis?" nnect Smiling Sam Eagan with put in the groom, "I belong to the the jewel thefts that have been both- Bird Protection society, and I'm not show you where the monkey was sto- pendant chain about her soft white squarder in dreamy idleness. O'Hara, brant hatred suspended between sea going to allow my wife to bring criticism on me."

"Mercy!" exclaimed June in mock tory. Fifteen minutes later the fol- terror. "The man who put his hand ward the garden gate. Lamar gladly

quarrel between husband and wife! slowly and at a distance. This is no place for me!"

pause until she reached the foot of them to Lamar. the cliffs, fully a furlong away. There his trousers pockets, shrug his shoulders peevishly, and stalk away. He did not once look back, but strode on around this and seated himself gloom- the woman-" ily upon a keg at the side most distant from his wife.

She turned to observe the bride. Mrs. Lake had seated herself on the sands, raised her parasol and laid her hat on the beach at her side.

It was the bride who surrendered and, leaving the parasol and hat on

Then, as her own gaze strayed back to the place where the bride had been And in "Smiling Sam's" case, the sitting, June was aware of a throbbing and burning at the back of her right hand. She looked down at the hand. Sam, hastening through the yard at | The Red Circle glowed vividly against the snowy flesh. At the same in-

> Darting forward from the base of the cliffs, June sped to where the hat | photograph what she wrote. Then we'll | should win promotion. lay forgotten on the beach. A little nearer to the water was a cavity, a foot or so deep, that some child with a pail and shovel had that morning dug in the soft sand. June picked up the hat, priceless

bird of paradise plumes and all, went had snatched up his hat and coat as to the hole in the beach, thrust the hat into it and piled the sand over it. Then she glanced furtively along ble!" the shore. The bride was still hidden

devil of mischief danced in June's whisper: sedately walked out of the front door, eyes. She caught up a seashell and

Presently his route took him past a | Circle lady has destroyed the offend- do?"

As June and Lamar went toward the Disregarding their protests, she pier, the girl drew from her belt the raced on, leaving them. She did not notes she had scribbled and handed "These are very, very interesting,

she looked back. She was just in time Miss Travis," he lied, "and they'll be to see Lake dig his hands deep into a great help to me. Thank you for once in her soul. writing them out. I'll study them carefully, after I've-"

"Here is the pier," interrupted June. until he reached a disused boathouse "The Italian was leaning against that farther down the beach. He walked stringpiece asleep, Mary says, when

> "Oh, June! June Travis!" broke in you suppose has just happened?" June turned to see Mr. and Mrs. Lake hurrying toward them. Scarce waiting to acknowledge June's introduction of Lamar, the newlyweds burst

lost hat mystery. Lamar listened with scant interesttete-a-tete with June-until the bride justice. Good night." added:

be peace, the Red Circle lady has destroyed the offending hat!' Think of frame of mind. Patrolman O'Hara

that! It-' "What?" ejaculated Lamar, sharply, 'Red Circle lady?' You're sure?"

"Positive!" declared the groom. "We both saw it. She had written-" "Come!" ordered Lamar. "Show me

have a specimen of her handwriting, anyhow." He hastened off, guided by the Lakes. June stood transfixed with sudden panic. A light touch on her

arm made her start violently. Mary stood at her side. "Mary!" panted the terror-stricken girl. "Listen! I'm in fearful trou-

In a half dozen sentences she told her story, ending with the scared

"He's going to photograph it. Anding-those silly notes on the case-"That there may be peace, the Red in his pocket. Oh, what are we to

"To do?" echoed the valorous old She neatly traced a border around woman, breaking into a run. "We're shut the big reddish door behind him. this queer message, stuck up the para- to get there first and rub out that Late that night his car was coupled sol alongside it and ran guiltily back writing in the sand. That's what we're to do. Run! There'll be time enough

Along the shore they raced. But



Nature's Pitying Hand Had Sponged Out the Tell-Tale Handwriting.

and then murmured indignantly to her- upstanding parasol in the sands.

"No! I won't give in!"

back to where she had been sitting. had crept in. Nature's pitying hand But she could not see the hat and had sponged out the tell-tale handparasol where she had left them. Her writing in the sands. first thought was that someone had the parasol, standing upright in the sand; the marks of small feet leading

to and from it. Puzzled, the bride went to recover sand-saw and read it. With a scream man and a girl were standing facing newer and greater tragedy-she ran

wildly in search of her husband. June waited no longer. With a sigh, she turned to retrace her steps home- mind." ward. Already, the Red Circle had weman was in white. She carried a faded again from her hand. Already she was repentant and disgusted at

> Wondering how best she could make good the loss to Mrs. Lake, she reached her own cottage. In the garden, talking to Mrs. Travis and Marv was Max Lamar, who had just arrived gram, and who had come directly once." June came in upon the group as

"Good morning, Mr. Lamar." she said, taking his eagerly outstretched out the chain to him. Almost reveryou. Come down to the beach and I'll ien. I have some notes to show you, throat, taking an unduly long time in too. Notes I took on the case."

As she spoke, she led the way to- trinket in place. wing message was on its way to between the upper and nether mill- hurried along at her side. Mary, with lieving himself unseen, he stooped low- ognized Max Lamar—the great crime (END OF EIGHTH INSTALLMENT.)

sitting glumly on the keg, with his other three was too great. Breathing back to her. She took a step toward fast and quite exhausted by their long him, hesitated, waited a few moments | run, they came alongside the Lakes in the hope that he might turn around, and Lamar just as Max reached the June almost sobbed aloud in sudden

relief. The parasol ferrule was stand-She turned on her heel and started ing an inch deep in water. The tide

"It-it was here!" Mrs. Lake was exstolen them. Then, some distance plaining, tearfully. "Just right here, down the beach, she caught sight of | Mr. Lamar. And-and now the tide's washed it all away. How horrid!"

Lamar had not come empty-handed to Surfton. That evening he called on her lost possession. As she reached June. As they sat in a window nook the parasol, she saw the writing in the | in the library of the cottage, he said: "I have a surprise for you, Miss -her quarrel quite forgotten in this Travis. I meant to tell you about it this morning. But all that excitement about the menkey and the mysterious writing on the sand, drove it out of my

> He held up a pearl pendant that dangled from a slender gold chain. At sight of it. June cried out in joy:

"Oh, my pearls!" she exclaimed, rapturously. "My beautiful pendant that was stolen!"

"I told you how we found the jewels Alma La Salle stole at the ball," said Max. "I recognized this pendant. And at Surfton, in answer to June's tele- I got leave to bring it back to you at

> "Oh, thank you! Thank you a thousand times. How shall I ever be able "By letting me put the pendant back

> where it belongs," he answered, his eyes agiow. With an embarrassed laugh she held hind her. Caressingly, he placed the

clutched by a sinewy, thick hand, volver was empty. He dropped it and Eagan, with his other hand, wrenched the pistol from O'Hara's belt and transferred it to his own pocket. He wheeled about, as Lamar bounded legs, he proceeded to grip the dumfounded officer and lay him flat and

In a few seconds Eagan was standing above his beaten opponent, pistol primal weapons, they came together

acing him with the revolver "So! Now just you run around that corner. Mr. Officer, and run around it double the slippery edge of the cliff, with a quick! Run, and keep on running!"

Patrolman O'Hara, in sudden fright, thundered below them, they fought. did as he was bidden. He boited down | To and fro they reeled, on the perilthe alleyway. Eagan set off in the opposite direc- the black cliff in the white moonlight.

hand, "you didn't waste any time, did ently he took it; rose and stepped be- tion to that taken by Patrolman Hitting, wrestling, struggling, they O'Hara. Clearly there was no time to battled, tiny specks of living and viat the alley's mouth, collided with a and sky. closing the catch that fastened the man who was walking along the street Inch by inch Sam began to drag his from the beach. The officer, as he lighter foe toward the brink of the He was standing behind her. Be- reeled back from the collision, rec- precipice.

stones was a sage, compared to the a worried look after them and a mut- er until his lips rested lightly for an specialist, who had been pointed out reckless person who interferes in a tered excuse to Mrs. Travis, followed instant on the curls. June, looking to him one day in the city. "Quick!" gurgled O'Hara, pointing in the opposite oval of mirror, caw up the alley, "Smiling Sam Eagan's

Lamar did not wait for the rest of

"Halt!" shouted Lamar, drawing his-

revolver and pursuing with all the

Around the alley corner he ran. Ea-

gan, a bare thirty yards ahead, heard

him coming. Halting, Sam hid him-

self behind the jutting edge of a house

Lamar answered with two shots

Sam, steadying his arm against the

house-edge, fired again. This time his

Quickly.

Lamar, was so unfortunate as to catch

Most decidedly this was not O'Hara's

ing it away, he took to his heels.

at the alley's far end, looked up and

no sense of direction, found himself

caught sight of the broad, squat body

Up the ridge toiled Eagan, seeking

some cavern or rift of rock wherein

to hide until morning. Ever upward

Clambering as nimbly as a cat, La-

mar swarmed up the steep slope be-

was when Sam, gaining the summit.

halted and stared dazedly around. La-

mar, resting his pistol barrel on a

ledge of rock, pulled trigger. The re-

Sam, gradually recovering his breath,

No word was spoken. Breath was

Unarmed, forced to rely on nature's

with a thudding shock that sent them

Gripping each other in murderous

fury, they regained their feet, and, on

sheer drop of 300 feet to the sea that

ous verge of the precipice-there, on

too scant and too precious for that.

The two men sprang at each other.

heard a stone rattle just beneath him.

continued his swift climb.

both to the ground.

halting only now and then to fire.

sprawled headlong.

lucky night.

One bullet grazed Sam's ear. The

just above his head.

skilled speed of a college sprinter.

the sorry confession. At a bound he

everything. At the almost imperceptible touch there. He got my gun and-" of his lips to her hair she felt her breath come and go quickly. Something strange - something terrifying was in the alley. At its far end the yet blissfully happy-dawned all at moonlight showed him the squat body

of Eagan vanishing around a house "June!" he breathed, tensely, bending over until his face was close to

hers. "June! My-" There was a step in the hallway. Mary appeared; loitering, as if without purpose, just outside the open library doors. The spell was broken. a voice just behind them. "What do June came to herself with a start, as though from some wonderful dream.

and fired. The bullet flew wide. "I am afraid it is rather late." said Lamar, forcing a commonplace tone into his agitated voice. "Good night, other flattened itself against a stone Miss Travis. I am glad to have been Presently she sighed, got to her feet | into an incoherent joint recital of the | able to get back your pendant for you. And I'm sorry to have had to tell you your 'reformed' friend, Sam Eagan, is annoyed at this breaking up of his still a crook and is a fugitive from

Patrolman O'Hara-newest member "And the sign said, 'That there may of Surfton's diminutive police forcewas walking his beat in a disconsolate was in love. The brilliant summer moon, tonight, brought him momentary visions of the girl he wanted to marry. But common sense brought him far more clear visions of her obdurate old father who would not hear of such the place. Give me your camera. We'll a marriage until Patrolman O'Hara

Patrolman O'Hara sighed. Luck was dodging him. That was certain. Yet he was forever looking for chances to distinguish himself. For instance, only this very evening, a circular about a famous metropolitan crook had arrived at the Surfton police station. O'Hara had read it six times. He had studied the picture of the crook's face until he felt he would know it a mile away.

Patrolman O'Hara turned a corner and came to a standstill as abruptly as if he had run into a stone wall. just beyond the entrance to his own wrote with it on the sand these and he has specimens of my handwrit- Fifty feet ahead of him was an allnight lunchroom-the only place on the block whose window lights were still burning. In front of the lunchroom was a

> blackboard menu, setting forth the delights of various stodgy dainties at a comfortably low price. And, in the full flare of the window

light, his hat pushed back on his forehead, stood a man, hungrily reading She Felt Her Breath Come and Go the menu.

Patrolman O'Hara had not studied that police circular for nothing. At a shot found a mark, but not that at glance he recognized the man beside the blackboard menu. It was the crook whose rogue's gallery photograph was reproduced on the circular. It was "Smiling Sam" Eagan.

Patrolman O'Hara had visions again-this time visions of swift promotion. His chance had come! He stepped forward.

At sight of him Eagan wheeled and began to shuffle away into the comparative darkness of the moonlit street. That was quite enough for Patrolman O'Hara. With a shout, he gave chase

Sam, at sound of the quickened steps behind him, broke into a run. Patrolman O'Hara's last doubt van-The latter raised himself on his hands, ished.

Long legs must ever win a race Hara gained upon his quarry, as slumped to earth in a dead faint. Sam dashed aimlessly up one street and down another. Presently he was almost within an arm's length of the down, saw no one in either direction, puffing fugitive. Another ten seconds then ran valiantly to westward. Laand his hand would be on Eagan's | mar and his quarry had turned east. collar.

"Halt!" bawled O'Hara. "Halt, or I'll shoot!"

Sam turned in at the entrance of Once he completely lost him, and was an alley and with a final spurt of about to give up the chase, when a speed ran up the alleyway, O'Hara glimpse of something black, silhouetwas on the trigger. He lacked the pa- heavily, like a wounded bull, set him tience to run his winded man down. off in hot chase again. Instead, he made good his threat by firing again. Purposely he aimed high. but he was no marksman, and the effect of his bullet filled him with the at the shoreward base of the ridge wildest consternation.

that culminated in the ocean-side For "Smiling Sam" swerved sharply cliffs. in his run, gave a coughing cry, stag-Up the ridge he scrambled, grunting gered forward upon his knees, half and heaving with fatigue. It was then rose, then tumbled prone upon his that Lamar, two hundred yards behind,

face in the mud of the alley. "Good Lord!" groaned Patrolman against the skyline. O'Hara, suddenly unnerved and shaken with nausea, "I've killed him! I've -I've murdered a man!"

He stuck the pistol into his belt he worked his way. and went forward to where the inert body lay. Hesitatingly he turned the huge, lifeless bulk over on its back hind him. Once only he paused. That

and stopped to feel the heart. And in the very same moment the murdered man came to life.

Patrolman O'Hara felt himself whose fingers dug deep into his throat. Then, with both hands and arms and up to the flat summit-rock beside him.

helpless on his back.

leveled. "Get up!" commanded Eagan, men-

EARLY SCRIPTURES ALL LOST their treasured sacred writings, their lapse of more than fifteen hundred psalms. The New Testament is com- tances, only to hite or sting the hand they hid in the cabins and holds, emenemies thus hoping to stamp out even years, is still clear and legible. The plete up to Hebrews, ninth chapter. of some receiver of fruit. Often they erging 40 days later when the ship Other early Bible manuscripts of great escape alive and breed their kind. reached England. Thus originated value, but inferior to the three men- Many venomous snakes have thus been quite a new species of butterfly in the British isles. Ship cargoes are often responsible structive moths migrate in fruit ships. that the first smile will cause it to

Breaking of the Ice.

A new waterproof valise serves also

Safety in the Home Part of Woman's Daily Duty

Every woman in charge of household realizes that it is a large part of her duty to keep that household well.

In this task she must know he simple home remedies to be applied at the first symptom of illness. Coughs and colds are two of the foes she must constantly combat, and digestive disturbances need immediate attention. Thousands of American housekeepers have found the most help to come fromever-ready-to-take

PERUNA

Because Peruna has established itself as the reliable family me of America, in the 45 years it has be-fore the public, the forehanded house fore the public, the forehanded house keep it ready for instant ministration in period of depression that precedes a cold when stomach troubles manifest themselve. Both of these disorders are caused inflammation of the delicate membranism the bleathing apparatus and the digitive tract. Peruna clears away the was aids the membranes in recovering from flammatory conditions and tones up the stem. Its effectiveness is the reason that many depend upon it, and home tonic.
Tablet or liquid form
both good.
Our free booklet may
help you. At your drug-

News to Him.

THE PERUNA CO.

"I've come to tell you." began the young man, "that I'm going to get married next week." "Well, what of it?" roared his

ployer, scenting a request for a raise 'Why tell me your troubles?" "I thought possibly you might be interested. You see, it's your daugh-

ter I'm going to marry."

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with which he had fired. Patrolman O'Hara, waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach charging along the alley to re-enforce sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coatthe ball in the calf of the leg. He ed, or your child is listless, cross, fev erish, breath bad, restless, doesn't er heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give Sam, aiming with better judgment, teaspoonful of "California Syrup pulled the trigger again. The hammer | Figs," then don't worry, because it fell with a click upon an exploded car. perfectly harmless, and in a few la tridge. The pistol was empty. Throw all this constination poison, sour be and fermenting waste will gently Lamar followed at racing speed, move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thor-Up the alley came a second patrol ough "inside cleansing" is offtimes all man and several civilians. They halt that is necessary. It should be the ed at sight of the wounded O'Hara first treatment given in any sidness.

Beware of counterfelt fig syrups. stammered out the gist of the story, Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of pointed in the direction whither La. "California Syrup of Figs." which has against short. Speedily Patrolman mar and Eagan had disappeared, then full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly The hue and cry reached the street | printed on the bottle. Adv.

> Her Own Way. A. F. Thom, the representative of 83 per cent of America's railroads before the Newlands committee, said at

Lamar, more than once, in the a dinner: vague moonlight and black shadows, "The railroads are not Utopian. They missed sight of the man he followed. know the kind of world it is, and they don't ask impossibilities. "In fact, the railroads of late years

have come to the rather grim close behind. The policeman's finger ted against the skyline and moving outlook of the chap whose girl said: "'Oh, no, George, I don't see how I could possibly marry you. You know By this time they had left the vil-I always want my own way in everylage behind them. Sam, running with thing.'

"'You could keep on wanting it.' said George, 'after we were married.'

Fear kills more than the physician.

Nerves All On Edge?

Just as nerve wear is a cause of kid ney weakness, so is kidney trouble cause of nervousness. Anyone who has backache, nervousness, "blues," headaches, dizzy spells, urinary ills and a tired, worn feeling, would do well to try Doan's Kidney Pills. This safe, reliable remedy is recommended by thousands who have had relief from just

A Nebraska Case

Mrs. Wessberg, 08 W. Fourth St., North Platte, Neb., says: "For four years I suffered rears I suffered erribly from kideer complaint and
ackache. The docor said I h a d
loating kidney. At
imes, I could
ardly stand the
wins. The kidney. rdly stand the lins. The kidney cretions were in d shape, to o. on after I used ban's Kidney Pills, I got relief and little warm. ittle over a month, I was cure ien I have taken Doan's Kidne

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box DOAN'S RIDNEY FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Constipation Vanishes Forever Prompt Relief-Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegeta. - act surely but gently the liver. gently on

tress-cure improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE,

Genuine must bear Signature

lest Known Manuscripts Show the

Bible as It Existed Soon After Apostolic Days.

ated soon after the apostone at tains the Septuagint, other parts of great treasure, consisting of about

the slightest traces of Christianity. Alexandrian manuscript, which came The three oldest manuscripts now in to light in 1628, is not quite so ancient existence are known as the Sinaitic, as the Sinaitic. It has the Old Testathe Alexandrian and the Vatican man- ment complete, except that ten leaves The oldest Bible manuscripts now in uscripts, the Christian Herald says. are missing, and the New Testament stence date from about 300 to 450 The Sinaitic was found by the eminent lacks nearly thirty leaves. It is in the D. and show us the Bible as it ex-Bible scholar, Tischendorf, in a con-British museum. The Vatican manred soon after the apostolic days. vent on Mount Sinai in 1844. It conrecutions which were directed not ment complete, and some of the apoc- in book form. Part of Genesis is

uscript-the most ancient of all-is a persecutions which were uncertainty and also a number of the and insects which travel long dis-butterflies. Out of sight of the shore, as a tent and a bathtub.

long list of later manuscripts.

tioned are the Codex Ephraem and the introduced into lands where none ex-Codex Bezae, besides which there is a isted before. Strange creatures have been imported on the blooms of orchids, and West Indian insects have traveled in easter lily blossoms. Defor the introduction of new species of Flying insects often follow ships. One melt, the earner manuscripts the Old Testament, the New Testaher lost or destroyed in the terrible the Old Testament, the New Testaseven hundred leaves of vellum bound insects in different lands. Banana curious case was that of a vessel from bunches often hide poisonous reptiles the tropics followed by a swarm of

Don't be afraid to "break the ice" with a stranger. It may be so thin