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 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, the only known living of the Bordens, 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. Lamar visits "Smiling Sam," Jim's old crime partner. Sent to Surfton by Smiling Sam, Alma La Saile robs the guests at a ball. Lamar follows her back to town, captures her with the jewels, and goes after Smiling Sam. On the edge of a cliff pursuer and pursued engage in deadly combat. Gordon, a fugitive, rescues Lamar, and June in turn saves Gordon from arrest. Smiling Sam sees the Red Circle on June's hand, tells her he knows her secret and follows her to her city home. She helps Gordon to get away, after recovering for him the securities receipt which incriminates him by tricking Farwell and Lamar. Lamar suspects June. He captures Smiling Sam. Gordon gives himself up. As he tells June his love, Lamar sees the Red Circle on her hand. Eggan betrays June and dies attempting to escape. June is arrested.

## JUDGMENT DAY

Of course, it was a dream-a vision make herself believe.

But she had not been aware of falling asleep. She was sitting there in the squalid little living room of the flat: brooding miserably over the future; and, seemingly, wide awake. Yet unconsciously, as she sat there, she may have dozed.

Yes, "Circle Jim" Borden, whose mortal body had been lying in the potters' field this many a day.

"I am your father-your father, who died. There is no death, save to the body. And I have come back to you. I have come back, because I cannot rest. You alone can give me rest, my daughter."

He paused. And still that strange paralysis held June spellbound

You alone. You can give me the rest I crave.



went on and on, to the end." A spasm of pain marred his rugged

every influence for good. Every pow- confusion of mind and body, blinked rience with the boy, before that. He

er of environment warred valiantly against the hereditary curse. And that saved you from committing sordid crimes, when at last the curse overtook you. You sinned. But always you sinned that others might be happy.

"You can conquer the curse by willpower," urged Borden. "You can destroy the evil that is in you. You can save yourself and me. You can do this. It will be a fearful conflict, but if you exert all your will-power, you can win. Will you do this, June? Answer me!"

June longed to cry out to him that she would make the fight; that she would strive with all her might to stamp out the curse of the Red Circle. But she could not speak.

"You will not speak? You will not help me? You will not help yourself?" stormed the wraith.

"My plea cannot move you?" he rumbled. "Then there is only one way to end it. Even as I hoped, once before, to destroy the Red Circle and its curse. Then, I killed myself and the lad I thought was my son. If I had known you were my daughter, you should have died, too; even as now, you shall die!"

The gnarled hands clutched at June's full, white throat in murderous fury. But the spectral hands-bodiless, shadowy-were harmless against her warm, living flesh.

Slowly the impotently murderous hands withdrew their grip.

"My-my spirit hands have no power against your human body!" he snarled. "I am helpless. It is my punishment." He bowed his head in his arms; his

phantom body twitching with emotion. Then, turning abruptly, without so much as a backward look at the trance-held girl, he melted through the closed door and was gone.

For a moment June remained as he had left her. Then she shuddered from head to heel. Her great dark eyes gradually opened. They were horrorfilled and wild.

Dazedly June got to her feet, glaring about the room in abject fright She moved uncertainly, a step or two. Then her tense nerves giving away, she shrieked aloud and reeled to the floor in a dead faint.

Mary and Lamar, at sound of her cry, rushed headlong into the room. They flew to her aid, applying such restoratives as were within reach. Presently, the swooning girl came to herself. Looking up, she encountered the nurse's loving, frightened old face.

"Oh, Mary!" she gasped, trembling all over, "I've had such an awful dream! Such a horrible dream. Mary! If-if it was a dream! If it was a dream!"

Charles Gordon, in the lounging room of his club, read and reread the flaring headlines that told of June Travis' arrest on the Red Circle

The lawyer was muttering to himself:

"Guilty or not-she saved me from prison. No girl with eyes like hers is a criminal. If-if it wasn't for this damnable embezzlement charge against me, I'd defend her. If only I could get Farwell to admit I'm innocent, I could practice again. And I believe I could clear her. But Farwell would never-"

He glanced up quickly. A man had hurried into the room and was speaking excitedly to a litle knot of idlers who sat near the door.

"Well!" Gordon heard the newcomer saying, "I think Silas Farwell has about paid his debt to those employees of his that he's been swindling."

"What's up?" asked Gordon, joining the group.

"I heard this morning that a crowd of them tried to storm his office again, to make him settle. He had a lot of roughneck guards, who scattered them. But just now, as he was coming here from his factory, for lunch, a lot of the strikers mobbed his auto." "Did they get him? Or-?"

"I don't know. I saw part of the row, from the club steps. It was no affair of mine, to interfere. Let him pay for his crookedness, for all I care. He-"

The speaker was interrupted by the entrance of Farwell himself-hatless, disheveled, panting.

"I-I got clear from them!" hoarsely panted the fugitive, as he dashed into the room and slammed the door behind him.

He was shaking with fear. Then Gordon, recognizing the value

of the psychological moment, leaped forward and seized Farwell by the torn coat lapels. "Silas Farwell!" thundered Gordon, his face close to the frightened man's. "Confess that the embezzlement

charge you made against me was false! Confess it was a conspiracy-that you lied!" The onlockers remained outwardly neutral; only pressing closer about the two, as if not wishing to miss a

single detail of the scene. "Confess!" ordered Gordon again.

Farwell, gasping, panting, in utter

stupidly into the sternly compelling eves of his foe.

"Confess!" shouted Gordon. "Here! What's all this?" demanded someone, in the same breath.

Chief Allen had come in, after heading a squad of policemen who had routed the mob. Farwell's back was to the door. He

had not heard Allen enter, and the Gordon's threatening shout of "Con-But one of the bystanders laid a

detaining hand on the advancing toward the center of the group. Allen paused a moment, irresolute. And in that moment he heard Gordon re-

"Confess your charge against me was a lie!"

Under the blaze of Gordon's hypwholly to pieces.

"I-I-" he sputtered.

"Tell the truth!" demanded Gordon, or I'll drag you by main force out of this club and throw you to the mob of men outside there! The men you've robbed, and who will kill you if they-"

"I-I confess!" croaked Farwell, in stark terror. I-"

"You confess-what?" insisted Gordon, again shaking his foe back and forth as a puppy might shake a rag.

"-I-confess I 'framed' you," babbled the terrified Farwell. "I-I-the charge I made against you was -was false. I-oh, for God's sake, Gordon!" he howled in abject terror, 'don't let those devils out there get hold of me. They'll-"

"One thing more!" broke in Gordon, curtly; his face alight at his victory and at the complete mastery which for the moment, he was exerting over the panic-stricken man. "One thing more: Will you retract your robbery charge against Miss Travis, and vindicate her? Will you-?"

"Hold on, there!" broke in Chief clear your own name. And I'm mighty my desk." glad you were able to. But I can't have you interfering with the Red Circle case. That's a matter for the police. Let it alone! And let Mr. Farwell go."

At sound of the chief's voice, Farwell's vanished courage returned to him with a rush.

"Am I going to withdraw the charge

was her son, you know. Though of couldn't possibly do better, if legal marry him before the trial and to face course she never guessed it and never even heard of him until Miss Travis | added, sadly, "it can't." was accused.'

"Well, what-?" "She came to ask me some quesof blank despair. "He says since Mr. tions about him. After the way Mrs. Farwell is the only complainant, he-Travis had behaved to June, I was in no mood to handle her with gloves. So I told her, frankly, just what a from headquarters. While I was there, chief's words had been drowned in rotten sort of a cub the boy was. She two more complainants came forward. didn't like it, very much."

"I'm not surprised." "Then I tried to soften her heart toward June. I used all the eloquence chief's arm, and stopped his progress and all the arguments I could muster. It was no use."

"Max," said the chief, suddenly. 'You're in love with June Travis!" "Yes," was Lamar's defiant answer. "I am. And I'm proud of it. I'm go-

ing to save her if I can. And if I can't, I'm going to wait-a lifetime, if notic look, Farwell's nerves went I have to-till she gets out of prison; and then I'm going down on my knees to her and beg her to be my wife." "Red Circle and all?"

"Red Circle and all. She's the only girl on earth for me, chief. I-" Allen's secretary came in with telegram. The chief glanced at it and

passed it over to Lamar. Max read: "I have a charge to bring against Red Circle Lady for theft of war plans.

"TODD DREW." "There you are," said Allen. "And that's just the start of it. You remem-

ber the case. Drew had plans for a superdestructive war implement. He inherited them from his father, the big inventor. He was just going to sell them to a foreign government when a hand snatched them away from him. It was a woman's hand with a Red Circle on it. He didn't see anything of the woman, except her hand. But it was June Travis. She-"

The office door banged open and a man stamped in. It was Grant, the loan shark.

"The papers say you've caught the Red Circle woman at last. I'm here Allen's peremptory voice. "You're go- to make formal charge against her, will come back here at eight this eveing a step too far, Mr. Gordon. I for locking me in my vault and stealning. Gordon. I'll bring along a rope didn't butt in, while you made him ing all those promissory notes from and a sack. We'll walk up behind

Lamar, sick at heart, got to his feet. Without a word of farewell, he started for the door. Allen looked, quizzically, after him, for a moment. Then he summoned his cleverest plain-clothes man.

"Follow Lamar," he ordered in a whisper. "And then go to the flat house where June Travis is staying; against the Travis girl?" he sneered. and watch it till I send to have you and he ready to start off with her. I'll

try to bolt and that Max Lamar's go-

The plain-clothes man was off, like

a sleuth hound. He found the double

task unexpectedly easy. For Lamar

was making for June's apartment as

The crime specialist vanished into

once turning around. And the plain-

Now it happened that Max Lamar

was one of the most brilliant detec-

The sixth sense, so common to born

man-hunters, had told him, before he

had gone a hundred yards from police

headquarters, that he was followed.

He had not turned around to verify

no need to. Partly because he did not

But, the moment he entered the

of the hallway, toward the front door,

Flattening himself against the wall,

he peeped around the edge of the win-

dow frame, for one brief second, only

That single glimpse told him all he

wanted to know. He saw the plain-

aimlessness on the far side of the

as Warren, one of the most tenacious,

Having made this discovery, Max

quick-witted members of the force.

thoroughfare. Lamar recognized him | But-"

a small portion of his head showing.

no longer in view from the street, he | time to waste."

want to put his pursuer on guard.

that he had not been observed.

tives in America.

ing to try to help her do it."



Mrs. Travis Created a Painful Scene in Court

"Of course I'm not. I'm going to | relieved. I've a notion she's going to prosecute her to the bitter end. The

Chief Allen interposed his muscular bulk between the two men, just in time to prevent Gordon from flying at his enemy's throat.

Next morning, as soon as he could fast as he could go. find out where she was living, Gordon the apartment house doorway without went to June's apartment and offered his services as her counsel in the apclothes man lounged idly against a proaching trial. Gratefully, June accepted the offer, being familiar with tree across the street; smugly certain

the reports of his legal skill. He cut short her thanks by saying: "And now, if you don't mind, Miss Travis, we'll go over the case, together; step by step. If Farwell is the only complainant against you, I've a notion I can shut him up by threats of a perjury charge. You know he swore falsely against me. If there are no other complaints, you are as good this belief. Partly because there was

as freed." But there were other complainants. Plenty of them, as Max Lamar and Chief Allen were at that very moment

finding out. Max had dropped into the chief's private office for a chat with his old friend, and to try to enlist his aid in turned and moved along the sidewall June's behalf. But he found Allen as firm as a rock, in the matter of bringing the Red Circle criminal to jus-

"I'd like to see it your way, Max," said the chief. "But I can't. I'm an officer of the law. The law has been violated. And it's up to me to do all I can to punish the violator. I'm sorry. You've got eloquence enough to clothes man loitering with apparent move anyone but a veteran thief-taker.

But I-' "No, I haven't," denied Lamar, miserably. "I can't even sway the feelings of one cranky fool of a woman." "What woman?" asked the chief,

curiously. "Mrs. Travis," growled Lamar. "She came to my office this morning. She remembered I was present when Ted Borden was asphyxiated by old 'Circle Jim.' She knew I'd had some expe-

Lamar continued on his way to June's apartment. Mary let him in. June was still consulting with Gordon, who had just risen to take his leave.

"Mr. Gordon has promised to be my men cordially shook hands. "He-" "Good," approved Lamar. "You shaken. Max had besought her to

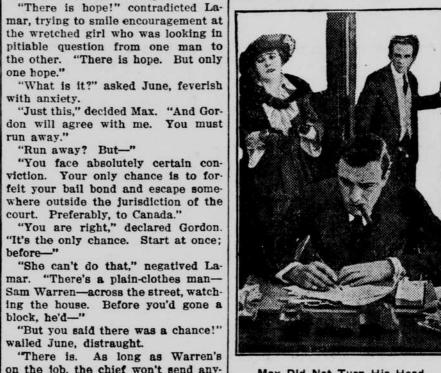
Both Lamar and Gordon had moved counsel," June told him as the two heaven and earth in her behalf. But time, dear-with-with a diamond in the ugly fact of her guilt remained un. it!"

new light from within.

good manners does not appeal to us year was 95, a record number, as Record of Peruvian Invention. According to a report made by the

ministerio de fomento to the Peruvian congress in August, 1915, the number of trade marks registered for the year But where is the consolation in a man being natural if he is naturally 1914-15 was 286, as against 406 for good many jokes." "Yes." "A drug the year 1913-14. Notwithstanding store is sometimes facetiously allud-This apology for the casting off of number of patents granted during the rier Journal.

the trial, struggled with every atom of brain and body to bolster up a hope less case. He warred against over



tly she had put aside the offer.

then I shall come to you."

"If ever I come to you, dear," she

had said, "it must be with clean hands

and without stain upon my heart. Not

till I can be certain the Red Circle has

gone forever will I marry you," she

had answered. "When I am sure of

that-perfectly, perfectly sure of it-

prowess could save you. But," he the ordeal as his wife. But very gen

"Mr. Gordon thinks it can," said

June, wondering at her lover's look

"Farwell isn't the only complain-

ant," corrected Lamar. "I am just

"Good Lord!" groaned the lawyer,

sinking into a chair. "That settles it.

Todd Drew and Grant."

"Run away? But-"

court. Preferably, to Canada."

"But you said there was a chance!

one else to spy on you. We can't do

anything by daylight. But as soon as

it's dark, I'm going to get rid of War-

"How?" asked June, her eyes alight

"If I can help," added Gordon,

"You can help," returned Max, grate

fully. "You can help a lot. You and I

Warren as he stands looking at this

alley back there, and tie him up to

"I'm game," said Gordon, briefly,

"Meanwhile, Mary," went on Lamar.

'Get Miss Travis' things all packed,

buy the railroad tickets today. And

I'll have a taxi here to rush you both

to the Union Station, the minute we

June's depression was gone. Her

eyes sparkled with joyous excitement.

Lamar eyed her in wonder. Then his

gaze fell to her right hand. The Red

Circle was blazing on it like a flery

Max's heart went out to the afflicted

"Tonight, at eight, then," he said,

curtly. "Come along, Gordon. We've

June's fevered gayety carried her

the ordeal of hasty packing and other

As eight o'clock struck, the trunks

and suitcases were at last ready. Mary

"I'm going to the front room," said

them. I do hope they haven't made a

botch of tying up that police fellow

June left alone, looked around to

scrutiny ended, she chanced to notice

the Red Circle pulsing on her hand.

"He said," she murmured, half aloud.

er. He said I could conquer-and I

"I can conquer, by will power. And,

Presently, the conflict ceased, as

ful face was calm again-deadly pale,

but illumined by a new strength it

had never before known. She looked

The Red Circle had vanished: never

Into the apartment burst Lamar and

"We got him!" cried Lamar. "We

got him, June! We slipped up on him

from behind, just as we'd arranged.

He's tied and gagged; and he's

"Thank you, Max," she said, gently.

"There's no time for thanks, Miss

Travis," interrupted Gordon. "And

we don't ask for thanks, either of us.

"I am not going!" said June, very

"What?" cried Lamar. "Not going?

"I am going to stay here," she made

Three months later, the most sen-

sational criminal trial in the history

of the city began-the trial of June

Travis on the Red Circle charges.

smiling answer, "and face my trial!"

quietly, yet her face glorified by a

Hurry! We must be off, before-"

"Thank you, both, from the bottom of

Gordon, with Mary at their heels.

girl, in a great rush of tenderness.

one of the telegraph poles."

get Warren out of the way."

one hope."

run away."

before-"

block, he'd-"

'count me in."

sudden glee.

meteor.

a lot to arrange."

preparation for her flight.

of Gordon and Lamar.

out there-the nasty spy!"

to ebb from her brain.

on her handback.

at her hand.

front door of the apartment house, his strapped, hand and foot, to a telegraph

careless demeanor changed. Stepping | pole in the darkest part of the alley.

quickly to one side, so that he was | Are you ready, sweetheart? We've no

again, and presently he came to a my heart, for all you've done and all

window that overlooked the sidewalk. you've risked for me tonight. But-"

again to return.

God helping me, I shall!"

shall!"

wailed June, distraught.

with anxiety.

There's not an atom of hope!"

Max Dld Not Turn His Head.

whelming odds and never vielded a single step without flerce opposition Yet the trial's result was a fore gone conclusion.

On the very last day of the trial. Mrs. Travis created a painful scene by rushing into court and throwing her arms around June, weepingly declar ing herself a wicked old woman for having turned her back on the girl and vowing that never again would she forsake her.

house, truss him up, put the sack Mrs. Travis (her family pride and over his head, trundle him into the resentment swept away by a sudden impulse of love toward the stricken girl she had abandoned) held June "Good! Oh good!" laughed June in close pressed to her heart and cried out sobbingly to the judge: "She is mine! She is my own little

girl! And you shan't send her to prison!"

The jury was out less than half an hour and returned grimly to the box with the unanimous verdict of "GUILTY!" June did not flinch as she heard the

word: the most terrible word in all our language. The same strange light that had come into her face on the night when she had refused to es dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigcape, still glowed there. Calm, unafraid, she listened to the verdict. With the same calmness, she rose

and stood facing the judge, to receive her sentence.

The judge was an old man. He had known June from babyhood. He had been a close friend of Mrs. Travis' through the rest of the day, through husband, in the early days; and was still a constant visitor at the Travis home. June pitied him for the grim task that was now his.

"Prisoner at the bar." said the and June tensely awaited the coming | judge, his deep voice untinged by any emotion. "A jury of your peers has found you guilty on every count of Mary, "and try to get a glimpse of the various indictments against you. It is a just verdict. In view of the evidence, it was the only verdict the jury could honestly have agreed upon.

"My own duty is equally clear," he went on. The law, through its adminsee if anything had been forgotten in istrators, must protect the public. By the haste of packing. And, as the virtue of my office, it is my prerogative to decide to what extent you are a menace to the public; and to act ao She gazed at it, in a new horror. And, cordingly. While there can be no as she looked, the wild elation began reasonable doubt that you committed the crimes wherewith you were charged, yet it has also been estab-"He said-my-my father said-I lished-to the court's satisfaction, at could wipe out the curse, by will powleast-that those crimes were committed under the stress of a certain psychic influence. The court is also Long she stood there, her eyes fixed convinced that that evil influence no longer exists. It is the court's belief that the influence will not return, and that you will thus be no longer a men ace to society. suddenly as it had begun. The beauti-

"Therefore, I hereby release you, on parole—in the custody of Mrs. Travis

The remainder of his speech was drowned in a tumult of applause that the court made no imperative effort

A year dragged by. A long, bitter year to Max Lamar, who had found himself unable to shake June's resolve, and who, to keep his promise, had forced himself to remain at a distance from her.

One early spring day he sat in his private office, listlessly going over some papers in a case he was preparing. The warmth and beauty of the day called to him, through the open window. But he gave it no heed and worked on, with a heavy heart.

The office door opened, slowly, as 11 pushed by timid fingers. Max did not turn his head.

Suddenly, two soft hands were pressed across his eyes; and his head was gently drawn back against a woman's breast. With an unbelieving cry of utter joy he sprang to his feet. The next instant, June Travis was

in his arms. "Max!" she faltered, when at last he let her speak. "I've-I've comeas I promised—to tell you the Red Circle is gone and that it will never come back. And-and to ask you if you'd-if you'd care to replace itwith another circle? A gold one, this

(THE END.)

FOURTEENTH INSTALLMENT

bred of terror, of suspense, of longcontinued nerve strain. At least so June always tried, in later days, to

For, as clearly as ever in her life she had beheld anything, she saw. "Circle Jim" Borden come into the

"June," breathed the wraith's voice,

"I sought to wine out forever the Red Circle curse. I sought it by ending the lives of those who bore that curse. But I failed. You escaped me.' The voice was tinged with a tender ionging as again the wraith spoke:

"June-my little girl, whom I never knew, in life-you must help me. You, and you alone, can aid me now. I cannot rest until the circle is forever gone. While the curse endures, my torture must endure. I long for restfor eternal sleep. But there can be no rest for the dead while their evil deeds live on. My sins live on in you, poor daughter of mine. And you alone can crush the awful power of the Red Circle and give me rest. Your fate is in your own hands. Not only your fate, but mine. You have the power, If you will but exert it, to save us.

"I was brought up to crime-to recklessness-to the companionship of outcasts," went on Borden. "There were



Max and Mary Went to Her Aid. but two clean influences in all my life my mother and the wife I adored. My mother died before I could understand how much it would have meant to her if I had learned to live the life the wished me to. My wife could have saved me, through love. But she died. She died when you were born. And after that nothing mattered to me. I

"With you it was different. From babyhood, you were surrounded by

Honeysuckle Escaped From Formal Gardens and Parks to Bestow Its Fragrance on All.

Years ago Japan sent to this country a vigorous green vine which won favor through its lavish display of fragrant. There's the coral honey- ings. fragrant white flowers in late spring. For a time the vine and flowers were climber in the Southern states, with honeysuckle. Its fragrance will ankept within the bounds of gardens, trumpet-shaped flowers, red outside nounce it before you're near enough lawns and parks. Then it ran away. and scarlet within. In England they to see it.

roadside, climbing stumps and hedges. fragrant relative of the honeysuckle, It needs no gardener, the Philadelphia North American says, for it can take care of itself. It is the honey- tops of mountains 6,000 feet above

suckle, for example—a famous porch

REFUSED TO BE CONFINED Today you'll find it roaming along the have the woodbine-a cream-colored,

Recently there came a new variety from China, where it was found on the spirits as all so natural and simple. the sea. Its foliage is almost ever-The Japanese variety which ran green, and the flowers are a reddish away joined some of its American bronze. Another variety has red cousins, who are just as pretty and as flowers, with yellow and buff mark-

There's no need to hunt for the

By a Cross Old Person. One is asked to tolerate good-hum- at all.

credly and even to admire young high It may be natural and it may be simple, especially as simple is sometimes a synonym for fool. But where is the consolation in a

offensive? Why should we like a woman the more for being simple if she is simply

against 51 for the preceding year. More than 40 per cent of these were for improvements invented in the United States. Pilioried.

"You druggists have to stand for a

this decrease, the number of marks ed to as a pillery." "About right, too," emanating from the United States in- said the druggist. "Keeps you penned creased not less than 50 per cent. The up most of the time."—Louisville Cou-

## Need a Tonic This Spring?

Gordon, from the very opening of Are You Weak and Run-down?

Is the Appetite Poor. the Liver Lazy or the **Bowels Constipated?** 

TRY HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

English farmers have appealed the government to allow them to use poisoned wheat to destroy the ers were free to combat the with poisoned wheat, but the pracis now forbidden by law. The was that game of all sorts might ent the poison intended for the sta The farmers ask that they be to use the poison only during Dec ber, January and February, who these birds swarm to their lands in

search of food.

## GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT. BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR

Make It Thick, Glossy, Wavy, Luxuriant and Remove Dandruff-Real Surprise for You.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this-moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. Besides beautifying the hair at once.

Danderine dissolves every particle of orates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair. But what will please you most will

be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair-fine and downy at first-yes-but really new hair-growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it, surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store and just try it. Adv.

she always said she would only marry a man of culture." "Well, she did-a man of agriculture."

Kept Her Word.

"So Edith married a farmer. And

CLEAR YOUR COMPLEXION While You Sleep With Cuticura Scap and Ointment-Trial Free.

On retiring, gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment, wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, and continue bathing a few minutes with the Soap. The influence of this treatment on the pores extends

through the night. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv.

With Her Eyes. They stood by the old well together. "How shall we drink?" he said; "there is no bucket here." She lowered her eyes, when she raised them again they were full of water.-Princeton Tiger.

The United States in 1915 produced

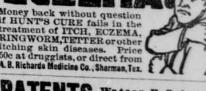
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong, sick women well, n alcohol. Sold in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

550,055 tons of lead.



Don't give up. When you feel al nard to bear, and backache, dizzy headches, queer pains and irregular action of the kidneys and bladder may mystify you, remember that such troubles often come from weak kidneys and it may be that you only need Doan's Kidney Pills to make you well. When the kidneys are weak there's danger of dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease. Don't deay. Start using Doan's now.





"ROUGH on RATS" Bids Rats, Mice, Buga.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 12--1917.