-----The Adventures of Kathlyn HAROLD MAC GRATH

> Illustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

(Copyright by Harold MacGrath) "The white woman must die," said

CHAPTER XXII-Continued.

"Till an hour gone it had not occurred to me. Shall Ramabai, then, become your master, to set forth the propaganda of the infidel?" lo!" The word was not spoken

loudly, but sibilantly, with something resembling a hiss. "No!" "And shall a king who has no mind,

no will, no strength, resume his authority? Perhaps to bring more white people into Allaha, perhaps to give Al- people liberty of person and thought, laha eventually to the British raj?" Again the negative.

But the method?"

Umballa smiled. "What brings the worshiper here with candles and flow- all the ancient rites of our creed reers and incense? Is it love or reverence or superstition?"

The bald yellow heads nodded like porcelain mandarins.

'Superstition." went on Umballa. "the sword which bends the knees of bald fools! the layman, has and always will through the ages!" In the vault outside a bell tinkled.

a gong boomed melodiously.

When I give the sign," continued the schemer, "declare the curse upon all those who do not bend. A word from your lips, and Ramabai's troops vanish, reform, and become yours and in the city the next morning. It mine!"

"While the king lives?" asked the chief priest curiously.

"Ah!" And Umballa smiled again. "But you, Durga Ram?"

"There is Ramabai, a senile king, and I. Which for your purposes will you choose?"

There was a conference. The priests drifted away from Umballa. rival of the white goddess not a day He did not stir. His mien was proud had passed without some thrilling exand haughty, but for all that his knees shook and his heart thundered. He understood that it was to be all or nothing, no middle course, no half methods. He waited, wetting his most surprising spectacle of all; the the ports where he could dispose of cracked lips and swollen lips. When alive! the priests returned to him, their heads bent before him a little. It represented a salaam, as much as self. A glow ran over Umballa.

"Highness, we agree. There will be terms."

"I will agree to them without question."

Life and power again; real power! These doddering fools should serve him, thinking the while that they served themselves.

"Half the treasury must be paid to the temple.

'Agreed!" Half for the temple and half for himself; and the abolishment of the seven leopards. "With this stipulation: Ramabai is yours, but the white people are to be mine."

Umballa, in a voice like one being strangled To this the priests agreed without hesitation. This white woman whom the people were calling a goddess was a deadly menace to that scepter of and claim Winnie, and he would have

theirs, superstition. "What has gone is a pact?" "A pact, Durga Ram," said the chief

priest. With Ramabai spreading Christianity, the abhorred creed which gave the future of his own religion stood in imminent danger. "A pact," he reflected. "To you, Durga Ram, the

throne; to us half the treasury and stored."

"I have said it."

Umballa followed the dancing girl was left but Ali, whose leg still caused into the square before the temple. He him to limp a little. So Bruce was turned and smiled ironically. The

"Lead on, thou flower of the jasmine!" lightly. And the two of them disappeared

into the night. But the priests smiled, too, for Durga Ram should always be more in their power than they in his. There was tremendous excitement

seemed that the city would never be permitted to resume itr old careless indolence. Swift as the wind the news

flew that the old king was alive, that he had been held prisoner all these

months by Durga Ram and the now deposed Council of Three. No more the old rut of dullness. Never had they known such fetes. Since the ar-

citement, which had cost them nothing but shouts.

So they deserted the bazaars and king who was dead was not dead, but

So, in the throne room, later, he

the wife of Ramabai, should ultimately rule! for of a truth the principality

stroy the previous will he had given to Colonel Hare, his friend.

cowardice "Your majesty," replied the colonel, bets and water pipe he resumed his

NORTHWESTERN, LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA.

them you are likely to find common the populace, the soldiery, all Allaha, crusted anklets, on her arms bracelets sense at the bottom. We must search in fact, must bow to the will of the of hammered gold, round her neck a Umballa's house * oroughly. I wish gods or go hereforth accursed. The rope of pearls and emeralds and ruto see Ramabal and Pundita in the gods demanded the reinstatement as bies and sapphires. And still she was

shadow of their rights. Can't destroy regent Durga Ram; the deposing of not happy. a document off-hand and make a new Ramabai, the infidel; the fealty of From time to time her fingers one without legally destroying the the troops to Durga Ram; 24 hours strained at the roots of her glossy

black hair and the whites of her great first. Well, let us be getting back to were given the people to make their the bungalow. We'll talk it over choice. eyes glistened. She bit her lips to Before the doors of all the temples keep back the sobs crowding in her there.'

At the bungalow everything was the people gathered, wailing and pourthroat. She pressed her hands tosystematically being prepared for the ing dust upon their heads, from Brah- gether so tightly that the little knuckhomeward journey. The laughter and min to pariah, from high caste males cracked.

chatter of the two girls was music to trons to light dancing girls. And when "Al, ai!" she wailed softly. She paced the confines of her chamtheir father's ears. And sometimes he the troops, company by company, beintercepted secret glances between | gan to kneel at the outer rim of these ber with slow step, with fast step; or Bruce and Kathlyn. Youth, youth; gatherings, Ramabai dispatched a note leaned against the wall, her face hidyouth and love! Well, so it was. He to Colonel Hare, warning him to fly at den in her arms: or pressed her hot

once. But the messenger tore up the himself had been a youth, had loved cheeks against the cool marble of the note and flew to his favorite temple. lattice. and been loved. But he grew very lonely at the thought of Kathlyn Human nature is made up of con-

Superstition thus won what honor, eventually going into another home; truth and generosity could not hold. Allaha surrendered; and Umballa and some young chap would soon come came forth. no one but Ahmed. If only he had had All this happened so quickly that not

troubled with remorse? More than even a rumor of it reached the colothis, why must we battle against silly nel's bungalow till it was too late. impulse to tell the first we meet what

\$ XXX

They were to have left on the morwe have done? Remorse: what is it?

Now, this woman of the zenana Delieved not in the God of your fathers and mine. She was a pagan; her heaven and hell were ruled by a thousand gods, and her temples were filled with their images. Yet this thing remorse, was stabbing her with its hot needles, till no torture devised by man could equai it. She was the poor, foolish woman

who loved Durga Ram; loved him as these wild Asiatic women love, from murder to the poisoned cup. Loved him, and knew that he loved her not but used her for his own selfish ends. There you have it. Had he loved her, remorse never would have lifted its head or raised its voice. And again. had not Umballa sought the white woman, this butterfly of the harem might have died of old age without unburdening her soul. Remorse is the result of a crime committed uselessly Humanity is unchangeable, for all its variety of skins.

And here was this woman, wanting to tell some one!

Umballa had done a peculiar thing: he had not laid hand upon either Ramabai or Pundita. When asked the

be at the expense of their own lives.

Buncoed Again.

"There ain't no such animals." re-

Bad Teeth as Marriage Barrier.

medical officer to the London county

council at a meeting of the council of the Charity Organization society. "If I had my way," he added, "I

would not allow a man or woman

with a decayed tooth in his or

reason for this generosity toward a man who but recently put a price on his head, Umballa smiled and ex

Bruce and Kathlyn were fencing plained that Ramabai was not only broken politically, but was a religious one with the other, after the manner of lovers, when Winnie, her eyes wide outcast. It was happiness for such a markets that morning to witness the his animals to the railroad, thence to with fright, burst in upon them with person to die, so he preferred that Ra

the news that Umballa, at the head of mabai should live. Secretly, however, Ramabal's revo many soldiers, was approaching. The lutionary friends were still back of lovers rushed to the front of the bungalow in time to witness the colonel him, though they pretended to bow to trying to prevent the intrusion of a the yoke of the priests.

So upon this day matters stood thus: the colonel, Kathlyn, Bruce and "Patience, sahib!" warned the Winnie were prisoners again; Ahmed

was in hiding; and Ramabai and his The colonel, upon seeing Umballa. wife mocked by those who once had made an attempt to draw his revolver. but the soldiers prevented him from cheered them. The ingratitude of kings is as nothing when compared carrying into execution his wild imto the ingratitude of a people.

The priest explained what had hap-A most ridiculous country: to crow pened. The Colonel Sahib, his friend Kathlyn again (for the third time! Bruce Sahib and his youngest daugh- and then to lock her up! Next to ter would be permitted to depart in superstition as a barrier to progress

peace; but Kathlyn Memsahib must there stands custom. Everything one wed Durga Ram. did must be done as some one else When the dazed colonel produced had done it; the initiative was still "the fault lay primarily with me. I old habit of inditing verse in pure the document which had been legally chained up in the temples, it belonged



GUARD AGAINST ROAD ABUSE Some Punishment Should Be Meted

Out to Those Who Deliberately Cut Up Highways Built for Public.

You bought and paid for the road that runs by your doorway and the other roads in your township and county. That is, you paid your part in building the highway. If you are a traries. Why, when we have had the property owner you paid that part courage coolly to plan murder, or to directly in so many dollars and cents aid or suggest it, why must we be of road and bridge tax. If you are a renter you are not escaping. You are paying in rent and indirectly.

The road is your road. If it is cut up by the hauling of heavy loads on narrow-tired wagons you will have to stand for the trouble and discomforts of next winter, when the ruts are hubdeep. If you permit heavy rains to scour out the foundations of a wooden culvert and that culvert finally falls in or is washed out, you, as one of the daily users of that road, will be discommoded.

Most of our roads are dirt highways, writes H. S. Sullivan of Missouri in on each bottle. Adv. Farm Progress. Only a small, a very small, percentage of the highways of this country are "hard roads." One hundred years from now we may have the beautiful "metal" highways such. as are found in the older European countries, but this is a big land of ours. It is a country of magnificent distances, and the rock and concrete roads are going to be built very slowly.

It is the dirt highway that suffers from carelessness. Two or three men in a neighborhood can spoil more miles of highway than the remainder of the community can build. They are abusers of what other men build. They will pile on the heaviest load it is possible to pull and they never use the wide-tired vehicles that might help the wagon track stand up under the big loads.

Good or bad weather is all the same to them if they have something they want hauled. The sensible man knows that the use of a dirt road for heavy hauling in bad weather will spoil the highway. He won't do any teaming that he can avoid, but the road others.

There ought to be some punishment provided for the man who will deliberately cut up the roadway built by the community for the use of the whole community and paid for with the public money. Some states have laws providing punishment for the man who overloads, who uses "skidding logs," who fills mudholes full of old rails, chunks and poles, and who will pile a wheelbarrow full of rocks in a rut, to become a menace to all vehicles as soon as the road dries off.

But these laws are seldom enforced. Not from any lack of offenders or from

A CHILD'S BOWELS It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Romember the "dose" mother insisted on - castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomor-

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly

Teacher's Triumph.

Sir Herbert Tree told a story of his own school days when presenting prizes the other day at a school speech day.

"On one occasion," he said, "my teacher admonished me thus:

"'Herbert, you will end your days on the gallows."

"One night, quite recently, when I was acting Fagin in Oliver Twist, this same teacher turned up and he happened to come around to see me just when I was being led off with a rope around my neck.

"'There, what did I tell you?" he said, triumphantly."

OLD SOLDIER WISHES TO HELP SUFFERERS FROM KID-NEY, LIVER AND BLADDER TROUBLES.

I am frequently troubled with kidney and bladder trouble, especially in the Spring and Fall. Being an old Veteran of the Civil War, a little exposure or cold settles on my kidneys, and then butcher will go right ahead. He will I am laid up with kidney or bladder spoil his own roads and the roads of trouble. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root was recommended to me a number of years ago, and I took a number of bottles of it and was more than pleased with the results. I consider Swamp-Root the greatest and best kidney medicine on the market and it never fails to give quick results in kidney trouble, bladder trouble and lame back.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root has done me so much good that I feel if any words of mine will be the means of relieving any poor sufferers, that you are at liberty to use this letter as you see fit. Yours very truly, GEORGE W. ATCHLEY,

1786 Walker St. Des Moines, Iowa. Ba.

State of Iowa as. Poke County

They found the much-sought document in the secret chamber in Um-Death of the Real King of Allaha. row. The king dead, only a few minor technicalities stood in the way of Ramabal and Pundita.

After that there was nothing for Colonel Hare to do but proceed to ship them. Never should he enter this part

a boy, to bring his bride to his father's

Pictures were taken down from the

walls, the various wild animal heads,

and were packed away in strong boxes.

And Ahmed went thither and yon, a

hundred cares upon his shoulders. He

was busy because then he had no time

Bruce's camp was, of course, in ut-

ter ruin. Not even the cooking uten-

sils remained; and of his men there

commanded by no less person than

Kathlyn to be her father's guest till

they departed for America. Daily

Winnie rode Rajah. He was such a

funny old pachyderm, a kind of clown

among his brethren, but as gentle as a

kitten. Running away had not paid.

He was like the country boy who had

gone to the big city: he never more

The baboon hung about the colonel's

heels as a dog might have done; while

Kathlyn had found a tiger cub for a

plaything. So for awhile peace reigned

could be satisfied with the farm.

at the camp.

to mourn Lal Singh.

roof!

High and low they hunted Umballa, gave the power to Ramabal to act in but without seccess. He was hidden they had ever given to the king him- his stead till he had fully recovered well. They were, however, assured from his terrible hardships. More that he lingered in the city and was than this, he declared that Pundita, sinisterly alive. Day after day the king grew stronger

mentally and physically. Many of the was lawfully hers. He would make his reforms suggested by Ramabal were will at once, but in order that this put into force. Quiet at length really should be legal he would have to de- settled down upon the city. They be- pulse. gan to believe that Umballa had fled the city, and vigilance corresponding-"Forgive me, my friend," he said. ly relaxed.

"I acted unwisely in your case. But I The king had a private chamber. was angry with my people for their the window of which overlooked the garden of brides. There, with his sher-

should not have accepted it or re- Persian, for he was a scholar. He canceled, Umballa laughed and de- to the bald priests only.

balla's house (just as he intended they should); and the king had it legally destroyed and wrote a new will, where in Pundita should have back that which the king's ancestors had taken

from hers-a throne.

of India again. Life was too short. priest.

priest.

The priests signified assent. And Umballa smiled in secret. Ramabai would be dead on the morrow. "There remains the king," said the

chief priest.

Umballa shrugged.

The chief priest stared soberly at the lamp above his head. The king would be, then, Umballa's affair. "He is ill?"

"He is moribund . . . Silence!" warned Umballa.

The curtains became violently agitated. They heard the voice of the young priest outside raised in protest. to be answered by the shrill tones of s woman.

"You are mad!"

"And thou art a stupid fool!"

Umballa's hand fell away from his dagger.

"It is a woman," he said. "Admit her."

The curtains were thrust aside, and the painted dancing girl who had saved Umballa from death or capture in the fire of his own contriving rushed in. Her black hair was studded with turquoise, a necklace of amber gleamed like gold around her neck. and on her arms and ankles a plenitude of silver bracelets and anklets. With her back to the curtains, the young priest staring curiously over her shoulders, she presented a picturesque tableau.

"Well?" said Umballa, who understood that she was here from no idle whim.

"Highness, you must hide with me this night." "Indeed?"

"Or die," coolly.

Umballa sprang forward and seized

her roughly. "What has happened?"

"I was in the zenana, highness, vistting my sister, whom you had transferred from the palace. All at once we heard shouting and trampling of

feet, an a moment later your house was overrun with men. They had heart. found the king in the hut and had taken him to the palace. That they did not find you is because you came here.'

"Tell me all."

"It seems that the majordomo gave the poison to Ramabai, but the white goddess . .

"The white goddess!" cried Umballs, as if stung by a cobra's fang. "Ay, highness. She did not die on

that roof. Nothing can harm her. It written."

"And I was never told!"

She lived, lived, and all the terrors he had evoked for her were as naught! Umballa was not above superstition himself for all his European training. Surely this girl of the white people was imbued with something more than mortal. She lived!

"Go on!" he said, his voice subdued as was his soul.

"The white goddess by mistake took Ramabal's goblet and was about to drink when the majordomo seized the poblet and drained the poison himself. ifessed everything, where the king whe, where you were. They are again bonting through the city for you. For the present you must hide with

back." "So? And all for nothing, since the balla was among these. One day she

hiding place I gave you is not the asked to take a journey into the batrue one. But of that, more anon. I zaars to visit her sister. Ordinarily want this wretch Durga Ram spread such a request would have been deout on an ant hill . . ."

And then, without apparent reason, what the women did, and the chief he began to call for Lakshmi, the eunuch slept afternoons and nights, treadmill. beautiful Lakshmi, the wife of his being only partly alive in the morn-

youth. He ordered preparations for an ings. elephant fight; rambled, talked as An hour later a palanquin was low

though he were but twenty; his eyes ered directly beneath the king's windim, his lips loose and pendulent. And dow. To his eye it looked exactly like the one which had departed. He went

on writing, absorbed. Had he looked closely, had he been the least suspicious . . . ! This palanquin was the gift of

nied. But the king no longer cared

Durga Ram, so-called Umballa. It had been built especially for this longwaited-for occasion. It was nothing more nor less than a sunning cage in which a tiger was huddled, in a vile

temper. The palanquin bearers, friends of the dancing girl, had overpowered the royal bearers and donned their costumes. At this moment one of the bearers (Umballa himself, trusting no one!) crawled stealthily under the palanquin and touched the spring which liberated the tiger and opened the blind. The furious beast sprang to the window. The king was too as-

tonished to move, to appreciate his danger. From yon harmless palanquin this striped fury! The tiger in his leap struck the lacquered desk, broke it and scattered

the papers about the floor. Ramabal and his officers were just entering the corridor which led to the chamber when the tragedy occurred. They heard the noise, the king's cries. When they reached the door silence

Ramabai was first to discover the

greeted them. Where Was the Document He Had The room was wrecked. There was evidence of a short but terrific struggle. The king lay dead upon the floor,

in this condition he might live ten or the side of his head crushed in. His twenty years. Ramabai was sore at turban and garments were in tatters. But he had died like a king; for in the They had to wait two days till

corner by the window lay the striped his mind cleared again. His first one, a jeweled dagger in his throat. question upon his return to his mental balance was directed to deserted palanquin, and proceeded to Kathlyn. Where was the document investigate. It did not take him more he had given to his friend Hare? than a minute to understand what had Kathlyn explained that Umballa had happened. It was not an accident; it

taken it from her. "But, your majesty," exclaimed the colonel rather impatiently, "what difference does it make? Your return has nullified that document."

Given His Friend Hare?

"Not in case of my death. And in Allaha the elder document is always the legal document, unless it is legally destroyed. It is not well to antagonize the priests, who hold us firmly to this law. I might make a will in favor of Pundita, but it would not legally hold in justice if all previous wills were not legally destroyed. You must

find this document." "Did you ever hear of a law to equa

that?" asked Bruce of the colonel. "No, my boy, I never did. It would the gods had denied the people. Wherefore? Twenty-four hours pass mean a good deal of red tape for a man who changed his mind frequently He could not fool his relations; they without their learning the cause; the priests desired to fill them with ter-ror before they struck. would know. The laws of the dark peoples have always amazed me, be-

Then came the distribution of pan ause if you dig deep enough into phlets wherein it was decreed that ties .- Rev. J. Taylor Binns.

man.

This!

turned. I will tell you the truth. It never entered the zenana or harem: clared that he himself had forged that But Umballa had made two mi was the filigree basket of gold and but occasionally he sent for some of particular document, that the true, takes: he should have permitted the precious stones that brought me the women to play and dance before which he held, was not legally de white people to leave the country and him. And the woman who loved Um- stroyed. given a silken cord to the chief eunuch

Burning with the thought of reto apply as directed. There are no venge, of reprisal, how could Durga written laws among the dark peoples Ram know that he thus dug his own that forbids the disposal of that chat pit? Had he let them go he would tel known as a woman of the harem have eventually been crowned, as sureor zenana. There are certain cus ly as now his path led straight to the toms that even the all powerful British raj must ignore.

Ahmed alone escaped, because Um-The catafalque of the dead king balla had in his triumph forgotten rested upon the royal platform. Two

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Woman Scorned. There is an old saying in Rajput

that woman and the four winds were born at the same time, of the same mother: blew hot, blew cold, balmily or tempestuously, from all points at once. Perhaps.

him!

In the zenana of the royal palace pressing Ramabai's hand. "Courage!" there was a woman, tall, lithe, with For Pundita understood the man at a skin of ivory and roses and eyes as her side. Had he been honorless, she brown as the husk of a water chestnut. would this day be wearing a crown. On her bare ankles were gem-in-(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Far From Barracks. Activities of Women. Russia has several woman priests. A minister one day got into conver sation with an Irish soldier who hap Cleveland has a mounted park po-

nened to be stationed in Liverpool licewoman. and of whom he asked several ques For every 17 men physicians there tions as to what regiment he was in is one woman doctor. and so forth. Ultimately Pat though

The majority of Japanese girls marit was his time to ask a few questions. ry at the age of twenty-one years. "Now," said he, "I'd like to know what you are?" "I'm a soldier, too." If the bill introduced in congress by Senator Jones of Washington becomes said the minister. "And what regia law, all widows of Civil war vetment are you in, and where is it staerans will receive a pension of \$20 a month instead of \$12, which they are

Among the women workers there are today 30 times as many book-

there were a generation ago, 50 times as many saleswomen, 60 times as many journalists and a hundred times as many packers, shippers and agents. and no less than 200 as many woman

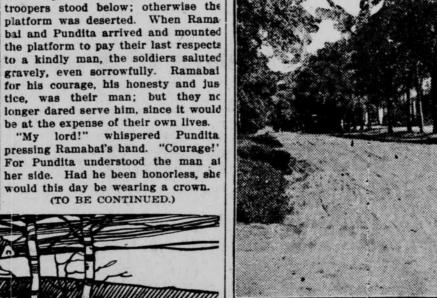
"A fellow sold me a half interest in a petticoat factory," replied the angry man. "Well, what is the matter with petti-

coats?" asked the clerk. you suburbanites who have to leave early to catch the last train home. plied the angry man. Suburbus-I don't think it's any more needed than a show consisting of the first acts of the same plays, for "Many of the illnesses from which children suffer can be traced to the the benefit of you city people who have to come in late because you won't had teeth of the mother," said Dr. L A. Hawkes, late assistant school

Manifestation of Grace.

ing against the stream is grace, and grace is manifest when you see a man struggling against his evil propensihead to get married."

the lack of knowledge as to just who the offenders are. Good people are afraid to complain against such men. They are found in every neighborhood and they go along for years in a domineering, overbearing manner, working all manner of injustices because they have their "bluff in" on the community. They are the gentry whose cattle are rogues, whose fences are always bad, whose dogs are "sheep kill-



Good Road in Georgia.

ers." and who are known in the neighborhood as "bad men to have trouble with."

Most of our dirt roads are so abused in winter that they have to be partially rebuilt in the spring. This eats up the road tax and the days of road work that might be expected to make the roads of this year better than those of last. Late fall, winter and early spring are the seasons when the roads should be guarded against abuse. Why not try a policy of "road conservation" in your neighborhood this year?

Bridges Should Be Painted. Recent investigations of the Illinois state highway department indicate that few highway steel bridges in that state are painted after their final completion and acceptance. Very serious corrosion results and is illustrated in a number of cases, says the Engineering Record. A serious factor in the corrosion of iron and steel is the use of salt to clear the roadway of snow and ice. This was considered at least partly responsible for the bad condition of truss members in a bridge fifteen years old.

Scales Are Truthful.

Many men think they are too busy to "fool with scales" at milking time so they guess what the cows give and guess miles off usually. The scales can guess closer than any of us. It is not such an awful job to know about these things and knowing beats guess ing every time.

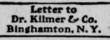
Keep the Boar Penned.

If the boar is put in a pen from which he breaks out it is training him to a had habit. Make his lot boar tight before confining him in it.

A. R. Hansen, a retail druggist of this city, being first duly sworn deposes and says, that he is well acquainted with George W. Atchley, who gave the above testimonial; that said Atchley made and signed said testimonial in my presence and that I have sold said Atchley a part of the Swamp-Root referred to in above testimonial. Affiant further says that George W. Atchley is a well known citizen of this city and an honorable man, and that it was Mr. Atchley's desire to give said testimonial.

A. R. HANSEN. Subscribed to in my presence, and sworn to before me, this 23rd of March, 1909.

E. J. FRISK, Notary Public.



Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores. Adv.

He Needn't Despair.

A Scotch girl who had accidentally cut the point of her index finger with a chopper was coming from church with her finger bandaged.

"What's the matter wi' yer haun', Miss Parrish?" queried an admirer who accompanied her home.

"Oh," replied the young lady, "I chopped a wee bit off my forefinger."

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now-Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff-that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die-then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight-now-any time-will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair-new hair-growing all over the scalp. Adv.

The Reason. "Why was that man fired?" "I think it was because he was

was cold-blooded murder, and back of it stood the infernal ingenuity of one lawyers. Thus fate took Allaha by the hair again and shook her out of the pas-Give Both a Chance. toral quiet. What would happen now? Urbus-They ought to get up a show consisting of the last acts of the va-On the morning after the tragic rious plays in town, for the benefit of death of the old king, those who went early to worship, to propitiate the gods to deal kindly with them during the

day, were astounded to find the doors and gates of all the temples closed! Nor was any priest visible in his usual haunts. The people were stunned. For there could be but one interpretation dine early .-- Judge. to this act on the part of the gurps:

Going with the stream is nature, go-

tioned?" The minister, pointing to ward the sky, said: "My regiment is in Heaven." "Oh, man," replied Pat, receiving at the present time. "shure ye're a long way from the bar racks." keepers, clerks and office workers as

"I would like to get a warrant for a man for obtaining money under false pretenses," announced the angry man. "What is the trouble?" asked the clerk.