

# The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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## CHAPTER XX.

Half an hour later Le Malheureux joined them in the rose and humming-bird patterned chintz drawing room. Benoni withdrew and Le Malheureux still yelled, congratulating Larry Morris and Betty.

"If you wish to be married before you leave here," he said, "there is the old friend priest who used to be my mother's chaplain will here. He is a monogamian, but still a priest for all that. He will marry you yet to-night, if you wish, and I think, Miss Lancy, it might be better if the ceremony were celebrated. Do you not think so? There's no knowing what may await you."

Betty blushed, but Larry hesitated not a minute.

"Bring him on, bring him on," he cried. "We'll be married to-night!"

"And I'll be the best man," shouted Johnny.

"And City Editor Burton can usher."

"Will you let Meta be the bridesmaid?" questioned Betty. "Oh, but what shall I do for a wedding gown?"

"If you weren't so big," said Tyoga, surveying her critically, "we could loan you Mrs. Hackley's mother's bridal robe. I have it still upstairs in an old chest."

Meta and Tyoga had come in silently in the wake of Le Malheureux. "But, mother," interposed Meta, "there are other garments up in the old chest. Perhaps we could make some of them fit."

"Your wedding clothes will fit as well as mine, anyhow," ventured Larry.

Put a woman on a desert island and the prospect of a wedding will cause her inventive faculties to evoke the flesh-pots of Egypt from the barrenest sand.

"The old chest" proved a treasure house. The gowns, the young ones of them, were at least a quarter of a century old, and some of them were of the mode of the French empire. All were rich with rare lace and heavily worked hand-embroidery. Some were of cloth of gold, tarnished now with the scowl of time, but exquisite still. There were quaint old slippers, and a bridal veil of the finest Honiton that ever came off a loom.

No bride could be decked with more loving hands than was Betty for her midnight marriage in mid-Africa. Meta, as bridesmaid, had a glowing frock of scarlet satin and faintest amber lace, and gray toupée about her shining ebony neck, and Tyoga produced a new frock from somewhere. But Betty, ah, Betty! An old court gown of cloth of gold and yellowed satin was her bridal robe.

Over it all ran delicately wrought roses in faded pink. The main body of Honiton draped high over her dress. The neck of the dress was low, and Betty's white shoulders were a sparkle of diamond pendants falling from a high diamond collar Tyoga had placed around her throat, and her plump arms were half covered with heavy bracelets. When they reached the chapel Le Malheureux himself put a diamond girdle around the bride's none too slender waist.

"My gift to the bride," he explained. Johnny's head was the brightest spot in the chapel. From the musty odor within the drip of water on the moss-green walls, the chapel, which had been reached through weird ways, was evidently a subterranean room. The altar was of ivory, the service dazzling beyond belief, and the altar cloths of exquisite workmanship.

The ebony pews were miracles of the carver's art, and the ever-present leopard skin rugs were on the floor. The priest, bent double with years, and with hair and skin as gray as the pelt of a field mouse, mumbled through the long Latin ritual, at a slow, nerve-racking pace. The candles flickered and the organ played a dirge and low wailing which Benoni had wretched at the altar, and filled the great vaults that flanked the sanctuary, grew unbearable.

The wedding supper was laid in the little sitting room. There were many flowers, and the viands, oddly assorted to accustom the eyes, were on gold-glazed plates and dishes of pure gold. Nobody ate much, though Meta, Tyoga and Benoni served assiduously. Le Malheureux touched nothing at all.

Betty, after several urgings, forbore to press him. She had noticed that he never drank, and she remembered to have since grown accustomed to the down-dropping veil, the closely shrouded figure, the well-concealed feet and hands. When the last course was served Le Malheureux arose.

"Let me not be the skeleton at the feast," he improvised. "But Time does not pause for us. The woman you know as Cerise Wayne, in reality Cerise Wayne Hackley, was my full-blooded sister. The letters that were found in her safety deposit box in San Francisco bore reference to the diamond mines at Tloagale. For reasons I cannot now make known to you, their location for years was known only to me. My father in some way discovered their situation—beneath and beyond the castle to which Miss Lancy, now Mrs. Morris, was taken when she first arrived in Africa, and from which she has so recently escaped."

"You must know that though he is American born and bred, that for thirty years my father has lived in this section, an absolute king over several thousands of the most desperate race of blacks that inhabit this continent. He ruled them year after year through fear of what they considered his magic. Tyoga, there, was the wife of the rightful king. Meta, her foster daughter, and Benoni, as you have guessed, her son. For love of my poor mother, they not only served her, but have tended the family most faithfully ever since. Father has sent the blacks up there to pre-empt those mines, and barged to bring back with them a goodly load. Unknown to him his subjects have long been rebelling against him. But the half of them went to Tloagale. The other half remained hidden here and at any time may storm the castle. Many of the house servants are with the mutineers, and that enhances the danger. I cannot

blame them for revolting. My father has been a cruel and despotic master. Their woes have been many. Tyoga can usually check them. It was during her absence in America that they broke bonds. That is why she left Tloagale so long alone with but Meta and Mrs. Morris to guard it. We thought they were safer there than they would be here. We did not know that father had discovered Tloagale and had sent a force there to storm it. At that time we knew only of the mutiny."

"Then we did come just in the nick of time," exclaimed Johnny Johnson. Larry squeezed Betty's hand thankfully.

"No time for congratulations now," admonished Le Malheureux. "We must depart with the dawn."

"How many of us will there be?" asked Benoni.

"See—the two children, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Johnson there, myself, Meta, Tyoga, my father, if he will go; the Cure, and Hackley," counted Le Malheureux.

"The murderer of your sister?" broke in Johnson.

Le Malheureux raised his hand. "Hush," he said, curtly. "You have no right to accuse! We are not law-makers—we dare not judge nor charge. Be careful what you say before the children. I beg of you that. We will try to get to Khartoum. From there passage for you and the children to England will be easy. And it will leave me free to deal with what I must."

AN HOUR LATER brought the dawn. Guided by Meta, Larry and his wife, and Johnny reached the yacht that had brought Betty from America and found the children still sleeping and Tyoga and Hackley already aboard. The Cure, fat and waddily, was trying his best to clamor on. Benoni was not in sight, neither was Le Malheureux. A few moments later they appeared. Le Malheureux with a wallet in his hand, Benoni carrying the old man, who, cursing and screaming with all his might was struggling against the iron grip of the black.

"My diamonds, my diamonds! Let me have them. What else is worth in life to me now since Cerise has died. Murderer, murderer!" he shrieked at Hackley. "Ah, let me at him!" Mr. Wayne raved like a maniac and tried to leap on shore again, but they chained him to a chair and put a gag in his mouth.

"Many as are his crimes, we dare not leave him to their hands," said Benoni, half regretfully, it seemed to Larry.

The yacht took the river like a gull on the wing. The morning breeze was chill and portent of rain hung in the sky, though the sun was fighting to break through the thickly banked up clouds.

"Fifty leagues had they gone, when City Editor Burton, who had not been left behind, to Betty's great delight, roared like a hurricane.

Following the lion's stare to the left, of them on the shore, they saw advancing up the river bank toward them a horde of blacks. Benoni hurried the women down stairs where the children and the Cure already were, and reached to lift the senior Mr. Wayne from his moorings. But he was too late. The yacht was now abreast of the barbarians, whose leader with fine aim shot his quondam tormentor straight through the heart with a long, fine arrow.

Benoni drew the gag from the old man's mouth and leaned over to look at the arrow. Even superficial examination showed him the fatality of aid. He knew too well the poisoned barbs of the tribe. Hundreds of arrows whistled about the yacht, but glanced harmless from its sides, and by rare chance none struck Benoni. When he realized that Mr. Wayne was beyond human help he left the body as it was and crawling to the hatchway dropped below.

There he found the women in a torment of terror and the children, awakened by their sobbing, nervously complaining about the cramped quarters and the rocking motion of the yacht.

"What sort of bends' work is this boat?" questioned Larry, though Benoni and Le Malheureux had both risen in his estimation since they had seen him successfully married to Betty.

"It's my own invention," replied Le Malheureux, with not a little pride in his tone. "Simple enough, too. If you just know how. Merely the scientific application of a few of the fundamental principles of electricity. This little mirror here reflects your whole course as plainly as if you were above deck of a sunline on the highest captain's bridge that ever was built. That's just the application of the rules of convergence and infraction of light. As for the propulsion of this boat—well, a series of buttons on this keyboard does it all. It's as easy as playing on a piano or writing on a typewriter, or a sewing machine or running a telephone switchboard. If you just know how, this is my wireless apparatus. I've found it useful—no, indeed, as he read the query on Larry's face—"no press dispatches from this. I told you wife that on the way over. And I warn you I warned her not to tamper with it."

When Le Malheureux paused, Benoni went to him and spoke in African patois. Betty made out that he was telling him of his father's death. Le Malheureux turned his post over to Benoni. Then he went up alone to view his dead.

He was gone a very long while, and when he came back he neither questioned nor was questioned. Afterward when the Americans went above and found the body gone, and the deck freshly scrubbed, they asked Benoni what had been done with the corpse. Benoni pointed silently to the river.

All day they followed the river and its chain of lakes. At every possible interval Betty or Larry or Johnny tried to hasten the solution of the mystery still palpable before them, but neither Le Malheureux, nor Hackley, nor

the Cure, nor the three blacks would speak, and the yacht sailed on and on.

## CHAPTER XXII.

December was crisp in the air when they told Narcisse Harcourt she might leave the hospital.

"Not for any length of time, but just for a trip down town, if you wish," said Dr. Fothergill. "Who do you want to go with?"

"I like you, and Mr. Hartley," answered Mrs. Harcourt, frankly. "I want to go and buy some presents for those nurses who have been so kind to me, and I want—I want to go and see my husband."

Dr. Fothergill telephoned for Philip and when there in the morning he asked the doctor had asked. Philip had not been able to buy a new overcoat that winter, and he felt more the Peri outside the gate than ever, when Mrs. Harcourt, in her rich furs and radiant heels, followed the doctor into the parlor.

The months in the hospital had worked wonders with Mrs. Harcourt. The old, unfathomable brilliancy had left her here, but there was a sweeter, a more human look within them, and the weird alabaster tones of her skin were replaced with a more babyish purity of later. She was more woman, less a strange, unreal phantom from another world. They did their shopping first, but curtailed it because the crowds in the stores stopped to gaze open-mouthed at the starting beauty of Mrs. Harcourt, the grim plainness of Dr. Fothergill, and Philip Hartley's assiduous attentions to both the ladies. Then in one department they saw some one who resembled the woman in the luxurious furs was "that mysterious Mrs. Harcourt, you know," and Phil had much ado to get both his charges unharmed into a waiting taxi-cab.

Neither they went direct to the jail. Harcourt had not been told of their coming visit, as his wife had expressly wished it so. She went rapidly through the dingy hall, and rattled imperiously at the bars of the door. Harcourt was sitting moodily in one corner of the room, as had been his habit of late. He did not heed the rustle of silken skirts nor the faint perfume that greeted his nostrils.

"Harold," she called. "Harold, oh, Harold."

At sound of her voice he turned and gasped. Then he rose, and like an old man, walked over and thrust his hands through the door.

"Narcisse," he faltered, or admiration in his face and voice, one could not tell. Plainly he was ill at ease.

(To be continued.)

AN UNMISTAKABLE BOND.

Some Illustrations of the Relation of Victims of Inflation.

As we have more than once suggested in the past, there is a sort of subtle bond between great victima and great misers. The exact nature of that bond eludes scrutiny, but there it is, the Baltimore Sun says. Find a lover of sauerkraut and you will find a man who understands and admires the nine superb symphonies of Ludwig von Beethoven. Such a man would warmly endorse the idea of playing the grand finale of the fifth symphony during the kraut course at dinners. The determined reiterators in the coda of that movement seem to suggest in a mystic way the benign endlessness of the kraut.

Like a rubber band sauerkraut is without beginning and without end. Each strand clings to another. Eat a yard of it and another yard lures you on. Once started it is difficult to cease.

So much for Beethoven and his gas-trophic affinities. Coming to the symphonies of Johannes Brahms, one discerns a suggestion of another delightful German delicatessen, to wit rinderbrat mit meerrrettig (breast of beef with horseradish sauce). If one contemplates a rasber of rinderbrat, one comes inevitably to the thought that, in itself, it has no epicurean merit whatever. It is, in fact, the most insipid of dishes—tough, bleak, monotonous and uninviting. Eating it as it comes from the pot would be an appalling experience for a true connoisseur of victuals. There not in all this some hint of Brahms' isn't it a fact that his symphonies, as they appear in the cold black and white score, impress one chiefly by their utter lack of flavor? One seeks in vain for piquant wriggles. It is magnificent, true enough, but it is not appetizing.

But just as the flat rinderbrat has its saving meerrrettig, just so the symphonies of Brahms gain favor in the playing. The meerrrettig give the rinderbrat an indescribable tang, an ineffable sting, a quaint flavor of dexterity, and in the same way the erosions and mistakes of orchestral performers inoculate the scores of Brahms with the best microbes of human weakness. In the midst of a development section as academically perfect as the bimodal theorem some irresponsible viola player, suffering, perhaps, from the fumes of cheap liquor, sounds a wolf tone or snaps a string, and the result is a golden moment. The music, thus mutilated, insults the intellect, but touches the heart. One ceases to admire it, and begins to enjoy it.

The whole subject, of course, is full of snares, and we pause for refreshments. But there is need in the world for a philosopher who will work it out to ten places of decimals—who will explain to us the subtle relationship between music and vands. We have hinted at the nature of the chains which bind sauerkraut to the great Ludwig, and rinderbrat to the gas-trophic Johannes. But why does the Bismarck herring suggest Wagner and the frenetic kartoffellose Weber and "Der Freischuetz," and stewed prunes Haydn, and hasenpfeffer Mozart, and why, when we hear the music of Richard Strauss, do we think inevitably of pink lemonade and snake-eyes, shell games and tight ropes, jugglers and peanuts?

Stung.

"Dear, if the old clothes man comes around this week you had better sell him what old clothes we have."

"Not till you get me some new ones."

—Houston Post.

Step by Step.

I believe in improving environments, but when we have made the world fit for men to live in we shall still need to make men fit to live in it.—Sir James Dukesworth.

## QUEER TWO-WHEELED AUTO.



"DICYCLE" MOTOR CAR.

A most extraordinary two-wheeled automobile, designed on the principle of a "dicycle" bicycle which drew attention in England twenty or more years ago, has been built in London and sent to this country for exhibition.

It consists of a couple of large solidified wheels, connected by an axle from which hangs a platform sufficing for the engine, which is at the rear, is of the single-cylinder type and develops four and a half horse power. The countershaft lies parallel with the axle of the vehicle, and on the ends are a pair of roller chains driving sprockets that engage with the wheel hubs. The steering is accomplished by an ordinary auto steering wheel, which actuates wires that move friction discs between the sprockets and the wheel hubs, the drive being released from one wheel or the other to effect a turn.

The chief feature of this remarkable type of machine is the cheapness with which it can be built and the lack of vibration that results from the use of large wheels. The seat for the driver and passengers rests just over the axle.—Popular Mechanics.

## BURNED PAPER MONEY.

Source of Great Profit to the Government and Banks.

At the redemption windows of the treasury and of the subtreasuries of the country any silver coin that has not been mutilated willfully and which still is recognizable as from the mints of the United States will be redeemed at face value, this in spite of the fact that the silver in the worn coins may not be worth half its face value. As to gold coin, the government stands only a small portion of the loss from abrasion; but, according to weight, these worn gold coins always are redeemable.

In the case of the paper currency two-fifths of a note must be presented if it shall be redeemed or a new note issued, and no matter what the evidence may be as to total destruction of this paper currency, the government regards it as the holder's individual loss with which it is no further concerned. Firms may melt \$1,000 worth of silver coins and it is worth its gold value. It may melt \$1,000 in gold coins and the mint will pay \$1,000 in new twenty-dollar gold pieces for the mass. But the ashes of \$1,000 in paper currency is without value.

In the thousands of fires over the country every year involving office buildings, factories, business houses and family residences an untold total of legal tender notes of all kinds are destroyed. Every piece of such paper lost is loss to the holder and gain to the government or to a national bank. It is a promissory note hopelessly lost to the holder. It is even more, for many cases an individual man might redeem his debt obligation if he were assured by the holder of it that the piece of paper to which he had signed his name had been destroyed by accident and by no chance could turn up again against him.—Chicago Tribune.

## GAME OF GOFF, GOUFF, OR GOWF.

Origin Traced to the Romans, Although Scottish Has Credit.

One of the foremost of the games which we have adopted is the royal and ancient game of goff, goff, goff—the last the genuine old pronunciation—golf, which, curiously excepted, is the game most peculiar to Scotland, as characteristic as baseball in America or cricket in England. The word was derived from the Dutch kolf, a club, but the game is not of Dutch origin, though in early days golf balls were imported from Holland and perhaps the name came with them, Arthur B. Reeve in Outing says.

The date of the origin of goff, even approximately, like that of most sports, is unknown. Tradition has it that the game originated with the Scotch shepherds knocking a ball about the heath with their crooks. But among the Romans a game called pagania was played with a ball of feathers with feathers, as early goff balls were made in the same way in Scotland, it has been surmised a forerunner. An early name in England was bandyball, and in old prints reproduced by Strutt in his "Sports and Pastimes" the club, some four and a half feet long, had a curvature, much like a crook. Later the heads of the golf sticks were affixed to ash shafts and were faced with horn and backed with lead.

Golf in the early days was a highly democratic game—laird and cobbler were competitors; everyone played, even the women. The links were the common land along the seashore. The prizes were simple—a golf club or a dozen balls, and only later the more elaborate medal and cup. Even the great national prize was a silver stick which never became the property of the winner.

Not That Kind.

"That old millionaire philanthropist is reported to be living in the odor of sanctity."

"No such thing. I see him riding in a gasoline car."—Baltimore American.

We wish we were a young girl who has just returned from school. We saw one yesterday, and four girls had their arms around her.

If all the inventive genius wasted on excuses were exerted along more practical lines, an extension would have to be built on the patent office.

It is a great blessing to be able to pay your debts.

## CANCER.

### Its Proper Treatment and Cure.

In morbid anatomy the one great subject in which the great interest centers is Carcinoma. It is mentioned in all the writings of the ancients and considered by all of the moderns.

The interest in this subject centers in its malignancy. The intrinsic tendency of Carcinoma is to destroy life. The interest is heightened and intensified by the wide-spread prevalence and vigilance of the affection and the inadequacy of the present Knife Surgical resources to successfully cope with it. Statistics reveal an alarming death rate from Cancer. In England and Wales during one decade (1860-1870) 2,375,622 persons above the age of twenty died and of this number \$1,699 died from Cancer, a ratio of 1:29. The disease is thought to be on the increase. The general public is aware of the inability of Knife-Surgery to successfully treat it. It is almost universally considered incurable. There is need of the establishment of successful therapeutic measures as well as the discovery of the real cause of the disease.

Until recently Carcinoma has successfully defied all medical practice, but while its cause is still a

mystery, that a method of treatment has been discovered by which it can be utterly destroyed is the most significant fact in therapeutics since the discovery of the circulation of the blood. We have now for the first time in the history of clinics a few young scholarly physicians of genius who, having the confidence of a righteous cause and the ability to advance it rightly, believe the future belongs to them. It required courage to announce the fact of having the ability to treat Carcinoma. The schools denied the possibility of cure and held up the announcement to ridicule. Nearly all the regular physicians and surgeons treated Carcinoma specialists with contempt. One very prominent specialist in another line of surgery declared that "cancer specialists cured twenty per cent of their cases because twenty per cent were not cancer." Now we want to quote from a surgeon who was Professor of Surgery in Rush Medical College, Professor of Surgery in Chicago Polytechnic, Attending Surgeon in Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, Surgeon in Chief to St. Joseph's Hospital, Chicago, and author of the great work, "Pathology and Surgical Treatment of Tumors," Dr. R. Senn, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., of Chicago, Illinois. On page 218 of his Pathology we find these words in italics: "Every Carcinoma has a benign (curable) period." Again on page 266: "Every modern writer on Carcinoma insists upon the importance of early operative treatment. Carcinoma is no longer regarded as a constitutional or blood disease. It has a benign (curable) stage during which it resembles benign epithelial tumors, and it is amenable to successful treatment by thorough removal."

The opinion of the surgeon who makes no attempt to treat the disease, or shall we believe the statement of that surgeon who stands at the head of the world's great pathologists and is so recognized by every great school of medicine and surgery on the planet? We believe an intelligent public will accept the statement of Dr. Senn. What causes the enmity to Cancer Specialists? Ignorance.

The arguments against the Cancer Specialists have been like the slides in a magic lantern. The first stereotyped objection was that Cancer was incurable by any process whatever, hence the Cancer Specialist was a fake. In reply to this statement it is sufficient to say that the objection cannot stand in the presence of any well informed modern pathologist. The second objection was that Cancer specialists were contrary to the code of ethics of the profession. In answer to that argument it is entirely competent to state that nearly every great discovery in clinics is being made by specialists and that every disease and every kind of surgery is being treated by specialists. The noted personalities in science, arts, philosophy, and finance and the great Captains of Industry seek the services of specialists.

The third argument was that Cancer Specialists were ignorant quacks. In answer to that statement will say that no branch of therapeutics or clinics can name as its representatives any higher scholarship and professional ability than are found among some Cancer Specialists. The day when the Cancer Specialist can be disposed of with a sneer has passed with the day that held the tuberculosis specialist in contempt. There are thousands of persons in the various walks of life from the daily laborer to the capitalist who can testify to the fact that Carcinoma has been cured in their individual cases. That there was a time when there were a great many cancer specialists who were not physicians and were ignorant of the remedies for common diseases, and that there are such to-day is unquestionably true, but that there are now learned and able physicians and surgeons who make a specialty of cancer is equally true. That there are a few ignorant, incompetent, irresponsible quacks in the regular practice of medicine and who are carrying diplomas from regular medical schools, but who are not physicians, good men also in the profession who are blessing humanity and are an honor to the profession all will admit.

The great Dr. Senn of Chicago, on page 288 of his Pathology, says: "Permanent results will follow the operative treatment of Carcinoma if the operation is performed before regional infection has occurred. Every case of external cancer can be cured if

well removed before regional infection has occurred. Why any one should doubt that proposition is more than I can understand. I have recently observed the force of the argument and position here presented. I lately had the honor of visiting a specialist on the subject of cancer, which visit was very impressive to me on account of having known this physician in his boyhood days. I knew him on both social and business planes, and I saw him grow from an humble position to a physician now with a national reputation, impregnable and invulnerable, as has been demonstrated by the successful resistance against thousands of attacks from unscrupulous and prejudiced physicians, characterizing the same spirit against progress that was shown in the days when Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood. This specialist is none less than Dr. Perry Nichols of Hot Springs, South Dakota.

Whatever may be said of Cancer Specialists in general and of their great pretensions to secret treatment, I have both the pleasure and the honor of clearing that physician from the stigma from any accusation of reserve-right in using that which the world may not know. The work as I saw there was as an open book.

TREATMENT.

The method used will commend itself to any one who will investigate. It is radical and thorough. It destroys the tumor. It is not knife surgery, but more effective. Does not weaken the patient by destroying needless healthy tissue, or by loss of blood, but destroys all diseased parts and leaves the wound in condition to heal rapidly. It is the highest form of chemical cautery known; the most powerful, yet easy to control. We have witnesses of cures from ocean to ocean and from the Great Lakes in the North to the Gulf in the South, and no rational man visiting such an institution, whether physician, surgeon or otherwise, will fail to corroborate these statements. It is surely a disgrace to the medical profession that it does not more generally recognize this line of treatment. They are not working for the good of humanity in their present attitude of opposition.

E. M. CATICART, A. B.,  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

A Word from Friends Who Have Been Here.

Those afflicted with any malady very properly desire evidence as to what they may expect when they are in search of a cure, and especially when the cure has already expended money for treatment. Therefore we herewith append a very few brief extracts from letters received from those who know from experience what Dr. Nichols can do.

WHAT A SKILLFUL SPECIALIST OF CHICAGO SAYS.

Dr. R. R. Miller, one of Chicago's most skillful specialists, of 145 Oakwood Blvd., who was successfully treated for cancer upon the nose at Dr. Nichols' Sanatorium in the autumn of 1919, writes on Jan. 10, 1920, in reply to my letter: "I am glad to be of service to you in the way of recommendation or reference, any place and any time, and I will be only too glad to be of help to you, as well as to any one in need of my services. I am fine and dandy. Would look remarkably fine. Dr. Pusey (one of Chicago's most eminent X-Ray specialists) says it is the finest scar he has ever seen from any operation. I am looking for cases to start my way. Fraternally yours, DR. R. B. MILLER."

AFTER SPENDING HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS I CAME TO DR. NICHOLS AND WAS CURED.

Mrs. Bell Scott of St. Paul, Neb., writes a friend on March 9, 1919: "After spending several hundred dollars trying to get my cancer cured I came to Dr. Nichols' Sanatorium in Hot Springs, South Dakota, upon the advice of friends, as it seemed my only chance for life. I was there five weeks. When I went I could hardly sit up, the pain was so severe, but I came home cured and shortly after did my work. I want to do all I can to help suffering people. Respectfully yours, "MRS. BELL SCOTT."

"LOUD IN HER PRAISES."

A sufferer from cancer at Early, Iowa, consulted Mrs. James Grace, of that place, regarding her treatment for cancer at Dr. Nichols' Sanatorium, and writes as follows concerning Mrs. Grace: "Her face is all right and she is loud in her praises of you. I am fine and dandy. I now have a famous architect, whose task he had a hard time forming. Jack Harkaway and Deadwood Dick seemed to him the very topmost pinnacle of literary excellence. He yawned over the splendid historical works his father read to him.

One day, however, Dr. Hale had a gleam of hope. The little boy brought him a volume of English history, and said, "Will you read me some more out of this, please?"

"Why, certainly, my boy," the father answered, cordially. "What part would you like to have?"

"Read me," said the little boy, "about Mary Queen of Scots getting her head cut off!"

High Class Suicide.

In China suicide has been a fine art for several centuries. If a mandarin is guilty of misconduct he is requested to put himself out of the land of the living. There is a distinction, too, in the manner in which the oriental may die. If he is of exalted rank and entitled to wear the peacock feather he is privileged to choke himself to death with gold leaf. This is regarded as a distinguished manner of ending life. If the mandarin is only of the rank that is entitled to wear the red button he must be content with strutting himself with a silken cord. Such are the distinctions of caste.

Talking in a Circle.

"From what I've heard about Cuba," said Mrs. Lapsing, "they don't use the automobile very much down there. A rich Cuban rides around in a sort of two wheeled vocabulary."

Artistic Repertoire.

"How are you getting along with your statue of war?" asked the landscape painter.

"I'm putting as bold a face on it as possible," answered the sculptor.

Enlightening Him.

Algy—Doctor, what—aw—is the first symptom of softening of the brain?

Medical Adviser—The possession of a brain, my dear boy.

ment of it. It was a success. I might write many pages in praise of the bridge that carried me to the shore. But above is the truth and words cannot make a stronger. Write me, any one who is seeking information.

"A. H. LIVINGSTON,"  
"Missouri Valley, Iowa."

CANCER SUCCESSFULLY REMOVED FROM NOSE—NEW NOSE GRAFTED.

"Thanks to you and your skill, I have been so well that I have worked every day since Aug. 6, Sundays included. I am sure if you could see me you would be very well satisfied with the results of last year's work. My nose is shaping up well and my scars are rapidly fading; my forehead has taken on a nearly natural shade, and the nerve system is well established both in nose and forehead. Respectfully yours,

"Mrs. MOLLIE CREW,"  
"128 S. West St., Galesburg, Ill."

Persons desiring further information upon this subject may obtain a booklet free upon "Cancer, Its Proper Treatment and Cure,"—a very interesting and instructive publication, also containing numerous testimonials from former patients, with about 500 references, by addressing,

DR. PERRY NICHOLS' SANATORIUM,  
Hot Springs, S. D.

CHARLESTON'S ANCIENT BELLS.

How They Have Been Preserved for Centuries.

The corner stone of the Church of St. Michael was laid in 1752 on the site first occupied by old St. Philip's, one of the most ancient colonial churches in America. It was not until twenty years later that the chimneys of eight bells was installed in the high steeple, which long served as a guide to mariners along that part of the Carolina coast. The money for these bells was raised by popular subscription, and they were cast in London, as a "commercial venture." He had them shipped back to their former home, hoping to make a profit on their sale when they arrived.

Just after the battle of Secessionville, in 1862, St. Michael's chimneys were taken down to escape being injured in the bombardment of Charleston. They were sent to Columbia, S. C., for safety. This move turned out disastrously, or during the occupation of Columbia by Sherman's army the bells were burned in the fire of Feb. 17, 1