

WANTED TO BE AN AVIATOR

Missouri Girl Evidently Very Much in Earnest in Her Desire to Navigate the Air.

Mr. Claude Grahame-White, the famous English aviator, is constantly besought by young women to teach them to become aviators.

"Oh, Mr. Grahame-White, teach me to be a 'piloter.' I saw one of them in Kansas City and I think it is just heavenly. I would like to run a Wright monoplane or a Bleriot biplane, but if you have a better flyer I would try that. I think I would look cute running a baby flyer.

RASH ALL OVER BABY'S BODY Itched So He Could Not Sleep

"On July 27, 1909, we left Boston for a trip to England and Ireland, taking baby with us. After being in Ireland a few days a nasty rash came out all over his body.

"When we reached England we took baby to another doctor, who said his condition was due to change of food and climate, and gave more medicine. The rash got no better, and it used to itch and burn at night so bad that the child could not sleep.

"I had tried every medicine I could get, but nothing helped. I was almost despondent when I saw a box of Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

"I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for about nine months the places disappeared. There are not any scars, or other kind of disfigurement, and baby is completely cured by the Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

"A man never gets too old to remember some of the things that never occurred when he was a boy.

Beautiful Post Cards Free Read to stamp for five samples of my very choice Gold Embossed Birthdays, Flowers and Motto Post Cards; beautiful designs; designs; designs.

If you are unable to keep your troubles to yourself they will expand.

DOCTORS FAILED TO HELP HER Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Pound, Wis.—"I am glad to announce that I have been cured of dyspepsia and female troubles by your medicine.

"I had been troubled with both for fourteen years and consulted different doctors, but failed to get any relief. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier I can say I am a well woman.

"I can't find words to express my thanks for the good your medicine has done me. You may publish this if you wish."

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial.

Sioux City Directory Established 30 Years J. C. RENNISON CO. FLORISTS

Rocklin & Lehman Florists Fresh Cut Flowers & Floral Emblems OF ALL DESCRIPTION ON SHORT NOTICE.

The BRONZE BELL BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting party with his friends, comes upon a young lady who has been dismounted by her horse becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu.

CHAPTER IX. (Continued).

As Amber left the room Labertouche extinguished the lamp, shut and locked the door, and followed, catching Amber by the arm and guiding him through pitch darkness to the head of the stairs.

He obeyed blindly, stumbling down a reeking corridor, and in a minute more, to his utterable relief, was in the open air of the bazaar.

Like a fat, tawdry moth in his garments of soiled pink, a babu loitered past, with never a sidelong glance for the loitering figure in the shadowed doorway.

Without warning, Pink Satin pulled up, extracted from the recesses of his costume a long, black and vindictive-looking native cigar, and lighted it, thoughtfully exhaling the smoke through his nose while he stared covetously at the display of a slippers-merchant whose stand was over across from the stall of a goldsmith.

With true oriental deliberation Pink Satin finally made up his mind to move on; and Amber lurched heavily into the premises occupied by one Dhola Baksh, a goldsmith.

A customer, a slim, handsome Malay youth, for the moment held the attention of the proprietor. The two were hagglng with characteristic enjoyment over a transaction which seemed to involve less than twenty rupees.

Two or three more putative customers idled into the shop. Beyond its threshold the stream of native life rolled on, ceaselessly fluent; a pageant of the middle ages had been no more fantastic and unreal to western eyes.

Unexpectedly the proprietor made a substantial concession. Money passed upon the instant, sealing the bargain. The Malay rose to go.

"Your pleasure, sahib?" he inquired, with a thinly-veiled sneer. "What need to show deference to a down-at-the-

heel sailor from the port? "I want money—I want to borrow," said Amber promptly.

"On your word, sahib?" "On security." "What manner of security can you offer?"

"A ring—an emerald ring." Dhola Baksh shrugged. His eyes shifted from Amber to the emerald faces of the bystanders.

"The hint was lost upon Amber. "A stone of price—" he persisted. "With a disturbed and apprehensive look, the money-lender rose. "Come, then," he grumbled, "if you must—"

"Make haste, hazoor!" cried the owner of the hand, in Hindustani. "Make haste, lest they seek to fasten this crime upon your head."

CHAPTER X. Maharana of Khandawar.

Both hand and voice might well have been Labertouche's; Amber believed they were. And the darkness rendered visual identification impossible.

Ever since that knife had flown past his cheek, his instinct of self-preservation had been dominated by a serene confidence that Pink Satin was at hand to steer him in safety away from the brawl.

And then, by the light of the street, he discovered that his gratitude had been premature and misplaced. His guide had fallen a pace behind and was shouldering him along with all most frantic energy.

"Hasten, hazoor!" he cried. "Is this a time to loiter? Hasten ere they charge you with this spilling of blood. These lend wings to our feet this night!"

"What matter is that? Is it not enough that I am here and well disposed toward you, that I risk my skin to save yours?" He cannoned suddenly against Amber, shunting him unceremoniously out of the bazaar road and into a narrow black alley.

"You hear, hazoor? They are naming you to the police-wallahs. Come!" "You're right," Amber fell into a long, free stride that threatened quickly to outpace the gurkha's short, sturdy legs.

"Why ask?" he asked the gurkha. "Did I not stand behind you and see that you did not throw the knife? Am I a dog to stand by and see an innocent man yoked to a crime?"

"To speak. A simpler way is to take the windows out and send them to the laundry." Dusting the pictures is also usually attended with much hard work.

Hints for Housecleaning

Instructions for Men Which Will Enable Them to Get the Task Done in Short Order.

Housecleaning time is dreaded just by a great many people, but the thoughtful husband may get it through with in short order.

gardlessly through the vicious mud of the unpaved ways.

By now the voice of the chase had subsided to a dull and distant muttering far behind them, and the way was clear.

"Willingly Amber dropped into a wavering stride, so nearly exhausted that his legs shook under him, and he reeled drunkenly; and, fighting for breath, they stumbled on, side by side, in the shadow of the overhanging walls, until as they neared a corner the gurkha halted Amber with an imperative gesture.

They went down together, the gurkha on top. And the door crashed with a rattle of bolts, leaving Amber on his back, in total darkness, betrayed, lost, and alone with his enemies.

Amber went temporarily mad with rage. He was no stranger to fear—no man with an imagination is; but for the time being he was utterly foolhardy.

"Make haste, hazoor!" cried the owner of the hand, in Hindustani. "Make haste, lest they seek to fasten this crime upon your head."



A Comprehensive Collection of Specimens of Every Tribe.

he had flung the man off and bounded to his feet. There was the automatic pistol in his coat pocket, but he, conscious that his hands were reaching out in the darkness to drag him down again, found no time to draw it.

And abruptly it was over. He was borne down by sheer weight of numbers. Though he fought with the insanity of despair they were too many for him.

Gradually it was forced upon him that his captors meant him no bodily harm, for the present at least. His wrath subsided and gave place to curiosity while he rested, regaining his wits, and the natives squirmed away from him, leaving one man kneeling upon his chest and four others each pinning a limb.

If you have no vacuum cleaner, you may improvise one with an old bicycle pump by attaching a funnel to the nozzle.

Mr. Gladstone was altogether intolerant of the heckler. During his last Middlethian campaign he was questioned by Sir, then Mr. John Usher of Norton, who had once been Gladstone's chairman of committee, on the subject of the Irish proposals, which sounded so many political friends

laugh out of the darkness and words intended for his ear.

"By Malang Shah! but my lord doth fight like a Rajput!" Amber caught his breath and exhaled, "Half a chance, you damned thugs, and I'll show you how an American can fight!"

But he had spoken in English, and his hearers gathered the import of his words only from his tone, apparently. He who had addressed him laughed appreciatively.

Unexpectedly he was let down upon the floor and released. Bare feet hurried away in the darkness and a door closed with a resounding bang. He was alone, for all he could say to the contrary—alone and unarmed. He was more; he was astonished; he had not been disarmed.

One does not shoot down in cold blood a man who makes no aggressive move, and he who stood in the doorway endured impassively the mute threat of the pistol. Above its sight his eyes met Amber's with a level and unwavering glance, shining out of a

dark, set face cast in a mold of intolerance and pride. A bushy black beard was parted at his chin and brushed stiffly back. Between his thin lips, parted in a shadowy smile, his teeth gleamed white. Standing a head taller than Amber and very gracefully erect in clothing of a semi-luxurious cut and of regal magnificence, every inch of his pose bespoke power, position, and the habit of authority.

At once impressed and irritated by his attitude, Amber lowered his weapon. "Well?" he demanded querulously. "What do you want? What's your part in this infamous outrage?"

On the other's face the faint smile became more definite. He nodded nonchalantly at Amber's pistol. "My lord intends to shoot?" he enquired in English, his tone courteous and suave.

"That's as may be," retorted Amber defiantly. "I'm going to have satisfaction for this outrage if I die getting it. You may count on that, first and last."

"The man lifted his eyebrows and his shoulders in deprecation; then turned to his attendant. "Put down the light and leave us," he said curtly in Hindustani.

"Bowing ostentatiously, the servant entered and departed, leaving the lamp upon a wooden shelf braced against one side of the four-square, stone-walled dungeon. As he went out he closed the door, and Amber noted that it was a heavy sheet of iron or steel, very substantial. His face darkened.

and go to work. You will be surprised at what a pleasant way this will be to while away the evenings.—Judge.

Gladstone and the Heckler. Mr. Gladstone was altogether intolerant of the heckler. During his last Middlethian campaign he was questioned by Sir, then Mr. John Usher of Norton, who had once been Gladstone's chairman of committee, on the subject of the Irish proposals, which sounded so many political friends

solite sincerity. "I trust I make my meaning plain?" "Most clear, hazoor." The other showed his teeth in an appreciative smile. "And yet—with an expressive outward movement of both hands—'what is the need of all this?'"

"What!" Amber choked with resentment. "What was the need of seeing your thugs upon me—of kidnapping me?" "That, my lord, was an error of judgment on the part of one who shall pay for it full measure. I trust you were not rudely treated."

He had an advantage, and knowing it, was pushing it to the limit; for all his nonchalance the black man was not unconscious of the pistol; his eye never forgot it. And Amber's eyes left his not an instant. Despite that the fellow's next move was a distinct surprise.

"My lord," he said swiftly in Hindustani, "if I have misjudged thee, if I have earned thy displeasure, upon my head be it. See, I give my life into thy hands; but a little quiver of thy forefinger and I am as dust."

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"Get up," he said; "get up and stand over there by the wall and don't be a silly ass."

"Hazard!" There was reproach in Saig Singh's accents; but he obeyed, rising and retreating to the further wall there to hold himself attention.

"But you are, aren't you?" "By thy favor, it is even so."

"What's the matter with your milk?" she said, with great vehemence. "I don't know," he replied. "What do you find wrong with it?"

"What's the matter with your milk?" she said, with great vehemence. "I don't know," he replied. "What do you find wrong with it?"

ships. To one or two inquiries a curt reply was given. "Am I to understand?"—Mr. Usher was beginning. "Understand!" The old statesman leaped to his feet. "I am responsible for the understanding that the Almighty has put in this skull of mine, tapping his forehead. "I am not responsible," pointing his finger at the questioner, "for the understanding that he has put in that skull of yours."

Always Makes Good



Every Inch of His Pose Bespoke Power, Position and Habit of Authority.

body into the arms of a gang of ruffians to be manhandled, and finally locked up in a dark cell. I don't suppose you've got the nerve to call that courteous treatment."

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"When was Lincoln born?" asks the teacher. "I—f—forget," whines the pupil. "Naturally you do. Go at it right. How many Muses are there in mythology?"

"Nine." "Right. Now double that number." "Twice-nine's-eighteen."

"Right again. Multiply it by 100." "1800." "Good. Add the number of Muses to that."

"1807." "Aha! That's when Lincoln was born. Why don't you learn the scientific way of getting at these things?"

A Paraphrase. "You take loose notice of the places to which people are invited."

A FINE NIGHT-CAP The Best Thing in the World to Go to Bed and Sleep On.

"My wife and I find that 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and a cup of hot milk, or some cream, with it, makes the finest night-cap in the world," says an Allegheny, Pa., man.

"I was afflicted at the same time with the most intense pains, accompanied by a racking headache and backache, every time I tried to eat anything. Notwithstanding an unusual pressure from my professional duties, I was compelled for a time to give up my work altogether."

"The good work went on, and I was soon ready to return to business, and have been hard at it, and enjoying it ever since."

"Command me at any time any one enquires as to the merits of Grape-Nuts. You will find me always ready to testify." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.