

Your Liver is Clogged Up
 That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Pettitts Eye Salve TONIC FOR EYES

NEAT WAY OF PUTTING IT

Remark of Small Brother Must Have Driven Last Hope From Poor Mr. Blinks.

It was a clear case of unrequited affection; but, despite numerous setbacks, Blinks persisted in his calls. The lady's name was May, but her attitude toward him was December. Her ten-year-old brother Billy received poor Blinks the last time he dropped in.

"Is your sister at home?" asked the suitor.
 "No, she's gone out."
 "Ah, so I've come to the cage only to find the bird has flown."
 "No, you ain't," retorted Billy. "But you're like the month of June."
 "How's that?"
 "Every time you come in May goes out."

ERUPTION ON CHILD'S BODY

R. F. D. No. 2, Jackson, Mo.—"Our daughter who is ten months old was suffering from an eruption all over the body. In the beginning they were small red spots and afterwards turned to bloody sores. We tried all sorts of ointments but they did not procure any relief for our child. She cried almost day and night and we scarcely could touch her, because she was covered with sores from head to foot."
 "We had heard about the Cuticura Soap and Ointment and made a trial with them, and after using the remedies, that is to say, the Soap and the Ointment, only a few days passed and our child could sleep well and after one week she was totally well."
 (Signed) August F. Bartels, Nov. 25, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Enterprising Farmer.

A farmer and his wife in an out-of-the-way but interesting corner of Galway had made their only visitor very comfortable, indeed.

As the road ended with the farm and passers-by were excessively rare, the guest asked the farmer why he did not try the effect of an advertisement in one of the daily newspapers.
 "Ay," he said, "that's a fine notion, and we have made up our minds to do it. We are just waiting till we see a bit vacant corner in the paper, and then we'll send up a line or two."
 Christian Endeavor World.

Of Course.

When the three children returned from their walk, says Punch, they found their mother waiting for them on the porch.

Mother—Well, dears, did you meet anyone you knew?
 The Three Children—Yes; Ruby and Derek.

Mother—Where did you meet them?
 Barbara (the youngest)—At the same place we was.

Disproportion.

"Is your party getting on all right?"
 "Yes. All we've got to do is to correct one slight disproportion. We've got too many good speakers and not enough campaign fund contributors."
 —Washington Star.

More So.

"Is this Indian joke original?"
 "It's aboriginal."—Baltimore American.

Suffered a Reverse.

"What got Tippet behind the bars?"
 "Standing too long in front of them."—Boston Transcript.

Toasted to a Golden Brown!

Sounds "smacking good," doesn't it?

That's

Post Toasties

Tender thin bits of the best parts of Indian Corn, perfectly cooked at the factory, and ready to eat direct from the package—fresh, crisp and clean.

There's a delicate sweetness about "Toasties" that make them the favorite flaked cereal at thousands of breakfast tables daily.

Post Toasties with cream and a sprinkling of sugar—

Delicious

Wholesome

Easy to serve

Sold by Grocers everywhere

The League of Lost Causes

Being the Romantic Adventures of Paul Lane, American Millionaire

The Misplaced Dream

By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

AUL HAINS stood on the heights above Delhi, looking down upon a city of tents.

The ancient capital of the Moguls stretched away beneath him, mile after mile of mean and square buildings, relieved here and there by the splendid orb of temple or marble minaret. But it was not at the massive tower which had sprung up almost overnight, with its acres of canvas and high scaffolding, King George and Queen Mary were to be crowned in their magnificent pavilion on the third morning, when all the feudatory chiefs of the sub-continent would present themselves before them to pledge their loyalty.

It was the first time that a reigning British sovereign had set foot within the boundaries of his Indian empire. And the cause of this long journey was known to every one. India was seething with disaffection, so that it required the presence of the king-emperor to strike home into the imagination of the natives something of the power of the British sway.

When, glittering with gems and gold, the native princes bent before their majesties, the symbol of the act would be watching from walls and towers and packing every road and footpath of the ancient capital.

Paul's mission had been suddenly determined on. The League of Lost Causes, as it was popularly termed, sitting at its headquarters, had resolved that England's prestige must be shattered in the East, that out of her difficulties, something might be gained. The league spun webs within webs; no stroke was planned but had some bearing upon its ultimate end: the restoration of the monarchical ideal among the peoples and the overthrow of democracy. And England, as the leader of the democratic nations of Europe, was hated perhaps more bitterly by those who directed the league.

John Rosny, its secretary, had called on Paul in Paris and outlined the situation.

"Desperate as the chance appears," he said, "it requires only determination and self-confidence to effect our purpose. The British power is tottering; India will never willingly see a king from overseas crowned in the sacred capital of the Moguls. We have secured the adhesion of the most powerful of the feudatory princes—the Jam of Nagshipur. He commands thirty millions of subjects—as many as the population of all Italy. The native troops look to him as their leader and will follow him. When he stands before King George and Queen Mary then, instead of pledging his loyalty, he will address their native bodyguard, order them into arrest, and himself pluck the crown from the British sovereign's head and place it on his own. Delhi will acclaim him emperor, and all India will be ablaze with rebellion."

"Now, my dear Paul," Rosny had continued, "unfortunately the Jam, who alone can commit this action with the certainty of success, is vacillating. Educated at Oxford, he has something of an Englishman's loyalty to his emperor, or rather, let us say, he realizes the might of England's power. But the thought of dominion has dazzled him. He can be persuaded. You will go, then, to his palace at Delhi and communicate with him through his chief officer, Ramchandra Sing, our Indian representative. Together you will overcome the Jam's reluctance. And to prevent all possibility of failure I may tell you that, out of the millions which you have placed at the disposal of the league, we have devoted nearly \$500,000 to this purpose."

"And now, Paul, I may speak upon a subject more to your heart than even this magnificent opportunity to overthrow the power of England in the East. I will speak as man to man and not as the league's western secretary. I am not blind to the perception of your ultimate desire; you love Mademoiselle, as we have agreed to term her—she, as we have agreed to term her—she, as we have agreed to term her. You will go, then, to his palace at Delhi and communicate with him through his chief officer, Ramchandra Sing, our Indian representative. Together you will overcome the Jam's reluctance. And to prevent all possibility of failure I may tell you that, out of the millions which you have placed at the disposal of the league, we have devoted nearly \$500,000 to this purpose."

This much Paul recalled as he looked down upon the Durbar city, with tents and pavilions and flying flags, roped-off courses for camels and elephants, and its circles of seats for the spectators. The Jam, clad in the robes of empire, was at last resolved to make his coup at the psychological moment. So much he had learned at an interview with Ramchandra Sing, a Sikh of high lineage, who, speaking in flawless English, dilated upon the possibilities of the scheme.

"Think of it, Mr. Lane," he said, as his eyes flashed, "a continent of three hundred million souls dominated by seventy thousand English troops! Why, we shall sweep them away as the wind sweeps the threshing floor. But first we need the man. And the Jam has determined to cast his all upon this throw."

Paul had an appointment at the Jam's palace for that afternoon. Much remained to be done. The disbursement of the immense sum of money which had been devoted to the enterprise lay in the hands of Ramchandra, but it was Lane's duty to supervise all

to enjoy and wrangle over their booty. The shutter closed and the hand was withdrawn. How many secret lives were spent thus, in the women's quarters in the upper stories of these ill-smelling, unsanitary, secluded houses! It seemed a place of mysteries. Instinctively Paul's thoughts went back to the unknown woman who had drawn him from America to engage in this series of unprofitable adventures. Every fiber of his being thrilled at the thought of her. But he must not let his thoughts linger there. When his mission had been brought to a successful termination, then he would have earned the right to convert his oft-repeated request to Rosny into a command. Till then

He followed the Hindoo into an apartment on the ground floor and stumbled into almost complete obscurity, except for the glow of a small brazier in one corner, in which incense was burning. Somebody came forward and grasped his hand. It was Ramchandra, and he led Paul to a large, ornate chair, beneath the small aperture high in the wall which served for a window. In the chair sat a fat man in a long cloak, now thrown open carefully. This was the Jam of Nagshipur, and beneath his outer garment Paul could see the brilliant uniform of his order, which his religion forbade him to cast aside when he left the enclosure of the palace. The Jam grunted and, paying Paul no further attention, fixed his gaze upon the brazier. And now, behind the tiny,

stood not a word; instead, he began speaking in excellent English, glancing at a glass crystal which he held in his hand.

"The heavens are favorable," he began, in a low, croaking utterance. "Your project is already assured of success. Look into the crystal!" He addressed himself to the Jam, who mumbled lethargically. His secretary took the glass and placed it in his hand. It lay there for an instant and then crashed down to the floor, rolling, with uncanny precision, directly to the feet of the astrologer, and remaining there.

"Sir!" pleaded Ramchandra. "Will you deign to look into the crystal?" No answer came, except a stereotyped snore. The Jam slept in his chair, his eyes wide open, his hands limp at his side.

Satisfied that his ruler was completely under the influence of the drug, Ramchandra leaped to his feet and his face underwent a remarkable metamorphosis. He struck a match and lit a small silver lamp upon the table, then turned to Paul.

"The first part of our task is accomplished," he said briskly. "Now, my friends, we have no time to lose. In a few moments the immediate effects of the drug will wear off. It will be your task to instill into our sovereign's empty—unusually empty—mind the understanding of what his duty is tomorrow. Address him as imperator, for a fashion as you please and have no fear; though he will seem

to be a man in full possession of his senses, he will in reality be nothing more than an automaton."

Paul nodded vaguely. The dimness, the scent of the incense, the uncertainty of his surroundings had reduced him, also, to a lethargic condition. He could summon no resolution to his aid. He tried to think connectively, but a series of dream visions flooded before his eyes, and for all his efforts he could see nothing but the two apes chasing each other along the house-tops and the slim hand that opened and closed the shutter. He heard the astrologer's voice from afar off.

"Our friend is somewhat wearied," he said. "Perhaps, if I were to show him the events of the Durbar, as they will actually occur, photographed upon the crystal by the projective power of thought, he will be able to concentrate better."

"A good idea!" exclaimed the secretary. "His highness, my beloved master, will not awake for a little while. And I believe," he added to the astrologer, "that you can show our friend a complete panorama of the Durbar, as it will appear, during the hundredth part of a second!"

"Time is not measured by moments," answered the astrologer sentimentally, and stooped and picked up the crystal. He handed it to Ramchandra, who placed it in Paul's hand. Then, to Paul's utter astonishment, out of the clear glass flashed forth figures of men riding, camels and elephants, and white forest of tents. He uttered an exclamation of amazement, and the astrologer's soothing tones fell on his ear.

"Have no fear," said the old, croaking voice. "This is not magic, nor any device of the Evil One. It is nothing but a projection of your own thoughts, mirrored upon the glass, and is a trick well known in many western lands. Look now! Look closely, before the prince awakes!" "It is merely a series of mind images," said the secretary, watching

leaping flame, Paul saw, with startling suddenness, the head and shoulders of a white-bearded old man emerge from the obscurity. It was the astrologer, whom, hidden as he was in the shadows, Paul had not at first seen. He was incredibly old, and his aspect was incredibly evil. In the deep furrows stamped into his face one might have read the story of a life given up to wickedness. Paul shuddered at the sight of the man, but could not turn his eyes from this hideous apparition.

Evidently there was more than incense in the bowl, for the smell of fragrant coffee now assailed Paul's nostrils, and the secretary, stepping toward the Jam, proffered him a tiny cup of the liquid. The prince grunted and began sipping noisily. The other cup Ramchandra handed to Paul; in the darkness Paul could make out a meaning look upon the secretary's face. The man's hand, too, shook as he handed it to him. Despite their understanding Paul seemed to sense treachery in the air. But there was nothing to be done now, nor any going back. He had trusted himself to Ramchandra and must follow the path on which he had entered. He tasted the coffee cautiously; there was no flavor or odor of any foreign drug, and hainish, he had understood, was intensely bitter. Smiling at his fears, he set the empty cup upon an inlaid table, and saw Ramchandra obsequiously take the other empty cup from the Jam. And now there remained nothing but to wait until the drug took effect on the unstable ruler.

Presently Paul's eyes became accustomed to the darkness. He saw the dim figure of the old astrologer clearly outlined now, and the Jam, seated motionless in his chair, and Ramchandra at his side. The prince's lethargy seemed to indicate that the drug was beginning to take effect on him. Presently the astrologer beckoned to the three men to draw up their chairs. They did so. Paul had expected that the old man would address them in his own language, of which he under-

stood not a word; instead, he began speaking in excellent English, glancing at a glass crystal which he held in his hand.

Paul leaped back in his chair and stretched out his limbs luxuriously. All sense of strangeness had departed; he felt only a blissful ease, mingled with which was a sense of utter peace, as though all his fears and indecisions had yielded to the knowledge of some secret power within him which made success a certainty. He looked into the glass.

He saw the white city of tents, the gathering spectators. How real they appeared! He could even distinguish the expressions of amazed reverence and excitement as the elephants slowly lumbered past, each with its mahout, and each clothed in trappings of silk and gold, with silver tips upon its massive tusks. Through the long lanes of people they passed, followed by camels; then horsemen rode, white-turbaned, black of beard, very sedate and dignified. There were carriages of silver and artillery of the same metal, plated with gold. Dust rose into the air and the hot noonday sun cast shadows over the crystal ball, exactly as though Paul stood in the sun and watched among the spectators. And this, indeed, he might have done, for now he was no longer conscious of the room or of the astrologer and the secretary and the sleeping Jam, and the ball itself had expanded into a dome, as of the sky. The processions passed before his eyes, coming into perspective as

Paul crumpled up the handkerchief and hid it in his sleeve. Far beneath him he still saw the Sikh officer look upward; he fancied that he detected an appearance of uneasiness on the part of the man. His horse reared, and, in checking it, he pulled the reins so taut that it was flogged back on its haunches. Why was he attempting to attract Paul's attention?

A deep, indrawn exclamation answered the question. As every head craned forward and every heart beat hard Paul, instinctively following the gaze of the crowd, perceived the Jam of Nagshipur advance slowly in the turn toward the royal dais. Though chief of all the princes, he had been held almost to the last before being permitted to pledge his allegiance; it was a subtle slight devised by the minds of the rulers of the country in return for the Jam's supposed anti-English proclivities. The people, perfectly aware of the meaning of this maneuver, watched him with bated breath. Upon his action depended the fate of the empire. Would he pledge himself or would he fling defiance into the faces of his English rulers?

The Jam advanced unsteadily, evidently almost overcome by nervousness, and glancing as he advanced toward the Sikh officer, who, with his back turned to him as he sat his horse, could see nothing, but kept his gaze fixed steadfastly upon the top tier of the amphitheater.

Suddenly a sign rang through the assembled multitudes. They quivered, as wheat quivers in a summer breeze. For with a gesture which might have been either of despair or self-immolation, the Jam had thrown himself into the dust before the dais and kissed the monarch's robe.

Suddenly, out of the crowd, a face burned itself into Paul's heart like a live ember—a beautiful, imperious face, a woman's face, set sternly in unutterable contempt as the eyes met his.

It was the face of the beautiful unknown, whom he had so dramatically met in America and who had sent him upon his quest. She stared up at him from among the distinguished guests assembled under the royal canopy; and as he met their eyes Paul lunged up his arms and cried:

And the moving picture quivered and vanished out of the crystal. Paul opened his eyes.

It was evening and the sun hung a ball of fire, low down in the west. The tamarisks quivered in the evening breeze. Somewhere a nightingale was singing. The astrologer, the secretary, the sleeping prince were gone.

He was lying under a bench on the top tier of the deserted amphitheater. Opposite him was a bare stretch of ground, where formerly the royal tent had been. And everywhere tents were being packed, wagons loaded, troops deploying over the ground. The city of tents was gone.

Paul stumbled down the almost endless stairs toward the city street. His head ached and his limbs would hardly respond to the promptings of his will. When at last he reached the level of the street he noticed that his clothes were damp, as though after a rain, and that he was disheveled as a tramp.

A passing policeman eyed him suspiciously, and then, seeing that he appeared to be a gentleman, admonished him:

"You'd better go home, my man. What are you doing here the day after the show, anyway? Where did you come from?"

"The show?" Paul cried. "The coronation? What is it to be?"

The other laughed. "Yesterday," he said curiously. "Of course there may be another one in thirty years or so, but my advice to you is, go home!"

Paul stood still, staring into the policeman's face. Then, thrusting his hands through his hair, he set off wildly toward his quarters. He saw all clearly now. His cup had been drugged as well as the Jam's. It was real, then, all that he had seen, and in his stupor he had attended the Durbar and sat in his appointed place, while the Sikh officer waited in vain for the signal that did not come. Ramchandra Sing had outwitted both his masters and pocketed their money.

But the face of the girl—had that been more than a dream? If she were in Delhi, how should he face her, how confess the reason for his mission's failure?

Disconsolately he flung himself upon his bed. All was lost, all that he had hoped and dreamed. He had been headwinded and had displayed his incapability. He had lost wealth and honor, and his hopes of winning the one whom he prized more than all else in the world.

KNOW THE PREPAYMENT PLAN

Teacher of Philadelphia Gives Lesson on Aeronautics Following Flight of Balloon.

When the balloon Philadelphia II. passed over the city recently the children in one of the public schools were at recess. A teacher who took advantage of the opportunity to give the children a practical lesson went out into the school yard, and calling the children together, gave a talk about balloons. Among other things she told them that what they saw coming down was sand, which they threw out to lighten the balloon so it would go up higher.

After they returned to the school-room she asked questions regarding what they had seen. Among other things she asked: "If the man waded the balloon to go up higher and the gas in the bag was not enough to take it up, what would he do?" A little youngster said, very seriously: "Why, he would put a quarter in the meter and get more gas."



He handed it to Ramchandra.