

GIRLS! A MASS OF WAVY, GLEAMY BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Let "Danderine" save and glorify your hair



In a few moments you can transform your plain, dull, flat hair. You can have it abundant, soft, glossy and full of life. Just get at any drug or toilet counter a small bottle of "Danderine" for a few cents. Then moisten a soft cloth with the Danderine and draw this through your hair taking one small strand at a time. Instantly, yes, immediately, you have doubled the beauty of your hair. It will be a mass, so soft, lustrous, fluffy and so easy to do up. All dust, dirt and excessive oil is removed.

Let Danderine put more life, color, vigor and brightness in your hair. This stimulating tonic will freshen your scalp, check dandruff and falling hair, and help your hair to grow long, thick, strong and beautiful.—Adv.

Those Girls.

"Maud reminds me of a public of- fice." "Why so?" "She's continually seeking the man."

LESS MEAT IF BACK AND KIDNEYS HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Flush Kidneys if Bladder Bothers You.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly back- ache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kid- neys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, com- bined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kid- neys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders. Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia- water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.—Adv.

The Selection.

"I have been eating fish for the ben- efit of my brain?" "Weakfish?"

BREAKS YOUR COLD IN JUST A FEW HOURS

"Pape's Cold Compound" instantly re- lieves stuffiness and distress

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours un- til three doses are taken usually breaks up a severe cold and ends all gripe misery.

The very first dose opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air pas- sages of the head; stops nose running; relieves the headache, dullness, fever- ishness, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, contains no quinine—Insist upon Pape's!—Adv.

Those Wags.

"Ever eat any venison?" "About all I eat is deer."—Boston Transcript.

Shave With Cuticura Soap And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin com- fort and skin health. No mug, no stinky soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving, bathing and shampooing.—Adv.

If beauty were only skin deep, al- most everybody by taking thought could have it.

The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War

Copyright by A. C. McClurg & Co.

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Contraband," "Shea of the Irish Brigade," "Ben Widderson Was King," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

"IF YOU CAN SWIM, JUMP FOR IT!"

Synopsis.—In 1832 Lieutenant Knox of the regular army is on duty at Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, Ill., in territory threatened by disaffected Indians. The commandant sends him with dispatches to St. Louis. He takes passage on the steamer Warrior and makes the acquaintance of Judge Beaucaire, rich planter, and of Joe Kirby (the Devil's Own), notorious gambler. Knox learns Judge Beaucaire has a daughter, Eloise, and a granddaughter, Rene, offspring of a son whom the judge has disowned. Rene's mother is a negress, and she and her daughter, never having been freed, are slaves under the law, although the girls have been brought up as sisters. Kirby induces the judge to stake his plantation and negro servants on a poker hand unfairly dealt by Joe Carver, Kirby's partner. Kirby accuses the judge of cheating. Beaucaire, infuriated, drops dead. Knox tries to induce Kirby to give up his stolen winnings. Kirby and Carver throw Knox overboard. The lieutenant swims ashore and reaches a hut. Knox lies unconscious for ten days. Recovering, he finds he is in a cabin owned by Pete, a "free nigger," who had shot him, mistaking him for an enemy. His dispatches have been forwarded. Recovering from his wound, Knox sends Pete to bring Haynes, Beaucaire's lawyer, and they arrange, with Pete's help, to get the women to the cabin of an aboli- tionist, Amos Shunk, before Kirby comes. At the Beaucaire place Knox overhears a conversation between the sheriff and his deputy, and learns the truth about the situation. He is witness to an interview between Kirby and a girl who says she is Rene Beaucaire. Kirby insults the girl, and Knox attacks him. Believing Kirby dead, Knox explains affairs to the girl, and she agrees to try to escape with him. They fail to find Pete where he had been posted, so Knox seizes the sheriff's keelboat, along with Sam, the slave left in charge, and they begin their voyage up the river. Next day a steamer passes and Sam recognizes Kirby on board. At Shunk's place they find Pete, Shunk and Carver murdered—the work of Kirby. Kirby then steals their keelboat, leaving only a skiff.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

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"It is my guess," I said, "that their only thought was to get away before the crime was discovered. Rene, would you be afraid to remain here alone for a little while?"

She glanced about into the gloom of the surrounding woods, her hesitancy answering me.

"It is not a pleasant prospect I admit, but there is no possible danger. Kirby has gone, beyond all question, but I wish to learn if I can the direc- tion he has taken. All this must have happened only a short time ago—while we were at the cabin. The keelboat can scarcely be entirely out of sight yet on either river if we could only find a place to offer us a wide view."

"But could I not go with you?"

"Hardly with me, for I intend to swim the creek and try to reach the point at the mouth of the Illinois, from where I can see up and down the Mississippi. I am going to send Sam back through the woods there and have him climb that ridge. From the top he ought to have a good view up the valley of the Illinois. I suppose you might go with him."

"Ah, sure wish yer wud, missus," broke in the negro pleadingly. "Ah ain't perackly feered fer ter go lone, but Ah's an ol' man an' Ah reckon as how a young gal wud likely fer ter see mor'n Ah wud." Pears like Ah's done los' my glasses."

A faint smile lighted up her face—a mere glimmer of a smile.

"Yes, Sam, I'll go," she said, glanc- ing up into my eyes and holding out her hand. "You wish me to, do you not?"

"I think it will be fully as well. You still retain the pistol?"

She nodded her response, and with- out delaying my departure longer I lowered myself into the water and swam toward the opposite shore, cneping forth amid a tangle of roots and immediately disappearing in the under-ush. I found a rough passage for the fast few rods, being obliged to almost tear a way through the close growth and unable to see a yard in advance. But this ended suddenly at the edge of the sand flat, with the con- verging waters of the two rivers visible just beyond. My view from here was narrowed, however, by high ridges on both sides, and with a desire not to expose myself to any chance eye, I followed the line of forest until able to climb the slope, and thus attain the crest of the bluff.

From this vantage point the view was extensive, both up and down the big river, as well as across to the op- posite bank. Along that entire sur- face but three objects met my gaze—a small island, green with trees, seem- ingly anchored just beyond the mouth of the Illinois; a lumbering barge al- most opposite me, clearly outlined against the distant shore, and barely moving with the current; and far away below a thin smudge of smoke, arising from behind a headland, as though curling upward from the stack of some steamer. I felt no doubt but what this was the stolen keelboat, speeding toward St. Louis.

This struck me as the most reason- able course to pursue—to work our way quietly up the Illinois by night, keeping close in shore to avoid any passing steamer, until we arrived close to Beardstown. Undoubtedly there were blacks in the town, both slaves and free negroes, with whom Sam could easily establish an acquaintance. By this means we would soon be able to identify that particular preacher into whose care I hoped to confide Rene. Of course the girl might re- fuse to enter into the game, might de- cline to assume the role assigned her, however innocent I intended it to be—indeed, I felt convinced she would meet the suggestion with indignation. But why worry about that now? Let this be kept as a last resort. There was no necessity for me to even men- tion this part of my plan until after our approach to Beardstown; then the necessity of our going forward with it might be so apparent she could not refuse to carry on her part. With this

point settled in my own mind I felt ready to rejoin the others.

I must have been absent in the neighborhood of two hours, and they had returned to the bank of the creek some time in advance of me. As I appeared at the edge of the wood Sam hailed, offering to row the boat across.

"All right," I replied, confident we were alone. "It will save me another wetting. You saw nothing?"

"No, sah; leastwais not much. We cud see up de Illinois mor'n ten mile, Ah reckon, but dar wa'n't no boat no- whar, 'cepting an ol' scow tied up to de bank."

"I thought so. The keelboat has gone down the Mississippi."

"Yer done saw her, sah?"

"I saw her smoke; she was hidden by a big bend just below. Don't sit there staring at me—come across."

Rene greeted me with a smile as I scrambled up on the slippery log, and asked a number of questions. I an- swered these as best I could and then explained, so far as I deemed it de- sirable, the general nature of the plans I had made. The Illinois route offered the only hope, and we decided to venture it, although Rene pleaded earnestly that she and the negro be permitted to go on alone. To this suggestion, however, I would not con- sent, and the girl finally yielded her reluctant permission for me to accom- pany them until she could be safely left in the care of white friends.

I knew her real thought was else- where—with those two in Kirby's hands, already well on their way to St. Louis. Try as she would, she was

unable to banish from her mind the conception that she was largely to blame for their misfortune, or sub- merge the idea that it was cowardly in her to seek escape, while leaving them in such peril. I lingered, talk- ing with her for some time after Sam had fallen asleep, yet the only result was the bringing of tears to her eyes and a reluctantly given pledge that she would do whatever I believed to be best and right. She appeared so tired and worn that I left her at last in the little glade where we had found refuge, hoping she might fall asleep. I doubt if she did, although I dozed irregularly, my back against a tree, and it was already growing dusk when she came forth again from her retreat and joined us in a hastily pre- pared meal.

Sam and I stowed away in the boat whatever provender remained, and I assisted her to a seat at the stern, wrapping a blanket carefully about her body, for the night air in those dank shadows already began to chill. I took possession of the oars myself, believing the negro would serve best as a lookout in the bow, and thus settled we headed the boat out through the tangle of trees toward the invis- ible river.

Suddenly we shot out through the screen of concealing boughs into the broader stream beyond. The light here in the open was better, although dim enough still, and revealing little of our surroundings. Sam knelt, peer- ing eagerly forward into the black- ness, an occasional growl of his voice the only evidence of his presence. I

doubt if I had taken a dozen strokes, my whole attention centered on my task, when the sudden rocking of the boat told me he had scrambled to his feet. Almost at the same instant my ears distinguished the sharp chugging of an engine straight ahead; then came his shout of alarm, "God A'mighty! Dar's de keelboat, sah. Dey's goin' ter ram us!"

I twisted about in my seat, caught a vague glimpse of the advancing shadow, and leaped to my feet, an oar gripped in my hands. Scarcely was I poised to strike when the speeding prow ripped into us, and I was cap- tured into the black water.

CHAPTER X.

The Loss of Rene.

There was the echo of an oath, a harsh, cruel laugh, the crash of planking, a strange, half-human cry of fright from the negro—that was all. The sudden violence of the blow must have hurled me high into the air, for I struck the water clear of both boats, and so far out in the stream that when I came again struggling to the surface I was in the full sweep of the current, against which I had to struggle desperately. In the brief second that intervened between Sam's shout of warning and the crash of the two boats I had seen almost nothing—only that black, menacing hulk, loom- ing up between us and the shore, more like a shadow than a reality. Yet now, fighting to keep my head above water and not to be swept away, I was able to realize instantly what had occurred. I had been mistaken; Kirby had not fled down the river; instead he had craftily waited this chance to attack us at a disadvantage. Convinced that we would decide to make use of the rowboat, which he had left uninjured for that very purpose, and that we would venture forth just so soon as the night became dark enough, he had hidden the stolen craft in some covert along shore to await our coming. Then he sprang on us, as the tiger springs on his prey. He had calcu- lated well, for the blunt prow of the speeding keelboat had struck us squarely, crushing in the sides of our frail craft and flinging me headlong.

What had been the fate of the others I could not for the moment deter- mine. The darkness shadowed every- thing, the bulk of the keelboat alone appearing in the distance, and that shapelessly outlined. The craft bore no light, and had it not been for a voice speaking I doubt if I could have located even that. The rowboat could not be distinguished—it must have sunken, or else drifted away, a helpless wreck. The first sound my ears caught, echoing across the water, was an oath, and a question: "By —I a good job; do you see that fel- low anywhere?"

"Naw," the response a mere growl. "He's a goner, I reckon; never knowed what hit him, jedgein' from the way he upended it."

"Well, then he isn't likely to bother us any more. Suppose he was the white man?"

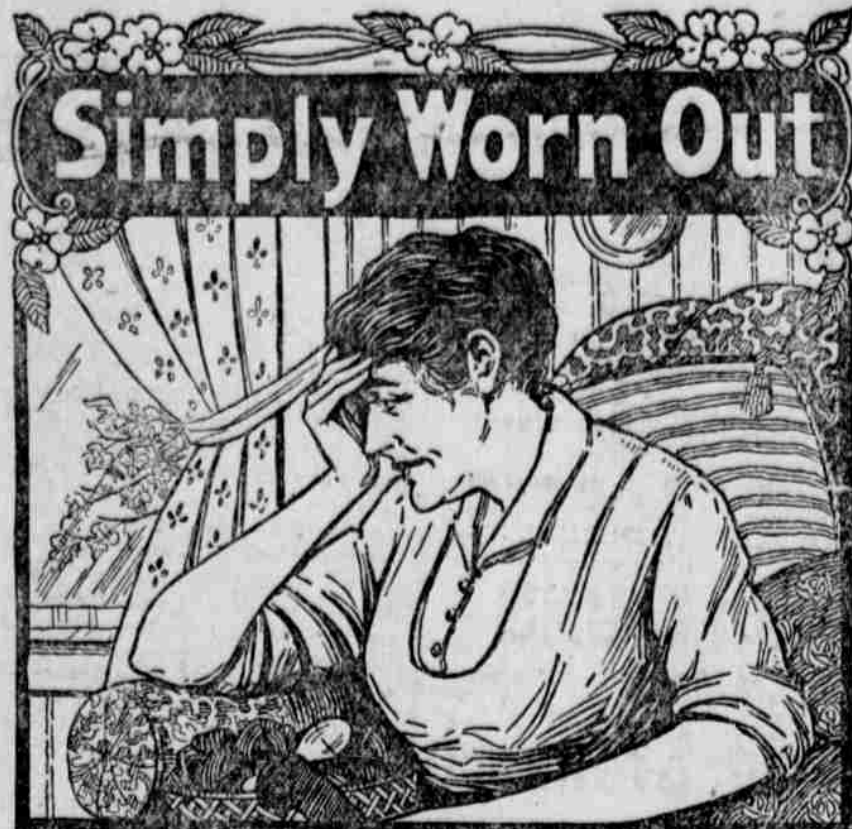
"Sure he wus; it wus the nigger who was up ahead. We hit him, an' he dropped in 'tween ther boats, an' went down like a stone. He never yeeped but just once, when I first gripped ther girl. I don't reckon as she wus hurt at all; leastwais I never aimed fer ter hurt her none."

"Has she said anything?"

"Not a d—d twittler; maybe sho's fainted. I dunno, but that's ther way females do. What shall I do with the bird, Kirby?"

"Oh, hold on to her there awhile, long as she's quiet. I'm going to try the steam again, and get outside into the big river. H—, man, but this hasn't been such a bad night's work."

The steam began to sizz, settling swiftly into a rhythmic chugging, as the revolving wheel began to churn up the water astern. Confident of being safely hidden by the darkness, I permitted the current to bear me downward, my muscles aching pain- fully from the struggle, and with no other thought in my mind except to keep well out of sight of the occu- pants of the boat. To be perceived by them and overtaken in the water meant certain death, while if they continued to believe that I had actually sunk beneath the surface, some fu- ture carelessness on their part might yield me an unexpected opportunity to serve Rene. The few words overheard had made sufficiently plain the situ- ation. Poor Sam had already found freedom in death, crushed between the two colliding boats, but the girl had been grasped in time and hauled un- injured aboard the heavier craft. This had been the object of the attack—to gain possession of her. Very evidently I had not been seen closely enough to be recognized by Kirby. In a meas- ure this afforded me a decided advan- tage, provided we ever encountered each other again—and I meant that we should. The account between us was not closed by this incident; far from it. There in that black water, struggling to keep afloat, while being swept resistlessly out into the river, with no immediate object before me except to remain concealed by the



How Many Women Are Like This?

Can anything be more wearing for women than the ceaseless round of household duties? Oh! the monotony of it all—work and drudge; no time to be sick; tired, ailing, yet cannot stop. There comes a time when something "snaps" and they find themselves "simply worn out," and to make matters worse, have contracted serious feminine disorder which almost always follows the constant overtaxing of a woman's strength.

Then they should remember that there is no remedy like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—the experience of these two women establishes that fact!

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—"After the birth of my last child I had such painful spots that would not go away entirely for my housework. I suffered for months and the doctor said that my trouble was organic ulcers and I would have to have an operation. That was an awful thing for me, with a young baby and four other children, so one day I thought of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and how it had helped me years before and I decided to try it again. I took five bottles of Vegetable Compound and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and since then I have been a well woman, able to take care of my house and family without any trouble or a day's pain. I am ready and thankful to swear by your medicine any time. I am forty- four years old and have not had a day's illness of any kind for three years."

Sandusky, Ohio.—"After the birth of my baby I had organic trouble. My doctor said it was caused by too heavy lifting and I would have to have an operation. I would not consent to an operation and let it go for over a year, having my sister do my work for me as I was not able to walk. One day my aunt came to see me and told me about your medicine—said it cured her of the same thing. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and they have cured me. Now I do my own housework, wash- ing and ironing and sewing for my family and also do sewing for other people. I still take a bottle of Vegetable Compound every spring for a tonic. I recommend your medicine to others who have troubles similar to mine and you can use my letters if you wish."

—Mrs. H. ROEMER, 617 Ellis Blvd., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

All Worn Out Women Should Take

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.

MANY USES FOR QUICKSILVER GREAT SOLDIERS POOR SHOTS

Semi-Precious Metal, Much in Demand, Is Becoming Scarce—Sometimes Employed as Drug.

Neither Napoleon Nor Wellington Could Have Qualified as Marks- men, Even in Slow Company.

Quicksilver is one of the semi-precious metals, and is gradually becoming scarce. The metal is noted for its many uses, besides the familiar one in the thermometer. Its tendency to unite with gold into an amalgam causes its chief use. The mercury is spread over a copper plate over which the gold ore is washed. The gold from its weight comes in contact with the plate and is promptly amalgamated with the quicksilver, from which it is separated by heat.

Wellington, the "Iron Duke," frequently stayed at Maresfield park, the estate in Sussex, owned by Prince Munster von Dornberg. Sir John Shelley owned Maresfield park in Wellington's time, and Lady Shelley records in her diary a wonderful exhibition by the duke during one of his visits. "I accompanied the guns in the afternoon," she writes on Sept. 8, 1819. "The hero of Waterloo was a very wild shot. After wounding a retriever and later on peppering a keeper's gaiters, he sprinkled the bare arms of an old woman who chanced to be washing clothes at her cottage win- dow. 'My good woman,' I said, 'this ought to be the proudest moment of your life. You have had the distinction of being shot by the duke of Wellington.' . . . Her face was wreathed in smiles as the contrite duke slipped a gold coin into her hand."

Quicksilver is also known for its use as a medicine when rubbed to a fine globular powder with rose wa- ter, under the name of blue mass. Among the chemical compounds of quicksilver is bichloride of mercury, made by heating a mixture of mer- curic sulphate and common salt. This is sometimes taken as a poison and results in painful and lengthy suffer- ing, and in death. Quicksilver is also very essential to the manufacture of high-class mirrors.

Wellington shared his weakness as a poor shot with Napoleon, whose sole bag was a dog the only time he went out game shooting.

Cheer Up!

The homeward-bound doughboy was complaining sadly at the slowness of the ship, and the grizzled old top sought to cheer him up a bit.

Old Practice.

"Do you believe doctors have a right to kill where they can't cure?" "Haven't they always been doing it?"

"Cheer up, Buddie," he said, as the ship started up the near side of a huge green wave, "we'll make good time as soon as we get over this hill."

People like each other pretty well even when crowded on a street car.

—The American Legion Weekly.

Variety is the spice of life—espe- cially a first-class vaudeville show.

You may at least learn something by trying to teach old dogs new tricks.

A Health-Building Cereal Grape-Nuts



A satisfying food, greatly pleasing to taste, full of rich nourishment and ready to eat without cooking.

Needs no Sugar

Pleasing alike to young and old.

"There's a Reason"