

## GIRLS! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

A small bottle of "Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy and wavy.

Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair.



To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—it costs but a few cents—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp.

Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp, and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this. Adv.

**Why He Didn't Hit Him.**  
I heard some loud voices among the children in front of the house, and in a moment Arthur came in. I asked what was the trouble and he explained that a new comer was picking a fight with the boys.

"What did you do?" I asked.  
"Well," replied Arthur, "I'd have hit him if it hadn't been for his strengthfulness!"—Chicago Tribune.

When a young man is really in love he doesn't hesitate to propose just because the girl has money.

It always makes a widow mad when she hears of a woman who abuses her husband.

**THIS WEEK, NERVOUS MOTHER**

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not stop that, I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my husband wanted me to try it. I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. WORTHLINE, 2832 North Taylor St., Philadelphia Pa.

The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, back-ache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worthline.

**For Coughs and Colic's**

Take a tried and tested remedy—one that acts promptly and effectively and contains no opiates. You get that remedy by asking for

**PISO'S**

## THE TEETH OF THE TIGER

BY MAURICE LEBLANC

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

CHAPTER NINETEEN—Continued.

He picked up something from the ground. It was a stick shaped like a crutch. He put it under his left arm and, still bent in two, began to walk like a man who has not the strength to stand erect. Then suddenly and with no apparent cause to explain his change of attitude, he drew himself up and used his crutch as he would a cane. He then walked round the outside of the grotto, making a careful inspection, the meaning of which escaped Don Luis for the time.

He was of a good height in this position; and Don Luis easily understood why the driver of the yellow taxi, who had seen him under two such different aspects, was unable to say whether he was tall or very short.

But his legs, slack and unsteady, gave way beneath him, as if any prolonged exertion were beyond his power. He relapsed into his first attitude.

The man was a cripple, smitten with some disease that affected his powers of locomotion. He was excessively thin. Don Luis also saw his pallid face, his cavernous cheeks: the face of a sufferer from consumption, a bloodless face.

When he had finished his inspection, he came up to Florence and said:

"Though you've been very good, baby, and haven't screamed so far, we'd better take our precautions and remove any possibility of a surprise by giving you a nice little gag to wear, don't you think?"

He stooped over her and wound a large handkerchief round the lower part of her face. Then, bending still farther down, he began to speak to her in a very low voice, talking almost into her ear. But wild bursts of laughter, horrible to hear interrupted this whispering.

Feeling the imminence of the danger, dreading some movement on the wretch's part, a sudden murderous attack, the prompt prick of a poisoned needle, Don Luis had leveled his revolver and, confident of his skill, waited events.

What was happening over there? What were the words spoken? What infamous bargain was the villain proposing to Florence? At what shameful price could she obtain her release?

The cripple stepped back angrily, shouting in furious accents:

"But don't you understand that you are done for? Now that I have nothing more to fear, now that you have been silly enough to come with me and place yourself in my power, what hope have you left? To move me, perhaps: is that it? Because I'm burning with passion, you imagine—? Oh, you never made a greater mistake, my pet! I don't care a fig if you do die. Once dead, you cease to count."

"What else? Perhaps you consider that, being crippled, I shall not have the strength to kill you? But there's no question of my killing you, Florence. Have you ever known me kill people? Never! I'm much too big a coward, I should be frightened, I should shake all over. No, no Florence, I can't touch you, and yet—"

"Here, look what's going to happen, see for yourself. I tell you the thing's managed in my own style. . . . And, whatever you do, don't be afraid. It's only a preliminary warning."

He had moved away and, helping himself with his hands, holding on to the branches of a tree, he climbed up the first layers of rock that formed the grotto on the right. Here he knelt down. There was a small pickaxe lying beside him. He took it and gave three blows to the nearest heap of stones. They came tumbling down in front of the grotto.

Don Luis sprung from his hiding place with a roar of terror. He had suddenly realized the position: The grotto, the accumulation of boulders, the piles of granite, everything was so placed that its equilibrium could be shattered at any moment, and that Florence

ran the risk of being buried under the rubbish. It was not a question, therefore, of slaying the villain, but of saving Florence on the spot.

He was halfway across in two or three seconds. But here, in one of those mental flashes which are even quicker than the maddest rush, he became aware that the tracks of trampled grass did not cross the central circus and that the scoundrel had gone round it. Why? That was one of the questions which instinct, ever suspicious, puts, but which reason has not the time to answer. Don Luis went straight ahead. And he had no sooner set foot on the place than the catastrophe occurred.

It all happened with incredible suddenness, as though he had tried to walk on space and found himself hurled into it. The ground gave way beneath him. The clods of grass separated, and he fell.

He fell down a hole which was none other than the mouth of a well four feet wide at most, the curb of which had been cut down level with the ground. Only this was what took place: as he was running very fast, his impetus flung him against the opposite wall in such a way that his forearms lay on the outer ledge and his hands were able to clutch at the roots of plants.

So great was his strength that he might just have been able to drag himself up by his wrists. But responding to the attack, the scoundrel had at once hurried to meet his assailant and was now standing at ten paces from Don Luis, threatening him with his revolver:

"Don't move!" he cried, "or I'll smash you!"

Don Luis was thus reduced to helplessness, at the risk of receiving the enemy's fire.

Their eyes met for a few seconds. The cripple's were burning with fever, like the eyes of a sick man.

Crawling along, watching Don Luis's slightest movement, he came and squatted beside the wall. The revolver was levelled in his outstretched hand. And his infernal chuckle rang out again:

"Lupin! Lupin! That's done it! Lupin's dive!"

What a mug you must be! I warned you, you know, warned you in blood red ink. Remember my words: 'The place of your death is chosen. The snare is laid. Beware, Lupin!' And here you are! So you're not in prison? You warded off that stroke, you rogue, you! Fortunately, I foresaw events and took my precautions. What do you say to it? What do you think of my little scheme? I said to myself, 'All the police will come rushing at my heels. But there's only one who's capable of catching me, and that's Lupin. So we'll show him the way, we'll lead him on the leash all along a little path scraped clean by the victim's victim's body.'

"And then a few landmarks, scattered here and there. First, the fair damsel's ring, with a blade of grass twisted round it; farther on a flower without its petals; farther on the marks of five fingers in the ground; next, the sign of the cross." No mistaking them, was there? Once you thought me fool enough to give Florence time to play Hop-o'-Thumb's game, it was bound to lead you straight to the mouth of the well, to the clods of turf which I dabbed across it, last month, in anticipation of this wind fall.

"Remember: 'The snare is laid.' And a snare after my own style, Lupin; one of the best! Oh, I love getting rid of people with their kind assistance. We work together like friends and partners. You've caught the notion, haven't you?"

"I don't do my own job. The others do it for me, hanging themselves or giving themselves careless injections—unless they prefer the mouth of a well, as you seem to do. My poor old chap, what a sticky mess you're in! I never saw such a face, never, on my word! Florence, do look at

the expression on your swain's mobile features!"

He broke off, seized with a fit of laughter that shook his outstretched arm, imparted the most savage look to his face, and set his legs jerking under his body like the legs of a dancing doll. His enemy was growing weaker before his eyes. Don Luis's fingers, which had first gripped the roots of the grass, were now vainly clutching the stones of the wall. And his shoulders were sinking lower and lower into the well.

"We've done it!" spluttered villain, in the midst of his convulsions of merriment. "Lord, how good it is to laugh! Especially when one so seldom does. Yes, I'm a wet blanket, I am; a first rate man at a funeral! You've never seen me laugh, Florence, have you? But this time it's really too amusing. Lupin in his hole and Florence in her grotto; one dancing a jig above the abyss and the other at her last gasp under her mountain. What a sight!"

"Come, Lupin, don't tire yourself! What's the use of those grimaces? You're not afraid of eternity, are you? A good man like you, the Don Quixote of modern times! Come, let yourself go. There's not even any water in the well to splash about in. No, it's just a nice little slide into infinity. You can't so much as hear the sound of a pebble when you drop it in; and just now I threw a piece of lighted paper down and lost sight of it in the dark. Brrrr! It sent a cold shiver down my back!"

"Come, be a man. It'll only take a moment; and you've been through worse than that! Good, you nearly did it then. You're making up your mind to it. . . . I say, Lupin!"

Lupin! . . . Aren't you going to say good-bye? Not a smile, not a word of thanks? Au revoir, Lupin, au revoir!"

He ceased. He watched for the appalling end which he had so cleverly prepared and of which all the incidents were following close on one another in accordance with his inflexible will.

It did not take long. The shoulders had gone down; the chain; and then the mouth convulsed with the death grin; and then the yes, drunk with terror; and then the forehead and the hair: the whole head, in short, had disappeared.

The cripple sat gazing wildly, as though in ecstasy, motionless, with an expression of fierce delight, and without a word that could trouble the silence and interrupt his hatred.

At the edge of the abyss nothing remained but the hands, the obstinate, stubborn, desperate, heroic hands, the poor, helpless hands which alone still lived, and which gradually, retreating toward death, yielded and fell back and let go.

The hands had slipped. For a moment the fingers held on like claws. So natural was the effort which they made that it looked as if they did not even yet despair, unaided, of resuscitating and bringing back to the light of day the corpse already entombed in the darkness. And then they in their turn gave way. And then—and then, suddenly, there was nothing more to be seen and nothing more to be heard.

The cripple started to his feet, as though released by a spring, and yelled with delight:

"Oof! That's done it! Lupin in the bottomless pit! One more adventure finished! Oof!"

Turning in Florence's direction he once more danced his dance of death. He raised himself to his full height and then suddenly crouched down again, throwing about his legs like the grotesque, ragged limbs of a scarecrow. And he sang and whistled and belched forth insults and hideous blasphemies.

Then he came to the yawning mouth of the well and, standing some way off, as if still afraid to come nearer, he spat into it three times.

Nor was this enough for his hatred. There were some broken pieces of statuary on the ground. He took a carved head, rolled it along the grass, and sent it crashing down the well. A little farther away was a stack of old, rusty cannon balls. These also he rolled to the edge and pushed in. Five, ten, fifteen cannon balls went scotching down, one after the other, banging against the walls with a loud and sinister noise which the echo swelled into the angry roar of distant thunder.

"There, take that, Lupin! I'm sick of you, you dirty cat! That's for the spook you put in my wheel, over that damned inheritance! . . . Here, take this, too! . . . And this! . . . And this! . . . Here's a chooc-

late for you in case you're hungry. . . . Do you want another? Here you are, old chap! catch!"

He staggered, seized with a sort of giddiness, and had to squat on his haunches. He was utterly spent. However, obeying a last convulsion, he still found strength to kneel down by the well, and leaning over the darkness, he stammered, breathlessly: "Hi! I say! Corpse! Don't go knocking at the gate of hell at once! . . . The little girl's joining you in twenty minutes. . . . Yes, that's it, at four o'clock. . . . You know I'm punctual man and keep my appointments to the minute. . . . She'll be with you at four o'clock exactly."

"By the way, I was almost forgetting: the inheritance—you know, Mornington's hundred millions—well, that's mine. Why, of course! You can't doubt that I took all my precautions! Florence will explain everything presently. . . . It's very well thought out—you'll see—you'll see."

He could not get out another word. The last syllables sounded more like hiccoughs. The sweat poured from his hair and his forehead, and he sank to the ground moaning like a dying man tortured by the last throes of death.

He remained like that for some minutes, with his head in his hands, shivering all over his body. He appeared to be suffering everywhere, in each anguished muscle, in each sick nerve. Then under the influence of a thought that seemed to make him act unconsciously, one of his hands crept spasmodically down his side, and, groping, uttering hoarse cries of pain, he managed to take from his pocket and put to his lips a phial out of which he greedily drank two or three mouthfuls.

He at once revived, as though he had swallowed warmth and strength. His eyes grew calmer, his mouth shaped itself into a horrible smile to Florence and said:

"Don't flatter yourself, pretty one; I'm not gone yet, and I've plenty of time to attend to you. And then, after that, there'll be no more worries, no more of that scheming and fighting that wears one out. A nice, quiet, uneventful life for me! . . . With a hundred millions one can afford to take life easy, eh, little girl? . . . Come on, I'm feeling much better!"

### CHAPTER XX.

#### Florence's Secret.

It was time for the second act of the tragedy. Don Luis Perenn's death was to be followed by that of Florence. Like some monstrous butcher, the cripple passed from one to the other with no more compassion than if he were dealing with the oxen in a slaughter house.

Still weak in his limbs, he dragged himself to where the girl lay, took a cigaret from a gunmetal case, and, with a final touch of cruelty, said:

"When this cigaret is quite burnt out, Florence, it will be your turn. Keep your eyes on it. It represents the last minutes of your life reduced to ashes. Keep your eyes on it, Florence, and think."

"I want you to understand this: all the owners of the estate, and old Langernault in particular, have always considered that the heap of rocks and stones overhanging your head was bound to fall to pieces sooner or later. And I myself, for years, with untiring patience, believing in a favorable opportunity, have amused myself by making it crumble away still more, by undermining it with the rain water, in short, by working at it in such a way that, upon my word, I can't make out how the thing keeps standing at all. Or, rather, I do understand."

"The few strokes with the pickaxe which I gave it just now were merely intended for a warning. But I have only to give one more in the right place, and knock out a little brick wedged in between two lumps of stone, for the whole thing to tumble to the ground like a house of cards."

"A little brick, Florence," he chuckled, "a tiny little brick which chance placed there, between two blocks of stone, and has kept in position until now. Out comes the brick, down come the blocks, and there's your catastrophe!"

(Continued Next Week.)

The deepest well in the world, more than 7,363 feet, is being drilled for oil near Clarksburg, W. Va. Its depth—considerably more than one mile and one-third—exceeds the height of Mt. Washington (6,293 feet), and of Mt. Mitchell (6,711 feet), the highest peaks in the eastern United States.

## LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK, CROSS, FEVERISH

HURRY, MOTHER! REMOVE POISONS FROM LITTLE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS.

GIVE CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS AT ONCE IF BILIOUS OR CONSTIPATED.



Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels needs a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without gripping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative;" they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeiters sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.—Adv.

#### Given and Taken.

A strange incident occurred the other day at the railway station of Krenster, Austria. A young woman, with an infant in her arms, asked a soldier on furlough to hold her child for a few moments as she wanted to buy a ticket. Before the soldier was aware of it he held already the little load in his arms. He waited patiently for the mother's return, but when the train and all the persons had long left the station he realized that the vanished mother wanted to rid herself of her child. When the child started to cry the soldier found a slip of paper that read: "A soldier has given it; a soldier has taken it." The soldier took the finding to his home and intends to bring it up.

#### THE BLUE THAT'S TRUE.

Red Cross Ball Blue gives to clothes a clear, dazzling white, whiter than snow, not a greenish yellow tinge like cheap bottle blue. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue for next washday. You will be happily surprised. Large package at your grocers, 5 cents.—Adv.

#### Exactly.

"King George gave a wagonload of wine to the Red Cross."  
"Now that shows the real spirit."

Money is a minor consideration with some men and a minus consideration with others.

Keep your liver active, your bowels clean by taking Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and you'll keep healthy, wealthy and wise. Adv.

Even a woman will sit up and take notice when money talks.

## HEALTH TALK

Spanish Influenza or Grip  
BY DR. LEE H. SMITH.

An old enemy is with us again, and whether we fight a German or a germ, we must put up a good fight, and not be afraid. The influenza runs a very brief course when the patient is careful, and if we keep the system in good condition and throw off the poisons which tend to accumulate within our bodies, we can escape the disease. Remember these three C's—a clean mouth, a clean skin, and clean bowels. To carry off poisons from the system and keep the bowels loose, daily doses of a pleasant laxative should be taken. Such a one is made of May-apple, leaves of aloë, root of jalap, and called Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Hot lemonade should be used freely if attacked by a cold, and the patient should be put to bed after a hot mustard foot-bath.

To prevent the attack of bronchitis or pneumonia and to contro the pain, Anuric tablets should be obtained at the drug store, and one given every two hours, with lemonade. The Anuric tablets were first discovered by Dr. Pierce, and, as they flush the bladder and cleanse the kidneys, they carry away much of the poisons and the uric acid.

It is important that broths, milk, buttermilk, ice-cream and simple diet be given regularly to strengthen the system and increase the vital resistance. The fever is diminished by the use of the Anuric tablets, but in addition, the forehead, arms and hands may be bathed with water (tepid) in which a tablespoonful of salaratus has been dissolved in a quart. After an attack of grip or pneumonia to build up and strengthen the system, obtain at the drug store a good iron tonic, called "Ironics" Tablets, or that well known herbal tonic, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.