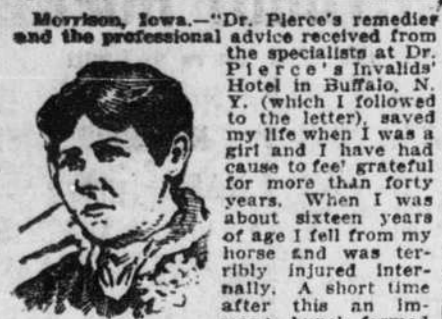


## SAVED HER LIFE



Morrison, Iowa.—"Dr. Pierce's remedial and professional advice received from the specialists at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y. (which I followed to the letter), saved my life when I was a girl and I have had cause to feel grateful for more than forty years. When I was about sixteen years of age I fell from my horse and was terribly injured internally. A short time after this an immense bunch formed on my right hip which doctors neglected to lance and consequently my entire system was poisoned. I not only became terribly emaciated but my body was a mass of running sores and my right limb drew up under me and became helpless. I was in bed for more than six months and all hope for my recovery had been given up when someone told my father about Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, where they not only manufactured some wonderful remedies but also gave away free, so he wrote for advice and in a very short time we were very thankful that he did, because the first half bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery' helped me so much that I was able to raise my head from the pillow, my appetite returned and I was able to sleep. Then the sores commenced to heal and I knew that I had started on the right track.

"It took five years to bring me back to my original good health but I took no other remedies but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pleasant Pellets' with the approval of my doctor all the time. This was forty years ago and I am still in the best of health. I have never had any sign of a blood disorder since or any ailment due to impurity left in my system, and I feel quite confident in recommending Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as a blood purifier. The 'Favorite Prescription' I found equally as good in toning up the womanly organs, and I could not have kept house without the 'Pleasant Pellets.' Every member of my family has found them to be unequalled as a purgative and liver tonic, and we have often had to drive a good many miles from home to get them."—Mrs. N. P. Jensen, P. O. Box 100.

A mule by any other name would be a kicker.

## SHE THOUGHT DYEING WAS OLD FASHIONED

But "Diamond Dyes" Made Her Faded, Shabby, Old Garments Like New.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers—everything!

Direction Book in package tells how to diamond dye over any color. To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.—Adv.

Our idea of a well bred man is one who never boasts of his dough.

## NAME "BAYER" IS ON GENUINE ASPIRIN

Take tablets without fear, if you see the safety "Bayer Cross."

If you want the true, world-famous Aspirin, as prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years, you must ask for "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin."

The "Bayer Cross" is stamped on each tablet and appears on each package for your protection against imitations.

In each package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" are safe and proper directions for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, and for Pain in general.

Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

With the possible exception of vanity, a woman may outlive all her faults.

## Sure Relief



## BETTER DEAD

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take

## GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The national remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

**MURINE** Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tingle, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Harris Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

# The TWICE AMERICAN

By ELEANOR M. INGRAM

Unquestionably, the press was Noel's. The German group possessed a journal of their own. Noel possessed the journals of the state; not by bribery or ownership, but by their honest convictions. The great difficulty was with the passivists, the great unwieldy mass of people who agreed with his principles, but wished to take no action. The indolent and the indifferent joined with the timid; and unintentionally aided the Germans.

A month after Noel's return, the historic scene in the Senate took place. Jacinto Meyer's speech was a plea for neutrality and a savage personal attack on Noel: "the alien who would sell our republic to his," as he called him.

When Meyer concluded, the members were in a tumult. Quiet could not be fully restored, until Noel arose to answer his enemy. The address that followed goes down among a people as the speech of the two Americas. Noel made that union his theme. Natural orator, he forever took his place in history in an hour of words that grooved like chisels into stone. He lifted his hearers far beyond the petty rivalry, and from the heights made them look afar. He uncovered his own work of years, not in pride, but in example.

He concluded almost in the words spoken at that dinner in his villa, a year and a half before.

"I have been called an 'alien today,' his voice swept the intent auditors. 'My countrymen, I am twice an American: North American and South American, and as I am loyal to both, so judge me that God who taught the first republican religion nearly 2,000 years ago.'

No rules of etiquette precedent held. His companions flowed around him, grasping his hand. The cheering in the chamber echoed to the street beyond. Nilo Valdez, tears pouring down his face, came running down the aisle and sprang upon the steps, facing the hall.

"Long live the two Americas!" he shouted above the uproar. "Long live the Twice-American!"

The cry was caught up. It filled the hall and flowed into the street where the crowds in their turn seized and repeated it. In an hour the extras were on the street, and David Noel was known for all time as the Twice-American.

In two hours the extras were out anew and the public had a new sensation. David Noel offered his resignation to the Senate and announced his intention of not voting on the question before the house. He had been called an alien. He left the others to decide that, and the war, without his pressure; without even the pressure of his presence.

He retired to his house in the mountains, to wait.

It was a daring play, carefully calculated in advance. Noel had foreseen that allatek of Meyer's and planned his. In that speech he had reached the climax of his power and his work. Now, a figure standing in solitary prominence on that pinnacle of achievement, he held himself still and aloof. He knew that a statue is not a statue if it moves. He left the rest of the battle to his friends. Valdez, Nilo, Granados, the host of his supporters rallied and toiled.

Alone, Noel drove through the gate of the little shoes, as the promise of dawn flared across the east. The silent garden, cool and fresh, breathed on the man who came from the forum and the streets. His face still held the heat of action, while his nerves quivered with its excitement and pride. His hands ached from the pressure of ardent hands, his ears rang with his name on the lips of thousands. He was no superman; every fibre of him answered to that adulation. He knew the gaze of the world would turn upon him for that moment which is fame; the fighting nations would pause to look toward the man who fought to range his nation beside them.

If he won! What if he lost? Honor, surely, honor would remain his! Honorable—obscure. The gardens looked dull. The pergola glimmered ghostly as a maulsoun through the dust. A chill settled through Noel. Was it a good omen, this lonely return to the house which exemplified

the building of his life? He had lost Constance of the Little Shoes. What if he lost Rosalind? What if his career had fallen down to wreckage here where it was built, and he stood on the threshold of defeat and retirement?

It was the natural reaction from the tremendous effort of his day and night. He was exhausted, and too fevered to realize his fatigue. A thousand doubts assailed him. What if he had risked too much in leaving the harvest of his work to his lieutenants? The coup was dramatic, yet his withdrawal might be a fatal error. The elder Valdez was hampered by his official position. Granados was too hot and Ferraz too sluggish. Nilo Valdez was none of these things, but he was a boy among men who might not heed him.

The motor car rolled under the porte cochere. Benito opened the door of the car for his master, and Noel stepped out.

A white figure appeared in the doorway of the villa. Noel, wrapped in confused thought, halted. For one moment, he was so forgetful as to fancy this was Corey Bruce come out to welcome him. He actually saw the stooping figure of the young engineer, the honest brown eyes alight behind the spectacles, he actually waited for the pleasant, stammering speech. Then the steward Pedro had run down the steps and kissed the hand involuntarily extended to a man who was not there.

The following day of tumult and bitter struggle, when the people through the streets of the city in endless procession, when presses toiled, messages flashed, and the states turned to look at this one of their sisterhood, that day passed monotonously at Villa Noel.

It was no mere pretense withdrawal that David Noel had made; no ostensible retirement while he secretly directed his forces from his shelter. He played no trickery; perhaps from wisdom, perhaps from pride. His work was carried to its uttermost; the course for his men planned. His address had been the final effort. Now, he waited.

He waited, but he could not rest. He bathed, breakfasted, and dressed carefully. He strolled through his garden and listened to the report of his household on the events of his absence. He looked as quiet as the pools of white and purple lilies. But he heard the extras cried in the streets miles away. He saw Jacinto Meyer hurrying from man to man, prompting, lying, scheming. He could not ever force his mind to dwell upon Rosalind. That was not romantic, but it was so.

He was resolved that he would not live under the rule of Meyer's people. If he lost here, he would lose utterly. He would transfer his fortune to the country of his birth. The House of the Little Shoes would be left to moulder, abandoned. Why not, since it would be a monument of failure; failure in his chosen work, failure in his dream of the giver of the shoes as his wife.

Noon passed. Afternoon! It was with deliberation that Noel had refused to have a companion during this day. He foresaw what its strain would be, and he wanted no witnesses to mark its effect upon him. Not even friends!

Yet he played out his role of contained calmness, as though an audience looked on and the villa was a stage. He smoked tasteless tobacco, he turned the pages of unread books. He called in detail about Corey Bruce's disappearance and incidents of Granados' illness.

Pedro could tell little of value, beyond what Granados had already related. The Senhor Bruce had seemed much troubled over the accident to the Senhor Marshal. The last evening, he had dismissed the doctor and sent for another. Yes, the Dr. Santos had seemed discomposed, and the Senhor Bruce also, and the not dined that day.

"Not dined," Noel echoed, struck by this as the first even slight break in the routine of Bruce's days; at least the first of which he had learned. Pedro bowed assent, adding encouragement by his master's attention, that the fact was the more strange be-

cause the Senhor Bruce had been out riding for a day and a night, and must have had much hunger. Yet instead of resting and eating, he had hurried into the library to write. He had not even changed his garments, which were soiled by dust and travel. That was about half past eight o'clock. At half past nine when Pedro passed through the hall, the door to the library was closed. Noel meditated, his dark brows knitting; and finally asked what Bruce was writing. If he had left nothing on desk or table. Pedro could answer that confidently. There had been no writing, no papers visible in the library when he and the servants entered next morning. All was in order. The Senhor must have put away his writing before he left, or had taken it with him. No, no one had seen him leave. He must have walked, since no horse or automobile had been taken out. Visitors? There were always visitors to the Casa Noel; but none that evening. It was true, a gardener said that he had seen a car drive in the gate of the Little Shoes, but he was wrong, for none had come to the house. And the lights of the car must have been seen.

Noel did not suggest the probability of a car without lights. In stead, he asked where Bruce had ridden for a day and a night. Two days, Pedro ventured to correct. He did not know where the Senhor had gone. To the city, everyone supposed. Where else?

Where else? Noel saw the key to the riddle in that sentence. He knew better than Gil Granados did how the sensitive, shy Bruce had disliked the city where he felt himself alone. Only necessity would have drawn him there. And why ride? The garage held cars at his disposal which would have accomplished the trip in less time and brought him back the sooner to the injured man for whom he had shown such solicitude. Or there was always the railroad down the mountain. He had visited none of those men in the capital whom he had met as Noel's associates; Noel had not been too preoccupied to inquire of each of his friends when they had last seen his foreign secretary.

There was one informant who rarely failed. Noel summoned Benito.

"Benito, I wish to know where the Senhor Bruce rode on his last two days here," he told the Indian.

Benito looked at his master out of jet polished eyes. He had liked the red haired American whom he brought from Rio Nabuco, he had felt protectively for him, as for a protegee. Of course he had heard the disappearance discussed among his fellow servants. He needed no explanation now from Noel.

"They have ears like a deaf cat which is very old," he apostrophized his fellow servants. "Their thoughts are thick like the mud beneath a river, wherein their heads burrow and see not. If I had been here, my master, the white man with the fiery hair would not have gone that way."

He made no promises, but Noel knew how well he would serve and how eager the service. The investigation had done Noel good. In thinking of Corey Bruce he had rested from thought of himself. Also, it had passed time. The afternoon was there. He passed to that veranda room he most approved for his leisure hours and sat down, extending himself in a long chair, and took from the tray he was presented one of those delicious concoctions of fruit juices for which he had vainly thirsted in New York. Drinking, he remembered the sour orange juice Rosalind had rift D iv.Dad7ly.f 2 covered. When he brought her here—

If Jacinto Meyer were their duel, Rosalind would never come here. Noel had thrown the house of the Little Shoes into the balance where he had flung in every ambition of his life, to keep the Americas one.

At evening a motor car sped out of the belt of forest a quarter of a mile away. It took the curve of the drive at a furious pace, darting toward the villa like a huge insect. Noel recognized the grey body and the yellow wheels flaring in the last rays of the sun. The messenger of failure or victory arrived. The car brought Nilo.

Noel would not rise or go to meet him. He waited with that perfection of stillness Corey Bruce had admired, his cigar between his fingers, his eyes fixed on the blue bay far below. The car darted out of sight around the bend in the garden. Presently he heard it stop under the porte cochere. Someone was

running across the hall, was at the threshold.

Nilo Valdez was in the doorway, dishevelled, dust powdered, quivering like a girl, and like a girl savoring his dramatic moment.

"Dom David," he spoke formally, "I am to announce that we will be allies of the United States of America. Your resignation is refused. You are recalled to the chamber. Viva las dos Americas!"

Noel rose, then. But before he could speak, Nilo had dropped pretense and sprung across the veranda to grasp his hand.

"I congratulate you! I congratulate the state! It is a victory at every point. Your speech, your speech—I have no words! It was flame in a forest, it was flame in a forest, it was magnificent, it was sublime. Senhor, you are immortal! The Twice American will be a war cry. You are an idol!"

"Nilo, it is my good friends who have worked."

Nilo Valdez threw back his head, laughing denial. His face was sallow with fatigue, his eyes dark circled, but he radiated triumph.

"Oh, we have worked! But it was you—and your name. Senhor Ferraz spoke in the chamber, after you had gone. You had inspired him. He thundered, yes, Senhor, he was superb. And the good Marshal Granados; he cried for freedom from the Germans, yes, he addressed the crowd from the steps of the palace. What a night! What a day! My father shall tell you yet more. But you are named forever, Dom David, the Twice American! Oh, if Corey were but here! I have come ahead; others follow to take you back to the city. Prepare to meet an ovation."

"And yourself, Nilo? You are worn out. You will rest."

"Res?" repudiated Nilo Valdez. "Amidst this? I can rest all my life. Dom David, do you not realize what this is? Do you not?"

David Noel looked across the deep gardens to the sea. The savor of triumph was his indeed.

"Yes," he answered quietly. "I think that I realize, Nilo."

When all was moving smoothly, he would go back for Rosalind Arloff. He would bring her here, and she should learn what it meant to be the wife of David Noel. Even the royal Constance might have been proud to come home to this. How much more, the dancing girl! He did not honor Rosalind the less, because she had not known luxury and high place, but it pleased him to give these to her. Would it please her to be the wife of the Twice American, he wondered?

A second automobile darted out of the forest belt. The deputation had come to recall Dom David.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### The Man Who Was Lost.

There was no corner of the great republic so remote as not to thrill to the agitation at the country's heart. Tropical veins boiled with the fever of patriotism. Marshal Granados and his men had anti-German riots wrath to quell, in those first days. Men thought of the imperial schemes as of a danger escaped, a foul growth that had been rising among them unperceived.

It was not possible that the village of Rio Nabuco should escape the contagion. Still less was it possible that the few prisoners of Rio Nabuco should not hear all the village heard.

(To be Continued Next Week.)

## CZECHS ARE REPORTED NOW HOLDING IRKUTSK

Vladivostok, —Consular officers report that because the bolshevist forces interfered with the evacuation of Czech-Slovaks from Irkutsk the city was taken over by the Czechs January 30.

The bolshevist forces took Admiral Kolchak as their prisoner with them when they were driven out, but left the state gold treasure behind.

General Voltzokoffsky, with a remnant of the Kolchak army, has reached Irkutsk and General Semonoff, commander-in-chief of the all-Russian forces, was reported by the consuls as sending reinforcements and supplies from China, his present headquarters.

## STILL LACKING JURY IN KIDNAPING CASE

Tombstone, —Only 63 of what was to have been a panel of 400 remain for examination today as prospective jurors in the first of the Bisbee deportation and kidnaping trials.

Sheriff's deputies, after four days of riding and motoring over desert and mountain and of scouring cities succeeded in bringing back an even 200 men to court yesterday. These faded away like snow men beneath a desert sun.

## "DANDERINE" STOPS HAIR FALLING OUT

Hurry! A few cents will save your hair and double its beauty.



A little "Danderine" cools, cleanses and makes the feverish, itchy scalp soft and pitiable; then this stimulating tonic penetrates to the famished hair roots, revitalizing and invigorating every hair in the head, thus stopping the hair falling out, getting thin, scraggly or fading.

After a few applications of "Danderine" you seldom find a fallen hair or a particle of dandruff, besides every hair shows more life, vigor, brightness, color and thickness.

A few cents buys a bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter.—Adv.

An American imperialist—Old King Coal.

If you use Red Cross Ball Blue in your laundry, you will not be troubled by those tiny rust spots, often caused by inferior bluing. Try it and see.

The fish always bite well when you can't go.

## "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP" IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Mother! You must say "California."—Adv.

Financial circumstances after legal cases.

## YOUR COLD IS EASED AFTER THE FIRST DOSE

"Pape's Cold Compound" then breaks up a cold in a few hours.

Relief comes instantly. A dose taken every two hours until three doses are taken usually breaks up a severe cold and ends all the gripe misery.

The very first dose opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages in the head, stops nose running, relieves the headache, dullness, feverishness, sneezing, soreness and stiff neck.

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! Clear your congested head! Nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only a few cents at any drug store. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, contains no quinine—insist upon Pape's!—Adv.

Many of life's so-called luxuries are base imitations.

How's This? We offer \$1000 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Misfortune is the filter that separates the true friends from the counterfeit.

## CONVENIENT!

If Constipated, Bilious or Headachy, take "Cascarets."

Cascarets never gripe, sicken or inconvenience one like Salts, Oil, Calomel or harsh Pills. Feel bully! Be efficient! Don't stay sick, bilious, headachy, constipated. Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head and your tongue coated, your breath and stomach sour. Why not take a few cents for a box of Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest laxative-cathartic you ever experienced? They work while you sleep. Adv.