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For Galled Horses Hanford's Baisam of Myrrh

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English Chalk Pit Gives Up Victims of Tragedy

What is the grim secret of the lit He knoll on Doustable downs (Eng land?? Eight; five skeletons have u; to the present been excavated from one shallow depression. Forty skele tons were found during research op erations last year, and now excavators have exercised forty-five more skeletons. They are believed to be the remains of young men and wom en of early Saxon times. One of the skeletons has a wound in the temple and others bear signs of other wounds, while a few have their handtied bekind them. Weapons have been found, and also a brooch of the First century B. C. The excavators are puzzled at finding this ancient brooch among Saxon remains, Many theories kave been advanced about the shelecues of the knoll. It is sug gested that there was a wholesalmassacre of prisoners during : Saxon fribit war, and that men and women were killed and thrown into a chalk pit.

Me Has Felt It "Daddy, what is the mother

"Well, my boy, it is something like pickled toague, only more vinegary." -Tit-Bits.

Harold's Mother Knew Answer



"Yes, sir, I am cerainly proud of my little boy," says Mrs. H. M. Smith, 421 Topeka Ave., Topeka, Kansas. "He's five and weighs fifty-seven pounds. He's the picture of health as

you can see, and I feel like ne'll al ways be that way as long as I can get Unliforma Fig Syrup. I have used it with him ever since he was a year old. I knew what to give him for his colds and his feverish, upset spelis accounce Mother used California Fig Syrup with all of us as chil. dren. I have used it freely with my boy and he loves it. It always fixes him up, quick."

In many homes, tike this, the third and fourth generations are using pure, wholesome California Fig Syrup because it has never failed to do what in expected of it. Nothing so quickly and thoroughly purges a child's system of the souring waste which keeps him cross, feverish headnessy, biffous, buif-sick, with coat ed tongue, bad breath and no appe tite or energy as long as it is allowed to remain in the tittle stomach and bowels. Fig Syrup gives tone and strength to these organs so they contime to act as Nature intends them to do, and helps build up and strengtken weak, pale and under weight children. Over four million botiles used a year shows its popu larity. The genuine, endorsed by physicians for 50 years, always bears the word "California"

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RUBY M AYRES

Author of "The Phantom Lover," "The G.rl Next Door" etc.

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"Not even coming back to | Clayton-with met" be asked ironically.

Patricla returned his gaze steadily.

That's different she said "There's somethin, about this letter that makes me feel as if I'm really wanted-as if she really cares what become, of

"I see; and you mean that I didn't make you feel like that?"

She did not answer, and he turned to the door.

"I may still come and see you sometimes, I suppose?" he asked, looking back at her.

"If you care to," said Patricia, "You have been very kind; thank you very much-I don't deserve that you should have been so kind to me at all, I know."

He hesitated a moment, then be came back and took one of ner hands in a hard grip.

"If I had asked you to marry me this evening for the good, old-fashioned reason," he said, "because I loved you, and could not be happy without you, what would your answer have been?"

She tried to look away from him, but his eyes compelled her, and her heart was beating so fast that it seemed to be shoking her. Then she forced herself to smile.

"I don't think that you're the sort of man who would ever find it impossible to be happy without any woman, are you?"

Michael's face hardened; he turned away.

"I hope not," he said almost roughly. "I've other things to do with my life."

CHAPTER IX

Michael went out into the night feeling angry and ruffled. Her complexity irritated him. He walked away with angry strides and had just reached the corner of the road when a hand was laid on his arm, and, turning sharply, Michael looked into Bernard Chesney's white face.

"I saw you at Marnio's with Patricia; I followed you home," Chesney explained hoarsely. His eyes loked their fury into Michael's. "I suppose you think you've been clever -lying to me and keeping her to yourself. But you can't do it any longer; I've found her, and nothing vou can say or do will keep me away from her."

Michael shoot his friend's hand away: this encounter was the last thing he was in the mood meet; he did not really care at all that Chesney had found Patricia; in his heart he did not believe that anything t Chesney could say or do would have any weight with her, but his own sense of implication irritated him.

"Do what you like, only don't come pestering me," he said shortly. "You know where she is living-go and call by all means. The bell doesn't ring, but if you knock long enough you'll be let in, I dare

And he strode off and dis-

appeared into the darkness. Chesney stood looking after him uncertainly; he had waited up and down for half an hour for Michael to leave Mrs. Flannagan's and he was burn-

ing with jenlousy. How long had Michael known where Patricia was? And why did he allow her to live in such a neighborhood, he asked himself indignantly.

The best was but a poor best for Patricia, to his way of thinking, How dared Michael allow her to be in such squalid surroundings.

He looked at his watch in the light of the street lamp-not yet half past nine-not too late to call and see her.

CUT WINE TRANSPORT TAX Paris-(UP)-To encourage the export of wines and to revive the languishing industry, the council of ministers has authorized a reducon of 20 per cent in the transportation tax on French wines, France is one of the few countries which has transportation taxes on national

Old Gypsy Menace.

Jay E. House, in Philadelphia Public What we should like to ask Mr. Grover Whalen, who appears to be greatly perturbed about the com-munists, is whether he is also afraid

He knocked at Mrs. Flannagan's with an agitated hand When at last the door opened and Parricia herself stood there, he could find no words. But he was quick to see the eagerness die from her face when she recognized him, and to hear the little note of disappointment in her voice as she

"I did not expect to see you. Won't you come in?"

Chesny followed her in silence. As soon as they were in the sitting room with its bright fire and seent of violets. he caught her by both hands.

"Patricia, it's too good to be true! I've hunted for you everywhere. It's the purest luck I saw you at Marnio's tonight with Rolf. I followed you home and waited for him to leave. Oh, Patri ia, can't you sav that you are just a little glad to see me?"

She let her hands lie passively in his.

"I think you are forgetting the way in which you arswered my last letter," she said proudly, and the color rushed to her

"I think everything was said between us then.'

He bent and pressed his lips to her hands.

"I love you! I've always loved you," he stammered. "1 was mad when I sent that letter. It was not really I who sent it-I wanted to come to you-you don't know what I've suifered since, knowing what you must think of me. Marry me, Patricia, and let me take you away from all-this . .

He looked round the room with a little shiver of distaste. "What in Heaven's name is Rolf thinking about to let you stay here for a single day?' he demanded passionately. "Doesn't he care at all if you are unhappy, or low you bave to live? With all his money, surely it would be a little thing to see that you were comfortable."

Patricia looked round her with a faint smile. Somehow during the last two days this room had not seemed quite so bad and impossible; Michael had been there, and had looked at home and almost comfortable in it. She realized he had been right when he had said that she might come to many a worse place.

"I am not staying here anyway," she said after a moment. "Tomorrow I am going to I.ve with some friends. They have offered me a home till something definite can be decided upon. Oh, please don't look so tragic! I'm really not un hapoy.

"How long has Michael known you were bere "The day I came he found me-two days ago."

Chesney's face darkenel. "He told me he did not ! now where you were. Just a lie, I suppose, to keep you from 119. She did not enswer, and he

went on again presionately. "I shall never lot you go again. Parricia, when will you marry me? We've wasted too

auch time. I'll mate von so happy, my quen-all the past shall be for offer." She listened spathetic-Ilv. A

few weeks ago s'a would have given her soul for his bind presence and protection, but now it seemed to court as a very small thing that he was offering her everything for which she had once almost

She smiled faintly, staking

her head. "I haven't any money new Bernard," she said cent'v. "I haven't anyt'ing in all the world except just a few clothes and a few little things which I brought away from Clayton

of gypsies. Very well, we will ask him. There probably are as many gypsies as communists. There may be more. Are you afraid of them, Mr. Whalen?

Time was, we shall add, when nearly everybody was afraid of gyp sies. They were, of a fact, the old original menace. The fear of every mother was that her child would be stolen by them, although what the gypsies wanted with additional children was never quite apparent But, in time, the country got over its fright. By most people, gypsies began to be rated for what they are There may be a few people left who are scared of them. We dedicate a with in . I'm not the Miss Rolf von knew any more -- "

"Lut you can be," he urged agerts. We can wip out all the past. I'll give you everything you want. Only marry ne. Patricia, and you'll soon f raet this nightmare, and be happy ngain.'

She shook her head,

"But I don't think I want to," she said slowly, as if in some wonderment at herself. "I'm not really unhappy-and I've learned, oh, I've learned such a lot of things since I lost my money."

"You shall be happier than you've ever been if you'll be my wife," he urged-

But she would give him no answer, and she sent him away, unhappy and puzzled.

He had Michael to blame for the change in Patricia, he was sure, and he hated Michael for

Michael cared for her him self-in a fever of jealousy he rushed off to Michael's rooms. He stormed up and down and accused him of having taken

Patricia from him. "You've always pretended to despise her," he raved. "You said she was selfish and worthless, and yet you thought

it worth while to take her

away from me, and keep me from ever seeing her again." He stopped and looked at Michael with furious eyes. "Is that what it is? he demanded, chokingly. "Are you going to

marry her yourself?" Michael turned in his chair and looked up at his friend with a frwn.

"I most certainly am not!" he said emphatically. "My dear chap, if you don't believe me, osk Patricia yourself. She'll tell you."

Chesney answered stormily that he did not believe anybody. He considered that he had been treated abominably; made a complete fool of.

Michael yawned. "Oh, shut up!" he said, irritably. "Don't come here and treat me to all these heroics. You know where she is; you've seen ner, and you can see her every day of your life for the next forty years for al! I care."

sulky suspicion. " "I don't believe you. You always were deep. I believe you always have cared for her, and that you're saying all this because she won't look at you."

Chesney looked at him with

Michael took up a paper. "Go on! You won't annov me if you talk till you're black in the face," he said, imperturbably.

Chesney paced the rom. "Very well, then," he said, suddenly, "If what you say is true, will you undertake not to go near her again? Not to so her at all?"

Michael read on steadily. "She's going to stay with some people at Kensington," Chesney went on eagerly. "She's given me their address. and told mel may go to see for there. Well, will you keep out of the way-give me a chance. She used to like me-I

know she did-' It was all very boyis's and rather pathetic, but Michael was only conscioue of a sense of d'smst.

"I won't go near her-unless s'e sends for me," he said. grimly. "And as that's extremely unlikely we need say no more.'

You'll give your word on "Yes, if you think it's worth

anything." Chesney took his departure,

and Michael sent the paper spinning across the room.

It was all a storm in a teaenn Patricia did not want a like Chesney hanging round.

But the next day seemed an eternity, and the next a difttime. Michael could settle to nothing. He felt all the time as if he were waiting for something to happen-something that would alter the whole rather weary aimlessness of his ex stence.

Twenty times he almost few lines to a search for them, beginning with Mr. Whalen.

Unfair Means. From Pages Gaies, Yverdon. "Another new hat! How do you induce your husband to pay for

"Quite simple. I go to see him t the office wearing the old thing made myself."

FORTUNE GRABBER JAILED Varna, Bulgaria-(UP)-In an efort to obtain possession of an inperitance left by a distant relative o a girl whom he had betrayed and driven into a suicide's grave,

broke his word to Chesney and went to Kensington-

If Patricia wanted him she could send, was his argument and as she had not sent, presumably she did not want him

But he went round to Mrs Flannagan's to assure himself that she was no longer there

Mrs. Flannagan grieved to say that she had lost her lodger; such a nice lady and all! She called upon the saints to witness that she had done her part to make the pretty lamb as comfortable as if she had been her own child.

Michael said he was sure she had, and gave her a sovereign Three days later a letter came from Patricia.

It was written from her mother's, and seemed a little depressed, he thought, as he eagerly read its contents.

.It began "Dear Mr. Rolf," and in it she to'd him that she was quite comfortably settled and that he need no longer worry about her.

"I wish I had thought about coming here sooner, nobody could be kinder to he than Mrs Smith is. She could not do more for me if she were my own mother."

Michael smiled as he read the words.

Already he was vaguely jealous of Mrs. Smith. He could have found it in his heart to wish that she was ont making Potricia quite so comfortable

Patricia added: "I give you my address in case you might want it.-Your sincerely, Patricia Rolf."

Michael wrote a reply at once. He said he was glad that she was happy and that he had heard Chesney had been to see her. He himself was very busy. and more out of devilment than because it was the truth, he added that he was going to dine at the Shackles the following night.

He had had no intention of going though he had been asked, but the evening hung sc intolarably long upon his hands and everything seemed better than his own company, so at the last moment he decided that he would go. The Shackles gave him a royal reception. Effie was looking her best, and did her utmost to amuse him. She asked after Patricia with every appearance of affection and hoped that ehey would soon meet again.

Michael thought it extremely unlikely, but did not say so The whole evening bored him He kept thinking of Patricia and the little cozy room at Kensington and wondering why he had been such a senseless fool as to agree to stay away merely because Chesney had

asked him to do so. He left the Shackles early and went back to his rooms and there he found a telegram awaiting him that had been there some hours.

It had been sent off from Kensington and was signed by Patricia's mother.

"Can you come at once Frgent.'

Something had happened to Patricia. The thought tore at his heart as he raced off in a taxicab. Something was terribly the

matter. He cursed himself for not having gone to see her be fore. Now it was too late-he might never, see her again.

Mrs. Smith herself ad mitted him. She looked whit and worried.

"You will never firgive me I don't know how to explain But my daughter-my younger daughter told Patricia quite by accident that you were paying me to have her. It was the merest slip. I had impressed upon her to be so careful. You will never forgive me." She burst into tears.

"And Patricia?" Michael asked hoarsely.

She thrust a paper into his hand; a paper bearing a scribbled message in Patricia's writing.

"I have given up my lodgings," was written on it. That was all; but Patricia had gone

(TO B. CONTINUED)

a civil engineer of this city named Wodenitscharoff bribed a priest to issue to him a marriage certificate bearing a date earlier than that or which the girl had died. Word of his deed came to the ears of the police and he is now in jail.

Along the headwaters of the Orinoco river in Venezuela, a race of Indians live whose religious beliefs make them fear to fish or eat the flesh of any animal. They believe human souls are present in the animals and fish.

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To Look Into Properties

of Odd Jungle Plants

Plants that kill, plants that inspire strange dreams, and one that paralyzes fish but does not make them unfit for food, have been brought to Washington by scientists under Doctor Killip of the Smithsonian institution, who have just returned from the headwaters of the Amazon and the mountains of Peru.

Nearly 20,000 plants from the Amazonian jungles and Peruvian mountain tops were collected; thousands of them have never been identified.

One of these is the Ayahuasce vine, or Caapi, from which Indian medieine men obtain a drug that produces violent nervous reactions and is swallowed to evoke prophetic visions.

Other plants in the collection yield harbasco, a milky poison which, poured into a river, paralyzes all the fish in a considerable area and enables the Indians to catch them easily.-London Tit-Bits.

Would Catch Cold-Followed by Cough



Cedar Falls, Iowa -"I had the 'flu' and did not get along well afterwards, at the least provocation I would catch a cold and it would settle in my bronchial tubes setting up an irritation followed by a severe cough. Every winter I would have

these spells and would have to give up my work for a time, but since I have taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I have not had any of these spells. It has so strengthened my bronchials and built me up in health that I go all through the winter without having any attacks of colds or coughs."-A. Wagner, 515

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Contagious Martin, age three, was having his face washed and his mother told him he had some freckles on his

"Now, George had better stay away from me, or I'll give him the freckles," Martin warned.

Wisdom in the Home

"Do you believe all your husband tells you?" "Anyhow, I don't question too much of it."



"About ten years ago I got so weak and rundown that I felt miserable all over. One day my husband said, 'Why don't you take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?' When I had taken two bottles I felt better so I kept on. My little daughter was born when I had been married twelve years. Even my doctor said, 'It's wonderful stuff.' You may publish this letter for I want all the world to know how this medicine has helped me."-Mrs. Horten Jones, 208 48th Street, Union City, N. J.

