Robert Cameron, capitalist, consults Philip Clyde, newspaper publisher, regarding anonymous threatening letters he has received. The first promises a sample of the writer's power on a certain day. On that day the head is mysteriously cut from a portrait of Cameron while the latter is in the room. Clyde has a theory that the portrait was mutilated while the room was unoccupied and the head later removed by means of a string, unnoticed by Cameron. Evelyn Grayson, Cameron's niece, with whom Clyde is in love, finds the head of Cameron's portrait nalled to the head of Cameron's portrait nailed to a tree, where it had been used as a target. Clyde pledges Evelyn to secrecy. Clyde learns that a Chinese boy employed by Philatus Murphy, an artist living nearby, had borrowed a rifle from Cameron's lodgekeeper. Clyde makes an excuse to call on Murphy and is repulsed. He pretends to be investigating alleged infractions of the game laws and speaks of finding the bowl of an opium pipe under the tree where Cameron's portrait of finding the bowl of an opium pipe under the tree where Cameron's portrait was found. The Chinese boy is found dead next morning. While visiting Cameron in his dressing room a Neil Gwynne mirror is mysteriously shattered. Cameron becomes seriously ill as a result of the shock. The third letter appears mysteriously on Cameron's sick bed. It makes direct threats against the life of Cameron. Clyde tells Cameron the envelope was direct threats against the life of Cameron. Clyde tells Cameron the envelope was empty. He tells Evelyn everything and plans to take Cameron on a yacht trip. The yacht picks up a fisherman found drifting helplessly in a boat. He gives the name of Johnson. Cameron disappears from yacht while Clyde's back is turned. A fruitless search is made for a motor boat seen by the captain just before Cameron disappeared. Johnson is allowed to go after being closely questioned. Evelyn takes the letters to an expert in Evelyn takes the letters to an expert in Chinese literature, who pronounces them of Chinese crigin. Clyde seeks assistance from a Chinese fellow college student, who recommends him to Yup Sing, most of Chinese crigin. Clyde seeks assistance from a Chinese fellow college student, who recommends him to Yup Sing, most prominent Chinaman in New York. The latter promises to seek information of Cameron among his countrymen. Among Cameron's letters is found one from one Addison, who speaks of seeing Cameron in Pekin. Cameron had frequently declared to Clyde that he had never been in China. Clyde calls on Dr. Addison. He learns that Addison and Cameron were at one time intimate friends, but had a falling out over Cameron's denial of having been seen in Pekin by Addison. Clyde goes to meet Yup Sing, sees Johnson, attempts to follow him, falls into a basement, sprains his ankle and becomes unconscious. Clyde is found by Miss Clement. a missionary among the Chinese. He is sick several days as a result of inhaling charcoal fumes. Evelyn tells Clyde of a peculiarly acting anesthetic which renders a person temporarily unconscious. Murphy is discovered to have mysterious relations with the Chinese. Miss Clement promises to get information about Cameron. Slump in Crystal Consolidated, of which Cameron is the head, is caused by a rumor of Cameron's illness, Clyde finds Cameron awakes from a long sleep and speaks in a strange tongue. He gives orders to an imaginary crew in Chinese jargon. Then in terror cries: "I didn't kill them." Evelyn and Clyde call on Miss Clement for promised information and find that the Chinaman who was to give it has just been murdered. Miss Clement gives Clyde a note asking him to read it after he leaves the mission and then destroy it. It tells of the abduction of a white man by Chinese who shipped him back to China. The man is accused of the crime of the "Sable Lorcha" in which 100 Chinamen were killed. The appearance in New York of the man they supposed they had shipped to China throws consternation into the Chinese. The brougham in which Clyde and Evelyn are riding is held up by an armed man. Clyde is seized by Murphy and a fight ensues. Evelyn and Clyde are rescued by the police and return ho

#### CHAPTER XXII.-Continued.

"McNish escaped, I presume?"

"McNish escaped," he echoed. "And no one else?"

"The Eurasian cook escaped, too. He broke out of his galley. Hastily he land a week later, more dead than alive.

"And all the rest-those ninety-seven deluded, tricked countrymen of yours-perished?" "To a man."

"Then the graphic description you have just given me, came-how? From who was locked in the galley?"

whom? Certainly not from the cook, "Partly from the cook, yes," he an-

swered, unmoved. "And partly from one to whom McNish, himself, described his own crime."

The Vice Consul here added a word. "Moreover," he said, and his accent was in marked contrast with the merchant's perfect English, "we have corroborative evidence. It happened that the lorcha sank in what you call shoal water. Six months later, she Under ordinary conditions she would have been dynamited where she was. But because of the tragedy, she was her bow proved the truth of what we

In spite of the seriously impressive manner of my informants I was far from credulous. Such a crime might have been perpetrated, but I questioned that the perpetrator, for his skin's sake, if for no other reason, would ever have admitted the deed, much less have truthfully detailed the manner of its commission.

But, even admitting that there was neither invention nor misrepresentation in the narrative, I was now more than ever convinced that Robert Cameron had no part in it, and that in placing even the slightest blame upon him an egregious error had been com-

"What you tell me," I said, at length, "is very interesting, but I do not see just how it applies to my tortured and only waiting our word to put your now missing friend.

moment forgot himself.

"You no can see?" he queried, lapsing for the nonce into the vernacular. "I certainly can not."

Mr. Yup Sing indulged in the shadow of an icy smile. Your friend, Mr. Clyde," he said,

with a brief impressive pause between each word, "and Donald McNish are one and the same man." my poise. I had listened with feigned hadn't seen him for years. Of what to last, then, I had been defending a respect and denied myself the satisfac- use would such an identification be creature unworthy of defense. tion of interruptions. But at this pre- against the testimony of Mr. Cam-

self no longer. Before the slowly | "Since you doubt our ability to spoken sentence was complete I had identify," was Mr. Yup's prompt resprung up, restless with impatient in- joinder, "I may add that there are two dignation, my blood throbbing in my marks of identification, which must, I temples, my hands itching to throttle | think, convince even yourself."

an honest man's traducers. "That," I cried, hoarse with exas-

peration, "is a damnable lie!" pointed. Yup Sing's seamed yellow toried him. His scars, moles, birthface continued an immobile mask for marks had been listed, and were now whatever emotion he may have felt, to be used to identify him with a reneand Chen Mok placidly consulted his gade murderer of Chinese coolies. memoranda

fortune always. Of all men in the tempt. world he is the last to be accused of such a crime as this. A seafaring man! A smuggler of coolies! It is too preposterous even for discussion. And I want to tell you now, Mr. Yup, and you, too, Mr. Chen, that I shall leave no stone unturned to bring to justice Those who are guilty of having made this unthinkable mistake. Hitherto I have been unable to get a clew. But what you have said tonight does away with that difficulty. Both of you shall answer, now, to the authorities."

As I spoke I edged toward an electric push-button, at the side of the chimney-piece, and at the last word, I

That Checkabeedy, following my instructions, had remained within close call was demonstrated by his prompt

appearance. "Telephone the police station," I

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

A Tattoo Mark.

Though I spoke in my ordinary tone, the visiting Celestials gave no sign that they heard me. I had expected protestation. I should not have been surprised had I been forced to restrain them-to make them prisoners, in fact, until the arrival of the police. But neither of them either moved or spoke, until the silence, in my nervously excited condition, becoming unbearable to me, I demanded:

"By what right, Mr. Yup, do you make the assertion that my friend and your enemy are one?"

With a supercilious arrogance of manner that maddened me to the limit of self-control, he made reply.

"I was coming to that, Mr. Clyde. temper. In stating the purpose of our visit I think I informed you that it was two-fold. In the first place, we came to give what you had asked for-information. In the second place, we came have observed such, we shall be glad to request something from you-as- if you will kindly describe it." sistance. The motive of the threatening letters which Mr. Cameron received, I think I have made clear. For sixteen years my people, the kinsfolk at the question. of the victims of the Sable Lorcha, have searched the world for the fiend who brought upon them a sorrow be yond any that you of the Occident can asked the question more to relieve the understand. To us of the Celestial tensity of the silence which ensued. Empire the tombs of our fathers are than because of any doubt on this very dear. McNish robbed these men

not only of life but of decent burial." impatiently, "but can't you see that a terrible mistake has been made? Why Could it be possible that Bryan was in under heaven you should fancy that in patched together a raft and reached Mr. Cameron, a gentleman to his fin- briefest moment did this doubt sway ger-tips, you have found this outlaw McNish is incomprehensible."

Once more Yup Sing smiled his icy smile and the Vice Consul made as if me all standing, as it were; for Bryan parently, maintained his stolid silence.

"You were coming to that," I urged.

"The man to whom McNish boasted of his deed was the man who identified him. They had been partners in the was no better than the other; yet we believe that our informant was neither | three letters: D. M. N." directly nor indirectly concerned in the particular piece of brutality of which I have told you. Eventually, he unreality oppressed me, and the room and McNish quarrelled and parted. For itself became waveringly unsubstansome years he lost all trace of him; tial. and then by accident, one day he came upon him, here in America, living in a was declared a menace to shipping. palace on Long Island Sound and masquerading under a new name."

"A resemblance!" I cried, in a passion of indignation. "A mere resemraised, and examined; and the hole in blance! And on that you and your people conspire to torment and abduct a purely innocent man. Was ever such an outrage heard of! Every one of you shall pay dear for this error."

> I might have been the fire wood sputtering on the hearth for all the effect my vehemence had upon that precious pair of Mongolians. "We understand," the spokesman re

sumed, "that your friend managed in some way to escape from his captors. and is now in this house." "Yes," I resumed, hotly. "He's here,

more dead than alive unfortunately; but he is coming around slowly and will be quite able to testify when the time comes."

"Mr. Chen Mok," he proceeded, calmly, "has communicated with the State Department at Washington, and the United States authorities are now good, gentlemanly friend under arrest, The Vice Consul in an unguarded Mr. Clyde, for the crime he committed on the high seas, sixteen years

ago." For a moment I stared at them in

silent amazement. "You're both mad" I exploded at length, "both crazy. Do you think for one moment I believe such rot as nacular. If what Bryan had said was ing upon him, in the interest of eduthat? Even if what you say were possible-and it isn't-you would have to identify the accused by something bet-Up to this point I had maintained ter than the mere word of a man who posterous claim, I could contain my- eron's life-long friends?"

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I laughed grimly. So that was their game! For nearly a month Cameron had been their prisoner. In that time If I expected retaliation I was disap- they had examined, inspected, inven-

I told my slant-eyed visitors that "Robert Cameron," I went on, my their trick was transparent. But they passion whetted by their indifference, only looked at me with an expression "has been a gentleman of leisure and which seemed half pity and half con-

> "Did you ever observe a tattoo mark on your friend's left forearm?" asked Mr. Chen Mok.

"Never," I answered. "He has one there."

"I am willing to wager something valuable he hasn't a tattoo mark anywhere on his person," I retorted, "and I'll prove it in five minutes.'

"We shall be glad to have the proof," said Yup Sing. Once more I pressed the button at

the side of the chimney-piece, and once again Checkabeedy appeared in the doorway.

"You telephoned?" I asked. "Yes, sir."

me here, at once." Then turning to Cameron's accusers, I explained: "Mr. Bryan, for whom I have just sent, is nursing my friend. He would naturalcommanded, "to send two officers here ly know if what you say is true."

To my surprise they made no demur. Yup Sing, however, asked that he might be permitted to put to the nurse the necessary questions, and as I was perfectly confident that no incriminating answers could be given, no matter what the form of catechism, I willingly acceded.

Had I not played tennis and golf with Cameron scores of times on hot summer days when, with shirt sleeves rolled above his elbows, his forearms were bared to view? Could there by any possibility have been a tattoo mark there, and I not have seen it?

Mr. Bryan came quickly, a little puzzled, seemingly, at being called to such an audience. Purposely I kept silence, merely waving an introductory hand toward the two Chinamen.

nation. "A question has arisen, Mr. Bryan." when you so unfortunately lost your he said, with more of suavity in his tone than I had hitherto observed. "whether by any chance your patient has a mark of any character whatever tattooed upon his left forearm. If you

Yup Sing tactfully explained the sit-

The nurse flung a questioning glance at me, and I nodded reassuringly. I gether." did not wonder that he was surprised

"Is there, or is there not, such a mark?" the Oriental urged.

"There is; yes, sir." I think, involuntarily, I started forward. I know that for just a breath I thought my ears had played me a trick. Then, suddenly, there swept back across my memory that expres-"That is all very well," I exclaimed, sion of Checkabeedy's: "Who between you and me, sir, I don't trust, nohow." the conspiracy? But only for the amid the welter of my thoughts. Into its place rolled an amazement that shocked and stunned; that checked to speak, but thinking better of it, ap- was amplifying, was telling about the mark, which he had first noticed he said, on the night of his arrival, and which he had examined more closely on several occasions since.

"It's evidently a representation of Far East in the trade of smuggling some sort of sailing vescel," he excoolies. The one, I have no doubt, plained, "with a curved hull and a single broad sail. And below it are

Blindly I clutched the back of a chair with both hands, for a sense of

It was not true, of course, this that Bryan was saying. Nothing was true. Nothing was real. It was all a nightmare; and the two gloating yellow masks were horrible dream faces. "And you have probably noticed

scar-a long livid scar?" It was Yup Sing's voice I heard. He was still questioning the nurse. And now Bryan would make another preposterous answer, just as persons always do in dreams. I knew he would. So when he said: "Yes, sir, just between the left shoulder blade and the spinal column. It looks as though it were the mark of a deep and vicious

prised Checkabeedy brought me back to a realization of time and place. He spoke my name in a half-whisper and tralia and South Africa, are deviating I awoke again to realities with a start. formed me, matter-of-factly.

knife slash." I was not in the least sur-

"The officers?" I repeated, and then, nemory reasserting itself, I added: "Oh, yes, of course. Ask them to wait just a moment, Checkabeedy."

Into the mental marshalling of facts which ensued there came a vivid memory of that weird scene in the sickchamber when Cameron had raved in a strange tongue, mingled with words of pidgin-English and a few phrasesincriminating phrases, in the light of dressing a letter to the president of tonight's revelation-of vigorous ver- the board of education in London urgtrue-and for him to lie about a mat- cation, the necessity of a general ter as readily demonstrable was hard- adoption of a simplified reform spellly to be considered-I must conclude myself beaten at all points. From first

It was difficult to accept this con-

arrayed against it. Yet, thinking ber was in semi-gloom. But scarcely clearly now, I recognized fully the po- had I passed Bryan, who stopped to sition in which I had placed myself. I close the door with the same adroit had been willing to swear, to wager, silence with which he had accomthere was no tattoo mark, and the best plished its opening, than a stealthily evidence-my own witness-had moving white figure defined itself, isproved me wrong. Certainly I could suing, apparently from a massive expect no mild judgment from these carved wardrobe, which stood against Asiatics. Honest as I had been, they the wall opposite the huge, testered must believe that I had known, and bed. had meant to deceive them. They The spectacle was at least arresting. probably thought that I had signalled I know I halted abruptly as if stricken to Bryan to endorse me in my lies, and

stood or openly rebelled. door, I recalled him.

it was a mistake. I shall not require nized Cameron. Turning to Yup Sing and his com-

panion, I added: "What Mr. Bryan has told you is the

greatest surprise to me. Even yet I past me and was at his patient's side. can scarcely believe it, unless the my friend was a prisoner in the hands of your countrymen." "Tattoo marks and scars show age no less than faces." the merchant re-

Any capable judge of such things will tell." "The scar is not a fresh one," said the nurse. "As to tattoo marks, I am

not experienced; but I shouldn't think the mark on Mr. Cameron's arm was his patient's arm, and hold it up, reput there recently." "Gentlemen," I said, making a final stand, "while I do not question Mr. Bryan's entire honesty in this matter. nevertheless I prefer to see these

marks of identification, myself. If you will excuse us for five minutes, I shall not be longer." At the foot of the grand staircase, Evelyn joined me. Bryan, at my sug-

cended that way, while she and I slowmarble steps to the floor above. "I thought you were never coming out of that room," she declared, nerv-

rang for Checkabeedy, I mean. . . What did you have him telephone for? He absolutely refused to tell me. against hope that in some way or oth-Was it the two policemen? . . . er a misconception had occurred. I What did you want them for? . . . had hoped, I suppose, for the perform-

going? . . . What on earth did you was obliterated by those blue-pricked want with Mr. Bryan? . . . What letters D. M. N. beneath an almost exare you going upstairs for, now?"

decide. I know only that I set my ters-the black smudge, of which Camteeth to guard the one problem which eron, wearing it then indelibly upon absorbed me, and which for worlds I the cuticle, had dared to feign utter would not have her know. "It is all right, Evelyn," I assured

are who, burning with curiosity as she did you want this letter for, anyway? was, would have obliged me as she If it was necessary for you to have it, can be transported over our railway did! Is it pardonable, then, if again I couldn't I have got it for you?" say that throughout all this trying ex- "Give it back to me!" Cameron was erience she proved herself a girl of

thousand? Bryan was waiting for me in the passage outside Cameron's door. "I left him sleeping," he explained. and, if possible, I don't wish to dis-

turb him; so we'll go in quietly, to-Slowly and with infinite care lest if you wish it." he make the least noise he turned the knob. Quite as cautiously he opened

the door, and tiptoeing softly, we entered. It was the first time I had been in the room since the day of that terrible let in the invalid's clutch-I was about outburst, and it still held for me an at- to humor him, when the superscription mosphere as grewsomely forbidding caught my eye and held it.

as that of a tomb. tall, antique bureau between the tel, New York City, U. S. A." darkly curtained windows; the cham-

all at once with total paralysis. For a that the nurse had either misunder heart-beat or two I think I stopped breathing. But my eyes meanwhile Before Checkabeedy had reached the were strained fixedly upon the apparition, and seeing it pass with almost in-"On second thought," I said, "the of- credible swiftness beneath the one ficers need not wait. Tell them that dim light above the bureau, I recog-

At the same moment the room was flooded with a sudden glare. Bryan too, had seen, and had switched on the electrics. Simultaneously he flashed

"What does this mean?" I heard him mark and the scar were obtained while say. "What did you want? Can't I trust you alone for ten minutes? I told you, Cameron, that you must not leave your bed unless I am with you." I saw Cameron cower under the upplied. "Both of these are years old. braiding. In his eyes I read terror, and all my sympathy was aroused on tell you that. Possibly Mr. Bryan can this instant. Bryan might be carrying out Dr. Massey's orders, but he appeared to me unnecessarily harsh.

"What were you doing?" he insist ed; and then I saw him roughly grasp vealing a tightly clenched hand. "Mr. Bryan!" I cried in remon

strance. "Gently, gently. Remember-" But the nurse paid small heed to me. He was busy opening the doubled fist.

I stood now where I could look Cameron squarely in the face, but my gaze was elsewhere. It was his left hand over which Bryan was engaged, and gestion, went to the elevator and as- from his wrist to his elbow the sleeve of his white night robe had been ly climbed the broad, velvet-carpeted pushed back, exposing a sinewy forearm, marked precisely as Bryan had highway, the same as for our public described it.

Scrutinizingly I bent forward. The ously. "Once, I was on the verge of tattooing was indisputable, and, as the "Very good, now send Mr. Bryan to going after you. The first time you nurse had said, it bore no evidence of being recent work.

Up to that moment I had hoped Why did you let them go away again? ance of some miracle which would ex-. . Aren't those Chinamen ever onerate this man. And now that hope act facsimile of the black smudge How tactfully I answered these ques- which had taken the place of signature tions and others I shall not attempt to on each of the three threatening letignorance. And yet, I asked myself once more.

her, over and over again. "There is how was it that I had never noticed not the smallest danger. . . . They it before? Again and again I had seen came to give me information. . . that forearm bared. Surely I would You must be very tired, little girl. have observed so odd a mark; certain-. Go to bed, now, and forget it ly I would have been perplexed by all until morning. . . Yes, I'll those three unfitting initials. tell you everything, then."

"There, now!" Bryan was

"There, now!" Bryan was saying. I wonder how many women there "Back to bed with you, Cameron. What

pleading, piteously. "Give it back to back to me, or destroy it before my eyes. Burn it, here, before me."

"Let me have it, Mr. Bryan." I asked, and turning to the unhappy genyou, Cameron? I'll destroy it, unread,

"No, no no," he objected, earnestly. "Give it back to me."

But even as he demanded it, Bryan put it in my hands; and spreading it out-for it had been crumpled to a pel-

The envelope bore the name and ad-Only one lowered light burned, over dress: "Donald McNish, Taylor's Ho (TO BE CONTINUED.)



## New Spelling in England

Deliver Lectures Throughout the Country.

A campaign in favor of spelling re and the provinces in the autumn and

winter. Mr. William Archer, under the auspices of the Simplified Spelling socihis return from the east, and lectures

well-known men throughout the coun-The lecturers will advocate the re-

guage at all, and tends to degrade our The society desires to fix a standard of pronunciation of the English lan-

guage throughout the empire. It has been stated that the English people over seas, particularly in Austraordinary experience he has had. so seriously from the general stand-"The officers are here, sir," he in- ard of speech prevailing in the mother country that the time might come when visitors from these parts of the empire might fail to make themselves understood in London

Mr. Tate, director of education in Melbourne, has suggested several spelling reforms to which effect has been given by the official papers issued by his department. Discussions have taken place and the council of public education in Melbourne is ading.—London Daily Graphic.

Marvelous Surgical Feat. An ex-soldier, named Blomquist, has just been pronounced cured, in Stockclusion. Mind and heart alike were holm, Sweden, after one of the most

Board of Reformers Are Planning te remarkable operations on record. A year ago Blomquist was accidentally shot in the head during the maneuvers, and it was found that one half of the brain had been injured, and that the value of real estate. It is estiform is to be conducted in London the only chance of life for the patient lay in its removal. After much deliberation by the doctors the perilous operation was performed, with the marvelous result that within a few ety, is to conduct a lecturing tour on weeks Blomquist recovered. He was in full possession of all his faculties. will also be delivered by many other but on being tested in the matter of reading and writing, he was found to have entirely forgotten the meaning of the alphabet and numerals. One of form of what they regard as the pres- the doctors undertook to re-teach him ent "chaotic spelling," which they de- all the forgotton lore, and after a not clare is so remote from pronunciation very considerable time and much inthat it is no guide to the English landustry, Blomquist is again able to read and write. He has now left the nursing home, where he has been under the care of the doctors, and returned to work on his farm. He is robust in health and shows no trace physically or mentally of the ex-

Scarcity of Opium Felt.

Codeine, a very largely used narcotic, is more than twice its normal value, owing to the scarcity of opium. Carbolic acid continues to advance in price, and it is not at all unlikely that the cost of household disinfectants may be increased. The most noteworthy of the few articles which have declined in value is glycerin, which, after a long period of high value, now shows signs of coming down in price.

An Economic Consideration. Fair Visitor-I suppose you find con-

stant inspiration in the flowers of the field, the sighing of the breezes, and the singing of the birds, and for that reason prefer to live in the country? Poet-Not at all, madam. The real reason is that board is cheaper out here and "ostage costs no more.

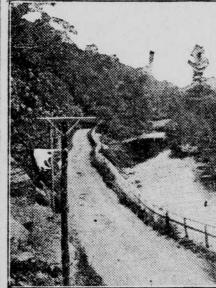
Old Idea That Highways Should Be Constructed and Maintained by Farmer Is Disappearing.

That the movement for federal participation in highways construction is not confined to motorists, but is also being agitated by the farmers, is one of the most hopeful indications of its ultimate success.

On this point the recent convention of the National Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, the oldest and most influential of the farmers' organizations, took a decidedly favorable stand. Hon. Oliver Wilson, Master of the National Grange, in his annual address stated:

"The public highway is a matter of general concern. The old idea that the country road should be constructed and maintained by the farmer has disappeared. It is now recognized that good roads are of as much importance to the consumer as to the producer, as anything that lessens the cost of trans-

portation is a benefit to the consumer. "The Grange stands for and advocates federal aid for road improvement. There can be no good reason given why the government should not appropriate money for the maintaining and the improving of the public



Good Road Along Tioga River.

water works. Seventy-five per cent. of the product of our country must pass over the public highway before it or water systems. While the government has spent millions of dollars for will aid digestion and help me! It is a private matter. Give it possessions, it has never appropriated one dollar to be used on the highway in continental United States.

"The Grange membership is unanimously in favor of congress making tleman I said: "You'll trust me, won't suitable appropriations for highway construction and maintenance. This appropriation should be expended by a national highway commission or board, working in conjunction with similar commissions from the states.

"The legislative committee of the National Grange should be instructed to use all the influence of the Grange upon congress for the passage of a bill appropriating a sufficient sum under proper regulations for the improvement of our public highways."

HIGH VALUE OF GOOD ROADS

Sufficient to Justify Construction as Rapidly as Possible Under Economical System.

No one questions the statement that good roads have a high money value to the farmers of the nation, and it may be said that this alone is sufficient to justify the cost of their construction as rapidly as practicable under an efficient, economical equitable system of highway improvement.

The big point in favor of this expenditure is the economy of time and force in transportation between farm and market, enabling the growers to take advantage of fluctuations in buying and selling, as well as enhancing mated that the average annual loss from poor roads is 76 cents an acre, while the estimated average increase resulting from improving all the public roads is \$9.

The losses in five years would aggregate \$2,432 for every section of land, or more than enough to improve two miles of public highway. The necessity of good roads is obvious, as is would enhance the value of each section of land about \$5,760, or more than double the estimated cost of two miles of improved highway, which constitutes the quota for 640 acres of land.

Making of Mudholes.

For want of a good culvert, several rods of road is often converted into a mudhole and remains a mudhole until the sun and wind dry it up. It is poor policy to do a good piece of road grading, then spoil it by neglecting the culverts.

Benefits Universal. Good roads benefit every class and every section.

Mortgage Lifters. Hens are helping to lift a good many mortgages nowadays.

lowa farmers are making a fight to get appropriations from their state legislature to erect serum stations for the fighting of the hog cholera, which this year is expected to cost them \$12. 000,000. Iowa raises more hogs than any other equal section of the world. nearly twice as many as any other state, and the farmers insist that their interests should be guarded.

Costs Less Than a Two-Cent Postage-Stamp

An average of less than a cent and a third a pair is paid for the use of all our machines in making two-thirds of the shoes produced in the United States-assuming that all our machines are used. The most that can be paid for the use of all our machines in making the highest-priced shoes is less than 5% cents a pair. The average royalty on all kinds of shoes is less than 22-3 cents a pair. From this we get our sole return for the manufacture and use of the machines, for setting them up in factories and keeping them in order. You BUILDING OF PUBLIC ROADS pay two cents for a postage stamp or a yeast-cake and five cents for a car fare and don't miss it. Where do you get more for your money than in buying a machine-made shoe?

Write us and we will tell you all about it. The United Shoe Machinery Company, Boston, Mass .- Adv.

Not the Same.

They were strolling through the woodland.

"Yes," the youthful professor was saying, "it is a very simple matter to tell the various kinds of trees by the barks." She gazed at him soulfully.

"How wonderful!" she exclaimed.

'And can you-er-tell the various kinds of dogs that way?"-Lippin-

Parcel Post Adventure. "I had a tough time delivering the mail yesterday," declared the post-

man. "How was that?" "Had a bulldog and a chunk of liver in the same delivery."

Suffer Little Children. "He says he loves little children." "Ho ought to. He employs about 2,000 of them and they are making him rich."

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

When a woman runs after a man he tries to lose her, but when she flees he is quick to pursue.

## Get "In the Game"

but remember you must be strong and robust to win. A sickly person is the loser in every way; but why remain

# STOMACH BITTERS

back to health and strength. Try a bottle today. Avoid substitutes.

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. CARTERS They do their duty. Cure Constipation,

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