



The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

Did Umballa have the treasure? Bruce wondered, as at length his hand reached up and took hold of the gunwale of the boat he had picked out to bring down. Would Umballa have possessed tenacity enough to hang on to it in face of all the devastation? Bruce sighed as he drew himself up and crawled into the boat. He knew that treasure had often made a hero out of a coward; and treasure at that moment meant life and liberty to Umballa. On his return to the island he greeted the colonel somewhat roughly. But for this accursed basket they would have been well out of Asia by this time.

"Umballa has your basket, colonel. If he hasn't, then say good-by to it, for it can never be dug from under those tons of rock. . . . Here! where are those fishermen going?" he demanded. The men were in the act of pushing off with the boats, which they had only just brought back.

Ramabai picked up his discarded rifle. "Stop!" "They are frightened," explained the chief.

"Well, they can contain their fright till we are in safety," Ramabai declared. "Warn them."

"Hurry, everybody! I feel in my bones that that black devil has the treasure. Get these men into the boats. Here, pick up those oars. Get in, Kit; you, Winnie; come every body!"

Kathlyn gazed sadly at her father. Treasure, treasure; that first she was beginning to hate the very sound of the word. The colonel had been nervous, impatient, and irritable ever since the document had been discovered. Till recently Kathlyn had always believed her father to be perfect, but now she saw that he was human, he had his flaws spot. Treasure! Before her or Winnie! So be it.

"Colonel," said Bruce, taking a chance throw. "We are less than a hundred miles from the seaport. Suppose we let Umballa clear out and we ourselves head straight up the coast? It is not fair to the women to put them to any further hardship."

"Bruce, I have sworn to God that Umballa shall not have that treasure. Ramabai, do you understand what it will mean to you if he succeeds in reaching Allaha with that treasure, probably millions? He will be able to buy every priest and soldier in Allaha and still have enough left for any extravagance that he may wish to plunge in."

"Where have you hidden it?" demanded the chief. "It belongs to the sahib."

"Hidden what?" "The treasure you and the false holy one took from the forbidden cave!"

"False holy one?" "Ay, wretch! He is Durga Ram, the man who murdered the king of Allaha."

"Good!" Bruce struck his hands together. "The very thing." "I refuse to be separated from father," declared Kathlyn. "If he is determined to pursue Umballa back to Allaha, I must accompany him."

"And I!" added Winnie. "Nothing more to be said," and Bruce signed to the boatmen to start. "If only this breeze had not come up! We could have caught him before he made shore."

Umballa paced the deck of the sloop, thinking and planning. He saw his enemies leaving in the rescued boats. Had he delayed them long enough? As matters stood, he could not carry away the treasure. He must have help, an armed force of men he could trust. On the mainland were Ahmed and the loyal keepers; behind were three men who wanted his life as he wanted theirs. The only hope he had lay in the cupidity of the men on the sloop. If they could be made to stand by him, there was a fair chance. Once he was of a mind to leave the basket over the rail and trust to luck in finding it again. But the thought tore at his heart. He simply could not do it.

Perhaps he could start a revolt, or win over the chief of the village. He had known honest men to fall at the sight of gold, to fight for it, to commit any crime for it—and, if need be, to die for it. But the chief was with his enemies. Finally he came to the conclusion that the only thing to be done was to carry the treasure directly into the chief's hut and there await him. He would bribe the men with him sufficiently to close their mouths. If Ahmed was on the shore, the game was up. But he swept the mainland with his gaze and discovered no sign of him.

As a matter of fact, Ahmed had arranged his elephants so that they could start at once up the coast to the seaport. He was waiting on the native highway for the return of his master, quite confident that he would bring the bothersome trinkets with him. He knew nothing of Umballa's exploit. The appalling thunder of the explosions worried him. He would wait for just so long; then he would go and seek.

Every village chief has his successor in hope. This individual was one of those who had helped Umballa to carry the treasure from the cave; in fact, the man who had guided him to the cave itself. He spoke to Umballa. He said that he understood the holy one's plight; for to these yet simple minded village folk Umballa was still the holy one. Their religion was the same.

"Holy one," he said, "we can best your enemies who follow." "Hw," eagerly.

"Yonder is the chief's bullock cart. I myself will find the bullocks." "What then?"

"We shall be on the way south before the others land."

"An extra handful of gold for you! Get the oars out! Let us hurry!"

"More, holy one; these men will obey me."

"They shall all be well paid." Umballa had reached the point where he could not plan without treachery. He proposed to carry the basket into the jungle somewhere, bury it, and make way with every man who knew the secret; then, at the proper time, he would return for it with a brave caravan, his own men or those whose loyalty he could repurchase.

The landing was made, the basket conveyed to the bullock cart, which was emptied of its bait and leopard trap; the bullocks were brought out and harnessed—all this activity before the fishing boats had covered half the distance.

"I see light," murmured Umballa. He tried to act coolly, but when he spoke his voice cracked and the blood in his throat his suffocated him.

"Sand, holy one!" "Well, what of sand?" "You can dig and cover up things in sand and no one can possibly tell. The sand tells nothing."

They drove the bullocks forward mercilessly till they came to what Umballa considered a suitable spot. A pit was dug, but not before Umballa had taken from the basket enough gold to set the men wild. They were his. He smiled inwardly to think how easily they could have had all of it! They were still honest.

The sand was smoothed down over the basket. It would not have been possible for the human eye to discover the spot without a perfect range. Umballa drove down a broken stick directly over where the basket lay. He had beaten them; they would find nothing. Now to rid himself of these simple fools who trusted him.

The man who longed to become the chief's successor was then played upon by Umballa; to set the two factions at each other's throat; a perfect elimination. Umballa advised him to rouse his friends, declare that the white people had taken the gold away from the holy man, to whom it belonged as agent.

Thus, in this peaceful fishermen's village began the old game of gold and politics, for the two are inseparable. Umballa, in hiding, watched the contest gleefully. He witnessed the rival approach his chief, saw the angry gestures exchanged, and knew that dissension had begun. The men of the village clustered about.

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"He is mad," whispered Bruce, "but we cannot leave him." "What would I do without you, John!"

From down the beach the chief's little girl came toddling to the group of excited men. She was clutching something in her hand. Her father took her by the arm and pulled her back to him. Kathlyn put her hand upon the child's head, protectively. The child gazed up shyly, opened her little hand . . . and disclosed a yellow sovereign.

The argument between the chief and his mutinous followers went on. "John," said Kathlyn, "you speak the dialect. I can understand only a word here and there. But listen. Tell the chief that all we desire is to be permitted to depart in peace later," she added, significantly.

"What's up?" "The child has a coin—a British sovereign—in her hand. She knows where Umballa has secreted the treasure. Since father cannot be budged from his purpose, let us try deceit. You speak to the chief while I explain to father."

To the chief Bruce said: "The treasure is evidently lost. So, after a short rest, we shall return to our caravan and depart. We do not wish to be the cause of trouble between you and your people."

"But, sahib, they have the gold!" "The false holy one doubtless gave them that before the explosion," Bruce laid hold of his arm in a friendly fashion, apparently, but in reality as a warning. "All we want is a slight rest in your house. After that we shall proceed upon our journey."

The mutineers could offer no reasonable objections to this and signified that it was all one to them so long as the white people departed. They had caused enough damage by their appearance and it might be that it was through their agency that the promontory was all but destroyed. The fish would be driven away for weeks. And what would the fierce gun runners say when they found out that their stores had gone up in flame and smoke? Ah, ah! What would they do but beat them and torture them for permitting any one to enter the cave?

"When these men come," answered the chief, with a dry smile, "I will deal with them. None of us has entered the cave. They know me for a man of truth. Perhaps you are right," he added to the mutineer. "There could not have been a treasure there and escape the sharp eyes of those Arabs. Go back to your homes. These white people shall be my guests till they have rested and are ready to depart."

Reluctantly the men dispersed, and from his hiding place Umballa saw another of his schemes fall into pieces. There would be no fight, at least for the present. The men, indeed, had hoped to come to actual warfare, but they could not force war on their chief without some good cause. After all, the sooner the white people were out of the way the better for all concerned.

Did the leader of this open mutiny have ulterior designs upon the treasure, upon the life of Umballa? Perhaps. At any rate, events so shaped themselves as to nullify whatever plans he had formed in his gold-dazzled brain.

The colonel was tractable and fell in with Kathlyn's idea. It would have been nothing short of foolhardiness to have openly antagonized the rebellious men.

"You have a plan, Kit, but what is it?" "I dare not tell you here. You are too excited. But I believe I can lead you to where Umballa has buried the basket. I feel that Umballa is watching every move we make. And I dare say he hoped—and even instigated—this mutiny to end in disaster for us. He is alone. So much we can rely upon. But if we try to meet him openly we shall lose. Patience for a little while. There, they are leaving us. They are grumbling, but I do not believe that means anything serious."

"Now, then, white people," said the chief, "come to my house. You are welcome there, now and always. You have this day saved my life and that of my child. I am grateful."

Inside the hut Kathlyn drew the child toward her and gently pressed open the tightly clenched fingers. She plucked the sovereign from the little pink palm and held it up. The child's father seized it, wonderingly.

"Gold! They lied to me! I knew it!" "Yes," said Bruce. "They did find the treasure. They brought it here and buried it quickly. And we believe your little girl knows where. Question her."

It was not an easy matter. The child was naturally shy, and the presence of all these white-skinned people struck her usually babbling tongue with a species of paralysis. But her father was patient, and word by word the secret was dragged out of her. She told of the stolen bullock cart, of the digging in the sand, of the holy one.

In some manner they must lure Umballa from his retreat. It was finally agreed upon that they all return to the camp and steal back at once in a roundabout way. They would come sufficiently armed. Later, the chief could pretend to be walking with his child.

So while Umballa stole forth from his hiding place, reasonably certain that his enemies had gone, Umballa got together his mutineers and made arrangements with them to help him carry away the treasure that night, the rightful owners were directed to the broken stick in the damp sand.

That night, when Umballa and his men arrived, a hole in the sand greeted them. It was shaped like a mouth, opened in laughter.

Ended Troubles. It was Ahmed's suggestion that they in turn should bury the fligree basket. He reasoned that if they attempted to proceed with it they would be followed and sooner or later set upon by Umballa and the men he had won away from the village chief. The poor fishermen were gold mad and at present not accountable for what they did or planned to do. He advanced that Umballa would have no difficulty in rousing them to the pitch of murder. Umballa would have at his back and

call no less than twenty men, armed and ruthless. Some seventy miles beyond was British territory, and wherever there was British territory there were British soldiers. With them they would return, leaving the women in safety behind.

"The commissioner there will object," said the colonel. "No, sahib," replied Ahmed. "The memsahib has every right in the world to this treasure. You possess the documents to prove it, and nothing more would be necessary to the commissioner."

"But, Ahmed," interposed Bruce, "we are none of us British subjects." "What difference will that make, sahib?"

"Quite enough. England is not in the habit of protecting anybody but her own subjects. We should probably

had their effect upon his mental and physical being. Heretofore he had been content to let others lead and blindly follow, apparently hoping little for ultimate success and freedom. Now he was the colonel of old, the intrepid and resourceful man whom Ahmed had followed in many a hunting expedition.

"Ahmed, spread out the men around the camp," he ordered, briskly. "Instruct them to shoot over the head of anyone who approaches; this is the first time. The second time, to kill. Bruce has the right idea; so let us get busy. Over there, where that boulder is. The ground will be damp and soft under it, and when we roll it back there will be no sign of its having been disturbed. I used to cache ammunition that way. Give me that spade."

It was good to Kathlyn's ears to hear her father talk like this.

At a depth of three feet the basket was lowered, covered and the boulder rolled into place. After that the colonel stooped and combed the turf where the boulder had temporarily rested. He showed his wonderful woodcraft there. It would take a keener eye than Umballa possessed to note any disturbance. The safety of the treasure ultimately, however, depended upon the loyalty of the keepers under Ahmed. They had been with the colonel for years; yet . . . The colonel shrugged. He had to trust them; that was all there was to the matter. There was a treasure that might well test the honesty of any man. No one could foretell whether the loyalty of his keepers would stand up against a temptation such as this. But there was no alternative, he must trust them.

A sentinel came rushing up—one of the keepers. "Something is stampeding the elephants!" he cried.

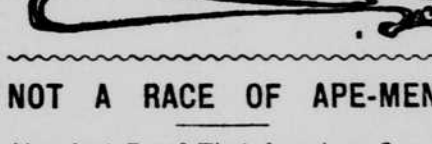
Ahmed and the men with him rushed off. In Ahmed's opinion, considering what lay before them, elephants were more important than colored stones and yellow metal. Without the elephants they would indeed find themselves in sore straits.

"Let us move away from here," advised Bruce, picking up the implements and shouldering them. He walked several yards away, tossed the shovel and pick into the bushes, tore at the turf and stamped on it, giving it every appearance of having been disturbed. The colonel nodded approvingly. It was a good point and he had overlooked it.

They returned hastily to camp, which was about two hundred yards beyond the boulder. Kathlyn entered her tent to change her clothes, ragged, shivered and pickled in the odor of wet earth and soil. The odor of wet earth and soil is never agreeable. And she needed dry shoes, even if there was but an hour or two before bedtime.

Only one elephant had succeeded in bolting. In some manner he had loosened his peg; but what had started him on the run they never learned. The other elephants were awaying uneasily, but their pegs were deep and their chains stout. Ahmed and the keepers went after the truant on foot.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Treasure is Found.

be held up till everything was verified at Allaha; and the priests there would not hesitate to charge us with forgery and heaven knows what else. Let us bury the basket, by all means; return for it and carry it away by piecemeal. To carry it away as it is, in bulk, would be courting suicide."

Ahmed scratched his chin. Trust a white man for logic. "And, besides," went on Bruce, "the news would go all over the Orient and the Thugs would come like flies scenting honey. No; this must be kept secret if we care to get away with it. It cannot be worth less than a million. And I've known white men who would cut our throats for a handful of rupees."

For the first time since the expedition started out the colonel became normal, a man of action, cool in the head and foresighted. The hardships of his incarceration, the many dangers through which he had passed and the constant worry over his daughters had

NOT A RACE OF APE-MEN! HOW CRAB SHEDS ITS ARMOR

Abundant Proof That American Cave-Dwellers Knew Advantages of Vegetable Diet.

The American cave-dwellers were not ape-men, not even big-jawed, low-browed meat eaters like the alleged associates of the famous albeit anonymous owner of the "Neanderthal Skull." Corn and squash seeds, three kinds of gourds, the stone nut and the slender bones of birds tell of the largely vegetable diet of these primeval cave-dwellers.

Evidences of religious worship abound; little estufas, with places for the sacred fire among the dwellings, and larger ones in the open canyon, where circles of communal butts inclosed the central floor, hardened by the feet of thousands of dancers.

Here, still unexplored, are hundreds of tiny cavern houses burrowed in cliffs 500 and 600 feet high, colored in maroon, ochre, sober gray and gypsum white—hues that in the sunset glow in turquoise-red and royal purple and deep lavender.

Not far away, at Casa Grande, a race of tall men lived in larger caves, and left their mummified dead to tell of six-foot braves and broad-browed women; while at Frijoles the bodies, swathed in woven cloths, were of medium height, with here and there a taller warrior. Reservoirs to impound water for siege or drought; ditches for irrigation; pictographs that are a melange of bird or reptile, beasts and weird imitations of the human form divine; pottery in shards and unbroken; splintered bows and featherless arrows; fiber-soled sandals, and blankets thickened with rabbit fur are found in some of these ancient cavern houses. — National Magazine.

Was It for Him? Blithers and Smithers were neighbors. They were friends before they became neighbors. The enmity started by Blithers' boy pushing Smithers' kid off a high picket fence and nearly breaking his young neck. Then Smithers killed four of Blithers' chickens. After that they glared at each other like a couple of horse thieves.

Blithers hired a colored man to mow his lawn. Rastus threw the grass over the fence into Smithers' yard.

"Yes!" yelled Smithers. "What in thunder are you doing?" "Rastus blinked.

"Das foh yo' mool, mister," he smiled. "Mule!" roared Smithers. "I ain't got no mule!" "Rastus stared.

"Ain'tcha?" he gasped. Then he scratched his head. "Das funny," he added. "De gemman what lib here say de grass foh de jackass nex' dob; —S. E. C. Smyth in Judge.

had their effect upon his mental and physical being. Heretofore he had been content to let others lead and blindly follow, apparently hoping little for ultimate success and freedom. Now he was the colonel of old, the intrepid and resourceful man whom Ahmed had followed in many a hunting expedition.

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PROCESS OF STEWING

REGULATION OF HEAT IS THE MAIN CONSIDERATION.

On That Account It is Best to Use Gas, When Possible—Glazed Earthenware Jar Should Be Receptacle Employed.

Stewing is a method of food preparation that approaches the soup-making process. It is to some extent a proceeding that occupies a middle position between boiling and baking; the latter is often called roasting. In stewing, the cook's endeavor should be to extract from the meat its nutritive juices, and then to employ those juices, suitably treated, to finish cooking the remainder of the meat. For successful stewing, the most important point is the power of regulating the heat at which the operation is conducted. In order to stew successfully the heat must be absolutely under the cook's control. The up-to-date cook, therefore, prefers gas for stewing purposes on account of the perfect control that can be exercised over the temperature.

For successful stewing, meat should be divided into small portions for the easy extraction of the juices. Where bones exist, these should be broken into small pieces, and form an under layer in the stewing vessel. The meat and bones ought always to be placed in cold water and the water should cover everything in the pan or jar. The lid or cover should be carefully secured, and the temperature must be gradually raised to a steady heat, which must, of course, be below boiling. The extraction of the meat juices then proceeds, and when vegetables are to be added to the stew they are placed in the vessel at a later stage. Boiling and stewing are by no means the same process. The proper temperature for stewing is about 180 degrees Fahr. As almost everybody knows, the boiling point is 212 Fahr.

A glazed earthenware jar with a tight-fitting cover is most useful for stewing meat, or for making soups. If it has no cover, one should be constructed by fitting a plate or saucer on top of the jar and brown paper should then be tied over it. A jar with a cover saves this trouble, and is, therefore, worth the extra expense. Earthenware or stone jars are very easily kept clean, and food does not spoil when left in them, as it may do if left in a metal pan. They can be placed on the top of the stove or in the oven when it is necessary to reheat the food contained in them, or if placed in a pan of boiling water the contents of the jar will cook slowly without attention from the cook. A meat stew can be served in the jar in which it has been cooked, if it is neither too large nor too high. It must, of course, be wiped dry and a napkin may be neatly folded around it. By this process the great advantage of a very hot dinner may be obtained in the coldest weather, even when the whole family does not reach the home at exactly the same hour, as a stone or earthenware jar, having been thoroughly heated, will retain the heat for some time. — American Cookery.

Lobster Cutlets. Melt one teaspoonful of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and cook thoroughly. Add one cupful of boiling water and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add two cupfuls of chopped lobster meat. Season with salt, paprika, lemon juice and minced parsley. Take from the fire, add the beaten yolk of an egg and cool. Shape into cutlets, dip into egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Stick a lobster claw into the small end of each cutlet.

Bean Pot Roast. Take one pound of beef, a cheap cut is just as good if it is free from veins. Cut in pieces about an inch square. Put in all the fat, too. Put in a bean pot, just cover with water and put in the oven. As water boils away add a little more. When about half done add a little salt. When ready to serve take from oven and put it in the spider. Thicken with a little flour mixed with water. The gravy is a rich brown.

Creamed Sardines. Remove skin and bones from two boxes of sardines, then add four finely chopped hard-boiled eggs, five tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one and one-fourth cupfuls of milk, one-half saltspoonful of salt, big dash of red pepper. Heat this mixture to a boiling point, then pour it over four slices of buttered toast.

For Cleaning Silver. Precipitated chalk is excellent for cleaning tarnished silver. Place a little in a saucer and add just enough liquid ammonia to moisten it. Rub this lightly over the silver, and the stains will quickly disappear. Then wash in hot suds, dry carefully, and polish with a clean chamois leather.

Raw Carrots. Take nice, fresh, crisp carrots, scrape and put through a food chopper, using the coarse knife. To each pint of carrots add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and salt to taste. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Mince Pie. Line pie plate with rich crust, put in mince meat and cover with lattice work of crust. Just before serving, pour a little brandy over the top, light, and send to table while blazing.

Fig and Nut Salad. Cook a few pulled figs and, when cold, slice in thin slices, add a few blanched and chopped almonds and dispose on leaves of lettuce. Serve with a cream dressing.

Fried Rice. Pack well-cooked rice in a flat baking pan. When cold, cut into two-inch squares, dredge with flour and fry brown in drippings. Serve with a dash of paprika.

Laid Nest Full of Chicks. One day little Imogene ran into the house greatly excited, and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, what do you think? Our old speckled hen has laid a nest full of little chicks!"

Chas. E. George, Editor and Publisher of the "Bench and Bar Review," 825 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Head Catarrh Cured by Peruna. Tried Other Remedies Which Failed.



Having for years been afflicted with Catarrh of the Head I was finally induced to try Peruna. It effected a cure. I think Peruna the best tonic ever put on sale.

Like the Implication. Some men like to be considered tightwads because of the implication that they have money when they haven't.—Houston Post.

GAS, DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapiesin" settles sour gassy stomachs in Five minutes—Time It!

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you mustn't injure it.

Pape's Diapiesin is noted for its speed in giving relief. Its harmlessness, its certain unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. Its millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach troubles has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent case from any dealer and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them; if what they eat lays like lead, ferments and sours and forms gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eructations of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapiesin comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. Its promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.—Adv.

No Explanation Needed. The lady jury was out longer than the importance of the case would warrant.

The judge grew impatient. "What's the trouble in there?" he said to the bailiff. "Hold on," cried the judge. "Tell 'em if there's any knotty points about the case that bothers them they should appeal to me."

"Yes, your honor." The bailiff goes to the door of the jury room and returns. "Well?" "They ain't got to the case yet, your honor—they're still discussin' th' plaintiff's clothes."

New Anesthetic. A new anesthetic is being used in the treatment of wounds in the present war. It is understood to be related to amalgams, a preparation discovered, as this, too, has been, by M. Paulin, a distinguished French chemist and a pupil of Pasteur. Its action is not local; it operates upon the nerve centers of the body, and produces a state of obliviousness to pain which may last for several hours. It is claimed that by an injection of this fluid into a system the wounded soldier may be rendered unconscious sufficiently long to cover the period of his removal to the station, where the first serious treatment of his injuries may be seen to.