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THE RED CIRC

AUTHOR OF THE "THE FIGHTER," "CALEB CONOVER," "SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY WILL M. RITCHEY.

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, who derives his Quoted name from an angry red birth-mark on the back of his right hand, is about to be released from prison after serving his third term. It is a matter of history that one member of every second history that one member of every genera-tion of the Borden family has been brand-ed with the Red Circle birthmark and that tion of the Borden family has been brand-ed with the Red Circle birthmark and that member has always been a criminal. Jim and his wayward son, Ted Borden, are the only known living representatives of the Borden kin. Max Lamar, a detective, is detailed to keep an eye on "Circle Jim." June Travis and her mother, members of the wealthy set who are interested in the reform of ex-convicts, meet Borden as he is released. "Circle Jim" catches his son in the act of stealing. Realizing that his family is a menace to society, he enters the bedroom where Ted is sleeping and turns on the gas. Meanwhile, Lamar chances upon an underground passage where "Circle Jim" has taken refuge and in a fight, Jim is killed. "The last of the Bordens and the end of the Red Circle." says Lamar. But the next day he is as-toanded by the sight of a woman's hand outside a curtained automobile, showing the Bed Circle on the white flesh. Lamar scribbles down the number on the Reense plate. June Travis, marked with the Red Circle robs Grant, a loan shark. Mary, her nurse, discovers the theft.

THIRD INSTALLMENT

"TWENTY YEARS AGO"

"The Red Circle! God help us!" muttered the nurse once more, as to stay behind. And then, that after-June looked at her, dazed, incredulous.

Won't you please tell me?" she en- tains to see a new gold claim. treated. "You must know, because I can see you recognize it. Don't you an' there was one a big, powerful felsee how terrible it is for me? Mary, won't you tell me?"

The nurse's arm tightened around the slim young body. Unconsciously she lapsed into the soothing, automatic patting that she had used so often to put the baby June to sleep.

"I don't know, lamb. I don't know anything, precious," she stammered, I lifted Mrs. Travis out of bed and Mary's face took on the haggardness of one who is awakened from what seeme! to be a gruesome nightmare. only to find that it is a grim truth.

She turned from the kneeling figure and went quickly through the door and down the stairway, one hand pressed to her throat.

June looked after her, stunned by a swift, certain fear. Then, slowly she rose from her knees, walked over to her dressing table and sank into the little chair before the mirror.

In a moment she had decided. Humming softly, she ran down the steps and into the garden.

Down a side path, in a little clump of bushes was a stone bench. Sitting on this bench, swaying to and fro, with tightly clasped hands, was Mary.

June reached her side, breathless and alarmed. As she approached Mary looked up in piteous supplication.

"Don't ask me, precious! Don't ask me, dear! I don't know. I couldn't both. tell you, blessed," she moaned, and raised her hands to ward off June's

maid. It was a terrible place, out West was, in those days. And the place we went to was a mining town where there was nothing but shacks and saloons and rough-looking men and half-dead looking women.

"At the end of the trip Mrs. Travis was pretty near spent. She oughtn't to have been traveling at such a time. But she just would insist on coming along. I remember Mr. Travis and me had to pretty near carry her into the place where we were going to stav while we were there. It wasn't a regular hotel-the sign said 'Gem Saloon. Also Rooms.' 'Jake' was the name of there I found him-Mr. Travis-shot Mary heard June say, gayly, "someone the man who kept it.

"Jake led the way up the stairs and Mr. Travis and me put our arms around poor Mrs. Travis and just lifted her up that rickety staircase into the bed room on the second floor."

"And then we put her to bed." be tween us, Mr. Travis and me. He had to go down and speak to some men, on business. He had gone out West on some business about a gold mine he was interested in, you know. And the reason Mrs. Travis went along was because she was so sick and nerv ous, she said it would 'a' killed her noon, Mr. Travis and most all the "You know about the Red Circle? men in the town went into the moun-

> They were the roughest looking lot. low, a gambler-'Jim Borden' they called him."

"Jim Borden!" cried June. "Why-! "And he was rougher even than the rest of 'em; but they all minded what he said. They went off riding on horses and mules with packs and guns slung on their backs and I remember into a rickety, old rocking chair near the window so's she could wave her hand good-by and throw a kiss to Mr. Travis.

"That night her little baby was born. I was all alone there and it went awful with her-I thought she was dying. After a little while I called Jake and I told him about the baby. He said it was fine and he'd send one of the boys out to the mine to Mr. Travis with a note and tell him about the good news.

"Then, just as he was going down the stairs again he turned around and said he'd have to make it a double note; because Jim Borden's wife had just had a baby an hour before and Jim would want to know, too.

"Jake sent the note. Oh, the night was long! Mrs. Travis was unconscious. And every minute of the time when I wasn't trying to bring her to, I walked the floor with this mite of a baby of hers trying to save them

"The next morning early, it seems, outlaws outside the town heard that a

was safer than the bed. It was safer than the bed-I thought it was safer than the bed," she repeated incoherently. "Mary-Mary!". June shook her

slightly. "Don't forget any of it nowyou mustn't, do you hear? You mustn't!. You left off where you went downstairs."

"And when I was going out of the room," continued the old woman, talking as if she were in a trance, "Mrs. pull up out of the chair and then when himself." I was halfway down the steps I heard

a shot and something falling. "Downstairs, in the barroom it was all shouting men, with women crying you out!" on their shoulders and little children hanging frightened to their mothers And I heard big Jim Borden asking Jake about his missus and then jump-

ing up the steps three at a time with a look like the smile of heaven on his stone-cut face "But in all the crowd I couldn't see Mr. Travis and I began to be afraid. thinking of that woman who loved him so, laying unconscious in bed upstairs

-and the baby. So, when no one was looking, I ran out on the street-and through the heart! "I remember while I was there I heard someone come out, heavy, on

the porch of the roadhouse and kind 'a' passed close, because it seemed to be down in a minute." me I heard the weak, little wail of

a newborn child. But I didn't notice much, just then. "I just wandered back into the sastumbled up the steps, falling over my got into the bedroom. There, in the

middle of the room, hanging over the table, with her eyes glassy staring and her chin dropped, was Jim Borden's wife-dead! Over in the bed laid Mrs. Travis, still unconscious, with a baby

beside her. "It was hours before I got the

grip didn't cry that I jumped up sud-

"You see, it must have been like

For a moment there was a silence.

"I did as I thought best at the time,

beart and body from the purgatory or-

deal. "Mr. Travis was dead. When

Mrs. Travis came to, what could I tell

her A baby was there. No one but

"And I-I am-" June gasped out

Mary looked steadily into her ter-

"On the back of Jim Borden's right

"No! No! I don't believe it-I'm

Very gently the old woman lifted

rified eyes and gripped her hands

no one knows."

the words.

firmly.

need to know. And then-"Look!" June broke in with great agitation. "That man standing on the walk, staring up at the house!' "Who is he?" asked the nurse quick-

DE TAND MTTE MERBANEA

ly, alarmed at the girl's trepidation. "It's Max Lamar-the crime specialist!"

"A detective! "Oh, my precious-a detective!"

"No," June's lips curled slightly. "not a detective, Mary-a crime spe-Borden must 'a' heard her Jim's voice | cialist-there is a great difference bedownstairs, 'cause she kinda tried to tween the two, you know. He says so, window pane June saw that the nurse

"There ain't any difference, lamb. when they're after you! And it's you he's after-he's found out-he's found

"Hush!" June commanded, placing her hand over the old woman's mouth. 'He couldn't have found out-he's coming to see me. I asked him to the other day, at the prison. We're imagining things, you and I-both of usand it isn't good to do that. Come with me."

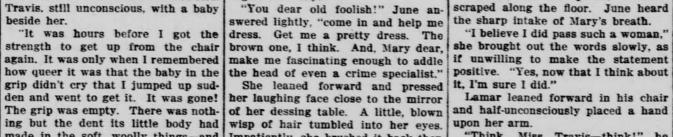
Seizing her hand June dragged her In spite of her attempted bravado she felt trapped.

"Get yourself together, mumsie," emphasized. "Do you remember Mr. Lamar-the crime specialist that we met at the prison? He's coming up of stagger across the road. He must the walk now. Will you tell him I'll

Pulling at the fastenings of her morning dress she hurried to her fetching-and arrange her hair differloon like I was in a nightmare and ently. A hundred ways and means of fascinating and hoodwinking this skirts and picking myself up; until I very calm and assured young man don't mind talking of such things, I'd crowded into her brain.

Standing at the door of her room was Mary, her eyes wide with fear. "You mustn't go down, darling," she urged nervously

"You dear old foolish!" June answered lightly, "come in and help me dress. Get me a pretty dress. The She leaned forward and pressed made in the soft, woolly things-and Impatiently, she brushed it back then



on them when I ran downstairs-it "Nobody knows-nobody will ever day of thrills, suspense-tragedy. Will broke into her dream of rest. Larded she raised her head. you tell me something of criminals as

you know them? I've tried to study them just a little and-" There was a smothered exclamation: it was in another sound that came the flaming mark with a trembling from the stairway. June looked up

just in time to see a portion of a forefinger. black shirt move from the hall out on to the porch. Then followed a lowtoned order in Mary's voice-the words "broken" and "vase" drifted in through the open window. By a length- | bing.

ened shadow and a reflection in the Abruptly June got to her feet, and was standing, hidden, just outside the

sill It amused the girl. It reminded her of a lioness standing over cub when the hunter drew near. But this man Lamar was so mild, so prefectly harm-

less-doubtless he was a sleuth of great reputation, but under this roof he was merely a courteous man of the world, who called because he was interested in her.

"I'll raise the ante," Lamar broke in on her musings-then caught himself, "I beg your pardon, Miss Travis. over the lawn toward the side porch. I have no reason to believe that you are familiar with poker terms. I meant that I'd bid one hundred times the orthodox amount of one cent if you'll tell me what your thoughts were just is coming to see us-to see me," she then. Whatever they were, they were indulgent, cynical and amusing; because your eyes mirrored each one of those moods."

> June managed a mock-serious shudder.

"You appall me, Mr. Lamar," she answered laughingly, "I was thinking boudoir. She would put on something just then of the number of criminals you must have met."

> "All kinds: and many of each kind he started gravely. "And, if you really

like to ask you something. Before we met yesterday in the park. Miss Travis. did you see anything of a veiled woman in black?"

Outside, on the porch, a chair she was drawing on. scraped along the floor. June heard the sharp intake of Mary's breath. "I believe I did pass such a woman," if unwilling to make the statement it. I'm sure I did." them go.

Lamar leaned forward in his chain upon her arm.

"Think. Miss Travis-think!" he urged.

Down the stairs came the sleek, patter of Japanese feet in American shoes. her as she prayed in agony. Lamar turned, impatiently, as Yama advanced to the center of the room balancing a dustpan and brush in one lean, yellow palm-the other extended with a bit of charred paper fluttering stiffly, from it.

"Pardon. May this be honorable value to Miss June?" he intoned flatly. Lamar started, at sight of the fragment. June reached out vaguely, nodded, smiled as best she could and took the paper from the butler's hand. "Thank you. Yes. You may go."

With Lamar's eyes upon her it was an effort to say even that As Yama disappeared through the

doorway, Lamar turned upon her. "What is that?" he said sharply.

"This?" she inquired faintly, holding the paper before her.

"Yes. What is it?" Without waiting for her answer and

burned document from her hand and and she raised her arm limply-and itching. Rub Cuticura Ointment into

She saw a black sleeve, tightly gripped by a white hand in which a vivid circle of blazing red had suddenly been reborn. Horrified, she traced

Then the tension snapped and she sank to the floor, a whimperingly helpless girl, with both hands pressed to her lips to muffle her frightened sob

sands recommend them. tenderly lifted the old woman up be side her.

"You're going to be good and do just as I tell you," she commanded, "be



"Did You See Anything of a Veiled that, are you?" Woman in Black?"

IF BILIOUS OR COSTIVE

gone, her face wreathed in smiles, Fee Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, sluggish Liver and Bowels-They work while you sleep.

At the foot of the stairs Lamar was Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigeswaiting for her. His manner was now a trifle overcourteous. Upstairs at the window of the girl's sitting room, Mary stood behind the clogged bowels, which cause your draperies, motionless, and watched stomach to become filled with undi-

"God, he suspects her! There is trouble-tell me what to do!"

From far down the street the echo

cause that is the only way you can

help me. And I need help so, dear.'

And in less than a minute she had

waving a gay good-by with the gloves

enough to remember just about where ing good for months .- Adv. a thing happened. But when you're tracking criminals it must be exactly where."

"If you become any more professional and technical I shall get so mixed up I won't remember anything." June warned him, jokingly. "I'm all shivery, right now! I'm thinking it great fun to be a sleuth."

"Really?" observed Lamar eyeing her keenly. "I trust you will continue to find it 'great fun' Miss Travis"

"Here!" cried June mock-dramatically, "right, on this spot is where I should say passed the veiled woman in black-that is, where she passed me,

I mean." She was pointing a tragic forefinger before she had a chance to regain her a small spot in the flagging. Then shattered composure, he took the suddenly a startled cry burst from her

Why That Lame Back? Morning lameness, sharp twinges

when bending, or an all-day backache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. We Americans go it too hard. We overdo, overeat and neglect our deep and exercise and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 72% more deaths than in 1890 is the 1910 census story. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thou-

An Iowa Case

tura Tella & Story."

Frank J. Rooney, grocer, 153 Julien Ave., grocer, h3 Julien Ave., Pubuque, Iowa, says: "I h a d rheumatic pains in my left hip, often extending into my shoulder. I felt nervous and had little ambition. I knew my kidneys weren't acting proceept and I have kidneys weren't properly and 1 ly and I began Doan's Kidney Pills. They soon cured me and toned up my system. I am glad to system. I am glad to say that the cure has



Too Much to Ask.

"Is this train on time?" asked the impatient passenger.

"My friend," replied the conductor, impressively, "with all we've got to think about in connection with congress, the Supreme court and the interstate commerce commission, you surely aren't going to ask us to burden our minds with a minor detail like

10 CENT "CASCARETS"

tion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a toroid liver and gested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That's danger for my little girl. God, tell me the first step to untold misery-indiwhat to do! God-hear me in my gestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret of June's merry laugh came back to to-night will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and "You will remember precisely where straighten you out by morning. They

she passed you?" Lamar was saying, work while you sleep-a 10-cent lox suavely. "You see, ordinarily, it is from your druggist will keep you feel-

No Delay.

"Old Father Noah had the right idea. When he became convinced that preparedness was the thing, he didn't stand around talking about it. He went to work." "True enough. But you must remem-

ber that old Father Noah didn't have

to wait weary weeks and months while

appropriation bills were being put

DANDRUFF AND ITCHING

Disappear With Use of Cuticura Soap

and Ointment-Trial Free.

The first thing in restoring dry, fall-

ing hair is to get rid of dandruff and

through congress."

embrace. The girl sat down and put a loving arm across her shoulders.

"People who bring up children and love them," she began slowly, "always forget those children are grown. Once



"Get Yourself Together, Mumsia Someone Is Coming."

a baby, always a baby, to loving mothers and dear, foolish old nurses. But I'm not a haby any more, Mary. Especially not since the horrible thing that happened today. I am branded-I am guilty of-guilty of-"

"Hush! Oh, darling, hush!" she be "They will hear you at the sought. You mustn't say a word about house. it any more, not even to me-you mustn't think of it ever again. Promise."

"I can't promise anything," persisted June, fighting to regain her composure, "unti! you tell me, about this mark that has soiled my hand-tell me what you know of it."

"I'm afraid-I'm afraid," she repeat ed weakly.

"Tell me."

"Twenty years ago Mrs. Travis went West on a trip with Mr. Travis," said Mary, speaking rapidly, as if forcing each word, "I went along-I was the woolly thing in it. So I laid the hahv

Dressing Wounds With Celluloid.

To remove one of the worst terrors of the wounded man in hospitals-the often agonizing dressing of the healing wound-Sir Almroth Wright has suggested placing a thin piece of perforated celluloid over the bare wound before the ordinary dressings are apafter which firm bandages are applied. plied. The result is that, instead of having to tear the lint away in dressing the wound, often an extremely painful process, the dressings come away easily and quite painlessly. The celluloid, which seems to be more holes | Bush way. Look at this, for instance: | Tit-Bits

big shipment of gold was in the roadhouse waiting to go out. They knew most of the men was away at the mines, so they attacked the place the first firing. Short and sharp-

mostly revolver shots. had been a boy." "I could hear the women and children herding in, in the barroom down stairs. I could hear 'em calling, fright ened, for their hushand that wasn't there. Then I heard the doors slam-

ming and the bolts shot into place. draw the girl back. And in the midst of it all the doo of the bedroom flung open and Joe and this: Jim Borden had leaped into that Jake came in dragging a sick womroom with his heart all bursting with an between 'em.

dead before him, lying near the haby "This is Jim Borden's wife,' says Jake to me 'and here's Mrs. Toole in the grin and looking over he saw carrying Jim's baby-you an' her'll the other woman on the bed with her baby beside her. He took the baby take care of the two sick women and the babies, won't you? And we said he thought was his own and went away-where, no one knew-and I 'yes.

"Mrs. Toole put Jim's baby down never found out-till too late." on the bed next to Mrs. Travis-it was more compelling than sound. Suddenone of them narrow, no 'count bedsly, flinging her arms wide, June cried and went to fussing over Mrs. Borden. And I just walked the floor with the hysterically: other baby and prayed. The fight was awful! Every now and again some woman downstairs would scream and a trying to make me believe?" child would cry for its father. Mary wen' or tonelessly, weary in

"The shooting lasted all morning our men were getting near the end of their bullets and their strength; and 'Slim Bob,' the head of the outlaws, was firing at the saloon door-that near he was-when he heard a shot from a different direction and we saw 'Slim Bob' duck and dodge away, slinking alongside a high wood fence: and at the same time one the three men that was carrying a big timber that they were going to use to batter in the saloon door, dropped dead in his tracks!

"Away off in the road at the edge hand," she said heavily, "there was a of the town we saw galloping horses queer Red Circle-they called him 'Cirand then men scrambling off horses cle' Jim out there. Just, as later, backs and running toward us. They they-" was the men back from the mines! They fired as they ran and the outlaws turned tail, trying to escapea sobbing heap at Mary's feet. all except a few-'Slim Bob' was one of 'em. I saw Mr. Travis make for him and then I made up my mind I'd her and held her close: go downstairs and call Mr. Travis to

in weak salt solution, and then laid

directly on the raw granulating sur-

face. Fine lint soaked in a five per

cent solution of common salt in sterile

water is then placed over the celluloid,

Wise Youngster.

They have some precocious you

sters in the schools down Shepherd's

scious wife.

"You are Jim Borden's daughter! come straight up to his poor, unconshe declared with a solemnity that brooked no dispute. "Marked with the crime curse. But we must guard "On the table was Mrs. Travis' open

the secret. She must never know. grip, just as I'd left it when the baby "We're going to keep the secret, was born. It had a lot of soft, white,

"The Fight Was Awful!"

I'll never forget the minute I heard over on the bed was the other one- | stared open-mouthed at her lifted Jim Borden's-a girl it was, and ours hand.

> Sneechless she pointed to it. As Her voice broke off with a sudden they watched, with unbelieving eyes, dry gurgle in her throat. As June the ring of scarlet faded to a deep shrank away from her, a dawning horrose, then paled to pink. Almost imror in her eyes, she stretched out two mediately it vanished, leaving an unworn, trembling hands in an effort to blemished white surface

At sight of it June bent and kissed the spot in a paroxysm of joy.

It's gone-it's gone!" she cried in hysteric glee, and wrapped Mary in a love and pride, and he found his wife crushing bear hug. "That's a good sign. I believe in signs, don't you, you poor, nervous, old thing. Do I look all right, in this gown? Do I look pretty and fascinating and-?"

"Don't be so gay!" pleaded the old woman, fearfully. "Somehow, it seems so awful for you to be laughing just now, and thinking you're going to get the best of that man. I-

June reached down grasped her wrinkled, trembling hands and started "What does it mean? Don't stop whirling her about in a mad, merry there. Go on! Go on! What are you circle, laughing at her breathless expostulations, the while.

Suddenly, in their wild gyrations, her elbow struck a pedestal in the corner of the room. It swayed perilously for a second, then toppled to the floor -the large case upon it smashing to a thousand fragments.

me knew it wasn't hers. It would 'a' The old woman eved the shattered killed her to tell her. I never told. | bits with superstitious misgiving. She didn't know-she doesn't know-

"It's an omen!" she muttered half to herself. "See what you've done!" "Oh, everything's an omen to you, you sweet old calamity croaker!" ridiculed June, "have Yama clean it up-there's a dear. And Mary, peek down through the banisters and watch me disarm the suspicion of Mr. Lamar

-the great crime specialist!" And laughing at the horrified expres sion on the old woman's face the mis chief-possessed girl darted down the stairway and into the library.

not-I'm not-" June crumpled into "I am so glad you came," she said simply, as she took Lamar's hand. "When I asked you I was afraid you never would-you're so busy-and so important."

> Lamar laughed, but somehow there was not keen enjoyment in the sound that came from his lips. "I want you to tell me such lots of

things," she began enthusiastically. there.

examined it carefully. "Where did you get it?" he asked at

length and his tone implied that con- in black-a long coat hid her figure viction had taken place of suspicion. "Why-er-why, the veiled woman stood motionless on the walk, in front

in black dropped that note as she hur- of a huge tree. ried by me.

sable-draped figure to the half-faint Lamar walked up close to her and iug girl beside him-then back again looked steadily into her wavering eyes. "Miss Travis," he said gravely, "are The woman hadn't moved. She seemed unconscious of their presence. you quite sure of that?" "Is that the one?" he muttered

"Sure? Of course I'm sure!" she was trying desperately to laugh. "Would you mind showing me just

where you saw this woman in black?" June laughed easily.

"Why, of course, I won't mind, Mr. Lamar. You're making this . trifling incident such a frightfully serious affair, that it rather amuses me. Do detectives-I beg your pardon-do with a quick, startled movement and crime specialists always have to fasten on such silly things to track their criminals?"

Lamar ignored the sarcasm.

"You will come?" he repeated. "I'll be ready to go out with you, in wo minutes." she promised, running

lightly up the stairs. his fist fiercely. His quarry had given A black figure moved quickly across the porch and entered at a small side him the slip. The girl found a wonderful exhilaration in the fact. door. Lamar darted to the window too

late to see more than its shadow. Upstairs, in the boudoir, dragged a hat from its box and stood from their sockets, and a smile, cruel before the mirror swinging it on her hand. There was a curious buzzing sound in her ears and things didn't look sharp and clear cut to her eyes. As she turned to leave the room,

The breeze died. The black patch Mary, breathless and shaking with terror, hurried through the door and fluttered and fell, hanging in limp threw her arms about her. folds. With three bounds Lamar had

reached the garage door and was pull-"You shan't go!" she declared passionately. "My precious, my lambing at the soft cloth. He strained at you shan't be led to the slaughter. the door, thinking it would give under He suspected you. He has from the the pressure. But it was locked. first. He came to spy, not to visit you. When Lamar turned to June great Don't go, dearie-don't ;o!" beads of sweat stood on his forehead

"I have brought it on myself," June answered dully. "I've got to go. With have the veiled woman this time, and his suspicion aroused, don't you see it's the only thing left to do? I'll be able perhaps-the mystery of the Red to turn his suspicion aside-I don't Circle!" know how-but I'll do it. Oh, I'm so

June stared at the edge of the black tired!" cloak that he gripped so tightly. She Just for a moment she weakened recognized it. It was-her own! Inside the garage, flat against the and placed her head on Mary's shoulder. She had always felt secure that door (imprisoned by the cloak edge way-as far back as her memory went she could not tear free) the woman in black pushed the veil back from her Even now, a woman grown, she found a' strange sense of solace, resting gray-white face and prayed:

"God keep my lamb from harm!" (END OF THIRD INSTALLMENT.) aren't we, lamb?" Mary was saying, "Your profession must bring day after A stifled exclamation from the nurse

> house," said Mr. Burroughs. "It needs | the Gwaun Cae Gurwin colliery, the a dozen maids to keep them dustless largest in the Swansea district and and it needs a dozen gardeners to keep said to be the largest in the world. the grounds. There is a ceiling in it It has a capacity of 300,000 tons a 200 years old and a carpet 400 years year. Further mergers are expected old and relics and treasures from and the nationalization of the coal infeudal Europe without number; but I dustry of Great Britain is expected. would not give Slabside or Wood-

chuck Lodge for it all, if I had to live there."-John Burroughs.

now is underweight." May Nationalize Coal Mines. Lord Rhondda, whose coal interest

make up the average."-Boston Evein Wales are very large, has taken over ning Transcript.

pointed Turning, the detective saw a woman

hoarsely. "Is that the woman who

Stunned by the horror of it all. June

nodded her head. Immediately Lamar

The sound of his steps on the pave

Lamar quickened his pace. June

fearful of what she had done, started

after him. Suddenly the woman in

black, cut across a lawn, breaking

June saw the crime specialist clench

As she watched him his chin sud-

denly shot forward-his eyes strained

yet suave, dawned around his mouth.

age. Across its freshly painted, light

gray door sprawled a blotch of inky

"At last!" he said exultantly, "]

Heavy.

black, plastered there by the wind.

and rolled from his temples.

At the rear of the house stood a gar-

ment roused the veiled woman from

her lethargy. She turned her head

left her side and started to stroll aim

lessly toward the woman in black.

passed you?"

walked rapidly away.

into a run.

scalp, next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Prevent skin and scalp troubles by making Cutia thick veil shrouded her features. She cura your everyday toilet preparation. Free sample each by mail with Book Incredulous, Max looked from the

Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston. Sold everywhere .--- Adv.

When a Feller Needs a Friend. She-Tell me about your early struggles.

He-There's not much to tell. The more I struggled the more the old man laid it on.-Boston Evening Transcript

GIVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" TO CONSTIPATED CHILD

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender little Stomach, liver and bowels.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad, has sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "Call'ornia Syrup of Figs," which contains full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups .--Adv.

Gentle Thrust.

Miss Oldgirl-I remember when the girls married much younger than they do now.

Miss Pert-Yes, so grandma tells me.

Many a picture of health is colored -by hand.

Grippy weather this. Better get a box of -



The old family remedy-in tablet form-safe, sure, easy to take. No Cures colds in 24 hours-Grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it-25 cents.

At Ans Drug Store



I than material, is first rendered soft and ! "Oh, Miss Tuttleson," said little Bobpliable by soaking in a 20 per cent bie, who had been kept after school, solution of carbolic acid, then washed | "whenever I see you I can't help thinkin' of experience." "What do you mean?" the lady demanded, with a good deal of asperity. "Experience is a dear teacher, you

know." Then she gave him a pat on the cheek and said that he might go if he would promise not to make faces at

'ting a good breaktast under als ven.

any of the little girls again.-London woods

The True Values. "You ask me what values impress me as being the true ones. I am very sure, for one thing, that it is the inner far more than the outer resources on which one must depend for lasting

happiness. Do you see that palace of my neighbor's across the river?" In the treetops beyond the Hudson loomed the roofs of a great house-1

mansion copied almost whole from Italy and set down in the New York

"There are a hundred rooms to