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

go! Please don't endanger me by

stay in this house is a menace to me.

over. And even this dusty old hole

and Mary's half-portion food are a

"But you could creep out at night-"

"But I'll give you enough money

"You sure will, miss. I'll see to

"But don't you see what it means to

that. But not till it's safe to sneak

you're goin' to help me do it."

out. I'm laying low, just now. And

me?" pleaded June. "You can't stay

hidden here indefinitely. If my moth-

er should happen to come up to the

most solemnly, "so much the worse

"Oh!" cried June in horror.

"If she does," interposed Sam, al-

"Listen here!" went on Eagan, a

note of rough authority in his voice.

"Let's you and me come to a show-

down. You're goin' to keep on hidin'

me here and feedin' me and pro-

tectin' me; an' when I get out,

you're goin' to keep me on Easy

street. Not because you want to. But

because you've got to. Because if you

don't, you know I can tell a whole lot

of int'restin' things about Circle Jim

You beast!" flamed June. "You

"Cut out the snappy stuff!" ordered

me easy to treat. That's always been

with me, and you'll always find me

on hand with a bucketful of trouble.

tempt "You're a swell one to be

talkin' to me as if I wasn't as good

as you. Why, you and me is in the

same pew. If you think we ain't, just

As he spoke he caught her by the right wrist and tore away the loose-

hanging glove from the back of her

hand. The Red Circle blazed into view.

June tore herself free from his grasp,

Both women broke into fierce

"I stay right here, my lady," he an-

nounced loudly. "And you'll see I'm

well took care of. If you don't-or if

you try to double-cross me, everybody

is goin' to know all about Circle Jim's

Next morning, June put on a riding

habit, ordered her saddle horse

brought to the door in half an hour,

and then shut herself in her own

Taking from a drawer the big

packet of banknotes she had stolen

from Farwell's safe, she counted them

carefully. Then she sat down at her

typewriter and pounded out a half

dozen lines. Addressing a large en-

it and stuffed the sheaf of banknotes

in there, too. Sealing the envelope,

she thrust it into the inside pocket of

June turned her horse's head toward

the section of the city where stood

the Farwell corporation's factory. It

best. And this morning it was even

less peaceful than usual. For the

bulk of the Farwell employees were

gathered in the big yard of the fac-

tory holding an impromptu indignation

profits of the concern was the theme

From the building's entrance, Far-

At last, as he was about to go into

of their spokesman's harangue.

Silas Farwell's failure to keep his

her riding coat, and ran downstairs.

her darling from the man.

daughter. Get that?"

Borden's crook daughter."

whole lot better'n the pen."

thanks. I'll-"

attic or-

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, named from a red staying here. At any moment my birthmark on his hand, has served his third prison term. One in each Borden generation, always a criminal, has borne the Red Circle mark. Jim and his son Ted are the only known living of the Bordens. Max Lamar, a detective, is detailed to keep an eye on Jim. June Travis and her mother meet Jim as he is released. Jim and Ted are killed. Next day Lamar sees the Red Circle on a woman's hand outside a curtained automobile. day Lamar sees the Red Circle on a woman's hand outside a curtained automobile.

June, marked with the Red Circle, robs Grant, a loan shark. Mary June's nurse, discovers her theft and tells her she is "Circle Jim's" daughter, though Mra.

Travis does not know. Mary tricks Lamar Lamar visits "Smiling Sam." Jim's old crime partner. Sent to Surfton by Smiling Sam. Alma La Saile robs the guests at a ball. Mary points her out to Lamar, who follows her back to town, raptures her with the jewels and goes after Smiling Sam. On the edge of a cliff pursuer and pursued engage in deadly pursuer and pursued engage in deadly combat. Gordon, a fuglifive, rescues Lamar, and June in turn saves Gordon from arrest. Smiling Sam sees the Red Circle on June's hand, tells her he knows her secret and follows her to her city home. The bridge Gordon to reason and the same of the combat still smiling at her. "Go where? To secret and follows her to her city home." That's where they'll stick me She belos Gordon to get away, after re-covering for him the securities receipt which incriminates him by tricking Far-

TWELFTH INSTALLMENT LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP

While Max Lamar was musing in miserable uncertainty over the problem of June's guilt or innocence, June berself was confronted by a problem quite as disheartening and far more

Mary had told her of "Smiling Sam" Eagan's presence in the Travis house, and June realized all it might mean to her. The man, hidden in the attic storeroom, held her fate, her liberty, in the hollow of his grimy hand.

He had seen the Red Circle on her hand. He was crafty enough to know how fearful a hold over the girl this secret gave him.

June could bear the suspense no longer. Impulsively she got to her feet and crossed the room toward the

hall door. "Where are you going, dearie," asked Mary in sudden anxiety.

"I'm going to see him," replied June. "I must." June had taken off her hat, and as

she spoke she was stripping the gloves from her hands. The left giove came off first. Then, as the right glove was beast!" half removed, its wearer noted the pulsing Red Circle on her hand. In- Sam. "Treat me easy and you'll find stinctively she drew the glove over it.

Meantime Mary had flung herself bemy way. But come any rough business sween June and the door, exclaiming in horror: "Oh. my dear, my dear! You mustn't!

Remember that. So don't call names, He-he might kill you!" any more. Huh!" he rumbled in con-"Kill me?" echoed June, bitterly.

"I almost wish he would! "If you're going there," declared the valiant nurse, giving up the unequal battle, "then I'm going too. I'll keep take a look at that!" aim from harming my baby if anyone

June a step ahead, they emerged nto the gloomy attic room.

Mary paused, staring timorously around the dismal and cluttered room. just as Mary sprang forward to rescue

From an impromptu couch of natched juilts and moth-eaten pillows, between iwo trunks, a frowsy head cautiously speech. But Eagan's deep voice eascame into view.

At sight of June and Mary he words of anger, grinned pleasantly, got up, stretched



The Red Circle Blazed Into View.

imself and slouched forward to meet

"Well, well!" he rumbled, in mock sordiality, "it seems like this is my enough what was up. And he scowled, thought he understood that unanimous reception day. Welcome to Castle as fragments of the spokesman's Engan, ladies. I'd 'a' spruced up a speech came to his ears. bit if I'd known I was goin' to have comp'ny.

"Sam." said the girl, facing the and two of his audience detach themgrinning fugitive. "I've come here to selves from the group and walk to- ing along, laughing and waving their have you help me."

"Help you?" repeated Eagan, puz-

'Yes, by leaving here." "Ob I see Nothin' doing, sweetie,

of their visit. His right hand slipped into the act thus. pocket of his coat, and his fingers closed about the cold butt of a pistol that rested there. WRITES OF JOYS OF PICNIC sume the day. In summer it requires not Christian who fell into the bog be- Ants and other leviathans think contemporary) was about the most trust. Keep in touch with today. One Man Seems to Have the Right rowing of the night as is necessary you climb a villainously long hill and that bears are in the town. The chops tion master and marksman combined to date, and sensible. You cannot fall. Idea of What Outdoor Entertain-

meeting.

The men drew near. At sight of their employer, they halted, glanced at one another, and then stepped up to him, taking off their hats as they | thunderous zest.

Carrier Contract Cont

"Mr. Farwell," began the spokeshe spoke, "Mr. Farwell, we are a dele- bundle of money in one hand and the gation from the hands, chosen-chosen to ask you if you mean to make good us. We--

I explained that, in the notice I had ogize to you for-" the janitor tack up on the work-room doors. I-"

the spokesman, losing hold of his tem- ing at me? What is-?" per, "What do you mean to do?" "Please!" implored June. "Please "Just this," answered Farwell.

and sent him sprawling.

stopped their rush almost in midair, reach. as the factory owner flashed out the pistol from his coat pocket and lev- well when he could get his voice. eled it at the foremost of them.

assailants blinked irresolutely at the it over the fence to me. She rode biack pistol muzzle and at the coldly past, two minutes ago. And-" murderous eyes behind it. "Go back to your work," said Far-

their employer, the trio looked sheep-ishly at each other; then, one by Alongside the op one, turned and shuffled away toward a mounted policeman, chatting with a the yard.

his pocket and continued upon his "Did you see a woman ride past way to his own office.

"And be nabbed at daybreak, No, The three delegates returned to manded. their fellows. The rest of the men crowded eagerly around them for news | wondering at his interlocutor's exciteof the interview.

man. "I asked him, and he-"

air, striking him across the eyes and then falling to the ground at his feet. Farwell. "Catch her! She turned to

"Three cheers for Silas Farwell!" shouted the spokesman. The three cheers were given with a

front of the window, shoving forward innocence. man, nervously, clearing his voice as the spokesman, who still held the typewritten letter in another.

on your promise to share profits with to thank you. It was a funny way "No," said Farwell, coolly, "I don't. mighty welcome. And I want to apol- Sam loved to torment and frighten the against the attic door, slamming it

"What are you blithering about?" queried Farwell, in dire perplexity. of terror to the poor little yellow man. "Then, you rotten crook," roared "And what's that money you're shak-

"The money?" echoed the spokesintent, his left fist caught the spokes- operative profits money, of course. man, flush on the point of the jaw, The money this letter of your agent-"

He got no further. Farwell reached feet. His two companions at his side, typed note from his hand. He would Jap. he sprang like an angry dog at Far- have snatched the money, too, but well's throat. But the three men that chanced to be just out of his your measly heart!" he snarled.

"Who gave you this?" roared Far-"A girl," answered the puzzled

There was an instant pause; as the spokesman. "On horseback. Threw But Farwell, note in hand, had bolt-

ed out into the street. He was just well, breaking the momentary silence. in time to see a girl, mounted on a Beneath the menace of the leveled slenderly built saddle horse, turn a the window to get a better view of weapon and the dominating gaze of corner, several blocks away, and van-Alongside the opposite curb lounged

passerby. Farwell ran across and Farwell dropped the pistol back into seized the officer by the arm.

here a few moments ago?" he de-

"Why, yes," returned the patrolman, ment. "I did. I didn't take much "It's no use," reported the spokes- notice to her, except that she rode mighty well. She'd gotten past me be-Something white flew through the fore I saw her. Is-?"

"She has robbed me," interrupted



Struck the Would-Be Murderer Across the Knuckles

The spokesman looked around him in | the left at the third corner. She's bewilderment. So did the other men. riding slowly. You can catch up-" They had a fleeting glimpse of a girl His last words were drowned in the on horseback, riding away from the clatter of hoofbeats as the policeman ily dominated and drowned their board fence that divided the yard from put his horse to a gallop.

picking up the white thing that had

struck him. It was a large envelope, tore open one end of the envelope.

Out fell a package of big denomination bills. A cry of amaze broke from treat. the crowd. The spokesman, holding the money in one hand, stared stupidly at the envelope. He read aloud the typewritten address:

"FOR THE EMPLOYEES OF THE FARWELL CORPORATION."

"What the blue blazes-!" he sputvelope, she put the typed sheet into tered.

> Then he saw a sheet of notepaper sticking half way out of the torn en- ther ahead. velope. He drew it forth and, in a voice shaking with wonder, read the few typed lines it contained:

"Accept and distribute the inclosed as part payment of your accumulated poration-An Agent." A cheer from hundreds of hoarse

throats broke in on his reading. "Come on!" yelled the spokesman, handful of big bills, "Come on, boys! Let's go to the boss and thank him.

word about sharing with his men the He's a white man, after all." Farwell, in his ground-floor office, the open window, just in time to see well watched the gathering of the the crowd start toward the building. men in the yard. He knew well His hand went to his pistol butt. He

movement. ance changed to one of bewilderment. his office, Farwell saw the spokesman This mob of avengers was behaving there and left the horse with a wonmost strangely! The men were danc- dering groom. ward him. He understood the object caps and shaking hands with one antoward the Travis house-where Fate gripped knife. She saw Sam crouch other. Surely no angry mob would crouched waiting for her. Decidedly,

> Just then, the front rank of them caught sight of Farwell standing in the open window. A roar went up.

The girl, as she trotted homeward,

"She threw it at you," said one of heard behind her the hurrying hoofthe men. "I saw her. What is it?" beats of a horse hard-ridden. She The spokesman had stooped and was glanced back. And she understood. The pursuer was scarce a quarter-

block behind In another few minutes. very thick. The others pressing close at most, he would overhaul her. There around him in jostling curiosity, he was also the danger that some other mounted officer, coming from opposite direction, might cut off her re-

To her right, only a block away, ran the park. If she could gain that in safety, she might perhaps be able to give her pursuer the slip, somewhere in its winding bridle path. As she dashed into the park, she

heard him close behind. A quarter mile farther on she could

see the outstretched bay head at her knee. The bay crept farther and far-

And now a blue arm shot forth, as the policeman snatched at her bridle. June, driven on by an impulse amazingly foreign to her gentle nature, whirled about in the saddle, and with was not a savory neighborhood, at co-operative profits in the Farwell cor- her riding crop the slashed the offi- no place to be cornered like a rat in his feet, swaying as he tried to stand cer full athwart his red face.

Under the hot pain and surprise of the assault, he lurched in his saddle; unconsciously jerking his bridle-hand enthusiastically, as he flourished the to one side. At the gesture, his bridlewise horse veered suddenly to the

The rider, unprepared for this lightning-quick shift of his mount's stride, overlooking the yard, glanced out of lost his seat and was pitched headlong into the driveway, where he lay half-stunned.

On raced June, unpursued. As she rode, reaction set in. She realized that her horse was a-reek with lather and the stable by a back way, dismounted

Then, on foot, she turned her steps this was a day of shocks.

Max Lamar had done little sleeping

at last, he had nerved himself to make and by main force hurled him to one the test he had planned—the test side and half way around. The men came to a halt just in him, once and for all, June's guilt or by the fraction of an inch. Lamar,

With shrinking heart, but with firm step, he approached the Travis house. And at the same moment, Yama, "Mr. Farwell," he began, "we want the Jap butler, was privily conveying two men swayed and lurched in their "Smiling Sam" Eagan's late breakfast | fierce wrestle. The shoulder of one of sending us our cash, but it was to the attic. For some occult reason, of the two close-locked bodies struck dapper little butler. And Yama's visits to the hiding place were moments

Today was no exception. He set the tray down in front of Sam and started to pour out a glass of wine for him. man, as a murmur of surprise ran But Yama's hand shook pitifully, from Before the others could guess his through the crowd. "Why, the co- sheer fright. A spoonful of wine fell on Sam's knee.

With a truly terrifying growl Eagan snatched up the carving knife he still The stricken man scrambled to his out of the window and snatched the carried in his belt and rushed at the

"I'm going to cut my monicker on

Yama did not pause to see if the threat would be fulfilled. Dropping everything, he fled. Eagan returned the knife to its place, chuckling amusedly at the

scare he had given the butler. Then he picked up the bottle of wine and tried to read its label. But the light was dim and his eyes were nearsighted. He went over to

for an instant, curiously and laboriously spelling out the name. And, in that instant, Max Lamar, turning in at the front walk, chanced

the label. Close to the pane he stood

to look up-and saw him. Lamar halted and stared upward more keenly. But Sam had moved away from the window. Max, with the excitement of a hound on the scent, bounded up the veranda steps.

At the top, he collided violently with a little figure that shot out of the Smashed the Vase Down on Eagan's front door. It was Yama still in flight from Sam's imaginary pursuit. "What's up?" demanded Max.

Yama stared, speechless and gasp-"What's the matter?" repeated Lamar. "Did you see him, too? Were

you going for the police?" "Saw-saw nobody!" babbled the Jap, still remembering Sam's threat

of what he would do should Yama betray his hiding place. "Saw nobody. Going for a little walk. I-" "Going for a little hundred-yard dash, you mean," corrected the per-

plexed Lamar. "Let me in there. I've just seen-" "Why, Mr. Lamar!" exclaimed a

voice from the foot of the steps. Max turned, to see June, in riding dress, crop in hand, mounting the veranda toward him.

"Miss Travis!" he said, hurriedly, "I caught a glimpse of a man I'm almost sure was Sam Eagan."

"Really?" asked June, her heart beating fast. "How interesting! Whereabouts?" "In that topmost window of your

house. The attic window, I suppose. He was-" "What nonsense!" she laughed, nerv-

ously. "How could he possibly-?" "I must go and look for him," insisted Lamar. "That is, if you'll let me. ters "Central" was just then listen-He probably remembered your goodness to him in other days, and sneaked of the way Attorney Charles Gordon in here to try to persuade you to help had come to the chief of police, a lithim. Let me go in, please. He tle while before, and given himself up mustn't get away from us again."

June, too confused to make any protest, led the way into the house. She was sick with terror. In the library doorway they met Mrs. Travis. She came forward, cordially, to greet their way to the Travis house. Lamar. The crime specialist cut short her salutations by saying, brusquely:

"Mrs. Travis. I have reason to think a criminal is hiding in this house. 'Smiling Sam' Eagan, the crook I told you about, down at Surfton. May I search for him?"

"Why certainly," assented the startled old lady. "But-oh, I do hope you are mistaken, Mr. Lamar! I can't believe-

Max had already started up the stairs. June, dreading to go with him, yet dreading far more to remain in suspense, followed. Mary, who had been crossing the lower hall as Lamar entered, hurried after her.

merely perfunctory.

"He's not down here!" declared the patience. "I'm going to try the attic. How do I get to it?"

He was standing close to the doorway, as he spoke, the doorway leading to the attic stairs. And his strong voice carried every word to the fugitive above.

At the sound, Eagan started to his feet, knife in hand. This attic was a trap. If he could get downstairs, upright. a knife-thrust in Lamar's body might leave the way free for him to escape to the street. Yes, and that same knife-thrust might si'ence Lamar forever. If so, he had no fear of the household's women blabbing as to who you." had done the murder. They would not dare.

Knife in fist, Eagan tiptoed down the stairs. With his free hand he opened the door a little way, and peeped out into the upper hall.

Lamar had just moved from that very door, and was standing with his Presently, his look of dogged defi- sweat. To avoid inquiry, she rode to back to him, only a few feet away, looking about for the entrance to the attic stairs.

But June saw the door open. She saw the broad, hideous face, the tightfor a spring. She saw him, knife raised, launch himself at the unsuspecting Lamar.

Then, as the man stabbed. June and much heartsick thinking, during awoke from her daze of horrified inac-

the past twenty-four hours. And now, tion. With a scream she seized Lamar,

which, he believed, would prove to The knife-thrust missed its mark whirling, caught sight of his foe. As Eagan's arm went back to stab again,

Max grappled him. Back and forth across the hall, the



shut. Chairs were overturned, and the hallway became a bedlam of noise and fury.

Sam managed to wrench his knife hand free. He lunged murderously at Lamar's throat. Max was too late to guard the blow. But he shifted his 1906 I suffered from kidney at d rheulithe body to one side. The blade matic troubles. Was bent over and flashed past it and was buried, half to the hilt, in the wood of the door.

Sam now turned his full attention to the task of crushing his opponent with his bare hands. Max merely defended himself, as

best he could. At last he was able to draw his pistol. But, as he did so, Sam seized the

crime specialist's right wrist with both his own huge hands, and exert ing all his brute strength and weight twisted Max's hand outward and up ward. No human power could withstand

that pressure, so suddenly and skillfully exerted. The pistol leaped from Lamar's opened fingers and fell to the Mrs. Travis, at first sound of the

battle, darted into the nearest room

snatched up a telephone and sum moned police headquarters. It took her some moments to get the connection, because police headquar ing to a patrolman's thrilling account

to justice-laughing as he did so. But presently Mrs. Travis was switched from headquarters to the precinct station phone. And in less than a minute two policemen were or

Meantime, the fight in the hall had reached a new and more vital stage -a skirmish for possession of the

fallen pistol. It was Sam Eagan who at last seized the pistol. Despite his enemy's

efforts he gradually worked its muzzle toward Lamar's writhing body. The muzzle at last touched Max's side. Sam's finger tightened on the trigger. In the same moment the pistol spun out of his hand, exploding harmlessly, the heavy-caliber builet

wainscoting June had seen the newest peril of the man she loved, and with her riding crop had struck his would-be murderer The search of the next floor was

burying itself in the woodwork of the

heavily across the knuckles. Sam whirled about to face her. As crime specialist at last, in growing im- he did so Lamar snatched up a heavy vase from a pedestal and brought it down with all his remaining force upon Eagan's head.

Smiling Sam dropped to the floor like a stricken bull.

Max bent over him and snapped a pair of handcuffs on the senseless man's thick wrists. Then, weak and dizzy and panting. Lamar rose again to

"He must have broken in here last night," he gasped. "Miss Travis, I owe you my life. I-"

"Your hand is cut!" cried June. "See. it's bleeding! Let me bind it up for

The tramp of feet sounded on the stairs below them. The two policemen. escorted by the chattering and shuddering Yama, ascended to the upper hallway. At a word from Lamar they picked up the unconscious Eagan and lugged him away between them. Max, still reeling with exhaustion,

turned abruptly to June.

"Miss Travis," he said. "I must ask you one or two questions. I would cut off my right arm sooner than ask them. But I must. Everything depends on your answers."

June forced a smile to her ashen lips. She knew the moment had come. The moment of reckoning, which she so long had dreaded

(END OF 12TH INSTALLMENT.)

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Beautify Your Hair! Make It Soft, Fluffy and Luxuriant-Try the Moist Cloth.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first-yes-but really new hair-growing all over the scalp.

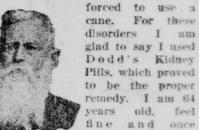
A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your bair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully .draw it through your hair, taking one san strand at a time. The effect is mediate and amazing-your hair be light, fluffy and wayy, and have as appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxur ance, the beauty and shimmer of true

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowiton's Danderine from any store and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any-that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment-that's

"A person should always tell the alsolute truth."

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "But what am I going to do? The other evehing we got to talking art and refine ment, and somebody asked me what my favorite musical instrument is. 1 had to say 'violoncello' or something like that. Mother and the girls would never have forgiven me if I had come right out with the truth and said steam piano."

Mr. S. P. Benton, Kerrville, Texas, writes: "For several years prior to



again stand as straight as an arrow. Dodd's Kidney Pills deserve great credit." Be sure and get "DODD'S," the name with the three D's for diseased, disordered, deranged kidneys; just as Mr. Benton did. No similarly named article

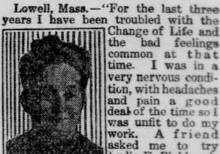
will do .- Adv. Inconsistency of Price. "Rentals vary much in this apart-

ment house. "And yet they must be a flat rate."

When a little man wants to make an impression he wears a silk hat.

MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Quinn's Experience Ought to Help You Over the Critical Period.



Change of Life and the bad feelings common at that time. I was in a very nervous condi-tion, with headaches and pain a good deal of the time so I was unfit to do my work. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Comound, which I did

or pain. I must say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy any sick woman can take. -Mrs. MARGARET QUINN, Rear 259 Worthen St., Lowell, Mass. Other warning symptoms are a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variabl

and it has helped me in every way. I am not nearly so nervous, no headache

appetite, weakness, inquietude, and If you need special advice, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

Make the Liver Do its Duty Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly comel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, In-

ligestion, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature Brentsood

CARTERS



Montana 640-Acre

New law just passed. New towns, business opportunities. Map showing proposed railroads. Send 25 cents for maps and infor-

side a stream-although I am not avid infected vith the vices of the city. there comes the hum of life, now somefor sandwiches unless hunger press Like many a countryman who has what fallen with the traffic of the day me, writes Charles S. Brooks in the come to town, it has fallen to dissi- -as though nature aiready practiced

ment Should Bc.

street car, clanking with your bundles the city. like an itinerant tinman. You follow

but the late afternoon, with such bor- cause of the burden on his back? Then eventually that a circus has come or laconic, competent, deadly earnest sta- Teach yourself to be practical and up for the journey home. You leave the pop out upon an open platform above and bacon achieve their appointed des- that ever lived. This is the wire he The height commands a prospect to your shoulder. It slips and rattles to ing station. Send immediately one

ing of the cloth in the woods or be- stretches, it is sad to say, is already thousand suppers. Up from the city ancient dame puts on her jewels. need a picnic con- er. You cross it in the mud. Was it The baskets disgorge their secrets, east campaign, who (in the words of a one, Love your work. Work; hope; stone planted there."

I am partial to picules—the spread- a stream which on these lower the west. Below is the smoke of a the river. The sun sets. Night like an rifle and 100 rounds of ammunition." A Dead Shot.

The valor and candid simplicity of

tiny. You throw the last bone across sent: "One hundred Germans attack-Nairdbi (India) Leader. How to Succeed.

Remarkable Tibetan Building. "The only building in Lhasa (Tibet) that is at all imposing is the Potala," writes Edmund Candler. "It is not a

palace on a hill, but a hill-that is also a palace. Its massive walls, its ter-Believe in yourself; believe in hu- races and bastions stretch upward from Tale Review. Rather, let there be a pation. It shows the marks of the the tune for sending later her creat our Indian Babu is proverbial. A manity; believe in the success of your the plain to the crest as if the great Yale Review. Rather, let there be started by the fire bottle. Farther up, its course is clean tures off to sleep. You light a fire, story goes of one anent the German undertaking. Fear nothing, and no bluff rock were merely a foundation

U. S. Government Buys It SOLD EVERYWHERE - 25c and \$1.00

Homesteads

U.S. Commissioner, Outlook, Mont.

hair health. all. Adv. Candor Suppressed.

GAVE HIS CANE AWAY!