The Quarterbreed

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.
—12—

He, in turn, was so intent upon maneuvering to have himself spoken to by that most genial of hosts, the president, that he failed to see Marie until she spoke to him. The first sight of her bewildered him, and his bow did not altogether hide the effects of the delicious shock given him by her dazzling beauty. But he quickly recovered his self-possession when he saw that she was with Vanderyn. That young man, though more boyishly handsome than ever, bore himself with rather a sullen air. He met Hardy's clear gaze with a forced smile. The smile became still more forced when the girl transferred her hand from his arm to Hardy's.

"Only a very few minutes," she soothed the disappointed lover.

"Whatever you say!" he deferred to her caprice, and he drew back to speak to a sharp-eyed man near the president.

Hardy was gazing into the wonderful blue-black eyes of his companion. They were as inscrutable as when he had last looked into their depths. He tried to speak calmly, but his voice shook.

"Do you know that you are by far the most beautiful woman here?"

Her long lashes drooped and rose again to disclose the same inscrutable look.

"So I have been told several times already—I wished in a few moments with you, that I might thank you for your generosity. It has given me the great opportunity of my trip abroad and this visit in Washington."

"I am saving all the reports of your social triumphs," he said. "They have made me very happy."

Again the girl's lashes drooped. "That is good of you— It is quite necessary for me to become the rage—if I am to force a recognition from Reggie's relatives. He says that, fortunately, his fiancee has become interested in another man who is quite as eligible as himself."

Hardy's eyes contracted, yet he did not falter:

"Since it will bring you happiness, I—wish him—good fortune."

"You do?" The question was almost an exclamation. But the girl at once regained her quiet composure. "I do not understand. If you wish him good fortune, why then do you seek to prevent him from receiving his compensation as attorney for the tribe?"

"I said good fortune," replied Hardy. "Any money paid him on that contract would be tainted."

Marie arched her dark eyebrows. "Is it not true that he will get though a much larger appropriation than otherwise would have been made?"

"The lands are fully worth the amount agreed upon," stated Hardy. "The tribe should receive all the appropriation. Honest lobbying would carry the bill through at a cost of a few hundred dollars. These supposed friends of the tribe want millions."

"Do you wish to deprive me of the share that I would receive through him?"

"Yes—of every dishonest dollar," said Hardy, his mouth stern, though his eyes besought her to forgive his harshness. "You have enough already."

"Are you certain?" she rejoined. "You may have heard that mines often pinch out or run into valueless ore—You can guess why Pere and I have told no one, least of all Reggie."

Hardy remained unshaken. "If he is worthy of you, that will make no difference to him."

"But myself? I am already used to luxury," pleaded the girl.

"Down in your heart you know the values in life that are real," he said. "You do not wish for wealth gained through fraud."

"I have not admitted that there is any fraud in the contract."

"Perhaps it is as well," he remarked, "You should not doubt your future husband."

She flashed him an odd, quizzical look. "No, I cannot doubt my future husband now, Captain Hardy. I must believe in him if I am to be happy, must I not?"

"Yes," agreed Hardy.

She uttered a gay little trill of laughter.

"That is so good of you to say it, Captain! It makes me feel that I really must do something for you in return. May I not offer you a little loan of, say, three or four thousand dollars? I understand that, for some strange reason—or unreason—you have refused your pay as captain."

"My resignation has not been withdrawn, and I am engaged in a private enterprise. I cannot draw pay as an officer in the service," explained Hardy.

"Few would be so quixotic," she argued. "Most would make the excuse that an attempt to frustrate what they considered a wrong to others is not to be considered a private enterprise."

"I must beg to differ with you, Miss Dupont."

"Then let it pass. But the little loan?"

"Very good of you to offer. However, I believe I have enough left to last me through. And in any event, I could not impose on your generosity. The money would be used against him —which, you see, would hardly do."

"Then you refuse any loan?"

"It was most kind of you to make the offer."

"Don Quixote de la Mancha!" she murmured.

"Tilting at machine windmills!" he replied.

Though there was no trace of bitterness or satire in his wit, her chin lifted to the angle of offended pride.

"That is sufficient, Captain Hardy. May I ask you to take me back to him?"

Vanderyn was waiting for her near the president. As they approached him, she gave Hardy a look of half-relentment. "You must understand, Captain, that I must do as my heart dictates, though I confess that lobbying is far from agreeable to me. I have already met his excellency, and he has been so kind as to promise me a hearing."

"I cannot wish you success," he replied.

She gave him a quizzical glance and turned away with Vanderyn.

Standing in the eager, jostling crowd that waited for a word or even a nod from the president, he fully appreciated the ease with which, in the midst of so great a crush, she managed to obtain several moments' conversation apart with the nation's chief magistrate.

She was still beside the president when the sharp-eyed man to whom Vanderyn had spoken came around beside Hardy and murmured a few words in his ear. Hardy looked him in the eye, bowed, and quietly started to move away. The man followed him until he had left the White House.

CHAPTER XXV.
—
Condemned.

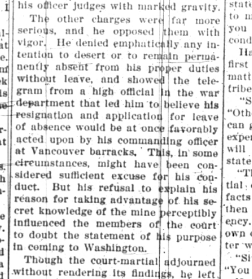
The court-martial began its session at nine in the morning, and the trial of Hardy was over before three in the afternoon. Vanderyn testified to the suppression by the accused of the existence of the developed mine and of Redbear's misconduct.

Hardy's statements in explanation of his actions were as brief as they were cold and dry. Acting as a civil officer, he had considered the question of withholding any mention of the mine as a matter within his discretion. When interrogated whether he had not taken advantage of this suppression to enter the contest and win the mine for himself, he had admission of the fact, unaccompanied by any explanation of his motives, was received by his officer judges with marked gravity.

The other charges were far more serious, and he opposed them with vigor. He denied emphatically any intention to desert or to remain permanently in Washington. The proper duties without leave, and showed the telegram from a high official in the war department that led him to believe his resignation and application for leave of absence would be at once favorably acted upon by his commanding officer at Fort Custer barracks. This, in some circumstances, might have been considered sufficient excuse for his conduct. But his refusal to explain his reason for taking advantage of his secret knowledge of the mine perceptibly influenced the members of the court to doubt the sincerity of his purpose in coming to Washington.

Though the court-martial adjourned without rendering its findings, he left the courtroom ten years older in appearance than when he entered. The regretful, commiserating glance of the most friendly of his judges seemed plainly to indicate what would be the findings. The thought of voluntarily resigning from the service had been hard. To be cashiered was almost unendurable.

Yet he walked out with his back straight and his head well up. He went directly to the White House and sent in a written application for an interview with the president. It was refused. He went to his lodgings and spent the remainder of the day and half the night drafting and redrafting



"I Could Not Impose on Your Generosity."

a concise statement of his argument against Vanderyn's contract. This he addressed to the president and stamped for mailing. He wrote nothing with regard to his own case.

When, near morning, he at last fell asleep, he was so near exhaustion that he did not waken until late. The hour set for the recovening of the court-martial had already come. He sprang into his uniform with a celerity that might have reminded a fellow officer of reveille in cadet barracks at West Point.

The worn soles of his highly polished shoes bent a tattoo on the cardpetless old stairs by which he descended to the street. He did not turn to go in for a belated breakfast at the meager table of his landlady. He hastened along the few feet of narrow hall to the street door. As he drew it open, another man in uniform stepped into the doorway and confronted him. The other officer saluted. Hardy responded mechanically. For all his cool look, he was astonished.

The man before him was the president's military aide.

"Captain Floyd Hardy?"

"At your service."

"You should now be in attendance upon the court-martial," stated the aide with cold severity.

"I shall explain to the court," replied Hardy. "If not delayed, I shall be only a few—"

"You will come with me," interrupted the aide, still more severely. "Your conduct has been brought to the attention of the president. It is to be seen, sir, whether you will continue to refuse to answer the inquiries of your superiors."

Hardy went white, but his jaw set firm with grim resolution. He stepped out beside the aide, and crossed the sidewalk to the waiting motor. As they were whirled away over the sleety asphalt, the aide sat with more than military stiffness, his head and body half averted from his companion as if to avoid contamination. Hardy sat as stiffly at the other extreme of the seat.

The ride was short. The car made a sudden turn, and curved around to the executive offices of the president. Hardy looked at his companion, perplexed. The aide made no sign. Only the stern watchfulness of one who has a reputedly dangerous prisoner under arrest. At the entrance he stepped behind, as if apprehensive that Hardy might attempt to escape. A doorkeeper conducted them along a corridor into a small waiting room. He passed into the room beyond, but reappeared in a few moments and signed to Hardy to enter.

Hardy stepped into the room, and the door was closed behind him. The aide and the doorkeeper had remained outside. Hardy looked around with a frown of perplexity. Across the room a man sat writing at a businesslike desk. There was no one else present.

The man turned in his swivel chair and abruptly made a beckoning gesture. Hardy's hand went up in salute as he stepped forward. He was in the presence of the commander in chief of the army and navy.

The president looked him up and down with a severe glance.

"You are Captain Floyd Hardy?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are the officer who suppressed the late insurrection in the Sulus?"

"I happened to be in command at the time, sir."

"After that you obtained a detail, your conduct in discharge of which has resulted in your trial by court-martial on serious charges. I have before me the findings of the court. The circumstances are exceptional. Because of your record and of certain statements that have been presented to me, I have been persuaded to give you an opportunity to explain your conduct."

Hardy saluted. "Permit me, sir, to first present for your consideration a matter relating to the interests of the tribe which—"

"Stop!" ordered the president. "Others are waiting for interviews. I can give you only ten minutes. If you explain them on this other matter, you will have no further opportunity to state your own case."

"The evidence before the court-martial covered the facts, sir. If those facts sustain the charges against me, then I am guilty, and desire no clemency. That is all I have to say on my own case, sir. With regard to the matter which I desire to present—"

"Sit down!" ordered the president. "You have nine minutes. Be brief."

Hardy seated himself and proceeded to present his argument against the Vanderyn contract. He spoke deliberately, but with a conciseness that covered what he had to say fully and clearly, in words as forceful as they were few. The president listened attentively, but with no change in his expression. At the end of eight minutes Hardy stopped.

The president showed a trace of surprise. "Is that all you have to say? There is still a minute."

"That is all, sir," replied Hardy, rising.

The president touched a call button, but raised his finger. "One moment. What if I should confront you with witnesses?"

"As I have stated, sir, my only request is that all the witnesses in the case be examined."

"There are some already at hand. You shall see what they have to say about your charges."

The aide appeared and immediately went out again at a sign from the president. He returned with Vanderyn and Marie. At sight of Hardy the young man stopped short, but, meeting the president's cordial smile, came forward with easy assurance. Marie did not look at Hardy, as she followed.

The president addressed Vanderyn: "Captain Hardy has declined to ask for clemency. I have decided to sustain the findings of the court-martial. In the face of all this, he has had the temerity to make a charge of fraud against your Indian contract."

Vanderyn nodded: "Captain Hardy is too skilled a strategist not to realize that the best way to shield himself is to raise the cry of 'stop thief!' against others. Does he allege that the signatures to my contract are forged?"

"The signatures are genuine. They were obtained by fraud," bluntly charged Hardy.

"My word is as good or perhaps somewhat better than that of a cashiered officer," rejoined Vanderyn.

"You deny the charge," the president stated rather than inquired.

"Most emphatically," pleasantly agreed Vanderyn. He looked significantly from Hardy to Marie. "As a soldier—until recently—the gallant captain probably believes in the saying that all is fair in war and love."

Marie lowered her eyes. The president looked thoughtful. "Of course, Mr. Vanderyn, there can be no question, when it is a matter of your word against his. Yet were there any other witnesses than yourselves and the Indians?"

"Your excellency quickenly has not seen the contract," said Vanderyn. "It is duly witnessed by Charlie Redbear, the official interpreter, and by his sister."

"Ah, the interpreter, you say? This matter may be rumored in the house and even in the senate. It will be well for you to send for the man."

Vanderyn shrugged. "Can't do it, even to oblige you, Mr. President. The fellow has gone to the place where cold storage is unknown. My uncle told you about the affair. The fellow was drunk; he aimed his gun at me. I supposed it loaded, and shot him in self-defense. Hardy was present. He can't deny what I say, without forswearing himself."

Hardy met the president's look of inquiry, and bowed in confirmation of the statement. The president again looked thoughtful. "That leaves the man's sister as the only witness to the contract. It would be well if she could be produced."

The aide left the room. Vanderyn again shrugged. "Search has been made for her, Mr. President. All that could be learned from her Indian relatives was that she had been very sick and had gone away. Of course that meant to the happy hunting grounds. There was no other place that she could have gone."

The aide returned to the room leading a tall young woman who was dressed in a Parisian tailored suit that Vanderyn had last seen on Marie. She was gloved and heavily veiled, and she entered the room with perceptible timidity. Marie went to take her arm in a reassuring clasp and raise the veil. At no time since their

"My Word's as Good or Better Than a Cashiered Officer's."

coming to Washington had Vanderyn been given so much as a glimpse of Miss Dupont's reputed Hindu maid. This undoubtedly was the woman, and he looked at her with sharp curiosity as Marie raised the veil. Marie stepped aside and gave him a full view of the girl's face.

"Olinna!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. Is it not a happy surprise?" said Marie.

She smiled at the shrinking girl, and drew her about to the president. "My dear, this is the great White Father of all Indians and of our tribe—he is our father—your excellency, this is Mrs. Reginald Vanderyn."

The blow was given with merciless force. As Vanderyn gaped at Marie, her eyes flashed with a sudden upleaping of fierce exultation.

He gasped and choked out: "You—you!—All these months—this—you—Indian!"

"Yes, Indian—to you, even as she was Indian to you!" cried the girl. "You have been so eager to marry a breed girl—here is one, already your wife!"

"It's a lie—a black lie!" denied Vanderyn. "I never married her!"

"You took her by tribal custom, and you told her that you were taking her legally according to the common law."

"She cannot prove I lived with her openly as her husband," rejoined Vanderyn.

The president looked at the shrinking Olinna with kindly gravity. "Do you wish him to acknowledge you as his wife?"

"No, no, sir!" she disclaimed. "I don't want him any more."

"I am pleased to hear you say that," replied the president. He turned to Vanderyn. "I understand this witness is prepared to testify that the signatures to your contract were obtained on the false representation that it was a second copy of the minutes of the tribal council."

"It's a lie!" hoarsely replied the young man. "Hardy knows nothing about it. There's only her word against mine."

"We can send for the Indian witnesses, if necessary. Another matter —at the request you testified under oath that a certain Indian killed Agent Nogen, and that you and Redbear then killed the murderer. When you shot Redbear, you rode off, certain that he was dead. He lived long enough to confess himself the murderer of Agent Nogen. Why did you perjure yourself at the inquest?"

"You can't prove it," defiantly challenged Vanderyn. "I stand by my testimony. This squaw and Hardy have hatched up the lie between them. Even if Redbear made such a confession, it is only hearsay and not legal evidence."

"Your friend Redbear seems to have enjoyed shooting at agents," remarked the president. "He also confessed to having made the two attempts on the life of Captain Hardy. In view of your perjured testimony at the Nogen inquest, one is led to infer a not improbable connection between those attempts and your enmity to Captain Hardy. But the point at present is whether you still insist upon the validity of your contract. Do you wish an official investigation that will take the evidence of the Indian witnesses?"

A cold sweat was gathering on Vanderyn's forehead. He looked at Marie. She turned from him, afraid that he might misconstrue the womanly softness into which her fierce resentment had melted. He wheeled about, and left the room, sullen, unrepentant, defiant.

"A very great pity," commented the president. "Young and clever, handsome, well educated, good social standing—yet all wasted! Courage—misdirected; no sense of shame; unmoral, rather than immoral. He will ride hard to still harder falls than this one, or else to what the world calls success. But I am too busy a man to moralize. If you will pardon me, ladies, there is to be a cabinet meeting."

He bowed to them, and then confronted Hardy. "Sir, I warned you that if you did not speak in your own defense you would have no other opportunity. I shall not reverse my approval of the findings of the court-martial."

Hardy had stood an amazed and dumfounded spectator to the rejection and disgrace of his rival. But through it all Marie had never once looked at him. If her scornful casting off of Vanderyn had roused any hopes for himself, they must have been dashed when she led Olinna away without favoring him with so much as a glance of recognition. There was a slight stoop in his shoulders as he saluted the president.

"If the sentence approved by your excellency does not make association with me scandalous," he said, "I beg leave to express my thanks for the intimation that you will invalidate the fraudulent contract."

Without replying, the president abruptly faced about to his desk. Hardy again saluted, and marched from the room as if on dress parade.

CHAPTER XXVI.
—
The Sentence.

In the anteroom the doorkeeper waved Hardy to a door on the right. It led him into a stenographers' room. He saw the flounce of a woman's skirt behind a revolving bookcase near the far end of the room, and paused. Someone stepped into the room after him, and touched him authoritatively on the shoulder.

"One moment, Captain Hardy—your sentence."

He turned and faced the president's aide with the clear, unflinching gaze of a brave man about to be shot. The aide saluted with punctilious formality. Hardy responded with equal formality. The aide presented an official document, saluted, and withdrew from the room.

For a long moment Hardy stood with the decree of his fate slowly crumpling in his hand. His eyes were fixed on vacancy. Doubtless he was seeing the years of soldierly comradeship and duty that now lay in the past and the vision of the career to which he was to have given the utmost of his powers. He had always loved his profession—and now—

The woman whose skirt he had seen was in front of him before he became aware of her presence. He found himself looking into the cool, half-mocking face of Marie.

"Are you afraid to read your sentence?" she taunted. "Had it not been for you, he would have had the mine and a million from his contract and me. The president conferred with Senator Clemmer an hour ago. The treaty appropriation bill will be passed with a clause that no commission is to be paid for the services of any tribal agent or representative. He has lost everything. And now—I am waiting to see you read that paper."

Hardy drew himself up, opened the envelope, took out the document and read.

As Marie saw the look of blank incredulity that came into his face, her eyes flashed under the lowering veil of their long lashes. He stared up at her, but was too dazed to perceive the change in her expression.

"Acquitted — honorably — on all charges!" he murmured. "On all charges—! Honorable mention recommended—Approved—the President."

Marie smiled with cool condescension.

"Merely a question of doing justice to you, Captain Hardy. When a man has done his duty, however harshly, it is the duty of others to see that he receives just compensation. I take credit for having helped to bring this about."

"You?" he exclaimed. "Of course, though, if you really did not love him—"

"That does not follow. You must know I did love him. But to find that I had for rival another breed girl—one not half so beautiful as I—I could not endure the thought. You have seen the proof that there is a good deal of my mother's red grandfather in my blood. No, I had to give him up, and I have decided to marry another man."

"Another?" echoed Hardy.

"Will you not congratulate me?" she asked.

He rallied. "I congratulate him. After what has happened, I feel confident that you must have chosen someone more worthy of you."

"He is!" declared the girl, her glorious eyes melting with tenderness. "He is far more worthy of me than I am of him!"

With an effort she recovered her cool composure.

"But now, before going, I wish to take this opportunity to discharge in a way the obligation that, as a member of the tribe, I owe to you for your services. I shall therefore return the mine to you."

She held out a document. He stepped back.

"No, Miss Dupont," he said. "I cannot accept it."

"You must. I took it from you. Though I have used the income from it not altogether for personal gratification, you must realize that my pride will not permit me to keep it any longer. Let me add that it has not pinched out, as you may have inferred from what I said at the ball. It is a bonanza."

"I regret that I cannot accept it," he replied. "A captain's pay is quite sufficient for a—bachelor."

Marie gave him a mocking glance. "Really now, Captain Hardy, you do not expect me to believe you will long remain unmarried?"

He tried his best to conceal how her frivolity tortured him. "You may not believe it, Miss Dupont. Yet it is true."

"It is not," she contradicted. "When we were abroad, Pere and I went to Monte Carlo, I fancy the gambling spirit infected me. Let us settle the ownership of the mine with a wager. If you do not marry this year, I agree to keep it. But if you marry within that time, you will accept it back from me on your wedding day."

"It is not fair for me to bet on a certainty; but if you insist, I agree to the wager," said Hardy.

Then he prepared to take the mine a week from today," she buttered.

He fore his gaze away from the lovely face whose gay smile appeared so heartlessly mocking.

"You—cannot refuse—how this—" She handed him another sealed envelope.

"Here is the order detailing you to special service with the general staff for the winter. You will then be required to return to the reservation and carry out all the plans recommended by you for the civilizing of the tribe. Your mare is in the same stable as the thoroughbred that I have bought to use as her riding mate."

The changed tone in the girl's voice compelled Hardy to look up. In her brilliant eyes he saw a look that could not be mistaken. The smile that had seemed so mocking was now tenderly teasing.

"Marie—you—" he stammered. "Are you certain it is—love—not a passing feeling of pity?"

"Pity! For you?" she cried. "Do you think I could dare pity you?—a man like you! I could not have been so presumptuous even had those treacherous conspirators succeeded in crushing you. Do you think it was pity that made me live a life all this time—that forced me to flout you and accept his detestable attentions?"

Her voice sank to a note of deep humility.

"I know how very unworthy of you I am. Yet I hope I am not so unworthy as that first day at the coulee, when I scorned you, and you, with your skill and courage and moderation, saved us without harming those whose attack he had wantonly brought upon us. I was a coquette—a coquette infatuated with the kind of man with whom a coquette deserves to be infatuated. But I was not altogether frivolous. I soon discovered your immeasurable superiority over him. Only my head could not overcome the fascination that had bound my heart. My soul sought to free itself from the spell—I struggled and prayed— Yet not until there at the mine, when you showed yourself the bravest, the most generous—"

She flung out her arms to him in piteous appeal. "Captain! My captain! Say that you do not think me—altogether what he—thought me!"

Hardy drew her hands together, and bent to kiss them with reverent passion.

"Dearest," he replied, "you forget that other day in the coulee—that day when you thought me dying. I gazed up into your eyes, and I saw the look of my mother."

(THE END.)

ALL VICTIMS OF DISCONTENT

Absolutely Satisfied Person Is Hard Indeed to Find, and Perhaps It Is Well It Is So.

Nearly every fellow is in hopes that some day he will be able to quit the kind of work he is doing.

If it is hard work, he wants to do something easy, and if it is easy he wants a position that isn't so confining. If he has a job where he works in an office part of the time and on the street part of the time, he wants to get into something where he won't always have to be tussling in and out.

The clerk in a store thinks he would like a place where he wouldn't have to work regular hours, and the man whose time belongs to himself thinks he would like to be a clerk. "When you are through with the day's work," he says to the clerk, "you're through, but I have always got something to worry me."

Husband thinks that doing the housework and talking to the neighbors is a snap, and wife feels that she would be perfectly happy if she could go out and work like a man does.

Almost everyone is dissatisfied with his job, and is determined that his son shall not do that kind of work. Even the fellow who draws an enormous salary isn't contented—he feels that he ought to be doing something.—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

Proper View of Life.

Why is it, I wonder, that the little boy almost always imagines that outside of home is to be found the larger liberty? Why do young men fondly dream that yonder, always yonder, is to be found greater opportunity? Why does the dissolute man conclude that, outside the common virtues of society, he is to find the larger life? For you, my son, will sometime find that your largest liberty was in the old home, where if there was authority, there was also deep and abiding love; and you, my friend, will find that others succeeded in your home town, while you failed in the world; and you, my liberty-loving man, will most surely realize, that in the common virtues of the simply good life is to be found the opportunity to live out the joys of the world. Find the world that lies everywhere about you. Practice the virtues that you know. Cherish the love that is yours now. Value the friends that you have known; and in the superficial you will find the profound, and in the simple things the things eternal.—St. John's Bulletin.

Sailor's Duties Made Lighter.

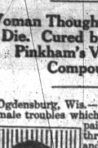
Jack Tar knows what it means to tote heavy shells around ship, but Jack Tar will not need to worry about this duty longer, according to the Popular Science Monthly. Ammunition is now loaded by pneumatic tube straight from the magazine to the firing turret. An intricate mechanism prevents the shells from entering the breeches of the guns at great speed, and also prevents any mistake in firing.

Rely on Parcel Post.

Since the outbreak of the war practically the only means by which a large variety of articles can be imported into Persia is the parcel post, according to a report from Commercial Attache Baker at Petrograd. It is the practice to ship goods of many sorts destined for Persia to Norway, where they are reshipped in smaller packages from Russia to Persia.

PAINS SHARP AND STABBING

Woman Thought She Would Die. Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Ogdensburg, Wis.—"I suffered from female troubles which caused piercing pains like a knife through my back and side. I finally took so much strength so I had to go to bed. The doctor advised an operation, but I would not listen to it. I thought of what I had read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and tried it. The first bottle brought great relief and six bottles have entirely cured me. All women who have female trouble of any kind should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Etta Domion, Ogdensburg, Wis.

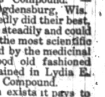
Physicians undoubtedly did their best, battled with this case steadily and could do no more, but of them the most scientific treatment is surpassed by the medicinal properties of the good old fashioned roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If any complication exists it pays to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special free advice.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable —act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.



SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

$100 BUYS LOT

with Warranty Deed and Abstract. Five lots $400. Terms $5 down, $5 per month. Mining stock, that should pay you $10 for every dollar invested. Pamphlet monthly. Complete information free. Live agents wanted. Brainerd Heights Mining & Development Co., Suite 300 Rochester Bldg., Duluth, Minn.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

Wild Life Seizes Its Chance.

Wild life in Italy and southern France has never been so plentiful, is the memory of living inhabitants says it is now. In Britain there has been a noticeable increase in such animals as field mice, hares and otters. From Russia have come stories of wolves which dared even to attack detachments of soldiers, and Africa reports of devastations by lions.

It is plain that the humbler creatures of the earth are taking advantage of mankind's concentration on the business of war. They multiply, move back into regions once their homes, but long abandoned, grow bolder and more defiant of the great enemy.

MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

How Much Should We Weigh?

A simple way to ascertain one's ideal weight was recently given by Dr. Harvey G. Beck of the University of Maryland in an address before the Los Angeles County Medical association at Los Angeles, Cal.

First, put down 110. Then multiply by 5½ the number of inches by which one's height exceeds five feet. Add the result of the multiplication to the original 110 and the sum is one's ideal weight."—Popular Science Monthly.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine — double strength — is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine — double strength — from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

A Semiprecious Stone.

"Is she interesting?"

"No, cold as a stone."

"Oh, I see: a sort of jade, eh?"

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