"CONTRABAND"

A Romance of the North Atlantic

By

RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "My Lady of the North," "Maid of the Forest," etc.

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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

—12—

"They're all right," broke in Liverpool, "except for some sore heads. We downed the owner and the second mate easy, but Leayord and the engineer made some trouble, and had to be soaked. We got 'em all quiet enough now, where they can't make any trouble."

"Where are they confined?"

He winked at me in a half-drunken leer.

"Which is none o' yer business—hey, Mr. McCann?"

The impudent manner of the fellow served to fully awaken me to a realization of the helpless position I occupied. I had backed the first hot retort on my lips, and forced a smile.

"I get the idea," I said, pretending a good nature I was far from feeling. "I am to merely work under orders. Well, I'd rather do that than let you wreck the ship, and perhaps drown the whole company. What is your object in this affair? You surely don't hope to dispose of this vessel and cargo?"

"No, I don't," and McCann took a step forward, his hand resting on the desk. "To be frank with you, Hollis, this affair has gone further than I intended; it got the start of me while you held me prisoner aft here in the cabin. There's nothing for me to do now but work out of the fix as best I can."

"Mutiny, then, was not part of your original plan?"

"Not open mutiny—no. I'm no fool, and I know what that means. I started in to make the crew dissatisfied, so they would force you to put back to an American port. I offered them money, but with no intention of resorting to force. Then you locked me up, and this other thing happened. We've gone too far now to back out. We don't mean to get caught. So it's up to you to decide whether the Indian Chief remains afloat, and no lives lost; or whether the old hooker is never heard of again."

"You'd scuttle the ship?"

"That's for you to decide; it's my advice to you not to take the chance."

I could scarcely believe he meant this; the proposition was so absolutely heartless, so cold-blooded. I could hardly associate it even with Fergus McCann. Surely he was not in reality the utter villain he now coolly professed himself. My eyes left his face, and sought Liverpool, who was leering at me in drunken gravity.

"Is this true, Red? Have you fellows held council?"

"Some ov us have," he said sullenly. "Jim Dugan, Simms and me, we talked it all over with Mr. McCann here, an' agreed what wus best. That's why the two ov us come ter see you."

"Unless I consent to sign a report showing your desertion of the ship justified, you propose to sink the Indian Chief?"

"You an' Bascom—both ov yer."

"And if we do sign—what then?"

"You'll sail us within fifty miles ov the nearest open port, and we'll take to the boats, and leave you to be picked up."

"You'd report our condition ashore?"

"Nothin' was said about that. Yer drift would be southard, an' would soon bring yer in the track o' ships; besides there's enough left ter handle the sails ter give the barkey steerage way. We figured we'd be safe unless there was a big storm."

It was certainly a cold-blooded proposition, but the fellow's tone was so matter-of-fact I no longer doubted this to be their final decision. I played my last card.

"See here, Red," and I drew a paper from the drawer of the desk. "Do you fellows realize the value of this ship, and the cargo below hatches?"

"We don't give a darn."

"Well, you better, for it's a tidy little sum. Now, see here—I'll pledge the crew fifty thousand dollars, to be divided as you choose, if you will dock the Indian Chief at Hamburg."

"Who'll pay it?"

"The owner, within ten days of landing."

"An' if we get snapped up by an English or French cruiser on the way over, all we'd ever get would be a jail. That sorter plan don't make no hit with me nor my mates. We've talked it all over."

McCann struck the desk with his fist, impatient at the discussion.

"Your price is too low, Hollis. This is no piker's game. Red knows it is worth more than fifty thousand to me to get back to New York. So now, will you help us quietly, or shall we have to make you?"

"What is it you desire of me?"

"That you work out an observation once a day, and set the ship's course as we direct; then tell us when a certain point has been reached."

"What point?"

"Fifty miles northeast of St. Johns."

"And then what happens?"

"We will take to the boats, and leave you and your officers to do what you please with the ship."

"Are all the crew with you in this mutinous deal?"

The eyes of the two men met, and Liverpool blurted out:

"They'll all do what we say; there's none ov 'em yer kin count on fer ter fight on your side; but maybe there's a couple we won't hav no use for when we take to the boats."

"Who are they?"

"That's no feed o' my tellin' yer that."

"Well, even with those two this will only give us six able-bodied men; that is not enough with which to bring the Indian Chief into port."

"If will be all you'll have, anyhow," said McCann grimly. "And you are mighty lucky at that. The drift will be southward, and will take you directly into the steamer lane. All you need do is keep steerage way, and wait until you are picked up. You don't imagine we want you sailing into the harbor at St. Johns the same time we get there, do you? Come on now, stop this talk, and give us an answer."

For a long moment I stood motionless, staring out through the open port at the sunlit waters. It seemed to me my best course was to at least pretend to yield to their wishes. To acquiesce would insure me a measure of freedom on board, an opportunity to learn the exact conditions, and might enable me to save the ship from destruction. As to McCann, he had some object in all this far more important than appeared on the surface. He was never assuming this risk, or investing all this money in an illegal cause, without a more serious purpose than an idle desire to return to New York. He was taking a tremendous chance, driven by some impulse I could not comprehend. What was the secret—hate, revenge, greed, love? I would find out sometime; but now I could only grope in the dark, guessing at his motives. Yet I knew this—his promises were lies. He would make use of me; he would induce me to pilot the ship to the spot he desired to attain on the broad bosom of the ocean, and then—what? The man would never be fool enough to permit the Indian Chief to sail into any harbor to accuse him of such a crime. Back of all his words, his explanations, his apparent fairness, lurked treachery. I felt it, and knew it, and the very suspicion led me to reach swift decision. My eyes met his with a smile.

"I cannot conceive that I have much choice," I said quietly. "It is to either do this in freedom, or under compulsion. Naturally I prefer the former."

"You mean you accept our offer?"

"Yes; I will figure out the proper course, and report to you when the vessel is at the place you designate. That is all that is asked of me. In return I have your pledge that the ship will be left in good condition, with all who are loyal safe on board?"

"Yes."

"There is one more condition, McCann."

"What?"

"That Miss Carrington be left absolutely unmolested by either you or your men, until the time comes for you to take to the boats."

"Hah! So that is really where the shoe pinches!"

"We will not quarrel about it—either say yes or no."

"What do you mean by unmolested? Am I prohibited from speaking to the lady?"

"That is to be left to her choice, not yours. She has to retain the key to her stateroom; to eat alone if she prefers, and to see such associates aboard as she desires."

Liverpool laughed drunkenly.

"That ain't the argyment," he said easily. "So far as I see, that don't change things none. She's free ter herself in anyhow, an' won't answer nobody."

McCann growled something which I took to be assent, and I was myself so anxious to ascertain our exact position as to have no desire for further argument. I could be of no possible value locked a prisoner in that stateroom; no protection to her. Indeed, if I refused to navigate the vessel, leaving the ship to drift blindly through these unknown waters, exposed constantly to peril, I would be guilty of a failure to do my duty almost as great as the crime of these others. On deck, knowing where we were and the direction in which we were going, the opportunity might arise for the accomplishment of much. I grasped the necessary instruments from the swinging shelf, and, with these in my hands, turned toward the door.

"Come on, then," I said, ignoring the fact that I was any longer a prisoner. "Bring the chart, one of you, and I'll point out where we are to you on deck."

"Just hold on a minute," and Liverpool, blocking the doorway, pushed me back with his huge hand. "We're the bosses, not you. Git it out o' your head right now, mister, that yer the captain of this ship Indian Chief. Blast yer! ye ain't nuthin'; an' if yer attempt to play us any dirty tricks, I'll smash yer the same as I would a fly. Ain't that right, Mr. McCann?"

"Oh, Hollis understands, Red. He knows we've gone too far in this game to take any chances. Let him pass."

"Well," growled the giant, stepping aside, "I just wanted him ter know. I don't kill nobody in cold blood; but I'm goin' ter take keer of myself an' my mates. Yer git me, skipper?"

"Yes, I get you," I answered a bit wearily. "So let it go at that, my man; I know the time to fight, and the time to keep quiet. Now let's go on deck."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Compromise and an Interruption.

Except for the absence of the regular officers from their stations, I should not have known any especial change had taken place on board the ship. Outwardly everything appeared about as usual as I emerged behind Liverpool, with McCann trailing behind. The latter paused to insert the key into the lock of the door, and I indulged in one swift glance about the apartment.

"Bascom occupies his own stateroom?"

Liverpool nodded ungraciously enough.

"And Miss Carrington retains hers?"

"We are not here to be interviewed, Hollis," broke in McCann sharply. "Go along on deck, and keep your tongue to yourself."

Realizing that silence was my best weapon, I made no response, but climbed the stairs. The decks were clean—had evidently been scrubbed that morning, and nowhere could I perceive any signs that the ship was in the hands of mutineers. Liverpool gripped my shoulder.

"Up the ladder with you," he ordered. "There's too little time left for gaping about here."

There were two men at the wheel, although one could have attended to the service, as the ship was at half-speed, and the sea far from heavy. I recognized both faces, but couldn't recall their names; the shorter fellow, deeply pitted, exhibited a fresh scar where I had struck him with my boot-heel the night before. He grinned good-naturedly, and pointed to the bruised flesh, as I caught his eye. White was evidently the temporary officer in charge, and the brutality of his face was clearly revealed in the bright light as he leaned against the rail. However, I had scarcely time to more than glance about, as the sun was already at the zenith. The others stood around silent, watching as I figured out our position on the back of an old envelope. I took my time at it, not only from my own anxiety to be accurate, but also because of other thoughts in my mind, yet the calculation was completed at last, and I lifted my eyes to McCann's gaze.

"Well?" he said.

I gave him the figures.

"You are sure this is correct?"

"As sure as I can be; the chronometer hasn't been corrected since the ship left Baltimore; except for possible variations on that account, the figures are right. Spread out the chart, and I'll show you where we are within ten miles. When did you furl the sails?"

"After we started up the engines again; while we had all hands on deck."

"Well," I announced, after a moment of measuring, "that would tally pretty close with the figuring. Our present position is just about here, where I put the red cross."

McCann took the compasses from my hand, and began to measure distances.

"Two hundred and ten miles to the northern extremity of Newfoundland—is that it?"

"A trifle more, I should say."

"This is St. Johns here; what bearing does that give?"

"Over two hundred."

He studied the map a few moments longer, the three men talking earnestly while I left them, and walked over to the starboard rail. It was of no particular interest to me where they decided to go—the one port meant the same to me as another. McCann got up, rolling the chart in his hand.

"There is no use, then," he called, "of our going farther north?"

I turned and faced him.

"Not if your port is St. Johns; the course would be southeast."

"Your Price Is Too Low, Hollis."

"Is there anything more wanted of me at present?"

McCann turned and spoke to the others, both answering him in low tones.

"No," he said stiffly. "We will send for you if you are needed again on deck."

"I am expected to keep below?"

"Below, and to your stateroom. If you attempt to converse with any of the crew, you will be locked in."

I passed them without a word, and clambered down the ladder to the main deck, aware of the grinning faces of the men at the wheel. Humiliating as the situation was, this was no time for resistance, or the exhibiting of a spirit of revolt. White crossed over to the rail and watched until I vanished within the companion. I realized his presence without so much as glancing up. There came to me, as I paused at the foot of the stairs, a sudden eagerness to speak to Vera, to explain to her the situation, and bring to her a word of comfort. I crossed over hastily and rapped at her stateroom door. I felt sure there was a movement within, but no response. With lips close to the wood, I spoke.

"Miss Vera."

"Who is it?"

"Hollis; may I have a word?"

The key turned, and she stood facing me, her eyes filled with startled welcome.

"Why—I, thought; they told me—oh! I am so glad!"

"They told you what?"

"Why, nothing direct. But there was fighting last night. I—I heard the struggle on deck, and then here in the cabin; and when I started to leave my room I encountered McCann and some of the crew. They were dragging Leayord down the stairs, and his face was all blood."

"You were not injured?"

"No; the big man with the red hair threatened me, but McCann interfered, and thrust me back into the stateroom. He told me to lock the door, and not to make any noise. I—I thought they had killed you."

"Well, they tried hard enough, but, as you see, I am very much alive still. They trapped me in the forecastle. Do you know what has become of the others?"

She shook her head.

"Was I've told is all I know. Those villains have control of the ship?"

I related the story to her swiftly, concealing nothing. At the last she asked:

"That is all? You know no more?"

"No."

"Then the others must be alive, and on board. Surely you would have heard if any had been killed?"

"I believe so; they would not kill if possible to avoid it, as such a crime would render their own case more desperate."

"What—what are you going to do?"

"Frankly, Miss Vera, I do not know," I confessed. "I have had no time to think, and my head still throbs so from blows that I hardly realize the situation. I cannot hope to fight these men alone, and there can be no immediate danger—they are sailing the ship toward St. Johns."

"You believe they will take to the boats, and leave us aboard?"

"That would be their only safe course. They would never dare sail the Indian Chief into that, or any other harbor. They must land as shipwrecked seamen, tell their story, and then quickly disappear."

"I—I know that—but—but will they dare to leave us afloat, to be picked up by some vessel?"

I hesitated, but her eyes compelled an answer.

"I do not know," I said soberly. "It hardly seems possible they can contemplate such an act of villainy as the scuttling of the ship, and leaving us on board to drown like rats. That would be too horrid a crime for this age. White and Liverpool might be brutal enough, but surely not Fergus McCann."

"Why not Fergus McCann?"

"His education, his former life, the civilization in which he has been reared; he has lived among gentlemen."

"Gentlemen!" she echoed the word in scorn. "His associates have been principally gamblers and rounders. He is notorious in New York, and his money alone gives him entrance to decent circles. He doesn't know what the word gentleman means. If there is treachery behind this, it will be the plan of Fergus McCann."

"You know him better than I."

"I know of him longer; I have heard more tales, yet surely you saw what he was in the boat?"

"You believe, then, the intention is to scuttle the vessel?"

"Yes, I do."

"And leave us helpless on board?"

"Yes, Mr. Hollis."

I drew a deep breath, at this direct verification of my own secret suspicion.

"So do I." I returned in a whisper, "although I had no thought of telling you."

"You have some plan, then? You have considered what to do?"

"No; hardly that. There will be two days, at least, before we shall be close enough to the coast for them to take to the boats. Much may happen within that time; we may be spoken by some other vessel, even overhauled by a warship, and manned by a prize crew."

"You hope for this?"

"St. Johns is a naval base; the closer we approach the harbor the more apt we are to encounter a British cruiser."

Her fingers grasped my sleeve.

"But, Mr. Hollis, if all these hopes fail, and there should be no rescue, is there not something we can do? Must we remain here helpless, just waiting for death to come?"

I took the little hands in mine tenderly, and, with an effort, controlled my voice.

"Perhaps so, but we cannot be too cautious. Our only chance is to retain our freedom, and arouse no suspicion that we are plotting together. Can you learn where the others are confined, and get the word to me?"

"Yes," she said. "I—I think I can."

"What is it you think you can do, Miss Carrington?" said a voice quietly.

McCann stood in the open passageway leading to the steward's pantry, less than fifteen feet distant, a satirical smile on his lips, as he observed our familiar position. How long he had been there, and what portion of our conversation he had overheard, I had no means of knowing, and for the instant I stood speechless, my brain a blank. Not so with Vera. With a laugh, ringing out as naturally as though in full appreciation of some sudden gleam of humor, she withdrew her hands from mine, turned and faced him, executing a mocking curtsey.

"Hardly fair, Mr. McCann," she said, "to steal upon us like that."

"Perhaps not," he answered grimly, "but just now I am privileged to do as I please on board this ship. Answer my question—what is it you think you can do?"

"Perhaps an answer will be embarrassing."

"Stop the play-acting," he burst forth, advancing about the stair rail.

The Key Turned and She Stood Facing Me.

"What were you talking about? I want a direct answer?"

The girl's long lashes shaded her eyes, but there was not the slightest falter to her voice.

"Captain Hollis," she said swiftly, almost regretfully, "had asked me if—if I thought I could learn to—to like him, and I said I—I thought I could. That—that was all."

McCann stared at the innocent, downcast face as though he half believed the words her lips uttered were deliberate lies; then he laughed mirthlessly.

"I see," he said with sarcasm. "No misfortune along other lines is sufficient to interrupt Mr. Hollis' love-making. My congratulations, captain, on even this measure of success."

The hot blood flushed my face, not so much at the words as the tone with which they were uttered. They conveyed to me a deliberate insult, trifling with a memory of the purpose he charged me with during our last interview. He had not quite understood me before, but now he felt convinced that under all the veneer I was his kind; and he instantly felt that he knew just how to deal with my case.

"Your congratulations are appreciated for what they are worth," I answered, unable to wholly restrain myself. "But we will let the discussion end here."

"You Dog of a Liar!"

"Oh, will we! Well, perhaps you will recall that circumstances have changed since our last talk. You are no longer captain of this ship—I am; and I will say what I please on board. The first thing I propose doing is to tell Miss Carrington who and what you are."

Her eyes flashed over my face, then sought his.

"Do I understand," she asked clearly, "that I have been before a topic of conversation between you? What was the occasion?"

McCann laughed, not in the least embarrassed, and evidently convinced that his position was sufficiently strong to give him a clear advantage.

"Hollis' natural modesty prevents his answering, but as a disinterested party, I will take upon myself to explain. The truth is I comprehended from the first the real object of this fellow in seeking your friendship. I even compelled him to acknowledge that your father's money was the main attraction."

I stepped forward, unable longer to restrain the action.

"You dog of a liar!" I said tersely. "I know you are armed, but—"

"Wait, Captain Hollis," and her fingers caught my arm. "This matter involves me, and I wish to hear the facts. Go on, please."

McCann grinned into my face, but kept one hand behind him, gripping his revolver.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HIS PRESENTMENT CAME TRUE

Canadian Soldier Met Death at Front But Not at All in the Manner That He Had Feared.

The men of the First Canadian division who came unscathed through the smashing fight at Ypres, the battle of Festubert and the Givenchy eyelone in April, May and June of 1915, almost all believed they could not be killed. They had seen so many comrades fall, and had so many narrow escapes, that they assumed the bullet was not molded that could get them.

One exception was a member of the Thirteenth battalion (Canadian Black Watch). He had a premonition of death and saw his fate in every shell that burst in sight and every bullet that zipped past him.

Each time he went into the trenches he died a thousand times in imagination, and he was a helpless, hopeless, useless object the last time we went into the line in front of Ploegsteert woods. He never smiled, whistled or sang when in the firing line; he was literally obsessed with the fear of death.

On the morning following his last night in the trenches he was smiling broadly. The company were sung in billets and he was preparing to shave, whistling as he stropped his razor.

Suddenly a careless, dirty man without varning exploded a cartridge that lay forgotten in the breech of his rifle. The bullet pierced the brain of the man with the razor, and he died within a few moments.

Not till then did his comrades realize that his fear of death was based upon a presentiment that came true, though not at all in the manner the unfortunate man expected.—The Wide World.

Little Candy Imported.

Unlike American consumers of other products, the candy eater much prefers his own American made candy to the confections of other lands. Imports of foreign confectionery have never been large and with few exceptions have been overshadowed by the exports.

The small amount that is imported came from many different countries, including Austria-Hungary, Finland, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Russia, Spain, Switzerland, United Kingdom, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, China, Hongkong, Japan and Turkey in Asia. American manufacturers export candy to almost every nation in the world.

Make Gems of Them.

Nearly all artificial gems—that is to say, stones that are really made by artificial means—are compounds of alum crystallized under special conditions. The metallic salts that are added during fusion determine whether the stones produced shall be sapphires, rubies or Oriental topazes, amethysts or emeralds.

RUSSIA QUITS AND DISBANDS ARMIES

STATE OF WAR WITH CENTRAL POWERS DECLARED TO BE ENDED.

NO FORMAL TREATY SIGNED

Bolsheviki Authority Unquestioned—Minor Factions Favor Continuance of Fight.

Amsterdam—Russia has declared the state of war to be at an end and has ordered the demobilization of Russian forces on all fronts, according to a dispatch received here dated Brest Litovsk, Sunday, February 10.

The dispatch follows:

"The president of the Russian delegation states that while Russia was desisting from signing a formal peace treaty, it declares the state of war to be ended with Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria, simultaneously giving orders for complete demobilization of Russian forces on all fronts."

Take Step to Avoid Invasion.

German newspapers dated Sunday, February 10, reported "imminent rupture of Russo-German peace negotiations" at Brest-Litovsk.

This may indicate that the bolshevik leaders, to save Russia from the threatened German invasion and in the face of what evidently amounted to an ultimatum from the central powers, ordered complete withdrawal of their country from the war.

While minor factions favor continuance of the fight, and may still give the Teutonic armies some trouble through guerrilla warfare, the bolshevik control is so overwhelming that if the Amsterdam report is true, Russia apparently is through as a factor in the conflict.

Bolshevik Authority Unquestioned.

Washington—Russia steps formally out of the war by act of the bolshevik government, which seized the reins of power in Petrograd last November, and at once opened peace negotiations with the central empires.

The authority of this government seems virtually unquestioned, at present in northern Russia and the Teutonic powers already have assured the cessation of even nominal hostilities along practically all the remainder of the original long line in the east by signing a peace with the Ukrainia and isolating Rumania.

SLIDING SAND KILLS SOLDIER

Two Others Injured When Top of Gravelpit Caves In.

Battle Creek—One Detroit soldier was killed and two others injured last Friday when sand under which they were working caved in, burying them beneath it.

The dead man is George Miller, Detroit, a member of battery F, Three Hundred and Twenty-ninth field artillery. The injured are Joseph Moynahan, Detroit, battery F, Three Hundred and Twenty-ninth field artillery, and M. T. Kursan, Hamtramck, battery C, Three Hundred and Twenty-ninth field artillery.

Early Friday morning a detail of 20 wagons and 40 men, in charge of a commissioned officer, were sent to the sand hills near the laundry to get material for walks and roads in camp.

The officer in charge ordered that the wagons should be backed up to the bank and that the men should work from the sides. Three of the men either did not understand the order or disobeyed it, for they remained directly under the overhanging bank.

Hardly had they begun when the entire top of the hill slid toward and over them and against the wagon.

U. S. RAIL BILL $958,000,000

Earned By Roads Last Year—Nation Has Guaranteed Same Profit.

Washington.—Railroads in 1917 earned about $958,000,000, which is near the amount the government will have to pay the roads this year as compensation under national operation. This was indicated by figures on revenues, expenses and incomes of all roads earning more than $1,000,000 last year, which has just become available.

The unofficial computations are based on interstate commerce commission reports for 11 months and an estimate for December.

The sum the government will have to pay the roads under the bill pending in congress is placed at $945,000,000 by Chairman Smith, of the senate committee having the railroad bill in charge.

Foresters Asked to Enlist.

Lansing—Six thousand additional men are wanted at once to bring the Twentieth Engineers (Forest) regiment up to full strength, according to officials of the forest service, who have been requested by the war department to aid in securing the necessary recruits. This is the second forest regiment formed by the war department and will be the biggest regiment in the world. The first forestry regiment has been in France for several months, cutting timber for our army.

Stabilize Detroit's Milk Supply.

Detroit—Milk producers of Michigan propose to stabilize the supply of milk in Detroit so that there will not be a dearth of that commodity at one time and a superabundance at another, and to that end distributors and producers are co-operating to bring about a more complete organization for marketing. The distributors are signing agreements to purchase milk from members of the Michigan Milk Producers' association alone. An advertising campaign is also being planned.

Based On Cost Per Tablet

It Saves 9½c

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE

No advance in price for this 30-year-old remedy—25c for 24 tablets—cold tablets now 30c for 21 tablets—Figured on proportionate cost per tablet, you save 9½c when you buy Hill's—Cure Cold in 24 hours—grip in 3 days—Money back if it fails. 24 Tablets for 25c. At any Drug Store

MAKE YOUR OWN STOCK TONIC

The immense medicinal ingredients, barks, roots, herbs, etc., are contained in Dr. David Roberts' Honeyed

STOKVIGOR Price $1

When added to oil cake meal or other mixed ground feed, makes a stock tonic that cannot be excelled. Read the "Practical Home Veterinarian" book for free before deciding to feed it. If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 100 Grand Avenue, Kenosha, Wis.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 7—1918.

When the Wolf Bites a Tree.

A story that outdoes Munchausen comes from western Kansas. As the story goes, a big prairie wolf attacked an automobile and when it bit the rear tire was suffocated by the escaping air. Had it been a hot day in summer, with a corresponding elevation in temperature in the tire, undoubtedly the body of the wolf would have ascended like a balloon.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

has been a household remedy all over the civilized world for more than half a century for constipation, intestinal troubles, torpid liver and the generally depressed feeling that accompanies such disorders. It is a most valuable remedy for indigestion or nervous dyspepsia and liver trouble, bringing on headache, coming up of food, palpitation of heart and many other symptoms. A few doses of August Flower will immediately relieve you. It is a gentle laxative. Ask your druggist. Sold in all civilized countries.—Adv.

Can't Be Done.

"I tell her she is the only woman I ever loved." "Of course." "But she doesn't seem to believe me." "You can't help that. I doubt if Adam ever convinced Eve on that point."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of Glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

A Carbon Remover.

Acetol, a liquid applied by injection through the spark plug opening, is being used for quickly removing carbon from the cylinders of gasoline engines.

Fiery Red Pimples.

A hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by an application of Cuticura Ointment to distressing eczemas, etc., proves their wonderful properties. For free samples address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Never try to feed a healthy credit on promissory notes.

Keep Yourself Fit

You can't afford to be laid up with sore, aching kidneys in these days of high prices. Some occupations bring kidney troubles; almost any work makes weak kidneys worse. If you feel tired all the time, and suffer with lame back, sharp pains, dizzy spells, headaches and disordered kidney action, use Doan's Kidney Pills. They save an attack of rheumatism, dropsy, or Bright's disease. Doan's have helped thousands back to health.

A Michigan Case

Sam Willing, stationary engineer, 405 Pleasant St., Ionia, Mich., says: "I suffered for five years from sharp pains across my kidneys and right side. Nothing did me any good until I took Doan's Kidney Pills. They cleared up the kidney secretions, the pain left and I passed a gravel stone. When ever I have felt in need of a kidney medicine since, Doan's Kidney Pills have always proven beneficial."

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