"CONTRABAND"

By RANDALL PARRISH

A War Sea Story Abounding in Adventure and High Romance

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HOLLIS CONSENTS TO TAKE CHARGE OF SHIP AND CONTINUE VOYAGE—BASCOM AND M'CANN ARE DEADLY ENEMIES—DISSATISFACTION DEVELOPS.

Synopsis—Robert Hollis, who tells the story, is a guest on Girard Carrington's yacht, Esmeralda. It is supposed to be a "stag" party, and Hollis is surprised on discovering a woman, who evidently wishes to remain unknown aboard. She merely tells him her name is Vera. Carrington tells his guests of the coming war, and that he is engineering a copper pool. The yacht is sunk in a collision and Hollis saves McCann, millionaire, and one of the party. Hollis and McCann rescue Vera and leave the ship in a small boat. McCann refuses to submit to the authority of Hollis, and the latter enforces obedience. The castaways are sighted by a ship, the Indian Chief, which takes them aboard. The vessel is badly storm damaged. All officers are dead. Bascom, the owner, says he is taking a cargo of ammunition to Germany.

CHAPTER X.

—7—

We Accept Adventure.

As I emerged from behind the butt of the mizzenmast, the only person visible was a long-legged cabin boy industriously rubbing away at a grease spot on the deck. He was not aware of my presence until I spoke, when he gazed up at me across his shoulder, with seeming little intelligence in his dull eyes.

"Do you know which of these staterooms the lady was given?"

"Oh, yes, sir; over there; I just took her in a needle an' some thread."

"All right—what is your name?"

"Joe—Joe Moon, sir."

I crossed over and rapped at the stateroom door, which had a figure "5" stenciled on the upper panel.

"Who is there?" she asked.

"This is Hollis; could you spare me a few moments?"

"Certainly; I will come out directly," she laughed, "I have been doing some emergency mending."

I picked out a chair and sat down. A moment later the door of No. 5 opened, and the girl greeted me pleasantly, crossing the cabin swiftly, and extending her hand, as I arose to my feet.

"I feel actually born anew, Mr. Hollis," she exclaimed. "I am almost afraid I was losing my nerve in that little boat. Where is this steamer bound?"

"That is what I called upon you to discuss. Sit down here, and I will give you the whole story. The captain and both mates are dead; the fellow on deck in charge when we came on board was the chief engineer. The owner of boat and cargo, however, is here; I have just been talking with him in the cabin yonder. He is in poor health and crippled in one limb."

"What is his name?"

"Foolishly I forgot to ask, and Masters—that is the name of the engineer—neglected to mention it when he introduced us. However, that makes no difference in the facts. I'll tell you the story, as briefly as I can."

She listened intently, leaning forward in her chair, her ringless hands clasped, her eyes on my face. The simple story seemed to thrill her, breathing as it did the mystery and romance of the sea.

"And that, Miss Vera," I said at last, "is the present situation. It is for you to furnish the final solution."

"For me! You tell me all this merely to leave the decision with me?"

"Yes; I shall do nothing against your expressed wish."

"Why—but what would you do, if you were here alone?"

"That would be entirely different. I have no family, no near relatives living; not even any special friends to mourn greatly over my demise. I might willingly risk my life in such

"Her Eyes Were Shining, and Her Hand Reached Forth, Unconsciously, and Rested in Mine.

an adventure, and think little of it. I know the sea and its perils, and such a game as this is likely to have its attractions."

"You—you consider the attempt very dangerous?"

"Of capture, and possible imprisonment—yes. Probably our lives will not be in any special peril. We have no arms with which to resist. If once overhauled, a prize crew would be put on board, and we would be taken to the nearest British or French port, as prisoners of war. Our cargo, destined for the German government, would be amply sufficient to condemn us. Under the circumstances, our own country would make no effort to protect us. I should not mind, but I cannot expose you to hardship and possible imprisonment."

Her eyes were shining, and her hand reached forth, unconsciously, and rested on mine.

"How long would it require?"

"Weeks, probably; I should choose the mere northern route, around Scotland, and then skirt the Norway coast through the North sea."

"To place me on some other vessel at sea would spoil your plan, Mr. Hollis?"

"It would render our chances of success much less. The only possibility would be the meeting of some American ship, homeward bound, whose captain would promise to make no report. Such a one might be hard to find, especially if he suspected we were endeavoring to carry munftions of war to Germany."

"Do you believe the Germans are right in this war—that you ought to aid them?"

"I cannot answer that," I answered honestly enough, "for I do not fully understand the conditions. To be perfectly frank, however, my sympathies are with England and France. In this case I am not considering either side, but the poor devil who owns this ship and cargo. What we carry on board here will not be a drop in the bucket, but its loss will spell ruin to him, and that is the thought which influences me."

"And I could not even dispatch a message—wireless?"

"The Indian Chief has no equipment. No, Miss Vera, we shall be absolutely lost to the world until we are either captured, or safe in some German port. I would not deceive you—the project is both a desperate and a dangerous one."

The girl remained silent, her eyes lowered to the deck. I had said all possible, determined as I was not to influence her decision. As she did not speak, or change her attitude, I arose and walked across the cabin to where I could look out forward.

"Mr. Hollis."

"Yes." I turned.

"I must decide this? You mean to leave it all to me?"

"There is no other way."

"But I do not know what to say. I thought at first I could answer yes, gladly. I am not afraid, not the least bit afraid; and if I could only get some word back to my people in New York that I am safe, I would almost welcome the adventure. I am only a girl, you know, and I—I like such things. But they will worry horribly, for they have no knowledge of where I am. No one knows. I—I have simply disappeared, and papa will have detectives hunting for me, and will have to tell mother. They will imagine all sorts of horrid things. And you say it may be weeks, or even months, before I could get a message to America?"

"I am afraid so, Miss Vera; I wished you to understand the exact truth."

"Oh! I do not think that would be right—do you?"

"I thought you might feel that way, and so made no pledge before telling you the story. Of course, I knew nothing of how you were situated; or under what circumstances you had left home."

"I stole away unknown to anyone; it was just a lark, a foolish joke. No one knows where I am. If I could only send them word!"

I touched the bent head gently with my hand.

"Do not worry," I said kindly. "We will give the scheme up entirely, and head toward the nearest American port. Perhaps luck may favor us, and if we meet an American ship, we can transship you, and then take a chance, knowing that you are safely homeward bound."

"But I understood you to say that that would only increase your peril."

"It might, and it might not. At least I will not consent to have you implicated in the affair any further than you are now. I will not sacrifice you to help our friend yonder save his fortune. I'll give him my answer now."

I took a step aft, but paused suddenly, for the door of the owner's cabin opened, and he came limping forth, resting heavily on a cane, his white face clearly revealed in the glare of the skylight. I stepped back beside the girl, who, aroused by my sudden movement, glanced up and saw him. Almost instantly she was upon her feet, hesitated an instant as though perplexed at the man's appearance; then advanced and met him.

"Mr. Bascom," she exclaimed, "can this indeed be you?"

"You speak my name, certainly," he replied, but gazing into her face seemingly without recognition. "Yet I do not recall—"

"Oh, yes, you do; surely you must," she interrupted. "Why, you have changed more than I. Do you not remember the moonlight nights at Palm Beach? The fishing parties along the coast?"

"Vera!" he cried, a note of delight in his voice. "Of course I remember; but you have become a woman, the very last person in the world I expected to see. And so you are the lady we were fortunate enough to rescue. Mr. Hollis never even mentioned your name."

"There was no reason why I should," I said, "having no thought of your previous acquaintance. The young lady and I have just been discussing the situation—"

"Wait just a moment, Mr. Hollis," she interrupted, her eyes still on Bascom's face. "This discovery changes everything. Mr. Bascom is an old friend."

"So I judge; but I do not intend to let that influence your decision."

"But it will, and does!" a certain impetuous appeal in her voice. "I did not understand before, as I do now. You are the owner, Mr. Bascom? This is your boat and cargo?"

"Yes, Vera; things have not gone well with me of late, and my entire fortune is here," he answered rather bitterly.

"I am sorry; I had not heard. You have been terribly ill, from your looks, and are lame. It—it was that affair in New York, from which you never recovered?"

"I was in the hospital for months, and scarcely hoped to live. That was when my business went to smash."

"Father never told me; and your mother?"

"Is living in Philadelphia, but in rather straitened circumstances, and ill; my younger brother has been compelled to leave school and seek employment." He smiled weakly. "I had hoped this voyage would set us all on our feet again."

She released her hand from his grasp, and sank down once more into the chair, her glance leaving his face, and seeking mine.

"Mr. Hollis," she said, almost defiantly. "It is my wish that the Indian Chief continue its voyage."

"But I cannot consent—"

"You left this decision to me. Well, I make that decision. My comfort, even the momentary fear which my family may feel over my strange disappearance, could never justify my refusal. I know this gentleman, and have met his mother; we were good friends. He shall not be ruined through any whim of a girl. I urge you to go ahead, not considering me in the least."

"I cannot quite understand so sudden a change."

"Perhaps you do not understand women," she said, and smiled. "Surely you recall who Mr. Bascom is?"

"Not in the remotest degree."

"But we spoke of him in the boat—Philip Bascom."

My eyes widened, and I caught my breath.

"Good heavens! yes; now I recall the affair. He is the man Fergus McCann shot in the hotel restaurant. That was the accident he speaks of. Why, this is strange enough to be fiction."

Bascom stood, leaning on his cane, looking at us, as though failing to comprehend what it was we were talking about. Possibly he did not catch our words clearly, for his white face appeared puzzled.

"You speak of me?" he asked, "of my difficulty with McCann?"

She looked up at him earnestly.

"Yes; it is very strange. You should know the truth. There were three of us who escaped together when the yacht sank; Mr. Hollis, myself and—Fergus McCann."

Bascom straightened, his lips pressed tight.

"He is here now; a guest on board my ship?"

"Yes; I do not know where—sleeping in one of the staterooms, probably. I have not seen him since I came over the side."

Bascom's expression was one of struggle, as he stared into our faces. It was difficult for him to find words; to even control his mind.

"This—this is a misfortune," he said finally. "I do not know how it will end. I have sought to avoid the man. Miss Vera, do you know the truth of that affair? not the newspaper story, but the facts?"

She shook her head.

"I only heard that the trouble occurred over Myra Bradley. McCann found you together, and shot you in a fit of jealous rage."

"So far the story was true; but I was not at the restaurant with Miss Bradley. I had never, but once before, even spoken to her. She called me to her table that evening, where she was dining alone, to question me regarding some mutual friends in Philadelphia. Our brief conversation was most commonplace. McCann shot me without warning; I did not even know he was near until the woman screamed."

"But," I said, as he paused, "was there no trial? That was not the newspaper story."

"I know it," bitterly, "and I have only my word to give you. I could not defend myself, and no one else made any effort to do so. McCann had money and influence; I was lying unconscious in a hospital. The girl was shipped off to Europe; a waiter swore that I drew a revolver, which he afterwards picked up on the floor; the police exonerated McCann on the ground of self-defense, and the case never came to trial."

I held out my hand.

"Having had some experience lately with McCann," I said heartily, "I am perfectly ready to accept your version. His being on board is awkward and unpleasant, but we must put up with it as best we can. Is this your thought, Mr. Bascom?"

He did not answer at once; not until she looked up questioningly.

"There is nothing else possible," he said at last, but as though the admission hurt. "My nature is not revengeful, although I certainly have no feeling of kindness toward this man. However, this is my ship, and he is my guest; as long as he remains on board, I shall treat him as I would any other under like circumstances."

"I knew you would say that," the girl exclaimed. "Now everything is all right, Mr. Hollis!"

"As nearly so as we can make it," I answered, assuming an ease I was far from feeling. "Your decision is that we continue the voyage—to Germany?"

"To wherever Mr. Bascom desires to go."

"Very well. And you appoint me captain, delegating to me full authority?"

"I do, with pleasure."

I held out my hand, surprised to note the strong grip of the slender, white fingers responding to my clasp.

"The matter is settled then, let the result prove what it may. It is already growing dusk; I will go on deck and assume command."

CHAPTER XI.

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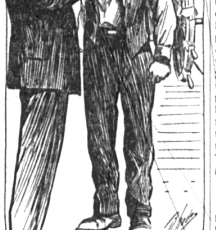
I Select My Officers.

The die was cast. However the strange adventure might eventually end, whatever peril lurked ahead of us, it was now too late for regret. The full responsibility I had assumed almost overwhelmed me as I first emerged upon deck, but there came to me also a spirit of recklessness, which brought a laugh to my lips and a shrug



"From Now On You Will Mess Aft—"

to my shoulders. Why should I care? It was her choice, not mine. A moment I lingered at the port rail, staring out into the smother of the coming dusk, wondering how it would all end, before I climbed the ladder to the poop deck.

The negro was at the wheel, while Masters stood aft gazing astern. He was not aware of my presence until I spoke sharply.

"Mr. Masters."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"I have agreed to take command of the vessel for the remainder of the voyage," I said quietly, "and would have a word with the crew."

"The remainder of the voyage, sir?"

"Yes; the vessel has suffered no serious damage, and there are surely seamen on board to serve as watch officers."

"The bosun is a good man, sir."

"What is his name?"

"Leyord."

"Very well; have the men piped aft."

"All hands, sir?"

"Certainly, Mr. Masters. They have had rest enough, I imagine, the past few days. Now they are in for a spell of work."

I was not altogether pleased with the engineer's manner, a vague suspicion coming into my mind that he also rather preferred a return to Baltimore, and that the crew might desire the same decision. As I went forward to the rail I noticed that both Vera and Bascom had come up as far as the head of the companion, and now stood there in the shadow, where they could both see and hear. McCann, however, did not appear, and was probably asleep below, or still doctoring his discolored optic. I had just a moment to observe these things before the men began to appear aft the mainmast, and form in a straggly line across the deck. They were indeed a rough-looking lot, even for a freighter's crew, plainly showing the effects of prolonged debauches ashore, with several among them still manifestly under the influence of liquor. The re-establishment of sea discipline on board was evidently to be my first task, and my teeth clenched tightly as my eyes swept their faces.

"Come farther aft, men," I ordered sternly. "Bosun, bring them closer in, where they can hear what I say—ay! that's more like it."

I stared down into the upturned faces, noting, it seemed to me, characteristics of every race on earth, and was glad that there before me was grouped the scum of the seven seas.

"Men," I began, gripping the rail and speaking swiftly, "my name is Hollis, and I hold command in the old Atlas line. The owner of this vessel and cargo—Mr. Philip Bascom—has just done me the honor of appointing me as captain for the remainder of the voyage."

The fellows remained silent, except for the restless shuffling of their feet on the deck.

"And what is the vige to be, mister?" suddenly asked a hoarse voice back in the group.

"The same one you signed on for, of course."

"Yer Hamburg?"

"That's where we lay her head."

"But ter perdition wid it; we've a wrecked ship, an' they tell us there's a war on."

"Who tells you that?"

"The guy that come aboard along wit yer; he told the cook."

"Well, war or no war, this ship belongs to Germany, and I am her captain, and you fellows shipped with her for the voyage."

"That's a d—— lie," sang out another voice shrilly, "The most of us wus signed on by crimps."

I straightened up, determined to end the matter then and there.

"We have had enough of this, lads," I said sternly, staring straight down into their faces. "I don't know who among you are doing all of this talking, but I'll answer you this: I am captain of the Indian Chief, and if any of you want to try out whether I can handle my crew or not, go to it. Bosun, come here."

The man named separated himself from the others, and slowly climbed the ladder. He was a big, muscular fellow, with red hair, clipped close to his head, and intelligent blue eyes.

"Your name is Leayord?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"This is your first voyage on the Indian Chief?"

"No, sir; my third."

"Very good, Mr. Leayord; from now on you will mess aft, and rank as first mate, serving watch and watch with me. Is there a man forward capable of filling the second mate's berth?"

He ran his eyes over the group below rather doubtfully.

"Olson might, sir," he answered finally. "He is sober, and a good seaman."

"Step forward, Olson."

The mass of men parted slightly, and a man was pushed to the front. He possessed a strongly marked Swedish face, smooth shaven and almost boyish.

"How old are you, Olson?"

"Twenty-eight, sir."

"You know the sea?"

"Twelve years in the fo'castle, sir."

"All right; I'm going to give you a chance to make good as second officer, Mr. Olson. Now, lads, that's all for the present. I take it you are sailormen, and know what that sky means. The chances are ten to one we'll have a storm before midnight, and we'll meet it better with clear decks. Get forward, all hands, and clear away that riffle—lively now."

They were a bit slow about it, grumbling among themselves. Olson spoke once or twice, although I could not hear exactly what was said, and the power of sea discipline finally conquered. Within ten minutes they were working cheerfully enough, and Leayord had ceased his gruff ordering, and stood silent beside the lee rail. It pleased me to observe that Olson took hold along with the others, and did his full share of the work. I leaned farther over to gain view of the cabin entrance, but Bascom had disappeared. The girl, however, held her place, and glanced up, her eyes meeting mine.

"Could I come up there, Mr. Hollis?" she questioned.

"Certainly; as a passenger this deck is free for your use. Take the starboard ladder."

I gave her my hand, and helped her to cross the rail. She glanced about in the dusk.

"How gray and somber it is," she said soberly. "The fog is almost like a hand clutching at you."

McCann complicates the already serious situation by stirring up mutiny. Things begin to look bad for Hollis and Vera—as told in next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CONDENSED MILK FOR FRENCH

Most of the People of Country Are Making Acquaintance of Product for First Time.

Scarcity of milk has introduced the French people—most of them for the first time—to condensed milk, and, as this has taken an important place in their dietary, has given rise to several careful studies of its value as a food. Doctors Loir and Legagneux of Le Havre report that for adults there is no fault to be found with it.

On its use as a food for babies, Professor Marfan makes a report to the Academy of Medicine. He condemns it as a steady diet, but says that skimmed and sweetened, condensed milk is better than fresh for a dyspeptic baby, and, in hot weather, especially in cities, much safer, as there is little opportunity for its spoiling. Except under these circumstances, or when fresh milk cannot be had, condensed milk should not be given to babies.

Adults should use unskimmed, condensed milk, but Professor Marfan insists that the only form for babies is that made from skimmed and sweetened milk. And it is suggested that every maker be obliged to label his brand either "Skimmed and Sweetened" or "Unskimmed."

Dunne's Interpretation.

One of the ladies who first introduced interpretative dancing — whatever that is—into this country has fleshened up considerably since the days of her initial terpsichorean triumphs among the society folk along the Eastern seaboard. Nevertheless, she continues to give performances to select audiences of artistic souls.

Not long ago Finley Peter Dunne, the humorist, was lured to one of these entertainments. The lady, wearing very few clothes indeed, as a result of their lack, looking even plumper than usual, danced in an effect of moonlight calcium beams.

As Dunne was leaving one of the patronesses hailed him.

"Oh, Mr. Dunne," she twittered, "how did you enjoy the madame's dancing?"

"Immensely," said Dunne. "Made me think of Grant's Tomb in love."—Saturday Evening Post.

Priest Invents Protective Device.

One of the Episcopal clergy of Maryland, Rev. W. A. Crawford-Frost of Baltimore, who already has several inventions to his credit, has recently invented a device for the protection of merchant vessels against torpedoes fired from submarines. This is designed purely for defensive purposes, and is said to be of a simple and inexpensive nature. He has sent drawings of it to Thomas A. Edison and to the naval consulting board, and is offering it to the government of the United States.

Michigan Happenings

Kalkaska—Mrs. David White, a pioneer resident of this place, was choked to death by a piece of meat.

Cadillac—Verile Tapp, 13 years old, was hit in the eye by a shot from an airgun held by a playmate. The sight is not lost.

Lansing—Michigan has a war fund of nearly $4,000,000 remaining from the bond issues of $5,000,000 authorized by the last legislature.

Albion—But four days a week will be devoted to military training at Albion college hereafter. Six days of drill were found too strenuous.

Escanaba—"Buy Liberty bonds and help raise the church debt" is the slogan in a campaign started by the Methodist Episcopal church of this city in an effort to raise $2,000 to clear the church property of debt.

Jackson.—Frank E. Powers, superintendent of prison farms, has entered the aviation service and will join Col. Disque, former warden of Jackson prison, at Portland, Ore., where the latter is in charge of an air unit. Powers is a Spanish war veteran.

Owosso—It was announced here that the projected Flint-Owosso electric line, for which most of the right of way had been secured, has been abandoned, at least until after the war. It was said that the refusal of several farmers to sell land needed for the right of way was a factor in this decision.

Detroit—Cigar lighters, fuse lighters, storm lighters and matches of all kinds are excluded from the mails, under a recent order received from Washington. Postal authorities do not believe it is safe to admit solidified alcohol and preparations called "canned" heat to the mails for foreign countries or the mails for American expeditionary forces. Detroiters are informed by Postmaster Nagel that all packages for soldiers, sailors and marines are throughly inspected before being forwarded and that any prohibited articles will be confiscated.

Port Huron—City demonstrations are being made in war bread making for local women.

Pontiac.—While hunting two miles north of Pontiac, William Tucker, 39, attempted to climb a fence with a loaded shot gun. The gun was discharged and blew off his left foot.

Algonac—Albert Kuzynski went through an airhole while crossing the north channel and narrowly escaped losing his life. Albert Avers succeeded in reaching him with a rope and pulling him to safety.

Kalamazoo.—The county patriotic league is campaigning to raise $350,000 by proportional assessment against every income in the county. This fund will provide the county's quota for patriotic funds for 1918.

Mt. Clemens.—All local hotels and restaurants have been inspected by the state dairy and food department and those found insanitary will be closed to soldiers from Selfridge field. A soldier is placed in front of each place found insanitary.

Big Rapids—Harry Hill, 7, lost his left eye as the result of being hit by an arrow in play. The arrow was shot by Gerald Peaslee while the boys were engaged in mimic warfare. Harry Hill is the son of Rev. Chester Hill, Episcopal rector here.

Pontiac—Sergeant Frank Gordon Ottaway, of the Canadian army, has been sent here to help at the British Canadian recruiting station. He is 18 years old and has seen two years' service in France, was gassed once, struck twice by shrapnel, went through three German air raids, and on one occasion was given up for dead and sent to a morgue. He has been pensioned, because of wounds.

Muskegon—Wholesale ice cream dealers have increased prices from 70 to 90 cents a gallon, because of the sugar shortage and the price of cream.

Bay City—The first wolf seen here in years was shot on the Midland road.

Cadillac—Local hunters are backing the movement to close the hunting season on birds for two years.

Kalamazoo—A free class in telegraphy has been opened at the Y. M. C. A. to train men for the signal corps.

Saginaw—Ferdinand F. Bohn, 74, died from injuries received in a fall from a load of hay at the farm of his son, August, in Richland township.

Lansing—Records of undesirable aliens are being filed away by federal officials. Persons making pro-German statements will be deported after the war.

Ishpeming—Richard Johnson, of this city, died here from spinal meningitis. He was a member of the navy and was home on a furlough when taken ill.

Grand Rapids.—Frank R. Joslyn, of this city, was accidentally killed in Cuba, where he was employed as an engineer in a sugar refinery, according to word received here.

St. Johns—Word has been received here that James Allen, former local boy, has been taken by the Germans. Allen was born here. Two brothers, Patrick and Edward, are in France, while a third brother, Philip, is training at Waco, Tex.

Flint.—Norway is teeming with wealth today, the result of sales of supplies furnished that country by the allies and resold by profiteers to Germany, according to Dr. William Law, American dentist who returned recently from Germany after having remained in Berlin until late October.

Escanaba—John Sagaton, killed here when a train crashed into an auto, was buried with all honors of Indian warriors of old Sagaton. He was a chief of the Chippewa Indians for 10 years and before that his brother held the honor.

Cadillac.—Owners of cut-over lands, in conference here, have decided to send representatives to the annual meeting of the National Sheep Breeders' association at Salt Lake City. An effort will be made to divert some of the sheep raising business from the west to northern Michigan.

A neglected cold in a child's head often leads to chronic catarrh and catarrhal deafness, impairing the child's mental growth, making them appear stupid.

Try Kondon's for the baby's cold (at no charge to you)

50,000,000 have used this 25-year-old remedy. For chronic catarrh, sore throat, coughs, croup, bronchitis, tonsilitis, hoarseness, whooping cough, tickling throat, or hay fever, at druggists. It will benefit you FOUR times in less than 15 mins. or we pay money back. If not total cure free write us—

KONDON MFG. CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

Strength of Egg Shells.

It takes a pressure of 112 pounds to break the shell of the average white egg, and 155 pounds to break that of the average brown egg. Yet the shell of an average egg is only .013-inch thick.

Soothe Itching Scalps.

On retiring gently rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free sample address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

A Soldier's Peace.

"War will not destroy the soldier's peace, if he is a soldier of chivalry. On the contrary, the sense of service of brotherhood, of self-sacrifice, may give him peace for the first time."—Sir Henry Newbolt.

A DAGGER IN THE BACK

That's the woman's dread when she gets up in the morning to start the day's work. "Oh! how my back aches." GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules taken today eases the backache of tomorrow—taken every day ends the backache for all time. Don't delay. What's the use of suffering? Begin taking GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today and be relieved tomorrow. Take three or four every day and be permanently free from wrenching, distressing back pain. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Since 1696 GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been the National Remedy of Holland, the Government of the Netherlands having granted a special charter authorizing its preparation and sale. The housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without bread as she would without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This is the one reason why you will find the women and children of Holland so sturdy and robust.

GOLD MEDAL are the pure, original Haarlem Oil Capsules imported direct from the laboratories in Haarlem, Holland. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Look for the name on every box. Sold by reliable druggists in sealed packages, three sizes. Money refunded if they do not help you. Accept only the GOLD MEDAL. All others are imitations. Adv.

Early Submarines.

The modern submarine is the result of the slow development of an idea and the cumulative work of many inventors. Successful experiments in submarine navigation were made considerably more than 100 years ago. In 1747 the Gentleman's Magazine, a London periodical, published a picture of a submarine boat that was being operated on the Thames. It was invented by an Englishman named Symons. Between 1773 and 1776 an American named Bushnell built a submarine boat which was used in actual warfare, but with little or no effect. It embodied some of the features of the modern submarine. Between 1796 and 1810 Robert Fulton, American inventor of the steamboat, built several submarines which served to demonstrate the feasibility of underwater navigation, but he died before completing his experiments. Experiments and inventions continued in several different countries until the present fighting machine was developed.

No Patent.

"Have you a talking machine at your house?"

"Yes; have had one for the past ten years that has never been out of order, never ran down and hasn't stopped once."

"Where did you get it?"

"I married it."

Five-sevenths of all the women in New York city are in favor of woman suffrage.

The Rich Flavor of Grape-Nuts is due to the blending of malted barley with whole wheat flour

Wheat alone does not possess this rich flavor

The wonderfully easy digestion of Grape-Nuts is also partly due to the barley for the barley contains a digestive which wheat lacks.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts