"Contraband"

By Randall Parrish

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The Best Sea Story of the War That Has Been Written

CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.
—18—

After the meal I yielded to my own need of rest, certain I should be on deck all night, and returned to the cabin. I left my stateroom door open, but in ten minutes I was sound asleep.

What awakened me I do not know. I had a confused sense of some heavy body falling, but no other sound. Yet this impression was so strong, so insistent, that I sat up in the berth, and stared out through the open door into the cabin beyond. I neither saw, nor heard anything, yet did not withdraw my eyes when I got to my feet; then I knew that the dark shapeless object half under the table, was the motionless body of a man. My throat seemed to contract, and choke me, but I forced a quick breath and stepped forward through the door. The dingy cabin was deserted, not another stateroom door open. The table had been cleared of dishes, a decanter of brandy standing alone on the swinging shelf. Underneath, with face concealed in the crook of one arm, lay a man, an ugly gash in the back of his colored shirt, through which fresh blood was oozing, and dripping to the deck. I sprang forward, and turned him over—Dubois.

I could hardly accept the evidence of my own eyes. How had this thing happened? How did the crippled sailor ever get into the cabin? Whose hand could have struck the blow? and for what purpose was it struck? It was murder, a cowardly slash from behind; no wound which could be self-inflicted, but a blow of deliberate purpose. Who aboard would have reason to seek the life of Dubois? I could think of no one; no cause for such a crime. An instant I stared, dazed, into the dead, upturned face, not even knowing where to turn, in which direction to seek the murderer. I felt as though every faculty of both brain and body was paralyzed by the shock. Yet this was but for an instant. I tried the doors of the various staterooms; all opened at my touch, excepting Bascom's, and proved unoccupied. His was locked as usual, and I felt it useless to disturb the man. Leavord was no longer below; he had doubtless awakened and gone on deck, but I discovered Dade asleep in his old berth down the passage, shook him awake, and compelled him to come back with me. The horror of his face at sight of the dead body only intensified my own, but I had grip on my nerves by now, and was determined to learn the truth at once.

"Stay here until I find out what is happening on deck. There is nothing to be afraid of, you fool; the man is dead. Yes, you can stand over there, but don't leave until I come back, and keep your eyes open."

As I emerged from the companion, leaving the dingy, death-shadowed cabin behind, the open deck was such a scene of quiet as to appear like another world. Vera was still resting in her chair not twenty feet away. She glanced up, smiling a welcome, as I crossed the deck, but the expression of her face instantly changed as our eyes met.

"What is it, Mr. Hollis? Are we again in danger?"

"There has been trouble below. Let me question you before I explain. You have been here for the last hour?"

"Yes; longer even than that."

"Who have you seen enter the companion?"

"I slept at first, but have been awake for some time. Dade came out on deck a few moments, and then went back again; that must have been an hour ago. There was no one else until Mr. Leavord was called to take his watch."

"Who called him?"

"Olson; he was not below more than a minute."

"And Leavord responded immediately?"

"Yes, so quickly I remember thinking he could not have removed his clothes to lie down."

"And when was this?"

"A half hour ago; he stopped and spoke with me before taking charge of the deck."

"No one has entered the cabin since?"

She shook her head.

"No one, I am sure; Mr. Olson did not go below; he is forward there now. Please tell me what has happened?"

"Dubois has been killed," I explained briefly. "I found his body on the cabin deck. The deed was just done; this fall awoke me from sleep, but before I could leave the stateroom the murderer had disappeared."

"He—he was murdered! You are sure?"

"There was a knife wound in the back piercing the heart. The man died without a sound."

She rose to her feet, her face white, her body trembling so that I put out my hands to her support, and instantly her fingers clasped mine.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Maniac on Board.

The horror with which she looked into my face held me speechless. Could it be possible that she suspected me, the perpetrator of this crime—that she sought to shield him?

"You searched the cabin? You found no one?"

"Only Dade sound asleep in the steward's stateroom. I awoke him, and left him on watch below."

"There was no one hiding in any of the staterooms? You tried the doors?"

"They were all empty. Mr. Bascom's door was the only one locked."

"You—you made him open?"

"No; why disturb him?"

She drew a quick breath, her eyes on my face.

"You—you have not seen Philip Bascom lately?"

"No, not since we had supper together."

"You saw nothing strange then in his actions, or words?"

"Why nothing that I remarked. He seemed about as usual; more haggard, and nervous possibly, but he spoke cheerfully enough. What can you mean?"

"Oh, I do not really know; perhaps I ought not to say such a thing. I meant to have spoken to you about it before, but so much happened. I forgot. I—I suspect Philip Bascom is insane."

"Insane! Good heavens! why do you say that?"

"He has talked to me so strangely. He—he frightened me, and I was hardly able to quiet him."

"And you suspect he killed Dubois?"

"Who else could it have been?"

There was no answer possible. Every other man on board was already accounted for. The truth was borne in upon me irresistibly. I called Leavord.

The mate thrust his head over the forward rail.

"Do you know if Masters is in the engineroom?"

"I think he is, sir."

"Then call down, and have him send White on deck immediately; and pass the word forward to have Mr. Olson come here."

"Aye, aye, sir; is there anything wrong?"

"I will explain presently; just now I want you to remain in charge of the deck."

Olson arrived first, and I barely had time to tell him briefly what had occurred, when White emerged through the deck opening and reported, his eyes blinking in the bright light, and his face grimy with coal.

"You wanted me, sir?" he asked, with no bluster in the gruff voice.

"Aye, White; you possess the strength and nerve for this sort of job, Miss Carrington here suspects that the owner of this ship has lost his mind. I just found Dubois lying on the cabin deck murdered—"

"Dubois, sir?"

"Yes; he had been stabbed in the back."

"And you believe the owner did it?"

"There is no one else on board who could. He is locked in his stateroom, and we've got to get him out. Come on now, both of you."

I led the way down the stairs in no pleasant frame of mind. An insane man, running free aboard, animated by a desire to kill, added to my other responsibilities, increased our dangers manifold. The cabin seemed so dark after the brightness of the deck above, that I grasped the stair rail and advanced almost blindly. I had reached the center of the cabin before my eyes discerned that there were two bodies outstretched on the deck instead of one. I involuntarily shrank back, gripping the sleeve of White's shirt, and pointing.

"Look here! there are two bodies; he—he has gotten Dade also."

The sailor sprang past me, and dropped to his knees.

"Aye, it's Dade, and the poor cuss is done for, sir—it's another knife thrust in the back."

"And no longer any doubt who did it," echoed Olson, "for there's not another man aboard been aft."

"Right you are," I said, gripping myself ready to act. "And we must get him at once. Come on, both of you; if there's a fight it may take the space of us. He has a knife, and there was a gun in his drawer."

The door of Bascom's stateroom was closed, and I grasped the knob with no thought it would yield to my fingers.

But it did, and I almost fell forward into the room, catching myself, and staring about. The last gleam of the sun streamed in through the stern ports, and every object within was

I Almost Fell Forward Into the Room.

clearly revealed at a glance. The man was not there. I drew back the curtains concealing the bath, but the space was empty; only one of the round ports was partially open, the aperture far too small to admit the passage of a body. The bed had not been slept in, and was neatly made; one drawer of the desk stood open, and papers were scattered on the rug beneath; a chair was overturned on the deck; a chest in one corner had been rummaged, its contents flung aside. My eyes fell on White, his mouth open, his face grotesque in its coating of coal dust.

"Hanged if he ain't got away, sir," he blurted out, "but he never went overboard through that port—a cat couldn't ha' done it."

"No, he's aboard all right," I coincided. "But where? and for what purpose? There is no knowing what a man in his state of mind may do. Good heavens! he could wreck the ship. Get a light, White—take the cabin lantern, Olson and I will have to look behind these doors first, and then we'll explore between decks."

We found nothing, not the slightest trace of the fugitive. Beyond doubt he had gone forward, either seeking to escape, or with the thought that he could attain the deck through some opening amidships. I was cool enough by now to realize the peril we faced between decks, searching for the madman, whom we might encounter at any moment.

"Run on deck, White," I ordered, "and pick up a couple of marling spikes. I have a revolver. Tell Mr. Leavord the situation, and have him keep his eyes open. Better have him warn McCann, and Miss Carrington had best remain near the wheel until we get our hands on this fellow. Hurry back now."

Olson and I remained motionless, our eyes on the black opening leading forward, the dim rays of the lantern falling on the ghastly faces of the two dead men outstretched on the deck. It was a gruesome spot, and my heart was beating like a triphammer. I made sure my revolver was loaded, dropping the weapon into a jacket pocket. White rejoined us, grasping the spikes, one of which he passed over to Olson, who tested the weight in his hand.

"Quiet as a June mornin'-up there, sir," he announced, squinting about. "There ain't nobody seen nuthin' of no maniac. I reckon yer better let Olson carry the lantern, so you and I can be sorter free to grip the chap; we're bigger than the mate."

"From what I've seen of Olson he'll do his share of the fighting," I answered, knowing the Swede to be hot-tempered, and touchy about his size. "However, one will have to carry it."

"It's all right, sir," said Olson quietly. "I'll hold the glim, but if that big duffer doesn't stand up to the job, I'll bust glass an' all over his head."

We certainly made a thorough search of it. I doubt if a stray rat got by us without being seen, but from the after-cabin to the engineroom ladder we found no trace of Bascom; no indication even that he had ever passed that way. The effort to locate Bascom's hiding place was absolutely vain—the cunning of the madman overcame our diligence and wit; he had disappeared as though swallowed by the sea, leaving not so much as a clue behind.

Beyond the hole leading to the engineroom below, our advances were barred by a steel bulkhead, watertight, pierced by a single door, to be sure, but this was closed and locked securely. "Is there any communication between the forecastle and the hold, White?" I asked, staring helplessly at the sailor's barrier.

"No, sir; the fo'castle is all above deck."

"How was this door manipulated? Do either of you know?"

"Well, I had charge o' loadin' the after-hold, sir," and Olson scratched his head trying to remember. "That door never was opened but once, when Captain Hadley tested it before we left Baltimore, or maybe after we got out in the Chesapeake. I think it was opened an' shut frum the bridge, Mr. Hollis."

"That is the usual arrangement, but there is a slot here for a key; still the door is steel, and it looks too heavy for any one man to operate."

I leaned over, and looked down into the lighted engineroom at the bottom of the shaft. All I could see was a great wheel steadily turning.

"Masters,"

The engineer stepped into view, and peered up into the darkness; he appeared hurried and shapeless.

"That you, captain?"

"Yes. Bascom, the owner, has gone crazy, and has hidden himself somewhere on board."

"Well, I'll be swamped! Can't you find him?"

"Not yet; we've searched every place aft. He hasn't visited you?"

"Not to my knowledge. Tony is back in the fireroom; I'll ask him."

The three of us clung to the ladder gazing down, the light from the lantern revealing our faces. Masters was not gone a moment, but his voice had changed.

"Tony's killed, sir," he called up excitedly. "He's lying on the coal in number one bunker, cut in the back with a knife."

The words were not out of his mouth before we were scrambling down. But our haste gained us nothing. The only trail Bascom had left was the dead Italian, stretched out in the half emptied coal bunker, his lips closed forever. It was a knife thrust which had killed him—just such a thrust as had done for his two mates in the cabin above; but the madman had disappeared. However, here was proof positive that the fellow was still on board; still hiding between decks. He had not reached the open, or flung himself into the sea. Masters could tell us nothing; he had heard no sound, seen no shadow. He had been oiling the machinery, and a man could have slipped down the ladder unobserved, and escaped again in the same way. There was no other entrance to the engineroom; the forward bulkhead was solid; there were two ventilator shafts, but neither was large enough for the passage of a man's body, and the coal chute was kept closed and locked at sea. Nevertheless I had these examined, determined to take no chances, and our lantern penetrated every inch of the engineroom and coal bunkers. At the end, utterly baffled, White gave vent to an oath.

"It beats me, sir," he confessed hoarsely, "unless it's a spook we're a-huntin' for."

"I wish it was; the trouble is it is a man, and a mighty dangerous one. Well, he's not down here, and he must have gone back by way of the ladder. The fellow has either found some means of getting into the hold, or else he's managed to slip on deck and perhaps is hidden in the forecastle—no one messes there now?"

"No, sir."

"Then let's have a look up above; come on, men."

"Yer ain't goin' ter leave me down here all alone, are yer, captain?" questioned Masters anxiously, "with Tony lying' dead in there, an' a murderer prowlin' about?"

"He'll not be down here again, but I suppose you must have a fireman—White, you better stay."

"You 'ain't no job I like, sir; I shoveled coal here already for eight hours."

"I'll tackle it, sir," interrupted Olson quietly. "That big boob would throw a fit down here every time he saw a shadow. After you get those hatches off send him in on top o' the cargo. There'd be no danger o' his gettin' hurt if Bascom was a hidin' there."

"Yer a dirty liar! I ain't no more afraid than you are!"

"Then why don't you stay here?"

"I'm plumb tired out shovelin'."

"That will do, men," I broke in sternly. "There will be work enough, and maybe fighting enough for both of you. As long as you have volunteered, Olson, you may take a turn down here, and White will go with me. Keep a sharp eye out, you men below."

The two of us clambered up the iron ladder, the sailor with the lantern in his hand, the marling spike thrust into his belt. I tested the bulkhead door again as we came to it, but it seemed as solid as the steel wall itself, and thoroughly satisfied that it had not been opened since the ship sailed, we mounted to the open deck.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Work of a Fiend.

In spite of what I knew; of the horror and tragedy I had just left behind; the unspeakable terror of feeling that somewhere aboard, hidden in some black corner, lurked an irresponsible being, with murder in his crazed brain; a being devoid of all impulse, save the frenzy of hate, the desire for destruction, yet the sight of that cool, silent deck, already darkened by the gathering shadows of night, instantly calmed me, and brought back my powers of reasoning. The man was not aft; then he must be forward. It was impossible to hide long on shipboard in the face of an intelligent search. Of one thing I was decided—if the fellow had, indeed, succeeded in slipping forward unobserved, he was never to be permitted to return aft again unseen. I would, first of all, see to it that the decks were guarded, and then the rest of us would hunt him in his hole.

"White, you remain here in front of the cabin, and keep your eyes open. Don't let a shadow get past you aft; you understand?"

"Aye, sir."

"Give me the lantern. There is no knowing what that fellow may do; he might fire the ship, or wreck the engines, unless we get him in time."

"You think he's forward, sir?"

"Where else can he be? I'll put another man at the mainmast, and then run him down."

Leavord, attracted by the gleam of the lantern, leaned out over the poop rail.

"That you, captain? Have you got Bascom yet?"

"No; he has managed to escape, and get forward, but not without leaving another victim behind. Tony Rapello is dead in the stokehole."

"The bloody villain! How did he ever get out of there?"

"Which is more than I can figure out; stole on deck, probably, and then slipped along in the rail shadow. Where is McCann?"

"Just gone forward to fix the ridin' lamps."

"All right; sing out to him to keep his eyes on the deck. There doesn't seem to be a great deal of wind, or sea, Mr. Leavord; do you imagine Miss Carrington could hold the wheel for half an hour?"

"I don't see no reason why she shouldn't, sir; I've seen her do it in worse weather."

"Then ask her, please; I'm likely to need both of you if we round up that fellow. He's crazy and armed, and sure to fight hard. Pick up any weapon you can find, and come down here."

They were beside me almost instantly, eagerly questioning as to what had occurred below, their faces expressive of the deep horror both felt at the situation in which we found ourselves. Under other conditions I know I should have felt sincere sympathy for the suddenly stricken Bascom. His former friendship with Vera, what I knew of his misfortunes, the very conception of the man's character which I had formed myself during our brief acquaintance on board, all tended to make the man an object of pity. The murders he had committed were but the result of a diseased brain, the sudden snapping of responsibility. I could not hate the man, or seek him evil—but I could dread him. That was the whole of the dread! Here was a man crazed, murderously insane, who had safely tasted blood, whose insanity had been caused by fear, and brooding over a great wrong. In his disordered brain a mad, desperate desire for revenge had overshadowed all else. To obtain this no deed was impossible, no crime too hideous. And this creature was hidden somewhere between decks, and, unless discovered and made captive, held in his hands the fate of every soul on board. The thought of what he might do during the black darkness of the night terrorized me. At any cost we must have him within our control; we dare not even wait to hope that the man might reveal himself—we must go after him, crawling in the dark, feeling within crevice and cavity, until we uncovered his hiding place.

I explained this quickly to the two men, hiding none of my own fear, but making them comprehend the desperate need of thorough and ceaseless search. The look on their faces evidenced that my words had gone home.

"He's forward, sir; that's clear enough," insisted Leavord. "We'll nab the fellow in the fo'castle yonder accordin' to my notion. What do yer say, Red?"

"That's how I lay it out," coincided the big sailor, clinching and unclinching his hands. "He sure ain't aft; that ain't no way I know how he could git into the hold with the hatches down; so thar ain't nothin' left except the fo'castle, an' the forepeak. We'll find the cuss that all right, sir."

Their confidence had its effect on me.

"Good; White and McCann will guard every inch of the deck, while we take the forecastle first. Bring the lantern, Leavord."

The door was two-thirds shut, and we slid it wide open to gain entrance, feeling our way cautiously down the steps. The place had never been a sea-parlor, but now, deserted by the crew, it presented as dismal a scene, in the dim light of the lantern, as ever I put my foot into. The air was foul with bilge-water, while rotting garments hung to the beams above, or were strewn along the deck. The shadows were grotesque and hideous, and much of the space was cluttered up by discarded sea boots, battered chests and miscellaneous riffraff which the

I Stopped at the Foot of the Steps.

men had left behind in their flight. I stopped at the foot of the steps, but Leavord and Red advanced to the tier of bunks, the former lifting the lantern, while the latter took survey within each. We found no trace of Bascom, but at that I was glad enough to be back again on the open deck, breathing in the fresh night air. It was like a tonic.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BUFFALO WAGES GAME FIGHT

Wounded Animal Gives Battle Royal to Huntsmen When He Is Poked in the Eye.

An exciting story is told of a party who went buffalo shooting in Zuzuland recently. During the course of the holiday a buffalo was shot early one morning. The party saw the animal drop, and as it did not move, decided to deal with it later in the day. Returning in the afternoon they saw the buffalo from a distance, apparently in the same position as they left it. One of the hunters went out to the buffalo, and on reaching it poked a stick in its eye. This had the effect of restoring animation in the animal, which was only badly wounded, and a warm time thereupon ensued for the gentleman in question.

The buffalo jumped up and tackled the hunter, who hung round the neck of the buffalo in the hope of tiring it out. When the other members of the party arrived the buffalo and his foe were whirling round at such a rate that it was impossible to get a shot in without endangering the life of the latter. The buffalo tried to stamp the man to the ground with his forefeet, and at last lifted him with a terrible toss of its horns into a thorn-tree near by. This gave the other men the chance of a shot, and the buffalo's career finally terminated.

Origin of Order of Odd Fellows.

Details of the origin of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows are obscure and probably will always remain so. From incidents attending the extension of Freemasonry in England, America and elsewhere in the period between its arrival, in 1717, and year 1740, and from similarity of emblems and to some extent mechanical arrangement of ceremonials some investigators believe that the order of Odd Fellows was an offshoot of Freemasonry. First recorded lodge was in England in 1745. Its membership consisted of mechanics and laborers. Provisions were made for comfort and recreation of members and practices of contributing to relief of needy and unfortunate brethren began early.—Exchange.

Speaking of Metallic Rings.

"I might have known that you would have refused me," said the poor but otherwise honest young man, who had failed to make an impression on the maiden's heart. "I noticed a metallic ring in your voice when I entered the parlor tonight, that bode me no good."

"And had you been a little more observant," she replied, "you would also have observed a metallic ring on my third finger, which Charlie Gosser placed there last night."

Thirty seconds later his feet were following each other along the homeward trail.

Lady Chauffeurs.

As a general thing, the head that rocks the cradle is a stranger to the foot that kicks the clutch out.—Dallas News.

Sweden has smelted iron for more than 20 centuries and some of its ancient furnaces are in existence.

GERMANS FORCE BRITISH BACK IN FIERCE ATTACKS

BERLIN CLAIMS THAT OVER 45,000 PRISONERS AND NEARLY 1,000 BIG GUNS HAVE BEEN TAKEN.

BRITISH GIVE GROUND BUT LINES ARE KEPT INTACT

Advance Accompanied by Terrific Slaughter of Germans—London Observers Predict Lines Will Not Break.

Berlin—The report from general headquarters on March 27, announces the capture of Lihons, Roye and Noyon, and declares the German forces have crossed the old Somme battle line at many points.

The text reads: "A new phase has set in in the tremendous battle on both sides of the Somme. The enemy is retreating on a wide front. During the pursuit we have already crossed at many points our old positions before the Somme battle in 1916 in a westerly direction. We are before Albert. Lihons, Roye and Noyon have been taken."

The number of guns captured by the Germans in the battle now in progress has increased to 963, army headquarters announced. More than 100 tanks were lying in captured positions, it is added.

Biaches, Barleux and Etalon have been captured by the German forces. The Germans are standing on the heights to the north of Noyon. They captured Bussy, Hihucourt, Biefelliers, Grevillers, Irles and Miraumont and crossed the River Ancre.

Since the beginning of the battle, says the statement, 93 enemy aeroplanes and six captive balloons have been brought down.

British troops just brought forward attacked the German lines violently from the direction of Albert. They were driven back, the report states, after a bitter struggle.

Foe Pays Dearly for Gains.

London—Battling for every point of vantage, giving ground only when overwhelmed by numbers and exacting a frightful toll of lives for every foot of ground abandoned, the British line in Picardy is still intact.

The big battle, started on March 21, has forced the British troops back over a wide front.

It is officially admitted that Peronne and Ham fell on the fourth day of fighting, and Bapaume, Nesle and Guiscard on the fifth day.

The fall of Bapaume was a blow to the British, but is was the result of a determination to fall back slowly all along the line that is being attacked. Official reports state repeated heavy attacks on Bapaume were beaten off by the British, who also forced the Germans back across the Somme at a number of points, only to fall back when the safe retreat of the main body of the army had been assured.

While the German wedge is still moving, its progress is not alarmingly rapid as it was in the first rush of the Teutonic hordes. The yielding line, it is asserted, has absorbed the impetus of the shock and has weathered the storm remarkably well.

Berlin claims 45,000 prisoners have been taken. These probably were units which were left to hold the easier defended points while the main portion of Field Marshal Haig's army fell back.

The British losses have been heavy, but it is officially announced, considering the magnitude of the struggle, are not undue. On the other hand, the Germans have suffered terribly, even Berlin admitting the Teutonic casualties before Peronne "were comparatively heavy."

Emperor Reported in Command.

Emperor William himself is reported to be in command of the German armies fighting this battle, which he previously had declared would be the decisive one of the war, and London commentators credit him with assuming this post with the aim of going down in history as the victor in the greatest conflict in the world's history, should the Germans win, as their leaders have boasted they would.

Confidence that the Allied line, though it may bend, will not break, is expressed by the newspapers which are unanimously hopeful of the outcome of the desperate fighting between the British and Germans.

Papers dwell on the accuracy of the British intelligence service in divining the enemy's intentions and in foreseeing the points and time of attack.

Battles on the western front are only beginning and the newspapers think that the assault on the Cambrai front, which probably was chosen because undulating land in this region usually recovers from the effects of winter some weeks earlier than on the Franco-Belgian frontier, may not represent the main and ultimate feature of the enemy's offensive.

Weed Out Swivel Chair Officers.

Washington—A general weeding out of swivel-chair officers with which various bureaus of the war department is cluttered up, has been ordered by Major General Peyton C. March, acting chief of staff. Enforcement of the new policy will be awaited by the committee before introducing legislation that would prevent commissioning in non-combatant branches of physically fit men of draft age, who have been receiving the same pay as those at the battle front.

Strength Gave Out

Mrs. Schmitt Was Miserable From Kidney Trouble Until Doan's Came to Her Assistance. Now Well.

Mrs. Schmitt

"My kidneys gave out during the change of life," says Mrs. Margaretha Schmitt, 63 Alabama Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. "My back ached and pained as if it were broken. When I moved in bed, sharp, darting pains caught me across my back and I couldn't turn. Mornings I was stiff and sore and it felt as if heavy weights were tied to me. I was so worn-out, often came near falling from dizziness and flashes of fire would come before my eyes, blinding me.

"I had the most severe headaches and my kidneys didn't act regularly. The secretions passed too often and caused much distress. I was hardly able to do my housework and just to walk upstairs took all my strength.

"As soon as I began taking *Doan's Kidney Pills*, I improved and six boxes put me in better health than I had enjoyed for years."

Mrs. Schmitt gave the foregoing statement in 1916 and on April 9, 1917, she said: "My cure has been permanent. I keep Doan's on hand, however, and take a few doses occasionally."

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REWARD FOR TELLING TRUTH

Portuguese Statesman May Not Have Been Flattered, But at Least He Won One Vote.

Senor Costa, the Portuguese prime minister, in excusing himself from making a speech on the ground that he was no orator, told an amusing anecdote at a luncheon party given in his honor during his recent visit to London. It appears that when he first put up for the Portuguese national council he prefaced his opening address to the electors by saying frankly to his lack of oratorical gifts. After he had finished a man pushed forward, grasped his hand warmly, and said:

"Senhor, I've been a lifelong opponent of yours, but at the coming election I shall vote for you."

"Thank you," said Costa, much gratified. "May I ask the particular reason for your change of views?"

"Because you are the first speaker on either side that I have heard tell the truth," was the reply. "You said when you began that you couldn't make much of a speech, and by heavens, senhor, you can't."

Going to Be Something.

A colored man in Philadelphia requested his employer to release him so that he could go South.

"What do you want to go for, Lafayette?"

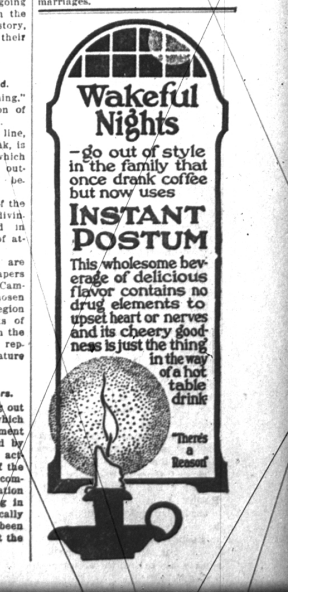
"Cos I'se called to a church down dar."

"Called to a church? What are you going to be?"

"I'se goin' to be sumfin. I dunno whedder I be de pasture or de sextant or de vestryman, but I'se goin' to be sumfin."—New Success.

Daily Thought.

Degrees infinite of luster there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race forever.—Ruskin.

If they couldn't remarry few women would want a divorce.

The worst feature of a divorce is that it usually results in two more marriages.