"CONTRABAND"

By RANDALL PARRISH

A War Sea Story Abounding in Adventure and High Romance

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CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

—15—

I know not what time passed as I held her in my arms, and whispered those words repeated so long. Almost had I forgotten where we were, the nature of our surroundings, the fate which threatened us. I could remember only her, the velvety touch of her flesh, the welcoming light of love in her eyes. I know not what we talked about, conscious only of the joy of being alone together, with every barrier between us swept away forever. The sunshine poured in through the open port, touching her hair with threads of golden light, and leaving a bar of brilliance across the stateroom deck.

Yet I imagine the respite was not long. There came a sharp rap upon the wood of the door, bringing us instantly back to a realization of our position. Her arms released me, and I arose to my feet.

"What is wanted?"

"It's a few minutes till noon, str," said a voice I failed to recognize. "And I'm to tell you to come on deck."

"Quite right, my man, I'll be there at once. Stand by to carry the instruments."

"Aye, aye, sir."

There was a certain cheerfulness and respect in the voice, which convinced me that the fellow was not among the ringleaders, but the hope of making him an adherent to our cause vanished when I opened the door, and recognized Dade. The man was too weak, too much of a jellyfish, to render his friendship of any particular value. Besides Dugan was also in the cabin, leaning idly against the stair-rail, but quite as evidently on guard. I nodded to him, but he only condescended to stare in return, and the look in his eyes convinced me that he had not yet forgiven the rough treatment accorded him a few hours before. The memory made me smile.

"I've seen you when you looked happier, Dugan," I said carelessly, "but I imagine you have nothing on Jim White."

"To h—l with yer," he growled savagely. "If I had my way ye'd have no tongue left to get smart with. Get along now after yer things."

Dade followed me into the captain's stateroom. He was obedient enough, but reluctant to talk, no doubt afraid of being overheard by Dugan.

The conspirators were grouped on the after deck waiting my arrival, and I followed Dade up the ladder, determined they should perceive no change in my demeanor, which might awaken suspicion. McCann's manner was far from cordial as I approached, but I thought it best to ignore his churlishness.

"You were long enough coming; perhaps you still think yourself in command?" he said savagely.

"That would indeed be a stretch of the imagination," I replied, holding my temper; and mentioning Dade where to place the sextant. "However, I do not think I have wasted my time—it is still two minutes of twelve."

He growled something, but busied myself with the observation, only anxious to make it accurate enough for my own use. Whatever figures I reported, it was absolutely necessary that I know myself the exact position of the ship. Nor did I dare to juggle them greatly in my report, for while McCann was far from being an expert navigator, he yet possessed a smattering of knowledge, which rendered him dangerous, and he was very sure to check up my figures with every care possible. However, I fooled him by a point or two, sufficient for my purpose, and wrote down the result on the back of an old envelope, while stowing away the correct figures in my own brain.

Although the air was balmy enough, the wind from the southwest almost directly in our teeth, yet there was a look of the north about both sea and sky, which would have convinced me that we were approaching higher latitudes without the aid of my observation. Without being able to explain the phenomenon the seaman instinctively recognizes northern waters. Now, as my eyes swept the wide circle of the horizon, vainly seeking the gleam of some distant sail, the heaving expanse of water, the overarching sky were almost alike in color—a cold, repellent blue, misting into gray afar off, as though particles of fog filled the atmosphere. Indeed it was this which interested me the most, this vague evidence of floating vapor, for I knew enough of these seas to suspect that this might prove the forerunner of storm, already preparing to sweep down upon us out of the more northern mystery. Others must have noted the evidence also, for Liverpool crossed the deck to where I stood, leaving McCann with the chart in his hands.

"What do yer think o' that sorter mist out yonder?" he asked, indicating the distance by a sweep of the hands, and striving to make his gruff voice sound friendly.

"It may mean nothing," I answered civilly enough. "I have never sailed these waters, but my guess would be that there is a storm brewing to the north of us. What does the barometer say?"

"A slight drop in the last two hours; nothin' much yet, but it don't look good to me."

McCann joined us, the chart still half open.

"There seems to be plenty of harbors along this Newfoundland coast line," he said. "Do you know what they are like?"

"Only what the map says. The whole coast is rugged and rocky, dangerous for any vessel larger than a fishing schooner. There are government mail boats calling at those smaller towns during the summer months."

"How far are we to the north of St. Johns?"

"Two hundred and fifty miles, approximately."

"Which makes us about due east of this White bay indicated here?"

"Yes; but there is not even the name of a town given; all that country is wilderness, I take it. Why do you ask? I thought you had decided on St. Johns?"

"So we have," in no pleasant tone, and crumpling up the chart in both hands, "but I thought if there was a more quiet port to the north it might be safer. There are apt to be warships at St. Johns. However, we will keep to that course." He turned to Liverpool.

"Where's White?"

"Forward somewhere."

"Have him come aft, and take the deck; it's time for dinner."

I shall never forget that meal—not the first, but the last time we were all together about the table in the after cabin. Not that anything occurred of special interest to this story, but I doubt if ever a stranger company, under stranger circumstances, was ever gathered together, even at sea. McCann rapped at Miss Carrington's door, and she received his invitation to join us with a graciousness of manner which must have surprised the man.

Liverpool, who sat at the lower end, his uncombed red thatch more conspicuous than ever, appeared decidedly ill at ease, but his presence failed to embarrass the rest of us, or interfere with the game. Dade, at McCann's orders, helped Philip Bascom from his cabin, and found him a place at Miss Carrington's left, directly opposite the New Yorker, the two men greeting each other with a stiff bow. I had not seen Bascom for some days, and could not help being impressed with his appearance of illness, his face having a positively ghastly look. Yet he seemed equal to the occasion, entering into conversation with the lady, and even occasionally addressing a remark to McCann, who replied in assumed good humor. Wine was served, although previously I had no knowledge of any being on board, and the party developed into a rather pleasant occasion.

The girl played her part well, and I could read Bascom's bewilderment as he endeavored to join with them in the same spirit. To relieve his embarrassment, I managed to keep up a desultory conversation with him, although my thoughts were busy enough elsewhere, endeavoring to figure out the meaning of all this byplay. It was a decided relief when the party finally broke up, and McCann conducted the lady back to her stateroom, pausing for a final farewell at the door.

CHAPTER XXIII.

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The Depth of Despair.

McCann's manner changed instantly with the closing of the door, although he indulged in no remark, except to order Liverpool to take charge of the deck, and permit White to take his place at the table. He passed me by without a word or glance, and disappeared into his own stateroom, the farther one aft to starboard. I waited until Dade had assisted Bascom to retire, and then sought my own berth to think the whole affair over. Bascom's appearance shocked me, and I felt there was a death look in his face, but our own perilous position kept my mind from dwelling long on this theme. There was little—nothing, in fact—that I could do. I must be content to leave Vera to evolve some means for the final overthrow of these men who held us prisoners. Dubois remained in the cabin on guard, probably with instructions to prevent my holding any private interviews, and the only assistance I could give lay in the juggling of figures, in which I could not be too cautious.

The main doubt assailing me had come from a dim suspicion aroused on the deck by McCann's questioning, and a sly glance exchanged between him and Liverpool. Were the fellows really contemplating making a landing elsewhere on the Newfoundland coast, instead of at St. Johns? This was not impossible, and the fact that it would take us thoroughly by surprise would appeal to the conspirators. Yet I discovered absolutely nothing on which to base such an assumption. McCann was evidently in no haste to reach the latitude of St. John's, and take to the boats, for the Indian Chief was proceeding with greatly reduced speed, and as the afternoon wore slowly away, it seemed to me we were scarcely moving, the reverberation of the screw being barely perceptible. To assure myself that the course I had mapped out was still being adhered to, I ventured into the cabin for a glance at the telltale compass. We were headed to the west of south.

The man Simms was on guard, lolling against the butt of the mizzen mast, with no one else visible. To test his orders, I turned toward the closed door of Miss Carrington's stateroom. Instantly he was on his feet to interfere.

"You are not to do that, sir."

"Not to do what?"

"Speak alone with the lady; those were my orders."

I raised my voice in remonstrance, but had scarcely uttered a word, when McCann emerged from his stateroom, leaving the door ajar, and crossed the deck to face me.

"What is the trouble here, Simms?" he asked, the harshness of his tone differing greatly from the pleasant conversation at dinner.

"Mr. Hollis was going to rap on the lady's door, sir."

"Oh, he was, hey! Well, now see here, Hollis, you understood that you were to have no communication with any prisoners aboard, didn't you?"

"I was not aware that Miss Carrington was considered a prisoner."

"Well, whether she is or not, she is no longer to be bothered with your attentions," with no attempt to control his temper. "I consider that you have broken your word. You will go back to your stateroom and stay there."

"Supposing I refuse?"

He grinned, exposing his teeth like a great cat.

"I wouldn't advise you to try that," he sneered, "for there is crew enough on deck to man-handle you to a finish. You can go in quietly, or I'll call them down, and have you thrown in. So take your choice."

I looked at the two of them, eager enough myself to make it a fight. Yet what was the use? Any excuse enabling him to confine me more closely would evidently be to his advantage. I conquered myself, and hands clinched, crossed the deck space, and entered my stateroom, closing the door. I heard McCann laugh, and say something to Simms; then I knew he crossed the cabin, and went up the stairs. To better control myself I thrust my face out through the open port, breathing in the salty freshness of the air.

Suddenly I became aware that others had entered the main cabin. There was no sound of voices; nothing to tell me the purpose of this invasion, yet I felt certain that, at least, a dozen men had descended the steps from the companion. I stood erect listening; there was fumbling at my door. Had McCann changed his mind? Were they about to attack me in force? Revolver in hand I took a step forward, half-ready to welcome any open hostility.

"The first sea rat to open that door," I called, "will get what's coming to him!"

There was a mocking laugh in answer, in which more than one voice joined; then White growled reply:

"No one is a' comin' in, mister; an' damn me, if you're goin' ter get out."

I grasped the knob, throwing my whole weight against the wood. It yielded scarcely half an inch, just enough to reveal a stout bar. This time I was a prisoner beyond doubt; they had left me no loophole of escape. But why? What had I done to warrant them in breaking their pledge? Could it be that McCann had no further use for me? no desire for another observation? If this was true, then it must be the men proposed deserting the ship that very night, and taking a chance at getting ashore in one of those northern bays. And they had nailed me in to die like a rat in this hole, when the Indian Chief went down.

For the instant, as this fear gripped me, I was dazed and incapable of thought; helpless to even clearly comprehend the full horror. I do not believe it was my own situation which so completely unmanned me, but the remembrance of Vera. What would become of her? She would be alone in McCann's power without a human being to whom she could appeal. She would be forced into the boat despite her struggles, laughed at, and mocked. She might even be compelled to witness the slow sinking of the ship carrying us down into the depths. And then—what? The vision I conjured up was agony, and I sank back upon the stool, my face buried in my hands.

It is not even yet clear in my mind how the remaining hours of that afternoon passed. I was conscious only of a mind, impotent rage. Wild schemes flashed through my brain, only to fail of execution. There could be only one reason for McCann's action—desertion of the ship, that same night. If the mutineers were really, as pretended, intending to land their boats in the harbor of St. John's, they would require my services for at least another

"You Are Not to Do That, Sir."

day yet. No one else on board could place the vessel at the point designated. Their actions, however, plainly evidenced that I was no longer needed, and that their plans had been changed.

Indeed no one held communication with me all that afternoon; occasionally I overheard movements in the cabin, but could scarcely peer through my door, and was unable to ascertain who were present, while the few words distinguished brought me no specific information. That some movement of secret importance was going on aboard seemed more than probable. I became impressed with the conviction that food supplies were being conveyed from the lazarette to the boats and stowed away.

Supper was served early in the cabin, but was evidently more of a lunch than a meal, no attempt being made at formality. McCann, Liverpool and Miss Carrington were at the table together, but, while I could differentiate their voices, conversation was carried on in such low tones, I could make little of it. When they left the table Vera went to the piano, and played and sang all the time White was eating. My little peephole gave me a glimpse of McCann, leaning against the mizzen mast, his eyes upon her. No offer of food was made me, nor did I see, or hear Bascom; if he ate at all it must have been in his own stateroom. Finally the music ceased, the two exchanging a few apparently friendly words, before the girl excused herself, and returned to her room.

I sat down to think again—hopeless, my mind on the same treadmill. What could I do? What effort of mine was possible? There was no means by which I could escape from the stateroom; I was like a rat in a trap, and McCann intended to leave me there to drown. Within an hour, perhaps; certainly before midnight, those devils would desert the ship, and take to the boats. Already I was practically dead; certainly as helpless to prevent the consummation of this villainous plan as though fathoms beneath the sea. How probably still it was on board. Suddenly it occurred to me that Dade had not even cleared the table; at least I had heard no rattle of dishes, or any evidence of work. Such neglect certainly must mean that McCann's plan was known to all aboard of his own conspiracy. I opened the door again, noiselessly, its scant quarter of an inch before it was stopped by the bar, and sought to look out. The space gave me no view; there was a light burning, but turned so low as to leave the cabin in semi-darkness. I waited listening, but no movement told of any presence. For the fourth time I tried my knife point on the bar holding me prisoner. It barely scratched the wood. For I could not force the handle through the narrow opening. I might smash it by shots from my revolver, but that would leave me unarmed, and create an alarm which would fill the cabin with men; besides the severed ends of the bar would still hold the door secure.

I straightened up, my heart beating like a triphammer. Something strange, unaccountable was occurring in the cabin. I could make nothing of it; not even satisfy myself that what I seemed to hear was an actual reality—yet there was a sound like a blow, followed by a barely audible groan, and the sliding of a body to the deck.

CHAPTER XXIV.

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The Hand of Fate.

It seemed an age I stood there, bending to the narrow crack, hearing no further sound, and unable to guess what had occurred in the semidarkness of the apparently deserted cabin. I could distinguish no movement, not even the sound of breathing. Then a soft whisper spoke almost in my ear, causing me to start back as though stabbed by a gun.

"Robert!"

There was agony in the utterance sufficient to disguise the low voice, yet I could not doubt the identity of the speaker.

"Yes; I am here; what has happened?"

"Oh, don't ask that. I hardly know myself. It was all impulse, desperation. Listen; they are going to desert the ship within an hour. McCann told me. I—I let him believe I would go with him to save my own life. I—I didn't know what to do. All that was left me was to pray and watch."

"Yes, dear heart—but what happened? you must speak quickly. They all left the cabin, and went on deck."

"Yes; to provision the boats; they are lowering the two forward ones now. I was told to get my own things ready."

"No guard was left here below?"

"Only Dade; they knew you could not possibly get out, and they had no fear of me because I was so frightened."

"And what became of Dade?"

She caught her breath, the answer a sob almost inaudible.

"I struck him; dear, there was no other way. Maybe I killed him, but—but I never meant to do that. I used the only weapon I had—an iron leg from my washstand.

"Don't worry; it was either his life, or ours. There is no one else then below?"

"Not—not now."

"Is there any way of loosening this bar? I cannot even determine how it is fastened; there were no cleats."

I could see her outline as she stood there, feeling with her hands; then realized that a length of iron was inserted between the wooden bar and the jamb of the door; there was a crunching sound, not loud enough to be alarming, and the bar fell, but was caught before it struck the deck. Instantly I was in the cabin, and had grasped her hands still clinging to the leg of the washstand.

"You brave, dear girl!"

"Oh, don't, not now!" she pleaded, drawing back. "What shall we do?"

"What do you know?" I asked. "Tell me as quick as you can."

"They are lowering the boats. He will be back for me in a minute."

"Yes, I know; but they mean to open the sea-cocks first?"

"I was not told; no one has come down this way."

"Whoever is given that job would use the mainhatch, or the ladder to the engine room. You do not know if all the crew are on deck?"

"The man White yelled down the ladder to somebody, whom he called Tony, to use only the one screw—do you know a man by that name?"

"Aye, Tony Rappello, the head fireman; he could keep the machinery going. Now one thing more—where have they confined Leayord and Olson?"

"I haven't dared ask," she admitted. "I did not suppose they would leave the ship tonight, and thought I might find some way to discover this for myself."

"You have no hint?"

"Only that the boy Moon carried food forward from the table while I was at the piano."

"Forward? on deck?"

"No; down the passage amidship."

"Good; that is what I supposed, and it gives us a far better opportunity to reach the men than if they were being held in the forecastle. They are in the petty officers' quarters, no doubt. Now, listen, dear. McCann may come for you at any moment. You must go back to your stateroom, so that he will not suspect. Leave the rest to me, but delay him in every way possible."

"Am I to go with him?"

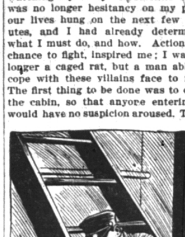
"Only as a last resort. If I can release Leayord and Olson in time to act we'll back the game. This probably depends on how long you can keep McCann on board."

"He must not suspect your escape."

"No; I'll attend to that." I caught her in my arms, and kissed her, feeling her arms twine about my neck. "You must go now, dear. You trust me?"

"With all my heart."

She crossed swiftly to her stateroom, stepped within, and partially closed the door, yet, I felt, stood there, watching my every movement. There was no longer hesitancy on my part; our lives hung on the next few minutes, and I had already determined what I must do, and how. Action, the chance to fight, inspired me; I was no longer a caged rat, but a man able to cope with these villains face to face. The first thing to be done was to clear the cabin, so that anyone entering it would have no suspicion aroused. Time,



Dade Was Unconscious but Not Dead.

time in which to work, was my one great need, and this could only be had while McCann believed me still to be a helpless prisoner. I caught up the wooden bar from where it lay on the deck, closed my stateroom door and, fitting the nails back into the old holes, drove them in tightly with the iron Vera had used to pry them free.

Dade was unconscious, but not dead. I only needed to touch his flesh to assure me of this fact, yet the fellow neither stirred, nor groaned, as I hastily dragged his body into the nearest open doorway. He should have been bound and gagged, but I could not waste the moments for that job, and satisfied myself with closing and locking the door. Then, for an instant, I stood, panting for breath, uncertain as to my next move, taking hasty survey.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BREEDING DOGS WITH WOLVES

Darwin's Belief Was That Domestic Canines Represent Several Races of the Wild Animal.

In "The Origin of the Species" Darwin expressed the opinion that the dog was originally descended from the wolf. He was inclined to think that in different parts of the globe than had tamed the particular species of wolf which would be found there, and that our domestic dogs, therefore, represent not one but several races of the wild animal, writes R. H. Townshend in the Westminster Gazette. It has long been known that dog and wolf will interbreed freely. Buffon, for example, tells us that he made such a cross successfully. Indeed, in Russia the Tsars long kept up a fierce pack of hounds for wolf hunting in which a strong strain of wolf was evident. Unfortunately, a few years ago the little daughter of a huntsman, crossing their kennel alone, stumbled and fell, and the savage brutes set upon her and devoured her on the spot. The indignant tsar had the whole pack destroyed.

Even in England the cross with the wolf has been resorted to for otter hounds in order to increase the courage and strength of jaw of the dogs. But as the first cross proved rather too wild and uncertain in temper for safe handling, the masters of otter hounds have always crossed back again and again to the dog till there remained perhaps only one sixty-fourth of wolf blood, or even less.

This fact establishes the fertility of the hybrid between the wolf and the dog when bred back to one of the original parents, but so far there has been no evidence to show how far the hybrids would be fertile when bred together continuously. Recently, however, in the present century, this has been tested by Dr. Alaric Behm of the Stockholm zoological gardens, who has given a brief account of the results obtained by him.

Antiquity of Nursery Rhymes.

"Sing a Song of Sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice" is found in a music book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse" was licensed in 1580. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice" dates from 1633. "London Bridge Is Falling Down" is of "unfathomable" antiquity. "Boys and Girls Come Out to Play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles the Second, as is also "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket," to the tune of which the American song, "Yankee Doodle" was written. "Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been" is one of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century. "The Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket" is of the reign of James the Second, to which monarch it is said to allude.

Avoiding Trouble.

How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says, or does or thinks, but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and pure.—Marcus Aurelius.

ORCHARD GLEANINGS

TO PREPARE GRAFTING WAX

Directions Given for Melting Resin, Beeswax and Beef Tallow—Make It Into Sticks.

A good grade of grafting wax may be made as follows: Resin four parts by weight, beeswax two parts by weight, beef tallow one part by weight. The ingredients should be melted together but not boiled. As soon as they are all melted stir thoroughly and pour into a tub of tepid water. Grease the hands with tallow and work the mass under water in such a way that it will cool evenly throughout. When tough remove from the water and pull like candy until it becomes a light straw color. Make into sticks about an inch in diameter, wrap in oiled paper and lay aside until wanted.

To use, simply warm by holding in the hands or by working it under tepid water. It will keep indefinitely. If the wax is lumpy it is because it was boiled or because it was cooled too quickly. Lumpy wax may be improved by heating slowly (preferably in a double boiler or glue pot) until it is completely melted and then repeat as before.

PRUNING THE FIRST WINTER

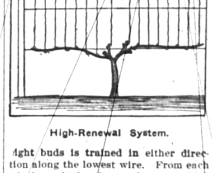
Horticulturist Must Then Shape His Vines According to Character of Plant Growth.

Pruning grapes the first winter after the vines are started is most important. It is then that the horticulturist must carefully study the vines, shaping them according to the character of the growth made by the plants. If the season has been bad, or, because of any other reason, the year's growth has been weak and short, all the wood except the biggest and strongest shoots should be taken off and the big shoot cut back to not more than three buds.

HIGH-RENEWAL SYSTEM PLAN

Trellis Consisting of Three or More Wires Is Required—Shoots Must Be Tied to Supports.

The high-renewal system of training grapevines requires a trellis consisting of three or more wires or other suitable supports carried by posts or stakes placed at convenient distances apart in the row of grapevines, the vines themselves being planted 6 or 10 feet apart in the row. The first or lowest wire upon the trellis is usually 18 or 20 inches from the ground. The next is about 18 inches higher, and the third about 2 feet still higher. The main trunk of the vine is carried to the height of the lowest wire or support. From it a cane carrying about



High-Renewal System.

eight buds is trained in either direction along the lowest wire. From each of these buds shoots develop which bear the crop of the season; but as these shoots are seldom able to care for themselves they must be tied to the upper supports of the trellis.

MAKING LAYERS OF GRAPES

Operation May Be Done by Bending Shoot Down and Burying Part in Shallow Trench.

Layers of Concord and Niagara grapes may be made of the present season's growth by bending a shoot down and burying a portion of its length in a shallow trench about one inch in depth. Cover with rich earth. The extreme end of the layered shoot should be tied to a stout stake in an erect position. By fall the layered shoot will be rooted and it may then be cut off from the parent vine. This is a good way to grow extra vines.

BURN DEAD TREES IN WINTER

Particular Attention Should Be Paid to Those Killed by Borers to Destroy Insects.

Oak or other trees that have died during the year, especially if they have been killed by borers, should be removed and burned this winter. If left till spring the insects will lay eggs in healthy trees and perhaps cause their destruction.

ORCHARD USED FOR PASTURE

All Right for Sheep, Calves and Poultry, but Horses and Cattle Should Be Kept Out.

Cattle and horses should not be allowed to graze in the orchard, as they not only tramp the sod hard, but will eat the tender shoots of the trees. The orchard may be used as a pasture for sheep, calves and poultry, but not for horses or cattle.

Clons for Spring Grafting.

Cut the clons for next spring's grafting. Cover them with soil or sand, and put them where they will keep cool and moist—not get wet nor freeze.

Buying Spraying Materials.

Join with your neighbors in buying spraying materials, and thus get the benefit of wholesale prices.

Pruning Apple Trees.

Apple trees may be pruned with safety at any time after the leaves fall.

To drive a tank, handle the guns, and sweep over the enemy trenches, takes strong nerves, good rich blood, a good stomach, liver and kidneys. When the time comes, the man with red blood in his veins "is up and at it." He has iron nerves for hardships—an interest in his work grips him. That's the way you feel when you have taken a blood and nerve tonic, made up of Blood root, Golden Seal root, Stone root, Cherry bark, and rolled into a sugar-coated tablet and sold in sixty-cent vials by almost all druggists for past fifty years as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This tonic, in liquid or tablet form, is just what you need this spring to give you vim, vigor and vitality. At the fag end of a hard winter, no wonder you feel "run-down," blue, out of sorts. Try this "Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's. Don't wait! To-day is the day to begin! A little "pep," and you laugh and live.

The best means to oil the machinery of the body, put tone into the liver, kidneys and circulatory system, is to first practice a good house-cleaning. I know of nothing better than a laxative than a vegetable pill made up of May-apple, leaves of aloe and jalap. This is commonly sold by all druggists as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and should be taken at least once a week to clear the twenty-five feet of intestines. You will thus clean the system—expel the poisons and keep *well*. Now is the time to clean house. Give yourself a spring house cleaning.—Adv.

Had He Picked Out His General?

Ben Hapgood Burt, who writes popular songs, was haranguing a group of his fellow members of a theatrical club in New York city upon the subject of patriotism in the present national crisis. It was his contention that every man should do his bit—in the fighting line, if possible.

"Look here, Ben," spoke up a listener; "I haven't heard that you have enlisted yourself, yet."

"Oh, I've got my job all picked out!" said Burt. "And what's more, it's going to be a job in the army, too."

"What sort of a place are you going to fill?" asked another.

"I'm going to be chauffeur to a general with a yellow streak," said Burt.

FRECKLES

New is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

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

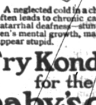
Simply get an ounce of shine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear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

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

Moderation.

"For a pessimist, you are quite cheerful." "I'm what is known as an optimistic pessimist."

The manufacture of glycerin from sugar is a war triumph.



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Hogs will fatten quicker, horses will look sleeker, poultry will be healthier. Send the Practical Home Veterinarian book for free booklet on Absorbs-In Cures. If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 100 Grand Avenue, Waukesha, Wis.

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Will restore color to the faces of those who lack iron in the blood, as most pale-faced people do.

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