BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of A Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

by

CYRIL McNEILE "SAPPER"

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

Copyright by Geo H Doran Co

FROM HEADQUARTERS.

Synopsis.—In December, 1918, four men gathered in a hotel in Berne and heard one of the guests, Carl Peterson, outline a plan to paralyze Great Britain and at the same time seize world power. The other three, Hocking, American, and Steinemann and Von Gratz, Germans, all millionaires, agree to the scheme, providing another man, Hiram Potts, an American, is taken in. Capt. Hugh Drummond, an ex-officer, advertises for work that will give him excitement, signing "X.O." As a result he meets Phyllis Benton, a young woman who answered his ad; she tells him of strange murders and robberies by a band headed by Carl Peterson and Henry Lakington she fears her father is involved. Drummond goes to The Larches, Miss Benton's home, next door to The Elms, Peterson's place. During the night Drummond leaves The Larches and explores The Elms. He discovers Lakington and Peterson using a dumbbell on Potts, who signs a paper. Drummond rescues Potts and takes him to his own home. He also gets half of the paper torn in the fight. Peterson visits Drummond, parleying with a threat to return and recover Potts and the torn paper. Hugh substitutes Mullings for Potts. The band carry off Mullings and Drummond to The Elms. When Peterson discovers the hoax Drummond is made to stay all night. Irma, Peterson's handsome daughter, warns Hugh he will be killed if he tries exploring during the night. Hugh falls into a coma; escapes mysterious death; and refrains from breaking Peterson's neck.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

—8—

FOUR.

"I heard you were down here," she said gravely, holding out her hand to him. "I've been sick with misery ever since father told me he'd seen you."

Hugh imprisoned the little hand in his own huge ones, and smiled, reassuringly.

"Don't worry, little girl," he said. "Years ago I was told by an old gypsy that I should die in my bed at a ripe old age and excessive consumption of invalid port. . . . As a matter of fact, the cause of my visit was rather humorous. They abducted me in the middle of the night, with an excessive dose of my old friend, who was, I regret to state, sleeping off the effects of much indifferent liquor, in my rooms. They thought he was your American millionaire cove, and the wretched Mullings was too drunk to deny it. In fact, I don't think they ever asked his opinion at all." Hugh grinned reminiscently. "A pathetic spectacle."

"Oh! but splendid," cried the girl a little breathlessly. "Tell me, where is the American now?"

"Many miles out of London," answered Hugh. "I think we'll leave it at that. The less you know, Miss Benton, at the moment—the better."

"Have you found out anything?" she demanded eagerly.

Hugh shook his head.

"Not a thing. Except that your neighbors are as pretty a bunch of scoundrels as I ever want to meet."

"But you'll let me know if you do." She laid a hand beseechingly on his arm. "You know what's at stake for me, don't you? Father, and—oh! but you know."

"I know," he answered gravely. "I know, old thing. I promise I'll let you know anything I find out. And in the meantime I want you to keep an eye fixed on what goes on next door, and let me know anything of importance by letter to the Junior Sports club." He lit a cigarette thoughtfully. "I have an idea that they feel so absolutely confident in their own power that they are going to make the fatal mistake of underrating their opponents. We shall see." He turned to her with a twinkle in his eye. "Anyway, our Mr. Lakington will see that you don't come to any harm."

"The brute!" she cried, very low. "How I hate him!" Then with a sudden change of tone she looked up at Drummond. "I don't know whether it's worth mentioning," she said slowly, "but yesterday afternoon four men came at different times to The Elms. They were the sort of type one sees tub-thumping in Hyde Park, all except one, who looked like a respectable workingman."

Hugh shook his head.

"Don't seem to help much, does it? Still, one never knows. Let me know anything like that in future, at the club."

"Good morning, Miss Benton," Peterson's voice behind them made Drummond swing round with a smothered curse. "Our inestimable friend, Captain Drummond, brought such a nice young fellow to see me last night, and then left him lying about the house this morning. I have sent him along to your car," continued Peterson suavely, "which I trust was the correct procedure. Or did you want to give him to me as a pet?"

"From a rapid survey, Mr. Peterson, I should think you have quite enough already," said Hugh. "I trust you paid him the money you owe him."

"I will allot it to him in my will," remarked Peterson. "If you do the same in yours, doubtless he will get it from one of us sooner or later. In the meantime, Miss Benton, is your father up?"

The girl frowned.

"No—not yet."

"I'm on. I will go and see him in bed, but the present, au revoir." He walked toward the house, and they watched him go in silence. And it was as he opened the drawing-room window that Hugh called after him:

"Do you like the horse Elliman's or the ordinary brand?" he asked. "I'll send you a bottle for that stiff neck of yours."

Very deliberately Peterson turned round.

"Don't trouble, thank you, Captain Drummond. I have my own remedies, which are far more efficacious."

CHAPTER V.

In Which There Is Trouble at Goring.

ONE.

The car slowed up before the post office and Hugh got out. There were one of two things he proposed to do in London before going to Goring, and it struck him that a wire to Peter Darrell might allay that gentleman's uneasiness if he was late in getting down. So new was he to the tortuous ways of crime that the foolishness of the proceeding never entered his head; but, before he did this, he thought he had wished to send a wire he had sent one. And so it may be deemed a sheer fluke on his part, that a man dawdling by the counter aroused his suspicions. He was a perfectly ordinary man, chatting casually with the girl on the other side; but it

"Oh! but Splendid," Cried the Girl a Little Breathlessly.

chanced that just as Hugh was holding the postoffice pencil up, and gazing at its so-called point with an air of resigned anguish, the perfectly ordinary man ceased chatting and looked at him. Hugh caught his eye for a fleeting second; then the conversation continued. And as he turned to pull out the pad of forms, it struck him that the man had looked away just a trifle too quickly.

A grin spread slowly over his face, and after a moment's hesitation he proceeded to compose a short wire. He wrote it in black letters for additional clearness; he also pressed his hardest as befitting a blunt pencil. Then with the form in his hand he advanced to the counter.

"How long will it take to deliver in London?" he asked the girl.

The girl was not helpful. It depended, he gathered, on a variety of circumstances, of which not the least was the perfectly ordinary man who talked so charmingly.

"I don't think I'll bother, then," he said, thrusting the wire into his pocket. "Good morning. . . ."

He walked to the door, and shortly afterward his car rolled down the street.

With what the girl considered peculiar abruptness, the perfectly ordinary man concluded his conversation with her, and decided that he too would send a wire. And then, after a long and thoughtful perusal of the writing bench, she distinctly heard an unintelligible "D—n." Then he walked out and she saw him no more.

Moreover, it is to be regretted that the perfectly ordinary man told a little later that the day, when giving his report to some one whose neck apparently inconvenienced him greatly. But then a lie is frequently more tactful than the truth, and to have announced that the sole result of his morning's labors had been to decipher a wire addressed to The Elms, which contained the cryptic remark, "Stung again, stiff neck, stung again," would not have been tactful. No he lied, as has been stated, thereby showing his wisdom. . . .

But though Drummond chuckled to himself as the car rushed through the fresh morning air, once or twice a gleam that was not altogether amusement shone in his eyes. For four years he had played one game where no mistakes were allowed; the little incident of the postoffice had helped to bring to his mind the certainty that he had now embarked on another where the conditions were much the same. That he had scored up to date was luck rather than good management, and he was far too shrewd not to realize it. Now he was marked, and luck with a marked man cannot be tempted too far.

Alone and practically unguarded he had challenged a gang of international criminals; a gang not only utterly unscrupulous, but controlled by a master mind. Of its power as yet he had no clear idea; of its size and immediate object he had even less. Perhaps it was as well. Had he realized even dimly the impossibility of the issues he was up against, had he had but an inkling of the magnitude of the plot conceived in the sinister brain of his host of the previous evening, then, though undismayed, though he was even Hugh Drummond might have wavered. But he had no such inkling, and so the gleam in his eyes was but transitory, the chuckle that succeeded it more whole-hearted than before. Was it not sport, in a land flowing with wine and the profiteers, sport such as his soul loved?

"I am afraid, Mullings," he said as his car stopped in front of his club, "that the kindly gentleman with whom we spent last night has regarding his obligations. He omitted to meet the bill I gave him for your services. Just wait here a moment."

He went inside, returning in a few moments with a folded check.

"Round the corner, Mullings, and an obliging fellah in a black coat will show you out the necessary Bradburys."

The man glanced at the check.

"Fifty pounds, sir!" he gasped. "Why—it's too much, sir. . . . I—"

"The laborer, Mullings, is worthy of his hire. You have been of the very greatest assistance to me; and, incidentally, it is more than likely that I may want you again. Now, where can I get hold of you?"

"13 Green Street, Oxton, sir. If always find me. And any time, sir, as you wants me, I'd like to come just for the—for the fun of the thing."

Hugh grinned.

"Good lad. And it may be sooner than you think."

TWO.

Inside the Junior Sports club, Hugh Drummond was burying his nose in a large tankard of the ale for which that cheery pot-house was still famous. A waiter was arranging the first editions of the evening papers on a table, and Hugh beckoned to him to bring one. Cricket, racing, the latest divorce case, and the latest strike—all the usual headings were there. And he was just putting down the paper, to again concentrate on his problem, when a paragraph caught his eye.

STRANGE MURDER IN BELFAST

"The man whose body was discovered in such peculiar circumstances near the docks has been identified as Mr. James Granger, the confidential secretary to Mr. Hiram Potts, the American multi-millionaire, at present in this country. The unfortunate victim of this dastardly outrage—his head, as we reported in our last night's issue, was nearly severed from his body—had apparently been sent over on business by Mr. Potts, and had arrived the preceding day. What he was doing in the locality in which he was found is a mystery.

"We understand that Mr. Potts, who has recently been indisposed, has returned to the Carlton, and is greatly upset at the sudden tragedy.

"The police are confident that they will shortly obtain a clue, though the rough element in the locality where the murder was committed presents great difficulties. It seems clear that the motive was robbery, as all the murdered man's pockets were rifled. But the most puzzling thing about the case is the extraordinary care taken by the murderer to prevent the identification of the body. Every article of clothing, even down to the murdered man's socks, had had the name torn out, and it was only through the examination of the tailor's tab inside the inner breast-pocket of Mr. Granger's coat that the police were enabled to identify the body."

Drummond slid down the paper on his knees, and stared a little dazedly at the club's immortal fender.

"Holy smoke! laddie," he murmured, "that man Peterson ought to be on the committee here. Verily, I believe he could galvanize the staff into some semblance of activity."

"Did you order anything, sir?" A waiter paused beside him.

"No," murmured Drummond, "but I will rectify the omission. Another large tankard of ale."

The waiter departed, and Hugh picked up the other again.

"We understand," he murmured gently to himself, "that Mr. Potts, who has recently been indisposed, has returned to the Carlton. . . ."

Now that's very interesting. . . ."

He lit a cigarette and lay back in his chair. "I was under the impression that Mr. Potts was safely tucked up in bed, consuming semolina pudding, at Goring. It requires elucidation."

"I beg your pardon, sir," remarked the waiter, placing the beer on the table beside him.

"You needn't," returned Hugh. "Up to date your lunch justified my fondest expectations. And as a further proof of my good will, I would like you to get me a trunk call—2 X Goring."

A few minutes later he was in the telephone box.

"Peter, I have seldom been so glad to hear your voice. Is all well? Good. Don't mention any names. Our guest is there, is he? Gone on strike against more milk puddings, you say. Coax him, Peter. Make a noise like a sturgeon, and he'll think it's caviare. Have you seen the papers? There are interesting doings in Belfast, which concern us rather intimately. I'll be down later, and we'll have a powwow."

He hung up the receiver and stepped out of the box.

"If, Algy," he remarked to a man who was looking at the tape machine outside, "the paper says a blighter's somewhere and you know he's somewhere else—right would you do?"

"Up to date in such cases I have always shot the editor," murmured Algy Longworth. "Come and feed."

"You're so helpful, Algy. A perfect rock of strength. Do you want a job?"

"What sort of a job?" demanded the other suspiciously.

"Oh, not work, dear old boy. It's fun, man—you know me better than that, surely?"

"People are so funny nowadays," returned Longworth gloomily. "What is this job?"

Together the two men strolled into the luncheon-room, and long after the meal had been finished, Algy Longworth was still listening in silence to his companion.

"My dear old bean," he murmured ecstatically as Hugh finished, "my very dear old bean. I think it's the most priceless thing I ever heard. Enroll me as a member of the band. And, incidentally, Toby Sinclair is running round in circles asking for trouble. Let's rope him in."

"Go and find him this afternoon, Algy," said Hugh rising. "And tell him to keep his mouth shut. I'd come with you, but it occurs to me that the wretched Potts, bathed in tears at the Carlton, is in need of sympathy. So long, old dear. You'll hear from me in a day or two."

Drummond sauntered along Pall-Mall. He had told Longworth more or less on the spur of the moment. Knowing that gentleman's capabilities to a nicety. Under a cloak of assumed flippancy he concealed an iron nerve which had never yet failed him; and, in spite of the fact that he wore an entirely unnecessary eyeglass, he could see further into a brick wall than most of the people who called him a fool.

It was his suggestion of telling Toby Sinclair that caused the smile. For it had started a train of thought in Drummond's mind which seemed to him to be good. If Sinclair, why not two or three more equally trusty sportsmen? Why not a gang of the boys?

Toby possessed a V. C., and a good one—for there are grades of the V. C., and those grades are appreciated to a nicety by the recipient's brother officers, if not by the general public. The show would fit Toby like a glove.

Then there was Ted Jerningham, who combined the roles of an amateur actor of more than average merit with an ability to hit anything at any range with every conceivable type of firearm. And Jerry Seymour in the flying corps. . . .

Not a bad thing to have a flying man—up one's sleeve. . . . And possibly some one versed in the ways of tanks might come in handy. . . .

The smile broadened to a grin; surely life was very good. And then the grin faded, and something suspiciously like a tear took its place. For he had arrived at the Carlton, and reality had come back to him.

"Mr. Potts will see no one, sir," remarked the man to whom he addressed his question. "You are about the twentieth gentleman who has been here already today."

Hugh had expected this, and smiled genially.

"Precisely, my stout fellow," he remarked, "but I'll lay a small amount of money that they were newspaper men. Now, I'm not. And I think that if you will have this note delivered to Mr. Potts, he will see me."

He sat down at a table, and drew a sheet of paper toward him. Two facts were certain: First, that the man upstairs was not the real Potts; second, that he was one of Peterson's gang. The difficulty was to know exactly how to word the note. There might be some mystic password, the omission of which would prove him an impostor at once. At length he took a pen and wrote rapidly; he would have to chance it.

"Urgent. A message from head quarters."

He sealed the envelope and handed it with the necessary five shillings for postage to the man. Then he sat down to wait. After what seemed an interminable delay he saw the messenger crossing the lounge.

"Mr. Potts will see you, sir."

Hugh followed the waiter along a corridor, and paused outside a door while he went into a room. He heard a murmur of voices, and then the man reappeared.

"This way, sir," he said, and Hugh stepped inside, to stop with an involuntary gasp of surprise. The man seated in the chair was Potts, to all intents and purposes. The likeness

"My Dear Old Bean," He Murmured Ecstatically as Hugh Finished, "My Very Dear Old Bean."

was extraordinary, and had he not known that the real article was at Goring he would have been completely deceived himself.

The man waited till the door was closed; then he rose and stepped forward suspiciously.

"I don't know you," he said. "Who are you?"

"Since when has every one employed at headquarters known one another?" Drummond returned guardedly. "And, incidentally, your likeness to our lamented friend is wonderful. It very nearly deceived even me."

The man, not displeased, gave a short laugh.

"It'll pass, I think. But it's risky. These cursed reporters have been badgering the whole morning. . . .

And if his wife or somebody comes over, what then? It wasn't like Rosen to bungle in Belfast. He's never left a clue before, and he had plenty of time to do the job properly."

"A name inside a breast-pocket might easily be overlooked," remarked Hugh, seizing the obvious cue.

"Are you making excuses for him?" snarled the other. "He's failed, and failure is death. Such is our rule. Would you have it altered?"

"Most certainly not. The issues are far too great for any weakness. . . ."

"You're right, my friend—you're right. Long live the Brotherhood!" He sank back, his eyes shut, his swindling eyes, and Hugh preserved a discreet silence. Then suddenly the other broke out again. . . . "Have they killed that insolent puppy of a soldier yet?"

"Er—not yet," murmured Hugh, mildly.

"They must find the American at once." The man thumped the table emphatically. "It was important before—at least his money was. Now with this blunder—it's vital."

"Precisely," said Hugh. "Precisely."

"I've already interviewed one man from Scotland Yard, but every hour increases the danger. However, you have a message for me. What is it?"

Hugh rose and casually picked up his hat. He had got more out of the interview than he had hoped for, and there was nothing to be gained by prolonging it. But it struck him that Mr. Potts' impersonator was a man of unpleasant disposition, and that factually a flanking movement to the door was indicated. And, being of an open nature himself, he remarked that the state of affairs existed for a moment on his face. Be that as it may, something suddenly aroused the other's suspicions, and with a snarl of fury he sprang past Hugh to the door.

"Who are you?" He spat the words out venomously at the same time whipping an ugly looking knife out of his pocket.

Hugh replaced his hat and slid on the table and grinned gently.

"I am the insolent puppy of a soldier, dear old fellah," he remarked, watching the other warily. "And if I was you I'd put the toothpick away.

. . . You might hurt yourself—"

As he spoke he was edging, little by little, toward the other man, who crouched snarling by the door. His eyes, grim and determined, never left the other's face; his hands, apparently hanging listless by his sides, were tingling with the joy of what he knew was coming.

"And the penalty of failure is death, isn't it, dear one?" He spoke almost frenziedly; but not for an instant did his attention relax. Almost imperceptibly he crept toward the other man, talking gently.

Hugh and his friends are gassed by the band.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RITES OF MOUND BUILDERS

How "Bundle Burials" and "Burials in the Flesh" Were Conducted by Ancient Race.

After an Indian mound has been cleared and scarred it is stripped of the surface soil and excavated by a series of trenches. One mound, says the Southern Workman, contained no less than 45 "bundle burials," with two "burials in the flesh" above or later date. These "bundle" burials were disarticulated skeletons that had been taken down from trees and made into bundles. In each "bundle," as a rule, were the bones of from two to four individuals. They were placed end to end, lengthways, north to south, and formed a layer some ten feet long and five feet wide. Each layer was laid on a carefully prepared bed of alternate layers of golden and bright-red sands, evidently of ceremonial import, and surrounded by several stone altars. On these, appropriate sacrifices were made to the dead; there were signs of fire all about. Some half-burned human bones in well-preserved oak charcoal were found near the top, indicating that some poor captive had been burned at the stake to minister to the souls of the dead on their journey to the happy hunting grounds. In the top layer were found two skeletons, both of them strongly flexed, with the knees drawn up to the chin. They were evidently of considerable age, but of later origin than the "bundle" burials. In fact, all the bones in this group of mounds showed extreme signs of decomposition. It was necessary to "paint" them all with a transfusing fluid the minute they were exposed to the air. These two skeletons were perhaps the remains of people who had died during the construction of the mounds and were given burial in the top of them.

Too Good a Chance to Lose.

The French chancellor, Henri Francois d'Aguesseau, to whom his native country owes much for his enduring improvements in the civil code, never would come to a decision without at first minutely examining and questioning everything bearing upon the matter. His son, who was also a lawyer, was exactly the opposite, and, moreover, paid no attention to his father's excellent example.

One day, during a heated argument between the two, the young man, who expected to give his father a sharp thrust, said sarcastically, "My dear father, you know everything but decide about nothing."

"And you, my son, know nothing but decide about everything," was the quick reply.—Youth's Companion.

Microscopic Writing.

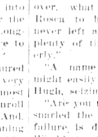
The British museum possesses a portrait of Queen Anne not much above the size of a hand on which appear what seem to be a number of scratches. The scratches when magnified prove to be the entire contents of a book carried in the queen's hand

THE STORY OF OUR STATES

By JONATHAN BRACE

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

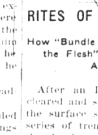
OKLAHOMA



OKLAHOMA holds the record for rapid growth. It was in the first term of President Benjamin Harrison that Oklahoma was opened up. Good farm land available under the Homestead Act was difficult to find so the United States bought from the Indians, who had been segregated in Indian territory, a large tract of some 40,000 square miles that had been used largely by the Indians as pasture for their cattle and horses. This was called Oklahoma, a word meaning "the country," and was arranged to be ready for sale to home seekers at 12 o'clock noon of April 22, 1889. Troops were placed on guard to prevent any settlers entering before that time for more than 100,000 "boomers" as they were called, came from all over the country to obtain farms or places for business. On the stroke of the hour, bugles sounded and the mad rush by men, women and children to locate claims began. The government had arranged land offices at many places at which claims could be filed for the farms or city lots, and all things for those were managed by fighting mobs to register their selections. Before nightfall hundreds of farms were staked out and Oklahoma City and Guthrie were well on their ways to become cities. The latter in particular seemed to burst full fledged into business prosperity. In less than three hours four business blocks were laid out, and lined with tents in which were shops and offices. A city council was elected at four o'clock with over 10,000 votes cast, and the Oklahoma Herald issued its first edition before 5 p. m. The "boomers" had reached town. In less than six months Guthrie had four newspapers, electric lights, street cars, and half a dozen banks. Additional lands were opened up for settlement in later years and the same scenes of phenomenal growth were repeated.

Thus was developed this region which came into the possession of the United States as a part of the Louisiana Purchase in 1803 and which was set aside for so many years as Indian country. Previous to the formation of Oklahoma territory, congress had forbidden white settlers in this part of the country, and this edict was enforced by federal troops. As the demand for more land was felt and as the Indians decreased in numbers, Indian territory was added to Oklahoma territory, and in 1907 it was admitted to the Union as the State of Oklahoma, adding another star to our flag, which for eleven years had contained forty-five. The state has flourished to such an extent that it has ten presidential electors, which is more than double that of many of the older states of larger size.

NEW MEXICO



AS ITS name implies, New Mexico's history is closely connected with old Mexico. It was the Spanish who were its first explorers. De Vaca visiting this region in 1536 and Coronado four years later. The natives were the Pueblo Indians, although they are sometimes erroneously reputed to have been Aztecs as they were well advanced in the arts and had a comparatively high civilization. These Indians were conquered in 1598 by Juan de Onate and became subject Spanish rule, being forced to work the mines and pay tribute. Missions were established and Santa Fe was founded about 1605.

Except for a period of ten years when the Indians revolted and maintained their independence New Mexico remained under Spanish control until in 1821 Mexico gained its independence from Spain. Then New Mexico became a province of Mexico. Thus it remained until the outbreak of the Mexican war, when in 1846 Colonel Kearny marched from Fort Leavenworth with his troops, occupied Santa Fe and declared his region a part of the United States. By the Treaty with Mexico in 1848, the upper part of the state was formally ceded to the United States and the Territory of Mexico was organized in 1850, which reached from Texas to California. Arizona was set off from New Mexico in 1863 and a few years later a portion was contributed to Colorado. Application for admission as a state started in 1850, but it was not until 1912 that New Mexico became the forty-seventh state.

New Mexico ranks fourth in size among the states with an area of 122,634 square miles, but is sparsely populated and accordingly has only three electoral votes for President.

Almanac an Old Institution.

Almanacs are by no means of recent invention, in fact, there is one in the British museum at present which was issued during the reign of Rameses the Great, and is about 3,000 years old. In those good old days almanacs were worth having. Instead of merely telling you that Monday was the first of April it went on and said that on that day you mustn't start on a journey, or look at a rat, or go outdoors before daylight, as these things were unlucky.

Stick to Wooden Clothes-Pin.

About 30,000,000 feet of lumber each year is used in the manufacture of clothes-pins. There has been no improvement in the art of manufacturing clothes-pins for 40 years. The method was invented in New Hampshire, and nearly, if not all, the machines now in use were manufactured there. New Englanders have been the originators of most of the methods used in woodworking, and so far as clothes-pins are concerned have not been surpassed.

MERCHANT TELLS OF A REMARKABLE CASE

Writing from Maxey's, Ga., A. J. Giffen, proprietor of a large department store at that place, says:

"I have a customer here who was in bed for three years and did not go to a meal at any time. She had five physicians and they gave her out. One bottle of Tanlac got her up, on a second bottle she commenced keeping house and on the third she did all the cooking and housework for a family of eight."

This sounds really incredible, but it comes unsolicited from a highly creditable source and is copied verbatim from the letter.

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

The founder of the Bank of England died in poverty.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper, Advertisement.

October's lucky stone is the opal.

Cuticura Soap for the Complexion

Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum, and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

Beat the swords into fly swatters.

WOMAN AVOIDS AN OPERATION

Hope Nearly Gone, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her

Star, N. C.—"My monthly spells gave me so much trouble, sometimes they would last two weeks. I was treated by two doctors without relief and they both said I would have to have an operation. I had my trouble four years and was unfit to do anything, and had given up all hope of ever getting any better. I read about your medicine in the 'Primitive Baptist' paper and decided to try it. I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills for about seven months and now I am able to do my work. I shall never forget your medicine and you may publish this if you want to as it is true."—Mrs. J. F. Hursey, Star, N. C.

Here is another woman who adds her testimony to the many whose letters we have already published, proving that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound often relieves health in suffering women even after they have gone so far that an operation is deemed advisable. Therefore it will surely pay any woman who suffers from ailments peculiar to her sex to give this good old fashioned remedy a fair trial.

PALMER'S LOTION

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY FOR BURNS, BITES, CUTS, ECZEMA, AND ITCHING SKIN AND SCALP TROUBLES

ALL DRUGGISTS.

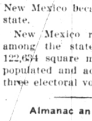
Prepared only by SOLON PALMER NEW YORK

PALMER'S LOTION

REMOVED ALL MY PIMPLES AND CLEARED MY COMPLEXION

$79 A WEEK GUARANTEED

for selling 4 average Cresco Raincoats a day. Outfit FREE. We Deliver and Collect. Improved Mfg. Co., Dept. 151, Ashland, O.



50 good cigarettes for 10c from one sack of GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO