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Movies' Effect on Lovers

Influence of the American film is killing the Romeo and Juliet style of courtship from doorstep to balcony in Spain, and embraces depicted in the pictures are being copied by the younger generation.

If you use Red Cross Ball Blue in your laundry, you will not be troubled by those tiny rust spots, often caused by inferior bluing. Try it and see.

—Advertisement.

England's "Wedding Ring"

The "wedding ring of England" is the ruby ring, which forms a part of the king's coronation insignia. It is made of pure gold. At the back is a large violet ruby marked with a cross of St. George and encircled by 26 diamonds.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills contain only vegetable ingredients, which act gently as a tonic laxative, by stimulation—not irritation. 272 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

To keep up with the running expenses the average man has to sprout occasionally.

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red, rough hands.—Advertisement.

The tubers of chufa, or earth almond, which is some parts of the country is an annoying weed, yield about 80 per cent of usable oil.

Have a complexion that everyone admires

NO matter how beautiful your features are, you cannot be truly attractive with a rough, blotchy, gray-looking skin.

Resinol Ointment, aided by Resinol Soap, is what you need to overcome such troubles. The gentle, but unusually cleansing properties of the soap, together with the soothing, healing qualities of the ointment, make the Resinol products ideal for any skin. All druggists sell Resinol Soap and Ointment. Use them regularly for a few days and watch your complexion improve.

RESINOL

BABIES LOVE MR. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Ideal and Children's Remedy Pleasant to give—pleasant to take. Guaranteed purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. It quickly cures colds, diarrhoea, flatulency and other like disorders. The open published formula appears on every label.

W. A. L. Druggists

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

harlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

Better Than Pills for Liver Ills.

You can't feel too good but what **MR** will make you feel better.

Get a 25c. Box.

Your Druggist

The Red Line Trail

By Crittenden Marriott

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"TREASURE!"

SYNOPSIS—Thrown from his auto in a New York village, a man is carried unconscious into the home of a Miss Edith Grant. A doctor discovers he has been shot, fatally. Consciousness returning, he babbles of "millions." He begs that Henry Archman, millionaire resident of the vicinity, be sent for, declaring he has important papers for him. Archman cannot be reached by phone, but word is sent that his secretary is on the way. A man announcing himself as Archman's secretary, Akin, arrives, talks with Morbach, and leaves with a package he gives him. Morbach dies. Archman's arrival, with his secretary, reveals that the man posing as Akin is an impostor. Archman denounces Edith Grant as a girl endeavoring to snare his son Harry. Archman, it appears, his millions made in Chicago, has yielded to the importunities of his family—a wife, daughters Nellie and Beale (seventeen years old), and son Harry—and moved to New York in an endeavor to gain recognition by the Four Hundred. They have not succeeded. Mrs. Archman is bitter over her failure, particularly mourning the fact that she has not been "taken up" by a Mrs. Van Kull. Archman orders Nellie to get ready for a long journey to reveal their destination to his wife, declaring it is "not his secret." Nellie tells Bess she is in love with James Carr, a youth working on Archman's ship, El Rio. She gives Bess a message for him. Archman and Nellie depart. Harry tells Bess of his determination to "marry Edith Grant. Mrs. Archman receives a map, with the explanation that it was among Morbach's papers, and suggesting she forward it to Mr. Archman. Lord George Caruthers, traveling Englishman, arrives at the Archman home, by invitation. He makes a good impression. Bess meets Carr and tells him her sister's message. She learns from him that "Edith Grant" is his sister. He says he loves Nellie. Mrs. Archman decides to take Bess and Harry and Caruthers and sail with Captain Bunker on the El Rio to meet her husband.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"He doesn't go with you, you say?"

"No."

"I'm very glad to hear it," Mrs. Archman stared out on the deck.

"Would you mind calling the young people in?" she asked. "I want to tell them."

The three tramped merrily into the chart house. "Hello, mumsy," called Bess. "What's up? You're plotting something. I can see it in your eye. Own up."

Mrs. Archman smiled. "Right," she said. "I've something to tell you. I've decided to take you all with me on the ship to meet your father."

"What's that? You're joking, mumsy!" It was Bess who cried out.

Mrs. Archman kept her eyes on her daughter. "No; it's true," she said. "Your father needs us and we must go."

Bess showed none of the defection for which the older woman was looking. Instead, her eyes twinkled. "Good!" she exclaimed. "No more school for yours truly!"

"School!" Mrs. Archman hesitated. Evidently she had forgotten school. "I must take along a governess," she decided.

"A governess!" Bess shrieked. "Yes! So, captain, there'll be five of us—myself, my son, my daughter, a governess, and at least one maid. Oh! And of course there'll be Mr. Akin. You'll make preparations?"

"Yes, madam."

Mrs. Archman got up. "It will be quite a rush to get ready," she said. "We'd better be about it." She turned to the Englishman. "Lord George," she said, "I'm very sorry to rescind my invitation to you. But you can see how it is. Unless you would like to go with us on the ship."

"On the ship? Really? How positively ripping! I'll be delighted to go!"

Mrs. Archman colored and caught her breath. She had not had the slightest idea that Lord George would accept. However, she swiftly decided that it was all for the best. She could see the paragraphs in the society news: "Lord George Caruthers is yachting with Mrs. Henry Archman and party—" She turned quickly to him. "Will you come, really?" she exclaimed. "I'm very glad."

"Well, rather! I'll be awfully jolly and all that, you know. Er—where are we going?"

"I don't know. Captain Bunker has sealed orders."

"Sealed orders! Oh, by Jove! I say! That's ripping, you know—positively ripping!"

In various stages of pleasure and defection, the visitors left the ship. Bess looked about for Mr. Carr, but she did not see him. As a matter of fact, he was on his way to Captain Bunker's cabin, where he had been summoned to receive orders in regard to new fittings for the extra cabins that would be brought into use by the new passengers.

She brought a letter of introduction from Miss Van Kull, the daughter of Nicholas Van Kull, on whom Mr. Archman had called with apparently disastrous consequences on the night of the murder. Mrs. Archman had jumped at the chance to repair the breach, and had immediately engaged Miss Denlow tentatively. A little later she had called up Miss Van Kull on the tele-

phone, and, though she had not succeeded in getting speech with her, had received assurances that Miss Denlow was everything she should be—a lady, highly educated, companionable, and versatile in her accomplishments—and a warm friend of Miss Van Kull's. This was enough for Mrs. Archman, who had instantly confirmed Miss Denlow's engagement.

Bess, though more or less put out by her failure to escape tutelage, had become speedily reconciled at sight of Miss Denlow, who was a sweet-faced woman of perhaps forty years of age, with white hair, good, though lined complexion, regular features and beautiful white teeth.

The El Rio was a good sea boat. She did not pitch much, and she rolled only in a leisurely fashion that was a guarantee that most of her passengers would soon recover from any sickness that might at first annoy them. In fact, only Mrs. Archman, who had sought her stateroom as soon as the vessel crossed the bar, seemed at all affected. Miss Denlow was still busy in her stateroom, and Akin was tacking on his typewriter, but the other three were collected on deck. They were all in good spirits, even Harry, who seemed to have recovered from his depression of a few days before. "Well, we're off all right," he observed. "But I wish somebody'd tell me where we're going and what we're going for. We've moved so fast in the last week that I don't know where I'm at, at all."

"The question is, where is father at?" Bess remarked.

"Father? Oh, father and Nellie are roosting on that mysterious island! That's what mother says, anyway. For my part I can't see it."

Lord George chimed in. "It's jolly queer about that map, isn't it, what?" he observed. "As I understand the thing, Mr. Archman doesn't get the map and so he starts for the place shown on it. Then your mother gets where. I say, it's quite a lark, isn't it?"

"I hope it will turn out to be a lark," Lord George remarked. "I'm beginning to be a little frightened. I think I can't understand why the thief should send the map back to us if the map really is the one that was stolen. Oh, Miss Denlow! I'm glad you've come on deck, after all. Have you met Lord George Caruthers? Miss Denlow, Lord George!"

Lord George bowed. But as he raised his head, his eyes met those of the governess, and a curious expression of puzzlement came upon his face. Miss Denlow, too, seemed startled.

"It is a pleasure to meet Lord George," she said hastily.

"Ah! Yes! Quite so! It's a great pleasure, I assure you," stammered Lord George. "That is, I mean—er—haven't I met you before, Miss—er—Denlow? Did I catch the name? I'm a beastly dunder at catching names, you know."

Miss Denlow bowed. "Yes; it's Miss Denlow," she answered. "I fear it is unlikely that we could have met before. You know I am Miss Archman's governess."

"Governess?"

Harry laughed. "Bess isn't out of school yet, Lord George," he said, "for all she's put up her hair."

"Fancy, now! Oh! I say, I never would have thought it. I wouldn't really. At home, don't you know, a schoolgirl would be still in the nursery. But over here, upon my word, you can't tell them from young ladies."

Bess' teeth clicked viciously. Lord George seemed to be getting on her nerves. But for some reason she made no effort to counter. Instead she carried the conversation back to the earlier topic. "We were talking about our trip and how it will turn out. I suppose you know more or less about it?"

"More or less, yes!" responded Miss Denlow. "Rather less than more, I'm afraid."

"Well, it's this way," Bess recounted the events of the last few days. "We were just trying to figure out why the thief sent the map back," she ended.

Miss Denlow seemed to ponder. "Perhaps he was not a really bad thief," she suggested, rather breathlessly. "Perhaps he was after money and when he got only a map and saw that it wasn't any use to him, he just sent it back."

Bess nodded. "That must be the explanation," she agreed. "But still—"

From forward came four sharp strokes of the ship's bells. At the sound Harry jumped to his feet. "Ten o'clock!" he exclaimed. "Time for Captain Bunker to open those orders of his. I'll go see if he's done it."

Five minutes later he was back. "Captain Bunker says it will be fair and warm by morning," he remarked. "We ought to make more than a hundred miles of sailing during the night and that'll make a lot of difference in the temperature."

Harry laughed. "Yes; he's opened them," he said. "But it was a case of April fool."

Lord George and Miss Denlow both turned their heads suddenly. "April fool!" exclaimed the Englishman. "Oh, come now, old chap. It's October and not April. You're spoofing, aren't you?"

"Not a single spoof," rejoined Harry light-heartedly. "Not one! Father never did give anything away till he had to. When Bunker opened the envelope he found another envelope with 'Open this when you get to latitude 19 and longitude 64.' Only that and nothing more."

"Oh!" Lord George settled back in his chair. "My word! It must be something jolly well worth while that we're going after," he said.

Bess, however, was disappointed and showed it. "Well, where is latitude—whatever it is?" she demanded.

"It's off the coast of Haiti," returned Harry.

"Haiti! Good gracious!"

"That's what I say. What do you suppose it's all about?"

Lord George shook his head. "Couldn't it be treasure?" he suggested hopefully.

"Treasure!" Bess screamed. "Oh, I never hoped for anything so splendid!" she breathed. "Did you, Miss Denlow?"

Miss Denlow smiled and shook her head. "Not treasure!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I beg of you, not treasure! Treasure is so banal. And the sailors always mutiny and kill everybody except the hero and the heroine. Oh, please don't let us go after treasure!"

"All right, we won't," Harry spoke promptly. "We strive to please. We—yes, what is it? Oh, coffee. Yes; pass it to the ladies."

A bare-headed steward had come soft-footedly along the deck and was proffering a tray set with tiny cups.

When he came to Lord George that gentleman shook his head. "No; thank you," he said. "I used to drink coffee, don't you know, when I first went to sea, but I found out jolly soon that it wasn't any good."

Harry laughed. "They say champagne is better for that bilious feeling," he returned feelingly. "Will any of you have some?"

Bess shook her head. "No," she said. "We don't want any, but you take Lord George down and see what you can find." She turned to the waiter.

"Steward," she said, "see if there is any champagne in the cooler and get it out for Mr. Harry."

Harry got up, laughing. "That means we are not wanted here, Lord George," he said. "I guess Bess wants to talk to Miss Denlow about her lessons. Come along and let's sample that wine."

The two men wandered off along the swaying deck. When they were gone, Bess leaned forward. "I'd like to shake that man," she exclaimed viciously. "He sets on my nerves. I may be a schoolgirl, but I'll show him a thing or two before this trip is over. See if I don't!"

Miss Denlow smiled comfortably. "I don't doubt it, my dear," she said. "But don't be too hard on him. He seems to be a nice enough man."

Harry and Lord George came back along the dim deck. Lord George sat down, but Harry continued to stand. "I think I'll turn in," he said. "That champagne wasn't quite what it is cracked up to be. I think—yes, I'm sure I had better turn in."

Who is the governess? and what is there between her and Lord George?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Made Name as Sculptor

Clark Mills was an American sculptor, born in Onondaga county, N. Y., December 1, 1815. He died January 12, 1883. In 1848, when he was on the eve of leaving for Europe to study the art of sculpture, he received a commission to erect an equestrian statue of General Jackson. According to the story, Mills had never even seen an equestrian statue. He, however, set to work, designed his model and then found it necessary to learn the art of bronze casting, inasmuch as there was no one in this country prepared to mold his figure in bronze. The statue of General Jackson by Mills is in Lafayette square, Washington, and a replica is in New Orleans.

Couldn't Use It

"My beau is in the candy business," stammered Samuella. "He brings me oodles of bonbons." "Mine is a florist," chirped Joannette. "He simply overwhelms me with the finest posies." Haroldine was silent. "What line is your young man in, dearie?" asked the others in chorus. "Tar roofing."

Says Coffee Fruit Is Similar to a Cherry

"It is doubtful if in all nature there is a more cunningly devised food package than the fruit of the coffee tree," says William H. Ukers in "All About Coffee" (the Tea and Coffee Journal company, New York). He describes it minutely as follows: "The coffee fruit is very like a cherry, though somewhat elongated and having in its upper end a small umbilicus. But mark with what ingenuity the package has been constructed. The outer wrapping is a thin, gossamerlike skin which incloses a soft pulp, sweetish to the taste, but of mucilaginous consistency. This pulp in turn is wrapped about the inner seed, called the parchment because of its tough texture. The parchment incloses the magic bean in its fast, wrapping, a delicate

silver-colored skin, not unlike fine-spun silk or the sheers of tissue paper. And this last wrapping is so tenacious, so true to its guardianship function, that no amount of rough treatment can dislodge it altogether; for parts of it cling to the bean even in the roasting and grinding processes."

Willing to Pay

It takes money to make money, of course; but if you have smartness, people will come to you with their money.

Sometimes

Remember, young folks, when you buy household furniture, that it is probably going to be with you for a lifetime.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Copyright by Western Newspaper Union

CHRISTMAS PENNIES

Mahalia wanted to have some Christmas presents and she wanted to do this with her very own money.

Now, Mahalia didn't have any money of her own. But she asked her daddy and her mother and her grandmother, who lived down the block, and her aunt and uncle, who lived four blocks away, if she couldn't earn some money.

"I should have lots of errands to run," said her daddy, "around Christmas time at the store. People will want small packages in a hurry—string or ribbon or tissue paper, and every time you run an errand I'll pay you just as I'd pay anyone."

"I'd like to be paid in pennies," said Mahalia.

"Pennies will be paid to you," said her daddy.

"I will give you a penny a day if you eat a piece of bread at each meal without a fuss," said her mother, "and if you eat two pieces of bread I will give you two cents." Mahalia did not like bread.

Her uncle told her he had an old desk which he hadn't time to clean out, and he had always told her aunt that he would be doing it himself some time so she shouldn't bother about it. But now, he said, if Mahalia would take all the papers and put them together, and all the elastic bands in another pile and all the pencils without points in still another, and put everything nicely sorted and arranged on a table nearby and then dust the desk in every corner thoroughly, he would give her lots of pennies.

"I will go over the papers then and throw away what I don't want, and really have that desk in order. It would be useful to me if it were in order. As it is I don't want to put anything in it for fear it should get mixed up with all the trash there now."

"Of course you will be very particular in a job of this sort," said Mahalia, promising she would be.

Her uncle told her that she could do it between supper time and bedtime, and then it would not interfere with the work she was going to do for her daddy.

Her aunt told her that when she got through with the work for her uncle she could spend several evenings fixing up work baskets about the house.

"The threads and pieces of silk are all mixed up. They're all in a tangled mass. I shall be delighted to see them in order."

Her grandmother told her that if she would come over and brush off the front steps each morning before she went up to the store she would get pennies for that.

"Of course the snow would be too heavy for you, but it would be a great help at this time to have the steps done, for we're so busy with cooking that we haven't time."

Well, as you can see, Mahalia had a busy time of it. But they all saw that she didn't overdo. She loved the work. Of course she wouldn't have cared to have been busy like that all the year.

But in the holidays before Christmas when everyone was so busy, anyway, it was fun to be busy.

And oh, how lovely it was when she had her own pennies to spend.

She had many pennies, too.

And she bought every Christmas present that year with her very own money she had earned.

She had felt so much more important, too, than if she had simply been given the money, and they all had worked well.

The way those pennies she earned jingled in the little bag she carried wherever she went! How beautifully they jingled.

To Mahalia it seemed as though they kept saying:

"Merry Christmas from Mahalia."

And maybe, after all, that was really just what they were saying, those jingling, well-earned, jolly Christmas pennies!

Tongue Twisters

Alice and Allister ate all Allen Ackley's apples.

Frank fought Fred for fun Friday.

Mildred Morrison mended many mittens.

Susanna Stockum sang several Sunday school songs sweetly.

Mildred made many mittens Monday.

Tilly the toller told Tommy Tinker to toll.

Brave Betty Binks buried Beth's brother's ball.

Funny Fred fought frightened Fanny's frogs.

Greedy Gertrude gobbled gobbler's glorious gum.

Belle bought biscuits before breakfast.

Yeast Foam Good bread makers everywhere prefer it

Hear it crackle and snap as you knead it

The well-risen loaf that Yeast Foam assures has made it the favorite of home bread makers.

Send for free booklet "The Art of Baking Bread"



Northwestern Yeast Co. 1730 North Ashland Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Lessens Noise of Car

Rubber wheels attached to trolley cars are being tested at Oil City, Pa. A cushion of rubber is placed between two layers of metal. This results in the absorption of vibrations and eliminates much of the noise of running the car.

Boschee's Syrup

Alleviates irritation, soothes and heals throat and lung inflammation. The constant irritation of a cough keeps the delicate mucus membrane of the throat and lungs in a congested condition, which BOSCHEE'S SYRUP gently and quickly heals. For this reason it has been a favorite household remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis and especially for lung troubles in millions of homes all over the world for the last fifty-eight years, enabling the patient to obtain a good night's rest, free from coughing with easy expectation in the morning. You can buy BOSCHEE'S SYRUP wherever medicines are sold.—Adv.

Big Engineering Feat

The Cheoah river in the Smoky mountains of Tennessee is to be diverted from its channel and forced to pass under a mountain through a tunnel three miles long so that the water of this river may be utilized by a hydro-electric generating plant which serves Knoxville.

The war has made table linen very valuable. The use of Red Cross Ball Blue will add to its wearing qualities. Use it and see. All grocers.—Advertisement.

Ought to Be

"I consider Mrs. Scrappins a very well-preserved woman."

"Well, she's been in jars enough."

Dr. Peary's "Dead Shot" is powerful, but safe. One dose will expel Worms or Tapeworms no matter all needed. Adv.

There are not as good fish in the sea as some anglers claim to have caught.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

CURES COLDS • 24 HOURS

CURES LAGRIPE • 3 DAYS

A new invention is a music stand which will turn over the sheets when a foot lever is pressed.

Some people you meet as if they thought that you were responsible for the weather.

You can't get Something for Nothing!

When you get a premium with your baking powder you pay for the premium

Davis puts all the value in the baking powder

Bake it BEST with

DAVIS BAKING POWDER

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