

FREE To Housewives

Send us your name and we will send you, FREE, a bottle of LIQUID VENEER. Wonderful for your daily dusting. Cleans, dusters and polishes with one sweep of your dust cloth. Removes spots, stains, furniture, woodwork, automobiles. Makes everything look like new. Makes dusting a pleasure.

Liquid VENEER

Sold by Hardware, Furniture, Drug, Paint, Grocery and General Stores.

LIQUID VENEER COMPANY
Buffalo, N. Y.

Papuan Savagery

In Papua, only 400 miles from Australia, and part of the British empire, cases of cannibalism still occur; the Papuans have a tradition that no youth may marry until he has shed human blood.

For your daughter's sake, use Red Cross Ball Blue in the laundry. She will then have that dainty, well-groomed appearance that girls admire.—Advertisement.

Trackless Trolleys

Both England and China, having giving the trackless trolley buses a thorough test, declare them to be a success. They have a capacity equal to that of single-decked motor coaches, and cheaper operation cost is claimed for them as against the gasoline-driven type. Also, they can compete successfully with surface railway lines. The trolley buses have a radius of almost fifteen feet on either side of the wires, including extension collectors.

The occasional use of Roman Eye Balsam at night will prevent and relieve tired eyes and eye strain. 375 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Both Experienced

Hobbs—I'm a married man, too.—Boston Transcript.

For Colds and Coughs

FATHER JOHN'S MEDICINE

"My wife and I and our children have been using Father John's Medicine for coughs and colds for over eight years, and it has always given us quick relief. There is no better medicine." (Signed) Thomas Manocchio, 88 Crawford St., Woonsocket, R. I.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

KNOW YOURSELF. BANISH WORRY.

GAIR NUTRITION, thrives on anxiety. Tell your talents, friends, enemies, etc. Send birthdate and life for a complete chart to M. ZORO, Box 691, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

MRS. VINSLOW'S SYRUP

The latest and greatest remedy for children's coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, and all other respiratory ailments. It is a safe, pleasant, and effective remedy for all ages.

MR. VINSLOW'S SYRUP

Children grow healthy and free from colds, diarrhoea, flatulence, constipation and other troubles if given this soothing, safe, pleasant, and effective remedy for all ages.

MR. VINSLOW'S SYRUP

Children grow healthy and free from colds, diarrhoea, flatulence, constipation and other troubles if given this soothing, safe, pleasant, and effective remedy for all ages.

MR. VINSLOW'S SYRUP

Children grow healthy and free from colds, diarrhoea, flatulence, constipation and other troubles if given this soothing, safe, pleasant, and effective remedy for all ages.

NR TO-NIGHT Tomorrow Alright

NR is a mild, vegetable laxative to relieve constipation and biliousness and keep the digestive and eliminative functions normal.

NR TO-NIGHT Tomorrow Alright

NR is a mild, vegetable laxative to relieve constipation and biliousness and keep the digestive and eliminative functions normal.

NR TO-NIGHT Tomorrow Alright

NR is a mild, vegetable laxative to relieve constipation and biliousness and keep the digestive and eliminative functions normal.

NR TO-NIGHT Tomorrow Alright

NR is a mild, vegetable laxative to relieve constipation and biliousness and keep the digestive and eliminative functions normal.

THE RED LINE TRAIL

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

Copyright, W. G. Chapman

"MISS DENSLOW."

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, Akim, 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 Akim 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—his wife, daughters Nellie and Bessie (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 has been over his failure, particularly mourning the fact that she has not been "taken up" by a Mrs. Van Rul. Archman orders 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 takes Bess and Harry and Caruthers and sails with Captain Bunker on the El Rio to meet her husband. A Miss Denslow, engaged as governess for Bess and Akim, sails with the party. Captain Bunker has sealed orders.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

Bess laughed. "It is best that I should leave," she quoted. "Best for you and best for me." Run along, Harry. I think I'll go below myself. It's getting pretty chilly up here." She started to rise from her chair and Lord George leaped to his feet and helped her. "Will you come below, Miss Denslow?" she finished. But the governess did not move. "I think I'll stay up a little longer, if you don't mind," she said. "Oh, not at all!" Bess took a step toward the companionway. Then she clutched at Lord George's arm with a little squeal. "Gracious!" she exclaimed, as the Englishman caught her. "I haven't gotten my sea legs yet."

"It's only a matter of practice," laughed Lord George. "In a day or two you will do quite well. It's just like riding a wheel, don't you know." Still supporting the girl, he moved toward the companionway and the two vanished down it.

Miss Denslow sat still in her chair. Her eyes did not leave the companionway after the two had vanished. Her whole attitude had taken on a curious tension. "He'll come back," she muttered. "Oh, he'll come back."

A moment later when Lord George's head appeared outlined against the glow of light that came up the companionway, she nodded to herself. "I knew it."

Lord George came aft and stood above her. "May I sit down?" he asked.

Miss Denslow laughed. "Oh, of course," she said. "You don't need to put on any ceremony with me, I have been expecting you. I saw that you recognized me."

Lord George sat down. "Yes," he said; "I did. I fancy we would better come to an understanding, what?"

Miss Denslow nodded. "I am in your hands," she said. "It's your move. Are you going to expose me?"

"That depends! It's jolly queer, meeting you this way, you know. It seems to call for an explanation."

"It's very simple. I was tired of things and I wanted a change. So I snatched at this chance. It would do me much harm and do no one else any good for you to say anything."

Lord George nodded. "I fancy you're right," he said slowly. "I'll think about it a bit before I say anything. Perhaps you and I might be useful to each other, don't you know?"

Miss Denslow started. She opened her mouth to speak; then turned suddenly. "Who's that?" she demanded. "I, madam." The steward had approached noiselessly over the dim deck. As he spoke, he began to gather the cups from the table.

Miss Denslow eyed him curiously. "Ah, yes!" she said. "Your name is—"

"Price, madam."

"You're new on the El Rio?"

"Yes, madam. Everybody's new except the captain and chief engineer, madam." He placed the last cup on the tray. "Is there anything more, madam?" he asked.

"Nothing!" Miss Denslow remained silent till the man had gone. Then she turned to Lord George. "Then I may count on your silence for the present?" she asked.

Lord George nodded slowly. "Yes," he said.

CHAPTER VIII

Without Lights.

The morning of the fifth day saw the El Rio approaching latitude 10,

longitude 64, the spot at which Captain Bunker was to open the envelope inclosing his instructions and was presumably, to ascertain the exact place where he was to find Mr. Archman. Naturally, all on board were agog to learn what the envelope contained. Bess was especially and admittedly excited.

A little before noon she had a surprise. She had torn herself reluctantly away from the deck and had gone below to get one of her lesson books. She found the book, but she also found, lying on top of it, a folded paper addressed to herself in a handwriting that she did not recognize. It ran as follows:

"Warn Captain Bunker to keep special watch over his instructions. An effort is likely to be made to find them out in advance, probably today."

The note bore no signature. Bess read the words again. Then she sat down and stared at the paper. Was it a hoax? she asked herself. Why should any one want to learn the contents of the instructions in advance of their formal opening? Who could want to do such a thing?

"Warn Captain Bunker," said the note. But should she do it? Would she not make herself ridiculous by doing it? Would the writer be watching to laugh at her? Such a note seemed like Harry's idea of fun.

After a while she decided to go on deck and see if she could find any clue in the expressions of her fellow passengers. As she passed Harry's stateroom the sound of a man's and a woman's voice within it, engaged in earnest though low-pitched discussion, came to her ears. She paid little at-



Lord George nodded. "I Fancy You're Right," he said slowly. "I'll Think About it a Bit Before I Say Anything."

tention to them, supposing that Harry was giving instructions to the maid about sewing on a button or some such trifle. After a brief pause in her mother's stateroom, she went on deck and met Harry. She made some reference to his visitor. Harry started and stared at her, half angrily, half suspiciously. "What are you trying to start now, Bess?" he asked. "I'll bite. What's the joke?"

Bess stared. "No joke," she said. "I certainly heard voices in your stateroom."

"Not in mine! You're daffy, Bess," Bess shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, well! Never mind. Maybe it was somewhere else," she granted. "It's of no importance, anyway. I wonder what Captain Bunker's instructions will say?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "Search me," he replied.

In vain Bess made other remarks, both to Harry and to the other passengers, attempting to obtain some answer that would help her suspicions to settle. None of them disclosed anything, and it was not until the sun had crossed the meridian and Captain Bunker, with his sextant under his arm, passed by on his way to work out the noon observation and determine the position of the ship that she got her chance.

"Are we there, captain?" she demanded eagerly.

Captain Bunker shook his head. "Not yet," he said; "but we shall be soon. When I've worked out the observation, I'll be able to tell you just how soon."

"Oh, isn't it thrilling, captain!"

Now, why was Lord George breaking those bottles? and what will the captain's sealed orders say?

You'll let Lord George and me open the instructions, won't you?" Bess glanced at the Englishman as she spoke.

Captain Bunker shook his head. "Can't do that, Miss Bess," he declared. "I'll have to do it myself, and I'll have to seek the seclusion that my cabin grants before I do it."

Bess turned to the Englishman. "You hear, Lord George?" she exclaimed. "He wants to keep all the mystery to himself."

Lord George nodded comfortably. "He jolly well better had kept it to himself," he declared. "Mr. Archman would court-martial him if he didn't. What?"

Bess drew a long breath. Clearly, she decided, Lord George was not especially interested in the instructions. "Well, I call it mean," she said. "Be-ware, captain, or when you come to open your instructions you'll find I've got ahead of you and read them first."

"Not you, miss—unless you wheedle the combination of my safe out of me," laughed the captain, as he vanished into the chart house.

Bess said nothing more. She had warned the captain in a way, without betraying the fact that she had received the note, which she more than ever believed was a hoax. A little later, when Captain Bunker announced that he would open the envelope at five o'clock that afternoon, she decided that nobody could possibly manage to steal the instructions out of a locked safe in less than four hours, and that, therefore, she would say nothing.

The tasks of the day had been finished and, the weather being good, there was little for the crew—except those in the engine room—to do. Of all on board, only Lord George was busy; he had borrowed a light rifle from Captain Bunker and was amusing himself by shooting at floating objects.

Eight bells struck. Bess sat up in her stateroom, throwing back the light rug that covered her feet, and looked about her. As she did so, Lord George raised his rifle and fired at something directly aft. Bess rose and stared curiously across the taffrail.

"Ge! That looks exciting," she remarked casually.

Lord George looked up at her. "It's jolly good practice, you know," he said. "It's the shooting season at home now, and everybody there is popping away. It's lots of fun. It is really. Excuse me." He turned and sent a bullet at a shark's triangular fin that cut the water off the starboard quarter. The fin disappeared and he turned back to Bess. "I'm not much of a shot," he explained. "The best bag I ever made was sixty brace."

"Sixty brace! One hundred, and twenty!"

Lord George did not answer. He swung his rifle up. Bess had just time to see that he was aiming at something that looked like a bottle with a small flag stuck into its neck, when the piece exploded and the bottle disappeared. "Good, gracious!" she exclaimed. "Where did that bottle come from?"

"Bottle?" Lord George looked surprised. "Where is it?"

"It's at the bottom of the sea, now," exclaimed Bess. "You blew it to pieces. Didn't you know what you were aiming at?"

Lord George's expression of surprise was obvious. "Really, now, really, Miss Bess," he mumbled, "are you sure it was a bottle?"

"Of course, I'm sure. I've got eyes, haven't I? It looked like a message, too. It had a flag in it. Maybe it was a message from some poor shipwrecked mariner. And you've destroyed it. Good Lord!"

Lord George had fired again, and at another bottle, which flew in fragments like the first.

Bess stared at the water. Then she stared at Lord George. But that gentleman kept his eye fixed on the water, either failing or refusing to meet her eyes. "Oh!" she breathed significantly.

"The rudder chains leading along the rail began to rattle, and the wake of the El Rio began to change its direction. The sun, which had been on the girl's left, shifted behind her. For a moment Bess did not understand; then she realized that the El Rio had changed its course from south to west.

Now, why was Lord George breaking those bottles? and what will the captain's sealed orders say?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Get Beautiful Effects From Lighted Marble

When an official of the United States bureau of standards was making an inspection of modern lighting arrangements as used in Europe he was surprised to find an old church in Italy in which the daylight was filtered through thin slabs of delicate tinted marble. The effect was a surprisingly beautiful one and was not easily duplicated by our makers of ornamental glassware, as there is a peculiar charm about the natural coloring of some of the Italian marbles, writes the Washington Star.

However, the marble must be so thin for such a purpose that it could not form a commercial substitute for window panes or for use in electric light fixtures. Now a French investigator has found that such marble slabs can be used in much greater thickness if they are polished on both sides and then saturated with paraffin or shellac. By giving them such a treatment he has been able to obtain

beautiful effects in illuminating corridors by the light of tungsten lamps concealed behind the marble walls of the hallways. The loss of light is said to be only about 20 per cent (or no more than with most of the milky glassware used in fixtures), and as the whole plate of marble glows the effect is surprisingly charming and unusual.

Atlantic Airlights

The first Transatlantic flight was made by the United States naval seaplane N-4, in charge of Lieut. Com. A. C. Read. The other members of the crew were Lieuts. E. F. Stone and Walter Hinton, Radio Operator Ensign H. C. Rodd, Engineer Chief Machinist Mate E. S. Rhoades. All were Americans. The flight began on May 8, 1919, and ended May 31. The total flying time from Rockaway, N. Y., to Plymouth, England, was 57 hours and 20 minutes.

Just a Little Smile

POOR FIDO!

"Madam," said the dignified gentleman, "your dog bit me on the ankle." "He didn't," cried the lady. "Oh, I must send for a doctor!" "Oh, I assure you it isn't as bad as—"

"You're the third person he's bitten today," broke in the lady. "I just know he isn't feeling well."—Bursts and Duds.

Helpful Suggestions

"What are you?" "A college graduate looking for a job." "What's the trouble?" "I can't find any place where they can use metaphysics, Greek or astronomy." "You studied philosophy, didn't you?" "Yes." "Well, apply that."

EXPENSIVE PRESERVES



Mrs. Nuvorich—And all that money goes for just current expenses, Mrs. Kratt?

Mrs. Aristah Kratt—Why, yes—it's not excessive.

Mrs. Nuvorich—Seems to be a large sum for just that one kind of preserves.

Best Seller

The author acquires some glory. And gathers in some pence. By telling the old, old story. For a dollar and fifty cents.

Snappy Work

"Who are those men hanging around the harem?" inquired the sultan. "I understand that one is a former beau of your latest favorite, and the other seems to be playing second fiddle to him," replied the chief eunuch. "Hum!" mused his majesty; "well, just see the captain of the guard and tell him to hang up the fiddle and the beau."—London Opinion.

Handicapped

Minister—Why do you not get a wife, Donald?

Donald—I might get a bad one.

Minister—Trust to providence, and you'll be all right.

Donald—I'm no' so sure, minister, for ye ken providence has to dispose of the bad as well as the good.—London Humorist.

Extremes Meet

"Isn't a lawsuit involving a patent right about the dullest thing imaginable?" asked one court fan of another. "Not always," was the reply. "I attended a case not long ago that was really funny. A tall lawyer named Short was reading a 6,000-word document he called a brief."

TO KEEP LOVE ALIVE



"And, my dear, he even puts love before food!"

"Still, if you marry him, take my advice and put food before love."

Disclosure

Now pleasant to the sight men find. An ankle and a stocking. But he who has an ugly mind. Into the world is shocking.

Looking Far Ahead

"I wish I knew how to move my big stock of axes," lamented the hardware merchant.

"Why don't you start a tree-planting campaign," suggested his wife.—Good Hardware.

True

"Girls, canoes, saxophones, horse-racing—a young man has many interests, so many things that have no place in the life of the middle-aged coed."

"Still, the latter is kept busy taking medicine."

"Over the Hill"

Hub—That car of yours will land me in the poorhouse.

Wife—Well, it's a good hill climber, if that's what you mean, dear.

Why Refused

Roommate—So your father refused to send you money? I suppose he's forgotten that he spent money when he went to college?

Blunk, Jr.—Not a bit of it. And he hasn't forgotten what he spent it for, either.—American Legion Weekly.

Old-Fashioned

Head Walter—By the way, what do you think of the German ham? "Guest—To tell the truth I like the good American grapefruit better."

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Colds Headache Neuralgia Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Safe

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100.—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monacochestester of Salicylicacid

New Wheat for World

A new British wheat that is to be on the market for sowing next year promises to revolutionize the flour industry of Britain.

Efficiency in Electricity

The electrically operated paper mill, at Vancouver, Wash., have been found to be the most efficient mills of their kind on the Pacific coast.

Red Cross Ball Blue should be used in every home. It makes clothes white as snow and never injures the fabric. All good grocers.—Advertisement.

It is a rare soul who loves solitude and communion with nature; and as a rule, he lives in town.

Hoskie's Croup Remedy for croup, coughs, and colds. No opium. No nausea. 50 cts. Druggists. Kells Co., Newburgh, N. Y. Mrs. Adv.

Bachelors miss a lot of happiness and escape a lot of misery.

Both the miser and the spendthrift think each other foolish—and they are.

A woman's patience often makes home, sweet home.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

There's a bit of romance in every life, if it's only a nightmare in one's sleep.

Promiscuous

His Steno—George's mustache makes me laugh.

My Steno—It tickled me, too.

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 23 years.

Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

Million-Dollar Policies

One hundred and twenty Americans carry life insurance policies for \$1,000,000 or more, the Insurance Press has announced.

For speedy and effective action, Dr. Sear's "Dead Shot" has no equal. Single dose cleans out Worms or Tapeworm. 375 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

It is almost as difficult to tell the age of an egg as it is that of a woman.

The women of the Lake Tchad region of central Africa vie with one another as to who can possess the longest lips.

PAY LESS

—and get higher purity
—and get better baking
—and get bigger value
—and save money!

Bake it BEST with

DAVIS BAKING POWDER

Head Walter—By the way, what do you think of the German ham? "Guest—To tell the truth I like the good American grapefruit better."