

WALKERTON INDEPENDENT

Published Every Thursday by
THE INDEPENDENT-NEWS CO.
Publishers of the
WALKERTON INDEPENDENT
NORTH CHEROKEE NEWS
LAKEVILLE STANDARD
THE ST. JOSEPH CO. WEEKLIES
Clem DeConder, Business Manager
W. A. Endley, Editor
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year \$1.50
Six Months .75
Three Months .40
TERMS IN ADVANCE
Entered at the post office at Walkerton,
Ind., as second-class matter.

INDIANA STATE NEWS

Indianapolis.—Evidence that there are combinations in restraint of trade in the coal industry in Indiana has been obtained by the special food and coal commission, according to a statement made by Jesse E. Eschbach, chairman of the commission, at a hearing of coal wholesalers. Representatives of Indiana jobbers at the hearing urged the commission to permit jobbers to charge as their commission 10 per cent of the price they pay for coal at the mouth of the mine. The commission heard both operators and retailers. "This commission has evidence," said Mr. Eschbach, "to show that retailers in some Indiana communities have such close organization with Indiana operators that no customer in certain territories can buy a pound of coal direct from mines or colliers, unless the coal goes through the hands of a retailer who collects the regular profit."

Anderson.—Madison county farmers report that more corn will be shocked or ensilaged than ever before because of the low price for corn delivered at elevators. Farmers estimate they would lose heavily at the present prices since they are below the price paid for seed. Corn for canning factories is yielding approximately \$48 an acre, and farmers who grow corn for packing plants believe it will prove more profitable than corn for the later market. Tomatoes for canning concerns have been averaging more than \$120 an acre and for the reason that the canning plants pay better than other markets it is predicted by farmers that the acreage of common corn will be reduced next year in favor of sweet corn and tomatoes.

Goshen.—Charles E. Morrice of Peru, formerly of Goshen, who surrendered to the sheriff of Elkhart county, who served warrants issued on thirty-six indictments returned against Morrice by the Elkhart county grand jury, completed giving bond for \$24,200 and returned to Peru to resume the management of a cabinet company. Indictments returned against Morrice are grand larceny, twenty; larceny and embezzlement, six; forgery and uttering forged instruments, six; petit larceny, two.

Washington, D. C.—The missing 222 of Indiana's population has been found by the United States census bureau. The population of Vigo county, instead of 100,038, as announced, should be 100,212, and the population of Franklin county, instead of the 14,758, should be 14,806. The discrepancies were discovered when addition of the totals of county population, as announced, gave the state a population of 222 fewer persons than was announced by the bureau as the total for the whole state.

Seymour.—With favorable weather thousands of acres in Jackson county will be seeded to wheat. Most farmers withheld sowing until after October 5 because of the possible danger of the Hessian fly. As the wheat crop in the county was not as good as usual last spring, some trouble has been experienced in getting first-class seed and farmers who held wheat which tested high and was free from cockle and other weeds seeds, disposed of it at \$2.50 a bushel.

Indianapolis.—Two Indianapolis men were killed instantly and a third was injured so seriously that he died fifteen minutes later, when the automobile in which they were riding turned over on the bluff road, twelve miles southwest of here, near Glens Valley. They were on their way to the Indiana-Iowa football game at Bloomington. The dead: Harry E. Snyder, 29 years old; John A. Zeller, 31 years old; Frank J. Coffey, 32 years old.

Indianapolis.—J. L. McCulloch of Marion was re-elected governor of the Indiana district Kiwanis Clubs at the second day's session of the third annual convention here. John N. Broderick of Indianapolis was chosen one of the three lieutenant governors of the district. The other lieutenant governors are James F. Boyer of Elkhart and B. S. Ahlert of Evansville.

Indianapolis.—A state survey of commercial possibilities is to be undertaken by a committee headed by L. N. Hines, state superintendent of public instruction, it was decided at a meeting of a number of Hoosier educators. A federal expert, representing the federal bureau of education, recently conferred with state officials.

Lawrenceburg.—Crossed electric light wires started a fire here in the drying house of the Rossville Distilling and Cattle Feeding company. The drying house and a frame warehouse were destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$6,000 and is covered by insurance.

Seymour.—Only ten per cent of the coal needed by citizens of Seymour for use during the winter has been delivered, according to dealers.

Evansville.—Weevil has been discovered in some of the wheat in Vanderburgh county and farmers have been urged to examine their stocks to see if they are affected. Most of the farmers are holding wheat for higher prices.

Newcastle.—Henry county is ready to challenge the state in potato growing. At the county fair, one bushel of potatoes was dug requiring only forty-two potatoes. They are of the Irish Cobbler variety. Seth Miller, superintendent, says his yield will be more than 300 bushels to the acre.

That Nagging Backache

Are you tortured with a throbbing backache? Suffer sharp pains at every sudden move? Evening find you "all played out"? Perhaps you have been working too hard and getting too little rest. This may have weakened your kidneys, bringing on that tired feeling—a dull, nagging backache. You may have headaches and dizziness, too, with annoying kidney irregularities. Don't wait, help the weakened kidneys with **Doan's Kidney Pills**. They have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

An Illinois Case
Joseph P. Smith, prominent V. I. R. says: "At times I could hardly get about, as the pain in my back was so severe. I had terrible spells of dizziness. The kidney secretions were scanty, highly colored and hurried in passage. Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended to me. I got some. Doan's entirely cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

No More Constipation or Blotchy Skin

Want a clear, healthy complexion, regular bowels, and a perfect working liver? All easy to obtain if you take **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**. They are safe and easy acting remedy. For headache, dizziness, upset stomach and despondency, they have no equal. Purely vegetable.
Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price

Women Made Young

Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by regularly taking

**GOLD MEDAL
HAARLEM OIL
(CAPSULES)**

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles, the enemies of life and looks. In use since 1895. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Harvest 20 to 45 Bushel to Acre Wheat in Western Canada

Think what that means to you in good hard dollars with the great demand for wheat at high prices. Many farmers in Western Canada have paid for their land from single crops. The same success may still be yours, for you can buy on easy terms.

Farm Land at \$15 to \$30 an Acre

Learn the Facts About
Western Canada
—low taxation (none on improvements), healthful climate, good schools, churches, pleasant social relationships, a prosperous and industrious people.

For illustrated literature, maps, description of farm opportunities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, reduced railway rates, etc., write Department of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

Freed From Torture Eaton's Cleared His Up-Set Stomach

"The people who have seen me suffer from torture from neuralgia brought on by an upset stomach now see me perfectly sound and well—absolutely due to Eaton's," writes R. Long.

Profit by Mr. Long's experience, keep your stomach in healthy condition, fresh and cool and avoid the ailments that come from an acid condition. Eaton's brings relief by taking up and carrying off the excess acidity and cases—does it quickly. Take an Eaton's after eating and see how wonderfully it helps you. The box contains only a relief with your druggist's guarantee.

OLD SORES, PILES AND ECZEMA VANISH

Good, Old, Reliable Peterson's Ointment a Favorite Remedy.

"Had 51 ulcers on my legs. Doctors wanted to cut off leg. Peterson's Ointment cured me."—Wm. J. Nichols, 40 Wilber Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Get a large box for 50 cents at any druggist, says Peterson, of Buffalo, N. Y., and money back if it isn't the best you ever used. Always keep Peterson's Ointment in the house. Fine for burns, scalds, bruises, sunburn, and the surest remedy for itching eczema and piles the world has ever known.

Be Your Own Physician
A wonderful Violet Ray Generator. New Life, New Health, New Strength, New Vitality. Write for Free Literature. Free Literature. Free Literature.

FRECKLES
N. D. B. TALMADGE CO., 123 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.



CHAPTER XV—Continued.

The cry of the watcher at the top sent a galvanic shudder over them all. The riders!

Con went up with the sailor, and from the mouth of the pit they saw three score horsemen strung across the plain. They were like a sword cutting into the desert surface, already far on their way to retrieve their ill-starred prince. Away to the south, as if driven by invisible gods, Yekuto's horse was running. Levington grew conscious of many bodies pressing about his own. The little men were creeping up to peer out at their fates. The riders had but one meaning to them.

Helen had lied candidly and well. In the wind, a screen of fine sand rose behind the flight of horsemen.

The miners were heartened by their first favorable turn in their history. The Arab seized for the opportunity to inflame them further. They began to moan with anger, sensing vaguely the opportunity that had come. The city was open and without protection.

Like the rush of a subterranean river their voices came up, a choking rumble. Insectlike they surged up out of the shaft. In the blinding daylight the Arab fell back, and Levington had no choice but to captain them. He got a joy from it all, a flash of power. They were coming behind him, score upon score, the honeycombed earth giving up her stragglers.

Their faces were hairless and pinched, grimy. Each man had a weapon. They were a terrifying rabble. Strong arms carried earth clays that had yesterday combed the imperial clay for the seeds of koreh. There were also daggers and pointed horns and a number of dull swords.

From the houses beneath the city wall, the women and old men ran to the gates and swung them shut; but they could not hold back the ugly swarm of workers. There was strength in the arms that had toiled so long underground; new, fierce power in the twisted spines. It was a mad holiday of revolt. The big gates were pressed in.

Wives and maidens of the monzoul ran across the lawn, Kalka, Turkish, and Arabian; delicate feet were nimble beyond the fountains, and the feminine cries were forbidden music to the invaders. But there was first a matter of work to be done. The miners hurried on, restless as lava.

Black slaves, and gray and brown, whined and crouched upon the rugs. It was early, and the palace was but half awake. In the throne room, filled now with golden light, a woman fled, screaming. Beyond were the monzoul's apartments. This soft and ancient lord reclined among his feathers and silks and fans, like a precious grub. His doorway darkened, his slaves went down, but he gave small heed to the mob that profaned his chamber. He was dreaming, perhaps of dainty white ankles and the tinkle of wind-bells. The wrinkles of his countenance sagged with fat and drug. Now the brazen teeth of an earth-hook gave him a final caress.

Here, on the walls, hanging amid the most prized trophies—scimitars of Persia, antique firearms of Cathay, and jeweled knives of Hindu hill princes—were the weapons recently taken from Andrew March, also the carbine Levington had once bought for better luck. He repossessed himself.

Down a corridor that thundered with the lust of benighted men, Levington went to Helen's door, and bade the nearest of his followers remain



The Miners Hurried On, Resistless as Lava.

outside. They clamored and contented themselves with exploring passages and winding stairs, and halls and secret rooms from which their lords had sent only cruelty and constant oppression. Levington entered and closed the door behind him, and narrowly missed the slash of a sword in the hands of the familiar Chinese servant.

Con took the weapon from Fu Ah, and commanded him for his zeal. "Where is my father?" asked the prince.

"He is with another division of the men. We will go to him directly. You old story very well."

"Your story," she corrected him. "I

was without breath. I spoke rapidly to the guards, pointing. They saw the loose horse, far out. It was sufficient. They were enraged."

She had crossed the room with a grace that found every nerve—the gentleness of the oriental in her step, but more than that, the clear-lined assurance of an American girl. Levington bowed and burned. He managed to inquire: "Are you ready to go on a long journey?"

"Does my father wish me to go?" "Yes," he lied.

"I go."

There was nothing of koreh about her now, unless in the faint shadows below her eyes. Neither America alone nor Asia unaided could have produced her sweetness, this frank perfection. She heard the rush of madmen through her palace, all the dread, sanguinary confusion above and around—yet did not tremble. It did not occur to her to be afraid. Her thoughts held to other issues. The wise writings of two continents had tempered her mind.

Unlike those who knew the fruits of one land or one age only, Helen was vividly aware of life in a larger pattern, and though her keenness was young and softly cloaked, it shone in her eyes, and was mysteriously conveyed to him.

She smiled a little. "I do not see what is to come."

"Will you give the order to prepare many camels immediately for a long march."

"Has not my father done so?"

"I agreed to arrange for it. He is occupied at present," Con eluded again.

He went to the door and signaled to the nearest rider, who stopped his play of tormenting a wounded Nubian, and came shambling across the threshold of the princess. Con stated the needs to the girl, who spoke to the Chinese, Fu Ah, in his own language; and the latter, with a supreme disgust stenciled across his face, repeated the order to the man from the mines. The dwarf, abased himself, having expected a death-blow instead of oral instructions, and crawled out at the door.

"There are mountains to the north," said the princess to Levington.

"And forests," he added. "Do you think there is a better direction for us? We must not tarry."

"No. We go to the north."

Fu Ah then received further personal wishes from his mistress. To Levington she explained:

"I am sending you up the stairway, for things I shall require. Kindly go with him and see that he is not struck dead by your butchers."

Levington bowed again, silently, and his cheeks burned. Her bitterness was iron. Had he not upset the world?

Escorting old Fu Ah down the corridor, Con went up with him to see what gross mischief was being worked in the higher floors. The top of the stairs was clogged by two bodies, miners who had failed to quell two stalwart sons of warriors, who also lay quiet now a little way down the hall. The tide of dwarfs had passed on.

While Fu Ah delved in treasure of silk and leather and silver, Levington found an outer window. Far along the road beyond the city gates, he noted two slaves mounted on camels. The beasts were pacing at their utmost, southward, their mission to bear word of alarm to the distant company of riders. Con examined the carbine in his hands. Resting the barrel upon the latch of the open window, he aimed very carefully, and pressed the long trigger. He repeated this process four times, and was then ready to go downstairs with the old servant.

"When we leave," he said to Helen, overcoming a reluctance to speak, "these little half-men from the mines will close the gates after us. Your warriors, in returning, will be unable to force an entrance until we have gained a greater distance to the north."

"Do not say 'my warriors,'" she hesitated, then added: "Do not heed my words, if they are quick. I would not turn back."

She was smiling gravely. Her hand came up to him.

"A princess may speak as she chooses," said Levington.

"Not to her equals."

The city was conquered, overrun. The new caravan was being prepared for immediate departure. Con, feeling that he was not needed elsewhere, had a strong reason for remaining where he was, and the possibility that some bold pillaging party might come and find her alone.

He endeavored to assist in the hurried gathering together of lovely garments, but he was useless. Also, the delicate spice that arose from certain of the dresses was like a thin knife in him.

The door opened. The silent figure of Chee Ming stood before them, his robe torn, and marks of violence about his head, steady, gray-faced, tense with anger.

Helen paused beside the bamboo chest. She felt a sudden renewal of the ties of many years. Con sensed the situation, and waited. The vizir advanced upon the rug.

"I go," said Helen in English. Chee Ming replied shortly in foreign speech. "I go, at once," she repeated, and her persistence with the English seemed to clear the air. It was her declaration of choice. Chee Ming was speaking to her, a great calmness spread over his intense rage. His eyes grew magnetic with hate. His dream cosmos was crumbling. The princess appeared not to hear him. She said pleasantly: "I am taking Carlyle to read on the way, and the Aquarian Gospel."

Levington looked back once, shud-

These two volumes were placed on top of the firelies of all Asia. Chee Ming had turned to the white man. Levington said, "I am setting free your prisoners."

Helen added: "Mother once tried to do the same."

"My riders return," said the vizir steadily.

"Not yet," said Levington.

He saw a thin brass tube in the yellow hands. In a flash he was upon the old man, before the blow could be raised to the narrow lips. It was no task to subdue the vizir with physical force, for the Chinese had lost courage. His leathery sinews slackened. The darts fell to the floor. Helen lifted the tube and placed it in the bosom of her dress. She was not smiling.

Upon the window-ledge rested the yellow bowl. Con picked up the vizir and carried him across to it. He forced back Chee Ming's arms and drew up his chin rather inconveniently, no such defeat must have been their bitter and unbearable. The koreh in the bowl was cool to Con's fingers, the scent that arose was spice and brandy. He applied the bluish oil thoroughly to the eyelids and temples of the vizir.

"He has been my father," said a soft voice.

"I will not hurt him. This seems wonderfully new to him; he has had the world try it first."

Word came that the camels were ready at the gate. The bamboo chest



Con Left His Strange Enemy Lying Upon the Rug.

was carried out. Con left his strange enemy lying upon the rug, deep in ghostly slumber.

The miners were finding their own voices, roaring in new freedom, like masquerading children, before the monzoul was cold in his blood. From the higher windows and balconies of the palace came shrill screams. Twenty camels were laden.

"Where is my father?"

Con asked the Arab, who sought out the men who had carried the hammock. Only one of these could be found. He pointed back along the road. Helen saw the gesture and insisted on going with Levington. The entire caravan was started out at the gate, for the riders could not be slighted. Certain of the dwarfs were aware of their debt to the white man who was departing, and these raised a shout as the caravan passed under the fortification. Instantly the gates were closed and a barricade begun on the inside.

"What have you not told me?" insisted the girl.

"It will be all right," he answered.

"Tell me."

"He has remained behind."

"Tell me," she cried.

They found him near the rock that marked Eltham's grave. He was motionless in the morning sun, stretched face downward upon the sand that had once been a garden. Con leapt down and ran to him. There was no response. An insect walked across March's cheek. The deep-gray eyelids were firmly closed. He was quite dead.

Helen stood there, then knelt. She closed her eyes, but did not weep. Her hand went to his shoulder, but the touch frightened her. Levington was bowed with the loss of his comrade, the man who had shown him how to live.

"You need not go," said Con.

"They are both there," she said slowly.

"Shall I take you back to the gates?"

For a long minute she remained motionless, kneeling, and the others of the party showed increasing agitation, with much staring off southward. Helen raised her hand.

"I am ill," she whispered. "Take me away, far."

He lifted her to her feet. A runner had been sent back to the city with word. The hammock would come again, and March's body be given final attention.

"It is useless to remain," she said.

"Take me away."

The other woman of the party, an ancient sister to Fu Ah, came to her princess and soothed in the wonderful intoned speech of Asia. She placed a large motherly arm about the shocked and saddened Helen, and with Con, helped her up into the saddle. Haste was imperative. It was Helen's own choice.

Levington gave the word. The guide took orders from old Fu Ah, who rode high up, his wrinkled and scarred visage further fortified by the present twists of fortune. He had no heart-beat independent of his white princess. For the sake of speed, the sister, who was somewhat keery, was separately mounted. Helen rode alone, as did Levington. The wind was in their faces.

Levington looked back once, shud-

dering, across the rich low plain, to the strange towering city, now but a tawny babel in the hands of its enemies, those sad hordes from the caverns—its destiny awry, all splendor and quiet cruelty ended. The very walls seemed pale now.

The white man was silent with a grandeur of pain, a beauty that was anguish. White-hot sun pelted through his garments. Flying sand stung his cheeks familiarly. Helen's head was bowed in silent agony. It seemed that the fierce, vengeful hands of the miners pulled at his heart.

Back on the vanishing rim of the world, the ancient, mysterious city showed for an instant like a faded rose, and then the glaring heat blotted it out.

CHAPTER XVI.

Helen's Ordeal.

Helen, in her great heaviness of heart, stared down at nothing. Fu Ah gave up the task of comforting her, at the request of his sister, who rode close beside the princess. Fansa's attention was in fact sorely divided between the marvels of an unknown world and the sorrows of her mistress. The Mongolian driver shoved Levington into the lead, and the white man was alternately alarmed and joyous. He looked back often, and his nerves crawled each time he fancied a puff of dust in the south.

His best friend was gone, where he had wished to go. Con saw what had been in Andrew March's mind when he told of the seed-poison that leaves no dream behind, only a stilled body. Con was not holding that against his friend. The quiet investigator, who had weathered so much, whose worldly grasp had seemed so strong and sufficient, had been broken when his illusion failed, a woman waiting for him, but in another world. Just now, Levington's deepest hurt was to recall what he had seen in the devotional chamber underneath the palace, his princess in the same fragrant thrall. Her father had come and gone by strange laws.

Helen seemed to live in a dull tangle of pain. She rode with eyes closed. Training prescribed thoughts of her father, the affectionate stranger who had mastered the path to her lofty city, only to meet ruin in the yellow man's form of sleep. The shock of his death brought a heaviness that was unendurable, a new destiny drooping down about her like a cloak. But oddly, the images that passed before her vision were not of Andrew March. He was but the background.

She was thinking of Chee Ming, the brutal marks upon his head in that last moment, his dignity in rage, the magnitude of his defeat. Pictures of his kindness came again and again—how patiently he had taught her, how he had brought forth her pretty things of the world. Once he had laughed outright when a golden butterfly had wandered in at the window and rested upon his nose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PURPOSE IN SELF-TORTURE

People of Northern New Mexico Have High Object in Infliction of Bodily Punishment.

A passion play takes place yearly in the Raton and Sandia mountains of northern New Mexico. A group of people living in this district have for centuries each Lenten season gone through series of self-inflicted bodily tortures, enduring their agonies in the belief that these barbarities will absolve them from past and future sins. The passion play is said to be so savagely realistic that at times performers have died as a result of injuries received while taking part in it.

These people are known as Los Hermanos Penitentes, or the Penitent Brotherhood. The Penitentes are of Mexican origin, with a marked strain of Indian blood. They are densely ignorant, not many being able to read Spanish, and only a very few are familiar with English. Halfly one in ten has ever been a hundred miles away from the isolated mountain settlements where they make their homes. They keep small flocks of cattle and sheep and sometimes mine for gold and silver. They live in mud and crude stone houses, as did their ancestors two and three hundred years ago.

Air's Density Changes.
Job spoke of the "bottles" of heaven, and St. Augustine and others thought there were windows in heaven, and as these were opened or closed so the rain began and ended. But that was long ago. Even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century the chemical nature of the air was not known. If the density of the atmosphere remained constant it could all be compressed into a layer about five miles thick. In that case the highest mountain peaks would stand out in space piercing the so-called homogeneous atmosphere. But the density decreases with elevation, and when the aviator reaches an elevation of 10,000 meters he is in a medium which is only about one-third as dense as at the ground. There are no clouds above this level.

Pitcher Plant's Curious Leaves.
In the swampy regions of India and China a herbaceous plant is found which has very curious leaves. Each leaf has the mid-rib, prolonged to a great extent, far beyond the leaf proper, terminating in a very singular pitcher, from which the plant derives its common name of "pitcher plant."

This again terminates in a lid which is regarded by botanists as the true blade of the leaf.

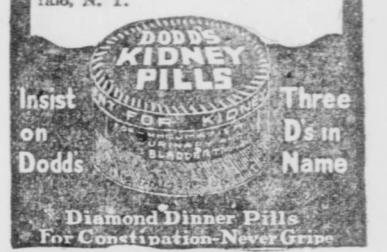
In this pitcher a fluid is found which, comes from the plant itself and is probably necessary for its nourishment. This fluid, which contains some potash, varies much in quantity, sometimes only a drop or two, but often there is enough to drown any inquisitive insect which may venture in side, and such insects are frequently found in the pitcher.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Standard Yard.
The standard yard consists of a metal bar held in a secure fireproof vault in a Washington government building.

Possibly no one is contented, but many have learned not to make a fuss.

Strengthen Your Weak Kidneys

Don't neglect backache, sore joints, puffy eyes, interrupted sleep, or other signs of weak kidneys or bladder. Correct the trouble with **Dodd's Kidney Pills**. Avoid chances of serious complications. Get D O D'S, only 60c, guaranteed. Your nearest dealer or direct from Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Insist on Dodd's
Diamond Dinner Pills
For Constipation—Never Gripe

NR TONIGHT

Tomorrow Alright

NR Tablets stop sick headaches, relieve bilious attacks, tone and regulate the eliminative organs, make you feel fine.

"Better Than Pills For Liver Ills"



Get a 25c. Box.

For The Best Shine Ask For The Big Can



Liquid Stove Polish

Dustless—Ebony Shine

E-Z Iron Enamel for the Pipe

E-Z Metal Polish for the Nickel