HELP FOR WORKING GIRLS

Two Girls Tell Story of Their Illness and How They Found Relief.

New Orleans, La.—"I take pleasure in writing these lines to express my gratitude to you. I am only 16 years old and work in a tobacco factory. I have been a very sick girl but I have improved wonderfully since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am now looking fine and feeling a thousand times better."—Miss AMELIA JAQUILLARD, 613 Seventh Street, New Orleans, La.

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There is nothing that teaches more than experience. Therefore, such letters from girls who have suffered and were restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound should be a lesson to others. The same remedy is within reach of all.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

ADVENTURE

By

JACK LONDON

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Then it was that Sheldon struck out, coolly and deliberately, with all the strength of his arm, and Tudor, caught on the jaw, fell sideways, crumpling as he did so and crushing a chair to kindling wood beneath the weight of his falling body. He pulled himself slowly to his feet, but did not offer to rush.

"Now, will you fight?" Tudor asked grimly.

Sheldon made as if to repeat the blow, but Tudor, white of face, with arms hanging resistlessly at his sides, offered no defense.

"I don't mean a fight with fists," he said slowly. "I mean to a finish, to the

THEN IT WAS THAT SHELDON STRUCK OUT.

death. You're a good shot with revolver and rifle. So am I. That's the way we'll settle it."

"But men don't act this way in real life," Sheldon remarked.

"You'll find I'm pretty real before you're done with me. I'm going to kill you today. Speaking of Joan—"

"Please keep her name out of it," Sheldon warned him.

"Oh, go ahead, knock me down. But that won't close my mouth. You can knock me down all day, but as fast as I get to my feet I'll speak of Joan again. Now, will you fight? I'll give you a fair chance to kill me, but I'll kill you before the day's out. This isn't civilization. It's the Solomon Islands, and a pretty primitive proposition for all that. And two men and one woman is an equally primitive proposition. We'll settle it in the good old primitive way. I can't insult you directly, I know. You are too easy going or cowardly, or both, for that. But I can narrate for you the talk of the beach—ah, that grinds you, doesn't it? I can tell you what the beach has to say about you and this young girl running a plantation under a business partnership."

"Stop!" Sheldon cried, for the other was beginning again to vibrate and oscillate before his eyes. "You want a duel. I'll give it to you. But it is absurd. What kind of a duel shall it be? There are no seconds. What weapons shall we use?"

"I've often thought that the ideal duel should be somewhat different from the modern conventional one. No seconds, of course, and no onlookers. The two principals alone are necessary. They may use any weapons they please, from revolvers and rifles to machine guns and pompoms. They start a mile apart and advance on each other, taking advantage of cover, retreating, circling, feinting—anything and everything permissible. In short, the principals shall hunt each other"—

"Like a couple of wild Indians?"

"Precisely!" cried Tudor, delighted. "You've got the idea. And Berande is just the place, and this is just the right time. Miss Lackland will be taking her siesta, and she'll think we are. We've got two hours for it before she wakes. So hurry up and come on. You start out from the Balesuna, and I start from the Berande. Those two rivers are the boundaries of the plantation, aren't they? Very well. The field of the duel will be the plantation. Neither principal must go outside its boundaries. Are you satisfied?"

"Quite."

Sheldon clapped his hands, and the running house boy hurried away to bring back Adamu Adam and Noa Noah.

"Listen," Sheldon said to them, "this man and me we have one big fight today. Maybe he die. Maybe I die. If he die, all right. If I die you two look after Missie Lackalanna. You take rifles and you look after her day time and night time. If she want to talk with Mr. Tudor, all right. If she not want to talk, you make him keep away. Savvee?"

They grunted and nodded, and each picked a rifle. Tudor, cartridge belts for rifle and pistol strapped around him, rifle in hand, stood impatiently waiting.

"Come on, hurry up, we're burning daylight," he urged, as Sheldon searched after extra clips for his automatic pistol.

Together they passed down the steps and out of the compound to the beach, where they turned their backs to each other, and each proceeded toward his destination, their rifles in the hollows of their arms, Tudor walking toward the Berande and Sheldon toward the Balesuna.

CHAPTER XXII.

MODERN DUELING.

BARELY had Sheldon reached the Balesuna, when he heard the faint report of a distant rifle and knew it was the signal of Tudor, giving notice that he had reached the Berande, turned about, and was coming back. Sheldon fired his rifle into the air in answer, and in turn proceeded to advance. He moved as in a dream, absent mindedly keeping to the open beach. The thing was so preposterous that he had to struggle to realize it, and he reviewed in his mind the conversation with Tudor, trying to find some clew to the common sense of what he was doing. He did not want to kill Tudor. Because that man had blundered in his love making was no reason that he, Sheldon, should take his life. Then what was it all about? True, the fellow had insulted Joan by his subsequent remarks and been knocked down for it, but because he had knocked him down was no reason that he should now try to kill him.

In this fashion he covered a quarter of the distance between the two rivers, when it dawned upon him that Tudor was not on the beach at all. Of course not. He was advancing, according to the terms of the agreement, to the shelter of the cocoanut trees. Sheldon promptly swerved to the left to seek similar shelter, when the faint crack of a rifle came to his ears, and almost immediately the bullet, striking the hard sand a hundred feet beyond him, ricochetted and whined onward in a second flight, convincing him that preposterous and unreal as it was, it was, nevertheless, a sober fact. It had been intended for him. Yet even then it was hard to believe.

Keeping now to the shelter of the trees, he went forward another quarter of a mile. If Tudor had advanced with equal speed they should have come together at that point, and Sheldon concluded that the other was circling. The difficulty was to locate him. The rows of trees, running at right angles, enabled him to see along only one narrow avenue at a time. His enemy might be coming along the next avenue or the next to right or left. He might be a hundred feet away or half a mile. Sheldon plodded on and decided that the old stereotyped war was far simpler and easier than this protracted hide and seek affair. He, because of cleaving to the cape of cocoanut trees, which clinks not, without one of the glimpses of him, he had [illegible] upon a fresh clearing where the ground was [illegible] with [illegible] trees. He [illegible] the clearing, 2 miles in [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] the bullet [illegible] the duffet in passing, the thud of it came to his ears when it struck a palm trunk farther on.

He sprang back into the protection of the larger trees. Twice he had exposed himself and been fired at, while he had failed to catch a single glimpse of his antagonist. A slow anger began to burn in him. It was deucedly unpleasant, he decided, this being peppered at, and, nonsensical as it really was, it was none the less deadly serious. There was no avoiding the issue, no firing in the air and getting over with it, as in the old fashioned duel. This mutual man hunt must keep up until one got the other. And if one neglected a chance to get the other that increased the other's chance to get him. There could be no false sentiment about it. Tudor had been a cunning devil when he proposed this sort of duel, Sheldon concluded, as he began to work along cautiously in the direction of the last shot.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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