THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1912.

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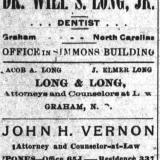
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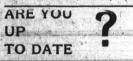
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his whip, and when How-land turned to look back he bright flare of light where the other sledge had stopped. A man's voice came from the farther gloom, calling to Croisset in French. "He tells me 1 am to take you on alone," said Croisset after he had re-plied to the words spoken in a patois which Howland could not understand.

"They will join us again very soon." "They!" exclaimed Howland. "How many will it take to kill me, my dear Croisset? The half breed smiled down into his

face again. "You may thank the blessed Virgin that they are with us." he replied softy. "If you have any hope outside of heaven, m'seur, it is on that sledge behind."

As he went again to the dogs straightening the leader in his traces, Howiand stared back at the fire lit space in the forest gloom. He could see a man adding fuel to the blaze and beyond him, shrouded in the deer DR. WILL S. LONG, JK. there was a movement beyond the figure over the fire, and the y engineer's heart leaped with a su thrill. Croisset's voice sounded in a shrill shout behind him, and at that warning cry in French the second figure sprang back into the gloom. But Howland had recognized it, and the chilled blood in his veins leaped into warm life again at the knowledge that

t was Meleese who was trailing be ind them on the second sledge. "When you yell like that give me a little warning if you please. Jean," he said, speaking as coolly as though he had not recognized the figure that had

come for an instant into the firelight. "It is enough to startle the life out of one." "It is our way of saying goodby, m'seur," replied Croisset, with a fierce snap of his whip. "Hoo-la, get along there!" he cried to the dogs, and in half a dozen breaths the fire was lost

to her they must not say it about Me-leese. Up there," and he pointed still farther into the north. "I know of a hundred men between the Athabasca and the bay who would kill you for what you have said. And it is not for Jean Croisset to listen to it here. I will kill you unless you take it back!" "God!" breathed Howland. He look-Dawn comes at about 8 o'clock ed straight into Croisset's face. "I'm glad—it's so—Jean," he added slowly, "Don't you understand, man? I love her. I didn't mean what I said. I the northern midwinter. Beyond the fiftieth degree the first ruddy haze of the sun begins to warm the southeast-ern skies at 9, and its glow had already would kill for fier, too, Jean. I said

that to find out-what you would do." Slowly Croisset relaxed, a faint smile curling his thin lips. "If it was a joke, m'seur, it was a risen above the forests before Crois stopped his team again. For two hours he had not spoken a word to his prisoner, and after several unavailing efforts to break the other's taciturnity

bad one." "It wasn't a joke," cried Howland. "It was a serious effort to make you tell me something about Meleese. Listen, Jean. She told me back there that it Howland lapsed into a silence of his own. When he had brought his tired dogs to a halt Croisset spoke for the was not wrong for me to love her, and when I lay bound and gagged in the "We are going to camp here for a few hours," he explained. "If you will pledge me your word of honor that you will make no attempt to escape I will snow she came to me and-and kissed me. I don't understand"-

meant that Meleese hau not only

Croisset interrupted him. give you the use of your legs until after breakfast, m'seur. What do you "Did she do that, m'seur?" 'I swear it."

"Then you are fortungte," smiled Jean softly, "for I will stake my hope in the blessed hereafter that she has "Have you a Bible, Croisset?" "No. m'seur, but I have the cross of





Until Croisset stopped again in the middle of the afternoon Howland watched the backward trail for the appearance of the second sledge, but there was no sign of it. After their second meal the journey was resumed, and by referring occasionally to his compass Howland observed that the trail was swinging gradually to the eastward. Long before dusk exhaus-tion compelled him to ride once more on the siedge. Croisset seemed thre-less, and under the early glow of the stars and the sud wasn he still idd stars and the red moon he still led on the worn pack until at last it stop-ped on the summit of a mountainous ridge, with a vast plain stretching into the north as far as the eye could see through the white gloom. The half breed came back to where How land was seated on the sledge.

warned him, but was now playing an active part in preserving his life, and this conclusion added to his perplexity. "We are going but a little farther m'seur," he said. "I must replace the Who was this girl who a few hours be fore had deliberately lured him among rawhide over your mouth and the thongs about your wrists. I am sorry but I will leave your legs free." "Thanks." said Howland. "But real

his enemies and who was now fighting to save him? The question held a deeper significance for him than when he had asked himself this same thing ly it is unnecessary, Croisset. 1 am properly subdued to the fact that fate he and asked nimself this same thing at Prince Albert, and when Croisset called for him to return to the camp-fire and breakfast he touched once more more the forbidden subject. "Jean, 1 don't want to hurt your is determined to play out this interest ing game of ball with me, and, no long er knowing where I am, I promise you to do nothing more exciting that feelings," he said, seating himself on the sledge, "but I've got to get a few things out of my system. I believe this Meleese of yours is a bad woman." smoke my pipe if you will allow me t go along peaceably at your side." Croisset hesitated. "You will not attempt to escape and

Like a flash Croisset struck at the you will hold your tongue?" he asked. "Yes."

bait which Howland threw out to bim. He leaned a little forward, a hand quivering on his knife, his eyes flash-ing fire. Involuntarily the engineer Jean drew forth his revolver and de liberately cocked it. "Bear in mind, m'seur, that I will kill you if you break your word. You

from the black rage which was grow-ing each instant in the half breed a may go abead.' And he pointed down the side of th face. Yet Croisset spoke softly and without excitement, even while his mountain

CHAPTER X.

HOUSE OF THE RED DEATH.

shoulders and arms were twitching like a forest cat about to spring. "M'seur, no one in the world must say that about my Mariane, and next ILFWAY down the ridge low word from Croiss low word from Croissel stopped the engineer.³ Jean had toggled his team with a (성공학) stout length of babeesh on the moun thin top, and he was looking back when Howland turned toward him. The sharp edge of the part of the moun tain from which they were descendin stood out in a clear cut line against the sky, and on this edge the six dogs of the team sat squat on their haunches, silent and motionless, like strangely carved gargoyles placed there to guard plains below. Howland took his pipe from his mouth as he watched the staring interest of Crois set. From the man he looked up again at the dogs. There was something in their sphinxlike attitude, in the move ess reaching of their muzzles ou the wonderful stariit mystery of the still night, that filled him with an in definable sense of awe. Then there came to his ears the sound that had stopped Croisset – a low, moaning whine which seemed to have neither beginning nor end, but which was borne in on his senses as though it were a part of the soft movement of the air he breathed-a note of infinite sadness, which held him startled and without movement, as it held Jean Croisset. And just as he thought that the thing had died away the wailing came again, rising higher and higher. until at last there rose over him a single long howl that chilled the blood

to his very marrow. It was like the wolf howl of that first night he had looked on the wilderness, and yet unlooked on the wilderness, and yet un-like it. In the first it had been the cry of the savage, of hunger, of the unend-ing desolation of life that had thrilled him. In this it was death. He stood hivering as Croisset came down to him, his thin face shining white in the starlight. There was no other sound save the excited beating of life in their

The shadow of the big building shrouded them as they approached. Howland could make out that it was built of massive logs and that there They would leave the Wefusko, and after a time, when it was safe for him to return, he would be given his freeed to be neither door nor window seemed to be neither door nor window on their side. And yet when Jean hesi-tated for an instant before a blotch of gloom that was deeper than the others he knew that they had came to an en-

don. With the passing of the hours gloom-ier thoughts shadowed these anticipa-tions. In some mysterious way Me-leese was closely associated with those who sought his life, and if they disap-peared she would disappear with them. He was convinced of that. And then—could he find her again? Howland could feel the half breed's hand clutch blm nervously by the arm as they went step by step into the black and slient mystery of the place. Would she go into the south-to civ inthe

A HEYER

THE MALP BREED CLOSED AND BO

zation-or deeper into the untravel

wildernesses of the north? In answer

soon there came a fumbling of Crois set's hand at a latch, and they passed through a second door. Then Jean struck a match. Half a dozen steps away was a table

and on the table a lamp. Croisset lighted it and with a quiet laugh faced the engineer. They were in a low, dungeon-like chamber without a window and with but the one door through which they had entered. The table, two chnirs, a stove and a bunk all that Howland could see. But it was not the barrenness of what he im agined was to be his new prison that held his eyes in staring inquiry on Croisset. It was the look in his com-panion's face, the yellow pallor of fear -a horror-that had taken possession of it. The half breed closed and bolted

the door and then sat down beside the table, his thin face peering up through the sickly lamp glow at the engineer. "M'seur, it would be hard for you to guess where you are."

Howland waited. "If you had lived in this country long, m'seur, you would have heard of la Maison de Mort Rouge-the bouse of the Red Death, as you would call it. That is where we are-in the dun-geon room. It is a Hudson Bay post, abandoned almost since I can ren ber. When I was a child the sn plague came this way and killed all the people. Nineteen years ago the red plague came again, and not one lived through it in this Poste de Mori Rouge. to the Since then it has been left weasels and the owls. It is shunned by every living soul between the Athabasca and the bay. That is

It was past midnight when he spread out the furs and undressed for bed. With the breaking of day the hours seemed of interminable length. For a time he amused himself by searching every corner and crevice of his prison room, but he found nothing of interest beyond what he had aiready discov-ered. He examined the door which Croisset had barred on him and gave up all hope of escape in that direction. He could barely thrust his arm why you are safe here." "Ye gods!" breathed Howland. "Is there anything more, Croisset? Safe from what, man? Safe from what?" from what, man? Safe from what?" "From those who wish to kill you, m'seur. You would not go into the Jouth, so la belle Melesse has compel-led you to go into the north. Compre-nez vous? You would have died last night, m'seur, had it not been for Me-lesse. You escaped from the coyots, but you would not have escaped from the other. That is all I can tell you. But you will be set bars. Those who He could barely thrust his arm through the aperture that opened out on the plague stricken cabin. In no situation had he displayed the white feather; at no time had he felt

But you will be safe here. Those who seek your life will soon believe that you are dead, and then we will let you go back. Is that not a kind fate for one who deserves to be cut into bits and fed to the ravens?" "You will tell me nothing more, Jean?" the engineer asked.

"Nothing, except that while I would like to kill you I have sympathy for you. That perhaps is because I once lived in the south. For six years I was with the company in Montreal

where I went to school. Then he unbolted and opened the oor. Faintly there came to them, as from a great distance, the wailing grief of Woonga, the dog. "You said there was death here.

whispered Howland, leaning close his shoulder. "There is one who has lived here

Indere is one who has inved here since the last plague," replied Croisset under his breath. "He lost his wife and children, and it drove him mad. That is why we came down so quietly. He lived in a little cabin out there on the edge of the clearing, and when I went to it fourisht there was a samilar went to it tonight there was a sapling over the house with a flag at the end of it. When the plague comes to us we hang out a red flag as a warning to others. That is one of our laws. The flag is blown to tatters by the winds. He Howland s "Of the sm "Yes."

blown to tatters by the is dead."	Meleese loved him. He would have staked his life on that. His blood
nalipox ?'	leaped as he felt again the thrill of her kisses when she had come to him as he lay bound and gagged beside the
moments they stood in si-	trail. She had taken his head in her arms, and through the grief of her

bound and gagged beside the She had taken his head in her For a rew moments they stood in si. This has not not then in been in her class the remedy is comparatively lence. Then Croisset added, "You will are thread and through the grief of her class the remedy is comparatively face he had seen shining the light of simple. The best place for such love th

a triffe auxious to fight. A tride auxious to fight. He went to bed that night and dreamed of blugs that were to hap-pen. A second day, a third night and a third day came. With such bour grew his axiety for Jenn's return. At times he was annost feverish to have the affair over with He was confident of the outcome, and yet he did not fail to take the Frenchman's true measure-ment. He knew that Jean was like live wire and seed as agite as a cat, more than a match with himself in onen fight desulte, his own sumerice NO.5

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live wire and steel, as agile as a cat, more than a match with himself in open fight despite his own superior weight and size. He decised a dozen schemes for Jean's undoing. One was to teap on him while he was eating, another to spring on him and choke him into partial insensibility as he knelt beside his neek or ford the first or third to his pack or fed the fire, a third to strike a blow from behind that would render him powerless. But there was something in this last that was repugnant to him. He remembered that Jean had saved his life; that in no in-stance had he given him physical pain. He would watch for an opportunity, take advantage of the Frenchman, as Croisset had taken advantage of him, but he would not hurt him seriously. It should be as fair a struggle as Jean had offered him, and with the

Jean had offered him, and with the handicap in his favor the best man would win. On the morning of the fourth day Howland was awakened by a sound that came through the aperture in the wall. It was the sharp yelping bark of a dog, followed an instant lates by the sharper crack of a whip and a fa-miliar voice. miliar voice.

miliar voice. Jean Croisset had returned. With a single leap, he was out of his bunk. Half dressed he darted to the door and crouched there, the mus to his question there flashed through his mind the words of Jean Croisset, "M'seur, 1 know of a hundred men between Athabasca and the bay who the door and crouched there, the mus-cles of his arms tightening, his body tense with the gathering forces with-in him. would kill you for what you have would kill you for what you nave said." Yes, she would go into the north. Somewhere in that vast deso-lation of which Jean had spoken he would find her, even though he spent half of his life in the search! The spur of the moment had drive

him to quick decision. His opportunity would come when Jean Croisse passed through that door. It was past midnight when he spread

[TO BE CONTINUED.] . Even Then. The wise men never speak till they Have something well worth while to say, And, being wise and thoughttu men. They say but little even then. --Chicago Record-Herald.

HOW TO FIGHT CONSUMPTION

cation is the Best Weapon of At tack and Well Enforced Laws Make the Best Measures

of Defense. (Bulletin State Board of Health.) Consumption is a preventa ble disease. Yet we continue to have

white feather; at no time had he felt a thrill of fear. His courage and reck-lessness had terrified Meleese had as-tonished Croisset. And yet what had he done? From the beginning. from the moment he first placed his foot in the Chinese cafe, his enemies had held the whiphand. He had been com-pelled to play a passive part. Up to the point of the ambush on the We-kusko trail he might have found some vindication for himself. But this ex-perience with Jean Croisset-it was more deaths from consumption than from any other disease Why? Largely because some of our consumptives continue to spit. cough, and sneeze in such a manner that their friends and associates are infected. These,

THE Observer then are the people that cause so much trouble, that increase our leath rate and decrease our population, that increase our poverty and decrease our wealth, that LIVES OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS

increase our misery and decrease our happiness. But why do they do it? First

ecause they do not, know any isters in the Christian Church bett. r. and second, because they with historical references. are willfully or criminally careless interesting volume, nicely p What is the remedy? For the What is the remedy? For the first class the remedy is education -education along the line of sani-thing and bound. Price per copy : eloth, \$2.00; gilt top, \$2.50. By mail 20e extra. Orders may be first class the remedy is education no humor in the smile. He at last would have held the whip hand. And what would Meleese have done? tation and hygiene. Such educa-

tion in regard to the very funda-

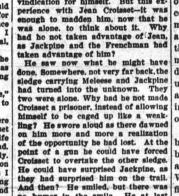
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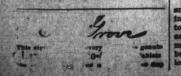
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"Mariane is my wife, m'seur. Ah, ma belle Mariane, ma cheri, the daughter of an Indian princess and the granddaughter of a chef de batail-lon, m'seur! Could there be better than that? And she is bece-utiful, m'seur, with hair like the top side of a raven's wing with the sun shining on it, and"--"You love her a great deal, Jean."

rd."

nđ.

"Next to the Virgin-and-it may be

little better." Croisset had severed the rope about

Croisset had severed the rope about the engineer's legs, and as he raised his glowing eyes Howiand reached out and put both hands on his shoulders. "And in just that way I love Me-leese." he said softly. "Jean, won't you be my friend? I don't want to escape. I'm not a coward. Won't you think of what your Mariane might do and be a friend to me? You would die for Mariane if it were necessary. And I would die for the girl back on that sledge." never m'seur. But it will never happen again." "I believe that it will-unless you kill

"And I shall not besitate to kill you if I think that it is likely to happen again. There are others who would kill you knowing that it has happened kill you knowing that it has happened but once. But you must stop this talk, m'seur. If you persisi I shall put the rawhide over your mouth again." "And if I object-fight?" "You have given me your word of homor. Up here in the big snows the keeping of that word is our first law. If you break it I will kill you."

He had staggered to his feet and into the forests through which

pointed into the forests through which they had come. "I asw her in the firelight, Jean. Why is she following us? Why do they want to kill me? If you would only give me a chance to prove that it is all a mistake—that T^{*} — Croisset reached out and took his hand.

keeping of that word is our first law. If you break it I will kill you." "Good Lord, but you're a cheerful companion." exclaimed Howland, laughing in spite of himselt. "Do you know, Croisset, this whole situ-tion has a good deal of humor as well as tragedy about it. I must be a most important cuss, whoever I am. Aak me who I am, Croisset." "And who are you, m'seur?" "I don't know, Jean. Fact, I don't. I weed to think that I was a most am-bitious young cub in a big engineering setablishment down in Chicago. But I guess I was dreaming. Funny dream, maan't it? Thought I came up here to build a road somewhere through these informal-no, I mean these beautiful mows-but my mind must have been wandering again. Hello! Are you go-ing to start so soon?" "Kigkt away, m'seur," said Croisset, who was stirring up the dogs. "Will you walk and run, with your permis-sion." "M'seur, I would like to help you," hand. "M'seur, I would like to help you," he interrupted. "I liked you that night we came in together from the hight on the trall. I have liked you since. And yet, if I was in their place, I would kill you even though I like you. It is a great duty to kill you. They did not do wrong when they tied you in the coyote. They did not do wrong when they tried to kill you on the trail. But I have taken a solemn ath to tell you nothing, nothing beyond this-that so long as you are with me and that aledge is behind us your life is not in danger. I will tell you nothing more. Are you hungry, m'seur?"

danger. I will tell you nothing more "Biarved!" said Howland. He stumbled a few steps out into the snow, the numbless in his limbs forc-ing him to eatch at trees and saplings to save himself from failing. He was astonished at Croisset's words and more contrased that, his life was no longer in immediate peril, "To him this

TH LEANED & LITTLE FORWARD, & HAND QUIVERING ON HIS KNIFE.

done that to another man

him, and about them Jean twisted a thong of babeesh. "I believe 1 understand," he spoke

"I believe I understand," he spoke softly, listening again for the chilling wall from the mountain top. "You are afraid that I will kill you." "It is a warning, m'seur. You might try. But I should probably kill you. As it is"-he shrugged his shoulders as he led the way down the ridge-"as it is, there is small chance of Jean Crois-set answering the call." "May those saints of yours preserve

set answering the call." "May those saints of yours preserve me, Jean, but this is all very cheerful!" grunted Howland, half laughing in spite of himself. "Now"that I'm tied up again, who the devil is there to die

-but me?" "That is a hard question, m'seur," replied the half bree

replied the half breed, with grim seri-ousness. "Perhaps it is your turn. I half believe that it is." Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when there came again the moning howl from the top of the

ridge. "You're getting on my nerves, Jean -you and that accursed dog!" "fillions m'seur"

"M'seur, our dogs how! like that only when some one is dead or about to die," he whispered. "It was Woondoor from the other side, and How-land seated himself again in the chair beside the table. Fifteen minutes latga who gave the cry. He has lived for eleven years, and I have never known him to fail." er the half breed returned, bearing with him a good sized pack and a tw gallon jug. "There is wood back of the stove,

There was an uneasy gleam in his eyes.

"I must the your hands, m'seur." "But I have given you my word, Jean.

"Do you mean to say you're going to "Your hands, m'seur. There is already death below us in the plain, or it is to come very soon. I must the your

"Mon Dieu, is it not better than a grave, meser? I will be back at the end of a week." Howland thrust his wrists behind

For a few

The door was partly open, and for the last time there came to Howland's ears the mourning howl of the old dog st threaten on the mountain top. Alm

ingly he gripped Croisset's arm. "Jean, if you don't come back what He beard the haif breed chuckling. "You will die, m'seur, pleasantly and

"You will die, m'seur, pleasantly and taking your own time at it, which is much better than dying over a case of dynamits. But I will come back, m'seur. Goodby!" Again the door was closed and bolt-ed, and the sound of Croisset's foot-steps quickly died away beyond the log walls. Many minutes passed be-fore Howland thought of his pipe or a firs. Than ablygeneties ware to fore. Then shiveringly he went to seek the fuel which Jean had told him was behind the store. The old bay store was soon roaring with the fre-which he built, and as the soothing

which he built, and as the soothing fumes of his pipe impregnated the damp air of the room he experienced a senation of confort which was in strange contrast to the exciting hap-penings of the past few days. He imughed aloud and began pacing back and forth scross the systed Boor of his prison. And then a flush burned in his face and his eyes glowed as he thought of Meleese. In spite of himself she had saved him from his enemies, and he biessed Croisset for having told him the meaning of this hight into the north. Once again she had betrayed him, but this time it was to save his life, and his hear lesped in joyous faith at this proof of her love for him. He believed that he under-stood the whole scheme now. Even his enemies would think him dend.

is, of me for him. She loved him! And he schools. There, it reaches the had let ber silp away from him, had weakly surrendered bimself at a mo-ment when everything that be dreamgreatest number of people. There, it is easily taught and well re ed of might have been within his grasp. With Jackpine and Croisset in membered. There, it reaches the coming generation.

week and furs for your bed. Now I to do these things now? Croisset would wrists." Tremendous results can be ac complished with the masses after the school periods. For them disarmed the Frenchman of suspicion. He believed that it would be easy to overcome Croisset, to force him to fol-low in the trail of Melesse and Jack-pine. And that trail? It would probthere should be lectures given by the county superintendents of health, city health officers, physicians, ministers, and well-informed members of Auti-Tuberculosis and health leagues. For this

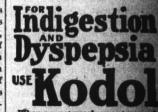
pine. And that trail? It would prop-ably lead to the very strongbold of his enemies. But what of that? He loaded his pipe again, puffing out clouds of smoke until the room was thick with it. That trail would take purpose the State Board of Health; as well as many city boards of him to Melecse-wherever she was. Heretofore his enemies had come to him; now he would go to them. With health, distribute literature on consumption and other health Croisset in his power and with none of his enemies aware of his presence, subjects. Countless means of of his enemies aware of his provide the public education may be used, as everything would be in his favor. He for instance lantern slides show thought fiashed into his mind. As a ing pictures and health sentences last resort he would use Jean as a designs in street cars and on bill

boards, notices from the press and He foresaw how easy it would be to He foresaw how easy it would be to bring Meiesse to him-to see Croisset. His own presence would be like the dropping of a bomb at her feet. In that moment, when she saw what he was risking for her. that he was deter-mined to possess her, would she not surrender to the pleading of his love? If not he would do the other thing-that which had brought the joyous laugh to his lips. All was fair in war and hore and their was a sume of pulnit, tuberculosis exhibits, etc. After the public conscience is somewhat awakened to its sens of duty we should have free dis pensaries and visiting nurses to carry the gospel of health to all

For the willfully or criminally careless class it is necessary to enact and rigidly enforce anti-

that which has brought he job augh to his lips. All was fair in war, and love, and theirs was a game of love. Because of her love for him Me leese had kidnaped him from his post of duty, had sent him a prisoner to this death house in the wilderness. Love had exculpate her. That same love would exculpate him. He would drive them back to the Wekusko. Me leese herself had set the pace, and be would follow it. And what woman, it she loved a man, would not surrender after this? In their siedge trip he would have her to himself, for not only in that time he could win. There would be pursuit perhaps; he might have to fight, but he was willing and



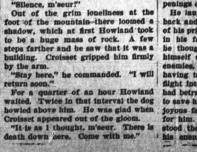


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A Democratic primary held Louisiana last week rest the nomination for Go Judge Hall, candidate of the Government League. States Senator Foster for renomination by Co Ransdell. For the atorship Congressman led his opponents, Gove ders and Congressman mente Pi

he probably failed of a ma



building. Croisset gripped him firmly by the arm. "Stay here," he commanded. "I will