CHAPTER XVI-Continued. --18--

"He shall have a military funeral," Ricardo promised.

"From the cathedral," Webster added. "And take a picture of it for his people. He told me about them. I want them to think he amounted to something, after all. And when you get this two-by-four republic of ye going again, Rick, you might have your congress award Don Juan a thousand dollars ore for capturing Sarros. Then we can send the money to his old folks.

"But he didn't capture Sarros," Ricardo protested. "The man escaped when the guards cut their way

"He didn't. That was a ruse while he beat it out the gate where you found me. I saw Don Juan knock him cold with the butt of his rifle after I'd brought down his horse."
"Do you think he's there yet?"

"He may be-provided all this didn't happen the day before yesterday. If I wanted him, I'd go down and look for him, Rick."

"I'll go right, away, Jack."

"One minute, then. Send a man around to that little back street where they have the wounded-it's a couple of blocks away from here—to tell Mother Jenks and the young lady with her I'll not be back."

"They're both outside now. They must have gone looking for you, because they found you and Don Juan first and then told me about it."

"Who told you?" "Mother Jenks."

"Oh! Well, run along and get your man."

Ricardo departed on the run, tak ing the sentry at the door with him and in his baste giving no thought to Mother Jenks and her companion waiting for the doctor's verdict. In the palace grounds he gathered two more men and bade them follow him; leading by twenty yards, he emerged at the gate and paused to look around

Some hundred feet down the street from the palace gate Sarros' bay charger lay dead. When Webster's bullet brought the poor beast down his rider had fallen clear of him, only to fall a victim to the ferocity of Don Juan Cafetero. Later, as Sarros lay stunned and bleeding beside his mount the stricken animal in its death-struggle had half risen, only to fall again, this time on the extended left leg of his late master; consequently when Sarros recovered consciousness following the thoughtful attentions of his assailant, it was to discover himself a hopeless prisoner. The heavy carcas of his horse pinned his foot and part of his leg to the ground, rendering him as helpless and desperate as a trapped animal.

For several minutes now he had been striving frantically to release himself; with his sound right leg pressed against the animal's back bone he tried to gain sufficient purchase to withdraw his left leg from the carcass.

As Ricardo caught sight of Sarro he instinctively realized that this was his mortal enemy; motioning his men to stand back, he approached the struggling man on tiptoe and thoughtfully possessed himself of the dictator's pistol, which lay in back of him, but not out of reach. Just as he did apparently convinced futility of his efforts to free himself, surrendered to fate and commenced rather pitifully to weep with rage

and despair. Ricardo watched him for a few sec onds, for there was just sufficient of the blood of his Castilian ancestors still in his veins to render this sorry spectacle rather an enjoyable one to him. Besides, he was 50 per cent Iberian, a race which can hate quite as thoroughly as it can love, and for a time Ricardo even nourished the thought of still further indulging his thirst for revenge by pretending aid Sarros in his escape! Presently, however, he put the ungenerous thought from him; selzing the dead horse by the tail, he dragged the carcass off his enemy's leg, and while Sarros sat up, tailor-fashion, and commenced to rub the circulation back into the bruised member, Ricardo seated himself on the rump of the dead horse and appraised his prisoner critically.

Sarros glanced up, remembered his manners and very heartily and gracefully thanked his deliverer.

"It is not a matter for which thanks are due me, Sarros," Ricardo replied "I am Ricardo Luiz Ruey, and I have come back to Sobrante to pay my father's debt to you. You will remember having forced the obligation upon me in the cemetery some fifteen years ago."

For perhaps ten horrified seconds Sarros stared at Ricardo; then the dark blood in him came to his defense; his tense pose relaxed; the fright

nance as if erased with a moist leaving him as calmly stoical and indifferent as a cigarstore Indian. He fumbled in his coat pocket for a gold cigarette case, selected a cigarette, lighted it and blew smoke at Ricardo. The jig was up; he knew it; and with admirable nonchalance

to give aid and comfort to the enemy. "Spunky devil!" Ricardo reflected. forced to admiration despite himself. Aloud he said: "You know the code of our people, Sarros. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.'

he declined to lower his presidential

dignity by discussing or considering it

He realized it would delight his cap-

tor to know he dreaded to face the

issue, and it was not a Sarros practice

Sarros bowed. "I am at your serv ce," he replied carelessly.

"Then at daylight tomorrow morn ing I shall make settlement." Ricardo beckoned his men to approach, "Take this man and confine him under a double guard in the arsenal," he or dered. "Present my compliments to the officer in charge there and tell him it is my wish that a priest be provided for the prisoner tonight, and that tomorrow morning, at six o'clock, detail of six men and a sergeant escort this man to the cemetery in the rear of the Catedral de la Cruz will meet the detail there and take ommand of it."

Two of Ricardo's imported fighting men stepped to the prisoner's side seized him, one by each arm, and lifted him to his feet; supported between them, he limped away to his doom, while his youthful conqueror remained seated on the dead horse his gaze bent upon the ground, his mind dwelling, not upon his triumph over Sarros but upon the prodigious proportions of the task before him the rehabilitation of a nation. After while he rose and strolled over to ward the gate, where he paused to note the grim evidences of the final stand of Webster and Don Juan Cafe tero before passing through the por-

Ricardo had now, for the first time, an opportunity to look around him; so he halted to realize his home-coming, to thrill with this, the first real view of the home of his boyhood. The spacious lawn surrounding the palace had been plowed and scarred with bursting shrapnel from the field guns captured in the arsenal, although the ouilding itself had been little damaged not having sustained a direct hit be cause of Ricardo's stringent orders not to use artillery on the palace unless absolutely necessary Sarros out. Scattered over the grounds Ricardo counted some twenty-odd government soldiers, all wearing that pathetically flat, crumpled appearance which seems inseparable from the bodies of men killed in action. The first shrapnel had probably commenced to drop in the grounds just as a portion of the palace garrison had been marching out to join the troops fighting at the cantonment barracks Evidently the men had scattered like quail, only to be killed as they ran.

From this grim scene Ricardo raised his eyes to the palace, the castellated towers of which, looming through the tufted palms, were reflecting the setting sun. Over the balustrade of one of the upper balconies the limp body of a Sarros sharpshooter, picked off from the street, drooped grotesquely, his arms hanging downward as if in ironical welcome to the son of Ruey the Beloved. The sight induced in Ricardo a sense of profound sadness: his Irish imagination awoke; to him that mute figure seemed to call upon him for pity, for kindness, for forbearance, for understanding and sympathy. Those outflung arms of the martyred peon symbolized to Ricardo Ruey the spirit of liberty, shackled and heipless, calling upon him for deliverance; they brought to his alert mind a clearer realization of the duty that was his than he had ever had before. He had a great task to perform, a task inaugurated by his father, and which Ricardo could not hope to fin-ish in his lifetime. He must solve the agrarian problem; he must develop the rich natural resources of his country; he must provide free, compulsory education and evolve from the ignorance of the peon an intelligence that would build up that which Sobrante, in common with her sister republics, so wickedly lacked-the great middle class that stands always as a buffer between the aggression and selfishness of the upper class and the helplessness and childishness of the lower.

Ricardo bowed his head: "Help me, O Lord," he prayed. "Thou hast given me in Thy wisdom a man's task. Help me that I may not prove unworthy.

Mother Jenks, grown impatient at the lack of news concerning Webster, left Dolores to her grief in the room across the hall and sought the open air, for of late she had been experiencing with recurring frequency a slight feeling of suffocation. She sat down on the broad

granite steps, helped herself to a much-needed "bracer" from her brandy flask and was gazing pensively at the scene around her when Ricardo up the stairs.

"'Ello!" Mother Jenks saluted him.

"We're 'ave you been, Mr. Bowers?" "I have just returned from capturing

Sarros, Mrs. Jenks. He is on his way to the arsenal under guard." "Gor' strike me "nk!" the old lady "Ave I nved to see this day!" cried.

Her face was wreathed in a happy smile. "I wonder 'ow the beggar feels liph?" to 'ave the shoe on the other foot, eh-'eartless 'ound; I'm 'opin' this General Ruey will 'ave the blighter

"You need have no worry on that score, Mrs. Jenks. I'm General Ruey. Andrew Bowers was just my summer

"Angels guard me! Wot the bloomin' 'ell surprise won't we 'ave next. Wot branch o' the Ruey tribe do you pelong to? Are you a nephew o' him that was president before Sarros shot 'im? Antonio Ruey, who was 'arf brother to the president, 'ad a son 'e called Ricardo. Are you 'im, might I

"I am the son of Ricardo the Be oved," he answered proudly. "Not the lad as was away at school

when 'is father was hexecuted?' "I am that same lad, Mrs. Jenks. And who are you? You seem to know a deal of my family history."

"I," the old publican replied with equal pride, am Mrs. Col. Enery Jenks, who was your father's chief of hartillery an' 'ad the hextreme honor o' dyin' in front of the same wall with 'im. By the w'y, 'ow's Mr. Webster?" she added, suddenly remembering the subject closest to her heart just then.

"His wounds are trifling. He'll live, Mrs. Jenks."

"Well, that's better than getting poked in the eye with a sharp stick,' the old dame decided philosophically. "Do you remember my little sister Mrs. Jenks?" Ricardo continued. "She was in the palace when Sarros attacked it; she perished there."

"I believe I 'ave got a slight recollection o' the nipper, sir," Mother Jenks answered cautiously. To herself she said: "I s'y, 'Enrietta, 'ere's a pretty go. 'E don't know the lamb is livin' an' in the next room! My word, wot a riot w'en 'e meets 'er!'

"I will see you again, Mrs. Jenks. I nust have a long talk with you," Ri cardo told her, and passed on into the palace; whereupon Mother Jenks once more fervently implored the Almighty



"I Am General Ruey."

to strike her pink, and the iron re straint of a long, hard, exciting day being relaxed at last, the good soul bowed her gray head in her arms and wept, moving her body from side to side the while and demanding, of no one in particular, a single legitimate reason why she, a blooming old baggage and not fit to live, should be the reciplent of such manifold blessings as this day had brought forth.

In the meantime Ricardo, with his hand on the knob of the door leading to the room where Webster was having his wounds dressed, paused suddenly, his attention caught by the sound of a sob, long-drawn and inexpressibly pathetic. He listened and made up his mind that a woman in the room across the entrance hall was bewailing the death of a loved one who answered to the name of Caliph and John, darling. Further eavesdropping convinced him that Caliph, John, darling, and Mr. John Stuart Webster were one and the same person, and so he tilted his head on one side like a cock robin and considered.

"By jingo, that's most interesting," he decided. "The wounded hero has sweetheart or a wife-and an American, too. She must be a recent acquisition, because all the time we were together on the steamer coming down here he never spoke of either, despite the fact that we got friendly enough for such confidences. Something funny about this. I'd better sound the old boy before I start passing out words of comfort to that unhappy female."

He passed on into the room. John Stuart Webster had, by this time, been washed and bandaged, and one of the Sarros servants (for the ex-dictator's retinue still occupied the palace) had. at Dr. Pacheco's command, prepared a guest chamber upstairs and furnished a night gown of ample proportions to cover Mr. Webster's behandaged but otherwise naked person. A stretcher had just arrived, and the wounded man Ricardo stared from the outraged was about to be carried upstairs. The Webster to his sister and back again.

late financial backer of the revolution was looking very pale and dispirited; for once in his life his whimsical, bantering nature was subdued. His eyes were closed, and he did not open them when Ricardo entered

"Well, I have Sarros," the latter declared.

Webster paid not the slightest atten tion to this announcement. Ricardo bent over him. "Jack, old boy," he queried, "do you know a person of eminine persuasion who calls you Ca-

John Stuart Webster's eyes and mouth flew wide open. "What the devil!" he tried to roar. "You haven't een speaking to her, have you? you have, I'll never forgive you, because you've spoiled my little surprise

party.' but she's in the next room crying fit to break her heart because she thinks you've been killed."

"You scoundrel! Aren't you human? Go tell her it's only a couple of punc-tures, not a blowout." He sighed. 'Isn't It sweet of her to weep over an old hunks like me!" he added softly. "Bless her tender beart!"

"Who is she?" Ricardo was very

"That's none of your business. You vait and I'll tell you. She's the guest I told you I was going to bring to diner, and that's enough for you to know for the present. Vaya, you idiot, and bring her in here, so I can assure her my head is bloody but unbowed. Docthrow that rug over my shanks and make me look pretty. I'm going to receive company.

His glance, bent steadily on the door had in it some of the alert, bright wistfulness frequently to be observed in the eyes of a terrier standing expectantly before a rat hole. The instant the door opened and Dolores' tear stained face appeared, he called to her with the old-time camaraderie, for he had erased from his mind, for the nonce, the memory of the tragedy of poor Don Juan Cafetero and was conerned solely with the task of banish ing the tears from those brown eyes bringing the joy of life back to that sweet face.

"Hello, Seeress," he called weakly "Little Johnny's been fighting again and the bad boys gave him an all-fired walloping."

There was a swift rustle of skirts, and she was bending over him, her hot little palms clasping eagerly his pale. rough cheeks. "Oh, my dear, my dear!" she whispered, and then her voice choked with the happy tears and she was sobbing on his wounded shoul-Ricardo stooped to draw her away, but John Stuart bent upon him a look of such frightfulness that he drew back abashed. After all, the past 24 hours had been quite exciting, and Ricardo reflected that John's inamora ta was tired and frightened and probably hadn't eaten anything all day long, so there was ample excuse for her hysteria. .

"Come, come, buck up," Webster soothed her, and helped himself to a long whiff of her fragrant hair. man Webster had one leg in the grave, but they've pulled it out again.

Still she sobbed.

"Now, listen to me, lady," he commanded with mock severity. "You just stop that. You're wasting your sympathy; and while, of course, I enjoy your sympathy a heap, just pause to reflect on the result if those salt ears should happen to drop into one of my numerous wounds."

"I'm so sorry for you, Caliph," murmured brokenly. "You poor, harm-less boy! I don't see how any one could be so fiendish as to hurt you when you were so distinctly a non-combatant."

"Thank you. Let us forget The Hague conference for the present, how-Have you met your brother?" ever. he whispered

"No. Caliph."

"Ricardo. "Yes, Jack."

"Come here. Rick, you scheming, nscrupulous, blood-thirsty adventurer, I have a tremendous surprise in store for you. The sweetest girl in the world -and she's right here-

Ricardo laughingly held up his hand.
"Jack, my friend," he interrupted, eak to make Don't do it. Besides, you do not have to." He turned and bowed gracefully to Dolores. "I can see for myself she's the sweetest girl in the world, and that she's right here." He held out his hand to her. "Jack thinks he's going to spring a surprise," he continued maliciously, "quite forgetting that a good soldier never permits himself to be taken by surprise. I know all about his little secret, because I heard you mourning for him when you thought he was dead." Ricardo favored her with a knowing wink. "I am delighted to meet the future Mrs. Webster. I quite understand why you fell in love with him, because, you see, I love him my-self and so does everybody else,"

With typical Castillan courtliness he took her hand, bowed low over it, and kissed it. "I am Ricardo Luiz Ruey," he said, anxious to spare his friend the task of further exhausting conversa-

tion. "And you are---"You're a consummate jackass! groaned Webster. "I'm only a dear old family friend, and Dolores is going to marry Billy Geary. You impetuous She's your own sister. Dolores Ruey. She, Mark Twain, and I have ample cause for common complaint against the world because the reports of our death have been grossly exaggerated. She didn't perish when your father's administration crumbled. Mis-Ruey, this is your brother, Ricardo. Kiss her you damn' fool-forgive me, Miss Ruey-oh, Lord, nothing matters any more. He's gummed everything up and ruined my party. I wish I were

Ricardo stared from the outraged

"Jack Webster." he declared, "you ren't crazy, are you? "Of course, he is-the old dear." Do-

ores cried happily, "but I'm not." stepped up to her brother, and her arms went around his neck. "Oh, Rick," she cried, "I'm your sister. Tru-

"Dolores. My little lost sister, Do

lores? Why, I can't believe it!"
"Well, you'd better believe it." John Stuart Webster growled feebly. "Of course, you can doubt my word and get away with it, now that I'm flat on my back, but if you dare cast aspersions on that girl's veracity, I'll murder you a month from now.

He closed his eyes, feeling instinctively that he ought not spy on such a sacred family scene. When, however, the affecting meeting was over and Dolores was ruffling the Websterlan foretop while her brother pressed the Web sterian hand and tried to say all the things he felt, but couldn't express, John Stuart Webster brought them both back to a realization of present conditions.

"Don't thank me, sir," he piped in pathetic imitation of the small boy of melodrama. "I have only done duty, and for that I cannot accept this purse of gold, even though my father and mother are starving."

"Oh, Caliph, do be serious," Dolores pleaded.

He looked up at her fondly. "Take your brother out to Mother Jenks and prove your case, Miss Ruey," he advised her. "And while you're at it, I certainly hope somebody will remember I'm not accustomed to reposing on a center table. Rick, if you can pernade some citizen to put me to be I'd be obliged. I'm dead tired, oldnorse. I'm—ah—sleepy—

His head rolled weakly to one side. for he had been playing a part and had nerved himself to finish it gracefully, even in his weakened condition. He sighed, mouned slightly, and slipped into unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XVII.

Throughout the night there was sporadic firing here and there in the city, as the Ruey followers relentlessly hunted down the isolated detachment of government stroops which had escaped annihilation and capture in the nal rout and fallen back on the city, where, concealing themselves according to their nature and inclination, they indulged in more or less sniping from windows and the roofs of buildings. The practice of taking no prisners was an old one in Sobrante, and few presidents bud done more than Sarros to keep that custom alive; ergo, firm in the conviction that to surrender was tantamount to facing a firing squad at daylight, the majority of these stragglers, with consummate courage, fought to the death.

The capture of Buenaventura was alone sufficient to insure a brief revolution, but the capture of Sarros was ample guarantee that the resistance to the new order of things was already at an end. However, Ricardo Ruey felt that the prompt execution of Sarros would be an added guarantee of peace by effectually discouraging any opposition to the rebel cause in the outlying districts, where a few isolated garrisons still remained in ignorance of the momentous events being enacted in the capital. For the time being, Ricardo was master of life and death in Sobrante, and all of his advisers and supporters agreed with him that a so called trial of the ex-dictator would be a rather useless a Mair. His life was forfeit a hundred times for murder and treason, and to be ponderous over his elimination would savor of mockery. Accordingly, at midnight, a priest entered the room in the arsenal where Sarros was confined, and shrived him, Throughout the night the priest remained with him, and when that ear-ly morning march to the cemetery commenced, he walked beside Sarros. repeating the prayers for the dying.

Upon reaching the cemetery there was a slight wait until a carriage drove up and discharged Ricardo Ruey briefly ordered to proceed with the matter in hand; whereupon he turned to Sarros, who with the customary initiated 24 of them. sang froid of his kind upon such oc casions was calmly smoking, and bowed deprecatingly. Sarros actually smiled upon him. "Adios, amigos," he murmured. Then, as an afterthough: and probably because he was sufficient of an egoist to desire to appear a martyr, he added heroically: "I die fo: my country. May God have mercy on

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Have 'a Tooth?" In the Fiji islands a polished ivery

tambu, or whale's tooth is a symbol of chieftainship, and erremely valuable, as any request backed by an exhibi-tion of a tambu is theoretically. bound to be granted. Thus, if a Fillan headman wishes to marry a neighboring chief's daughter, he sends a measenger first with the precious tambu, supposing him to possess one. Neither the girl nor her father has then any further choice in the matter. The wedding has got to be. jects, as may well be imagined, are jealously guarded by their fortunate possessors; and iny Fijian, if well enough off, will pirchase one from a foreigner for a it rge sum. The na tives never, or al least very rarely, can be induced ti) sell their tambus Tactful district commissioners fre quently follow the Fijian custom, and when asking for Aospitality on their tours in the interior, send a whale's tooth with their m issenger.

"Is it admissible at any time for a man to pay atti ations to a married oman?"
"Certainly, if al le his wife

CONDENSED NEWS FROM THE OLD NORTH STATE

SHORT NOTES OF INTEREST TO CAROLINIANS.

Washington, (Special). - John R. Minter of North Carolina who has peen vice counsul at Fort Elizabeth has been assigned to a similar position of Johannesburg.

Hertford .- The Perquimans county chamber of commerce, held an impor-tant meeting here, the subject under discussion being the marketing of pea nuts.

Rocky Mount.-Gus Dimakos, age 50, well known candy maker for a lo cal firm, is dead at his home here as the result, authorities and relatives believe of drinking wood alcohol.

Lexington.-The Central highway between Lexington and the Yadkin River claimed at least two automobiles as its victms during the past twenty-four hours.

Durham.-The Durham hosiery mill announced a new reduction of 121-2 per cent in the wages of their more than 3,000 employes at plants located in Durham, Carrboro,, High Point, Mebane, Goldsboro and elsewhere in the

Charlotte.—The body of James Claude Cannon, Charlotte boy who was killed in action in France during the world war, has arrived in New York city, according to a message received by his mother, Mrs. Julia Cannon.

Kinston. - Federal prohibition agents reported the destruction of a moonshine still of almost "pre-amendment" dimensions in the upper part of Dublin county. The plant, a "double steam" contrivance, was of 180gallon capacity

Greensboro -- Nearly 300 city school superintendents of the State gathered here for a State-wide meeting to disschool problems. Dr. Brooks, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, presided and delivered the principal address.

Kinston -- Fried chicken will be in the plebeian class in a few weeks, merchants here think, because fowls are more plentiful in this part of the country than in many years. Apparently their numerousness is responsible for the glutted egg market, the latter product selling for 15 cents a dozen in many localities.

Asheville.-Mrs. Charles Manis was nstantly killed. Mrs. M. Shelton fatally injured and Mrs. John Magab and her eight-year-old daughter slightly injured when a logging car of the Suncrest Lumber company crashed into their home near Sunburst.

Fayetteville.-Two days of campaigning and nothing to campaign for didn't appeal to the Y. M. C. A. workers when they gathered at luncheon and found they had already raised more money than they set out. and they moved the objective up from \$40,000 to \$60,000

Winston-Salem .-- S. R. Davis and W. S. Hatcher, brakemen on a Norfolk and Western freight train, running between this city and Roanoke, Va., were each fined \$350 in municipal court for having whiskey in their possession, for transporting and re ceiving same.

Salisbury.-Salisbury Council United Commercial Travelers is enjoying a period of unusual growth due to a and Mother Jenks. The sergeant in contest for new members that has command of the sq ad saluted and was been carried on recently by two live teams. At their meeting the local council voted in 40 new members and

> Lumberton.-Four whiskey stills were captured by Robeson officers, together with around 2,000 gallons of beer and a small supply of the finished product, in the river swamp near Pates. Three men-Raymond Brooks Archie Brooks and Daniel Buck Locklear. Indians-were arrested when the stills were captured and placed in fail here in default of bond.

Greensboro -- The Woodmen of the World, of North Carolina, in annual session in Greensboro, elected officers and chooses Wilmington, as the meet ing place for next year.

Elizabeth City.-According to a telephone message from W J. Tait, at Coinjock, Sheriff Flora, of Currituck county has received a message from the Miami. Fla., authorities, saying the charge against Bennett Severn, for whom a warrant was issued, charging him with the theft of a seaplane has been withdrawn:

Kinston,-George S. Willard, casher of the Bank of Pink Hill, absent since March 2, returned here. Willard said he intended to leave for a business trip March 5, but that developments caused him to leave before that date.

Charlotte.--Charlotte chamber of commerce's drive for "400 new mempers in four days" was brought to a successful conclusion when final reports showed that 409 additional members had been brought into the organization.



tobacco makes 50

good cigarettes for 10c

The Fashion

Lady Duff-Gordon said at a lunch eon:

"The fashions are gradually becom ing more modest. They are nothing like so shocking as they were last year.

"A young woman went into a very smart shop one day last year and said to the saleswoman:

"I want to buy an afternoon gown of the very latest fashion,

"'Yes, madam,' said the saleswom-'And does madam prefer a gown that is altogether too short or one that is altogether too transparent? We stock both kinds."

FRECKLES Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slight eling ashamed of your freckler double strength—is guaranteed There's no longer the slightest need of feeling sahamed of your freekles, as Othins—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othins—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a lifele of it night and morning and you should not see the should not be the should not see the same that the should not be the should not see the same that the seeds to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it falls to remove freekles.

Rich Yukon Silver Deposits Authoritative reports from the Yukon territory, Canada, indicate the location of marvelously rich silver deposits in the Mayo district, about 150 miles east of Dawson, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. A few eight feet in thickness, assaying 5,000 to 14,000 ounces of the metal to the ton, are being worked. Five-foot veins are common, and smaller lodes with an assay of 200 ounces, are said to be plentiful. At present transportation and living conditions in the district are very bad. These will be bettered if a proposed motor road into the territory is built.

USED IN ONE FAMILY FOR YEARS

Bellepoint, W. Va.—"It affords me great pleasure to have the privilege to make public this statement in behalf of Dr. Pierce's



medicines I cannot recommend them too highly to the public. We have used them in our family for years and have reaped good results. We have always found the Golden Medical

Discovery' superior to any other tonic, as it is a wonderful system builder. I can cheerfully rec ommend it to all like sufferers."-E. J. CARPER.

Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N.Y., for trial package.

What He Meant.

"You told me," complained the purchaser, "that parrot I bought was the nost intelligent bird in your shop, while the fact is he doesn't talk at all." "That's what I meant." replied the

dealer, "when I spoke of his intelligence, madam."

Indigestion produces disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pilis stimulate the digestive processes to function naturally.—Adv.

Bad Form

"Judge, I wasn't trying to flirt with this young lady."

'She says you called her 'Precious.' "I was talking to myself."
"Then you ought not to call yourself pet names. Ten dollars and cost."-Birmingham Age-Herald.

No Cart Along.

The girl walked briskly into the store and dropped her bag on the counter. "Give me a chicken," she said. "Do you want a pullet?" the store-

keeper asked. "No," the girl replied. "I wanta carry it."-Brown Bull.

No Shortage.

"I rented a house in the Street of Dreams," sings a poet. Well, even a poet can pay the rent of that kind of a house .- Boston Transcript.



