THE SALISBURY WATCHMAN, SALISBURY, N. C.



Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic-remember, a good "inside cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

t. 1

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

Soldierly.

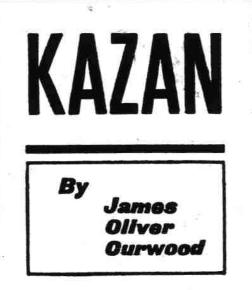
General Bliss was relating reminiscences of sham battles.

"I had a young friend, Captain Exe, who could never be worsted in sham warfare," he said.

"Exe one day started to lead his valiant company at double speed across a bridge to storm a height, but a young captain belonging to the opposite side rushed up and shouted:

"'Hi. Exe! You mustn't cross that bridge! Don't you see the notice? The bridge is supposed to be destroyed.'

"'It is, hey?' roared Exe. 'Well, then, we're supposed to be swimming across. On, boys, and at 'em.'"



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FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE KAZAN KNOWS THE JOY OF PERFECT FREEDOM - HOW HE MEETS THE CHALLENGE OF A HUGE GRAY WOLF.

azan is a vicious Alaskan sledge dog, one-quarter gray wolf. He saves his master's life and is taken along when the master goes to civilization to meet his bride and return with her to the frozen country. Even the master is afraid to touch the dog, but Isobel, Kazan's new mistress, wins his devotion instantly. On the way northward McCready, a dog-team driver, joins the party. Inflamed by drink on the following night, McCready beats the master insensible and attacks the bride. Kazan flies at the assailant's throat and kills him. Fearful of punishment, the dog takes to the woods and wild life.

> CHAPTER IV .-- Continued. _4_

never missed the chance to snap a

whip over his back. His body was cov-

He had never felt kindness, or love,

until the first night the woman had put

her warm little hand on his head, and

had snuggled her face close down to

his, while Thorpe-her husband-had

cried out in horror. He had almost

buried his fangs in her white flesh, but

sweet voice, had sent through him that

wonderful thrill that was his first

man who was driving him from her,

away from the hand that had never

held a club or a whip, and he growled

day broke. For a time he had been

filled with a strange uneasiness, and

light did not quite dispel it. At last

he was free of men. He could detect

nothing that reminded him of their

hated presence in the air. But neither

could he smell the presence of other

dogs, of the sledge, the fire, of compan-

ionship and food, and so far back as he

could remember they had always been

both desires the wolf blood that was

him that somewhere in this silent

a part of his life.

He came to the edge of a swamp as

as he trotted deeper into the forest.

ered with scars they had given him.

ered with the electric energy of life it, saturating himself with the scent and action. He traveled north and of it.

west. It was the call of early daysthe days away up on the Mackenzie. stars came out again, he sat back with The Mackenzie was a thousand miles fear and hesitation no longer in him, away.

He came upon many trails in the rades of the great plain. snow that day, and sniffed the scents left by the hoofs of moose and caribou, else it was a new pack that started and the fur-padded feet of a lynx. He miles to the south, and came up with a followed a fox, and the trail led him to doe caribou to the big frozen lake. The a place shut in by tall spruce, where night was almost as clear as day, and the snow was beaten down and red- from the edge of the forest Kazan first dened with blood. There was an owl's head, feathers, wings and entrails lying third of a mile away. The pack was here, and he knew that there were about a dozen strong, and had already other hunters abroad besides himself. | split into the fatal horseshoe forma-Toward evening he came upon tracks tion, the two leaders running almost

his own. They were quite fresh, and in. there was a warm scent about them that made him whine, and filled him into the moonlight. He was directly in again with that desire to fall back up- the path of the fleeing doe, and bore on his haunches and send forth the down upon her with lightning speed. wolf-cry. This desire grew stronger | Two hundred yards away the doe saw in him as the shadows of night deep- him, and swerved to the right, and the ened in the forest. He had traveled leader on that side met her with open all day, but he was not tired. There jaws. Kazan was in with the second was something about night, now that leader, and leaped at the doe's soft there were no men near, that exhilarat- | throat. In a snarling mass the pack ed him strangely. The wolf blood in closed in from behind, and the doe him ran swifter and swifter. Tonight | went down, with Kazan half under her it was clear. The sky was filled with body, his fangs sunk deep in her jugustars. The moon rose. And at last lar. She lay heavily on him, but he did he settled back in the snow and turned not lose his hold. It was his first big his head straight up to the spruce tops, kill. His blood ran like fire. He and the wolf came out of him in a long snarled between his clamped teeth. mournful cry which quivered through the still night for miles.

For a long time he sat and listened out from under her chest and forelegs. after that howl. He had found voice- He had killed a rabbit that day and a voice with a strange new note in it, was not hungry. So he sat back in the and it gave him still greater confidence. snow and waited, while the ravenous He had expected an answer, but none pack tore at the dead doe. After a litcame. He had traveled in the face of the he came nearer, nosed in between the wind, and as he howled, a bull two of them, and was nipped for his inmoose crashed through the scrub tim- trusion. ber ahead of him, his horns rattling against the trees like the tattoo of a clear birch club as he put distance between himself and that cry.

on, and he found joy in the practice of attack, and for a moment the two that new note. He came then to the rolled over and over in the snow. They foot of a rough ridge, and turned up | were up before the excitement of sudout of the swamp to the top of it. The den battle had drawn the pack from

After that cry Kazan sat for a long there, and on the other side of the time on his haunches, sniffing the new ridge he looked down upon a great their yellowish backs bristling like ed rules for its operation so that the freedom of the air, and watching the sweeping plain, with a frozen lake glis- brushes. The fatal ring of wolves deep black pits in the forest about him, tening in the moonlight, and a white drew about the fighters. as they faded away before dawn. Now river leading from it off into timber and then, since the day the traders had that was neither so thick nor so black first bought him and put him into as that in the swamp.

That night, when the moon and the and announced himself to his new com-

The pack hunted again that night, or saw the caribou run out on the lake a in the snow that were very much like abreast of the kill, and slowly closing

With a sharp yelp Kazan darted out

Not until the last quiver had left the body over him did he pull himself

As Kazan drew back, still hesitating to mix with his wild brothers, a big curity. gray form leaped out of the pack and drove straight for his throat. He had Twice Kazan howled before he went | just time to throw his shoulder to the

FARM LOAN ACT.

IV. From the Point of View of the investor.

لممم (By Frank R. Wilson, federal loan bu-reau, Washington, D. C.)

Farm lands have always been regarded as the safest security in the world. But loans made against farm lands have generally exacted a higher interest rate than loans on other good security.

There are several reasons for this. Such loans are not readily transferable, i. e., marketable. Farm loans are usually desired for long periods. A loan for less than five years is usually of little value to the farmer. If the loan is made for the purpose of buying land the farmer's chance to pay it off is to make the money out of the land. It is against reason to expect that land will pay for itself in five years.

Well-managed commercial banks cannot make a business of lending money on farms and carrying the loans themselves. It is not good banking. It ties up their funds in permanent investments and if persisted in continually would ruin any bank. This fact limits the supply of local money for farm loans, and partially accounts for high interest rates on them.

Provides Needed Agency.

The farm lands of the United States constitute a great mass of valuable assets against which money ought to be borrowed at fair rates of interest. But it has been a chaotic mass of value! No agency has ever undertaken to assemble this mass of assets into negotiable form so that it could be bel, of a manly man?" he asked. readily handled as a marketable se-

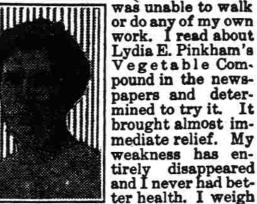
Now the government steps in and yawn behind her hand and said: provides this agency. It says to the farmer who wants to use his land as Skinner, is a chap who doesn't stay security:

sociation and contribute your mort- throw him out." gage to a great federal land bank pool

stars and the moon were nearer to him the feast. Slowly they circled about of mortgages. We have provided the FIINA interest of all will be safeguarded. When your mortgages are massed together, a federal land bank will take these mortgages and issue bonds against them; sell the bends to investors, and re-lend the money to farmers. The pooled mortgages of the farmers of the United States will be security for every bond. The high character of this security means that people who have money to invest will jump at the chance to put their savings up against your security at a low rate of interest. We will let you have this money at actual cost to us, plus not to exceed 1 per cent to cover the cost of operating this money-assembling and money-lending machinery."



Chicago, Ill.-"For about two years I suffered from a female trouble so I



165 pounds and am as strong as a man. I think money is well spent which pur-chases Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."-Mrs. Jos. O'BRYAN, 1755 Newport Ave., Chicago, Ill. The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's

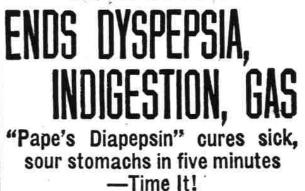
Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, peri-odic pains, Gackache, bearing-down feel-ing, flaturency, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the stan dard remedy for female ills.

True Manliness.

"What is your definition, Miss Ma-Miss Mabel looked at him coldly.

The clock struck eleven. She hid a

"My definition of a manly man, Mr. on and on and on just because he "You join a national farm loan as- knows the girl isn't strong enough to





Used All Over the Civilized World for More Than 50 Years.

Stomach troubles seem to be almost universal the last few years; I mean indigestion in many forms, internal nervousness, caused by incompatible food fermentation, coming up of food, sour stomach, headache, apparent palpitation of the heart, habitual constipation, intestinal indigestion, caused by a torpid liver, and a general breakdown with low spirits and depressed feeling. Green's August Flower was introduced in this and foreign countries fifty years ago with wonderful success in relieving the above complaints. Sold by dealers everywhere at 25c trial bottles or 75c family size. Sole manufacturer, G. G. Green, Woodbury, N. J., U. S. A., Australia and Toronto, Canada.-Adv.

Couldn't Say Much.

"You have sworn to tell nothing but the truth."

the truth, your "Nothing but honor?"

"Precisely."

"Then, judge, with that limitation upon me I might as well warn you that I'm not going to have much to say."

LIFT YOUR CORNS **OFF WITH FINGERS**

How to loosen a tender corn or callus so it lifts out without pain.

Let folks step on your feet hereafter; wear shoes a size smaller if you like, for corns will never again send electric sparks of pain through you, according to this Cincinnati authority.

He says that a few drops of a drug called freezone, applied directly upon a tender, aching corn, instantly relieves soreness, and soon the entire strong in him rose responsively. It told corn, root and all, lifts right out.

This drug dries at once and simply | world between the two ridges there shrivels up the corn or callus without | was companionship, and that all he

sledge-traces away over on the Macken-And then every muscle in his body zie, he had often thought of his freegrew tense, and his blood leaped. From dom longingly, the wolf blood in him far off in the plain there came a cry. urging him to take it. But he had It was his cry-the wolf-cry. His jaws never quite dared. It thrilled him now. snapped. His white fangs gleamed, There were no clubs here, no whips, and he growled deep in his throat. He none of the man-beasts whom he had wanted to reply, but some strange infirst learned to distrust, and then to stinct urged him not to. That instinct hate. It was his misfortune-that of the wild was already becoming masquarter-strain of wolf; and the clubs, ter of him. In the air, in the whisperinstead of subduing him, had added to ing of the spruce tops, in the moon and the savagery that was born in him. the stars themselves, there breathed Men had been his worst enemies. They a spirit which told him that what he had beaten him time and again until he had heard was the wolf-cry, but that it was almost dead. They called him was not the wolf call. "bad," and stepped wide of him, and

The other came an hour later, clear and distinct, that same wailing howl at the beginning-but ending in a staccato of quick sharp yelps that stirred his blood at once into a fiery excitement that it had never known before. The same instinct told him that this was silence. Soft-footed and soft-throated the call-the hunt-cry. It urged him to come quickly. A few moments later it came again, and this time there was a reply from close down along the foot in an instant her gentle touch, and her of the ridge, and another from so far away that Kazan could scarcely hear it. The hunt-pack was gathering for knowledge of love. And now it was a the night chase; but Kazan sat quiet and trembling.

He was not afraid, but he was not ready to go. The ridge seemed to split | darted in to the side, and like knives the world for him. Down there it was new, and strange, and without men. From the other side something seemed pulling him back, and suddenly he turned his head and gazed back through the moonlit space behind him, at the throat-and missed. It was and whined. It was the dog-whine now. The woman was back there. He could hear her voice. He could feel the touch of her soft hand. He could see the laughter in her face and eyes, the laughter that had made him warm and told Kazan that his enemy was old in

Here it was very quiet. The swamp the forests, and he was torn between low, his head straight out, and his lay in a hollow between two ridge desire to answer that call, and desire mountains, and the spruce and cedar to go down into the plain. For he grew low and thick—so thick that could also see many men waiting for there was almost no snow under them, him with clubs, and he could hear the and the day was like twilight. Two cracking of whips, and feel the sting of things he began to miss more than all their lashes.

others-food and company. Both the For a long time he remained on the wolf and the dog that was in him de- top of the ridge that divided his world. manded the first, and that part of him | And then, at last, he turned and went that was dog longed for the latter. To | down into the plain.

CHAPTER V.

Leader of the Pack.

All that night Kazan kept close to even irritating the surrounding skin. had to do to find it was to sit back on the hunt-pack, but never quite ap-A small bottle of freezone obtained his haunches, and cry out his loneli- proached it. This was fortunate for Their fangs clashed and with the whole at any drug store will cost very little ness. More than once something trem- him. He still bore the scent of traces, weight of his body, Kazan flung him-

It was not new to Kazan. A dozen times he had sat in rings like this, waiting for the final moment. More than once he had fought for his life within the circle. It was the sledgedog way of fighting. Unless man interrupted with a club or a whip it always ended in death. Only one fighter could come out alive. Sometimes both died. And there was no man here—only that fatal cordon of waiting white-fanged demons, ready to leap upon and tear to pieces the first of the fighters who was thrown upon his side or back. Kazan was a stranger, but he did not fear those that hemmed him in. The one great law of the pack would compel them to be fair.

He kept his eyes only on the big gray leader who had challenged him. Shoulder to shoulder they continued to circle. Where a few moments before there had been the snapping of jaws and the rending of flesh there was now mongrel dogs from the south would have snarled and growled, but Kazan and the wolf were still, their ears laid free and bushy.

swiftness of lightning, and his jaws came together with the sharpness of steel striking steel. They missed by an inch. In that same instant Kazan his teeth gashed the wolf's flank.

They circled again, their eyes growing redder, their lips drawn back until they seemed to have disappeared. And then Kazan leaped for that death-grip only by an inch again, and the wolf came back, as he had done, and laid open Kazan's flank so that the blood ran down his leg and reddened the snow. The burn of that flank-wound happy. She was calling to him through the game of fighting. He crouched throat close to the snow. It was a trick Kazan had learned in puppyhood -to shield his throat, and wait.

> Twice the wolf circled about him, and Kazan pivoted slowly, his eyes half closed. A second time the wolf leaped and Kazan threw up his terrible jaws, sure of that fatal grip just in front of the forelegs. His teeth snapped on empty air. With the nimbleness of a cat the wolf had gone completely over his back.

The trick had failed, and with a rumble of the dog-snarl in his throat, Kazan reached the wolf in a single bound. They met breast to breast.

Attractive to the Investor.

Then Uncle Sam turns to the investor and says:

"We have enabled the farmers of the United States to give us their massed mortgages. We are offering you bonds which are in reality first mortgages against the farms of all who join this pool. It is the best security in the world, because every dollar a farmer borrows is represented forward instead of back, their tails by \$2 worth of land plus the stock each farmer has purchased in his local Suddenly the wolf struck in with the | association. To make these bonds even more attractive, so as to eventually give the farmer a lower interest rate. we have exempted them from all forms of taxation. Even Uncle Sam will not collect any tax from them, nor from the income upon them. No state or municipality may tax them. We have made these bonds in small denominations from \$25 upward so their purchase will be easy among people with small savings, and we will have the bonds printed and engraved by the government bureau or ingraving and printing to protect them against counterfeiting, and the United States secret service will watch over them."

So the farm loan act, in addition to providing money for land purchase and farm development, provides a new form of security which ought to become one of the most popular in existence, because it is based on the land values of the entire country.

Mill Employee at Eighty-Nine. Lawrence, Mass., boasts of an

eighty-nine-year-old mill worker, the Boston Globe states. His name is George Ainsworth. He has been a mill operative in one capacity or other for 79 years. At ten years old he entered one of the big mills in Yorkshire, England, where he was born. He came to America when he was twenty-three, and has worked in different mills in New England as a firstclass weaver. For many years he was

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order-"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes-that-just that-makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing-almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction.

It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home-should always be kept handy in case of sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.-Adv.

Explains.

"What made you so bowlegged?" "Father was a charter member of the Prevention of Disease association." "Well?"

"He used to swat flies on my head."



Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as prescription othine - double strength - is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of othine-double strength-from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed 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 fails to remove freckles.-Adv

A fish dlet may not strengthen the brain, but a little fishing trip invigorates the imagination.

Makes Hard Work Harder

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait-ge

but will positively remove every hard bled in his deep chest, rose in his and of man. The pack would have torn self against the wolf's shoulders, an overseer. At present Mr. Ainsor soft corn or callus from one's feet. throat, and ended there in a whine. It him to pieces. The first instinct of the cleared his jaws, and struck again for help before the kidney disease worth is employed in the Washington If your druggist hasn't stocked this takes a grip-before dropsy, gravel was the wolf howl, not yet quite born. wild is that of self-preservation. It the throat hold. It was another missmill of the American Woolen comor Bright's disease sets in. Doan's new drug yet, tell him to get a small Food came more easily than voice. may have been this, a whisper back by a hair's breadth-and before he pany as a warp twister. Kidney Pills have brought new life bottle of freezone for you from his Toward midday he cornered a big through the years of savage forebears, could recover, the wolf's teeth were Mr. Ainsworth's eighty-ninth birthand new strength to thousands of wholesale drug house,-adv. white rabbit under a log, and killed it. that made Kazan roll in the snow now buried in the back of his neck. day anniversary was celebrated by a working men and women. Used The warm flesh and blood was better and then where the feet of the pack full day's work, as usual, from seven and recommended the world over. Didn't Correct Her. than frozen fish, or tallow and bran, had trod the thickest. o'clock in the morning to six o'clock A North Carolina Case "That dame asked me for some con-How Kazan chooses a mate and the feast he had gave him confi- That night the pack killed a caribou at night. summated lye," said the grocer's new N. A. Spence, Sr., 423 S. Wilmington St., Ra-leigh, N. C., says: "I suffered for years from dence. That afternoon he chased many on the edge of the lake, and feasted and learns the joys of bossing boy, with a grin. rabbits, and killed two more. Until until nearly dawn. Kazan hung in the a wolf pack is described vividly Cause for Hilarity. "You didn't correct her, did you?" now, he had never known the delight of face of the wind. The smell of blood in the next installment. "Jim Simpson was sitting at a table kidney trouble, I had backaches and pains asked the grocer. pursuing and killing at will, even and of warm flesh tickled his nostrils, near me the other day with another "Aw nix! I'm onto me job better through my loins and the kidney secretions were unnatural and fillthough he did not eat all he killed. man, who was telling the most tireand his sharp ears could catch the (TO BE CONTINUED.) dan dat. I jest handed her a can of some stories, and Jim nearly laughed But there was no fight in the rab- cracking of bones. But the instinct were unnatural and nil-ed with sediment. Af-ter using Doan's Kidney Pills, I passed several gravel stones and im-proved at once. The aches and pains soon consecrated lye an' said nothin'." Gold in History. himself into convulsions." bits. They died too easily. They were was stronger than the temptation. "No wonder. The man was his rich Gold was known from the earliest very sweet and tender to eat, when he Not until broad day, when the pack Kill the Flies Now and Prevent historic times, and is mentioned in the uncle." was hungry, but the first thrill of kill- had scattered far and wide over the disease. A DAISY FLY KILLER will do it. eleventh verse of the second chapter ing them passed away after a time. He plain, did he go boldly to the scene of Kills thousands. Lasts all season. All dealers or six sens express paid for \$1. H. SOMERS, left and the action of my kidneys was reguwanted something bigger. He no long- the kill. He found nothing but an area of Genesis. At first it was chiefly used His Idea. 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Adv. er slunk along as if he were afraid, or of blood-reddened snow, covered with for ornaments. The trade of the gold-Bachelor-What would you suggest as if he wanted to remain hidden. He bones, entrails and torn bits of tough smith is mentioned in the fourth verse for a distinctive costume for married Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box After a man has kept you awake all DOAN'S HIDNEY PILLS held his head up. His back bristled. hide. But it was enough, and he rolled of the seventeenth chapter of Judges, men? night by his snoring he usually talls His tail swung free and bushy, like a in it, and buried his nose in what was in connection with the overlaying of Benedick (of 25 years' standing)-FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y. you that he didn't sleep a wink. wolf's. Every hair in his body quiv- left, and remained all that day close to idols with gold leaf. Chain-mail.-Puck. 1.5