VERY WEAKLY FOR SEVERAL YEARS

North Carolina Lady Describes the Symptoms From Which She Suffered and Which She Says Cardui Relieved.

Trap Hill, N. C .-- Mrs. Eudora Holbrook, recently made this statement: "I was very weakly for three or four years with womanly troubles. I was much worse at special times. Every month I would have to lie in bed for three or four days.

My chief suffering was in my back. I could not tell how badly it ached, but it seemed as if it could not possibly ache worse. Whenever I would get tired, or if I was much on my feet, it would ache. Cardui was all the medicine I took.

I saw, with the first bottle, that I was being benefited, but I kept right om for five bottles regularly. By this time I was so I could do all my own work, which for some time I had not been able to do.

That is the only time I ever took it regularly, but I always have it on hand to use when I do not feel well and it always helps me."

With a successful record of over 40 years to its credit, Cardui has proven its merit in the treatment of many of the simple ailments peculiar to

Try it. At your druggists .- Adv.

Entirely Separate. Millie—"You have no business to ciss me." Billie—"I never combine business with pleasure."

UP A SINGIN'!

Tomorrow will be clear and bright, if you take "Cascarets" tonight

Feeling half-sick, bilious, consti-ated? Ambition way below zero? Here is help! Take Cascarets tonight for your liver and bowels. You'll wake up clear, rosy, and full of life. Cas-carets act without griping or incon-venience. They never sicken you like Oil or nasty, harsh ost so little too—Cas-while you sleep.—Adv.

Keeps Them Interested, Anyhow. habitual falsifier always seems able to get a number of people interested in the hope that some day they'll catch him in the truth.

CREAM FOR CATARRH **OPENS UP NOSTRILS**

Tells How to Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds, It's Splendid!

will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No strug-

blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or entarrh will be gone.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It pentrates through every air passage of ertates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh-Relief comes so quickly.-Adv.

Making Progress. "Yes, I'm a teacher now."
"How are you getting along?"
"Well, I'm learning."

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plaim—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it. A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects unitary troubles and neutralizes the uricacid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcels Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

The auto that attempts flying is apt to turn turtle.

HITE MAI

GEORGE AGNEW **CHAMBERLAIN**

Author of "Home," "Through Stained Glass," "John Bogardus," Etc.

(Copyright, 1919, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

ANDREA IS SAVED BY WHITE MAN'S CLEVER MARKSMANSHIP.

Andrea Pellor, handsome daughter of Lord Pellor, impecunious aristocrat, is doomed to marry an illiterate but wealthy middle-aged diamond mine owner. She disconsolately wanders from her hotel in South Africa, and discovers an aviator about to fly from the beach. Impulsively, of course imagining that the trip will be merely a pleasant excursion, she begs to be taken for a flight, although she does not know him. He somewhat unwillingly agrees, and they start. When she realizes her unknown aviator is not going back Andrea in desperation tries to choke him with one of her stockings. He thwarts her and they sail on into the very heart of Africa. Landing in an immense craal, Andrea finds the natives all bow in worship to her mysterious companion. She is given a slave boy, "Bathtub," and the White Man sets about building a hut for her. White Man continues deaf to Andrea's pleadings to be restored to her friends. She goes on a day's hunting trip with White Man and thoroughly enjoys the exciting experience. Andrea, worrying over her deplorable lack of change of clothing, is surprised and delighted when a trunk, loaded with everything in the way of clothing dear to the feminine heart, is dropped at her doorway by stalwart natives and she is told by White Man that they are hers. White Man by a skillful shot saves her from the attack of a sable bull and she is fast becoming reconciled to her fate after eight days in the craal.

CHAPTER VI .-- Continued.

"Certainly," he answered, absorbed in his topic. "Exchanged where there's another daughter available; where there isn't, money is refunded by order of the courts. But what I was driving at is that in spite of the contention mentioned above, wherever a woman is concerned a black can never get it out of his head that she can be replaced at the regular market ce. Now you've got the kernel of whole attitude toward women."

"So if it had been you they wouldn't have laughed and yelled."
"In this case, yes," he said. "They most certainly would, because they had no direct responsibility. But

where responsibility attaches the rule for men is a life for a life, and it's a rule that has no exceptions. Anyone can brain a woman if he feels like it and get away with the identical obolo her husband paid for her."

"You seem to be a great admirer of the native social system," said Andrea "I am," answered M'sungo. "For

natives, of course." 'Are you sure you're not a bit taint-

"Sure," he answered promptly.

"That's part of the secret of my grip on every country I've shot over. I'm aloof. I've never turned my back on the White Man's God. Circular A is

not for me."

"What's Circular A?"
He hesitated. "Circular A," he said finally, "is the regulation that governs the relations between British officials under the colonial office and the women of the tribes they govern."
"I'm British," said Andrea, after a

pause, "and I blush for the necessity." ause, "and I blush for the necessity."

"You are prompt, like most of us,"
said M'sungo, "to sit in judgment before any force of nature that you've
never felt. Poor devils of clean-bred
youngsters! Take one that I knew.
Three weeks' training under his predecessor, crazy to leave; a hundred
thousand natives under his sole rule;
one perhaps two hearded white force. one, perhaps two, bearded white faces a year. The long, long days after the sportsman has been swallowed by the pot-hunter, when game becomes just meat! And then, the fatal hour at dusk when a passing native girl—any girl—looks to him like some woman at home! He marries, not by canonicals perhaps, but by the common law of the land, and the 'people at home' shout 'crucify him,' but in the end it's God alone that will judge his agony and measure the price."

He stopped speaking and for a long time they traveled in silence. The sun was sinking fast—so fast that it seemed to be dropping by jerks, like the loose hand of a grandfather's

"There is no twilight in the tropics," said M'sungo, "by the deliberate judg-way slowly as though bent on avoidof the chart of man and would not have it burst."

"I can feel what you mean," answered Andrea, "even though you haven't really said it in words. The heart can hold just so much beauty and no more; and even now, mine is aching!"

"Andrea Pellor," said M'sungo, "you have the faculty of your sex. You have pinned the butterfly."

She felt a sudden revulsion, a rage at this man, this stranger, who talked as she imagined he would fight, without gloves. Her eyes narrowed. "By the way, when Marguerite bolted, just what was it you shouted at me?"

He paused in his stride so suddenly that the dozing donkey butted into him and almost knocked him over. "Eh? What?" he asked to gain time.

"Come on," persisted Andrea. "Just say it again-what you shouted." "Well," lied M'sungo, "I may not a mon remember the exact words, but it was "An to the effect that you'd better head adv

him off or jump off."
"Something like that," said Andrea incisively, "only shorter. You yelled, "Marry him or jump off!"

"I believe you're right," said M'sun-

go, and added, apologetically, "You see, I didn't have much fime to think."
"Exactly!" said Andrea. "Instinctively all you saw was a joke, like every nigger in the line. You didn't care what happened to me. I might have been brained under that tree

get in one more nasty bit of cleverness before I died!

"Oh, no," protested M'sungo. "Go easy, now. Why, Marguerite has done that dozens of times. He knows exactly how to slice off his rider. And besides, he always stops."

"But what if he hadn't-what if he had?" continued Andrea hotly. you know what I mean. What if he had killed me?"

"But he wouldn't," insisted the man weakly. "He wouldn't think of it."
Andrea pounded the horn of her sad "But-what-if-he-had?"

M'sungo suddenly whirled, thereby winding the quiescent neck of Marguerite around his waist. He caught Andrea by both arms and fixed her startled eyes with the blaze of his own. "You will have it!" he said, shaking her lightly, "your d—— personal element! Well, I'll give it to you. If he'd hurt so much as a hair of your head I'd have shot him and then myself and left word with you to bury us both in the same grave.

She flushed and looked away. When her eyes came back to his set face there were three kinds of sparkling wickedness in them—tenderness, the forked tongue of a serpent, and a two edged knife. She chose the knife.
"White Man," she said, "that would

have been adorable at the price-simply adorable!"

The weeks that followed were the remaking of Andrea physically. Each day she walked more and felt it less. From head to toes her body was without blemish and in her eyes, her cheeks and in the spring of her light step, sheer health flew its rejoicing banner. Day by day she followed M'sungo farther afield, took more of an interest in what he was doing because she understood it better and learned to wait before she sat in judgment on his actions, often surprising, always swift and assured. She even hardened herself to accompanying him on his hunts for meat for the camp pot and there was nothing that he did composition than this same butcher-

for the job and never an apology. Having a disagreeable task on his hands he faced it squarely and going out to kill, laid his plans, held to them with unswerving concentration and killed with a dispatch that was blood-curdling but admirable.

It was during the return from one of these expeditions that he expounded his definition of justifiable plunder With his memory raw, as is the whole world's, from contact with the longheralded Superman come to life to ex pose in the flesh the brutalizing doc-trine of "thine is mine if I can take it." he found himself on treacherous ground and his words picked their

ing all misunderstanding.
"It is the truth," he said thought fully, "that the spirit of man advances only by plunder and the corollary to that is the fact that the plundered world is always the more fruitful, but the unpardonable sin as far as peoples are concerned is the failure to define robbery under arms from productive plunder, and you can almost say the same thing of individual relationship

He glanced at her and something of his earnestness passed to her with the look. "Go on," she said kindly.

"Can you believe me," he continued when I tell you that no one was more surprised than the Superman himself preparation and awoke to find himsel a Vandal—a Frankenstein? The theory was perfect—all that was lacking were the things of the spirit, the breath of life without which any animated creation becomes automatically

And yet the collective spirit of man es only by plunder. You car in my own country, yesterday a today and it will come in th mericas tamberow. The greating ever and by Salisbury

'On, White Man," said Andrea, he

on suckered with internal offer commands to be dividuals." and you knew it and all you could the started to make the traditional free traditions of her sex in a something truly about a case for every two minutes.

him turn boldly to the personal, after all, and however much we may jeer at the ultimate measure of sincerity.
will," he said. "If ever I'm bent on plundering the heart of a woman, Filtravel the highroad of surrender in the company of ravage and love. Filt give and still give and with each giv-ing will grow the heaped mountain of my demands. You see it, don't you? That's justifiable plunder." Andrea's cheeks flushed, her eyes

were dreamy with new thoughts and

While the supply of the vast larder and the supervision of the fiber camp formed the major part of M'sungo's untiring industry they were by no means the total of his affairs. Watching him, Andrea soon learned why he never lunched. He hadn't the time; too many things pressed to his atten-tion. He was a governor on no mean scale and during the midday rest hour ne would pass from group to group settling all those disputes which could be determined without recourse to legal argument. In this manner he sifted to a minimum the cases to come efore the solemn conclave of chiefs.

On the first occasion that Andrea vitnessed this tribal ceremony which occurred monthly at a certain stage of the moon, she began by feeling huffed but, lacking an audience for her mood, soon gave it up for one of scornful amusement which, in turn, surrendered to an interest that almost amounted to awe. The day in question began with the curt information from M'sungo, who appeared carefully groomed and, for the first time in her experience, dressed in punctillous mufti, that she would have to amuse herself for twelve hours without his aid. Mystiied, she awaited developments, and hey came—rapidly.

Under the great acacia was placed a table and behind it a camp armchair. To the right and left of this throne of



Dispensing Justice With a Breathless Rush.

justice stood in a crescent fourteen other seats of varying dignity-chairs, netroleum cases, kerosene tins and an inverted bucket-for every native king, be he monarch of but one vilence of authority, whatever its grade. The white man took the armchair and immediately, to the rumble of a dozen tom-toms, a horde of natives-all men -swarmed into the beaten court of the craal.

Those natives who lacked the royal hall-mark were squatting on their heels in a vast mass of serrated and concentric circles of which the innermost left an open space whose periphery was determined by the exact circumference of the wide-spreading branches of the tree. Andrea coughed softly but M'sungo did not look up—in fact, nobody looked up. It was ex actly as though she were not. She slipped to the trunk of a tree and leaned on one hand placed against it. Somehow it seemed an only friend in

n empty world.

The preliminary palaver was a matter of much leisurely ceremony, gut-tural pronouncements, grunts, pauses, nore monologues, repeated grunts not, once it was over, M'sungo settled ack with a sigh and started dispensg justice with a breathless rush that inded one of the manner in which e dispatched game.

seemed to Andrea that he never aited to hear more than the stateiately pronounce sentence. "Twen lashes; next! Thirty lashes; next! clwe lashes; next," at the rate of

pleading in the tone of her voice made! Nine times out of ten the victim would smile sheepishly and withdraw; in the tenth case there would come a look of sullen wonder into the culprit's face, whereupon the white man would promptly call a halt and demand more evidence. Such cases were then allotted half an hour and even an hour each, and without exception resulted in the acquittal of the prisoner at the

Andrea was suddenly aware of M'sungo's voice indubitably addressed to her though he kept his eyes to the front and spoke in a toneless monologue as if he were communing with himself. "Behold! Psychology on the job," he said. "Watch their faces. Every native that knows his sentence to be just, takes it with an apologetic smile: if he looks sullen, the chances are a hundred to one that he's inno cent. I've never gone wrong. They

think I'm a wonder. Next!"

One case alone that day was apparently interminable. When at last it was completed M'sungo dropped his eyes for the first time and sat for a long while with bowed head; then he drew erect, looked the prisoner in the eye and spoke three words. A gray hue crept into the black's face as he turned away. "I have surrendered him to the justice of his tribe," murmured M'sungo. "Poor devil!" And Andrea knew that she had witnessed the pre-cursor to an inevitable sentence of

That night M'sungo was too tired to talk and excused himself immediately after dinner. Andrea read until her eyes ached and then went to bed won dering if she were feeling only slighted or if existence were actually becoming monotonous. She shrank from the latter admission for she knew that, once made, it would shatter the longest run of sheer peace of spiri which she had experienced in her shor but much bored life. She need not have worried. When she stepped out early next morning dressed for the field in compliance with a message from M'sungo to put on her roughest and toughest she was so excited that even the memory of her doubt was blotted from her mind. Something was in the air of the craal that could be felt rather than heard, the sort of something that one could imagine possessing a hive just before it began to

M'sungo was already sitting under the dining tree engaged in a diminutive palaver with three wizened blacks who squatted on the ground squinting up at him and speaking in turn in answer to his patient questioning. Around them but at a respectful distance were gathered various members of the camp's personal staff. On the faces of the wizened three and also on M'sungo's was the same look of fanatical exaltation, the look that proclaims any group of diverse men brothers at heart. "What is it?" asked Andrea, breath

less from hurrying.

"Elephant," replied M'sungo. He drew a chair to his side. "Sit down," he said softly as one whose mind is half-narcotized and fearful of losing the dream, "Watch and listen, for these men bring great tidings." He

ome of the wizened produced a thin wand, about twenty inches in length, freshly broken at one end. He passed it to his companions; who stared at it as though they saw it for the first in-stead of the hundredth time, fingered it, gurgled over it and finally gravely handed it to M'sungo. He went through more or less the same process and returned it to the man who first produced it with what was apparently a slighting remark.

The man glanced up with a pained look on his face, arose, laid the wand on the ground as a measure and with aborious fingers began to trace a mighty oval. M'sungo leaned across the table and gazed with fascinated eye; Andrea, watching him, could see the pulse throbbing at his temples. He was a new M'sungo, somebody young approachable, lovable, an eager boy.

She leaned close to his shoulder. "Please, White Man," she murmured, 'please tell me."

Without turning he put one hand out and grasped her wrist as though to still her. "The little man," he ex-plained, "is drawing the spoor of a mighty beast. Look at it and learn i by heart, for it will be a photograph.

Having completed the circumference of his oval, the native was making various tracings on its face, dividing it as with a maze of tracks. When he had apparently finished, he sank back on his heels and gazed critically at his

handiwork.
"Watch," said M'sungo. "Before he gets up, he'll put in some mark, some distinctive feature that distinguishes this spoor from all others."

No sooner had he spoken than the

black leaned forward and with a sure touch deepened two of the cracks till they formed a long narrow V running diagonally half across the oval. That done he turned abruptly from his drawing, joined his comrades, turned his back on M'sungo and unstoppering a cartridge case, proceeded to take

M'sungo straightened with a long quivering sigh. "It is well," he said in dialect. "We will go." The three wizened men nodded their heads many times and grunted. With no further instruction, gunbearers, water boys, trackers and Marguerite's attendant scattered to their various prepara-tions, hindered by excited women and children. The camp hummed, Bathtub slapped breakfast on the table and then stood on one foot, then on the other in impatience. On the faces of all was the same half-smile, the same look of suppressed but mighty antici-

M'sungo ate a few mouthfuls but they seemed to choke him. He pushed back his plate, stuffed his pipe full and lit it. His eyes played over Andrea's face and fired hers with their way by hillings. own brilliance. When he spoke every word thrilled her as though this wonderful morning were surcharged with an emotional current sensitive to every sound and movement.

"Andrea Pellor," he said with a hap-py twinkle of mock solemnity in his glance, "you are about to be initiated into the mysteries of the major guild of many centuries, the closest corporation of sport in the world; in three words, the society of elephant hunters. You will probably witness death and I hope and pray it will be the death the hunted, but for the comfort of your soft heart let me tell you that today we go forth not to slaughter but to battle."

He turned his eyes from her face and continued in a more serious strain: "The hunting of elephant is a science. It is a crescendo of delicately balanced factors that starts from two distant points and beginning on a cool foundation of mutual respect passes upward through stages of intelligence against intelligence, caution for caution, perseverance on the heels of endurance, until it meets on the high plane of naked courage and sweeps to its tragic climax of white-

hot battle and death." His eyes came back to hers frankly. "Like all the great sciences," he continued, "it has used the lives of valiant men for stepping-stones so that we who go out today are backed by the age-long sacrifice of a noble company. Looking back only to the days of black powder and the four-bore rifle we are mere pygmies, but pyg-mies carried high on the crest of an ancient tradition. It's because we have an accumulation of knowledge to lean upon that I'm willing to take you with me today if you'll promise to sur-render yourself to me, to do just ex-actly what I tell you and no more and

Eyes wide and intent, cheeks flushed and lips parted, Andrea was too excited to speak. She threw out both hands toward him in a gesture cabandon and with an imploring gravit thatemade her look as though she giving herself into his keeping not for a day but for all time.

CHAPTER VII.

They started out, a skeleton cavalcade. The three wizened ones led the way and Andrea measured their importance by the fact that they carried M'sungo's battery of rifles, respectful-ly surrendered by the gunbearers as a fitting tribute from onlookers to men who were hunters in their own right, M'sungo nodded toward them and spoke to Andrea over his shoulder, "The old boys are my brothers in arms and they carry the guns as a sort of insignia. When it comes down to business they'll slip them to the trained bearers."

Behind Andrea came Marguerite, his attendant before and Bathtub after him; then followed the gunbearers, a single tracker and a single water boy. No hangers-on were allowed even to see the cortege from the craal. Over one shoulder Bathtub carried slung a cracker tin, container of all the food allotted to the day.

In ten minutes' march they came to the river which, in spite of its proximity to the camp, Andrea now saw for the first time. Often she had sug-gested to M'sungo that she wished to visit it, but on every occasion his lips had set in a straight line and he had invented manifold ing her from its shores. The most efficacious of these arguments were snakes and crocodiles, but while she conceded the strength of those two deterrents she could not escape from an intuitive belief that there was something else—some other and ranking cause in the back of M'sungo's mind.

Some thrills in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Concentration of Mind.
The brain of the average person is too receptive and not positive enough. It is swayed by every gust of emotion, yields too easily to outside conditions. It reproduces too easily the idle thoughts of others, or its own phantasies, and avoids the effort of constructive thinking. A complete change in the mental habits of such a person may open the way for unlimited future development. Mental efficiency can only be attained when one possesses the power of concentrating the mind Weak powers of concentration mean inefficient thinking and vacillating action. Regular daily practice in conc tration, keeping the mind centered upon some one subject, some difficult problem, will soon give the mind the habit of constructive thinking. Per sist in this practice and ignore all seeming lack of progress if you would obtain the fullest 'esulta -- N