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FINANCIAL

Buy City of Warsaw, Poland, Municipal 10,000 Mark Bond. These bonds pay 5% interest on face value and are a lien on the entire municipal property of Warsaw which has a population of approximately 400,000. With expected rise in European exchange following international economic conference these bonds should be worth many times their present value. For literature and full particulars address: FOREIGN SECURITIES DEPT. 177, MINT, Suite 505, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, NO. 3-1922.

HAD TO FALL BACK ON LUNCH

Seemed the Only Thing Left to Which Host Could Invite His Artistic Friends.

Mr. Heming tells an amusing little incident to disprove the general belief that artists are temperamental, dissipated creatures who thrive on the white lights. In the ancient days before prohibition Mr. Heming was in New York to invite American artists to exhibit in the Canadian national exhibit in Toronto. Gardner Symons, the well-known American artist, invited Heming and Frederick Waugh, another leading artist, to dinner at the National Arts club. "Let's go down and have a cocktail before lunch," said Symons. "I never take anything," said Heming. "Neither do I," said Waugh. Symons laughed. "That's funny," he said. "Neither do I, but anyway we'll have some cigars." "I don't smoke," said Waugh. "And I don't smoke," said Heming. "Well, this is a great joke," said Symons. "I don't smoke, either, but I thought you fellows would at least take a cigar. Say, you eat, don't you?—because I've ordered lunch."

A High-Stepper.

Observing a lady amazingly bedecked with glittering ropes and bands at the opera the other evening, our mind reverted to a remark made by the empress of Austria, P. Z. An ambassador having expressed admiration of her beautiful jewels, she said: "When they bring them to me I feel like a horse that is going to be saddled."

*You've expressed it—Pre-Zita.—Boston Transcript.

There is about as much sense in a woman's reason as there is in a man's excuse.

There would be more wisdom in the world if fathers knew as much as their sons think they do.

MOTHER! MOVE CHILD'S BOWELS WITH CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

Hurry, mother! Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good cleansing of the little bowels is often all that is necessary. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertisement.

For Others, Perhaps. Brown—Isn't golf exhausting? White—Well, fortunately I'm a little hard of hearing.

Prayers of the man who prays for himself alone probably never get higher than the roof.

Much diffidence is due to the fear of being a bore.

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD—USE
CASCARA QUININE
WORLD'S Standard Cold and Grippe Remedy. Stopped at the Source. No side effects and no after-effects. W. H. HILL COMPANY, DETROIT. PRICE 70 CENTS

New Use for Antique Eggs.

"Good morning," said an English housewife to her grocer. "I'd like another dozen of them eggs you sent me yesterday." "Folks like 'em, eh?" observed the shopman. "Never mind the folks," she retorted. "I want 'em for a special purpose. They're going to get me let off on a quarter's rent."

"Indeed! Are you going to offer your landlord some appetizing pancakes?"

"Not exactly," she replied. "You see, it's this way. He's comin' round this morning for the money, so if I crack 'em and hide 'em in our back yard, it's ten to one he'll cry quits about the rent, thinkin' it's the drains."—Boston Transcript.

Sea Babies.

More babies were born at sea during last year than at any period since records have been kept. The official figures show that in British ships alone 276 babies were born on the ocean. Sixty-eight babies were born at sea in ships "to and from England and Wales" in 1918, and 151 in 1919. Babies born at sea are usually very lucky, as the inevitable collection among the passengers usually reaches \$500, and very often more. Most of the babies are born in the third-class accommodation.

Sensible Moon.

We were out riding one moonlight night, and it soon became cloudy and started to rain. Marion asked where the moon had gone. I tried to explain that the clouds had come between the moon and us, but she wasn't satisfied with that and offered her own explanation.

"I know where the moon is. It went under the cloud 'cause it didn't want to get wet."—Cleveland News Leader.

Much that passes for patience is merely laziness.

Don't expect applause. Deserve it, Rainey.

A Man To His Mate
By J. ALLEN DUNN
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GUN-PLAY.

Synopsis—Lodging on the San Francisco water front, John Rainey, newspaper reporter, is accosted by a giant blind man, who asks Rainey to lead him aboard the sealing schooner Karluk. In the cabin they find Captain Simms and a man named Carlsen. Simms recognizes the blind man, calling him Jim Lund. Lund accuses Simms of abandoning him, blind, on an ice floe, and denounces him. Simms denies the charge, but Lund refuses to be pacified. He declares his intention of accompanying the Karluk on its expedition north, where it is going in quest of a gold field which Lund has discovered. Peggy, Simms' daughter, is aboard, and Rainey is forced to declare himself satisfied. Lund gives him a brief account of a former expedition of the Karluk, tells him he distrusts Carlsen, and suggests a "partnership." Rainey to act as Lund's "eyes." Rainey is made second mate. Captain Simms is ill and the navigation is entirely in the hands of Carlsen. At the latter's suggestion a shooting match is staged and the seal hunters exhaust their ammunition. Carlsen shows his skill with the pistol and Lund does some astonishing shooting "by sound." Sandy, the ship's boy, is swept overboard and is rescued by Rainey.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Her eyes flashed and then she made a visible effort to control herself. "But it was very brave of you, and I want to ask your pardon," she concluded, with the crimson of her cheeks flooding all her face before she turned away, and made abruptly for the companion.

A little bewildered, the touch of her slim but strong fingers still sensible to his own, Rainey went to the wheel. "Shall I take it over, Mr. Carlsen?" he asked. "It's my watch."

Carlsen surveyed him coolly. Either he pretended not to have heard the girl's innuendo or it failed to get under his skin.

"You'd better get into some dry togs, Rainey," he said. "And I'll prescribe a stiff jorum or grog-hot. Take your time about it." Rainey, conscious of a wretched feeling in his side, a growing nausea and weakness, thanked him and took the advice. Half an hour later, save for a general soreness, he felt too vigorous to stay below, and went on deck again. Sandy had been taken forward. Lund had disappeared, but he found the giant in the triangular forecabin by Sandy's bunk.

"That you, Rainey?" Lund asked as he heard the other's tread. Then he dropped his voice to a whisper: "The lad's grateful. Make the most of it. If he wants to spill anything, get all of it. Best day's work you've done in a long while, matey. Pump that Sandy. Pump him dry. He'll know almost as much as Tamada, an' he'll come through with it easier."

"Just what are you afraid of?" asked Rainey.

"Son," said Lund, simply, "I'm afraid of nothing. But they're primed for somethin', under Carlsen. We'll be makin' Unalaska tomorrow or the next day. Here's hopin' it's the next. An' we've got to know what to expect. Here's somethin' for you to chew on: Inside of forty-eight hours there's goin' to be an upset aboard this hooker an' it's up to me an' you to see we come out on top. If not—"

He spread out his arms with the great, gorilla-like hands at the end of them, in a gesture that supplanted words. Beyond any doubt Lund expected trouble. And Rainey, for the first time, began to sense it as something approaching sinister, almost tangible.

As he crossed the main cabin to go to his own room, Carlsen came out of the skipper's. He did not see Rainey at first and was humming a little air under his breath as he slipped a small article into his pocket. His face held a sneer. Then he saw Rainey, and it changed to a mask that revealed nothing. His tune stopped.

"I hear the captain's sick again," said Rainey. "Not serious, I hope." Carlsen stood there gazing at him with his look of a sphinx, his eyes half-closed, the scolding light showing faintly.

"Serious? I'm afraid it is serious this time, Rainey. Yes," he ended slowly. "I am inclined to think it is really serious." He turned away and rapped at the door of the girl's stateroom. In answer to a low reply he turned the handle and went in, leaving Rainey alone.

CHAPTER V.

Sandy Speaks.

The next morning Rainey, going on deck to relieve Hansen at eight bells, at the commencement of the forenoon watch, found Lund in the bows as he walked forward, waiting for the bell to be struck. Lightly as he trod, the giant heard him and instantly recognized him. "Seen Sandy yet?"

"I haven't had a chance, I im-

agined it would be the best not to be seen talking to him."

"Right. Matey, things are comin' to a head. There's ice in the air. I can smell it. Feel the difference in temperature? Ice, all right. An' that means two things. We're nigh one of the Aleutians, an' Bering strait is full of ice. Early, a bit, but there's nothin' reglar 'bout the way ice forms. I've got a strong hunch something'll break before we make the strait."

"There's one thing in our favor. Yore savin' Sandy has set you solid with the hunters. They won't be so keen to maroon you. An' they'll think twice about puttin' me ashore blind. I used to get along fine with the hunters. All said an' done, they're men at bottom. Got their hearts gold-plated or right now. But—"

He seemed obsessed with the idea that the crew, with Carlsen as prime instigator, had determined to leave them stranded on some volcanic, lonely barren islet. Rainey wondered what actual foundations he had for that theory.

He found no chance to talk with Sandy. He noticed the boy looking at him once or twice, wistfully, he thought, and yet furtively. Carlsen did not appear during the morning, neither did the hunters. Nor the girl.

At noon Carlsen came up to take his observation. He said nothing to Rainey, but the latter noticed the doctor's face seemed more sardonic than usual as he tucked his sextant under his arm.

With Hansen on deck they all assembled at the table with the exception of the captain. Tamada served perfectly and silently. The doctor conversed with the girl in a low voice. Once or twice she smiled across the table at Rainey in friendly fashion.

"Skipper enny better?" asked Lund, at the end of the meal.

Carlsen ignored him, but the girl answered: "I am afraid not." It was not often she spoke to Lund at all, and Rainey wondered if she had experienced any change of feeling toward the giant as well as himself.

Carlsen got up, announcing his intention of going forward. Lund nodded significantly at Rainey as if to suggest that the doctor was going to foregather with the hunters, and that this might be an opportunity to talk with Sandy.

"Goin' to turn in," he said. "Eyes hurt me. It's the ice in the wind."

Carlsen had already vanished and the girl went to her room.

The door from the galley corridor opened, and a head was poked in cautiously. Then Sandy came into the cabin.

"Beg pardon, Mister Rainey, sir," said the roustabout, "I was through with the dishes. I wanted to have a talk with yer." His pop-eyes roamed about the cabin doubtfully.

"Come in here," said Rainey, and ushered Sandy into his own quarters. "Now, then," he said, established on the bunk, while Sandy stood by the partition, slouching, irresolute, his slack jaw working as if he was chewing something, "what is it, my lad?"

"They'd kick the stuffin' out of me if they knew this," said Sandy. "I've bin warned to hold my tongue. Deming said he'd cut it out if I chattered. An' he would. But—"

"But what? Sit down, Sandy; I won't give you away."

"You went overboard after me, sir. None of them would. I've heard what Mr. Carlsen said, that I didn't amount to nothin'. Mebbe I don't, but I've got my own reasons for hangin' on. Me, of course I don't amount to much. Why would I? If I ever had mother an' father, I never laid eyes on 'em. I've made my own livin' since I was eight. I've never 'ad enough grub in my belly till I worked for Tamada. The Jap slips me prime fillin'. He's only a Jap, but he's got more heart than the rest o' that bloody bunch put together."

Rainey nodded. "Tell me what you know, quicky. You may be wanted any minute."

The words seemed to stick in the lad's dry throat, and then they came with a gush.

"It's the doc! It's Carlsen who's turned 'em into a lot of bloody Bolsheviks, sir. Told 'em they ought to have an ekal share in the gold. Ekal all round, all except Tamada—en' me. I don't count. An' Tamada's a Jap. The men is sore at Mr. Lund becoz he sez the skipper left him be'ind on the ice. Carlsen's worked that up, too. Said Lund made 'em all out to be cowards. 'Cept Hansen, that is. He don't dare say too much, or they'd jump him, but Hansen sort of hints that Cap'n Simms ought to have gone back after Lund, could have gone back, is the way Hansen put it. Sp' they're all goin' to strike."

Rainey's mind reacted swiftly to Sandy's talk. It seemed inconceivable that Carlsen would be willing to share alike with the hunters and the crew. Sandy's imagination had been running wild, or the men had been making a fool of him. The girl's share would be thrown into the common lot. And then flashed over him the trick by which Carlsen had disposed of all the ammunition in the hunters' possession. He

had a deeper scheme than the one he fed to the hunters, and which he merely offered to serve some present purpose. Rainey's jaw muscles bunched.

"Go on, Sandy," he said tersely.

"There ain't much more, sir. They're goin' to put it up to Lund. First they figgered some on settin' him ashore with you an' the Jap. That's what Carlsen put up to 'em. But they warn't in favor of that. Said Lund found the gold, an' ought to have an ekal share with the rest. An' they're feelin' different 'bout you, sir, since you saved me. Not becoz it was me, but becoz it was what Deming calls a d—n plucky thing to do."

"How did you learn all this?" demanded Rainey.

"Scraps, sir. Here an' there. The sailors gams about it nights when they thinks I'm asleep in the fo'c's'le. An' I keeps my ears open when I waits on the hunters. But they ain't goin' to give you no share, becoz you warn't in on the original deal. But they ain't goin' to maroon you, neither, unless Lund bucks an' you stand back of him."

"How about Captain Simms?"

"Carlsen sez he'll answer for him, sir. He boasts how he's goin' to marry the gal. That'll giv' him three shares—countin' the skipper's. The men don't see that, but I did. He's a bloody fox, is Carlsen."

"When's this coming off?" asked Rainey.

"Quick! They're goin' to sight land tomorrow, they say. I heard that this mornin'. I hid in my bunk."

"All right, Sandy. You're smarter than I thought you were. Sure of all this?"

"I ain't much to look at, sir, but I ain't had to buck my own way without



But His Gun Was Out. As He Raised It Rainey Gripped With Him.

gittin' on ter myself. You won't give me away, though? They'd keelhaul me."

"I won't. You cut along. And if we happen to come out on top, Sandy, I'll see that you get a share out of it."

"Thank you, sir."

"I'll come out with you," said Rainey. "If any one comes in before you get clear, I'll give you an order. I sent for you, understand."

But Sandy got back into the galley without any trouble. Rainey began to pace the cabin again, and then went back into his own room to line the thing up. Lund was asleep, but he would waken him, he decided, filled with admiration at the blind man's sagacity and the way he had foreseen the general situation.

There was not much time to lose. Rainey did not see what they could do against the proposition. He was sure that Lund would not consent to it. And he might have some plan. He had hinted that he had cards up his sleeve.

What Carlsen's ultimate plans were Rainey did not bother himself with. That it meant the fooling of the whole crew he did not doubt. He intended eventually to gather all the gold. And the girl—she would be in his power. But perhaps she wanted to be? Rainey got out of his blind alley of thought and started into the main cabin to give Lund the news.

The girl was coming out of her father's room.

"Any better?" asked Rainey. "No. I can't understand it. He seems hardly to know me. Doctor Carlsen came along because of father's sciatia, but—there's something else—and the doctor can't help it any. I can't quite understand—"

She trailed off in her speech, looking uncertainly at Rainey. The latter came to a decision.

"Miss Simms," he said, "are you going to marry Doctor Carlsen?"

Suddenly Rainey was aware that some one had come into the cabin. It was Carlsen, now swiftly advancing

toward him, his face livid, his mouth snarling, and his black eyes devilish with mischief.

"I'll attend to this end of it," he said. "Peggy, you had better go in to your father. I'll be there in a minute. He's a pretty sick man," he added.

His snarl had changed to a smile, and he seemed to have swiftly controlled himself. The girl looked at both of them and slowly went into the captain's room. Carlsen wheeled on Rainey, his face once more a mask of hate.

"I'll put you where you belong, you d—d interloper," he said. "What in h—l do you mean by asking her that question?"

"That's my business."

"I'll make it mine. And I'll settle yours very shortly, once and for all. I suppose you're soft on the girl yourself," he sneered. "Think yourself a hero! Do you think she'd look at you, a beggarly newsmonger? Why, she—"

"You can leave her out of it," said Rainey, quietly. "As for you, I think you're a dirty blackguard."

Carlsen's hand shot back to his hip pocket as Rainey's fist flashed through the opening and caught him high on the jaw, sending him staggering back, crashing against the partition and down into the cushioned seat that ran around the place.

But his gun was out. As he raised it Rainey grappled with him. Carlsen pulled trigger, and the bullet smashed through the skylight above them, while Rainey forced up his arm, twisting it fiercely with both hands until the gun fell on the seat.

Simultaneously the girl and Lund appeared.

"Gun-play?" rumbled the giant. "That'll be you, Carlsen! You're too fond of shooting off that gat of yores."

Rainey had stepped back at the girl's exclamation. Carlsen recovered his gun and put it away, while Peggy Simms advanced with blazing eyes.

"You coward!" she said. "If I had thought—oh!"

She made a gesture of utter loathing, at which Carlsen sneered.

"I'll show you whether I'm a coward or not, my lady," he said, "before I get through with all of you. And I'll tell you one thing: The captain's life is in my hands. And he and I are the only navigators aboard this vessel, except a fool of a blind man," he added, as he strode to the door of Simms' cabin, turned to look at them, laughed deliberately in their faces and shut the door on them.

"Well?" asked Lund, "what are you goin' to do about it, Rainey? Stick with me, or line up with the rest of 'em, work yore passage, an' thank 'em for nothing when they divvy the stuff an' leave you out?"

"You haven't said outright what you are going to do yourself," replied Rainey. "As for me, I seem to be between the devil and the deep sea. Carlsen has got some plan to outwit the men. It's inconceivable that he'll be willing to give them equal shares. And he has no use for me."

"You ought to have grabbed that gun of his before he did," said Lund. "He'll put you out of the way if he can, but, now his temper's bled over a bit, he'll not shoot you. Not afore the gold's in the hold."

"As for me," he went on, his voice deepening. "I found this gold, an' they didn't. I don't have to divvy with 'em, an' I won't. If any of 'em thinks he's my equal all he's got to do is say so, an' I'll give him a chance to prove it. Feel those arms, matey, size me up. Man to man, I c'd break enny three of 'em in half. Put me in a room with enny three of 'em, an' the door locked, an' one 'ud come out. That 'ud be me."

This was not bragging, not blustering, but calm assurance, and Rainey felt that Lund merely stated what he believed to be facts. And Rainey believed they were facts. There was a confident strength of spirit aside from his physical condition that emanated from Lund as steam comes from a kettle. It was the sort of strength that lies in a steady gale, a wind that one can lean against, an elastic power with big reserves of force. But the conditions were all against Lund, though he proceeded to put them aside.

"Map to man," he repeated. "I c'd beat 'em into Hamburg steak. An' I've got brains enough to fool Carlsen. I've outguessed him so far."

"He's got the gun," warned Rainey. "Never mind his gun. I ain't afraid of his gun." He nodded with such supreme confidence that Rainey felt himself suddenly relegating the doctor's possession of the gun to the background. "If his gun's the only thing trubblin' you, forget it. You an' me got to know where we stand. It's up to you. I won't blame you for shiftin' over. An' I can git along without you, if need be. But we've got along together fine; I've took a notion to you. I'd like to see you get a whack of that gold, an' all the devils in h—l an' out of it ain't goin' to stop me from gittin' it!"

"High peak, sir. Dead ahead! Clouds on it, or smoke."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the Invalid.
Straws may be used in giving liquids to sick children when they cannot be moved. Glass tubes are easily broken, but a bundle of straws, such as used at soda fountains, may be purchased at small cost.

Not Influenced by the Moon.
The bureau of animal industry says there is no foundation in fact for the superstition that the various phases of the moon has anything to do with the proper time to set hen's eggs.

Will your "Good Morning" last all day?

Easy to start from the breakfast table with zest and enthusiasm, but how easy is it to keep on? Does ambition last, or lag, as the day develops?

The afternoon "slump" is a factor to be counted upon, in business or social life.

Usually, there's a reason.

Nerves whipped by tea or coffee won't keep on running, and they won't stand constant whipping.

Many a man or woman who has wished the afternoon would be as bright as the morning has simply been wishing that the nerves wouldn't have to pay the natural penalty for being whipped with the caffeine drug.

Postum gives a breakfast cup of comfort and cheer, without any penalties afterward. There's no "letting down" from Postum—no midday drowsiness to make up for midnight wakefulness; no headaches; no nervous indigestion; no increase of blood pressure.

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Postum for Health
"There's a Reason"