NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catspaw," "Blue Buckle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

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SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues three-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank.

SECOND INSTALLMENT

THE YELLOW PACKET

CHAPTER VI.

The Whiplash.

Hernandez stepped out upon the porch of the low-roofed bungalow. He moved with lazy strides. He was prosperous apparently, this Portuguese, Hernandez. Here was no evidence of adversity nor of hard luck. Years before he had escaped from the eruption of Mount Pelee in Martinique.

Now it was the year 1915. It was January of that year. He was located—say, comfortably established—on his own plantation in the southern waters. For months or years—who knows?—he had lived a life of ease upon this island just off the coast of Porto Rico.

Hernandez strode to the table and tapped a bell.

"Inez," he cried sharply, "bring me drink." He was a Portuguese, this Hernandez, tall, slender, dark. The expression on his face was sinister, and across his face was an old-time scar planted by a saber stroke.

Within a woman had been humming—humming little snatches of familiar Spanish songs. At his command the humming ceased. There was an exclamation of rage—of feminine rage. Inez Castro stepped out upon the veranda.

"I am no servant," she exclaimed angrily, "to be summoned by a bell."

"Drink," said Hernandez sharply, "give me drink."

She poured it out for him and handed him the glass. "May I hope it chokes you," she exclaimed, stamping her foot.

"Stop your snarling there, you Spanish cat," exclaimed Hernandez, "and listen to me. I have an order from Porto Rico that I must fill—and fill tonight."

Inez was all attention in a moment.

"How much do they want?" she asked.

"Fifty pounds of gum opium," said her lord and master, "and twenty pounds of flake cocaine."

He strode into the bungalow and approached a rude fireplace at the farther end of the apartment. He stooped and threw back the corner of a many-colored rug that partially concealed the tiles. The tiles were loosely set. He removed a dozen of them—

"I Hope It Chokes You!" She Exclaimed.

then he threw back an opening— a trap door in the floor beneath. Inez watched him until he disappeared into this wide hole. Then she glided out to the veranda. She poured out a tiny drink and tossed it off. She lit a cigarette.

Before her lay a partially plowed field. She heard the jingle of an ox chain. She heard a quavering voice and then suddenly from the rear of the bungalow a strange trio entered the arena of events.

Ponto, a fat little Mexican — who boasted ever of his Aztec blood — crawled behind a primitive and ineffective plow.

And the team! A strangely assorted team was this. On the right, with his head thrust through a wooden yoke, was an ox. On the left hand side, also with his head thrust through a wooden yoke and with his brawny shoulders tugging, ever tugging, at the plow, there was hitched—a man.

Ponto, cursing, raised his whip and brought down the lash time after time with strict impartiality upon the shoulders of the ox and upon the bare back of the man.

Hernandez just then appeared on the veranda bearing with him a large wicker dress-suit case.

Hernandez, slowly smoking a panatela, scanned the horizon. Suddenly his eyes narrowed. He strode swiftly into the living room and as swiftly back again and in his hands he bore a pair of up-to-date binoculars. He held them to his eyes and carefully adjusted them—keeping them trained upon a speck, a mere speck, that had appeared upon the surface of the sea.

With a bound he was off, circling the bungalow in the opposite direction from that which Ponto and his ill-assorted team had taken. He met him half way.

"Ponto," he exclaimed, "we shall have visitors. Unhitch the brute. Get pickaxes—get spades."

Hernandez led the way to the foreground between the veranda end of the bungalow and the shore. He pointed to a well-plowed strip of ground.

"There," he cried, "at that spot. Dig—dig like the very devil."

CHAPTER VII.

The Clue.

Hernandez returned to the veranda and seized the glasses once again. He passed them to Inez. "Tell me what you see," he said.

The woman shuddered slightly.

"Government vessel," she returned.

With the woman at his side he strode into the huge living room.

A moment later he reappeared tugging with him a small steamer trunk. With her aid he carried it to the veranda; then they went back for another—and another—and still another.

"Senor," exclaimed Ponto, from the inner edge of a small pit that he and the brute had finished digging, "behold, the task is now complete."

"Come then," cried Hernandez sharply, "dump these in."

Half an hour later and half a mile from shore a revenue cutter stopped its engines and later dropped an anchor.

Another half an hour and Hernandez and his dark-haired Inez sauntered shoreward and stood bowing on the crazy little wharf. They waited calmly, the woman smoking a cigarette and Hernandez enjoying his panetela, until the ship's gig drew up to the wharf.

Hernandez deftly caught the rope as it was thrown to him.

"Mr. Hernandez," said the officer brusquely, "I've got a government search warrant."

"Do not produce it, sir," he said. "I take you at your word."

"Mr. Hernandez," went on the officer, "a Porto Rican fisherman reported to us yesterday that his kicker had been hired three times by a notorious negro smuggler—that three times he had watched the departure of his boat and its return. Each time it had come in this direction—each time returned from this direction."

"The point is," went on the officer, "just this: This is the only point south of Porto Rico within a given distance. The kicker owned by our informant, when it left its owner, sailed direct toward you and returned direct from you. Possibly I am on a fool's errand, but I've got to do my duty."

"Permit me to escort you, senor," said Hernandez.

An hour later the officer was seated on the veranda waiting for his men. One by one they filed in and reported.

"No go, sir," they all said. "We've covered the whole place. There's not an ounce of gum nor a penny's worth of flake."

The officer shook his head and dismissed his men.

"You were speaking," he remarked, sipping his glass of ice-cold vichy, "you were speaking of the Martinique eruption."

"Of that," assented Hernandez, "and of something else—the steamship Princess of New York."

"Why," said the officer, "she was burned, that tramp—burned two days out from Martinique."

Hernandez's eyes narrowed. "How do you know, senor?" he queried.

"I know," returned the officer, "because I was a seaman on the gunboat Eaglet—and the gunboat Eaglet rescued the survivors of the Princess."

"Senor," said Hernandez gravely, "I would hear about this Princess of New York. She stood by, senor—I remember well, for I thought my last hour had come—she stood by to succor refugees and I with my man Ponto here—I was a refugee. I fled from the smoke and lava of Mount Pelee back in 1902—"

"Were you on the steamer Princess?" asked the officer.

"No," returned Hernandez, "they would not let us on; they beat us back. But a strange thing happened, senor. There were four of us, myself, my servant Ponto and an American named Ilington."

"Four of you?" queried the officer.

"Ah," said Hernandez, "there was a fourth member of the party—we had put off in a leaky boat. She was a baby girl—a child. She was the daughter of this Ilington."

The officer leaned forward. His mind was at work. His memory traveled back over some thirteen years. He nodded.

"Ilington," he repeated. "A child—a baby girl. I remember now."

"That baby girl, senor, boarded the ship—they took her out of all her party—her and her native woman servant—"

The officer slapped his thigh. "I remember now," he said, "I remember all about it. Let me see. It was common talk aboard the Eaglet. This child came aboard with the wife of the Princess' captain. She had two boys with her and this little girl. I don't remember the girl, but she was young, say five years old. The captain's boy I remember well—he slept in my hammock the first night he came aboard. I remember him. But there was something about the girl—wait, I have it. A bag of gold—Spanish pieces most of them, I think—or maybe French. A bag of gold—and something else. Some note or package—some mystery at any rate, as I recall."

Hernandez knocked the ashes from his panetela. "You don't say so, senor," he replied, with a show of interest. "A bag of gold and a mystery—I knew nothing of all that. I wonder what has become of Ilington. By the way, senor, what became of the survivors of the Princess?"

The officer nodded. "We landed them at Brooklyn navy yard. They were people from the North, New York or thereabouts. Curious about this little girl. I had almost forgot all about her. I will have to look her up somehow some day and see what her history is and what the mystery was."

Hernandez shrugged his shoulders. "Like looking for a needle in a haystack, officer," he suggested.

"Oh, no," said the officer, "they've got the record in the Brooklyn navy yard. I can easily find out." He rose and held out his hand. "Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Hernandez. Duty is duty and the government is no respector of persons."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Flash Flare.

Neal Hardin of the United States life-saving service at Seaport, N. J., swung down the narrow lane toward the beach. Before he reached the intervening railroad tracks a train pulled in—a shore train from New York. Its last two cars blocked Neal's progress toward the beach—and he was forced to wait until the train pulled out again. Meantime, while the train was stationary, a single passenger alighted—a smartly dressed young woman.

She stopped, once she had alighted—and glanced about her in uncertainty. She caught sight of Neal and started toward him.

"If you don't mind," said the young woman, in dulcet tones—and with just the trace of foreign accent in her voice—"if you do not mind, I should like to find the post office—if you have one here."

Neal nodded. "I go past there," answered Neal, "I'll take you to it. Come with me."

Neal liked her—but she didn't ring true.

"This is the post office," he exclaimed at length.

Neal passed on toward the beach. He had not gone far when he heard a woman's scream. He looked back. In front of the post office a crumpled heap turned out to be the pretty woman.

"I slipped—I stumbled—something," she exclaimed, "and, oh—the pain—the pain—"

"Where?" queried the postmaster.

"My foot, my ankle," returned the young lady; "it is bad—bad."

She fell back, half fainting, in Neal's arms. The postmaster nodded to Neal.

"She was going to your mother's, Neal," he said.

"My mother's," gasped Neal, "does—does she know my mother?"

The postmaster shook his head. "She wanted a quiet place—not a boarding house, nor nothing of the kind—a quiet place for her and her old father. I gave her your mother's name. I didn't know. I thought maybe your mother might take 'em in."

Neal clutched her in his strong arms and staggered to his feet.

"I'll take you to my mother's," he said aloud; "that's where you were bound—I'm Mrs. Hardin's son."

Neal's mother, Mrs. Captain Hardin, had spent a good part of the last hour in the attic of her cozy little house. She was delving into the depths of an old leather trunk—and that meant that she was delving into the past.

At the very bottom of the trunk where she had placed them years ago, was a newspaper package, carefully tied up. She opened it and spread its contents on the lid of the trunk. They consisted of the clothing—all the clothing—of a little girl—the dress and the linen articles had turned slightly yellow—even the thirteen years had left their mark upon them.

But this was not all—there was a bag of gold—the bag of gold that the little girl had brought aboard the Princess during that day of terror back at Martinique. And pinned to the tiny dress was still the note—hastily pencilled by an unknown hand:

I am Annette Ilington, heiress of the lost isle of Cinnabar. I will be very rich some day. Save my clothes and the oilskin packet until my father comes for me, or until I am eighteen. I must look out for a man with a saber cut upon his face. For God's sake, keep me safe.

She was startled by Annette's cry from below. Hastily she stowed away

"I Wonder What Has Become of Ilington?"

the contents of the newspaper package and shut and locked the trunk.

When she reached the living room she started back. A young woman, her skirt dusty with the dirt of the road, was lying full length upon a lounge. Her eyes were closed. Neal was standing at her head, placing a wet cloth upon her forehead. Annette removed her shoe.

"Ah, the pain—the pain—" [illegible] the sufferer.

"Why, there's no swelling," said Annette.

The girl on the lounge opened her eyes. "It is always that way," she replied; "that is not the first time. It is the injury to what you call the—the synovial membrane—the covering of the bones. It has happened twice before."

The girl signaled for her leather handbag which was on the table. Neal fetched it for her, and she took from it a card. She handed it to Annette. Annette passed it to Mrs. Hardin. This is what it said.

Miss Irene Courtier,
Nassau,
The Bahama Isles.

"I—I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neil.

The girl dictated and Neal wrote as follows:

Napoleon Courtier, Esq., Hotel Bermuda, New York City:
Sprained my ankle. Don't worry. Have found friends in Seaport.
IRENE.

Over in the Hotel Bermuda in New York sat Mr. Napoleon Courtier—a foreign-looking gentleman of distinguished appearance. He was a striking-looking figure and had many peculiarities and eccentricities of manner. The most striking thing about him, however, was a livid saber cut across his cheek—a deep, deep cut—a bad scar. It is probable, however, that Mr. Courtier attracted no more attention than his companions did—one of them a fat little Mexican of most villainous appearance; the other a huge giant clad in ill-fitting clothes, who followed Mr. Courtier about like a dog—a faithful dog.

Mr. Napoleon Courtier sat within his room. He was not alone. With him were the Mexican and the giant. With him also was another personage, ill favored, low browed, treacherous.

This latter individual was a New York crook.

A telegraph boy entered with a telegram. Courtier signed for it with a gold pencil, gave the boy a quarter for a tip and opened the telegram.

"Ponto," exclaimed Mr. Napoleon Courtier, for the moment totally ignoring the presence of the crook; "look, friend Ponto. Read."

And Ponto read. It was the telegram of Miss Irene Courtier.

"At last—and after thirteen years," he said.

The crook once more seated himself and Mr. Courtier followed suit. He seized a piece of paper and wrote rapidly. He pushed the piece of paper toward the crook.

"Read that," he commanded; "it is intended for your principal."

The crook read:

Have 200 pounds best gum opium. Will land same tonight at Seaport, N. J. Be ready to receive it. Signal with flash flare.

The crook nodded. "Right, bo," he commented.

Half an hour later, on his way up Second avenue, New York, the crook was boisterously hailed by a crowd of boon companions. These boon companions were lounging in the doorway of the "Side Pocket."

"Come on, Shorty," cried one of them, catching the crook by the arm, "I'm just blowing. Come on in and have some steam."

A few minutes after they entered the place, One-Eyed Mulvaney and his gang entered the saloon. Followed a fight and a raid by the police. When it was over Shorty lay in a corner with his skull cracked.

Something white protruded from the crook's coat pocket. The sergeant drew it out. It was a note. It read like this:

Have 200 pounds best gum opium. Will land same tonight at Seaport, N. J. Be ready to receive it. Signal with flash flare.

The sergeant read it twice. Then he signaled to one of his men.

"H[illegible] "take this to the Captain right awa[illegible] There ain't a second to lose. This [illegible] a job for the federal authoriti[illegible] the lap [illegible] send it down to 'em."

CHAPTER IX.

A Stern Cha[illegible]

[illegible] Hardin co[illegible] that gave no hint of a [illegible] ankle.

At last she spied a knot in one of the floor boards. She procured a nail file from her handbag and within a few moments had removed the knot from its containing hole. Then she treated herself to a view of the room below.

She perceived that a celebration was in progress. Upon the table was a birthday cake with eighteen candles in it, and about the table were four people. Annette, the center of attraction; Neal and his mother and his foster brother, Joe Welcher.

Mrs. Hardin stepped to a cupboard and drew forth a paper bundle. She placed it on the table and by the light of the eighteen candles she unwrapped it, exhibiting to Annette Ilington and to the boys a set of childish garments, a heavy leather bag, that clinked as she laid it down, and a mysterious-looking yellow packet, sealed with red sealing wax. She unpinned from a diminutive dress a piece of paper which she read aloud.

The listener above started as the note was read. It was a strange note—it contained both a promise and a warning.

"Look," said Annette suddenly, as she examined her possessions, "here is a locket."

In it there was a picture of a man.

"My father," said Annette, "I am sure it is my father. Where is he—when will he come for me?"

Suddenly Welcher started forward. "Godfrey," he cried, did you hear that."

"It's a shot from a small-bore gun," said Neal. "Come on, Joe Welcher, "let's go out and see."

The shot was the indirect result of the raid upon the gangsters of the "Side Pocket."

For an hour at least a government destroyer with United States revenue officers aboard had patrolled the coast waiting for the signal arranged as per the unsigned bit of paper taken from the coat pocket of Shorty.

The signal was a flash flare. The destroyer waited for it. Suddenly an officer held up his hand.

"There, close in shore."

A light flashed forth into the night.

"Now, we've got them where we want them," said the officer. "Man the launch and get away as quietly as possible."

Meantime Hernandez and his two companions, Ponto and the brute, waited with the patience of adventurers for the replying signal. They were anchored in a speedy motor boat in a small cove to the south of Seaport. Receiving no answer to their signal, they flashed another flare into the darkness. Once more they were disappointed. Suddenly Hernandez sprang to the engine and turned it over.

"Steer an even course down shore," Hernandez cried to Ponto. "Keep out of the open. If they press us we can land and make a getaway."

The commander of the destroyer glanced through his glasses.

"That's a bad crowd," he said, "a desperate bunch. Send up a gunner. I think I'll take a chance."

They sent up a gunner and he took a chance. The bow of the motor boat flew into space. Hernandez and his gang were plunged into sea.

With one accord Hernandez and his two companions struck out for the shore.

At the Hardin cottage, at the sound of the shot, Neal and Annette had rushed forth with Joe Welcher a close third.

"Come on, Joe," said Neal. "Stay where you are, Annette."

But Annette, always venturesome, insisted upon keeping them company. They had not gone twenty paces when something happened. There was a sudden rush from down the road and a man, his breath coming quick and fast, darted upon them, passed them, and was away in an instant. But in that instant he had accidentally or by design brushed violently against Annette and knocked her down.

Neal raised her to her feet and then beside himself with anger dashed after this reckless individual up the road.

"Look, look," cried Annette, "what is this thing coming here?"

This thing, as Annette called it, came on by leaps and bounds, with hands that wildly waved about its body and above its head as it sped along. It was a figure, gigantic, fearful. Welcher shuddered.

The huge creature stopped short in his tracks and stared at Annette—stupefied and fascinated.

The sharp crack of revolver shots brought him to himself. He looked behind him. Annette following his gaze saw figures rushing up the roadway. The brute leaped up and with a huge bound rushed up the road and disappeared.

An officer followed by a handful of sailors from the launch followed the brute up the road.

CHAPTER X.

A General Jail Delivery.

Meantime Neal, incensed at the assault, either intended or accidental, upon Annette, was following his man across country. Hernandez was lean and agile and he kept well in the lead. At the rail[illegible] sudden impulse [illegible] turned and swun[illegible] the tracks. Here he was at [illegible]. Neal was accustomed [illegible] railroad ties, two at a leap. [illegible] this time, however, th[illegible] bridge—a bridge [illegible] north of the [illegible] leaped to the [illegible] far beneath.

Neal followed suit. Both men swam to shore and Hernandez, realizing for the first time that he was followed by one man and not two, now changed his tactics. He stood upon the shore and waited until Neal came up. Then with a sudden rush he darted forward and planted a murderous blow in the direction of Neal's chin.

When the blow was delivered Neal's chin was not there, nor was Neal, but he was not far away. He ducked and countered with his left, striking Hernandez full upon the throat.

At that instant something small and dark and fat leaped out of the darkness, drew a poniard, and before Neal could even turn, had cut a gash—a deep gash—in Neal's shoulder.

This new assailant was Ponto.

And then all three heard a sound upon the bridge. All three looked up. There in the moonlight, running full tilt toward them, was a squad of uniformed men.

Ponto and Hernandez took to their heels and ran, but Neal in that instant leaped upon them from behind, clutched each man with one hand.

"Come on, boys," he yelled, panting, "I've got them. Come."

Meantime Mrs. Hardin had succeeded in getting Annette back into the cottage. Annette had been somewhat injured by the violence of her fall,

The Brute Man Releases Hernandez and Ponto From Prison.

but it was not that shock that affected her the most.

"It was that big wild man," she kept exclaiming, with terror shining from her eyes. "It was his face—his face." She looked up suddenly. "His face," she kept repeating. "Where have I seen his face before."

There was a tramp of feet without and in another instant a naval officer in uniform appeared in the doorway, removed his cap and entered.

Neal, pale-faced, but with flashing eyes, stalked in at his side. Annette uttered a cry of dismay. Neal's white shirt was drenched with blood.

Ten minutes later Hernandez and Ponto were safely under lock and key—the only prisoners in the town jail.

Three hours later, just as the moon went down, a huge figure cautiously crept up toward the barred window of the jail. It lifted its hands high above its head, grasped the bars and drew itself up until it could peer within.

"Break, brute," Hernandez commanded softly. "Tear them up by the roots. Get us out of this."

Five minutes later these three ill-assorted figures crept noiselessly, stealthily into the shadows of the night and disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Jump from Bed in Morning and Drink Hot Water

Tells why everyone should drink hot water each morning before breakfast.

Why is man and woman, half the time, feeling nervous, despondent, worried; some days headachy, dull and unstrung; some days really incapacitated by illness.

If we all would practice inside-bathing, what a gratifying change would take place. Instead of thousands of half-sick, anaemic-looking souls with pasty, muddy complexion: we should see crowds of happy, healthy, rosy-cheeked people everywhere. The reason is that the human system does not rid itself each day of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. For every ounce of food and drink taken into the system nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out, else it ferments and forms ptomaine-like poisons which are absorbed into the blood.

[illegible] as necessary as it is to clean [illegible] dates from the furnace each day, before the fire will burn bright and hot, so we must each morning clear the inside organs of the previous day's accumulation of indigestible waste and body toxins. Men and women, whether sick or well, are advised to drink each morning, before breakfast, a [illegible] of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, as a harmless means of washing out of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the indigestible material, waste, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Millions of people who had their turn at constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, nervous days and sleepless nights have become real cranks about the morning inside-bath. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will not cost much from your druggist or at the store, but is sufficient to demonstrate to anyone, its cleansing, sweetening and freshening effect upon the system.—Adv.

High C is best attained by treading on a cat's tail.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

About the only difference between repartee and impudence is in the size of the man who says it.

Throw Off Colds and Prevent Grip. When you feel a cold coming on, take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. It removes cause of Colds and Grip. Only One "BROMO QUININE." E. W. GROVE'S signature on box. 25c.

His Status.

"What a funny sort of fellow that young surgeon is!"

"Yes; he's a regular little cut-up."

BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box.

Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

Most of the crazy people we know have managed to sidetrack the asylum so far.

CLAIMS THAT SWAMP-ROOT SAVED HER LIFE

About nine years ago I had Rheumatism so bad that I was in bed for six weeks. I was not able to raise my head to take a drink of water. I was unable to move my hands or feet, and my back would hurt me so that words could not tell what I suffered. I saw Dr. Kilmer & Company's advertisement of Swamp-Root and I decided to try it and commenced to improve with the first bottle. I continued on with the use of Swamp-Root until I was restored to good health. I am now 67 years of age and I do my own house work for four in the family; also I do my own washing. I have not been troubled with the Rheumatism for the last eight years. I cheerfully recommend Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root to others as I believe it saved my life.

Very truly yours,
MRS. EMMA A. BOGGS,
1000 N. 9th St., Independence, Kansas.

State of Kansas, County of Montgomery } ss:

Before me, C. L. Jukes, a Notary Public in and for said County and State, personally appeared Emma A. Boggs, to me known to be the identical person who executed the within and foregoing instrument of writing, and acknowledged to me that she executed the same as her free and voluntary act and deed for the uses and purposes therein set forth.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Notarial Seal the day and year above mentioned.

C. L. JUKES, Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

There are times when the corkscrew is mightier than the typewriter.

DONE WITH THE GRAMOPHONE

Series of Simple "Tricks" That May Easily Be Devised to Cause Amusement.

Have you ever had the experience of being [illegible] such an idea [illegible] impossible, but it is quite a [illegible] on the gramophone. It [illegible] at twisting the sound-[illegible] a [illegible] position, or [illegible] a [illegible] backwards, [illegible] the disk may run in the opposite direction to what is usual. Start the pin near the center of the disk, turning slightly with the finger. It will not injure the machinery of the gramophone, but it is advisable not to experiment with a favorite record, at least to start with, as one is liable to get a very bad, deep scratch right across the plate. The effect, to quote the words of one who has tried the experiment, "is pathetic and beautiful, something like cats at night."

A highly comical effect can be obtained by twisting the "time-button" sharply up and down at every note a sentimental love duet is running. When the lady sings high, run it up to a perfect shriek, and then when the loving bass comes in, run him down into the wine cellar.

The neatest thing in gramophone tricks is to offer a bet to any member of the company that you can play a record without the machine. Take a lead pencil and a piece of note paper and explain that that is all you are going to use. Then fix the lead pencil into the hole of the disk so that it can be set spinning on the point like a child's teetotum. Fold a piece of paper, which should be thin and crisp, and hold the sharp point of the paper in the groove of the record very lightly, so as not to disturb the equilibrium of the spinning disk. The record will be distinctly played, only very faintly, of course, as you are substituting a somewhat primitive "producer" instead of the patent sound-box.

Different articles placed in the holder instead of the pin also make interesting experiments. An ordinary needle plays very well, but very quietly, as its length loses the vibrations. A thorn carefully put in the holder plays a very nice soft tune, but soon wears down. Even an ordinary wooden match, cut to a point, will play for a short time.

A very remarkable effect can be obtained by manufacturing a double pin. Cut the heads off two ordinary pins and carefully adjust them in the holder so that they run parallel to each other, but in different grooves of the record. The effect is as if two bands were playing simultaneously the same tune, only one band is a few bars ahead of the other. Although the tunes are separate and quite distinct, yet there is that delightfully confusing "clash." Another very interesting little experiment is to detach the sound-box from the horn arm and to hold it instead in the hand. A record can be played quite easily in this manner, the only requisite being a steady hand and a sporting disregard of scratches.