Neal of the Navy

By

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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 five-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 and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mindless brute that once was Ilington, come to Seaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Ilington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the treachery of Joey Welcher is defeated by Joey and disgraced. Neal enlists in the navy. Ines sets a trap for Joey and the conspirators get him in their power. Annette discovers that heat applied to the map reveals the location of the lost island. Subsequently in a struggle for its possession the map is torn in three parts, Hernandez, Annette and Neal each securing a portion. Annette sails on the Coronado in search of her father. The crew, crazed by cocaine smuggled aboard by Hernandez, mutiny, and are overcome by a boarding party from U. S. Destroyer Jackson, led by Neal. In Martinique Annette and Neal are captured and taken to a smugglers' cave to be blown up with dynamite, but are rescued by a sponge diver. Ines forces identification papers for herself as Annette. In an insurrection Neal and Annette are again captured.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

THE SUN WORSHIPERS

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Jungle Trail.

Blindfolded and stumbling, Neal was led for miles over an almost untrod path.

As he went he listened, and twice he could have sworn he heard a woman's voice, a voice that he knew well—the voice of Annette Ilington. Once he heard her scream.

Suddenly there was a halt. There was much whispering and the low toned chattering of many people. And then Neal heard another scream—

"Neal! Neal!"

There was the trampling of a heavy body through the underbrush and then the rattling of a heavy chain and what seemed to be the unlocking of a door. There was another shriek, then silence.

Finally without warning Neal was seized in a gigantic pair of arms, tossed lightly over a huge shoulder and was carried rapidly along. Another door was opened and Neal felt himself flung—a bit too violently—into the corner of a stone-walled apartment. A door clanged to behind him and was locked and bolted. A voice assailed his ears.

"Senor," said this voice, "if you would be relieved of bonds and blinds, approach me."

Neal—not without apprehension—started up and staggered in the direction of the voice. A hand swung him about. Upon his head and wrists he felt the pressure of cold steel—the back of a sheath knife. His bonds fell at his feet. He swung about, stretched his arms and looked. Grinning sardonically at him through the bars was the face of Hernandez and behind Hernandez with blinking eyes stood the ever-present brute.

"We keep you merely for safety, senor," said Hernandez.

He swung on his heel, thrust the brute out of sight and disappeared.

Neal noted now that he was confined in a stone cell—dingy, dirty, miserable. He jumped at once to the correct conclusion. This was a fort.

He examined his cell critically. The mortar was disintegrating. The fort was very old. He took out his knife—they had still left him that—and stabbed viciously at the space in between the stones.

There was a rattle at the door of Neal's cell. A native insurrecto opened the door and set upon the floor a jug of water and a loaf of disreputable looking bread. Almost at the same time there was a rattle at the door of Annette's dungeon cell. She ceased her tapping suddenly and turned. The brute was entering—also with refreshments, such as they were.

Instead of disposing of these at once, he strode forward, his huge body towering above her, and held them out to her with a strange gleam in his eyes. She took the food and drink and laid them down upon the bench, staring at the brute the while. The huge anomaly took this as an invitation. He shambled closer toward her, never once removing his glance from her upturned wondering face. Then without warning he thrust forth a hand and stroked her hair.

Annette was startled. Yet there was so much docility in the expression of this half man, half animal, that she instinctively submitted to his touch. And there was something else—something struggling for expression in those strange, wide open eyes.

There was a quick step behind the brute and Hernandez entered. Annette shrank back into a corner of the cell.

The brute gazed at him, but still stood his ground. Hernandez in a rage struck him sharply on the shoulder and thrust him toward the door. The Brute, cringing in his turn, half fell, half shuffled out of the cell, followed by Hernandez raining blows upon his back.

Hours passed. Suddenly an ominous whisper spread through the fort—a whisper of apprehension. There was much bustle.

During an interval of comparative quiet there was wafted into the range of Neal's hearing the one word—"Americanos." Then with two successive clangs the cell doors, Neal's and Annette's, were flung back.

They were bound and once more blindfolded. Then, each in the center of an ample escort, they stumbled, plunged and staggered once more through the jungle trail.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Sanctuary.

Meantime things had happened. Outside the fort there was camped a gang of about fifty insurrectos. Many were wounded; all seemed to be in tatters.

They had with them three Americanos. One was Joe Welcher, who sat sullenly upon the ground smoking a cigarette. Inez Castro was also in evidence. The third Americano was Neal Hardin's mother. She was the subject of considerable discussion, for she was ill.

"Get me two donkeys," said Hernandez. "I will send her back down the trail with Senorita Castro and Welcher."

A quarter of a mile away on the top of a jagged rock that thrust its head above the surrounding foliage there crouched a native scout. He watched a cruiser slowly steaming up the coast. He watched the shore—and the trails leading from the shore.

Suddenly he started—he had seen something ominous. He clung to his perch for one instant peering down to make quite certain. Then he scrambled to the ground and then crawled, leaped, staggered through the brush. He reached the insurrectos' camp and clutched his leader's arm.

"Americanos, capitan," he panted breathlessly. "They come."

"From whence?" queried the leader.

The insurrecto scout indicated the direction. Fear spread itself over the countenance of the leader.

Hernandez grunted. "We must vamoose. Senorita Castro," he said to Inez, "you and the two Americans shall go thither—east." He nodded

There Was Something Struggling for Expression in Those Strange Eyes.

to the leader. "We go west at once—and with our prisoners."

It takes the trained eye of a native to know a trail when he meets one in the well-nigh impossible jungles of Dolores. The United States marines, a little squad of 25 men, were beginning to realize this fact. For an hour they followed blind trail after blind trail, only to retrace their steps to a given starting point.

"Never mind," said their officer. "They're up there and we'll get them, and then—"

He stopped. A shower of dirt and small stones spattered on his head.

The officer looked up. Above him towered a cliff, and half way to the top of this cliff there ran a narrow ledge—a mountain pass. The officer ducked, for there was another shower of dirt and gravel. Then he caught sight of a donkey's tail swishing out over the precipice.

"I've got the trail," he said, "and a good trail it is, for it leads here—here to our very feet."

He was quite right. Some three-quarters of an hour later Inez and her small party passed that very spot—a spot now deserted.

Suddenly twenty-five American marines with drawn bayonets sprang from the jungle as by magic and surrounded them.

Inez, excellent actress, breathed an audible sigh of relief. "At last," she said, "we have found you."

The ensign advanced toward her and saluted. He glanced doubtfully at the half-dozen insurrectos wearing uniforms.

"Who are you?" he demanded of Inez.

"These," said Inez, with a wave of her hand, "are Dolores regulars who have befriended us, and we are three Americans, and one of us is sick. It is for her that we seek refuge."

He strode swiftly to the side of Mrs. Hardin. She was swaying helplessly from side to side in the saddle of her donkey, supported by two insurrecto escorts.

"Neal, Neal," she cried.

Inez dismounted and approached the officer. "She has the fever," she exclaimed, "and she raves in her speech all the time, lieutenant; she makes up names—all kinds of names."

"There are other Americans in the mountains?" he queried.

Inez opened wide her eyes and shook her head. "We saw none, sir," she said.

The ensign pondered. "This woman needs immediate attention. Take her to the launch and thence to the Albany." He bowed to Inez and beckoned to Joe Welcher. "You two must go along," he said soberly.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Corazon del Sol.

After a march of hours in the very thickest of the jungle, Hernandez halted his band of insurrectos. The respite was welcomed. Exhaustion reigned supreme. Hernandez picked out two of the sleeker looking revolutionists.

"This trail," he said to them, "has been lately traveled. See where it leads."

Hernandez went back to his captives. He carried with him thick pieces of bread. He unloosed the bandages from their eyes.

"Mine hostages," he said lightly, "eat, drink and be merry."

Three miles further on there was a clearing in the jungle. Across this clearing was an ancient gateway and a crumbling stone wall, older than historic man himself. Two unpropossessing stolid stone figures guarded this gateway. A third guard now entered the foreground and passed through the ancient ruined gateway.

He was a living guard, but of a dead race. He was an Aztec. He had heard noises and he had come out to see as well as to hear.

And suddenly he saw and was seen in turn. Wriggling through the portions of the edge of the clearing suddenly appeared the two scouts sent forward by Hernandez. They crouched there, staring speechlessly at the Aztec warrior. He in his turn stared speechlessly at them.

But they had seen more than he had. They had caught a glimpse through that gateway of a mass of leaping, twisting flame, and they knew it for the thing it was.

An hour later, panting, breathless, with their tongues hanging out and their eyes still wide with terror, they crept up to Hernandez and clutched him by the arms.

"Corazon del Sol," they cried, their faces twisted with terror.

Ponto heard them. His eyes gleamed with sudden interest. He waddled to the side of Hernandez and nodded understandingly.

"Corazon del Sol," repeated Hernandez. "The Heart of the Sun,"

Ponto nodded again. "The Heart of the Sun," he repeated.

"Well, what of it?" asked Hernandez.

"The lost tribe," whispered the scouts. "The Aztecs. Come," they cried, "we have no time to lose. They will be upon us. Fly."

Hernandez gripped each man by the wrist. "Speak, Ponto," he demanded.

Ponto tapped himself upon his chest. "I am of Aztec blood myself," he said. "I have heard of this lost tribe. I have heard of this city of Corazon del Sol. Many assume it to be a myth, senor, but it is no myth."

Hernandez nodded. "How many inhabitants of Corazon del Sol?" he queried.

"Tradition has it," said Ponto, "that it is a town surrounded by a wall and that its population never increases." He smiled grimly. "What human beings it does not need, it feeds to the Heart of the Sun—the flame."

"It will feed all of us to the flame," cried the scouts. "We must go back—back."

Hernandez leered. "Ponto," he said, "in front of us, according to these insurrectos, is a fiery furnace with a million foes. Behind us, camping on our trail somewhere, is a handful of American marines. Which do you choose?"

"Forward," said Ponto, "to the fiery furnace. Deliver me from a handful of marines."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Anger of a God.

Within the walls of Corazon del Sol there lived a god. He didn't know he lived—he was quite ignorant of his own existence. If he had ever lived he would have died from ugliness. But there were those who knew he lived. They were the inhabitants of this ancient Aztec village—Corazon del Sol, the Heart of the Sun. They knew he lived, because periodically and quite persistently he demanded flesh.

Just now he stared straight before him through the gates of the crumbling walls. The high priest followed his glance.

Suddenly the high priest started and held high his hand. A group of Aztec warriors answered the summons. In crude uneven order this crowd rushed through the gates and stood at bay. Across the clearing was another group—Hernandez and his crowd. The two groups faced each other, tense, wondering.

The high priest spoke—uttering unintelligible jargon. Hernandez turned to Ponto.

"What does this old devil say?" he demanded.

Ponto was panting with terror.

"He says," said Ponto, "that he wants to talk to you."

Hernandez pondered for a moment and toyed with the weapon in his hand.

Then he crossed the clearing and faced the high priest. Ponto from his vantage point of comparative safety translated in thin high-strung tones.

"You are interlopers," said the priest angrily, his cruel eyes watching

Annette Was Watching With Eyes Wide With Terror.

the terror he inspired, "and you shall be destroyed. Behind me is fire, sudden death. We have many thousand warriors. We have an insatiable god. We brook no strangers—we tolerate no enemies. You are an enemy, you and yours. Go, and go at once."

"We are not enemies," returned Hernandez. "We are travelers—weary travelers. We have lost our way. We need rest and food. To turn back now means death."

The high priest shrugged his shoulders. "Follow me," he said.

He turned and passed between the divided group of warriors and entered the gate.

Hernandez followed, entering the walls three paces behind the priest. He led Hernandez to the center of the village.

With a long, lean, skinny finger, the high priest pointed to the sun god. He prostrated himself, then rose and gave a sharp command. Two Aztecs, clad in scarlet robes, darted forward, each with a burning brand raised high above his head. Before Hernandez was a pit sunk into the ground. It was piled high with fuel and from this pit there rose quite a familiar odor—the odor of petroleum. In went the burning brands and in the twinkling of an eye the fuel caught fire and a leaping, twisting flame sprang into the air.

Hernandez drew back. The flame was hot. It grew hotter as he watched. In a few moments it was a seething, roaring furnace.

Hernandez stood with folded arms. The high priest swooped down upon him and denounced him in withering jargon. Hernandez knew what it meant. It meant that they were to go.

"Ponto," he cried, "come here."

Ponto, quivering, crept through the double line of Aztec warriors and through the gate. Hernandez jerked his head toward the priest.

"Tell him," said Herandez, "that he must take us in."

Ponto obeyed. He began to plead in his oiliest accents. The high priest was firm. Once again he held up his hand and from every hut in the inclosure there sprang forth another group of warriors.

"Run, partner," cried Ponto, "run for your life."

But Hernandez did not run, for suddenly the countenance of the high priest had changed. A crafty smile spread over his leathery old face. Ponto followed his glance. At the other end of the clearing with a ray of sunshine full upon her crouched Annette Ilington.

Without removing his glance from the girl the high priest touched Hernandez on the arm and spoke in high shrill accents.

"What does he say?" demanded Hernandez of Ponto.

Ponto shivered. "He says," returned Ponto, "the sun god is angry. That he has commanded his people to destroy you all. That he will smite you hip and thigh unless—"

"Unless what?" queried Hernandez.

"You give the white girl to the god and the rest of you can get food and succor within the walls—the white girl for the god."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A Bride's Revolt.

Hernandez pondered once again. Then he nodded.

"We'll do it," he returned. "Tell that beast out there to bring the white girl in."

Ponto turned and ran waddling outside the gates. He gave a brief command to the brute and at the word the brute seized Annette and held her high upon his shoulder. At another work of command the brute marched toward the gate and entered it.

The high priest stood quivering, watching the approach of Annette and the brute. The four Aztecs in flaming red robes darted forward and held out quivering hands toward Annette.

"Give her to them," cried the priest.

"Give her to them," commanded Hernandez.

But the brute, his feet planted wide apart, stood his ground.

Hernandez sprang toward him, angrily seized the ever-ready whip from Ponto's hand and lashed the brute fiercely. He nodded to the four crimson-clad men and they tore Annette roughly away and dragged her to the temple. Neal hurled himself at the four acolytes, but Hernandez dragged him back.

Neal was then thrust into a dungeon and its door was locked.

Meantime within the temple things were happening. Annette found herself in an apartment gorgeously furnished with Aztec tapestries. Two old women—toothless, ugly—women with beards, attended Annette, chuckling and mumbling to themselves in glee. They produced from the recesses of the temple a dress, gorgeous, bizarre. They draped it upon Annette's slender form. They hung her head, neck and arms with glittering ornaments, and then they beckoned to her and led her to a window, and pointed, chuckling, through it.

Annette knew not what they said, but Ponto without distinguished easily the meaning of the high shrill tones.

"The sun god waits—is waiting for his bride."

Annette's glance traveled past the sun god. She started back in horror. Into that seething pit beyond the acolytes were casting huge quantities of fuel—pouring the contents of huge jars of oil upon the flames. Her glance traveled still beyond, and across an intervening space she saw a dungeon window and the white face of Neal. He waved his hand. And then strong hands were placed upon her shoulders and she was lifted from her feet and half dragged, half carried out of the temple into the center of the clear space before the sun god. The ceremony had begun.

Neal tore his glance for a moment from this scene and examined his cell. There was a window at his back—a heavily barred window. He seized the bars in desperation and found to his surprise that they were loose. With a superhuman effort, he thrust the bars outward, leaped through the aperture and darted swiftly into the jungle; then he looked about him for a tree and found the one he wanted.

It was a high tree, very high. He climbed it swiftly—climbed it to its topmost branches. Cruising slowly off the shore—and the shore was not very far away—was his cruiser Albany.

He braced himself among the branches with his feet, ripped off his shirt, tied it by the arms about a broken branch and signaled to the ship.

Within the walls Ponto, still terror-stricken with the sun god's anger, turned his back for a moment upon that deity and upon that deity's high priest. Then suddenly he saw something. In the top of a high tree without the walls there was a white rag fluttering to and fro—and something more. A man.

Ponto gripped Hernandez's arm and pointed upward. The face of Hernandez froze. He darted toward the dungeon, saw that it was empty, then beckoning Ponto and the brute he darted to the stone wall and with their aid clambered over it.

Ponto, with considerably less agility and with the assistance of the brute, followed his companion over, and the brute in turn, his head and shoulders lashed with Ponto's whip wielded over the top of the wall, swung himself over and followed them.

Annette noticed the confusion—was the first to see it. Suddenly striking an attitude she raised her hand and arm and pointed toward the white flag fluttering from the tree top. The high priest stopped his droning and followed the direction of her hand with his glance. His acolytes stopped and stared—so did everybody else.

Annette saw her opportunity. Upon a standard by her side lay a heavy copper scepter. She seized it. Lithe as her body was she had inherited great strength—wonderful agility. Without a moment's hesitation she swung the scepter viciously about her head, dashing the high priest and his acolytes to the ground, knocking the Aztec warriors to right and left. Like a whirlwind she fought her way toward the gate, slammed it behind her and sped away.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

By His Eyelids.

Hernandez and his two companions reached the tree. They reconnoitered. Above him in the swaying branches, all ignorant of the group below, Neal wigwagged his signals toward the Albany. His heart leaped within him, for the Albany wigwagged in return. She was doing more—she was sending off her fastest launch shoreward, crowded to the gunwale with marines—marines who knew their business.

Below Hernandez smiled a diabolical smile. He was watching, not Neal, but the swaying of the tree.

"Look," he said to Ponto, "see how these roots tug at this scant earthen covering. She is a tree growing on a rock. She totters. And she is more than a tree growing on a rock—she grows on the edge of a cliff. Beast, come here. Tell him, Ponto, what to do."

Ponto told him, emphasizing his commands with the ever-ready whip. The brute obeyed. He set his shoulders to the tree trunk and began steadily, tirelessly, persistently to push.

"Now, now," cried Hernandez, in a frenzy of excitement. "On, on."

The tree crashed desperately over the edge and toppled into the depths beneath.

As she did so there was a scream—a woman's scream—Annette's. Hernandez heard it; so did Ponto; but they could not locate it. Out of their sight, somewhere along that cliff, Annette was crouching watching with eyes wide with terror. She saw the tree bend slowly outward, though she did not know the cause.

Then her heart leaped within her, for the tree had dropped, toppling head over heels, so to speak, but by some great chance it had brushed Neal lightly, not heavily, against the cliff, and then had plunged down to its own doom leaving him grappling for his life with a clump of bushes on a narrow ledge below.

She saw all this and so did Hernandez and his partner, Ponto. Ponto smote the brute upon the shoulder. He pointed to a huge stone at his feet.

"Finish him," he commanded. "Go down and finish him."

The brute seized the stone and crept warily down a narrow path and reached the ledge upon which clung Neal.

The brute slowly raised the rock above his head. As he did so a small firm hand clutched him by the shoulder—a woman's hand. He turned and looked into the eyes of Annette Ilington. As though hypnotized he dropped the rock.

"Help him," commanded Annette, "help him. Do as I say."

Hernandez, white with rage, thrust Ponto behind him and leaned far over the edge of the cliff shaking his clenched hand impotently at the brute.

"Do as I say," he commanded. "I will flay you if you don't."

He leaned too far, not for his own safety, but for the safety of some of his belongings. A paper packet wriggled easily and joyously out of his breast pocket and slipped easily and joyously down the cliff, landing almost at Annette's feet.

The brute turned suddenly, darted forward, stretched forth a huge hand and jerked Neal from his precarious position up to the ledge—up to safety.

The three stood there clinging to the side of the cliff; the brute panting with wonder, Neal and Annette panting with relief. Suddenly Annette stooped and picked up a packet that lay at her feet. She uttered a little cry of recognition—and with good cause.

It was the identifying map—part of the evidence that linked her with the lost Isle of Cinnabar.

Ten minutes later Neal flung up his hands and cheered—and with good cause. Over the brow of a hill, clambering like mad, there swarmed up through the jungle a crowd of United States marines.

Hernandez and Ponto saw them from above and with wild oaths turned and incontinently fled. The brute, obeying a sudden impulse, crept swiftly along the ledge and followed his retreating masters.

Neal and Annette ascended more cautiously and carefully. They met

The Brute Slowly Raised the Rock Above His Head.

the little squad of marines on the top of the cliff and joined them in the double quick toward the Aztec stronghold. They reached the clearing. The gates of the walled city were open and the walls bristled with armored Aztec warriors. The marines fixed their bayonets and made ready for a charge.

Suddenly, however, Neal held up his hands. "Listen," he exclaimed. From the unseen waters beyond there was the boom of a gun.

"It's my gun," said Neal. "I know her when she speaks—my six-inch gun."

The officer in charge of the squad held up his hand. "Halt," he commanded.

His squad halted. It was well they did. Through the open gate they could see the sun god's demoniacal countenance twisting and mounting in the red glare of the altar's flames. Across the strip of jungle they could hear the boom-boom of the gun.

Neal slapped his thigh with joy. "He's got the range already, boys," he cried. "Wait. Look—look—look."

With a mighty shout of triumph the marines leaped into the air yelling like demons themselves. They had good cause, for the gunner on the Albany had more than found the range—he had planted an exploding shell in the very middle of the sun god—and the sun god and his temple, amid shrieks from a hundred throats—burst into a thousand pieces—and disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MANY BELIEVE THESE

Absolutely the happiest moment in the life of an engaged girl is when she either unexpectedly finds a four-leaf clover or wins in a wishbone-bustin' bout.

If some men had to work as hard moving a limb as they do playing golf the hospitals would be full of physical wrecks.

The almshouses are full of men who could either drink or let it alone when they planned.

Constructive Suggestion.

"I am too busy," said the popular author, "to spend any time polishing up my literary style. A man who has to write 100,000 words a week has no time for such trivialities." "Then," said the critic, "you should employ a literary valet to do it for you; to keep your punctuation marks in order; to brush off your ideas; to manicure your phrases; to press your paragraphs which are inclined to bag at the knees and to snip off the frayed edges of your grammar."—Judge.

SAGE THOUGHTS

Even when they stand in their own light, some people stand pat.

You can't make head or tail of some people till you toss them.

You never can tell. Many a man has starved in a garret who wasn't a genius.

The command "Thou shalt not kill" is applied by most people to their own chances.

Many a man who lives to a ripe old age is still pretty green.

The man who has his nose to the grindstone doesn't always sharpen his wits.

Don't hide your light under a bushel. Use it to conceal your faults under.

Its Name.

"Here's an article about suicides in Japan. What is it they call the way they have over there to kill themselves?"

"It's a sort of harum-scarum way, I think."

He Wanted Revenge.

Passing through a British military hospital, a distinguished visitor noticed a private in one of the Irish regiments who had been terribly injured.

To the orderly the visitor said: "That's a bad case. What are you going to do with him?"

"He's going back, sir," replied the orderly. "Going back!" said the visitor in surprised tones.

"Yes," said the orderly. "He thinks he knows who done it."

CONDENSATIONS

Germany leads all other countries in the number of members of the International Council of Women.

The Spanish government has established a course of free lectures on Spanish art and history at Madrid for the benefit of tourists.

The population is growing faster than the crops. There are 1,000,000 acres of idle lands in New Jersey, with 10,000,000 people near by to be fed.

IN WESTERN CANADA

"He Who Will and Does Work Will Not Want."

As in the United States it is said, that the Mennonites in Canada are very much oppressed, and have to suffer from a great deal (on account of the War in Europe) and I have been requested to write something about this, I will do so.

Does not Fear Oppressions.

I came with my parents A. D. 1874, from Southern Russia to America, South Dakota, and A. D. 1907 I came with my family here to Western Canada, here we have found a healthy climate; the acre yields on an average more and wheat is better than in South Dakota. What concerns the Government, up to now we have had a good one, have been able to live according to our creed and have not been oppressed in any way, and I believe: All Mennonites, who live according to the fundamental beliefs of the Mennonites and to God's word, as their guide, will agree with me.

He, who, here in Canada, will and does work, will not want. So much as an answer.

Remain your friend,

(Sgd.) DIEDRICH GOOSSEN.

Very few farmers cultivate the habit of keeping careful accounts of their receipts and expenditures, showing at the end of the year a balance, either for or against. The farmer of Western Canada is no exception to this. It is felt if more careful book-keeping were resorted to there that much better results would be obtained and shown. There is the case of the Crowfoot Farming Co., of Crowfoot, Alberta.

Statistical Statement Shows a Dividend of 58% in 1915.

It has just issued a certified statement of its operations for the years 1912, 1913, 1914 and 1915. This Company has had for the past few years about 1300 acres in wheat and between 200 and 250 in oats. The total operating and general expenses for 1912, including interest at 6% and depreciation at 15%, were $12,587, for 1913 $17,506, for 1914 $18,729, and for 1915, $29,804.43. Expense per acre of land in crop was $7.80 in 1912, $11.57 in 1913, $11.70 in 1914, and $17.87 in 1915. Total receipts were $15,531 in 1912, $30,661 in 1913, $31,589.87 in 1914, and $62,520.26 in 1915. The percentage earned upon capital invested was 6½% in 1912, 30% in 1913, 23 1-3 in 1914, and 50% in 1915, in which year it paid a cash dividend of 58%.

The Company's statement shows that the average dates of finishing seeding was April 20th; the average date commenced cutting was August 18th.—Advertisement.

Secret.

"Robb's life is a closed book."

"Yes, he has kept it pretty well under cover."

FRECKLES

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 the 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.

Get Plenty.

Visitor—Do you give your dog any exercise?

Owner—Yes, he goes for a tramp every day.—Burr.

Quite a Difference.

"What is the difference between the converted policeman and the detective who is trying to find the burglar who was clubbed, but who got away?"

"I suppose it is that while one is hitting the trail, the other is trailing the hit."

SALTS IF BACKACHY OR KIDNEYS TROUBLE YOU

Eat Less Meat If Your Kidneys Aren't Acting Right or If Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.—Adv.

Slow.

Evelyn—The second time I saw him he proposed to me.

Rosine—What caused the delay?

There is nobody so easy for a woman to fool as herself.