

### EVEN CROSS, SICK CHILDREN LOVE SYRUP OF FIGS

Look at tongue! If feverish, bilious, constipated, take no chances.

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver, bowels.

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with sour waste.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, indigestion, diarrhoea, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul waste, the sour bile and fermenting food passes out of the bowels and you have a well and playful child again.

### TO DARKEN HAIR APPLY SAGE TEA

Look Young! Bring Back Its Natural Color, Gloss and Thickness

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant, remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair.

### STOMACH UPSET

Get at the Real Cause—Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

That's what thousands of stomach sufferers are doing now. Instead of taking tonics, or trying to patch up a poor digestion, they are attacking the real cause of the ailment—clogged liver and disordered bowels.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets arouse the liver in a soothing, healing way. When the liver and bowels are performing their natural functions away goes indigestion and stomach troubles.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a purely vegetable compound mixed with olive oil. You will know them by their olive color. They do the work without griping, cramps or pain.

Take one or two at bedtime for quick relief, so you can eat what you like. At 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

The Olive Tablet Company, Columbus, O.

### Pimples Disappear

There is one remedy that seldom fails to clear away all pimples, black heads and skin eruptions and that makes the skin soft, clear and healthy.

Any druggist can supply you with zemo, which generally overcomes all skin diseases. Acne, eczema, itch, pimples, rashes, black heads in most cases give way to zemo. Frequent use, minor blemishes disappear overnight. Itching usually stops instantly. Zemo is safe, clean, easy to use, and dependable. It costs only 25c; an extra large bottle, \$1.00. It will not stain, is not greasy or sticky and is positively safe for tender, sensitive skins.

Zemo, Cleveland.

### PARALYSIS

Special Blood and Nerve Tablets Write for Proof and Booklet. Dr. Chase, 224 N. 10th St., Philadelphia.

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E. Z. GROSS, 119 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.

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## Neal of the Navy

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Cats-paw," "Blue Buckle," etc. Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

"Tell him," said Hernandez, "that he must take us in." Ponto obeyed. He began to plead in his ollest 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 Illington.

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 word 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. Hernandez, "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 hurried 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 wiggled his signals toward the Albany. His heart leaped within him, for the Albany wiggled 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.

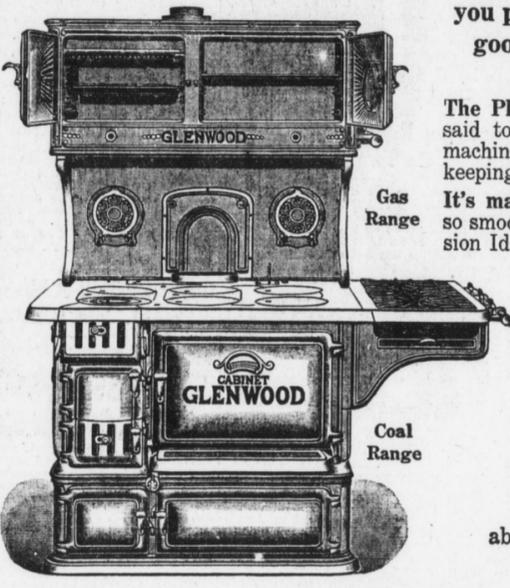
She saw all this and so did Hernandez and his partner, Ponto. Ponto smote the brute upon the shoulder. He pointed to a huge stone at his feet. "Finish him," he commanded. "Go down and finish him."

# Glenwood

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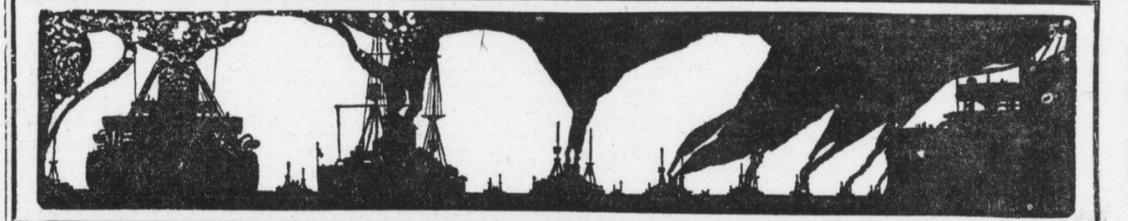
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