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—bring home the bacon, collar the blue vase, carry the message to Garcia, etc.

LITTLE Raisins, full of energy and Liron, will put the pep into you that makes winning plays. Use vim like it in your business, too.

One hundred and forty-five calories of energizing nutriment in every little five-cent red box that you see.

Comes from fruit sugar in practically predigested form—levulose, the scientists call it—so it goes to work almost immediately. Rich in food-iron also.

Try these little raisins when you're hungry, lazy, tired or faint. See how they pick you up and set you on your toes.

Little Sun-Maids

"Between-Meal" Raisins 5c Everywhere

Had Your Iron Today?



It requires strength of mind to stop talking when some one doesn't agree with you.

The man who likes to hear himself talk may be the only one who cares to hear him.

He who wants content can't find an easy chair.

It's very unlucky to lose \$13 on Friday.

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W. L. Douglas shoes are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world.

W.L. DOUGLAS shoes for men are made of the finest material and workmanship are unequaled for the price. It is worth while for you to know that when you buy W. L. Douglas shoes you are getting the benefit of his 40 years experience in making the best shoes possible for the price.



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Special Copy Oyster Farm News, containing 25,000 words, pictures, poems, government quotations; full information lifetime cash income from investing \$10 monthly. Mailed free. Wm. Lee Popham, Ed., Apalachicola, Fla.

Hair Thin? Hair Thins as you grow older. It is due to lack of nourishment. Try **Hair Thins** and stop hair falling out—It will grow again. Try it! At all good drug stores. No. 101 West 11th St., Chicago, Ill.

MADE HER GRIEVANCE PLAIN

Woman Annoyed When Male Escort Got the Benefit and She Received the Abuse.

A woman had annoyed many people who were waiting in line for tickets on a Saturday afternoon at a railway station. The woman had come up at the other side of the window, and though she had been told to get in line, she had put down her money for two tickets and had obtained them at once.

"Just like a woman," muttered some of the men in line. But the woman turned to the man she had just joined and burst forth audibly: "I don't think it's fair, Jim. You make me do that horrid trick of trying to beat the line because you say men never do such things. And women get the abuse. But I bet that every woman who does that has a man somewhere in the crowd who has insisted that she hurry."

SHE DYED A SWEATER, SKIRT AND CHILD'S COAT WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her work, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—that perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.—Advertisement.

A Funny Idea.

"Daughter," said the anxious mother, "what qualifications has this young man that you are so anxious to marry him?" "Well, mother, he dresses well, he has a rather nice car, he is a swell dancer, he tells jolly good stories, he—"

Alring Her Secret.

One evening I was to have a young man caller. As I didn't have a new dress and couldn't wear my old one, I finally succeeded in borrowing sister's.

I was all ready and sitting in the parlor when he arrived. He at once remarked about my new dress. Everything went lovely until my little sister came in and said, "Oh, did Eve tell you you could wear her dress?"—Exchange.

The best revenge for a wrong is to forgive it.

Periwinkle House



by **OPIE READ**
ILLUSTRATED BY **R.H. LIVINGSTONE**

"FOUND HIM!"

SYNOPSIS.—The time is the late '60s or early '70s and the scene a steamboat on the Mississippi river. All the types of the period are present and the floating palace is distinguished by merriment, dancing and gallantry. There are the customary drinking and gambling, also. Virgil Drace, a young northern man, is on his way south on a mission of revenge. He meets an eccentric character in the person of one Liberty Shottle, who is constantly tempting the goddess of chance. They agree to a singular pact. Drace, seeing an opportunity to use Shottle, confides to him that his mission is to find a certain ex-guerrilla, Stepho la Vitte, who had murdered Drace's father. It is his determination to hang La Vitte as high as Haman. Drace falls in love with a striking young beauty on the boat. The steamer reaches New Orleans, at that time in the somewhat turbulent throes of carpetbag government. The young men attend the French ball and Drace unexpectedly meets the girl. She is accompanied by one Boyce, apparently her fiancé. Shottle learns that the name of the girl is Nadine la Vitte. Drace passes an uneasy night torn by the suspicion that Nadine is the daughter of old Stepho la Vitte, now an admitted outlaw. Now, more than ever, is he resolved to find where the girl lives and to find Stepho. Drace and Shottle begin a search of the city. Drace takes a hand in a carportager riot. He catches a glimpse of one he is sure is Nadine. Drace and Shottle get into bad standing with the authorities, and are given until the next day to board a steamer bound north. Returning to the house where he thought he had glimpsed the girl, Drace finds the place abandoned.

CHAPTER V

An hour later Drace and Shottle returned to their hotel after a ceremonious visit with Colonel Josh. The Colonel knew of Stepho had indeed met him once, and he promised to make discreet inquiries that should without fall disclose the creole's whereabouts.

Hardly had Drace reached his room, however, before a visitor was shown in—a visitor who introduced himself as an agent of the New Orleans police department and who had a most distressing communication to make:

It was known that Mr. Drace and his friend had taken part in a recent riot. Mr. Drace was one of the leaders, had severely wounded more than one man, and without cause, being from the North, just arrived, and having no possible interest in the city. However, he was to be treated with more of lenity than would rhyme with his crime, for instead of punishment he was only to be banished, along with his friend. A steambot, the Bumblebee, bound northward, would leave next morning. The chief of police would give if Mr. Drace and his friend failed to register among the passengers.

With scarcely twelve hours left in which to find Stepho la Vitte, Drace paced the streets in an agony of anxiety, making a hundred plans to find



"Zat is Ze Private Stock," He snarled. Stepho or to outwit the New Orleans agents and prolong his stay, but all a vain. Colonel Josh did not appear, but he seemed to have embarked upon the quest, for when the distracted Drace called at his quarters about midnight he old fellow was still absent. Dawn brought Drace back again, for all his other endeavors had been unsuccessful, and but two hours remained before the Bumblebee's departure.

Routed out of bed, the Colonel kept Drace waiting a full half hour before he put in an appearance. Then, however, he offered a faint ray of hope. He had discovered that a certain Frenchman, a wine dealer, living at an address he produced scrawled on paper, was reported to be an intimate of Stepho. Possibly from him Mr. Drace might—

Drace hurriedly explained the decree which had banished him; then he "presented" the Colonel with a check on account, asked him to convey his respects to Miss Lucy and took his departure.

On his way to the Frenchman's he stopped at the hotel, where he found Shottle strapping up their baggage—and a police official paying an informal but suggestive call. An hour's grace remained. Drace paid his score at the desk, sent his baggage to the boat and then, summoning a cab, drove off with Shottle to the house of the Frenchman. It proved to be a mean abode, both wineshop and dwelling. Drace knocked eagerly. A small man, his mustache dyed, came to the door, blinking.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I am a friend of Mr. la Vitte, and—"

"Pardon, monsieur, but you do not look like him, ze friend."

"But I am. And I came with word that will be of advantage to him. The police are after him—"

"Aw, he know zat. Monsieur would trouble himself for nothing. Good morning."

"Just a moment, please. You have no need to look on me with suspicion. I am his friend—and—"

"If you his friend," interrupted the man, "you know he gone—to Europe, on steamer to France."

Drace was about to abandon the man in despair when Shottle, who had been staring at a case of wine which stood by the door ticketed and sealed for shipment, suddenly interrupted.

"Ah," he cried, "can this be the famous Chateau Yquem?" And brushing past the Frenchman, he leaned over as if to examine the bottle. With a cry, the wine merchant shoved him rudely away. "Zat is ze private stock," he snarled. "He is not for sale. I am not yet open for business, sir. Good morning."

Shottle grasped Drace's arm and drew him away. A cart had halted outside, and as they entered their cab they saw the carter shoudering the case of wine and bearing toward his vehicle.

As they turned the corner, a deep-throated blast from the Bumblebee sounded a warning. Shottle turned upon the disappointed Drace with a gleeful countenance. "Master," he said, "I'll thank you for that money again. I've found him."

"Found him!" exclaimed Drace. "How?"

"That case of wine was addressed to Stepho la Vitte at Farnum's Landing, Mississippi. That wine is going to Stepho on the Bumblebee. And so are we!"

An hour later Drace sat with Shottle on the deck of the Bumblebee, watching the ever-changing panorama of the Mississippi and musing upon the sudden shifting of his quest.

"Liberty," asked Drace presently, "how far up is this Farnum's Landing? Do you recall it?"

"Yes," said Liberty. "I know this river. Farnum's Landing is—by golly!" he exclaimed, breaking off. "Farnum's Landing is the next stop below Bethpage's Landing! And General Bethpage is my uncle! We'll go there."

"But," Drace said dubiously, "he's not my uncle, and I'm afraid it would be intruding somewhat on his hospitality to—"

"Nothing of the sort," averred Liberty. "Any friend of mine would be doubly welcome. You can't know much about the General, Taming, now, but he used to be the most remarkable character, in a quiet way, sic of the river. And when I tell you about him, Virgil, you'll laugh. Before the war he was professor at Newsome, a little college up in the scrub-oak country. He entered the army as a colonel and came out as a brigadier."

"I don't see anything to laugh at in that."

"No, but wait. He had considerable money, and at times used to come down to New Orleans to enjoy himself. On one occasion he lost all his money at roulette."

"Still nothing to laugh at."

"No? All the property he had with him was a bodyservant, a Guinea negro named Dip. So what does he do? He says to the proprietor of the gambling house: 'I wish to play this negro sir.' All right; I'll take off the limit and let you play him. How much is he worth?' says the gambler."

don't want to play his value in money, but him, I tell you," says the General. "Say the word, and I'll bet him on one of these numbers." He had been losing every bet, and the proprietor knew that it would be safe. So he says: "All right, go ahead."

"The General wasn't sober, so he calls the darky and says: 'Dip, stand here with your forefingers on number twenty, right here.' The darky did so, and they turned the wheel, everybody laughing. Well, sir, if twenty didn't win, the world is a puffball! Won, and the owner of the place turned pale! He knew that he'd have to pay or close up his house. So he says: 'All right, get at his value, and I'll pay the bet.' 'Value' cries the General. 'I didn't bet his value, but him. I want thirty-five Guinea negroes. Size them up to him.'"

"What a farce!" commented Drace. "Was it? Well, I reckon not. They had to go out and buy thirty-five Guinea negroes. It took quite a while, but the General waited. And when they had all been sized up, the General went up the River, with his thirty-five Guinea negroes trailing after him."

Now Drace could see the picture of it, and he laughed. This was the man he was going to visit!

The Bumblebee was jointly owned and operated by Major Hewitt and a young fellow named William Hawkins. It was a fine steamer, but while it was cunningly masked as a public carrier, Shottle was quick to discover that it was in truth a nomad gambler, profuse

in entertainment that taxed not the giver. But the entertainment sought by this pelican, as the gamblers termed Shottle, was not of wine from France, the fish-egg from Russia or venison from America's native woods, but spades, hearts, diamonds and clubs. And while the Bee still lay at the wharf, breathing low and blubberously through her nostrils, Shottle had put in operation a quickly contrived "touch," presenting himself to Major Hewitt before he had taken the time to introduce his friend to that well-known character.

Now, however, Major Hewitt strolled up; and Shottle, keen to get to the gaming table, introduced Hewitt to Drace and then a moment later himself slipped away.

"We are on our way to visit Shottle's uncle, General Bethpage," explained Drace.

"What, my old friend and fellow-soldier, Bethpage! Never a noisier man drew sword in defense of what he conceived to be right. If you like a genial atmosphere and a company that never tires, you will remain with him as long as possible and still too short a time. I earnestly hope that you may find inducement to settle among us."

"Possibly I may. I like the river, I like the study of character. In character there is all history, all philosophy, all—"

"Just so," the Major agreed. "And we have some remarkable characters here, sir, and some of the most beautiful women in the world; to some people it may appear a little singular, but interesting character among men always develops in an atmosphere producing beauty among women."

"And naturally, Major, you are acquainted with both characters and beauty. And by the way, did you ever meet an old fellow—let me see, what is his name? Oh, I think they call him Stepho—something. Oh, yes—La Vitte?"

The Major cleared his throat and gently laid his hand on Drace's shoulder.

"My young friend, they have told you about the most implacable and desperate of men, sir. I know the man, and while nature did not intend—and I beg your pardon for what might seem a want of modesty—that I should fear any human bet, yet I confess to an occasional uneasiness in the presence of old Stepho la Vitte. I have never had any words with him—that is, strained words; but if I should, I'd await no more on his part but shoot him instantly. Ha, I wish you to meet my dear young friend and much esteemed partner, William Hawkins."

"U. S. is this Virgil Drace, my best friend."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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To Make It Easier for Him.
Mr. Durbore—Good evening, Miss Philippa. I was just passing your house and thought I'd look in on you. Philippa—Too bad I didn't know about it in time. I'd have raised the shades so you could have looked in without interrupting your passing.

A woman will forgive a man anything except a refusal to ask forgiveness.

Does this smoker know what he's talking about?

He says the best pipe of the day is the first one

A smoker from Zanesville, Ohio, who prefers to conceal his identity under the initials "A.K.K.," insists that the after-breakfast pipe is far and away the best pipe of the day.

"Of course," writes A.K.K., "it depends somewhat on the breakfast. I couldn't get much joy out of a pipe after getting up from burnt oatmeal, bad coffee, and soggy toast. But after one of the breakfasts my wife can turn out, that's different!"

"Then when I step out on the porch and light up the old pipe, I very nearly approach the pinnacle of my day. As I figure it, one puff after breakfast is worth a dozen puffs after dinner."

"Somehow the tobacco has a flavor early in the morning that it never quite approaches later in the day."

"It may be that a cool pipe draws better. I don't know. It may be the tobacco or the pipe, or just me. I only know that I like the first pipe of the day the best."

"But please don't let this preference of mine for an early-morning pipe in any way injure my standing as an inveterate pipesmoker. I smoke from breakfast until bedtime and get a lot of pleasure out of each pipe, provided always that I use the right kind of tobacco."

At this point it seems only fair to admit that A.K.K. is an Edgeworth smoker. Has been for the last ten years and expects to be for the rest of his life.

Thousands and thousands of smokers all over the country have discovered that Edgeworth is just the "right kind of tobacco" to suit their tastes.

Edgeworth may or may not be the right kind of tobacco for you. At least we want to give you the opportunity of finding out just what you do think about it.

Just jot your name and address down on a postal and we will send you immediately free samples, both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. If you will also include the name and address of the dealer from whom you usually purchase your tobacco supplies, we will appreciate the favor.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors, and also in various handy in-between sizes.

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to Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

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