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**SEED IRISH POTATOES
SHOULD BE SPROUTED
BEFORE BEING PLANTED**

If space permits, a portion of every home garden should be planted in fall Irish potatoes. The potatoes will provide nutritious food during the late fall, and the surplus may be stored for winter consumption.

Planting should be in August. Small potatoes are commonly planted in the fall. These should be sprouted before planting and not cut in pieces as in the spring but planted whole.

To sprout them, place them under the house and keep ground damp, or in a cool place and under a little dampened hay or straw or socks.

The Red Triumph, Irish Cobbler, and White Star are commonly planted in the fall.

Care should be taken not to plant potatoes that are affected with scab disease. This disease causes corky or scabby patches on the surface of the potato.

The potato scab is not a difficult disease to control, especially under our present conditions. An expenditure of a few cents and a few hours' time previous to planting the seed will practically make certain a crop free of the disease. In order to accomplish this, two things must be considered:

(1) Practice crop rotation. Potatoes should not be grown in a field that produced a crop of scabby potatoes the previous year. In some sections of the country, the disease will live over from one year to the next in the soil. To avoid possible infection from the soil, it is always best to rotate the crop.

(2) Treat all potatoes with formaldehyde before sprouting. The greatest source of infection comes from the seed that is used for planting. It is always best to treat potatoes with a formaldehyde (formalin) solution whether any scab is visible or not, as a small amount of the disease is liable to be overlooked. Purchase formalin at drug store, dilute to ration of one pint to 30 gallons of water and soak seed before sprouting two to five hours.

Persons not familiar with the scab disease should write to the Extension Division, L. S. U., Baton Rouge, for Circular No. 8, which describes it and gives measures for its control, or see your local Demonstration agent.

Fall Irish potatoes should be well ridged three to three and one-half feet apart. When stable manure is used it must be well-decomposed and thoroughly mixed with the soil during preparation.—Experiment Station Louisiana State University Bulletin.

**Mystery of the
Double Cross**

By ANN LISLE

Novelized from the Pathe Photo
Play of the Same Name

(Copyright, 1917, Star Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

Peter Hale returning from Europe meets a charming young woman, whom he loves on sight. He learns on landing that he must marry that very girl to gain his fortune. He sees her in the office and pursuing confronts a masked figure with a revolver. He overhears a plot to cheat his father's friend and frustrates it. On his mission he meets the girl and she mystifies him with her peculiar actions.

THIRD EPISODE

An Hour to Live.

He moved closer to Lale and with a cruel look pointed to the clock. "Watch closely the face of that clock, Hale," he said. "It will become more and more interesting as the minutes go by—up to eleven o'clock, when it will become absolutely engrossing."

There was no mistaking his meaning. He sneered as he backed away and gave his men instructions. Then, as if struck by an after thought, he again approached Peter and carelessly took several papers from his victim's pockets.

But it was no part of the astute Mr. Bentley's plan to allow Mr. Hale's sudden taking off to be ascribed to him or to any such method as the one he had selected to do away with him. The second he was outside the house he set to work to establish an alibi that would be proof against any contingency. With this object in view his actions were rapid and practical. He sent his chauffeur to borrow a taxi from a friend of the former's and, paying liberally, started off for the Brewster place, driving his own machine and followed by the taxi driven by his chauffeur.

It was an easy matter on reaching a steep incline for Mr. Bentley to alight, head his machine for a bank and watch it speed to destruction over a high wall and into a deep pool. Likewise it was an easy matter for him to climb down, drop some of the papers he had filched from Peter's pockets and clamber back to the taxi.

A black eye bestowed on him by the chauffeur at his master's order, a lot of dirt and dust sprinkled on his clothes and Mr. Bentley was ready to head for the Brewster country house, where he arrived before the family had retired, gloating in his mind over the fact that it was now close to eleven and picturing the agony of Peter.

It happened that the first person he met was Philippa Brewster, who was in the library. To her Bentley advanced and in an assumed "too-much-to-drink" voice began to apologize.

"I beg pardon," he said thickly, "for my kiss, this evening."

Philippa arose hurriedly. "What do you mean?" she demanded, her eyes indignant as much at his condition as the purport of his words.

"In the car," stammered Bentley, "on our ill ride, you know."

"I have not been in your car," said Philippa. "I have not been out of this room all evening."

Mr. Bentley pretended great astonishment. Naturally, he reasoned,

view of a bigger stake and one more to his liking.

This was a copy of the will of Peter's father. Mr. Bentley held it up and his cunning eye caught the section which read:

"...all of my property, real and personal, to my son, Peter, contingent upon his marriage to the woman especially trained by me to be his mate. She is perfect in both mind and body, and will appear to him of her own volition and show him on her right arm just below the shoulder the brand of a double cross, a fac-simile of which is here given. However, should the girl of the double cross be won by any other than my son Peter, to such man will the Hale fortune go."

Here indeed was a treasure. Mr. Bentley bent his brows. Was that the reason Peter Hale was so attentive to Philippa Brewster? Was she the girl of the double cross? He determined to find out. Nothing could be easier. Immediately a scheme occurred to him which would render his plan easy and natural. He had done himself a good turn in getting rid of Peter—a better turn than he realized.

But if Bridget Bentley could have seen the reality when the clock hands reached eleven he would have seen a far different scene than the one he pictured.

He would have seen Peter gazing in terror at the clock face; he would have seen the two men left to guard him go out a few minutes before the hour. He would have seen the minute hand barely touch eleven and at the same second the door of the clock case open and a masked figure emerge silently, cautiously. He would have seen the masked figure raise the pistol, heard the shot reverberate, seen the bullet hit the ceiling and beheld the masked stranger cut the cords that held Peter taut.

Leading Peter to a closet, the Masked Stranger pushed open a secret door and pointed. "Do not try to thank me," he said, quickly. "Be true to the girl of the double cross and some day you will know me."

Peter nodded and was gone. The Masked Stranger slipped out of the room. Bridget Bentley had been outwitted.

Once outside, Peter's thoughts turned immediately to the Brewster house and to the possible danger to Philippa. He hailed a taxi and hurried away.

Thus it happened that he met Mr. Brewster not a great while after that gentleman had listened to Mr. Bentley's wild tale of disaster. As Mr. Brewster, who had taken more drinks than were good for him, saw Peter, more or less excited and dusty, he concluded that both he and Mr. Bentley had had a night of it, and again he suggested bed. Peter left him and, passing through the library, saw Philippa asleep, her arm resting on the library table and her lovely head on her arm.

Here, indeed, was a chance in a thousand. Why could he not gently raise her sleeve and thus discover without her knowledge, whether she was, indeed, the girl of the double cross?

He tiptoed softly to her side. But Peter was not the only interested party. Behind the portieres stood Bridget Bentley, shaking with anger, amazement written over his face. How had Peter Hale escaped? What had gone wrong? The cruel eyes of the social pirate contracted as he resolved to punish the men who had failed to carry out his orders.

But for the present he watched Peter with an intensity that showed he, too, was eager to see whether Philippa was the girl who held the key to the Hale millions.

Just as Peter was lifting the sleeve Philippa awoke and, in so doing unconsciously blew into Peter's eyes some ashes from an ash tray directly beside her. Peter was blinded for a moment. Philippa, laughing sarcastically, vanished and young Mr. Hale, groping his way, passed through the portieres, close enough to Mr. Bentley to have touched him.

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(END OF THIRD EPISODE)

Spend Your Money

with your home merchants. They help pay the taxes, keep up the schools, build roads, and make this a community worth while. You will find the advertising of the best ones in this paper.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Rice Harvest Begins
About August Tenth

There are a number of fields of early Prolific rice in this vicinity from which the water has already been turned, on which harvest will begin within the next fifteen days. Among these early crops, Tietje brothers and T. F. Clayton of Roanoke have ninety acres which they expect to begin harvesting August 10th.

The Best Laxative

To keep the bowels regular the best laxative is outdoor exercise. Drink a full glass of water half an hour before breakfast and eat an abundance of fruit and vegetables, also establish a regular habit and be sure that your bowels move once each day. When a medicine is needed take Chamberlain's Tablets. They are pleasant to take and mild and gentle in effect. Obtainable everywhere. Aug.

In Memoriam

In memory of Peter Paul Unkel, who departed from this life one year ago, Aug. 3, 1916.

"GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN"
And your memory shall never fade.
Lonely hearts will always linger,
Where our dear one is laid.
Sincerely missed by his wife and children.

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AND THE



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J. V. LITTLE, Prop.

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Peter was in a quandary; he aroused himself and started down the steps. He was just in time to see Bentley get into the car with the girl.

All sorts of dark thoughts flashed through his mind. He determined to slip on behind and see what happened—to protect Philippa if need should arise.

Mr. Bentley was one of those individuals who regard all girls as fair game. He began his attentions to his companion as soon as they were out of sight of the house and her resistance he put down to sham modesty. Bridget was mistaken. He found it out when he attempted to kiss the young lady. She screamed and struggled, and Peter, pulling himself up, leaped over the top of the touring car and joined in the fray.

Meanwhile the girl, freeing herself, leaped from the car, and the chauffeur, slowing down, devoted his efforts to aiding his master overpower Peter. They accomplished this in short order—a blow on the head knocked the young man unconscious and he lay like a log at the bottom of the tonneau.

Mr. Bridget Bentley was angered as well as surprised. The chauffeur pointed in the direction of the woods into which the girl had run. He shook his head savagely. "Never mind the girl—an apology will square all that—but let's get this fellow to town. We'll get rid of him for good. Drive to the city. You know where."

Arrived at their destination, the owner of the car was so intent in helping his man get the limp Peter into the basement that he did not notice a taxi which stopped close by, nor observe its occupant, a dark young woman, who peered out and seemed to take a sudden interest in the proceedings.

Just to what extent her interest went Mr. Bentley was to learn later—but now he was occupied in getting his victim safely into one of the upper rooms, where a group of his workers was waiting.

They jumped when they heard the noise on the stairs and then hastened to assist their leader in binding Peter hand and foot. He regained consciousness during this proceeding and, gazing wildly about him, asked where he was, and struggled to set himself free. Mr. Bentley stood aside and laughed. "Glad to see you're all right again, Hale," he said mockingly. "It will help you to appreciate a little entertainment I have arranged for you."

Mr. Bentley's idea of a little entertainment proved to be a slow waiting for death staged with all the ingenuity of the middle ages, for Peter was carried, bound as he was, until he stood before a grandfather clock, from the face of which extended a large army pistol. Before he was fully aware of the plot his hands were tied above his head, his head secured in a kind of iron brace such as photographers use to steady nervous sitters and he was left with his eyes on a level with the deadly revolver.


When he realized the hopelessness of his position a wave of terror swept over him.

His thoughts were diverted from his terrible position and a glimmer of hope dawned in his breast when footsteps were heard, as though someone was descending the stairs. The noise caused a sudden alarm to Mr. Bentley and his crew. The leader dashed out to investigate, leaving his men to watch the prisoner. Creeping up the stairs he came face to face with a dark figure, and immediately grappled with it.

But Mr. Bentley had reckoned too much on his strength. With a sudden motion his antagonist, who was no other than the mysterious woman who had seen him from the taxi, herself unseen, tossed him head first down the stairs. The thump, thump of his fall brought the watchers pell-mell from the room, and while Bridget was carefully feeling his shoulders and legs in a search for broken bones, several of the desperadoes ran up the stairs after his assailant.

The mysterious lady, who by gaining the roof of the adjoining house had been able to enter the skylight of Bridget's rendezvous, had a good start of her pursuers. She had even time to use a saw on the plank that served as a bridge across the well that divided the buildings. The foremost of the desperadoes, seeing her skirts disappearing, stepped on the plank, felt it break in half, threw up his hands and plunged fifty feet through the air, while his horrified companions, sick at the sight, stood peering below, weak and trembling.

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His Eyes on a Level With the Deadly Revolver.

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He paused on seeing his guest and invited him to join him, but Mr. Bentley insisted on telling in a drunken way how he and Hale had taken the car, gone to a saloon, got into an argument and started off with Hale at the wheel. How the car had dashed over the precipice and hurled the young man to death while he had escaped with a few bruises, a black eye and ruined clothing.

Mr. Brewster shook his head. He could not take Mr. Bentley seriously. He suggested with all the politeness he could summon that bed was a good place for the bibulous Bridget.

Chuckling to himself, he made his way upstairs, carefully simulating intoxication, and then into his active brain came a new idea. Peter's room was near his own. Why not boldly enter and go through his papers? Mr. Bentley no sooner thought of this than he put it into execution.

No one knew better than he that he was not likely to be interrupted by the occupant of the room. In fact, Mr. Bentley found a delicious joy in pulling out his watch and watching the minute hand touch eleven. He could almost hear the report of the pistol and see the convulsed shrinking of his enemy as the shot took effect.

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(END OF THIRD EPISODE)

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KNOW LITTLE OF REAL HEAT

Scientists' Research Has Been Limited Practically Within Limit of 725 Degrees.

It may seem strange, but scientists really know very little about temperature. Between the temperature of the surface of the sun, estimated at 6,000 degrees centigrade, and absolute zero, estimated at minus 273 degrees centigrade, very little has ever been discovered. The field of research has been practically restricted to 725 degrees, or between the temperature of liquid air—minus 200 degrees—and the first visible red of heated iron—plus 335 degrees.

We know that at a temperature of 1,000 degrees centigrade 29 metals become liquid; at 1,069 gold fuses; tungsten melts at 3,000 degrees; the temperature of the electric arc is 3,720 degrees, and here begins the great unknown in the world of heat. The hottest thing on earth is the electric furnace, with a temperature of nearly 3,730 degrees. In this intense heat even the diamond can be melted and boiled like water. But this is barely half-way to the temperature of the surface of the sun, and it is thought that research in these higher temperatures will ultimately result in the greatest discoveries of the age.

Its Class.

"What sort of a carriage is this you have just bought? Someone told me it was a shay."

"It's more than that. The dealer I bought it from said it was a shay doover."

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He paused on seeing his guest and invited him to join him, but Mr. Bentley insisted on telling in a drunken way how he and Hale had taken the car, gone to a saloon, got into an argument and started off with Hale at the wheel. How the car had dashed over the precipice and hurled the young man to death while he had escaped with a few bruises, a black eye and ruined clothing.

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Bridget smiled—a sinister smile—and proceeded to go through Peter's belongings. He was looking for the option when he came across something far more important—a paper which caused him to forget the oil and in

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Geo. A. Courtney, Vice Pres. Lake Charles, La.

Paid up Capital \$250,000.00

Interviews and Correspondence Invited

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John J. Robira
Attorney at Law
Peterson Building
Jennings, La.

Any party at Welsh desiring my service may call me in Jennings by telephone at my expense.

JOHN T. HOOD
ATTORNEY AT LAW
and Notary Public

Will practice in all the Courts of this parish, and Supreme and Federal Courts.

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Special accommodations for ladies. Personal instruction. No misrepresentation to secure patronage. Graduates in general demand through their superior training.

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TUESDAY NIGHT

Third Episode

Mystery of the Double Cross

Hearst Pathe News No. 52 and "Deep Lyed Villiany"

5 and 15 cents. Children over 6 years 5 cents; over 15 years 15 cents

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