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WHITE MAN... GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN... HOME, THROUGH STAINED GLASS... JOHN BOGARDUS.—ETC... THE BOBB'S MEKILL COMPANY

ANDREA WITNESSES AN EXCITING ELEPHANT HUNT. Andrea Pellor, handsome daughter of Lord Pellor, impetuous aristocrat. She is doomed to marry an illiterate but wealthy middle-aged diamond mine owner. She disconcertingly wanders from her hotel in South Africa, and discovers an aviator about to fly from the beach. Impulsively, or—perhaps—instinctively, she will be merely a pleasant excursion, she begs to be taken for a flight, although she does not know him. He somewhat unwillingly agrees, and they start. When she realizes her unknown aviator is not going back Andrea in desperation tries to choose him with one of her stockings. He thwarts her and they sail on into the very heart of Africa. Landing in an immense cranial, Andrea finds the natives all bow in worship to her mysterious companion. While Man continues deaf to Andrea's pleadings to be restored to her friends. She goes on a day's hunting trip with White Man and thoroughly enjoys the exciting experience. White Man by a skillful shot saves her from the attack of a scaly bull and she is fast becoming reconciled to her fate after eight days in the cranial. On another expedition the donkey on which Andrea is mounted runs away with her and she is for a moment made ridiculous. White Man explains the African method of wife purchase, "oboko." She is horrified.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued. The river was a treacherous-looking stream, deep, sluggish, bordered for the most part by flat-topped banks. Where its shores were broken into shelving slopes these were covered with a towering growth of reeds and matted elephant grass. There was a sand-spit here and there and on each were lying what appeared to be logs cast up by flood. As the expedition reached the crest of the bank, thereby coming into full view of the river, the logs, one by one, elevated themselves a foot into the air through all their length and moved silently, swiftly, horribly into the water. Andrea caught her breath. She



Propelled Laboriously Up-Stream by Poles.

had seen crocodiles in captivity, but never like this, never free to scurry on distorted legs, to sink silently into murky depths and lurk. "White Man," she whispered, "are they as awful as they look?" "They are," he answered. "It is pretty generally accepted that more natives succumb to crocs in Africa annually than to any other one cause, not excepting famine and smallpox. It sounds unbelievable until you know the native mind. A man will be taken at a certain crossing and half an hour later you may see his companions leisurely wading the stream the same place. The explanation is that they consider that the victim lost his life solely by reason of the cheap brand of 'medicine' he carried. Each one is convinced that his own bit of stone, rag or twisted wood is the real thing and nothing can dissuade him until the moment when he too is snatched under."

"How ghastly," said Andrea, "and how pitiful." "Yes, it is," said M'sungu, and added: "Sort of knock-out to faith, isn't it? But ever crocs have character. There are certain crossings swarming with them where they are known to be friendly and where no one has ever been attacked." By the time he finished speaking the natives had baled out a wide, clumsy scow and M'sungu nodded to Andrea to slide down the slippery landing chute and climb in. She was worried as to how Marguerite was to be managed when, to her delight, four blacks picked her up bodily and deposited her in the center of the leaky craft. He did not deign to more than half open his eyes. Propelled laboriously up-stream by poles and then across by clumsy paddles, it took them the best part of half an hour to make the opposite landing. Andrea was surprised that M'sungu's impatience seemed to be dying down, and said so. "Oh," he explained, "there's no great hurry. We aren't after antelope, you know. Three out of every five elephants shot are killed at the noon hour. If the one we are after is traveling, we'll never see him, for he will strike nothing of ninety miles as a day's stroll. If he's feeding, and that's the probability in this case, we'll come up with him at the heat of the day under a big tree dozing and lazily fanning himself with his ears."

The country across the river was a contrast to anything Andrea had seen. It was what M'sungu called mangy; totally bare in spots and breaking out in others into thorn thickets or oases of thick brush. Farther upstream was a forest of high straight trees, much higher than the tembas, but inland this towering growth suddenly fell to a low level of bush that cut a gray line along the horizon. The band of gray was broken here and there by the black dome of a tree. M'sungu followed the direction of Andrea's eyes. "That long gray patch," he said, "that's elephant bush, but Lord knows when we'll get there." The wizened men led them upstream and soon they were in the deep shade of the high forest, but not for long. In ten minutes they traversed it, for it was nothing but a tongue, a long screen extending from elephant bush to river. Scarcely had they left its shelter when the three hunters paused and with them M'sungu. Andrea pressed forward. The soggy ground was pock-marked with great holes of varying sizes; the smallest a foot in circumference, the largest, three. "Females and youngsters," murmured M'sungu in explanation, "all trash." He stood quite still, his eyes traveling rapidly over a wide radius, pausing suddenly when the tracker thoughtfully touched a grass blade with his toe or another boy solemnly measured a spoor with his feet placed one ahead of the other, looked up inquiringly and retired in confusion at the kindly sneer on the faces of the hunters. "Why are you waiting?" asked Andrea impatiently. M'sungu flashed a look at her. "Waiting?" he whispered. "We're not waiting. Every man here, according to his lights, is reading. You saw that cheeky gunbearer measure a spoor and then withdraw with a hang-dog look. He thought he had spotted a male bull. He has made himself ridiculous for a year. Tonight you'll hear the camp telling the joke on him over and over again. But the tracker touches a blade of grass bent one way with his toe and presently you'll see him with a twig broken in the opposite direction. There he goes now. He looks as if he were day-dreaming, doesn't he?" Andrea nodded. "Well, he isn't," continued M'sungu. "By now he has read the whole story. He knows how many females made this mess of a trail and how many young. He knows when they came and when they went. He could fill in their stay with a dozen incidents, each one complete in itself, such as where a youngster slipped, fell, squealed and got spanked by his mother. But such trimmings of details impress themselves only on his subconscious mind. In reality his whole attention is fixed on the main chance. By the season of the year he knows that this herd is not traveling alone. The track of the males is nearby. If we didn't have the three old hunters we would go up to the bank of the river until we struck it, but we don't have to because they found it by chance this morning at the first streak of dawn." While he talked, the tracker studied the three wizened sat aloof, taking snuff. Now, at a nod from M'sungu, they arose and proceeded swiftly along the margin of the big trees. Presently they sverred to the left and plunged through undergrowth to a well-marked path. In the fine dust of that runway Andrea saw the identical monster spoor that the old black had drawn with his finger on the ground beside her breakfast table. Another halt was called. The tracker squatted by one spoor and then another. He held up three fingers. "All males?" said M'sungu. The tracker nodded. "Big ones?" said M'sungu, with that half-smile of exaltation. The boy grinned. M'sungu touched the edge of the mighty spoor with his toe. "M'culo?" "Stalecka!" murmured the tracker, and rolled his eyes up into the trees. "He says it's a whopper," whispered M'sungu, and promptly went into action. He took off his jacket and jersey, rolled up his sleeves and tightened his belt. The tracker stripped to his breech-clout and took from one of the wizened a slender-shafted assegai. The three old hunters laid aside the rifles they had been carrying and the gunbearers quietly picked them up. M'sungu turned to Andrea. "Get on the donkey," he ordered. When she was mounted her eyes were on a level with his own. "Listen," he said. "You'll ride now, because when we strike the bush you can't. Please listen, because from now until the kill nobody is going to speak to you and if you should say a word out loud you might get six inches of spear in the excitement of the moment." "Go ahead; I won't speak," said Andrea, and pressed her lips together.

"When you begin to get hot," continued M'sungu, "just take off what you don't want and drop it. We people ahead can't lose anything if we try. The boys used to pick up my dead matches until I stopped them. When you come to the bush, shed your skirt, get off Marguerite and leave him. Walk lightly and hang on till you drop. If you last long enough, you'll see me take the big gun. That's the beginning of the end and when it happens you are to do just one thing. Look around you. Somewhere near you are bound to see a big tree looming out of the bush. Go to it, hug it, stay with it whatever happens till I call you."

A moment later, they were off at a terrific pace, the tracker in the lead, M'sungu next, then the gunbearers, Andrea, and after her the tugging rest. For hours they kept on without a break or a pause. Andrea watched M'sungu's long stride, fascinated by its unvarying pendulum swing. The gunbearers took shorter steps. They walked pivoting on the ball of the foot; just before each step, their heels jerked inward sharply for the thrust back. She leaned forward; Marguerite had his eyes wide open. He seemed to be breathing softly, as though he, too, were bent on playing the game.

Quite suddenly they came out of the forest into a broken mangy space. The heat and glare was terrific. Here and there were scraggy groups of thorn, apparently burnt up by the sun, but in reality very much alive. To one side, an enormous acacia cast its grateful blot of shade. The tracker, pausing at last, looked straight up, transfixed in an eloquent pose. Andrea followed his gaze. At an incredible height she saw a branch, freshly broken. Her reason battled with incredulity; it told her that only one thing could have reached the branch and snapped it—the up-flung trunk of the rearing beast they were following. For the first time in her life, measuring again that height, she felt actual awe. M'sungu cast a glance over his shoulder. His face was alight; his eyes shone with a swimming brilliance.

A few minutes later they came to the ragged edge of the elephant bush. The tracker cast left and right with quick, jerky steps. Here the three bulls had separated; joyful sign, for it showed intention to feed. The tracker came to a halt, dropped the tip of his assegai shaft to a chosen spoor. M'sungu looked back at Andrea impatiently. She threw herself from Marguerite's back and hastily stripped off her jersey, unbuttoned her skirt and let it fall. She stood in helmet, khaki shirt and breeches, puttees and tight-laced boots—an adorable study in brown. But M'sungu had no time for artistic effects; he turned from her with a nod and plunged into the bush in the wake of the tracker.

Fortunately for Andrea the going was now much slower. It was not that the spoor was harder to follow—in fact, it was much easier, for through the jungle of stunted sapling no man could pass save where an elephant had plowed a way—but that now every indication of the game's progress had to be read, studied and accurately valued. Here began the exercise of that finished science which M'sungu had placed so high, giving due credit to those fore-runners who had marked its stages with their life's blood.

The state of a parted vine, or a half-masticated leaf, bore some message upon the true reading of which hung the delicate balance of success or failure. Slower and slower fell the pace and in measured proportion silence was born and seemed to grow and spread and throbb till it hung in the air like some stifling all-permeating mist. Beneath it the heart beat with an irregular rat-tat-tat and breath came in hurried gasps. In spite of the bare before her, Andrea felt alone, adrift on a sea of unseen but hovering perils. She looked over her shoulder. Only Bathub was in sight behind her, tense, one foot in air, waiting for her to take her next step before he placed his foot. His naked body, exposed to the merciless sun, streamed with sweat. Andrea's shoulders ached from holding her arms before her face to ward off the interminably encroaching vines and branches that seemed to oppose the way, but invariably parted at



He Smelled the Prey.

her touch. Her tongue was parched, all her clothing laid hands on her every motion with a clammy grip and her body quivered on the fine edge of exhaustion, but she hung on, her eyes above dark shadows casting agonized glances at M'sungu. If only he would reach for the big gun! If only he would really stop for even a fleeting rest. The next moment she found herself crowded into the halting group in

front. They stood in the sparse shade of a big tree, their eyes sweeping the ground beneath their feet and rising to meet each other's gaze with swift intelligence and swifter understanding. Here was a great reading, the anti-climax of suspense, the pregnant moment of final premonition. The three elephants had come together, they had milled beneath this tree, they were even now indubitably beneath the next they had encountered—for when a feeding elephant walks in a circle for no apparent reason it is because his thoughts are entirely fixed on taking his noonday nap promptly.

The tracker stood unbelievably erect, heels off the ground. It was as though by an effort of will he had suspended himself in air, so still was he, so wholly was his body consecrated to the act of listening. Suddenly his wide nostrils quivered with a visible fluttering and distended till their outer rims showed white. A look of sensual and ineffable content spread over his face as he drew down into his lungs that breath of tainted breeze. He smelled the prey; the wind was right.

Presently Andrea caught the odor and her whole body trembled as from an overmastering physical contact. This smell was unlike all others; the mind gave it color and substance. It crept through the forest like a dark cloud, an ominous warning to all frail creatures to get out of the way. She felt suddenly cold and glanced over her shoulder with a half-formed notion of retreat; then her eyes fell on M'sungu and she forgot all else in an absorption that was above fear.

He had become filled with an essence of youth, as though years of life had rushed from past and future to fill to overflowing the cup of this one transcendent moment. His face was tense but alight and his ordinarily gray eyes had attained to an unfathomable blue that seemed to deny measure to the depth of his emotion. His thin lips were drawn in the crooked line of a fixed smile—a smile that struggled on the verge of an infinite solemnity. When he moved he gave an indefinite impression of disembodied action as if spirit alone passed on, leaving flesh behind. Like a black monitor the tracker went before him.

Andrea was suddenly aware that M'sungu carried the big gun. Its dead weight of eleven pounds lay in his hands lightly as though it also were sustained by a spiritual force. She had not seen him take it and there was something ghostly in the mere fact of his possession of it. Her mind was in a turmoil; she knew that upon the taking over of the big gun had hung some vital instruction to herself but in that primal moment of suspense memory was an agonizing blank and nothing more. She followed blindly in the cautiously pausing footsteps of the single gunbearer that crept before her, close on the heels of his master.

Infinity seemed to come and go before they had advanced twenty paces. She came to the bare trunk of a big tree whose top had been felled by lightning and at that moment M'sungu looked back, a terrible frown on his face. Without taking her eyes from his she leaned against the stump of the tree and put her arms around it. Memory came to her. She remembered what he had told her to do. She hugged the tree in a great relief while her eyes still followed the white man and the two black shadows that he seemed to throw, one before, one behind.

Suddenly the tracker paused with an unmistakable finality. His hands went up in an even, swift gesture of warning. His body sank gradually lower and lower till it stretched flat and still as a log at the side of the narrow trail. With long-studied, cautious movements the white man passed over him and stood erect, at once steady and quivering, as heat waves quiver steadily in the air arising from parched soil.

Not forty paces from where Andrea hugged her protecting trunk and scarcely twenty in advance of M'sungu, the domes of two trees topped the even mass of the saplings about them. Into the shadows beneath these trees he was peering with an intensity that communicated itself to Andrea. She too stared desperately as though by an effort she might send light into darkness with her gaze.

Presently she was rewarded; three shadows within the shadow slowly took form. Once seen, they advanced in distinction until they stood out to vision as does the Coal Pit on a starry, moonless night. They were three clouds, ominous, dusky, thunderous. Suddenly from one of them came a

WHERE THEY FOUND THE HAT
Joe's Use of Brother Agent's Head-gear, to Say the Least, Had Not Improved It.

Attorney General Palmer instructed the New York branch of the department of justice recently to gather all the German propaganda evidence it had accumulated to prosecute enemy aliens during the war and forward it to Washington, where it could be stored in the state department vaults. The books, papers and documents were placed in a wooden case five feet high, four feet wide and two feet deep, which was put in a special baggage car accompanied by two special agents of the department.

One of the agents became tired of sitting watching the case and said he would take a nap on it. He turned the case over on its side and laid down on it, using his handbag as a pillow, while the other laid on the floor of the car alongside the big box. In the morning Special Agent Joe, who slept on the box, awoke and found Agent Bill searching all through the car for something. He asked what he had lost and Bill said that he certainly had a hat when he entered the car but it was missing. They could not find the hat and finally turned the case right end up and there lay Agent Bill's new fall derby under it mashed perfectly flat. Tableau.

Make Bells.
The science of bell casting has been practiced in one English foundry for nearly 350 years.

nable that rolled ponderously away through the silent world. Andrea, ignorant of the majesty of the intellectual commotions of the mightiest of beasts, snatched a fleeting impression that somewhere beyond the brazen sky, a storm was brewing.

The white man still stood, tense but immovable. Gradually Andrea's senses gathered to the fact that this was no pause. He was waiting—waiting deliberately or was it as one who stands fatally fascinated and paralyzed on the threshold of disaster? Her heart was beating with a deafening throb. She was sure the natives about her could hear the equal tumult in their own breasts.

Then her eyes, glued to the three black clouds, saw one of the lesser of them move, raise vast blankets of ears



The White Man Still Stood Tense but Immovable.

and flap them, starting an audible gust of wind. A great trunk wound and unwound, rose lazily to incredible heights, reached a limb and tore with a scream of rending fibers from the parent tree. The beast turned slightly to avoid the avalanche of boughs. Instantly the white man and gun swept into motion. He leveled the big gun at an upward slant upon the still immovable central cloud and fired.

All the silence in the world was rent asunder by that shot. With a rending crash as of a thousand galling guns, one, two, twenty elephants swept through the sea of saplings and away. It was as though an angry god had snatched up the forest like a sheet and ripped it apart. In the terrific whirlwind of sound gone mad, the second bark of the rifle was quite lost to the ear.

M'sungu turned and automatically seized his supporting gun. His eyes swept the back trail, looking for Andrea. She was gone. "Bathub!" he roared.

The boy ran to him, his face working with every emotion known to the black breast—joy, triumph, greed, cupidity and fear. The last was predominant and with reason, for M'sungu dropped his gun, shot out both hands to the black's throat and lifted him strangling into the air. "Damn you," he growled, "where's your missis? Where is she?" The boy's eyeballs protruded farther and farther from his contorted face.

"Here I am," panted Andrea. M'sungu relaxed his grip; Bathub dropped to the ground like a nerveless sack but bounced up again, all his emotions except fear once more in full cry across his grinning face.

Andrea laid both hands on M'sungu's arm. "It wasn't his fault," she gasped. "I started to do just what you told me, White Man. You know you saw me hugging the tree. But when I heard the Day of Judgment right on top of me I—I just had to give it a run for its money!"

Andrea becomes despondent.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Kaiser's Kitchen.
In what is destined to be the last stage of its travels, the field kitchen of William Hohenzollern, which had followed the former Kaiser in all his wanderings about Europe during the war, is on its way to the United States. As if to give the changing of hands a more significant aspect, German prisoners of war were requisitioned to load the field kitchen—with all its elaborate necessities—aboard the westbound transport at St. Nazaire. The portable "Kochhaus" shows no sign of the wear and tear of war, indicating a certain remoteness to the battle front of all concerned with the once imperial suite. The trophy, it is intended, shall be added to a notable collection of war relics at the American capital; whether it is to be utilized in the ways approved by the former Kaiser is, of course, another matter.

Hope for Poets.
The world's literary circles are considerably wrought up at present over a Chinese poet who wrote his verses 3,000 years ago and who, therefore, is now a long time dead. This should encourage all living poets. In order to be poets they must be poor and suffer the rebuffs of crude, heartless editors, but think of the happiness it must be to know that one will be remembered 3,000 years after one is dead.

Have Some Pickled Kelp.
An addition to the delicatessen line is pickled kelp, put up in glass bottles. It is not only edible, but really delicious.

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No, Hazel, a man seldom proposes to a woman unless she has made up her mind to marry him.

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