

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Catarrhal Deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. **HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE** acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be removed and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. **ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS** for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by **HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE**. All Druggists 75c. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Overheard on a Car.
"Aren't prices simply awful?"
"It's them profiteers. Truly, they're worse than the Forty Thieves you read about in the Bible."—Boston Transcript.

To abort a cold
and prevent complications, take

Calotabs

The purified and refined calomel tablets that are nausealess, safe and sure.

Medicinal virtues retained and improved. Sold only in sealed packages. Price 35c.

ACHES AND PAINS QUICKLY RELIEVED

You'll find Sloan's Liniment softens the severe rheumatic ache

Put it on freely. Don't rub it in. Just let it penetrate naturally. What a sense of soothing relief soon follows! External aches, stiffness, soreness, cramped muscles, strained sinews, back "cricks"—those ailments can't fight off the relieving qualities of Sloan's Liniment. Clean, convenient, economical. 35c, 70c, \$1.40.

Sloan's Liniment
Keep it handy

RAW FURS

Ship your raw furs to the oldest raw fur house in N. Y.

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134-136-138-140 West 26th Street
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HIGHEST MARKET PRICES
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Check sent same day shipment is received. Send for price list now.

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Has that good licorice taste you've been looking for.

\$10 a Day Easy

In spare time taking orders for guaranteed Pioneer tailored to order men's clothes. Wonderful opportunity. You invest nothing. We pay you. No extras. Express or parcel post. Complete outfit. Free. Your own clothes. Free. Big cash profits. Write us today. **Great Western Tailoring Co.**
Dept. 177, Jackson Blvd. & Green St., Chicago

FARMS on the beautiful eastern shores of Maryland. Near the large cities and best land in one section. 70 acres on same house, new barn, other outbuildings; orchard, fine farm, 8-room house, barn, tenant house, be seen to appreciate the real value. A sale price at \$7,500. 1,000 acres timber and land, near station. \$15 per acre. Post card will furnish folder describing above and many other farms. Malcom & Hayman, Princess Anne, Maryland.

WANTED: Young ladies to enter training school for nurses. Rawlings Sanitarium, Sandersville, Ga., offers special inducements. 3 years' course. Genl. Hospital work. Bogue's maintenance and \$12-15 mo. Full information. Mrs. Margaret P. James, R. N.

W. N. U., CHARLOTTE, NO. 50-1919.

Irritating Coughs
Promptly treat coughs, colds, bronchitis and similar inflamed and irritated conditions of the throat with a tested remedy

PISO'S

THE IMPOSTOR

By FRANK L. PACKARD

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"It is as the Kanaka said," Gunga nodded. "Sahib, a question: How did you know of those Chinamen and Drink-House Sam?"

"One of them told me as he was dying," Wallen replied, "because, I suppose, I had nursed him as best I could through the night."

"Yes," Gunga nodded his head again. "But I will end first the Kanaka's tale so that the sahib will understand all else the better. The Kanaka had been a long time a member of the crew, long before the ship came to Honolulu."

"It was in Honolulu that for much money he was hired by one of Ram Gulab Singh's agents to kill the master."

"If he failed in that he was to stir up the crew to dream of the treasure-hunt, sahib, which, with so strange a voyage as was theirs, would readily be believed, so that it might come about that the crew and officers would take things into their own hands, and would take the ship to the place Ram Gulab Singh had set down upon the paper, and where Ram Gulab Singh would lie in wait to work his will upon the master and upon them all, sahib, for dead men tell no tales. But for that paper, sahib, it so fell out, he had no need until you, by Allah's will, came also to the ship, as I have related. All this, sahib, I learned tonight while I lay hidden."

"Go on!" urged Wallen tensely. "I begin to see—a little. My father, Gunga—and this Ram Gulab Singh?"

"The young sahib is twenty-four," said Gunga. "It began two years before you were born. The master was a great merchant here, owning schooners by means of which he traded with the natives. Ram Gulab Singh was the native governor over a group of these islands."

"He was very powerful, and his wealth was beyond reckoning."

"Also, sahib, he was a murderer and a thief, whereby he had his wealth; and he hid his face behind the British government, whom he deceived. Your father lost one schooner and then another and many goods; and knowing in his heart that it was Ram Gulab Singh, he complained to the government. But because he could prove nothing, nothing was done, sahib; only that it came to the ears of Ram Gulab Singh, and he mocked your father, my master, by messengers in private."

"Sahib, my master was a brave man, and of great cunning. He loaded a schooner with such richness of goods that it was common talk; but also, in secret, he placed abundance of arms upon the vessel; and at night, as she sailed, he himself came aboard in the darkness with many men to join the crew, and of these I was one, sahib."

"It came about as the master had foreseen. He sailed to the islands where Ram Gulab Singh was; and Ram Gulab Singh, knowing that it was your father's schooner, and thinking it a prize of great value, fell into the snare. Sahib, he came upon us with four proas, and our men lay hidden below the decks, that they might not be seen until the pirates, led by Ram Gulab Singh himself, boarded us from the proas."

"It was a fight, sahib, that I would to Allah I might see again before I die, for my arm is still strong and my blood is the blood of youth, and the years count not. They fought as reptiles fight who must either fight or die. But half escaped, and those by swimming to the proas which, in their first onslaught, after all had come on board of us, we had cut adrift from the schooner's sides."

"Many times in the melee my master tried to single out Ram Gulab Singh, that they might meet face to face, but it was only at the last the master came upon the other as Ram Gulab Singh was climbing over the rail to escape, and his hand was on the rail, but before he had dropped into the water the master's cutlass had severed three fingers from the hand of Ram Gulab Singh—such, sahib, is the reading of the paper with the one-fingered hand."

"Sahib, this time the government took heed, for we had prisoners who confessed; but against these Ram Gulab Singh sent many to take the oath that he had been elsewhere at the time. And so again there was not the full measure of proof, but my master pressed the matter and asked that an armed force be sent against Ram Gulab Singh. Sahib, if that had been done, all would have been well."

"Instead, the government deemed it wise to bring only great dishonor upon Ram Gulab Singh, and they stripped Ram Gulab Singh of all rank and authority, and for several years patrolled the waters of the island closely."

Gunga paused. The muscles of his face were twitching again—and the hard, flintlike gleam was back once more in the coal-black eyes that always swept the water, that never looked at Wallen.

"Sahib, it was because of your mother, before you were born, that the master left the East. The heart of Ram

Gulab Singh was black with hate—and revenge filled his soul. It is too long a story to tell now, sahib. Great wealth was his; those in his pay were everywhere.

"Twice he tried to bring worse than death upon the master by attacks upon your mother. And the second time, sahib—Gunga's hands around the oars tightened until the knuckles were as white knobs protruding from the swarthy skin—it was only by a miracle that she was saved. But, sahib, it killed her, even if it were months afterward when your father had hidden her in the gray house the sahib knows, for she was with child then, and when you were born she died."

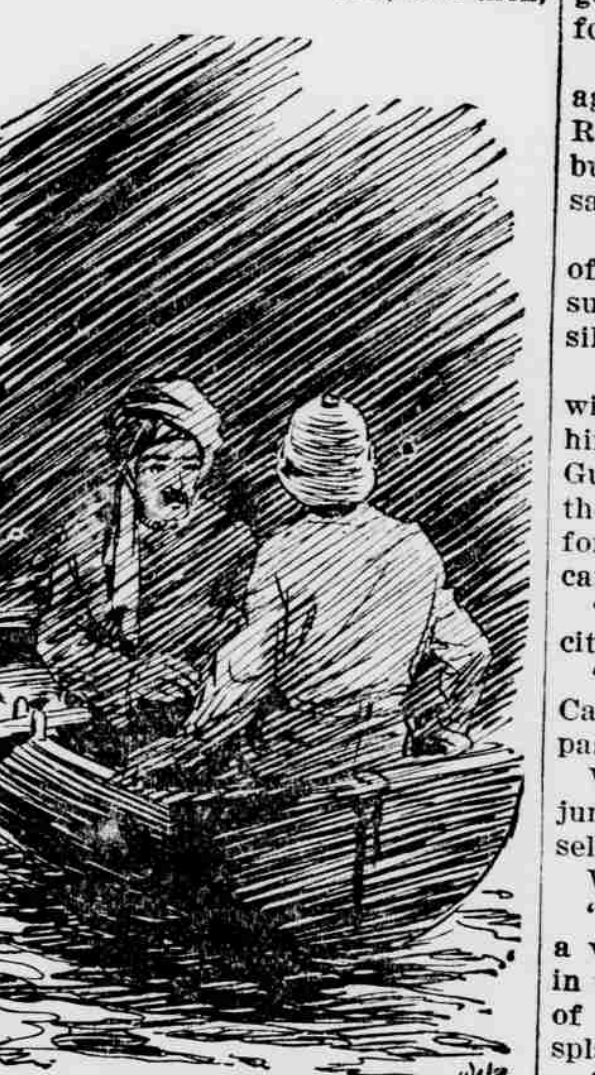
"And then, sahib, the master stayed on there to protect you, as he had promised your mother he would do. But even there it was not further than the arm of Ram Gulab Singh could reach. Does the sahib remember the night as a child he crawled from bed and came down the stairs, and there was a man dead upon the floor?"

"I remember," said Wallen in a voice he did not recognize as his own. "And then, Gunga?"

"And then," said Gunga, "the young sahib went away; and the master had no longer any heart for anything but to stay on in the gray house. When next the master learned of you you were at sea, sahib; and after that he watched your comings and your goings always."

"And all this time Ram Gulab Singh gave no sign. Then came the time that word reached the master that you had taken berth upon the Upolo, to trade among the islands of Ram Gulab Singh—and upon the master fell again the old fire, for he knew that it was the hand of Ram Gulab Singh that struck."

"I sahib, he sent here immediately to spy upon them, and this I learned: Drink-House Sam, taking with him the Chinese of whom the sahib knows, was sent to Shanghai to wait the coming of the Tokamaru, the sahib's ship; and there at the time the Upolo was in port. He bribed the man who was mate to leave the vessel, and also some of the crew, that there might be room for the men he had brought; and then,



"It Is Too Long a Story to Tell Now, Sahib."

through the influence of others of Ram Gulab Singh's agents in higher quarters, the captain, who was an honest man, sahib, was led to induce you to sail with him in the other's place."

"But sahib, all this I did not learn at once; and meanwhile your father, knowing well what threatened, had stopped at Honolulu and chartered the Monleigh, as the sahib knows, to follow the Upolo in the hope that he might reach you in time before the work was done."

"Sahib, there is but of the murder of Drink-House Sam to tell. Here in Singapore I have crept into the house of the banker Loo, an old and crafty Chinese fox, who is the chief agent of Ram Gulab Singh. And it was there I learned of Drink-House Sam, who, though he was one of them, was hated by them because his demands for money were ever insistent, and because, sahib, with the years he knew too much to be refused."

"And there to that house came the Kanaka tonight; and there, too, came word that you had made trouble at Drink-House Sam's. And, sahib, as wolves that feed upon themselves, and because it would seem that the guilt would fall upon the stranger, upon you, sahib, who had come and fought already with Drink-House Sam tonight, they went, sahib, and did even as you have seen. Would the sahib, too, have paid with blood for his father's blood? But because I could not do that myself; where I was hidden in the house until all were gone, I was too late. Sahib, the tale is told."

No word came from Wallen. For a long time he sat immovable—while a

cloud obscured the moon, and the riding light of the vessel gleamed and twinkled brighter in the greater darkness, and until the moonlight struggled forth again in a silver, waving path—until there came a little splash in the distance, as though a fish had jumped.

Then Wallen raised his head. At the sound Gunga too had stirred, for now he dipped his oars and rowed on toward the Monleigh. And then he spoke again:

"Wash your hands, sahib," he said in low tones, "for they are red."

At the gangway Gunga sent the boat adrift with a push toward the Monleigh's stern; and Wallen, with the other behind him, mounted to the boat deck. There was no one on the bridge; and if there was an anchor-watch at all, the man was asleep, for they had come alongside unnoticed.

In the doorway of the captain's cabin Wallen halted, with Gunga beside him. There were empty glasses on the locker and an empty bottle. Captain Laynton fully dressed, was snoring in his bunk. He sat up with a start at Wallen's second knock.

"Hello!" he blinked. "Oh, you, Mr. Wallen! And—he blinked again at Gunga—"who's this you've got here?"

"My father's servant—Gunga," Wallen answered. "You remember, I asked you about him. Gunga, this is Captain Laynton."

The East Indian salaamed gravely and profoundly—and stepped respectfully back out onto the deck, away from the cabin.

Captain Laynton stared at Wallen. Then he rubbed his eyes and stared again.

"My word!" he ejaculated. "You look as though you'd been in a bally fight."

"Do I?" smiled Wallen. "A few wharf-rats, that's all, captain. We'll get under way now, if you're ready."

"Aye, I'm ready," Laynton replied; he was still staring, only more fixedly now at Wallen's clothes.

Wallen, following the direction of the other's eyes, glanced down—and his own eyes fixed on an ugly red smear across his pocket. He had forgotten that! It was when he had felt for a match.

"Aye, I'm ready," said Laynton again. "I was sitting up for you. Reckon finding that chap was your business, eh? Well, I—For God's sake, what's that?"

It came sudden, quick as the crack of doom—two revolver shots in rapid succession from without—and then silence.

Wallen whirled and rushed on deck, with Laynton stumbling madly behind him. There was no one in sight save Gunga, who came running to meet them from the rail—though now from forward, the crew evidently aroused, came commotion.

"What was it?" shouted Laynton excitedly. "Who fired those shots?"

"They seemed to come from there, Captain Sahib," Gunga answered impassively—and pointed forward.

With an oath Captain Laynton jumped for the ladder and swung himself down to the foredeck.

Wallen's eyes met Gunga's. "Sahib," said Gunga softly, "shall a viper sting twice? I was watching in the boat, for I knew we were ahead of him. He swims well, but once he splashed. It was Kanaka. He will swim no more, sahib."

CHAPTER VII.

The Wireless Message.
Wallen stretched out his arms in a sort of glad relief as he came on deck next morning. He had breakfasted late and alone, because he had slept late—but he had slept well, once he had got to bed.

For the time being, if he wished—and he did wish it—he could be carefree and laugh with pure happiness. Drink-House Sam no longer lived before him day and night, threatening, sinister; the ship itself, with the Kanaka gone, was purged of its menace; and he knew all now—and the knowledge, concrete, definite, tangible, robbed the peril that still existed of that sense of impotent dread, which is the attribute of the mysterious and the unknown.

How cloudless and blue the sky was; and the fresh, clean breeze filled the lungs as with a magical elixir! Life was good!

He had paused just outside the lounging room, and now a crackle from the wireless house caught his ear. That accounted for no sight of her upon the deck!

"Good morning, Miss MacKay," he sung out cheerily as he hurried forward. "Found some one to gossip with this morning? I—"

He was standing in the doorway of the wireless room now, and the words died on his lips. Brown eyes, staring out from a very white face—brown eyes that seemed to hold a shudder of contempt and loathing—met his—and she turned away her head.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Optimistic Thought.
To the wise there is pleasure in the

GOOD ROADS

SENTIMENT FOR GOOD ROADS

Governors of Twenty-Two Western States Petition for Increased Annual Appropriation.

If the passage of the Townsend bill depended on the support from Western states the measure calling for a national system of highways would become law by an overwhelming majority, says a representative of a large rubber concern.

At Salt Lake City recently governors of 22 states signed a petition, which will be forwarded to congress, to increase immensely the annual appropriation for road-building, to be expended during the next five years.

While the Townsend bill asks for \$425,000,000, their petition calls for a billion dollars. The Western governors not only indorse the bill as men, but as governors of their respective states. This action reflects plainly what the West thinks of the necessity of highways and furnishes an influence which cannot be overlooked. The West has gone on record as being willing to stand its share of the cost of a system of nationally administered roads, and the share will be a big one.

RURAL ROADS NOT IMPROVED

Not More Than One-Fourth of 1 Per Cent of Nation's Roads Suitable for Motor Traffic.

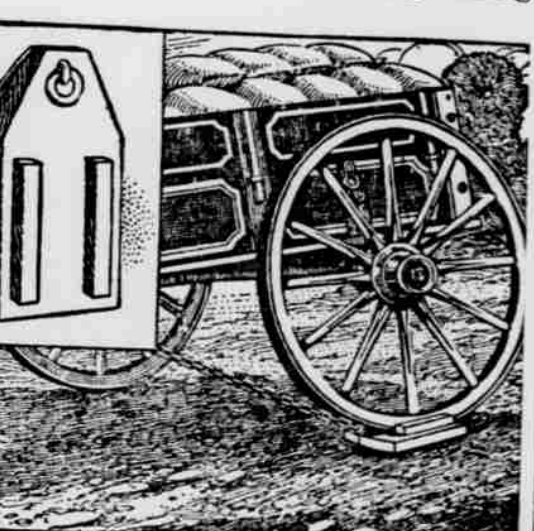
Official figures show that there are in the United States approximately 2,500,000 miles of rural roads of which 12 per cent are classed as improved. Road engineers, however, estimate that no more than one-fourth of 1 per cent of the nation's roads are suitable for motortruck traffic. More than 6,000,000 motor vehicles are now using the highways, and of this number about 500,000 are trucks varying from less than a ton capacity to vehicles capable of hauling five to seventeen loads.

The most conspicuous example of anything approaching the efficiency of a national thoroughfare in the United States is the Lincoln highway. Organized as a private enterprise six years ago, to stimulate good-road building, the officers of the association have raised several million dollars by private subscription and have stimulated the improvement of many sections of the highway by the states and counties through which it passes.

SLIDING SHOES SAVE ROADS

Wooden Device Tightly Fastened to Rear Wheel Does Much to Prevent Ruts Forming.

After a road which has steep grades is carefully repaired, it is disconcerting to see heavy wagons going down the hills with one or both rear wheels tightly clamped by the brake, grinding



A Wide Shoe Placed Under One Rear Wheel of Each Heavy Wagon Which Descended the Steep Hills on a Road Did Much to Prevent Ruts Being Formed.

along the roadway and cutting ruts. On a stretch of road which had suffered greatly from this cause, heavy wagons were provided with a sliding shoe, which was placed under one rear wheel when descending a hill, to furnish braking action. The other wheel revolved and prevented side slip. The shoe was made of hard wood, surfaced on the bottom with sheetiron, and provided with a staple, ring and chain, by which it was attached to the wagon.—J. W. Shaw, Corinth, N. Y., in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

LOCAL MATERIAL NEGLECTED

One of First Economies Engineer Makes Is Utilization of Overlooked Essentials.

When a competent engineer is engaged to look after road building and maintenance one of the first economies he makes in many cases is the utilization of local materials previously neglected or undiscovered.

American Roads Inadequate.

The roads of America today are absolutely inadequate, inefficient, and antiquated. They are not designed to carry heavy traffic.

Urgent Need of Country.

The most urgent necessity of our country is good roads—permanent roads that can be used twelve months in each year.

Spreader Is Necessary.

The manure spreader is a necessity on the dairy farm.

A "DEAD SHOT"—SAYS MINISTER

Black-Draught Given High Praise as a Stomach and Liver Medicine by Well-Known Old Gentleman Who Has Used It.

Mineola, Texas.—The Rev. M. G. Jenkins, a retired minister of the M. E. Church South, living in this city, says: "I have used Black-Draught as a stomach and liver medicine, and have never found its equal."

Once I suffered for two months with cramps and pains, tried everything I could hear of without avail, but Black-Draught was a 'dead shot.'

I am known here and all over the state for my honesty and truthfulness. I am 78 years old and have used Black-Draught for years.

I can highly recommend it to any one as a liver medicine that has no equal. It is excellent for stomach, liver and other ailments. I use it for a bad taste in the mouth, headache and other sicknesses that come from the disorders of the liver."

Thedford's Black-Draught is purely vegetable, and acts actively on the bowels, gently stimulating the liver, and helping to increase the normal discharge of bile into the intestines.

It assists in the digestion of food and relieves constipation in a prompt and natural way.

Try Black-Draught. Buy a package of Black-Draught today.—Adv.

Balance.
"Dad, what's a social scale?"
"Well, generally speaking, old man, it's a place where money is weighed."

"DANDERINE" STOPS HAIR FALLING OUT

Hurry! A few cents will save your hair and double its beauty.



A little "Danderine" cools, cleanses and makes the feverish, itchy scalp soft and pliable; then this stimulating tonic penetrates to the famished hair roots, revitalizing and invigorating every hair in the head, thus stopping the hair falling out, getting thin, scraggly or fading.

After a few applications of "Danderine" you seldom find a fallen hair or a particle of dandruff, besides every hair shows more life, vigor, brightness, color and thickness.

A few cents buys a bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter.—Adv.

The Facts.
"Does a summer engagement call for a diamond ring?" "Most I ever got was an ice-cream soda."

ASPIRIN FOR COLDS

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin—say Bayer



Insist on "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer package," containing proper directions for Colds, Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, and Rheumatism. Name "Bayer" means genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Aspirin is trademark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

Principal and Interest.

"What are the principal places of interest here?"
"The offices of the money lenders."

A BRIGHT, CLEAR COMPLEXION

Is always admired, and it is the laudable ambition of every woman to do all she can to make herself attractive. Many of our southern women have found that Tetterine is invaluable for clearing up blotches, itchy patches, etc., and making the skin soft and velvety. The worst cases of eczema and other torturing skin diseases yield to Tetterine. Sold by druggists or sent by mail for 50c. by Shuprine Co., Savannah, Ga.—Adv.

Enigmatic.

Father—Can the girl you are courting make a good batch of bread?
Son—Well, she can handle the dough all right.