

# The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

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## SYNOPSIS.

Kathlyn Hare, believing her father, Col. Hare, is still alive, leaves her home in California to go to him in Allahabad, India. Umballa, pretender to the throne of that principality, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir. Upon her arrival in Allahabad, Kathlyn is informed by Umballa that her father is dead, she is to be queen and must marry him forthwith. Because of her refusal she is sentenced to undergo two ordeals with wild beasts. John Bruce, an American, saves her life. The elephant which carries her from the scene of her trials runs away, separating her from the rest of the party. After a ride filled with peril to Allah, she is rescued and returned to her father, who is also the ruler of a lion and she is forced to flee from it. She finds refuge in the jungle, only to fall into the hands of slave traders, who bring her to Allah to be the public mart. She is sold to Umballa, who, finding her still unsubmitive, throws her into the dungeon with her father. Bruce and his friends effect the rescue of Kathlyn and the colonel, and the fugitives are given shelter in the palace of Balah Khan. Supplied with camels and servants by that hospitable prince, the party endeavors to reach the coast, but is overpowered by a band of brigands, and the conqueror results in the colonel being delivered to Umballa. Kathlyn and Bruce escape from their captors and return to Allah, where Kathlyn learns that her father, while nominally king, is in reality a prisoner. Kathlyn rescues him, and once more they start away from Allah, but return when they learn that Kathlyn's young sister, who has come to Allah, is being held in a prison. She is crowned queen of Allah. Kathlyn, in disguise, gains admission to Umballa's room, but is discovered by Umballa, who orders that she be offered as a sacrifice to the god Jugersaut. She is rescued and her father and friends. Kathlyn, disguised as an animal trainer, takes part in a public exhibition, reveals her identity to the people and rescues her sister. Kathlyn, her father and Bruce find a hiding place in the home of Ramabal. The latter's wife, Pundita, is the lawful queen of Allah and public sentiment in her favor is growing. The people at last, weary of Umballa's misrule, rise against him.

## CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

When Lal Singh staggered into the house of Ramabal, holding his side in mortal agony, dying, Kathlyn felt the recurrence of that strange duality which she had first known in the Temple of the Lion.

"We have failed," whispered Lal Singh. "The palace soldiers betrayed us! All are prisoners, shortly to be shot. . . Food and water there! . . . Fly!" And thus Lal Singh gave up his cobbler's booth.

As in a dream Kathlyn ran from the house into the street. Winnie would have followed, but Pundita clung to her, refusing to let her go. The stony look in Kathlyn's eyes had warned Pundita of the futility of trying to coerce her.

With the sun breathing in lances of light against the ancient chair armor, her golden hair flying behind her like a cloud, on, on Kathlyn ran, never stumbling, never faltering, till she came out into the square before the palace. Like an Amazon of old she called to the scattering revolutionists, called, harangued, smothered them under her scorn and contempt, and finally roused them to frenzy. She became again in their eyes the white goddess whom no beast nor trap could harm; and they would have gone to the gates of hell at a word from her. And many did.

In her madness Kathlyn turned the tide; and when her father's arm closed round her she sank insensible upon his breast.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A Goddess in Armor.

They tell of it to this day in Allahabad. To be sure, they will elaborate and prevaricate, twist and distort, as only the Asiatic knows how, having an innate horror of brevity and directness; but the basic truth of Kathlyn's exploit is held intact. The hoary old beggar who sits with his beggar's bowl near the steps of the mosque, loquacious, verbose, and flowery, for an 8-anna piece will tell you the tale, which happened all of 30 years ago.

"Thanks, huzoor!" he will begin, carefully scrutinizing the coin and testing its solidity between two fine rows of teeth for a man of seventy. "Ah, that was a day! It was like a day I knew in Delhi, when I was a child; for I saw the great Mutiny. I saw the powder magazine. . . Ah, res, huzoor; it is about the white goddess that you wish to know. But help me over to Ali's coffee house, for it is hot here, and it is a long story."

So you take the old rascal over to and seat him under the umbrellas of Ali, and you will buy him a sugar drink and a smoke from a water bottle, he having brought forth suggestively a cracked amber mouthpiece.

"Huzoor, she came out of nowhere, in a chain armor that shone like rippling water in the sunshine. She was tall and lithe and vigorous, and as beautiful as a dream of paradise.

"When we saw the sahibs and Ramabal trapped by the cowardly soldiers of the palace we found ourselves without a head. The men who led us had vanished. We huddled like sheep, scattered, formed, fired aimlessly, began to run away. And brave Lal Singh, with a bullet through his stomach, staggered off. We were without hope. We were brave enough, but bravery has to be directed. We knew only part of Ramabal's plans."

"And what about this man Ahmed?" "As the kite flies, he ran back to the house of Ramabal when everything had apparently come to an end. For Ahmed loved the white goddess even as you and I love life. He was brave, but as the serpent is—wisely. Did not the white queen of all the English give him a bit of copper to wear on his breast because he was wise as well as brave?"

The old beggar tilted his cup without touching it with his lips and let the sweetened water trickle down his throat.

to run away. Huzoor, Umballa had lined up the white men and Ramabal against the wall in the throne room and was about to send them to their gods, when suddenly I noticed a commotion in the rear of us. We were thrown about like sticks in a whirlpool.

"And then I saw her! Ah, protector of the poor, you white people rule the world because you always know what you want and when you want it. But it is not natural for us brown people to think and act quickly at the same time. I saw her; and I thought at first that the gates of paradise had opened and Allah himself had set her down among us!"

The water bubbles in the bowl of the pipe and a thin stream of smoke trickles from his bearded lips. You must have patience, for he will tell this tale only in his own fashion.

"Straight to the palace steps she ran, waving her arms. Behold! She spoke to us in her own tongue, but Allah is witness that we understood what she was saying! First we grew ashamed, then we stopped running, then we became men, huzoor. The lead tubes began to speak again; and we, too, found our voices. With yells we followed. And there was battle, battle, battle to the very foot of the throne.

"She threw herself between the leveled guns and her people. The soldiers could not fire. And Umballa, seeing that in truth he had lost this time—Umballa fled toward the corridors, and none was quick enough to prevent him.

"But we went shouting after him, through this corridor and that. We could not find him. It seems he escaped through one of the chambers in the zenana."

A shrilling of fifes and a rattling of drums distract you and break in upon the story. A company of trim, wiry Gurkhas tramp past, and you know by the flag they carry under whose rule Allah works out its destiny today.

"What became of the captain of the guards?"

"He was ordered to the arena lions. But we saved him, loosing the arena lions to do so. Huzoor, I am thirsty again."

"And you buy him another cup of sweetened water."

"But we cheered the white goddess that day! There are men who will swear that her feet never touched the earth as she walked. But I knew that she was the daughter of Colonel Sahib, and that she had red blood in her veins, like the rest of us. Women are mysteries. Here was one who fought like an ancient warrior; and yet she swooned in her father's arms! That is all today, huzoor. I am an old man,



A Woman Who Loved Him Hid Him In a Palanquin.

and my throat dries quickly. Come tomorrow and I will tell you more."

But tomorrow comes to find you interested in something else; and the old beggar juggles his bowl before the steps of the mosque, patiently waiting for another listener.

"Kit, Kit!" cried Kathlyn's father when she came to her senses. "My girl, my girl!"

"Dad!"

"How could you do it?"

"Do what?" vaguely.

"Lead a forlorn cause to victory; you, a girl!"

She brushed back the hair which tumbled about her eyes, glanced at the powder-stained faces grouped about her, glanced at the toppled throne, at Bruce, at Ramabal. She made an effort to explain, but the words would not come.

"I would not question her," said Bruce to the colonel. "For my part, I never so thoroughly believed in God as I do now. She does not realize what she has done."

The colonel bent his head reverently.

"We owe our lives to her," said Ramabal. "Somewhere in the dim ages there was a great mother, and today her soul entered the memsahib."

"Mine!" murmured Bruce. "This beautiful, strange woman is mine! God send the day quickly when I can take her in my arms and guard her! Ramabal," he said aloud, "go to the balcony and proclaim Pundita queen. Let us have done with this before there is any chance of Umballa re-

ering. What shall we do with the Council?"

"Wait!" responded Ramabal. "It is for another to say." And he pointed to the marble flags at his feet.

And all understood what honor meant to this man of dark skin.

"Now," he continued, "I wish to go home at once. We will leave a sufficient guard here to watch over the palace. My wife waits; and the death of Lal Singh may have—"

The same thought flashed through Kathlyn's mind; the dagger. Dying Lal Singh had declared that Ramabal was a prisoner; and well would Pundita comprehend what that meant.

"Yes, yes! Let us go quickly!" Kathlyn cried. Pundita might be dead and Winnie crazed with grief.

They left the palace immediately. The overthrow of Umballa seemed to be complete. Everywhere the soldiers surrendered, for it was better to have food in the stomach than lead. Tomorrow there would be many a pyre at the burning ghats, but today was a day of victory.

Every one began to hunt for Umballa. There was as yet no price on his head; it was the zest of hunting only that set the people to it. They ran in and out of Umballa's house, and were not above looting, though word had gone forth that Ramabal would have every looter shot if found in the act. But search as they would, they could find no trace of Umballa.

A woman who loved him—the only one loyal to him in all Allah that day—had hidden him in a palanquin in the garden of brides. Crouched down in the narrow space shuddering at the sound of shot, whether near or far, dying a thousand deaths, wishing he had never been taken from the gutter, willing to give up his jewels, his plate, simply to live.

The woman of the zenana, when the tumult died away completely, found some slaves. She made them divest themselves of the royal turbans and assume ordinary white ones. Then she told them to carry the palanquin to a certain house in the fruit bazaar, to go by side streets, alleys, passages, to avoid all gatherings. Once in the house of her sister, the dancer, Umballa would be safe till he could secretly return to his own house and enter the secret chamber.

When Kathlyn left the palace a thunder of cheers greeted her. Kathlyn was forced to mount the durbur throne, much as she longed to be off. But Bruce anticipated her thought and dispatched one of the revolutionists to the house of Ramabal. Kathlyn held out her hands towards the excited populace, then turned to Ramabal expressively. Ramabal, calm and unruffled as ever, stepped forward and was about to address the people, when the disheveled captain of the guard, whom Umballa had sent to the arena lions, pushed his way to the foot of the platform.

"The arena lions have escaped!" And there were a dozen lions in all, strong, cruel, and no doubt hungry!

Panic. Men who had been at each other's throat, bravely and hardily, turned and fled. It was a foolish panic, senseless, but, like all panics, uncontrollable. Those on the platform ran down the steps and at once were swallowed up by the pressing, trampling crowd.

Bruce and the colonel, believing that Kathlyn was behind them, fought their way to a clearing, determined to secure nets and take the lions alive. When they turned Kathlyn was gone. For a moment the two men stood as if paralyzed. Then Bruce relieved their tension by smiling. He laid his hand on the colonel's shoulder.

"She has lost us; but that will not matter. Ordinarily I should be wild with anxiety; but today Kathlyn may go where she will, and nothing but awe and reverence will follow her. Besides, she has her revolver."

"I believe you're right. She will miss us and start right off for Ramabal's. Boy, she is a goddess. She is supernatural."

"She was this morning. As God is judge, I do not believe she understands or ever will understand what she did. You noticed her eyes? They were like those of a person in a trance. Think of it. To turn the tide at the supreme moment! That coat of mail; her hair falling about her head. . . Ah, colonel, what's the use of beating about the bush? You know I love her. Will you give her to me?"

Without a moment's hesitation the colonel said: "Yes, John. You have proved yourself a man. God bless you both! But we're not out of the woods yet. We've got to find Umballa and lock him up. When that's done I'll be able to breathe."

"I believe it is as Ahmed says: we'll all pull out of this safely in the end. Now, let's go and get the nets. There will not be a dozen men in the whole town who will have sense enough to shoot the lions as they appear. They'll howl and run for shelter. Ramabal's welcome to Allah. Hi, there's one now; see, coming round the corner! I'll pot him."

But ere Bruce could level his weapon the lion turned back, perhaps frightened at the clamor.

Kathlyn was not alarmed upon finding herself separated from the two men she loved so well. Her only concern was to avoid being knocked down and trampled upon. She knew animals. If left quietly to themselves the lions would make for the jungle, but if harried or frightened they would maul any one within reach.

Kathlyn was packed in rather closely, and she was carried past the street which led to the house of Ramabal, though she struggled desperately to push through. She was presently carried into the bazaars. The people in their senseless flight tried to do what they could for her, but self-preservation was their first thought. And it wasn't the cleanest smelling crowd in the world, either.

At the same time Kathlyn was fighting vigorously to get free of the mob, Winnie was struggling with Pundita, striving to wrench the dagger from the grief-stricken wife's hand.

"No, no, Pundita!"

"Let me go! My lord is dead, and I wish to follow!"

"You are a Christian!"

"Al! al!"

"But he may not be dead. Help, help!"

"Is not Lal Singh there dead? Is that not proof?"

"Hither and thither across the floor they fought. But Winnie soon realized that Pundita, being in a frenzy, was strongest. The struggle ended quickly, however, but not through Winnie's efforts. Pundita did something unorthodox: she fainted, dragging Winnie to the floor with her. The young girl's head came into contact with the wall, and she was stunned for a moment. Upon sitting up she did not know exactly where she was. But the calm, high-bred face of the dead Lal Singh recalled the situation clearly, and she went about the resuscitation of Pundita.

As the latter's eyes opened wildly Winnie heard a pouncing at the door. She was pulled two ways. If she answered the summons Pundita might take advantage of her absence and kill herself. Again, it might be the help for which she had called.

Instinctively she snatched up the fallen dagger, ran to the door, peered up cautiously, and recognized one of the revolutionists who had left the house but an hour or two since. She flung open the door.

"Pundita?" cried the man.

Winnie caught him by the sleeve and dragged him into the chamber. . . . Just in time. The distracted Pun-



The Arena Lions Have Escaped!

ditia had plucked another dagger from the wall, and the man stayed her arm even as she struck.

"Highness," he cried, "he lives!" And he recounted the startling events of the morning, the treachery of the palace troops, the coming of Kathlyn in chain armor, the turn of the tide.

"They live!" cried Pundita, and covered her face.

Winnie had not understood a word said, but the expression on Pundita's face was illuminative. She threw her arms around the native woman, and the two of them wept in common. All human beings have two faculties alike, that of weeping and laughing.

To return to Kathlyn: by and by she was able to slip into a doorway, and the bawling rabble passed on down the narrow street. The house was deserted, and the hallway and what had been a booth was filled with rubbish. Kathlyn, as she leaned breathlessly against the door, felt it give. And very glad she was of this knowledge a moment later, when two lions galloped into the street, their manes stiff, their tails arched. Doubtless, they were badly frightened.

Kathlyn reached for the revolver she carried and fired at the animals, not expecting to hit one of them, but hoping that the noise of the firearms would swerve them into the passage across the way. Instead, they came straight to where she stood.

She stepped inside and slammed the door, holding it and feeling about in vain for lock or bolt.

Evidently the lions had halted outside, undecided, for she could hear their sniffling at the doorsill. If they leaped she was lost, for she could not hope to hold the door against the onrush of beasts as heavy as these lions were.

Elsewhere in the bazaars the colonel, Bruce, and Ahmed were setting nets for the recapture of the lions, quite confident that Kathlyn was with this time safe in the haven of Ramabal's house.

The girl glanced hurriedly over her shoulder toward the dim rickety staircase. The moment the sniffling ceased

she withdrew from the door and ran up the stairs to the first landing, to find all these doors lockless! A crash behind announced that the lions had heard her and had entered. There was a second flight, and up this flew the girl. She might fire at the beasts, and even if she succeeded in hitting them it would serve only to madden them. One cannot kill lions with a toy.

Still lockless doors! No safety. She then espied a ladder which gave to the roof top, and up this she climbed. They could not possibly follow her up the ladder, and as she reached the top she knew that for the present she had nothing to fear from the lions.

The interior of the house was of the flimsiest wood, slovenly put together. Along the roof was a parapet. She left the trap one so that she could see all that went on below. Almost as she looked the tawny bodies swept up to the foot of the ladder, and there remained, snarling and spitting and reaching up as far as they could. Somewhere on the way Kathlyn knew that these lions had tasted blood.

It was in this street dwelt the sister of the woman in the zenana, the woman who loved Umballa.

Kathlyn leaned over the parapet. The street was totally deserted. All the doors of the shops were closed and the windows shut. She must fight it out alone. She drew a deep breath and squared her shoulders, a trick she had long ago learned from her father. She had fought battles alone ere this, so she was not without confidence. Perhaps the lions, finding their efforts futile, would depart. She must wait.

It grew to noon. The sun beat down upon her savagely. Here and there she could see fires in the city. Pillage. The muezzin's tower of the mosque was like a finger pointing to heaven. She could even glimpse a patch of white stucco which belonged to the palace.

And she had fought her way that morning to the steps of the palace, as the daughter of the Goth had scaled the steps of the Quirinal in Rome! It was unbelievable! She could not remember anything but the dead Lal Singh and the strong arms of her father as she came out of her swoon. And she had turned defeat into victory! She drew her hand across her eyes.

One of the lions sent up a nerve shaking roar; but Kathlyn did not stir. Silence.

Then, round the passage she saw a palanquin, carried by slaves. She leaned far over.

"Help!" she cried. "Help!"

The bearers paused abruptly, and the curtain of the palanquin was swept back. The Turk sinister visage of Umballa was revealed.

"Thou?" he said. Then his laughter rose up to the girl, motionless through her terror. "Come down, O houri of Sa'adi! Come to the arms of Durga Ram, who loves you! Will not? Woe to thee!" dropping his mockery.

"Yes, Durga Ram, it is I!" replied Kathlyn, finding her voice, insensate rage usurping the throne of terror. "Here I am; come and take me!"

Let him face the lions!

Umballa left the palanquin, opened the door of the house, espied the rubbish in the hall; was in the act of mounting the first steps when one of the lions roared again. Drunk as he was, filled with a drunkard's courage Umballa started back. The lions! Out into the street he went. He turned to the bearers and ordered them to fire the inflammables in the hall. But they refused, for they recognized the chain armor. Mad with rage, Umballa struck at them, entered the hall again, and threw a lighted match into the rubbish.

He left the horrified bearers and staggered to the house where he was to find shelter. He was admitted, the door closed and barred. From a win dow he watched the progress of the fire. At last! He would pass from Allah, but not without his revenge! It was sweet! She could not escape; the lions would bar the way till it was too late. Let her God save her if he could!

The smoke rose quickly. It rolled and poured out of the windows, thick and black. Flame tongues darted hither and yon. Higher and higher till at length the form on the parapet was no longer visible.

Umballa took from his cumberbund his last bottle of wine, broke the neck against the window sill, and drank cutting his lips as he did so.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## GOOD WORK BY ENGINEERS

Peculiar Case of Construction in Chicago Has Elicited Admiration of Experts.

The making of a connection between a tunnel and a large pump well filled with water, without allowing any of the water to flood the tube after the well had been pierced, was the unusual feat accomplished at the Chicago waterworks system. The work was done by lowering into the well a huge shield of cast iron shaped like the back of a turtle. The edges of this shield were provided with rubber-bearing surfaces to make a water-tight connection with walls of the well. When the shield was pumped out the tunnel workers broke through the wall and into the dry cavity formed by the shield. The use of rods 36 feet long for discovering openings, the dynamiting of rock in the tunnel within a few feet of a 40,000-gallon pump, and safety-first provisions in the way of engineering pumps are the special features of the work.—Engineering Record.

Truly There is Nothing New. A French savant once said that there was nothing new except that which has been forgotten." A very true assertion, since even the ancients made attempts to navigate the air and succeeded to some extent.

## MOTHER OF MANY CHILDREN

Recent Birth of "Quintet" to an Italian Recalls Famous "Gravata Case."

The Palermo woman, Rosa Salemi, who presented her husband recently with five boys, all well formed, and, according to the doctor's report, "eating well and crying well," has not wrested the record from the peasant girl, Gravata of Tuscany, says the London Chronicle.

She was the twin daughter of a woman who was herself one of triplets, and married a man of her own class. She set the seal on the family reputation, though she led off modestly with a baby girl. On the next occasion she made her husband a present of six little sons, and followed that the next year with five more. Then came a couple of triplets, which were followed by a quartet. Then ensued a long procession of ones and twos, and, as a wind-up came four boys, bringing the number of her living children up to 62, and assuring to her endless fame in obstetrical annals as the "Gravata Case."

Thackeray and Dickens. Thackeray was always very jealous of the popularity of the novels of Dickens. While from a literary standpoint Dickens does not eclipse Thackeray, yet his works have always been the bigger sellers of the two.

# HIGHWAY IMPROVEMENT

## DEPENDENCE ON DIRT ROADS

They Are of Much Importance to Farmer and Are Good Nine Months in Year if Properly Cared For.

For many years nine-tenths of the roads in the country must be dirt roads. It is on these roads that farmers for the most part go to church and to school. They are much more important than the greater highways of travel in the country. We have a great demand for "good roads," meaning hard-surfaced roads of some sort, whether brick, macadam, gravel or cement; but we have come to a point now when it should be known to all men that since the advent of the automobile no limestone road is worth putting down. In the corn belt, about the only road material we have, outside of our dirt roads, is limestone. The brick road is better in the end than macadam, because it will endure the strain of automobile travel. The cement road is yet in the experimental stage. The gravel road is only possible where gravel is near. Hence the great majority of our farm folks must travel to and from the church and school and nearby town over dirt roads.

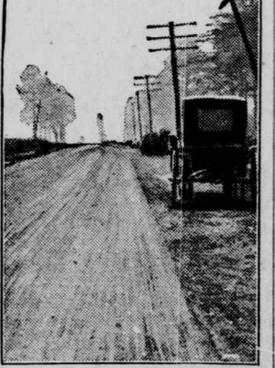
If the dirt road is first properly drained to take off the water that comes in from below or from the side, if it is properly graded up and there are good, permanent culverts and bridges, and it is then properly dragged, the dirt road is good enough for nine months in the year, and longer. If the above conditions are complied with, it is better during most of that time than any macadam or brick road that ever was built.

Some of our readers will say: "Oh, you are singing that old song again. You are talking about the drag." Verily, we are. In our recent trips East, we have been glad to see that farmers in Ohio and Pennsylvania are dragging, says Wallace's Farmer. Although the drag is not as useful there as here, on account of the stones in the road, they are nevertheless using the drag.

There is no use dragging the road until it has been drained and rounded up by the scraper; but after that is done, the drag is the best tool that can be used. Our readers who have automobiles often find during the summer a piece of dragged road that is a delight; and then they run onto a piece where the supervisors evidently had no gumption, a piece of road that causes vexation of spirit if not internal profanity every time the farmer rides over it. It is enough to make even a righteous man mad.

One thing we want to remind you of—that the longer a road has been dragged, the better it becomes. We have never claimed that you could make a perfect dragged road inside of about six years of proper dragging; but dragging improves it from the start, and in time the clay of the road becomes almost like brick, but at the same time smooth and elastic; and if the road be oval and well drained, it is an ideal road.

Our farmers who do not want to take their wives and families over bumpy, bumpy roads, and make them disgusted every time they go to church or to town, should see to it



Road After Improvement With Top Soil Gravel.

that the roads freeze up as smooth as possible this winter. They should get out after every rain now, and drag. "Drag, brother, drag!" If another rain comes, get on the road again and drag some more. Every farmer on these dirt roads should see that his road is dragged smooth before it freezes up. Then there will be no trouble except snow. Dragging won't help that; but nothing else will, not even hard surfacing.

Poor Highways. Poor highways lessen the profit of labor, increase the cost of living, burden the enterprise of the people, dull the morality of our citizenship and hold down the educational advancement of the country.

Cement Culvert Joints. Fill all culvert joints with cement. You don't want water to escape through joints.

Lead to Better Times. Good roads lead to better times.

Take Care of Roughage. One of the great losses on many farms is the waste of abundance of fall roughage feed. Don't let any of it spoil.

Kicking the Hired Man. The man who cannot kick the hired man harder than the hired man kicks the cow doesn't deserve the name of farmer.

Wet Bedding is Bad. Wet bedding will give a pig a cough. There is no profit in coughing pigs.

# "CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

Her Hat. "They say he loves her so much he can even anticipate her thoughts." "Yes, indeed. When we were coming out this evening he said 'Yes, dear, it is on straight,' before she had said a word."

## SAGE TEA DARKENS GRAY HAIR TO ANY SHADE. TRY IT!

Keep Your Locks Youthful, Dark, Glossy and Thick With Garden Sage and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is messy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use tonic called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant. You will also discover dandruff is gone and hair has stopped falling.

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur and look younger. Adv.

Those who walk in the straight and narrow path do not have to mend their ways.

## Good Cause for Alarm

Deaths from kidney diseases have increased 72% in twenty years. People overlook kidney ailments and suppose the constant filtering of poisoned blood weakens the kidneys.

Beware of fatal Bright's disease. When headache or urinary ills suggest weak kidneys, use a tested kidney medicine