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A continuous writes: been a weaderful boon to me in my . Acid blood forms crystals, which ac-

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It have been for years past. I cannot bowels and kidneys.

I have been for years past. I cannot bowels and kidneys.

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Torrier lie. Kentucky, U. S. A.

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### M. E. SILVA Undertaker and Embalmer

prompt and polite attention. I have a parlor far away, in fact, that Necla's signal missite can stop. Runnion's weapon where funera services can be held or bodies kept laid not reached it, for its occupant blazed in his face, but he seither felt



# The Barrier Rex Beach

concealment. he and the gride But the chance re-mained that this man, whoever he weapon of any kind, for in his mind was, would pass by, for his speed was such things are superfluous, and be great, the river a mile in width and the had never fought with any but those bend sharp. Needs had cried Poleon's God gave him nor found any living name, but her companion saw no re-temporal to the Frenchman in this ter. Therefore be had rushed headcome acquainted with and admired by strange looking voyager. In fact, he long against this armed and waiting Lieutenant Burrel, commander of the could not quite make out what was man, reaching for him ever closer and oldiers. II-It becomes known that peculiar about the man-perhaps his closer till the burning powder stung Napoleon Doret, an honest, faithful eyes were not as sharp as hers-and then he saw that the boatman was glone and unseen, and yet it was no naked to the waist. By now he was drawing opposite them with the speed beavy muscled man, was beaten down. smothered and crushed beneath the The girl, garged and held by her

captor's hands, struggled and mouned despairingly, and, crouching back of and mewed in a panting fury. the boat, they might have escaped discovery in the gray morning light had the farther side, where they fell in a upon which their eyes were came toward them, now nothing but a Runnion rose, releasing the girl, who cried out with all her might to the quicker strokes. It was evident he would effect his landing near the lower end of the spit, for now he was with-

every instant Necia heard the gambler call: "Sheer off, Doret! You can't land

here!" She saw a gun in Runnion's hand. down the spit keeping abreast of the

canoe as it drifted.
"Keep away or I'll fire!" threatened Runnion again, and she screamed: "Don't try it, Poleon! He'll kill you!" At her words Runnion raised his weapon and fired. She heard the woods behind reverberate with the cidentally, he claims, narrowly missing choes like a sounding board, saw the white spurt of smoke and the skitter of the bullet as it went wide. It was a long shot and had been fired as a final warning, but Doret made no outery. nor did he cease coming. Instead his paddle clove the water with the same steady strokes that took every ounce of effort in his body. Runnion threw open his gun and replaced the spent shell. On came the careening, crazy craft in a sidewise drift, and with it ridge behind her enemy, not realizing knowing clearly what she would do,

nion raise his gun again and without

self upon him. Again his shot went

grily and thrust her away, for he had waited till the canoe was clore. "Let me go, you devil?" he cried and almost was irresistible. And so it was almost again. But again she ran at over shortly, later, when he turned to the clearer him. This time, however, she did not Poleon rose and ran to the fallen water of the eddy to fill the coffeepot, pit her strength against his, but pausgirl, leaving behind him a huddled and she selzed her chance and sped up the bar toward the bank. The shingle untrust at his elbow, then dodged out der foot and her noisy skirts betrayed her, and with an oath he followed. It was an unequal race, and he handled Again he took alm, and again she deher with rough strong hands when he stroyed it with a touch and danced out of his reach. She was nimble and

you'll be glad of the chance to marry every instant. On the fourth, as she every instant. On the fourth, as she "Let me go!" she panted. "I'll mar, her, cursing wickedly-struck as he ry you. Yes, yes, I'll do it, only don't would have struck at a man. Silently she crumpled up and fell, a pitiful, He led her back to the fire, which draggled, awkward little figure sprawlhad begun to crackle. She was so ed upon the rocks. But the delay weak now that she sank upon the proved fatal to him, for, though the cance was close against the bank and "That's right. Sit down and behave the longe man in it seemed to offer a while I make something hot to drink. mark too plain to be missed, he was You're all in." After a time he con- too close to permit careful aim. Run-

will have, and once you're Mrs. Run-nion nobody 'll ever know about this or think of you as a squaw." were crying like a fighting boy. Then as the gambler raised his arm the Canadian lifted himself up on the bot-He was still talking when the girl tom of the canoe until he stood sprang to her feet and sent a shrill stretched to his full height and leaped-cry out over the river, but instantly As Raunion fired he sprang out and was into the water to his knees, his buckward kick whirling the craft from underneath him out into the current, He silenced her to a smothered, sob-bing numble and turned to see, far risen and jumped all in one moment, launching himself at the shore like a panther. The gun roared again, but All busine a entrusted in my care will receive a man was still a long way off, so of the great brown grizzly that no held unwaveringly to the swiftest nor heeded it, for his bare hands were channel, his lody rising and falling in upon his quarry, the impact of his the smooth, unending rhythm of a body hurling the other from his feet, master boatman under reat haste, his and neither of them knew whether

beside him on the Instant. "Are you the marked that, in addition to whip hurt? Oh, I never thought of that: ping himself with a handful of black Tou must be wounded."

Frenchman felt himself over and looked down at his limbs for the first time. "No; I guess not," he said, at which Neels noticed his meager attire. and simultaneously he became con-scious of it. He fell away a pace, castcanoe, which was now a speck in the

"Ba gosh! I'm h-l of a t'ing for lookin at," he said. "I'm paddle hard: dat's w'y. Sacre, how I sweat!" He hitched nervously at the band of his overalls, while Necla answered:

"That's all right, Poleon." Then, without warning, her face froze with mingled repulsion and wonder. "Look, look!" she whispered, pointing past

Runnion was moving slowly, crawling painfully into a sitting posture, uplifting a terribly mutilated face, dazed and half conscious, groping for posses-sion of his wits. He saw them and grimaced frightfully, cowering and

Poleon felt the girl's hand upon his arm and heard her crying in a hard, sharp voice:

"He needs killing! Put him away!" He stared down at his gentle Necia and saw the loathing in her face and the look of strange ferocity as she met his eyes boldly. "You don't know what he-what he

did." she said through her shut teeth. "He"- But the man waited to hear no more.

onslaught of this great naked fellow. Runnion saw him coming and scram who all the time sobbed and whined bled frantically to all fours, then got on his feet and staggered down the bar. As Poleon overtook him he cried They swung half across the spit to out piteously, a shrill scream of terror, and, failing to his knees, groveled and fear of the lash. His agony dispelled the savage taint of Alluna's aboriginal life against the naked flesh of the othtraining in Necia, and the pure white er, against the distorted face that blood of her ancestors cried out:

"Poleon, Poleon-not that!" She hur ded after him to where he paused above the wretch waiting for ber. "You mustn't!" she said. "That would be nurder, and-and-it's all over now." The Frenchman looked at her wonderingly, not comprehending this sudden leniency. "Let him alone. You've nearly kill-

Runnion, broken in body and spirit, began to beg for his life. "W'at's dat you say jus' now?" Do-

or sure w'at you speak?"

"Yes, but you've done your work. Don't touch bim again." He besitated, and Runnion, quick to

serve it, added his entrenty to hers. "I'm beaten, Doret, You broke me o pieces. I need help-I-I'm burt." "W'at you 'spec' I do wit' 'Im?" the 'anadian asked, and she answered: "I suppose we'll have to take him chere he can get assistance."

"Dat skiff ain' carry all t'ree of us."
"I'll stay here." groaned the frightmed man. "I'll walt for a steamer to
pick me up, but for God's sake don't

ouch me again!"
Poleon looked him over carefully and made up his faird that the man was more injured in spirit than in body, for outside of his battered muscles he showed no fatal symptoms. Although the voyageur was slower to auger than a child, a grudge never died in him. and his simple, self taught creed knew no forgiveness for such men as Runnion, cherished no mercy for preying men or beasts. He glan-ed toward the

wooded shores a stone's throw above. then tack at the coward he had beaten and whose life was forfelt under the code. There was a queer light in his

"Leave him here, Poleon. We'll go away, you and I, in the canoe, and the first boat will pick him up. Come. Necla tugged at his wrist for fear she might not prevail, but he was bent on brushing away a handful of hungry mosquitoes which, warmed by the growing day, had ventured out on the river. His face became wrinkled and

"Blen!" be grunted. "We left 'im here bleenuse dere ain't 'neugh room in de batteau, ch? All right. Dat's good t'ing. But he's see k man, so nebbe I feex it him nice place for stop till dem boats come."

"Yes, yes. Leave me here. I'll make it through all right," begged Runaion. "Better you camp youder on de point. w'ere you can see dese steambout w'en she comes roun' de ben'. Dis is bac place." He indicated the thicket, a quarter of a mile allove which ran out almost to the cut bank. "Come. I help

Runnion shrank from his proffered ssistance half fearfully, but, reassur ed allowed the Frenchman to help him

toward the shore.
"We tell it de first boat 'bout you an' dey pick you up. You wait here, Nocin. The girl watched her rescuer guide

Runnien up to the level of the woods, then disappear with him to the first emerge upon the river bank ngain farther on, for she had feared for an instant that Poleon might forget. There seemed to be no danger, however, for he was crashing through the brush in advance of the other, who followed hiboriously. Once fluunton gained the high point he would be able to command a view of both reaches of the river and could make signals to attract the first steamboat that chanced to come along. Without doubt a craft of some sort would pass from one direction or the other by tomorrow at latest, or, if not, she and Poleon could send back succor to him from the first habitation they encountered. The two men disappeared again, and her fears had begun to prey on her a second time when she beheld the big Cana-dian returning. He was hurrying a bit, apparently to be rid of the mos-cuitoes that swarmed about him, and

to protect his shoulders.

"Woof! Dose skeeter bug is hou gry," he cried.

"Dis filee battenn." Poleon remarked critically; "I mak' it go fas'," and be gan to row swiftly, seeking the breeze of the open river in which to shake off the horde of stinging pests that had risen with the sun. "I come wa: queeck wit'out t'inkin" bout gun or skeeter net or not'in'. Runnion she' len' me dis cont, so mebbe I don' looi so worse lak I do jus' now, eh?"

"How did you leave him? Is h

badly injured?"
"No; I bus' it up on de face an' d rib, but she's feelin' good now, Yes I'm leave 'lm nice place for stop an' walt on de steambout-plaintee spruce bough for set on."

She began to shudder again, and, sensitive to her every motion, he asked solicitously if she were sick, but the

"I-I-was thinking what-supposing you hadn't come! Oh, Poleon, you don't know what you saved me from." She leaned forward and laid a tiny, fateful hand on the huge brown pay but rested on his oar. "I wonder if an ever forget!"

She noted that they were running with the current and inquired:
"Where are we going?"

"Waal, I can't pull dis boat 'gainst dat current, so I guess we pass on till fin' my shirt, deu bimeby we pick it in some steamboat an' go home."

Five miles below his quick eye de tected his half submerged "bark" odged beneath some overhanging fire which from the water's action had rare good fortune it was still upright, although awash. He towed it to the next sand bar, where he wrung out and donned his shirt, then tipped the water from the smaller craft and, making it fast astern of the Peterbor ough, set out once more. Toward noon they came in sight of a little stern wheeled craft that pured and pattered manfully against the sweeping current, hiding behind the points and bars and following the stackest

"It's the mission boat!" cried Necia "It's the mission boat! Father Barnum ".till be aboard."

She waved her arms madly and mingled her voice with Peleon's until a black robed figure appeared beside the

"Father Barnum!" she screamed, and, ecognizing her, he signaled back.

Soon they were alongside, and a pair of Siwash deck hands lifted Necia aboard, Doret following after, the palater of the Peterborough in his teeth. He dragged both canoes out of the boiling tide and laid them bottom up on the forward deck, then climbed the narrow little stairs to find Necla in the arms of a bent nant, white haired priest, the Lest Leloved man op the Yukon, who broke away from the girl to greet the Frenchman, his kind face alight with astonishment.

"What is all this I hear? Slowly, Doret, slowly! My little girl is talking too furiously for these poor old wits to follow. I can't understand. I am amazed. What is this tale?"

Together they told him, while his blue eyes now opened wide with wonder, now grew soft with pity, then blazed with indignation. When they blazed with indignation. When they had finished he laid his hand upon Doret's shoulder.

"My son, I thank God for your good body and your clean heart. You saved our Necia, and you will be rewarded. As to this-this-man Runnion, we must find him, and he must be sent out of the country."

It required some pressure to persuade the Frenchman, but at last be consented, and as the afternoon drew to a close the little steamboat came squattering and wheezing up to the ar where Runnion had bullt that morning, and a long, shrill blast summoned him from the point above When he did not appear the priest took Poleon and his round faced, silent but they found no sign of the crip-pled man-only a few rags, a trampled patch of brush at the forest's edge and that was all. The springy most showed no trail. The thicket gave no answer to their cries, although they spent an hour in a scattered search

again and again.
"He's try for walk it back to came,"
sail Doret. "Mebbe he ain' hurt so
much, after all."

"You must be right," said Father Barnum, "We will keep the steamer close to this shore, so that he can hall us when we overtake him."

And so they resumed their tolisome trip, but mile after mile fell behind them, and still no voice came from the woods—no figure halled them. Doret, inscrutable and stient, lounged against the pilothouse smoking innumerable igarettes which he rolled from squares of newspaper, his keen eyes appar ently scanning every foot of their slow way, but when night fell at last and the bank faded from sight he tossed the last butt overboard, smiled grimly into the darkness and went be

#### (Continued on Monday) FIRST AID TO BEAUTY.

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and wholesome, is more than half the victory in the contest for beauty's prize. As a skin purifier and beautifler, Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream is esteemed by many. Those who doubt its virtues have only to use it where a swatch, slight cut, blackhead or pimple troubles, and its healing and purifying qualities quickly become apparent, and demonstrate its value as an aid to youth and beauty, At Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers.

### COPYRIGHT,1908. BY HARPER & BROTHERS arms updone was and that as the any or all of the last builets had taken (Synopsis of Previous Chapters.) paddle glinted and flushed across to effect. The opposite sale. Poleon had come, like an arrow, CHAPTER 1-John Gale is a trader t Flambeau, a rough outpost of civil-Runnion glowed about hurriedly, straight for his mark the instant he then cursed as he saw no place of glimpsed it, an insensate, unreasoning, concealment. The Peterborough stood raging thing that up weight of lead out upon the lac conspicuously, as did nor length of blade gould stop. In his

igation in Alaska. His daughter Necia is a beautiful young girl, generally beeved to be a half breed, daughter of Gale and the Indian squaw Alluna. with whom he lives. Some hidden burden weighs continually on the trader's mind, and he views with apprehension the arrival of a squad of soldiers at Flambeau. "That means the lew," he says uneasily to Nevia, who has be-French Canadian employed by Gale, is deeply in love with Necia. One Runnion, a dissolute gambler and "bad man " arrives at Flambeau by steamer and in a fight with Burrell is worsted and forced to leave the town. On the departing steamer's deck he menucingy says, "I will return to take a hand in the game." III—Doret gives Necia it not been for the telltale fire—a tiny, fantastic convulsion, slipping and a handsome silk gown brought by him crackling blaze no larger than a man's sliding and rolling among the rocks from Dawson City for her. Arrayed but, it betrayed them. The dancing that smote and gouged and bruised in this, she meets Lieutenant Burrell, craft upon which their eyes were them. The gambler fought for his in this, she meets Lieutenant Burrell, craft who falls madly in love with her, and fixed whipped about, almost leaping he wonders if her blood is really taint from the water at one stroke, then ed. Gale reasserts that she is the ilegitimate daughter of himself and the narrow thing, baif again the width of squaw. IV—Runnion returns with down abreast of them, then past, and Ben Stark, a professional gambler and man-killer with plenty of money, Stark builds a saloon and dance hall at boatman. He made no sound in reply, Flambeau, "No Creek" Lee discovers but drove his cance shoreward with gold in a valley some miles distant, and Necia persuades Burrell to take her there and locate a claim for her. their trip requiring a day and a night in bearing distance and driving closer Lee, Runnion and Stark have gone together to the site of Lee's discovery to locate claims. They are met by Necla and Burrell, and a bitter quarrel to rob Nerth of her claims. Runnion and Stark conspired over her, for he was slowly walking to rob Necia of her claims. Runnion vants the girl, and Stark finds that Necia has a strange, un-explainable fascination for niza. His baby daughter had been stolen years before. Burrell becomes the declared enemy of both Nark and Runnion. A gun held by Gale is discharged, the bullet no

### (Continued)

"No, no, no?" she gasped, writhing like a wild thing, but he crushed his lips to hers again and then let her go, whereupon she drew away from him panting disheveled, her eyes wide and filled with horror. She scrubbed her lips with the back of her hand, as if to crase his mark, while he reached the girl saw coming a terrible tragedy, into the cance and brought forth an She started to run down the graveled ax, a bundle of food and a coffeepot. Then, still chuckling, he gathered a the value or moment of her action not few sticks of driftwood and built a fire. She had a blind instinct to flee but as she drew near she saw Runand sought for a means of escape, but they were well out upon the bar that shought of her own safety threw herstretched a distance of 300 feet to the wooded bank. On one side of the nar- wide as he strove to hurl her off, but row spit was the scarcely moving. his former taste of her strength was current tugging at the beached canoe, while the outer end of the graveled ridge dwindled down to nothing and disappeared into the river. An instant

"So! You lied to me! Well, I'm light and quickened now by a cold through with this foolishness. If calculation of all that depended upon you'll go back on your word like this her, you'll 'bawl me out' before the priest,

tinued as he busted himself about his nion heard him giving utterance to a task: "Say, you ought to be glad to get me. I've got a lot of money, or I strange, feral, whining sound, as if he

he was up and upon her, his hand over her mouth, while she tore at it, creaming the name of Poleon Doret. out on the bosom of the great soiled.

They grappled and fought, alone and unenamped and bit like the muzzle of wolf, while all the time he heard that fearful, inarticulate note of blood hunger at his ear. The Canadian's clinched hands crushed whatever they fell upon as if mailed with metal. The fingers were like tearing tongs that could not be loosed. It was a frightful combat, hideous from its inequalihalf stagmant water of a tiny bay or nothing to this now that she fought ful combat, hideous from its inequaliwhose claws ripped, whose every

his eyes. They grappled and fought

fight, for Runnion, though a vigorous.

girl, leaving behind him a huddled and twisted likeness of a man. He picked her up tenderly, moaning and croon-ing. But as her limp head lolled back, throwing her pale, blind features up to the heavens, he began to cry, this time like a woman. Tears fell from his eyes-burning tears, the agony of which seared his soul. He laid her carefully beside the water's edge, and, holding her head and shoulders in the crook of his left arm, he wet his right hand and bathed her face, crouching over her, half nude, dripping with the sweat of his great labors, a tender, paipliating figure of bronzed muscle and sinew, with all his fury and hate replaced by apprehension and pity. The short moments that he worked with her were ages to him, but she revived beneath his ministrations, and her first frightened look of consciousness was changed to a melting smile.

"W-what happened, Poleon?" she said. "I was afraid." He stood up to his full height, shakped from him, the very bones in him dissolved. For the first time he ut-tered words, "Tank God, ba gosh!" and ran his hand up over his wet face. "Where is be?" She started to her knees affrightedly; then, seeing the

twisted, sprawling figure beyond, be-gau to shudder. "He—he's dead?" "I don't know," said Poleon careless-"You feel it purty good now, eh.

"Yes-I-he struck me!" The remem brance of what had occurred surged over her, and she buried her face in her hands. "Oh. Poleon, Poleon! He was a dreadful man."
"He don' trouble you no more."

"He tried-he- Ugh! I-I'm giad you did it?" She broke down, trembling at her escape, until her seifishness smote her, and she was up and