PAY GRAVEL

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

AN ODD DUEL

SYNOPSIS.—In the late summer of 1876, Peter Dinsdale, on his way to the Black hills to join the throng of gold-seekers, makes the acquaintance of the keeper of a Deadwood gambling house, San Juan Joe, who is returning to Deadwood. On their way through Red canyon Dinsdale and Joe meet a young woman running from a party of Indians. Dinsdale takes her on his horse and the two men ride through her pursuers, killing several. The girl is Lottie Carl, and she has no relatives. Near Deadwood they overtake a prospector whom Joe hails as old "Iron Pyrites." At Deadwood City San Juan Joe, popular in the community, is given an enthusiastic welcome, which is extended to Dinsdale. Joe takes Dinsdale and Lottie to the house of a woman of the town, Kitty the Schemer, Joe's mistress, where the gambler had intended to install Lottie. Dinsdale refuses to allow it, taking Lottie to a house where she will be safeguarded. Dinsdale saves an apparently half-witted individual, known as Scissors, from mistreatment at the hands of a "bad man," Bandy Allen, who vows vengeance on Dinsdale. Scissors' nickname is derived from his ability to cut, with paper and scissors, remarkable likenesses of persons, or anything that strikes his fancy. Dinsdale takes to him. Iron Pyrites arrives in town. At a midnight meeting of road-agents plans are made to rob one of the treasure-coaches. Dinsdale acquires a reputation as a reckless spender and an expert gunman. San Juan Joe, believing Dinsdale to be a train-robber, warns him of the coming of "Jim Omaha," Union Pacific detective, and advises him to take a prospecting trip with Pyrites. Dinsdale appears reluctant. Dinsdale kills Allen. He then takes to the hills with Pyrites. While prospecting, Dinsdale blunders onto a large log cabin. In a cellar Dinsdale finds the proceeds of robberies. A man enters the cabin. Dinsdale knocks him senseless. He makes his way back to Pyrites. The two make their way to Rapid City. In a gambling place a stranger, with a bandaged head, tells Dinsdale his name is "Easy." Telling Pyrites he believes "Easy" is the man he slugged in the cabin, Dinsdale sets out with Scissors for Deadwood. They are ambushed by a band of Ogalala, among whom Scissors had once been a captive. Scissors claims friendship with "Crazy Horse," great Indian chief. The Indians, impressed, take them to their village. During Scissors' previous captivity Sorrel Horse had looked on him as a rival medicine-man. A test of the superiority of the white and red men's "medicine" is arranged.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

—9—

"To be free of Little Big Man's clumsy cords is easy for the medicine of Two Knives Talking," gravely assured Scissors. "Will he find the road to Slim butte open?"

And he brought his hands before him to show they were free.

With a yelp Little Big Man turned and called loudly. Warriors came on the run.

"Two Knives Talking has untied the rawhide," grunted the leader.

Two warriors advanced to Scissors and pawed about behind him, but could find no vestige of the thongs. "Two Knives Talking's medicine ate them up," explained Scissors. "Are the Ogalala afraid I will fly up among the thunder birds, that they must tie me?"

The leader snapped out an order and fresh thongs were brought and Scissors tied up for the second time.

"What the devil did you do with the cords?" whispered Dinsdale from the corner of his mouth.

"In your side pocket," yawned Scissors.

Little Big Man harshly demanded: "Why do white men ride out to Mato Tipi and place rocks in trees?"

"Because we are turning red," was the prompt reply.

"Where is Wichakpa-yamani (General Crook) now?"

"When I am treated as a brother my medicine will tell you," coldly replied Scissors.

"They say you will talk with a very fast tongue when you feel the skinning knives," threatened Little Big Man.

Scissors smiled tolerantly and said: "Crazy Horse will soon set his friend free to walk where he will."

"Two Knives Talking has a weak medicine. It freed him once; now it is very tired," jeered Little Big Man. "My young men may not wait for you to see Tashunca-uitco. They say they want white skin for medicine shirts. They say they are sharpening their knives."

"Little Big Man talks like a Shoshoni singing to the moon," sneered Scissors. "A very wakan man never sleeps."

And to the consternation of the spectators he again brought his hands before him. Men rushed upon him but the cords had vanished. Little Big Man glared murderously, then grew uneasy. A doubt was sprouting in his mind. Mato Tipi was sacred ground, and those who prayed to Tunkan through rocks and stones must be very careful not to give offense. The prisoners were white, yet they had been captured, taken by surprise, when placing rocks in the trees. Scissors read the tumult in the man's mind and whispered encouragement to Dinsdale.

Little Big Man gave an order and both men were released and conducted outside the lodge and tied to the medicine pole, from which hung the strangled puppy. A warrior was told to sit behind them to watch their hands. The warrior obeyed, but did not fancy the task, for it was like spying on some agency controlled by Tunkan. To Dinsdale Scissors said:

"They're badly worried. Every hour we're kept alive improves our chances. Little Big Man won't dare hurt us until he hears from Crazy Horse. Already he has sent a messenger to Slim butte to fill in the details of the mirror-message."

The warrior behind him reached a hand forward and roughly clapped it over his mouth. Scissors' left hand shot to the front and caught the offending palm and at the same time his right hand darted up under the armpit and, pulling and pushing, he sent the guard rolling headlong. The camp was in an uproar in an instant, the warriors scrambling for their weapons. Scissors sternly called out:

"The Ogalala are very foolish. My medicine will grow very angry. Some of you will go to Mato Tipi tonight as ghosts. What do you mean by treating the friends of your war chief in this way? Are we Crows or Poncas?"

Little Big Man chewed his lips and puzzled over the situation. To leave the prisoners' hands free was to confess failure. To tie them up was useless. His quandary was interrupted by the rapid drumming of flying hoofs. A pony raced in among the lodges and a rider threw himself to the ground.

With a gleam of hope lighting his sullen eyes, Little Big Man called on the man to speak.

"Tashunca-uitco and Shunca-luta, his medicine man, even now are riding to this camp," announced the man. "They were on the way here with a dozen warriors when Little Big Man's first messenger met them and told them about the white men. They will be here very soon.'

"It is good!" cried Little Big Man in great relief.

"What's he saying?" muttered Dinsdale.

"Crazy Horse and his medicine man, Sorrel Horse, will arrive in a minute or so. I am very wakan, but only Taku Wakan can straighten this mess out. If only Crazy Horse was coming it would be better. Sorrel Horse is jealous of all medicine men. He'll work to have us skinned alive. But a man ain't done for so long as he can hope."

CHAPTER IX

The Duel of the Medicines

Although Crazy Horse and Sorrel Horse rode into Little Big Man's camp shortly before midnight the prisoners saw nothing of either. Before the great leader of the hostiles arrived the white men were conducted back to the lodge and the flap tightly closed. A small fire was lighted inside and by its light three warriors stood on guard to prevent any attempt at escape. Dinsdale was asleep when the war chief and his escort of a dozen men made the camp and was aroused by the commotion.

On opening his eyes he beheld the three silent figures of the guards, their eyes reflecting the light from the heap of coals. Scissors was awake, and whispered:

"If I can have a talk with Crazy Horse I think we would be all right for a while. But that Shunca-luta will try to keep between us. He ranks high as a mystery man and is a fair magician and ventriloquist. He claims to get his help from Taskuskanskan, their moving god, who lives in the four winds and is never seen, but is represented by Tunkan, who in turn is prayed to through rocks and stones. Queer mess. Reckon a white man can never get it all straightened out. I made a picture of Sorrel Horse when I was prisoner that other time, and it scared him. He's bound to work against us. But I'm wakan. Wish Crazy Horse would come in to look us over."

Scissors would have felt more at ease had he known that the chief's first desire was to have the prisoners brought before him. Sorrel Horse, however, requested time for consulting his medicine, and reported back to the chief that it would be better to wait until the sun rode the sky. Although considerably disturbed that the chief should ignore him, Scissors dissimulated and Dinsdale fell asleep and did not awaken until morning. With the sunrise came another kettle of meat. Scissors pronounced it to be mule deer and Dinsdale ate heartily. After they had eaten, Little Big Man visited them, and he could not conceal his secret exultation. Scissors pretended not to see him, and after waiting several minutes the Indian said:

"Now Shunca-luta has come Two Knives Talking has lost both his medicine and tongue. They say the white man was tied up all night and could not get free."

Scissors, who had finished his bowl of meat and had his hands free, picked up some thongs his guards had left on the ground and rolled them into a small ball and held them in one palm. Then his fingers closed over them, contracting as if squeezing them into a very small compass, then flew open and the ball had vanished.

Little Big Man scowled malevolently. Scissors said:

"Two Knives Talking finds his medicine is still strong. It grows weary of working on children. Send in Shunca-luta with his medicine. Then we shall see."

Just outside the entrance a deep voice boomed: "The white man's medicine is very strong. But the medicine of Shunca-luta will eat it up. Two Knives Talking once ran away from the Ogalala. Now Shunca-luta's medicine brings him back. This time, they say, he will not leave until he goes away to be a ghost."

Little Big Man's eyes glittered at this threat.

Scissors called back: "Shunca-luta is very wakan, but Taku Wakan has not whispered in his ear. Why does he stay outside the lodge? The white man will not hurt him."

Sorrel Horse at once appeared in the entrance. Like the famous Sitting Bull, who is said to have foretold the Custer massacre, he wore a bunch of shed buffalo hair fastened to the side of his raven locks. This hair was wakan and was painted red and recalled the times when the buffalo filled the plains. It was also a symbol of the coming of the White Buffalo Maiden. His medicine pouch was formed from badger paws and bad bears' claws as pendants; for it was from the bear that he had learned how to treat adults, while the badger told him through the medium of dreams how to cure children. He also carried the bent stick of one who has dreamed of a wolf. But it was his renown as a magician, and not his success as a healer, that elevated him high among the wakan witshasha, and high above the grass-root medicine men.

Scissors invited: "Sit down and let our medicines talk it over."

But Sorrel Horse did not intend to waste any dramatic effects before so small an audience. Outside the stage was set for convincing Crazy Horse that even High Wolf, the Cheyenne, was far below Shunca-luta in matters of magic. Ignoring the white man he said to Little Big Man:

"Bring the prisoners out in the sunlight. That man's medicine does not like the sunlight. It works best under the moon."

The prisoners were at once led forth and seated before the medicine pole. Dinsdale was glad to observe that the strangled puppy had been removed. Rawhide was looped around their waists, and tied to the pole, but their hands were not secured. In a half-circle before them sat forty warriors. Scissors glanced anxiously about for Crazy Horse, but the chief was not present.

Sorrel Horse, sensing he was the principal figure in the scene until Crazy Horse should put in an appearance, carefully spread a wolf skin and after seating himself crosslegged before it made much of peering into a mirror. He took pains to turn the mirror so the curious warriors could observe the new moon and sun painted in white on its face. His vanity was highly pleased as he noted how intently the spectators followed every move he made.

Little Big Man stared triumphantly at the prisoners and nodded to their guards. The signal had been prearranged, as the guards promptly searched Dinsdale and took nearly four thousand dollars from his pockets. The money was mostly in greenbacks. The time was gone when the Indian was ignorant of money values, and while they still called money "white metal," they knew a piece of paper money was often worth several silver dollars. Beady eyes glittered as the bills and a bag of dust were placed on a blanket before Little Big Man. From Scissors only a small amount of money was taken; and Little Big Man tickled the fancy of his followers by ironically advising:

"Two Knives Talking should make a feast for the white man's metal god."

When the pad of paper and small scissors were held up Little Big Man hesitated, then shook his head. Paper and scissors were very much wakan and he did not care to assume charge of them.

The tinkling of a bell now stirred the spectators to sharp attention and heads were turned as their mighty chief stepped from a lodge back of the half-circle. Crazy Horse at that time did not look over thirty years of age, and stood a few inches under six feet. He carried himself with great dignity and the stern expression of his bold features was accented by a scar. His people knew him to be as generous as he was courageous, and his practice of never retaining any property for himself, aside from his arms and war ponies, was bound to extend his popularity among all the hostiles and their allies.

If Sitting Bull by his medicine foretold the destruction of Custer's men, then it was Crazy Horse who assumed victory at the outset, when on encountering Reno's men he saved his followers from a disastrous panic by braining a soldier with a stone war club and leading a counter charge. And what must place him high in the estimation of all fighting men was his insistence that no warrior should pass him when he gave the order to attack. He was a great general; intensely loyal to his people and their cause, a patriot who had no use for wealth. And Taku Wakan could ask no more of any of his dusky children.

As he walked around the end of the circle to take a position beside Little Big Man he was wearing his feather bonnet and other warpath regalia. In one hand he carried a Winchester rifle and in the other a twelve-foot coup wand of willow. The wand was decorated with symbolic feathers, bits of fur, and the tinkling bell. He dropped on a robe beside Little Big Man and placed his rifle across his lap and rested the end of his coup wand on the ground, and stared stolidly at Scissors. His gaze quickened as it shifted to the pile of greenbacks and dust in front of Little Big Man. The treasure meant nothing to him except as it represented so many magazine guns and fixed ammunition.

"The white man with the talking knives will tell why he came to the Teton country," he abruptly commanded.

Scissors needed no interpreter, and began to explain why he and his friend had gone to Mato Tipi to make stone offerings to Tunkan so the god would send forth his "flying rocks" to learn where Tash-unca-uitco was to be found.

"And while we were asking this of Tunkan our prayer was answered," Scissors continued. "He who lives on Mato Tipi at times sent Little Big Man and his braves to lead us to Tashunca-uitco, and it is well. I brought this white man with me, as his life was not safe among white men.

"And While We Were Asking This of Tunkan Our Prayer Was Answered," Scissors Continued.

He was caught while trying to take a load of ammunition to the Cheyennes. He escaped from the soldiers and fled with me to find the Ogalala. He brought some of the white man's money with him as a present to Tashunca-uitco."

"Tashunca-uitco needs no presents of money from the white men," harshly informed Crazy Horse. "What he needs he takes."

And he shook his coup wand till the little bell tinkled madly. Loud grunts of approval met his declaration. Loud cries of "washté-helo!" were raised when he pointed to the greenbacks and directed:

"Give it to the men who have lost horses and lodges."

If there was one disgruntled warrior it was Little Big Man. Sticking up from between his crossed legs were the butts of Dinsdale's guns. Crazy Horse, who ever had a great love for excellent firearms and who packed three Winchester rifles with him and one or more hand guns, touched the big revolvers and said, "I will take only these."

Little Big Man passed them over and for several minutes the war chief examined them knowingly and his features grew animated as he realized their excellence. Suddenly he ceased his inspection and asked of Scissors:

"This is the white man who was caught by soldiers while bringing ammunition to the young braves at Spotted Tail agency?"

His expression was almost genial as he put the query, but Scissors shook his head and repeated:

"My white brother was carrying ammunition to the Cheyennes on the Rosebud."

A scowl of disappointment darkened the chief's visage. Had Scissors replied in the affirmative several men from the agency were ready to brand him as a liar, for they knew the man Crazy Horse had referred to. Crazy Horse stared at the ground and twirled a revolver by the trigger guard. None ventured to break the silence, and at last he said:

"They say the white man is a friend of High Wolf."

"He was welcome in his lodge in Montana one winter ago. He hunted with some of the young Cheyenne men."

Crazy Horse fixed his gaze on Dinsdale, but understanding nothing of the Teton dialect the prisoner's face betrayed nothing. It was useless to question him, as Scissors would answer for him. The chief seemed to lose all interest in the alleged friend of High Wolf and abruptly asked:

"Where is Frank?"

"Frank Gruard?" asked Scissors.

The chief nodded. Gruard, a native of the Sandwich islands, had been captured by Crazy Horse's men while serving as mailcarrier in Montana. Because of his dark complexion he was believed to be an Indian who had been taken prisoner by the whites while very young. He had lived with the Indians for several years and was thought highly of by both Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull. Scissors truthfully answered that Gruard was serving as guide and scout for General Crook's forces.

Instead of showing any resentment Crazy Horse said:

"He was a good man. I would like to see him and call him Kola again. Shunca-luta has his mystery glass and is seated by his wolf robe. What does his medicine tell him?"

Sorrel Horse, who had been chagrined at the lack of respectful attention, became busy immediately. He opened a roll of red cotton cloth and from a wad of eagle down gently picked up a small round stone and whispered to it and then held it to his ear for nearly a minute. Carefully replacing the sacred stone on the eagle down he boasted:

"Shunca-luta's medicine is very strong. It has teeth like the gray wolf. It will bite the medicine of Two Knives Talking into many pieces."

With the aborigine's love for the dramatic the spectators leaned forward, the copper faces revealing their rapt attention. No duel could compare with a duel between rival medicines. Crazy Horse, too, was intensely interested, and Shunca-luta was at his best when demonstrating his wizardry before an appreciative audience. After glancing haughtily about he closed his eyes for a moment as if summoning spirit strength, then swiftly extended a hand high above his head and plucked a deck of playing cards from the air. A sibilant hiss of approval rewarded his sleight-of-hand. Holding the cards face down for a moment he carelessly threw them on the ground within reach of Scissors. Then, apparently without looking at the white man, requested:

"Let Two Knives Talking pick out one if his medicine is not asleep."

Scissors selected a card and almost immediately Shunca-luta brought the tips of his index fingers and his thumbs together to form the shape of a diamond and announced: "Squaw."

Scissors held up the card so all might see it was the queen of diamonds. Several other cards were "read" in a like manner. Then the medicine man scooped them up and made a motion of tossing them into the air, and they were gone and his hand was empty.

"For an Indian he's clever with cards," Scissors said in English for Dinsdale's benefit.

During the second his gaze was off the medicine man the cards dropped before him as if falling from the sky. A murmur of approval warned Scissors he must be on his mettle. He tore a sheet of paper from his pad and did something to it with his scissors. Folding the paper he requested Crazy Horse to hold it in his left hand. The chief hesitated for a moment, then accepted the paper and clinched it tightly to make sure it did not vanish. Scissors then proceeded to pick up the cards and to shuffle them with a dexterity that would have won the hearty admiration of San Juan Joe or French Curly.

Next he extended his two hands, the deck in his left palm, and asked the medicine man to look at the top card, to announce it and then cut the deck, placing the cut in the right palm and burying it with the remainder of the pack. Sorrel Horse unwillingly complied, his common sense warning him his rival would not embark on anything that was destined to be a failure. He held up the three of hearts and buried it in Scissors' right palm with a shallow cut.

Even as his hand was completing the cut Scissors asked him to turn up the top card. It was the three of hearts. Sorrel Horse was sullen of face and endeavored to balk the white man's skill by cutting the deck to the left hand before Scissors could speak. Then with a grin of triumph he turned up the top card only to grunt in disgust on beholding again the card he had tried to bury.

"Don't ever ask me to play poker," muttered Dinsdale.

"They never saw any one reverse the cut with one hand," mumbled Scissors. "And I'm wakan." As he spoke he began shooting the cards back and forth until they seemed to fly from hand to hand of their own volition, and finished by opening them in a big fan. With a flourish he shoved them toward Crazy Horse and requested him to draw one. The chief scowled and seemed disinclined to participate in the demonstration. But the warriors were like children in their eagerness to behold the completion of the mystery, and he darted his fingers toward an end of the fan.

But even more rapidly did the trickster's fingers, concealed by the opened deck, convey to the danger point the card he desired to force upon the chief. Crazy Horse had no suspicion that his choice had been influenced in any way by the white man, but when he observed he had drawn the three of hearts he was deeply irritated. He cast the card on the ground and eyed it malevolently. But Scissors was not done. He asked the chief to show the paper he was still holding in his left hand. Crazy Horse unwillingly smoothed out the paper and beheld, in a perpendicular line, three hearts.

"Washte-helo!" he muttered, staring thoughtfully at the piece of paper. Thus far it was obvious that Two Knives Talking could bring to light anything Sorrel Horse sought to hide, and could even foretell—as evidenced by the paper—just what the medicine man would attempt to conceal. Sorrel Horse felt his reputation slipping. He stared off at the Black hills, conjuring help from Mato Tipi, the Grizzly Bear lodge, where Tunkan's power dwelt.

Dinsdale's spirits mounted as he beheld his friend's legerdemain surpassing that of the red conjurer; and despite his anxiety over their situation he could not refrain from speculating on his companion's cunning. He did not believe that any one in Deadwood City suspected the picture-man's adeptness. And he wondered in how many other ways would Scissors prove to be a surprise.

Sorrel Horse now proceeded with his next trick. He drew a short knife and stabbed it into the ground several times to prove it was a genuine blade. Then throwing back his head and opening his mouth he began, apparently, forcing the knife down his throat.

This in itself was sufficient to evoke a low chorus of applause, mixed with grunts of wonder. But the medicine man had yet to appear at his magical best. Dropping on his side he groaned. He appeared to be very ill, and a thin voice that seemed to float in the air, begged for a lighted pipe.

One was brought and placed beside him on the robe. He stuffed the bowl in his mouth and blew the smoke through the stem, then he inhaled it. As he kept this up for a dozen whiffs the perspiration stood out on his sharp features and his copper skin took on the color of ashes. Dinsdale believed he was dying. Scissors smiled complacently and watched closely. Suddenly tossing the pipe aside and clutching a hand to his naked ribs he plucked forth the knife, and his physical appearance quickly became normal.

"Washte-helo!" exclaimed Crazy Horse.

Inflating his chest Sorrel Horse haughtily asked:

"What does the white medicine say to that?"

"It says this," answered Scissors, snatching up the knife. A guard lunged forward to pluck it from his hand and found it empty. Crazy Horse called out for the man to desist. Now undisturbed Scissors made the knife appear and disappear with bewildering rapidity. He seemed to pull it from his ear, his leg, and to spit it from his mouth. It vanished for the last time only to appear from over his right shoulder, whirling rapidly and striking on its point in the wolf robe near the foot of Sorrel Horse.

Before the medicine man could essay more of his magic the white man held up a small square of paper in his left hand. Then he waved his scissors above his head, while the nimble fingers of the left hand folded the paper several times. Then advancing the paper toward Crazy Horse he daintily snipped off a protruding corner. Opening the paper he revealed that the one movement of the blades cut out a perfect star of five points. Until the simple trick was explained it must remain a big mystery to the wondering spectators, and a mystery is always wakan, therefore a medicine.

Especially did it appeal to Crazy Horse, inasmuch as the star reminded him of General Crook, or Three Stars. And how could one stroke of the two blades cut it out? His face was somber as he turned to Sorrel Horse and asked:

"Is there more medicine?"

Sorrel Horse, now desperate in his desire to prove the superiority of his magic, replied:

"Let Shunca-luta and the white man be tied fast and placed in a lodge together. We will see whose medicine comes first to take off the rawhide."

"What's your guess as to the outcome of this strange duel? If Scissors wins, what then?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Real Meaning of Words Used Almost Every Day

When a person is in an unhappy predicament—"between the devil and the deep sea"—he is sometimes said to be "between Scylla and Charybdis." According to a Greek legend, these were two monsters, one of which lurked on each side of a narrow sea passage. In steering his vessel in such a way as to escape one the unlucky mariner fell into the clutches of the other.

There are two words—panic and hygienic—which we use almost every day. "Panic" is a sudden, unreasoning fear of something. It is derived from the name of the god of shepherds—Pan—whose presence as he lurked invisible amongst the thickets or reeds, made itself felt by mortals, and suddenly smote them with a fear so acute that they fled from the unseen. "Hygienic" is derived from the name of the goddess of health—Hygeia.

How many people realize when they speak of putting an animal into a lethal chamber that the name comes from Lethe—a river on the borders of Hades—whose waters brought forgetfulness to whoever drank of them? And when they describe something as being in a state of "chaos" do they ever think that they are naming the first of all the old heathen gods—Chaos—who ruled over confusion before any other gods existed?

"Under his aegis" is another phrase often used. "Aegis" was the name of the shield of the goddess of wisdom, Minerva, and is used to indicate what the shield afforded—protection.

African "Conjuring"

On the west coast of Africa natives of the "bush" claim to have two souls. One animates the person's human body, the other takes on the "were (wer) shape," by means of a magic draft handed down through the ages. In that land evil spirits lurk in the rocks, trees and the rivers. Here the Goddess Nimm (great oval-shaped rock in a river) keeps her vigil and doles out revenge or help to the supplicant at her shrine. Sixty per cent of the deaths in West Africa are believed to be due to witchcraft or sorcery. From these ancestors our southern negro inherits his belief in the power of the voodoo, and his "conjuring" practices are a direct throwback to the "bush" folk.—New York Times.

Secrets are like money—good for nothing unless placed in circulation.

Forms of Government

"A republic is different from an autocracy."

"Undoubtedly," answered Senator Sorghum. "In a republic as far as you can go is to order a man to resign at sunset or take the consequences. In an autocracy you can have him shot at sunrise."—Washington Star.

Tempus Fugit

Do it now. Today will be yesterday tomorrow.—Boston Transcript.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer"-Insist!

For Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Colds

Safe — Accept only a Bayer package which contains proven directions

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Don't Suffer From EPILEPSY—FITS

Epilepsy or fits. Our positive and complete relief is yours at last! Indorsed by the greatest medical specialists in the world. Avoid quacks; complete diagnosis of your case, together with fullest information of our wonderful treatment sent upon request. Write today and be relieved forever of all your ills and embarrassments.
THE EPILEPSON LABORATORIES
1257 Linden Avenue BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PAXTINE IS FOR WOMEN

who have feminine ills that need local treatment—Douches of Paxtine Antiseptic destroys disease germs, heals inflammation, ulceration and stops the discharge. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. recommended Paxtine for years in their advertising. A pure white powder to be dissolved in water as needed—one box makes gallons of strong antiseptic solution that gives positive satisfaction—60c at druggists or postpaid by mail. THE COMFORT POWDER COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Practically Ideal

Ah, how happy would many lives be if individuals troubled themselves as little about other people's affairs as about their own.—Lichtenberg.

Don't chuckle if you put over a substitute when an advertised product is called for. Maybe your customer will never come back.

Ben Mulford, Jr.

Original

"Has Uppish any original ideas?"

"Yes; he thinks he's some punkins."—Boston Transcript.

The only way to make men speak good of us is to do good.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
For Corns, Bunions, Tired and Aching Feet
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent Free. Address ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N. Y.

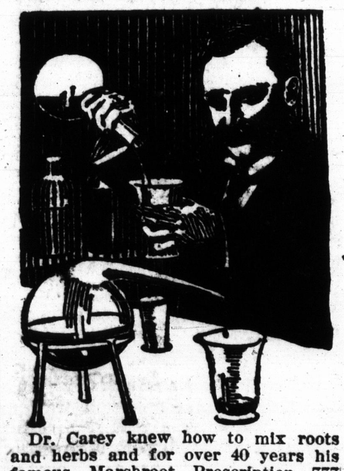
Roots and Herbs Best for Kidneys

Daniel G. Carey, M.D.

BACKACHE

said Dr. Carey is a pretty sure sign that all is not well with your kidneys.

Delay may be dangerous—thousands of people die every year from kidney troubles and many could be saved if the right medicine was taken in time.



Dr. Carey knew how to mix roots and herbs and for over 40 years his famous Marshroot Prescription 777 helped thousands of despairing people. It's the one remedy for backache troubles. Don't take chances—ask your druggist for it by name—liquid or tablet form—equally good, 75c. If your local druggist hasn't it he can get it from the Carey Medical Laboratories at Elmira, N. Y.

Pesky Devils Quietus
P. D. Q.

P. D. Q., Pesky Devils Quietus, is the name of the new chemical that actually ends the bug family, Bed Bugs, Roaches, Ants and Fleas, as P. D. Q. kills the live ones and their eggs and stops future generations. Not an insect powder but a chemical unlike anything you have ever used.

A 35 cent package makes one quart and each package contains a patent spout, to get the Pesky Devils in the cracks and crevices.

Your druggist has it or he can get it for you. Mailed prepaid upon receipt of price by the Owl Chemical Wks, Terre Haute, Ind.