

Goodness Has a Price "SALADA" TEA

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BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

That brilliant member of the Secret Service whom England preferred to know as

Andre Duchemin, had incurred the hatred of the Bolsheviki. To protect his life, his superiors ordered him to disappear. He decided to go to southern France.

With Stevenson's "Travels With a Donkey" as guide-book, he visited by moonlight that weird city of monoliths, famous Montpelier-le-Vieux.

Entering this sinister desert, his attention was attracted by the skulking actions of a bulky individual in the uniform of the A.E.F.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER III

BATTLES BY MOONLIGHT.

Now the last of the A.E.F. had long since said farewell to the shores of France. Then, too, Monsieur Duchemin knew that the uniform of the Americans had more than frequently been used by those ancient acquaintances of his, the Apaches of Paris, as a cloak for their own misdoings. So it didn't need the air of stealth that marked this business to persuade him there was mischief in the brew. He got in motion to investigate without stopping to debate an excuse for so doing, and several seconds before he heard a woman's cries.

Duchemin broke into a run that carried him round still a corner and plumped him headlong into the theatre of villainy.

This was a open ground—a rudely oval pit little less than seven hundred feet in its narrowest diameter and something like four hundred in depth, a vast black well against whose darkness the blue-white moonlight etched a strange grouping of figures, seven in all.

On his one hand Duchemin saw a woman in mourning clasping to her bosom a terrified young girl, the author of the screams; on the other, three men close-locked in grimest combat, one defending himself against two with indifferent success; while in between stood a third woman with her back to and perilously near the chasm, shrinking from the threat of a pistol in the hands of the fourth man.

This last was the one nearest Duchemin, who was upon him so suddenly that it would be difficult to say which was the more surprised when Duchemin's stick struck with the pistol hand of the other with such force as must have broken his wrist. As he swung round, clutching the mained member; and then, seeing his assailant for the first time, he swooped down to recover the weapon so swiftly that it was in his left hand and spitting vicious tongues of orange flame before Duchemin was able to get in a second blow.

But there was the abrupt end of that passage. Smitten cruelly between the eyes, the fellow grunted thickly and went over backwards like a bundle of rags, head and shoulders

of a face hideously distorted with working features and disfigured with smears of soot through which insane eyeballs rolled and glared in the moonlight.

Then a hand like a vice gripped his windpipe, he was on his back, his head overhanging the edge of the floor, a thumb was feeling for one of his eyes. Yet it could not have been much later when he and his opponent were standing and swaying as one, locked in an embrace of wrestlers.

Still, Duchemin knew as many tricks of hand-to-hand fighting as the other, perhaps a few more. And then he was, no doubt, in far better condition. At all events the fellow was presently at his mercy, in a hold that gave one the privilege of breaking his back at will. A man of making his scruples, Duchemin failed to do so. A thrust and a kick, which he enjoyed infinitely, sent the brute spinning out to land on his head.

The fall should have broken his neck. At the worst it should have stunned him. Evidently it didn't. When Duchemin had scrambled up to the box, captured the reins and brought the nags to a stop, he saw the signs of his Apache by the roadside.

Not five figures but four only were waiting beside the cirque when, wheeling the barouche as near the ground, he climbed down. A man lay at length in the coarse grass, his head pillowed in the lap of one woman. Another woman stood aside, trembling and bringing aged hands. The third knelt beside the supine man, but rose quickly as Duchemin drew near, and came to meet him.

In this one he recognized her to whose salvation chance had first led him, and now found it time to approach a face of pallid loveliness, intelligent and composed, while she addressed him quietly and directly. An exquisite voice. English, he guessed, or possibly American, but much at home in France.

"Monsieur d'Aubrac has been wounded, a knife thrust. It will be necessary to get him a surgeon as quickly as possible."

"If monsieur would be so good," Duchemin knelt beside the man, who welcomed him with open eyes and a very smile that was almost as faint as his voice.

"It is nothing, monsieur—a clean cut in the arm, with some loss of blood."

The young girl in whose lap rested the head of Monsieur d'Aubrac sat back and watched Duchemin with curious, grave eyes in which traces of moisture glistened.

"Had the animal at my mercy, I thought," d'Aubrac apologized, "when suddenly he drew that knife, struck me and broke away."

"I understand," Duchemin replied. "But don't talk. You'll want all your strength, my friend."

With his pocket-knife he laid open the sudden severs of coat and shirt, exposing an upper arm stained dark with blood that welled in ugly jets from a cut both wide and deep.

"Artery severed," he announced, and straightened up and looked about, at a loss. "My pack—"

The woman who had spoken to him found and fetched it from no great distance; and its contents enabled Duchemin to improvise a tourniquet, and when the flow of blood was checked, a bandage.

With d'Aubrac disposed as comfortably as might be in the barouche, Duchemin turned to find the other women at his elbow.

To the eldest he offered a bow suited to her condition and a hand to help her into the barouche.

"Madame . . ."

The gentle inclination of the aged head which acknowledged his courtesy and was as eloquent of her quality as he found the name which she gave him in her answering accents.

"With madame's permission: I am Andre Duchemin."

"Monsieur Duchemin has placed us all deeply in his debt, Louise . . ."

Waiting in the middle of a broad avenue of misshapen obelisks, a dilapidated barouche on either side its pole drooped two sorry specimens of crowsfoot. And their pained amazement was so unfeigned that Duchemin laughed aloud when the fat rogue bounded to the box, snatched up reins and whip and curled a cruel lash round their bony flanks.

Since it took them some moments to come to their senses and appreciate that all this was not an evil dream, Duchemin's hands were clutching the back of the carriage when the horses broke suddenly into an awkward lumbering gallop.

The moment Duchemin found his own feet in the swaying vehicle he leaped on the shoulders of the other and dragged him backward from the box.

What followed was not very clear to him, a melange of impressions. The mock-American fought like a devil unchained. The animals at the pole ran away in good earnest, that wretched barouche rolled and pitched like a rudderless shell in a crazy sea, the two men floundered in its well like fish in a pail.

They fought by no rules, with no science, but bit and kicked and gouged and wrenched and struck as occasion offered and each to the best of his ability. Duchemin caught glimpses

of a face hideously distorted with working features and disfigured with smears of soot through which insane eyeballs rolled and glared in the moonlight.

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"Madame . . ."

Wilson Publishing Company



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pupils enter the contest will naturally have the best chance of winning the special prize.

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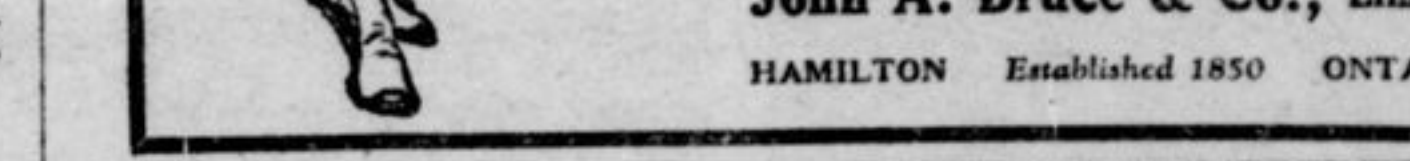
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WHY CLIMB MOUNT EVEREST?

When we see a hill we are sooner or later driven to try and get to the top of it. We cannot let it stand there forever without our scrambling up it. Partly this is because we would like to see the view from the top. But more especially is it because the hill presents a challenge to us. We must match ourselves against it and show that we can get to the top. . . . It is an exertion to get to the top, but we enjoy making it. We are doing something that makes us proud of ourselves and gives us inner satisfaction.

But when we first look at Mount Everest it is a very different proposition. To get to the top of that we never dream. It is right up in the skies—far beyond human reach. So it seems to us. And hundreds of millions of Indians have through the ages looked up at the great Himalayan peaks and not dared to think of climbing even the minor giants, much less the monarch of them all. . . .

How then is it that islanders from the North Sea should have thought of such a thing? Far back we owe the inspiration to the Swiss and Italians. The Alpine peaks are only about half the height of the Himalayan giants. But even they had been looked on with dread and horror till at the end of the eighteenth century the Swiss De Saussure and the Italian Placidus a Sceschia tackled their highest summits. . . .

And once the highest mountain in the Alps had been conquered, the lesser peaks also fell. And soon our English were following in De Saussure's steps. Through all last century we were engaged in conquering the Alps. And when they were well subdued, we turned to higher game. . . .

Abolition grew with success. The Alps, the Caucasus and the Andes had been conquered. And men were already turning their thoughts to the great Himalaya. . . .

The main attack on the great peaks has, however, been made by men from Europe. Trained in the technique of mountain craft which has gradually developed in Alpine climbing. They came from nearly every European country, as well as from America. . . .

And so we come back to the point from which we started. This determination to climb Mount Everest has grown out of the ordinary impulse men have to climb the hill in their neighborhood. In the case of Mount Everest a mightier effort is required, but the impulse to make it is of the same origin. . . .

Man . . . has that within him which will not let him rest until he has planted his foot on the topmost summit of the highest embodiment of the lower. He will not be daunted by bulk. The mountain may be high, but he will show that his spirit is higher. And he will not be content until he has it in subjection under his feet. . . .

This is the secret in the heart of the idea of climbing Mount Everest. And in proving his powers, man would find that joy which their exercise ever gives.—From "The Epic of Mount Everest," by Sir Francis Younghusband.

Schools and Disease.

There is a greater amount of spreading of disease through schools than elsewhere. Communicable diseases will spread through child contact. In our opinion, however, it is more than dangerous to close a school-room where a child suffering from a communicable disease has been found, fumigate the premises and re-admit the children without medical or nurse inspection.

Fumigating makes parents falsely believe that all germs have been killed and their children are safe. To permit children after being exposed to communicable disease to go back to school without inspection is to turn an outbreak into an epidemic.

These diseases involve children—not rooms. Practically every communicable disease starts from infection in the nose and throat. A close watch, therefore, on the nose and throat of the child will do more than any other measure to get the outbreak under control.

It is much safer to have your child in school, with daily inspection, during an epidemic, than to let him play on the street with un-inspected children who may be carriers of disease. All children with suspicious throats are sent home from school, therefore those allowed to remain are all "safe" playmates.

Home Gives Child Self-Reliance and Poise.

Every child wants a pet and a sand pile. And they are his inalienable rights. They should be his; his very own to romp with and in as he pleases.

Most of all though he should have a home which he knows his daddy owns. It helps his self-reliance.

The child should have his own playground just as he has his own toys. It means more to him than the careless, unthinking parent imagines.

An independent spirit does not flourish and grow strong under restraint. And more than ever, to-day, does the boy need spirit.

Give the youngster his chance. Get him a home. Let him know that it is his.

Peep up his independence. Guard his spirit as you do his health.

Bring him up to look the world in the eye, frankly and fearlessly. Sooner or later he is going to have to take a poke at it.

Of Interest

STEERING GEAR IS ON VITAL POINTS OF CAR

If a motorist can have control over the direction in his car travels he can usually serious trouble. Even if he stop the machine by applying brake, he certainly can shut engine and eventually come to. But if the steering apparatus vehicle suddenly ceases to properly the driver is likely to quit out of luck. Under circumstances one is likely to feel the feelings of a person who lost approaching the great Niagara Falls. Only by the time does the driver of a car escape without mishap. . . .

Fortunately, steering gear often go bad. This fact is mainly to the great skill and the part of manufacturers who have done everything to make the steering apparatus proof. While no large percent the total number of motor cars can be laid to steering gear, don't permit the driver to get there are enough of such incidents to warrant every giving careful consideration, important aspect of his motor performance.

TO INSURE STEERING. In order to insure the steering of a car and to give it the early strength and the reliability the front wheels of a car are provided with certain articles. At the lower end shaft on which the hand wheel is located there is a gear which is usually of the worm type, other types are sometimes used. Because of this gearing it is to swing the front wheels little effort on the part of the motorist. At the same time it is sary to exert considerable on the front wheel to steering or hand wheel.

This is how the adjustment been worked out: An arm steering gear connects the drag link to a steering knuckle which one of the front wheels is mounted. The other front made to move in unison with through means of a tie rod connected to its steering knuckle.

The Honesty of Arab.

An English geologist who in the Oman, behind Muscat to the writer the following: the honesty of the Arab southerly corner of . . .

"We were proceeding mountain trail one day when a small object on the ground picked it up. It proved to be a roll such as the men region carry, in which were knacks, flint and steel. Its value might total five cents ferred it to my guide and told could keep it. He thanked took it and went over to a and placed the leather roll a conspicuous place. I asked why he had done this, keeping it. He replied that not keep it as it belonged one else, who would undoubtedly find it."

"This incident is typical Arab. We saw often cases of dates or merchandise due the roadside and left for days without guard. The Arab heard of good grazing in some and had taken their camels leaving their loads at the along the trail. And no think of molesting or stealing dates or merchandise, although other Arab might pass a same route during the time sense of the owners."

Fair Enough?

A barrister was accused convict whom he had had several occasions in the past. "Ere, gov'nor," said the want you to defend me as this time I've been fairly acquitted. "Go and see my clerk who piled the barrister."

"I can only after da couple pursued the criminal, "but to take it up 'one I swear present as a new-born babe, plucked the stuff at all—didn't."

Go and see my clerk?"

"I'll make it a 'Ever" he man, thinking that the was the obstacle to his lawyer. Again he received the fly.

"Well, look 'ere, gov'nor, in desperation. "I'm innocent, but if you'll get me off you half the award!"

Trolley at Bojociva.

Beladava, where the trolley made its charge in the city is now crossed by a new railway, one of the few suburban street railway lines of Russia.

other suburban lines have opened, connecting several several surrounding small towns, the richest city of the district, has had a street car for only three years.