

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ounce and use as directed. Fine particles of aged skin peel off until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft and velvety. Your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. To remove wrinkles use one ounce Powdered Satolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

Sh-h!!

"Didn't I tell you not to interrupt me when I had something important on hand?"

"How was I to know?" asked the deferential secretary. "You didn't have on your golf clothes."—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.



Old Friends

"You have always been one of her best friends, haven't you?"

"Yes, I was maid of honor at all four of her weddings."



RESTFUL SLEEP for FRETFUL, FEVERISH CHILD

—With Castoria's regulation

When your child tosses and cries out in his sleep, it means he is not comfortable. Very often the trouble is that poisonous waste matter is not being carried off as it should be. Bowels need help—mild, gentle help—but effective. Just the kind Castoria gives. Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation made specially for children's ailments. It contains no harsh, harmful drugs, no narcotics. Don't let your child's rest—and your own—be interrupted. A prompt dose of Castoria will urge stubborn little bowels to act. Then relaxed comfort and restful sleep! Genuine Castoria always has the name:



Got It Open, Anyway
Taxi Driver—"Look what happened to your trunk!" Traveler—"I'm glad of it. I had lost the key."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

Easy to Tell Why
"Does your cigar lighter work?"
"No, I won it at a bridge party."—Chicago News.

When Rest Is Broken



Act Promptly When Bladder Irregularities Disturb Sleep

Are you bothered with bladder irregularities; burning, scanty or too frequent passage and getting up at night? Heed promptly these symptoms. They may warn of some disordered kidney or bladder condition. Users everywhere rely on Doan's Pills. Recommended for 50 years. Sold everywhere.



The Vale of Aragon

By FRED McLAUGHLIN

Author of "The Blade of Picardy"

Copyright by Bobba-Merrill Co. (WNU Service.)

CHAPTER X—Continued

"I haven't forgot it, and the general shall know. General Bolivar shall hear how he received that injury."

I stood aghast, for Pini, in the presence of witnesses, had given me his promise that nothing of that unfortunate affair of Maracay should reach the ears of the Liberator. Was he mad, could he hope to gain anything by thus breaking his word; would Bolivar forgive him for that vital hour of drunkenness that had cost us Maracay? I did not think so, for the Liberator was too good a soldier to overlook so flagrant a blunder. I waited.

"If there is anything," said Bolivar in a voice of cold menace, "which should have been told to me that either of you have refrained from telling—"

"Tell him," Pini cried, "tell your general about your arm; explain to him how you were wounded."

I imagined the wily colonel assumed that I would never mention the Senorita, which, indeed, I had no intention of doing.

"I am waiting," said Bolivar.

"Colonel Pini shot me, my general," Francisco, seated next to me, rasped a bitter curse, and a sigh went around the table. The Liberator leaped to his feet. "Colonel Pini shot you? You jest, Senor."

"Not at all."

"Was this at Maracay?"

"Yes, my general."

"Pini would doubtless have good reason for doing such a thing." He turned a judicial eye upon the colonel. "May I expect an explanation?"

Pini smiled. "Major Garde, I'm sure, will make explanation."

"I attacked him, my general."

"Mother of G—d!" Bolivar gasped. "That is," I dissembled, "my attack upon him and his shooting of me came so near the same instant that it would be impossible to tell which was cause and which effect."

"Was this—er—unfortunate affair in any way related to the loss of Maracay?"

"No, general," Colonel Pini lied; "it was purely personal. We could not have held Maracay with the force at my command."

Now Bolivar's eyes questioned me. It was not in me to explain to the Liberator how Colonel Pini had wasted a precious hour in drunkenness and in an unsuccessful attempt to win the favor of the Senorita Lamartina; an hour in which he might have made the necessary preparations for successful defense of Maracay.

"Colonel Pini is entirely right, general; that unfortunate affair was purely personal. I confess to having been insubordinate, I confess to having attacked the colonel, my superior officer, and I do not care to offer any defense."

Bolivar's face was a study. He must have known that, in service to him and to Venezuela, I had given my best; he knew that the Apure battalion of three hundred Indians whom I had commanded was the best of his native fighting force, for I had trained them with the greatest care. "Why, then, Garde," he questioned, "did not Colonel Pini make report of this on his return to Tinaquillo?"

"That, my general, is a question for Colonel Pini."

Pini must have realized that his burst of anger had opened up a dangerous abyss for himself, for he smiled and, assuming a pose of charity, said: "One must make allowance for a gallant soldier, General; our Americano has been a bit impetuous and I did not report that hapless circumstance because I had no wish to injure him in your eyes. Our personal differences will doubtless be settled as time offers us opportunity."

Drunk, even, the sophist was always a good liar.

General Bolivar laughed, relieving thereby an awkward tension. "I cannot expect all my officers to love one another; it is not the way of soldiers, for most of them are 'sudden and quick in quarrel'; neither can I afford to lose one of them thus on the eve of our greatest struggle. You will have to postpone the pleasure of this contest between yourself and Colonel Pini until after we have won the battle of Carabobo."

"Aye, my general."

So we drank again, and Monahan, pinching my arm, whispered, "Any soldier who can dash a glass of wine into the face of his superior officer, and get away with it, must surely have the faintest working for him!"

Dawn came slowly as we rested on our arms in the early morning of the twenty-fourth of June, a day which might be termed the birthday of Venezuela. We occupied the timbered

heights southwest of the field of Carabobo, and waited to ring down the curtain on the last act of the great Colombian tragedy.

We had waited thus, six years before, I remembered, at Chalmette, waited in just such a silent gloom. Brilliant victory had been ours, and I offered up a fervent hope that I might find myself again in a victorious army. I knew that, upon the success or failure of republican arms, rested my success or failure in winning the Senorita Lamartina. If we won this impending battle, then Venezuela was open to me, and I could seek her out; if we lost, I knew that I would go down fighting among those Apure bravos of mine, for I had taught them to stand and fight until the last man could stand no longer. Of my little command, and of the British, I had no doubts, but we were only a thousand; the bulk of Bolivar's forces was composed of llaneros, sambos, and of other native troops. Some were good, and some, I knew from sad experience, were poor.

The sun glinted on the equipment of the Spaniards, who were spread out in battle array. They were possibly eight thousand strong, which gave them an advantage over us of two thousand men; yet they were hireling fighters, and our men were fighting for their homes, for their families, for the right to rule themselves.

General Paez, with fifteen hundred men, had been sent around to the right on a flanking movement. Generals Bolivar, Cedeno and Plaza, with a regiment of English rifles under Colonel Mackintosh, occupied the center, while my command and a battalion of llaneros were expected to hold the right wing of the Spanish army, which looked to me to be composed of over a thousand men—a task beyond us, I knew, for we had scarce six hundred soldiers.

The approach to the field was a narrow way, hardly wide enough to admit a file of men. The Spaniards opened the battle. The approach of the main body of our forces was in full view of the enemy, and we lost many men to their artillery fire before we reached the plain, where the various units spread, each to its task.

Under desultory fire of the right wing of La Torre's forces we advanced slowly and took our station upon a low ridge that commanded the plain; where, according to my orders, I placed my three hundred men in a position which seemed to me best to hold the ridge when a general advance of the Spanish army might be made. The Tiradores, and Vargas battalions, and a brigade of La Guardia had gone through the center to attack, with the British legion under Colonel Mackintosh following up.

The crash of contact filled the surrounding hills with thunder, for Paez and Cedeno struck—right and center—at once. My men lay, their slim brown bodies close against the ground, and waited. I heard murmured prayers and oaths, and saw nervous movements; so, while the air was full of the potent whine of bullets, I got to my feet and walked slowly back and forth in front of the men.

"Venezuela, my bravos," I said, "will be watching you today; when the men of Spain shall charge upon us—we will hold."

I saw Bolivar's unit reach the plain and close in behind the British legion, which had already made formation in the famous hollow square. As our center, under Cedeno, broke before the superior marksmanship and the greater numbers of the Spanish soldiers, as Paez faltered and failed, I talked to my men, urging, coaxing: "It is only the beginning, my bravos of Apure; we fight today for liberty. To run is defeat and slavery; to stand is victory and freedom. They will be coming now; do not shoot wildly. Wait, hold your fire until you can pick a silver button on a Spanish jacket—and do not miss. For every silver button you make your target a Spanish soldier will offer up his life."

With the aid of a glass I saw our right wing, with reinforcements from the rear, forming to offer battle to regain the ground they had lost. I saw fearful native soldiers of the center retreating through the ranks of the British legion, which, I knew, would stand as Britons have always stood. I recalled that half of the eight hundred men in the legion were veterans of Waterloo, and I was sure the center of the approaching Spanish line would be strong indeed if it broke through.

Again the enemy met Paez, while Cedeno reformed in the rear; and the main body of the Spanish forces fell upon the British legion, broke like waves against a reef, and came on again, while the right wing engaged us. It was beautiful to watch the grim silent Indians from the Apure river. They held their fire until the attackers were less than a hundred feet away.

I recognized Adolfo, and waved my sword, and called to him to come on;

and my voice was drowned in a roar of musketry. Then the bravos leaped to their feet and, yelling wildly, charged with the bayonet. They fought like fiends—thrusting, driving, hacking, shrieking weird warcries, and moving ever forward until the enemy broke and fled before us.

We took an advanced position upon another lateral ridge, and prepared for the next attack. Behind us the field was covered with dead, but for every prostrate bravo there were two of the uniformed men of Spain. Scarce two hundred of our men survived, yet, resting on their arms, they laughed and jested among themselves, and told one another how many Spaniards they had killed.

Then in one concerted movement the Spaniards attacked all along the line, but Paez held, and the British legion, though called upon to withstand the shock of the bulk of Spain's soldiery, gave no ground; and the center of the enemy line rolled back even as the right wing struck us again.

The Apure bravos fired almost into the faces of the soldiers, after which they leaped to their feet to meet the Spaniards in hand-to-hand fighting. There was a frantic heroism about their ardor, a wild enthusiasm, a maniacal lust for killing that must have terrified the uniformed soldiers, who outnumbered us two or three to one, for they broke in dismay, leaving us again in possession of the tiny sector that we had been directed to hold at any cost.

And the cost, indeed, had been a grievous thing, for less than half of my bravos remained; I knew that the next charge of our enemies would find us too weak to hold. I looked back to where Colonel Pini, with more than six hundred mounted men, waited for us to fail, and hatred for the man filled my soul.

A body of soldiers disengaged itself from the British legion and, under command of a captain whose head was swathed in a crimson bandage, came toward us on a run.

"Monahan," I cried, "all honor to the British legion!"

He grinned. "That's the way we did the French at Waterloo, son. They charged and broke against our squares, and charged and broke again, and old Bony's heart broke with them. It's easy when you know how."

He considered Pini's force, a scant half-mile behind us, and swore softly. "What's the colonel waiting for, Garde?"

"For the 'break,' my friend, then he will gallop forward and win a glorious victory. These hundred men are sent to me?"

"Sure; if you hadn't held their right wing we could not have held the center. Those bravos of yours have stood like a rock, an unusual thing for native troops."

"And have died," I said sadly, "holding."

"So Colonel Mackintosh offers his compliments—and this hundred men—and he directs me to tell you that you have put the white man's dogged heroism into the red man's heart."

This from Mackintosh, grizzled warrior of many battles, was sweet music to my ears.

The veterans of the British legion had already been distributed among my bravos, so, renewed in strength and spirit, we waited for the next attack. It came too slowly to suit us, so we went out to meet it—went blithely, wildly, white man and brown—with eager cries upon our lips and the consciousness of imminent victory in our hearts.

After the first volley we met them standing up, arm to arm, eye to eye, and the clatter of conflict filled our little world with noise.

"We win, I think," said Monahan.

"We could not lose, my friend; yet they move back slowly, in good order. What we should have is a rout—an overwhelming victory."

"In that case," said the Irish soldier, "we need the mounted llaneros."

That must also have been Bolivar's thought, for a body of horsemen, moving swiftly through the center, passed the British legion and hurled itself upon the enemy, throwing the line into confusion. The six hundred mounted llaneros of Colonel Pini's command roared by us, and we waved our arms and cheered them on.

"There he goes," cried Monahan, with a short laugh, "on to victory!"

The right wing of the Spanish army crumpled under the charge of Pini's horsemen, crumpled and fled in wild confusion. The desperate battle of Carabobo, which removed for ever the rule of Spain from Venezuela, had become a rout.

The wings of Bolivar's army, racing across the plain, closed in to complete the work of destruction, for nothing less than complete destruction for the Spanish would appease the Liberator. He must have seen, at last, the golden opportunity for a free Venezuela, and he took no chance on losing. Few Spaniards escaped, few prisoners were taken; the rout had become a slaughter wherein the Indians' lust for blood was fully appeased.

Yet Spain had taught them, (TO BE CONTINUED.)

STOP YOUR COLD IN 6 HOURS WITH

DAROL

Breaks a cold in 6 hours. Drives it away in 12 hours.

Relieves Headache—Neuralgia—Pains

McKESSON & ROBBINS Quality Since 1833

\$300 CASH—21 AWARDS Baby chicks. Extra poultry money. Write for full information. INMAN HATCHERIES, Dept. B, Aberdeen, South Dakota.



Unfair Exchange
The Vicomte de Rohan, president of the French Automobile club, said at a dinner in New York:

"The modern girl is a cynic. I once heard a modern girl in Paris condemning marriage."

"Marriage!" she said. "Pah! What is marriage but the exchange of the attentions of a dozen men for the inattention of one?"

Drink Away that heavy, drowsy feeling!

When constipation signals, bring back the flush of health to your face by flushing the bowels thoroughly. A cup or two of Garfield Tea will cleanse away unhealthy, stagnant waste, renew the feeling of energy and pep at the nearest drugist.

GARFIELD TEA A Natural Laxative Drink

Flexible Railway Ties

Flexible railway ties recently were announced as the discovery of a German inventor. They are nearly oval in cross section and are open at the bottom so they give to the weight of trains. Their open centers are filled with ballast. Steel plates keep them from slipping, says Popular Science Monthly.

Little Girl Cried Out in her sleep

Was irritable, restless, cross and had no appetite. A neighbor suggested worms and recommended Dr. Jayne's Vermifuge. After taking one bottle the little girl was a new child. Only two often children, as well as adults, are subjected to drastic treatments for various ailments when their real trouble is worms. Be alert for the symptoms and treat promptly with Dr. Jayne's Vermifuge at the first suggestion that worms may be present. Your druggist will tell you that many of your neighbors are using this proved remedy. Get a bottle today. DR. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia.

OVER 36 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

JAYNE'S Vermifuge

Lieutenant on Warpath
Arpad Miroczy of Budapest, former Hungarian artillery lieutenant, has since the war, filed damage suits against his captain, major, colonel, all his generals, the minister of war, six judges, twenty-three detectives and forty-two lawyers, more than five hundred cases in all.

Cole's Carbolic Salve Quickly Relieves and heals burning, itching and torturing skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Heals without scars. 30c and 60c. Ask your druggist, or send 10c to The J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill. for a package.—Advertisement.

You scarcely realize the pride of the small boy when he sees his big sister all dressed up for the party she's going to.

Stiff, Aching, Sore!

Get quick relief this simple way

Here's the way to relieve painful lumbago without blistering or burning. Rub on good old St. Jacobs Oil. Quickly it draws out inflammation and pain. Wonderful relief comes...in a minute! St. Jacobs Oil is just the remedy for aches and pains of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Neuralgia and sore, swollen joints. Get a small bottle from your druggist.

W. N. U., Portland, No. 4-1932