At The Churches

Arleta Baptist Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School. 11 a. m. Freaching service. 7:30 p. m. Evening services. 6:15 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meeting. 7:45 Prayer meeting. Everybody welcome to any and all of these services.

Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church

16 a. m. Sabbath School. 11 a. m. Morning worship. 7:p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 7:45 p. m. Evening worship. 7:30 p. m. Thursday, midweek service. 8 p. m. Thursday, choir practice. Rev. Wm. H. Amos, Pastor.

St. Peter s Catholic Church

Sundays: 8 a. m. Low Mass. 10:30 a. m. High Mass. 8:30 a. m. Sunday School. 12 M. Choir rehearsal. Week days: Mass at 8 a. m.

Seventh Day Adventist Church

10 a. m. Saturday Sabbath School. 11 a. m. Saturday preaching. 7:30 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer meeting. 7:45 p. m. Sunday preaching.

Kern Park Christain Church Corner 69th St. and 46th Ave. S. E.

10 a. m. Bible School. 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. preaching service. 6:30 p. m. Christain Endeavor.

7:30p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer A cordial welcome to all.

Rev. G. K. Berry, Pastor.

St. Pauls Episcopal Church

One block south of Woodmere station. Holy Communion the first Sunday of each month at 8 p. m. No other services that day.

Every other Sunday the regular services will be as usual.

Evening Prayer and sermon at 4 p. m. Sunday School meets at 3 p. m. B. Boatwright, Supt, L. Maffett, Sec. Rev. O. W. Taylor, Rector.

Lents Evangelical Church

Sermon by the Pastor, 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sunday School 9:56 a. m., Albert Fankhauser, Superint odent, Y. P. A. 6:15 p. m. va Anderson,

Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p. m. A cordial welcome to all.

T. R. Hornschuch, Pastor.

Lents Friend's Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School, Mrs. Maud Keach, Superintendent. 11:00 a. m Preaching services. 6:25 p. m. Christian Endeavor. 7:30 p. m. Preaching Services. 8:00 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting.
A cordial welcome to all these ser-

Lents Baptist Church

Lord's Day, Bible School 9:45 a. m. Morning worship, 11 a. m. Elmo Heights Sunday School, 2:30 P. m. B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m.

Evening worship, 7:30 p. m. A cordial welcome to these services.

J. M. Nelson, Pastor.

Fifth Church of Christ

Fifth Church of Christ. Scientist of Portland, Ore. Myrtle Park Hall, Myrtle Park.

Services Sunday 11 a. m. Sunday School 9:30 and 11 a. m. Wednesday evening testimonial meeting 8 p. m.

Lents M. E. Church

Sunday School 9:45. a. m. Preaching 11:00 a. m. Services at Bennett Chapel at 3 p. m. Epworth League 6:30 p, m. Preaching 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at

W. R. F. Browne, pastor. Residence 5703 83rd St.

Laurelwood M. E. Church

9:45 a. m. Sunday school. 11:00 a. m. preaching. 12:30 a. m. class meeting 6:30 p. m. Epworth League. 7:30 p. m. preaching. The pastor is assisted by a chorus choice and the Amphion Male Quartette.

8:00 p. m. Thursday evening, prayer Dr. C. R. Carlos, pastor.

German Evangelical Reformed Church Corner Woodstock Ave., and 87th St.

Rev. W. G. Lienkaemper, pastor. Sunday School 10 a. m. Morning Worship, 11 a. m.

Y. P. S. at 7:30 p. m. German School and Catechetical Class Saturday 10 a. m.

Third United Brethren Church

10 a. m. Sunday School. 11 a. m. Preaching. 3 p. m. Junior Christian Endeavor. 6:30 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor. 7:30 p. m. Preaching.

LODGE DIRECTORY

Magnolia Camp No. 4026, Royal Neighbors, meets regular and Fourth Wednesdays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall. Second Wednesdays social meeting. Neighbors bring your families and friends. Fourth Wednesday, business. All Neighbors requested to come. By order of the Camp

Sillicus-Love is a game in which Cupid deals the cards. Cynicus-Then why does he so often deal from the bottom of the deck? - Philadelphia Record.

The great theater for virtue is con-



Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman

CHAPTER IX.

The Hunt. T was daylight when Barney Cus ter awoke.

His first thought was for his prisoner, and when his eyes fell upon the empty cot across the room the American came to the center of the floor with a single bound.

Clad in his pajamas he ran out into the living room and gave the alarm. In another moment the search was on, but no sign of the cave man was to

"He must have killed the dog," insisted Greystoke, but they falled to find the beast's body, for the excellent reason that at that very moment Terkoz, bristling with anger, was nosing about the spot where, nearly a month before, he had been struck down by the Arab as he had sought to protect the girl to whom he had attached him-

As he searched the spot his equally savage companion hastened to the cave farther up the mountainside, and with his knife unearthed the head of Oo which he had buried there in the soft earth of a crevice within the lair.

The trophy was now in a rather sad state, and Nu felt that he must forego the pleasure of laying it intact at the feet of his future mate, but the great saber teeth were there and the skull. He removed the former, fastening them to his loin cloth, and laid the balance of the head outside the cave, where vultures might strip it clean of flesh against Nu's return, for he did not wish to be burdened with it during his search for Nat-ul.

A deep bay from Terkoz presently announced the finding of the trail, and at the signal Nu leaped down the mountain side, where the impatient beast awaited him.

A moment later the two savage trailers were speeding away upon the spoor of the Arab slave and ivory raiders. Though the trail was old, it still was sufficiently plain for these two.

The hound's scent was but a trifle more acute than his human companion's, but the man depended almost solely upon the telltale evidences which his eyes could apprehend, leaving the scent spoor for the beast, for thus it had been his custom to hunt with the savage wolfish progenitors of Terkoz a hundred thousand years before.

They moved silently and swiftly through the jungle, across valleys, over winding hill trails, wherever the broad path of the caravan led. In a day they covered as much ground as the caravan had covered in a week.

By night they slept at the foot of some great tree, the man and beast curled up together, or crawled within dark caves when the way led through the mountain, or when Zor, the Hon, was abroad the man would build s rude platform high among the branches of a tree that he and the hound might sleep in peace throughout the night.

Nu saw strange sights that filled him with wonder and sealed his belief that he had been miraculously transferred to another world.

There were villages of black men some of which gave evidence of recent conflict. Burned buts and mutilated corpses were all that remained in many, and in others only a few old

men and women were to be seen. He also passed herds of giraffe-a beast that had been unknown in his own world-and many an elephant. which reminded him of Glub, the mammoth. But all these beasts were smaller than those he had known in his other life nor nearly so feroclous.

Why, he could scarce recall a beast of any description that did not rush into a death struggle with the first member of another species which it came upon, provided, of course, that it stood the slightest show of dispatching its antagonist.

Of course there had been the smaller and more timid animals whose entire existence had consisted in snatching such food as they could as they fled through the savage days and awful nights of that flerce age in the perpetunl effort to escape or elude the countless myriads of huge carnivora and bellicose ruminants whose trails form-

ed a mighty network from pole to pole. To Nu the jungles of Africa seemed silent and deserted places. The beasts, even the more savage of them, seldom attacked except in hunger or the protection of their young. He had passed within a dozen paces of a great herd of diminutive, hairless mammoths, and they had but raised their little pig eyes and glanced at him as they flapped their great ears back and forth against the annoying files and browsed upon

the branches of young trees. The ape people seemed frightened out of their wits at his approach, and he had even seen the tawny bodies of lions pass within a stone's throw of him without charging.

It was amazing. Life in such a world would scarce be worth the living. It made him loneller than ever to feel that he could travel for miles without encountering a single danger.

Far beaind him along the trail of the Arabs came a dozen white men and

half a hundred savage Waziri warriors. Not an hour after Barney Custer discovered Nu's absence a native runner had come hurrying in from the north to beg Lord Greystoke's help in pursuing and punishing a band of Arab slave and ivory raiders who were laying waste the villages, murdering the old men and the children and carrying the young men and women into slavery.

While Greystoke was questioning the fellow he let drop the fact that among be found, nor of the guardian Terkoz. the other prisoners of the Arabs was a young white woman

Instantly commotion reigned upon the Greystoke ranch. White men were jumping into field khaki, looking to the firearms and ammunition, lest their black body servants should have neglected some essential. Stable boys were saddling the horses.

The sleek ebon warriors of Uziri we s greasing their black hides, adjusting barbaric war bonnets, streaking faces, breasts and limbs with ocher. vermilion or ghastly bluish white and looking to slim shield, poisoned arrow

and formidable spear. For a time the fugitive was forgotten, but as the march proceeded they came upon certain reminders that re called him to their minds and indicated that he was far in advance of them upon the trail of the Arabs.

The first sign of him was the carcass of a ball buffalo. Straight through



His Eyes Fell Upon the Empty Cot Across the Room

the heart was the great hole that they now knew was made by the passage of the ancient stone tipped spear. Strips had been knife cut from the sides, and the belly was torn as though by a wild benst.

Brown stooped to examine the ground about the bull. When he straightened up he looked at Greystoke and laughed. "Didn't I understand you to say that he must have killed the dog?" he ask "Look here. They ate side by side from the body of their kill."

. For three weeks now Victoria Custer had been a prisoner of Sheik Ibn Aswad, but other than the ordinary hardships of African travel she had experienced nothing of which she might com-

She had even been permitted to ride upon one of the few donkeys that still survived, and her food was as good as that of Ibn Aswad himself, for the canny old sheik knew that the better the condition of his prisoner the better the price she would bring at the court of the sultan of Fulad.

Abul Mukarram, Ibn Aswad's right hand man, a swaggering young Arab from the rim of the Sahara, had cast covetous eyes upon the beautiful prisoner, but the old shiek delivered himself of a peremptory "no" when his lleutenant broached a proposal to him. Then Abul Mukarram, balked in his passing desire, found the thing growing upon him until the idea of possessing the girl became a veritable obsesston with him.

Victoria, from necessity, had picked up enough of the language of the sons the desert to be able to con with them, and Abul Mukarram often rode at her side, feasting his eyes upon her face and figure the while he attempted to ingratiate himself into her esteem by accounts of his prowess, but when at last he spoke of love the girl turned her flushed and angry face away from him and, reining in her donkey, refused to ride farther beside

Ibn Aswad from afar witnessed the alterention, and when he code to Vic-

toria's side and learned the truth of the matter he berated Abul Mukarram roundly, ordering him to the rear of the column and placed another Arab over the prisoner.

Thereafter the venomous looks which the discredited Abul cast upon Victoria oftentimes caused her to shudder, for she knew that she had made a cruel and implacable enemy of the

Ibn Aswad had given her but a hint of the fate which awaited her, yet it had been sufficient to warn ber that death were better than the thing she was being dragged through the jungles to suffer.

Every waking minute her mind was occupied with plans for escape, yet not one presented itself which did not offer insuperable obstacles.

Even had she been able to leave the camp undetected, how long could she hope to survive in the jungle? And should by some miracle her life be spared even for months, of what avail would that be? She could no more have retraced her way to Lord Greystoke's ranch than she could have laid a true course upon the trackless ocean.

The horrors of the march that passd dally in hideous review before her left her sick and disgusted. The cruelly beaten slaves who carried the great burdens of ivory, tents and provisions brought tears to her eyes.

The brutal massacres that followed the forcible entrance into each succeeding village wrung her heart and roused ber shame for these beasts in human form who urged on their savage and cowardly Manyuema cannibals to commit nameless excesses against the cowering prisoners that fell late their hands.

But at last they came to a village where victory failed to rush forward and fall into their arms. Instead, they were met with sullen resistance. Ferocious, painted devils fought them stubbornly every inch of the way, until

Ibn Aswad decided to make a detour and pass round the village rather than sacrifice more of his followers. In the confusion of the fight and the near retreat which followed Abul Mu-

karram found the opportunity he had been awaiting. The prisoners, including the white girl, were being pushed ahead of the retreating raiders, while the Arabs and Manyuema brought up the rear, fighting off the pursuing sav-Now Abul Mukarram knew a way to

the northland that two might traverse with ease and over which one could fairly fly, but which was impossible for a slave caravan because it passed through the territory of the English. If the girl would accompany him willingly, well and good-if not, then he would go alone, but not before he should be revenged upon her.

He left the firing line, therefore, and pushed his way through the terror stricken slaves to the side of the Arab who guarded Victoria Custer. "Go back to Ibn Aswad," he said

to the Arab. "He desires your presence.

The other looked at him closely for a moment. "You lie, Abul Mukarram!" he said ibn Aswad co

particularly against permitting you to be alone with the girl. Go to? "Fool!" muttered Abul Mukarram, and with the word he pulled the trigger of the long gun that rested across the pommel of his saddle with its wide muzzle scarce a foot from the stomach of the other Arab.

With a shrick the man lunged from his donkey.

"Come!" cried Abul Mukarram, selzing the bridle of Victoria's beast and turning into the jungle to the west.

The girl tried to slip from the saddle. but a strong arm went about her waist and held her firm as the two donkeys forged, shoulder to shoulder, through the tangled mass of creepers which all but blocked their way.

Once Victoria screamed for help, but the war cries of the natives drowned her voice.

Fifteen minutes later the two came out upon the trail again that they had followed when they approached the village, and soon the sounds of conflict behind them grew fainter and fainter until they were lost entirely in the distance.

Victoria Custer's mind was working rapidly, casting about for some means of escape from the silent figure at her side. A revolver, or even a knife, would have solved her difficulty, but she had neither. Had she, the life of Abul Mukarram would have been worth but little, for the girl was beside

herself with hopeless horror. For the better part of two hours Abul Mukarram kept on away from the master he had robbed. He spoke but little, and when he did it was in the tone of the master to his slave. Near noon they left the jungle and came out into a higher country, where the space be-tween the trees was greater and there

was little or no underbrush. Traveling was much easier here, and they made better time. They were still retracing the trail along which the caravan had traveled. It would be some time during the next morning that they would turn north again upon a new

Beside a stream Abul Mukarram halted. He tethered the donkeys and then

turned toward the girl. "Come," he said, and took her hand.

(To Be Continued.)

Pills Best for Liver

Because they contain the best liver nedicines, no matter how bitter or nauseating for the sweet sugar coating hides the taste. Dr. King's New Life Pills contain ingredients that put the liver working, move the bowels freely. No gripe, no nausea, aid digestion. Just try a bottle of Dr. King's New Life Pills and notice how much better you feel. 25c. at your Druggist.



A PARISIAN CREATION.

A stunning evening gown is shown of black silk net with jet embroidered trimming. The skirt, finished with a wide band of jet embroidery, is topped with a double tunic, one finished with a satin binding the same length as the drop skirt, and another uneven in length is finished with jet ball fringe. The bodice of embroidered jet is extremely decollete, but veiled with the silk net and finished at the neck with velvet ribbon and tiny rosebuds. Long sleeves, too, are a feature of this striking affair.



CHIC MISSES' SUIT.

The belted effect in misses' suit styles holds quite an important place among the season's smart models. Here it is featured in navy mohair, with interesting features.

Collars will have their day on many frocks for fall. Despite the resistance which popular opinion seems to exert against the re-entry of the choker, that relic of other days and modes bids fair to dominate the collar styles for today. Boned and high and tight-these three rules provide the indissoluble

trinity of rigidity from which no self respecting collar of the 1915 fall vintage may reasonably hope to escape. For one piece dresses of serge or gaberdine, white collars of broadcloth,

flannel or net are to be proffered. These will obviously close in front with a row of tlny buttons from top to bottom, indicating the line of abrasion, but not their usage, for they are

to be decorative merely. Tabs, turnovers and flaring Elizabethan ruff effects will seem to be hand, use it against all Soreness, wildly trying to emerge from the top of these awe inspiring chokers. No matter how tight they are. we will wear them just the same.

TREMONT, KERN PARK, ARLETA

M. Tourville is building a new house at 3551-65th street.

Mr. Rickert is putting up a new house at 3638-68th street.

The Myers family have moved from 57 avenue to 7105-71st street.

Bencenzo Pigliacelli is putting up a new house at 62d street and 50th avenue.

The Pollyanna Class held a social at Mrs. W. O. Boones Wednesday evening for raising Easter funds.

Mrs. L. J. Evans and family of 5231 68th Street went Friday to join her husband in Roseburg.

Improvements are being made on 45th avenue from 67th street to 72nd street by grading and laying cement sidewalks.

The Pollyanna Class has closed its scholarship contest and Miss Mildred Boone worl first place getting ten lessons on the typewriter. Lillian Schmidt and Thelms Mattell tied for second place.

Mrs. Gus Nelson has gone to Everett, Wash., where Mr. Nelson is working. The choir of Laurelwood M. E. Church gave her a farewell reception Friday evening.

Mrs. Patience Woolworth has reigned her place as organist at the Laurelwood M. E. Church, and will preside at the Fifth Christian Science Church at Archer Place.

Keady Bros., 6534 Foster Road, suffered \$250 loss on stock by a fire that broke out at 11 o'clock Monday night. The building was also injured \$150. The fire was due to spontaneous oil fire.

A fire at 5906-48th street, in property owned by Alex. Faviaire, at 3 o'clock Monday morning, burned the root off a building and did \$1000 in damage.

Last Saturday forenoon while driving his team across a broken side walk crossing, Mr. B. B. Bowman, an employee of the G. A. Morrison Lumber Co., at Tremont Station, was thrown from his wagon and badly injured. Mr. Bowman was riding on the coupling pole of his wagon midway between the front and rear wheels. At the noise caused by the snapping of a broken timber, his team sprang forward, throwing the driver from his seat. In falling his leather apron caught and dragged him face downward until the rear wheel of the wagon struck the body, passing over the shoulder and breaking two ribs. Mr. Bowman's face was badly scratched and his shoulder and hands badly bruised. He was taken to a drug store near at hand where his injuries were temporarily attended to after which he was removed to his home, 7013-52 avenue, where he is making a speedy recovery.

On Monday evening about 30 of the workers of the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church School gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Wiseman on 72d street for the regular monthly workers conference of the school. As is the custom the conference was opened by devotional service. Reports of interest were received from the various committees. A number of the delegates who attended the recent C. Sunday School convention told of the help and inspiration received from the convention. The program for the entertainment to be given on April 28 for the purpose of raising funds with which to purchase new hymn books for the school was reported well in hand. Final arbelt confining narrow plaits that show rangements for the special Easter serabove and below the walst line. The vices were completed. It was decided high roll collar with metal embroidery to hold the services at 7:45 Sunday lends a military note and the oblong evening April 23. The invitation of metal buttons afford a trim effect. Mrs. W. J. Jefferies to meet at her Deep cuffs and an odd shaped yoke are home on May 1, was accepted. The Misses Grace and Ella Spaulding assisted Mrs. Wiseman in serving a dainty COLLARS TO HAVE THEIR DAY. luncheon. At a meeting of the newly elected board of trustees of the church held just preceding the conference F. E. Crum was elected president, J. H. Zehrung, clerk and J. R. Hughes treasurer for the coming year.

The Aches of House Cleaning

The pain and soreness caused by bruises, over-exertion and straining during house cleaning time are soothed away by Sloan's Liniment. No need to suffer this agony. Just apply Sloan's Liniment to the sore spots, rub only a little. In a short time the pain leaves, you rest comfortably and enjoy a refreshing sleep. One grateful user writes: "Sloan's Liniment is worth its weight in gold." Keep a bottle on Neuralgia and Bruises. Kills pain. 25c. at your Druggist.