Same in Which the Perforated Grains

Are Three Inches Long. The bigger the gun the bigger the grain of powder. For the rifles the men carry the grains are half as big as a pinhead. For the largest gons they are three inches long and three-quarters of an inch thick. Every grain is perforsted lengthwise. Small grains have a single hole, while the targest slace have seven.

These holes regulate in a wonderful way the rapidity with which the pow der will burn. If you light a scrap of paper all round the edge it will burn toward the center and the burning surface will steadily decrease. If, bowever, you made a hole in the center of the paper and start the configration there the flame will steadly grow, and the most rapid burning will take place just before the fire has reached the outer edge. This is the exact principle which governs the arrangement of the perferations in hig gunpowder. The burning starts along the surface exposed by the perforations and spreads always faster as the hole is colarged.

always faster as the hole is collarged, burning fastest at the instant it is constaining sarcastic, threatening notes, sumed.

It is not intended that the charge in big guns shall exhaust its force in stantly, says William Atherton Dupuy, writing on "Powder For the World's Guna." The beginning of the explosion starts the projectile on its way. The starts the projectile on its way. The explosion continues, and as the projectile gains speed the force behind it con tinues to push. The powder is burning fastest and pushing hardest at the in stant the projectile reaches the mouth of the gun. At that instant also it burns out and exhausts itself. Its work is done.-Pearson's Weekly.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

The Pleasure That Came With a Little Act of Kindness.

am one of your new neighbors, Mrs. Estabrooks," said a cheerful voice at our door in the very middle of our first attempt at moving. "No. I can't come in I just brought you a bit of funch, knowing you would be too busy to fix any. Please call on me-just next door-if I can be of any beip. Goodby!"

My husband and I glanced at that tray with its two bowls of hot soup and steaming little pot of coffee and then at each other in dumb surprise.

We had just reached that dreadful state in moving when nothing is in place and the things wanted first are inderneath the things wanted lastthat awful moment when a sense of helplessness, weakness and homesickness combined swoops down upon you.

We had not realized that we were hungry and physically exhausted, but after sitting down at an improvised table and sampling that delicious soup and drinking the stimulating coffee we suddenly knew what had been the matter with us. Courage returned.

"Blessings on our neighborf" cried

"Yes," I answered. "She's the joi flest caller I ever received. + She has taught me how to introduce yourself to new neighbors and win their everlasting gratitude. Whatever happens in this neighborhood I'll stand by Mrs. Estabrooks-see if I don't!"-Woman's Home Companion.

300,000 MORE MEN

SECRETARY KITCHENER DE-CLARES THAT MUNITION SITUATION IS GOOD.

LONDON, May 18 .- In the house of lords today Secretary of War Kitchener said he wanted 300,000 more recruits to form new armles. He expressed his confidence that in the near future the country would be in a satisfactory position with regard to the supply of ammunition.

The news from Gallipoli Peninsula, in other words, the Dardanelles, was thoroughly satisfactory, Earl Kitchener declared.

The secretary for war also said that the British and French governments felt that the allied troops must be adequately protected against poisonous steamer, is quite immovable." gases by the employment of similar methods. These would remove the enormous and unjustifiable advantage which must otherwise exist.

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE.

At Frisco-	R.	Η.	E
Los Angeles	. 7	- 6	- 0
Oakland			
No. innings			9
At Salt Lake—	R	Н.	E
Frisco	. 1	11	1
Salt Lake	. 2	8	1
No. innings	1100	0.5	11

PRESIDENT REVIEWS FLEET AT NEW YORK

BATTLESHIPS INSTRUMENTS TO PROMOTE INTERESTS OF

HUMANITY, HE SAYS.

NEW YORK, May 17 .- President Wilson-the man on whom the eyes of the world are turned because of the international situation-today viewed the Atlantic fleet in the Hudson river and at a luncheon tendered honor; we wish to stand selfishly in to him on shore by the City of New the way of the development of not York told a distinguished gathering of nation. * * * It is not pretention navy officers, army officers and civil- on our part to say that we are privians what the country and its navy ileged to stand for what every nation that she had bemorrhage of the lungs. stood for. hTe great battleships that lay in the river, he said, were "en- for those things which all humanity dition. Seeing Chamberlain's Cough gines to promote the interests of hu- must desire."

ica," the president asserted, "Is that "just a solemn evidence that the force at once. Before she had finished (wo she asks nothing for herself except of America is the force of moral prin- bottles of this remedy she was enwhat she has a right to ask for human ciple, that there is not anything else tirely well," writes Mrs. S. F. Grimes, ity itself. We want no nation's prop- she loves and that there is not any- Crooksville. Ohio. Obtainable every erty; we wish to question no nation's thing else for which she will stand."



Film Manufacturing Company.

SYNOPSIS.

Banford Quest, master criminalogist of the world, finds that in bringing in list-tics Mandongai, the sourceror of Lord Ashleigh's daughter, he has but just be-gue a life-and-death struggle with a mys-less master criminal. In a hidden has terscue master criminal. In a hidden had in Professor Ashleights garden he has seen an anthropold age skelcins and a Bying inhuman creature, half monkey, half man, destroyed by fire. In his rooms have appeared from newhere black boxes

TENTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XXII.

THE THIP OF HORROR. Quest leaned a little forward and gazed down the line of steamer chairs. The professor, in a borrowed overcoat and cap, was reclining at full length, studying a book on seagulls which he had found in the library. Laura and Lenora were both dozing tranquilly. Mr. Harris of Scotland Yard was deep

in a volume of detective stories. "As a pleasure cruise." Quest remarked grimly, "this little excursion seems to be a complete success."

Laura opened her eyes at once. "Trying to get my goat again, eh?" she retorted. "I suppose that's what you're after. Going to tell me, I suppose, that it wasn't Craig I saw aboard this steamer?"

"We are all liable to make mistakes," Quest observed, "and I am inclined to believe that this is one of Fours.

Laura's expression was a little dog-

"If he's too clever for you and Mr. Harris," she said, "I can't help that. I only know that he came on board. and I am hungry." My eyes are the one thing in life I do believe."

"If you'll excuse me saying so, Miss erentially towards her, "there isn't a able." passenger on board this ship, or a servant, or one of the crew, whom we haven't seen. We've been into every stateroom, and we've even searched the hold. We've been over the ship, backwards and forwards. The captain's own steward has been our guide. and we've conducted an extra search on our own account. Personally, I must say I have come to the same conclusion as Mr. Quest. At the present moment there is no such person as the man we are looking for on board this steamer."

"Then he either changed into another one," Laura declared obstinately, "or else he jumped overboard."

"Come on, Harris, you and I promised to report to the captain this morning. I don't suppose he'll be any too pleased with us. Let's get through

with it. The two men walked down the deck together. They found the captain alone in his room, with a chart spread out in front of him and a pair of compasses in his hand. He turned round

and greeted them.

"Well?" "No luck, sir," Quest announced. "Your steward has given us every assistance possible and we have searched the ship thoroughly. Unless he has found a hiding place unknown to your steward, and not apparent to us, the man is not on board."

The captain frowned slightly. "You are not suggesting that this is possible, I suppose?"

"Quest did not at once reply. He was thinking of Laura's obstinacy.
"Personally," he admitted, "I should not have believed it possible. The young lady of our party, however, who declares that she saw Craig board the

"Brown," said the captain, turning to the steward, "I understand that you say that you have taken these gentlemen into every corner of the ship, that you have ransacked every possible hiding place, that you have given them every possible opportunity of searching for themselves?"

"That is quite true, sir," the man acknowledged.

"You agree with me that it is impossible for anyone to remain hidden in this ship?"

"Absolutely, sir." You hear, gentlemen?" the captain containued. "I really can do no more, ingly. What the mischief are you hanging about for, Brown?" he asked, turning to the steward, who was standing by with a carpet-sweeper in his hand.

"Room wants cleaning out badly, The captain glanced distastefully at the carpet-sweeper.

"Do it when I am at dinner, then," he ordered, "and take that damned thing away."

The steward obeyed promptly. Quest and Harris followed him down the deck.

"Queer-looking fellow, that," the latter remarked. "Doesn't seem quite at his ease, does he?"

"Seemed a trifle overanxlous, I

thought, when he was showing us round the ship," Quest agreed.

"Mem.," Harris murmured, softly. "as the gentleman who wrote the volume of detective stories I am reading puts it, to keep our eye on Brown."

The captain, who was down to dinner unusually early, rose to welcome Quest's little, party, and himself arranged the seats.

They settled down into the places arranged for them.

An elderly lady, dressed in some what oppressive black, with a big cameo brooch at her throat and a black satin bag in her hand, was being shown by the steward to a seat by Quest's side. She acknowledged the captain's greeting ackily.

"Good evening, captain," she said. "I understood from the second steward that the seat on your right hand would be reserved for me. I am Mrs. Poston Rowe. The captain received the announce-

"Very pleased to have you at the table, madam," he replied. "As to the seating, I leave that entirely to the

steward. I never interfere myself." Laura pinched his arm, and Lenora glanced away to hide a smile. Mrs. Foston Rowe studied the menu disapprovingly.

"Hors d'oeuvres," she declared, "I never touch. No one knows how long they've been opened. Bouillon-I will have some bouillon, steward." "In one moment, madam."

The professor came ambling along towards the table.

ment calmly.

"I fear that I am a few moments late," he remarked, as he took the chair next to Mrs. Foston Rowe. I offer you my apologies, captain. I congratulate you upon your library. I have discovered a most interesting book upon the habits of seagulls. It kept me engrossed until the very last moment,

"Well, you'll have to stay hungry s long time at this table then," Mrs. Foston Rowe snapped. "Seems to me Laura," Harris ventured, leaning def- that the service is going to be abomin-The steward, who had just arrived,

presented a cup of bouillon to Quest. The others had all been served. Quest stirred it thoughtfully. "And as to the custom," Mrs. Foston Rowe continued, "of serving gentle-

men before ladies, it is, I suppose, peculiar to this steamer" Quest hastily laid down his spoon. raised the cup of bouillon and presented it with a little bow to his neigh-

"Pray allow me, madam," he begged. The steward was to blame."

Mrs. Foston Rowe did not hesitate for a moment. She broke up some toast in the bouillon and commenced to sip it.

The spoon suddenly went clattering from her fingers. She caught at the daughter, Feerda, at the brute's mercy



"A Message From the Hands! Look!" look in her face. With scarcely a magical. murmur she fell back in her seat.

Quest leaned hurriedly forward. There was a slight commotion. The doctor came hurrying up from the other side of the saloon. He bent over

her and his face grew grave. "What is it?" the captain demanded. The doctor glanced at him mean-

'She had better be carried out," he

"Was it a faint?" Lenora asked. tain replied. "Better keep your places I think. Steward, serve the dinner as usual."

The man held out his hand to withdraw the cup of bouillon, but Quest

drew it towards him. "Let it wait for a moment," he ordered. He glanced at the captain, who nod-

ded back. In a few moments the doc-

tor reappeared. He leaned down and

whispered to the captain. "Dead!" Quest turned around.

where.

"Doctor," he said, "I happen to have my chemical cheat with me, and some special testing tubes. If you'll allow me, I'd like to examine this cup of boulilos. You might come round, too, if you will."

The captain nodded. "I'd better stay here for a time," he decided. "I'll fellow you presently." The service of dinner was resumed. Laura, however, sent plate after plate away. The captain watched her anx-

founly. "I can't help it," she explained. "I don't know whether you've had any talk with Mr. Quest, but we've been through some queer times lately. I guess this death business is getting on my nerves,"

The captain was startled. "You don't for a moment connect Mrs. Poston Rowe's death with the criminal you are in search of?" he exclaimed.

Laura sat quite still for a moment. The bouillon was offered first to Mr. Quest," she murmured.

The captain called his steward "Where did you get the bouillon from you served-that last cup, especially?" he saked.

"From the pantry just as usual, sir," the man answered. "It was all served out from the same caldron." "Any chance of anyone getting at

"Quite impossible, sir." In Quest's stateroom the doctor, the professor, Quest and Lenora were all gathered around two little tubes,

which the criminologist was examining with an electric torch. "No reaction at all," the latter muttered. "This fen't an ordinary poison, anyway."

The professor, who had been standing on one side, suddenly gave vent to a soft exclamation. "Wait!" he whispered. "Wait! I

have an idea." He hurried off to his stateroom. The doctor was poring over a volume of tabulated poisons. Quest was still watching his tubes. Lenora sat upon the couch. Suddenly the professor reappeared. He was carrying a small notebook in his hand, his manner betrayed some excitement. He closed the door carefully behind him.

"I want you all," he begged, "to listen very carefully to me. You will discover the application of what I am going to read when I am finished. Now, if you please,"

"This," he began, "Is the diary of a tour made by Craig and myself in northern Egypt some fourteen years ed, eagerly, ago. Here is the first entry of im-

MONDAY-Twenty-nine miles southeast of Port Said. We have stayed for two days at a little Mongar village. I have today come to the definite conclusion that nthropoid ages were at one time dentzens of this country.

TUESDAY-Both Craig and I have been a little uneasy today. These Mongars into whose encampment we have found our way, are one of the strangest and flercest of the nomad tribes. They are descended, without a doubt, from the an-cient Mongolians, who invaded this coun-try some seven hundred years before Christ, but have preserved in a marvelous way their individuality as a race. They have the narrow eyes and the thick nose base of the pure Oriental; also much of his cunning. One of their special weak-nesses seems to be the invention of the most hideous forms of torture, which they apply remorsolessly to their ene-

WEDNESDAY-This has been a w derful day for us, chiefly owing to what I must place on record as an act of great bravery by Craig, my servant. Early this morning, a man-eating lion found his way into the encampment. The Mongars behaved like arrant cowards. They fled right and left, leaving the chief's little sides of the table, there was a strange | Craig, who is by no means an adept in the use of firearms, chased the animal as he was making off with the child, and, more by good luck than anything else, managed to wound it mertally. He told the story, calmly and withment just as the chief and the warrior of the tribe returned from a hunting ex-pedition. Our position here is now abso-lutely secure. We are treated like gods. and, appreciating my weakness for all matters of science, the chief has today explained to me many of the secret mysteries of the tribe. Amongst other things, he has shown me a wonderful secret pol-sen, known only to this tribe, which they call Veedemzoo. It brings almost instant death, and is exceedingly difficult to trace. The addition of sugar causes a curious condensation and resolves it almost to a white paste. The only antidote is a sub-stance which they use here freely, and which is exactly equivalent to our cam-

The professor closed his book. Quest promptly rang the bell. "Some sugar," he ordered, turning

to the steward They waited in absolute silence. The suggestion which the professor's disclosure had brought to them was stupefying, even Quest's fingers, as a moment or two later he rubbed two knobs of sugar together so that the contents should fall into the tubes of bouillon, shook. The result was The bouillon turned to a strange shade of gray and began slowly to thicken.

"It is Mongar poison!" the professor cried, with breaking voice.

They all looked at one another. "Craig must be here amongst us,"

Quest muttered. "And the bouillon," Laura cried, clasping Quest's arm, "the bouillon

was meant for you!" There seemed to be, somehow, among all of them, a curious indis-"We shall know directly," the cap- position to discuss this matter. Suddenly Lenora, who was sitting on the lounge underneath the porthole, put out her hand and picked up a card which was lying by his side. She glanced at it, at first, curiously. Then

she shricked. "A message!" she cried. "A message from The Hands! Look!" They crowded around her. In that familiar handwriting scrawled across the face of the card these few words:

To Sanford Quest: You have escaped this time by a



"As a Pleasure Cruise," Quest Remarked, "This Excursion Seems to Be a Buccess.

me a moment? You can all come, if

lay against the wall.

manded.

crumbs.

quickly.

boat docks."

them to the gangway.

probable destination?"

for us to push on alone?"

ubly inviting all to enter.

real Egyptian dancing girl."

A girl, who seemed to be dressed in

little more than a winding veil, glided

on to the stage, swaying and moving

slowly to the rhythm of the monoto-

nous music. She danced a measure

which none of them except the pro-

fessor had ever seen before, coming

almost feel her hot breath, and Lenora

felt somewhat vaguely disturbed by

Suddenly Laura leaned forward.

wards him with a queer, mocking

smile. His hand suddenly descended

upon her foot. She laughed still more.

There was a little exclamation from

the glitter of her eyes.

pered.

"He's done us! He's landed! That Lenora. The professor's whole frame

speak a little of their language.

Quest nodded.

terior tribes."

project.

them later.

village you spoke about?"

"Look at that," he invited.

at it. This is what I found."

ing, before anyone was about."

just come up, "India's off.

luggage can be put on shore when the

Quest groaned as he turned away.

'Where's Brown?" Quest asked,

They moved up towards him. The

chance of fortune, not because your and hurried off across the docks. On wits are keen, not because of your the landing stage, mind!" own shrewfness; simply because The captain came and put his head Fate willed it. It will not be for long. out of the door.

Underneath was the drawing of the clenched hands. "There is no longer any doubt,"

Lenora said calmly. "Craig is on board. He must have been on deck a few minutes ago. It was his hand which placed this card on the porthole. . . Listen! What's that?" There was a scream from the deck.

They all recognized Laura's voice. Harris was out of the stateroom first, but they were all on deck within ten seconds. Laura was standing with one hand clasping the rail, her hand flercely outstretched towards the lower part of the promenade deck. sound of angry voices.

"What is it, Laura?" Lenora cried. She swung round upon them.

"Craig!" she cried. "Craig! I saw his face as I sat in my chair there, talking to the captain. I saw a man's white face-nothing else. He must have been leaning over the rail. He heard me call out and he disappeared."

The captain came slowly out of the shadows, limping a little, and followed by his steward, who was murmuring profuse apologies.

"Did you find him?" Laura demand-"I did not," the captain replied, a

little tersely. "I ran into Brown here and we both had a shake-up." "But he was there-a second ago!" Laura cried out.

"I beg your pardon, miss," Brown ventured, "but the deck's closed at the end, as you can see, with sailcloth, and I was leaning over the rail myself when you shrieked. There wasn't anyone else near me, and no one can possibly have passed round the deck, as you can see for yourmelf."

"Very well, then," she said, "you people had better get a strait-waistcoat ready for me. If I didn't see Craig there, I'm going off my head." Quest had disappeared some seconds ago. He came thoughtfully back,

a little later. "Captain," he asked. "what shall you say if I tell you that I have proof that Craig is on board?"

The captain glanced at Laura and restrained himself. "I should probably say a great many things which I should regret after-

wards," he replied, grimly. "Sit down and we'll tell you what have lived with them. They are far

out remark. The captain held his head. "The ship shall be searched," the

captain declared, "once more. We'll look into every crack and every cupboard." Lenora turned away with a little shiver. It was one of her rare mo-

ments of weakness. "You won't find him! You won't find him!" she murmured. "And I am afraid!" Lenora grasped the rails of the

steamer and glanced downwards at

the great barge full of Arab sailors and merchandise. In the near background were the docks of Port Said. It was their first glimpse of eastern atmosphere and color. "I can't tell you how happy I am," she declared to Quest, "to think that

this voyage is over. Every night I have gone to bed terrified." He smiled grimly.

"Coming on shore, any of you?" Harris Inquired. "We may when the boat moves up,

Quest replied. "The professor went off on the first barge. Here he is, coming back."

A little boat had shot out from the docks, manned by a couple of Arabs. They could see the professor seated in the stern. He was poring over a small document which he held in his hand. He waved to them excitedly.

"He's got news!" Quest muttered. He came straight to Quest and Lenora and gripped the former by the arm. "Look!" he cried. "Look!"

He held out a card. Quest read it aloud: There is not one amongst you with the wit of a Mongar child. Good-by!

The Hands! Where did you get it?" Quest demanded. "That's the point-the whole point!

the professor exclaimed excitedly.

paper was pushed into my hand by quivered. He snatched the anklet a tall Arab, who mumbled something from the girl's ankle and bent over it.

changes in state road administration district the unit, same to be paid by lieve that the construction of our were recomended by the state grange. the state to the county and thence to in session here today. Removal of the road districts. We believe that lute supervision of competent engiauthority from the state commission the state road funds should be taken neers. and engineer and placing it in the out of the hands of the state highway hands of the county courts were urged commission and paid to the county Bond issues also were opposed, but courts, and that the state highway federal, state and county aid were in- board and engineer should have no an- as this material is the safest, easiest dorsed. The following report of the thority in the selection of roads to be riding, is serviceable 365 days a year improved.

We believe in good roads, but are We believe that our road laws opposed to any bonding issue. Build should recognize the rights of the

the leased towards him, a torrent of words streaming from her lips. The professor answered her in her own language. (the listened to him in amazement. The anger passed like held out both her hands. The professor still argued. She shook her head. Finally he placed some gold in her palms. She patted him on the check, laughed into his eyes, pointed behind and resumed her dance. The anklet remained in the professor's hand.

"Say, we'll get out of this," Quest said. "The girls have had enough."

The professor made no objection "Congratulate me," he said. "I have been a collector of Egyptian gold ornaments all my life. This is the one anklet I needed to complete my collection. It has the double mark of the Pharaoha. I recognized it at once. There are a thousand like it, you would think, in the baraars there. In reality there may be, perhaps, a dozen more in all Egypt which are genuine." They all looked at one another. Their relief had grown too poignant

for words. "Early start tomorrow," Quest re-

minded them. Lenora, a few nights later, looked down from the star-strewn sky which seemed suddenly to have dropped so much nearer to them, to the shadows "Mr. Quest," he said, "can you spare ' thrown across the desert by the dancing flames of their fire.

> Laura rose to her feet "Say, I'm going to get a drink," she

captain closed the door of his cabin. announced. The dragoman who had been hover-He pointed to a carpet-aweeper which ing around, bowed gravely and pointed towards the water bottles.

They lifted the top. Inside were sev-She took the horn cup from the eral sandwiches and a small can of dragoman. "Have some yourself, if you want

"What on earth is this?" Quest deto, Hassan," she invited. Hassan bowed gravely, filled a cup The captain, without a word, led and drank it off. He stood for a mothem into his inner room. A huge ment perfectly still, as though somelounge stood in one corner. He lifted thing were coming over him which he Through the darkness they heard the the valance. Underneath were some failed to understand. Then his lips parted, his eyes for a moment seemed "You see," he pointed out, "there's to shoot from out of his dusky skip. room there for a man to have hidden. He threw up his arms and fell over on his side. Laura, who had only sipped especially if he could crawl out on deck at night. I couldn't make out her cup, threw it from her. She, too, why the dickens Brown was always reeled for a moment. The professor sweeping out my room, and I took up and Quest came running up, attracted this thing a little time ago and looked

by Lenora's shrick. "They're poisoned!" she cried. "The Veedemzoo!" Quest shouted. "My God! Pull yourself together,

"I rang down for the chief steward," Laura. Hold up for a minute." the captain continued, "and ordered He dashed back to their little en-Brown to be sent up at once. The campment and reappeared almost imchief steward came himself instead. mediately. He threw Laura's head It seems Brown went off without his back and forced some liquid down her wages, but with a huge parcel of bed. throat. ding, on the first barge this morn-

"It's camphor!" he cried. "You'll be all right, Laura. Hold on to yourself." He swung round to where the drago-"Captain," he declared, "I am man was lying, forced his mouth open. ashamed. He has been here all the but it was too late—the man was dead. time and we've let him slip through He returned to Laura. She stumbled our fingers. Girls," he went on briskto her feet. She was pale, and drops ly, turning towards Laura, who had of perspiration were standing on her We'll .forehead. She was able to rise to her catch this barge, if there's time. Our feet, however, without assistance.

"I am all right now," she declared. Quest felt her pulse and her fore-The captain walked gloomily with head. They moved back to the fire. "We are within a dozen miles or so

"Professor," Quest asked, "how long of the Mongar village," Quest said

would it take us to get to this Mongar grimly. "Do you suppose that fellow could have been watching?" "Two or three days, if we can get They all talked together for a time



"Craig!" She Cried, "Craig! I Saw His Face There."

clined to scout the theory of Craig hav-

ing approached them. You must remember," he pointed out, "that the Mongars hate these fellows. It was part of my arrangement with Hassan that they should leave us now and then so close that they could when we got in sight of the Mongar encampment. It may have been meant for Hassan. The Mongars hate the dragomen who bring tourists in this

"Look at the professor," she whis. direction at all." They talked a little while longer and They all turned their heads. A queer finally stole away to their tents to change seemed to have come into the sleep. Outside, the camel drivers professor's face. His teeth were talked still, chattering away, walking gleaming between his parted lips, his now and then around Hassan's body in head was thrust forward a little, his solemn procession. Finally, one of eyes were filled with a strange, hard them who seemed to have taken the light. He was a transformed being, lead, broke into an impassioned stream unrecognizable, perturbing. Even of words, Soon they stole away-a while they watched, the girl floated long, ghostly procession-into the close to where he sat and leaned to- night.

'Those fellows seem to have left off their infernal chattering all of a sudden," Quest remarked, lazily, from in-

side the tent. The professor made no answer. He

was asleep. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

roads should be done under the abso-The committee recommends that when roads are to be hard-surfaced concrete should be the material used,

and requires the least maintenance. "The greater Salem commercial

only such roads each year as we can people in selecting the roads upon body will aim to put everybody to pay for. We are in favor of federal, which their money is to be expended work putting everybody to work," is TILLAMOOK, Or., May 14.—Radical state and county aid, making the road for permanent work and we firmly be the way the Statesman puts it.

would like to stand for and speaking I was terribly alarmed about her con-

The spirit which brooded over the Remedy so highly recommended, I got The spiring thing about Amer river today, said the president, was her a bottle and it relieved the cough

Whooping Cough. cough she coughed so hard at one time

REPORT FAVORS CONSTRUCTION

"When my daughter had whooping STATE GRANGE URGES

UNDER SUPERVISION OF ROAD ENGINEERS.