Hilt of His Knife and Glanced Toward Hernandez.

"Behold the surf."

safe ashore."

shook him.

bag of gold?"

for death.

his arms and staggered with it aft. Ponto. "Some of us may," he said

something dropped clinking to the mussels on those rocks youder. Fol-

other object fluttered to the floor- that lay upon the beach. He and Her-

an ollsilk packet sealed with sealing nandez waded after llington. Once wax. Mrs. Hardin placed the two upon on the rocks Ilington stooped and tore

to the child's dress was a crumpled the billet in his hand and brought it

piece of paper, and upon the piece of with a crashing blow down upon the

see what we can find."

is day."

their boat. She went under.

manded, "is the off-silk packet ?"

ington. They are confided to her care."

Hernandez glanced significantly at

"Come on," said Hington, "there are

He strode into the water and waded

Ponto seized a bit of jagged wood

toward a patch of rocky ree" beyond.

huge shell fish from their moorings

with his naked hands. As he did so

Ponto in a sudden frenzy lifted high

llington fell like a log, Hernandez

"You fool," he cried, "what do you

"Wait," exclaimed Ponto, clawing

llington with his clutching talons;

The search yielded nothing to them.

"Fool," repeated Hernandez, "you

have done a useless thing. There's al-

said, "this man stood between us and

the packet. There is no one now to

Hernandez slowly nodded. "True,

he returned, "perhaps you are right.

He was a menace-now he is dead. He

is removed. Let us leave him to the

adventurers had said, and the sea was

strangely merciful. With the tender-

ness of a mother it laved the limbs of

the supine victim-it washed his

It did more-it brought him back to

life. Uttering an inarticulate cry, the

put his hand to the back of his head.

It came away covered with blood. He

He stared about him in bewilder

Babbling and cackling he rose once

more to his feet. Some instinct led

him toward the shore. He waded

across the narrow strip of water,

stared at his ruddy fingers vacantly.

"Red-red-" he babbled,

of beach beyond.

"To the mercy of the sea," these

mercy of the sea. Come on."

wound-it laved his brow.

"let us search him thoroughly."

sprang at Ponto and shook him as a

terrier shakes a rat.

ways time I tell you."

keep us from his child."

gain by this?"

"And why?" asked Hernandez.

"Courage, Manuella," he kept whis spoke.

pering; "courage, Annette. They've

Captain Hardin leaned over the side,

aboard," he shouted; "back there, men

"Ah-h-h," cried Ilington in a tone

back. Welcher, let them come aboard."

of relief. With a final almost super-

human effort be lifted Manuella to the

rail of the Princess, safely aboard. He

was about to pass the child to her, but

young Neal Hardin was holding out

"I'm a good catch," said young Neal;

Ilington glanced for one instant into

the frank face of Neal Hardin and the

captain of the ship. He drew a sigh of

"Whatever happens, thank God she

Captain Hardin put his lips to his

"Put her about there," he shouted

Even as he said it there was a fresh

some in molten state. There was an

Even the refugees aboard the

shower of huge red cinders; some ash

added cry of agony from shore and

ship cowered under the hail of fire in

a gasp. A red-hot cinder of unusual

Hington. Clutching the captain by

the arm she fell prone upon the deck.

Young Neal Hardin sprang forward

Manuella's breath came fast-the

thinnest portion of her skull had been

pierced by the jagged edges of the

well realizing that she was upon the

point of death, she caught young Neal

"I die-you take baby-some day

She said no more. The captain bent

over her, rose and glanced at Welch-

er significantly. Then he turned to

"Take the little girl into our cabin,

Neal clutched the warm bundle in

As Mrs. Hardin unwound the shawl

No sooner had he said it than an-

a small stand set into the side wall of

the cabin. She continued to unwind

the shawl. Again they started. Pinned

Mrs. Hardin read it. This is what it

"I am Annette Hington, heiress of

the lost isle of Cinnabar. I will be very

the oilskin packet until my father

comes for me or until I am eighteen.

I must look out for a man with a saber

cut upon his face. For God's sake

CHAPTER IV.

After a Night of Fear.

The three men-Hington and his

two companions-sat dejected in their

badly leaking boat and watched Cap-

tain Hardin's vessel fade away into

the distance. Hernandez watched her

keenly as she disappeared. Into the

innermost recesses of his mind he

tucked away the fact that she was the

steamer Princess of New York. Some

day that knowledge would be of use

to him. Hot ashes brushed against

Hington's cheek; some rested on his

shoulders. He shook himself like some

"Come," he said, "we've got to get

"Go to it, senor," said Hernandez.

It was not a request; it was a com-

mand. It was a strange thing that as

long as Ilington had borne the child in

his arms, Ilington had been the lead-

er of the three. Now his independence

For hours he rowed-he forgot he

out of this-and right away. This

huge mastiff. He seized the oars,

boat is filling fast."

seemed to leave him.

"Row."

keep me safe."

"It's a bag of gold," he said.

cabin floor. Neal seized it and handed low me."

paper was a hastily penciled scrawl. head of Hington,

Neal," he said. "Give her to your

by the blouse.

papa come-very-rich-

his young son Neal.

Wild-eyed and frantic, but

and caught the child before she fell.

relief. He nodded swiftly

is in good hands," he said.

out; "full steam ahead."

"Let the woman and child come

got to help you out."

his arms.

"put it there."

megaphone.

NEAL of the NAVY

By William Hamilton Osborne, AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," "RUNNING FIGHT,"

"CATSPAW," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY PATHE EXCHANGE, INC. COPYRIGHT, IDI" BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

FIRST INSTALLMENT

PROLOGUE-THE SURVIVORS CHAPTER L

The Red Death.

Capt. John Hardin of the Princess regarded the fast-receding coast line with unusual alarm. He shouted to his mate.

"Welcher," he cried, pointing aft. "look at that. I've never seen old Pelee act that way before."

Welcher, the mate, a surly, sallowfaced, ill-conditioned fellow in unkempt uniform, followed with his eyes the captain's glance.

"Gee whit," he said, "me neither." "Ben," exclaimed the captain, "she's spitting fire By Godfrey, that means death-death, I tell you, death."

This was back in 1902. The Printramp steamer bound to New York from the city of St. Pierre, in the Island of Martinique, with a cargo of cocoa, coffee, sugar cane and cotton, and had been under way probably an

You're right, captain," he returned. "Pelee means business this trip-

Death is right." A feminine figure emerged from the shadow of the afterhouse and rushed forward toward the bridge. Behind her, following in her wake, raced two sturdy youngsters. One of these youngsters darted past her, swarmed upon the bridge and confronted the captain and his mate.

He was Captain Hardin's boy, Neal -the only child.

The other boy was the mate's son. young Joey Welcher, sallow-faced and disagreeable like his father. With the roar of a thousand thun-

ders Pelce bellowed forth What are we going to do, Jack?" cried the captain's young wife; "what

are we going to do?" "Do?" returned the mate, before the captain could reply. "Put on more steam, that's what we'll do. We're well out of that hell-hole yonder. An hour and we'd have been in the thick of it. We're well out of it, I tell you."

Captain Hardin applied his eye to his telescope once more. The boy upon his shoulder followed suit.

Welcher," said the captain bravely, we've got to go back."

CHAPTER II.

The Lost lale. On the same day-the day of the

red death at Martinique-and but two short hours before the pilot put the helm of the tramp steamer Princess hard aport, three men sat on the veranda of a low-roofed, white-walled bungalow in St. Pierre.

One of these men was Ilington, a young American. He passed around a box of fragrant Martinique cheroots. He folded up some half-dozen slips of paper he had been examining and returned them to another individual who faced him from across the table.

"Senor Hernandez," exclaimed the young American, "for a week at least -half a hundred times-I have told you your credentials were satisfactory

Hernandez nodded gravely. thrust the papers back into a pocket and tapped them significantly. "None could be better," he ex-

claimed grandiloquently, "I am Hernandez-that is all sufficient." Suddenly the American turned and faced the third member of the coterie

"And what," he exclaimed, "what of Ponto here?" This third individual was the

strangest creature of them all. He was a Mexican; dark, very dark; lowbrowed: low-statured-and-fat, Hernandez nodded significantly, "Ponto, senor," he returned, "is as

good as gold. He, too, is brave." "Will be do as I tell him?" queried the American.

Hernandez bowed. "You tell me, senor, and I tell him. He will obey." The American turned his back for Manuella after him. a moment and Hernandez and Ponto exchanged significant glances.

Hington turned back to them. on. To have brave men one must take a chance."

Hington crossed the verands and Annette, surrendered her in an instant entered the living room, from there to Manuelia. He darted into an inner disappearing through another door, in room and opened the safe. From this a moment he was back, apparently safe he took a canvas bag that jingled empty handed. Once more he seated with the gold pieces it contained. He himself and then drew from the hip thrust this bag into one hip pocket of pocket of his trousers a thin oilskin his trousers, having already secreted packet sealed with scaling wax. He the oilskin packet in the other. laid it on the table before him.

owner of the lost isle of Cinnabar. Come on down the hill." My forefathers held the grant direct from Spain. The lost Isle of Cinna bar is a valuable isle. Tradition has it that upon it is located a quicksilver mine-an ancient mine but little worked. My mission is to seek that swarming street filled with its rushing, island, to find it and to claim it for frantic mob-llington fought his way

Where is this lost island?" queried

the Portuguese. Hington nodded. "The secret," he turned swiftly to find Ponto and Herreturned, "lies within this packet."

In a flash Ponto's hand darted like a black snake across the table to swimmers. clutch the packet in its grasp. The quite as agile as the fat Ponto. He his head. snatched the packet away just as Ponto's fingers touched it.

Ponto's eyes reddened; his face Bushed suddenly. He fingered the hilt of his knife and glanced toward Hernandez

"I will be careful to take small chance with you, friend Ponto," said Hington. He waved the packet toward Hernandez. "All in good time, senor," he said.

The important question," went on darted out upon another wharf. llington, "is this: Who is in possession of the lost isle of Cinna-It belongs to me. I have the paper title-at any rate 1 can obtain it, but whom must we eject when we

Leave that to me," said Hernancess, Captain Hardin's boat, was a dez. "We shall wipe them off the face of the earth-

green and yellow stripes, her head bound around with a strip of orangeored linen, slipped through the door leading with her a tiny girl-a child three or four years old.

The child saw Illington and ran tumultuously toward him, clasping his huge leg with her arms.

My daughter, gentlemen," said Il-"She is all I have. Her mother died when she was born and when I die she will be the heiress to the lost lale of Cinnabar-perhaps the princess of a principality, who knows." Manuella, her native nurse, carried her out into the narrow white and winding street, and together they half ran, half toddled down the hill.

Ilington resumed his own chair and once more exhibited the oilskin pack-

"The contents of this packet-possibly-will indicate the whereabouts of the lost isle of Cinnabar," he said. "Suppose we take a chance."

Break the seal, senor," said Her-

llington started to obey-but some thing happened.

With the suddenness of a jaguar Seeing from the hunters, a man-half



Neal Hardin and the Heiress of the Lost Island.

naked-bounded upon the veranda. "For the love of God," he said, in broken French, "flee for your lives. Pelee has broken loose."

Hington, with the ollskin packet still in hand, sprang to the edge of the veranda and from there into the street. He gave one look and then fell back.

"By George, he's right," he shouted. 'Look-look.'

Anxiously he turned his gaze down the hill. Then with a bound he was off. In three minutes he was back clutching his little daughter, Annette, to his breast and dragging the frenzied

Shrieks from a thousand throats rent the air without. Ilington glanced into the street. His face went white. is agreed," he said, "I will take you Ashes, red-hot pieces of molten lava were dropping in a shower.

Hington, who had been holding

"Come on," he shouted to the group "Gentlemen," he said, "I am the behind him. "It's death to stay here. I'm going to do."

CHAPTER III.

Terror-Driven.

All down that long steep hill-that with his back and brawny shoulders. Once, twice, he felt a stealthy hand at his hip pockets. Each time he

warning he slipped aside into a blind alley, and let the crowd slide by like a huge many-colored avalanche. When he joined the crowd again, Hernandes and his Artec ally were ahead of him and not behind.

"To the sea-to the sea"-the voice of the multitude raised itself in agony, There was but one cry- to the sealet me past-make room for me-to

At a crazy little wharf Ilington twitched himself and Manuella and the child deftly to one side and let the crowd plungs on.

He scanned the surface of the bay, the fringe of shore. The bay was dotted with small boats, laden to the gunwales. The water was alive with

Hington turned auddenly-at his American, for all his hugeness, was side stood Hernandez, Illington shook "There's not a chance," he said.

"Senor Ilington," said Hernandez, 'you are indeed fortunate to have tied yourself to me. Always I have some thing up my sleeve." He jerked his Follow me," he added. llington, wondering, followed, dragging Manuella with him.

Swiftly the group moved along the water front-they fought their way inch by inch. Suddenly Hernandez

"Stand in a circle," he commanded, "and when I say the word-quick action, senor. Then Hernandez stooped quickly

and jerked back a trap door that had

been fitted into the planking. "Quick," he whispered, "drop. He seized Manuella and dropped her through the opening. She screamed-A screen door swung open and a this scream rose to a shrick when she native woman gaudily arrayed in struck the water. But her alarm was unwarranted. There was no dangershe stood waistdeep in water. Ponto followed with a leap-he knew his

llington lowered himself warily, to save Annette from injury; clung for one instant to the edge of the opening with one brawny hand, and then dropped straight as a plummet. Hernandez followed suit, closing the trap door behind him. The closing of this door left them almost in total darkness.

whispered Hernandez, "I "Senor." have a boat. One moment, please." He groped about and caught a rope tied to a pile. He drew it in, hand

"In," said Hernandez-"everybody The group obeyed. The boat was

emali. "Senor." said Hernandez, "you are large-you are tall. See yonder ray of light-it is an opening, just wide

enough to admit of this small craft. terror. Suddenly at the captain's side Leap out, senor-draw us thither-it Manuella, the native woman, uttered is the sole way to the sea." flington dragged the boat through size had smitten her upon the temple the narrow opening and swung back as she crouched low over little Annette

into his place. "Til row," he said. Suddenly Hernandes pointed toward the north. "Look, senor," he exclaimed, "succor-yonder is salva-

Ilington followed his glance. His face lighted. "Salvation is right," he returned in

tones of relief, "a steamer-and, what's more, she files the American fing. Good luck." Under the command of her captain, Hardin, the Princess had steamed back

into the rain of living fire to rescue whom she might. On the forward deck of the steamer stood Captain Hardin-and beside him his small son-to welcome refu-

gees. And there were many refugees to welcome. Captain Hardin soon saw he must discriminate. Finally he shook his head. "Ben," he told his mate, "we're filling up.

Pick your crowd from now on-only the helpless-children, women, old it to his mother. men. Reject all others." Welcher, with two of the crew be-

hind him-both scared into a frenzyall armed with capstan bars-raised aloft his bludgeon. "No more-no more!" he cried, "I'll

brain the first man who tries to get aboard.

Suddenly above the din, a powerful voice was heard.

"Ahoy, there, Princess," cried this Welcher followed the sound. It said:

came from the lungs of a powerfully built man rowing a leaky boat. "Make way there," beliewed the rich some day Save my clothes and oarsman, Hington; "one moment, the oilskin packet until my father Princess. Where's the captain?"

llington seized his little daughter Annette and uncovered her head. "Never mind me." he said. "I want refuge for this woman and the child." Welcher was adamant "Not another ounce of human flesh aboard

this boat," he said. There was a tug upon his arm. He turned. Little Neal Hardin, the captain's son, stood at attention and touched his cap. He pointed with one hand toward little Annette Ilington.

"Please, Mr. Welcher," he pleaded. "let her come aboard. She don't weigh an ounce." The mate turned savagely upon the "You mind your own business,

a moment, then saluted and started "Yes, sir," he returned, "that's what

He darted off on the run, and sought his father, Captain Hardin.

"There's just one ounce-a little bit of an ounce-wants to come aboard, captain-pop," he pleaded; " a tweenty-weenty little ounce. Won't you lest

He dragged the captain forward. The captain, laughing good-naturedly, followed him. Meanwhile Ilington, with sure discrimination, placed the child in Man-

was a human being. His oars rose and nandez close at his heels. Without uellas arms once more, and forced the fell with the regularity of machinetion of reduction in the tariff on wool products, but look at the prices to balance to the wheel, and that they ing in pence, but got peace at any son has had to face, and there is not were never appealed to that they price, Senator Chamberiain said he a moment that his thoughts are not

Preparation Declared Needed.

the senator. "The law of supply and which to discuss the questions of the small army, but one of efficiency. ropean war has had much to do with life, and dependence was to be as to forego it if they could have peace."

interests. The senator said there tion, and said I was all run down, but view "there isn't going to be any war." Commenting upon the sinking

their very acts would cause at least He reached the beach and darted elg mag hither and thither, always

babbling, always cackling. There was reason for this. Some where in his skull there was a denta deep depression—made by the billet of wood that had struck him down. Ever and anon as he went he stroked the wound with the right hand and drew the hand away, covered with

"Red-red-" he babbled and went

CHAPTER V.

A Night With Flame. Young Neal Hardin was proud of his father's boat, the Princess. - He never ceased admiring her. There was no part of her he didn't love. He was well assured that she must hold the same fascination for other people as she did for him. He concluded that little Annette Ilington would fall desperately in love with his huge boat and he escorted that young lady to all parts of the vessel—in fact, he walked er little legs off.

They explored the lifeboats, the forward quarters of the crew; they visited the pilot; they climbed the bridge Finally, they visited the hold. It was well they did.

Something had happened-and had Ponto's Eyes Reddened; His Face Flushed Suddenly. He Fingered the happened on the day before while the incess lay off Martinique. Cinders native woman out upon the ladder. | like movement. Buddenly Hernandes had fallen by the hundreds-a coudition of affairs that the captain and his "Careful, senor," he commanded. crew had well prepared for. It was impossible to be sverywhere at once He was quite right. They were and a cinder-a live, red messenger of crossing some bar well off the shore. death-had taken advantage of this Before they knew it they were in the condition of affairs, had wormed its midst of a tumult of wind-driven angry waves. Ponto shricked. A wave tow- and like a red-hot cancer had eaten inered high above them and fell with to it with flame.

> thunderous thud upon the bottom of With just the alightest trace of ex-"Come on," cried Bington; "a hand the deck and with her at his side the week, on each of my shoulders-I'll take you sought and found his father and whispered to him.

The captain stiffened as with shock; Half an hour later the three men staggered out of the battered surf and sank down exhausted upon a strip of hand and three members of the crew city in a few days. rushed to him. He gave hasty, whis-

Dawn broke with Hington still sleeppered orders. ing heavily. Ponto was the first to wake. He shook Hernandez, placing his finger on his lips. Hernandez sprang up with the agility of a pan happened—the hold was filled with and found the hunting good. ther. He collected his faculties in an instant. He placed his hand upon the leaping heavenward, and in that same been visiting with their son. William shoulder of the alceptng man and pandemonium reigned.

'Wake, senor," he commanded; "it hands to the boats! Women and chil- last six months. Mr. Perry is the

"Senor," went on Hernandez, "let dren first." us resume our conversation-our talk Two days later a boatload of halfof yesterday. Where is this lost starved refugees parched with thirst. island?" He thrust his face into the chilled by the cold night and baked face of Hington. "And where," he deby the heat of day, were sighted by a cruiser of the navy. Half an hour aft-"Where, also," added Ponto, "is the erwards its exhausted passengers Ilington smiled. "So you have the cruiser's side.

searched me, have you?" he returned. Well, you're welcome, gentlemen, to lifeboat and last of all save the lifeanything you find." He rose to his boat's crew to reach the cruiser's deck feet. "Come on," he commanded, was young Neal Hardin. Clutched in "we're marooned. I'm hungry. Let us his arms was the recumbent sleeping figure of little Annette Hington.

Hernandez caught him by the arm. Where is the packet?" he demanded. mander's cabin. She accepted with "And where the gold?" persisted gratitude. She tucked Annette llington and Joey Welcher into their berths, Hington smiled. "Both traveling but when she came to look for Neal, north," he answered, "with Annette Ilher young son, she found him missing. She searched for him. A seaman touched her on the arm.

Hington shrugged his shoulders. "I "You'll find him there, ma'am," said thought you and I and Ponto here the sallor, were booked for death, that's why.

He pointed toward a group in a cor-Who knows-we may still be booked ner of the sleeping deck. The crew



Ponto shook his head. "Senor," he Ponto in a Sudden Frenzy Lifted High the Billet in His Hands and Brought

were swinging hammocks ready for the night. Mrs. Hardin listened. She heard the clear tones of her young son Neal. She hastened to the group and caught her offspring by the hand. "Mom," he pleaded, "don't." He pointed toward a hammock high above his head. "That's where I'm going to sleep-just once-tonight."

A seaman touched his cap and grinned. "He's a sailor from the "You ground up, ma'am," he said. can't make him anything else if you was to try a hundred years. All through that long night a woman

man rose, staggering to his feet. He lay, wide-eyed, with dumb agony within her heart. She didn't know-she couldn't know-that Capt. John Hardin was exploring the depths unknown with a knife sunk between his shoulder blades by his mate, Welcher. But she knew that she would never lay eyes upon him more-never feel the clasp of his hand, nor his kiss upon her lips, nor his strong arms about her breast high, toward the narrow strip never in this world again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WILLIAM B. PERRY IS NAMED REGISTRAR

controversy between this country and

in conclusion Henator Chamberlain

stated that the articles of war on our

statutes today are the same as dur-

ing the time of George Washington,

and that they need reorganization to

After a couple of selections by the

band, a lew athletic contests were in-

fulged in for the benefit of the young

folks, with suitable prizes being of-

tered to the successful contestonts.

meet modern day methods.

Gormany?

MILWAUKIE, Sept. 18 .- (Specila) William B. Perry, for several years a druggist in this city, has been appointed by the deputy state registrar as registrar of vital statistics for district 68, consisting of Harmony, Ardenwald, Milwaukie and Oak Grove.

The duties of the registrar will be to report all deaths and births coming within this territory. The doctors are given 10 days in which to. turn in all births and the undertakers are compelled to report all deaths inme listely

Since Mr. Perry has been appointed registrar of this district which was on September 7, four births and one death have been recorded

MILWAUKIE PERSONAL ITEMS.

MILWAUKIE, Sept. 18,-(Special) unnoticed into the cotton cargo, Charlie Templer, of this city, who broke his arm some time ago while working in the Kenton shingle mill is now able to use it and expects to citement Neal drew the little girl to go back to work in the mill the first of

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Keck and daughter. Dalsy, are spending their summer vacation at the coast and are planhis face turned pale. He held up a ning to return to their home in this

Judge J. R. Kelso and a party are planning on going to southern Oregon In ten minutes the fire hose was laid before long where they will hun and out-men were working at the pumps fish. Mr. Kelso has just returned But in ten minutes something else had from a hunting trip in that section

smoke. Huge tongues of flame were Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Perry, who have ten minutes panic took command- R. Perry, local druggist, will return soon to their home in Pultneney, New "Abandon ship," Hardin cried. "All York after visiting in this city for the owner of a large vineyard in New

INDUSTRIAL FAIR SUCCESS.

MILWAUKIE. Sept. 18 .- (Special) The industrial fair here today, held clambered wearily but gratefully up under the supervision of the principal Goetz, was a decided success. The The last of the refugees to leave the exhibits included a wide range of subjects and prizes were awarded for

gure of little Annette Hington. Mrs. Hardin was offered the com-DEFENDANTS IN: SUIT

Olaf F. Hedgale and Mary E. Hedgale Thursday instituted a suit in the circuit court to remove a cloud from the title to their as-acre farm near West Linn. Clackamas county and the state of Oregon are named defendants in the action. In 1884 the man who then owned the land gave the county a deed to a strip a red wide across the property fora road. The road was never opened but the county still holds title to the strip. J. E. Hedges, attorney for the Hegdales, appeared before the county court several weeks ago and unsuccessfully tried to settled the matter without bringing a suit.

STOP AT CROSSING ORDERED.

The state public service commission has issued an order requiring the Port. land Railway, Light & Power company, to stop all trains within 60 feet of Cottrell station, in the eastern part of the county, and sound a signal before crossing the highway. In a complaint signed by G. H. Blackburn and about 1000 others, it was asserted that the crossing is extremely dangerous.

IN STERLING LIVES A GIRL

Who Suffered As Many Girls Do-Tells How She Found Relief.

Sterling, Conn .- "I am a girl of 22 years and I used to faint away every month and was very weak. I was also



Wisdom for Women, and I saw how others had been nelped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it, and it has made me icel like a new girl and I am now relieved of all these troubles. I hope all young

bothered a lot with

female weakness. I

read your little book

girls will get relief as I have. I never felt better in my life."-Mrs. JOHN TETREAULT, Box 116, Sterling, Conn. Massena, N. Y .- "I have taken Ly-

dia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I highly recommend it. If anyone wants to write to me I will gladly tell her about my case. I was certainly in a bad condition as my blood was all turning to water. I had pimples on my face and a bad color, and for five years I had doctors called it 'Ahemia and Exhaus-Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me out all right."-Miss LAVISA MYRES, Box 74, Massena, N.Y.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should immediately

CHAMBERLAIN IS SPEAKER

(Continued from Page 1).

Wool Tariff Explained. Commenting on the tariff Senator er than ever in its history. The of the masses. The senator said the Chamberlain said that when the quest same thing was said of agricultural agricultural classes were the great

AT BIG GRANGE MEETING came up, he, together with Senator day" Walsh, of Montana, and others interested in this commodity, called upon the president and spent three hours in trying to get the latter not to inmasses, and cited particularly the sist upon the reduction as great as postal savings bank as an instance, was planned, believing that the induswhich, he said, had been bitterly try of several trades would be de fought by the big interests because stroyed, having been so importuned they believed it would seriously in- by their constituents. "That reducjure them, when as a matter of fact tion was made and what do we find "Why, wool today in Oregon is high- are taking in working for the interests "aid the senator.

the high prices prevailing. Grange Is Complimented.

These things have come in spite of didn't do their duty. He declared wanted this country to be prepared with and for the masses of people of been troubled with suppression. The sured that the discussion will be for the senator said.

the very nature of conditions," said that there was no better place in for war, even though it be with a his country as against the classes or demand is the great economic law day than in the grange hall, where "We may be receiving some benefit was no reason on earth why our counthat fixes the prices of all products." they discussed things of greatest ben- from the great war, but it is none try should become embroiled in war The senator said that the great Eu- efft to the locality, state and national but what the people would be willing with Europe, and according to his the interest of the masses and not in Senator Chamberlain eulogized of the Lusitania and the Arabic, Sen-The grange and State Master Spence the interest of the few. "Where the President Wilson for his attitude in afor Chamberlain asked if those 100 today," said Senator Chamberlain. were complimented for the part they farmer does his duty is at the polla," the European questions, and said that Americans who sailed on the former not since the time of the immortal and three on the latter were patrictic Lincoln had a president been con- to this country when they sailed in While declaring himself as believ- fronted with the problems which Wil- the face of warning, knowing that dia 3 Pinkham's Vegetable Compour