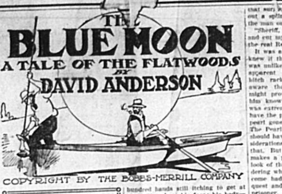

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THE LYNCHERS.

Synopsis.—Never having known his father, and living with his mother on a houseboat on the Wabash river, Pearlhunter—the only name he has—learns from her a part of the story of her sad life. He meets a young girl whom he mentally christens the Wild Rose. She eludes him before he can make her acquaintance. A vacant cabin on the shore has attracted the attention of the ailing woman, and they move into it. Their first meal is interrupted by the Man-in-the-Fancy-Vest. Pearlhunter strikes him. Gunplay threatens. The mother dramatically drives the intruder away. She says he is the "Other Man," whom she has not seen for 20 years. They find a red mask dropped by the Other Man. That night Pearlhunter finds the Blue Moon, a great freshwater pearl. His mother dies without revealing his father's name. Pearlhunter and the Other Man meet in the village; a pistol fight is narrowly averted. Pearlhunter believes him to be the Red Mask criminal. Pearlhunter rescues Wild Rose from the Other Man and meets Wild Man, her father. He is a man of culture, crazed from concussion of the brain, the result of an attack by someone wearing a red mask. Nobody knows his identity; he is known at the post office simply as Box 22. Pearlhunter proposes that he sell the Blue Moon and send for a surgeon to operate. Wild Rose agrees. Pearlhunter sells the Blue Moon for $5,000 to Louie Solomon. The Red Mask murders Solomon and steals the Blue Moon. Pearlhunter is charged with the crime.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.
—10—

"I'm not the Red Mask. I didn't kill Louie Solomon. And I don't know where the Blue Moon is."

The answer was not convincing. Nothing he could have said just then would have been. Whether the Jew believed it, or any part of it, his face gave no sign. He backed away two steps and leveled his revolver full at the Pearlhunter's breast, like a man about to pistol another and deliberately planning to make a clean job of it. The instant came when the Pearlhunter believed the grimy finger was about to press the trigger and he was almost in the act of diving beneath the muzzle when the Jew motioned to one of the others and said something ...

... hundred hands still itching to get at him. They beat his face; his body—wherever a fist or a club could reach him. A stick of stove wood in the hands of a lanky woodchopper laid open an ugly gash across his head.

Half-dazed, he was trying to wink the blood and mist out of his eyes when a roar was heard on the outskirts of the crowd, and the stocky form of the old Boss was seen fighting his way into the circle. He had probably gone up to Fallen Rock, as he had promised the night before, missed the Pearlhunter, and come on to the village. He fought well, and opened a narrow swath, half-way through the circle to his friend. But just then somebody struck him above the ear with the flat of a barrel stave. The ripple subsided; the swath closed. The Pearlhunter's last friend was down and out.

The rope was flung over a limb. Half a hundred hands, some of them women's hands, stretched up ready to pull. Half a hundred hands did pull. The rope tightened—slowly. A hush fell on the mob; a hush so deep that the creak of the tightening rope could be distinctly heard. That last final scene, the last stroke that stops a life—it is a solemn moment; even to a mob. The Pearlhunter was lifted; the last light tips of his toes left the grass; flames ran up and down his spine; the world turned black.

There came a sudden dash of hoofs, and a man rode straight at the mob. It takes a hardy person to withstand the charge of a horse. The crowd parted. The horseman reached the dangling man, and with one slash of a huge jackknife, cut the rope.

The stroke came barely in time. The Pearlhunter, only saved from crumpling down to the grass by the arm of the horseman, drooped limp and gasping against the side of the horse. Slowly the world quit reeling; the light came back; he raised his eyes; caught the glitter of a sheriff's star upon the vest of his rescuer.

It is marvelous how one brave man, with the law behind him, can awe a mob.

"Who is this man?" yelled the sheriff.

A man, whose mouth had been mashed by a butt of the Pearlhunter's head, clawed the red mask up from the ground, trampled and soiled, but that surely up to his eyes and struck out a splinter of fire. He turned to the man on the horse.

"Sheriff, if you'll stick my gun back and cut my hands loose, I'll rope you the real Red Mask."

It was an unwise thing to say. He knew it the moment he'd said it. It was unlike him. The man leaning in apparent carelessness against the hitch rack was probably quite unaware that he was suspected. It might prove a costly mistake to let him know that he was. Besides, it was extremely unlikely that he would have the pearl still on him. With the pearl gone, the proof would be gone. The Pearlhunter's usual slow caution should have brought a good many considerations to his mind before he said that. But a rope around a man's neck makes a prodigious difference in the look of things. One cannot help wondering what would have been the outcome had the sheriff heeded the request and cut loose the hands of his prisoner. Things would have happened—and they would have happened fast.

The sheriff laughed; a hard, raspy laugh. A good many things in that laugh; the jangle of handcuffs; the grate of keys in stiff locks—but never a mite of mirth.

"He's roped now."

"He's not," was the Pearlhunter's incautious answer, "but he's handy."

He had purposely raised his voice. But the man for whose ear it was intended never shifted his position; never changed, even in the slightest, his easy smile. He did slip his hand down the front of his frock coat and loosen it against his side, but that was all.

The sheriff swore; turned slowly in his saddle and glanced the crowd over. "Ladies an' gentlemen," he said, raising his voice, "as I said before, this man is entitled to a trial, an' a trial he'll git. He'll hang—but it'll be the law that hangs 'im, an' not you. I advise you to break up this damn foolishness an' go home."

It could be seen with half an eye that the sheriff was in no humor to stand any back talk. The crowd didn't try it; they obeyed—many sullenly, some grumbling openly. A few stayed. The man leaning against the hitch rack went back to the Mud Hen.

The village of Buckeye straggles for a quarter of a mile along the river road. The road is a bigger institution than the town. It formed the principal street. The village lockup, or jail, stood in plain sight a short way to the west on the north side of the road.

The sheriff dismounted, picked up the slit and trampled blouse, threw it about the shoulders of his prisoner and untied the severed rope end still knotted about his neck. With a muttered command, he made a slight motion toward the jail with his revolver. The Pearlhunter, still with bound hands, his shirt so tattered that it left him half-naked from his waist up, the blood upon his face and body fast stiffening into clots, obeyed the command.

Inside the lockup the sheriff cut his hands loose, and immediately stepped outside and locked the door, seeming to have no fancy to tarry after his prisoner's hands were free. Turning ...

... ing loose. He stood studying it. The legs! He darted behind the stove lifted it, and wrenched one loose, hid it under his rumpled blouse; and went to the east window to watch the sheriff's house.

A scratching at the west window caught his ear. He listened till it was repeated; crossed the hall and tiptoed to the window. A hand came up to scratch the window ledge again. The Pearlhunter laid his palm upon it. It was snatched away; but came back again.

"That you, Pearlhunter?"

"Yes."

The man on the outside raised himself even with the window. The Pearlhunter would have recognized him in half the light—the Boss. His face came close to the bars on the outside; the Pearlhunter's face came close to the bars on the inside. The friendly butt of a six-gun came across the window ledge. The comfortable feel of it in his fingers gave the Pearlhunter a new lease of life.

"Hide it in y'ur pants leg, or some'r's," the Boss whispered. "An' here's some more bullets, an' th' caps an' powder flask."

The young man grasped the hard old hand and whispered an awkward word or two. The Boss drew his hand back and swore.

"Hit ain't no more'n you'd 'a' done fer me," he growled. "Now listen. Bull Masterson he's camped three mile up the river. He's got seven

"Hide It In Your Pants Leg, or Som'ere's."

men; an' I've got five. That makes fourteen, countin' me and Bull. We c'n plum upset this derned ol' meat house. An' once't we git y'u out, let 'em lay a claw on y'u ag'in, if they devil da'st."

"No, no," the Pearlhunter muttered. "You mustn't do that. You'd cross the law yourselves."

...

"Who Is This Man?" Yelled the Sheriff.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Married on Time

By R. RAY BAKER

As he walked ... caught a glimpse ... through a window ... cottage, Robert ...

...

DEATHS SHOW SLUMP IN 1919

KNOW ALL ABOUT WEATHER

DRESSES INVITING TO THE SEAMSTRESS

Gay and Picturesque Bonnets

Julia Bottomley

STILL GOVERNED BY INSTINCT

WARNING

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years, and proved safe by millions.—Say "Bayer"!

say Bayer Aspirin

SAFETY FIRST! Accept only an "unbroken package" of genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains proper directions for Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, and pain generally. Strictly American!

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages.
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Taken Out of Himself.

"Mr. Grabcoin's address on honesty in business was one of the most impressive talks I ever heard."

"To hear him speak you wouldn't think he'd ever sold any bogus stock, would you?"

"No, and while he was talking he was in such an exalted mood I don't believe he thought he'd ever sold any bogus stock either."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills contain nothing but vegetable ingredients, which act gently as a tonic and purgative by stimulation and not by irritation.—Adv.

Why Not?

"Hubby, here's a dog store."

"Well?"

"I want a Peke."

"I don't mind indulging you to that extent. Take a good look."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sure Relief
6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief
BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION

Simple Drafting System prepares beginners in about ... Roseware, Wallingford Bldg., Covington, Ky.

SALESMEN Wanted To Sell Our West Virginia Grown Nursery Stock. Fine canvassing outfit FREE. Cash Commission Paid Weekly. WRITE for terms. THE GOLD NURSERY CO. Mason City, W. Va.

A Bad Cough

PISO'S

X-Ray Detects Swallowed Coins.

In the government mint in Japan an X-ray machine is used to examine suspected employees as they leave the establishment daily, and it has revealed the presence of coins that had been concealed in the guilty one's stomach.

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Womens' complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

A Total Loss.

"Why did you discharge your new clerk?"

"He was too accommodating," said the grocer.

"What?"

"He kept opening canned goods to show lady shoppers they were in a fine state of preservation."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Garfield Tea, by purifying the blood, eradicates rheumatism, dyspepsia and many chronic ailments.—Adv.

A Clean Send-Away.

A farmer lad was writing a letter to a city friend. Having no other envelope than a very dirty one that he had carried in his pocket for quite a while, he used it, but annexed at the end of the letter:

"P. S.—Please excuse the envelope. It was clean when it left my hands."

SOME ODD FACTS ABOUT COAL

If your Coffee-Pot has boiled too often

If too many cups of coffee have set your stomach and nerves on edge, put the pot on to boil again—

But this time use

POSTUM CEREAL in place of coffee

Boil it a full fifteen minutes after boiling starts and you will bring out its rich, satisfying flavor.

The benefit to health will soon be apparent.

"There's a Reason"

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc. Battle Creek, Michigan.

Horse-Car Conductor; Wins Nobel Prize

IN HAMSUN'S COUNTRY

DID you ever hear of Knut Hamsun before he won the Nobel prize for literature? Well, you needn't feel lonesome—unless you are an old-time resident of Chicago, where he was a horse-car conductor back in the eighties. Anyway, Knut Hamsun, who is a Norwegian and lives a near-hermit life in the wilds of Norway, has been awarded the belated prize of 1919—whereat most Americans are vastly astonished.

Some old-time Chicago residents of Scandinavian blood remember Knut—they seem to think in those days that it was spelt with three letters.

"Why, sure, I knew him; I knew that Knut Hamsun," said Dr. Anders Doe, for many years prominent in Den Norske club. "He was such an out-at-the-elbows lad; he was very poor. No, he had no money. That was in the early eighties, when he came to Chicago after working as a plowboy on the virgin North Dakota prairies. He got a job as conductor on the old Halsted street line. The horses pulled the cars then. And, my, it was cold on the back platform. I still remember Knut's chapped, red wrists, where his coat-sleeves forgot to meet his mittens. And he carried books in his pockets. Always books, Euripides, Aristotle, Thackeray. Such a dreamer! The passengers used to get mad. He would forget to pull the rope. They missed their corners."

And so disaster befell Conductor Knut Hamsun. The Halsted street horse-car was not for him. He couldn't remember the streets. On pilgrimages down the line he used to call out "North avenue," for "Division street."

One day an old lady asked Hamsun if the car was southbound. Hamsun ...

...

Chinese Lily Fine Plant

Wealth in Old Stamps

SIBERIANS UP AGAINST REDS

The Kitchen Cabinet

(©, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Wear a smile on your face,
Keep a laugh in your heart,
Let your lips bubble over with song;
'Twill lighten your load
As you travel life's road
And help other singers along."

THE AVOCADO OR ALLIGATOR PEAR.

For many years the avocado has been brought to this country from Mexico, and in limited number has been in the markets of late from north to south. Even now the demand for the fruit at almost prohibitive prices far exceeds the supply. Experimenters have tested to their satisfaction that this much prized fruit can be produced commercially in a wide area of territory and they are busy developing an industry that gives much promise. The avocado belongs to the laurel family and is a native of tropical and semi-tropical America. The tree is large and spreading, its leathery leaves of a spicy taste and odor. The bay tree, whose leaves are used largely for seasoning, belongs to the laurel family. The fruit of the avocado varies in shape from round to pear-shaped, with color from green to deep purple, weighing from a few ounces up to five pounds. It contains a large single seed around which is a thick creamy yellow and green-colored flesh, of delightful nutty flavor. The thick-skinned fruit is more often shipped, as it carries well. It has been said of the avocado that it is in a class by itself. It is a natural combination of food-fruit and oil. It averages 984 calories, or heat units per pound, more than twice the maximum calories of the best fresh fruits. Its fuel value corresponds to 75 per cent of that of cereals. Its chief value however is in its fat content, which in some cases is as high as 28 to 30 per cent. The only fruit comparable to it is the olive and that is a processed fruit. The increase in population, making land so valuable merely for producing meat, makes the production of such a substitute worthy of consideration.

In Mexico a salad of the pear is used as follows: Cut the fruit in dice after peeling and add to two parts of the fruit one part of Bermuda onion, chopped fine, and a small sweet pepper. Prepare two hours before serving. Season with salt, pepper and vinegar.

In Santiago.—Peel the fruit, remove the seed and cut in cubes. Mix with mayonnaise, sprinkle with the yolk of hard cooked egg put through a sieve. Such a salad should constitute a meal, with the fat of the fruit in the dressing and in the yolk of the egg.

Havana Paste.—Take the meat of three avocados, add three tomatoes, half a green pepper cut into fine shreds. Crush and pound this mass to a paste. ...

...

Nellie Maxwell

HONOR FOR CANADA

Wins Championships at International Live Stock Show.

Splendid Exhibits, Both of Animals and Grain, Won Admiration of Judges and Spectators.

One of the most interesting sights at the International Live Stock show at Chicago was the evening parades of horses and cattle. As the Canadian section of these parades came into view, and as it passed around the ring, there was continued applause. There were two or three reasons for this, the principal one being that in this section there were the wonderful Clydesdales, the Belgians and the Percherons that had carried off championships and first prizes. The province of Saskatchewan had a splendid display of Clydesdales and showed in a number of classes, and in every class they got in the money. A remarkable and noted winning was that of the University of Saskatchewan, showing "Lady Bruce," female Clydesdale, in a class of 24 and taking second. In competition there were entries from such famous studs as Conyngham Bros. of Wilkesbarre, P. L. James of Easton, Mass., and George Chiett of the same state. She was beaten by an imported mare, but was later made champion American-bred mare and reserve grand champion, an honor never before conferred upon anything but an imported animal.

The following are some of the good things that Canada won at the International, in a fair fight and no favors. Grand championship for Clydesdale stallions; championship for American-bred Clydesdale mares; reserve senior and reserve grand championships for Clydesdale mares; grand championship for Southdown sheep; sweepstakes grand championship for wheat for the continent of America; championship for Durum wheat for America.

Another of the reasons for the applause given the Canadian sections of the parade was the heartiness with which the American spirit was imbued that impelled it to greet with the fullest appreciation the efforts of the winner, and the hundreds of Canadians in the immense audience of the amphitheater appreciated it.

The purpose that Canada had in making exhibits from their farms, whether it was of live stock—and they had it there in all branches—grains, grasses or roots, was to demonstrate that the war had not created devastation, that the country was alive with interest in the matter of production and that it had ability to produce in a manner that would bring it championships, and what better place than the International, where it would be placed before thousands, many of whom, with the enlightenment thus gained and with a desire to better their condition, would be made to realize that in the neighboring country to the north there was an opportunity that it might be of advantage to them to embrace.—Advertisement.

Like and Unlike.

The death of Anders Zorn, the famous etcher, ...

...

IN YE OLDEN TIME

Hoop skirts were worn by those who first asked the druggist for, and insisted on having, the genuine Golden Medical Discovery put up by Dr. Pierce over fifty years ago. Dress has changed very much since then! But Dr. Pierce's medicines contain the same dependable ingredients. They are standard today just as they were fifty years ago.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the stomach and blood cannot be surpassed by any remedy today.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak women has never been equalled for the distressing complaints incident to womanhood. What others say:

LORAIN, OHIO—"For many years I have taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery when in need of medicine of its kind and it has always proved excellent, never failing to give the required results. I have taken it to build me up when run-down and as a blood purifier and it is a splendid tonic and blood medicine. I take pleasure in recommending it."—MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON, 1335 - 6th St.

Vaseline
PETROLEUM JELLY

For burns, cuts, sprains and all skin irritations. Relieves dryness of scalp.

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CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
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For CROUP, COLDS, INFLUENZA & PNEUMONIA

BRAME'S VAPOMENTHA SALVE

Every Horse Owner ... Yager's Liniment

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Kill That Cold With

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For Colds, Coughs and La Grippe

Neglected Colds are Dangerous

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT