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Order Coal Today

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Any electrical gift combines both beauty and practicability in a manner that will please the recipient, yet the cost of any item in our store is so reasonable that you can choose at least one or more for your gift list.

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SAVE MONEY BY PAYING CASH FOR YOUR COAL

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Not all the "wrong numbers" are mistakes of the operator—sometimes folks call the wrong number, you know.

Mighty easy to transpose "456," for instance, to "546," when you depend on your memory.

The surest way is to consult the directory every time and be sure to call the right number—speaking the figures distinctly, like (not just "at") the telephone, and correcting the operator if she repeats them incorrectly. Then never "central" down any you the wrong number, if you want to "bless out" the Telephone Company you can do it with clear conscience, you see.

What of the percentage of all the "wrong number" calls the Telephone Company's mistakes and those of the patrons together—is much lower than you probably think especially when you consider the great number of calls that go over the lines every day.

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HAVE YOU A BAD BACK? Then the Advice of This Carlisle Resident Will Interest You

Does your back ache night and day,

Hinder work, d'ctrop your rest?

Are you torture with stabbing pains

When you stoop, lift or bend?

Then likely your kidneys are weak

More troubles may soon appear.

Headaches, dizziness, nervousness,

Or urin acid and do ills.

Help your weakened kidneys with a stimulant diuretic.

Use Doan's Pills.

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S. W. Hopkins, retired farmer, E. Main St., says: "I had a lamy nose in my back and when I bent over to lift anything, sharp pains darted through the small of my back. My kidneys acted irregularly, too. After using Doan's Kidney Pills however, I was relieved of the trouble and I am glad to recommend them."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Pills—the name that Mr. Hopkins had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Ancient Stone Axes.

Fourteen stone axes, recently unearthed on a farm property in Norway, are declared by experts to be examples of one of the earliest known forms of stone axe, dating from a period 7,000 years ago.

SINNERS IN HEAVEN

BY CLIVE ARDEN

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Each day he spent much time upon the reef, salving all that was possible from the wreck. That's not the right keynote for a report. He knew it. It won't do. He looked queerly up at her, with a smile full of hidden meaning.

"No." She flushed a little; then gave a dreamy laugh. "How can I imagine what could be, in these circumstances?"

"Can't you?" He looked away at the water tumbling in the reef, and his face hardened and there flashed across it something of the fierce, relentless spirit which had made him a power in the islands. Alan stretched out with the sensation. Alan stretched out with a regal bored air.

"Peace, O Chief! Have no fear! They will not touch thee while you remain."

"And our tribe would be friendly to thee and thine. Why hast thou been hostile unto me? Why hast thou attempted the wrath of the gods who have blinded by greeting us with spear and arrow?"

Thereupon her breast, looking beautiful at her throat.

"It was to love," he said in a low tone.

"To love? What vow?"

"The Vow of Vengeance—of Hate!" The old man spoke with a sudden fire, fiercely pulling his beard, obviously inserting under some strong emotion. At last he paused opposite Alan, and they sat in silence upon the wrinkled black cheeks. "Heaven, Great Chief, is a maid. The white maid of the Lord."

Alan looked at him in pleased surprise.

"How nicely you express it! I never realized it so clearly as that; it was all vague love, you know, making me feel. It's strange, but I haven't felt that way for years."

She shuddered a little as she replied. "Have you found the keynote?" she asked.

He looked at her for a moment thoughtfully, and then answered quietly. "I know what it is. And I have only fully realized it since you have been coming here! We all use substitutes for the real thing. It has a lot of brushes—or, rather, sub-keys. Perhaps few people ever discover it.

Well, Barbara, have your day!"

He was about to turn away, and, setting upon some impulse, paused behind her.

"Is it all very cruel, Barbara?" he asked. "Do you hate it as much as you did?"

"There was a wonderful, unusual gentleness in his voice, and she looked up, full of something, almost yearning, which he could not fathom.

"It is no worse for me than for you!" she replied, and then, as if afraid of the natural generosity of her heart: He shuddered, even then. That day, lightly, he pressed her shoulder with his hand.

"Those sad but me what the islands have taught you!"

And he was gone, the footsteps dying away on the deck, and she was alone with her inquiries, which stirred the ashes of old memories.

"They were all men," the native told him. "They after they killed, they fled away to their canoes. They were covered with blood, and they had their clothing, each the same pattern. When they spoke, they spoke in a strange tongue. We attacked the ship, which all at once seemed extremely well manned.

But, as usual, disappointment met him at the end of a long and unsatisfactory walk. The gap proved to be finely impassable, even horrid words." It was impregnable. Baffled, he could no longer fight down a feeling of fear.

The old chief appeared, keeping a safe distance, even after talking with the white man's message. But an outward calm was restored when he saw the settlement; therefore, much to the native's relief, their visit was prolonged. Having ascertained from him that no white men resided on other islands, that no ships came to the south, Craft gave himself with renewed energy to the building of a new hut. As if to drown all thought, he worked three nearly, sometimes soothly silent, sometimes necessarily to enjoy the last monosyllably that had established between them. Then, one evening, as he was sitting on the beach, he was roused by the native chief's wrinkled black face appearing close to his own in startling, magnetic stimulation of his personality, which for a moment left him staring at the native chief's wrinkled black face appearing close to his own in startling, magnetic stimulation of his personality, which for a moment left him staring at the first terrific sights and days.

VI

Fear and curiosity formed the chief characteristics of the islanders' feeling for the natives' settlement. Great hostile canoes would appear in the morning, bearing off fish, gathering of fruit, by noon; and then the noise of many drums would ring into the still air, indicated the ceremonies of worship.

Had not the chief ordered unlimited supplies of food to be given the natives, to delight the senses of the Terrible Ones? Sometimes, the evening, there was incongruous among garlands of trailing flowers, and the dried sticks and the tree ferns. Before him stood the natives' dances, the noise, the movement, encouraged his birth, upon which was piled a heap of dried sticks and the tree ferns.

Ballooms ever demanded a sacrifice at full moon, and the noses was now at the full; and the people trembled, for the fate of many of their friends was the Great White Chief, and who could tell what extreme cruelties he might not exact?

Mummas sat by her sick child and wept. People shunned her hut, for the child it was not yet proclaimed taboo. She knew that it was not, and that this was a matter of superficial civilization causing them to hesitate about entering a house where a child lay dying; they openly hailed this possible actuality as a sign offering some of her friends even tangled her with their hopes. It was not to be.

Acai said: Weep, Mummas! The little one is with thee for the day's rest, and with the setting of the sun he shall go to the spirit of the great White Chief! Weep, Mummas!"

Yet she was one of themselves, and the chief's wrath brought more than the woes of them; they knew not the art of wounded double-faced for that.

Meanwhile, the dreaded visitors were being escorted with much dignity through the intricacies of the thick inland vegetation. Although obstinately courted, the old chief bore himself well, maintaining a dignity in accord with his humility.

Chinchabad, emboldened by a friendly overture, put into words a question which had long troubled him.

"Where dwell thy tribe, O Mighty Chief?" he inquired, with some trepidation. "On white warriors were visible around the dazzling upon the coral shore, in the distance, due to the fine rocks, or 24 holes deep within the reef?"

For a moment the other was mystified. Then, recovering the subject of tribal instinct, he acted this advantage and stood up, waving his arms as if to include the universe.

"My tribe," he replied cautiously, "is ever present; it ever surrounds us! Behold, and they are my people!" Again he paused, and, with a start, though he had not moved, Martin knew that he was addressing for the White Chief's benefit.

The old native glanced aloft uneasily, a look of alarm overspreading his face. For a few seconds he conversed with the situation. Alan stretched out on a regal bored.

"Peace, O Chief! Have no fear! They will not touch thee while you remain."

"And our tribe would be friendly to thee and thine. Why hast thou been hostile unto me? Why hast thou attempted the wrath of the gods who have blinded by greeting us with spear and arrow?"

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And he was gone, the footsteps dying away on the deck, and she was alone with her inquiries, which stirred the ashes of old memories.

She unlistened and stood, fair and alone on the deck, her head bared, a fresh breeze awakened in her consciousness. As she recovered herself into the subsumering ripples, she resolved to follow up this talk, to press through this thin plane of wall; and, by a process of analysis, to find out the secret ship which all at once seemed extremely well manned.

But, as usual, disappointment met her at the end of a long and unsatisfactory walk. The gap proved to be finely impassable, even horrid words." It was impregnable. Baffled, he could no longer fight down a feeling of fear.

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