dull, blank features; her round shoul-

melted away into superb symmetry, quickening with grace and youth as she straightened up and faced him,

"Sic itur—ad Astra," she said, de-

her hand.

somewhere me

erect, supple, laughing, adorable

murely, and offered him

'Continue," she added.

ders, pendulous arms, slouching pose



jamplicht Stories for nter Saturday Nights The Special Messenger looked him full in the eyes; then, as by magic, the loveliest of smiles transfigured the

Romance

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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The Special Messenger drew her buckskin gloves carefully through her belt and buttoned the holster of her secondary.

The Special Messenger drew her buckskin gloves carefully through her belt and buttoned the holster of her secondary.

A hospital orderly, passing hurried-ly, stopped to hold her stirrup; she mounted, thanked the orderly, and, swinging her powerful horse westward, trotted off through the woods, passing the camp sentinels with a nod

and a low-spoken word. There seemed to be no firing anywhere in the vicinity; nothing to be was to meet this unknown that a seen but dusky pine woods; and after Confederate uniform and Union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and Union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and Union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and Union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and Union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and Union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and Union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods; and after confederate uniform and union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods are confederate union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods are confederate union pay—a seen but dusky pine woods are confederate un of a little clearing, and not encountering the outer line of Union pickets, she drew bridle and sat stock still in her saddle, searching in every direction with alert dark eyes.

A forest path, apparently leading west, attracted her attention; into this she stirred her horse and continued, even after her compass had warned her that the path was now running

directly south. A cabin stood at the farther edge. Three forest bridle-paths ran west, east and south from this blackened clearing. She, unbuttoned her waist, drew out a map, and, flattening it on her pommel, bent above it in eager And, as she sat studying her map, she became aware of a faint tremor in the solid earth under her horse's feet. It grew to a dull jarring vibration — nearer — nearer — nearer — and she hastily backed her horse into the depths of the laurel, sprang to the ground and placed both gauntleted

hands over her horse's nostrils.

A moment later the Confederate Break Whiskey's Grip On Your Loved Ones

Drunkards will tell you with tears of ed all stained and marred with toil. sincerity that they do not want to drink.

The craving from the inflamed membranes of the stomach drives them to it.

Alcura will soothe the trembling nerves and remove the craving that is ruining and remove the craving that is ruining an otherwise kind husband or father from you. It costs only \$1.00 per box and if it does not cure or benefit after a trial, the money will be refunded.

Then she gathered an armful of splint-er-wood.

Head bent, she moved on in the shiftless, hopeless fashion of the sort of humanity she was representing, furtively taking her bearings and making such sidelong observations as she had ared. To know the shortest way back dared. To know the shortest way back to her horse might mean life to her

note or benefit after a not cure or food.

I is tasteless and can be a not cure or food.

I is taken voluntarily by alcura No. 2 is taken voluntarily by a not cure or food.

-probably some of Stuart's riders, for they seemed strangely familiar. What were they doing here? did not know. There seemed no logical reason for their presence.

This must be the burnt clearing; her map and the cabin corroborated her belief. Then it was here that she was to meet this unknown man in mation in return.

Her instructions had been unusually rigid; she was to take every precaution; use native disguise whether or not it might appear necessary, carry no papers, and let any man she might encounter make the advances until she was absolutely certain of him. For there was an ugly rumor affoat that he had been caught and hanged, and that a Confederate might attempt to impersonate him. So she looked very carefully at her map, then out of the thicket at the burnt clearing. There was the wretched cabin named as rendezvous, the little garden patch with standing corn and beans, and here and there a yellowing squash.

At last, with a slight shiver, sh opened her saddle bags and drew out the dress she meant to wear—a dingy, earth-colored thing of gingham.

Dressed now in the scanty, colorless clothing of a "poor white" of the pine-woods, limbs and body tanned with walnut, her slender feet rubbed in dust and then thrust stockingless into shapeless shoes, she let down the dark, lustrous mass of her hair, braided it, tied it with faded ribbon, rubbed her hands in wood-mold and crushed green leaves over them till they seemdo not want to drink. Then she gathered an armful of splint-

to her horse might mean life to her. She understood that. Also she fully Alcura No. 2 is taken voluntarily by those willing to help themselves.

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Anderson & Nelles, 268 Dundas St.; W. T.

L. Guillement, 404 Richmond St.; W. T.

Strong, 184 Dundas St.; The Taylor Drug Co 4 stores.

And now at last she was hearing the

open cabin door; and she must not hesitate, must show no suspicion. So she went in, dragging her clumsily-A very young man in the uniform of shod feet.

a Confederate cavalry officer was seated inside before the empty fireplace of baked clay. He had a bad scar on his temple. She looked at him, simulating dull surprise; he rose and greet

ed her gracefully.
"Howdy," she murmured in response "Is this your house?" he asked... "Suh?" blankly. still staring.

"Is this your house?" "I reckon," she nodded. "How com you all in my house?" He replied with another question: were you doing in the

'Light-wood," she answered briefly, stacking the fragrant splinters on the

"Reckon I'm alone when I live heah," "What is your name?"

her light-wood to her soft, rounded seen him before somewhere. At the same moment speech seemed to trem-ble on his lips; he hesitated, looked at her with a new an dsudden keenness and stood looking. "I expected to meet somebody here,"

he said at length. She did not seem to comprehend. "I expected to meet a woman here."
"Who? Me?" incredulously.

He looked her over for a while carefully; looked at her dusty bare ankles at her walnut-smeared face and throat. She seemed so small, so round-shouldered - so different from what he had expected. They had said that the woman he must find was pretty.

"Continue," she added.

"Good God!" he broke out hoarsely.

And suddenly she knew there was nothing to follow except death—his or hers—realized she made an awful mistake—divined in one dreadful instant the unsuspected counter-mine beneath her very feet—cried out as she struck him full in the face with clenched fist, sprang back, whipping the revolver from her ragged bodice, dark eyes ablaze.

"Now," she panted, "hands high—and man he must find was pretty.

"Was yuh-all fixin' to meet up with
me?" she repeated with a bold laugh.
me?" he said. "By the "I—don't know," he said. "By the Eternal, I don't know, ma'am. But I'm going to find out in right smart time Did you ever hear anybody speak Latin?

bodice, dark eyes ablaze.

"Now," she panted, 'thands high—and turn your back! Quickly!"

"Too late," he said heavily. "But—I'd rather be you than I. Look out of that window, Messenger!"

"Put up your hands!" "Suh?" blankly; and the audacity faded. "Latin?" he repeated, a triffe comfited. "For instance, 'sic itur.'



AND AS SHE SAT STUDYING HER MAP, SHE BECAME AWARE OF FAINT TREMOR IN THE SOLID EARTH UNDER HER HORSE'S FEET.

With Some Stolen Hams

The crew, says Captain Hanson, do but the blockaders thought we were

not like the appearance of it from one of their own torpedo boats mak-

[From Montreal Star.]

Of all the peculiar callings exer- | some fingers smashed, and

"What may be yoh name, suh?" she

retorted with a little flash of Southern fronted her. spirit, never entirely quenched even back into his face and made it, worn and you think me crazy. And now as it was, seem almost handsome. The curious idea came to her that she had

cised by men seeking adventure and

excitement, none perhaps is as peril-

ous as that of the boat runner. An

old London sait who delights in "boat-

running" jobs has returned from tak-

ing a tug 60 feet long, out to Tene-

To venture out on blue water, at

this season of the year, to meet all the

risks of heavy weather in a craft so

mall, is not a job many sailors would

in river craft, small vessels of shallow

draught which are yet too large to be

shipped out in sections; so such ves-

sels must adventure forth under their

of thousands of miles; and a nice time

the start, and when things begin to

such a voyage, they funk it altogether,

and Kve been threatened with death,

"You know all about the size and

strength of waves if you cross the Bay of Biscay in a tiny paddle steam-

er, intended for the Niger, and drawing only two feet of water. We gother out all right, but it was like to-bogganing steep hills all the time. When we wanted food we had to sit the closing floor and held on tight

the sloping floor and hold on tight

with one hand. At night there was no sleep. You might have been inside

a barrel that was rolling down a

American Hams as Fuel.

"My liveliest experience was when some years ago, I had to take out a

torpedo-boat for a South American republic. She had to be got out quick.

if I didn't put back to Falmouth or

ter mariners do nothing else.

The men get used to it, for the work is well paid, and some mas-

riffe, and relates his experiences.

Stoked Torpedo Boat

she looks like!" he exclaimed in rank despair. He walked to the door, wheeled suddenly, came back, and con-

"Either, ma'am, you are the in such as she seemed to be.

Genuine surprise brought the red or you don't know what I'm saying, consummate actress in this war drama,

Worse, the war broke out

ing the colors of the enemy.

they arrived. The enemy's ships were looking for them. They learned that

at Teneriffe. And before they got to

the wood and coal dust the vessel held.

"You see, we were a torpedo boat,

and that sailing ship didn't know our

only armament was a revolver with

had no fuel, but she had some Amer-

"Properly speaking we ought

to run the blockade at night the fat

flamed out of our funnels like a ship

"We got their searchlights on

ing an assault—they owned our sister

have been caught. The enemy blockading our port, and when I tried

mother-o'-pearl handle and stokehold shovels. We held her up, and our engineer boarded her. She

ican hams, and we took those.

filled our bunkers with hams.

Then they sighted a sailing ship, fly-

You once turned a boy's life to romance her bed to sleep on—"
Her hand caught at her throat and she throat and she steep on the steep of the steep o Her hand caught at her throat and she half-rose, staring at him.

"Her own bed to sleep on," he repeated. "And I had been three days in the saddle; and I ate what she set before me, and slept on her bed—fell asleep—only a tired boy, not a soldier any longer.

And awoke to meet your startled eyes—to meet the blow from your revol-

How to Beautify a Weatherbeaten Face

"Then—what the was silent.

"Then—if there is no chance—"

"Then—if there is no chance—"

"He bent forward swiftly and snatched her revolver from the table as her small hand fell heavily upon the spot where the weapon had rested.

"Would you do that?" he said in a low

only take a second!"
"Messenger," he said once more,

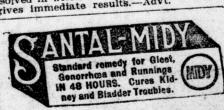
"Do you know me now?" he asked.

IFrom Beauty and Health.]

It's really a simple matter to renovate a face soiled by dirt, wind or cold. Ordinary mercolized wax, used like cold cream, will transform the worst old complexion into one of snowy whiteness and velvety softness. It literally peels off the outer veil of surface skin, but so gently, gradually, there's no discomfort. The wornout skin comes off, not in patches, but evenly, in tiny particles, leaving no evidence of the treatment. The younger, healthier under-skin forming the new complexion is one of capting the new complexion is one of capting the patches. One ounce of mercovating loveliness. One ounce of mercovating loveliness. their destination they had burned all

ing the new complexion is one of captivating loveliness. One ounce of mercolized wax, to be had at any drug store, is enough to remove any coarse, chapped, pimpled, freckled, faded or sallow. Skin. Apply before retiring, washing it off mornings.

Many skins wrinkle easily with every wind that blows, with heat, worry, etc. An excellent wrinkle-remover, because it tightens the skin and strengthens reit tightens the skin and strengthens reit tightens awash lotion made as laxed muscles, is a wash lotion made as follows: Powdered saxqlite. 1 oz., dissolved in witch hazel, one-half pint. This gives immediate results.—Advt.



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look awful, as they are sure to do on ship—and they never discovered this WILL EASE YOUR THROBBING HEAD---AND STOP DROPPINGS IN THE THROAT

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You can end a cold mighty quickcure it completely-by Catarrhozone Any sort of Catarrh, whether in nose, throat or bronchial tubes, can driven forever out of the system by

republic. She had to be got out quick. The row out there hadn't started with a neighboring republic, but it was going to sure enough. We went down river with the yard men finishing her. They came as far as Spain, and then went home. I got some coals and went on."

Bad weather—it is easy for weather to be bad for such a light vessel—was met, and they were thrown about in a frightful way. An engineer had

Catarrhozone promptly opens up clogged nostrils, takes that irritating pain out of the flose, prevents the formation of hard painful crusts. there is a nasty discharge it disap pears with a few hours use of Ca-tarrhozone inhaler. If a bad cold keeps you sneezing, if you have dull frontal pains over the eyes, you'll get the speedlest cure possible with

Years of wonderful success in Europe and America have proven Ca-tarrhozone a specific for all catarrhal, throat, bronchial and breathing-organ troubles. Simple, pleasant, safe and Use the tried and proven Any dealer anywhere can supply Catarrhozone, large complete outfit \$1.00; small size 50c; trial forgotten. And now it is too late to for get your tears on my face—the touch of your lips on mine. I would not if I could.

It was worth living for—dying for.

Once—I hoped—some day—after this—all this trouble ended—my romance metals.

might come—true—'
The boy cheked, then:
"I came here under orders to take a woman spy whose pass-word was the key to a Latin phrase. But until you stood straight in your rags and smiled at me. I did not know it was you—I did not know I was to take the Special Messenger! Do you believe me?" ou believe me?"

"Yes."
"Little Messenger," he said, "I am in your debt for two blows and a kiss."
She lifted a dazed face to meet his gaze; he trembled, leaned down, and kissed her

on the mouth.

Then in one bound he was at the door, Then in one bound he was at the door, signalling his troopers with drawn saber—as once, long ago, she had seen him signal them in the Northern woods.

And, through the window, she saw the scattered cavalry forming column at gallop, obeying every saber signal, trotting forward, wheeling fours right—and then—and then! the gray column swung into the western forest at a canter, and

-riding through it—out of it—leaving scars on his brow and heart—and on his lips the touch of your own. And on his lips the touch of your own. And on his lips the touch of your own. And on his lips the touch of your own. And on his lips the touch of your own. And on his lips the touch of your own. The western forest at a canter, and were gone!

The boy leaning in the doorway looked somewhere memory awoke, groping every saber signal, trotting forward, wheeling fours right—and then—and then! The gray column swung into the western forest at a canter, and were gone!

The boy leaning in the doorway looked sack at her over his shoulder and sheath The boy leaning in the doorway looked back at her over his shoulder and sheathed his saber. There was not a vestige of color left in his face.

"Go," he said hoarsely.

"What?" she faltered.

somewhere memory awoke, groping bounding for light.

"For three days we followed you," he said. "On the Pennsylvania line we card nered you; but you changed garb and shape and speech, almost under our eyes—as a chameleon changes color, matching the leaf it hides on. I halted at that squatter's house—sure of you at last—squatter's house—sure of you at last—and the pretty squatter's daughter cooked for us while we hunted for you in the bills—and when I returned she gave me wer butt that made this scar—to fall back bewildered for a moment—half-stunned—wessenger! Do you know me now?"

"Yes," she said.

"You have not forgotten," he cried.

"You kissed me," he said, looking at her. "What?" she faltered.
"Go—go, in God's name! There's a door
there! Can't-you see it?"
She had been gone for a full hour when
at last he turned again. A bit of faded
ribbon from her hair lay on the table. He
went over to it curiously. It was tied in

true lover's knot.

He drew it through his button-hole and

walked slowly back to the door again.

Then, with a last look at the sky, and standing very erect, he closed the door, set his back firmly against it, drew his revolver, and looked curiously into the muz-A moment later the racket of the shot echoed through the deserted house.

THE END.

The Special Messenger stole a swift, sidelong glance toward the window, hesistated, and, always watching him warily, slid along the wall toward the door, menacing him at every step with leveled revolver. Then, at the door, she cast one rapid glance at the open field behind her and around. A thrill of horror stiffened her. The entire circle of the burnt clearling was ringed with the gray pickets of rebel cavalry. "Special Messenger?" She turned, pale as a ghost. "I reckon we've got you." "Yes," she said. There was another chair by the table—the only other one. She seated herself, shaking all over, laid her revolver on the table, stared at the weapon, pushed it from her with a nervous shudder, and, ashy of lip and cheek, looked at the man she had struck. "Will they—hang me?" "I reckon, ma'am. They hung the other one—the man you took me for." "Will there be a—trial?" "Drumhead. "They been after you a long, long while." "Then—what are you waiting for?" He was silent. "Then—if there is no chance—" tabled. "Then—if there is no chance—" tabled. EAT NEW BREAD, CABBAGE, SAUSAGE, AND DIGEST IT. "PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN

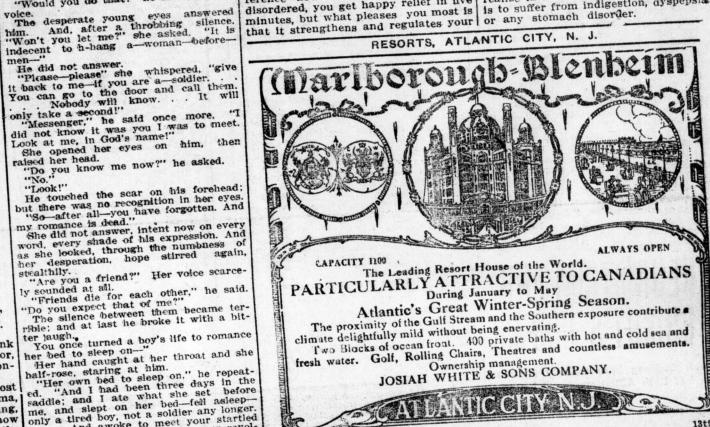
into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, sour, gassy, stomach? New, Mr. or Mrs. Dyspeptic, jot this down: Pape's nothing to sour and upset you. No dif-ference, how hadly your stomach is Diagonal from the part of th Diapepsin digests everything, leaving ference how badly your stomach is Diapepsin from any drug store. You disordered, you get happy relief in five realize in five minutes how needless it minutes, but what pleases you most is is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia that it strengthens and regulates your or any stomach disorder.

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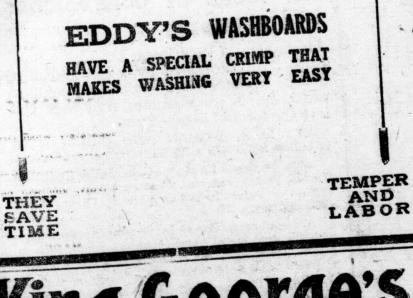
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