SWAMI RAM'S REINCARNATION

By FRANK BLIGHTON

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"Your Mine or Your Life!"

Synopsis. — Buchanan Williams, American owner of the "El Tigre" mine in Mexico, saves the life of a Hindu, Jalisingrao Jitendra, in a train wreck in the United States. The Hindu vows eternal gratitude. Buck Williams receives a message telling him Mexican revolutionists have seized his mine and killed or driven off the Americans. On his way to his mine, alone, Buck discovers that Jitendra is following him, and he orders him to turn back. The Hindu apparently acquiesces, but when Buck reaches the mine he finds Jitendra there. The Hindu declares Fate has bound him and Buck together, and asserts that the gods Vishnu and Siva are with him. While in a sleep of exhaustion Buck is made prisoner by a Mexican force headed by Manuel Pacheco, his former mine foreman. With Jitendra, also a prisoner, the party sets out for Zapatillo. On the way Pacheco brutally strikes Williams and almost immediately falls from his horse dead, apparently without cause. Arriving at Zapatillo Buck and Jitendra are placed in a filthy cell.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

—5—

He loosened the collar of his shirt and mopped the perspiration from his neck. The foul apology for air was suffocating.

"See here, Jitendra, do you want to help me get out?"

"Assuredly, sahib."

"Then get up, go to the door, and demand that the British ambassador be notified of your arrest. When you get out, as you surely will, send a telegram to William Scott, International hotel, Nogales, Arizona, U. S. A., telling him I'm here. That may help a little. There's something going on here that I don't understand at all, Jitendra. I didn't ask you to come with me—I did the best I could to get you to go on about your own business. So there's no reason at all for you to be locked up, and if there's any why I should be. I want to know it!"

"Do you, indeed?"

Buck leaped toward the sound and peered through the tiny, grated orifice in the iron-bound oak door. The query was in English, but it carried a mocking sneer which worked the mine owner into a new frenzy.

He could not make out the features of the speaker in the semi-darkness, yet he fancied he had heard the voice on some other occasion.

"I see you do not recognize me," blandly went on the same speaker. "Well, Mr. Williams, I'm Herbert Hardinge—you recall the name, don't you—Hardinge, agent for the United Kingdom Exploration company?"

"Yes," replied Williams brusquely; "that is, if you are the same Hardinge that tried to beat me out of the El Tigre property five years ago. What of it?"

"I just heard of your plight," smoothly answered the syndicate agent, "and hurried down to see if I could be of any assistance to you."

Williams hesitated.

Herbert Hardinge had consistently and relentlessly opposed him in the past. Their litigation over the ownership of El Tigre had been expensive to both and it had only ended when the highest court in Mexico upheld his own prior rights.

But blood is thicker than water, and the Anglo-Saxon love of justice sometimes causes white men in foreign lands to forget past differences in new perils. So Williams replied:

"That's mighty white of you, Hardinge. I don't know why I'm here, for I've done nothing to merit imprisonment. Of course, I don't want to stay — I want to get back to El Tigre—and if you can help me out I'll surely be grateful to you."

"I think the matter can be very easily arranged," suavely answered the Englishman; "otherwise I should not have bothered about coming down."

"How?"

"If you will transfer El Tigre mine to the ownership of my company, promise to return to the United States without delay, and give a pledge not to re-enter Mexico for five years, you will be free in half an hour."

Williams could not credit his hearing. What had El Tigre's ownership to do with his arrest, or in what manner could the abandonment of his property be made an excuse for releasing him?

"I see that you do not thoroughly understand your present position," satirically observed Hardinge as Williams groped vainly for words with which to voice his indignant surprise.

"You are right—I don't, Hardinge. But, before you go further, let me tell you this: I returned to El Tigre only yesterday from the United States. I was set upon by my former mine foreman, bound while asleep, and he started to bring me here. He offered no explanation for his extraordinary and illegal conduct.

"He died, from some cause I cannot understand, while on the way. But I did not jeopardize myself by returning to Mexico with any intention of being coerced into signing away the property I have fought for years to develop. Why should I purchase freedom by voluntarily surrendering El Tigre, when I came back here to hold it, at all hazards?"

"I would not advise haste in a decision." Hardinge's tone was frigid. "You ought to think this matter over and weigh things carefully, Williams, before coming to a conclusion which may only involve you further."

"How can it involve me? What matter are you referring to?"

"The officials of the government at Mexico City who decided that you were the rightful owner of El Tigre have been superseded by other men."

"I know that, Hardinge. But even the ones now in power will not presume to declare my titles invalid without a hearing on the merits, nor uphold an arrest for peacefully occupying my property—surely, at least, not before the reopening of a case which was settled before their highest court."

"No?" The query carried an undertone of insolent sarcasm.

"No!" The defiance in the prisoner's voice was unmistakable.

"I supposed, Williams, that you had been in Mexico long enough to understand the unstable character of the government. But you are evidently unaware that since your departure from the state of Sinaloa it has seceded."

"I had not heard of it."

"Nor that General Juan Moreno is now the provisional governor of the province?"

"It's all news to me."

"I imagined it would be. Now, let us be frank. I am uncommonly generous with you, Williams. As governor of this province, General Moreno has declared titles to all property held or acquired by Americans within the past ten years void, and they have been confiscated. Hereafter no American can acquire, nor hold, by purchase or otherwise, property in Sinaloa, during the existence of this provisional government, at least. This decree has the support of Moreno's advisors and the approval of a large majority, at least, of the residents of the province. You see where you are, don't you?"

Williams gasped.

The sheer audacity of the thing was incredible. Yet, what could he or other Americans expect from the bungling way the whole "Mexican problem" seemed to have been handled at home?

"But what has this to do with my arrest?" he savagely demanded.

"Everything," bluntly retorted Hardinge. "You were an interloper and a trespasser on property now owned and about to be operated by the United Kingdom Exploration company. Orders were issued by Governor General Moreno himself that you should be brought in, if you came back to El Tigre. You returned and Captain Manuel Pacheco, one of Moreno's own staff, was sent to carry out the order. That is why you are here."

"I see," bitterly exclaimed the prisoner. "But why was I not taken before the jefe politico and warned about this new law?"

"Governor Moreno has suspended the civil statutes until the province is entirely pacified."

"Then why was I not taken before him?"

"Ah! I think you will scarcely be anxious to face a military tribunal composed of General Moreno's officers, Williams—at least, if you still possess the discretion with which I have always credited you."

"Why not? What have I to fear from him or his officers?"

"You ought to know. Captain Pacheco did not return to Zapatillio with his command, did he?"

"I realize it. But what has that to do with me?"

"You are accused of murdering him this morning."

"Rats!"

"The military court," evenly resumed Hardinge, "I am informed, will accord you a hearing this afternoon—probably within an hour. You know what that signifies as well as I. You were armed and arrested by Captain Pacheco. He was murdered—they have brought in his body. You are accused. The lieutenant of the command, who succeeded to Pacheco's title, the sergeant and other officers, as well as some of the privates, were giving their testimony before the court when I was admitted to the carcel."

Buck Williams laughed contemptuously.

"That is why I came," severely continued Hardinge, "to see if I could help you out of this ugly mess. I've fought you, but I don't particularly wish to see you backed against the wall of the carcel and shot to death at sunrise tomorrow morning. I'm a persistent enemy, Williams, but not a vindictive one. Now, what do you say to my former proposition about getting out of Mexico?"

"If that's the best card you have up your sleeve with which to hoodwink me out of El Tigre, Hardinge, you'd better go back to your exploration company and wait for Moreno's firing squad to shoot. Why, man, it's absurd! I was tied, hand and foot, on the back of a horse, when Pacheco kicked off. How can they reason I killed a man in such circumstances?"

"They don't need any reasons—an excuse is enough," laughed Hardinge brutally. "Pacheco was well and strong when he left. He died in some way not yet determined just after striking you. The physician who performed the autopsy says he was murdered."

"Does that prove I killed him?"

"Who else? Pacheco's own men certainly did not—they worshiped him. You are against the guns, Williams—literally. But if you want to be obstinate, don't fancy I'm trying to persuade you to do the only thing that will let me help you. Your mine or your life—take your choice—or lose them both if you want to! But when you look into the rifles of the firing squad admit to yourself at least that I did all I could to save you."

"Thank you," dryly answered the prisoner. "But why this sudden solicitude, Hardinge?"

"Purely a matter of expediency—an anchor to leeward, we'll say. Governor Moreno has already issued us a legal title to El Tigre. If the provisional government is permanent, we'll need nothing more. If it fails, we will then have your transfer of title to us and continue operating it as if nothing had happened. The exploration company is interested in mining—not politics."

"But I see no reason to believe that you can do what you promise—or will. Why should I permit myself to be frightened into transferring a title to a five-million-dollar mine—and perhaps be shot down, just the same, between here and the border? If I'm up against a brace game, Hardinge, go ahead with it. I have associates in the United States who put money into that property. They trust me."

"I am fully aware of that."

"I have full power to act for them in any way that seems best to protect their interests," hotly went on Williams. "But if I did what you ask me to do I'd be a blithering ass. You could take the deed and have me shot, anyway—they'd only think I'd betrayed them—and fled with their money. Then, again, I may be out of here tomorrow—and then where would I be? Suppose Moreno's provisional government goes down? Your company would then have El Tigre without paying a nickel. Nix, Hardinge; you've got to show me more than that to get my signature."

Hardinge grinned evilly.

The saturnine features of his powerful face leaped suddenly into the blaze of the match with which he was lighting a cigar. His hard eyes gleamed with amusement as he half turned away from the door.

"All right! A man about to be shot isn't altogether in a position to make terms, Williams. Believe it or not—I can do what I've promised, and people who know me will tell you that I always do as I promise. It so happens that General Moreno will be quite willing to mitigate your sentence in any way I might request; but you don't have to believe that, either, unless it suits you to do so. Well, I'm going. This foul air is giving me a headache."

He turned nonchalantly away. Buck, with a feeling of supreme despair, tried to steady his voice for another question.

"How do you happen to have such a pull with General Moreno?"

"I'm surprised that you ask, Williams. Moreno was ambitious to become governor and wanted to start a revolution. That meant arms, men, money. He had none. The United States has forbidden their export to rebels, so he talked things over with us. In return for certain mining concessions in Sinaloa we supplied what he needed. It's very simple, but of course I'll deny that I ever made this admission if you should mention it to anyone else. However, I guess there's little danger—you're incommunicado. No one will see you until the sentence is carried out tomorrow morning."

Buck plays his last card.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THRILL IN PARACHUTE FALL

Sport Declared Well Worth the Small Amount of Danger Inseparate From the Act.

Like most of the other alleged dangers of ballooning, writes T. A. McDonald in the Wide World Magazine, parachuting may be called the danger of the imagination. Terrible results may happen, and the contemplation of their possible arrival is apt to rack the nerves; but accidents, thanks to the ingenuity of Spencers and other parachute manufacturers, are very rare. Here is an account of my first experience. Shutting my eyes, I took a header over the edge of the basket and dropped. A breathless plunge of about a hundred and fifty feet, a feeling much the same as one has in doing a steep dive on a scenic railway, and then a tug on my legs from my harness, and the parachute had opened. For a few moments I felt as though I was remaining absolutely still in the air, the first deed drop being so rapid that I did not notice the 12 miles or so at which my opened parachute was carrying me toward the ground. Then I glanced downward and saw the ground rising toward me, and I also noticed that I was moving fairly rapidly in a lateral direction with the wind. Eighty seconds or so later I landed with a slight thud on my back, cut my parachute rope to avoid being dragged, and then got on my feet, firmly convinced that parachuting was splendid sport and well worth whatever danger it involved.

Etiquette of Walking.

When in the street, especially in daytime, a lady is not supposed to take a gentleman's arm, unless she is infirm or elderly, though she may properly do so at night. When walking with two ladies a gentleman may walk on the outside, or the inside, or, rather, the side from which he can best guard his companion or companions from obstacles or danger. It is not good form to take a lady's arm, unless to assist her in some way.

Washington Monument.

From floor of shaft to apex, the Washington monument is 555 feet 5½ inches high; the shaft itself is 500 feet 5½ inches, the small pyramid which tops the shaft being 55 feet. The base is 55 feet 1½ inches square. The walls are 15 feet thick at the base of the shaft and taper to 18 inches thick at the top.

And He'll Know, Too.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and afterward he will tell you wherein you made a mistake.—Life.

ADJUSTABLE COLLARS AND CUFFS OF FUR



The tailored suit is about the most adaptable piece of property in the wardrobe; at home in any clime and rarely out of place in any gathering. Clever women understand how the addition of the right accessories make it fit in with almost any sort of background and this is valuable knowledge for the woman who travels.

A suit that is to do duty anywhere should be made of any of the all-year-round woolen goods, as serge, gabardine, Poiret twill, broadcloth and the like. If it is simply and smartly made so much the better—it lends itself readily to different furbishings and matches up with them. For mild climates and warm weather lace collar and cuff sets add daintiness and richness to the tailored coat.

Collar and cuff sets of fur stand ready to fortify the same suit that has rejoiced in the company of lace, when its owner makes an excursion into the cold. These are tacked on and can be easily put on or off. Two sets appear in the picture above each designed to suit the style of the coat with which it is worn. The suit at the left, minus the fur collar and cuffs, proves to be interesting. It has something new in the way of designing to offer with its sloped panel at the front of the coat and the flat straps that are set over the underarm seams. Lest they be overlooked a row of buttons calls attention to them and these buttons, according to the present demand, match the suit in color. The coat buttons up to the neck and there are pockets at each side under the sloping panel. This panel is bound with a narrow braid. The skirt is also an example of clever designing. It appears quite narrow but an inverted plait at each side conceals its real width while it is comfortable for walking. The fur set is of the skunk pelt, but fox or any of the long-haired skins would answer as well.

The very plain and elegant suit at the right of broadcloth has a long coat, rounded at the front with curved, inset pockets. These are bound with braid and finished with arrowheads. This coat slopes downward toward the back while the coat in the suit at the left shows the back extended abruptly and considerably longer than the front. For this suit the shawl collar and deep cuffs are of sealskin. Beaver, squirrel and other short-haired furs are used in the same way.

HATS FOR SUNNY CLIMES



Resort hats, which make their appearance in the early winter, bring to our eyes the utmost in the art of the milliner. Every knowing woman who journeys to sunny climes to get away from the cold seems to make up her mind to own the very best millinery that she can get and resolves that, in the matter of headwear, comparison shall not be odious to her. And there is plenty of chance for comparisons, for the throng of people heading south increases every year.

All sorts of hats are prepared in advance for these tourists and, taking them by and large, the street hat, otherwise known as the tailored hat, is the most important member of the distinguished company.

A group of pretty hats for sunny climes shown above include three beauties. At the top a dress hat of georgette crepe has many a prototype in all the light and lovely colors that gladden the season. It has a wide and graceful brim and a round crown covered with blossoms of the cosmos flower in velvet. Its owner will rejoice in it, knowing that it is a perfect bit of millinery.

Just below at the left is a glorified sailor hat of light satin having its brim bound at the edge with a fancy braid. An old-time flower wreath of small garden roses and white daisies with their foliage wanders round the crown and falls over the back of the brim. In vain the millionairess will undertake to find a more perfect example of the milliner's art. The description of these hats may make them seem simple but the choice and combination of colors in them, the perfect shapes and faultless craftsmanship bespeak great artists.

The remaining hat is a semidress affair with an odd crown of straw braid and a curved, droopy brim. The top crown overhangs the side crown at a saucy angle. A sash of wide velvet ribbon encircles it and a single end falls from the back. Against the ribbon small metallic roses are set in foliage embroidered in chenille on the velvet. These and daisies made of ribbon alternate about the crown.

Where do all the beautiful hats go? Well, many of them go to resorts where they enjoy a glorious if brief career in summer lands.

Julia Bottomley

Mink Gains Popularity.

Mink seems to have entered on a renewed epoch of popularity, but mink which is a fur of a new order without a vestige of reddish cast which used to be its most notable characteristic. It is now dyed a rich deep brown and is quite as beautiful as sable.

Lace on Handkerchiefs.

Never, it is safe to say, since the quaint days when a festive handkerchief was the piece de resistance of the toilette to be carried conspicuously in the hand or tucked with studied display in the belt, never since then have there been so many lace edged handkerchiefs displayed in the shops. Point lace, Belgian lace, Venetian, Carrickmacross and particularly valenciennes are all employed for both wide and narrow borders on the most fragile of linen handkerchiefs.

Side Pockets a Feature.

The gayest of skirts are being shown in the shops. The big side pockets are a feature.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE



By Mary Graham Bonner

MR. SUN'S PICTURES.

"Hellow, Dawn fairies," called Mr. Sun, as he stretched himself and looked about him.

"Yes, Mr. Sun," called the Dawn fairies. "Are you thinking of getting up, sir?"

"Yes," said Mr. Sun, "it is almost time for me to get up. You know I always get up at just the time I'm supposed to. I'm a regular old fellow that way. My time changes in the summer and in the winter and in the spring and the fall, but every day at the hour I'm supposed to get up I do. That is more than many folks can say."

And Mr. Sun laughed a jolly, good old laugh.

"You see, I called you, Dawn fairies, because I've gone into a new business. At least it isn't a new business, for I have been doing it for years and years, but I'm calling it new just to be up to date."

"Whatever are you talking about?" asked the Dawn fairies. "Won't you tell us? We don't understand at all." Just then the Sun fairies came along.

"Oh, the business is being talked of again, ha, ha," they laughed.

"We're so puzzled," said the Dawn fairies.

"Of course," said the Sun fairies, "for you weren't around the other afternoon."

"No," said the Dawn fairies, "we weren't. We are never around in the afternoon."

"Well," said the Sun fairies, "we heard a good deal of Mr. Sun's busi-



"Stretched Himself."

ness talk and we were there helping him for a good while, though we left the Twilight fairies to finish up the pictures."

"Pictures?" said the Dawn fairies; "and business? Oh, we are so puzzled."

"I will explain it all," said Mr. Sun, "for I've a few minutes in which to stretch before it is time to get up.

"You see I heard folks talking about moving pictures. There were funny ones and one that made them cry, and there were ones of travel; in fact, all sorts.

"Now I don't like those moving picture places. They're dark and they won't ask Mr. Sun to come in. They have never once given me a pass or a box, or even asked me if I wanted to buy a ticket at the box office. It is true I wouldn't go in if they asked me.

"I have really been quite hurt about not being asked, though, and then I thought I would go into the business myself. I have always given the earth people beautiful pictures as I have gotten up and gone to bed, and at many times.

"My pictures have moved and changed, too, but I never had the modern name for them. Now I call my pictures 'Mr. Sun's Moving Pictures,' and I ask everyone to come without paying a cent of money to see them.

"I give them out of doors where everything is clear and healthy and I give them all colored, too; ah, beautiful ones. The Cloud fairies are going to help me and so are the Sun fairies as they have before, and the Twilight fairies and so many of the others.

"So I would like to have the Dawn fairies help me, too. We'll give the earth people a wonderful series of pictures of the sun getting up and of all the colors and fairies and pictures which move along with him. Will you all help?"

"Yes," shouted the Dawn fairies.

So Mr. Sun got up, peeked first above the trees, and all the fairies came along, too—they changed and they moved about and they danced, and the Sun fairies danced upon the snow, which they called the Sparkling Ball Room Picture.

"It is being talked about—our picture," whispered Mr. Sun; "yes, they're admiring us. I do believe they will like Mr. Sun's moving pictures and that I will be a success in the business. There is nothing like keeping one's name up to date, nothing at all. And," said Mr. Sun, "when I want some music to play for the beautiful pictures I'll ask the trees to furnish it. They will, never fear."

And Mr. Sun smiled broadly as he said his good-morning to the whole world, for his moving pictures were such a success, he knew!

Lead Others Wisely.

The girl who is born to leadership should take especial pains to develop her judgment in order that she may lead others wisely.

Baby Could Be Useful.

Jimmy—Mamma, please let baby play with us. We are playing that grandpa's chair is an automobile.

Mamma—But, dear, baby can't walk. He can only crawl.

Jimmy—Oh, well, then, he can crawl under the automobile and play he is fixing it.

Empty Inclosure.

"I'm in a terrible frame of mind."

"Not an unusual case," murmured Miss Cayenne. "All frame and no picture."

BULLY!

If Bilious, Constipated or Headachy, take "Cascarets"

Feel grand! Clean up inside! Your system is filled with liver and bowel poison which keeps your skin sallow, your stomach upset, your head foggy and aching. Your meals are turning into poison and you can not feel right. Don't stay bilious or constipated. Feel splendidly always by taking Cascarets occasionally. They act without griping or inconvenience. They never sicken you like Calomel, Salts, Oil or nasty, harsh Pills. They cost so little too—Cascarets work while you sleep. Adv.

MAN'S FRIEND IN FAR NORTH

Malamute Dog Has Assisted Enormously in the Opening and Settlement of Alaska.

The Malmute dogs are "man's own brother" in Alaska, according to Mrs. Charlotte Cameron, author and a fellow of the Royal Geographical society. The dogs, used for drawing sleighs over enormous distances, detest the summer months, and are boarded out to Indians living on the banks of the Yukon river at $5 a month. On the Yukon these dogs meet their enemy, the mosquito, and to get a little peace bury themselves up to the neck in the soft mud by the river until the sun goes down.

In winter there is a dog-sleigh mail twice a week from Seward to Nome, a distance of 1,500 miles. The dogs cover about 40 to 50 miles a day, and may compete in the Nome "Derby" over a course of 400 miles.

Mrs. Cameron was struck by the activities of American traders at Nome. They are raidly building up a tremendous fur business with Siberia, the most valuable skins being brought across Bering sea in small schooners. "They are just one big, happy family in Alaska," added Mrs. Cameron. "Why, even the hotel porter at Nome refused a tip. I found afterward he owned two mines and two small farms."

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.

Constipation invites other troubles which come speedily unless quickly checked and overcome by Green's August Flower which is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. It is a sovereign remedy used in many thousands of households all over the civilized world for more than half a century by those who have suffered with indigestion, nervous dyspepsia, sluggish liver, coming up of food, palpitation, constipation and other intestinal troubles. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Try a bottle, take no substitute.—Adv.

Wasteful Methods.

"I see where they are making roads out of old shoes in Great Britain.

"What reprehensible extravagance!"

A postal card to Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., asking for sample will repay you.—Adv.

A new pocket case for personal or business cards ejects a card part of its length as a lever is pressed.

Between the written and the unwritten law, justice has no easy task.



Liggett & Myers KING PIN CHEWING TOBACCO Has that good licorice taste you've been looking for.

Agents Wanted

Sell 40 Packets fine Garden Seeds of our selection. We trust you with Seeds until you sell them. Return $4.00 collected and receive valuable Premiums such as fine German Mouth Organs, Watches, fine Dress Ginghams, Percales, Table Linen Cloths etc., or cash commission.

Order 40 Packets today. Premium list free. Standard Seed Co., Paradise, Pa.

Men, Women—Make $5 daily working for us. No talking or experience necessary. 25c brings particulars and two complete sales. Henry Clarke, 462 E. 185th New York City

WANTED—LADY REPRESENTATIVE in each county. Yes, it's something to sell, but it's new. Write for particulars; you will be glad you did. Address Box 33, Norge, Va.

Man to Sell Trees, shrubs, roses, vines. Permanent. Brown Bros. Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

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