SWAMI RAM'S REINCARNATION

By FRANK BLIGHTON

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"Go Thou—and Quickly."

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. Williams is visited by Herbert Hardinge, representative of a rival mining company. He offers Williams his liberty if he will abandon El Tigre and agree to leave the country.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

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Williams pondered. Hardinge's statement impressed him as truthful. But he played his last card with all the coolness of a pokcr player who has been called for his final chip.

"This other fellow, Hardinge,"—he jerked his thumb toward the interior of the cell—"he's a British subject and a stranger here, who thinks he owes me something because I pulled him out of a train wreck near El Paso on the way down. As a British subject yourself you won't mind notifying the British ambassador he's here—will you—no matter what happens to me?"

"I certainly will not," angrily snapped the syndicate agent. "What the devil do you take me for—a fool?"

"No," drawled the American, with a deliberation that brought a red flush to the Englishman's face, "not a fool, Hardinge, but a cold-blooded, calculating dog who will deliberately plan to murder a rival to gain his ends. Go on with your fake court-martial, you white-livered beast! I'd rather welter in my own blood a thousand times than give you the satisfaction of putting over a thing like this—to rob me and the men who have backed me with their confidence and money. Shoot—and be damned to you!"

He turned to savagely resume pacing his cell.

His furious anger at first kept him from realizing the peril which Hardinge had depicted. He tried to believe that such an atrocity would never be permitted, even under the official sanction of a provisional government, such as the Englishman had declared to exist.

Then he suddenly remembered the indignation in El Paso the night he had last started for El Tigre.

Men in the hotel were discussing the latest dispatches from Washington—ordering all Americans to leave Mexico forthwith, after turning over to the American consul in their locality a list of the property they left behind.

Everyone thought the story improbable at that time. It sounded altogether too ridiculous for belief. But now, in the fetid cell, with Hardinge's threats still ringing in his ears, the mine-owner realized that it must be true.

Because of this, the more he analyzed the situation the more he felt sure Hardinge had voiced no idle threat. If a New York gunman will kill a man for a thousand dollars, why should Hardinge get squeamish now, when his prize was five millions?

The syndicate agent had never shown an oversupply of conscience, and he would run little danger in a country where anarchy had replaced law and no one knew from one day to another what might come next.

Buck's thoughts leaped back to the property. He recalled the covetous look on the face of Manuel Pacheco the day Williams had personally followed a small "vug-hole" of ore into a chamber which had panned out a cold fifty thousand—a sheer accidental discovery made while drifting down on the main "lead."

No one could say how much El Tigre would ultimately pan out.

He believed so thoroughly in the property that he already regarded himself as an embryonic millionaire. He was almost in striking distance of the five-hundred-foot level.

The great vein was constantly widening and growing richer. Once into the main ore-body the values would be fabulous.

As he thought it all over he cursed himself for his fatuous blindness. Pacheco had undoubtedly been drawing double pay all the time he had been foreman. A Mexican is always an uncertain, treacherous proposition.

He will smile at you, and when you turn knife you in the back without warning if he thinks by so doing he can get an extra peso to wager on a cock-fight or spend for mescal.

"What a trio of crooks!" muttered Buck, clenching his hands in futile rage. "Pacheco tells Hardinge how we are getting on with the development; Hardinge goes to the smelter, bribes a clerk and gets copies of our liquidation sheets, confirming Pacheco's information; Moreno promises Hardinge El Tigre in return for financing his revolution; Pacheco is made a captain. All of the time I have been digging a mine—not for Buchanan Williams, but for the United Kingdom Exploration company—and the minute I amble back here like a prize boob I cinch the whole game for them."

His bitterness grew.

He wondered where Scotty was and if he had succeeded in getting through to Culiacan along the coast route and arousing the other Americans still in that city until they realized the urgent necessity to stand together. But, even if he had, Buck could not reasonably expect a rescue.

The time was too brief—he would be shot at sunrise—unless Hardinge had lied.

Scotty might never learn where he was until long after the execution. Besides that, a handful of Americans, no matter how well armed and brave, would have their work cut out for them, fighting from Culiacan to Zapatillio—thanks to the military organization Moreno had built up with the syndicate's generous subsidies.

"There's one silver lining in all the clouds, anyway," mused Williams. "Pacheco got his. That was a devilish funny thing—swift, sure annihilation. I wonder what killed him?"

The door opened suddenly. An officer and a file of men stood in the corridor.

"Senor Williams!" called the man in command.

"What do you want?" growled Buck.

"General Juan Moreno presents his compliments and requires your presence, with that of your servant."

The American squared his shoulders, threw back his head, and strode toward the open door. Jitendra, without a word, rose and meekly followed. The file of men, with fixed, murderous bayonets, closed round the pair and the procession moved down the corridor.

CHAPTER VI.

Strangely Set Free.

"My friend, we have less than twelve hours to live."

Buck Williams gazed down at the stoical Jitendra. The Hindu was sitting in one corner of the cell, a darker blotch against the gloom, save for his snowy turban and gleaming eyes.

The farcical court-martial was concluded, Mexican justice had been done, and Hardinge's prophecy verified in detail.

"I am very sorry you persisted in following me into this diabolical country," regretfully went on the mine-owner. "I knew there was bound to be trouble. You have sacrificed yourself uselessly."

A paradoxical expression swept over the Hindu's face.

"What is to be, will be, Sahib Buck. It is as Vishnu and Siva ordain—but we are not yet dead."

The reply irritated Williams.

"If Mr. Vishnu has any pull in this precinct, I sure hope he'll do something for you," he sarcastically observed. "I wouldn't bother about sending him any thoughtless messages, Jitendra. If I knew Vishnu well enough I'd brace him for a good gun and about fifty cartridges. Of course Moreno's men might get me, but it would be some satisfaction to have a little company across the river tomorrow morning. Do you suppose Vishnu could slip us a .30-30 in here, somehow?"

"Sahib Buck wishes a gun?"

"In the absence of anything that will assist us both to dissolve and float out of here through the keyhole—yes—I'll be very glad to have a gun. I've heard how people in India grow plants from seeds under a cloth in a few minutes. Now, if you can pull off a stunt like that, only grow me a gun instead of a plant—one that won't miss fire or jam cartridges in the magazine—I'll guarantee to make mighty good use of it. Do you happen to have any gun-seeds or ammunition sprouts with you?"

Jitendra grew thoughtful. "Very well. Will the sahib not first seek repose?"

Williams sneered.

"We'll have plenty of sleep a little after sunrise," he remarked. "Why waste the time now?"

"What says the Ancient Wisdom: 'Sleep is a lake wherein the soul finds food,'" politely returned the other. "In sleep many strange things come to one—is it not so?"

The mine owner sat down with a sardonic smile. Jitendra was chanting softly. Even the proximity of death had not changed him in the slightest. As Williams pondered and listened to the regular tramp of the Mexican on guard in the corridor, something of the utter fatalism of life—or death—came over him.

Why cry out or struggle against the inevitable? Sooner or later he must certainly pass from out the ferment of humanity, to lie forgotten in some quiet corner. It might as well be now as any other time, except for one thing—El Tigre.

For an instant a flame of bitter hatred blazed up as he thought of the crafty Hardinge. Had it not been for that subtle, human scorpion he would not be lying in this horrid hole, waiting the summons which would terminate his ambitious life.

But the bitterness died away.

Hardinge was only another puppet of fate—a stuffed doll—like himself, a mere marionette in the drama of existence, for fate bears rule over all. Presently he, too, would be thrust back into the cosmic trunk by the Great Property Man of the whole fantastic show, and death, the wardrobe mistress, would receive the battered automaton, the same as she would claim him at sunrise.

The voice of the chanting Hindu grew fainter.

The drowsy American felt that he was falling into the abyss of all things—the place from which he had sprung. Around him mysterious creatures, with calm, untroubled countenances, like Jitendra's face, swirled on soundless wings.

The world of strife and struggle, of bitter hate and burning discord, of which he had been a part was blotted out, and, instead, there was only a superlative sense of contentment, a divine peace, a sweet oblivion.

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"Sahib Buck! Sahib Buck!"

Williams struggled in dazed fashion to his knees.

Between his dream and the darkness he was so confused that he did not realize where he was—or why. Something cold, metallic, slender, was forcing itself into his hands.

"There is little time, sahib," hissed the voice. "See—the door is open and the gods granted thy request. Make haste, I pray thee, and depart. Beware of the other who sits asleep just within the gate of this place."

"W-w-who—what the devil are you talking about? Oh, I remember now—it's you, Jitendra, isn't it?"

"Yes, sahib, but delay not. The night is yet young—by dawn thou must be far from here."

Unbelievingly the mine owner staggered to his feet. He tried to look around the obscure interior of the cell. Then he saw that the iron-bound oaken door leading into the corridor was open, as a draft of air came through.

Near it two flaming points of light, swaying rhythmically in the corner, blazed back at him. Buck stumbled toward them, groping blindly.

Jitendra's hand was on his arm—the Hindu's slender fingers bit down on his biceps like steel tongs.

"Sahib, beware the vengeance of Vishnu! Not that way!"

He felt himself drawn forcibly aside and thrust into the corridor. He turned to glance at his friend. Two other crimson, glaring points of light blazed back into his startled eyes, but these seemed suspended just above the white turban which the Oriental wore. Like those the mine owner had seen in the cell corner, they might have been the angry orbs of the gods at whom he had scoffed.

Buck trembled.

A cold sweat streamed out on his forehead. He at last realized that he was in the passage leading to the gate of the carcel, and in his hands was a rifle—the thing he had jestingly commanded the patient, little brown man to secure for him through the exercise of his occult powers.

"Hurry, Sahib Buck," whispered Jitendra; "tarry not for me, for Vishnu and Siva have me in their holy keeping. Go thou—and quickly!"

The cool, satiny rifle barrel sent a thrill of madly intoxicating ecstasy rioting through the American's brain. Like the tiger, from whom he had been named, he padded stealthily along the short passage leading to the gate of the prison, filled with an angry vengeance.

The sleeping sentinel was lolling in his chair. His weapon thudded down upon the head of the somnolent soldier, who rolled to the ground.

Plots and counterplots follow fast.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOT THE NEEDED REALISM

Moving-Picture Director Was Taking No Chances on His Fighters "Stalling" on Him.

How Jim Savage, an ex-pugilist, was goaded into a real fistic free-for all by the wiles of a clever moving-picture director is recounted by Herbert Corry, in Everybody's. The writer says: "Savage is an ex-pugilist who had been engaged to do a fight scene for one of the companies. He is a big, powerful man, and it was suspected that he would rely on his ring knowledge and try to avoid injuring his assailants. The director determined to force Savage to lose his temper and fight in earnest:

" 'We will rehearse the scene today,' he said. 'Tomorrow we will shoot it.'

"Savage began with a grin. But when six men try their best to hit you wherever it will hurt, even the most even-tempered man is apt to lose complete control. Before two minutes had passed Savage was fighting with all his might. At three minutes he had a black eye and a badly swollen lip. At four minutes he began to roar and throw furniture at the six. When the camera finally ceased clicking two of the six were completely 'out' and another was on the floor unable to get up. It took all the strength of the stage hands to pull the now thoroughly angered men apart.

" 'So that was a rehearsal was it?' asked Savage thickly. 'When do we have the fight?'

" 'It is all over,' said the director complacently."

Select Friends Carefully.

Sometimes the best friends you can have are the kind that let you alone. They seem to know you need your time to yourself and they make the most of their own by attending to business and allowing you to attend to yours. It does not mean they are less concerned in what you are attempting. It merely means they are conscious of the fact that you need your time to yourself. Only true friends can see this and appreciate it. It's the mark of interested friendship that helps one do what is required of him. It becomes a challenge to use well the time and make every effort count for the future. Be sure of the friends you make.—Grit.

Old Stuff.

New York Evening Post Headline—"Traces Baseball to Greek Sports." Why, we've known all along that Greece produced the first Homer.—Boston Transcript.

Incongruous Prospect.

"That ham of an actor is going to star." "Well, I must say, he stands a fat chance."

"SUPERB" DESCRIBES THIS DINNER GOWN



HERE is a dinner gown which invites you to imagine it in combinations of black satin and black chantilly lace, with either king's blue or jade green ribbon—wide and of heavy quality. The bodice is one of those that is cut very low in the back, a style that is vanishing but beautiful—that is when backs are beautiful. Perhaps it is because beautiful backs are rather rare that the newer evening gowns do not follow this fashion. To support so abbreviated a bodice narrow strips of black velvet are used, and they serve a double purpose, for nothing will bring out the white of lovely shoulders more surely than black velvet.

The satin skirt is draped beautifully and the artist in gowns delights in this particular feat of so draping black satin that we cannot forget it. It is natural to long to possess such a piece of artistry. Taking advantage of the liking for bouffant effects at the hips and back, big choux of the satin are posed just below the waistline. One of them ends in a length of satin that trails some inches on the floor having for its companion the chou and end of wide moire ribbon which bears it company to the last. Either king's blue or jade green make the best choice of color for this ribbon; both are beautiful with black, and fashionable. Very wide chantilly serves to veil the shoulders and to add further graceful drapery to the design, falling nearly to the bottom of the skirt at one side.

A wide-brimmed, droopy velvet hat, faced with crepe matches this superb gown in character, with sash and roses made of ribbon as a trimming. Plain black silk stockings and satin slippers support the rest of the costume in exactly the right way, so that altogether this is an ensemble to make any woman cast "one longing, lingering look behind" when it passes by her.

PRETTY HATS FOR RESORT WEAR



THERE is an amazing variety in the hats that have been made for wear at the winter resorts, perhaps because so many people are journeying to them and because these people demand individuality in the millinery they wear. Out of the great mass of new things for spring that have their try-outs in the winter resorts, some things survive their brief season in the South and become established styles for spring.

In the group of three hats shown above, a hat and parasol to match, of cretonne, is selected from a number of such matched sets, a good many of them made of cretonne. Taffeta silk, hemstitched in rows, and other materials are featured in matched sets also. Those of cretonne usually have the figures outlined with yarn in black or in a solid color. Bands of black appear on the parasol and on the small hat pictured here.

The pretty sailor hat at the right of the group is among those that are likely to outlive the resort season, and appear with the survival of the fittest, when Easter challenges millinery designers to display their triumphs. It is made of georgette crepe, having the crown decorated with narrow crossbar tucks and a beautiful narrow band of feathers about its base. Finally a small flower made of feathers reveals a fine and cunning hand that has made its feather trimming the pride and glory of this hat.

But this delightful hat has no better chance of survival than the odd and chic round hat at the bottom of the group. This is something new. It is made with a foundation of black satin veiled with figured crepe, which sounds very simple, but fails to convey the charm of a clever bit of millinery designing. It would take a professional to tell all there is to tell of this new arrival, but, being novel and becoming, it will remain and make us familiar with its secret of success. The displays of millinery for resort wear reveal the immense advance made by American designers during the war. This millinery will bear comparison with any. Some of it is made in this country of fabrics which have been imported, but most of it is purely American and of a character to make us proud.

Julia Bottomley

Use Loops of Ribbon.

Loops of ribbon are used very effectively on some of the new frocks. Inch-wide ribbon or slightly narrower is selected in grosgrain finish and the loops are made from pieces of ribbon about three inches in length so that the finished loop is an inch and a half in length. Sometimes the edge of a tunic is finished by a row of these loops stitched against the turned-under edge of the material. Sometimes merely a few of the loops are used as a trimming feature.

Novelty Miser Bag.

A miser bag in black screen seal is a novelty made with double compartments, space for visiting cards and two purses. The wrist strap is of leather.

Tortoise Buckles on Hats.

Buckles of tortoise shell are used on small hats.

Coat Has Bloused Back.

The coat of the mode has a bloused back.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE



By Mary Graham Bonner

WHITE-TAILED DEER.

"Well," said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer to Mr. White-Tailed Deer, who was in the next little house in the zoo, "your dangerous season has passed."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. White-Tailed Deer. "Are we not animals of the dark forests, and we not see that there are plenty of us left because we do not do foolish and foolhardy things? We do not put ourselves in the way of danger.

"We stay off by ourselves and keep where it is safe. We live near rivers where few others live and where it is wild, and because we don't try to be too sociable there are still lots of us living.

"It doesn't do to be too sociable, do you think so?"

"No, I think we're wise," said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer. "But then we're in the zoo now. It isn't the free, wild life, but at least it is safe. Here we can be sociable and no one will harm us.

"The zoo people will not let anyone hurt us. They will only let people come to admire our antlers and our fine bodies and our great beauty."

"That's true," said Mr. White-Tailed Deer, "but at the same time we do nice things for them. We don't like some animals, refuse to let our babies be born here. No, we let the babies come and we show them we're grateful to them for their kindness to us and for their protection."

"You too have spoken the truth," said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer. "We are rather nice, sensible, pleasant, good-looking animals."

"What do you mean when you say we are 'rather' nice?" asked Mr. White-Tailed Deer. "We are very nice, aren't we?"

"Of course," said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer; "I only said we were rather nice, meaning that we were very nice."

"Then why didn't you say what you meant?" asked Mr. White-Tailed Deer.

"Still cross?" asked Mrs. White-Tailed Deer.

"No," said Mr. White-Tailed Deer, "only it seems sensible to say what one means."

"It does seem that way," said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer, "but I forget sometimes and put in words I don't mean and leave out those I do. I didn't



"We Can Be Sociable."

mean to use that word 'rather' at all. It just crept in without being noticed."

"I noticed it," said Mr. White-Tailed Deer.

"I didn't," said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer, "or I might have been able to stop it in time."

"Oh, well, it is all straightened up now," said Mr. White-Tailed Deer.

"Yes," said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer, "and while I'm a deer and a dear at the same time I can't have everything my own way and be a speaker too!"

"Oh, gracious," said Mr. White-Tailed Deer, "the very idea of you cracking that old, old joke about deer and dear. But you did say something that interested me. You asked me if I were still dangerous, didn't you?"

"No," said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer, "you have made a mistake too. I said that your dangerous season had passed."

"Oh, well, we've each made a mistake in our talk so we're even that way," said Mr. White-Tailed Deer, "but pray tell me what you mean when you say my dangerous season has passed."

"I mean," said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer, "that during September and October and November you cannot be trusted, for you are dangerous and are apt to go at creatures with your three strong, spearlike antlers and your great weight pushing you on."

"Oh, yes, that is so," said Mr. White-Tailed Deer, "but why speak of the fact that my dangerous season has passed so long after the time when it has passed? It's well on in the winter now."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer, "I'm so perfectly sure it has passed now, you see!"

Better Still.

The postmaster's boy and the professors' boy were playing together. A question of precedence arose, and the professor's boy exclaimed, "You ought to let me go first! My father's an A. M."

"Huh!" replied his companion. "That's nothing. My father's a P. M."

Didn't Deserve Zero.

Student—There must be some mistake in my examination marking. I don't think I deserve an absolute zero.

Inspector—Neither do I; but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give.

Gift of Appreciation.

Most people flourish on praise. There is nothing that helps us to do our best so much as the feeling that others appreciate what we are undertaking. There are many forms of helpfulness beyond the reach of the average girl, but she must not feel disheartened if she has the gift of generous appreciation and knows how to praise heartily. —Girls' Companion.

When Was Eve Created?

At what time of day was Adam created? A little before Eve.

HAIR FALLING? HERE IS WHERE IT SHOWS

Don't worry! Let "Danderine" save your hair and double its beauty.



To stop falling hair at once and rid the scalp of every particle of dandruff, get a small bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter for a few cents, pour a little in your hand and rub it into the scalp. After several applications the hair usually stops coming out and you can't find any dandruff. Your hair will grow strong, thick and long and appear soft, glossy and twice as beautiful and abundant. Try it!—Adv.

Dried Snow.

Little Mary Louise saw snowflakes falling and said to her mother, "Let's hurry and put up our Christmas decorations, it's Christmas." In a little while she went outside to play, but soon returned to the house, for the air was so cold. Her mother noticed something that looked like clay on her shoe, and said to her:

"What is that on your shoe, dear?"

"The snow dried on there," answered the five-year-old.

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"Bayer" Introduced Aspirin to the physicians over 18 years ago.

To get quick relief follow carefully the safe and proper directions in each unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." This package is plainly stamped with the safety "Bayer Cross."

The "Bayer Cross" means the genuine, world-famous Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years.

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" can be taken safely for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Joint Pains, Neuritis, and Pain generally.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

Service.

Joe, Frank and Warren were discussing Christmas in Eastern avenue. "I've been working all day decorating our house for Santa Claus," said Warren, with a knowing wink at Frank.

"Yes, sir," quickly exclaimed Joe, the youngest of the three. "Santa will fix our tree. We've got service at our house."—Detroit Free Press.

"ROSY-FIT"

If Bilious, get your Pep and Color back with "Cascarets"

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin, and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and sluggish bowels, which cause the stomach to become filled with undigested food which sours and ferments, forming acids, gases, and poisons. Cascarets tonight will give your bilious liver and constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and have you feeling clear, bright and as fit as a fiddle by morning. Cascarets never sicken or inconvenience you like nasty Calomel, Salts, Oil, or griping Pills. They work while you sleep.—Adv.

Comparisons.

"What an awful eater that man is! I believe he takes a peek at every mouthful."

"That proves nothing on him in the way of a big appetite. So does a bird."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

by LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will cure catarrh. It is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions.

Druggists 75c. Testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, Ohio.

The Main Thing.

"That office-holder says he has divorced himself from politics."

"How much alimony did he get?"

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin.

Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Adv.

No matter how little a man believes in religion he detests irreverence in a woman.

As we grow more sensible, we refuse drug cathartics and take instead Nature's herb cure, Garfield Tea.—Adv.

Silence is anything but golden to the poor girl who is dumb to the entreaties of a wealthy suitor.

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