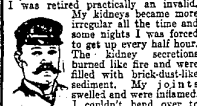


## Refused Insurance

Mr. Dunning Left Service in  
Bad Shape, But Doan's Soon  
Corrected His Trouble.

Geo. Dunning, ex-Chief Postmaster  
of the U. S. Navy, 40 Bedford  
St., Somerville, Mass., says: "Every  
bit of trouble I suffered  
was a result of exposure at sea."  
He was retired practically an invalid.  
My kidneys became so  
irregular all the time and  
some nights I was forced  
to get up every hour.  
The kidney sections  
burned like fire and were  
filled with brick-dust-like  
sediment. My joints  
swelled and I could  
I couldn't bend over to  
lace my shoes and had  
to be helped up and  
down. Right after my retirement  
from service I tried to get insured, but  
was turned down because of kidney  
trouble. I began taking Doan's Kid-  
ney Pills and used them until I was  
free of my kidney trouble. I was  
insured again and was declared a  
good risk. I give Doan's Kidney Pills  
credit for putting me in perfect health.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me  
this 10th day of May, 1917.



Mr. Dunning

**GEORGE L. DOHERTY**  
Notary Public.  
City of Boston, Mass.  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
Foster-McLarn's Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## BELCHING

Caused by  
**Acid-Stomach**

"Let EATONIC, the wonderful modern  
stomach remedy, give you quick relief  
from belching, flatulence, acid-stomach,  
indigestion, bloated, gassy stomach, dyspepsia,  
heartburns and other stomach ailments.  
They are all caused by Acid-Stomach from  
which about nine people out of ten suffer  
in one way or another. One writes as follows:  
"Before I used EATONIC, I was troubled  
with acid-stomach, gas, heartburn, and  
belching. I have not had a bit of trouble  
since the first tablet."  
Billions are victims of Acid-Stomach  
without knowing it. They are weak and  
suffer from indigestion, flatulence, heartburn,  
indigestion, bloated, gassy stomach, dyspepsia,  
heartburns and other stomach ailments. They  
may not know it, but they are suffering from  
it. If you take EATONIC, you will find that  
it is a wonderful remedy and it is not just  
a name. It is a fact. It is a fact that  
if you are not feeling quite right—like  
stomach trouble and know you  
want to locate the trouble—try EATONIC.  
It will tell you much better than any  
other.

For more information, write to  
EATONIC, 100 N. 1st St., St. Paul, Minn.  
or to your nearest drug store. A big box for ten  
and your money back if you are not satisfied.

## EATONIC

(FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

Write to  
EATONIC, 100 N. 1st St., St. Paul, Minn.

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# Price of Destiny by Jackson Gregory

Copyright  
CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"This way, senior. May I go first?  
Thank you, Gaucha, will you stay  
with the seniority? Thank you. And,  
for Stanway, please be glad to  
have you accompany me."

Already his foot was upon the first  
step. Stanway laid a quick hand upon  
his arm.

"Surely you do not think of coming  
upon this way—"

"Surely," smiled the old man, "they  
are my guests, I am the host. I am  
going to them."

He went slowly up the short flight  
of stairs, Stanway close at his heels,  
wondering. At the top was a little  
door. De la Guerra rapped softly with  
the barrel of his revolver.

"There was a sudden silence in the  
room, voices dropped to whispers. De  
la Guerra knocked again.

"Well?" It was Torre's voice, sharp,  
impatient. "Who is it?"

"It is I, Senior Torre," answered the  
old man, quietly. "And I am Antonio  
de la Guerra. I bring my apologies for  
being so tardy to wait upon a guest—  
and I come to talk with you."

He took the gold and rose and whis-  
pers, then Torre crying out:

"What have you to say? I can put  
a bullet through the door which will  
find you! If you will open the safe,  
I will take the gold and go. If you  
keep the silver and stay. What do you  
say?"

"De la Guerra laughed softly. And  
then, seriously, he answered:

"I am, my dear Senior Torre, you are  
talking bravely; but that is not at  
all in my position to dictate. It is  
I who dictate. Let me come in that  
I may talk, or I shall have to have  
my hand chop down some more of my  
doors. And I do not like to do that."

Torre hesitated. Why? Stanway  
thought because he was studying his  
men with those keen eyes of his, trying  
to guess how far he could count on  
them.

"Evidently not very far. For in a  
moment came his soft laugh, and his  
short command:

"Open, open the door. Let my  
kinsman come just to the threshold.  
If any of his men try to enter—well,  
leave them to me! Enter, senior!"

The door slid open. De la Guerra  
stepped just to the threshold. Stanway  
came behind him.

"Good evening, caballeros," said the  
old Spaniard courteously. "Now for  
my word with Torre. All of the men  
he has brought with him may go free  
and unharmed, provided they have  
pledged Pedro Celestino, and poor Af-  
redo there will live. If any of them  
is to die, then the man who has killed  
him is not to go. Jureme may go.

"You are pleased to be gracious,  
my high and mighty kinsman!"  
answered Torre impudently. "Oh, Senior  
Stanway! You are there, too. Castro,  
sharply to a black-bordered  
man at his side, who was the best  
marksman I ever saw, and besides, you  
are an admirable soldier, who knows  
how to take a command. If the Senior  
Stanway moves a hand or takes a  
step this way will you blow  
his brains out for me?"

Castro's answer was to fling down  
his revolver so that it rattled loudly  
on the floor.

"You have led us into a trap," he  
retorted sullenly. "I accept the Senior  
de la Guerra's word that I may go  
free. I have harmed no one!"

A black frown gathered Torre's  
brow. A little smile crept into De  
la Guerra's stern eyes.

"The first sign that you lose, Torre,"  
he said quietly. "The first sign  
that I win!"

"Do you know, my kinsman," re-  
plied Torre insolently, "abrogating his  
shoulders at the muzzle of a pistol,  
that I may lose and still you not  
win? How? Why, to be explicit to  
an old man, I can at least have the ex-  
quisite pleasure of ending my stay here  
in the hands of a bullet. You see, I have never  
refused—pardon me, senior—alms  
to a beggar! Senior Stanway, will you  
be kind enough to show the captain to  
the door?"

"Now, Senior Torre," resumed the old  
man when Stanway had returned. "I  
am to give you your gambler's chance.  
I have learned that a month ago you  
killed a man in San Antonio. Now,  
telling forward a little, 'are they look-  
ing for you along the border? Have  
you a good chance of getting across  
without being shot?"

Torre's cheeks grew a little pale. He  
returned De la Guerra's gaze, however,  
and answered steadily:

"I should have, perhaps, one chance  
in ten thousand!"

"Good! I thought so!"  
The old Spaniard slipped his hand  
again into the table drawer and the  
thing he brought out this time he handed  
to Torre.

"Here is your chance, senior," he said  
sternly.

It was a diamond!

"What do you mean?" snarled Torre.

"I mean this: You shall shake the  
dice you love so well, and the stake  
high enough to satisfy even you! If  
you win, the diamond packet of bank-  
notes ready for you, and a horse to  
carry you as far and as fast as you  
can wish to go. If you lose—there is  
in the stable a lame horse which you are  
to ride across the border!"

"The dusky red ran back into Torre's  
cheeks.

"With whom do I shake?" he asked,  
a little hoarsely, his fingers growing  
white with clutching the dice.

"With the bitterest enemy you have,"  
retorted the old man with dignity. "Do  
you know who it is?"

"Torre" queried Torre, with snarling  
eyes.

"Torre!" You shall cast twice, with  
a single die. The ace is high in this

game, senior. If your first throw is  
higher than your second, then you go  
free. Will you throw now? I shall be  
glad when you are gone."

Torre rose swiftly to his feet, draw-  
ing near the table, his eyes burning like  
flames, his cheeks flushed. For a mo-  
ment he stood with the die resting in  
the box, which he shook slowly back  
and forth.

"One throw," he whispered. "One  
good throw, and I drink many another  
good bottle of red wine. I kiss many  
another pair of red lips, I live on in  
my gay little existence. One good  
throw. Ah!"

He had thrown.

"It is the ace!" cried Torre with  
suddenly up-flung head. "My lady of  
chance is kind to me, senior!"

"You have another throw," De la  
Guerra reminded him. "The ace can-  
not be beaten, but it may be tied!"

Now Torre scooped the die up in his  
box and with no moment of hesitation  
turned it again upon the table. Again  
Torre had thrown an ace!

"Try again," said De la Guerra cris-  
ply. "It is growing late."

With a curse Torre again caught up  
the die, again it rattled in the box,  
again it rolled half across the table.

"A four!" he gasped.

"The ace is not lost," De la Guerra  
reminded him. "It may win. Again!"

A four! If he turned a three next  
time, or a deuce, he was saved. If the  
die should come again, a six or a five,  
he was lost!

Again he took up the die, again cast  
this time his hand, holding the die-  
box, followed close to the rolling cube.

"It is the six!" said De la Guerra  
sternly. "You were about to touch it,  
senior!"

Torre threw down the box. He had  
lost—against himself! But his head  
hung proudly up. "And now," he cried,  
"where is my lame horse? It is late, as  
you say."

He bowed and went out into the pa-  
tio, where Gaucha and a half dozen of  
the cowboys were waiting. De la  
Guerra smiled.

"He is a brave man," he said gently.  
"Ah, well, he has one chance in ten  
thousand. Well, for a lame man—"

Then they heard the galloping of sev-  
eral horses headed toward the border.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Conclusion.

"Teresa!" called Stanway, "Tere-  
sa!"

It was night; there was a moon, and  
between it and the stars was the bal-  
cony.

"Senior Billy!"

The voice floated down to him softly,  
and between the parted vines a very  
bright face looked down upon him.

"Your papa grande is in the drawing-  
room, Teresa," he said swiftly. "I am  
going back in there to tell him some-  
thing. May I, Teresa?"

"What?" she whispered. "What are  
you going to tell him, Senior Billy?"

"Can't you guess?" he laughed up at  
her.

She shook her head. But her soft  
eyes grew softer, her cheeks rosier, and  
her white hands intertwined and trem-  
bled a little.

"You go with me, Teresa!" he  
asked boldly, after the way of Billy  
Stanway. "I think that I am rather  
afraid to go all alone. He will be in-  
clined to be very terrible, won't he?"

Teresa laughed, said "I would not  
be so afraid, and disappeared from the ba-  
cony. He met her, approximately, half  
a minute later in the patio.

"Teresa!" he cried, his voice shak-  
ing as he could not keep his hands  
from shaking.

"Don't!" she whispered, slipping  
away from him. "Papa grande does not  
like me to come to him with—my hair  
unsmooth, Senior Billy!"

She came into the drawing-room to-  
gether, two very young, handsome,  
happy, eager people. De la Guerra,  
his hand drooping a little as though he  
were tired, looked up at them.

"Teresa!" he said, rising quickly.

"You can guess it, can't you?" Stan-  
way blurted out. "We have a notion  
to send to La Penza for Father Ignacio.  
Is there some priest you prefer,  
senior?"

"O-oh!" gasped Teresa.

De la Guerra bowed gravely.

"Senior Stanway," he said, speaking  
slowly, his eyes thoughtful. "Teresa  
has told me how much you have done  
for us. There was something which I  
did not tell me which I guessed.  
I owe you very much. I owe you  
everything, senior. And with a quick,  
strongly-sweet smile, "I, and a man  
who pays his debts in full."

He bowed, suddenly caught up Stan-  
way's hand, and placed it upon the  
girl's.

"I owe you everything, And," with  
a courtly bow to his granddaughter, "I  
give you everything!"

"Papa grande!" cried Teresa, "Papa  
grande!"

"The only thing," smiled the old man,  
"is he, an American? Well, since  
one cannot change the Americas—  
You will come to me, my children, in  
the library."

He walked to the door, paused,  
turned his smiling face upon them, and  
added:

"I shall not expect you immediately.  
Teresa, can you entertain the senior for  
let us say, an hour? You will notice  
me for that long, senior? I shall be  
very busy attending certain matters in  
my memoirs," he laughed softly. "Con-  
cerning the Americas, senior!"

(THE END.)

Confirming it.

She (angrily) "I took you for a  
gentleman, sir."

"He (angrily) "Quite right. Anoth-  
er case of mis-taken identity."

## Latest Markets

LIVE STOCK—DETROIT.

Best heavy steers, \$12.12; best  
bandy weight but steers, \$9.50;  
10.50; mixed steers and heifers, \$8.50  
@ 9; baby light hutchers, \$7.50 @ 8;  
6; butchers cows, \$7.50 @ 8; cutters,  
\$6.50 @ 7; canners, \$5.25 @ 6;  
best heavy bulls, \$7.50 @ 8; bologna bulls,  
\$6.50 @ 7; stock bulls, \$5.50 @ 6.50;  
feeders, \$4.50 @ 5.50; stockers, \$7  
@ 8; milkers and springers, \$7 @ 8.50.

Cattle—Calves.

Best grades—\$18; culls and heavy,  
\$10 @ 16.

Sheep and Lambs.

Best lambs, \$14 @ 14.25; fair lambs,  
\$12 @ 13.50; light to common lambs,  
\$8 @ 11; fair to good sheep, \$6.50 @ 7;  
culls and common, \$3 @ 5.

Hogs.

Best grades—\$12.75 @ 13.85; pigs  
\$12 @ 15.

EAST BUFFALO.

Cattle—Primo steers, \$15.50 @ 17;  
steering steers, \$15.50 @ 16; butchers,  
\$10 @ 15.50; yearlings, \$14 @ 16; heif-  
ers, \$9 @ 12; cows, \$4 @ 10.75; bulls, \$7  
@ 10.50; stockers and feeders, \$6 @  
10; fresh cows and springers, \$6 @  
17.

Calves—Steady at \$7 @ 20.

Hogs—Pigs, 25c lower; others, 25  
@ 60c higher; heavy, \$13 @ 14.14;  
medium, \$13 @ 13.25; Yorkers, \$13 @ 14;  
13.50; light Yorkers, \$13 @ 13.25; pigs,  
\$13; roughs, \$10 @ 11.50; stags, \$8 @  
9.50.

Sheep and lamb—Lambs 75c low-  
er, lambs, \$6 @ 14; yearlings, \$7 @  
11; ewes, \$8 @ 9; ewes, \$3 @ 5;  
mixed sheep, \$8.25 @ 9.75.

GRAIN AND FEED.

Wheat—Cash No. 1 red, \$2.27; No.  
1 mixed, \$2.25; No. 2 white, \$2.25; No.  
2 red and No. 3 white, \$2.25; No. 1  
red, white wheat 25c under red.

Corn—Cash No. 3, \$1.48; No. 2 and  
No. 3 yellow, \$1.50; No. 4 yellow,  
\$1.48; No. 5 yellow, \$1.47; No. 5 yellow,  
\$1.46.

Oats—Cash No. 2 white, 76c; No. 3  
white, 74 @ 75c; No. 4 white, 73 @ 74c;  
Rye—Cash No. 2, \$1.36 @ 1.2.

Barley—Immediate cash prompt ship-  
ment, \$1.75 per cwt.

Produce—Cash No. 2, \$2.85 @ 2.75 per  
cwt.

Seeds—Prime red clover, \$30.25;  
December, \$29.25; alfalfa, \$29; timo-  
thy, \$5.50.

Flour—Fancy of fine patent, \$13.20  
@ 12.15; fancy winter patent, \$12.75;  
second winter patent, \$12; winter  
straight, \$11 @ 11.25 per bbl.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$25.50 @ 25;  
No. 2 timothy, \$24.50 @ 24; light mixed,  
\$27.50 @ 27; No. 2 timothy, \$25.50 @ 27;  
No. 3 timothy, \$22 @ 23; No. 1 mixed,  
\$24 @ 25; No. 2 mixed, \$24 @ 25; rye  
straw, \$11.50 @ 12; wheat and oats in carlots,  
\$10.50 @ 11; for ton in carlots.

Feed—For 100 lbs. to 100 lbs.:  
bran, \$4.50; standard middlings, \$4 @  
50; fine middlings, \$4.50; coarse corn  
meal \$5 @ 61; cracked corn, \$6;  
corn and oat chop, \$5 @ 54 per ton.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Grapes—Catawba, 35c per poor  
basket.

Cranberries—Cape Cod, \$10 per bbl;  
boxes of 12 bbl \$5.

Apples—Michigan, best, \$2 @ 2.50;  
ordinary, \$1.50 @ 2.00 per bu; western,  
\$2 @ 2.50.

California Fruit—Pears, \$4 @ 4.50  
per box; malaga pears, \$2 @ 2.25; to  
hay, \$3 per crate.

Chestnuts—20 @ 10c per bu.

Califlowers—\$1 @ 2 per bu.

Honey—White, 25 @ 25.50c per lb.

Cabbage—Horn grown, 75c @ 81 per  
bushel.

Lettuce—Kalam, 20 @ 28c per  
bunch.

Tomatoes—Ho, 10c, \$3 @ 3.25 per  
10 lb basket.

Onions—Indian, \$4 @ 4.25 per 100 lb  
sack.

Dressed Hogs—est, 18 @ 20; heavy  
100 @ 10c per lb.

Potatoes—Jobbing, Michigan, \$7.75  
@ 7 per 150 lb sack.

Calves (dressed)—Fancy, 24 @ 25c;  
choice, 22 @ 23c per lb.

Sweet Potatoes—Virginia, \$1 @ 1.25  
per bu; Jersey, \$2 @ 2.25 per ham-  
per.

Lettuce—Head, \$2.50 @ 3 per crate;  
iceberg, \$5.50 @ 6 per crate; nothous,  
12 @ 14c per lb.

POULTRY.

Live Poultry—Spring chickens,  
large, 23 @ 24; Meghorns, 22 @ 23c;  
hens, 25 @ 26c; a full hens, 22 @ 23c;  
roosters, 18 @ 19c; young roosters, 24 @  
2