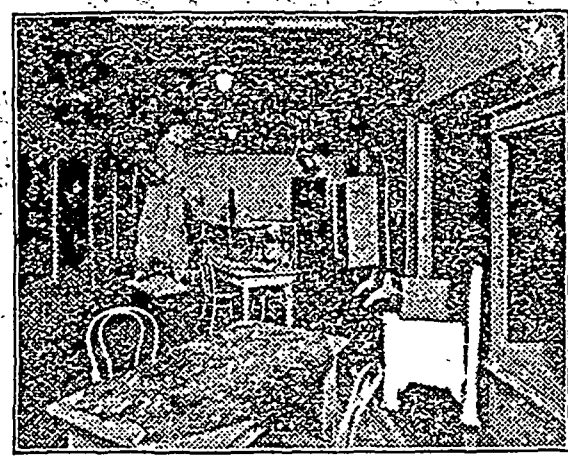


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CAPTAINS OF ADVENTURE

By ROGER POCOCK

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THE BUCCANEERS A. D. 1670

It is only a couple of centuries since Spain was the greatest nation on earth, with the Atlantic for her duck pond, the American continents for her back yard, and a notice up to warn away the English, "No dogs admitted."

England was a little power then, Charles II had to come running when the French king whistled, and the British were so weak that the Dutch burned their fleet in London river. Every year a Spanish fleet came from the West Indies to Cadiz, laden deep with gold, silver, gems, spices and all sorts of precious merchandise.

Much as her sailors hated to see all that treasure wasted on Spaniards, England had to keep the peace with Spain, because Charles II had his crown jewels in pawn and no money for such luxuries as war. The Spanish envoy would come to him making doleful lamentations about his naughty sailors, who, in the far Indies, had insolently stolen a galleon or sacked a town. Charles, with his mouth watering at such a tale of loot, would be impressively shocked. The "lewd French" must have done this, or the "pernicious Dutch," but not his woolly lambs—his innocent mariners.

The buccaneers of the West Indies were of many nations besides the British, and they were not quite pirates. For instance, they would scorn to seize a Protestant shipload of salt fish, but always attacked the papist who had golden galleons. They were serious-minded Protestants with strong views on doctrine, and only made their pious excursions to seize the goods of the unrighteous. Their opinions were so sound on all really important points of dogmatic theology that they could allow themselves a little indulgence in mere outrage, sacrilege, arson, robbery and murder, or fry Spaniards in olive oil for concealing the cash box. Then, enriched by such pious exercises, they devoutly spent the whole of their savings on staying drunk for a month.

The first buccaneers sailed out in a small boat and captured a warship. From such small beginnings arose a pirate fleet, which, under various leaders, French, Dutch, British, Portuguese, became a scourge to the Spanish empire overseas. When they had

rates, and the sailors of the whole squadron were butchered while they drowned. Still Fort San Carlos, now bristling with new guns, had to be dealt with before the pirates could make their escape to the sea. Morgan pretended to attack from the land, so that all the guns were shifted to that side of the fort ready to wipe out his forces. This being done, he got his men on board and sailed through the channel in perfect safety.

And yet attacks upon such places as Maracibo were mere trifling, for the Spaniards held all the wealth of their golden Indies at Panama. This gorgeous city was on the Pacific ocean, and to reach it, one must cross the Isthmus of Darien by the route in later times of the Panama railway and the Panama canal, through the most unwholesome swamps, where to sleep at night in the open was almost sure death from fever. Moreover, the landing place at Chagres was covered by a strong fortress, the route was swarming with Spanish troops and wild savages in their pay, and their destination was a walled city esteemed impregnable.

By way of preparing for his raid, Morgan sent four hundred men, who stormed the castle of Chagres, compelling the wretched garrison to jump off a cliff to destruction. The English flag shone from the citadel when Morgan's fleet arrived. The captain landed one thousand two hundred men and set off up the Chagres river with five boats loaded with artillery, thirty-two canoes and no food. This was a mistake, because the Spaniards had cleared the whole isthmus, driving off the cattle, rooting out the crops, carting away the grain, burning every roof, and leaving nothing for the pirates to live on except the microbes of fever. As the pirates advanced they retreated, luring them on day by day into the heart of the wilderness. The pirates broiled and ate their sea boots, their handkerchiefs, and certain leather bags. The river, being foul with fallen timber, they took to marching. On the sixth day they found a barn full of maize and ate it up, but only on the ninth day had they a decent meal, when, sweating, gasping and swearing, they pounced upon a herd of asses and cows, and fell to roasting flesh on the points of their swords.

On the tenth day they debouched upon a plain before the City of Panama, where the governor awaited with his troops. There were two squadrons of cavalry and four regiments of foot, besides guns, and the pirates heartily wished themselves at home with their mothers. Happily the Spanish governor was too sly, for he had prepared a herd of wild bulls with Indian herders to drive into the pirate ranks, which bulls, in sheer stupidity, rushed his own battalions. Such bulls as tried to fly through the pirate lines were readily shot down, but the rest brought dire confusion. Then began a fierce battle, in which the Spaniards lost six hundred men before they bolted. Afterward, through a fearful storm of fire from great artillery, the pirates stormed the city and took possession.

Of course, by this time, the rich galleons had made away to sea with their treasure, and the citizens had carried off everything worth moving, to the woods. Moreover, the pirates were hasty in burning the town, so that the treasures which had been buried in wells or cellars were lost beyond all finding. During four weeks, this splendid capital of the Indies burned, while the people hid in the woods; and the pirates tortured everybody they could lay hands on with fiendish cruelty. Morgan himself, caught a beautiful lady and threw her into a cellar full of filth because she would not love him. Even in their retreat to the Atlantic, the pirates carried off six hundred prisoners, who rent the air with their lamentations, and were not even fed until their ransoms arrived.

Before reaching Chagres, Morgan had every pirate stripped to make sure that all loot was fairly divided. The common pirates were bitterly offended at the dividend of only two hundred pieces of eight per man, but Morgan stole the bulk of the plunder himself and returned a millionaire to Jamaica.

Charles II knighted him and made him governor of Jamaica as a reward for robbing the Spaniards. Afterwards his majesty changed his mind, and Morgan died a prisoner in the tower of London as a punishment for the very crime which had been rewarded with a title and a vicereignty.

A Serious Situation.

"Did you know," asked Mr. Nutting of his neighbor as they sat discussing the affairs of the world on the neighbor's piazza, "did you know that there are seventy-five thousand people in Massachusetts, all native-born Americans, who can neither speak nor write the English language?" "No!" replied his friend. "That seems impossible. Are you sure of your figures?" "Perfectly sure." "And they're all American-born, you say?" "Yes, sir, every one of them native born—and every one of them under two years of age."



Sir Henry Morgan.

wiped out Spain's merchant shipping and were short of plunder, they attacked fortified cities, held them to ransom, and burned them for fun, then in chase of the fugitive citizens, put whole colonies to an end by sword and fire.

Naturally only the choicest scoundrels rose to captaincies, and the worst of the lot became admirals. It should thrill the souls of all Welshmen to learn that Henry Morgan gained that bad eminence. He had risen to the command of five hundred cutthroats when he pounced down on Maracibo bay in Venezuela. At the entrance stood Fort San Carlos, the place which in recent years resisted the attack of a German squadron. Morgan was made of sterner stuff than these Germans, for when the garrison saw him coming, they took to the woods, leaving behind them a lighted fuse at the door of the magazine. Captain Morgan grabbed that fuse himself in time to save his men from a disagreeable hereafter.

Beyond its narrow entrance at Fort San Carlos, the inlet widens to an inland sea, surrounded in those days by Spanish settlements, with the two cities of Gibraltar and Maracibo. Morgan sacked these towns and chased their flying inhabitants into the mountains. His prisoners, even women and children, were tortured on the rack until they revealed all that they knew of hidden money, and some were burned by inches, starved to death, or crucified.

These pleasures had been continued for five weeks, when a squadron of three heavy warships arrived from Spain and blocked the pirates' only line of retreat to the sea at Fort San Carlos. Morgan prepared a fire ship, with which he grappled and burned the Spanish admiral. The second ship was wrecked the third captured by the pi-

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Most Attractive.

Two business men were having a confab when a third appeared on the scene of action.

"I say, Bill, settle this argument, will you?"

"What's the row?"

"Should a man use perfumery of any sort?"

"Well, a trace of gasoline is permissible."

We descend from our ancestors in point of time, but we ought to ascend in point of character.

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Same Effect Produced. He—My love for you is like the sea. She—Yes, the sea makes me sick.

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PRISON SHAPED LIKE EAR MYSTERY DIAMOND IS SOLD

Tyrant of Syracuse Constructed Cave So That He Could Hear Conversations of Suspects.

The Ear of Dionysius was the name given to a celebrated cavern near Syracuse in Sicily, said to have been constructed by Dionysius the Elder, tyrant of Syracuse, and used by him as a prison for suspected persons. This cave was 250 feet long and 80 feet high. It was fashioned in the shape of a human ear, and was so constructed that the faintest sounds were conveyed from all parts to a central chamber, corresponding to the tympanum or drum of the ear. There this tyrant secreted himself, sometimes, it is said, for days, and listened to the conversations of the unfortunates imprisoned within.

The workmen who built the dungeon were put to death to prevent them from divulging the use to which it was put. A whisper at one end could be distinctly heard at the other, by putting one's ear close to the rock, while the tearing of paper sounded like a series of explosions.—Detroit News.

Good and Bad.

"Want a man to pick apples?" The farmer gave him a job. But the new helper heaped good fruit, bad fruit and indifferent fruit together indiscriminately. So, after he had emptied a basket or two the farmer asked in some disgust: "Did you ever try to pick anything before?" "Race horses."

Stone Weighing 44 Carats Carried to England at Time of Bolshevik Revolt Changes Hands.

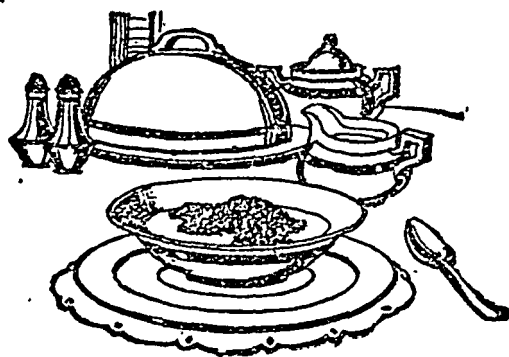
Carried to England from Russia at the time of the Bolshevik revolution the mystery diamond known as the "Princess Mary" has at last changed hands, the purchaser being a resident in the north of England. The price paid has not been divulged, but its late owner, Gordon Nathan, last year withdrew the diamond from auction, as the highest bid did not reach \$10,000.

The diamond is a stone of yellow tint, with a Maltese cross on the back, and was named the "Princess Mary" because before her wedding a proposal was made to present the stone to her. It weighs 44 carats and is thus almost as large as the famous Hope diamond. Mr. Nathan thinks the value of the stone will appreciate.

The Jap's Idea.

The reporter was interviewing the distinguished Japanese visitor with the aid of an interpreter. "Ask him what he thinks of the Americans," said the reporter to the interpreter. The interpreter asked the question, and the distinguished visitor made a reply. "He says," the interpreter translated, "that the Americans are the greatest people he has seen in his travels. Indeed, he declares, they may well be called 'the Japanese of the West.'"

Every man on earth works too hard in his own mind's eye.



The Winter Breakfast

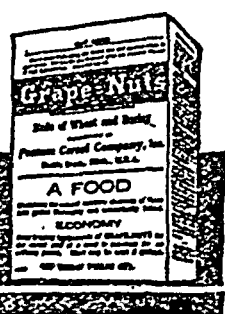
which includes Grape-Nuts with cream or good milk, will have one dish that has both engaging flavor and true nourishment.

Grape-Nuts is more than "something good to eat." It is a building food in most digestible form; rich in proteins, carbohydrates, mineral elements and vitamin B—all vitally essential to the daily rebuilding of every part of the body.

It pays to keep oneself in the highest physical condition, for with the strength and vigor that go with health you can "do things" and be happy.

There's a way—and
"There's a Reason"

for **Grape-Nuts**



Children Cry for



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