RICH MEN'S CHILDREN

By GERALDINE BONNER

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Illustrations by DOM J. LAVIN

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SYNOPSIS.

Bill Cannon, the bonanza king, and his daughter, Rose, who had passed up Mrs. Cornelius Ryan's ball at San Francisco to accompany her father, arrive at Antelope. Dominick Ryan calls on his mother to beg a ball invitation for his wife, and is refused. The determined old lady refuses to recognize her daughter-in-law. Dominick had been trapped into a marriage with Bernice Iverson, a stenographer, several years his senior. She squanders his money, they have frequent quarrels, and he slips away. Cannon and his daughter are snowed in at Antelope. Dominick Ryan is rescued from storm in unconscious condition and brought to Antelope hotel. Antelope is cut off by storm. Rose Cannon nurses Dominick back to life. Two weeks later Bernice discovers in a paper where husband is and writes letter trying to smooth over difficulties between them. Dominick at last is able to join fellow snowbound prisoners in hotel parlor. He loses temper over talk of Buford, an actor. After three weeks, end of imprisonment is seen. Telegrams and mail arrive. Dominick gets letter from wife.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

He suddenly looked away from her and, turning to the chimney-piece, rested one hand upon it and gazed down at the logs. A charred end projected and he pushed it with his slippered foot, his down-bent face, the lips set and brows wrinkled, looking like the face of a sullen boy who has been unjustly punished. An icy, invading chill of depression made Rose's heart sink down into bottomless depths. She faltered in faint tones:

"Well, you'll be there soon now."

"I don't know," he answered without moving. "I don't know whether I shall."

"You don't know whether you'll be home soon? The roads are open; the postman has come in."

"I don't know whether I'll go home," he repeated.

The snapping of the fire sounded loud upon the silence that followed. The thrill of strong emotions rising toward expression held them in a breathless, immovable quietude.

"Don't you want to go home?" said the young girl. Her voice was low and she cleared her throat. In this interchange of commonplace sentences her heart had begun to beat so violently that it interfered with the ease of her speech.

Dominick leaned forward and dropped the crumpled letter into the fire.

"No, I don't want to. I hate to."

To this she did not reply at all, and after a moment he continued: "My home is unbearable to me. It isn't a home. It's a place where I eat and sleep, and I'd prefer doing that anywhere else, in any dirty boarding-house or fourth-rate hotel—I'd rather—"

He stopped abruptly and pushed the log farther in. The letter was caught up the chimney in a swirl of blackened scraps.

"But your wife?" said Rose.

This time her voice was hoarse but she did not know it. She had lost the consciousness of herself. It was a profound moment, the deepest she had so far known, and all the forces of her being were concentrated upon it. The young man answered with deliberation, still not moving.

"I don't want to see my wife. We are—we are—uncongenial. There is nothing but unhappiness between us."

"Don't you love her?" said the girl.

"No. I never did," he answered.

For a moment neither dared speak. They did not look at each other or stir. They hardly seemed to breathe. A movement, a touch, would have rent the last thin crust of reserve that covered what were no longer unsuspected fires. Dominick knew it, but the girl did not. She was seized by what to her was a sudden, inexplicable fear, and the increased, suffocating beating of her heart made her feel dizzy. She suddenly wished to fly, to escape from the room, and him, and herself. She turned to go and was arrested by Cora's voice in the hall:

"Say, you folks, are you in there?"

Cora's visage followed her voice. She thrust it round the door-post, beamingly smiling under a recently applied coat of powder.

"Do you want to tackle a game of euchre? Mr. Willoughby and I'll lay you out cold unless that British memory of his has gone back on him and he's forgot all I taught him last time."

They were too bewildered to make any response. Rose gathered up her coat and dropped it again, looking stupidly from it to the intruder. Cora turned back to the passage, calling:

"Here they are, Mr. Willoughby, all ready and waiting for us. Now we'll show them how to play euchre."

Before Willoughby appeared, responsive to this cheerful hail, Cora had pulled the chairs round the table and brought out the cards. A few moments later, they were seated and the game had begun. Cora and her partner were soon jubilant. Not only did they hold the cards, but their adversaries played so badly that the tale of many old scores was wiped off.

The next day the first movements of departure began. Early in the afternoon Buford and Judge Washburne started for Rocky Bar in Perley's sleigh. The road had been broken by the mail-carrier, but was still so deeply drifted that the drive was reckoned a toilsome undertaking not without danger. Perley's two powerful horses were harnessed in tandem, and Perley himself, a mere pillar of wrappings, drove them, squatted on a soap box in front of the two passengers. There were cries of farewell from the porch and tappings on the windows as the sleigh started and sped away to the diminishing jingle of bells. A sadness fell on those who watched it. The little idyl of isolation was over.

On the following day Bill Cannon and his daughter were to leave. A telegram had been sent to Rocky Bar for a sleigh and horses of the proper excellence to be the equipage of a Bonanza Princess. Rose had spent the morning packing the valises, and late in the afternoon began a downstairs search for possessions left in the parlor.

The dusk was gathering as she entered the room, the corners of which were already full of darkness, the fire playing on them with a warm, varying light. Waves of radiance quivered and ran up the ceiling, here and there touching the glaze on a picture glass or china ornament. The crude ugliness of the place was hidden in this unsteady, transforming combination of shadow and glow. It seemed a rich, romantic spot, flushed with fire that pulsed on an outer edge of mysterious obscurity, a center of familiar, intimate life, round which coldness and the dark pressed.

She thought the room was unoccupied and advanced toward the table, then started before the uprising of Dominick's tall figure from a chair in a shadowed corner. It was the first time they had seen each other alone since their conversation of the day before. Rose was startled and agitated, and her brusk backward movement showed it. Her voice, however, was natural, almost easy to casualness as she said:

"I thought there was no one here, you've hidden yourself in such a dark corner. I came to gather up my books and things."

He advanced into the light, looking somberly at her.

"It's true that you're going to-morrow?" he said almost gruffly.

"Oh, yes, we're really going. Everything's been arranged. Horses and a sleigh are expected any moment now from Rocky Bar. They rest here all night and take us down in the afternoon. I think papa'd go crazy if we had to stay twenty-four hours longer."

"I'll follow in a day or two," he said, "probably go down on Tuesday, the doctor says."

She began gathering up the books, reading the titles, and putting aside those that were not hers.

"I'm so sorry it's over," she said in a preoccupied voice without any particular regret in it. "'The Mill on the Floss' is Mrs. Perley's, I think."

"I'm sorry, too," he commented, very low.

She made no reply, selected another book, and as she held it up looking at the back, said:

"But it's not like a regular good-by. It's not as if you were going in one direction and we in another. We'll see you in San Francisco, of course."

"I don't think so," he answered.

She laid the book on the table and turned her face toward him. He stood looking into the fire, not seeing the face, but conscious of it, of its expression, of its every line.

"Do you mean that we're not going to see you down there at all?"

"Yes, that's just about what I meant," he replied.

"Mr. Ryan!" It was hardly more than a breath of protest, but it was as stirring to the man as the whisper of love.

He made no comment on it, and she said, with a little more of insistence and volume:

"But why?"

"It's best not," he answered, and turned toward her.

His shoulders were squared and he held his head as a man does who prepares himself for a blow. His eyes, looking straight into hers, enveloped her in a glance soft and burning, not a savage glance, but the enfolding, possessive glance, caressing and ardent, pleading and masterful, of a lover.

The books that she was holding fell to the table, and they looked at each other while the clock ticked.

"It's best for me not to come," he said huskily, "never to come."

"Very well," she faltered.

He came a little nearer to her and said:

"You know what I mean."

She turned away, very pale, her lips trembling.

"And you'd like me to come if I could—if I were free?"

He was close to her and looked down to see her face, his own hard, the bones of the jaw showing through the thin cheeks.

"You'd like me to?" he urged.

She nodded, her lips too dry to speak.

"O Rose!" he whispered, a whisper that seemed to melt the strength of her heart and make her unvanquished, maiden pride dissolve into feebleness.

He leaned nearer and, taking her by the arms just above the elbows, drew her to himself, into an embrace, close and impassioned, that crushed her against him. She submitted passively, in a dizzy dream that was neither joy nor pain, but was like a moment of drugged unreality, fearful and beautiful. She was unconscious of his lips pressed on her hair, but she felt the beating of his heart beneath her cheek.

They stood thus for a moment, rising above time and space. They seemed to have been caught up to a pinnacle of life where the familiar world lay far beneath them. A joy, divine and dreamy, held them clasped together, motionless and mute, for a single point of time beyond and outside the limitations that had heretofore bound them.

Bill Cannon had a question to ask his daughter and he came down stairs to the parlor where she had told him she was going. He had dressed himself for supper, the most important item of his toilet being a pair of brown leather slippers. They were soft and made no sound, and stepping briskly in them he advanced to the half-open parlor door, pushed it open and entered the quiet room. On the hearth-rug before the fire stood a woman clasped in the arms of Dominick Ryan.

Though the face was hidden, the first glance told him it was his daughter. The young man's head was bowed on hers, his brown hair rising above the gleaming blondness of hers. They were absolutely motionless and silent. For an amazed moment the father stared at them, then turned and tip-toed out of the room.

He mounted several steps of the staircase and then descended, stepping as heavily as he could, and, as he advanced on the parlor, coughed with aggressive loudness. He was on the threshold when he encountered his daughter, her head lowered, her gait quick, almost a run. Without a word he stepped aside and let her pass, the rustling of her skirt diminishing as she ran up the hall and mounted the stairs.

Dominick was standing on the hearth-rug, his head raised like a stag's; his eyes, wide and gleaming, on the doorway through which she had passed. Cannon stopped directly in front of him and fixed a stony, menacing glare on him.

"Well, Dominick Ryan," he said in a low voice, "I saw that. I came in here a moment ago and saw that. What have you got to say about it?"

The young man turned his eyes slowly from vacancy to the angry face before him. For a moment he looked slightly dazed, staring blankly at Cannon. Then wrath gathered thunderously on his brow.

"Let me alone!" he said fiercely, thrusting him aside. "Get out of my way and let me alone! I can't talk to you now."

He swept the elder man out of his path, and, lurching and staggering on his wounded feet, hurled himself out of the room.

CHAPTER IX.

The Sons of Their Fathers.

It was at the end of the Bonanza times, that period of startling upheavals and downfalls, when miners had suddenly become millionaires, and rich men found themselves paupers, that Bill Cannon built his mansion in San Francisco. He had made his fortune in Virginia City, not in a few meteoric years, as the public, who loves picturesque histories, was wont to recount relishingly, but in a series of broken periods of plenty with lean years in between. The Crown Point and Belcher rise made him a man of means, and its collapse was said to have ruined him. Afterward, wise-acres shook their heads and there were rumors that it was not Bill Cannon who was ruined. In the dead period which followed this disastrous cataclysm of fortune and confidence, he was surreptitiously loyal to the capricious town from which men had withdrawn their affection and belief as from a beguiling woman, once loved and trusted, now finally proved false.

"Well, Dominick Ryan," He Said, in a Low Voice, "I Saw That."

In those short years of mourning and lost faith between the downfall of Crown Point and the rise of Con. Virginia and the Rey del Monte, Bill Cannon "lay low." His growing reputation as an expert mining man and a rising financier had suffered. Men had disbelieved in him as they did in Virginia, and he knew the sweetness of revenge when he and the great camp rose together in titanic partnership and defied them. His detractors had hardly done murmuring together over the significant fact that Crown Point "had not scooped every dollar he had" when the great ore-body was struck on the thousand-foot level of the Rey del Monte, and Bill Cannon became a Bonanza King.

That was in seventy-four. The same year he bought the land in San Francisco and laid the foundation for the mansion on Nob Hill. His wife was still living then, and his son and daughter—the last of seven children, five of whom had died in infancy—were as yet babies. A year later the house was completed and the Cannon family, surrounded by an aura of high-colored, accumulating anecdote, moved down from Nevada and took possession.

Mrs. Cannon, who in her girlhood had been the prettiest waitress in the Yuba Hotel at Marysville, and had married Bill Cannon when he was an underground miner, was the subject of much gossip in the little group which at that time made up San Francisco's fashionable world. They laughed at her and went to her entertainments. They told stories of her small social mistakes, and fawned on her husband for positions for their sons. He understood them, treated them with an open, cynical contempt, and used them. He was big enough to realize his wife's superiority, and it amused him to punish them for their patronizing airs by savage impertinences that they winced under but did not dare resent. She was a silent, sensitive, loving woman, who never quite fitted into the frame his wealth had given her. She did her best to fill the new role, but it bewildered her and she did not feel at ease in it. In her heart she yearned for the days when her home had been a miner's cabin in the foot-hills, her babies had known no nurse but herself, and her husband had been all hers. Those were her beaux jours.

She died some twelve years after the installation in San Francisco. Bill Cannon had loved her after his fashion and always respected her, and the withdrawal of her quiet, sympathetic presence left a void behind it that astonished, almost awed him. The two children, Eugene and Rose, were eighteen and thirteen at the time. She had adored them, lived for them, been a mother at once tender and intelligent, and they mourned her with passion. It was to dull the ache left by her death, that Gene, a weak and characterless changeling in this vigorous breed, sought solace in drink. And it was then that Rose, assuming her mother's place as head of the establishment, began to show that capacity for management, that combination of executive power and gentle force—bequests from both parents—that added admiration to the idolizing love the Bonanza King had always given her.

The house in which this pampered princess ruled was one of those enormous structures which a wealth that sought extravagant ways of expending itself reared upon that protuberance in the city's outline called by San Francisco Nob Hill. The suddenly-enriched miners of the Comstock Lode and the magnates of the railway had money waiting for investment, and the building of huge houses seemed as good a one as any other.

Here, from their front steps, they could see the city sweeping up from its low center on to the slopes of girdling hills. It was a gray city, crowding down to the edge of the bay, which, viewed from this height, extended far up into the sky. In summer, under an arch of remote, cold blue, it looked a bleak, unfriendly place, a town in which the stranger felt a depressing, nostalgic chill. In winter, when the sun shone warm and tender as a caress, and the bay and hills were like a mosaic in blue and purple gems, it was a panorama over which the passer-by was wont to linger. The copings of walls offered a convenient resting place, and he could lean on them, still as a lizard in the bath of sun.

Bill Cannon's house had unbroken command of this view. It fronted on it in irregular, massive majesty, with something in its commanding bulkiness that reminded one of its owner. It was of that epoch when men built their dwellings of wood; and numerous bay-windows and a sweep of marble steps flanked by sleeping stone lions were considered indispensable adjuncts to the home of the rich man who knew how to do things correctly. Round it spread a green carpet of lawns, close-cropped and even as velvet, and against its lower story deep borders of geraniums were banked in slopes of graduated scarlet and crimson. The general impression left by it was that of a splendor that would have been ostentatious and vulgar had not the studied elegance of the grounds and the outflaring glories of sea, sky and hills imparted to it some of their own distinction and dignity.

On the day following their departure from Antelope, Cannon and his daughter reached home at nightfall. The obsequiously-welcoming butler—an importation from the East that the Bonanza King confided to Rose he found it difficult to refrain from kicking—acquainted them with the fact that "Mr. Gene had been up from San Luis Obispo" for two days, waiting for their arrival. Even as he spoke a masculine voice uttered a hail from the floor above and a man's figure appeared on the stairway and ran quickly down. Cannon gave a careless look upward.

"Ah there, Gene," he observed, turning to the servant who was helping him off with his coat. "Come up to town for a spell?"

The young man did not seem to notice anything especially ungracious in the greeting or probably was used to it.

"Yes, just up for a look around and to see how you and Rosey were. Got snowed in, didn't you?" he said, looking at his sister.

She kissed him affectionately and drew him to the light where she subjected him to a sharp, exploring scrutiny. Evidently the survey was satisfactory, for she gave him a little slap on the shoulder and said:

"Good boy, Gene, San Luis is agreeing with you. Yes, we were snowed in for nearly three weeks. Papa's been half crazy. And you've been in town two days, Prescott says. It must have been dull here all alone."

"Oh, I haven't been dull. I've been going round seeing the boys and"—his sister's sudden, uneasy look checked him and he answered it with quick reassurance of glance and tone: "Everything strictly temperance. Don't you get uneasy. I've lived up to my promises. The ranch is mine all right, father."

He had a high, rather throaty voice, which, without seeing his face, would have suggested weakness and lack of purpose. Now as he looked at his father with a slight and somewhat foolish air of triumph, the old man responded to his remark with a sound which resembled a grunt of scornful incredulity.

"Really, Gene," said his sister, her manner of fond gratification in marked contrast to her father's roughness, "that's the best news I've heard for a year. It's worth being snowed up to hear that when you come out. Of course you'll get the ranch. I always knew you would. I always knew you could pull up and be as straight as anybody if you tried."

The old man, who had been kicking off his rubbers, here raised his head with a bull-like movement, and suddenly roared at the retreating butler, who was vanishing toward the dining-room.

"My cigars. Where in hell are they? Why doesn't somebody attend here?"

The servant, with a start of alarm and a murmured excuse, disappeared for a moment, to reappear, hurrying breathlessly with a box of cigars. Cannon selected one and turned to the stairway.

"How long are you down for?" he said to his son as he began ascending.

"I thought a week, perhaps two," answered the young man. "A feller gets darned lonely, down there in the country."

There was something apologetic, almost pleading in his words and way of speech. He looked after his father's receding figure as if quite oblivious to the rudeness of the large, retiring back and the manner of careless scorn.

"Make it three," said the Bonanza King, turning his head slightly and throwing the sentence over his shoulder.

Gene Cannon was now twenty-nine years of age and had drunk since his eighteenth year. His mother had died in ignorance of his vice. When his father discovered it, it simply augmented the old man's impatience against the feeble youth who would carry on his name and be one of the inheritors of his fortune. Bill Cannon had never cared much for his only son. He had early seen the stuff of which the boy was made. "Doesn't amount to a hill of beans," he would say, throwing the words at his wife over the bitten end of his cigar. He could have forgiven the drinking, as he could other vices, if Gene had had some of his own force, some of that driving power which had carried him triumphant over friend and foe. But the boy had no initiative, no brains, no energy. "How did I ever come to have such a son?" he queried sometimes in an access of disgust in which the surprise was stronger than the disgust. The question possessed a sort of scientific interest for him which was deeper than the personal and over which the disappointed magnate would ponder.

As Gene grew older and his intemperance assumed more serious proportions, the father's scorn grew more open and was augmented by a sort of exasperated dislike. The Bonanza King had no patience with those who failed from ill-health or the persistent persecutions of bad luck. His contention was that they should not have been ill, and they should have conquered their bad luck. He had not excuses for those who were beaten back against the wall—only death should be able to do that. But when it came to a useless, hampering vice, a weakness that in itself was harmless enough, but that was allowed to gain paralyzing proportions, his original contempt was intensified into a fierce intolerance which would have been terrifying if it had not been tempered with an indifferent disdain.

Rose's attitude toward her brother was a source of secret wonder to him. She loved the feeble youth; a tie of the deepest affection existed between them, upon which Gene's intemperance seemed to have no effect. The Bonanza King had always admitted that the ways of the gentler sex were beyond his comprehension, but that the two women he had known best—his wife and his daughter—should have lavished the tenderest love upon an intemperate, incompetent, useless weakling was to him one of the fathomless mysteries of life.

It was Rose's suggestion that Gene should be withdrawn from temptation by sending him to the country. As the only son of Bill Cannon he was the object of a variety of attentions and allurements in the city to which a stronger-willed man might have succumbed. The father readily agreed to the plan. He could graciously subscribe to all Rose said, as the removal of Gene's amiable visage and uninspired conversation would not cause him any particular distress or sense of loss.

But when Rose unfolded the whole of her scheme he was not so enthusiastically in accord with her. It was that Gene should be put on his father's ranch—the historic Rancho of the Santa Trinidad near San Luis Obispo—as manager, that all responsibility should be placed in his hands, and that if, during one year's probation, he should remain sober and maintain a record of quiet conduct and general good behavior, the ranch should be turned over to him as his own property, to be developed on such lines as he thought best.

The Rancho of the Santa Trinidad was one of the finest pieces of agricultural property in California. The Bonanza King visited it once a year, and at intervals received crates of fruit and spring chickens raised upon it. This was about all he got out of it, but when he heard Rose calmly arranging to have it become Gene's property, he felt like a man who suddenly finds himself being robbed. He had difficulty in restraining a roar of refusal. Had it been any one but Rose he would not have restrained it.

Of course he gave way to her, as he always did. He even gave way gracefully with an effect of a generosity too large to bother over trifles, not because he felt it but because he did not want Rose to guess how it "went against him." Under the genial blandness of his demeanor he reconciled himself to the situation by the thought that Gene would certainly never keep sober for a year, and that there was therefore no fear of the richest piece of land in the state passing into the hands of that dull and incapable young man.

The year was nearly up now. It had but three months to run and Gene's record had been exemplary. He had come to the city only twice, when his father noticed with a jealously-watchful eye that he had been resolutely abstemious in the matter of liquor and that his interest in the great property he managed had been the strongest he had so far evinced in anything. The thought that Gene might possibly live up to his side of the bargain and win the ranch caused the old man to experience that feeling of blank chagrin which is the state of mind of the unexpectedly swindled. He felt like a king who has been daringly and successfully robbed by a slave.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Body as a Compass Needle

Ants Have an Unfailing Method of Finding Their Way Back to Their Nests.

Not only naturalists, but every one who has watched ants has wondered how they find their way to and from their nests. A French naturalist, M. Cornetz, has been observing ants in Algeria and in a recent issue of La Nature he tells the results of his observations.

The ant, he says, in its outward journey, proceeds throughout in the direction initially chosen; on its return the insect places its body at the same angle and walks in the opposite direction. The body of the ant would therefore act as a kind of compass needle.

If an ant is caught at the nest and transported to a point some yards distant, the insect is quite incapable of finding its way back. It runs around on the ground until it accidentally comes across the entrance to the burrow. The case is quite different if an ant is allowed to find its way to a distance unmolested. On leaving the nest it places itself in a certain direction, and holds the same, no matter what obstacles it may meet with en route, and no matter what side tracks it may occasionally strike in order to seize some article of food or of structural value for its nest.

The return is effected directly, rapidly and without hesitation, even if the ground covered has been swept in order to change its relief. The return is obviously determined completely by the outward trip, and an ant which has left its nest on a voyage of exploration finds its way back just because it has made the outward journey.

Human Nature.

Human nature is a curious thing. Take, for instance, the man who wears a toupee. He may know that you know the hair on top of his head is fastened there with paste, but as long as you pretend to him that you do not know it he will hold you in high esteem, although it is necessary for him to pretend that he is unaware of the fact that you are pretending to believe his hair consists of a natural growth. On the other hand, if perchance you encounter him when his toupee is on the bureau or the washstand instead of on his head he will despise you for finding him out and thus ending forever the necessity of keeping up the pretense of which he was fully aware from the first.

Pinched Mary Garden for Less.

In an article on baseball "fans" in the August American Magazine Hugh S. Fullerton tells the following story:

"One of the quickest things I ever heard was a remark from a Washington fan which upset Frank Isbell, the veteran, completely. Isbell's head is as bald as a concrete pavement and usually he kept his cap plastered tightly on his head to shield himself from the gibes of crowds. This time he tried to steal second, and made a desperate, diving slide around and under the baseman, only to be called out. He was so enraged that he ran at the umpire, grabbed his arm, argued and raved and finally in sheer anger jerked off his cap, hurled it onto the ground and jumped upon it. His bald head glistened in the sunlight and the crowd roared. Then above the roar came a voice:

"'Put on that cap. They pinched Mary Garden here for less than that.'"

Drawing the Line.

Patriotism is our proudest passion, but we refuse to let it induce us to wear a certain sort of hat in the interest of any candidate.—Atchison Globe.

A HIDDEN DANGER

It is a duty of the kidneys to rid the blood of uric acid, an irritating poison that is constantly forming inside.

When the kidneys fail, uric acid causes rheumatic attacks, headaches, dizziness, gravel, urinary troubles, weak eyes, dropsy or heart disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills help the kidneys fight off uric acid—bringing new strength to weak kidneys and relief from backache and urinary ills.

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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

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ONE DROP

of BOURBON POULTRY CURE down a chick's throat cures gapes. A few drops in the drinking water cures and prevents cholera, diarrhoea and other chick diseases. One 50c bottle makes 12 gallons of medicine. At all Druggists. Sample and booklet on "Diseases of Fowls" sent FREE. Bourbon Remedy Co., Lexington, Ky.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—120 A., HARDIN Co., Ky., not far from Louisville; 110 a. cult., good 7 r. house, 2 barns, outbldgs, 100 fruit trees. E. J. Robison, Elizabethtown, Ky. R. 4.

Bear's Grease and Baldness.

In a recent volume of reminiscences the writer states that baldness is much more common now than in his early days, and ascribes the modern man's loss of hair to the decrease in the use of "bear's grease." This pomade was made principally of lard colored and scented, but "hairdressers, many of whom called themselves professors," used to advertise "the slaughter of another fine bear," exhibiting a canvas screen depicting in glaring colors a brown animal of elephantine proportions expiring in a sea of gore."

Costly City Improvements.

If all the buildings torn down annually in the borough of Manhattan, in New York city could be assembled they would make a good-sized town. Last year the number of buildings demolished was 819, and a gas tank brought the total demolitions to 820. The front feet measurement of the houses pulled down was 24,875, or approximately four and three-quarter miles. Nine houses out of ten destroyed were four stories high.

A Winner, If—

At an Easter breakfast John D. Rockefeller, Jr., once said:

"The road to success is called Perseverance. Perseverance conquers everything. But—"

Mr. Rockefeller, with a smile, took up an Easter egg.

"But," he added, "let us remember that a hen on an egg of porcelain perseveres."

Not Much.

"Do you believe in auto hypnotism?"

"Well, I've never seen one hypnotized yet."

Must Be.

"Is he making good?"

"No question of it. He can get coal on credit."—Detroit Free Press.

Solves the Breakfast Problem

A bowl of crisp, sweet

Post Toasties

makes a most delicious meal.

These crinkly bits of toasted white corn, ready to serve direct from package, are a tempting breakfast when served with cream or milk, or fruit.

The Toasties flavour is a pleasant surprise at first; then a happy, healthful habit.

"The Memory Lingers"

The ELECTRICAL WORLD

CURRENT TAPPED AT SOCKET

Contrivance May Be Used for Lighting and Operating Power—Made of Glazed Porcelain.

The device shown in the illustration is a simple and safe device for tapping the current from an electric light fixture to any of the small heating and power devices now on the market.

The incandescent lamp is attached in the ordinary manner, while the attachment cord is inserted in the side. In this manner the light and device may be operated separately or together, as desired.

Device for Tapping Current.

The body is made of one piece of glazed porcelain, with bronze contact tips.

CURTAIN AS BURGLAR ALARM

Electrical Device Successfully Tested by Police Authorities of Berlin and Dresden.

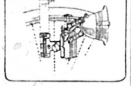
An electric burglar alarm from Dresden has been tested thoroughly by the police authorities of Dresden and Berlin. The most experienced experts were unable to find flaws in the apparatus or to enter into the protected premises without starting the alarm. The appliance is exceedingly simple. It consists of a curtain or portiere wired with fine conductors. At certain places on the curtain are affixed small metal knobs which are connected with the wire conductors. The curtain is then drawn across the window or door, or around the safe, and the slightest disturbance of this position immediately breaks the circuit, as the metal knobs are thrown out of contact with each other.

Should the burglar notice the wires and cut one or several thereof, the breaking of the circuit would also start the alarm. Any other attempt to destroy the protecting curtain also would be noticed. Any curtain, unless made of fireproof material, would also act as a fire alarm. The alarm itself may consist of a series of bells, lights, or other electrical appliances. This invention can be used to protect doors, windows, safes. The curtains, forming the most conspicuous part of the device, can be designed and arranged to suit individual taste.

ELECTRIC LAMP FOR BICYCLE

Complete Apparatus Clamps to Fork of Machine—Current Is Generated by Small Dynamo.

An electric lamp for motorcycles and bicycles, receiving its current through the revolution of the front wheel, is the invention of a German engineer, says the Popular Mechanics. The current is generated by a dynamo, which consists of a fixed field magnet in which the armature is revolved.



Electric Lamp.

The shaft of the armature receives its rotary motion through a small horizontal wheel, which is in frictional contact with the tire. The complete apparatus clamps to the fork of the machine.

New Telephone Device.

A Pennsylvanian has patented a tube and ear-shaped cup which form an extension for an ordinary telephone receiver to permit a man to have both hands free while telephoning.

High Tension Currents.

For high tension direct currents, electrostatic machines are necessary, instead of the simple transformers serving with alternating currents, and a powerful machine has been built in Paris for the experiments of H. Abraham and P. Villard. It has twenty ebonite disks, 30 inches in diameter, driven by a motor at 1,500 revolutions per minute. The disks are mounted in pairs on a heavy machine tool base, and the great surface area passing the combs in a given time produces enormous tension. In a preliminary trial the voltage reached 320,000.

Electric Waiter.

An Australian has invented an electric waiter for hotels and restaurants, operated by the customer seated at his table. A wooden frame, holding the menu card, is fitted with push buttons opposite each item, and "pressing the button" rings a bell in the kitchen and displays the order and the table number. The kitchen apparatus also prints a check, the original of which comes to the customer, with a duplicate on an endless tape. This device has been in successful use in New Zealand.

ELECTRICAL HOUSE IN PARIS

Everything in Dwelling From Opening of Front Door to Laundry Work Done by Electricity.

In the heart of Paris is an electrical household. The door is opened by pressing a button, the telephone receives the object of the visit. In the dining room there is no waiter, but an electric elevator rising from the kitchen to the center of the table. On the table beside the host are four push buttons. When the host presses the white button a little drum beats in the kitchen. Immediately the doors of the elevator shaft open, the soup tureen ascends to the table and the doors close and conceal the opening.

By pressing a red button to the right or left the dish is caused to travel around the table in the corresponding direction. It is arrested at any point by removing the finger from the button. The function of the fourth button is to cause the dish to rotate in order to assist the guest in helping himself. The dish is returned to the elevator and thence to the kitchen by the operation of the buttons.

Attached to the electric range in the kitchen are a switchboard, an electric clock, a rheostat by which the strength of the current and the heating effect are varied, and an ammeter which measures the current employed in cooking each dish. With the clock every dish can be cooked to the precisely proper degree. At the moment when the desired number of minutes has elapsed the current automatically is cut off and an electric bell announces the fact to the chef.

In the laundry are electrical washing machines, drying stoves, irons and ironing machines. In the bedroom is an electric bed warmer. Press a button and an elevator concealed in a table by the bedside brings breakfast and the morning paper. Electric spies distributed in all the rooms behind wallpaper and hangings and connected with sensitive microphones make it possible for the master of the house by pressing a button without leaving the bed to know all that is being said and done in the house.

BELL MADE TO STRIKE HOUR

Gong Insulated by Being Mounted on Wooden Back and Hammer Closed Circuit in Striking.

It was necessary that I arrange to have a bell at a distance from a clock strike the hours at the same time as the clock.

The gong of the clock was connected to one wire and the hammer to another. These two wires were attached to batteries and run to the distant bell as shown, writes J. P. Wood in Popular Electricity. As the gong of the clock was insulated by being mounted on the wooden back, the hammer closed the circuit with each stroke. A single stroke bell is best, but a vibrating bell may be used.

Bell That Strikes the Hours.

ELECTRICAL NOTES

New York has six blind operators at telephone switchboards.

More than 20,000 lamp filaments of 20-candle power each can be manufactured from one pound of tantalum.

Tourists will be able to reach the famous Leaning tower of Pisa in Italy by an electric street car line in the near future.

Paris expects to get 300,000 electrical horsepower by damming the River Rhone at a point 200 miles from the city.

For pressing garments a North Carolinian has patented a pair of electrically heated irons, mounted on what resembles large shears.

An Ohio inventor has patented a telephone receiver casing made of metal as more durable than the rubber ones generally used.

Electric locomotives have been built for a German railroad that has heavy grades that draw loads of 220 tons at forty-two miles an hour.

Although Burma has been producing tungsten only for about two years it promises to lead the world in the production of that metal.

An electric furnace in which the heat is applied to metals to be melted by a tungsten tube has been made by two German scientists.

The oldest submarine cable in active operation in North America is said to be that across Northumberland strait. It dates back to 1853.

A Danish scientist has designed an electro-chemical apparatus for storing up the energy of sunlight and transmitting it in the form of electric energy.

Experimentally, at least, a young Italian inventor's wireless telegraph apparatus transmits written messages, sketches, shorthand characters and all sorts of designs.

Wireless telegraph apparatus which may be used on an aeroplane without the necessity for a suspended aerial wire, often troublesome or dangerous, has been perfected in England.

A tiny telephone transmitter and receiver have been combined by a French physician into an instrument to be fastened to the ear to enable a partially deaf person to hear.

Automobile Wireless Station.

A German electrical company has brought out an automobile wireless station, which carries its crew of eight men and can be made ready for use in a few minutes.

BACK YARD FARMER

Interesting Pointers on Gardening, for the City Man or Suburbanite.

WHAT TO PLANT AND WHEN

Advice by an Expert on Agricultural Matters—Squab Raising Hazardous—Make Hens Lay—Growing Vegetables in a Flat.

By PROF. JOHN WILLARD BOLTE.

Squab farming as a specialty cannot be classed as a means of making a living. In fact it is usually a rapid way of losing an investment.

Widely advertised in the east, and to a certain extent in other sections of the country, it has attracted a great many people by its limitless possibilities on paper. They have invested money in "breeding stock" houses and pens. Most of that money is still invested, but a wide acquaintance with poultry men and conditions all over this country has failed to bring the writer in touch with a single squab farmer who has made a financial success of it, and the poultry papers do not write about them, which is a pretty sure sign that this business has not been followed successfully up to this time.

We might qualify this statement by admitting that some of the sellers of breeding pigeons seem to have been quite successful in their field, but their success has been at the expense of the prospective squab raiser.

It is too bad, too, because it is such a fine way to make a living on paper. You see the pigeons mate in pairs and stay mated for life. They raise two squabs, as the young ones are called, every month, the cock and the hen taking turns in setting on the eggs. This makes twenty-four squabs to market a year, the average price running from $5 to $6 a dozen and the old birds will live on from $1 to $1.50 and support the young on that allowance, a clear profit of $10.50 a pair yearly. Figuring fifty pairs of pigeons to a pen 10 feet by 20 feet with 100 feet of covered yard and then figuring that one man can look after not less than 10 pens, we easily determine that our yearly income will amount to $5,250.

That is the kind of figuring that leads one to invest in the breeders' "breeding stock" at $3.50 a pair. It is sufficient to say that instead of getting twelve pairs of squabs from each pair of pigeons, you will be lucky to get an average of four pairs, in large numbers. They could not bring in over $4, leaving a margin of $2.50 a year from each pair of breeding pigeons, or $1,200 gross profit from 500 pairs of breeders.

The cost of a suitable house for these pigeons will not be less than $1,250 and the breeding stock will cost as much more. Interest, depreciation, non-productive stock, parasites and diseases will all cut into the gross profits and the squabs will bring in closer to 25 cents a pair than 50 cents, unless they are extra fine.

We have had eighty-three adult pigeons killed in one night by rats. This loss involves the loss of thirty-six squabs and over forty eggs, as their parents were either killed or their matings broken up.

The squab farm is all right when confined to a small flock, and pigeons are lots of fun for the boys, but it is a poor financial venture on a large scale. Let it stay on paper, where it thrives best.

Feeding Hens for Eggs.

Any good, healthy pullets will produce eggs profitably during the winter months if they were hatched early enough, regardless of the exact feeding method used. This fact is perfectly true to a degree, and if we had to choose between late hatching with scientific feeding and early hatching with unskilled, but plenteous feeding, we would choose the latter every time.

The hen is not very particular where she finds her food, and she has an omniverous appetite, but nature makes her balance up her ration pretty well, provided she has access to the various elements needed.

At the same time, the early-hatched fowl will be benefited just as much by scientific feeding as will the late-hatched one, and the few simple rules governing poultry feeding should be thoroughly understood and followed by every poultry keeper.

By scientific feeding we mean the nearest practical approach to the exact requirements of the fowl's body in producing eggs, tissue, heat and energy.

If a hen needs a pound of protein or flesh-forming food and needs only four pounds of fats and starches, we must not feed all corn, because in this case she will have to eat about twelve pounds of starch to get her pound of protein, and the surplus eight pounds of starch will be wasted, make her too fat to lay or make her sick. The whole secret is to mix the food in order to save that surplus of starch and make the hen lay at her top speed.

Here is what your flock must have in order to do their very best for you:

Grain—They should receive mixed grain twice a day, about one handful to the fowl, each feed. Cracked corn, wheat and clipped oats makes an excellent mixture. Barley may be used in place of oats and kaffir corn is a good grain in the southwest. Do not feed whole corn to hens in a mixture as it is harder to digest and they neglect the rest of the mixture. Feed grain in deep straw during winter months.

Ground grain, or mash, is absolutely necessary for economical results, and it can be kept before them at all times in an automatic hopper; an excellent mixture is two parts cornmeal, one part middlings, one part bran, one part oil meal, one part alfalfa meal, one part meat meal.

Green food is essential to the fowls' health and the color and body of the eggs. Pasture in summer and alfalfa, cabbage, clover, chaff, sprouted oats, etc., in winter will serve the purpose.

Vegetable food is necessary for health, and a semi-weekly feed of roots, potatoes or cabbage will head off bowel trouble.

Animal products are best supplied by a little green cut bone every other day, but meat meal in the mash is an excellent substitute. They are of the very highest importance to fowls which do not have free range.

Lime, for egg shells, is supplied in crushed oyster shells, plaster or marble grit.

Grinding material must be had, and marble grit serves a dual purpose here.

Charcoal is an excellent corrective for [illegible] disorders.

W[illegible] just as necessary for fowls as f[illegible] and it should be clean and [illegible] available.

Vegetables in Window Boxes.

If you live in a flat and have no ground available for gardening, do not give up the idea of raising some delicious fresh vegetables of your own. Many vegetables will grow in pots and porch or window boxes just as well as they will grow anywhere. It is very easy to grow them, many of the plants are as decorative as flowers, and the product will be much nicer and very much less expensive than store vegetables.

The location of the vegetable boxes is important. They should be placed where the sun will strike them nearly all day. Windows, porches and roofs can be used to advantage, under proper conditions.

It is usually better to use boxes or trays instead of flower pots, as the former will hold more plants to a given area, dry out less quickly, and are less liable to get broken.

Any dirt-tight wooden box, eight or more inches deep, will make a good vegetable box. These boxes have to be deeper than hot bed trays because the vegetables are to mature in them. Bore some half inch holes in the bottom of the box to provide drainage. Put in two inches of cinders, gravel or other coarse material. Cover this with from four to six inches of fine rich earth, prepared greenhouse earth, if possible. It should be thoroughly enriched with fine, well rotted manure, and some wood ashes will help, also. Coal ashes possess no available plant food.

Fasten your boxes firmly in place and plant your vegetable seeds or plants as you would a regular garden. If possible, these boxes should be planted a month or six weeks before they are going to be placed out of doors, so as to get a good start in the house. Put them in place when danger of frost is past.

Keep the soil well watered, and after the plants are up it will be well to keep the surface of the soil in a crumbled condition, most of the time.

Radishes, lettuce, Swiss chard, spinach, onions, garlic and leek can all be grown from seed in boxes. Magnificent crops of cucumbers and tomatoes can be had all summer long. These plants should be pruned and trained on supports of some kind, either wires, stakes or strings. Egg plant and pepper will do very nicely, and we have seen a trellis completely covered with muskmelon vines growing in pots.

Care must be taken to water, cultivate, fertilize and spray for insect pests if any appear. If bees and insects do not reach the blossom to pollinate them, it will be necessary to do this by hand, with some of the vegetables mentioned. Take a camel's hair brush and transfer the pollen from one plant to another. This insures fruit, and is quite important.

Fertilizer for Alfalfa.

From my experience horse manure is the best thing for alfalfa, but I don't advise anyone to put it on the year he sows, says the Farmer. The year before is best, or the year after will do. If manure is applied when seed is sown it will cause more filth to come and smother out the young alfalfa plant, which is very delicate the first year. After that it will take care of itself. Another fault with manure is in most cases there is plenty of timothy seed in it, and the consequence is you will have a good stand of timothy. From what I have used of alfalfa, no farmer can afford to do without it, for it can be grown in this state, and why not try it? If you do fail sometimes, and the seed comes very high, when you do get a good stand it is a fortune in the hay line.

For the Swine Breeder.

Unsanitary conditions about the hog-pens cause an unwarranted loss of pigs in infancy.

Corn breeders claim that it is possible to double their crops by improved methods. Is it not possible for us to double our pig crop without keeping more sows?

The size of the pig crop depends upon the care and feed given the sows more than it does upon how many sows we keep. The fewer sows we keep the better are the chances of saving a large number of pigs per sow.

Overfeeding and under-exercising will ruin the best brood sows.

When outdoor exercise and sunshine are lacking, the pigs should have a wide variety of feeds.

Do Not Have Poor Lights.

Poor lights are often caused by the condition of lamps and wicks. The lamp should be filled and the charred portion of the wick removed each time before lighting. New wicks should be put in every month. Used wicks should be dried before the fire every two weeks and put back into the oil while still warm. The wick is the vital part of the lamp. Do not try to economize by using clogged wicks. Wicks are cheaper than oil or eyesight. The secret of a good light is a good oil, a clean chimney, and a dry, well-trimmed wick. Chimneys may be easily cleaned by blowing the breath into the chimney and wiping out with a newspaper or a dry cloth free from grease. If these directions are followed there will be less trouble from poor lights.—J. B. Lockhart.

Fish's Strange Method.

The fish Parafilapia multicolor hatches her eggs in pockets in her mouth.

HARDLY.

"It must take courage to go up in an airship."

"It does, but not near so much as to come down in one."

CANADA WINS AGAIN

THE COLORADO SILVER TROPHY FOR OATS WON A SECOND TIME BY CANADA.

The most recent achievement of Canada's West is winning for the second time the magnificent $1,500 silver trophy awarded by the State of Colorado for the best peck of oats. At Columbus, Ohio, in 1911, J. C. Hill & Sons of Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, placed a peck of oats grown on their farm in competition, with oats from every part of the world. The judges had no difficulty in deciding, and the award was given to the Saskatchewan grown oats. In 1912, the Corn Exposition had no exhibition, and our Canadian friends, although ready for a second contest had no opportunity. In 1913, the exhibition of the Society was held at Columbus, S. C., and it is said of it that it was one of the best yet held. At this exhibition, which comprised corn and all the smaller grains, Hill & Sons of Lloydminster had on exhibition for the contest another peck of oats grown on their Saskatchewan farm, in 1912. There was no trouble for the judges, no time necessarily lost in reaching a decision, Hill & Sons won, and for the second time their name will appear on the crest of the cup. The third space will doubtless be occupied by their name, and then this splendid trophy will be theirs.

During the past few years Western Canada grains—wheat, oats, barley and flax—have been in competition with grains from all other countries, and in every case their superiority has been shown. It is not only in oats, but it is in wheat, in barley and in flax, that Canada more than holds its own, when placed side by side with grains from other parts.

Mixed farming is taking a strong hold not only in those parts of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, which up to the present have been devoted solely to grain growing, but also in the districts contiguous, where the conditions of climate, shelter, water, grass and hay make farming of this kind, easy to prosecute and large in profits. It was in the Province of Manitoba that the steer was raised that carried off the Championship of the steer class, at Chicago last December. This beast had been fattened on the grass and hay of the Province and the only finishing grain it had was barley; not an ounce of corn.

Western Canada presents innumerable opportunities for the big farmer who wants to cultivate his thousands of acres, the medium man satisfied with a few hundred acres, the man who is content to farm his free homestead of one hundred and sixty acres; it has opportunities for the investor, the capitalist, the business man, the manufacturer and the laborer.

Agents of the Canadian Government located at different points in the United States will be pleased on application, to give any desired information, free of cost.—Advertisement.

His Sarcastic Fling.

"I don't like to invite Mrs. Parvenu to my bridge party, and yet she's a sure loser and good pay?"

"I don't think you are going to get her money without her company," said the sarcastic husband. "What do you expect her to do, frame your invitation and mail you a check?"

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Too Thorough.

"That naval officer is noted for always going to the bottom of things."

"Good heavens! I hope they won't appoint him to the command of this ship!"

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Relieve Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 22 years. They are so pleasant to take children like them. They never fail. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Women may look good without being accused of good looks.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe. Adv.

Food for reflection never satisfied a hungry man.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle. Adv.

One can fall despite a fine line of good intentions.

Costs Less Bakes Better CALUMET BAKING POWDER

ECONOMY—that's one thing you are looking for in these days of high living cost—Calumet insures a wonderful saving in your baking. But it does more. It insures wholesome food, tasty food—uniformly raised food.

Calumet is made right—to sell right—to bake right. Ask one of the millions of women who use it—or ask your grocer.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS

World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.

Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

W. L. DOUGLAS

$3.00 $3.50 $4.00 $4.50 AND $5.00 SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

BEST BOYS SHOES in the WORLD $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00.

The largest makers of Men's $3.50 and $4.00 shoes in the world.

Ask your dealer to show you W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $4.50 shoes. Just as good in style, fit and wear as other makes costing $5.00 to $7.00—the only difference is the price. Shoes in all leathers, styles and shapes to suit everybody. If you could visit W. L. Douglas large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE

W. L. DOUGLAS - - Brockton, Mass.

COLT DISTEMPER

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Stops Backache

Sloan's Liniment is a splendid remedy for backache, stiff joints, rheumatism, neuralgia and sciatica. You don't need to rub it in—just laid on lightly it gives comfort and ease at once.

Best for Pain and Stiffness

Mr. Geo. Buchanan, of Welch, Okla., writes:—"I have used your Liniment for the past ten years for pain in back and stiffness and find it the best Liniment I ever tried. I recommend it to anyone for pains of any kind."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is good for sprains, strains, bruises, cramp or soreness of the muscles, and all affections of the throat and chest.

Got Entire Relief

R. D. Burgoyne, of Maysville, Ky., RR. 1, Box 5, writes:—"I had severe pains between my shoulders; I got a bottle of your Liniment and had entire relief at the fifth application."

Relieved Severe Pain in Shoulders

Mr. J. Underwood, of 2000 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:—"I am a piano polisher by occupation, and since last September have suffered with severe pain in both shoulders. I could not rest night or day. One of my friends told me about your Liniment. Three applications completely cured me and I will never be without it."

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 at All Dealers.

Send for Sloan's free book on horses.

Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

WHY INCUBATOR CHICKS DIE. Write for book saving young chicks. Send us names of 7 friends that use incubators and get book free. Raisall Remedy Co., Blackwell, Okla.

It is easy for a pretty girl to manage a husband during the courtship.

Mrs. Austin's Big Pancake, delicious light cakes for breakfast, all grocers. Adv.

There's nothing platonic about a man's love for himself.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

Are Richest in Curative Qualities FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

Pure Blood is the result of Perfect Nutrition which proceeds from GOOD DIGESTION

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, A REAL VEGETABLE PURGATIVE

Assure These Benefits

Great Texas

A farm and urban home in the cream of the fertile highlands of Great Texas for $10.00 per month. Mild climate. No excessive heat or cold. Abundant rainfall. Markets the best. All conditions most favorable. Community well settled and cultured. Comfort, prosperity and independence await you. Write for full particulars.

JNO. T. LOGAN, Texarkana, Tex.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

GALL STONES HOME REMEDY FREE

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 15-1913.

CHEW SMOKE

MAIL POUCH

IT'S WORTH YOUR WHILE—TO GIVE IT A TRIAL