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SAVE the trouble and the time of baking pies at home, yet give your men folks pies that are exactly to their taste.

Master bakers and neighborhood bake shops in your city are making luscious raisin pie fresh every day. Your grocer or these bake shops can supply them.

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Your retailer should sell you Sun-Maid Raisins for not more than the following prices:

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Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

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**Ingenious Pile Driver.**

There has been employed on numerous occasions by members of the Engineer corps a most ingenious pile driver, which acts with great speed. On two sides of the pile one-inch gas pipes are placed in longitudinal grooves. At the lower end the pipes are furnished with nozzles inclined inward toward the point of the pile. A force pump drives water into the pipes, and the water, issuing from the nozzles under a pressure of 70 pounds to the square inch, removes the dirt so rapidly beneath the pile that it sinks three times as fast as if hammered by a pile driver.—Washington Star.

**Sticks in Their Mouths.**

Lela had moved from the country in Kansas to Indianapolis, and, on her first visit to her aunt's near Lebanon, was much interested in watching all the farm animals and poultry.

She pointed to the chickens and said: "We had chickens in Kansas, Aunt Barbara, but," with a surprised look at the geese, with their long bills, "we didn't have any of them things with sticks in their mouths."—Indianapolis News.

**One Consolation, Anyway.**

Mrs. Murphy's husband was extremely ill, and she called in a physician.

"I'm sorry, madam," said the doctor, "but your husband is dying by inches."

"Well," she said with an air of hopeful resignation, "Wan good thing is me poor man is six feet t'ree in his stockin' feet, so he'll last some time yet."


Mrs. Edward Pinson

Wheelersburg, Ohio—"My wife had pneumonia about six years ago and it left her with a dreadful cough. At night she would cough until she was exhausted. She could get no rest or sleep. Her stomach was so bad that she could not retain food. She went down in flesh until she was merely skin and bones. I had tried many doctors and medicines but still she grew worse. At last a neighbor who had relied upon Dr. Pierce's medicines for years, told me about Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and before she had taken all of the first bottle she began to improve. By the time she had the third bottle taken her cough had entirely stopped. She gained in flesh and weighed twenty-nine pounds more than before she took the 'Discovery.'"—Edw. Pinson.

Go at once to your neighborhood drug store and get the 'Discovery' in tablets or liquid and you'll be surprised at the way you'll pick up.

Aspirin

Say "Bayer" and Insist!

Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

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Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Advertisement.


**Animals Did Not Starve.**

Elk in Yellowstone park will not suffer from hunger this winter, announces Horace M. Albright, park superintendent. "We do not believe there will be any loss from starvation this winter," he said. "We have more than 1,200 tons of hay available for buffalo and elk and the range above the 5,500-foot level is good for grazing."


**WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT**

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription.

Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.


**Popular Fare.**

"I hear the term 'hot dog' used a great deal in your country," remarked the foreign visitor.

"Well?"

"Is it an exclamation?"

"Occasionally, but most of the time it's the equivalent of ordering a light lunch."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Thought Misapplied.**

Thought is the most powerful force on this earth, yet most of our thought is foolishly wasted in idle gossip or in slandering someone whom we possibly do not know except by hearsay!


50 GOOD CIGARETTES 10¢
GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO

COUGH — Try PISO'S — Astonishingly quick relief. A syrup—different from all others—pleasant—no upset stomach—no opiates. 35c and 60c everywhere.
Prescription


W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 5-1923.


SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND
is indispensable in treating
Influenza, Distemper, Coughs and Colds
so prevalent among horses and mules at this season of the year. For nearly thirty years "SPOHN'S" has been given to prevent these diseases as well as to relieve and cure them. An occasional dose "conditions" your horse and keeps disease away. As a remedy for cases actually suffering, "SPOHN'S" is quick and certain. Sold in two sizes at all drug stores.
SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY GOSHEN, INDIANA


# DESERT GOLD

**By ZANE GREY**

Author of
The Riders of the Purple Sage, Wildfire, Etc.

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**DIABLO STOLEN**

SYNOPSIS.—Seeking gold in the desert, "Cameron," solitary prospector, forms a partnership with an unknown man whom he later learns is Jonas Warren, father of a girl whom Cameron wronged, but later married, back in Illinois. Cameron's explanations appease Warren, and the two proceed together. Taking refuge from a sandstorm in a cave, Cameron discovers gold, but too late; both men are dying. Cameron leaves evidence, in the cave, of their discovery of gold, and personal documents. Richard Gale, adventurer, in Casita, Mexican border town, meets George Thorne, lieutenant in the Ninth cavalry, old college friend. Thorne tells Gale he is there to save Mercedes Castaneda, Spanish girl, his affianced wife, from Rojas, Mexican bandit. Gale "roughhouses" Rojas and his gang, and, with the help of two American cowboys, Ladd and Lash, Mercedes and Thorne escape. A bugle call from the fort orders Thorne to his regiment. He leaves Mercedes under Gale's protection. The pair, aided by the cowboys, Charlie Ladd and Jim Lash, arrive in safety at a ranch known as Forlorn River, across the border. The fugitives are at Tom Belding's home. Belding is immigration inspector. Living with him are his wife and step-daughter, Nell Burton. Gale, with Ladd and Lash, take service with Belding as rangers, Gale telling Belding the cause of his being a wanderer, a misunderstanding with his father concerning the son's business abilities. Mercedes goes word to Thorne of her safety. Dick also writes to his parents, informing them of his whereabouts. Nell's personality, and her kindness, attract Gale. Riding the range, Gale falls in with a party of three Mexican raiders encamped at a water hole. Watching his opportunity to oust them, he sees two Indians flee into the camp. One of them, a Yaqui, is evidently badly wounded, and the Mexicans seek to kill him in a cruel way. Dick drives them off, conveying the wounded Yaqui to Belding's ranch.

**CHAPTER VII—Continued.**

A great fenced field of velvety green alfalfa furnished a rich background for the drove of about twenty white horses. Blanco Diablo was the only one in the field that was not free to roam and graze where he listed. A stake and a halter held him to one corner, where he was severely let alone by the other horses. He did not like this isolation. Blanco Diablo was not happy unless he was running, or fighting a rival. Of the two he would rather fight. If anything white could resemble a devil, this horse surely did. He had nothing beautiful about him, yet he drew the gaze and held it. The look of him suggested discontent, anger, revolt, viciousness. When he was not grazing or prancing, he held his long, lean head level, pointing his nose and showing his teeth. Belding's favorite was almost all the world to him, and he swore Diablo could stand more heat and thirst and cactus than any other horse he owned, and could run down and kill any horse in the Southwest.

The cowboys admitted some of Belding's claims for Diablo, but they gave loyal and unshakable allegiance to Blanco Sol. As for Dick, he had to fight himself to keep out of arguments, for he sometimes imagined he was unreasonable about the horse. Though he could not understand himself, he knew he loved Sol as a man loved a friend, a brother. Free of heavy saddle and the clumsy leg shields, Blanco Sol was somehow all satisfying to the eyes of the rangers. The dazzling whiteness of the desert was alone from his coat; he had the fire and spirit of the desert in his noble head, its strength and power in his gigantic frame.

"Belding swears Sol never beat Diablo," Dick was saying.

"He believes it," replied Nell. "Dad is queer about that horse."

"I've often wondered how Belding ever came to give Blanco Sol to me," said Dick.

"I think he wanted to get rid of Sol."

"Maybe. He surely has strange passion for horses. I think I understand better than I used to. I owned a couple of racers once. They were just animals to me, I guess. But Blanco Sol!"

"Do you love him?" asked Nell; and now a warm, blue flash of eyes swept his face.

"Do I? Well, rather."

"I'm glad. Sol has been finer, a better horse since you owned him. He loves you, Dick. Sol always hated Diablo, and never had much use for Dad."

Dick looked up at her.

"It'll be—be pretty hard to leave Sol—when I go away."

Nell sat perfectly still.

"Go away?" she asked, presently, with just the faintest tremor in her voice.

"Yes. Sometimes when I get blue—as I am today—I think I'll go. But, in sober truth, Nell, it's not likely that I'll spend all my life here."

There was no answer to this. Dick put his hand softly over hers; and, despite her half-hearted struggle to free it, he held on.

"Nell!"

Her color fled. He saw her lips part. Then a heavy step on the gravel, a cheerful, complaining voice interrupted him, and made him release Nell and draw back. Belding strode into view round the adobe shed.

"Hey, Dick, that darned Yaqui Indian can't be driven or hired or coaxed to leave Forlorn River. He's well enough to travel. I offered him horse, gun, blanket, grub. But no go."

"That's funny," replied Gale, with a smile. "Let him stay—put him to work."

"It doesn't strike me funny. But I'll tell you what I think. That poor, homeless, heartbroken Indian has taken a liking to you, Dick. You saved his life. That sort of thing counts big with any Indian, even with an Apache. With a Yaqui maybe it's of deep significance. I've heard a Yaqui say that with his tribe no debt to friend or foe ever went unpaid. Perhaps that's what ails this fellow."

"Dick, don't laugh," said Nell. "I've noticed the Yaqui. It's pathetic the way his great gloomy eyes follow you."

"You've made a friend," continued Belding. "A Yaqui could be a real friend on this desert. If he gets his strength back he'll be of service to you, don't mistake me. He's welcome here. But you're responsible for him, and you'll have trouble keeping him from massacring all the Greasers in Forlorn River."

* * * * * * *

The probability of a visit from the raiders, and a dash bolder than usual on the outskirts of a ranch, led Belding to build a new corral. It was not sightly to the eye, but it was high and exceedingly strong. The gate was a massive affair, swinging on huge hinges and fastening with heavy chains and padlocks.

At night Belding locked his white horses in this corral. The Papago herdsmen slept in the adobe shed adjoining. Belding did not imagine that any wooden fence, however substantially built, could keep determined raiders from breaking it down. They would have to take time, however, and make considerable noise; and Belding relied on these facts. Belding did not believe a band of night raiders would hold out against a hot rifle fire. Ladd did not share Belding's sanguine hopes.

One January morning Dick Gale was awakened by a shrill, menacing cry. He leaped up bewildered and frightened. He heard Belding's booming voice answering shouts, and rapid steps on flagstones. But these had not awakened him. Heavy breaths almost sobs, seemed at his very door. In the cold and gray dawn Dick saw something white. Gun in hand, he bounded across the room. Just outside his door stood Blanco Sol.

It was not unusual for Sol to come poking his head in at Dick's door during daylight. But now in the early dawn, when he had been locked in the corral, it meant raiders—no less. Dick called softly to the snorting horse; and, hurriedly getting into clothes and boots, he went out with a gun in each hand. Sol was quivering in every muscle. Like a dog he followed Dick around the house. Hearing shouts in the direction of the corrals, Gale bent swift steps that way.

He caught up with Jim Lash, who was also leading a white horse.

They reached the corral to find Belding shaking, roaring like a madman. The gate was open, the corral was empty. "Tom, where's the Papago?" said Ladd.

"He's gone, Laddy—gone!"

"Double-crossed us, eh? I see here's a crowbar lyin' by the gatepost. That Indian fetched it from the forge. It was used to pry out the bolts an' steeples. Tom, I reckon there wasn't much time lost forcin' that gate."

Daylight made clear some details of the raid. The cowboys found tracks of eight raiders coming up from the river bed where their horses had been left. Evidently the Papago had been false to his trust. His few personal belongings were gone. More horses were found loose in the fields. The men soon rounded up eleven of the whites, all more or less frightened.

Belding was inconsolable. He cursed and railed, and finally declared he was going to trail the raiders.

"Tom, you just ain't agoin' to do nothin' of the kind," said Laddy, coolly.

Belding groaned and bowed his head.

"Laddy, you're right," he replied, presently. "I've got to stand it. I can't leave the women and my property. But it's sure tough. I'm sore way down deep, and nothin' but blood would ever satisfy me."

"Leave that to me an' Jim," said Ladd.

"What do you mean to do?" demanded Belding, starting up.

"Shore I don't know yet. . . . Give me a light for my pipe. An' Dick, go fetch out your Yaqui."

**CHAPTER VIII**

**The Running of Blanco Sol.**

The Yaqui's strange glance roved over the corral, the swinging gate with its broken fastenings, the tracks in the road, and then rested upon Belding.

"Malo," he said, and his Spanish was clear.

"Shore, Yaqui, about eight bad men, an' a traitor Indian," said Ladd.

"I think he means my herder," added Belding. "If he does, that settles any doubt it might be decent to have—Yaqui—malo Papago—si?"

The Yaqui spread wide his hands. Then he bent over the tracks in the road. They led everywhither, but gradually he worked out of the thick net to take the trail that the cowboys had followed down to the river. Belding and the rangers kept close at his heels. He found a trampled spot where the raiders had left their horses. From this point a deeply defined narrow trail led across the dry river bed.

The trail of the raiders took a southeasterly course over untrodden desert. The Yaqui spoke in his own tongue, then in Spanish.

"Think he means slow march," said Belding. "Laddy, from the looks of that trail the Greasers are having trouble with the horses."

"Tom, shore a boy could see that," replied Laddy. "Ask Yaqui to tell us where the raiders are headin', an' if there's water."

It was wonderful to see the Yaqui point. With a stick he traced a line in the sand, and then at the end of that another line at right angles. He made crosses and marks and holes and as he drew the rude map he talked in Yaqui, in Spanish, with a word here and there in English. Belding translated as best he could. The raiders were heading southeast toward the railroad that ran from Nogales down into Sonora. It was four days' travel, bad trail, good sure waterhole one day out; then water not sure for two days. Raiders, not looking for pursuit, could be headed and ambushed that night at the first waterhole, a natural trap in a valley.

The men returned to the ranch. The rangers ate and drank while making hurried preparations for travel. Blanco Sol and the cowboys' horses were fed, watered, and saddled. Ladd refused to ride one of Belding's whites. He was quick and cold.

"Get me a long range rifle an' lots of shells. Rustle now," he said. "I want a gun that'll outshoot the dinky little carbines an' muskets used by the rebels. Trot one out an' be quick."

"I've got a .405, a long-barreled heavy rifle that'll shoot a mile. I use it for mountain sheep. But Laddy, it'll break that broncho's back."

"His back won't break so easy. . . . Dick, take plenty of shells for your Remington. An' don't forget your field glass."

In less than an hour after the time of the raid the three rangers, heavily armed and superbly mounted on fresh horses, rode out on the trail. As Gale turned to look back from the far bank of Forlorn river, he saw Nell waving a white scarf. He stood high in his stirrups and waved his sombrero. Then the mesquite hid the girl's slight figure, and Gale wheeled grim-faced to follow the rangers.

They rode in single file with Ladd in the lead. He took a bee-line course for the white escarpment pointed out by the Yaqui; and nothing save deep washes and impassable patches of cactus or rocks made him swerve from it.

At noon the rangers got out of the thick cactus. The desert floor inclined perceptibly upward. When Gale got an unobstructed view of the slope of the escarpment he located the raiders and horses. In another hour's travel the rangers could see with naked eyes a long, faint moving streak of black-and-white dots.

"They're headin' for that yellow pass," said Ladd, pointing to a break in the eastern end of the escarpment. "When they get out of sight we'll rustle. I'm thinkin' that waterhole the Yaqui spoke of lays in the pass."

The rangers traveled swiftly over the remaining miles of level desert leading to the ascent of the escarpment. When they achieved the gateway of the pass the sun was low in the west. Ladd gave the word to tie up horses and go forward on foot.

The narrow neck of the pass opened and descended into a valley half a mile wide, perhaps twice that in length. It had apparently unscalable slopes of weathered rock leading up to beetling walls.

"Keep down, boys," said Ladd. "There's the waterhole, an' horses have sharp eyes. Shore the Yaqui figgered this place. I never seen its like for a trap."

Both rangers saw black horses showed against the green, and a thin curling column of blue smoke rose lazily from amid the mesquites.

"I reckon we'd better wait till dark or moddy daylight," said Jim Lash.

"Let me figger some. Dick, what do you make of the outlets to this hole? Looks rough to me."

With his glass Gale studied the narrow construction of walls and roughened rising floor.

"Laddy, it's harder to get out at that end than here," he replied.

"Shore that's hard enough. Let me have a look. . . . Well, boys, it don't take no figgerin' for this job. Jim, I'll want you at the other end blockin' the pass when we're ready to start."

"When'll that be?" inquired Jim.

"Soon as it's light enough in the mornin'. That Greaser outfit will hang till tomorrow. There's no sure water ahead for two days, you remember."

The rangers stole back from the vantage point and returned to their horses, which they untied and left farther round among broken sections of cliff. For the horses it was a dry, hungry camp, but the rangers built a fire and had their short though strengthening meal.

Jim Lash rolled in his saddle blanket, his feet near the fire, and went to sleep. Ladd told Gale to do likewise while he kept the fire up and waited until it was late enough for Jim to undertake circling round the raiders. When Gale awakened, Jim was up saddling his horse, and Ladd was talking low.

With Ladd leading, they moved away into the gloom. Advance was exceedingly slow, careful, silent. Finally the trail showed pale in the gloom, and eastern stars twinkled between the lofty ramparts of the pass.

Ladd halted and stood silent a moment. "Luck again!" he whispered. "The wind's in your face, Jim. The horses won't scent you. Try to get up as high as this at the other end. Wait till daylight before fixin' a loose slope. I'll be ridin' the job early. That's all."

Ladd's cool, easy speech was scarcely significant of the perilous undertaking. Lash moved very slowly away, leading his horse. Then Ladd touched Dick's arm, and turned back up the trail.

Together they picked a way back through the winding recesses of cliff. The campfire was smouldering. Ladd replenished it and lay down to get a few hours' sleep, while Gale kept watch. The after part of the night wore on till the paling of stars, the thickening of gloom indicated the dark hour before dawn. Ladd awoke before the faintest gray appeared. The rangers ate and drank. When the black did lighten to gray they saddled the horses and led them out to the pass and down to the point where they had parted with Lash. Here they awaited daylight.

The valley grew clear of gray shadow except under leaning walls on the eastern side. Then a straight column of smoke rose from among the mesquites. Manifestly this was what Ladd had been awaiting. He took the long .405 from its sheath and tried the lever. Then he lifted a cartridge belt from the pommel of his saddle. Every ring held a shell and these shells were four inches long. He buckled the belt round him.

"Come on, Dick."

Ladd led the way down the slope until he reached a position that commanded the rising of the trail from a level. It was the only place a man or horse could leave the valley for the pass.

"Dick, here's your stand. If any raider rides in range take a crack at him. . . . Now I want the loan of your hoss."

"Blanco Sol!" exclaimed Gale, more in amaze that Ladd should ask for the horse than in reluctance to lend him.

"Will you let me have him?" Ladd repeated, almost curtly.

"Certainly, Laddy."

A smile momentarily chased the dark, cold gloom that had set upon the ranger's lean face.

"Shore I appreciate it, Dick. I know how you care for that hoss. I guess maybe Charley Ladd has loved a hoss! An' one not so good as Sol. I was only tryin' your nerve, Dick, askin' you without tellin' my plan. Sol won't get a scratch, you can gamble on that! I'll ride him down into the valley an' pull the Greasers out into the open. They've got short-ranged carbines. They can't keep out of range of the .405, an' I'll be takin' the dust of their lead. They can't gain on Sol, an' he'll run them down while I want. Can you beat it?"

"No. It's great!" . . . But suppose a raider comes out on Blanco Diablo?"

"I reckon that's the one weak place in my plan. But if they do, well, Sol can outrun Diablo. An' I can always kill the white devil!"

Ladd's strange hate of the horse showed in the passion of his last words, in the hardening jaw and grim set lips.

Gale's hand went swiftly to the ranger's shoulder.

"Laddy. Don't kill Diablo unless it's to save your life."

"All right. But by God! if I get a chance I'll make Blanco Sol run him off his legs."

He spoke no more and set about changing the length of Sol's stirrups. When he had them adjusted to suit he mounted and rode down the trail and out upon the level. He rode leisurely as if merely going to water his horse. The long black rifle lying across his saddle, however, was ominous.

Gale securely tied the other horse at a mesquite at hand, and took a position behind a low rock over which he could easily see and shoot when necessary. Ladd rode a quarter of a mile out upon the flat before anything happened. Then a whistle rent the still, cold air. A horse had seen or scented Blanco Sol. The whistle was prolonged, faint but clear. It made the blood thrum in Gale's ears. Sol halted. His head shot up with the old, wild, spirited sweep. Gale leveled his glass at the patch of mesquites. He saw the raiders running to an open place, pointing, gesticulating. Then he got only white and dark gleams of moving bodies. Evidently that moment was one of bustle, guns and saddles for the raiders.

Then Gale saw a rider gallop swiftly from the group toward the farther outlet of the valley. This might have been owing to characteristic cowardice; but it was more likely a move of the raiders to make sure of retreat. Undoubtedly Ladd saw the galloping horseman. A few waiting moments ensued. The galloping horseman reached the slope, began to climb. With naked eyes Gale saw a puff of white smoke spring out of the rocks. Then the raider wheeled his plunging horse back to the level, and went racing wildly down the valley.

The compact bunch of bays and blacks seemed to break apart and spread rapidly from the edge of the mesquites. Puffs of white smoke and showed the nature of the raiders' excitement. They were far out of ordinary range; but they spurred toward Ladd, shooting as they rode. The raiders' bullets striking low, were skipping along the hard, bare floor of the valley. Then Ladd raised the long rifle. There was no smoke, but three high, spanging reports rang out. A gap opened in the dark line of advancing horsemen; then a riderless steed sheered off to the right. Almost Sol seemed to turn as on a pivot and charged back toward the lower end of the valley. He circled over to Gale's right and stretched out into his run. There were now five raiders in pursuit, and they came sweeping down, yelling and shooting, evidently sure of their quarry. Ladd reserved his fire. He kept turning from back to front in his saddle.

Manifestly he intended to try to lead the raiders round in front of Gale's position, and, presently, Gale saw he was going to succeed. The raiders, riding like vaqueros, swept on in a curve, cutting off what distance they could. Blanco Sol pounded by, his rapid, rhythmic hoofbeats plainly to be heard. He was running easily.

Gale tried to still the jump of heart and pulse, and turned his eyes again on the nearest pursuer. This raider was crossin' in his carbine held muzzle up in his right hand, and he was coming swiftly. It was a long shot, upward of five hundred yards. Gale had not time to adjust the sights of the Remington, but he knew the gun and, holding coarsely upon the swiftly moving rider, he began to shoot. The rifle was automatic; Gale needed only to pull the trigger. Swiftly he worked it. Suddenly the leading horse leaped convulsively, not up nor aside, but straight ahead, and then he crashed to the ground, throwing his rider like a catapult, and then slid and rolled. He half got up, fell back, and kicked; but his rider never moved.

"'I love Nell,' went on Dick, simply, 'and I want you to let me ask her to be my wife.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Her Color Fled. He Saw Her Lips Part.

"Dick, Here's Your Stand. If Any Raider Rides in Range Take a Crack at Him."

## "HORSE-POWER" UNIT IS WRONG

**Mistake That Can Be Definitely Traced to James Watt Was Never Officially Corrected.**

"H. P.," as you know, stands for "horse power," and if, therefore, your motorcycle is a four and one-half h. p. one, you know that what is meant is that the engine has a power which is equivalent to that of four and a half horses.

Not so! You would be incorrect to the extent of no less than 40,000 pounds, remarks a London Answers writer.

The h. p. unit of power is a fraud, and the late James Watt of engine fame is responsible. He was a very careful engineer, in theory and practice, and he discovered, by many experiments, that the raising of 22,000 pounds one foot per minute was a good average horse-power.

But "horse-power" today is reckoned at 33,000 lbs. per foot per minute—11,000 pounds in excess! That is due to the fact that Watt, in his anxiety to encourage business, offered to sell engines which would develop 33,000 pounds per foot as a horse-power—a third more than the actual.

It would seem that he meant ultimately to be honest, but he died before that happened, and so bequeathed to the world, which has accepted it, a false unit measurement of horse-power.

Engineers, of course, know of the error, and make due allowance for it; but the average individual does not. Your 10 h. p. car is, therefore, in fact, but a 6 2-3 one, and its power is equal to raising 222,000 pounds a foot in a minute, and not 333,000.

**Great Authors Write Badly.**

All great authors write badly. That is well known. At least the pedants say so. Great writers are impetuous. The vigor of their vocabulary, the intensity of their style, the daring of their phrases disconcert the pedants. To the pundits good writing apparently means writing according to rules. But born writers make their own rules, or rather make none. They change their manner at every moment as inspiration dictates; sometimes they are harmonious, sometimes rugged, sometimes indolent and sometimes spirited. So, according to the common notion, they cannot write well.—Anatole France.

## REASON CRABS KEEP BOARDERS

**Professor Whose Double-Sexed Oyster Won Fame Gives Some Facts About "Hermits."**

London.—The mystery of the hermit crab and the reason why he always lives with "messmates" of other species has at last been cleared up.

Dr. J. H. Orton of the Plymouth Marine Biological laboratory, whose pet oyster became famous by revealing to science the power of the mollusc to change its sex, has studied the relationship of the common hermit crab to the anemone and certain aquatic worms which live communally with it.

The conclusions reached by Doctor Orton are that both animals are benefited by their habits. The anemone derives advantages from the hermit crab by being dragged about with its tentacles on the ground, and being given opportunities for picking up food left or lost by the crab. The crab obtains protection from fish attacks, owing to the unpleasantness of the anemones as food.

In the case of the worm, one was observed to crawl alongside the body of the crab and literally take with impunity a piece of food from between the crab's jaws and bolt it—an action tolerated by the worm's landlord.

## PROGRESS IN ARTS

Should all other evidences of civilization be destroyed and only the furniture of the ages be left intact, with reasonable accuracy still could, be traced man's progress since that obscure age when he is said to have dwelt in caves or roamed the fields or the forests. The study of furniture is, in a measure, the study of man's progress in war, peace, religion, art, politics, handicraft and commerce. Or, taken as a whole, nearly every step he has taken in the march of endeavor toward present-day times in which he has distinguished himself.

**Oceanic Statistics.**

Oceans occupy three-fourths of the earth's surface. At the depth of 3,500 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the poles to the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of a ton on every square inch.

## The Kitchen Cabinet

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Ability does not count, knowledge is useless, experience has no worth without the driving force of optimism.—Kaufmann.

**COOKING AIDS AND RECIPES**

Cottonseed products, oleo, or suet, any of the hard vegetable fats, may be used for making puff paste. To make it, use half as much fat by weight as flour, with a quarter teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth teaspoonful of baking powder to each cupful of flour. Proceed as in making the usual puff paste.

The fact that these may be used will not keep us from using good flavored butter for such dainties when we can afford it, as butter gives a texture and flavor that other fats lack.

Cooked celery, white sauce and cheese, baked in a well-buttered baking dish, covered with buttered crumbs and served from the dish makes a most tasty and wholesome dish.

**Blackberry Farina.**—Heat one quart of canned blackberries with their juice in a double boiler, then add gradually one cupful of farina, stirring carefully and cook for fifty minutes. Pour into a mold in cold water and when cold serve with cream and sugar.

**Combination Salad.**—Slice very thin one large avocado, add the same amount of cold boiled potatoes also sliced thin, onion and parsley and two hard boiled eggs, sliced. Season with paprika, oil and vinegar.

**Hungarian Dish.**—Cut up into small pieces a pound of lean beef, one good-sized onion and one carrot. Season with salt and paprika. Into a casserole place two cupfuls of barley which has been washed and soaked for four hours in four cupfuls of boiling water poured over it. Turn water and barley into the casserole with the meat and vegetables. Cover and bake in a moderate oven for four hours, or better, in a fireless cooker six to eight hours.

**Supper Salad.**—Take two cupfuls of finely minced celery, two canned pimentoes, two cupfuls of boiled rice, one hard-cooked egg, one cupful of salad dressing, and six stuffed olives. Mix the celery and rice and two tablespoonfuls of minced pimento with half of the salad dressing. Line a shallow bowl with lettuce, cover with the salad and decorate with pimento, sliced olives and egg cut into slices. Garnish the edges with celery tops.

**Bonnyclabber.**—Nothing is more wholesome as dessert for child or adult than sour milk thick, rich and firm, sprinkled with brown sugar and eaten well chilled.

Add a little cinnamon to the sugar in which doughnuts or crullers are rolled; it improves the flavor.

Many have knowledge and still fail to accomplish. Ability to apply knowledge is the necessary factor for success.

Nature has placed nothing so high that virtuous effort cannot reach it.—Quintus Rufus.

**EVERYDAY FOOD**

Some one has said that "knowledge in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom." Common foods, served in uncommon ways may be a work of culinary art.

**Cheese Milk Toast.**—Prepare toast, butter it well and place on a deep chop platter. Into a saucepan put two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour, stir and cook until well blended, then add three cupfuls of milk; cook until smooth and thick as cream, season with a dash of cayenne, two tablespoonfuls of grated Roquefort and a little salt. Pour over the buttered toast and serve at once.

**Spanish Lima Beans.**—Take two cupfuls of beans and soak over night in water to cover, then cook until tender, adding salt. Remove the seed and veins from a chili pepper and boil until the pulp can be scraped from the skin; if canned, the cooking will not be necessary. Chop one onion and fry it in a tablespoonful of fat, add the pepper pulp, one-half cupful of stewed tomatoes and the beans. Cook all together five minutes.

**Raisin Pie.**—Take the grated rind and juice of two lemons, the grated rind and juice of one orange, one cupful of light brown sugar, two cupfuls of seeded raisins, one and one-fourth cupfuls of water, one cupful of coarsely-chopped walnut meats; cook until boiling hot, then stir in three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch which has been mixed with a small amount of water. Bake between two crusts.

**Gypsy Stew.**—Take a few small new carrots cut in slices, six small onions, a cupful of peas, cook until tender, add a slice of pork diced and browned and milk to make of the consistency to serve as stew. Season well and serve hot.

**Spanish Salad.**—Take one cupful of diced cooked chicken, one cupful of diced cucumber, one cupful of walnut meats broken in bits, one cupful of cooked peas, mix with a boiled dressing and serve on lettuce.

*Nellie Maxwell*

**Size of Head Tells Nothing.**

Size of head is not a measure of intellect. A capacious forehead does not conceal superior intellectual attainments. Under the biggest poll one need not necessarily look for the best brains.

**Where Laughter Is Unknown.**

Laughing is unknown among the Veddahs of Ceylon. When a traveler asked some of them why their people never gave indication of mirth, they replied that they never saw anything to laugh at.

**Inventory Helps Farmer.**

A farm inventory is just a list of the things you own and of the debts you owe. Have you taken yours yet?

**Cultivation Is Important.**

Proper cultivation is a very important factor in efficient crop production.

**Aid Crop Production.**

An aid to successful crop production is proper use of lime and commercial fertilizer.




**HELP FOR GIRLS WHO WORK**

**Mrs. Lodic Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her**

Tyrone, Pa.—"A friend told my husband how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped his wife, so my husband bought me a bottle because I was so run-down, had a nervous weakness, no strength in my body and pains in my left side so bad that I could hardly do my work. Before I was married I used to work in the factory, and I had pains just the same then as I have had since I have done my housework. I would not be without a bottle in the house now. It has stopped the pains all right and I have found out that it is a wonderful body builder, as it has made me well and strong. It is going to be the 'old reliable' with me hereafter, and I am always willing to tell other women how it has helped me. You can use this letter as you wish as I can honestly say that my words are true."—Mrs. M. Lodic, R.F.D. No. 4, Box 40, Tyrone, Pa.

Letters like this bring out the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They tell of the relief from such pains and ailments after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

There are scores of reasons why "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly should be accounted a household mainstay. A few of them are burns, sores, blisters, cuts. It comes in bottles—at all drug-gists and general stores.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO. (Consolidated) State Street New York

Vaseline
Reg U.S. Pat Off
PETROLEUM JELLY

Every "Vaseline" Product is recommended everywhere because of its absolute purity and effectiveness

PILES of the most stubborn kind relieved in 3 to 10 days. One trial convinces MIRO AT ALL DRUGGISTS

NO DYE To restore gray or faded hair to original color, don't use a dye—it's dangerous—Get a bottle of Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer—Safe as water—apply in and watch results. At all good druggists, 75c, or direct from HESSIG-ELLIS, Chemists, Memphis, Tenn.

CURES COLDS IN 24 HOURS
HILL'S STANDARD CASCARA QUININE
AT ALL DRUG STORES — PRICE 30 CENTS
CURES LA GRIPPE IN 3 DAYS
W. H. HILL CO., DETROIT, MICHIGAN


**Collections.**

"Do you think collectio can be made in Europe?"

"I can't say this early," replied Senator Sorghum. "Up to the present moment some of those nations don't seem to me to have gotten even so far as to collect their thoughts."—Washington Star.

**One Thing Animal Was Spared.**

Explorers say the "baluchitherium" roamed the Mongolian desert two million years ago—but, happily, it never had to pronounce its name.—Exchange.


111 cigarettes — TURKISH VIRGINIA BURLEY — 15 for 10¢
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

LATHROP'S GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Garfield Tea
Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling. Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 60c and $1.00 at Druggists. Hiscox Chem. Wks. Patchogue, N.Y.

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Callouses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 15c by mail or at Druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.


# OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

**Interesting Features for the Entire Family**

## Something to Think About

**By F. A. WALKER**

**KNOW YOUR TALENT**

THE first requisite in the life of the youthful, is to know his or her natural talent so that it may be intelligently developed and turned to profitable account.

Find the hole in which your peg fits without wabbling and keep it there. Do not move from pillar to post in quest of another, and you will enjoy more of what makes life valuable, glad as the years swing by that you have held firmly to your original intention.

Most of the failures in this work-a-day world are due to inefficiency, caused generally by shifting from one station to another and the woeful lack of fixed effort in the pursuit of a definite course.

You can never find the port you hope to reach if you persist in sailing your ship without compass and rudder. The tides and the winds will toss your precious craft into the open jaws of destruction or hurl it high and dry on the scowling rocks from which there is no likelihood of escape.

If you have a talent for painting, see that you produce pictures of beautiful themes and attractive colors; if your hand is deft in the use of tools, clasp the saw and the hammer and resolve that no one shall excel you.

You cannot overcome difficulties nor rise above the common level by lounging around in idleness, bemoaning your lot and envying the prosperous men and women climbing towards the hill-tops.

Whether you have one talent or five talents, there is but one medium through which you can achieve, and that is by hard, continuous work, holding steadfastly to your course and refusing to yield to discouragement.

There is in every person's life the crucial moment of choosing a permanent vocation, and when that is overcome, there remains nothing else to do but to drive straight ahead, determined to win an honorable destination.

To the men and women who are predisposed to loafing, given to stopping by the wayside to gather wild flowers when they should be tramping resolutely upon the highway, this scarcely forms an agreeable subject for meditation.

But these, as you may have already guessed, are they who have hidden their talent in a napkin and been crowded from the ranks of the successful, because of their own fickleness.

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**MEN YOU MAY MARRY**

**By E. R. PEYSER**

Has a man like this proposed to you?

**Symptoms:** Short, coat looks as if it were too tight over his husky little breast. He is fond of clothes and yet never indulges in a comfortable suit. He sits on the edge of chairs, and he is always on the edge of telling you he loves you. He doesn't stutter, yet he is nervous. As a lover he is very amusing, especially when he pretends that he isn't your lover. In most cases he tries the platonic, but his saccharine smile gives him away and his terrific effort never to be late is a fearful telltale.

**IN FACT**

His great fault is his faultlessness and people always know he will turn up a bustling little mass.

**Prescription For His Bride:**

℞ Elixir of promptness for you. His breakfast on time daily and his carpet slippers on the rug nightly.

**Absorb This:**

IT IS NOT PROMPTNESS THAT KILLS, IT'S FAILURE TO MEET IT

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## Uncommon Sense

**By JOHN BLAKE**

**YOUR CAPITAL**

IF YOU are drawing a thousand dollars a year you are getting interest on $25,000. Twenty-five thousand dollars therefore is your capital.

Every dollar that you add to your yearly income means that your capital is increased by $25.

Double your salary and you double your capital. Quadruple your $1,000 a year and you can consider yourself worth $100,000, which is a tidy fortune.

The capital that you carry under your hat, you do not need to risk in speculation. It is immune from bank burglars and stock jugglers. It is yours as long as you keep your health and retain your earning capacity.

Always consider your brains as your capital. Take the same care of them that the banker takes of his funds and those entrusted to him.

Bad habits, sloth, shiftlessness, impair your capital. So does ill health. Avoid all of them if you can.

Keep your body in good physical condition, for if it is not, your brain will not be able to earn the interest that it ought to.

Get rid of bad habits. All of them cut your capital down.

Add to your capital as regularly as you can. Add not only to your earning power, but to the reserve of money that all men ought to establish as soon as possible.

When the capital that is under your hat and the capital that you have invested in good securities are both working for you, you will be beyond the reach of want and on your way to prosperity and independence.

But remember that both kinds of capital must be cared for and safeguarded, or they will shrink instead of expand.

Make them grow, while the growing is good. Capital of one kind or another is the only insurance against the miseries of poverty and old age.

(Copyright by John Blake.)

## SCHOOL DAYS

## Mother's Cook Book

I don't like to talk with people who always agree with me. It is amusing to coquette with an echo for a while, but one soon tires of it.

**FOOD FOR THE FAMILY**

IF YOU like brains, try these:

**Beef Brains in Corn Patties.**

Remove a slice from the top of large corn muffins and remove the centers with a spoon, leaving a firm, crisp wall. Parboil the brains in acidulated water, add them to highly seasoned white sauce and fill the muffin patties, sprinkle with grated cheese and place in a hot oven to brown well.

**Scotch Hash.**

Chop one onion and cook in a little beef drippings, then add cooked meat which has been put through a meat grinder and one-fourth as much dry bread crumbs. Moisten with a little soup stock if at hand (or water will do), season well and heat very hot in an iron frying pan.

**Baked Apple Dumplings.**

Cut rich pastry into six-inch squares. In the center of each place a cored, pared apple. Fill the centers with sugar, cinnamon and a whole clove. Wet the edges of the pastry and fold over the apple. Bake about forty minutes in a moderate oven. The last of the baking brush the tops with white of egg and sprinkle with sugar. Serve with hard sauce.

**Olive and Oyster Canape.**

Take one cupful of green olives stoned, one cupful of oysters, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one of minced onion, one tablespoonful of finely-minced red pepper, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one-half teaspoonful of beef extract. Cook butter, olives, pepper and onions and one tablespoonful of flour for five minutes. Parboil the oysters in their own liquor, adding water to make a cupful. Pour the liquor into the flour and vegetable mixture, stirring until smooth. Add the seasoning and oysters and serve on squares of buttered toast garnished with whole olives.

*Nellie Maxwell*

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

The average molecule is less than 1-125,000,000 of an inch in diameter.

## Has Anyone Laughed At You Because—

**By ETHEL R. PEYSER**

You are dissatisfied? "Nothing suits you" has been fired at you. "Will you ever be content?" has been hurled at you, hasn't it? At any rate you are not one to stick in a rut. You are casting about for the future, you want something better. These laughers will be right though, unless your dissatisfaction takes its shape in action rather than in growlings.

SO

Your Get-away Here is:

To believe that actions speak louder than grouching—and get up and move heaven and earth to alter what you hate to endure.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## MESSENGERS

**By DOUGLAS MALLOCH**

SOMEONE has said that thoughts are things—
I know each thought of mine,
Is like a bird with living wings
And pinions all a-shine.
I toss a thought upon the air,
As pigeon owners do—
No matter when, no matter where,
It hurries home to you!

O live each day with open heart
So, when my thought shall come
Across the miles we are apart,
It shall not find you dumb.
O live each day with open door,
Your heart's door open wide—
Some thought of mine is speeding o'er
The valleys that divide.

It bears a message all aglow,
The message old and young,
The message men and maidens know
In every land and tongue;
It sweeps across the azure skies,
It darts across the dome,
And home to your heart it flies,
Because your heart is Home.

And may my bird, so fond, so fleet,
Upon its happy quest,
As it flies east another meet,
A pigeon flying west;
And, as they hail upon the blue,
Oh, may that pigeon be
A thought of yours, a thought as true,
A thought that flies to me!

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## ONCE IS ENOUGH

## ITALY'S LEGAL DICTATOR LINGUIST

**Benito Mussolini Speaks French, German and English—Once Professor.**

Rome.—Benito Mussolini, the young legal dictator of Italy, is an accomplished linguist. Besides his mother tongue, Italian, he possesses knowledge of French, German and English. He learned French at an early age and speaks it without the slightest accent. For some years before the war he was a professor of French literature at the University of Milan.

While an editor on a newspaper published in Trento and owned by Cesare Battisti, the Italian patriot executed by the Austrians during the war, he studied German, and while his pronunciation is not on a par with his French he has a profound knowledge of Goethe's tongue.

Seriously wounded during the war, he remained two months in a hospital. There, during his convalescence, he took up the study of English.

"I hardly think I could qualify to make a speech in the American congress," he said recently, "but I read the English newspapers myself."

To reduce by one day the illness a person among those gainfully employed in this country would be equivalent to adding 140,000 to our labor supply.

## THE GHOST

**By JANE GORDON**

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

"It's a great old place," Langly said, "and I wish I might dispose of it. But the ghostly tales circulated among the superstitious people of the locality have made it a place of dread. Only old Nance, who would defy the devil, can be persuaded to remain as caretaker. And Nance has an easy time of it, with her garden to tend and enjoy, and Uncle Tyler's ancestral halls all her own."

"Tell you what I'll do," Richard Carson suggested. "I will stop over at your haunted house on my motor trip. You know I am out for change and the unusual; so I'll not mind the wear and tear on tires through indifferent roads. And, if Nance is congenial, I will spend a night in the echoing rooms. By the way, just what nature of a haunt celebrates your country place?"

Langly wrinkled his brow.

"If I remember rightly," he replied, "it is the usual beautiful, white-clad maiden, who is said to wander through the halls in the dark of the night. Doors, silently and untouched, they say, open to admit her noiseless presence."

When Richard Carson came upon the house in its solitary grandeur, a short time after this conversation, he sat in his car admiring the beautiful setting. Truly, the old home was to be desired, and he looked forward with pleasant anticipation to his stay there.

"And the young lady who haunts this hall at night?" he asked Nance, after his satisfying evening meal. "What seems to be her special trouble? They tell me that you are on good terms with the ghost."

Nance regarded him shrewdly.

"Them that scoff don't laugh so much after they see her," she reprovingly remarked. "The dead young lady lost her sweetheart years ago, by him jumping from the high balcony when she refused to marry him. And she was that sorry about it afterwards that she goes moaning up and down the balcony every moonlight night and looks for him, too, hopeless-like, through the halls."

The old woman leaned nearer.

"The very doors do open to let her pass," she whispered.

"Indeed?" Richard's tone was grave. "The night is to be moonlight, then. I will blow out the candle and wait here. Good-night, Nance."

Grumblingly the old woman left the guest to himself.

Nance had ceased moving about in the kitchen below and Richard, absorbed in present problems, had forgotten the tale of the ghost. Sunk comfortably down in a fireside chair he sat, the moonlight coming through the windows his only light. He did not know what made him raise his eyes at the exact moment; but slowly the heavy door at the end of the room swung open. No hand had touched it.

Against the shining wainscoting a young woman's white-clad figure passed. The door closed behind her. Oblivious of his presence she came slowly, gracefully toward the dying fire. Her white hands were clasped before her, her face was pearly in its whiteness. Her long hair, unbound, hung to her waist; a sort of haunting, sweet perfume came in before her.

As Richard arose, a tall figure in the fading light, the ghost girl slipped swiftly along the wall—was lost in the shadow of the tapestry curtain. When he had lighted the candles she had disappeared.

Richard's foot touched something soft as he climbed the outer balcony stair. His electric torch shone upon a white, huddled heap. Then, surprisingly, a girl's laughter greeted him. It was the same lovely, white face which looked up into his own, the same wavy, unbound hair that covered the maiden's white, flowing robe.

"Please," she begged, breathless with laughter—"you do look so funny—so fierce. I understand—you are tracking down the ghost. You are more fortunate than I—I watched in vain."

The girl sat on the step, gathering her pale kimono about her.

"And, lest you die of fright, let me explain that I am a favorite of Nance—she lets me come to pick flowers in her garden. I'm the new country school-teacher and I've been ill in an uninviting boarding place. So Nance invited me here, to cook for and to coddle. She was perhaps afraid to confess to the master her presumption. I thought I'd come down to the fire tonight—before I retired. Nance did not tell me of your presence there. She thought I was unable to leave my sleeping room. And as for the door—"

The girl slipped down the stair before him.

"I have been entertained by that door myself. It seems that by some sway of the old house the door opens whenever a certain door down in the kitchen is opened. Now"—the charming ghost smiled—"I will bid you good-night."

Impulsively Richard detained the girl; a new, strange thrill possessed him—a thrill of happiness to come.

"But tomorrow," he begged; "I may see you tomorrow? This place is beautiful, but it needs companionship to make it perfect. You will stay on—with Nance to care for you? Please," he begged again.

They were at the ballroom door; silently it swayed back on its hinges. Nance was evidently still at work in her kitchen below. Dramatically the girl disappeared from his view. But from the stair beyond came a low, laughing note:

"Tomorrow," she promised.

**Compliments.**

Compliments which we think are deserved, we accept only as debts, with indifference; but those which conscience informs us we do not merit, we receive with the same gratitude that we do favors given away.—Goldsmith.

**Weighty Babies.**

Babies weighing 20 pounds at birth are by no means uncommon, and instances are recorded from time to time of this weight being exceeded, sometimes very considerably.

**Better English Item.**

A newspaper man was buying rubbers for his young son, when he overheard a store clerk directing another customer. "The goulashes," she said, pointing, "are over in the next aisle." Yes, that's just what she said, "goulashes."

**All Fish Not Dumb.**

Among fish, there are a large number of different kinds that possess voices. The American bow-pin is an example; it is able to produce bell-like notes.


**TEACHER PAYS IT GLOWING TRIBUTE**

**Declares Tanlac Ended Indigestion, Chest Pains and Palpitation—Lost Strength Restored.**

"Tanlac has improved my general condition ten times more than I anticipated," recently stated Herbert A. Guptill, a well-known school teacher of Kezar Falls, Maine.

"My trouble began with a sudden loss of strength. Almost everything I ate disagreed with me and caused a sickening sensation that remained with me for hours. For months I found breathing difficult on account of indigestion, and had such chest pains and palpitation I thought my heart was affected. I also suffered greatly from headaches and nervousness, seldom slept well, and felt tired and worn-out all the time.

"Since taking Tanlac no kind of food hurts me and I have a wonderful appetite. I have gained ten pounds, breathe freely, sleep perfectly, and feel as strong and well as ever in my life. Tanlac is certainly a superior medicine."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Over 35 million bottles sold.—Advertisement.


**The Proud Rat Catcher.**

The witty Oliver Herford was talking about snobbishness.

"I know a city missionary," he said, "who invited a famous bishop to dine at his slum residence to meet two local characters, a garbage collector and a rat catcher.

"The bishop accepted the invitation gladly, and the garbage collector said that he, too, would be delighted, but the rat catcher spoiled the party. He must refuse, he said, to sit down with a garbage collector."


**A Lady of Distinction**

Is recognized by the delicate, fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Advertisement.


**The Route There.**

Popular Quotation Expert—All work and no play, you know—

Smitt—You said it, Kid. There is a tedium in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to Greenwich village.—New York Sun.

Good health depends upon good digestion. Safeguard your digestion with Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills and you safeguard your health. A medicine as well as a purgative.—Advertisement.

**The Stellar Universe.**

The Stellar Universe has a background of pearly white and astronomers do not know whether this is caused by millions of suns or the presence of nebulous matter scattered through the vast space.

**Discipline, B'Heck!**

"No, sir," said Standpat, harshly, "you can't be too firm with 'em. Now take that there flapper daughter of mine. Nothin'd do 'er but she must have her hair bobbed. Me an' her mother both spoke right up in unison together and said 'No,' in a loud, firm tone. We decided we'd stand right by each other on that and nothin' could shake us. She kep' astin' day after day, beggin' an' pleadin' an' bawlin' around, but no, sir! When me an' Mandy makes up our minds nothin' can change us. That girl pestered us for weeks about gittin' that hair bobbed, us a-refusin' reg'lar an' steady. An' even when she got it bobbed she wa'n't so almighty pleased with it at that!"—Farm Life.

**In Rural Maryland.**

"How did you know that was a District of Columbia automobile?"

"I can distinguish any of 'em in the distance," replied Farmer Corntossel, "by the rattle of their numerous tags."

And the mining prospectus gets the cots while the hard-luck story is bumping the bumps.


After Every Meal
WRIGLEY'S

Top off each meal with a bit of sweet in the form of WRIGLEY'S.

It satisfies the sweet tooth and aids digestion.

Pleasure and benefit combined.

Save the Wrappers

FOR THE CHILDREN

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
Exact Copy of Wrapper.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

10 Cents
Gives Cheerful New Color Tone to Old Curtains
PUTNAM FADELESS DYES—dyes or tints as you wish


**GHOST EASY TO ACCOUNT FOR**

**Mrs. Carter Evidently Had Perfect Appreciation of Her Husband's Peculiar Affinities.**

Mrs. Carter awoke with a violent start and found her husband sitting on the edge of the bed.

"John!" she exclaimed. "Whatever is the matter? Are there burglars in the house?"

"Worse'n that!" John exclaimed in a hoarse whisper. "I've just seen a ghost!"

Mrs. Carter gave a sigh of relief. Burglars she was afraid of—they were real. But in ghosts she had not the slightest belief.

"You're dreaming," she told hubby. "Get back here into bed and go to sleep!"

"But I tell you I saw a ghost!" John insisted. "It wasn't the ordinary ghost of a man or a woman that you read about. This ghost was shaped like a donkey!"

Mrs. John laughed.

"John!" she exclaimed. "Come on and go to sleep and don't be afraid of your shadow!"

**Perhaps You Know This Kind.**

Mary Roberts Rinehart writes most entertainingly in the American Magazine about her experiences camping with men. She says a man will tolerate the presence of a woman in camp, but he doesn't want to be bothered with her. In his attitude, he is, she declares, like the slovenly dressed woman of whom it was said that she said to her clothes: "Well, clothes, I am going downtown. If you want to come along, hang on."

**Complete Success.**

"Was she successful in her divorce?" "Yes, her husband has to take care of the children."

**WHY PROFESSOR LEFT TOWN**

**Slight Misunderstanding, but Altogether More Than He Felt He Might Be Able to Explain.**

Some years ago, while a professor of an eastern university, I made a trip west, stopping en route, where I was entertained at dinner by friends socially prominent in that city. Only three relatives of the host were invited, including an elderly woman whom I believed to be Mrs. Anderson.

Discussing marriage and the number of unmarried women in New England, I made this sage remark: "I have been told that since the opportunities for marriage are so much greater in the West, it is considered a disgrace to be an old maid."

My hostess now kindly informed me that the woman directly opposite me, on her left, was Miss Anderson.—Detroit Free Press.

**Easily Explained.**

Merrill, age nine, lives in that part of Indianapolis where the residents have small chicken farms. Merrill's father came in from the chicken yard one morning in the zero weather in December, and remarked that for some unaccountable reason the hens were laying better in the cold weather.

"That's easy to understand," Merrill volunteered. "The hens have to stay in their nests now to keep warm and I s'pose they think while they're on the nest they might as well lay an egg."—Indianapolis News.

**Few Purebred Bison.**

There are but 9,311 pure-blooded bison in the world, and 3,527 of these are in the United States, of which only one hundred are running wild.

A reputation is easy to get; it takes years to build a character.

**FATHER SAT IN JUDGMENT**

**Daddy's Realization of Audience's Suffering Brought Amateur Performance to Sudden Close.**

Maggie was ten years of age, I but eight. We were on the program of a public school exhibition for a duet and considered ourselves letter perfect. Maggie played the accompaniment, repeating the last line of each verse for an interlude. There were four lines to each verse.

It was about "Three little graves ranged side by side," and was most pathetic.

After we had been singing a while my father surprised me by coming up and grasping one of my arms; without saying a word, he led me away from the stage. I don't know how Maggie left the stage.

"Why, pa," I exclaimed, "we weren't half through. There were thirty-three verses and we had sung only eleven of them."

"Yes," father replied, "and that was more than enough!"—Chicago Tribune.

**Large Families and Genius.**

Havelock Ellis, the English sociologist, took from dictionaries of biography 1,030 British geniuses from the Fourth century to the present time, rejecting any about whose parentage nothing was known. He found the vast majority came from very large families, "much larger than the average family at the time they lived." The geniuses tended to be the oldest sons of large families or the youngest sons of large families. Only children made up a very small percentage of the thousand and thirty.—McClure's Magazine.

Life is merely a game of chance—and fate seems to have stacked the cards against most of us.


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