The GLOW of the RUBILS

by FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter hints of surprise to the wearer. Lightnut dons the pajamas and late at night gets up for a smoke. His servant, Jenkins, comes in and, failing to recognize Lightnut, attempts to put him out. Thinking the servant crazy, Lightnut changes his clothes intending to summon help. When he reappears Jenkins falls on his neck with joy, confirming Lightnut's belief that he is crazy. Jenkins tells Lightnut of the encounter he had with a hideous Chinaman dressed in pajamas. In a message from his friend, Jack Billings, Lightnut is asked to put up "the kid" for the night on his way home from college. Later Lightnut finds a beautiful girl in black pajamas in his room. Lightnut is shocked by the girl's drinking, smoking and slangy talk. She tells him her name is Francis and puzzles him with a story of her love for her sister's room-mate, named Frances. Next morning the girl is missing and Lightnut hurries to the boat to see her off. He is accosted by a husky college boy, who calls him "Dicky" but he does not see the girl.

CHAPTER VIII.

Her Brother Jack.

"Good night, Dicky!" came up the elevator shaft. And then more "good nights," growing fainter with their laughter as the car shot down.

"Good night," I called after them. "Devilish sorry you fellows won't stay longer!"

"Jolly good idle, Jenkins," I said, yawning sleeply, as I dropped back into my own apartment.

"Yes, sir," assented Jenkins demurely. "It's sleeping on the divan the other night, sir. Eight hours there ain't nothing like eight hours in bed and in your pajamas."

"Pajamas!" I ejaculated, startled.

For all day I had been thinking of her. I wondered if Billings would happen to invite me up for the week end. But he had so many times, and I had never gone.

"By Jove, that reminds me," I said. "Those red silk pajamas!"

"Yes, sir." Jenkins' face hardened in an odd, wooden way.

"I was wondering, Jenkins, if those pajamas were torn any in our little row the other night."

Poor Jenkins winced a little. "I think not, sir," he muttered humbly—"leastwise, they were all right last night when Mr.—" He seemed to catch himself abruptly. "I mean when I found them this morning, sir."

He returned with the garments I had received from Mastermann, and again we spread them under the lamp on the table. They looked singularly smooth and unwrinkled. There was not a single tear or break, not even with the delicate cords that twisted to form the frogs of the seat.

"My, sir! But ain't they red!" breathed Jenkins. "Them cords look like little red snakes."

I cut an anxious glance at Jenkins, for I did not like his reference to snakes. Seemed ominous, somehow. But his appearance was composed and reassuring. And, by Jove, come to look, the cords did look just like tiny, coiled serpents of glowing fire. Why, they were so jolly red they hurt your eyes. Fact! And thin as the beautiful stuff was, this brighter red ran all over the other, covering every inch of it and forming the closest, finest "what-you-call-it embroidery. It was as faint and dainty a pattern as that on a soap bubble! Fact is, I could not trace it, even with my glass.

The only part that wasn't covered with this embroidery business was the stuff used to cover the knots, or little balls, over which the cords were meant to hook. In working with some of these cords, idly fastening and unfastening them, I got a little impatient with one that seemed tight, you know, and I used my manicure knife to pull the knot through.

"Careful, sir," warned Jenkins. "Likely to cut something."

By Jove! No sooner said, than I did it!

The flashed blade slipped somehow and cut into the threads that tied the covers or caps, or whatever-you-call-'ems, over the knots. And when I pulled, the beastly piece of silk came off in my fingers.

And then—oh, but I say! I just gave a sort of yell and dropped the whole thing!

Ever have some silly ass try to scare you by poking a red hot cigar at you in the dark? Know how you jerk back? Well, there you are! For, give you my word, when I peeled off the little cloth cap, regular blazes of crimson fire seemed to shoot from the end of the knot.

Fact is, it wasn't a knot at all, but a button—a devilish glassy button, something bigger than a dime, perhaps, and thick as the end of your little finger. And there it lay against the silk, burning its way through it like a red coal of fire.

And it was just then that Billings rolled in.

I say "rolled in," because it always looks that way. That's the way Billings is built, you know.

"I say, Dicky," he panted, "just missed another infernal express! Plenty more trains, but I had a great inspiration strike me that I'd let you put me up for the night. Hat, Jenkins! Now, don't say a word, Dicky, old chap. Cane, Jenkins! Great pleasure, assure you—won't inconvenience at all. Gloves, Jenkins! Just give me something to sleep in, and I'll be as comfortable here as I would be at the club—so don't worry any about me, old chap. By the way, want to thank you for taking care of the kid. Got home all right, I understand."

He plunked like a jolly elephant into the largest and most comfortable chair in the room and wheezed for breath.

"And, Jenkins!" He raised one fat finger while he took a gasp. "Don't mind if I do have a package of Dicky's Koroskos and a sloe fizz—not too sweet, you know; and you may—"

Billings broke off suddenly. Then he climbed heavily to his feet, and without warning, heaved himself across the room and seized the button I had just uncovered. Dashed if he didn't almost upset me.

"Here, I say!" I protested. "Don't lose that cap." I picked it up from where he had jerked it to the floor. "It's the cover to hide that glass, you know."

"Wh-a-a-t!"

Billings swung round, staring at me with the most curious expression.

"See here, Dicky," he exclaimed rather excitedly, but in a low tone, as he cut a side glance at Jenkins siphoning the fizz over at the cellarette, "What in thunder have you been doing now?"

By Jove, I turned cold for a minute. I was that startled. I thought he was going to use the pajamas as an introduction for reference to last night. But in a minute I saw that he did not mean that.

"Where on earth did you get anything like this?"

"Oh, I say now!" I remonstrated, alarm changing to a mild dudgeon. Billings' devilish rude manners are so offensive at times. "What do you mean? It's a present from a friend in China."

"Present!" Billings' eyes bulged queerly. He stooped toward me, whispering: "Did he know what this button was?"

"Why, of course he didn't." I answered indignantly. "Never dreamed of it, of course. I tell you, if was all nicely covered, was what-you-call-it—upholstered, you know—with devilish nice silk. I cut it off accidentally, trying to force the thing through that loop. That left the marble exposed."

Billings took the glass mechanically from the tray tendered by Jenkins and sipped it slowly, eying me curiously over the top. Then he set it back, very deliberately, wiped his mouth with the bit of napery, and without taking his glance off me, waited until Jenkins had left the room. Whereupon, after another searching look at the button, he dropped it with the garment upon the table, and, with hands jammed deep in his pockets, faced me with a long-drawn whistle.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he exclaimed. Just a coarse, vulgar outburst, you know—no sense to it; no point at all, you know—that's Billings.

He caught up the coat again. "And these others—four of them—are they just the same?" he demanded sharply.

"Dash it, how should I know? I suppose so," I answered indifferently. "By Jove, of course," I answered ruefully. "I can't sleep in the things now, you know. What would people say?"

Billings stared at me disagreeably a moment and said something under his breath. Then he caught up the buttons and the silk, and crushing them in his hands, buried his face in the mass.

"Oh you beauties, you darlings!" I heard him murmur.

Then he looked at the buttons again, and dash it, he kissed me. Maudlin—jolly maudlin, I say, if you ask me!

"I say, Dicky," he said carelessly. "You may not care for them, but I've taken rather a shine to these buttons. Mind letting me have one, eh?"

He flashed a quick glance at me and then away.

"Mind? Why, certainly not; take 'em all, old chap, and welcome." Yet I responded gloomily enough, scarcely polite, you know. And I felt too jolly prostrated to be curious as to what he could possibly want with the things. Waistcoat buttons, likely—Billings was given to loud dress and other boundER stunts. But he just sat there looking down after I spoke, and presently stole a queer glance at me.

He suddenly held up the row of red buttons again.

"Look here, you blessed dodo," he exclaimed brusquely. "Have you really no idea what these are, these glass buttons you are yapping about? Of course you haven't, you jolly chowder head, but I'm going to tell you."

He threw the coat into my lap.

"They are rubies, old man, that's all," he said quietly. "Oriental rubies, at that—flawless and perfect—the rarest and most precious things in the world."

CHAPTER IX.

An Amazing Revelation.

I stared blankly at Billings. "Rubies!" I gasped.

He nodded. "Genuine pigeon bloods, my son, no less."

"Oh, come now, Billings," I protested. I felt a little miffed, just a little you know. So jolly raw to try it on that way.

"By Jove, old chap, you must think me a common ass," I suggested disgustedly.

Billings grinned at the very idea.

"You a common ass, Dicky?" he ejaculated. "Nobody who knows you would ever think that, old man."

"But, I say—"

"See here, Dicky boy, I'm in dead earnest," he interrupted eagerly. "Don't you remember my one fad—gems? Got enough tied up in them

"Have You Really No Idea What These Are?"

And I closed my eyes and leaned back, feeling a bit—just a bit—weary. Somehow, Billings is always so exhausting when he gets started on something.

"Oh, cut it out, old chap," I protested, drowsy-like.

"I will," I heard him say. Then I guess I must have dropped off a bit, for the next thing I knew he was shaking me.

"Dicky! Dicky! Say, look here! Look, I tell you!"

I did look, and—well, I was jolly vexed, that's all.

"Oh, I say now!" I spoke severely—just that way, you know. I went on, remonstrating: "Devilish silly joke, if you ask me. You've gone and ruined the thing, Billings! Flashy buttons like that, you know—too tawdry, too cheap."

"Cheap!" He almost shouted it. Then he lashed over the back of the leather chair and pounded his fat hand against the cushions, writhing his big bulk from side to side.

"Quite impossible," I said firmly. "Not on regle at all, you know!" And I fixed my glass and stared gloomily at the things. The five shiny buttons just lay there against the delicate silk like so many fiery crimson cherries.

He leered at me, chuckling. "Look cheap to you, eh? What you might call outre, so to speak?"

"By Jove, of course," I answered ruefully. "I can't sleep in the things now, you know. What would people say?"

Billings stared at me disagreeably a moment and said something under his breath. Then he caught up the buttons and the silk, and crushing them in his hands, buried his face in the mass.

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"See here, Dicky boy, I'm in dead earnest," he interrupted eagerly. "Don't you remember my one fad—gems? Got enough tied up in them

nothing like them in all New York, from Tiffany's down to Maiden Lane, and never has been. I never saw anything like—near like any of them—except the one in the Russian crown of Anna Ivanovana. That's bigger, but it hasn't the same fire."

I just laughed at him. "Why, Billings, these pajamas were sent me by a friend in China, and I assure you—"

"Assure? What can you assure—what do you know about it?" said Billings rudely. "What did your friend know, or the one he had these things from—or the one before him—or the one still before that? Pshaw!" And he snapped his fingers.

With his hand he swept up the little caps and the long, wirelike threads that held them and sniffed the handful curiously.

"H'm! Funky sort of aromatic smell—balsam, cedar oil or something like that," he muttered half aloud. "That accounts for the preservation. But still—"

He crossed his legs and puffed thoughtfully.

"Tell you how I figure this out, Dicky," he said finally. "These nightlies your friend has sent you are awfully rare and old; and for delicate, dainty elegance and that sort of thing they've got everything else in the silk way shoved off the clothes-line. But as to these jewels, you can just bet all you've got that whoever passed them on was not wise to them being under these covers."

Here he got to looking at one of the buttons and murmuring his admiration—regular trance, you know.

"By Jove!" I remarked, just to stir him up a bit. And he unloaded a great funnel of smoke and continued:

"My theory is that during some danger, some mandarins' war, likely, somebody got cold feet about these jewels and roped them in with these bits of silk—see how different they are from the rest of the stuff! Then, when the roughhouse came, these pajamas were swept along in the sacking—sort of spoils of pillage, you know. It was a clever method of concealment—clever because simple—a hiding place unlikely to be thought of because right under the eye. You recall Poe's story of 'The Purloined Letter?'"

I asked Billings how much he thought one of the rubies was worth. I had in mind how devilish hungrily he had looked at them. But he sighed, then frowned and answered impatiently:

"That's it! That's the trouble about all the rare, and beautiful things of this life! Always some debasing, prohibitive sordid money value, damnit!"

He squinted at the stones again and let the weight of one rest upon his finger. He shook his head, sighing.

"Well, they're over twenty carats each, and therefore, of course, many times the value of first water diamonds. After you get above five carats with real Oriental rubies, diamonds are not in it."

With an abrupt gesture he pushed the things away and rose. His pipe had gone out, but I noticed that he did not relight it. I held the gems full in the rays of the lamp, and Billings paused, holding a hungry gaze over his shoulder.

"I say, Billings, how much did you say one was worth?" I asked carelessly. For a moment he did not reply, but muttered to himself.

"I didn't say," he finally replied and rather crossly. Then he whirled on me impulsively. "See here, Lightnut," he exclaimed, "if you'll let me have one of those for my collection, I'll give you twenty-five thousand for it—there!"

He gulped and continued:

"I'll have to make some sacrifices but I don't mind that. I—"

But I shook my head. Really, I could hardly keep from laughing in his face.

"Sorry! Can't see it, old chap," I said. "Wouldn't sell one of them at any price."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Delicate Plant.

"The flower of the air" is a plant found in Chili and also in Japan. This appellation is given to it because it has no roots, and is never fixed to the earth. It twines round a dry tree or sterile rock. Each shoot produces two or three flowers like a lily—white, transparent, and odoriferous. It is capable of being transported two or three hundred leagues, and vegetates as it travels, suspended on a twig.

She Picked the Wrong Man

Woman With Prominent Jaw Did Not Get the Seat She So Evidently Desired.

She had a jaw that somehow reminded one of the cowcatcher on a locomotive—perhaps because it was always somewhat in advance of her countenance. Also there was a look of determination in her eyes, and it was evident, from the manner in which she elbowed other passengers aside, that she had no desire to be regarded as a shrinking violet. Yet she was rather good looking, and she was dressed in such a manner as to indicate that she was free from the necessity of practicing economy. After she had fought her way into the car she looked at the men who were occupying seats and then stationed herself in front of a smallish, gray-haired gentleman whose expression was kind and even limblike.

The woman engaged his attention by kicking his toes. He curled his feet back under the seat and continued to read his paper. Then she "hemmed" loudly and bumped against his knees. He looked up at her, indulged in a sigh of weariness and tried to make room for her by crowding closely to the woman who sat at the left of him. She declined to budge, however, and the old gentleman again turned his attention to his paper.

Exasperated by such ungallant behavior on his part, the woman with the decisive jaw said in tones that in no wise suggested the haunting melody of a tinkling brook:

"I suppose I'll have to stand all the way home. I've heard of men who had the decency to get up when the cars were crowded, but I guess they're all dead."

"Madam," the little old gentleman mildly remarked, "I would give you my seat, but I'm saving it for a lady."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Greater Farm Efficiency

Concrete a Profit Maker

By PROF. C. A. OCOCK, Wisconsin College of Agriculture

The watchword of the present seems to be conservation. This apparently may be applied to all lines of work. Not only is this true in the commercial world, but it will hold true in rural pursuits. The farmer is exerting every effort in obtaining more efficiency from his activities and to do this he is gathering about him every kind of modern machine or convenience that is obtainable.

The time has not long past when feeding floors were unknown. Any "old dince" was considered good enough to feed pigs on so long as it was not in the mud, and in many instances the mud was not avoided as much as it might have been. It is needless to say that this practice prevails at the present time in too many places. If the feeder would figure the loss of money in wasted corn he could soon find how profitable a concrete feeding floor would prove.

Concrete on the farm is becoming an important factor and with the advent of the use of the medium of construction, feeding floors, troughs, racks, fence posts, silos, farm buildings and many useful necessities are being added to the farm equipment. Many of these useful things may be constructed by the farmer himself or his regular help. All that is necessary is a working knowledge of concrete and its reinforcements. In the construction of large buildings a knowledge of the reinforcement of beams and girders is required and such construction should be submitted to an architect or a bridge engineer who is acquainted with these problems.

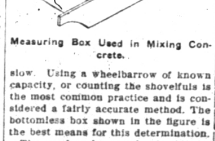
Materials used in the construction of concrete work are usually proportioned 1:2:4 or 1:2½:5, 1:2:6, 1:4:8, depending upon their character. That is, 1 part cement, 2½ parts sand and 5 parts crushed stone or gravel are used in the 1:2½:5. The mixture selected will depend upon the nature of the work in which it is used.

Table No. 1. shows the materials necessary for one cubic yard of concrete.

In order to determine the amount of cement necessary for any amount of concrete, estimate the number of cubic yards and multiply that number by the figure in the table opposite, "Bbls. cement per cubic yard of concrete," and under "mixture to be used." The amount of sand and of stone is determined in the same way.

Batch mixing, as indicated by the name, is an intermittent process and is the one most used in silo construction. Under certain conditions the continuous mixing process may be employed. Continuous mixing is done by machinery, the materials being fed into the machine without interruption during the mixing process, which may continue for four or five hours. Batch mixing may be done by machinery if it seems more desirable. Simple mechanical mixers have been very successfully constructed from an ordinary kerosene barrel.

Water should be added until a sloppy mixture is obtained. This will permit the material to be readily poured. The concrete should be prepared upon a water-tight mixing platform, usually about 10x12 feet. In placing the materials upon this platform, some method should be used to get the proper proportions; that is, if a 1:2:4 mixture is used, some simple measure for the materials should be employed whereby this may be easily determined. Weighing is accurate, but somewhat slow. Using a wheelbarrow of known capacity, or counting the shovelfuls is the most common practice and is considered a fairly accurate method. The bottomless box shown in the figure is the best means for this determination.



Measuring Box Used in Mixing Concrete.

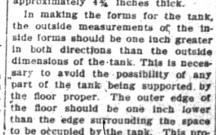
The sand and gravel should be clean. The following test may be used to determine if the sand is clean: Fill a glass fruit jar one-quarter full of the sand and add clean water until the jar is three-quarters full. Shake well, and if a layer of mud or clay settles over the sand, do not use it.

Gravel or stone should be free from sticks, leaves or any foreign substance which would in any way destroy the action of the cement upon the sand and gravel. If clay is present, always wash it out by pouring water over the sand or gravel which is to be spread over an inclined screen.

Spread the cement upon the sand and gravel if they are in combination on the water-tight platform and mix until the whole mass is of uniform color. Then add water unless screened gravel or crushed stone is being used, in which case place the cement upon the sand, mixing until a uniform color; add gravel or crushed stone and mix thoroughly, and then add enough water to produce the proper consistency. Hoes or shovels can be used to mix the concrete, but the latter are more often employed. Concrete should be mixed in small quantities, only such amounts being prepared as will be used up immediately. Concrete hardens so rapidly that lumps often begin to form throughout the whole mass before it can be used. Under these conditions the whole amount should be discarded. Concrete ought not to stand more than 25 or 30 minutes after the cement is first wet, without being placed.

In placing concrete, the most important thing to be observed is the manner of handling. The materials must not be separated when poured into the forms. Pouring from a considerable height should not be practiced, as the heavier parts will be separated from the lighter and forced to the bottom of the mass. Good concrete is only obtained when the stones and gravel remain in contact with the mortar. If it is found necessary to deposit from a considerable height, a chute should be placed at an angle and the concrete dumped down this to the desired place. Such a chute is especially desirable when a dry mixture is used. If the concrete is very wet it will handle much easier without breaking apart and can be poured six or eight feet without injury.

It is not hard to make the forms for concrete tanks. In fact most any one can invent a form of his own. The amount of stock to be watered at the tank must be taken into consideration when the size is planned. If a rectangular tank is to be used, the proper dimensions can be determined by consulting Table II.



Silo Made of Concrete.

It often happens that around a stock tank there is a mud hole. This can be easily avoided by making a cement platform around the tank extending out six feet on all sides. The drawing herewith will show how this platform may be made. The floor should be laid before the forms for the tank are put in place. The floor should be approximately 4½ inches thick.

In making the forms for the tank, the outside measurements of the inside forms should be one inch greater in both directions than the outside dimensions of the tank. This is necessary to avoid the possibility of any part of the tank being supported by the floor proper. The outer edge of the floor should be one inch lower than the edge surrounding the space to be occupied by the tank. This provides drainage for water that is spilled to be occupied by the tank.

The bill of materials shown above is for a tank ten feet long and six feet wide. The price of such a tank can be easily computed by a local dealer.

A novel lie attracts more notice than a commonplace truth.

TABLE I. MATERIALS FOR ONE CUBIC YARD CONCRETE.

	Mixture 1:2:4	Mixture 1:2½:5	Mixture 1:2:6	Mixture 1:4:8
Bbls. cement per cu. yd. of concrete	1.3	1.05	1.00	1.3
Cu. yds. sand per cu. yd. of concrete	.42	.44	.33	.84
Cu. yds. stone per cu. yd. of concrete	.84	.88	1.00	1.68

TABLE II. DIMENSIONS FOR RECTANGULAR TANK.

Capacity In Barrels	Dimensions A In Ft	B In Ft	C Ft	D Ft	E Ft	F Ft	K Ft	Materials Sacks Cement	Cu. ft. Sand	Cu. ft. Gravel
56	16	8	2.5	2.3	6	4	9	22	72	111
48	16	7	2.5	2.3	6	4	9	29	66	102
40	16	6	2.5	2.3	6	4	9	27	62	96
41¼	14	7	2.5	2.2	6	4	9	26	60	93
35	14	6	2.5	2.2	6	4	9	24	53	82
28	14	5	2.5	2.2	6	4	9	22	49	76
31	12	6	2.7	2.2	5	3	8	16	37	58
25	12	5	2.7	2.2	5	3	8	15	33	50
19½	12	4	2.7	2.2	5	3	8	12	27	41
21	10	5	2.7	2.2	5	3	8	12	27	41
16	10	4	2.7	2.2	5	3	8	11	26	38
11	10	3	2.7	2.2	5	3	8	9	21	33
13½	8	4	2.8	2.2	4	2	7	7	17	26
9½	8	3	2.8	2.2	4	2	7	7	14	21
7	6	3	2.8	2.2	4	2	7	5	10	15
5½	6	2½	2.8	2.2	4	2	7	5	10	15

BILL OF LUMBER FOR 10 FT. X 6 FT. TANK.

Size.	No. Pcs.	Length.	Purpose.
2 in. x 4 in.	8	2 ft. 0 in.	Stakes.
2 in. x 4 in.	12	2 ft. 8 in.	Outside stiffeners.
2 in. x 4 in.	4	16 ft. 0 in.	Outside forms (sides).
2 in. x 4 in.	4	6 ft. 6 in.	Outside forms (ends).
2 in. x 4 in.	4	15 ft. 4 in.	Outside forms (sides).
2 in. x 4 in.	4	2 ft. 2 in.	Outside forms (ends).
2 in. x 4 in.	4	2 ft. 2 in.	Inside stiffeners.
2 in. x 4 in.	6	2 ft. 6 in.	Inside corner and corner stiffeners.
2 in. x 4 in.	3	4 ft. 10 in.	Center braces.
2 in. x 4 in.	2	6 ft. 6 in.	Form supports.
2 in. x 6 in.	8	8 ft. 7 in.	Side braces.
2 in. x 6 in.	4	16 ft. 0 in.	Outside forms (sides).
2 in. x 6 in.	4	6 ft. 6 in.	Outside forms (ends).
2 ft. x 6 in.	6	15 ft. 4 in.	
2 ft. x 6 in.	6	3 ft. 2 in.	

SUFFERED EVERYTHING

For Fourteen Years. Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elgin, Ill.—"After fourteen years of suffering everything from female complaints, I am at last restored to health. "I employed the best doctors and even went to the hospital for treatment and was told there was no help for me. But while taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use until I was made well."—Mrs. HENRY LEISERRING, 743 Adams St.

Kearneysville, W. Va.—"I feel it my duty to write and say what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from female weakness and at times felt so miserable I could hardly endure being on my feet. "After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and following your special directions, my trouble is gone. Words fail to express my thankfulness. I recommend your medicine to all my friends."—Mrs. G. B. WHITTINGTON.

The above are only two of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which show clearly what great things Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does for those who suffer from woman's ills.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

GREATEST LESSON OF LIFE

The One Thing Above All That a Woman Should Be Quick to Learn and Remember.

The woman who makes good must be blessed with strength and health, and an ambition to learn and take advantage of every opportunity that comes her way. She must work with all her heart and play with all her heart; above all things avoiding indifference.

Hers is the temperament that recognizes that encouragement is all nice and pretty, but if one is going to do the thing that counts one doesn't need it; that refuses to be dismayed by repeated failures and that has a certain faith that what has been done by many may be done by another; that nobody goes through life without disappointments, heartaches and the breaking of pet illusions; that there is nothing more common than trouble, but that it is the wise one of earth that keep it in the background. That's the great lesson of life.—Exchange.

Reduced.

Potash—Cohen can nefer make a good golluf blayer.

Perlmutter—For vy not?

Potash—He neffer hollers fore—always he yells dree ninety-eight.—Wisconsin Sphinx.

What Happened?

"Yes, I am going to kiss you when I go."

"Leave the house at once, sir!"

Have a heart that never hardens, a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.—Dickens.

Every Crisp, Little Flake Of Post Toasties

has a flavour all its own.

"Toasties" are made of selected white Indian corn; first cooked, then rolled into wafer-like bits and toasted to an appetizing golden brown.

A favorite food for breakfast, lunch or supper in thousands upon thousands of homes where people are particular.

"The Memory Lingers"

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