THE BATTLE-CRY

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ILLUSTRATIONS by C.D. RHODES

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SYNOPSIS.

Juanita Holland, a Philadelphia young woman of wealth, on her journey with her guide, Good Anse Talbott, into the heart of the Cumberlands to become a teacher of the mountain children, faints at the door of Fletch McNash's cabin. She overhears a talk between Bad Anse Hayes and one of his henchmen that acquaints her with the Hayes-McBriar feud. Talks with him and they become antagonists. Cal Douglas of the Hayes clan is on trial in Peril, for the murder of Noah Wyatt, a McBriar. Juanita and Dawn McNash become friends. Cal Douglas is acquitted. Nash Wyatt attempts to kill him but is himself killed by the Hayes. Milt McBriar meets Bad Anse and disclaims responsibility for Wyatt's attempt to kill Douglas. They declare a truce, under pressure from Good Anse Talbott. Juanita thinks she finds that Bad Anse is opposing her efforts to buy land and build a school. Milt McBriar breaks the truce by having Fletch McNash murdered. Jeb McNash begs Bad Anse to let him who killed his brother, but to not tell Juanita and ~~Bad Anse~~ further misunderstand each other. Bad Anse tells Juanita he does not fight women and Juanita gets her land and cabin. Jeb refrains from killing Young Milt McBriar, as he is not sure Young Milt is the murderer. Young Milt and Dawn meet several times, resulting in a demand from Bad Anse that Dawn leave Juanita's cabin. Juanita and Good Anse go to see Bad Anse, who again says that the school will fail because it has been started by Juanita in the wrong way. Juanita begins to understand Bad Anse's dream of regeneration for his people. Young Milt and Bad Anse lay aside the feud for the time to prevent the burning of the new schoolhouse. Dawn remains with Juanita. Bad Anse finds himself drifting dangerously near Juanita.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

The girl from Philadelphia had for some days been watching the road which led in tortuous twists from Peril to the gap. She herself hardly realized how expectantly she had watched it.

She was thinking of the man she had sent away and wondering what their meeting would be like. And the girl of the hill sitting near by would look on, her fingers gripping themselves tightly together and an ache in her own heart. Deep in Dawn's nature, which had been coming of late into a sweetly fragrant bloom, crept the ranker of a fierce jealousy for the man from "down below" whom she had never seen, but whose letter could make Juanita forget present things and drift away into a world of other days and other scenes—a world in which Dawn herself had no part.

Juanita was wondering if, after all, she had not misjudged Roger Malcolm. She wanted to think she had, because her heart was hungry for love. She had written to him, sternly forbidding his coming, and if he obeyed that mandate he would, of course, prove himself weak and lacking in initiative. But she was waiting with a fluttering heart.

But on the day that he came she was not watching. He had pushed on at a rate of speed which mountain patience would not have countenanced and had arrived in two hours less than the journey should logically have required. The heaving sides of his tired horse told almost as much of the eagerness that had driven him as did the frank worship of his face.

At the front fence he hitched his mount and walked noiselessly up to the larger house. Two feminine figures sat sewing in the hall as he silently opened the unlatched door and let himself in. One of them was a figure he knew even with its back turned—a figure which, because of something distinctively subtle and wondrous, could belong to no one else. The other was a mountain girl of undeniable beauty, but, to him, of no interest.

It was Dawn who saw him first and, with a glance that brought a resentful flash to her eyes, she rose silently and slipped out through a side door. Then Juanita came to her feet with a little gasp and held out both hands, the man's heart began to hammer wildly, and he knew that the fingers he held were trembling.

He would have taken her at once in his arms, but she held him off and shook her head.

"I told you not to come," she rebuked him in a voice that lacked conviction.

"And I flagrantly disobeyed you," he answered. "As I mean henceforth to disobey you. Once I lost because I played a weak game. You want a conqueror, and I have always been a suppliant. Now I have changed my method."

"Oh!" said Juanita faintly. For just an instant she felt a leap at her heart. Perhaps, after all, he had grown to her standard. That was how she must be won, if ever won, and she wanted to be won.

She saw him draw out of his pocket a small box which she had once given back to him and take from it a ring she had once worn, but again she shook her head.

"Not yet, dear," she said very softly. "You haven't proved yourself a conqueror yet, you know. You've just called yourself one."

Then her heart misgave her, for, "for" rising into her eyes with a hurt look, the man masked his disappointment behind a smile of deference and replied: "Very well, I can wait, but that's how it must be in the end."

In the end! Juanita knew that, after all, he had not changed.

He was still the man of brave intents and words—still the man who stood hesitant at the moment for a blow.

It was while Malcolm was Juanita's guest that Anse Havey broke his resolve and for the first time came through the gate of the school. She saw him come with a pleased little sense of having broken down his reserve and a feeling of feminine victory.

A moment later the mountaineer was standing on the steps and shaking hands with Roger Malcolm, whom he greeted briefly and with mountain reserve.

"I was down at Peril with a couple of teams," he said, turning to Juanita, "an' I found a lot of boxes at the station for ye. I 'lowed ye didn't hardly have any teams handy, so I fotched 'em back to my house. I'll send them over in the morning', but I thought I'd ride over tonight an' tell ye."

She had been wondering how, at a time of mired roads, she was to have those books, which she would soon need, brought across the ridge. Now he had solved the problem for her.

Havey stood leaning against a porch post, his broad shoulders and clearcut profile etched against the moonlight as he studied the Philhdelphian. Suddenly he asked abruptly:

"Have ye found anything that interests ye in the coal an' timber line?"

Roger Malcolm glanced up and knocked the ash from his pipe against the rail of the porch. He had not suspected that his rambles about the hills with a set of maps and a geologist's hammer had been noted.

But he showed no surprise as he answered with perfect frankness: "Yes and no. I came primarily to see how Miss Holland was progressing with her work. It's true I have thought something of investing in mountain resources, but that lies in the future."

Havey nodded and said quietly: "I hope ye decides to invest elsewhere."

"So far as a casual inspection shows, this country looks pretty good to me," rejoined Malcolm easily. "I may buy here—provided, of course, the price is right."

"This country's mighty poor," said the head of the Haveys slowly. "About all it can raise is a little corn an' a heap of hell, but down underneath the rocks there's wealth."

Then the man who can unlock the hills and get it out ought to be welcome as a benefactor, ought he not?" inquired the Easterner with a smile.

"He won't be," was the short response.

"Why?"

"The men from outside always aim to get the benefit of that wealth an' then to move us off our mountains, an' there ain't nowheres else on earth a mountain man can live. Developin' seems pretty much like plunderin' to us. We gen'rally ask benefactors like that to go away."

"And do they usually go?"

"No, not usually. They always goes."

"Do you expect me to believe that, Mr. Havey?" queried Malcolm, still smiling.

"I don't neither ask ye to believe it nor to disbelieve it," was the cool rejoinder. "I'm just tellin' it to ye, that's all."

Malcolm refilled his pipe and offered the tobacco pouch to Havey. Anse shook his head with a curt "Much obleeged," and the visitor said casually: "Well, we needn't have any argument on that score yet, Mr. Havey. My activities, if they eventuate, belong to the future, and when that time comes perhaps we shall be able to agree, after all."

"I reckon we won't hardly agree on no proposition for despollin' my people, Mr. Malcolm."

"Then we can disagree, when the time comes," remarked the other man with a trace of tartness in his voice.

"Then ye don't aim to develop us just now?"

Malcolm shook his head, the glow of his pipe bowl for a moment lighting up a face upon which lingered an amused smile.

"Not this time. Another time, perhaps."

"All right, then." Havey's voice carried a very masked and courteous but very unmistakable warning. "Whenever yet get good an' ready—we'll argue that."

He bowed to the girl and turned into the path which led down to the gate.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was one of those nights under whose brooding wings vague things and influences are astir and in the making. Juanita had gone back for a few days to her brother's lonely cabin on Tribulation to set his house in order and to do his simple mending. Perhaps in her own heart there was another reason—an unconfessed unwillingness to stay at the bungalow while she must feel so far away from Juanita and see Roger Malcolm seemingly so near.

In her heart vague things were stirring, too, and in another heart. The fact that she had not been allowed to see young Milt McBriar had given him an augmented importance which had kept the boy in her mind despite her denunciations. Once she had met him on the road and he had stopped her to say: "Dawn, do ye know why I don't come over thar no more?"

The girl had only nodded and the boy went on:

"Well, some day when ye're at Job's cabin I'm a-comin' thar. I hain't a-goin' ter come slippin', but I'm comin' open an' upstandin', an' Jeb an' me are goin' ter talk about this business."

"No! No!" she had exclaimed, genuinely frightened and in a voice full of quick dissent. "Ye mustn't do it, Milt; ye mustn't. Ef ye does, I won't see ye."

"We'll settle that when I gits thar. I jest 'lowed I'd tell ye," persisted the boy stubbornly. "I reckon I mustn't talk ter ye now—I'm pledged," and without another word he shook up the reins on his horse's neck and rode away.

So tonight, while the moon was weaving its spell over several hearts, the son of the McBriar leader was riding with a set face over into the heart of the Havey country, openly to visit the daughter of Fletch McNash.

Jeb was sitting before the fire with a pipe between his teeth and Dawn plunked on a banjo—not the old folk tune that had once been her repertoire, but a newer and sweeter thing that she had learned from Juanita Holland.

Then, as a confident voice sang out from the darkness, "I'm Milt McBriar

"Dont, Jeb!" She Screamed in a Transport of Alarm.

an' I'm a-comin' in," the banjo fell from the girl's hands and her fingers clutched in panic at her breast.

She saw her brother rise from his chair and heard his voice demand truculently: "What ther hell does you want hyar?"

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Though Anse Havey strode up the steep trail to the creat that night with long, elastic strides, seeking to burn up the restlessness which obsessed him, he found himself at the top with no wish to sleep and no patience with the idea of confining his thoghts between walls.

Anse Havey felt that something was missing from his life; something of the barbarian order had become suddenly hateful to him. Into the gray eyes crept a suffering, and the brows came together in helpless perplexity.

Juanita was a woman of an exotic race who chose to think that life comes to perfection only under glass. He was a leader of a brier-tangled and shaggy clan—men who were akin to the eagles. No menace or threat of death had ever made him deviate from his loyalty to that people. But now a foreign woman had come and he was comparing himself with the well-dressed, soft-voiced man who was her visitor and feeling himself a creature of uncouthness.

He found himself wishing that he, too, was smoother. Then he flung the thought from him with bitter self-contempt, and a low oath broke from his lips. Was he growing ashamed of his life? Was he wishing that his eagle's talons might be manicured and his pitilons combed?

"If ye've done come down to that, Anse Havey," he said aloud, "it's about time ye kilt yourself."

No, he protested to his soul, he had disliked Roger Malcolm because Roger Malcolm had spoken of a project of plunder and stood for his enemies of the future; but his soul answered that he thought little of that, and that it was because of the obvious understanding between this man and Juanita Holland that a new hatred had been born in his heart.

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At the scant welcome of his greeting young Milt McBriar stiffened a little from head to foot, though he had not anticipated any great degree of cordiality.

He climbed the stile and walked across the moonlit patch of trampled clay to where the girl stood leaning, weak-kneed with fright, against the lighted frame of the door.

"Jeb," he said slowly to the boy, who had stepped down into the yard, "how air ye?" Then, turning to Dawn, with his hat in his hand, he greeted her gravely.

But the son of the murdered man stood still and rigid and repeated in a hard voice: "What ther hell does ye want hyar?"

"I come over hyar ter see Dawn," was the calm response, and then, as the girl convulsively moistened her dry lips with her tongue, she saw her brother's hand sweep under his coat and come out gripping a heavy revolver.

Jeb had never gone armed before that night when Fletch fell. Now he was never unarmed.

"Dawn, Jeb!" she screamed in a transport of alarm, as she braced herself and summoned strength to seize the hand that held the weapon.

Jeb shook her roughly off and wheeled again to face the visitor with the precaution of a side-step. He had expected that the other boy would use that moment of interference to draw his own weapon, but the young McBriar was standing in the same attitude, holding his hat in one hand while he reassured the girl.

"Don't fret, Dawn; thar hain't nothin' ter worry about," he said; then, facing the brother, he went on in a voice of cold and almost scornful composure:

"Thet hain't ther first time ye've seed me across the sights of a gun, is it, Jeb?"

"What does ye mean?" The other boy's face went brick-red and he lowered his muzzle with a sense of sudden shame.

"Oh, I heered about how old Bob McGreegor told ye a passel of lies about me, an' how ye come across ther ridge one day. I reckon I kin guess the rest."

"Well, what of hit?" Jeb stood with his pistol now hanging at his side, but in his eyes still glowed the fire of hatred.

"Jest this," young McBriar went on. "I ain't got no gun on me. I ain't even got a jackknife. I 'lowed that ye mought be right smart incensed at my comin' hyar an' I come without no weapon on purpose. Ef ye hain't skeered of me when I'm unarmed, I reckon ye can put your own gun back in ther holster."

Jeb McNash slowly followed the suggestion, and then coming forward until the two boys stood eye to eye, he said in deliberate accents: "I reckon ye don't 'low I'm skeered of ye."

"I reckon not." Young Milt's tone was almost cheerful. "I reckon ye air jest about as much skeered of me es I am of you—an' that ain't none."

"What does ye want hyar?" persisted Jeb.

"I wants first to tell ye—an' I hain't never lied ter no feller yit—thet I don't know nothin' more about who kilt Fletch than you does. If I did, so help me God Almighty, I'd tell ye. I hain't tryin' ter shield no murderer."

There was a ring of sincerity in the lad's voice that carried weight even into the bitter skepticism of Jeb's heart—a skepticism which had refused to believe that honor or truth dwelt east of the ridge.

"I reckon, ef that's true," sneered the elder boy, "that's them in yore house thet does know."

At that insult it was Young Milt whose face went first red and then very white.

"Thet calls fer a fight, Jeb," he said with forced calm. "I can't harken ter things like thet. But first I wants ter say this: I come over hyar ter tell ye thet I knowed how ye felt, an' thet I didn't see no reason why you an' me had ter quarrel. I come over hyar ter see Dawn, because I promised I wouldn't try ter see her whilst she stayed down at the school—an' because I wants ter see her—an' Dawn ter do hit. Now, will ye lay aside yore gun an' go out thar in ther road what hit hain't on yore own ground, an' let me an' me ain't got no cause ter quarrel."

And so the boy in each of them, which was the manlier part of each, came to the surface, and into a bitter and long-fought battle of fists and wrestling, in which each of them rolled in the dust, and each of them obstinately refused to say "enough," they submitted their long-fostered hostility to one fierce debate. At last, as the two lay panting and bloodied there in the road, it was Jeb who rose and held out his hand.

"So fur es the two of us goes, Milt," he said, "unless ther war busts loose ergin, I reckon we kin be friendly."

Together they rose and recrossed the stile and washed their grimed faces. Dawn looked from one to the other, and Jeb said: "Milt, set yore self a cheer. I reckon ye'd better stay all night. It's most too fur ter ride back."

And so, though they did not realize it, the two youths who were to stand some day near the heads of the two factions, had set a new precedent and had fought without guns, as men had fought before the feud began.

Jeb kicked off his shoes and lay down, and before the flaming logs sat the Havey girl and the McBriar boy talking.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When winter has come and settled down for its long siege in the Cumberlands human life shrinks and shrivels into a shivering wretchedness, and a spirit of dreariness steals into the human heart.

The house of old Milt McBriar was not so dark and cheerless a hovel as the houses of his lesser neighbors, but as that winter closed in his heart was bitter and his thoughts were black in a roundabout way he had learned of Young Milt's visit to the McNash cabin. His son was the apple of his eye, and now he was seeing him form embryonic affiliations with the people of his enemy.

Young Milt had visited Dawn; he had watched with Anse Havey The father had always taken a natural pride in the honesty that gleamed from his son's algrt eyes, and the one person from whom he had concealed his own ways of guile and deceit most studiously was the lad who would some day be leader in his stead. There were few things that this old intriguer feared, but one there was, and now it was tracing lines of care and anxiety in the visage that had always been so masklike and imperturbable. If his son should ever look past his outward self and catch a glimpse of the inner man, the father knew that he would not be able to sustain the scorn of those younger eyes. So, while the lad, who had gone back to college in Lexington, counted his books, his father sat before the blaze of his hearth, his pipe tight clamped between his teeth, his heart festering in his breast, and his mind dangerously active.

The beginnings of all the things which he deplored, and meant to punish, went back to the establishment of a school with a "stoched-in" teacher. Had Dawn McNash not come there, his boy's feet would not have gone wandering westward over the ridge, straying out of partizan paths. The slimness of her body, the lure of her violet eyes, and the dusky meshes of her dark hair had led his own son to guard the roof that sheltered her against the hand of arson the father had hired.

But most of all, Anse Havey was responsible. Anse Havey who had persuaded his son to make common cause with the enemy. For that Anse Havey must die.

Heretofore Old Milt had struck only at lesser men; fearing the retribution of too audacious a crime, but now his venom was acute, and even such grave considerations as the danger of a holocaust must not halt its appeasement.

Still the mind of Milt McBriar, the elder, had worked long in intrigue, and even now it could not follow a direct line. Bad Anse must not be shot down in the road. His taking off must be accomplished by a shrewder method, and one not directly traceable to so palpable a motive as his own hatred. Such a plan his brain was working out, but for its execution he needed a hand of craft and force—such a hand as only Luke Thixton, could supply—and Luke was out West.

It was not his intention to rush hastily into action. Some day he would go down to Lexington and Luke should come East to meet him. There, a hundred and thirty miles from the hills, the two of them would arrange matters to his own satisfaction.

Roger Malcolm had gone back, and he had not, after all, gone back with a conqueror's triumph. He was now discussing in directors' meetings plans looking to a titanic grouping of interests which were to focalize on these hills and later to bring developments. The girl's school was gradually making itself felt, and each day saw full classes, at the desk and blackboard—small classes that were growing larger.

Now that Milt had laid the groundwork of his plans, he was making the field fallow by a seeming of general beneficence. His word had gone out along the creeks and branches and in to the remote coves of his territory that it "wouldn't hurt folks none ter give their children a little l'arnin'."

In response to that hint they trooped in from the east, wherever the roads could be traveled. Among those who "hitched an' lighted" at the fence were

His Pipe Clamped Between His Teeth, His Heart Festering in His Breast.

not only parents who brought their children, but those who came impelled by that curiosity which lurks in lonely lives. There were men in jeans and hickory shirts; women in gay shawls and linsey-woolsey and calico; people from "back of beyond," and Juanita felt her heart beat faster with the hope of success.

"I hear ye've got a right plentiful gatherin' of young barbarians over there at the college these days," said Anse Havey one afternoon, when they met up on the ridge.

Her chin came up pridefully and her eyes sparkled.

"It has been wonderful," she told him. "Only one thing has marred it."

"What's that?" he asked.

"Your aloofness! Just because I'm going to smash your wicked regime," she laughed, "is no reason why you should remain peeved about it and sulk in your tent."

He shook his head and gazed away into his eyes came that iron shell look which nowadays they sometimes wore.

"I reckon it wouldn't hardly be honest for me to come, I've told ye I don't think the thing will do no good."

He was looking at her and his hands slowly clenched. Her beauty, with the enthusiasm lighting her eyes, made him feel like a man whose thirst was killing him, and who gazed at a clear spring, beyond his reach—or, like the caravan driver whose sight is tortured by a mirage. He drew a long breath then added:

"I've got another reason an' a stronger one for not comin' over there very often. Any time ye wants me for anything I reckon ye knows I'll come."

"What is your reason?" she demanded.

"I ain't never been much interested in any woman." He held her eyes so directly that a warm color suddenly flooded her cheeks, then he went on with naked honesty and an uncontrolled bitterness of heart: "When I puts myself in the way of havin' to love one, I'll pick a woman that won't have to be ashamed of me—some mountain woman."

For an instant she stared at him in astonishment, then shy exclaimed: "Ashamed of you! I don't think any woman would be ashamed of you, Mr. Havey," but, recognizing that her voice had been overserious, she laughed, and once more her eyes danced with gay mischief.

"Don't be afraid of me. I'll promise not to make love to you."

"I'm obleeged," he said slowly. "That ain't what I'm skeered of. I'm afraid ye couldn't hardly stop me from makin' love to you."

He paused, and the badinage left her eyes.

"Mr. Havey," she said with great seriousness, "I'm glad you said that. It gives us a chance to start honestly as all true friendship should start. In some things any woman is wiser than any man. You won't fall in love with me. You thought you were going to hate me, but you didn't—"

"God knows I don't," he fiercely interrupted her.

"Neither will you fall in love with me. You told me once of your superior age and wisdom, but in some things you are still a boy. You are a very lonely boy, too—a boy with a heart hungry for companionship. You have had friends only in books. You made ship only in dreams. You have lived down there in that old prison of a house with a sword of Damocles hanging always over your head. Because we have been in a way co-jailed, you are mistaking our friendship for danger of love."

Danger of love! He knew that it had gone past a mere danger, and his eyes for a moment must have shown that he realized its hopelessness, but Juanita shook her head and went on:

"Don't do it. It would be pity I'm rather hungry, too, for a friend; I don't mean for a friend in my work, but a friend in my life. Can't we be friends like that?"

She stood looking into his eyes, and slowly the drawn look of gravity left his face.

He had always thought quickly and dared to face realities. He was now facing his hardest reality. He loved her with utter hopelessness. Her eyes told him that it must always be just that way, and yet she had appealed to him—she had said she needed his friendship. To call it love would make it necessary for her to decline it. Henceforth life for Anse Havey was to mean a heartache, but if she wanted his allegiance she might call it what she would. It was hers.

Swiftly he vowed in his heart to set a seal on his lips and play the part she had assigned to him.

"I'm right glad ye said that," he assured her. "I reckon ye're right. I reckon we can go on fightin' and bein' friends. Ye see, as I said, I didn't know much about women-folks, an' because I liked ye I was worried."

She nodded understandingly.

Suddenly he bent forward and his words broke impetuously from his lips.

"Do ye 'low to marry that man Malcolm?" He came a step toward her, then raising his hand swiftly, he added: "No—don't answer that question! That's your business. I didn't have no license to ask. Besides, I don't want ye to answer it."

"It's a bargain, isn't it?" she smiled. "Whenever you get lonely over there by yourself and find that Hamlet isn't as lively a companion as you want, or that Alexander the Great is a little too fond of himself, or, Napoleon is overmeddy, come over here and we'll try to cheer each other up."

"I reckon," he said with an answering smile. "I'm liable to feel that way tonight, but I ain't comin' to learn civilization. I'm just comin' to see you."

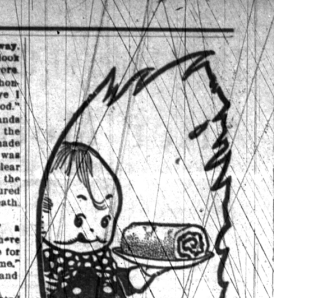
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fashionable Ills Disappear.

Some of the most fashionable London physicians have been badly hit by the war. This is mainly caused by the shrinkage in the number of imaginary ailments. Those people who used to swell the fashionable physicians' bank balance prodigiously with their fancied maladies have now simply no time to imagine themselves ill, or rather the war has distracted their attention. One never seems to meet a hypochondriac or neurotic in these days. The war has indeed been the cause of the termination of many family feuds.

Roosevelt's Idea.

A man who is good enough to shed his blood for his country is good enough to be given a square deal. More than that no man is entitled to, and less than that no man shall have.—Theodore Roosevelt.



"Talk about light, fluffy, tempting and wholesome Jelly Rolls, Cakes, Biscuits and other good things! My! but

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

certainly beats the band for pure results — for purity, economy and wholesome bakings. Tell your mother to try Calumet Baking Powder on the money-back guarantee."

Received Highest Awards
New Cook Book Free
See Slip in Every Can.

Cheap and big can Baking Powders do not save you money. Calumet does—it's Pure and far superior to sour milk and soda.

What Happened.

"So our friend speculated once too often?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "He started a big game of freezeout and got caught in his own frost."

STOP EATING MEAT IF KIDNEYS OR BACK HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Clean Kidneys If Bladder Bothers You Meat Forms Uric Acid.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.—Adv.

Combination Gift.

"What are you knitting, dear?"

"A shawl to send to Mr. and Mrs. Jones with our united love."

NEW TREATMENT FOR SWOLLEN VEINS

Swollen veins are dangerous and often fatal. Sufferers are advised to get two-ounce, original bottle Emerald Oil, and reduce varicose veins at any pharmacist and start to reduce the veins and the bunches at once.

Physicians recommend Emerald Oil, it is used in hospital practice and a small bottle will last a long time, because it is very concentrated. Apply night and morning with the soft brush as directed until the swelling is reduced to normal.

It is so marvelously powerful that swollen glands, and even goitre disappear when used steadily.

It's a poor variety of widow's weeds that will not produce orange blossoms.

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes

make us look older than we are. Keep your Eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies Murine Your Eyes. Don't tell your age. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request.

Don't think because a fake offers an apology that he really means it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 50 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

Adversity lifts up many a man whom prosperity had knocked out.

SNAP SHOTS

Shiftlessness is variously construed. If a woman makes a cherry pie and leaves the seeds in, that is shiftlessness.

A German scientist has demonstrated that radium has a marked effect on woody plants, even forcing them to wed in dormant seasons.

There is little sympathy for the Iowa man whose seventh wife has sued for divorce. Five wives are enough for any man.

Generally speaking, the breakfast table is the dullest place.

Meanwhile, the decision of a Kansas judge to the effect that a farmer is not necessarily an authority as to the mental condition of others, seems to be sound, if somewhat daring.

A prominent politician believes every family should keep a cow. Sim Heckle is even further advanced along the line of progressive ideas. Sim believes that every family should also keep a bee.—Jay E. House in the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

POSTSCRIPTS

A fairly accurate sundial has been constructed that can be held in the hand and adjusted to tell the time in any latitude.

Rubber tubing can be kept from deteriorating when not in use by storing it in water to which a little salt has been added.

Cannon loaded with sand have been found effective in breaking up swarms of locusts that frequently appear in Costa Rica.

The total value of the world's fishery products has been estimated at $493,874,801.

The man who goes to extremes may be either his own worst enemy or his own best friend.

A pickpockets alarm has been invented that rings a bell when anything of value is taken from a pocket by an unauthorized person.

Operated by a treadle, a combination grindstone and emery wheel has been patented, the stone serving as a flywheel for the other.

CONDENSATIONS

Italy consumes less tobacco per capita than any other civilized nation.

In ancient times it was the custom for disputants in philosophy, and for priests and sibyls when rendering oracles, to be seated on three-legged seats.

German furniture makers impart colors to several native woods by burning them, when frothy cut, for several months in earth mixed with lime and other materials

L. H. Gorrell of Allen county, Kan., ninety-two years old, spends his winters in the open, hunting and trapping. He says he keeps young living outdoors and associating with Mr. Gorrell has never touched tobacco and never tasted intoxicating liquor.

The government of Tasmania is damming a large lake and will construct a hydro-electric plant from which current for light and power will be distributed throughout the state.

Electricity is successfully used in France to ripen cheese