# WEB of FATE

## by CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

"AUTHOR of "THE CHALICE OF COURAGE," "THE ISLAND OF REGENERATION," ETC.,

AND

## CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY JR.

CIVIL ENGINEER.

COPYRIGHT BY FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

**BERTRAM MEADE FACES ANOTHER GREAT CRISIS AND APPARENTLY DESERTS HIS SUPERIOR AT THE CRITICAL PERIOD**

Following the collapse of an international bridge which his father, a noted engineer, had planned, and the old man's sudden death from disgrace and shock, Bertram Meade takes the blame for the disaster which cost many lives and disappears from his home in New York. He goes to the southwest, gets a job under the name of Roberts on an irrigation dam project and makes good. Meanwhile, Helen Illingworth, Meade's sweetheart, and Rodney, an old friend, are quietly working to clear the young man's name and learn his whereabouts. They are particularly anxious to get hold of a letter written by the elder Meade to assume responsibility for the accident. This paper is secretly held by Shurtliff, who had been the old man's devoted private secretary for many years. This installment opens with the threat of disaster to the dam through flood ng by cloudburst.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

The lantern was standing on the roadway on top of the dam. A man was kneeling beyond it, his figure seen dimly in the faint light of the lantern. He was staring intently down the front of the dam at the water. The lantern was near the edge and it faintly illuminated the black, rain-lashed surface below. Vandeventer realized with a shock of horror how much more rapid the rise had been. A quick estimate convinced him that the level of the water was now within eight or nine feet of the dam—and it was still raining!

The face of the kneeling man was hidden by a sou'wester and he had on a heavy black rubber raincoat. Vandeventer reached over and touched him on the shoulder.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

The kneeling man sprang up with an exclamation. It was Meade. The relief in Vandeventer's mind was great at the recognition.

"I just came out to look at the water. I couldn't sleep with all that pounding on the iron roof of the quarters, so I dressed and came out."

Vandeventer opened the slide of his own lantern and threw the light on the reservoir.

"It's risen eight or ten feet since we saw it, and with this rain—"

"It's not coming down so hard as it was when I first came out here," said Meade. "I think you can see it slackening yourself."

"Yes," said the resident engineer, listening a moment, "I believe it is. If it stops now," he continued thoughtfully, "we ought to be safe."

"Yes, I think so," answered Meade.

In the night alone, together in that crisis in their fortunes, the two men were interchanging thoughts and ideas on terms of perfect equality. It did not occur to Vandeventer to question why, and that they were doing so aroused no surprise in the mind of Meade.

"Of course," continued Meade, "even if it does stop raining we'll continue to get a lot of runoff from the watershed for some time."

"Yes," said the resident engineer, "that of course, but if the rain stops everywhere we can scarcely have a rise of more than five or six feet, and that would still be a little below the spillway."

"It's stopping here now," pointed out Meade, and, indeed, the force of the downpour was greatly diminished.

The two stood watching the dam and the black lake beyond it in silence for a few moments until the rain practically ceased. The air was misty and heavy with moisture, but the rain was certainly over for the time at any rate.

"Thank goodness," said the resident engineer in great relief. "Now if it's stopped everywhere we'll be all right."

"Yes," said Meade, "and I'm inclined to think it has stopped everywhere. Whoever thought it would rain in January here? There hasn't a drop, to speak of, fallen in January for twenty years, or since there have been any records. Why in heaven's name it had to come now I don't see."

"Look here, Roberts," said Vandeventer suddenly, "you know you're a first-class engineer."

Meade shook his head.

"You can't fool me," said the older man. "I've watched you. You know more about the game than anybody here except myself. You don't choose to confide in me, although I like you, and I am in a position to help you."

"I appreciate what you say, Mr. Vandeventer," returned the other; "there is no one to whom I should rather tell the whole story than to you, but I can't—not yet."

"Well, keep your own counsel, but if you ever want a friend, count on me; meanwhile, as a matter of experience and ability, what would you do?"

"Get out the men and build up a temporary dam on the top of the roadway here, to turn the flow over to the east bank and make the spillway do, more work."

"But the rain has stopped."

"And in all probability will stay stopped—still you never can tell. A few more hours of rain like that we've had and the whole thing would go. If the water were as high as the top there'd only be two feet of head in the uncompleted spillway, and that wouldn't be enough to discharge it at the rate it's been coming in."

"Of course," said Vandeventer thoughtfully. "And if the dam goes," he added, "there are ten miles of back water up there and millions of cubic yards impounded, which would sweep down the valley. There wouldn't be a thing left of the camp, the town, the new railroad bridge, or anything else."

"Coming on top of the International, the loss of this big and expensive viaduct would about finish the Mariet company," said Meade thoughtlessly.

Vandeventer looked at him sharply. An idea suddenly came to him. Meade had turned away his head as he realized his slip, so he did not observe the light in Vandeventer's eyes. However, the resident engineer was a good sort.

"You are right," he said quickly. "I hate to call out the men, but we've got a little chance, now the rain has stopped, and we can work to advantage in spite of all this awful mud!"—he lifted his foot up and disclosed it caked and clogged with masses. "I'll take charge in the center here, and Stafford on the left, and I'm going to give you charge of the east end of the dam, over by the spillway. If only those drills had been here six weeks ago!"

"We might set the men to work on that rock now," said Meade.

"It would be useless. There's too much of it. No, if we're going to save the dam, we've got to build it up and try to keep ahead of the waters if they rise any more. The higher we can build it—the greater will be the head on the spillway, and the more will be discharged. I'll turn the men out at once."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to palisade the top of the dam. There's plenty of timber already cut down, and we will cut a lot of young pines and build a palisade wall of timber across the top three or four feet back from the edge. We'll banked on the downstream side, it may hold."

"It might be worth while to line that palisade with galvanized iron sheets from the houses," said Meade.

"A good idea," said Vandeventer, "and we'll pile what underbrush and small stuff we have in front of the palisade and heap what rocks we can find on top of that, and we'll bank it up on the other side with earth. It's a poor dependence, but it will hold for a while anyway, and every moment of time may be precious."

"How about workings, sir?"

"We've got a few hundred cement bags, but not enough. I wish we had a few thousand; however, we will fill what we have, and if the water rises and begins to trickle over the top and through the palisade, we'll run those down at the danger points. Can you suggest anything more?"

"Nothing."

"Good. We'll turn out the men. They've had six hours' sleep anyway."

CHAPTER XV.

**The Battle.**

It was now three o'clock in the morning. In about half an hour the men, naturally grumbling and protesting at being deprived of any of their sleep, were out and at work. Lanterns were lighted everywhere. The rain had fortunately not resumed, and the air was soon filled with noise and confusion. Men with axes were busy on the hillside cutting the young pines. Horses were hitched to the dump wagons, the steam shovel began tearing away the hillside. Some of the men were detailed to knock down some of the galvanized iron houses and the battering of the hammers on the metal added to the din.

Under Vandeventer's personal direction a row of stakes was driven into the top of the dam about three feet from the front of it. Big sheets of overlapping galvanized iron were nailed roughly to the fronts of the firmly bedded stakes and the small branches and brushwood were thrown down before it. Bowlders and big stones were carried out on the dam in the wagons and thrown down on the brushwood; spare timbers, broken wagon beds, old wheels, joists of dismembered houses were driven into the earth to serve as braces behind the palisade; a bank of earth was piled up behind it, on which every man who could be spared from other tasks, even the chiefs themselves, labored with breathless energy. The water was still rising, although the rain had stopped; the natural drainage would cause that, but the rise was slower.

At dawn Vandeventer personally carefully measured the depth of the water and gauged it again. It was a scant six feet and a half feet below the top of the dam. If the water rose above the top it was gravely questionable whether the palisade would hold it at all, yet there was no other way of increasing the depth of the spillway enough to discharge the flood volume.

Working as hard as they could, they had barely succeeded in raising the earth bank back of it a foot high. They kept at it unremittingly, although it did not seem to be of much use. Vandeventer, Stafford and Meade gathered together and scanned the sky, seeking to discern the signs of the time, the purpose of the heavens. It was clearer in the east. The clouds to the northwestward were in violent action apparently. Lightning flashed through them and over the great range itself; low, muttered peals of thunder came down from the peaks but to sight in the blackness overhead. They observed all this carefully and Vandeventer turned away, shaking his head.

"I don't know," he began—the three of them were over on the east side the better to see up the valley—"it looks pretty bad, doesn't it?"

"It does," answered Meade, while Stafford nodded his head.

"And, by the way, Stafford, have you notified the town and the bridge people of the danger and bid them prepare for it?"

"I tried to telephone them a while ago, but the connection has been broken; the storm has played havoc with the line probably," answered the assistant engineer.

"Well, what did you do then?" asked Vandeventer a little impatiently.

"I sent a man down on horseback in a hurry to warn them that if it rains again the dam might go, and if it did it would go with a rush; that the water was now only six feet below the level, and that they had better get up on the hills. Of course, last night's rain must have made the road almost impassable, but he ought to get there by nine o'clock. I told him to tell the Martlet people to take whatever steps they could devise to hold their viaduct and their machinery," answered Stafford, as he turned and walked toward his own part of the dam.

"Good," exclaimed Vandeventer. "There's nothing left for us to do but keep on."

The resident engineer looked white and haggard. Although it was cold and raw in the wet air, he wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"The men are doing splendidly, sir," said Meade.

"Yes," said Vandeventer, "many of them have their wives and children back in the town. Some of the Italians have bought land on the prairie and are going to settle here. They're fighting for everything they've got on earth. What do you think of the chances of this palisade of ours?"

Meade shook his head.

"It's all we can do, sir, but if the water rises more than seven or eight feet—"

"Say it," said Vandeventer.

"The dam would go like a house of cards."

"Exactly. And look at that cloudbank over there in the northwest. It's spreading."

"What wind there is," said Meade, moistening his finger and holding it up to feel the direction, "is blowing the opposite way down here, but you can't tell what is happening up there. Well, all we can do is to fight on."

And fight they did. It was almost at first sight like the hand of man against

A Man Was Kneeling Beyond It.

the hand of God. There was no more room for engineering expedient. It was chop and hew, break and pound, dig and drive, carry and pile. Throwing off his coat, Vandeventer seized a spade and began to work like any other laborer, and the rest of the higher men followed his example.

At six o'clock the blackness hanging in the northwest began to turn their way. It was coming down the mountain. It was headed for the valley. Vandeventer saw it, every teamster, every common laborer saw it. It was coming. Unless heaven itself interfered there would be more rain. They had worked desperately before, but now they applied themselves to their tasks with a kind of wild fury. A sort of insanity took possession of them. They would not be beaten. They cried, at first shrilly and then hoarsely and raucously, encouraging words and phrases from one to another; in words vivid, profane, desperate. They stood there and they heaved and dug and piled and hammered and hurled and drove fiercely. It was a battle madness that came into them. They saw red like the berserker of old. Yes, it was not unlike a battle in other ways, for with the rush of the northwest storm came roaring mighty thunder and vivid and terrifying lightning. It was as if great darts of light literally were hurled by some gigantic hand behind the black screen of sweeping cloud down upon the granite mountains. They saw splinters of fire where the thunderbolts struck. The pealing of thunder was appalling.

Their frail palisade backing was not half completed. It must be raining somewhere, for the water was still slowly rising. It was five and a half feet now from the crest. It was hopeless if another rain fell, and the rain was coming. There was an added chill in the still air of the valley as the storm drove down upon them. A few of the fainter hearts flung down pick and shovel and ax and stood craven. Oaths, curses, blows even, from those of a braver sort shamed them into work again. These brave hearts and true might be swept away with the dam if it gave way, but they would not give up, and no man working with them should see his task or shirk his duty. By the living God, we are sport and plaything they seemed to be, they swore it; and so weak and strong, bold and timid labored on—desperate, resolved, godlike in their courage and persistence.

The clouds were moving swiftly now. To the east it had been clear, but now it was also black, and then came down from the peaks lost to sight in the blackness overhead. They observed all this carefully and Vandeventer turned away, shaking his head.

"I don't know," he began—the three of them were over on the east side the better to see up the valley—"it looks pretty bad, doesn't it?"

"It does," answered Meade, while Stafford nodded his head.

"And, by the way, Stafford, have you notified the town and the bridge people of the danger and bid them prepare for it?"

"I tried to telephone them a while ago, but the connection has been broken; the storm has played havoc with the line probably," answered the assistant engineer.

"Well, what did you do then?" asked Vandeventer a little impatiently.

"I sent a man down on horseback in a hurry to warn them that if it rains again the dam might go, and if it did it would go with a rush; that the water was now only six feet below the level, and that they had better get up on the hills. Of course, last night's rain must have made the road almost impassable, but he ought to get there by nine o'clock. I told him to tell the Martlet people to take whatever steps they could devise to hold their viaduct and their machinery," answered Stafford, as he turned and walked toward his own part of the dam.

"Good," exclaimed Vandeventer. "There's nothing left for us to do but keep on."

The resident engineer looked white and haggard. Although it was cold and raw in the wet air, he wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"The men are doing splendidly, sir," said Meade.

"Yes," said Vandeventer, "many of them have their wives and children back in the town. Some of the Italians have bought land on the prairie and are going to settle here. They're fighting for everything they've got on earth. What do you think of the chances of this palisade of ours?"

Meade shook his head.

"It's all we can do, sir, but if the water rises more than seven or eight feet—"

"Say it," said Vandeventer.

"The dam would go like a house of cards."

"Exactly. And look at that cloudbank over there in the northwest. It's spreading."

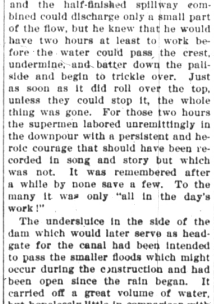
"What wind there is," said Meade, moistening his finger and holding it up to feel the direction, "is blowing the opposite way down here, but you can't tell what is happening up there. Well, all we can do is to fight on."

And fight they did. It was almost at first sight like the hand of man against the hand of God. There was no more room for engineering expedient. It was chop and hew, break and pound, dig and drive, carry and pile. Throwing off his coat, Vandeventer seized a spade and began to work like any other laborer, and the rest of the higher men followed his example.

At six o'clock the blackness hanging in the northwest began to turn their way. It was coming down the mountain. It was headed for the valley. Vandeventer saw it, every teamster, every common laborer saw it. It was coming. Unless heaven itself interfered there would be more rain. They had worked desperately before, but now they applied themselves to their tasks with a kind of wild fury. A sort of insanity took possession of them. They would not be beaten. They cried, at first shrilly and then hoarsely and raucously, encouraging words and phrases from one to another; in words vivid, profane, desperate. They stood there and they heaved and dug and piled and hammered and hurled and drove fiercely. It was a battle madness that came into them. They saw red like the berserker of old. Yes, it was not unlike a battle in other ways, for with the rush of the northwest storm came roaring mighty thunder and vivid and terrifying lightning. It was as if great darts of light literally were hurled by some gigantic hand behind the black screen of sweeping cloud down upon the granite mountains. They saw splinters of fire where the thunderbolts struck. The pealing of thunder was appalling.

Their frail palisade backing was not half completed. It must be raining somewhere, for the water was still slowly rising. It was five and a half feet now from the crest. It was hopeless if another rain fell, and the rain was coming. There was an added chill in the still air of the valley as the storm drove down upon them. A few of the fainter hearts flung down pick and shovel and ax and stood craven. Oaths, curses, blows even, from those of a braver sort shamed them into work again. These brave hearts and true might be swept away with the dam if it gave way, but they would not give up, and no man working with them should see his task or shirk his duty. By the living God, we are sport and plaything they seemed to be, they swore it; and so weak and strong, bold and timid labored on—desperate, resolved, godlike in their courage and persistence.

The clouds were moving swiftly now. To the east it had been clear, but now it was also black, and then came down from the peaks lost to sight



—And Shook His Fist at the Sky.

within a foot of the top. They began to measure the rise by inches. Although the dam had been carefully kept level as it was built, the trample of horses and men, the present digging and palisading and revetting had caused little depressions. Now the water rose to the level. Here and there it began to trickle over!

The rain coming down from the mountain tops was as cold as ice, yet the men were in a fever of excitement. They had got their second wind. They were too enthused, too desperate, to feel their weariness. They had not worked before as they did then. It was the last possible nervous outburst with most of them. They could keep it up a little longer—till they dropped dead. As the mud thoroughbred falls in his stride on the track, pushed beyond his power of endurance, as even the common carthorse can be made to go until he drops, so these men, white, haggard, nervous, drawn-faced, sweat mingling with the rain on their sodden bodies, would go till they broke. They had not quite reached that point yet.

There were some five hundred heavy cement bags which had been filled with sand and piled up on the roadway at convenient points. As a forlorn hope, as a last try, Vandeventer called all the diggers and ditchers, and hewers and drivers, and bade them tackle the sandbags. The timber wall that rose to four or five feet was now packed to a height of three with an unequal wall of earth.

The waves were beginning to roll against the rampart, although their force as yet was broken by the brushwood. Vandeventer jumped up on the palisade near the center. There were some large logs there where he could stand, and whence he could get as clear a view of the whole top of the dam as was possible through the driving rain.

"There," shouted the engineer, pointing to a red trickle—it seemed to him like blood, taking its hideous hue from the red clay of the banks—where the water had found a low spot and was washing across the top and trickling through the new wall and down on the other side. Even as he pointed, the trickle became a stream and the stream bade fair to be a flood. Men ran and dropped sandbags over in front of the palisade, right where the leak had occurred. Other men heaped up the earth behind the wall, seeking to strengthen it and stop it. The water checked there, they were forced to do the same thing at another place. Desperately they dropped their sandbags, sturdily they plied their shovels in the mud; scrambling and yelling, they ran from leak to leak. They lifted the heavy bags of sand as if they had been loaves of bread and jammed them down, They swung pick and shovel like toys, although the rain made all the earth sticky mud and the work all the harder. The water was clear over the top of the dam now, and streaming through the crevices of brush and surging against the palisade. Where it did not let the water through, the line of stakes was beginning to bend backward.

The men who had expended their sandbags and could get no more, in one final effort ran to the palisade, dug their heels firmly in the wet, slippery earth and put their shoulders against the bending stakes as if to hold them up by main strength. Thin streams were flowing here and there, now unheeded. Checked and held in one spot, the water broke through at another. The spillway could not control the rise.

"She's gone, she's gone!" gasped Vandeventer under his breath. He had fought a good fight. He could do no more. There were no more bags of sand. Save for the men straining at the wall here and there and everywhere, there was left nothing but to stand and wait, having done all. As one man saw another the whole hundred and fifty caught the contagion and threw themselves against the palisade, wet and chilled from the rain, but yet madly, recklessly, Americans and foreigners alike. They would hold it by main strength for another minute, they swore, oblivious to the fact that just as soon as it went it would go with a rush.

The stockade would be swept away first, and they would go with it. What of that? The men back of it matched their brawny arms against rain and wind, the powers of man against the powers of God, but not mockingly. It is perhaps doubtful if they realized what they did. It was instinct, habit, blind desperation now. If the flimsy wall failed under the terrific water pressure, they would be hurled beneath it, swept down the slope of the dam, buried in the debris as it was swept away, caught up if they by any chance survived so far, and hurled, broken and battered, down the valley in the terrible flood that would ensue. What did they know about that, or knowing, what did they care, as they strained at the wavering timber wall? And still they held as the rain poured down on them, soaking through their soggy clothes, the collar on their exhausted bodies for the keen wind that blew across them.

Well, they had done everything they could. Vandeventer jumped down and pressed himself against the nearest timber with the men and waited, silent. He had never sustained such a pressure in all his life. He felt as Atlas, he felt as if he were holding up a world. And the mocking thing about it all was his feeling, nay his realization, that he was not really holding anything, that if the palisades failed, his pressure, his resistance and that of all the other men amounted to nothing. Yet he held on, and they, too—demigods.

CHAPTER XVI.

**The Ancient Art of Fascination.**

And much of the last wild hurricane of work took place under the observation of a woman!

From the top of the big mesa there was a clear view of the new reservoir, from the dam on one side far back into the hills on the other. In spite of the tremendous downpour and the fierce gale from the northwest she was posed to both attacks, and, indeed, indifferent to them—albeit protected by slicker and boots and sou'wester—fascinated by the titanic struggle between nature and man of which she was a witness.

The general investigation by Rodney and Miss Illingworth had produced no results. A careful study of Rodney's notes upon the subject had only served the more thoroughly to convince them that Meade was blameless. But the most assiduous efforts with the heartiest will in the world and the promptings of devotion and affection could not make a case out of these suggestions and their inferences that would hold water. They could not establish their contention beyond peradventure in the face of Meade's direct admission and Shurtliff's corroboration. They could not establish it in the public mind by any evidence at all if Meade and Shurtliff remained silent.

If either one or the other of the two conspirators could be brought to tell the truth, Meade could be restored, at least sufficiently so for the purpose of argument; the argument that Helen Illingworth sooner or later must make to her father. It was that to which she gave the most thought, it was for that she planned and longed.

Two people cannot resolve, even by mutual consent to dismiss from their daily thought and conversation any subject whatsoever without introducing in place of it a certain constraint. It is as futile to attempt to dismiss

Helen Illingworth Stood Exposed to Both Attacks.

anything absolutely from the human mind as is the oft-suggested cure for rheumatism—doing certain things without thinking of the disease sought to be cured!

**The next installment brings the climax of the story. The most important developments in the lives of Meade and his friends are described.**

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## BLOW IS MOST ANCIENT TOOL

**Has Been Used by Man Since He First Attempted to Make the Earth His Servant.**

Three very ancient implements have been used in human industry—the plow, the sword and the pen. Of the three, the oldest is the plow. A history of the development of this agricultural tool would take us back through centuries to the time when man began to subdue the earth and make it his servant. Thousands of plow models are now to be seen in the patent office at Washington. These tell us what has been done by inventors in recent years, but there is a long story back of these plows.

From his study of a Babylon brick, in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania, Doctor Clay concluded that he had found a true picture of the first plow, which was invented by Abraham. For his proof that Abraham was the inventor of the plow, Doctor Clay refers us to the "Book of Jubilees," which was published in the second century B. C. This book says that the Babylonians were punished because they had yielded to satan, and that the form of their punishment was that the ravens came and ate up the grain they had sowed in the fields. Abraham devised an instrument that should sow the seed in a furrow, in order that it might be covered up so that the birds of the air could not eat it. The apparatus shown on the ancient brick is a sort of combination plow, planter and harrow. It required three men to operate it. When the people sowed according to Abraham's commands, they found neither the ravens nor the birds. Whatever the value of the story in the "Book of Jubilees," the brick, at least, gives a picture of perhaps the most ancient tool used by man.

**Just Enough.**

Mandy, who was a housemaid and black, arrived late to begin her duties one morning and her mistress inquired as to the cause of delay.

"I'm sorry, Miss Clara; indeed I is!" stated Mandy. "But I jest natchely couldn't got here no sooner'n what I is got here. I been at the party give by the Sistern of the Mysterious Ten at the Cullid Odd Fellers' hall, right up the street. They started in dancin' and carryin' on last night and they's still in full swing. You never seen so many folks packed in one little hall in all yore bawn days; and right now, if you'll poke yore head outen yore side winder you kin hear them folks whoopin' and laughin', and hear the orchestra playin'."

"Wasn't it rather tumultuous, Mandy?" asked the lady of the house.

"Oh, nome!" said Mandy. "Hit wuzn't a bit too mulchous—jest about mulchous enough!"—Saturday Evening Post.

**When Novels Were Really Long.**

Though William De Morgan wrote some of the longest novels of recent times, his efforts were conciseness itself compared with the works of some of the seventeenth century romances. Mlle. De Scudery's once famous story, "La Grand Cyrus," for instance, fills five folio volumes of 500 pages each in the English translation; and her contemporary, La Calprenede, was even more diffuse, his "Cleopatre" running into 23 volumes. The leisurely methods of the early novelists is well illustrated in "Parthenissa," by Roger Boyle, earl of Orrery, in which the eight hundredth page finds the two chief characters still engaged in the process of introducing themselves to each other, begun on page one.

**Old Stuff.**

"A scientist can take one bone and reconstruct a dinosaur."

"That's nothing. Our landlady can take one bone and reconstruct a dinner."—Louisville Courier-Journal.


**FOUR WEEKS IN HOSPITAL**

**No Relief—Mrs. Brown Finally Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

Cleveland, Ohio.—"For years I suffered so sometimes it seemed as though I could not stand it any longer. It was all in my lower organs. At times I could hardly walk, for if I stepped on a little stone I would almost faint. One day I did faint and my husband was sent for and the doctor came. I was taken to the hospital and stayed four weeks but when I came home I would faint just the same and had the same pains.

A friend who is a nurse asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began taking it that very day for I was suffering a great deal. It has already done me more good than the hospital. To anyone who is suffering as I was my advice is to stop in the first drug-store and get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before you go home."—Mrs. W. C. BROWN, 2344 W. 12th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

**DON'T CUT OUT A Shoe Boil, Capped Hock or Bursitis FOR ABSORBINE**

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

will reduce them and leave no blemishes. Stops lameness promptly. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. $2 a bottle delivered. Book 6 M free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, the antiseptic liniment for Boils, Bruises, Sores, Sweelings, Varicose Veins, Allays Pain and Inflammation. Price $1 and $2 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Will tell you more, if you write.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

**DAISY FLY KILLER** placed anywhere, attracts and kills All Flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 5 sent by express prepaid for $1.00.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DE KALB AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

**DEVELOPING** ANY SIZE **ROLL 10¢** **BLACK'S** 156 WOODWARD AVE DETROIT

**ECZEMA!** Money back without question if HUNT'S CURE fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER and other itching skin diseases. Price 50c at druggists, or direct from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.

**LUMBER** of all kinds bought and sold. If you have any to sell or want to purchase lumber, write for particulars. G. Elias & Bro., Job Dept., Buffalo, N. Y.

**PATENTS** Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D. C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 23—1917.


**A New Measure for Distance.**

Some mud-bespattered autoists were attempting to reach Nashville, Brown county. Even with chains on their wheels, they were wasting lots of gasoline in investigating a washout or a valley which they had left triumphantly only a few minutes before.

Three times in three hours they had asked the distance and each time had received the same answer.

"'Bout three miles to Nashville."

It is true that in those three hours they had had one blowout and once they had to get a team of horses to pull them out of the mud. But even so, it seemed as if they could not be more than a half mile away. Finally they met a man on horseback.

"How far to Nashville? Three miles, I suppose!" But the fine sarcasm was not lost on him. He grinned and said in a soft voice:

"You're 'most there. It's jest two hoops and a hollar away."—Indianapolis News.


**LIFT YOUR CORNS OFF WITH FINGERS**

How to loosen a tender corn on callus so it lifts out without pain.

Let folks step on your feet hereafter; wear shoes a size smaller if you like, for corns will never again send electric sparks of pain through you, according to this Cincinnati authority.

He says that a few drops of a drug called freezone, applied directly upon a tender, aching corn, instantly relieves soreness, and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts right out.

This drug dries at once and simply shrivels up the corn or callus without even irritating the surrounding skin.

A small bottle of freezone obtained at any drug store will cost very little but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet.

If your druggist hasn't stocked this new drug yet, tell him to get a small bottle of freezone for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.


**Just Reversed.**

Doctor—Did he take the medicine I prescribed for him religiously?

Nurse—No, sir; he swore every time.

**About the Thing.**

"What does a press cynsor do, pop?"

"Oh, he just knocks everybody."—Baltimore American.


**Sore Eyes** Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Druggists or by mail 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye, Free Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.