RAINBOW'S END *A Novel*

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Iron Trail," "The Spoilers," "Heart of the Sunset," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

—19—

Norine rose, her face aglow with new strength, new determination. "I brought you back when you were all but gone. I saved you after the others had given you up, and now you are mine to do with as I please. You belong to me and I sha'n't consult you."

She turned, for a figure had darkened the door; it was one of her English-speaking convalescents who was acting as a sort of orderly.

"Senorita," the man said, with a flash of white teeth, "we have another sick man, and you'd never guess who. It is that American, El Demonio—"

"Is he sick or wounded?" Esteban inquired.

"Shot by a Spanish bullet," He asked at once for our senorita."

"Of course. I'll come in an instant." When the messenger had gone Norine bent and pressed her lips to Esteban's. "Remember, you're mine to do with as I please," she said; then she fled down the grassy street.

Branch was waiting at Norine's quarters, a soiled figure of dejection. His left arm lay in a sling across his breast. He looked up at her approach, but she scarcely recognized him, so greatly changed was he.

"Hello, Norine!" he cried. "Well, they got me."

Norine paused in astonishment. "Why, Leslie! I was so frightened! But—you can't be badly hurt."

"Bad enough so that Lopez sent me in. A fellow gets flyblown if he stays in the field, so I beat it."

"Has your arm been dressed?"

"No. I wouldn't let these rough-and-tumble doctors touch it. They'd amputate at the shoulder for a hangnail. I don't trust 'em."

"Then I'll look at it."

"It doesn't hurt, really," he declared. "It's only a scratch."

"Then behave yourself," Norine forced the patient into a chair and withdrew his arm from the sling. Then, despite his weak resistance, she deftly removed the bandage. From his expression she felt sure that she must be hurting him, but when the injury was exposed she looked up in wonderment.

"Leslie!" she exclaimed. "What in the world—"

Branch struggled with himself, he swallowed hard, then said: "You can see now why I didn't go to a doctor; I did it—shot myself. You won't give me away?"

Norine seated herself weakly; she stared in bewilderment at the unhappy speaker. "Afraid? You, El Demonio! Why, you aren't afraid of anything!"

"Say! You don't believe all that stuff, do you? I'm afraid of my shadow and always have been. I'm not brave and never was. They told me I was going to die and it scared me so that I cried, to end things quickly. I couldn't bear to die slowly, to know that I was dying by inches. But, Lord! it scared me even worse to go into battle. I was blind with fright all the time and I never got over it. Why, the sight of a gun gives me a chill, and I jump every time one goes off. Lord! how I've suffered! I went crazy at our first engagement—crazy with fear. I didn't know where I was, or what happened, or anything. Afterward, when they hailed me as a hero, I thought they were kidding, but everybody must know how frightened I was. After a time I saw that I'd fooled them, and that shamed me. Then—I had to keep it up or become ridiculous. But it nearly killed me."

It so happened that the president and well-nigh the entire previous cabinet were in Cubitas. Leslie and Norine went directly to the former. He promptly sent for the minister of justice, who in turn gallantly put himself at Norine's disposal. In no time the news had spread and there was subdued excitement throughout the camp. Norine was between tears and laughter when she ran panting into Esteban's cabin, leaving Branch to wait outside.

At sight of her Esteban uttered a low cry of happiness. "Dearest! I've been lying in a stupor of delight. The world has become bright. I hear people laughing. What a change!"

"I've arranged everything! The president and his cabinet are coming to witness the ceremony."

Esteban poised upon his elbow, his face was a study. "What have you arranged?" he managed to inquire.

"Sh-h!" Norine laid a finger upon his lips. "The guest of the republic is to be married today."

"Norine! Oh, my dear—" quavered the sick man. "I can't let you do this mad thing. Think! I'm ready for the grave—"

"This will make you well. We're going away when the very next expedition arrives."

"I haven't the strength to refuse," Esteban murmured. "And yet, how can I leave Cuba? What right have I to accept happiness and leave Rosa—"

This was a subject which Norine dreaded, a question to which she knew no answer. She was not in a mood to discuss it, and made no attempt to do so. Instead, she laid the invalid upon his pillow, saying:

"Leslie is waiting to wish you joy and a quick recovery. May I ask him in?"

She stepped to the door, only to behold her late companion making off down the village street in great haste and evident excitement. Approaching between the drunken rows of grass huts was a little knot of people. Even as Norine watched it grew into a considerable crowd, for men and women and children came hurrying from their tasks. There were three figures in the lead, a man and two boys, and they walked slowly, ploddingly, as if weary from a long march.

"Esteban!" Norine cried in a voice she scarcely recognized. She retreated into the doorway with one hand upon her leaping heart. "Esteban! Look! They're coming—here! Yes! It's—it's O'Reilly!"

Young Varona struggled from his hammock. "Rosa!" he called, loudly. "Rosa!"

There came a shadow, then in the doorway the figure of a man, a tattered scarecrow, of a man whose feet were bare and whose naked calves were exposed through flapping rags. His breast was naked where thorns had tried to stay him; his beard, even his hair, were matted and unkempt, and the mud of many trails lay caked upon his garments.

It was O'Reilly!

Dumb with amazement, blind with tears, Norine found herself staring upward into his face, and heard him saying:

"I told you I would bring her home."

The next instant she lay upon his breast and sobs of joy were tearing at her.

The story of Rosa's rescue came slowly and in fragments, for the news of O'Reilly's return caused a sensation. His recital was interrupted many times. "As a matter of fact, our getaway was ridiculously easy," he said, "for we had luck at every turn—regular Irish luck. I made Morin independent for life, but it wasn't the money, it was Jacket who induced him to bring us clear to Turiguano. He landed us one night, this side of the Moron trocha. Since then we've waded swamps to our armpits, we've fought the jungle and chewed bark—but we're here." Johnnie heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"Where did you get the money to hire schooners and corrupt captains?" Branch inquired.

O'Reilly hesitated; he lowered his voice to a whisper. "We found the Varona treasure."

Norine uttered a cry. "Not Don Esteban's treasure?"

"Exactly. It was in the well where young Esteban told us it was."

Johnnie produced from his pocket a handful of coins.

Branch's eyes bulged, he touched a gold piece respectfully, weighed it carefully, then pressed it to his lips. He rubbed it against his cheeks and in his hair; he placed it between his teeth and bit it.

It Was O'Reilly!

"It's real!" he cried. "Now let me look at the jewels."

"Rosa has them. She's wearing them on her back. Hunched backs are lucky, you know; hers is worth a fortune."

"Why, this beats the 'Arabian Nights!'" Norine gasped.

"It beats—" Branch paused, then wagged his head warningly at the girl. "I don't believe a word of it and you mustn't."

Then Johnnie told the story. When he had finished there was a long moment of silence. Then Norine quavered tremulously: "That boy! That blessed boy!"

"It's all too weirdly improbable," O'Reilly smiled, "but ask Rosa or Jacket—the boy is bursting to tell some one. He nearly died because he couldn't brag about it to Captain Morin, and there won't be any holding him now. I'm afraid he'll tip off the news about that treasure in spite of all my warnings. Those jewels are a temptation; I won't rest easy until they're safely locked up in some good vault. Now then, I've told you everything but I'm dying for news. Tell me about yourselves, about Esteban. I expected to find him well. What ails him?"

"Oh, Johnnie!" Norine began. "He's very ill. He isn't getting well. Help me, Johnnie! Help me to get him home—"

"Of course I will. We'll take him and Rosa away where they can forget Cuba and all the misery it has caused them. We'll make him well—don't worry."

O'Reilly saw little of his sweetheart that day, for Norine promptly bore the girl off to her own quarters and there attended to her needs, the most pressing of which was clothing.

While O'Reilly was similarly engaged in making himself presentable, he and Branch talked earnestly, with the result that they repaired later to General Gomez. O'Reilly concluded by saying:

"I've done what I came to do, sir, but Miss Varona is badly shaken by all she has been through. She's very nervous and far from well. Esteban, too, isn't recovering."

General Gomez nodded. "Miss Evans declares he must have a change, and we have arranged to send him out of the country. His sister, poor child, should go, too."

"They should go at once," O'Reilly said, pointedly. "That's why we came to see you. Let us—Branch and me—take all three of them to the United States."

"But how? How can you take two women and a sick man—"

"We'll manage somehow," O'Reilly declared. "If I isn't far across to the Bahama Banks, I'll agree to come back if you so desire."

Gomez shook his white head. "No! You came to find and save your fiancee, and you volunteered to serve with us while you were doing so. We have no desire to keep any man against his will. Some one must escort Miss Evans, who in our guest. Why not you two?

"I was looking forward to an interesting ceremony this afternoon," Gomez went on. "Has your arrival changed the plans?"

"Oh no, sir!" O'Reilly said, quickly. "I'd like to make it doubly interesting, if Miss Varona will consent to such short notice."

"Bravo! You have a way of doing the unexpected. Why not? I don't think Miss Varona will have it in her heart to refuse you anything."

The old soldier was right. Rosa did not gainsay her lover, and toward sundown the city among the leaves witnessed an unprecedented scene.

Rosa, very dainty in her borrowed nurse's uniform, was round-eyed, timid; she evoked much admiration, but when she was addressed as Senora O'Reilly she blushed to the roots of her hair and shrank close to her husband's side. Branch proved to be a happy choice as Esteban's proxy, for he relieved Norine's anxiety and smothered her apprehensions.

When Rosa and O'Reilly returned to Esteban's cabin they found Norine ahead of them. She was kneeling beside the sick man's hammock, and through the doorway came the low, intimate murmur of their voices. Rosa drew her husband away, whispering, happily:

"He will get well. God and that wonderful girl won't let him die."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Rainbow's End.

The journey to the coast was made by easy stages and Esteban stood it fairly well. Jacket, of course, went along. Upon the announcement of O'Reilly's intended departure for the States he had promptly abandoned Cuba to her fate. He foreswore her utterly and declared himself a loyal American citizen.

Relying upon the best information obtainable at Cubitas, O'Reilly had counted upon securing a sailboat from a certain fisherman whose sympathies were known to be loyal, but in this he was disappointed. The party arrived at its destination, a tiny clearing on an unfrequented part of the north shore, only to find it deserted and already grown to weeds. The house was empty, the boats were gone—all but one old hulk, too rotten to warrant moving, which lay high up on the sand, its planks worm-eaten, its seams wide spread by the sun.

O'Reilly was in a quandary. He gravely doubted Esteban's ability to stand the rough return journey, and when he spoke to Norine of turning back she was panic-stricken at the suggestion.

"No, no!" she cried, anxiously. "We must get him away. His heart is set on going through and it would—kill him to go back."

"Then I guess we'll have to go through," he smiled.

For the first time in their acquaintance Norine lost control of herself.

"Promise that you won't go back," she implored him.

"Very well, if you'll consent to risk this miserable tub we found on the beach—"

"I'll risk anything—a raft, even. Is there an even chance of our getting across?"

"Perhaps. It all depends upon the weather."

When morning came O'Reilly made a closer examination of the abandoned boat. The result was not encouraging, but he determined to make use of it, and the crazy craft was launched. It was necessary to handle her gingerly, and when she took the water she leaked abominably. But during the night she swelled and in the morning it was possible to bail her out.

From the point of leaving it was perhaps five miles across the sound to the fringe of keys which in this neighborhood bordered the old Bahama channel with its unplumbed depths of blue water. Here it was calm, so the run was soon made.

When the coastline of Cuba had become a blur astern Rosa crept back and seated herself beside her husband. "How much I love you," she whispered. "But I never can tell you, for we are never alone. Was there ever such a courtship, such a marriage, and such a wedding journey as ours?"

It proved to be a long, long night, for the boat, though roomy, was uncomfortable. Daylight brought an increased breeze which heeled the boat further. Fortunately the haze was not thick enough to wholly obscure the sun and so O'Reilly was enabled to hold his course. But he did not like the look of things. In time there came a spiteful drizzle which completely hid the sun and left no indication of the course except the direction whence drove the rain.

No one spoke now. Even Esteban lay silent, shivering miserably upon his sodden bed. Rosa finally straightened her aching back and smiled at her husband.

"Are we going down?" she asked.

"Oh no! This is merely a squall," he told her, with an assumption of confidence he was far from feeling.

Deliverance came suddenly, and from the least expected quarter. Out of the mist to starboard there materialized a shape, a schooner driving ahead of the wind. The refugees descried her simultaneously and stood aside deep in the wash, waving their hats and their calabashes, and shouting crazily until she saw them and fetched up.

There was a babble of voices, shouted questions, hysterical answers. Rosa was weeping softly; Norine had lifted Esteban and now clutched him tight, while her tears fell upon his face.

The schooner was a sponger bound for Nassau; its blackbird crew spoke English and they willingly helped the strangers overside, laughing and shouting in a childlike display of excitement. Soon there was hot food and coffee, dry beds and blankets for those who needed them.

Johnnie tucked his bride snugly into one of the hard berths, then stooped and kissed her. Rosa's teeth were chattering, but she smiled happily.

"God's hand directed us," she said. "One only needs to pray long enough and strong enough and he will hear."

* * * * * * *

It was a month later. Quaint old Nassau lay dozing under an afternoon sun. Up from the beach came O'Reilly and his youthful alter ego, Jacket. They were clad in clean white clothes; a month of rest had done them good. Jacket was no longer wizened; he was plump and sleek and as full of mischief as a colt, while O'Reilly's leanness had disappeared, and he filled his garments as a man should.

They turned in through a picket gate and up a walk. At the end stood a cottage with wide porches hidden beneath jasmine and honeysuckle and morning-glory vines.

"Look, Rosa!" Jacket lifted the heavy string of fish. "We had stupendous luck." But Rosa was in her husband's arms and neither she nor O'Reilly had eyes for anything but each other.

Rosa had vastly changed. She was clad in a charming little muslin dress, there were dimples in her cheeks, she wore a long Marechal Neil bud at her breast. O'Reilly held her off and devoured her with his eyes.

"Sweetheart, you grow fresher and more beautiful every hour," said he.

Rosa danced upon her toes, and tugged at him. "But come quickly and see the surprise we have. I've been good and I've waited at last. Tomorrow I'll walk to the gate and the next day we'll go fishing. Here's a letter from Leslie, by the way. There's one bit of news; he says the talk of intervention increases and he may have to return to Cuba as a war correspondent.

"Intervention! That would be fine," Esteban cried.

O'Reilly nodded. "Oh, it's bound to come, and when Uncle Sam takes hold Cuba will be free."

"Are you coming down?" she asked.

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Norine agreed: "I'm sure of it. And then—well all go back to our rainbow's end and dig for that pot of gold."

Esteban turned adoring eyes upon the speaker; he took her hand in his. "I've found my rainbow's end," said he.

"And I've found mine," O'Reilly asserted. "I've gathered your father's treasure, and more—I've found the prize of all the Indies." With his arm about Rosa he drew her into the house.

Esteban lowered himself into his chair and Norine rested herself upon its arm. He lay back with eyes closed. From the regions at the rear came the voice of Jacket. The boy was in a declamatory mood. He had gathered an audience, as was his daily custom, and was addressing them in English.

"I killed moren's a dozen Spaniards at Pino Bravo; It was my day. By rights I should have been made a general, but—"

(THE END.)

BOTH MEN IN RIGHT PLACE

At Least, That Is Likely to Be Verdict of Those Who Toiled Over Income-Tax Schedules.

The visitor was being conducted through a state institution for the insane and his guide was an affable young man from the harmless ward whose keen intelligence made the visitor wonder why he was under restraint.

Stopping in front of a padded cell, they looked at a stout, short individual with a forelock draped over one eye and a pose characteristically Napoleonic.

"Thinks he's the Little Corporal, eh?" the visitor asked of the guide.

"Yes; he's mad that hallucination for five years."

Across the corridor in another cell was an old man poring over a number of blue prints.

"What's the matter with him?" "Poor crimp," laughed the guide; "he thinks that he has invented a submarine-proof ship. The hull of the ship is honeycombed with holes; when the war-head of the torpedo strikes, it goes into one of the holes and is held fast by its sides."

"But," objected the visitor, "suppose the torpedo strikes between the holes?"

"In that case," said the guide as he shook with laughter, "it wouldn't count and the submarine would be entitled to another try."

In the last cell was a middle-aged man at a high desk. He looked up as the others approached and nodded smilingly.

"What's the matter with him?" queried the visitor.

"Him? He's hopeless; he believes that he is an authority on income-tax legislation."

"Ah," said the visitor, "and he isn't?"

"No, indeed!" replied the guide; "I am the only authority."—Kant Slip.

Lay of the Last Hen.

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel" may have caused some apprehension in its day, but were the lay of the last hen to be announced in ours there would certainly be a panic.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

NEW YORK'S POLYGLOT PRESS

One Hundred and Fifty Newspapers in Foreign Languages Are Printed in City.

No fewer than 150 newspapers in foreign tongues are printed in New York. Japanese, Lettish, Persian and Slovak—and many other foreign peoples may in that city of diverse nationalities read a newspaper in their own tongue.

Socialistic and anti-Socialistic, anarchistic, Zionistic or anti-Zionistic are these foreign papers. They often are organs of workingmen's organizations, but most of all are the organs of city politics.

When a Russian paper publishes an article entitled: "Is Patriotism Incurable?" and an anarchistic sheet inquires, "What would happen if the president died?" is it any wonder that church and government become uneasy and agree that this babel of tongues can bear watching?

On the other hand, the influence of many of these foreign papers is along the line of Americanization. "One who has once drunk out of America's fountain," declares one with enthusiasm, "will always remain a free slave of the country."

The Greek who wants to "obey that impulse" may read Kapanos; the Pole, Moly; there is also a Yiddish big stick—aiming to rival Life in humor. There is a Spanish movie magazine, a baking magazine in Yiddish, a Greek emporium devoted to confectionery, and of course a French fashion paper. The Japanese Nippon Jin parallels the Literary Digest. Surely here is material to satisfy the most varied taste.

The Sailor's Widow.

How many people realize the enormous amount of mourning caused every time one of our ships goes down. But few of the heroes of the sea return disabled to live at home in peace. It is sheer luck or widowhood for the sailor's wife. It is some comfort to know that several funds provide generously for the widows of the sea, especially for those with babies; and it is touching to learn that the major part of these funds is raised by voluntary subscriptions among the crews who take a great pride in the knowledge that their "mess" cuts a good figure in the subscription lists to sailors' charities.

These are the times that try men's souls.—Thomas Paine.

The French Tricolor.

The Tricolor, the French national standard of blue, white and red, divided vertically, originated during the first French revolution. In 1789 the leaf plucked by Camille Desmoulins in the garden of the Palais Royal became a rallying sign, and green was to be adopted as the national color; but, remembering that green was the color of the hated Prince d'Artois, they rejected it on the following day. They at first chose, instead, blue and red, the colors of the city of Paris, and later added the white of royalty, that had been faithfully preserved by the national guard. This new standard was adopted with enthusiasm. A few months after taking of the Bastile, Bailly and Lafayette offered to Louis XVI the three-colored cocard as a badge of reconciliation with the king. Thus the Tricolor originated as the symbol of the liberty of the French nation, and it continued as such even when afterward the "reconciliation" with the king ended with his decapitation.

This Swindler Up to Date.

Thought reading was the method claimed to have been employed by a man in Bengal, India, to win large sums of money on the race course. It turned out to be a very ingenious form of swindle. Finding a man who is interested in racing, the confidence man produces a roll of money, and states that he won this by his force-knowledge of the winners on the track. He then suggests that his friend test his knowledge. The man induces his victim to hand him sums of money to be placed on the horses, and then vanishes. Investigation has proved that this Bengali had swindled a number of people of large sums of money in this way.

Reward Not Always to the Great.

A London bookseller's catalogue announces a copy of Browning's first book for £2,200. Yet, when it was printed, in 1833, through the assistance of the poet's aunt, Mrs. Silverthorne, the poet would have been glad to have sold a copy in its little drab boards for a few shillings. The reason it is worth so much money now is that few of them have survived, and this particular copy is described as immaculate. There may not be money in poetry for the poets, but if the poet only is thoughtful enough to become great his early trifles may bring a flood of gold to some happy possessor.

DAIRY

GET LARGE-PRODUCING COWS

Purebred Bull and Only Best Heifers From Best Cows Should Be Chosen for the Dairy Herd.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Breeding furnishes the most economical way to obtain large-producing cows. The purebred bull, with generations of high-producing ancestors back of him, must be used for breeding, and only the best heifers from the best cows should be chosen to be the dams of the next generation. Pure breeding alone does not make a good sire. The purebred sire should come from a long line of high-producing ancestors. If an old bull is selected he should have high-producing daughters. Two courses are open to the dairyman when buying a herd bull; he can purchase a young bull from a good, milk-producing stock, or he can purchase an old and tried bull. In either case the bull should be healthy and from a herd free from disease; he should have a good constitution and be of good conformation. In selecting a young bull the buyer should choose one whose female ancestors have uniformly high records of production, since this indicates that high production is a fixed characteristic of the family. Careful attention should be given to the record of the young bull's dam, and after that to the daughters of his sire. The records of closely related animals are of far more importance than the fact that the pedigree may include three or four generations back, some exceptionally high-priced animals.

The Tried and Proven Bull Is the Best Investment.

The tried and proven bull is the best investment. When a bull's daughters are larger producers than their dams, he has improved the herd. Many good bulls, however, are sacrificed before their worth can be determined, which means the continual use of young bulls whose real value is not known. The sire should be kept until his daughters have shown his worth, and if he is a herd improver he should be kept in the community as long as he is useful.

The owner of a large herd of cows can well afford to own a first-class bull, and the bull association has now made it possible for the owner of a small herd to own a sire of a good, well-bred bull. A co-operative bull association is a farmers' organization whose chief purpose is the joint ownership, use and exchange of high-class purebred bulls. In skillfully managed these associations should be eventually the greatest single factor in the upbuilding of our dairy herds. The typical co-operative bull association is composed of from 15 to 30 farmers. It jointly owns five bulls, and divides its territory into five breeding blocks to each of which one bull is assigned. As many as 50 or 60 cows may belong to the farmers in each block, and the bull should be kept at some farm conveniently situated. The blocks are numbered from one to five and to prevent inbreeding each bull is moved to the next block every two years. If all the bulls live and if all are kept until each has made one complete circuit, no new bulls need be purchased for ten years. In that way, paying only a small part of the purchase price of one bull, each member of the association has the use of good, purebred bulls for many years. In one association having more than 100 members the original cost to each was only $23. In another association of 50 members the average investment was $25. It is possible for each association to continue for ten years or more without other additional cost than the maintenance of the bulls.

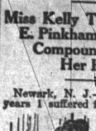
Most of the milk in the United States is produced in small herds containing four or five cows. Purebred bulls are comparatively few in number, and expensive. It is, therefore, impossible for each dairyman with a small herd to own a purebred bull. Because of the expense it would also be impracticable to buy such a bull for a small herd. It would further be uneconomical to limit the use of a good bull to a few cows, when his use could be extended to a greater number of cows. If purebred bulls could be used in all the grade herds, in a single generation all the offspring would be at least half purebred and would show immense improvement. By means of the bull associations it is possible for small herds to have the advantage of good purebred bulls at the minimum of cost.

On account of the present emergency it is particularly important that good bulls should be utilized to the fullest advantage, for more can be accomplished in increasing production and making it more economical in this way than in any other.

The results of co-operative bull-association work are most encouraging. Of the 17 daughters of bulls in one association, 16 excelled their dams. The average production of the daughters was 1,145 pounds more milk than their dams, and 26.7 per cent more butterfat.

A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Miss Kelly Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.



Newark, N. J.—"For about three years I suffered from nervous breakdown and got so weak I could hardly stand, and hadhead-aches every day. I tried everything I could think of and was under a physician's care for two years. A girl friend had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me about it. From the first day I took it I began to feel better and now I am well and able to do almost any kind of work. I have been recommending the Compound ever since and give you my permission to publish this letter."—Miss FLO KELLY, 476 So. 14th St., Newark, N. J.

The reason this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, was so successful in Miss Kelly's case was because it went to the root of her trouble, restored her to a normal healthy condition and as a result her nervousness disappeared.

KIDNEY TROUBLE Is a deceptive disease. Thousands have it and don't know it. If you want good results you can make no mistake by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney medicine. At druggists in large and medium size bottles. Sample size by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling you about it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

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A Woman's Right

is to enjoy good health. The secret of good health is chiefly to maintain normal activity of the stomach, bowels, liver, skin and kidneys.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

are of particular value to women, as they act gently, safely and effectively.

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

TRYING TO PLEASE JOHNNY

Small Boy Couldn't Understand Objections Being Made to His Tooting the Horn.

A few days ago, there appeared in the News a letter protesting against noise near hospitals. The next morning a hospital patient heard a horn sounding loudly in front.

"There!" she said to her nurse, "that's just what that fellow wrote about. If I were in the hospital office it would take me about three jumps to stop that."

"It won't take me more than four," said the nurse, who had noticed her patient's rising temperature.

On reaching the door, she was surprised to see seated alone in a machine a former patient whom she knew well, a tiny Greek boy who was returned regularly for dressings by a much interested social agency.

"Why, Pete!" she exclaimed. "Don't do that."

"Why not?" asked Peter innocently.

"Don't you know there are sick people in the hospital? Think how Johnny (a former patient) must feel."

"Gee!" said Pete in amazement. "It never hurt my leg when it was sick. I was a-doin' it for Johnny."—Indianapolis News.

The Reason.

"I visited the insane asylum today."

"What for?"

"To see a friend off."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Amarillo, Tex., has more female than male voters.

Children Like

the attractive flavor of the healthful cereal drink

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And it's fine for them too, for it contains nothing harmful—only the goodness of wheat and pure molasses.

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