The VALLEY OF THE GIANTS

BY PETER B. KYNE
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A BLACKBERRY PIE.

Synopsis.—Pioneer in the California redwood region, John Cardigan, at forty-seven, is the leading citizen of Sequoia, owner of mills, ships, and many acres of timber, a widower after three years of married life, and father of two-day-old Bryce Cardigan. At fifteen Bryce makes the acquaintance of Shirley Sumner, a visitor at Sequoia, and his junior by a few years. Together they visit the Valley of the Giants, sacred to John Cardigan and his son as the burial place of Bryce's mother, and part with mutual regret. While Bryce is away from home John Cardigan meets with heavy business losses and for the first time views the future with uncertainty. After graduation from college, and a trip abroad, Bryce Cardigan comes home. On the train he meets Shirley Sumner, on her way to Sequoia to make her home there with her uncle, Col. Pennington. Bryce learns that his father's eyesight has failed and that Col. Pennington is seeking to take advantage of the old man's business misfortunes.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Certainly they can. But I shall have to wait until they are completely matured and I have become completely blind; then a specialist will perform an operation on my eyes, and in all probability my sight will be restored for a few years. However, I haven't given the matter a great deal of consideration. And I am about ready to quit now. I'd like to, in fact; I'm tired."

"Oh, but you can't quit until you've seen your redwoods again," Bryce reminded him. "I suppose it's been a long time since you've visited the Valley of the Giants; your long exile from the wood-goblins has made you a trifle gloomy, I'm afraid."

John Cardigan nodded. "I haven't seen them in a year and a half, Bryce. Last time I was up, I slipped between the logs on that old skid-road and like to broke my old fool neck."

"Pal, it wasn't fair of you to make me stay away so long. If I had only known—if I had remotely suspected——"

"You'd have spoiled everything—of course. Don't scold me, son. You're all I have now, and I couldn't bear to send for you until you'd had your fling." His trembling old hand crept over and closed upon his boy's hand, a firm hand but free from signs of toil. "It was my pleasure, Bryce," he continued, "and I guess you wouldn't deny me my choice of sport, would you? Remember, lad, I never had a boyhood; I never had a college education, and the only real travel I have ever had was when I worked my way around Cape Horn as a foremast hand, and all I saw then was water and hardships; all I've seen since is my little world here in Sequoia and in San Francisco."

"You've sacrificed enough—too much—for me, Dad."

"It pleased me to give you all the advantages I wanted and couldn't afford until I was too old and too busy to consider them. Besides, it was your mother's wish. And you have enjoyed your little run, haven't you?" he concluded wistfully.

"I have, Dad." Bryce's great hand closed over the back of his father's neck; he shook the old man with mock ferocity. "Stubborn old lumberjack!" he chided.

John Cardigan shook with an inward chuckle, for the loving abuse his boy had been in a habit of heaping on him never failed to thrill him. Instinctively Bryce had realized that tonight obvious sympathy, copiously expressed, was not the medicine for his father's bruised spirit; hence he elected to regard the latter's blindness as a more temporary annoyance, something to be considered lightly, if at all; and it was typical of him now that the subject had been discussed briefly, to resolve never to refer to it again.

"Tomorrow morning I'm going to put a pair of overalls on you, arm you with a tin can and a swab, and set you to greasing the skidways. Partner, you've deceived me."

"Oh, nonsense. If I had whimpered that would only have spoiled everything."

"Nevertheless, you were forced to cable me to hurry home."

"I summoned you the instant I realized I was going to need you."

"No, you didn't, John Cardigan. You summoned me because, for the first time in your life, you were panicky and let yourself get out of hand."

His father nodded slowly. "And you aren't over it yet," Bryce continued, his voice no longer bantering but lowered affectionately. "What's the trouble, Dad? Trot out your old panic and let me inspect it. Trouble must be very real when it gets my father on the run."

"It is, Bryce, very real indeed. As I remarked before, I've lost your heritage for you." He sighed. "I waited till you would be able to come home and settle down to business; now you're home; and there isn't any business to settle down to."

Bryce chuckled, for he was indeed far from being worried over business matters, his consideration now being entirely for his father's peace of mind. "All right," he retorted. "Father has lost his money and we'll have to let the servants go and give up the old home. That part of it is settled; and weak, anemic, tenderly nurtured little Bryce Cardigan must put his turkey on his back and go into the woods looking for a job as a lumberjack. Busted, eh? Did I or did I not hear the six o'clock whistle blow at the mill? Bet you a dollar I did."

"Oh, I have title to everything—yet."

"How I do have to dig for good news! Then it appears we still have a business; indeed, we may always have a business, for the very fact that it is going but not quite gone implies a doubt as to its ultimate departure, and perhaps we may yet scheme a way to retain it. If we can save enough out of the wreck to insure you your customary home comforts, I shan't cry, partner. I have a profession to fall back on. Yes, sirree. I own a sheepskin, and it says I'm an electrical and civil engineer."

"What?"

"I said it. An electrical and civil engineer. Slipped one over on you at college, John Cardigan, when all the time you thought I was having a good time."

"Bu-bu-but——"

"It drives me wild to have a man sputter at me. I'm an electrical and civil engineer, I tell you, and my two years of travel have been spent studying the installation and construction of big plants abroad."

"My dear boy! And you've got your degree?"

"Partner, I have a string of letters after my name like the tail of a comet."

"You comfort me," the old man answered simply. "I have reproached myself with the thought that I reared you with the sole thought of making a lumberman out of you and when I saw your lumber business slipping through my fingers——"

"You were sorry I didn't have a profession to fall back on, eh? Or were you fearful lest you had raised the usual rich man's son? If the latter, you did not compliment me, pal. I've never forgotten how hard you always strove to impress me with a sense of the exact weight of my responsibility as your successor."

"How big are you now?" his father queried suddenly.

"Well, sir," Bryce answered, for his father's pleasure putting aside his normal modesty, "I'm six feet two inches tall, and I weigh two hundred pounds in the pink of condition. I have a forty-eight-inch chest, with five and a half inches chest-expansion, and a reach as long as a gorilla's. My underpinning is good, too; I'm not one of these fellows with spidery legs and a barrel-chest. I can do a hundred yards in ten seconds; I'm no slouch of a swimmer; and at Princeton they say I made football history."

"That is very encouraging, my boy—very. Ever do any boxing?"

"Quite a little. I'm fairly up in the manly art of self-defense."

The old man wagged his head approvingly, and they had reached the gate of the Cardigan home before he spoke again. "There's a big buck woods-boss up in Pennington's camp," he remarked irrelevantly. "He's a French Canadian imported from northern Michigan by Colonel Pennington. I dare say he's the only man in this country who measures up to you physically. He can fight with his fists and wrestle quite cleverly, I'm told. His name is Jules Rondeau, and he's top dog among the lumberjacks. They say he's the strongest man in the county."

He unlatched the gate. "Folks used to say that about me once," he continued wistfully. "Ah, if I could have my eyes to see you now, Jules Rondeau——"

The front portal of the quaint old Cardigan residence opened, and a silver-haired lady came out on the porch and hailed Bryce. She was Mrs. Tully, John Cardigan's old housekeeper, and almost a mother to Bryce. "Oh, here's my boy!" she cried and a moment later found herself encircled by Bryce's arms and saluted with a hearty kiss.

As he stepped into the familiar entrance-hall, Bryce paused, raised his head and sniffed suspiciously, like a bird-dog. Mrs. Tully, arms akimbo, watched him pleasurably. "I smell something," he declared, and advanced a step down the hall for another sniff; then in exact imitation of a foxhound he gave tongue and started for the kitchen. Mrs. Tully, waddling after, found him "pointing" two hot blackberry pies which had a few minutes previously been taken from the oven. He was baying lugubriously.

"I'm still a pie-hound, Mrs. Tully, and you're still the same dear, thoughtful soul. How many did you make?"

"Two."

"May I have one all for myself, Mrs. Tully?"

"Indeed you may, my dear."

"Thank you, but I do not want it for myself. Mrs. Tully, will you please wrap one of those wonderful pies in a napkin and the instant George Sea Otter comes in with the car, tell him to take the pie over to Colonel Pennington's house and deliver it to Miss Sumner? There's a girl who doubtless thinks she has tasted pie in her day, and I want to prove to her that she hasn't." He selected a card from his card-case, sat down and wrote:

"Dear Miss Sumner:

"Here is a priceless hot wild-blackberry pie, especially manufactured in my honor. It is so good I wanted you to have some. In all your life you have never tasted anything like it.

"Sincerely,
"Bryce Cardigan."

Some twenty minutes later his unusual votive offering was delivered by George Sea Otter to Colonel Pennington's Swedish maid, who promptly brought it in to the Colonel and Shirley Sumner, who were even then at dinner in the Colonel's fine burl redwood-paneled dining room. Miss Sumner's amazement was so profound that for fully a minute she was mute, contenting herself with scrutinizing alternately the pie and the card that accompanied it. Presently she handed the card to her uncle, who affixed his pince-nez and read the epistle with deliberation.

"Isn't this young Cardigan a truly remarkable young man, Shirley?" he declared. "Why, I have never heard of anything like his astounding action. If he had sent you over an armful of American Beauty roses from his father's old-fashioned garden, I could understand it, but an infernal blackberry pie! Good heavens!"

"I told you he was different," she replied. To the Colonel's amazement she did not appear at all amused. "Bryce Cardigan is a man with the heart and soul of a boy, and I think it was mighty sweet of him to share his pie with me. If he had sent roses, I should have suspected him of trying to 'rush' me, but the fact that he sent a blackberry pie proves that he's just a natural, simple, sane, original citizen—just the kind of person a girl can have for a dear friend without incurring the risk of having to marry him."

The Colonel noticed a calm little smile fringing her generous mouth. He wished he could tell, by intuition, what she was thinking about and what effect a hot wild-blackberry pie was ultimately to have upon the value of his minority holding in the Laguna Grande Lumber company.

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Not until dinner was finished and father and son had repaired to the library for their coffee and cigars did Bryce Cardigan advert to the subject of his father's business affairs.

"Well, John Cardigan," he declared comfortably. "Suppose you start at the beginning and tell me everything right to the end. George Sea Otter informed me that you've been having trouble with this Johnny-come-lately, Colonel Pennington. Is he the man who has us where the hair is short?"

The old man nodded.

"The Squaw creek timber deal, eh?" Bryce suggested.

Again the old man nodded. "You wrote me all about that," Bryce continued. "You had him blocked whichever way he turned so effectually blocked, in fact, that the only pleasure he has derived from his investment since is the knowledge that he owns two thousand acres of timber with the exclusive right to pay taxes on it, walk in it, look at it and admire it—in fact, do everything except log it, mill it, and realize on his investment. It must make him feel like a bally jackass."

"On the other hand," his father reminded him, "no matter what the Colonel's feeling on that score may be,

"I Told You He Was Different."

misery loves company, and not until I had pulled out of the Squaw creek country and started logging in the San Hedrin watershed, did I realize that I had been considerable of a jackass myself."

"Yes," Bryce admitted, "there can be no doubt but that you cut off your nose to spite your face."

His thoughts harked back to that first season of logging in the San Hedrin, when the cloud-burst had caught the river filled with Cardigan logs and whirled them down to the bay, to crash through the log-boom at tidewater and continue out to the open sea.

The old man appeared to divine the trend of his son's thoughts. "Yes, Bryce, that was a disastrous year," he declared. "The mere loss of the logs was a severe blow, but in addition I had to pay out quite a little money to settle with my customers. I was loaded up with low-priced orders that year, although I didn't expect to make any money. The orders were merely to keep the men employed. You understand, Bryce! I had a good crew, the finest in the country; and if I had shut down, my men would have scattered and—well, you know how hard it is to get that kind of a crew together again. Besides, I had never failed my boys before, and I couldn't bear the thought of failing them then. Half the mills in the country were shut down at the time, and there was a lot of distress among the unemployed. I couldn't do it, Bryce."

Bryce nodded. "And when you lost the logs, you couldn't fill those low-priced orders. Then the market commenced to jump and advanced three dollars in three months——"

"Exactly, my son. And my customers began to crowd me to fill those old orders. I couldn't expect them to suffer with me; my failure to perform my contracts, while unavoidable, nevertheless would have caused them a serious loss, and when they were forced to buy elsewhere, I paid them the difference between the price they paid my competitors and the price at which they originally placed their orders with me. And the delay caused them further loss."

He smoked meditatively for a minute. "I've always been land-poor," he explained apologetically. "Whenever I had idle money, I put it into timber in the San Hedrin watershed, because I realized that some day the railroad would build in from the south, tap that timber and double its value. I've not as yet found reason to doubt the wisdom of my course; but"—he sighed—"the railroad is a long time coming."

John Cardigan here spoke of a most important factor in the situation. The crying need of the country was a feeder to some transcontinental railroad. By reason of natural barriers, Humboldt county was not easily accessible to the outside world except from the sea, and even this avenue of ingress and egress would be closed for days at a stretch when the harbor bar was on a rampage. With the exception of a strip of level, fertile land, perhaps five miles wide and thirty miles long and contiguous to the seacoast, the heavily timbered mountains to the north, east and south rendered the building of a railroad that would connect Humboldt county with the outside world a profoundly difficult and expensive task.

"Don't worry, Dad. It will come," Bryce assured his father. "It's bound to."

"Yes, but not in my day. And when it comes, a stranger may own your San Hedrin timber and reap the reward of my lifetime of labor."

Again a silence fell between them, broken presently by the old man. "That was a mistake—logging in the San Hedrin," he observed. "I had my lesson that first year, but I didn't heed it. If I had abandoned my camps there, pocketed my pride, paid Colonel Pennington two dollars for his Squaw creek timber, and rebuilt my old logging road, I would have been safe today. But I was stubborn; I'd played the game so long, you know—I didn't want to let that man Pennington outgame me. It's hard to teach an old dog new tricks, and besides, I was obsessed with the need of protecting your heritage from attack in any direction."

John Cardigan straightened up in his chair and laid the tip of his right index finger in the center of the palm of his left hand. "Here was the situation, Bryce: The center of my palm represents Sequoia; the ends of my fingers represent the San Hedrin timber twenty miles south. Now, if the railroad built in from the south, you would win. But if it built in from Grant's Pass, Oregon, on the north—from the base of my hand, the terminus of the line would be Sequoia, twenty miles from your timber in the San Hedrin watershed!"

Bryce nodded. "In which event," he replied, "we would be in much the same position with our San Hedrin timber as Colonel Pennington is with his Squaw creek timber. We would have the comforting knowledge that we owned it and paid taxes on it but couldn't do a dad-butted thing with it."

"Right you are! The thing to do, then, as I viewed the situation, Bryce, was to acquire a body of timber north of Sequoia and be prepared for either eventuality. And this I did."

Silence again descended upon them; and Bryce, gazing into the open fireplace, recalled an event in that period of his father's activities: Old Bill Henderson had come up to their house to dinner one night, and quite suddenly, in the midst of his soup, the old fox had glared across at his host and bellowed:

"John, I hear you've bought six thousand acres up in Township nine. Going to log it or hold it for investment?"

"It was a good buy," Cardigan had replied enigmatically; "so I thought I'd better buy it at the price. I suppose Bryce will log it some day."

"Then I wish Bryce wasn't such a boy, John. See here, now, neighbor, I'll 'fess up. I took that money Pennington gave me for my Squaw creek timber and put it back into redwood in Township nine, stumbling up against your holdings there. John, I'd build a mill on tidewater if you'd sell me a site, and I'd log my timber if——"

"I'll sell you a mill-site, Bill, and I won't stab you to the heart, either. Consider that settled."

"That's bully, John; but still, you only dispose of part of my troubles. There's twelve miles of logging-road to build to get my logs to the mill, and I haven't enough ready money to make the grade. Better throw in with me, John, and we'll build the road and operate it for our joint interest."

"I'll not throw in with you, Bill, at my time of life. I don't want to have the worry of building, maintaining, and operating twelve miles of private railroad. But I'll loan you the money you need to build and equip the road. In return you are to shoulder all the grief and worry of the road and give me a ten-year contract at a dollar and a half per thousand feet, to haul my logs down to tidewater with your own. My minimum haul will be twenty-five million feet annually, and my maximum fifty million——"

"Sold!" cried Henderson. And it was even so.

Bryce came out of his reverie. "And now?" he queried of his father.

"I mortgaged the San Hedrin timber in the south to buy the timber in the north, my son; then after I commenced logging in my new holdings, came several long, lean years of famine, the market dragged in the doldrums, and Bill Henderson died, and his boys got discouraged, and——"

A sudden flash of inspiration illuminated Bryce Cardigan's brain. "And they sold out to Colonel Pennington," he cried.

"Exactly. The Colonel took over my contract with Henderson's company, along with the other assets, and it was incumbent upon him, as assignee, to fulfill the contract. For the past two years the market for redwood has been most gratifying and if I could only have gotten a maximum supply of logs over Pennington's road I'd have worked out of the hole but——"

"He manages to hold you to a minimum annual haul of twenty-five million feet, eh?"

John Cardigan nodded. "He claims he's short of rolling stock—that wrecks and fires have embarrassed the road. He can always find excuses for failing to spot in logging trucks for Cardigan's logs."

"What does Colonel Pennington want, pard?"

"He wants," said John Cardigan slowly, "my Valley of the Giants and a right of way through my land from the valley to a log-dump on deep water."

"And you refused him?"

"Naturally. You know my ideas on that big timber." His old head sank low on his breast. "Folks call them Cardigan's redwoods now," he murmured. "Cardigan's redwoods—and Pennington would cut them! Oh, Bryce, the man hasn't a soul!"

"But I fail to see what the loss of Cardigan's redwoods has to do with the impending ruin of the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company," his son reminded him. "We have all the timber we want."

"My ten-year contract has but one more year to run, and recently I tried to get Pennington to renew it. He was very nice and sociable, but he named me a freight rate for a renewal of the contract for five years, of three dollars per thousand feet. That rate is prohibitive and puts us out of business."

"Then," said Bryce calmly, "we'll shut the mill down when the log-hauling contract expires, hold our timber as an investment, and live the simple life until we can sell it or a transcontinental road builds into Humboldt county and enables us to start up the mill again."

"An enemy has done this thing—and over her grave!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PICTURESQUE IN THEIR RUIN

Famous Old Abbeys and Priories Abound in the English County of Yorkshire.

When it comes to selecting the region of abbeys and priories in England there is but one county to think of. That county is Yorkshire, which has no less than 25 famous abbeys and priories within its boundaries, several of them renowned all over the world as being the finest and most beautiful ruins and scenes one can possibly expect to view in this connection.

Twenty-five, at least, of these beauty spots, the ancient founders of religious houses selected in Yorkshire centuries ago. Of course not all those 25, in their ruins and environment, are so amazingly beautiful and picturesque today. Kirkstall abbey, charming as it still appears in certain ways, is too much overshadowed by the smoke of Leeds and the murky, evil-smelling water of the Aire. But when the old monks first came to this abbey, the vale where it rested was almost surely as delightful as Fountains' wondrous scene is today! However, most of the Yorkshire abbeys even yet retain their pristine delightful surroundings, their fairylike loveliness, and have thus won a world-wide renown, and are visited by tens of thousands of folk from every quarter of the globe year by year.

Showing Rattlesnake's Age.

Another ancient belief is shattered by science. The number of rattles a rattlesnake has is determined not by his age, but by the number of times he sheds his skin, is the decision given out by the curator in charge of the reptiles in the New York zoo. A baby rattler is born with only a button, but soon afterward he sheds his skin and has a rattle. Every time he sheds his skin he gains another, and he usually does this three times a year, although seasonal or food conditions may vary this.

"The rattle's rather a delicate organ," writes the curator. "The snake wears out the older rings dragging them around over rough, rocky ground. A rattle seldom attains a length of more than 10 or 11 rings, as when that number has been acquired the vibration at the tip, when the organ is used, is so pronounced that additional segments are soon worn, broken, or lost."

Genius.

The book reviewer of Everybody's Magazine drops, somewhat unaccountably, into these rhapsodical reflections on genius: "It is the queerest thing in the world, the most unexplainable. It burns now in the mind of a tax-collector's son in ancient Rome, now in a tent-maker of Persia, now in a livery keeper's son in London, now in a mixer of pills in a dreary Norwegian town. Like the wind, it 'bloweth whither it listeth.' It is a fire that may not be quenched, either by failure or success. And whether we know it or not, its rays light the paths of all of us."

Rejecting a Compliment.

A well-known member of the stock exchange who is now giving up the close of a strenuous life to philanthropic efforts, was in his heyday a tremendous gambler in stocks, and, incidentally, he and his partner were rather expert in the gentle art of making enemies. One of these accosted him with the pleasant remark: "Look here, you are the biggest thief on the stock exchange." "Ah," was the answer. "It is evident you do not know my partner."—London Tit-Bits.

When Production Ceased.

"I thought everybody in a soviet was supposed to work."

"Of course."

"But not one of you is working."

"Naturally. We worked a little while and now we've all been promoted to be overseers."

PUBLIC HIGHWAYS

AID NATIONAL FOREST ROADS

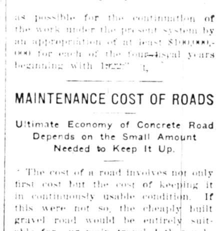
Secretary Meredith Favors More Liberal Financial Co-operation in Western States.

Speaking before highway representatives for western states, Edwin T. Meredith, secretary of agriculture, stated his belief that in the western states, where large areas of government lands are located, the federal government should adopt a system of financial co-operation more liberal to the states than is the case in the rest of the country.

"I think we must recognize the fact that the existence of these large areas of government lands places these states in a somewhat different situation from the remainder of the country," said Mr. Meredith, "and that it would be only equitable for the federal government to increase its percentage of co-operation over the present basis. I am also heartily in favor of continuing the appropriations for the building of national forest roads. These forests constitute a great natural resource, and their preservation and development is a national responsibility which ought to be met in full measure."

Mr. Meredith advocated active continuation of present federal and state co-operation in connection with state road systems with the systems of adjoining states in order that the working out of an adequate highway program for the whole United States may proceed in an orderly manner. He also advocated the continuance of work now going forward under the federal aid road act.

"As 1921 is the last year covered by the act," he said, "it would be highly desirable, in my opinion, for congress to make another provision as promptly



Improved Highway in Colorado.

as possible for the continuation of the work under the present system by an appropriation of at least $100,000,000 for each of the four fiscal years beginning with 1922."

MAINTENANCE COST OF ROADS

Ultimate Economy of Concrete Road Depends on the Small Amount Needed to Keep It Up.

The cost of a road involves not only first cost but the cost of keeping it in continuously usable condition. If this were not so, the cheaply built gravel road would be entirely suitable for our main traveled thoroughfares. The ultimate economy of the concrete road depends upon the extremely small amount of money required to keep it in excellent condition. The only maintenance needed on a well built concrete road is that necessary to keep filled with tar the joints and the cracks that may develop. The 1919 report of the state commissioner of highways of New York gives the average cost of maintenance for the three years 1915, 1916, and 1917 as follows: Macadam, $976.99 per mile per year for the maintenance of 2,408 miles; gravel, $824.00 per mile per year for the maintenance of 178 miles; first-class concrete, $124.00 per mile per year for the maintenance of 204 miles.

ROADS AS COMMUNITY ASSET

The Better They Are the More Likely They Are to Prove an Investment to Farmers.

The better the roads are, the more likely they are to prove an investment and consequently stand as a community asset. Without roads that can be used, regardless of weather and season, we might as well be living along the trails that our forefathers used when beasts of burden were literally such and marketing meant almost nothing.

BULLETIN IS OF IMPORTANCE

Useful Contribution From United States Department of Agriculture on Weather.

The highway weather bulletin is an important and useful contribution from the United States department of agriculture, made doubly so by recognition of the fact that the state of the roads is more important than the weather, and that you needn't worry about the weather if the roads are paved.

Benefits of Good Roads.

Good roads will enable the truck user to reach points which are now commercially inaccessible. Good roads mean more, and yet more trucks.

Building Roads in Texas.

Between January 1, 1919, and January 1, 1920, a total of $79,983,000 bonds for building highways was voted by counties in the state of Texas.

Successful Log Drag.

The split-log drag has been a great success where properly used.

TOO WEAK TO DO ANYTHING

A Serious Feminine Illness Remedied By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Casco, Wis.—"After the birth of each of my children I had displacement and was so weak I couldn't do anything. I found a book about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound so thought I would try it, and after taking it I soon felt better. That was fifteen years ago and I have felt well ever since except that I had a slight attack of the trouble some time ago and took some more of your Compound and was soon all right again. I always recommend your medicine and you may publish my testimonial for the benefit of other women."—Mrs. RENALD BERO, Jr., R. 1, Box 59, Casco, Wis.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills in this country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials prove this fact.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for these disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Not A Blemish mars the perfect appearance of her complexion. Permanent and temporary skin troubles are effectively concealed. Reduces unnatural color and corrects greasy skins. Highly antiseptic, used with beneficial results as a curative agent for 70 years.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

Send 10c. for Trial Size
FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, New York

A Little Giant

The little 2-ounce bottle, triple-strength, true-blue equals two full quarts, and costs only 15c. Sprinkle a drop or two of "Little Boy Blue" Original Condensed Liquid Bluing in the rinsing water. Makes clothes snow white. Never streaks or spots. Beware of Imitations

BIG ULCER ALL HEALED

"Here is another letter that makes me happy," says Peterson, of Buffalo. "One that I would rather have than a thousand dollars.

"Money isn't everything in this world. There is many a big-hearted, rich man who would give all he has on earth to be able to produce a remedy with such mighty healing power as Peterson's Ointment, to sell at all druggists for 35 cents a large box."

Dear Sirs:—

"I was an untold sufferer from old running sore and ulcers. I had tried most everything without any relief from pain. A friend told me of your wonderful ointment and the first box took away the pain that had not left me before in years, and after using just nine dollars' worth of the salve I am cured. The ulcer was 5 inches by 4½ inches, is all healed and I can walk. Never, never will I be without Peterson's again.

"... use this to recommend your ... wish. I cannot say enough ... Yours truly, Mrs. Albert ... Medina, N. Y. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Rheumatism-Neuritis

Send for one week Three Course Trial Treatment, take it, IF BENEFITED PAY $1, if not pay nothing. Anti-Rheumatism Co., E. Walnut St., Lansing, Mich.

Once in a while the greatest truth is told by the biggest liar.

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin.

On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful sometimes what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red rough hands.—Adv.

An old man is always boasting about his aches and pains.

Sure Relief

6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

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