THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

—20—

"Oh, my love!" he cried happily. "I hadn't dared dream of such happiness until today. You were so unattainable—the obstacles between us were so many and so great."

"Why today, Bryce?" she interrupted him.

He took her adorable little nose in his great thumb and forefinger and tweaked it gently. "The light began to dawn yesterday, my dear little enemy, following an interesting half-hour which I put in with his honor the mayor. Acting upon suspicion only, I told Poundstone I was prepared to send him to the rock pile if he didn't behave himself in the matter of my permanent franchise for the N. C. O.—and the oily old invertebrate wept and promised me anything if I wouldn't disgrace him. So I promised I wouldn't do anything until the franchise matter should be definitely settled, after which I returned to my office to find awaiting me there no less a person than the right-of-way man for the Northwestern Pacific. He was a perfectly delightful young fellow, and he had a proposition to unfold. It seems the Northwestern Pacific has decided to build up from Willits, and all that powwow and publicity of Buck Ogilvy's about the N. C. O. was in all probability the very thing that spurred them to action. They figured the C. M. & St. P. was back of the N. C. O.—that it was to be the first link in a chain of coast roads to be connected ultimately with the terminus of the C. M. & St. P. on Gray's Harbor, Washington. And if the N. C. O. should be built it meant that a rival road would get the edge on them in the matter of every stick of Humboldt and Del Norte redwood, and they'd be left holding the sack."

"Why did they think that, dear?"

"That amazing rascal, Buck Ogilvy, used to be a C. M. & St. P. man; they thought they traced an analogy, I dare say. Perhaps Buck talked to them. At any rate this right-of-way man was mighty anxious to know whether or not the N. C. O. had purchased from the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company a site for a terminus on tidewater (we control all the deep-water frontage on the bay), and when I told him the deal had not yet been closed he started to close one with me."

"Did you close?"

"My dear girl, will a duck swim? Of course I closed. I sold three-quarters of all we had, for three-quarters of a million dollars, and an hour ago I received a wire from my attorney in San Francisco informing me that the money had been deposited in escrow there awaiting formal deed. The money puts the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company in the clear—no receivership for us now, my dear one. And I'm going right ahead with the building of the N. C. O. while our holdings down on the San Hedrin double in value, for the reason that within three years they will be accessible and can be logged over the rails of the Northwestern Pacific!"

"Bryce," Shirley declared, "haven't I always told you I'd never permit you to build the N. C. O.?"

"Of course," he replied, "but surely you're going to withdraw your objections now."

"I am not. You must choose between the N. C. O. and me." And she met his surprised gaze unflinchingly.

"Shirley! You don't mean it?"

"I do mean it. I have always meant it. I love you, dear, but for all that you must not build that road."

He stood up and towered above her sternly. "I must build it, Shirley. I've contracted to do it, and I must keep faith with Gregory of the Trinidad

"I'm the Laguna Grande Lumber Company."

Timber company. He's putting up the money, and I'm to do the work and operate the line. I can't go back on him now."

"Not for my sake?" she pleaded. He shook his head. "I must go on," he reiterated.

"Do you realize what that resolution means to us?" The girl's tones were grave, her glance graver.

"I realize what it means to me!"

She came closer to him. Suddenly the blaze in her violet eyes gave way to one of mirth. "Oh, you dear big booby!" she cried. "I was just testing you." And she clung to him, laughing. "You always beat me down—you always win. Bryce, dear, I'm the Laguna Grande Lumber company—at least I will be tomorrow, and I repeat for the last time that you shall not build the N. C. O., because I'm going to—oh, dear, I shall die laughing at you—because I'm going to merge with the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company, and then my railroad shall be your railroad, and we'll extend it and haul Gregory's logs to tidewater for him also. And, silly, didn't I tell you you'd never build the N. C. O.?"

"God bless my mildewed soul!" he murmured, and drew her to him.

In the gathering dusk they walked down the trail. Beside the madrone tree John Cardigan waited patiently.

"Well," he queried when they joined him, "did you find my handkerchief for me, son?"

"I didn't find your handkerchief, John Cardigan," Bryce answered, "but I did find what I suspect you sent me back for, and that is a perfectly wonderful daughter-in-law for you!"

John Cardigan smiled and held out his arms for her. "This," he said, "is the happiest day that I have known since my boy was born."

CHAPTER XIX.

Col. Seth Pennington was thoroughly crushed. Look which way he would the bedeviled old rascal could find no loophole for escape.

"You win, Cardigan," he muttered desperately as he sat in his office after Shirley had left him. "You've had more than a shade in every round thus far, and at the finish you've landed a clean knockout. If I had to fight any man but you—"

He sighed resignedly and pressed the push-button on his desk. Sexton entered. "Sexton," he said bluntly and with a slight quaver in his voice, "my niece and I have had a disagreement. We have quarreled over young Cardigan. She's going to marry him. Now, our affairs are somewhat involved, and in order to straighten them out we spun a coin to see whether she should sell her stock in Laguna Grande to me or whether I should sell mine to her—and I lost. The book valuation of the stock at the close of last year's business, plus ten per cent, will determine the selling price, and I shall resign as president. You will, in all probability, be retained to manage the company until it is merged with the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company, when I imagine you will be given ample notice to seek a new job elsewhere. Call Miss Sumner's attorney, Judge Moore, on the telephone and ask him to come to the office at nine o'clock tomorrow, when the papers can be drawn up and signed. That is all."

The Colonel did not return to his home in Redwood boulevard that night. He had no appetite for dinner and sat brooding in his office until very late; then he went to the Hotel Sequoia and engaged a room. He did not possess sufficient courage to face his niece again.

At four o'clock the next day the Colonel, his baggage, his automobile, his chauffeur and the solemn butler, James, boarded the passenger steamer for San Francisco, and at four-thirty sailed out of Humboldt bay over the thundering bar and on into the south. The Colonel was still a rich man, but his dream of a redwood empire had faded, and once more he was taking up the search for cheap timber. Whether he ever found it or not is a matter that does not concern us.

At a moment when young Henry Poundstone's dream of legal opulence was fading, when Mayor Poundstone's hopes for domestic peace had been shattered beyond repair, the while his cheap political aspirations had been equally devastated because of a certain damnable document in the possession of Bryce Cardigan, many events of importance were transpiring. On the veranda of his old-fashioned home John Cardigan sat tapping the floor with his stick and dreaming dreams which for the first time in many years were rose-tinted. Beside him Shirley sat, her glance bent musingly out across the roofs of Sequoia and on to the bay shore, where the smoke and exhaust steam floated up from two sawmills—her own and Bryce Cardigan's. To her came at regularly spaced intervals the faint whining of the saws and the rumble of log trains crawling out of the log dumps; high over the piles of bright, freshly sawn lumber she caught from time to time the flash of white spray as the great logs tossed from the trucks hurtled down the skids and crashed into the bay. At the docks of both mills vessels were loading, their tall spars cutting the sky line above and beyond the smokestacks; far down the bay a steam schooner, loaded until her main deck was almost flush with the water, was putting out to sea, and Shirley heard the faint echo of her siren as she whistled her intention to pass to starboard of a wind jammer inward bound in tow of a Cardigan tug.

"It's wonderful," she said presently apropos of nothing.

"Aye," he replied in his deep, melodious voice. "I've been sitting here, my dear, listening to your thoughts. You know something, now, of the tie that binds thy boy to Sequoia. This"—he waved his arm abroad in the darkness—"this is the true essence of life—to create, to develop the gifts that God has given us—to work and know the blessing of weariness—to have dreams and see them come true. That is life, and I have lived. And now I am ready to rest." He smiled wistfully. "'The king is dead. Long live the king.' I wonder if you, raised as you have been, can face life in Sequoia resolutely with my son. It is a dull drab sawmill town, where life unfolds gradually without thrill—where the years stretch ahead of one with only trees, among simple folk. The life may be hard on you, Shirley; one has to acquire a taste for it, you know."

"I have known the lilt of battle, John-partner," she answered; "hence I think I can enjoy the sweets of victory. I am content."

"And what a run you did give that boy Bryce!"

She laughed softly. "I wanted him to fight; I had a great curiosity to see the stuff that was in him," she explained.

Next day Bryce Cardigan, riding the top log on the end truck of a long train just in from Cardigan's woods in Township Nine, dropped from the end of the log as the train crawled through the mill yard on its way to the log dump. He hailed Buck Ogilvy where the latter stood in the door of the office.

"Big doings up on Little Laurel creek this morning, Buck."

"Do tell!" Mr. Ogilvy murmured morosely.

"It was great," Bryce continued. "Old Duncan McTavish returned. I knew he would. His year on the mourner's bench expired yesterday, and he came back to claim his old job of woods boss."

"He's one year too late," Ogilvy declared. "I wouldn't let that big Canadian Jules Rondeau quit for a farm. Some woods boss, that—and his first job with this company was the dirtiest you could hand him—smearing grease on the skid road at a dollar and a half a day and found. He's made too good to lose out now. I don't care what his private morals may be. He can get out the logs, hang his rascally hide, and I'm for him."

"I'm afraid you haven't anything to say about it, Buck," Bryce replied dryly.

"I haven't, eh? Well, any time you deny me the privilege of hiring and firing you're going to be out the service of a rattling good general manager, my son. Yes, sir! If you hold me responsible for results I must select the tools I want to work with."

"Oh, very well," Bryce laughed. "Have it your own way. Only if you can drive Duncan McTavish out of Cardigan's woods I'd like to see you do it. Possession is nine points of the law, Buck, and Old Duncan is in possession."

"What do you mean—in possession?"

"I mean that at ten o'clock this morning Duncan McTavish appeared at our log landing. The whisky fat was all gone from him and he appeared forty years old instead of the sixty that he is. With a whoop he came jumping over the logs straight for Jules Rondeau. The big Canuck saw him coming and knew what his visit portended, so he wasn't taken unawares. It was a case of fight for his job, and Rondeau fought."

"The devil you say!"

"I do, and there was the devil to pay. It was a rough and tumble and no grips barred—just the kind of a fight Rondeau likes. Nevertheless Old Duncan floored him. While he's been away somebody taught him the hammer lock and the crotch hold and a few more fancy ones, and he got to work on Rondeau in a hurry. In fact he had to, for if the tussle had gone over five minutes Rondeau's youth would have decided the issue."

"And Rondeau was whipped?"

"To a whisper. Mac floored him and choked him until he beat the ground with his free hand in token of surrender; whereupon old Duncan let him up, and Rondeau went to his shanty and packed his turkey. The last I saw of him he was headed over the hill to Camp Two on Laguna Grande. He'll probably chase that assistant woods boss I hired after the consolidation out of Shirley's woods and help himself to the fellow's job. I don't care if he does. What interests me is the fact that the old Cardigan woods boss is back on the job in Cardigan's woods, and I'm mighty glad of it. The old horsethief has had his lesson and will remain sober hereafter. I think he's cured."

"The infamous old outlaw!"

"Mac knows the San Hedrin as I know my own pocket. He'll be a tower of strength when we open up that tract after the railroad builds in. By the way, has my dad been down this morning?"

"Yes. Moira read the mail to him and then took him up to the Valley of the Giants. He said he wanted to do a little quiet figuring on that new steam schooner you're thinking of building. He thinks she ought to be bigger—big enough to carry two million feet."

Bryce glanced at his watch. "It's half after eleven," he said. "Guess I'll run up to the Giants and bring him home to luncheon."

He stepped into the Napier standing outside the office and drove away. Buck Ogilvy waited until Bryce was out of sight; then with sudden determination he entered the office.

"Moira," he said abruptly, approaching the desk where she worked, "your dad is back, and what's more, Bryce Cardigan has let him have his old job as woods boss. And I'm here to announce that you're not going back to the woods to keep house for him. Understand? Now, look here, Moira. I've shilly-shallied around you for months, protesting my love, and I haven't gotten anywhere. Today I'm going to ask you for the last time. Will you marry me? I need you worse than that rascal of a father of yours does, and I tell you I'll not have you go back to the woods to take care of him. Come now, Moira. Do give me a definite answer."

"I'm afraid I don't love you well enough to marry you, Mr. Ogilvy," Moira pleaded. "I'm truly fond of you, but—"

"The last boat's gone," cried Mr. Ogilvy desperately. "I'm answered. Well, I'll not stick around here much longer, Moira. I realize I must be a nuisance, but I can't help being a nuisance when you're near me. So I'll quit my job here and go back to my old game of railroading."

"Oh, you wouldn't quit a ten-thousand-dollar job," Moira cried aghast.

"I'd quit a million-dollar job. I'm desperate enough to go over to the mill and pick a fight with the big bandsaw. I'm going away where I can't see you. Your eyes are driving me crazy."

"But I don't want you to go, Mr. Ogilvy."

"Call me Buck," he commanded sharply.

"I don't want you to go, Buck," she repeated meekly. "I shall feel guilty, driving you out of a fine position."

"Then marry me, and I'll stay."

"But suppose I don't love you the way you deserve—"

"Suppose! Suppose!" Buck Ogilvy cried. "You're no longer certain of yourself. How dare you deny your love for me? Eh? Moira, I'll risk it."

Her eyes turned to him timidly, and for the first time he saw in their smoky depths a lambent flame. "I don't know," she quavered, "and it's a big responsibility in case—"

"Oh, the devil take the case!" he cried rapturously, and took her hands in his. "Do I improve with age, dear

"He Was a Giant Among Men."

Moira?" he asked with boyish eagerness; then, before she could answer he swept on, a tornado of love and pleading. And presently Moira was in his arms, and he was kissing her, and she was crying softly because—well, she admired Mr. Buck Ogilvy; more, she respected him and was genuinely fond of him. She wondered and she wondered, a quiet joy thrilled her in the knowledge that it did not seem at all impossible for her to grow, in time, absurdly fond of this wholesome red rascal.

"Oh, Buck, dear," she whispered, "I don't know, I'm sure, but perhaps I've loved you a little bit for a long time."

"I'm perfectly wild over you. You're the most wonderful woman I ever heard of. Old rosy-cheeks!" And he pinched them just to see the color come and go.

* * * * * * *

John Cardigan was seated in his lumberjack's easy chair as his son approached. His hat lay on the litter of brown twigs beside him; his chin was sunk on his breast, and his head was held a little to one side in a listening attitude; a vagrant little breeze rustled gently a lock of his fine, long white hair. Bryce stooped over the old man and shook him gently by the shoulder.

"Wake up, partner," he called cheerfully. But John Cardigan did not wake, and again his son shook him. Still receiving no response, Bryce lifted the leonine old head and gazed into his father's face. "John Cardigan!" he cried sharply. "Wake up, old pal."

The old eyes opened and John Cardigan smiled up at his boy. "Good son," he whispered, "good son!" He closed his sightless eyes again as if the mere effort of holding them open wearied him. "I've been sitting here waiting," he went on in the same gentle whisper. "No, not waiting for you, boy—waiting—"

His head fell over on his son's shoulder; his hand went groping for Bryce's. "Listen," he continued. "Can't you hear it—the Silence? I'll wait for you here, my son. Mother and I will wait together now—in this spot she fancied. I'm tired—I want rest. Look after old Mac and Moira—and Bill Dandy, who lost his leg at Camp Seven last fall—and Tom Ellington's children—and all the others, son. You know, Bryce. They're your responsibilities. Sorry I can't wait to see the San Hedrin opened up, but—I've lived my life and loved my love. Ah, yes, I've been happy—so happy just doing things—and—dreaming here among my Giants—and—"

He sighed gently. "Good son," he whispered again; his big body relaxed and the great heart of the Argonaut was still. Bryce held him until the realization came to him that his father was no more—that like a watch the winding of which has been neglected he had gradually slowed up and stopped.

"Goodby, old John-partner!" he murmured. "You've escaped into the light at last. We'll go home together now, but we'll come back again."

And with his father's body in his strong arms he departed from the amphitheater, walking slowly with his heavy burden down the old skid road to the waiting automobile. And two days later John Cardigan returned to rest forever with his lost mate among the Giants, himself at last an infinitesimal portion of that tremendous silence that is the diapason of the ages.

When the funeral was over Shirley and Bryce lingered until they found themselves alone beside the freshly turned earth. Through a rift in the great branches two hundred feet above a patch of cerulean sky showed faintly; the sunlight fell like a broad golden shaft over the blossom-laden grave and from the brown trunk of an adjacent tree a gray squirrel, a descendant, perhaps, of the gray squirrel that had been wont to rob Bryce's pockets of pine nuts twenty years before, chirped at them inquiringly.

"He was a giant among men," said Bryce presently. "What a fitting place for him to lie!" He passed his arm around his wife's shoulders and drew her to him. "You made it possible, sweetheart."

She gazed up at him in adoration. And presently they left the Valley of the Giants to face the world together, strong in their faith to live their lives and love their loves, to dream their dreams and perchance when life should be done with and the hour of rest at hand, to surrender sustained and comforted by the knowledge that those dreams had come true.

[THE END.]

TRAGEDY IN INCREASED GIRTH

Man May Smile at His Rotundity, but to Woman It Is a Matter of Terror.

A fat man is usually a jolly sort of an individual who accepts the world as the same sort of a joke as the world considers him. Girth may worry a man occasionally because it is an annoyance, but with the modern woman it verges upon tragedy. As physicians—if they would talk freely—can tell you, it is a worry to them that frequently leads to ruined health, insanity or the grave, the New York Sun says.

It is possible for a man to grow fat gracefully. At least he can subdue his habits, stop running for trains, give up his golf and spend most of his time in ponderous poses. His tailor can easily arrange his clothing into well known and accepted lines.

The case of the woman is different. Fashion binds her as with a chain. There are no stylish frocks for stout women. The fashion calls for slim figures and trim ankles. Waists and hips are taboo. There are no sleeves capable of concealing overfleshed arms. Man can adapt his clothes to his figure, but woman must adapt her figure to the clothes or else shamelessly admit that she cannot wear what is fashionable.

It was not always so. In another generation the stout woman had a well-defined place—the "dowager type," it was sometimes called. The woman who made the best biscuits and cooked the most savory chicken was always a round sort of person who never minded it when people came unexpectedly around at dinner time. She was the one children flocked to for sympathy and the one who seemed to make the world brighter wherever she went.

The Why of Jayhawkers.

"Wilder's Annals of Kansas" gives this history of the word: "One autumn morning in this year (1856) Pat Devlin, a Free State Irishman, rode into Osawatomie on a horse heavily laden with many kinds of goods. 'Have you been foraging, Pat?' 'Yes, I've been jayhawking. In Ireland we have a bird we call the jayhawk; it worries its prey before devouring it; and jayhawking is a good name for the business I've been in.' This is the only known origin of the word. Colonel Jennison, early in the war (between the pro-slavery and free state forces) called himself and his soldiers jayhawkers, and the name soon came to be applied to all Kansans. Others attribute the word to Col. Charles R. Jennison, one of the Free State leaders, claiming that he "coined" it. "Jayhawking" was the term used to describe the depredations of the Kansans and they were called "Jayhawkers," as the term "Border Ruffians" was applied to the Missouri pro-slavery men.

How Physicians Get Rich.

Jones is no more of a hypochondriac than other people, but he was heard talking to himself as follows: "Here I am eating my usual diet of fried food, canned meats, doughnuts, pie, wine, tea and coffee. It makes me sore to even think of wholesome foods like bran gems, eggs and milk. My stomach must be in a frightful condition; I'll go and see a doctor."

Later at the doctor's office he explained: "Doctor, although I feel A No. 1 my diet has been such that I feel sure it must have injured my digestion. Please examine me thoroughly and then tell me if you honestly think I am in need of the services of the profession which affords you a livelihood."

It Certainly Is That!

Have you ever been stuck in the mud at the foot of a steep incline in a balky motor car? So have we. And if you are a woman and the motor was driven by a normal man, you heard words that you had a vague idea existed but were not exactly sure were in current use. And if he asked for a pair of pliers, you knew if you made a mistake and handed him a monkey wrench he might choke you or something. And when, after he has had to put on the chains, you finally pull out of that mud hole, O-oo! "Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?"—Columbus Dispatch.

Heat Brings Out Inscriptions.

Inscriptions nearly obliterated by age and wear from old silver coins may be rendered visible by placing the coin upon a piece of red-hot iron, by which means the inscription is made to assume a greenish hue, whereby it becomes readable.

People who are suffering will not listen to your cool philosophy. They upset things.

Kill That Cold With

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

FOR Colds, Coughs AND La Grippe

Neglected Colds are Dangerous

Take no chances. Keep this standard remedy handy for the first sneeze.

Breaks up a cold in 24 hours — Relieves Grippe in 3 days — Excellent for Headache

Quinine in this form does not affect the head — Cascara is best Tonic Laxative — No Opiate in Hill's.

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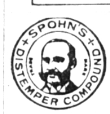

HORSES COUGHING? USE

Spohn's Distemper Compound

to break it up and get them back in condition. Twenty-six years' use has made "Spohn's" indispensable in treating Coughs and Colds, Influenza and Distemper, with their resulting complications, and all diseases of the throat, nose and lungs. Acts marvelously as a preventive, acts equally well as a cure. 60 cents and $1.20 per bottle at drug stores.

SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY, Goshen, Ind.

A Fair Valuation.

"How do you think stolen kisses ought to be assessed?"

"At their face value."

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Name "Bayer" on Genuine

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" is genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark Bayer Manufacture Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

Getting Anxious.

"Maud wants a finger in everything."

"Yes, but in an engagement ring for preference."—Boston Transcript.

Cuticura Soothes Itching Scalp

On retiring gently rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make them your every-day toilet preparations and have a clear skin and soft, white hands.—Adv.

WAR AGAINST THE BELUGA

French Oceanograph Society Starts Fight on Enemies of the Fishermen.

A campaign against the beluga or white whale was recently started from Douarnenez to Concarneau, in Brittainy, by the French Oceanograph society, in which nets and poison tubes were used. The beluga, pest of the fishermen, is generally cream white in color, feeds mainly on marine fish and commits ravages among the shoals. The average length of the adult male is about 18 or 20 feet. To hunt down the white whale a net 1,100 yards long was set up at Dournenez, while another was placed in a suitable position by the fishermen at Concarneau. Furthermore, the skippers of the sardine boats used 4,000 Yves deluge poison tubes against the belugas.—Indianapolis News.

She Knew!

Teacher (to new girl)—Now, Dolly, I'll give you a sum. Supposing your father owed the butcher fifteen pounds eleven shilling and twopence halfpenny, seven pounds three shillings to the bootmaker, fourteen pounds and ninepence to the milkman, and thirty-one pounds nineteen shillings and threepence three farthings to the coal merchant—

Dolly (confidently)—We should move!—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Ever see the motto, "Live and Let Live," on the walls of a butcher shop?

Poor Marksmanship.

Cub Reporter—Don't you think my articles have a lot of fire?

Proofreader—Yes, considerable fire but no aim.

SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of distressing cases. Swamp-Root makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.

Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Soon to Have.

Visitor—Been doing any work in the nude?

Struggling Artist—No, but I will be if men's clothing prices don't come down!—Cartoons Magazine.

"Pape's Diapepsin" for Indigestion

"Pape's Diapepsin" is the quickest, surest relief for Indigestion, Gases, Flatulence, Heartburn, Sourness, Fermentation or Stomach Distress caused by acidity. A few tablets give almost immediate stomach relief and shortly the stomach is corrected so you can eat favorite foods without fear. Large case costs only 60 cents at drug store. Absolutely harmless and pleasant. Millions helped annually. Best stomach corrective known—Adv.

FREEDOM FOR ARAB WOMEN

May Go Forth to Shop in the Business District Like the European Women.

While the Arabs of Algeria, in turbans and gracefully draped burnouses come out from their silently swinging doors, and with their staffs stroll into the European quarter of the city to buy food at some French shop, the Arab women who leave the Kasbah, the native quarter, are now enjoying a newer freedom.

The war has done it. The women are now allowed to go to other places than the baths and the cemeteries, the two traditional rendezvous where their husbands heretofore permitted them to gather. Many sally forth to shop in the downtown district like the European women. Some go to take tea at a fashionable French pastry shop, where they take off their veils, safe from the sight of Mohammedan men, and eat sweet cakes the Christians make. Then they put on their veils again, and, "shrouded in white mystery," go home to their hidden doors. Veiled to the eyelashes in "haicks" as white as snow, they undulate slowly in the billowy, baggy trousers of 1,000 folds, and pass into the heavy wooden doors, brass studded, that swing noiselessly shut.—Century Magazine.

No, I Can't.

"I can read my wife like a book," bragged Mr. Naybor.

"I'll bet you can't shut her up like one," growled Mr. Gab.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Your table drink will never bother nerves or sleep if you quit coffee and drink

INSTANT POSTUM

If coffee troubles you, isn't it better to make the change now rather than later?

Better health results and you'll appreciate the economy and convenience.

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