THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

—16—

For the space of a minute the mayor weighed his son's future as a corporation attorney against his own future as mayor of Sequoia—and Henry lost.

"It might be arranged, Colonel," he murmured in a low voice—the voice of shame.

"It is already arranged," the Colonel replied cheerfully. "Leave your [illegible] at the front gate and drive home in Shirley's car. I'll arrange matters with her." He laughed shortly. "It means, of course, that I'll have to telegraph to San Francisco tomorrow and buy her a later model. Thank goodness, she has a birthday tomorrow! Have a fresh cigar, mayor."

Colonel Pennington had little difficulty in explaining the deal to Shirley, who was sleepy and not at all interested. The Poundstones had bored her to extinction, and upon her uncle's assurance that she would have a new car within a week, she thanked him and for the first time retired without offering her cheek for his good-night kiss. Shortly thereafter the Colonel sought his own virtuous couch and prepared to surrender himself to the first good sleep in three weeks. He told the flattering unction to his soul that Bryce Cardigan had dealt him a poor hand from a marked deck and he had played it exceedingly well. "Lucky I [illegible] the young beggar from getting those rails out of the Laurel Creek spur," he mused. "[illegible] crossing in overnight [illegible] the deal would [illegible] creek without a [illegible] courts in Christendom would [illegible] nothing."

He was dozing off when a sound smote upon his ears. Instantly he was wide awake, listening [illegible], his head cocked on one side. The sound grew louder; evidently it was approaching Sequoia, and with [illegible] the Colonel sat up in bed, [illegible] in every limb.

Suddenly, out of the [illegible] diapason he heard a [illegible], another and another. He counted them—six in all.

"A locomotive and [illegible]," he murmured. "And they [illegible] passed over the switch leading from the [illegible] tracks out to my log dump. That means the train is going down Water street to the switch into Cardigan's yard. By George, [illegible] me!"

With the agility of a boy he sprang into his clothes, [illegible] downstairs, and leaped into Mayor Poundstone's [illegible] standing in the darkness at the [illegible] gate.

CHAPTER XV.

The success of Bryce Cardigan's plan for getting his rails down from Laurel creek depended entirely upon the whimsy which might seize the crew of the big mogul that hauled the last load of logs out of Cardigan's redwoods on Thursday afternoon. Should the engineer and fireman decide to leave the locomotive at the logging camp for the night, Bryce's task would be as simple as turning a hose down a squirrel hole. On the other hand, should they run back to Sequoia with the engine, he and Ogilvy faced the alternative of "borrowing" it from the Laguna Grande Lumber company's roundhouse; and that operation, in view of the fact that Pennington's night watchman would be certain to hear the engine leaving, offered difficulties.

Throughout the afternoon, after having sent his orders in writing to the woods-boss, via George Sea Otter (for he dared not trust to the telephone), he waited in his office for a telephone call from the logging camp as to what action the engine crew had taken. Finally, at a quarter of six, Curtis, his woods-boss, rang in.

"They're staying here all night, sir," he reported.

"House them as far from the log landing as possible, and organize a poker game to keep them busy in case they don't go to bed before eight o'clock," Bryce ordered. "In the meantime, send a man you can trust—Jim Harding, who runs the big bull donkey, will do—down to the locomotive to keep steam up until I arrive."

He had scarcely hung up, when Buck Ogilvy came into the office. "Well?" he queried casually.

"Safe-o, Buck!" replied Bryce. "Nothing to do but get a bite of dinner and proceed to business."

Buck insisted on keeping an engagement to dine with Moira, and Bryce agreed to call for him at the Bon Gusto restaurant. Then Bryce went home to dine with his father. Old Cardigan was happier than his son had seen him since the return of the latter to Sequoia.

"Well, sonny, I've had a mighty pleasant afternoon," he declared as Bryce led him to the dinner table. "I've been up to the Valley of the Giants."

Bryce was amazed. "Why, how could you?" he demanded. "The old skid road is impassable, and after you leave the end of the skid road, the trail in to mother's grave is so overgrown with buckthorn and wild lilac I doubt if a rabbit could get through it comfortably."

"Not a bit of it," the old man replied. "Somebody has gone to work and planked that old skid road and put up a hand rail on each side, while the trail through the Giants has been grubbed out and smoothed over. All that old logging cable I abandoned in those choppings has been strung from tree to tree alongside the path on both sides. I can go up there alone now, once George sets me on the old skid road; I can't get lost."

"How did you discover this?" Bryce demanded.

"Judge Moore, representing the new owner, called round this morning and took me in tow. He said his client knew the property held for me a certain sentimental value which wasn't transferred in the deed, and so the Judge had been instructed to have the skid road planked and the forest trail grubbed out—for me. It appears that the valley is going to be a public park, after all, but for the present and while I live it is my private park."

"This is perfectly amazing, partner."

"It's mighty comforting," his father admitted. "Guess the new owner must be one of my old friends—perhaps somebody I did a favor for once—and this is his way of repaying. I'd like to know the name of the owner. I'd like mighty well to say thank you to him. It isn't usual for people nowadays to have as much respect for sentiment in an old [illegible] the fellow has. He sort of makes me feel as if I hadn't sold at all."

Buck Ogilvy came out of the Bon Gusto restaurant with Moira just as Bryce, with George Sea Otter at the wheel of the Napier, drew up to the curb. They left Moira at her boarding [illegible] and rolled [illegible].

At nine o'clock [illegible] at Cardigan's log landing and found Jim Harding, the [illegible] smoking his pipe in the cab [illegible].

"[illegible], Jim?"

"You bet."

"[illegible] up to date [illegible] tell him we're here [illegible] his gang and bring two pairs of overalls and two jumpers [illegible] with him when he comes."

Presently the woods-boss, accompanied by thirty of his best men, came down to the log landing. At Bryce's order they clambered aboard the engine and tender, hanging on the steps, on the roof of the cab, on the cow-catcher [illegible] Buck Ogilvy cut off the air and the locomotive and tender began to glide slowly down the [illegible] [illegible] It covered the switch [illegible] the Cardigan [illegible] further [illegible] A [illegible] down the line Buck Ogilvy applied the brakes and eased her down to twenty miles per hour.

At the junction with the main line Buck backed briskly up into the Laguna Grande woods, and coupled to the two loaded flat cars. The woods gang scrambled aboard the flats, and the train pulled out for Sequoia. Forty minutes later they rumbled down Water street and slid to a grinding halt at the intersection of B street.

From the darkness of Cardigan's drying yard, where they had been waiting, twenty picked men of the mill crew now emerged, bearing lanterns and tools. Under Buck Ogilvy's direction the dirt promptly began to fly, while the woods crew unloaded the rails and piled them close to the sidewalk.

Suddenly a voice, harsh and strident with passion, rose above the thud of the picks and the clang of metal.

"Who's in charge here, and what in blazes do you mean by cutting my tracks?"

Bryce turned in time to behold Col. Seth Pennington leap from an automobile and advance upon Buck Ogilvy. Ogilvy held a lantern up to the Colonel's face and surveyed Pennington calmly.

"Colonel," he began with exasperating politeness, "I presume you are Colonel Pennington. My name is Buchanan P. Ogilvy, and I am in charge of these operations. I am the

Surveyed Pennington Calmly.

vice president and general manager of the N. C. O., and I am engaged in the blithe task of making a jump crossing of your rails. Have a cigar." And he thrust a perfecto under the Colonel's nose. Pennington struck it to the ground, and on the instant, half a dozen rough rascals emptied their shovels over him. He was deluged with dirt.

"Stand back, Colonel, stand back, if you please. You're in the way of the shovelers," Buck Ogilvy warned him soothingly.

Bryce Cardigan came over, and at sight of him Pennington choked with fury. "You—you—" he sputtered, unable to say more.

"I'm the N. C. O.," Bryce replied. "Nice little fiction that of yours about the switch-engine being laid up in the shops and the Laurel creek bridge being unsafe for this big mogul." He looked Pennington over with frank admiration. "You're certainly on the job, Colonel. I'll say that much for you."

"You've stolen my engine," Pennington almost screamed. "I'll have the law on you for grand larceny."

"Tut-tut! You don't know who stole your engine. For all you know, your own engine crew may have run it down here."

"I'll attend to you, sir," Pennington replied, and he turned to enter Mayor Poundstone's little flivver.

"Not tonight, at least," Bryce retorted gently. "Having gone this far I would be a poor general to permit you to escape now with the news of your discovery. You'd be down here in an hour with a couple of hundred members of your mill crew and give us the rush. You will oblige me, Colonel Pennington, by remaining exactly where you are until I give you permission to depart."

"And if I refuse—?"

"Then I shall manhandle you, truss you up like a fowl in the tonneau of your car and [illegible] you."

To Bryce's [illegible] surprise the Colonel smiled. "Oh, very well!" he replied. "I guess you've got the bulge on me, young man. Do you mind if I sit in the warm cab of my own engine? I came away in such a hurry I quite forgot my overcoat!"

"Not at all. I'd sit up there and keep you company."

Half an hour passed. An automobile came slowly up Water street and paused [illegible] evidently reconnoitering the situation. Instantly the Colonel thrust his head out the cab window.

"Sexton!" he shouted. "Cardigan's cutting in a crossing. He's holding [illegible] against my will. Get the mill crew together and phone for Rondeau and his woods crew. Send the switch engine and a couple of flats up for them. Phone Poundstone. Tell him to have [illegible] police."

Bryce Cardigan's [illegible] over the Colonel's neck, while down Water street a dark streak that was Buck Ogilvy sped toward the automobile, intending to climb in and make Pennington's manager a prisoner also. He was too late, however. Sexton swung his car and departed at full speed down Water street, leaving the disappointed Buck to return panting to the scene of operations.

Bryce Cardigan released his hold on Pennington's neck. "You win, Colonel!" he announced. "No good can come of holding you here any longer. Into your car and on your way."

"Thank you, young man," the Colonel answered, and there was a metallic ring in his voice. He looked at his watch in the glare of a torch. "Plenty of time," he murmured. "Curfew shall not ring tonight." Quite deliberately he climbed into the mayor's late source of woe and breezed away.

Colonel Pennington did not at once return to his home, however. Instead he drove up to the business center of the town. The streets were deserted, but one saloon—the Sawdust Pile—was still open.

Pennington strode through the bar and into the back room, where a number of poker games were in progress. For a moment he stood, his cold, ophidian glance circling the room until it came to rest on no less a personage than the Black Minorca, an individual with whom the reader has already had some slight acquaintance. It will be recalled that the Black Minorca led the futile rush against Bryce Cardigan that day in Pennington's woods.

The Colonel approached the table where the Black Minorca sat thumbing the edges of his cards, and touched the cholo on the shoulder. The Black Minorca turned, and Pennington nodded to him to follow; whereupon the latter cashed in his chips and joined his employer on the sidewalk. Here a whispered conversation ensued, and at its conclusion the Black Minorca nodded vigorously.

"Sure!" he assured the Colonel. "I'll fix 'em good and plenty."

Together Pennington and the Black Minorca entered the automobile and proceeded swiftly to the Laguna Grande Lumber company's mill office. From a locker the Colonel produced a repeating rifle and three boxes of cartridges, which he handed to the cholo, who departed without further ado into the night.

Twenty minutes later, from the top of a lumber pile in Cardigan's drying yard, Bryce Cardigan saw the flash of a rifle and felt a sudden sting on his left forearm. He leaped around in front of the cowcatcher to gain the shelter of the engine, and another bullet struck at his feet and ricocheted off into the night. It was followed by a fusillade, the bullets kicking up the freshly disturbed earth among the workers and sending them scurrying to various points of safety. In an instant the crossing was deserted, and work had been stopped, while from the top of the adjacent lumber pile the Black Minorca poured a stream of lead and filthy invective at every point which he suspected of harboring a Cardigan follower.

"I'd like to plug him," Buck murmured.

"What would be the use? This will be his last night in Humboldt county—"

A rifle shot rang out from the side of B street; from the lumber pile across the street, Bryce and Ogilvy heard a suppressed grunt of pain, and a crash as of a breaking board. Instantly out of the shadows George Sea Otter came padding on velvet feet, rifle in hand—and then Bryce understood.

"All right, boss," said George simply, as he joined Bryce and Ogilvy under the lee of the locomotive. "Now we get busy again."

"Safe-o, men," Ogilvy called. "Back to the job." And while Bryce, followed by the careless George Sea Otter, went into the lumber yard to succor the enemy, Ogilvy set an example to the men by stepping into the open and starting briskly to work with a shovel.

At the bottom of the pile of lumber the Black Minorca was discovered with a severe flesh wound in his right hip; also he was suffering from numerous bruises and contusions. George Sea Otter possessed himself of the fallen cholo's rifle, while Bryce picked the wretch up and carried him to his automobile.

"Take the swine over to the Laguna Grande Lumber company's hospital and tell them to patch him up," he ordered George Sea Otter. "I'll keep both [illegible] and the ammunition here for

Bryce Cardigan Saw the Flash of a Rifle.

Jules Rondeau and his woods gang. They'll probably be dropping in on us about 2 a. m., if I know anything about Colonel Pennington's way of doing things."

* * * * * * *

Having dispatched the Black Minorca to hold up the work until the arrival of reenforcements, Colonel Pennington fairly burned the streets en route to his home. He was desirous of getting into a heavy ulster before venturing forth again into the night air.

The violent slam with which he closed the front door after him brought Shirley, in dressing gown and slippers, to the staircase.

"Uncle Seth!" she called. "What's the matter?"

"There's the devil to pay," he answered. "That fellow Cardigan is back of the N. C. O., after all, and he and Ogilvy have a gang of fifty men down at the intersection of Water and B streets, cutting in a jump-crossing of our line."

He dashed into the living room, and she heard him calling frantically into the telephone.

"At last!" she murmured, and crept down the stairs, pausing behind the heavy portieres at the entrance to the living room.

"That you, Poundstone?" she heard him saying rapidly into the transmitter. "Pennington speaking. Young Bryce Cardigan is behind that N. C. O. [illegible], and it's a logging road and not intended to build through to Grant's Pass at all. Cardigan and Ogilvy are at Water and B streets this very instant with a gang of fifty men cutting in a jump-crossing of my line, curse them! They'll have it in by six o'clock tomorrow morning if something isn't done—and once they get it in, the fat's in the fire.

"Telephone the chief of police and order him to take his entire force down there if necessary, and stop that work. To blazes with that temporary franchise! You stop that work for two hours, and I'll do the rest. Tell the chief of police not to recognize that temporary franchise. He can be suspicious of it, can't he, and refuse to let the work go on until he finds out? And you can be hard to find for two hours, can you not? Delay, delay, man! That's all I want. . . . Yes, yes, I understand. You get down about daylight and roast the chief of police for interfering, but in the meantime! . . . Thank you, Poundstone, thank you. Good-by!"

He stood at the telephone, the receiver still held to his ear and his right forefinger holding down the hook while the line cleared. When he spoke again, Shirley knew he was calling his mill office. He got a response immediately, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour.

"Sexton? Pennington speaking. I've sent over the Black Minorca with a rifle and sixty rounds of ammunition. . . . What? You can hear him shooting already? Bully boy with a crockery eye! He'll clean the gang out and keep them from working until the police arrive. You've telephoned [illegible], have you? . . . . Good! He'll have his men waiting at the log landing, and there'll be no delay. Sexton, we've got to block them. It means a loss of millions to me if we fail!"

Shirley was standing in the doorway as he faced about from the telephone. "Uncle Seth," she said quietly, "use any honorable method of defeating Bryce Cardigan, but call off the Black Minorca. I shall hold you personally responsible for Bryce Cardigan's life and if you fail me, I shall never forgive you."

"Silly, silly girl!" he soothed her. "Don't you know I would not stoop to bush-whacking? There's some shooting going on, but its wild shooting, just to frighten Cardigan and his men off the job."

"You can't frighten him," she cried passionately. "You know you can't. He'll kill the Black Minorca, or the Black Minorca will kill him. Go instantly and stop it."

"All right, all right!" he said rather humbly, and sprang down the front steps into the waiting car. "I'll play the game fairly, Shirley, never fear."

She stood in the doorway and watched the red tail-light, like a malevolent eye, disappear down the street. And presently as she stood there, down the boulevard a huge gray car came slipping noiselessly—so noiselessly, in fact, that Shirley recognized it by that very quality of silence. It was Bryce Cardigan's Napier.

"George!" she called. "Come here."

The car slid over to the gate and stopped at the sight of the slim white figure running down the garden walk.

"Is Mr. Cardigan hurt?" she demanded in an agony of suspense.

George Sea Otter grunted contemptuously. "Nobody hurt 'cept the Black Minorca. I am taking him to your company hospital, boss. He tried to shoot my boss, so I shot him myself once through the leg. Now my boss says: 'Take him to the Laguna Grande hospital, George.' Me, I would drop this greaser in the bay if I was the boss."

She laughed hysterically. "On your way back from the hospital stop and pick me up, George," she ordered.

He touched his broad hat, and she returned to the house to dress.

Meanwhile Colonel Pennington had reached the crossing once more, simultaneously with the arrival of Sam Perkins, the chief of police, accompanied by two automobiles, crammed with patrolmen. Perkins strutted up to Bryce Cardigan and Buck Ogilvy.

"What's the meaning of all this row, Mr. Cardigan?" he demanded.

"Something has slipped, Sam," Bryce retorted pleasantly. "You've been calling me Bryce for the past twenty years, and now you're mistering me! The meaning of this row, you ask?" Bryce continued. "Well, I'm engaged in making a jump crossing of Colonel Pennington's tracks, under a temporary franchise granted me by the city council of Sequoia. Here's the franchise." And he thrust the document under the police chief's nose.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SUSPENDED PAYMENT IN CASH

How British Government Saved the Situation When Country's Financial Solvency Was Threatened.

In the great war which England commenced with France in 1793, the first four years saw £400,000,000 added to the national debt, without any material advantage being gained. So much coin had left the country for the payment of troops abroad and as subsidies to allies that the bank, during 1796, began to feel a difficulty in satisfying demands made on it. At the close of the year people began to hoard coin and to make runs upon the county banks. These applied to the bank of England for help, and the consequence was that a run upon it commenced in the latter part of February, 1797. This great establishment could only keep itself afloat by paying in sixpences. Immediate insolvency was expected when, on February 26, the government stepped in with an order in council authorizing the notes of the bank as legal tender until such time as proper remedies could be applied. This suspension of cash payments was attended by the usual effect of raising the normal prices of all articles.

Mongolians Great Meat Eaters.

Inhabitants of Mongolia are great meat eaters, living in some cases entirely on mutton. It is not uncommon for a Mongol to consume ten pounds of this meat at one sitting. He also compares other foods by asking if they are as good as mutton. The Mongol puts mutton fat in his tea, which is prepared with milk from the poorest grade of tea, pressed into bricks. He drinks enormous quantities of this, 30 cups a day being no uncommon amount for an adult. The natives eat whenever opportunity comes, there being no regular meal hours.

Water is scarce in Mongolia, a few wells along the caravan route furnishing the entire supply. During the winter and spring the camel is the only animal that can cross the desert and subsist on the dried-up grasses. At this season of the year blocks of ice are carried for water supply, and in other seasons two large tubs are carried on each camel, one tub on each side.

Where the Shah Sits.

The throne of the Shah of Persia is the most valuable one in the whole world, and its enormous dimensions and exquisite decorations would inspire a multimillionaire with awe.

It is of pure white marble, and is no less than 18 feet in depth by 10 feet wide. The actual seat is mounted on a large platform of the same material, and is upheld by fourteen spotless ivory pillars carved in the shape of men and women; while the whole is covered with pictures worked in the purest gold leaf. Ascending to the platform is a staircase of solid gold.

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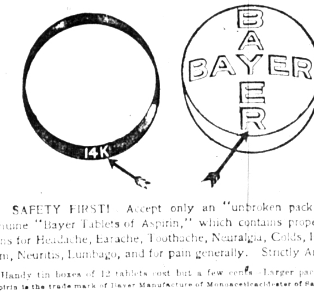


SAFETY FIRST! Accept only an "unbroken package" of genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains proper directions for Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, and for pain generally. Strictly American!

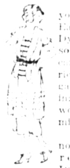
Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages.
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Complications.

"What was the trouble with your singing society?"

"It was a fine society," replied Jud Tunkins, "but the singing was hard to regulate. The wealthy and influential members we depended on to keep it going all happened to have poor voices."

USE "DIAMOND DYES"



Dye right! Don't risk your material in a poor dye. Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into old garments, draperies, coverings, everything, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed. Druggist has "Diamond Dyes Color Card"—16 rich colors. Adv.

Same Thing.

Franklin D'Olier, the head of the American Legion, said at a banquet in Philadelphia:

"Two doughboys were exchanging war memories the other day.

"'I was never much stuck on myself,' said the first doughboy, 'but, all the same, I brought a cross back with me from over there. Did you bring back a cross, Bill?'

"The second doughboy puffed thoughtfully on his pipe.

"'Well,' he said, 'I brought back a French wife.'"

"Cold in the Head"

is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Those subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the System, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions.

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SOMETHING JOB NEVER DID

Possibly an Experience Like Mr. Brown's Would Have Shattered His Reputation for Patience.

Filled with pride, Mr. and Mrs. Brown started out for a drive in their new motorcar. Mrs. Brown was hoping the neighbors were watching, but her husband was too busy steering to hope about anything.

Alack! Before they reached the end of the road the car stopped, and stayed that way with a mule-like persistency. Mr. Brown tried every lever and handle in turn. Then he got down from his seat and began to investigate.

Presently he lay down and crawled underneath the car until only his number nines were left visible. In a few moments the car gave a sudden jolt and then stopped, and a terrible flow of language, more forcible than polite, became audible.

"Oh, John," exclaimed the wife, in horrified tones, "don't swear so! Have patience, like Job did."

"Job," shrieked Mr. Brown, in a stifled voice, "Job would have sworn, too, if he'd been underneath this beastly car with his mustache caught in a cogwheel."

In Proportion.

"Why, is this your full stock of wedding rings?" the young man asked in surprise. "Only half a dozen—not enough to permit of any choice at all. Odd, when you have a couple of hundred engagement rings there in the case."

"Not odd—experience," the jeweler replied. "It'll take all those diamonds to work off these plain bands."

Hopelessly Out of Fashion.

Despite his shabby clothing and empty pockets, it was evident that he had seen better days.

A sympathetic soul began to chat with him, anxious to hear his story. Over a [illegible] cup of cocoa he told his tale.

"Yes," he said, "I've been quite a personage in my time; in fact, the cynosure of all eyes."

His auditor waited in silence for an explanation.

"I was the tattooed man in the circus," he went on.

"And how did you lose your job?" he was asked.

"Public went crazy on moving pictures," he said, "and mine wouldn't budge!"

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Appropriate Name.

"But why do you give this recipe you have confided to me the title 'I. W. W.'?"

"Because," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop, "it sounds interesting, but has never been known to work."

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription.

Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

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.

MADE HIS POSITION PLAIN

Visitor Bound to Notify Big-Game Hunter That He Would Not Accompany Him.

He was a big-game hunter and he had inserted an advertisement in a morning paper asking if any man would accompany him to central Africa to shoot lions, rhinos, hippos, etc., the said companion to bear half the cost of the expedition.

Late that night or, rather at two o'clock the next morning, his household was awakened by a violent ringing of the front-door bell and a man was admitted who, to put it mildly, appeared to have been wining.

"Look here," explained the visitor, "I read your 'vertisement this mornin' and I was bound to come to you."

"Well," queried the hunter, "it's a bit late to talk business, but will you accompany me?"

"'Company you?" retorted the visitor. "No, shir. I called to tell you I'd shee you hanged first."

Couldn't Help Themselves.

Billsord—Jokin' aside, this show was just made for the tired business men.

Krittix—I see. The only fellows who stay for the finish are the men who are too tired to get up and walk out.

Every boy should learn to write, and as a man he should learn what not to write.

Comes already sweetened

Its own sugar is developed in the baking. It solves your sugar problem among ready-to-eat cereals.

Grape-Nuts

Order a package from the grocer. Its flavor appeals and there is no waste.

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