for that COUGH!
KEMP'S BALSAM
pleasant to take
Children like it

Long Distance.

Sambo, in heaven, had just got Rastus, far below, on the asbestos oulja board:

"Hello, Rastus; how you gettin' long?"

"Oh, I'se havin' a fine time. Don't haf to rek much, but shovel in some coal now and then. How's you-all?"

"I'se workin' purty hard. We haf to sweep up de clouds, pull in de stahs, switch on de light an' give de ole sun a shove every mornin'."

"How come you-all have so much work to do?":

"Well, sah, to tell the truth, we're kinda short o 'help up heah."—Chicago Phoenix.

MOTHER! OPEN
CHILD'S BOWELS WITH
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

Your little one will love the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup" even if constipated, bilious, irritable, feverish, or full of cold. A teaspoonful never fails to cleanse the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the sour bile, and undigested food out of the bowels and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup," which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertisement.

More Absorbing.

"I had a long talk with Cousin Jurd Lopp in town today," related Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge.

"How did he say his folks was?" inquired Mrs. Johnson.

"I plumb forgot to ask him. You see, he was telling me all about a sick dog he's got."—Kansas City Star.

Applied Advice.

"I see young Richleigh has given his limousine to a well-known actress."

"I suppose that is the modern way of lending one's wagon to a star."—Boston Transcript.

Beauty and Health
Go Hand in Hand
IF YOU HAVE A DAUGHTER
READ THIS ADVICE.

Lansing, Mich. — "When my daughter was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, she caught a severe cold which caused trouble for a whole year. She was under a doctor's care all that time but only seemed to be drifting away from us. One of my neighbors advised me to give her Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and the first bottle relieved her and started her on the road to recovery. Five bottles restored her to perfect health, which she still enjoys, never having the slightest sign of inward trouble since. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is worthy of a L. I. Richest praise I can give it." Mrs. Mary Leary, 742 Center St.

A beautiful woman is always a well woman. Get this Prescription of Dr. Pierce's in liquid or tablets and see how quickly you will have sparkling eyes, a clear skin and vim, vigor, vitality.

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LOTION SOAP
CONTAINS THE
WONDERFUL
PALMER'S LOTION
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ALL DRUGGISTS.
GUARANTEED BY
SOLON PALMER
NEW YORK
PALMER'S LOTION
REMOVED ALL MY PIMPLES
AND CLEARED MY COMPLEXION

YOU CAN'T CUT OUT
A Bog Spavin or Thoroughpin but you can clean them off promptly with
ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. $2 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write.
Book 4 A free.
W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 318 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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Florida 20 acre producing farm; immediate occupancy; good land; high state of cultivation; newly fenced; new five room cottages, well have; fronting 60 foot highway in fully developed modern farming community; near large canning factory, syrup factory and dairy; within three-quarters mile railroad loading station. Irish potato land; planted in January under fair conditions. Irish potatoes should yield 50 barrels per acre ready for market April and May and present indications should bring $4.00 or more per barrel. Irish potatoes should be planted, cultivated, harvested and marketed within cost of $125.00 or less per acre. Excellent marketing facilities; abundance good farm labor. Natural drainage—no swamps or overflows; one or more additional money crops may be produced on same land after potatoes. This fine farm may be yours for cash payment of $1,200.00 and balance within five years. No better investment anywhere. Think. Investigate. Act.
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SISTERS

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

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PETER'S RETURN.

Synopsis.—Doctor Strickland returns from a visit to Mill Valley, near San Francisco, his family ahead of him, to find his daughter Cherry, of nine years, his niece, 4 Thirty, and Alix, 17, in charge of a notable set of twins. Martin Lloyd, a visiting mining engineer with Cherry, meets her and tells her of Jo El Nido, a mine town. Peter arrives, finds he loves Cherry. Justin Little woos Anne. Cherry comes home for Anne's wedding. Peter's failure in marriage is a failure. Peter tells Cherry of his "grand passion," without naming the girl. Martin comes for Cherry. Martin and Cherry drift apart.

CHAPTER IX.

In January, however, he came home one noon to find her hatted and wrapped to go.

"Oh, Mart—it's Daddy!" she said. "He's ill—I've got to see him! He's awfully ill."

"Telegram?" asked Martin, not particularly pleased, but not unsympathetic, either.

For answer she gave him the yellow paper that was wet with her tears. "Dad ill," he read. "Don't worry. Come at once. Peter."

"I'll bet it's a put-up job between you and Alix—" Martin said in intelligent suspicion.

Her indignant glance silenced him; he busily arranged money matters and that night she got off the train in the dark and rainy Mill Valley, and was met by a rush of cool and fragrant air. Cherry got a driver, rattled and jerked up to the house in a surrey, and jumped out, her heart almost suffocating her.

Alix came flying to the door; the old lamp hung and the odor of wood smoke poured through. There was no need for words; they burst into tears and clung together.

An hour later Cherry, looking as if she was not the same woman who walked in Red Creek this same morning and got Martin's letter and collected nerve enough to go to her father's room, Alix had warned her to be quiet, but at the sight of the majestic old gray head and the fine old hands clasped together on the sheet, her self-control forsook her entirely and she fell to her knees and hid her face on his arm.

The man looked at her disapprovingly, but after all, it made little difference. Dr. Strickland roused only once again and that was many hours later. Cherry and Alix were still keeping their vigil, Cherry, worn out, had been dozing; the nurse was resting on a couch in the next room.

Suddenly both daughters were wide awake at the sound of the blessed yet familiar voice. Alix fell on her knees and caught the cold and wandering hand.

"What is it, darling?" the old half-joking maternal manner was all in her tones now.

"Peter?" he said, thickly.

"Peter's in China, dear. You remember that Peter was to go around the world? You remember that, Dad?"

"No—" he said unsteadily. Then thought he slept again, but he presently added: "Sonnet-lyric in Matthews—no, that Mark." Much of the night, Alix said, was a hideous "in his Master's—"

"Shall I read you from Mark?" Alix asked as his voice sank again. A shabby old Bible always stood at her father's bedside; she reached for it, and making a superficial effort to steady her voice began to read. The place was marked by an old letter, and opened at the chapter he seemed to desire, for as she read he seemed to be drinking in the words. Once they heard him whisper: "Wonderful." Cherry got up on the bed and took the splendid old head in her arms; the murky winter dawn crept in and the lamp burned sickly in the daylight. Hong could be heard stirring. Alix closed the book and extinguished the lamp. Cherry did not move.

"Charity—" the old man said presently, in a singularly childish tone. Later, with bursts of tears, in all the utter desolation of the days that followed, Cherry loved to remember that his last utterance was her name. But Alix knew, though she never said it, that it was to another Charity he spoke.

* * * * * * *

Subdued, holding younger and thinner—in their own minds the sisters came downstairs ten days later, for a business talk. Peter had been named as one executor, but Alix was the only one ready, and it was a pleasant family refund, a thirty-odd shrewdness of Dr. Strickland's own age, or near it, and the lawyer, George Sewall, the other executor, who told them all about their affairs. Annie, as confidence was presently put into her, was engaged to Justin Little, a rich young man from Sausalito; Margie, for whom had come down for the funeral, was there.

The house went to the daughters; there were bonds and portfolio for Annie, a box or two in storage for Annie and Alix was mentioned in the will, as was equally, inheriting with Alexandra and Charity. For some good reason that the lawyer and Dr. Younger made clear, Anne could not fully inherit, but her share would be only a trifle less than her cousins'.

"Things had come to a fine pass, when Justin Little calmly and confidently claimed that Annie's share was to be based upon an old loan of Annie's father to his brother, a loan of three thousand dollars to Bert Lee Strickland's invention, with the understanding that Vincent Strickland be subsequently entitled to one-third of the returns. As the patent had been sold for nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars one-third of it, with accumulative interest for ten years, of which no payment had ever been made to Annie, was a large proportion of the entire estate, and the development of Justin's interest in Justin Little's mustard, so-called, caused every one to look grave.

The whole was not worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars now, by any means, it had been reduced to little more than two-thirds of that sum, and Annie's only concern was that every one should be satisfied with what was right, and her ingenuous pleasure in Justin's cleverness in thinking of this possibility, were met with noticeable coolness.

If Annie was wrong, and the paper she had in her hand worthless, each girl would inherit a comfortable little fortune, but if Annie was right, Cherry and Alix would have only a few thousand dollars apiece, and the old home.

The business talk was over before any of them realized the enormity of Annie's intention, and Annie and Justin had departed. But both the old doctor and the lawyer agreed with Martin that it looked as if Annie was right, and when the family was alone again, and had had the time to digest the matter, they felt as if a thunderbolt had fallen among their lives.

"That Anne could do it!" Alix said, over and over. Cherry seemed dazed, spoke not at all, and Martin had said little.

"People will do anything for money!" he observed once drily. He had busily arranged money matters and that night she got off the train in the dark and rainy Mill Valley, and was met by a rush of cool and fragrant air. Cherry got a driver, rattled and jerked up to the house in a surrey, and jumped out, her heart almost suffocating her.

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CHAPTER X.

A cold day in April, coming down the stretches of the valley noise on an April evening, ushered curiously at the door. Only eight o'clock, but the day had been so long and so quiet that she had fancied that the hour was much later, and had wondered who knocked at the door.

She crossed to the door and opened it to darkness and rain and to a man in a raincoat who whipped off a spattered cap and stood smiling in the light of the lamp she held. Instantly with a sort of gasp of surprise and pleasure and somewhat deeper emotion, she set down the lamp and held out her hands gropingly and went into his arms. He laughed joyously as he kissed her, and for a minute they clung together.

"Cherry!" she said. "You angel—when did you arrive and what are you doing, and tell me all about it."

"But Alix—you're thin!" Peter said, holding her at arm's length. "And—and—" He gently touched the black she wore, and lived puzzled and troubled eyes on her face. Alix—he asked, hopelessly.

For answer she tried to smile at him, but her lips trembled and her eyes brimmed. She had led the way into the old sitting room.

"You heard—about Dad?" Alix faltered, turning to face him at the mantel.

"Your father?" Peter said, shocked. "But hadn't you heard, Peter?"

"My dear—my dearest child. I'm just off the steamer. I got in at six o'clock. I'd been thinking of you all the time, and I suddenly decided to cross the bay and come straight on to the valley, before I even went to the club or got my mail? Tell me—your father—"

She had knelt before the cold hearth, and he knelt beside her, and they busied themselves with logs and kindling in the old way. A blaze crept up about the logs and Alix accepted Peter's handkerchief and wiped a streak of soot from her wrist, quite as if she was a child again, as she settled herself in her chair.

Peter took the doctor's chair, keeping his concerned and sympathetic eyes upon her.

"He was well one day," she said, simply, "and the next—the next, he didn't come downstairs, and Hong waited and waited—and about nine o'clock I went up—and he had fallen—he had fallen—"

She was in tears again and Peter put his hand out and covered hers and held it.

"He must have been going to call some one," said Alix, after a while, "they said he never suffered at all. This was January, the last day, and Cherry got here the same night. He was quite himself next morning, and that—that was all. Cherry was here for two weeks. Martin came and went—"

"Where is Cherry now?" Peter interrupted.

"Back at Red Creek." Alix wiped her eyes. "She had to, but—but Martin had a good position there. Poor Cherry, it made her ill."

"Anne came?"

"Anne and Justin, of course." Peter could not understand Alix's expression. She fell silent, still holding his hand and looking at the fire.

He looked at her with a great rush of admiration and affection. She was not only a pretty and a clever woman, but, in her plain black, with this

For Answer She Gave Him the Yellow Paper That Was Wet With Tears.

new grief of family and dignity, and with no notes of fadges and appeal in her regular voice, he realized that she was an extremely charming woman.

Before he said good-by to her, he had asked her to marry him. He will remember her look of bright and interested surprise.

"Dear, dear, to tell me you have forgotten your lady love of the hoop skirts and ringlets?" she had declaimed.

"No." Peter had told her, frankly. "I shall always love her, in a way. But she is married, she never thinks of me. And I—I'm so lonely, Alix. I like our music and reading and tramps and reading together. Isn't that a pretty good basis for marriage?"

"No." Alix had answered decidedly, but tears were in her eyes. "I love you, I should like to, and trust to find happiness in it, but you want something more than that, dear, and so on—"

He remembered ending the conversation in one of his quick moods of irritation against her. If she couldn't see—if any other thing seemed to be had said.

Poor Alix—she was taking life seriously enough tonight, Peter thought, as he watched her.

"Tell me about Cherry," he said.

"Cherry is well, but just a little thin and irritable now, of course. Martin never seems to stay at any one place very long, so I keep hoping—"

"Doesn't make good?" Peter said, shaking his head.

"Doesn't seem to! It's pretty Cherry, I think," Alix said tenderly. "She was too young, really! She never quite settles down, or takes life in earnest. But he's got a contract now for three years, and so she seems to be resigning herself, and she has a mind, I believe."

"She must love him," Peter submitted. Alix looked surprised.

"Why not?" she smiled. "I suppose when you've had ups and downs with a man, and been rich and poor, had sick and well, and have lived in half-a-dozen different places, you rather take him for granted!" she added.

"Oh, you think it works that way?" Peter asked, with a keen look.

"Well, don't you think so? Aren't lots of marriages like that?"

"You false alarm, you quitter!" he answered. Alix laughed, a trifle guiltily. Also she flushed, with a great wave of splendid young color that made her fake look seventeen again. "Your father left you something, Alix?" Peter asked presently, with some hesitation.

"That," she answered frankly, "is where Anne comes in."

"Anne and Justin came straight over," Alix went on, "and they were really lovely. Doctor Younger and George Sewall were here every day; you and George were named as executors. I was so mixed up in policies and deeds and overdue taxes and interest and bonds—"

"Poor old Alix, if I had only been here to help you!" the man said. And for a moment they looked a little consciously at each other.

"Well, anyway," the girl resumed hastily, "when it came to reading the will, Anne and Justin sprung a mine under us! It seems that ten years ago, when the Strickland patent fire extinguisher was put upon the market, my adorable father didn't have much money—he never did have, somehow. So Anne's father, my Uncle Vincent, went into it with him to the extent of about three thousand dollars—"

"Three thousand?" Peter, who had been leaning forward, earnestly attentive, relaxed in relief. "That's all?"

"That was all. Dad had about three hundred. Dad did all the work, and put in his three hundred, and Uncle Vincent put in three thousand—and the funny thing is," Alix broke off to say, musingly, "Uncle Vincent was perfectly splendid about it; my self remember him saying, 'Don't worry, Lee. I'm speculating on my own responsibility, not yours.'"

"Well?" Peter prompted, as she hesitated.

"Well, they had a written agreement then, giving Uncle Vincent a third interest in the patent, should it be sold or put on the market—"

"Ha!" Peter ejaculated grimly.

"Which, of course, was only a little while before Uncle Vincent died," Alix went on, with a grave nod. "The agreement lay in Dad's desk all these years. And nobody but myself have bothered it many's the time! But he didn't. George Sewall says that Anne is right. They've broken the will."

Peter, in the silence, whistled expressively.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "What does it come to?"

At this Alix looked very sober, gazed down at the fire and shook her head.

"All he had," she answered, briefly.

Peter was silent, looking at her in sharp concern.

"Almost that is," Alix amended more cheerfully. "As it was—we should have had more than thirty thousand apiece! As it is, Anne gets it all, or if not quite all, nearly all."

"Cherry," he echoed, hotly. "How do you mean?"

"It seems to be perfectly just," the girl answered, rather listlessly. But instantly she laughed. "Don't look so awful, Peter. In the first place, Cherry and I still have the house. In the second place, I am singing at the Raphael for the present, and singing other places now and then. Anyway, I'm glad you're home again, Peter!" she added.

"Home again," he answered, half angrily. "I should hope I am—and high time, too! How did this money been turned over to Anne?"

"Not yet. Nobody gets anything until the estate is cleared—a year or more from now. There are some things to be thankful for." Alix added, dashing the sudden tears from her eyes, "and one is that Dad never knew it."

"Dear old Alix!" he said, putting his arm about her.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

STOLE HER FLOCK OF CHICKS

How Leghorn Hen Procured a Large Family Without the Formality of Hatching Them.

The fox is no cleverer than a Leghorn hen. So at least thinks one reader of the "Companion," who has told the unconvincing story that is printed to illustrate the cleverness of foxes. To justify her opinion she tells a story of her own. Here it is.

In our flock of chickens we had only one brown Leghorn, but she was hard to beat. One day she stole her nest, for though Leghorns do not as a rule sit, some time later she came marching proudly into the yard followed by a dozen little brown balls. In a week she had following her 24 chicks of all ages and descriptions, and they were the pride of the house. And besides attending to the needs of that large family she began shortly to have an egg in her coop every morning.

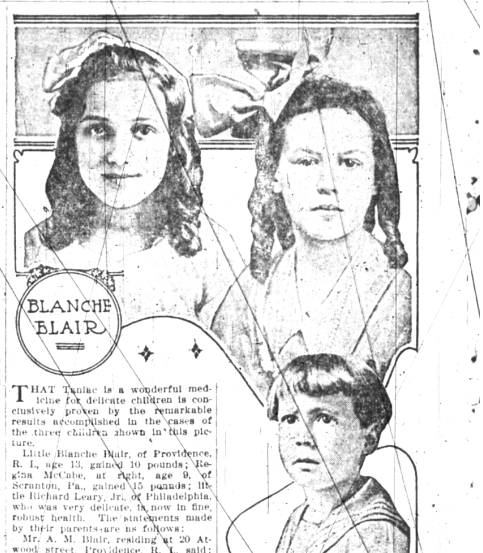
An interesting incident occurred on a neighboring farm. A persistent little Leghorn hen had been prevented from sitting, finally disappeared and returned some days later with seven fluffy balls apeil. She had evidently driven the mother quail from her nest and hatel the eggs herself. The lady quail viewed her, commanded, and she was very proud of them; but, in the words of my small brother, won't she get the surprise of her life some day when these little quail learn to fly!—Youth's Companion.

Niagara Traveling Backward.

Floyd W. Parsons says in the World's Work:

"Niagara's total practical energy equivalent is in excess of 6,000,000 horse power. This stream of energy is kept constantly renewed by the action of the laws of nature and it finds expression through the medium of noise. The falling water at Niagara presents a grand spectacle, which is viewed each year by less than 1 per cent of the population of the country. But this spectacle, though grand in a traveling show, for the folks have recorded 955 feet since the first survey was made in 1764.

"The annual cost of maintaining one soldier in Germany is 765.80 marks (normally $0,250).



THAT Tanlac is a wonderful medicine for delicate children is conclusively proven by the remarkable results accomplished in the cases of the three children shown in this picture.

Little Blanche Blair, of Providence, R. I., age 13, gained 10 pounds; Regina McCabe, at right, age 9, of Scranton, Pa., gained 10 pounds; little Richard Leary, Jr., of Philadelphia, who was very delicate, is now in fine, robust health. The statements made by their parents are as follows:

Mr. A. M. Blair, residing at 20 Atwood street, Providence, R. I., said: "We are just so happy over the change Tanlac has made in our little girl that we can't do or say enough to show our appreciation. She had lost nearly 20 pounds in weight and looked so frail and weak that her mother and I were both almost worried sick over her condition. Since taking Tanlac she has already gained 10 pounds, her color is better than it ever has been and she looks and acts like a different girl."

Mrs. Catherine McCabe, 414 Dickens Ave., Scranton, Pa., said: "The flu left my little Regina in such a bad condition that I have no idea she would be with me now if it hadn't been for Tanlac. It is a mystery to me how she lived on the little she was eating and was so lifeless she never even cared to play with the dolls and toys she got at Christmas. Since taking Tanlac she is as hardy and well as any child could be and has gained 15 pounds in weight. I will always praise Tanlac for restoring our little girl's health."

Richard Leary, 2242 Paschorpe St., Philadelphia, said: "There is no doubt in my mind but that Tanlac saved my little boy's life. For two years I wouldn't have been a full surprised to have seen him drop off at any time. He had stomach trouble and many a time the gas pressed up into his chest until his heart palpitated so I thought sure he couldn't breathe but a few more gasps. But Tanlac gave him back to us strong and well and we will praise it to our dying day."

The effect of Tanlac on the delicate stomachs of the young is one of the strongest evidences of its wholesomeness as well as its unusual merit. Although a powerful reconstructive, Tanlac contains no harmful ingredients, minerals or opiates which are so often found in other medicines. Being composed of the most beneficial roots and herbs known to science it is purely vegetable and can be taken by the most delicate children, and does not upset or injure the weakest or most delicate stomach.

There is a Tanlac agent in every town.—Advertisement.

Skin Tortured Babies Sleep
Mothers Rest
After Cuticura
Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

PISO'S
SAFE AND SANE
for Coughs & Colds
This syrup is different from all others
Quick relief. No opiates. 35c everywhere

Living Room Important.

A living room of all rooms in the home is the most important, and one writer says: "Furnishing a living room is like starting out on a voyage of discovery." This room should be furnished with thought for the need and comfort of each individual member of the family. Give to the master of the household a comfortable fireside chair, a table beside that chair on which he can place a paper, magazine, book or any other things that he may wish there; give him his own reading lamp and a comfortable stool in front of his chair.

No Scarcity.

"All the world's a stage."

"Yep, there's no scarcity of monologue artists."

Wise is the woman with dark hair who does not make light of it.

It doesn't always pay to be good, and it never pays to be bad.

Monkey in a Muff.

A monkey was used by a clever woman thief to commit a series of thefts from jewelers' shops in Paris. The creature was so tiny that she carried it in a big muff. Then while its mistress was standing at such distance from the counter as disturbed suspicion, the monkey would thrust out a long, spider-like arm and snatch and conceal a ring or brooch. It was a shop detective, hidden in a gallery above and watching with the aid of reflecting mirrors, who at last detected the trick.

Called Down.

Auntie—Run along and get ready for bed and I'll be up in a minute and hear you say your prayers.

Little Elsie—You may come if you wish, but I don't think it's polite to listen while I'm talking to someone else.

Laziness is the one thing that knocks all the conceit out of pride.

You are entitled to the benefit of the doubt. Why not take advantage of it?

The law is very careful in protecting the rights of a prisoner charged with a crime.

How about the Law of Common Sense and the man who has committed an error only? Isn't this a good place to use the benefit of the doubt, too?

Take your own case: If you don't know for sure whether tea or coffee is harming you, you do know that many are harmed by the drug element in tea and coffee, and that headaches, nervousness, or high blood pressure are symptoms which often tell that the drug, caffeine, is giving the nervous system too much jolt.

Probably you know, too, that some people can't drink a cup of tea or coffee at bed-time, and sleep well that night.

Where many have been harmed by tea and coffee, and you may be harmed, isn't it well to put the benefit of the doubt on your side before doubt becomes an unpleasant certainty?

There's charm without harm in Postum—a pure cereal beverage, rich in flavor, fully satisfying; the favorite table drink of thousands.

Suppose you try giving yourself this benefit today, and keep up the test for ten days; then judge the results. See if you don't feel better and work better. You can get Postum wherever good food drink are sold or served.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

Postum *for* Health
"There's a Reason"