

The
Big M
 by
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"I LOVE YOU!"

SYNOPSIS—Looking over Big Muskeg, a seemingly impossible task, the path across the treacherous swamp, the tangle of the line and Wilton's barrier, chief engineers, now confronting the difficulties. A rifle shot meant to kill Wilton and break Caruthers' army. Caruthers tries to carry the body to a post of the Hudson's Bay company, where McDonald is the factor. McDonald's daughter, Molly, sees Caruthers struggling in the muskeg and drags him from the swamp, with his burden. Enamorably, her father objects to her saving Caruthers. Weakened by his wound and exhaustion, Caruthers is disturbed by the appearance of a boy, Bowyer, Big Muskeg's business rival, and a personal enemy. Bowyer insults Molly, and Caruthers kills him. Caruthers declares his love for Molly. She tells him how her father has reached the town of Clayton to attend a meeting at which Wilton's enemies are to meet. Caruthers has to reach the town of Clayton to reach the town of Clayton. He is in time to foil Wilton's enemies and keep control of the line for Mrs. Bostock. He is in time to foil Wilton's enemies at work at Big Muskeg. Bowyer's photograph shows a man with a handkerchief in his pocket. Mrs. Bostock takes him on. Kitty Bostock, deeply in love with Wilton, comes to live at the Big Muskeg.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

But she went on without heeding him, until she stood against the side of the shaking structure. It was a dangerous place. The wind blew strongly, sending her skirts flying about her and tumbling her hair upon her shoulders.

"Come back, Kitty!" called Wilton, making his way across the planks until he could grasp her and draw her back to steady her. Then he saw that the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"Why, Kitty, what is it?" he begged. "I didn't hurt you?"

She shook her hand from her arm with a violent gesture, leaning back, and suddenly she sat falling into and toppled from the edge of the trestle into the river below.

A plunge into that viscous water was more dangerous than a fall. Wilton realized it instinctively. He leaped first and found himself struggling in the gummy, heavy, half mud, half water. Kitty, who had fallen into the center of the stream, appeared half a dozen feet away, her white face upturned, her hands catching for support as the shallow current carried her toward the lady.

Fighting manly, Wilton detached his limbs from the sucking mud and managed to grasp her skirt as it slipped past him. With a desperate effort he drew her to him and struggled through the yielding muskeg until he was able to catch an upright of the trestle-work.

He glanced at Kitty as he halted to catch his breath. She lay passive in his arms, her eyes closed, and it appeared to have fainted. But she breathed easily, though quickly. Her dripping clothes clung to her body, and her fair hair streamed over her shoulders.

Then, plodding through the yielding swamp, he struggled on until he reached the shore. Kitty opened her eyes and fixed them on his.

"Thank God, we're all right now!" said Wilton. "It was a near thing to that muskeg. You got out as I did, and then I will carry you, and you must change your things quickly."

There was a quick catch of Kitty's breath. "Oh, Wilton, you are a blind!" she whispered. "Couldn't you see? Are you going to make me tell you, Wilton? Are you going to make me tell you that I love you?"

She put her arms about his neck, and her face on his shoulder. Wilton, dumfounded, hardly stirred; he did not know what to do.

"I'll tell you because I love you," she whispered. "I've always loved you, Wilton. And I never cared for Joe."

"Kitty!"

The cry that broke from her lips held all the anguish of his disillusionment. His face grew scarlet. He tried to free himself, but she clung tightly to him.

"You've made me tell you, Wilton, and you must hear me now," she said. "I never cared for Joe—no, never. I wanted you, and I thought I could learn to love him. I was happy with him, but what could he expect? He would have been odd, even if he had been my father. What right had he to marry me, ignorant as I was of love and of the world? I was happy with him—ill I met you."

"I always loved you, Wilton, and it was my right to love you. It was you built up my mind all these years with your loyalty to Joe. I cared for Joe in that way, but that was all. If you imagined all that you did, was it blame for it? Sometimes you nearly drove me crazy with your talk about Joe, about his work, about my loyalty to him, when I was hungry for your love."

"I'm ashamed—do you know how I'm ashamed to tell you this. You made me, Wilton. Joe lived I was true to him. I'll free you, and you are free, and love cannot be bought. And I don't care a snap of my fingers for the Miss

AT LEAST GUILTY OF LYING

Truly Clergyman Had Refrained From Blasphemy, but He Had Sinned in Another Direction.

A clergyman who years ago settled in Massachusetts once reproved a workman for swearing while he was plowing a new field.

"Swear!" said the man. "I guess you'd swear!"

Whereupon the preacher took the plow and hurried after it indignantly denouncing the charge. Then, as the field became more impassable, he began talking to himself.

"I never saw the like! I never saw the like!" When he had gone some rounds the field he stopped, breathless, and added:

"There you see I didn't find it necessary to swear."

"No," said the other, "but you've told more than five times, and you saw it all the time I was plowing."

No More Peace in the Country.

"The Sabbath day" remarked the opinionated clergyman.

"Don't I know it!" growled the village grudge.

"And you do not rejoice my brother?"

"I do not. I haven't been up more than an hour and a dozen automobile parties have already whirled through our town, raising a dust, making a racket and spreading terror among the pigs and poultry. That sort of thing will be going on all day long. Good-bye!"

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A FEELING OF SECURITY

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no medicine or pain-producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, liver and bladder remedy.

The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

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If you need medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you want the best, the great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a small bottle. When writing be sure and mention the paper—Advertisement.

Mr. Hulsterson was feeling rather pleased with himself.

"So you heard me make my speech last night?" he asked Henry, expecting to be blithely praised.

"Oh, it reminded me so much of your own little Henry?"

"Really? How was that?"

"Why Henry, I thought you would never come to the point."

Self-Preservation.

"The sorry to see you are deaf?" bawled the sympathetic gentleman in a loud lullaby.

"No, thank you," replied the old gentleman who had an ear trumpet in his hand.

"Then why do you carry that thing around?"

"There's a convention of hipsters going on here. Whenever one of the gladdist delegates corners me and starts talking about the 'cause' I hold this horn and he backs off."

—Huntington Age-Herald.

When Commander Maury Died.

Maury was one of the great marine officers that died in 1857, one of the most loved and honored men in the state of Virginia.

It is recorded that, near the end he asked his son: "Am I dragging my anchors?"

"And when the latter replied by the affirmative, the father gave a bristled answer:

"All's well," he said—Julian Street, in American Advertiser.

The diligent says: "Today," The sluggish says: "Tomorrow."

Be careful about taking offense lest you be tempted to return it.

"Two-thirds of the trestlework had disappeared, including a great stretch of the foundation."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REFUSED TO HURT THE BABIES

Two Stories That Prove Gentleness of Horses Where Little Children Were Concerned.

Are horses peculiarly gentle with babies? It seems a fair question. Certainly the horses in this account, which are celebrated as some of the most humanly selfless of the welfare of the two young children who came into contact with them, are not.

Our neighbor, says our contributor, had a field one corner of which came up to his dooryard. One day while he was plowing, he stopped, and the horse's head and neck came to the pump for a drink. As soon as he returned, he took up the boy's hands and spoke to the horses. They did not move. He spoke again, sharply. Still they did not move. He spoke a third time, and they stood unmoving. Then he realized that something was wrong. He went to their heads, and there in the furrow in front of them he saw his toddling baby boy.

TRIPPOUS AND HALF-SICK WOMEN

These Letters Recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Will Interest You

For Your Own Good Please Read Them

Youngstown, Ohio—"Last fall I began to feel mean and my back hurt me and I could hardly do my little bit of housework. I was played out when I would just sweep one room and would have to rest. I would have to quit a job behind me when I would sit down at night. I could not sleep unless I had something under my back. I had awful cramps every month and was just nearly all in. Finally my husband said to me one day, 'Why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine?' and I said, 'I'm willing to take anything if it could get well again.' So I took one bottle and a second one and felt better and the neighbors asked me and I was doing and said, 'Surely it must be doing you good all right.' I have just finished my eighth bottle and I can't express to you how I feel. The 'What if?' If you can use this letter you are well. If you can't use it any woman does not believe what I have written to be true, she can write to me and I will describe my condition to her as I have to you."—Mrs. Elizabeth Rainbird, 408 N. Fine St., Indianapolis, Indiana.

"You should pay heed to the experience of these women. They know how they felt before taking the Vegetable Compound, and afterwards, too. Your words are true."

Benefited by First Bottle

"I was completely run down and not able to do my housework. I just dragged myself around and did not have energy to get up when I sat down. I read advertisements of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in our paper. The Indiana Daily Times, and I ordered all about it. I received a result from the very first bottle and now I am doing all my little bit. If you can use this letter you are well. If you can't use it any woman does not believe what I have written to be true, she can write to me and I will describe my condition to her as I have to you."—Mrs. Elizabeth Rainbird, 408 N. Fine St., Indianapolis, Indiana.

"I was very nervous and run-down. I was tired of E. Winslow's Compound, and afterwards, too. Your words are true."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments of Pleading Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts.

Save Need Buying a New Skirt

Putnam Fadeless Dyes—dyes or tints as you wish
 NOTHING WORSE IN PROSPECT

Traveler Satisfied He Had Got Over the Most Uncomfortable Part of His Journey.

W. S. English, the well-known coal operator, told a railroad story at a railroad men's banquet in Scranton.

"There used to be a little line," he said. "It branched line about 12 miles long that was notorious for its bumps, general discomfort and dirt."

"A train on this line pulled into a station and the conductor said as usual, and a man said as he rose and brushed himself off:

"Well, thank goodness, the worst part of my journey is over."

"Goin' far?" said another man.

"Hong Kong, China," said the first chap.

Helped Him Off.

They found him lying on the sidewalk, both eyes open. He looked dead, and one almost choked, his nose was bleeding, several teeth were missing and his map was decorated with the wreck of his journey.

"What happened?" asked the cop who was trying first aid.

"I just told a big long where to get off," he whispered, "and he said it wasn't his station, but he was gone!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Geniemen of the Guard.

The original function of the household cavity was to protect the king's person, and Charles II saw to it that his life guards were recruited from old cavalier families. Even the privates were men of very good families, and were well paid. Their fine uniforms and their swagger were an essential part of the splendor of Whitehall. They were called "gentlemen of the Guard."

Sport Costume.

"Kin I get in this poker game?" inquired Three-Fingered Sam.

"If you want 'em, kin you get 'em yourself!"

"What's the lie of the barthin'?"

"It ain't got no pockets nor sleeves to tempt a man to lid out 'em."

Another Darned Cycle.

"Why is Johnson looking so down in the month?"

"The poor fellow was disappointed in love."

"Of course it never does come up to one's expectations."

Tact is not asserting one's rights when it doesn't matter much.

Wouldn't Be Wasted.

During a snowstorm early in spring Jack, with his shaggy-haired dog, Furry, came upon our porch to shove off the snow.

Hearing the noise I opened the door to find Furry sitting up bawling for something, so I asked Jack what he wanted.

"He wants bread and butter."

"I said, 'Do you think he would eat it if I got it for him?'"

"Well, if he don't I will," was the answer—Exchange.

Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak whispers to the e'er freighted heart and bids it break.

Learn to wait—it's the hardest lesson.



Life Partners

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