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ORIGIN OF GOLD NUGGETS

United States Geologist Says Finding of Huge Pebbles Does Not Indicate Large Vein.

In a rugged, out-of-the-way region on the ocean side of the Coast ranges, in Monterey county, California, gold nuggets have been found of such size as to suggest that this was once a favorite retreat of the proverbial goose that laid the golden eggs. Matter-of-fact prospectors, however, have sought to find the veins from which such masses of gold, loosened by the weather, were washed into the stream beds. Their search has not been successful, and J. M. Hill, a United States geologist of the Department of the Interior, in a report just published, suggests that the nuggets came from rich superficial pockets in very small veins, and that no large and rich deposits are likely to be found by deep mining. The Coast ranges of California, unlike the Sierra Nevada, are not rich in gold, and the occurrence of these large nuggets does not necessarily indicate the existence of a rich deposit of gold ore.

Practical Evidence Wanted.

Lovesick Youth—I gladly would die for you.

Practical Maid—That's nice; but please wait until after we are married and you have your life heavily insured.—London Answers.

Traveling fast is a sport—it doesn't necessarily have to be useful.

Can't Sleep?

When Coffee disagrees

Drink Postum

"There's a Reason"

Matrimonial Adventures

The Ants

BY

James Hopper

Author of "The Scoop of Charles Hamilton Potts," "Cap'n Mgee," "1909," "Trimming of Gooch," "The Freshman," and "What Happened in the Night."

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A FOREWORD OF JAMES HOPPER

James Hopper started his literary career on a San Francisco newspaper. Shortly after this he was one of those who answered a call for 1,000 teachers to go to the Philippines, and was sent to the Island of Negros. He joined that pedagogical company to gain the opportunity to study the life around him, which later he could weave into stories. The result of his stay in the Philippines was a series of stories which appeared first in McClure's Magazine, and then in the book called "Caybigan," which means "friend" in the Philippine language.

In 1914 Mr. Hopper went to France as a war correspondent. In 1916 he returned to this country and went to the Mexican border with the American army. When we entered the World war he again went to France, still as a correspondent, but he joined in the fighting, going over the top with the Twenty-eighth infantry at Cantigny. He says that this is his main war feat, but that in college he played football! His story "The Scoop of Charles Hamilton Potts" gives a realistic and human but intensely humorous account of a reporter in battle.

The Philippine stories, continued for a number of years, were followed by fiction of France, and then Mr. Hopper turned to writing of our own great West. All of this material was published in our leading magazines.

At present Mr. Hopper's work leans toward introspection. It shows rare quality and variety. "The Ants," written for the Star Author Series of Matrimonial Adventures, touches one of the big problems of marriage. It is told with a poignant skill.

MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR.

Peter left the studio, where he had been painting steadily for hours, and stepped out into the garden. It was full moon; he blinked under the high sun and stretched, still a little dazed from his long plunge in toil; he inhaled full the perfume of roses.

A short distance from him, on the edge of the driveway, was a big hole—dug, he surmised, to receive some transplanted bush, lilac or magnolia. Water, trickling from a hose that stretched like a black snake across the lawn, was making of this excavation a small lake. Peter stepped to the little artificial lake, and sat himself contentedly near its bank. A small lake sufficed Peter; he did not need a big one.

It was lovely here. The water sang; slowly, it rose; the flowers perfumed; Peter's soul dilated deliciously. Far above, in the blue, a hawk circled.

But this did not last. Within the circle of Peter's carefully established vacuum, a small hard thing began to intrude. The rasp of a rake, there behind the hedge, at his back. His face darkened and puckered.

He knew who was raking there behind the hedge. Not only did he know; with that implacable vision given to him with life, he also saw.

It was his wife who was there behind the hedge, raking. And though behind the hedge, which was at his back, he saw her.

He knew exactly how she looked, there, behind the hedge. She had on the wrapper with the big flower pattern; it was tied around her with a cord at the end of which was a worn tassel. Underneath, the soiled white hem showed off the gown she had worn in the night—far from her bed she had gone to her garden. Her bare feet were in old brown slippers; there would be streaks of wet ground across the part of the feet which showed between the flaccid slippers and the soiled gown.

They pressed the earth, these feet, firmly; set down well apart in a solid wide base, they pressed it familiarly. They might—he had seen that—be sunk, in their flaccid slippers into soft manure, unshrinkingly.

Her hair would be tied tight in a small knot behind. She squatted often over some seed, some weed. She was like a strong thick coolie of the rice paddies.

Peter's face puckered still more. Not with anger, not with disgust, but with a sort of mournful helplessness. Then, abruptly, another vision came to him. He saw her as she had been years ago.

She was waiting for him at a stile, on the far edge of a golden field. She was slender, fragrant and soft. Her pretty frock was cut low at the neck; the beginning of her virgin breasts swelled deliciously there. And her eyes, turned up to him, were a little wet, as Venus is at dawn, and the red chalice of her lips was slightly opened.

Peter squirmed uneasily; the hapless desolation deepened still on his face.

But a sharp prick at his right calf made him deliver a large slap there. Life from all sides was attacking the retreat of reverie in which so amply he had tried to ensconce himself. From beneath his slap a small ant dropped, crushed, to the ground. But she was not the only one about. An army of ants was passing close to his feet; so close, in fact, that they swirled about these extremities as a host, following a valley, doubles some rocky El Capitan. Peter hastily withdrew his feet, kneeling down, stretching his rather long neck, he proceeded to observe what was happening.

Across the drive, from the excavation of which Peter's fancy had made a lake, from that hole to the hedge, the ants stretched, a broad rusty-red ribbon. At first Peter thought they were marching one way, then he saw that the movement was a double one. Hundreds of thousands of the small carapaced creatures were marching from the hole to the hedge; but as many were marching from the hedge to the hole; they threaded their way in and out of each others' course, the two movements interpenetrated each other. And bringing his long nose still lower, Peter saw that all this had a character of panic and dismay; that, had this multitude not been denied voice, a great confused clamor would be rising to his high-perched ear.

Of these hastening from the vicinity of the excavation, every one was laden. Carrying it high in their mandibles for short exhausting runs, or dragging it fiercely after them; over sticks they were great logs to them, or pebbles that were Himalayas; skirting or piercing clumps of grass which were impenetrable jungle, they bore each a small whitish thing which looked like a grain, which, in fact was grain—the grain, the life spark, the existence itself of this agitated nation.

Peter ran a glance backward over their march and found its starting point. The ants had all emerged, they were emerging, from five small holes near the excavation; five little holes smaller than the hollow of a wild-oat straw. Out of them, ceaselessly, in a constant trickle, they appeared into the sunlight, carrying on high before them, as the monk does the cross, the sacred larva; or, backing up, fiercely snatching it along after other ants. Here those of the ants who marched the reverse way, and which all were without burden, met those that were coming out and, letting them pass, after a moment's hesitation during which they seemed to be calling to themselves all their courage, resolutely plunged head first down into the earth. Peter now understood. He was the witness, the god-like witness of just such a catastrophe as, in the tenebrous past, again and again had nearly wiped out his own kind. The water, which was filling the excavation dug in the garden, from below had established communication with the city of the ants. It was rising slowly down in there; slowly, mysteriously, inexorably; filling the lowest chambers, rising along the galleries, bursting into halls; and the population, in mute uproar, was fleeing its crumbling city, hugging tight to it self its life kernel.

Peter's heart thumped and his brain flamed. He saw clearly the great underground city, its vast halls and endless corridors, its intervened galleries vibrant with peril and disaster. He heard the sullen roar of sudden inrushing waters. Walls fell in large flakes, ceilings collapsed, floors sucked in, and thousand upon thousand every second died. He saw the stubborn fritzens, in this immense dissolution of all they had ever been sure of, tenaciously toiling to snatch from this cataclysmic threat the future of the race, the grains which were the concentrated promise of future generations. Down there, at every heart beat, thousands died a sacrificial death; down there, underground, a great holocaust was taking place, made splendid by a myriad heroisms. Peter became much excited.

But a broom, a big, capable garden broom now planted itself down at his side; and without looking at more than the broom, which he could see out of the corner of his eye, he knew that his wife was standing by.

"Look, Daisy," he said, inviting her to share his emotion. "Look at the ants."

There was a moment's silence up there. Then: "Ants! I should think there were! Why, they'll get into the house! Let's kill them!"

He stretched out his hand and raised his fingers around the broom handle. "Get down here with me and look," he said. "It's an extraordinary sight. It's like Sodom, Babylon, Atlantis all rolled into one!"

"Yes—and they'll be in the pantry next. It'll be Babylon in the pantry. Come—let's sweep them off."

The broom stirred in his hand; he detained it. "Don't. They are the survivors of a terrible disaster. They have seen thousands of their mates swept to horrible death. They are safe, bearing with them the future life of their nation. Why, it would be as if men escaped from a city destroyed by flood, standing at last on high ground, naked, exhausted, but alive, saw now upon them the mountain falling!"

"It won't be a mountain," she said. "It will be a broom!"

"Hold on; wait," he pleaded hurriedly, trying a more intimate appeal. "Let me watch them. Daisy—wait—I'm getting something out of it! 'Let me watch it!"

But the broom was now out of his hand, and in three, four scythe-like strokes the thing was done. Of the broad rusty-red ribbon of carapaced, pullulating life stretched across the drive, there was nothing left but, here and there, a lone, squirming small spot indented into the ground; and on the surface of the water in the excavation a film made of dust, dead and mangled ants, and eggs.

For a moment stupor alone possessed Peter. He had, during his contemplation, shrunk himself to the size of the ants; or, rather, he had swelled them to his dimensions; so that the terrific completeness of the execution performed by these three simple sweeps of a simple broom left him profoundly astonished. Then, as the daze left him, a violence took its place. He faced her, he wanted to speak, and he knew that what he wanted to say was something irreparable. But no words came; his throat was altogether tight, his mind a whirling blank.

Peter turned on his heel and walked away. He walked out of the garden, and up the path which led to the village. In the village was a place where one could drink; the plan at the back of his head was simple enough. He would go to that place and drink; drink till he fell like an ox struck by the slaughtering hammer. But that fixed point which lay within him was small within, the turmoil he had become. He felt as if poisoned, absolutely poisoned. His head was hot, he trembled; and a singular part of him, detached and wraith-like, hovered above him, looked down with amazement at his state.

He had seen something so clearly; he had felt it so poignantly—the minute cosmic tragedy of these ants. Had she seen nothing at all? Had she felt nothing?

A reservoir deep within him began to surge. It was a reservoir which had been filling there in the dark, drop by drop, for years. Several times it had surged as it was now doing. But only with a tentative pulsing which did not reach the rim. Now, each surge brought the accumulated reserve higher. Like some alchemist's brew boiling on the fire, it rose, neared the margin, collapsed, rose again. But each of its ebullitions was raising it higher; nearer to the film which confined his consciousness from the dark secrets beneath; nearer his clear consciousness, nearer his mouth—his tongue, his lips.

And suddenly, with a new effort, it had done it—it had brimmed. Clearing up, fiercely snatching it along after other stuff. Here those of the arms who marched the reverse way, and which all were without burden, met those that were coming out and, letting them pass, after a moment's hesitation during which they seemed to be calling to themselves all their courage, resolutely plunged head first down into the earth. Peter now understood. He was the witness, the god-like witness of just such a catastrophe as, in the tenebrous past, again and again had nearly wiped out his own kind. The water, which was filling the excavation dug in the garden, from below had established communication with the city of the ants. It was rising slowly down in there; slowly, mysteriously, inexorably; filling the lowest chambers, rising along the galleries, bursting into halls; and the population, in mute uproar, was fleeing its crumbling city, hugging tight to it self its life kernel.

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And suddenly, with a new effort, it had done it—it had brimmed. Clearing up, before, quite before, understanding searched out his heart. And then, to this full comprehension, he felt his legs wobble, and abruptly sat down on a little mound of grass.

He remained seated thus, immobile, his eyes fixed ahead as if upon a ghost.

So this is what it had come to after all those years. To this he had come, after all those years.

To these words, spoken not merely of the lips, but explosively expelled by his entirely certain being, every drop, every cell, every nerve.

These words, final judgment.

"Cruel—and stupid."

The glade was very quiet in the sun, and insects hummed. Thoughts also hummed about his head, vague, formless, buzzing thoughts, circling and circling. But always, fixed in the center, was his horrible fact.

"Cruel and stupid"—that is what he had called her.

It seemed to him that a long time had passed when suddenly, like a mirage descended from the sky, an image came clearly before his eyes.

It was that picture of her as she had first come to him. Standing at the stile on the edge of the golden field; with her red mouth, her dewy star-like eyes, her gentle breasts.

He contemplated this long, and then was forced to ask himself a question.

As she stood there, that time long ago, so pretty, so tender and so warm, and his arms ached, was she then, already, what today he had called her?

If that were true, then women were indeed terrible.

But if not true—what then?

A strange new kind of discomfort took possession of him; his mind, as if affrighted, shied to one side, tried to bolt. He forced it back to the path. "Consider," he said to his mind. "Consider—you must consider that."

Her life, immediately, passed by him in one streak. Her life since their two lives had been side by side.

He squirmed.

A drab life it was, a drab streak of life. Poverty—to dullness—monotony—smallness.

And loneliness. Yes, very probably, loneliness.

He? He had been absorbed. He had been combing and brushing and sleeking and curling his soul. He had been a cocoon of the soul.

He had cultivated it, fenriched it. He had colored it, chiseled it, cherished it. Like a diamond cutter absorbed, without cease he had ground it to new iridescences.

He had climbed a hill, ceaselessly climbed a hill carrying his soul. And left hers down there like a stone. And time had rolled its will upon the abandoned soul. Duller and duller it had become with layer upon layer of dull Time.

Peter did not go up to the village. When he rose after a while it was toward her he made his way, at first on hesitant feet which little by little quickened their gait as a foolish fear pricked him.

He found her lying across her bed, her head, face down, framed within the interwinement of her arms and her heavy, long, dark hair. She was asleep; by the gentle pulsing of her, he knew she was asleep.

Her cheek was flushed and bruised; she had been weeping.

One look at her, one glance about the room, and he knew exactly what had happened; saw it as though it had happened before his eyes.

She had come in hurriedly; hurriedly she had bathed and begun to dress. She had laid out fresh things. Some already clothed her; others were about, scattered on chairs, across open drawers.

She had gone about doing this in a trepidation of haste, as a child desperately hastens who has been threatened by its parents with being left behind. And hurrying, she had been crying; sobs had sounded in this lonely room as she hurried.

Finally, to a larger burst of woe, coming probably from some last small straw (perhaps one of her shoes had refused to button, or some hook had been found without an eye, or some ribbon had slipped back into its sheath), she had thrown herself across the bed to give way, altogether uncontrolled. And weeping thus, had fallen asleep.

Standing here, his eyes upon this past scene which he saw so well, Peter remembered that which he ever promised himself to remember and which ever he forgot. That she was a child. After all, but a child.

As in the days when she had waited for him at the stile, so now she was a child. The restful, almost matron's ready, almost rough assurance; its firm contempt for all that which was haze, and halo and opalescence and not core—all that was mere front. She was a child.

He should remember that always. Of course, he should always remember it.

Peter lay down by his wife, and found her hot lips, and awakened her; she clutched at him convulsively.

They murmured together. "I'm sorry, Peter; I'm sorry."

"Then later: "Peter, you do so madden me at times, dear. With your airs—no, I don't mean that. But you do shut the door upon me, Peter—you do shut me out so much!"

Still later: "And, Peter, you are of those that like the flowers but not the gardening.

"Polished floors, but not the polishing."

"I know, dear. I know."

"Peter, listen: I am of the earth. I accept. You're always somewhere up above."

"I know, dear. Not far above, either. A fool place, in between. I know."

"I accept. I am getting old. Everyone does, Peter. I am willing to grow old."

She whispered now. "Peter—I'm even willing to die."

He pressed her closer, but the old desolate helplessness had come back.

"You, Peter—you are such a rebel, Peter! How you shut your eyes and fight! Trying to hold what cannot be held. And hating me because I can't. For I can't, Peter. I can't!"

This a child? A strange child! No—a child. Since in children was wisdom. Was this wisdom? A spasm of revolt tightened his heart.

But she was weeping now, softly, against his breast. He regathered her in his arms, and with this gesture felt a new large tenderness fill him. A tenderness which was not only for her, but for many others—for the whole world. The whole poor purblind peering world which could not see straight, which could not see clear, which suffered dimly, in a sort of vague hot delirium.

Near the end of the day, Peter stood once more alone in the garden. For what had passed in the afternoon, he felt something like embarrassment, a slight distaste, that strange revulsion we feel whenever we have made the gesture of plumbing life's emotional depths. As if there were something wrong about it, something unnatural, as if life were meant to be lived altogether on the surface, carefully on the surface.

He felt the need of levity. That is what, perhaps, made him remember the ants and which had been the beginning of the afternoon.

A slight breeze, ruffling the pool, had pushed together the dust, the ants and the eggs in a pitiful dead huddle against a bank.

"Where did they come in?" he asked himself.

He and his wife had this day made one of those complete circles which, as if by some natural law, recurred almost at certain intervals. From a state of hostility into which they had slipped, through a state of renewed gentleness of each other. They were happy once more, Daisy and he. But what about the ants? Where did they come in? It was over their backs this had happened. They had paid for it. Didn't they count at all?

An idea came to him. He raised his face to the skies.

Whenever he did this, sensuous painter that he was, he was much more apt to visualize the old familiar Greek deities than any more abstract, simple and terrible god. So he did this time.

A fog had come in from the sea; it made a low floor of the heavens, and on that floor Peter imagined the gods walking—Zeus, Hera, the whole galaxy, democratic, familiar, with robes a little disordered, and wraths a little askew. He hailed them.

"Heigh, up there, Zeus, Hera, Venus, all of you, tell me please!

"When, down here, the earth shakes, mountains slide, or the sea overflows, or, down here, there is a whole flood, a San Francisco earthquake; when China dances and Saint Pierre, with one belch of its volcano is blasted:

"Does this mean, merely, that up there a slave you recall, some small marital difficulty is being resolved?"

But from the gray ceiling—ceiling to him, floor to them—there came no answer whatever. So, Peter ended the day knowing not much more than he had at the beginning. And in that state, smiling a philosophical smile, he turned his steps toward the house, and the dinner which his good little wife had there just put down for him.

IS MOST THRILLING OF SPORTS

Pig-Sticking Not the Form of Amusement That Would Appeal to the Mollycoddle.

One of the most thrilling of all sports is pig-sticking. Armed with a steel-pointed bamboo spear some seven or eight feet long, and mounted on a fast, well-trained horse, the pig-sticker waits outside a patch of covert until the beaters' cries announce that a wild boar has gone away. He then gallops after the quarry, accompanied by several other riders all intent on winning the honor which goes to the "first spear."

The Indian boar is a large and powerful beast, standing some 40 inches in height, and armed with formidable tusks, which he uses to good purpose. He is the craftiest of animals and the finest of fighters. After his go the sportsmen. They have no chance of catching him for some time; for in his first burst the "Pig" will put considerable distance between himself and his pursuers. At last one is sighted drawing away from the rest, gets within sticking distance. Quick as lightning the boar "jinks," or jumps to one side.

Next moment horse and rider are struggling on the ground, for piggy has charged hard and true, throwing them both. If help is not at hand he will wound or even kill his antagonist.

His tusks, nine or ten inches in length, he uses as chisels, ripping and tearing with them in his fury. Luckily, the second man is close up, and after a fierce fight the pig is speared. Here is a form of sport that no one could accuse of tameness.

A Singer of Spring.

The song sparrow is one of our most beloved musicians of spring, says Nature Magazine. Many birds sing in a dreamy way; not so the song sparrow. He puts his whole heart into the song

COOLIDGES FOND OF PLAIN FOOD

"Mac," Their Boston Waiter, Talks About Their Simple Gastronomic Tastes.

Boston, Mass.—Much has been written lately about the simple tastes and unassuming ways of Calvin Coolidge, now President of the United States, and of Mrs. Coolidge, and those who are well acquainted with them say this simplicity permeates their life. When Coolidge was governor of Massachusetts he and Mrs. Coolidge made their home at the Adams house, and their regular waiter there, "Mac," who is known to many hundreds of Bostonians, told a writer for the Boston Sunday Advertiser a lot about their gastronomical tastes. Said he:

"Their breakfast order was always the same. 'Two Special No. 1's, grapefruit for Mrs. Coolidge and orange for me.'

"Special No. 1 never varied. It consisted of two small pots of coffee, graham muffins and fruit.

"Mr. Coolidge would give the order and call for a clean glass and a whole orange. He would squeeze the orange himself into the glass, and drink the juice.

Silent at Meals.

"Mrs. Coolidge always had half a grapefruit.

"They were generally alone at breakfast, as their boys were at school and only visited them in vacation time. Once, though, when the boys were there, they wanted ham and eggs for breakfast. Mrs. Coolidge ordered it for them, but when the governor found it out, he frowned on giving the kids meat for breakfast.

"They were seldom at my table for lunch, as they were both often gone all day. But they would be back for dinner, unless they were dining out.

"Then Mrs. Coolidge used to order a chop—the way you do," interpolated "Mac," who has an uncanny memory for the likes and dislikes of every one of his patrons.

"Sometimes she would have a steak. But Mr. Coolidge always made his dinner on cereal—usually grape nuts and tea or milk.

"He was just as quiet at their family meals as he is in public life. Hardly ever said a word. Breakfast over, he would go away in silence.

"They seldom had guests, except Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Stearns, who were with them frequently.

"Sometimes there would be one or two others with them at dinner. On those occasions Mrs. Coolidge would try every way in the world to get him to join in the conversation. Nothing doing. He would look and listen, but hardly ever opened his mouth—except for his grape nuts. Once in a while he would shoot a little smile—like this—and for a fleeting instant "Mac" was the living image of the President.

Lapsing back to his natural expression, which is intense but amiable, "Mac" continued:

"He is a hard man to get at, if you know what I mean. But when you once do get at him, you find he has one of the best hearts in the world.

All Liked Mrs. Coolidge.

"But the kindness and a charming manner combined, Mrs. Coolidge was the one. Every waiter in the dining room liked to serve her. She was always considerate, always appreciative for anything done for her. If Mrs. Coolidge once knew you, she knew you every where, no matter where she happened to meet you. In the hotel corridor, or in the street, she would always bow. She's a fine woman.

"I used to look at those boys, and their good manners, and wonder how she did it. But then, bringing up sons. (Six little McKeoughs, remember.)

"I said to one of my boys the other day, 'Look at young Calvin Coolidge. His father's President of the United States, and he's looking for farm work at $3.50 a day. I suppose if I was president you'd be wanting to take it easy in the White House.'"

A Healthy Climate.

"You must go to the healthiest neighborhood you can find," said the eminent specialist to Mr. Forsythe. "And when you get there you must stay there for six months and have a thoroughly good rest."

In due course Mr. Forsythe arrived at the seaside town he had selected and inquired of one of the old inhabitants if it was a really healthy neighborhood.

"Well, you see me," said the old man, who was a fine specimen of health and vigor "when I came here I couldn't walk across the room and I hadn't the strength to utter a single word. I had scarcely a hair on my head and I had to be lifted on and off the bed."

"Ah, you give me hope," said the invalid. "How long have you been here?"

"I was born here," was the reply.

Missing Links.

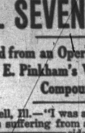
The owner of a coconut plantation has trained a monkey to climb the trees and gather the nuts. But that is too much like his usual occupation to count for much. In China they had done better than that a century ago, for there they had been trained to pull rhubarb and gather rice. In Abyssinia they had simian torch-bearers for supper parties, but the station master at Uitenhage, a small wayside station in Cape Colony, did better and trained a baboon to act as signalman and work the switches.

Bold Economy.

Italy is a land of level railway crossings. Very few roads go over or under. Hitherto each crossing had its signalman, who closed the gates ten minutes before the train was due, to the despair of motorists, who often had to wait half an hour for a late train. Now Mussolini in a fierce attempt at economy has abolished signalmen and gates and left the public to look out for themselves. How will it answer? There are many more ox-carts than autos in Italy.

MRS. COFFMAN ILL SEVEN YEARS

Saved from an Operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Slidell, Ill.—"I was a nervous wreck. I was suffering from a pain in my left side, which was almost unbearable, and I did not even let the bed clothing rest on my body at night. I had been sick for seven years, but not so bad until the last eighteen months, and had become so run down that I cried for nobody, and would rather have died than live. I couldn't do my work without help, and the doctors told me that an operation was all there was left. I would not consent to that, so my husband bought me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begged me to take it. I have taken fourteen bottles of it and I feel like a new woman. Life is full of hope. I do all my housework and had a large garden this year. I never will be without the Vegetable Compound in the house, and when my two little girls reach womanhood I intend to teach them to take it. I am never too busy to tell some suffering sister of my health. You may use my name and letter to spread the good news of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine."—Mrs. IDA M. COFFMAN, R. R. 2, Slidell, Ill.

Pure and healing, a grateful aid on countless occasions

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO. (Consolidated) New York

State Street

Vaseline

Reg U S Pat Off

Yellow or White

PETROLEUM JELLY

Mitchell Eye Salve

AVOID dropping strong drugs into the eyes to cure from Alkali or a bath of irritation. The old simple remedy that brings amazing relief is best. 25c, all druggists

For SORE EYES

For Business Reasons.

"Smile!" commanded the photographer, "You look too mournful."

"But I'm going to use this in my business advertising," the subject protested.

"Well, don't you think it would be better for your business if you did not look so solemn?"

"No," was the surprising reply. "Who in thunder would hire a grinning undertaker?"—Forbes Magazine.

Aspirin

Say "Bayer" and Insist!

Genuine BAYER

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Earache	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Advertisement.

Not Scared at All.

Jodkins was always a dissatisfied member of the staff. His complaint this time he considered a big one, and he told his workmates that he would threaten to leave.

"What did the boss say about your threat to leave?" he was asked, on being seen coming from the chief's room.

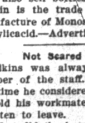
"He didn't take it as a threat," replied Jodkins; "he thought I was doing the firm a favor."—Stray Stories.

During the Discussion.

"Bah, you have no religion."

"Yes, I have a religion, but I don't get mad over it."

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



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