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Send your name and
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bottle of LIQUID VENEER.
Wonderful for
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with one sweep of your dust cloth. Restores
furniture, woodwork, automobiles. Makes
everything look like new. Makes dusting a
pleasure.
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Hardware, furniture,
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general stores.
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Buffalo, N. Y.

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with
DAVIS
BAKING
POWDER**

Finally Squashed Her
The druggist was becoming weary.
He had been explaining and pricing
dozens of articles to the shopper, who
didn't really want to buy anything at
all. Finally she picked up a bottle.
"Is this pest exterminator reliable?"
she asked. "How is it applied?"
"You take a tablespoonful every
half hour, ma'am," the druggist re-
plied, with feigned emphasis.
No more questions were asked.

Rest springs from strife and dis-
cordant chords beget divinest har-
monies.—Morriss.

House's Croup Remedy for croup and con-
gestive colds, prevents pneumonia. 50c. All drug-
stores. Kells Co., Newburgh, N. Y. Mfr.—Adv.

Some queer birds roost in family
trees.

**Sure Relief
FOR INDIGESTION**
BELL'S
INDIGESTION
25 CENTS
6 BELL'S
Hot water
Sure Relief
BELL'S
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

"Cutting teeth is made easy"
**MRS. WINSLOW'S
SYRUP**
The Infants' and Children's Regulator
At all drug stores
Non-Narcotic, Non-Alcoholic
Oakland, Neb., Feb. 23, 1929
Gentlemen:
I am more than glad to tell you
of the experience and result obtained
from your wonderful Baby Medicine.
Our second baby is now seven months
old and has never given us a moment's
trouble. The first and only thing she
has ever taken was Mrs. Winslow's
Syrup. She has four teeth and is al-
ways smiling and playing. Cutting
teeth is made easy by the use of Mrs.
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ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO.
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**LEONARD
EAR OIL**
for
DEAFNESS
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HEAD NOISES
Price \$1.00
At All Druggists
"Don't
DO THIS"
POWER ABOUT DEAFNESS on request,
A. O. LEONARD, INC.
TO-NEIGH, NEW YORK

**Beware Of Coughs
That Hang On**

Pneumonia and serious lung trouble
usually start with a cough. So if you
have a cold or cough—stop it at once
with a few doses of this old medi-
cine, Kemp's Balsam. This famous
Balsam soothes the nerves of the
throat, stops the tickling cough and
nature does the rest. No form of cough
sympom good for children's coughs.
50 cents at all stores.

**For that Cough/
KEMP'S BALSAM**

**THE RED
LINE TRAIL**
By
Crittenden
Marriott
Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

CHAPTER IX—Continued

Next the captain turned to Lord George. Captain Bunker had his own opinion about so-called noblemen; he distrusted them and their credentials on principle, and set little store by the fact that Lord George had been introduced by another nobleman. Only the fact that Lord George had been indubitably popping away with his rifle from the quarter-deck all afternoon prevented Captain Bunker from taking him to task directly. He did question him shrewdly as to the bottles at which he had been firing. But he got no results; and apparently open and frank to the limit, Lord George gave no information of the slightest value; and Captain Bunker was unable to decide whether this was because he was exceptionally shrewd or entirely ignorant.

Last, the captain sought out Miss Denslow, and inquired into her whereabouts during the afternoon, and found that she was fully accounted for.

There remained only Mrs. Archman's maid, in the family employ for twenty years, who had been with her mistress nearly all afternoon, and who seemed entirely incapable of carrying through such a desperate enterprise as safe robbery.

Mrs. Archman, Harry and Bess seemed above suspicion; and any lingering doubts that Captain Bunker may have entertained as to the complexity of any one of them, or of the maid, were dissipated as he reflected that they really could not possess the technical skill necessary to open a safe by fingering the tumblers of the lock. Only a person of unusual skill and of long training could possibly have done this.

Captain Bunker was forced to conclude that some member of the crew had taken desperate chances and ventured at first, where he had no business, and had succeeded in reaching the cabin and getting into the safe. Investigation, however, cast no slightest shadow on any one of the men.

Bess knew how busy Captain Bunker had been and she tried to hold herself in leash away from him, so as not to add to his annoyance. All the early part of the evening she lay in her chair, listening to the chat of the others, especially to that of Lord George.

When the steamship started again Bess rose from her chair. "I'm going to the bridge," she announced.

Harry looked up. "Captain Bunker won't want you," he began. Then, noting that his sister had waited for no comment, he turned to Lord George with a laugh. "We men will have to get up an association in America to regain our rights," he said.

Lord George did not answer for a moment. Then he started. "Oh! Ah! Yes! Quite so, old chap," he answered, heartily but vaguely.

Harry stared at him; but the Englishman said no more, and after a moment Harry got up and wandered away forward.

Meanwhile Bess had ascended to the bridge and had gone to Captain Bunker's side. "I couldn't stay away any longer, captain," she murmured. "I was so anxious. Have we dodged them?"

Captain Bunker turned a dim face to the girl. "I think so," he said. "At all events we're going in."

"Going in?"

"Yes. We've just passed Lobos Island. Yonder it lies." He pointed to the east, but Bess could see no trace of the blacker shadow of the land. "Our destination is just ten miles due south. It's the island shown in that map your mother brought me."

"Oh!" In the stress of the greater emotion that had arisen out of the violation of the instructions, Bess had forgotten the map. "Is it the right map?" she asked. "I have forgotten to ask."

"Yes, it's the right map," Captain Bunker looked at him long and steadily. Then he turned to his first officer. "Keep her as she is, Mr. Collins," he instructed. "I'm going to the chart house." He glanced at Bess. "Will you come, Miss Archman?" he invited. "I want to talk with you."

Bess went very willingly. Captain Bunker led the way to the chart house, and held open the door for her. That young woman stared into the blackness, then stepped in, and waited while Captain Bunker closed the door, shutting out the faint light that leaked from the clouded stars. She heard the captain moving about in the darkness, apparently blanketing the windows; then she heard a faint click, and saw a closely shaded electric bulb glow out, throwing a cone of light over the table in the center of the room. By its aid she made her way to a chair beside the table and sat down.

Captain Bunker sat down opposite her. "Here is your map," he said, laying the muddied, bloodstained square of parchment on the table. "And here is the chart of Moro Island, the spot where my instructions bid me meet your father. As you see, they are the same, except that the government chart shows no red lines."

Bess stared at the chart in feverish excitement. Undoubtedly Captain Bunker was right. The outlines of the island on the map and chart were plainly the same. The parchment map, however, was on a much larger scale; when Bess laid it on top of the government chart it hid a whole group of islands of which it formed a part.

With sparkling eyes, she looked up at Captain Bunker spoke. "There is

nothing on your map to show whether the island is one mile or fifty miles in length," he said. "But the government chart shows it to be about five miles long and three miles wide, and to consist chiefly of an extinct volcano. This red line"—he pointed it out with a stubby forefinger—"comes down to the water on the east side. My instructions say the northeast side, and that is perhaps near enough. At any rate, we will go to the end of the red line first. The other islands of the group are placed so as to form a sort of natural harbor with fairly good anchorage."

"I see," Bess could scarcely sit still. "And what do the crosses mean?"

"Lord knows. I don't," answered Captain Bunker seriously. "Of course a map like this suggests buried treasure and other accompaniments. But, of course, Mr. Archman isn't the man to take his daughter on a chase after treasure, so we can leave that out."

"Oh!"

"Yes; we can leave that out," Captain Bunker spoke severely. "And thank God for it! I want treasure hunting once in my young days and I had my fill of it. It isn't the romantic child's play you young people think. This isn't treasure hunting, but I'm afraid it's worse. It seems very plain to me now that somebody committed murder to get this map. They failed at first, but they succeeded later. Then finding that it did not give complete information, they sent it to your mother, hoping that she would do exactly what she did—send it to your father by someone whom they could follow. That they have followed is proved by the fact that my safe was robbed, and the fact, if it is a fact,

down with a crash. "There isn't but one woman it could have been," he rasped, "and she—"

A tap at the door made him break off and lift his hand to the electric bulb overhead. The light snapped out. "Come in," he called.

The door opened and a man's head appeared against the dim sky. "Mr. Collins says will you please come on the bridge, sir," said a voice.

"All right," Captain Bunker turned to Bess. "I'll look into the matter, Miss Archman," he said, as he rose and hurried out of the room, followed more slowly by Bess.

The El Rio was approaching the land, whose loom Collins had made out. Captain Bunker rang his engines off and on and kept the engine-room telegraph spinning like mad. A rift in the clouds ahead was growing more momentarily brighter; the captain watched it and swore softly to himself.

Brighter grew the rift and brighter, changing from a rift to a gash, and widening, till abruptly a fat, yellow moon gleamed out for an instant, then slipped away again. It had stayed just long enough to show a black island, with a mountain peak thrusting high above it.

Captain Bunker rasped an order and the wheel spun madly. The El Rio turned on her heel and darted westward for a little way, then headed south into the mouth of an invisible channel.

Steadily the steamship went on, till even Bess could see the peak of the mountain a little off the port bow and could make out a lower lump of land that ended with a smother of white foam to starboard. She looked at and saw that the two lines of foam had arisen apparently out of the sea and seemed to be closing in behind the vessel. Then suddenly they began to move swiftly to starboard. Bess started, looked around and saw that the peak of the mountain had swung far to port, and she realized that the El Rio had passed into a harbor and was turning, probably to seek some anchorage screened from the outside view.

Intuitively she spoke. "Good! Good!" she exclaimed. "We've dodged them. We're safe."

But even as she spoke a sudden glare filled the night, sending its brilliant gleam over miles of heaving waters, lighting up the quarterdeck, the breaking waves, and the tall cliffs that rose on three sides.

Someone had set fire to a red flare placed upon the taffrail.

CHAPTER X
Behind the Island

Bess was up early the next morning. El Rio lay nearly quiescent on a silver and gold flecked sea that rocked to the base of the bounding mountain peaks. To right, to left, behind, before, rose islands. Bess knew by the chart that there were many of them, but where one began and another ended, she could not see; their outlines melted indistinguishably into each other.

To the west lay the island of the chart, bathed in sunlight and easily recognizable by its shape, a tall, apparently flat-topped peak which rose with amazing steepness out of a hump of tree-clad rounded hills that sloped downward gently to twenty or thirty feet above the water and then broke away abruptly to the sea as if cut by a gigantic knife. There seemed to be no beach, the shores rising sheer from the water's edge. No sign of a dwelling place, not even the smoke from a fugitive fire, rose to tell that the island had any inhabitants at all.

Disappointed, Bess once more scanned the waters of the bay, but detected no sign of life. The broad bay seemed utterly deserted.

Bess glanced up at the bridge and saw there the tall figure of the first officer, Mr. Collins. Instead of the bulky frame of Captain Bunker, with whom she might discuss the situation. The events of the afternoon and evening before were still unexplained, so far as the discovery of the spy was concerned. As to his object, there could no longer be any doubt. The red flare on the taffrail, following the secret examination of the sealed instructions, could have no other object than to give information to a pursuer.

When the red flare broke on the night, the quarterdeck was deserted both by passengers and sailors. Collins, springing from the bridge and rushing aft to hurl the treacherous light into the waves, had seen no one. All the passengers, except Mrs. Archman, who was in her stateroom, seemed to have been collected far forward, straining their eyes to penetrate the darkness into which the ship was heading. Captain Bunker's most strenuous inquiries failed to cast suspicion on anyone. And other inquiries, addressed to the crew, had, so far as Bess knew, met similar failure.

And there was no sign of any pursuer! Bess could only hope that, after all, neither floating bottle nor red flare had succeeded in carrying the spy's information to his patrons.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Community Building

Paint Rightly Claims to Have Double Value

The good appearance of the house usually proves to be the strongest point in persuading anyone to paint his house. The matter of preserving the surface does not enter into consideration as it should. The common desire to have one's home at its best cannot be condemned, but paint means more than any means; it is a necessity and an economic one.

Wood is porous. While growing, these pores are filled with sap. When the tree is cut into lumber the sap dries out, leaving the pores open. The protective coatings of bark are also removed. If the wood is allowed to remain in this unprotected state, fungi and moisture soon begin to rot and destroy it. Paint penetrates the pores and forms, when dry, a tough, elastic coating, which is "anchored" to the surface by countless little "hooks" that extend into pores of the wood, and this coating or film preserves the wood by protecting it from those things which would otherwise quickly and surely destroy it.

The psychological value, the invigorating effect of clean, brightly painted property, is another factor we cannot afford to disregard, and this alone should be sufficient cause to warrant painting in times of temporary business depression.

The price that should be paid for the paint is another consideration—and an important one. The best quality paint is the cheapest. The cost should be reckoned on the basis of the square foot and the expense as so much per paint service year. In this way the true value and the cheapness of good paint will be recognized.

General Shortage of Building Is Reported

That a national building shortage somewhat in excess of \$4,000,000,000 exists in the entire country is indicated by reports made to a leading investment concern in a survey of all cities of more than 10,000 population.

Studies were made in 528 cities. In 380 of these, reports were made of building shortages amounting to \$4,050,820,000, of which \$2,102,688,500 is needed for residential types; \$1,130,851,500 for commercial types and \$870,270,000 for public buildings of all kinds. In 148 cities no shortage was reported, thus indicating that in these places the amount of building requirements now rests on the normal demands of growth and improvement.

That a shortage of considerable magnitude also exists in places having less than 10,000 population was indicated by the results of the inquiry in 20 typical towns of this type in various parts of the United States. Twelve of these places showed aggregate shortages of more than \$14,000,000, while eight revealed normal conditions.

The investigation also brought to light definitely planned expenditures of nearly \$800,000,000 in the next two years for churches, hospitals, charitable and educational institutions, these figures not being included in actual shortages now existing.

Architecture Important

That architectural merit adds dollars to the value of a house is convincingly demonstrated when old homes possessing architectural distinction find a ready sale at good prices, while a poorly designed dwelling is a "drug" on the market. Many bizarre creations are produced by designers who seem to think that when a multiplicity of gables, of projecting rafters and sharply contrasting hues in stuccos and bricks are achieved, the result is bound to be pleasantly modern and desirable. Investors are finding to their sorrow, however, that this type of house is passing out with the jazz music of which it is symbolical, and present builders would do well to keep this in mind if they wish to realize full value on their property.

Lining Them Up

"There is no one in the world," says the Brunswick (Ga.) News, "that knows more about raising children than an old maid, and there is no citizen that kicks more about public organizations and their activities than the fellow who never marries, due to one of them, never is the father of any movement for the city's good, nor takes an active part in the community affairs, except to knock. The hardest knocker and the loudest critic can always be branded as the biggest shirker—he carries his 'bell' with him. If you are in his class, take stock of yourself, right-about-face and become a real citizen and a community builder."

Plants for the Lawn

In the choice of plants for the lawn, says an expert in that line of home and city beautification, a few special rules are of interest and value. Choose hardy plants. Use dogwoods, honeysuckles, syringas, nectarines, etc., for shrubs; woodbine, Dutchman pipe, honeysuckle, clematis, for vines, and hardy perennial flowers for the borders, then add maples, spruces, elms, etc., in suitable places to complete the plan. Plant in the spring rather than in the fall.

Ideal Home

The home is the anchor of the nation and it should be made a good place in which to live. Be it ever so humble, it can be made neat, clean and cozy, a veritable love-nest for all who abide therein. A place where father will be happy and content to spend his evenings, a place where the young folk delight to gather instead of seeking the bright lights outside.

To the Swine

When nobody cares for our bright remarks, of course, we think of that old Bible saying about casting pearls.

A pauper gets more real enjoyment out of life than a miser does.

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Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale
MARY GRAHAM BONNER
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FAMOUS DAYS

The days were talking. Monday was not with them for Monday was working. Monday, in other words, was busy being Monday.

But Monday had heard some of the talk when Sunday had been busy and would hear more when Tuesday began working.

"I think it is quite wonderful," said Thursday, "to think about it."

"All of the days have had countless honors shown to them. Not only are there all the wonderful holidays—the Fourth of July and Christmas day and New Year's day and all of the others which we've all had a share in, but every day—every one of us has had some famous person born on our day."

"In fact we've had any number of honors like that and we've been having them for years and years and shall continue to have them."

"Of course the dates are important but then these dates are always upon certain days."

"One time it will be Tuesday and another time Wednesday and so on that different great people will have been born, and the splendid fun about it all is that we never know what honor has been shown us until some time afterward."

"It is always such a question whether the little baby who is down in the little yellow house at the foot of a certain street, for example, will grow up to be famous or not."

"We watch, we days."

"We will nudge one another back here, many years later, and we'll say, 'Did you see that my little Thursday baby, born twenty-seven years ago, had been doing most marvelous things?'"

"Not only do we think of the marvelous things they do—these people who show us such honors without knowing at the time that they are doing us so good a turn—but we think of many others too."

"I know just what you mean," said Tuesday. "I've been watching a dear little girl who was born on a Tuesday seven years ago."

"Just at the moment I can't remember which date it was—but anyway I was about and the first thing I saw was this dear little girl in a basket all lined with pink silk and pink bows on the side, and her little face was screwed up into such a cunning, funny expression."

"It was pink too—or perhaps I should say almost red!"

"Now she is just one of the many I've watched. The other day she had her seventh birthday."

"Well, I call her a success! To me she is famous! For she is so successful in making everyone gay and joyous about her, and she is famous the way she makes a party go and the way she starts everyone having a good time."

"Then I wouldn't be at all surprised if she sang most beautifully when she grew up."

"I've heard her sing little songs and they've been sung ever so sweetly. I'm proud she was born on my day."

"Yes," said Saturday. "I have so many I'm proud of too. Maybe the world will never hear of them in a great big way, but they've put into their own homes and their own schools and their own friendships the best of themselves."

"And the best of themselves has been so good."

"I know one adorable little mother who was born on my day—quite a long time ago as the children would say. But they'd add,

"Still she doesn't act old—not one scrap!"

"She is very dainty and very sweet and she is most interesting. Everyone wants to talk to her. Everyone wants to go to her parties because not only do they enjoy the parties, but they know beforehand what a splendid time they will have, and after it is over they can think of the good time they have had."

"She is kind when any one is sick and she is gay and witty and such fun when all is well."

"Oh, I'm very proud of her."

"Yes," said Sunday. "I feel that way too. I'm proud of the famous ones born upon my day. It's so splendid to think of them all. But I've a particular set of favorites—some who've been just splendid additions to this world—in their own circles—and who've brought really genuine happiness into the world with them—they're my favorites of all!"

English Duke's Coronet

The coronet of an English duke consists of a circlet of gold around which, arranged at equal distances from one another, are eight gold strawberry leaves. The leaves are called parsley by some authorities.

Niche in Church

Teacher—Now, Robert, what is a niche in a church?

Robert—Why, it's just the same as an iced place else, only you can't scratch it as well.

Another Nurse Praises Tanlac

"As a nurse I have seen many marvelous results from Tanlac. For example, nervousness, stomach trouble and building up the system after operations I consider Tanlac great!"
Mrs. K. M. Lowe, Walnut Park, Cal.

NURSE Lowe's statement merely backs up what over one hundred thousand grateful Tanlac users have said about this