

Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

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THE STORY SO FAR

On their way to the new Cottonwood gold diggings in Colorado in the early Seventies, Robert Gilson, easterner, and his partner, Buck Hayden, a veteran miner, witness the hold up of a stage coach, from which the express box is stolen before the bandits are scared off. Among the hold-up victims are Mrs. Constance Deane, and Mrs. Barnaby, who intends to open a restaurant in Cottonwood. Gilson meets Marcus Handy, editor, on his way to start the Cottonwood Courier. Arriving in town, Gilson and Hayden together purchase a mining claim. A threatened lynching is averted by the bravery of Chris McGrath, town marshal. Gilson becomes disgusted with gold digging, what with its unending labor and small rewards, and so the sudden appearance of Buck Croly, old-time partner of Buck, is not altogether disconcerting to him. Gilson takes a job on the Courier and arranges to sell his share in the claim to Shorty. His acquaintanceship with Mrs. Deane ripens. As the Courier grows in power a civic spirit is awakened. Following a crime wave, which the marshal seems to overlook, Handy, in his newspaper, demands a clean-up. Gilson meets Mrs. Deane in a notorious section of the camp. In love with her and knowing she has a husband, Gilson, noting that she seems upset about something attempts to comfort her.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

But as the hammering of blood against my brain died out, as the red mist cleared from my eyes, I realized that Constance had not returned my kiss, that her arms clung to me not in an embrace but as though she had grasped at me for support, for safety. Then her hands fell from my neck, began gently to push me away. We stood, facing each other. Again that black mood lay on her face. She swayed, grasped at her saddle horn. I stepped forward—this time in fear she might fall, she was trembling so—but one hand lifted itself for an instant and warned me back. Now her trembling increased to a quaking which shook her whole body, broke her speech into queer fragments as she said:

"Robert—why did you—why did we—do this?"

"You know why," I said. "Because I love you!"

"Yes!" said Constance, and repeated it as though the words were a poem. "You love me!"

"And you too!" I said. "You too!" She started to answer; and with another rush of blood against the base of my brain, I anticipated her word. But she did not speak. And suddenly her trembling stopped.

"If I did," she said, "what good would it do? What could come of it?"

I saw what she meant; and the obstacle between us, which only just now had appeared so feathery light, became a stone wall.

"I shouldn't have done this!" she went on, every moment becoming more the mistress of herself. "Shouldn't have let you do it."

"You couldn't have stopped me!" I replied. "I couldn't stop myself."

"Such things are always in the woman's hands." Almost was she again the Constance I knew. I had rent for an instant the veil over her soul; now I could feel its edges drawing together again. She turned to where the two horses, unperceiving witnesses of this crisis in human affairs, were grazing through their bits on the edge of the stream. "Haven't you better hitch them?" she said. "Then come back here and talk—if you wish to talk this over any further."

The simple act of catching the horses, tossing the bridles over their heads, stabled me also. I turned back. She had seated herself on a broken pillar of the castle rock, and her eyes regarded me steadily as I advanced.

"Robert," she began, "don't you think you had better go away?"

"From camp?" I asked.

"From me. See me no more. You will be safest so."

"From yourself—and me?"

"What is the danger in you?"

"Robert, a man is always in danger when he loves a married woman—unless—here her voice grew sharp for an instant, "unless this is only a flirtation with you. Unless you are that kind of a man."

"I couldn't tell you," I said, "how much this isn't a flirtation. Don't you think I've fought it? Don't you know that I did what I did just now because my guard was down, and you touched me and I was carried beyond myself?"

"I know all that," she said. "I'm trying to be very honest now. And it isn't honest in me, Robert, to say I doubt your honor. I'm certain of that. You're not like—well, our friend Barton, for example."

"He was—familiar?" I asked, my hands clenching.

"Oh, somewhat. But don't let that trouble you. With you, it's different. Don't you think you'd better leave me—for your own good?"

"Constance, it is absolutely hopeless!"

"Absolutely," she said finally, firmly. "But you're in trouble. I want to help. If there's one chance in a hundred million to help you, I want that more than anything else that I can have in life," I said.

She rested her elbow on her knee, dropped her chin into her palm, and gazed at the stream.

"Robert," she said finally, "if I let you—stay in, my life—do you think you can go on as before—just coming to talk to me now and then until—until perhaps I go away?"

"If that is all you will give me—I have no choice!"

"Constance, won't you tell me about yourself?"

"That isn't living up to the conditions," she replied. "No!" Suddenly, with one of her light movements, she slipped to the ground. "I'm going now. Would you mind fixing the reins for me?" As I turned to throw the bridle over her horse's head, I saw that she had swung unaltered from a wayside rock into the side-saddle.

"Where were you going?" she asked, looking not at me but at her hands as they grasped the reins.

"To Forty-Rod. Matter of a little story about a fire," I said. "It isn't really important. It—" But now she looked at me, shook her head.

"No. Go on with it. I want to ride back alone. Try to forget this afternoon. Let us play it hasn't happened." With the touch of an expert horsewoman, she gathered the reins, and her brown nag started up.

She broke him into a trot, into a lope. Once she looked back, saw me staring after her, turned her head quickly to face the road. Then she disappeared round the hill.

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The aftermath of Marcus Handy's editorial on the political incompetence of Cottonwood was blurred and obscured for both the camp and me by another event, which seemed temporarily more important in the scheme of fate.

I was awakened next morning by prolonged knocking at my door, and by the protesting grunts of Marcus Handy. As I struggled out of sleep, I saw Marcus sitting up in bed in his white-and-red nightshirt, holding his 45-caliber sidearm at ready. Then from outside a voice spoke; and Marcus, as he grasped the meaning of the words, laid down his revolver with another grunt, pulled the clothes up over his ears, and fell once more asleep.

"Does Bob Gilson live here? All right. Buck—Buck Hayden—wants to see you out to his claim right away. Says it's important!" came a heavy voice from without.

I hurried myself out of bed, anticipating accident and calamity, dressed, hurried to the livery stable for my horse and through a clear, inspiring June air rode up the busy creek toward the rocky curve which I seemed to have abandoned such eternities ago. Busy all the way with speculation, as usual in such circumstances I reviewed every possibility except the true solution.

Was trouble breaking between Buck and Shorty? I wondered, as I rode toward the claim. Even had there been a tragedy? And, whatever happened, I must get through this thing quickly. For I did not want to miss a single one of those noon breakfasts at Mrs. Barnaby's, which were midday dinner for the rest but noon breakfast for me, and where daily I met—Constance Deane.

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This was the claim, at the curve of the creek; but what had happened to the cabin? Its thatched and sodded roof lay on the bank, braced up six feet high on posts; from beneath it protruded various familiar objects of human use, such as our Dutch oven, my old set of red blankets. Where the cabin itself had stood were only chips, piles of sawdust, strips of bark, a trampled floor.

I was halted from the hillside across the creek. I looked up, and was aware of a new object in the landscape. A timbered hole gaped at me, black and brutal-mouthed; beside it lay a fresh new dump, so small that even my expert eye could see how shallow as yet was the tunnel which fed it.

From that orifice Buck had emerged, taking off his hat to extinguish a miner's lamp, was walking toward me not with his customary even stride, but rapidly, jerkily. I dismounted, and he rushed toward me; he waved me back. As he approached, I saw that his eyes glittered with some unnatural excitement.

"Got to see you alone, kid—all alone!" he shot out. He looked round; his eyes rested on that ridiculous shack of thatched and poles. Into this he drew me. He squatted on his heels, scrutinized all approaches before he burst out:

"Kid, don't it beat the Dutch?—I've struck it—struck it rich!"

"You have?" I asked inconsequently.

"I sure have—Shorty and me have—as rich as—Buck paused, as though to find a simile wild enough to express the situation. "Rich as h—!" he concluded.

From my whirl of thoughts and emotions not all generous, I brought out another rivality.

"Gold quartz?" I asked.

"Gold quartz your grandma!" ejaculated Buck. "Gold's a sucker proposition. No! What I've got is the only poor man's ore. Silver carbonates!"

He might have been talking Arabic for all I grasped the dramatic meaning in that technical term. But Buck was running on.

"You can scoop her out with a spoon—assays three hundred to the ton—she widens as she goes in—that stuff we hated so like pizen—"

"That sand?"

"You've called it. Shorty seen it!" Buck stopped here, fumbled through the pockets of his overalls, produced a creased paper. "Here's where you come in," he said. It was a mining claim, filled out in my name and signed yet, I saw, unregistered. "Ain't our claim?" Buck hastened to explain.

"It's the ground next. And—waved an excited hand toward the hillside—she's crammed with it, jammed with it! You can't lose! Your play is to rush this registered quick, before the gosh starts. Ride, boy!"

Yet I lingered to extract the details. Two years before, Shorty, as Buck expressed it, had been "shoved out of Mexico." With a "college-bred mining expert"—Buck's phrase again—he had been looking for gold. And down in Chihuahua they had found the natives washing not gold but a brittle sand. It was lead carbonates bearing

silver, the expert informed Shorty. Further, they had tunneled into the adjoining hill, had found the parent body. Some of this ore assayed better than three hundred dollars a ton. So much they extracted from the cholo workmen. Then the "Mex boss" came back. He looked at things differently. That night he tried to murder the two Americans and, failing, raised the rurales against them. They barely got out to El Paso with their lives.

And Shorty had not worked a day on our claim before he recognized that brittle sand, which had so hampered our gold washing, as the same ore. It was lead carbonates; and the sample assayed three hundred dollars a ton in silver alone. How Shorty overcame the innate conservatism of Buck did not at this moment come out. I imagine that when Buck raked over those little pellets of pure silver which the blowpipe had magicked from this inert sand, his single-minded belief in gold collapsed. At any rate, he was by now so thoroughly converted as to forget that he ever held any other faith. Of course, the sand in our stream was but a trifling overflow from some main body of ore. Where did it lie? Shorty, working merely on a hazy resemblance between the lay of this land and that in the Mexican diggings, "sort of suspected"—said Buck—the hillside across the creek.

He selected, I know now, the spot which of all locations on that hillside would have been the last choice to an expert mining engineer. But there is more luck in silver mining than any expert will admit; and the kind of man that Shorty was, always played the game of life in the spirit of one who shakes dice for the drinks.

The crafty Shorty, as I half suspected at the time, had not parted with the last of his resources when he produced that hundred-dollar bill from the back of his watch. They bought the necessary tools, explosives and apparatus in Cottonwood, hired for assistant a Swede who not only knew nothing about minerals, but almost nothing about the English language. Mining timbers being expensive and slow of delivery, they had cast their lot with the pot, and torn down the cabin for the purpose.

Shedding out their debris on a cradle sled and a trackway of poles, in a fortnight they had driven their tunnel twenty feet from the prism and had come to a streak of carbonates. It widened to a vein, to a pocket, to Heaven knew what. Buck's conscience and kindness were troubled because I, who shared the discovery of that curious sand, had no longer any stake in the game. And Shorty refused to give me a share, maintaining with justice that hundreds of others must have seen that sand and failed to identify it; that if anyone should be favored in this transaction it was he, Shorty. So yesterday, before they visited Cottonwood to get final receipts, Buck had staked out for me a claim next to the two property of the partnership, had drawn up the necessary papers; and, but for Shorty's insistence on their agreement of secrecy, would have broken the news to me there and then. The samples from the tunnel assayed three hundred dollars a ton and upward; the farther you went, the richer it got. In approaching Major Brown, the Cottonwood assayer, Buck had maintained the fiction that he came from over the range. But in Brown's porter and man of all work—who was not in the office when he delivered the samples—Buck recognized an individual that had formerly delivered meat along the creek. This porter hailed him by name. "He's seen this tunnel—the boys on these here places think I am digging for gold quartz. Only a matter of time till he puts two and two together and she gets out," remarked Buck. He swept his gaze over the hill. "By Gee, she's out now!" he said. "Looker thar!" Dim on the hillcrest, two men were digging furiously. Buck scrutinized the group for a moment. "Just as I figured," he said; "Major Brown, the assayer, and his hired man. They put two and two together d—n quick! Shorty's sitting on your claim with a shotgun and the Swede," he added. "Already started a shaft so's you can claim development. But you never can tell. Gilt this registered and gilt back—now vamoose!"

My roan, I had discovered, possessed a trick of speed. I let him go his best. I was in a state of mind which I can describe only as triumphant greed. I was going to be rich, rich! Rich in my own right, through my own enterprise! I had absorbed, indeed, not only the joyous greed of Cottonwood, but its indomitable optimism. I no more doubted that Buck—that the piece of inert earth of which I was so strangely possessed, held fortune. That I was already a pampered child of luxury, needing no wealth beyond that which my father had won for me, never entered my mind. I had made a fortune in my own right. I would tell Constance about it—Constance Deane. She and I—and there the rosy light which illuminated my dream flickered and went out. I could not throw this fortune into the lap of Constance. Encircling Constance Deane, a barrier and a cage, was that mysterious wedding ring.

And as I rode furiously down the creek road and into the head of Main street, another drop of acid worry curdled my triumphant mood. That morning's Courier would carry the editorial about the Curtis case, a challenge to Marshal Chris McGrath. And Chris was the official registrar of mining claims. Was he up yet? He usually slept late. But when I entered in his office, he might find ways to block my claim. But when I entered, giving an impersonation of leisure, there was within only his blond, sphinx-like clerk. He glanced over the form which Buck had filled out for me.

"All right," he said, "come back to-morrow." I had not expected this; and my ingenuity was taxed to invent a plausible enough to suit the circumstances. I created it at last—something about having to leave camp that afternoon to be gone a week.

"It'll make a lot of trouble," said the

clerk; and his manner was insinuating. By good fortune, I carried most of my money on my person, as was the fashion in Cottonwood. I drew out a gold double-eagle, balanced it carefully as I said:

"I'd be sorry to trouble you, but I want it done now." The clerk felt immediately to work; in ten minutes, I had the title, all registered and sworn; and he had, besides his fee, my twenty dollars. Another glimpse, I reflected, into the run of affairs at Cottonwood. My little piece of justifiable bribery had occurred to me just in time; for as I mounted and rode away, I passed the marshal, headed for his office.

Then, as I emerged into the head of Main street, I saw that I was not riding alone. Down the road, other horsemen, carrying awkwardly across their saddleshorns shovels, picks, mining paraphernalia, were spurring furiously northward. Dotted here and there over Hayden hill, horses were tethered or roaming at will; groups of men were digging or driving stakes; ridges, fording the creek at a furious gallop, were spurring on over the crest. Down by the site of our cabin, Buck's last stake in his gamble with fortune, stood a knot of men gesticulating. As I rode toward them, I saw Buck in their center; and as I dismounted, the air shook with a resounding, unanimous "Aye!" The meeting, whatever it was, stood adjourned. Part of the crowd splashed through the creek and part surrounded Buck, shaking hands, slapping him on the back.

"Hello—there's the kid!" exclaimed Buck as I approached. "Boys, shake hands with Mr. Gilson, the kid—located the next claim after our own, and I had to take my own pummeling. And now," concluded Buck, "you boys better hustle back to your locations and git set for the rush!" Obeyingly, the rest of the crowd scattered; Buck, but yesterday a private in the hosts of ill luck, had become a commanding general in the army of fortune. And already he looked it; his tall, rangy figure had stiffened to a pose of authority. For the first time I realized that Buck, if he should ever clean up, would be a mightily presentable figure of a man.

"Miners' meeting!" he answered my word of inquiry. "If we don't work together, there'll be claim-jumpin' and shootin' all over the hill tonight! Just as soon as the crowd gets thick enough—we'll have all Cottonwood up here by nightfall—I'm going to hire mine guards for the whole bunch—you too. And a miner by two to keep your development work going. They're located in fast. Got any friend you want to let in on this?"

My conscience smote me a resounding thump. I had been less generous than Buck; I had never thought of Marcus Handy, employer and friend. It is odd, as I look back, to remember that Constance Deane did not cross my mind in connection with this gamble for fortune. But to me Constance dwelt in a world apart from the practical realities of Cottonwood.

Still breakfastless, I mounted and spurred back toward camp. I had not gone two hundred yards before I realized that my generous impulse had come too late. The trickle along the road was now a flood. Horsemen weaved through knots of pedestrians, walking briskly or puffing along at a clumsy run. All Hayden hill must be staked out by now. Then I saw a way out; and the tangled, excited emotions of that fall morning melted into a rosy, altruistic glow. It would take money to reach my ore body. I had no money, or but little—unless I drew on my mother. Marcus should put up that money and receive half of my claim.

Main street was almost deserted as I galloped toward the office. I pulled up my horse to make a sharp turn round a freight wagon blocking the entrance to our street, and there coming along the pavement toward me was Marshal McGrath. He had seen me first, was stopping. He was reaching toward his hip. His face was a mask—as on that night when he stopped the lynching. My arm tingled with an impulse which a flash of reason, happily for me, put back. Did I but make a motion to draw, this dead shot would kill me in my tracks. Suddenly the marshal's hand stopped. "Tenderfoot, better go up and look after your little, blackmaltin' friend," he said through clenched teeth.

I galloped on. From the door of the Courier burst Johnnie the office boy—merciful, excitable, Celtic.

"The boss is hurt—oh, the boss is hurt!" he gasped.

I rushed inside. Marcus sat at his desk, head and back hunched over his arms. There was blood on the scattered papers. And then—he moved—moved, turned round, faced me. His nose was bleeding. So was a cut over his left eye. One side of his mouth was beginning to puff, but the other smiled.

"He beat me up," said Marcus, "that dirty crook McGrath—meaked on me and got my gun and beat me up. Didn't kill me and didn't give me a chance to kill him—just beat me up. G—d, I feel relieved!"

To clean up a mining camp, as you will soon see, isn't the simplest task in the world. The fact is—but wait! Judge for yourself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Importance of Pictures

A room without pictures is irritating for two important reasons: The first is that it brings the eye to a stop at each of the four walls, which makes one feel unpleasantly crowded in. The second is that the room is unbalanced, since the floor has all the furniture and decoration, and the walls give the effect of light-headedness. Decoratively it is just as important to have the upper part of the room interesting as the lower part. No one wants to look constantly at the floor for inspiration! The tendency, indeed, is to look at the eye level, and if there is nothing but blank wall, the effect is disconcerting and foolish, and there is less of good opportunity to see something infinitely worthwhile.

A refusal of praise is a desire to be praised twice.—La Rochefoucauld.

Horticultural News

SUMMER PRUNING OF DWARF TREES

Summer pruning, done properly, has the most beneficial effect, especially as regards cordons and espaliers, or other trained trees. The branches should be kept at 12 inches distance apart, and the leading growths shortened to insure a proper breaking of the buds throughout the whole length of the branches, which, of course, results in side shoots, says the Gardeners' Chronicle.

The side shoots should be gone over during the season of early growth, when they have made six to eight leaves, and pinched back with the finger and thumb to five leaves. The shoots will push growth from one or two of the upper buds, and these laterals should be pinched back to two leaves. If the trees are very vigorous, or the autumn wet, a third pinching may be needed. The immediate result is to keep the side shoots within bounds. The leading, or extension, shoot will be clean and vigorous, and the growths from the buds lower down will be well nourished. At the autumn or winter pruning of these side shoots, four buds are left on each, if the tree be young and vigorous, or three will suffice on old trees or those of modern vigor. The reason for leaving four buds is that two must make some growth, while the two lower ones make only a little wood and a few leaves, practically spurs, to develop into fruit-buds the following year.

The reason for pinching side shoots is to transform them into spurs, instead of allowing them to grow freely and then cut them hard back to two buds, causing them to push fresh growth from one or both, while giving a check to the tree by removing so much foliage at one time. The result is a thicket of shoots, for the close pruning in winter to a couple of buds means two strong shoots from each one then shortened, and the object of having bearing spurs near to the branch is frustrated. The thing is to get the spur and bloom-buds formed on them, for as soon as a blossom-bud has developed on a spur the growth extending beyond it may be removed, so as to make the tree neat and prevent over-crowding of the foliage. No buds beyond the bloom-bud are necessary to draw the sap into it, the spur being provided with its own foliage and also the truss of fruit that follows, while a blossom-bud cannot be forced into wood growth by close pruning. The foregoing remarks apply to such fruits as are grown upon the spur-system—apples, pears, and plums.

Sparrows and Pigeons Disease Germ Carriers

Recent investigations have determined that sparrows and pigeons may carry the avian or chicken type of tuberculosis from chickens to pigs or hogs and from an infected flock of chickens to a noninfected flock. The sparrow or pigeon flies from infected pens or flocks to a healthy flock and contaminates the feed. There is also strong circumstantial evidence that sparrows and pigeons can transmit fowl cholera from infected to healthy flocks of chickens. It is also possible that they may transmit roup, sore head and the larvae of different kinds of worm parasites. It is also said that sparrows and pigeons carry or transmit the virus of hog cholera on their feet.

No doubt chicken lice and mites are transmitted from farm to farm by pigeons and sparrows.

Possibly pigeons cover greater areas than sparrows, hence are more dangerous.

When possible prevent sparrows and pigeons from feeding with farm animals. Some one must discover a method of eradicating sparrows; and when pigeons are raised, bred and fed on farms they should be kept to themselves.

Spray Cherry Trees for Control of Leaf Spot

The fight against cherry leaf spot has only begun when the growers finish the application of summer strength concentrated lime-sulphur immediately after harvest, states A. Freeman Mason, extension specialist in fruit growing at the New Jersey College of Agriculture, New Brunswick. At least two additional sprays must be applied, at intervals of two weeks, if the disease is to be kept in check.

Cherry leaf spot is one of the most serious diseases attacking the sour cherry. Small brown spots appear on the leaves in midsummer. These leaves soon turn yellow and fall off, occasionally resulting in practically complete defoliation by the middle of August.

The presence of large, healthy green leaves is essential to the production of fruit buds for successive crops. The defoliation of the cherry tree weakens the tree and makes it less able and less likely to set fruit on succeeding years. The application of three successive sprays of concentrated lime-sulphur diluted one part to fifty parts of water, at intervals of two weeks, starting immediately after harvest, will control leaf spot and will enable the tree to retain its foliage until October.

Horticulture Hints

Raspberries should be set in rows 6 to 8 feet apart.

Many orchard trees would set no fruit were it not for the bees which pollinate the blossoms.

Apple growing requires more thinking and planning perhaps than any other line of agricultural work. The grower must think accurately, on time, and ahead if he would succeed.

Judicious fertilization may be needed because the grower cannot expect apple trees to grow well or to bear regular and profitable crops unless plenty of plant food is supplied.

Apple trees require pruning and training. This is necessary to develop trees which will bear a heavy load of fruit without their limbs breaking.

It is necessary to prune and train the trees properly in order to facilitate such orchard operations as spraying and harvesting.

Take the mystery out of fruit growing. There is no hocus-pocus or black magic in fruit growing. Neither can the grower depend upon "cure-alls."

The apple producer who grows strawberries, grapes, tomatoes, potatoes and other crops is likely to stay in the business of apple production. These other interests or side lines may tide the grower over during lean or no apple crop years.

Better watch your currant and gooseberry bushes for currant worms. As this pest starts to work from the bottom of the plants, it often has them pretty well riddled before it is discovered.

Skim Milk Made Use of as Feed

Large Quantities Formerly Wasted Now Converted Into Nutrient.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Large quantities of skim milk formerly wasted or inefficiently used are being converted into a marketable product by a number of companies utilizing a process recently perfected by the bureau of dairying, United States Department of Agriculture. One company has sold more than a million pounds during the last year for poultry and hog feed. At Grove City, Pa., this manufactured product—concentrated sour skim milk—is made under the direction of department dairying and sells at 4 cents a pound, netting 62 cents. A hundred pounds of skim milk.

Briefly, the process consists of the use of a culture containing a mycoderma, which is a yeastlike organism, and an active culture of the bacterium type. When used in combination they are able to develop more than double the amount of acidity in the skim milk produced by ordinary lactic cultures alone. The use of this mixed culture has made it possible to create an acidity of 2 per cent in skim milk which when concentrated at the rate of 3 to 1 gives the finished product an acidity of 6 per cent. An acidity of 2 per cent removes the difficulties formerly experienced in concentrating skim milk in the vacuum pan, and 6 per cent acidity in the finished product prevents spoiling. The product has been kept in good condition for more than a year.

Concentrated sour milk is a pasty, semifluid product. As poultry feed it is mixed with water or dry mash. Good results are obtained with the product when fed to baby chicks in a dilution of 1 to 8; when fed to laying hens either in paste form or in a mixture of 1 pound of paste to 1 pound of dry mash; and when fed for fattening at the rate of 40 pounds of the paste to 100 pounds of mash.

The utilization of surplus skim milk in manufacturing this concentrated product promises a greater outlet to the dairyman for his products and assures the poultryman of a uniform supply of a good feed that has excellent keeping qualities.

Atwater Kent Manufacturing Co.
A. Atwater Kent, President
4859 Wissachickon Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.

Makers of
ATWATER KENT RADIO

Palestine Immigration

The total immigration into Palestine for 1925, exclusive of tourists and visitors, was 33,801, a figure nearly equal to the combined totals of the four preceding years. The net gain by immigration in the period from the armistice to 1925 is about 70,000.

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes

That itch and burn, by hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Talcum is dusted on at the finish. 25c each.—Advertisement.

All in the Chase

Bishop H. M. Dubose said at a dinner in San Francisco: "Take an army of boys chasing butterflies, put bald heads and wrinkles on the boys, and change the butterflies into banknotes, and there you have a beautiful panorama of the modern world." — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

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

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Each unbroken "Bayer" package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drugists also sell bottles of 24 and 100.

Button, Button

Henry Ford discussed the English coal situation at a Dearborn dinner. "The English coal economy advocates," said Mr. Ford, "remind me of the bride whose husband said: 'Darling, did you sew that button on my coat?'"

"No, sweetheart," said the bride, "I couldn't find a button; but it's all right. I sewed up the buttonhole."

To insure glistening-white table linens, use Russ Bleaching Blue in your laundry. It never disappoints. At all good grocers.—Advertisement.