

# Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

WNU Service

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## CHAPTER XI—Continued

"Ah, these proceedings are legal, then," exclaimed the stranger, with what appeared to be an air of genuine relief. "In that case—"

"Mine's law. Best law that is. But you'll get a trial," cut in Shorty; and the captive's eyelid flickered. "That will be all from you just now. Tie his arms, boys, and bring him along." Back toward the clearing we started, led by the group conveying the captive. He had an easy, athletic walk. Everything about him, in fact—the accent, the precise speech, the cool, formal manner—suggested the gentleman. Perhaps almost too much the gentleman.

We were well out in the clearing before I looked ahead; so much did this man whom I had captured for death hold my insane attention. Out of the woods came the cowboy, leading that little black horse on which the posse had mounted the gagged and helpless Charlie Meek. The saddle was empty. I saw then that a figure lay slumped and huddled across our path. The leading group stopped beside it. The whole frame of the captive gave a jerk and then settled back, as by effort of the will, into a pose of easy nonchalance. I hurried forward.

Charlie Meek. He was bleeding from a hole in the chest; the side of his head was all smeared with another wound. The gag still stretched his jaws; over it ran a bloody foam. But his wounded torso heaved; and there was a pleading intelligence in his eyes.

"Better get that thing out of his mouth," said Shorty with a touch of softness. "Tain't needed no more." Some one untied the gag. His eyes rolled until they showed only the whites; the muscles of his face drew; his jaws moved as though the last instinct in him, the talkative, was for speech.

Then his throat rattled and: "He's gone!" said Shorty. I looked up at the captive. And other eyes, now that the curtain had fallen on Charlie's tragedy, followed mine. He was perhaps a trifle pale; but so, I suppose, were we all.

"Would one of you gentlemen mind slipping that rope a little farther up my right arm?" he asked. "It will hold me just as securely and won't chafe so much—thank you."

They led him on; seated him by the clump of trees. But Shorty, looking down at the body, vouchsafed unasked a word of explanation.

"Darn thoughtless of me," he said. "Ought to tied him to a tree up by the horses. Had some loony idea of keeping him where we could all watch him. When those road agents come out by the cabin, the boys there on the ridge should have a little excitement, I guess. Anyhow, Matt, that fool cowboy from the slaughter house, lost his head and let go the bridle. And this—Shorty dropped his contemptuous pronoun not understanding—"took his chance and dug his heels into his horse. Matt got him here"—he pointed to Charlie's breast—"and—somebody in the posse got him here. Then the boys down below had to shoot—Hey! Here comes the Killer!"

Over the ridge marched another captive—tall, rangy, bearded. Vaguely I had been trying to account for the fifth bandit. This evidently was he. Led toward the clump of trees, he passed me. He had a pair of strange, staring, light-brown eyes, which seemed to look through and over the members of the posse, crowding round or following like little boys. Shorty ran forward, barking an order. Left alone, I followed. The tall man and my captive were facing each other; and their eyes showed no recognition; only faint curiosity. Then they were led away, made to sit down under separate trees. Shorty, all executive force again, sent one squad up for the horses, another down for the bodies.

A half-circle of us, temporarily unoccupied, withdrew toward earshot of the captives. Tongues began to wag. They questioned me about my fears for I, who had gone on this hunt a suspected person, was now a hero. I had taken my man with my naked hands. I evaded answer. Then the posse fell again into boasting and reminiscence; and to me, as reporter for the Courier, all addressed their narratives. Never did journalist hear any story less curiously, for my own moment of exultation in tragedy was passing. But I heard nevertheless, and absorbed half consciously the background to the night's events. I have heard it many times since from better authority, have put it together in logical detail. And because I have much more to tell, let me here finish with that.

Even before the robbery of the Cottonwood stage, the bank and express company had taken serious thought concerning the raids on their treasure shipments. From their own funds—for an appeal to the county was worse than useless—they had hired Mike the bartender and two other detectives who never then or thereafter showed their hands or revealed their identities. The criminals and extortionists of our camp were all roughly interlocked; one group knew the gossip of the others. Moreover, they had grown careless with immunity. Every night Mike the bartender plucked gems from drunken lips. Suspicion fastened on the five men who worked—occasionally—that remote, unpromising claim above Fort-Rod. One of them had followed the futile chase of Marshal McGrath after the latest stage robbery and the hold-up of the Stoneval Jackson pay roll, and matching notes with his fellow who watched the night, had learned "some one's" code of signals by gunshot.

The place of Marshal McGrath in this criminal scheme of things long remained a matter of doubt. Finally

the detectives and their employers rated him for what he was—an anachronism, a back number, representative of an era from which Cottonwood camp had emerged.

Meantime Mike had plucked another gem of information from the tipsy gossip of the Silver Dollar. The "Killer," that member of the gang who had wanted to torture the Stoneval Jackson paymaster, had grown dangerous. On any big job he was likely to shoot prematurely, recklessly. The rest of the bandits had quarreled with him. What pressure they could put upon a wild man like him, unless it was knowledge of his manifold crimes, I know not. At any rate, they subdued him to their policy. The next time they went out they would leave him behind to guard the cabin and watch the approaches.

On the night of action, a band of eight men, picked from the vigilance committee for nerve and marksmanship, hid in the bushes above the claim. After supper, they saw four of the inmates start through the moonlight to the little horse corral on the hillside above. A candle still burned in the cabin; by which they knew that things were going as expected. Two expert plainsmen stalked the claim—this, it seems to me yet, was the most valorous deed of that night. Luck served them; the Killer went out presently for a pail of water. When he returned, his right hand occupied, they rose up behind him, poked two muzzles into his ribs. Having satisfied themselves that he would not talk, the squad bound and gagged him and, disposing themselves in the cabin or in the woodpile, waited for dawn. When the bank robbers, having received the double signal for "all safe," should return to the cabin, the vigilantes intended to let them enter, to get the drop, and to capture them alive.

By prearrangement, Charlie Meek was not arrested with the marshal. Marcus wanted to see what he would do. As Marcus expected, he turned on the marshal, announced his own virtue, asked to lead the posse. Letting him fire the signal, thereby putting in his hands the last piece of convincing evidence, was an afterthought, a final detail arranged between Marcus and Shorty before we started.

So far, the elaborate program had gone through with machine-like smoothness—not a break or slip. I marvel yet that in taking possession of the town and arresting so many dangerous characters the vigilantes never had to fire a shot before Charlie Meek was killed.

The horses had come. Up from the hollow, men had borne the three corpses. All, by virtue of good marksmanship, had mercifully died in their tracks. They rolled Charlie's body over, roughly composed it, laid out the others beside it. The first was that man with a short black beard whom I had seen giving orders to my captive in the Black Jack the night before. Last night—every time, my mind formed that phrase, I had a kind of vague wonder to think that years and ages had not passed since the setting of yesterday's sun. He had been struck squarely in the forehead by two heavy bullets at once, and mutilated most horribly.

Shorty was bellowing orders—"Git those bodies onto horses! Tie up the prisoners and mount 'em! You, Matt, rustle back to camp and tell Mr. Handy we're comin'—ride! Don't anybody else go ahead—this job ain't over." Glad for anything that would break my tumbling, fluttering thoughts, I hurried to my horse.

## CHAPTER XII

The sun had fully risen over the Pyrites, was dancing even on the westward slope, when from a grove of dwarf pine our shoddy solemn procession emerged into the straggling litter of cabins bordering Cottonwood. Horsemen were swinging now round the line of shacks which marked the rear approaches of Main street. Behind them ran pedestrians. One man had recognized Charlie Meek, was shaking his fist at the dead bandits . . . he would know better presently. . . . Before and behind, riders of the posse were slipping bits of news from the corners of their mouths to friends in our fringe of camp-followers . . . my own name. . . . Men were pointing me out. . . . "And never even went to his gun," I heard. . . . My captive ahead rode with his back straight, his head up . . . if he would only sag or droop . . . his spirit defied mine. . . .

This was Main street. How the vigilance committee had grown! A cordon of armed guards stretched on both sides of the way. . . . A woman looked from a cabin door, raised a hand to a pale forehead, crossed herself. . . . I must not look at the crowds again. . . . I might see—what matter if I did see . . . ?

Men crowding about me . . . congratulations on my nerve . . . Marcus repeating: "It's great, boy!" . . . Buck reassuring me that he always said I ought to have been in the game from the first . . . others . . . the touch of their hands were loathsome . . . would they ever let me alone? . . . Ah, how the committee had gone into conference . . . flashes of light on their intentions. . . . "He won't take long," I heard from Shorty. . . . Mayor Brown was to be judge. . . . "Well, come on! Let's get it over with!" Marcus commanded. Then his sharp, strained countenance turned my way and he seemed again aware of me. . . . "Coming along to the proceedings, boy?" And that inquiry jerked me out

of the haze into the light. I would not, I could not attend that trial because of what I knew and would not tell, but mostly because that softening picture rose again—the blue eyes of Constance Deane. Guilty she might be; guilty of course she was; nevertheless, I could not face her reproach. And Marcus, peering into my face, must have guessed something of this; for his expression softened and:

"All right!" he said. Then, as though finding for me a logical way out, he added:

"S'pose you stay here on guard." Others were listening now; and for their benefit he went on with a jocularity I knew to be assumed: "You brought him in, and you keep him. Hey, McNeill, Bowles! You're to stay here on guard. Mr. Gilson's in command." The door had opened again. The Killer emerged between two guards, his hands now unbound. There was a wait above his wrist where the rope had cut. . . . But he walked straight.

Some one had given me the key. Some one had commanded that I was to open the door only on signed order or personal demand of the central committee. Down the street walked the captive and his guards.

The beelie swarm about the courthouse became active, moved, shifted. Heretofore it had been silent or nearly so; meekly buzzing with subdued conversation. Now, its members broke into audible speech, even into vociferation. A large squad of guards had detached itself, marched away; it disappeared into that alley which led to the Pioneer corral. Ten minutes later it emerged—augmented. Between the ranks I discerned the tall form of Chris McGrath, framed by an unranked crowd. Ah, there were the prisoners of the Pioneer corral, they who were held for deportation. There was Collier; there was Red Nell. The squad aligned itself and its captives before the log assay office beside the courthouse. From the peak of its gable extended a new timber. It had not been there before. . . .

A horse was being led into the crowd—a barebacked bay horse. The guards were beating men away from him; and the babble had stopped. The only sound was the shuffle or thump



My Captive Rode With His Back Straight, His Head Up. If He Would Only Sag or Droop—His Spirit Defied Mine.

of feet on the board sidewalks. Men had come through the courthouse door. Above them emerged a form, bare-headed, blindfolded, hatless; they were lifting him on to the horse. They were leading the horse toward the beam. The Killer's head was wagging as though he was talking.

There seemed no benefit of clergy—and Marcus had summoned a clergyman for the gambler who lost his nerve. I knew then that his speech was but blasphemy; that the Killer, on whose departing soul lay the blood of twenty men, was dying as he had lived. There was a man on the beam . . . tying a rope. . . . Some one standing on a chair had dropped the loop over the Killer's neck. His head wagged; was still. The horse gave a violent leap out from under him. . . . A murmur that was a wall from the crowd. . . . A man on the outskirts pitched over on to his face. . . . The heaving shoulders, the blinded head, visible above the spectators, were spinning. . . . And a voice wailed and choked in my ear:

"Oh, G—d—oh, G—d!" The prisoner stood at the window. His hands clutched the bars. His eyes stared. His loose mouth had fallen open. His head was wobbling on his shoulders. And his despairing glance clutched at mine.

"Let me go!" he pleaded. "Let me go!" I shook my head. "Then send for my wife"—the words came out of him in spurts, in jerks. "She'll—she—might get me out of this. For G—d's sake, send for my wife!" "Who is your wife?" It was as though some one else spoke.

"Mrs. Deane—Mrs. Constance Deane—Mrs. Barnaby's place"—he was sagging from the bars now. "She came to get me out of this. All the way I make me stop this. My God, if I'd listened to her, I'd have been a decent man—and then, as though the sense back of my emotion warned him that he was making a fatal admission, his mouth snapped shut, something like intelligence returned to his eyes, and he finished weakly: "Send for my wife."

Mechanically I repeated, I do not know why:

"Get back from the window!" For I was Robert Gilson again; like a naked soul at the judgment seat I saw what insane jealousy had made of me what I had done to the woman I loved what a thing I had been. . . .

And I turned, as though the motion would relieve me of my thoughts, and saw her; and thought for an instant I was seeing a vision. She stood at the jail door. One hand rested on the latch. The other clasped round her head a black shawl. Her blue eyes, swimming in anxiety which I took for reproach, seized mine, clutched them "You!" she said. "You?"

"Is this your husband?" I asked. "Yes, Quick! Have you the key?" "Yes."

"Then give it to me!" Her hand, her eyes pleaded. "You say you love me—" "No," I said. "I will do it myself." And while I was saying that—so quick is thought—I had formed both a determination and a plan. All save us stood watching that drama of a passing soul, their eyes captives of horror. My fellow guards were not watching. My room, with his trick of speed, stood at the door. I moved forward to act. She raised her hand as though to protest, dropped it as though realizing that she would waste time. I threw the reins over my saddle horn. I turned the key in the lock. It grated. I glanced involuntarily over my shoulder. McNeill and Bowles had not heard the sound. My captive was crouched on the floor, half collapsed. As I entered his eyes went wild.

"Listen!" I said, "and get yourself right if you want to live! There's a horse at the door. Here is my hat. It's a different color from yours. Follow me out. Get on to the horse as quietly and quickly as you can—" Instantly control came to his face, his limbs. But I staggered the six steps to the door.

"Wait a moment!" I said. I placed myself by the saddle, on the side toward the crowd. A tiny practical consideration troubled my mind for an instant and was as instantly dispelled. I was tall, he short—but I rode still with the short eastern leather—he could reach my stirrups. He mounted so suddenly that his foot, crossing the saddle, struck my back. The beat of a trot, a lope—he was gone. I looked back toward the crowd. McNeill had turned his head. . . . but this phenomenon of a galloping horse appeared neither to warn nor to interest him. His gaze turned back toward that suspended torso, again moving and swaying toward those bound, convulsed arms. No one else had seen.

I was facing Constance now. "Oh, you must go, too!" she cried.

"And you?" I said. "I am responsible for this—I will face the responsibility!" she said simply. And her eyes were superb.

"No, I am responsible," I said. "It was I who caught him. It is you who must go. I will face it."

"And I will not go!" she replied simply, firmly. I saw I could never move her.

"Then we will both stay." Looking into my eyes, she must have read a determination equal to her own. Her look lightened a little. "Perhaps I can find a way out," she said.

For her, I knew there was a way out. They were not hanging women. Marcus had elected only to deport Red Nell, and had withheld even that punishment from Constance herself, suspecting though he held her. For me—the vigilance committee had only one punishment for such as me. It was immaturity or death. . . .

The Killer was gone at last. He had been a long time dying. Some one, probably one of the doctors, had announced this, I felt. For the crowd buzzed again in talk. Now the guards were carving a way between the courtroom and the jail; and I filled my lungs and squared my shoulders for my ordeal. If I died—I must carry one thing across with me. And as a slow-moving body of men emerged from the courthouse, moved between the lines, I spoke it like a last request.

"Constance, you love me, don't you?" I asked. "Yes," she said simply, and pressed my hand before she released her hold. "But I have tried to do my duty. And how I have blundered—" Her voice, her delicious voice, broke here. But she controlled herself and smiled reassurance into my eyes. So we stood until the central committee reached us, and Shorty, marching with two guards, said:

"Give me the key!" And as he said this, he cast at Constance a frown of surprise and disapproval.

I had been forming my plan. I had not dared confide it to Constance. It would give the refuge more time—all or nothing for me now! I saw that Taylor was not with the central committee. And swallowing my sickening fears, I lied.

"The key?" I said, affecting surprise as well as I could. "Why, the door's unlocked. No one's in there. Mr. Taylor came and took him away—with a guard!"

"Sounds to me like a d—n lie!" said Shorty, his eyes traveling from me to Constance. "What—" but Marcus cut him off.

"Taylor was in the courtroom last time I saw him. One of you guards—you, Robertson—go look for him." The face of Marcus seemed ten years older. His bright eyes had gone dim; the dark bristles of his unshaven cheeks emphasized the wax yellow of his complexion. And through my anxiety, my mounting terror, my battle for resolution, I spared energy for regret that I was deceiving him, my friend, my partner. Buck, too. . . .

Between the file of guards Taylor came running. The crowd, sensing some hitch in the proceedings, was pushing toward the jail. The guards were forcing them back. Taylor had reached our group.

"What's this?" he panted. "What's this about taking away the prisoner? I haven't even seen him!"

The voice of Constance, rich, level, even: "No, gentlemen, I let him go."

"That isn't so!" I cried. "I had the key. I unlocked the door and released him."

## AROUND THE HOME

By MARGARET BRUCE

### Our Shining Saucepans

In the descriptions of old-time kitchens, met within fiction and folk stories, there is always a "row of shining pans" reflecting the rosy, beaming face of the cook! Generally these are copper saucepans, and their reddish glow fills those of us who love the gleam of copper with a pang of yearning. But copper is not a practicable material for the less sturdy housewives of today. It is very soft and must be lined with a heavy coating of some better-wearing metal, which also will not affect food chemically as copper is said to do. So we must content ourselves with snowy porcelain or silver aluminum.

These present-day utensils, however, can be kept a "shining row" if they are polished and cared for as assiduously as the old-time housekeepers cared for their copper. Aluminum especially has its own particular cleansers and metallic sponges, and by following the instructions given with these polishes one may always have clear, silver-gray saucepans, tea-kettles, double boilers, and cooking spoons.

A very efficient housekeeper told me recently that one should not scour aluminum saucepans too vigorously or too often. Very good little saucepans can be secured now for ten cents each, but they must be handled gently, as the handles bend easily and too hard rubbing will soon wear them through. If a metallic sponge is used on them, it should be wielded very skilfully. Never use ammonia or washing soda on an aluminum utensil.

Steel and iron skillets, on the contrary, may be kept smoothly clean by bolting a half-teaspoon of washing soda in them. Every trace of grease is dissolved and vanishes down the sink; and this bath of boiling soda-water is the best thing in the world for the drain pipe of the sink as well.

Tin is totally out of it, as a cooking container. It blackens quickly, and out of shape. Gray enamel or granite are within reach now of the slimmest purse, and these materials are easily cleaned, so that our "shining row" may be maintained by a little daily care.

Color in Cookery

"This is the prettiest salad I ever saw in my life!" said one of the guests at a luncheon given to a group of young matrons.

Before her at the little round table was a salad of cool yellow Chinese were holding a round bed of California lettuce. Upon the lettuce was an amazing-looking piece of fruit—a ball of delicate green, with a stem at the top. A spoonful of golden mayonnaise at one side, and a sprig of two of cress, completed the most inviting spring concoction imaginable. But what on earth could the fruit be for? It was a fruit, as evidenced by the stem. Could it be some one of the tropical fruits—some queer pomegranate or pear or melon?

The guests peered and wondered. But when forks were at last applied to the odd fruit and its flavor tasted, it proved to be merely a delicious cooked apple, soft but not mushy, chilled to perfection and of melt-in-the-mouth quality. When begged for particulars the hostess explained that the apples were peeled, leaving only the stem at the top, and boiled until tender in a pure sugar syrup to which a little green vegetable coloring had been added. As it boiled slowly the apple absorbed the delicate color and became quite a different-looking fruit. A slice of lemon had been added to the syrup to give zest.

"At Christmas time I cooked the apples in a bright red syrup," confided the housewife, "and you have no idea how pretty they were. They can be made pink by using less of the red coloring, and there is a yellow dye, an orange and a lovely lavender. I don't like to call these colorings 'dyes,' as it doesn't sound wholesome, but of course these vegetable products are entirely pure and harmless and can be safely used. You can make such attractive dishes for luncheons by using different color schemes."

"Other fruits can be colored in the same way, of course, and sometimes I make colored whipped cream for desserts. The least little drop of coloring tints a large amount of syrup or cream. I depend upon these colorings very largely in making my table pretty, not only for special occasions, but for everyday menus."

Malta Prize of War

After 1830 Malta was an independent state, until seized by Napoleon in 1798. For the next two years it was blockaded by the British fleet, aided by the Maltese, and was then occupied by Britain until the treaty of Paris in 1814, when it was finally annexed to the British crown.

Ups and Downs

It success goes to your head you'll eventually find yourself at the foot—Kokomo Dispatch.

## Uniform Marking System Is Urged

Plan Would Reduce Errors in Regard to Ownership to Minimum.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Marketing of live stock in co-operative shipments is a very important feature in conducting the business of the shipping association, especially if the stock is to be sold according to ownership or if the commission firm is expected to prorate the returns to each owner. It would be advisable to establish a uniform system of marking live stock for use by all associations in the country, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Such a plan would reduce errors in regard to the ownership to a minimum. A system of marking which is suitable to the needs of all associations has been suggested, and is, briefly, as follows:

Mark Cattle and Calves. Cattle and calves would be marked by using shears to clip four-inch Roman numerals on one hip, preferably the right hip. Only the first ten numerals would be used. A single bar, like a minus sign, placed before each numeral would raise the number by ten. Two parallel bars before each numeral would raise it by 20. Thus V, —V, =V, would mean 5, 15, and 25, respectively.

Hogs are marked by clipping the numerals on the top of the shoulder, back, or rump, using only such combinations as can be made with four marks or less. Or they may be marked on the side of the shoulder, body, or ham, in which case not to exceed three marks would be used. Shears with curved blades about eight inches long, commonly called "roaching shears" are most generally used for marking.

Fluid for Sheep. Sheep are marked by using branding fluid applied with a half-inch stiff round-bristle brush. The marks should be placed on the head, top of shoulders, back, or rump. In no case should paint be used for marking any kind of live stock. It is detrimental to the wool of sheep and unsatisfactory on hogs because it smears.

Cut Alfalfa Soon After It Lodges, Says Expert

Just what is the best time to cut alfalfa for hay, all things considered, is a problem which farmers and agricultural experiment station workers have not definitely solved, according to A. C. Army, field crops specialist of the Minnesota Agricultural Experiment station in a talk before a group of scientists at the Minnesota station. About one thing, however, Mr. Army was emphatic, and that was that alfalfa should be cut very soon after it lodges, as it does generally in Minnesota. The reason for this is that when the crop lodges the leaves underneath turn yellow and fall off and the hay produced is decidedly inferior. In 1924 alfalfa cut before lodging retained 50 per cent of its leaves, while alfalfa cut after lodging retained only 24 per cent.

Mr. Army, therefore, advises the immediate cutting of alfalfa that has lodged, even if it is only in the bud stage.

Black Raspberry Culture

The old wood of black raspberries should be pruned out as soon as it has fruited, and the laterals on this year's wood should be cut back to a foot or 18 inches next spring before growth starts. Clean cultivation is the rule, usually done with a one-horse cultivator, although the small garden tractors are beginning to take the place of the horse. On very light soil, a shallow cultivation after each heavy rain will be found beneficial, and in any case the surface soil should be kept loose and open.

Blindness in Hens.

Hens may become blind due to bits of foreign material lodging around the eyeball and starting irritation, or it may be due to ocular rump. Most forms of colds and rump cause more or less trouble in the eyes of the bird. The blindness and weakness may be the symptoms of some disease. Sometimes a hen gradually becomes blind, due to causes which it seems almost impossible to determine. In such cases the only remedy is to kill the bird.

Exhibiting Cattle

Exhibiting good cattle at fairs is the best local advertising possible, but leading out thin, undersized cattle is expensive advertising. Dairy cattle need only be in moderate flesh to show to advantage. Cattle to be shown should receive some grain, however, from now until fair time and large amounts of hay in order to develop middle. It will improve the quality of hide and hair to blanket the animals with burlap sacks for six weeks previous to showing.

Farm Hints

Don't turn cattle or sheep in clover when the dew is still on. They are likely to bloat.

Cattle should be blanketed for a period of six weeks prior to showing them at the county fair.

It usually pays to spray potatoes even though there may not be any conspicuous blight on them.

Young chickens should have plenty of range and roosting space if they are to make good gains. Food will not compensate for scanty quarters, especially if they are to be bred, in stock.

A root storage cellar is an essential part of the farm equipment. A bulletin put out by the New York state college of agriculture describes the construction and management of them. Ask for it by number—E 22.

## HOW I IMPROVED MY HEALTH

Did It in Less Than One Month

As Mrs. Weaver herself says, "I was never very strong."

This is a mild statement describing her condition, for, according to her letters, she was subjected to no small amount of ill health. Fortunately, her sister was familiar with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begged Mrs. Weaver to try it. "After three or four weeks," writes Mrs. Weaver, "I felt a great difference in myself. I would go to bed and sleep sound, and although I could not do very much work, I seemed stronger. I kept on taking it and now I am well and strong, do my work and take care of three children. I sure do tell my friends about your wonderful medicine, and I will answer any letters from women asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. LAWRENCE WEAVER, East Smithfield St., Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

If you know that thousands of women suffering from troubles similar to those you are enduring had improved their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, wouldn't you think it was worth a trial?

In some families, the fourth generation is learning the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Really Serious

Brown—"My wife has run away with a man in my car." Jones (anxiously)—"Not your new car?"

Russ Bleaching Blue should be used in every home. It makes clothes white as snow and never injures the fabric. All good grocers—Advertisement.

Done to a Turn

"Did your vacation do you good?" "You said it. I came home broke."—Boston Transcript.

Too Much "Acid?"

Excess Uric Acid Gives Rise to Many Unpleasant Troubles.

AUTHORITIES agree that an excess of uric acid is primarily due to faulty kidney action. Retention of this toxic material often makes its presence felt by sore, painful joints, a tired, languid feeling and, sometimes, toxic backache and headache. That the kidneys are not functioning right is often shown by scanty or burning passage of secretions. Thousands assist their kidneys at such times by the use of Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic. Doan's are recommended by many local people. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS 60c

Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

Porter-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.

BABIES LOVE MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infant's and Child's Regular Laxative. Pleasant to give—pleasant to take. Guaranteed purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. It quickly overcomes colic, flatulency, and other like disorders. The open published formula appears on every label. At All Druggists.

Enjoy GOOD HEALTH

Safeguard your Children

Nature's Remedy

NR TABLETS—NR

Keep the family well and happy, free from constipation. A SAFE, DEPENDABLE LAXATIVE.

New Princeton Chapel

The new \$1,750,000 chapel at Princeton college will be exceeded in size only by King's college chapel, Cambridge, which is the largest in the world.

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red, rough hands.—Advertisement.

Long before a woman acquires any jewels she likes to worry for fear they may be stolen.

Today's Big Offer to All Who Have Stomach Agony

Read About This Generous Money Back Guarantee

When you have any trouble with your stomach such as gas, heaviness and distention, why fool with things which at best can only give relief. Why not get