

When Sanders Came to His Senses

Continued from page 9

ing. And now you've lost her! Why, what's the matter with you, man?"

For Sanders was gazing at her with wild, staring eyes and mouth open. For a second he could not speak. Then he burst out with, "Hasn't Miss Law been home since this morning?"

"You ought to know that best," snapped Miss Lynch. "You were the last person who saw her."

"The last person who saw her" rang in his ears. What if that was true? What if she— Then he gave a shout like a man who is benefactor of his senses and, dropping the fishing tackle, tore at the top of his speed toward Baldy Mountain.

Fear spurred him on. Six o'clock now, half past ten when he had left her! She might have fallen and killed herself, might have thrown herself down the mountain, might have been bitten by a snake! A thousand things might have happened!

ON and on he went, his strength almost gone, his heart near to bursting. Just before he reached the summit he stumbled from sheer weariness. He struggled to his feet. A hundred yards more and he reached the top.

There she sat, as he had left her in the morning, gazing down into the peaceful valley.

"Thank God, Mary, I've found you! Come to me, my darling! I never knew until now how dearly I loved you."

The woman turned, rose quickly, and, throwing her arms about him, sobbed as if her heart would break. "Oh, I'm so glad you came back!" she said, her head still hidden on his shoulder.

"And to think that all day long you have waited!" he answered in a tone of deep self reproach.

"It did seem like all day," she sobbed, "and it wasn't but five minutes, I suppose."

Then she looked up at him, a glad light in her eyes. In a second the expression had changed; apprehension took the place of delight. "Great heavens, Frank! Your

forehead is one mass of blood! What has happened?"

"Oh," he answered easily, "I fell on a rock early this morning—right after I left you, before I went fishing."

The woman's brows wrinkled and a puzzled look came into those big blue eyes of hers. "Before you went fishing? Why, dearest, you left me only five minutes ago. What has happened to you?" Her distress was pitiful.

He looked at her and then down into the peaceful valley; then at the sun. "What time is it," he asked shakily.

She looked at her watch. "Quarter to eleven. We got here about twenty minutes ago. What's happened to you, Frank? How did you hurt yourself?"

It came to him in a flash. When he fell and struck the rock he had been knocked senseless. All that had happened between then and now had come to him in a dream. When he had regained consciousness he had struggled up the mountain again.

He told Mary Law his dream, all that he lived in the five minutes he had lain unconscious,—his resentment, his fishing trip, his meeting with Miss Lynch, his fear that the woman he loved was dead.

And when he had finished, all that Mary Law said was, "Answer me candidly, Frank. Would you ever again in all your life have mustered courage to tell me that you loved me if you hadn't been knocked senseless?"

Sanders could sometimes say the right thing. He smiled and answered, "I wasn't knocked senseless, Mary—I was knocked sensible."

And Mary Law gave him a kiss for his cleverness—and he gave her several for no particular reason at all. For when a bashful man finds out that there's no use in being bashful, he is likely to get as many kisses as any other lucky man. And sometimes a man's luck may come to him directly after he has been knocked senseless. It all depends on what he dreams—and what he does when he wakes!

The Last Stand

Continued from page 6

light. When they came to look for Johnson, he wasn't around. He'd skipped. That's all there was to it from their point of view.

BUT he hadn't gone far. That smash up at the polls was the second setback his ideas had got, and it made him sort of sick for the time being. He wanted to get off and think it out for himself. And so, for a couple of weeks, nobody in the city saw him. When he did come back he had nothing to say about why he'd left, and went about his business as usual, only letting it be known that he was done with trying to reform things.

Then after awhile people began to notice that he and some of Clark's men were pretty thick, and it wasn't more than another year before the political reporters were pestering him about little doings inside the party. The truth was, Johnson had 'gone over.' And the reason he'd gone over wasn't all because of that plan back in his head, either, though you might think so. It was rather that the way he'd been licked made him see things, not as he'd liked them to be, but as they are and always will be. And, when his eyes were opened, he made up his mind quick enough on this point: If something was to be done, it had to be done with something else. So, as no two men thought alike, the only way was to get them all to push in the direction that came nearest to being the direction each one was headed for. In other words, compromise, compromise all around, and everybody shoving at the word—the boss.

That was how Clark had done and was doing things, like a thousand others, big and little. Johnson intended going after what he wanted in the same way, only steering clear of Clark's mistakes. Clark was a boss, he would be Clark's boss. And that was what he became, gentlemen, Clark's boss and something more, partly by good fortune. It took years to do it; but one day he was so fixed he could send for Clark and tell him, "I've taken a notion that you and the party hereabouts would be better off if you were some place else—outside of this country. I'll give you a week to get things in shape. And you can give out any information you like; for I don't want any more talk about this thing than there has to

be. But, from the hour you leave, we don't want to see or hear of you again. You understand?"

"Of course Clark exploded, and there was a row; but it came to a quick end. Johnson looked the other man in the eyes and spoke just nine words, 'I have the proofs, legal proofs, about those State funds.' And Clark's mouth opened and shut twice and he wilted in his chair. Then Johnson added, 'I have the proofs, I say; but I don't intend to show them to anyone unless you force me to. It's worth all that money, and more besides, to everybody concerned, to get rid of you for good and all. As for your wife and child, from what I hear, your going away will benefit them more than anybody else; and, as for their living, before I leave you to-day I am going to see you buy an annuity for them of fifty thousand dollars. You've earned that much, I guess. Do you understand?"

"Clark said he did,—he couldn't say anything else,—and the next day he and Johnson parted company. And, so far as I know, that was the last either of them ever saw of the other. Clark died abroad, a couple of years later.

I DON'T think the girl ever saw Clark again, either, and just what she thought about his going away nobody knows. He had practically deserted her long before and had treated her like a dog. But, deep down in her heart, every woman cherishes little ideas about even the worst man, if only he has been close to her, ideas that no man is quite able to explain. And so, perhaps, she sometimes thought of the man that was gone in a way Johnson never suspected. Of one thing, however, he felt tolerably sure: she never connected him with Clark's disappearance.

"And, with his departure, a load seemed to be lifted from her shoulders, and before long she was laughing a little in her old, free way. For, after Clark's death, Johnson went to her and made himself known, and told her as much of his story as he thought best for them both, and they saw each other often. It never could be anything more than seeing each other as old friends; they both understood this without a word having been spoken. All that was far behind them, if it ever had existed, and maybe something had come between. He was very happy, and



Puffed Wheat Served With Blackberries

Fifteen Million Dishes Every Month

Since summer began it has been almost impossible for our mills to supply enough Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. People are eating fifteen million dishes per month.

For breakfast, they serve them with sugar and cream. Or they mix them with berries. These crisp grains with berries form an enticing blend.

For luncheons or suppers—for between-meals or bedtime—they are served in a bowl of milk. That's a delightful dish. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are as crisp as crackers, and four times as porous as bread. And they supply the whole grain, as crackers and bread do not.

All that needs to be done before serving is to crisp the grains in a warming oven.

Just Imagine This:

If you are not one of these users, we ask you to imagine this:

Gigantic kernels of wheat or rice, puffed to eight times natural size. Made so porous and crisp that they melt in the mouth. Made so digestible—by exploding the starch granules—that digestion begins before the grains reach the stomach.

Great, nut-like grains, shaped just as they grew. Ready to absorb whatever you mix with them.

Can anyone wonder that people are eating fifteen million dishes per month?

Puffed Wheat, 10c Except in
Puffed Rice, 15c Extreme West

These are Prof. Anderson's foods—the foods that are shot from guns.

The wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous. Then the guns are unsealed and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The grains are puffed to eight times their natural size. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have the whole grains made porous and crisp and digestible.

Good for Hot Days

These curious, digestible, ready-cooked cereals are the ideal summer foods. They are so delightful that four people in five prefer them to all other cereals. We have proved this by lunch room tests.

And they don't tax the stomach. Never before were cereal foods made even half so digestible.

It is true they don't last long. Children are apt to want several servings, several times a day. But what better food can you serve to them than these whole grains made wholly digestible?

We ask you to order one package of each—order them now from your grocer. Do this to see what you've missed.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company