

THE CITY OF NUMBERED DAYS BY FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XX—Continued.

The chance did not materialize. The lights in a certain upper office in the Niagara building were still turned on long after M. Pondreault had given up the hope of the deep-sea sounding for that night.

"How is the line tonight, Sanford—pretty clear?" he asked of the night manager, killing time while the sleepy night receiving clerk was making his third attempt to count the words in the closely written, two-page government cipher.

"Nothing doing, a little A. P. staff drizzling in now and then," said the manager, adding: "But that's like the poor—always with us."

"All right, there is no particular rush about this matter of mine, just as it is sure to be in the secretary's hands at the opening of business in the morning. But be careful that it goes straight—you'd better have it checked back before it is put on the through wire from Denver."

"Sure, Mr. Brouillard. What you say in this little old slack goes as it lays. We'll look out and not bull your message. Good night."

CHAPTER XXI An Evening Call

Notwithstanding the preliminary rumors which Brouillard and many others had sought so anxiously to verify, the Mirapolitan awoke to a realization that once more the tide had turned to bring new billows of prosperity tumbling into the valley of the Niagara came with a sudden and triumphant shock.

The first of the quickening waves fell upon the government reservation. Between sunrise and nightfall, on a day when the cloud of depression had grown black with panic threatening, the apathy which had lately characterized the work on the great dam disappeared as if by magic. The city found its billboards posted with loud calls for labor; the idle mixers were put in commission; the quarries and crushers began to thunder again; and the stagings once more shook and trembled under the feet of a busy army of puddlers.

While the revival was as yet only in the embryonic period, fresh labor began to come in gangs and in carloads and presently by special trains, Swarthmore colonies of Greeks, Italians and Bulgarians were dumped upon the city through the gate of the railroad station, and once more Chigringo avenue at night became a cheerful midway.



"How is the Line Tonight, Pretty Clear?"

answering to the speech of all nations. Change, revivification, reanimation instantly became the new order of the day; and again Mirapolis hung itself joyously into the fray, repelling where it had not sown and sowing only where the quickest could be gathered. For now the dullest of the readers saw that the government work was really the Mirapolitan breath of life.

This new and never-remembered conviction wrought an eager change in men and in methods. Credit vanished and spot cash was tacitly acknowledged to be the only way to do business in a live community. Fortunes changed hands swiftly, as before, but now there was little bargaining and with hot haste for the forward, little time for it. To the western motto of "Go to it and get the money" was added: "And don't come back without it." It was said with a laugh, but behind the laugh there was a menace.

Among the individual transformations wrought by the new conditions, the young chief of the reclamation service afforded the most striking example. From the morning when he had summarily cancelled the lease for the full-force work on the dam and canals, offices in the Niagara building and had returned his headquarters to the old log buildings on the government reservation and thence had issued his first series of orders for the resumption of full-force work on the dam and canals, those who had not known him best discovered that they had not known him at all. Even to Orselow and the men of his staff he was curt, crisp, mandatory, almost brutal. For one and all there was barely anything beyond the whiff of sentences: "Drive it, men; give it, that's what you're here for—drive it!"

The time he took to eat his hurried meals at Brouillard's could be measured in minutes, and what hours he gave to sleep no man knew, since he was the last to leave the headquarters at night and the first on the work in the morning.

Twice, after the renewed activities on the great wall had become a well-ordered race against time, and the concrete was pouring into the high forms in steady streams from the tanks batteries of cranes, Mr. Cortwright had sent for Brouillard, and on each occasion the messenger had gone back with the brief word: "Too busy during working hours." And when a third messenger came to inquire what Mr. Brouillard's working hours were, the equally blunt answer returned was: "All the time."

In the face of such discouragements Mr. Cortwright was constrained to pocket his dignity as mayor, as the potentate of the exchanges, as the unquestionable master of the early young industry captain who refused to come when he was called, and to go in person. Choosing the evening hour when he had been assured that he was likely to find Brouillard alone and at work, he crossed the boundaries of the sacred reservation and made his way to the door of the log-built mapping room.

"I came around to see what is eating your brains these days," was the pudgy voice of the young man, sitting under the shaded desk lamp. "Why don't you drop in once in a while and give me the run of things?" "I gave your clerk the reason," said Brouillard laconically. "I'm too busy."

"The devil you are!" snapped the young man, finding the one armchair in the room and dropping heavily into it. "Since when?" "Since the first time you sent for me—and before."

Mr. Cortwright recovered his working geniality only with a palpable effort. "See here, Brouillard, you know you never make any money by being short with me. Let's drop it and get down to business. What I wanted to say is that you are overdoing it; you are putting on too much steam. You've brought the boom, all right, but at the same time you're setting it won't last long enough. Are you catching on?"

"I'm listening," was the noncommittal reply. "Well, enough's enough, and too much of a good thing scalds the hog before you're ready to dress it and cut it up. It's all right, but it's a little too hot in here by the railroad and scatter 'em out over your scaffolding—the more the merrier! And it's good for the town—but you needn't sweat the last shovelful of hurry out of them the way you're doing. It won't do to get your job finished."

"Before congress convenes, you mean?" suggested Brouillard. "That's just what I mean. String it out. Make it last."

Brouillard sat back in his pivot chair and began to play with the paper-knife. "And if I don't choose to 'string it out'—if I even confess that I am stringing your nerve to do this thing that you don't want me to do—what then, Mr. Cortwright?"

The quiet retort jolted the stocky man in the armchair as if it had been a blow. "But he recovered quickly. 'I've been looking for a little planer if you've got one to sell—a good bit of it. We can turn it for you at a figure that will—'"

"No; you are mistaken," was the quick reply. "I have no property in Mirapolis. I am merely a squatter on government land, like everyone else in the Niagara valley."

"For heaven's sake!" the promoter burst out. "What's got into you? Don't you go around trying to stand that corpse on its feet; it's a dead one, I tell you! The Cornudas titles are all right!"

"There are no Cornudas titles. You have known it all along, and I know it now. I have it straight from the bureau of land statistics, in a letter from a man who knows. The nearest boundary of the old Spanish grant is Largo Peak, ten miles south of Chigringo. The department knows this and is prepared to prove it. And in the very beginning you and your associates were warned that you could not acquire homestead or other rights in the Niagara valley."

"Let it go!" snapped the gray-eyed king of the pack. "We've got to get out alive and we're going to get out alive. What's your price?" "I have answered that question once, but I'll answer it again. It's what you wish. It is beyond your reach; if you should turn your money-counting soul into cash you couldn't pay it this time, Mr. Cortwright."

directors here in this room tomorrow evening at eight o'clock, and—" "Who calls it?" interrupted the tyrant. "The president."

"President nothing!" was the snort of command. "An old, drunken gambler who hasn't got sense enough to go when it rains! Say, Brouillard, I'll cut that pie so there'll be enough to go around the table. Just leave Massingale out of it and make up your mind that you're going to sit in with us. We've bought the mine and paid for it. I've got the stock put away where it's safe. Massingale can't touch a share of it, or vote it, either."

Brouillard shook his head. "You are stubbornly hard to convince, Mr. Cortwright, but I'll try one more time. You will come here to-morrow evening, with your confederates in the deal, prepared to take the money you have actually spent in betterments and prepared to release the stock."

"If you fall to do so you get nothing, Mr. Cortwright. I'll get you first. 'You're crazy!' shouted the promoter. 'You talk as if there wasn't any law in this country!'"

"There isn't—for such men as you; you and your kind put yourselves above the law. But that is neither here nor there. You don't want to-morrow evening, with your confederates in the deal, prepared to take the money you have actually spent in betterments and prepared to release the stock."

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The younger man was balancing the paper cutter across his finger. "That is the least of my worries," he answered, speaking slowly. "I am all sorts of moral toward I suppose; I've proved that often enough in the past few months. God knows. But I'm not the other kind, Mr. Cortwright."

"Then I'll take a hand!" snarled the tyrant at bay. "I'll spend a million dollars, if I have to, blacklisting you from one end of this country to the other! I'll fix it so you'll never build anything bigger than a hog pen again as long as you live! I'll publish your record wherever there is a newspaper to print it!" He pounded on the desk with his fist—"I'll do it—money can do it! More than that, you'll never get a smell of that Chigringo mine—you nor David Massingale!"

Brouillard tossed the paper-knife into a half-closed drawer and squared himself at the blotting pad. "That is your challenge, is it?" he said curtly. "So be it. Start your machinery. You will doubtless get me, but you won't get me."



CHAPTER XXII The Sunset Gun

Mr. Cortwright sat back in his chair, and once more Brouillard saw in the sandy-gray eyes the look which had been in the son's eyes when the dervish fought for freedom to finish killing Stephen Massingale.

"It's a pretty dangerous thing to try to hold a man up unless you've got the drop on him, Brouillard," he said significantly. "I've got you covered from my pocket; I've had you covered that way ever since you began to buck and rear on me a couple of months ago. One little wire word to Washington fixes you for good and all. If I say the word, you'll stay on your job just as long as it will take another man to get here to supersede you."

"Brouillard laughed. "The pocket drop is never very safe, Mr. Cortwright. You are likely to lose too much time feeling for the proper range. Then, too, you can never be sure that you won't miss. Also, your assumption that I'm taking an unarmed man's chance is wrong. I can kill you before you can pull the trigger of the pocket gun you speak of—kill you so dead that you won't need anything but a coroner's jury and a coffin. How long would it take you to get action in the Washington matter, do you think?"

"I've told you; you have just about a week longer to live, at the farthest."

"I can better that," was the cool reply. "I have asked you to do a certain thing tomorrow night. If you don't do it, the Spotlight will print on the following morning, that you are the author of the letter from my friend in the bureau of land statistics. When that letter is printed everybody in Mirapolis will know that you and your accomplices are plain swindlers, amenable to the criminal law, and if the government there will never be another real estate transfer in the Niagara valley."

The promoter rose slowly out of his chair and stood leaning heavily with his fat hands, palms downward, on the flat-topped desk. His cheeks were puffed out and the bitten mustache bristled like the whiskers of a gray old leader of the timber wolves.

"Brouillard," he grated huskily, "does this mean that you're breaking with us, once for all?" "It means more than that; it means that I have reached a point at which I am ashamed to admit that there was ever anything between us."

"Then listen: You've helped this thing along as much as, or more than, any other man in this town. If there are men right here in Mirapolis—plenty of 'em—who will kill you like a rat in a hole if you go back on them as you are threatening to. Don't you know that?"

"And what he pleased to do with it was to blow his brains out just as the day was breaking. The letter he had waited for turned up just after, postmarked a month before. The writing was in a woman's hand.—Cleveland Moffet in Leslie's Weekly."

Woman's Love. It takes a hundred men to make an encampment, but it takes only the influence of one woman to make a home. I not only admire woman as the most beautiful object ever created, but I reverence her as the redemptive glory of humanity. A woman's love is the perfume of the heart. It is the real love that subdues the earth, the love that has wrought miracles of art, that gives us music all the way from cradle song to the grand symphony that bears the soul away on wings of fire. A love that is greater than fire, sweeter than life, and stronger than death.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

OHIO CANALS NOW PRODUCE REVENUE

PEOPLE ARE NO LONGER REQUIRED TO PAY FOR UPKEEP AS IN FORMER YEARS.

DEFICIT IS TURNED TO GAIN

If Present Economic System Continues Fat Sum Will Be Derived—Businesslike Methods as Practiced by Administration in Other Departments Are Responsible.

By Claude C. Waterman, Correspondent of the Ohio Republican. Columbus, O.—For many years the canals of Ohio were used merely for political purposes and were a liability to the state instead of an asset. Under the present administration the canals are no longer a liability. They are now a source of revenue to the state for the upkeep of their canals and canal lands, and paid the salaries of political henchmen. If the present economic handling of the department of Public Works is maintained, the canals will be valuable assets.

The Department of Public Works has converted an annual deficit of \$255,248.71 into a net revenue of \$85,000.00. In the last ten years the canals of the state have cost the people of Ohio in excess of all receipts, \$2,524,871.00. Under the policy now inaugurated and in force under the present administration, in the next ten years they will pay the people, over all expenditures, the substantial sum of \$550,000.00.

This condition of affairs in the Department of Public Works is brought about by businesslike methods in handling the canals. The same program of efficiency and economy is being carried out that is being followed in the department of the state's government.

THE UNSANITARY MATTRESS

Hamilton Is Busy Watching That Manufacturers Do Not Violate Law.

George Hamilton, Chief Inspector of Workshops and Factories, has declared war on the manufacturing in Ohio or the shipping into the state of unsanitary mattresses. In speaking of the course he will pursue, Hamilton says:

"The mattress law was placed on the statute books of Ohio in 1911. There never was a conviction under the law until the one obtained at Youngstown in April. There a dealer pleaded guilty to a violation of the law and was fined."

"There will be no more manufacturing of mattresses from unsanitary material as long as I am at the head of this department. The laboring classes, who can not afford to buy the highest grade, are the ones who suffer. The housewife gets an old mattress, which is full of germs, to a junk man for thirty cents. Then she waits until pay day and goes up town and buys a mattress with a new cover and brings it in the front door and is pleased with her purchase. Maybe she doesn't know that the junk man tipped off the cover of her old mattress and sold it to some manufacturer and that she is getting back the same old filling at a high price or that she is getting a filling that was much more unsanitary than that contained in the mattress she junked."

Mr. Hamilton has a number of cases pending and a number of investigations under way. Hamilton recently held up a shipment of 29,000 mattresses from Ohio which were condemned in Pennsylvania.

WILSON DRAWBACK TO COX

Former Governor Gives Version, When Asked, About His Chances for Re-election.

James M. Cox feels that Woodrow Wilson would be a millstone around his neck in his effort for re-election. The above sentiment implied by the former governor, in answer to a question asked by The Columbus Citizen as to whether or not Mr. Cox thought he would be re-elected governor, and why, through conversation into the Democratic camp at the capital, Mr. Cox said:

"If the state ticket were separated from the national, the present administration would be beaten by 100,000." Therefore, the name of Wilson above the name of Cox on the ticket will, in his opinion, heavily reduce the majority he would otherwise receive for governor.

Another question asked the ex-governor was what he expected to accomplish if he were re-elected governor. His answer: "The chief objective will be to turn things around and let the state move forward progressively, as from 1913 to 1915. This means another Lattanner; Another giving away of the serum farm; Another theft of a bill in the legislature; Another attempt to steal a referendum election for which the thief was sentenced to the penitentiary—and pardoned on election morning; Another autocratic assumption of power."

Another autocratic assumption of power."

the control of the taxing machinery by the restoration of the Iniquitous Warnes law; Another attack on the National Guard; Another great increase in salary expense; Another unnecessary million overhead expense; Another law to force lobbyists to deal directly with the governor; Another Cincinnati traction scandal; Another crippling of the Smith one per cent law; Another holding out of receipts from the state treasury; Another rewarding of political services by double rentals; Another conviction for leaving tribute from civil service employees; Another "rubber stamp" legislature; Another letting of illegal road contracts for which his successor must pay; Another lease on life for the loan sharks; Another starving of state wards in an effort to make a financial showing; Another writing of "by and with the consent of the governor" into every statute which provides for the filling of an office, or the expenditure of public money.

In short, Mr. Cox promises to duplicate the administration for which he was so decisively repudiated.

WILLIS' ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Ohioans Should Take Note of the Numerous Economic Acts Made by Administration.

There are some interesting accomplishments in the administration of Governor Willis which stand out so prominently and present such a contrast in comparison with those of the former administration that they should be given careful study by the public at large.

By the elimination of useless jobs and the reduction of salaries alone savings annually have been effected as follows: Public Utilities Commission, \$25,210; State Highway Department, \$83,451; State Banking Department, \$34,000; Department of Public Works, \$4,640; Tax Commission, \$7,800; Board of Agriculture, \$22,200. These items are samples only of salary savings thus far effected. The State Tax Commission saved in making assessments \$100,000.

The spirit of retrenchment has been extended to practically every department of the state government. The elective officers chosen in 1914 are making excellent records for economy. The attorney general, Edward C. Turner, alone has saved in overhead expense \$53,265.66. State Treasurer Archer has done thirty-five per cent more work in his department than was ever done before without a penny of additional expense or the creation of a single additional office. Secretary of State Hildebrand has effected large economies in the administration of his department, saving in one bureau alone \$11,000 out of the \$12,000 expended by his predecessor.

This administration has assumed and paid over \$2,000,000 of debts and increased burdens placed upon it by its predecessor for the support of the Highway Department, the public schools and the unfortunate wards in the various state institutions.

Specific appropriations have not only effected these economies, but it has also curbed the tendency toward multiplication of offices and commissions and increase of salaries which was so prominent a characteristic of its predecessor.

This administration has inaugurated and successfully carried forward the policy of reducing rentals and removing state departments into the capital building where such reductions and removals were not prevented by long-time contracts made with political favorites by the last administration.

This administration has enacted legislation effecting important reforms in the state: The Parrott-Whitmore Tax Law, approved by the National Tax Association, abolishes salary-consuming tax on \$200,000,000 of property and restores to the people the right to elect local taxing officials, which the preceding administration had taken away and then reappeared the Warnes Tax Law.

The Smith-Mallow Agricultural Law abolishes high salaried Agricultural Commission and places the Agricultural Department under the control of practical farmers. Specific appropriations makes impossible salary and expense juggling. More legislation for the preservation of the public health than any preceding administration.

At the beginning of this administration over 700 inmates of state institutions were sleeping in hallways, in attics—anywhere they could be put. Dr. Shepherd stated to the legislative finance committee that the inmates were compelled to wear summer clothes in winter, because there were no blankets to buy them warm clothing; that there was not sufficient money to buy them proper food; that \$50,000 had to be immediately appropriated to relieve distressing conditions.

All this because the former administration had endeavored to "make a financial showing" at the expense of the 22,000 unfortunate wards of the state. The Republican administration at once put a stop to such methods. The state's unfortunate wards were not made the football of politics. Ohio is too big a state to play politics with its unfortunate.

6.6. Williams

illustation. "There are great contradictions in life." "Such as what, in particular?" "Why, a man who advocates a dry policy must favor the water wagon."

FOR LUNCHEON OR TEA

THREE APPETIZING AND HEALTHFUL CONFECTIONS.

Apple Cake Made According to Directions Will Be Found Delicious—Zwieback an Old Favorite—For German Coffee Cake.

Apple Cake.—One and one-half cups yeast, one cupful milk, scalded and cooled, one tablespoonful sugar, three and one-half cups sifted flour, one-fourth cupful butter, one-half cupful sugar, two eggs, one-fourth teaspoonful salt and five apples.

Dissolve yeast and one tablespoonful sugar in lukewarm milk, add one and one-half cups flour to make a sponge, and beat well smooth. Cover and set aside in a warm place until light—about three-quarters of an hour. Have sugar and butter well creamed, add to sponge. Then add eggs well beaten, rest of flour, or enough to make a soft dough, and salt. Knead lightly. Place in well greased bowl, cover and set aside to rise—about two hours.

Roll half an inch thick. Place in two well greased, shallow pans. Brush with butter, sprinkle with sugar. Cut apples in eighths and press into dough, sharp edge toward center. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Cover and let rise about one-half hour.

Bake twenty minutes. Keep covered with pan first ten minutes, in order that the apples may be thoroughly cooked.

Zwieback.—One cake yeast, one-half cupful milk, scalded and cooled, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one-fourth cupful lard or butter, melted, two eggs, two and three-fourths cups sifted flour, and one-half teaspoonful salt.

Dissolve yeast and sugar in lukewarm milk, add three-fourths cupful of flour and beat thoroughly. Cover and set aside, in a moderately warm place, to rise for fifty minutes.

Add lard or butter, eggs well beaten, about four to make a dough—about two cups, and salt. Knead, shape into two rolls and set aside in a warm place, and fifteen inches long. Protect from draft and let rise until light, which should be in about one and one-half hours.

Bake twelve minutes in a hot oven. When cool cut diagonally into one-half inch slices. Place on baking sheet and brown in a moderate oven.

German Coffee Cake.—One and one-half cups yeast, one cupful milk, scalded and cooled, one tablespoonful sugar, three cups sifted flour, one-half cupful butter, one cupful sugar, one-eighth teaspoonful mace, one and one-half cups milk, one-half cupful citron, raisins, currants in equal parts—one-fourth teaspoonful salt and three eggs.

Dissolve yeast and one tablespoonful sugar in the lukewarm milk, add one and one-half cups of flour. Beat well. Cover and set aside, in a warm place, to rise an hour, or until light.

Add to this the butter and sugar creamed, the mace, the fruit which has been floured, the balance of the flour, or enough to make a good cake batter, the salt, and eggs well beaten. Beat for ten minutes.

Four into well buttered molds, filling them about half full, cover and let rise until molds are nearly full, then bake in a moderate oven. If made into two cakes, they should bake forty-five minutes; one large cake should bake one hour.

Lemon Jelly Cake. Two cups sugar, one-half cupful butter, creamed. Add one cupful sweet milk, three cups flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda and three eggs well beaten. Bake in five thin layers.

Jelly for cake—Grate rinds of two lemons, add juice of lemons, one cupful sugar, one beaten egg, one-half cupful water, one teaspoonful butter, one tablespoonful flour mixed with a little water. Roll till it thickens.

Worth Trying. Keep folded newspapers handy upon which to place soiled pots and pans and save cleaning stinky marks from the table. If the splashboard slips, paste a piece of old rubber over each support; this will not only prevent a fall, but it will protect the floors. When a box of sardines is opened, it should be drained of its oil at once and the fish thrown out. An Italian Roll. Order one or two pounds of rump steak or top of the round, cut in a long, narrow strip about three-quarter inch thick; cover surface with a layer of large seedless raisins, then a layer of walnut meats and sprinkle grated cheese over all. This is nice served either hot or sliced cold and makes splendid sandwiches.

YOUNG WOMEN MAY AVOID PAIN

Need Only Trust to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, says Mrs. Kurtzweg.



Buffalo, N.Y.—"My daughter, whose picture is herewith, was much troubled with pain in her back and sides every month and they would sometimes be so bad that it would make her unable to get on her feet. She read your advertisement in the newspaper and tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She praises it highly as she has been relieved of all these pains by its use. All mothers should know of this remedy, and all young girls who suffer should try it."—Mrs. MARTHA KURTZWEG, 529 High St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Young women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by this root and herb remedy.

If you know of any young woman who is sick and needs help, please write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Only women who have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and whose letters are held in strictest confidence.

KIDNEY TROUBLE.—Is a deceptive disease—do not know it. If you make no mistake by using Dr. Kilmor's Kidney Cure, you will find a remedy. At druggists in fifty cities and most towns. Ask for it. It will be held in strictest confidence.

The Precocity of Willis. "Mamma and I saw some of the nicest chicken dressing today," said Willis, age ten and wise beyond his years. "Where'dja see it?" asked the fond papa. "In a dry goods store window," was the bright reply as Willis "dug" for the "outdoors."—Indianapolis News.

DON'T LOSE YOUR HAIR

Prevent it by Using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

If your scalp is irritated, itching and burning and your hair dry and falling out in handfuls try the following treatment: Wash scalp with Cuticura Soap and follow with hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. Absolutely nothing better. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

BONDS OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP

Thorough Understanding and Complete Sympathy Are Necessary—Sentiment Never Lasting.

Some acquaintances will never ripen into true friendship because the common bond of union, the through understanding and the complete sympathy are lacking.

An acquaintance begun in childhood will ripen into friendship if the children develop mutual interest in a common cause of study or pleasure. If dissimilar tastes and unlike impulses develop the children will grow apart, since each of us tends toward certain centers of association.

Money cannot buy us friends. It often develops mutual interest in a common cause, but when the wealth goes that which posed as friendship vanishes also. Friendship must be distinguished from that sentimental feeling which is so common among young girls. This ridiculous fascination, which expresses itself in extravagant terms of endearment, is very flickle.

As soon as it finds faults in one it transfers its affection to another. Youth has yet to learn that perfection in human nature does not exist. The sensible man or woman does not set up an ideal of friendship so high that it must be shattered.

Dog's Real Value. "Gentleman (to dog dealer)—I gave you a high price for this dog last week because you warranted it to be a good house dog. My house was broken into last night and the dog never even barked." Dog Dealer—No, sir; I quite believe you. He was too busy looking at the burglars, so as to be able to identify 'em, to even think of barking. If you was out with this dog and was to meet them burglars, he'd know 'em in a minute. He ain't no common barkin' dog; he's a regular 'tective, an' worth 'is weight in gold, he is."

He who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything.

(Arabian Proverb)

Grape-Nuts

made of whole wheat and malted barley, supplies all the rich nourishment of the grains, including their vital mineral salts—phosphate of potash, etc., most necessary for building and energizing the mental and physical forces.

"There's a Acute"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.