

Mrs. Robert O. Reynolds



"I have actually gained twenty-five pounds and I just think Tanlac is the grandest medicine in the world," said Mrs. Robert O. Reynolds, 127 North Denver St., Kansas City, Mo.

"For ten long years I suffered from a very bad form of rheumatism, stomach and nervous troubles. My appetite was very poor. What little I did eat soured on my stomach and I suffered the most severe pains in my back, hips and shoulders. My rheumatism was so bad that I could not raise my hands to comb my hair and my arms hurt me to my finger tips. I became so weak and run down that I lost all my energy and life had become almost a burden. I tried many things but nothing helped me.

"I had only taken my first bottle of Tanlac when I noticed my appetite was improving and I could sleep better at night. I have taken three bottles and the way it has helped me and built me up is really astonishing. I can eat anything and everything without the slightest disagreeable after-effects. I sleep just fine at night and am in better health than I have been for years. I am glad to give this statement, hoping that any who are suffering as I did may experience the same wonderful results, which I believe they will if they give Tanlac a fair trial."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

More Disarmament.

This would be a better world if everybody would take a five-year holiday from gossip.—Chicago Daily News.

Where Wizardry Fails.

Knicker—Is that seat any good? Becker—No, she could tell my fortune, but not my income tax.

COCKROACHES

EASILY KILLED TODAY

BY USING THE GENUINE Stearns' Electric Paste

Also SURE DEATH to Waterbugs, Ants, Rats and Mice. These pests are the greatest carriers of disease and MUST BE KILLED. They destroy both food and property.

Directions in 15 languages in every box. Ready for use—two sizes 5c and 15c. U. S. Government buys it.

LUCKY STRIKE

Cigarette

To seal in the delicious Burley tobacco flavor

It's Toasted

Keep Your Skin-Pores Active and Healthy With Cuticura Soap

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

126 MAMMOTH JACKS

I have a bargain for you, come quick. I have 126 MAMMOTH JACK CIGARETTES. I have 126 MAMMOTH JACK CIGARETTES. I have 126 MAMMOTH JACK CIGARETTES.

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TOBACCO—Chew and smoke. Natural leaf 10c per lb. postpaid. State which, chew or smoke. RICHARD NEWMAN, McQuady, Ky.

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 16-1921.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, SR.

Condensation by Alfred S. Clark



Alexandre Dumas was of mixed blood, the grandson of a French marquis and a native of the West Indies. His own father was a private in the French army when the revolution broke out. He was swiftly promoted until he held the rank of general in chief in Spain, but he quarreled with Napoleon, and when he died he left but 30 acres of land to his widow and two children.

Alexandre was born on July 24, 1802, in a town not far from Soissons. As a boy he had few advantages, for his mother was poor. He was, however, carefully instructed by a kindly priest. He then studied law, but his desire to write drove him to Paris, where he began his career by penning vaudeville sketches and melodramas.

He wrote plays for several years and his "Henri III" scored the first great success of the romantic drama. Short stories appeared at intervals, and then his novels. "The Three Musketeers" came out in 1844, and thereafter romance after romance came in such rapid succession that his collected works in French fill 127 volumes. He told Napoleon III that he had written 1,500 books.

Prodigiously as he worked he wasted just as prodigiously. He entertained a whole army of parasites, and in his last years was constantly harassed by creditors. He had married in 1840 Isidore Fevrier, an actress, but they did not long live together. His daughter came to his aid in 1868 when he was debt-ridden and ill, and two years later, on December 5, 1870, he died in the home of his son, the author of the popular "Camille."

ON February 23, 1815, Edmond Dantes sailed into Marseilles. He was but nineteen years of age and ardently in love. His conscience was clear; he had violated no law. Yet the next night he was in a cell in the gloomy Chateau d'If, a fortress on a bare rock off Marseilles. And fourteen years were to pass before he strode again in the sunlight.

Three men had wrought his ruin. Danglars envied Edmond's rapid promotion. Fernand was crazed with love for Mercedes, Edmond's beloved. Danglars wrote and Fernand dispatched a letter warning the authorities to intercept the missive Edmond was bearing to Paris. Chance decreed that this warning, addressed to Villefort's father, fell into the hands of the unscrupulous Villefort himself.

Of this dark intrigue Edmond knew nothing. At his captain's dying request, he had called at Elba where he had seen the captive Napoleon and been entrusted with a sealed letter. Villefort, a turn-coat devoted to the aristocracy, had changed his name to make men forget that his father was a Bonapartist. He destroyed the incriminating letter before Edmond's eyes and promised that the lad should soon be free. Even as he spoke the words, he knew that in the disappearance of this youth lay his own security.

Thus it happened that while the Corsican came out of Elba by stealth and rode to Paris amid tumultuous cheers, Edmond lay in a dungeon. The thunder of the guns at Waterloo did not penetrate the walls of the Chateau d'If. Napoleon was borne away to St. Helena; the Hundred days were over. And Dantes knew naught of these things. He ate out his heart in thoughts of Mercedes and wondered what mad freak of fortune had thrust him away from the world of men.

Days dragged into years. He lost track of time. Confined in a black and slimy dungeon, he saw only his jailer. There were moments when he hoped, hours when he despaired, weeks when he raved in impotent anger. Four years rolled past. He was starving himself to death. Then he heard a rasping, scratching noise. The spark of human hope burned anew. He swallowed his breath; he must win back his strength. Somewhere near him was a human mole, burrowing stealthily, worming toward freedom.

Four days later a section of flooring fell in and out of a dark tunnel sprang an old man. He was the Abbe Faria, a prisoner for eight years. His tunnel, dug with arduous toil, had failed to reach the sunlight, but it led to fellowship. Unsuspected by their jailers, the two men met daily and studied unweariedly. Out of his ripe wisdom and his prodigious memory, the Abbe taught Edmond mathematics, history and languages.

Less guileless than Edmond, he was able to prove, from the youth's own story, that Danglars, Fernand and Villefort were responsible for his living death. So Edmond had a new incentive for freedom. He sought revenge. The Abbe revealed to the secret of the great treasure of gold and jewels that lay in a cave on Monte Cristo, an uninhabited island off Italy. The years rolled on. Another attempt to escape was frustrated by the paralysis of the Abbe's right side. Edmond refused to leave him. He was a very different man from the carefree

sailor who had been so suddenly jerked from the gaiety of a marriage feast to the gloom of a dungeon. He was a man of the world—educated, cynical.

One night he heard a cry of anguish. Hurriedly he rolled aside the great stone that concealed the tunnel opening, crawled swiftly to his neighbor's cell. He found him writhing in agony. At dawn he was dead.

That night Edmond carried the corpse to his own cell and laid it on his own bed, face to the wall, so that the jailer would think it Edmond asleep. Secreting a crude knife with which to effect an escape, he then sewed himself into the coarse sack in which the jailers had put the body. Two men later bore out the supposed corpse, weighted the legs with a great iron ball, and swung the sack powerfully. Edmond suddenly realized that he was falling from a great height. He had been flung from the chateau roof into the sea.

He screamed aloud as he struck the water and then the weight dragged him into the ice-cold depths. He ripped open the sack, convulsively cut the rope that was knotted to the shot, and rose to the surface. He had not forgotten how to swim. He struck out in the blackness for an islet. Just as he was losing hope, his knee struck rock. He staggered to his feet and above him rose a gloomy mass, his goal.

At daybreak he flung himself into the sea and was pulled aboard an outward-bound bark. Each moment Marseilles receded further into the distance. He learned from his shipmates that it was February 23, 1829. He had been shut away from the world for 14 years. He wondered what had become of Mercedes. Then he thought of Danglars, Fernand and Villefort. A baleful light flickered in his hard eyes.

Edmond had fallen in with a band of smugglers. On one of their voyages, he gazed eagerly at a granite mass rose-hued in the dawn. It was Monte Cristo. A few weeks later chance brought him to the island. None of his comrades suspected the leaping thoughts that thronged in Edmond's mind. They were simple folk, easily deceived. Edmond fell from a rock and complained that he was so hurt that he could not move. He was confident, he insisted, that he could cure himself if he were left here. At last they sailed away. When the boat was out of sight, he leaped to his feet, seized his pickax, and cried "Open, Sesame!" He was alone on Monte Cristo.

Following the clues of the Abbe's ancient manuscript, he located the great slab of rock, overgrown with vegetation. He slashed at the edges with his pickax and made a hole. With his horn of powder, he easily blasted the rock away. Before him was an iron ring embedded in a flagstone. He raised it and saw a flight of stairs. With hope mingled with a strange misgiving, he descended, broke open a passage into an inner cave, and dug away the earth over an oak coffer bound with iron. He burst it open and there blazed gold coins, bars of gold, diamonds, rubies and pearls that glittered in glorious profusion.

When Edmond came back to France, it was as the count of Monte Cristo—fabulously wealthy, romantic in appearance, a performer of miracles. His betrayers had risen to heights of fame and affluence. Danglars was a wealthy banker; Fernand an honored warrior; Villefort high in office. Mercedes, believing Edmond dead, had yielded to Fernand's importunate pleadings and had married him.

Zealously did the count of Monte Cristo devote his days and nights to ruin these three. Usually it was in his own unrecognized personality that he dazzled Paris with his feasts, his extravagances, his prodigious outlays. Everyone paid court to this mysterious stranger who rained gold about him. Sometimes he disguised himself—now as the Abbe Busoni, now as the Italian Zaccaro, now as the English Lord Wilmore, now as Slabad the sailor.

He tortured Danglars, Fernand, Villefort, methodically and yet so skillfully that they did not know the hand that directed the blows that fell upon them. Piece by piece Danglars' fortune was lopped away. At last he was beggared, the bitterest blow that could have befallen him. Fernand, enmeshed slowly in revelations of his guilty past, finally blew out his brains; Villefort, his crimes dragged into the light of day, went raving mad. Mercedes, made poor, but happy in the love of her devoted son, lived on, penniless.

Yet were there those whom Monte Cristo rewarded. The noble Morrel, his former employer, was saved from bankruptcy by a mysterious Englishman who presented him with notes he could not meet. And on the uninhabited island of Monte Cristo, Morrel's son, true and tried as his father, learned that Villefort's daughter, the girl who had remained fine through all vicissitudes, still lived. She stood beside him on the pinnacle of the island and they looked with blurred eyes into the distance, where each moment a ship grew fainter and fainter. It was hearing from their sight the man who had once been Edmond Dantes. With him was the radiant Haydee, the mysterious princess, whose beauty had outshone all the beauties of Paris. In her love Edmond had at last forgotten all that he did not now want to remember.

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Inter-Mountain Editorial Hilites

Selected for Western Newspaper Union Service by R. A. C. and C. B. W.

One thing every Midvale citizen finds out early in life is that a grouch is like a baby—the longer you nurse it the bigger it grows.—Midvale (Idaho) Reporter.

In casting around for a reason for the recent political slump and reading many post mortem verdicts, we have about come to the conclusion that it was due to too many Democrats marrying Republican wives.—Brigham City (Utah) Journal.

If the cornfields and wheatfields and orchards and hayfields and barnyards were as popular as the automobile camps during the summer months there would be absolutely no danger of starvation in this nor any other country.—Price (Utah) Sun.

Doctors disagree on the food and medicinal value of wines and beer. But under the ruling that beer may be prescribed as medicine, nobody is going to insist on having his doctor's opinion as to its constructive value.—Idaho Falls (Idaho) Times-Register.

The price of crude oil, from which gasoline is made, has been cut in two. But you haven't noticed any such drop in the price of gasoline. Here and there the refiners have lopped off a cent or two, but in the main you are paying the old high prices.—Salt Lake Telegram.

It behooves anyone who is in the habit of circulating rumors false or true about the standing of banks to refrain, as it is reliably reported detectives are on the ground for the purpose of locating the source of such rumors. The penitentiary is not impossible unless you prove what you say.—Myton (Utah) Free Press.

While a good many old toppers in Montana are not satisfied even now the state has adopted the Volstead act, they still are of the opinion that there is merit in the old axiom, that "half a loaf is better than no bread" and consequently a pint of hooch every ten days is better than no whiskey at all.—Butte (Mont.) Miner.

Naturally cautious as this loyal Republican sheet is about giving credit to a Democrat, even so generally respected and long departed as Thomas Jefferson, we must admit that no Republican ever uttered a greater truth than he did when he said that the people who were the least governed were the best governed.—Buhl (Idaho) Republican.

The tarring and feathering of two Nonpartisan League organizers at Great Bend, Kan., may drive those two propagandists out of Kansas, but it will not drive out the doctrine it came to teach. There is no more logic in a coat of tar than there is in a hemp rope.—Halley (Idaho) Times-News-Miner.

Public ownership of railroads is coming, and how much better it would be if it had come when it was first absolutely necessary—in 1917. Our foolishness and foolish fear of alleged socialist ideas increased the present panic and will cost us eventually between three and five billions in direct railway expense.—Ashton (Idaho) Enterprise.

Some of the local people had an experience with the much-talked-of "crime wave" last week, when the party refreshments disappeared from the back step. However, they had a good time without ice cream and a number of the denizens of the under world were on the sick list the next day, so why punish them further?—Aberdeen (Idaho) Times.

At the present time more attention is being given to mining in western Nevada than since the bonanza days. The uncovering of new ledges and prospects in this end of the state is receiving attention from some of the best known mining men. While they are not making public statements, the fact that they keep coming, taking samples, and putting out location notices is about the best evidence of the interest taken.—Winnemucca (Nev.) Star.

Prof. F. R. Moulton of the University of Chicago predicts that "human achievements in the next few million years will so eclipse modern accomplishments that man's intelligence today will bear the same ratio to the man of future years as the toad to the twentieth century human." We are afraid that life is too short for us to see this marvelous change.—Park City (Utah) Record.

One trade journal advertises for one hundred million strike breakers to break the buyers strike. There will be an even hundred million replies if someone will furnish the money.—Fallon (Nev.) Standard.

Not one out of ten of the leading business men in any community will accept a public office that will take much of his time, or will help manage the affairs of improvement and welfare organizations.—Vale (Ore.) Enterprise.

WRIGLEYS

"After Every Meal"

Next time you want to concentrate on a piece of work just slip a stick of WRIGLEY'S between your teeth.

It's a wonderful help in daily tasks—and sports as well.

Hazards disappear and hard places come easy, for WRIGLEY'S gives you comfort and poise—it adds the zest that means success.

A great deal for 5c

SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

The Flavor Lasts

UNITED POST OFFICE COUPONS

B11

EVIDENTLY HE DIDN'T LIKE IT

From Report Made, Postoffice Employee Had Decidedly Poor Opinion of That New Trailer.

Once on a time an automobile concern asked the postoffice department to try out a certain truck trailer. The car was put in service at a post-office and shortly the traffic superintendent asked for a written report from one of the automobile drivers. This is the report.

"I has respy used in this run 74 Tuller for 4 days in this low down driveway and is to be in my way and to have to push and shove it and lift it around myself in the ile and get under the end to uncouple it luse and can't back it up at all and go ahead 2 doors in backing and getting the pin thing loss again and the gas shooting in your face and everybody hoiering at you and in my way to get out."

The report finally reached Washington, was read and filed. The trailer was not accepted.

It's better to be brought up on a bottle than to be brought down by one.

Prosperity smiles on the few and gives the many the horse laugh.

Education is only like good culture, it changes the size but not the sort.—H. W. Beecher.

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin

When red, rough and itching with hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

Another Call to Arms.

A lad of twelve, riding his wheel at top speed, suddenly burst out singing, "Good-by, Ma. Good-by Pa, good-by mule with your old behaw."

An old dorky, sitting half asleep on the board seat of a little old wagon, and drawn by a gray mule, roused himself and exclaimed, "What, you goin' agin'?"

Simple Deduction.

"Saw Mr. and Mrs. Bangs going to church this morning."

"Did she have on a new hat?"

"Why, I think not."

"Then I must drop in and see poor old Bangs."

"What's the idea?"

"Why, if they were going to church, and she hadn't on a new hat, he's had another bad attack of heart trouble."

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from the disturbances which often follow tea and coffee drinking—by a change to

INSTANT POSTUM

This delicious cereal beverage of coffee-like flavor is prepared instantly in the cup to suit your taste—free from any harmful element—economical—satisfying

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