

DANGER IN COLDS

If Neglected, They Will Often Develop Serious Illness
Take Father John's Medicine

There is lurking danger in every cold because, if neglected, it may attack the breathing tract. Prompt action should be taken when a cold develops. Begin taking Father John's Medicine right away. This old-fashioned family medicine, whose basis is cod liver oil scientifically prepared with other ingredients, soothes and heals the breathing tract and at the same time builds fighting strength to fight off the cold. Father John's Medicine is guaranteed free of any deadly or poisoning drugs and stimulants.



Use for cuts, burns, sores and wounds. Prevents infection. Cleanses and heals.

Vaseline
CARBOLATED
PETROLEUM JELLY
CHESBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
State Street New York

Quite So.
"Can you fish here without being disturbed?"
"Yes, there are no fish."

GIRLS! HAIR GROWS THICK AND BEAUTIFUL.

35-Cent "Danderine" Does Wonders for Lifeless, Neglected Hair.



A gleamy mass of luxuriant hair, full of gloss, lustre and life, shortly follows a genuine toning up of neglected scalp with dependable "Danderine". Falling hair, itching scalp and the dandruff is corrected immediately. Thin, dry, wavy or fading hair is quickly invigorated, taking on new strength, color and youthful beauty. "Danderine" is delightful on the hair; a refreshing, stimulating tonic—not sticky or greasy! Any drug store—Advertisement.

Vacations Necessary.
Marriage is often a failure because neither of the interested parties has sense enough to take an occasional vacation from the other.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine
will do what no other medicine can for it—rid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh.

Sold by druggists for over 40 years
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

Hubby Can Help.
Before a girl promises to marry she should remember, says the Jewell Republican, that there will be nineteen thousand dishes to wash, just for two, every year.

Only the Best Ingredients.
are used in Brandt's Pills. For constipation, they have no equal. Take one or two at bed time—Adv.

Extraordinary.
"Bastard, are you a married man?"
"Noah, Boss, Ah came mahn ovn luv'ng."

Lloyd's Loom Products
Baby Carriages & Furniture
Ask Your Local Dealer
Write Now for 32-Page Illustrated Booklet

The Lloyd Manufacturing Company
(Lloyd's Loom Products Co.)
Dept. 5
Macomb, Michigan (16)

Dr. J. J. EYE WATER
EYE WASH
100 River, Troy, N. Y. Booklet
W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 49-1922.

The BROWN MOUSE

By HERBERT QUICK

(Copyright by The Bobb-Merrill Company)

"ALL WRONG"

SYNOPSIS.—Jennie Woodruff refuses to marry Jim Irwin, young farm hand, because of his financial condition and poor prospects. He is intellectually above his station, and has advanced ideas concerning the possibilities of school teaching and farming, for which he is ridiculed by many. In short, Jim is an odd. He flunks by himself and reads books and has a philosophy of his own. But there are latent powers in him unexpressed even by himself and Opportunity comes knocking at his door. Jim is nominated for school teacher, as a joke. The joke results in his election. He visits the scholars. Jennie is nominated for county superintendent of schools. Jim speaks at a public meeting, condemning rural school methods. Prominent women condemn Jim's method of teaching; they demand "culture." Jim pulls out his Jennie invites Jim to a Christmas dinner to show him up.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Yes," repeated Jim, "old friends. . . We are, aren't we, Jennie?" He reached over and possessed himself of her hand. She pulled it from him gently, but he paid no attention to the little muscular protest, and examined the hand critically. On the back of the middle finger he pointed out a scar—a very tiny scar.

"Do you remember how you got that?" he asked.

Because Jim clung to the hand, their heads were very close together as she joined in the examination.

"Why, I don't believe I do," said she.

"I do," he replied. "We—you and I and Mary Forsythe were playing unimpeachable, and you put your hand on the grass just as I threw the knife—it cut you, and left that scar."

"I remember," said she.

"How such things come back over the memory. And did it leave a scar when I pushed you toward the red-hot stove in the schoolhouse one blizzard day, like this, and you peeled the skin off your wrist where it struck the stove?"

"Look at it," said he, baring his long and bony wrist. "Right there."

And they were out on the trail that long and chilly day. They had talked long, and intimately, when the shadows of the early evening crept into the corners of the room. Jennie recalled the time when the tornado narrowly missed the schoolhouse, and frightened everybody in school nearly to death.

"Everybody but you, Jim," Jennie remembered. "You looked out of the window and told the teacher that the twister was going north of us, and would kill somebody else."

"Did I?" asked Jim.

"Yes," said Jennie, "and when the teacher asked you to leave and thank God, you said, 'Why should we thank God that somebody else is blown away?' She was greatly shocked."

"I don't see to this day," Jim asserted, "what answer there was to my question."

In the gathering darkness Jim again took Jennie's hand, but this time she deprived him of it.

He was trembling like a leaf. Let it be remembered in his favor that this was the only girl's hand he had ever held.

"You can't find any more scars on it," she said soberly.

"Let me see how much it has changed since I struck the knife in it," begged Jim.

Jennie held it up for inspection.

"It's longer, and slenderer and whiter, and—very beautiful," said he, "than the little hand I cut; but it was this the most beautiful hand in the world to me—and still is."

"I must light the lamps," said the county superintendent, rather flustered. It must be confessed "Mamma! Where are all the matches?"

Darlahire's," said the colonel, "were the devil and all to control."

CHAPTER X

Facing Trial.

A distinct sensation ran through the Woodruff school, but the schoolmaster and a group of five boys and three girls engaged in a very unclassical conference in the back of the room were all unconscious of it. The geography classes had recited, and the language work was on. Those too small for these studies were playing a game under the leadership of Jennie Simms, who had been promoted to the position of weed-seed monitor.

The game was forfeits. Each child had been encouraged to bring some sort of weed from the winter fields—preferably one the seed of which still clung to the dried receptacles—but anyhow, a weed. If any pupil brought in a specimen the name of which he himself could not correctly give, he paid a forfeit. If a specimen was brought in not found in the school cabinet—which was coming to contain a considerable collection—it was placed there, and the task allotted to the best penman in the school to write its proper label. All this caused excitement, and not a little buzz—but it ceased when the county superintendent entered the room.

For it was after the first of January, and Jennie was visiting the Woodruff school.

The group in the back of the room went on with its conference, oblivious of the entrance of Superintendent Jennie. Their work was rather absorbing, being no more nor less than the compilation of the figures of a cow census of the district.

"Altogether," said Mary Talcott, "we have in the district one hundred and fifty-three cows."

"I don't make it that," said Raymond Simms. "I do not get a hundred and thirty-eight."

"The trouble is," said Newton Bronson, "that Mary's counting in the Bailey herd of Shorthorns."

"Well, there's cows, ain't they?" interrogated Mary.

"Not for this census," said Raymond.

"Why not?" asked Mary. "They're the prettiest cows in the neighborhood."

"Scotch Shorthorns," said Newton, "and run with their calves."

"Leave them out," said Jim. "And tomorrow, I want each one to tell in the language class, in three hundred words or less, whether there are enough cows in the district to justify a co-operative creamery, and give the reason. You'll find articles in the farm papers if you look through the card index. Now, how about the census in the adjoining districts?"

"There are more than two hundred within four miles on the roads leading west," said a boy.

"My father and I counted up about a hundred beyond us," said Mary. "But I couldn't get the exact number."

"Why," said Raymond, "we could find six hundred dairy cows in this neighborhood, within an hour's drive."

"Six hundred?" scoffed Newton. "You're crazy! In an hour's drive?"

"I mean an hour's drive each way," said Raymond.

"I believe we could," said Jim. "And after we find how far we will have to go to get enough cows, if half of them patronized the creamery, we'll work over the savings the business would make if we could get the prices for butter paid the Wisconsin co-operative creameries, as compared with what the centralizers pay us, on a basis of the last six months. Who's in possession of the correspondence with the Wisconsin creameries?"

"I have it," said Raymond. "I'm hectographing a lot of arithmetic problems from it."

"How do you do, Mr. Irwin?" It was the superintendent who spoke. Jim's brain whirled little prismatic

clouds before his vision, as he rose and shook Jennie's extended hand.

"Let me give you a chair," said he. "Oh, no, thank you," she returned. "I just made myself at home. I know my way about in this schoolhouse, you know."

She smiled at the children, and went about looking at their work—which was not noticeably disturbed, by reason of the fact that visitors were much more frequent now than ever before, and were no rarity. Certainly, Jennie Woodruff was no novelty, since they had known her all their lives. Most of the embarrassment was Jim's. He rose to the occasion; however, went through the routine of the closing day, and dismissed the flock, not omitting making an engagement with a group of boys for that evening to come back and work on the for-



"Remember 'How You Got That'."

clouds before his vision, as he rose and shook Jennie's extended hand.

"Let me give you a chair," said he. "Oh, no, thank you," she returned. "I just made myself at home. I know my way about in this schoolhouse, you know."

She smiled at the children, and went about looking at their work—which was not noticeably disturbed, by reason of the fact that visitors were much more frequent now than ever before, and were no rarity. Certainly, Jennie Woodruff was no novelty, since they had known her all their lives. Most of the embarrassment was Jim's. He rose to the occasion; however, went through the routine of the closing day, and dismissed the flock, not omitting making an engagement with a group of boys for that evening to come back and work on the for-

malin treatment for smut in seed grains, and the blue-vitriol treatment for seed potatoes.

"We hadn't time for these things," said he to the county superintendent, "in the regular glass work—and it's getting time to start them up if we are to clean out the smut in next year's crop."

They repeated the Corn Song in concert, and school was out.

Since that Christmas afternoon when Jennie had refused to follow Mr. Peterson's advice, and the Jim Irwin up, Jim had gone through an inward transformation. He had made up his mind that he would marry Jennie Woodruff. He saw her through clouds of rose and pink; but she looked at him as at a foolish man who was making trouble for her, chasing rainbows for her expense, and deeply vexing her. She was in a cold official frame of mind.

"Jim," she said, "I want you to give up this sort of teaching. Can't you see it's all wrong?"

"No," answered Jim, in much the manner of a man who has been stung by his sweetheart. "I can't see that it's wrong. It's the only sort I can do. What do you see wrong in it?"

"Oh, I can see some very wonderful things in it," said Jennie; "but it can't be done in the Woodruff district. It may be correct in theory, but it won't work in practice."

"Jennie," said he, "when a thing won't work, it isn't correct in theory. But my theory is correct, and it works."

"But the school board are against it."

"The school board elected me. They stood by and saw the contract signed," said Jim, "and—yes, Jennie, I know I am deriding in esophy!"

Quick, Watson!

The famous detective gasped as he arrived at the scene of the crime. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, as he looked in the window through which the thief had escaped. "This is more than I expected. It's broken on both sides."

Restraints of Pibetana.

Roman consuls were called Pibetana and were originally forbidden all political rights. They were for the most part poor, and not allowed to intermarry with the Patricians. They served in the army without pay, were sold into slavery for debt, and could even be cut in pieces for distribution among their creditors. Finding their conditions intolerable, the Pibetana in 495 B. C. revolted to Mons Sacer, near Rome, where they resolved to build a new city; but this step so alarmed the privileged classes that they granted to the Pibetana the right of choosing annually from their own number two magistrates, called tribunes with power to protect them against aggression from the Patricians. After the lapse of about 200 years the disabilities of the Pibetana were almost entirely removed.

Most Attractive.

Two business men were having a confab when a third appeared on the scene of action.

"I say, Bill, settle this argument. 'What's the row?'"

"Should a man use perfume of any sort?"

"Well, a trace of gasoline is permissible."

He who is afraid of doing too much always does too little.

The arguments of most men are sound and that's all.

"I'd kinder like being a wild-eyed reformer, Jim."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pigeon Flies Way by Sight.

A Brit's royal air force pigeon released from a balloon a mile and a half above the ground, was unable to see the earth below on account of a thick blanket of clouds. After flying around for a little time the bird gave up all hope of finding its way back to its home, some 160 miles away, and settled down contentedly on the balloon, much as Noah's dove settled on the ark when it could find no place to rest on account of the waters. The pigeon, however, had better luck than Noah's dove. After a time it appeared in the clouds, and the bird swooped from the balloons through the gap in the vapor, and two hours later had delivered the message tied to its leg. This incident indicated that a pigeon finds its way home by sight, not by instinct, as many have thought.

If you were to pay \$1 a pound you couldn't buy a finer coffee than MONARCH

ONE POUND NET WEIGHT

MONARCH

COFFEE

REID, MURDOCK & CO.

WARNING: Our Monarch Coffee is NEVER sold in bulk.

There is at least one redeeming feature about air castles; we don't have to pay taxes on them.

WOMEN CAN DYE ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY

Dye or Tint Worm, Faded Things New for 15 Cents.

Diamond Dyes

Don't wonder whether you can dye or that successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes" even if you have never dyed before. Druggists have all colors. Directions in each package—Advertisement.

MYSTERY DIAMOND IS SOLD

Stone Weighing 44 Carats Carried to England at Time of Bolshevik Revolt Changes Hands.

Carried to England from Russia at the time of the Bolshevik revolution the Mystery diamond known as the "Princess Mary" has at last changed hands, the purchaser being a resident in the north of England. The price paid has not been divulged, but its last owner, Gordon Nathan, last year withdrew the diamond from auction, as the highest bid did not reach \$10,000.

The diamond is a stone of yellow tint, with a Maltese cross on the back, and was named the "Princess Mary" because before her wedding a proposal was made to present the stone to her. It weighs 44 carats and is the slant as large as the famous Hope diamond. Mr. Nathan thinks the value of the stone will appreciate.

What We See in Others.

That which we see in others we unconsciously bring to the light, even as the artist brings to the light what he sees in the block of marble.

Lots of men after telling the truth try to lie out of it.

"Silence is golden" is popular among those who can't talk.

He who is afraid of doing too much always does too little.

The arguments of most men are sound and that's all.

"I'd kinder like being a wild-eyed reformer, Jim."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pigeon Flies Way by Sight.

A Brit's royal air force pigeon released from a balloon a mile and a half above the ground, was unable to see the earth below on account of a thick blanket of clouds. After flying around for a little time the bird gave up all hope of finding its way back to its home, some 160 miles away, and settled down contentedly on the balloon, much as Noah's dove settled on the ark when it could find no place to rest on account of the waters. The pigeon, however, had better luck than Noah's dove. After a time it appeared in the clouds, and the bird swooped from the balloons through the gap in the vapor, and two hours later had delivered the message tied to its leg. This incident indicated that a pigeon finds its way home by sight, not by instinct, as many have thought.

He who is afraid of doing too much always does too little.

The arguments of most men are sound and that's all.

"I'd kinder like being a wild-eyed reformer, Jim."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pigeon Flies Way by Sight.

A Brit's royal air force pigeon released from a balloon a mile and a half above the ground, was unable to see the earth below on account of a thick blanket of clouds. After flying around for a little time the bird gave up all hope of finding its way back to its home, some 160 miles away, and settled down contentedly on the balloon, much as Noah's dove settled on the ark when it could find no place to rest on account of the waters. The pigeon, however, had better luck than Noah's dove. After a time it appeared in the clouds, and the bird swooped from the balloons through the gap in the vapor, and two hours later had delivered the message tied to its leg. This incident indicated that a pigeon finds its way home by sight, not by instinct, as many have thought.

He who is afraid of doing too much always does too little.

The arguments of most men are sound and that's all.

"I'd kinder like being a wild-eyed reformer, Jim."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pigeon Flies Way by Sight.

A Brit's royal air force pigeon released from a balloon a mile and a half above the ground, was unable to see the earth below on account of a thick blanket of clouds. After flying around for a little time the bird gave up all hope of finding its way back to its home, some 160 miles away, and settled down contentedly on the balloon, much as Noah's dove settled on the ark when it could find no place to rest on account of the waters. The pigeon, however, had better luck than Noah's dove. After a time it appeared in the clouds, and the bird swooped from the balloons through the gap in the vapor, and two hours later had delivered the message tied to its leg. This incident indicated that a pigeon finds its way home by sight, not by instinct, as many have thought.

He who is afraid of doing too much always does too little.

The arguments of most men are sound and that's all.

"I'd kinder like being a wild-eyed reformer, Jim."

The Winter Breakfast

which includes Grape-Nuts with cream or good milk, will have one dish that has both engaging flavor and true nourishment.

Grape-Nuts is more than "something good to eat." It is a building food in most digestible form; rich in proteins, carbohydrates, mineral elements and vitamin B—all vitally essential to the daily rebuilding of every part of the body.

It pays to keep oneself in the highest physical condition, for with the strength and vigor that go with health you can "do things" and be happy.

There's a way—and

"There's a Reason"

for Grape-Nuts

for Grape-Nuts