SICK WOMAN MADE HAPPY

Entirely Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Mart, Texas.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to build me up as I was all run-down, nervous and sick. I ached and hurt all over so that I was often compelled to go to bed, and I had to have most of my work done. No medicine seemed to help me until one of my neighbors who was taking the Vegetable Compound insisted on me trying a bottle of it. The medicine helped me from the first, and the best of all is that I can even sew again without that awful, nervous feeling I was used to having. And I used to take crying spells, with such a blue feeling that I cannot explain. Now all that has left me. I feel no nervility, and I have gained in weight, sleep well and eat hearty. Oh! I wish I had words to express what this medicine has done for me! I am a housekeeper and do everything for the family, and do the washing now and it doesn't hurt me. You may use my letter in any way you wish. I will be glad to help any suffering woman to the road of health and happiness."—Mrs. B. F. BRANNON, 404 Travis Ave., Mart, Texas.

Stearns' Electric Paste

The Quality Product

Sure Death to Cockroaches, Ants, Waterbugs, Rats, Mice, Etc.

Greatest known destroyers of food and property; also carriers of disease. Does not blow into food like powders. Sticks to surface where it kills. 35c and $1.50. Enough to kill thousands of roaches and ants. Sold by all druggists. Refuse substitutes.

U. S. Government Buys It

BATHE TIRED EYES

with Dr. Thompson's Eyewater. Buy at your druggist's or Iris River, Troy, N. Y. Booklet.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Restores Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling. Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 60c. and $1.00 at Druggists. Hiscox Chem. Wks. Patchogue, N.Y.

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc. Stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 15c. by mail or at Druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

Gives prompt relief in Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

Use Cuticura Soap And Ointment To Heal Sore Hands

Fire Chief on Warpath

Fire Chief Ollre's gunning for the fellow who used to live next door to a certain fire house in the outlying district.

"This goof sold his home and moved away," said the chief, "and we all thought it was because his wife had died. I met him on the street the other day and asked him why he'd moved, and the fish replied:

"'I'm going to get married again, and I had to rent a fireman and a policeman to the wire to do it. A firestation's no good neighborhood decoration after an experience like that.'"

And now Chief Ollre thinks the firemen have been slandered.—Houston Post.

Was a Great Relief

"What did you think of the ending of Scribbler's latest novel?"

"It was a great relief."

Summer Find You Miserable?

It's hard to do one's work when every day brings morning lameness, throbbing backache, and a dull, tired feeling. If you suffer thus, why not find the cause? Likely it's your kidneys. Headaches, dizziness and kidney irregularities may give further proof that your kidneys need help. Don't risk neglect! Use *Doan's Pills*—a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. Thousands have been helped by *Doan's*. They should help *you*. *Ask your neighbor!*

A Michigan Case

Mrs. Thomas Dunn, Gladwin, Mich., says: "I had an attack of kidney complaint and I suffered greatly with pains in the small of my back and through my side. Sharp, shooting pains darted through my side and the pains in the small of my back were dull and nagging. Doan's Pills cured me of the trouble."

DOAN'S PILLS 60c

STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS

Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

COPYRIGHT BY IRVING BACHELLER

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

—17—

In April the two friends set out afoot for the lower end of the Highlands. On the river they hired a Dutch farmer to take them on to Albany in his sloop. After two delightful days at home, General Schuyler suggested that they could do a great service by traversing the wilderness to the valley of the great river of the north, as far as possible toward Sweguchie, and reporting their observations to Crown Point or Fort Edward, if there seemed to be occasion for it, and if not, they were to proceed to General Herkimer's camp at Oriskany and give him what help they could in protecting the settlers in the west.

"You would need to take all your wit and courage with you," the general warned them. "The Indians are in bad temper. They have taken to roasting their prisoners at the stake and eating their flesh. This is a hazardous undertaking. Therefore, I give you a suggestion and not an order."

"I'll go alone," said Solomon. "If I get et up it needn't break nobody's heart. Let Jack go to one o' the forts."

"No, I'd rather go into the bush with you," said Jack. "We're both needed there. If necessary we could separate and carry our warning in two directions. We'll take a couple of the new double-barreled rifles and four pistols. If we had to, I think we could fight a hole through any trouble we are likely to have."

So it was decided that they should go together on this scouting trip into the north bush. Solomon had long before that invented what he called "a lightnin' thrower" for close fighting with Indians, to be used if one were hard pressed and outnumbered and likely to have his scalp taken. This odd contrivance he had never had occasion to use. It was a thin, round shell of cast iron with a tube, a flint and plunger. The shell was of about the size of a large apple. It was to be filled with missiles and gunpowder. The plunger, with its spring, was set vertically above the tube. In throwing this contrivance one released its spring by the pressure of his thumb. The hammer fell, and the spark it made ignited a fuse leading down to the powder. Its owner had to throw it from behind a tree or have a share in the peril it was sure to create.

While Jack was at home with his people Solomon spent a week in the foundry and forge and, before they set out on their journey, had three of these unique weapons, all loaded and packed in waterproof wrappings.

About the middle of May they proceeded in a light bark canoe to Fort Edward and carried it across country to Lake George and made their way with paddles to Ticonderoga. There they learned that scouts were operating only on and near Lake Champlain. The interior of Tryon county was said to be dangerous ground. Mohawks, Cagnawagas, Senecas, Algonquins and Hurons were thick in the bush and all on the warpath. They were torturing and eating every white man that fell in their hands, save those with a Tory mark on them.

"We're skeered o' the bush," said an elderly bearded soldier, who was sitting on a log. "A man who goes into the wildwood needs to be a good friend o' God."

"But Schuyler thinks a force of British may land somewhere along the big river and come down through the bush, building a road as they advance," said Jack.

"A thousand men could make a tolable waggin road to Fort Edward in a month," Solomon declared. "That's mebbe the reason the Injuns are out in the bush eatin' Yankees. They're tryin' fer to skeer us an' keep us erway. By the hide an' horns o' the devil! We got to know what's a-goin' on out thar. You fellers are a-settin' around these 'ere forts as if ye had nothin' to do but chaw beefsteak and wipe yer rifles an' lick yer teeth. Why don't ye go out thar in the bush and do a little skeerin' yerselves? Ye're like a lot o' ol' women settin' by the fire an' tellin' ghos' stories."

"We got 'nuff to do considerin' the pay we git," said a sergeant.

"H—l an' Tophet! What do ye want o' pay?" Solomon answered. "Ain't ye willin' to fight fer yer own liberty without bein' paid fer it? Ye been kicked an' robbed an' spit on, an' dragged around by the heels, an' ye don't want to fight 'less somebody pays ye. What a dum' corn fiddle o' a man ye rnus' be!"

Solomon was putting fresh provisions in his pack as he talked.

"All the Injuns o' Kinady an' the great grass lands may be snookin' down through the bush. We're bound fer t' know what's a goin' on out thar. We're liable to be skeered, but also an' likewise we'll do some skeerin' 'fore we give up—you hear to me."

Jack and Solomon set out in the bush that afternoon and before night fell were up on the mountain slants north of the Glassy Water, as Lake George was often called those days. But for Solomon's caution an evil fate had perhaps come to them before their first sleep on the journey. The new leaves were just out, but not quite full. The little maples and beeches flung their sprays of vivid green foliage above the darker shades of the witch hopple into the soft-lighted air of the great house of the wood and filled it with a pleasant odor. A mile or so back Solomon had left the trail and cautioned Jack to keep close and step softly. Soon the old scout stopped and listened and put his ear to the ground. He rose and beckoned to Jack and the two turned aside and made their way stealthily up the slant of a ledge. In the edge of a little thicket on a mossy rock shelf they sat down. Solomon looked serious. There were deep furrows in the skin above his brow.

After a few minutes Solomon turned and whispered:

"Four Injun braves jist went by. Mebbe they're scoutin' fer a big band—mebbe not. If so, the crowd is up the trail. If they're comin' by, it'll be 'fore dark. We'll stop in this 'ere tavern. They's a cave on t'other side o' the ledge as big as a smart house."

They watched until the sun had set. Then Solomon led Jack to the cave, in which their packs were deposited.

From the cave's entrance they looked upon the undulating green roof of the forest dipping down into a deep valley, cut by the smooth surface of a broad river with mirrored shores, and lifting to the summit of a distant mountain range. Its blue peaks rose into the glow of the sunset.

"Yonder is the great stairway of Heaven!" Jack exclaimed.

"I've put up in this 'ere ol' tavern many a night," said Solomon. "Do ye see its sign?"

He pointed to a great dead pine that stood a little below it, towering

with stark, outreaching limbs more than a hundred and fifty feet into the air.

"I call it The Dead Pine Tavern," Solomon remarked.

"On the road to Paradise," said Jack as he gazed down the valley, his hands shading his eyes.

"Wisht we could have a nice hot supper, but 'twon't do to build no fire. Nothin' but cold victles! I'll go down with the pot to a spring an' git some water. You dig fer our supper in that pack o' mine an' spread it out here. I'm hungry."

They ate their bread and dried meat moistened with spring water, picked some balsam boughs and covered a corner of the mossy floor with them. When the rock chamber was filled with their fragrance, Jack said:

"If my dream comes true and Margaret and I are married, I shall bring her here. I want her to see The Dead Pine Tavern and its outlook."

"Ayes, sir, when ye're married safe," Solomon answered. "We'll come up here fust summer an' fish an' hunt, an' I'll run the tavern an' do the cookin' an' sweep the floor an' make the beds!"

Jack awoke at daylight and found that he was alone. Solomon returned in half an hour or so.

"Seen scoutin' up the trail," he said. "Didn't see in thing but an ol' straw bucket. We'll jest eat a bite an' plan off to the nor'west an' keep watch o' this 'ere trail. They's Injuns over thar on the slants. We got to know how they look an' 'bout how many head they is."

They went on, keeping well away from the trail.

"We'll have to watch it with our ears," said Solomon in a whisper.

His ear was often on the ground that morning and twice he left Jack to "snook" out to the trail and look for tracks. Solomon could imitate the call of the swamp robin, and when they were separated in the bush, he gave it so that his friend could locate him. At midday they sat down in deep shade by the side of a brook and ate their luncheon.

"This 'ere is Peppermint brook," said Solomon. "It's 'nother one o' my taverns."

"Our food isn't going to last long at the rate we are eating it," Jack remarked. "If we can't shoot a gun what are we going to do when it's all gone?"

"Don't worry," Solomon answered. "Ye're in my kentry now an' there's a better tavern up in the high trail."

They fared along, favored by good weather, and spent that night on the shore of a little pond not more than fifty paces off the old blazed thoroughfare. Next day, about "half-way from dawn to dark," as Solomon was wont, now and then, to speak of the noon hour, they came suddenly upon fresh "sign." It was where the big north trail from the upper waters of the Mohawk joined the one near which they had been traveling. When they were approaching the point Solomon had left Jack in a thicket and cautiously crept out to the "junction." There was half an hour of silence before the old scout came back in sight and beckoned to Jack. His face had never looked more serious. The young man approached him. Solomon swallowed—a part of the effort to restrain his emotions.

"Want to show ye suthin'," he whispered.

The two went cautiously toward the trail. When they reached it the old scout led the way to soft ground near a brook. Then he pointed down at the mud. There were many footprints, newly made, and among them the print of that wooden peg with an iron ring around its bottom, which they had seen twice before, and which was associated with the blackest memories they knew. For some time Solomon studied the surface of the trail in silence.

"More'n twenty Injuns, two captives, a pair o' hosses, a cow an' the devil," he whispered to Jack. "Been a raid down to the Mohawk valley. The cow an' the hosses are loaded with plunder. I've noticed that when the Injuns go out to rob an' kill folks ye find, among their tracks, the print o' that 'ere iron ring. I seen it twice in the Ohio kentry. Here is the heart o' the devil an' his fire-water. Red Snout has got to be started on a new trail. His ol' peg leg is goin' down to the gate o' hell tonight."

Solomon's face had darkened with anger. There were deep furrows across his brow.

Standing before Jack about three feet away, he drew out his ram rod and tossed it to the young man, who caught it a little above the middle. Jack knew the meaning of this. They were to put their hands upon the ram rod, one above the other, the last hand it would hold was to do the killing. It was Solomon's.

"Thank God!" he whispered, as his face brightened.

He seemed to be taking careful aim with his right eye.

"It's my job," said he. "I wouldn't 'a' let ye do it if ye'd crawed the chanst. It's my job—proper. They ain't an hour ahead. Mebbe—it's jest possible—he may go to sleep tonight 'fore I do, an' I wouldn't be surprised. They'll build their fire at the caverns on Rock crick an' roast a captive. We'll cross the bush an' come up on t' other side an' see what's goin' on."

They crossed a high ridge with Solomon tossing his feet in that long, loose stride of his, and went down the slope into a broad valley. The sun sank low and the immediate green-roofed house of the wild was dim and dusk when the old scout halted. Ahead in the distance they had heard voices and the neighing of a horse.

"My son," said Solomon as he pointed with his finger, "do you see the brow o' the hill yonder whar the black thickets be?"

Jack nodded.

"If ye hear to me ye'll stay this side. This 'ere business is kind o' nee'various. I'm a-goin' clus up. If I come back ye'll hear the call o' the bush owl. If I don't come 'fore mornin', on plint fer hum an' the good God go with ye."

"I shall go as far as you go," Jack answered.

Solomon spoke sternly. The genial tone of good comradeship had left him.

"Ye kin go, but ye ain't obleeged," said he. "Bear in mind, boy. Tonight I'm the cap'n. Do as I tell ye—exact."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Assuming the Blame

A school presided over by a very harsh and bad-tempered teacher had a visit one afternoon from the bishop of the diocese.

The bishop, a genial soul, called before him a white-faced urchin who was very much cowed and depressed by an undeserved punishment he had received that morning.

"My boy," said the bishop, in eloquent tones, "who made this great and glorious earth of ours, and set the sun, moon and stars in the wonderful firmament?"

The white-faced boy began to blubber.

"I did," he said, "but I won't do it again."

Love Produces Maladies

Medical scientists say that love produces in some people definite physical maladies ranging from catalepsy, in which the victim becomes rigid and unconscious, to deafness and complete loss of speech.

MONARCH DUTCH PROCESS COCOA

Monarch is a Dutch Process Cocoa. That accounts for the rich quality and smooth, delicious flavor. The *big difference* between Monarch and other high quality brands is *in the price*. Monarch costs you only about half as much. If you prefer Dutch Process Cocoa, always ask for Monarch.

Many American Process Cocoas cost twice as much as Farm House. Yet in Farm House you will find all the qualities that particular cocoa users demand—flavor, aroma, smoothness, solubility. You get quality cocoa and save money at the same time when you insist on Farm House.

FARM HOUSE AMERICAN PROCESS COCOA

Quality for 70 years

GROCERS—Monarch Coffee, Catsup, Sweet Pickles, Condiments, Fruits, Vegetables and all products of our kitchens are sold only by Regular Retail Grocers who own and operate their own stores.

We never sell to Chain Stores

REID, MURDOCH & CO.

Established 1853

Chicago Boston Pittsburgh New York

Unstoppable

Magistrate—Not even Solomon with all his wisdom could stop a woman from slamming the door when she is in a temper.—London Tit-Bits.

The woman with a past is seldom willing to admit that she has got past forty.

Automobile Owners

Do you know the McWade Automatically Sealed Tube makes motoring a pleasure? They impart a feeling of comfort-security, saves time, worry, money. Once used, always used. 50,000 miles of service. Write for literature. Salesmen wanted. Exclusive territory. State distributors. McWade Tube Mfgr., 1257 Grand River Ave., Detroit, Mich.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 23—1924.

You Want the Pavement That Pays Dividends

USE CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

You know, from your own happy experience, what a pleasure it is to drive on Portland Cement Concrete Pavement.

You know that Portland Cement Concrete Pavement is skid-proof, rigid, even and unyielding.

You know that no matter how hot the day its surface remains true and even.

You know, too, that the pleasing, light gray color of Concrete makes driving safe by night as well as by day.

Concrete Pavement consists of a definitely proportioned mixture of sand, pebbles or broken stone, and water, held together by the everlasting grip of that tenacious binder, portland cement.

Portland cement is the basic material that makes the Concrete Pavement endure. It builds repair out and the maintenance in.

You want your pavement to be an investment—not an expense. You want to receive continuous dividends in service and satisfaction. That means Portland Cement Concrete Pavement.

* * *

Watch for advertisements telling about the many other uses of concrete. And remember that the Portland Cement Association has a free personal service to offer you. Whether you use concrete or have it used for you, this service will give you more for your money.

Our booklets R-3 and R-4 tell many interesting things about Concrete Roads and Streets. Which one would you like us to send? There is no charge.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
Dime Bank Building
DETROIT, MICH.
A National Organization to Improve and Extend the Uses of Concrete
Offices in 30 Cities

THEY LOOK AT YOUR SHOES!

SHINOLA

AMERICA'S HOME SHOE POLISH

Keeps All Kinds of Shoes Neat and New Looking

Shinola for Black, Tan, White, Ox-Blood and Brown Shoe.

The Shinola Box opens with a turn of the key without soiling the hands or breaking finger nails.

Shinola Preserves and Softens Shoe Leather
Sheds Moisture, Makes Shoes Wear Longer
Shoe Shining with Shinola is a Thrifty, Nifty Habit.