

HUSBAND SAID WHY NOT TRY IT

Wife Said She Would. Result, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Well and Strong

East Hardwick, Vt.—"Last winter I was not able to do any work at all. I had backache, headache, side ache, and was sick all the time for six months. We read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers, and my husband said to me, 'Why don't you try it?' So I said I would, and he went and got me a dozen bottles. It has done me more good than I can ever tell, and my friends say, 'What have you done to yourself? You look so well. I tell them it is the Vegetable Compound that makes me so well and strong. There is no use for me for my backache and pains. I will tell every one what it has done for me.' Mrs. FRED, FANNO, Route No. 2, East Hardwick, Vermont.

Pretty Feature at Empire Exhibition

Omar Khayyam's "chequer board of nights and days" is mechanically realized in the palace of engineering at the British empire exhibition, says the Boston Transcript. A group of model cottages has been erected in the heart of rural scenery. Through an ingenious system of automatic illumination days will come and days will go, in miniature, throughout the normal day. The sun will rise, arrive rapidly at its zenith, and then the brilliant light will wane to evening. New lights will begin to twinkle in the cottages and the miniature village. As the darkness deepens the street lamps will be lighted, more will appear in the houses, and all will burn brightly until dawn appears again. How many miniature years these miniature days will represent when the exhibition comes to an end is a speculation that will probably interest the mathematician.

Cuticura Soothes Itching Scalp. On itching scalp rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make them your everyday toilet preparations and have a clear skin and soft, white hands.—Advertisement.

Admonishing Him "Ho, ho, hee," merrily yodeled a tourist who had left his car and rambled out onto a bluff in the woods to give certain other tourists on the bluff across the creek a musical treat. "Ho, ho, hee-hee-hee." "Looky yur, podner," said old man Sockery, rising up from behind a big bush. "While I never was one to talk into nobody else's business, I'm yur to say that if you're trying to call haws you'll have to do better than that."—Kansas City Star.

Don't checkle if you get over a substitute when an advertised product is called for. Maybe your customer will ever come back. Ben Mulford, Jr.

The Poor Victim Mrs. Yearwood (during 1914)—I see now that as far as marrying is concerned I might have done a lot better. Husband—And I must suffer for your lack of judgment.

Unpleasant Thought—"If I were only your husband—" "Let's not talk about unpleasant things!" If a man isn't paid for it, he'll tell what he knows, anyway.

ASTHMA DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY My Picture on Every Package P. D. Q. (Insect Powder) that will actually kill a house fly, a fly, a bug, a roach, a flea and a tick with its proper use. It kills their eggs as well as thereby stops future generations. A 5-cent package makes a quart. Free—patron foot in every package to get them in the hands of the poorest. Hospital Sale, 25¢. Mailed in drug store. Write for free literature and price list to The Owl Chemical Works, Terre Haute, Ind.

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER Copyright by Irving Bachelier CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

"So here I am on the ship L'Etoule, and almost in sight of Boston harbor, and being helped and comforted to our great chief. "I was presented to the king and queen. Of him I have written—a stout, fat-faced man, big, colored, with a stooping forehead and large gray eyes. His coat shone with gold embroidery and jeweled stars. His custom-fitting waistcoat of milk white satin had golden buttons and a curve which was not the only one here, of rich red and gold capon. The queen was a beautiful, dark-haired lady of some forty years, with a noble and gracious countenance. She was clad in a vesture of gold, but in her black velvet. Her curls fell upon the loose ruff of lace around her neck. There were no jewels on or about her bare, white bosom. Her smile and gentle voice and when she gave me her hand and the best wishes for the cause so dear to us, are jewels I shall not soon forget.

"Yes, I had a little talk with Margaret and her mother, who walked with me to the ship. In the afternoon, I took a good look at the dear girl, no more beautiful than ever, and held her to my heart a moment. "I see you and then I have to go," I said. "It is the fault of my too romantic soul," she answered mournfully. "For two days we have been in hiding here. I wanted to surprise you. "She lifted the jeweled cross I wore to her lips and kissed it. I wish that I could tell you how beautiful she looked then. She is, twenty-six years old and her womanhood is beginning."

CHAPTER XXV

The Horse of Destiny. In Boston harbor, Jack learned of the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, and was transferred to a Yankee ship putting out to sea on its way to that city. There he found the romantic Arnold, crippled by his wounds and living in the fine mansion built by William Penn. He had married a young daughter of one of the rich Tory families, for his second wife, and was in command of the city. Colonel Irons, having delivered the letters to the treasurer of the United States, reported at Arnold's office. It was near midday and the general had not arrived. The young man sat down to wait and soon the great soldier to whom he had written came and said his wife's young wife sat beside him. He had little time for talk. He was on his way to breakfast. Jack presented his compliments and the good tidings which had brought him from the Old Country. Arnold listened as if he were hearing the price of codfish and hams.

The young man was shocked by the content of the letter. The former felt as if a pool of icy water had been thrown upon him when Arnold answered: "Now that they have money I hope that they will pay their debt to me." This kind of talk Jack had not heard before. He resented it but answered calmly: "A war and an army is a great extravagance for a young nation that has not yet learned the important art of gathering taxes. Many of us are going unpaid, but if we get liberty it will be worth all it costs."

"That sounds well, but there are some of us who are in need of justice," Arnold answered as the turned away. "General, you who have not been dismayed by force will never, I am sure, surrender to discouragement," said Jack. The ferry Arnold turned suddenly and lifting his cane in a threatening manner said in a loud voice: "Would you refrain from me—you do appear?" "General, you may strike me, if you will, but I cannot help saying that your young men must look to you; older ones for a good example, but beyond that, you must help them. The young man spoke these words. He towered above the man Arnold in spirit and stature. The latter did not commit the folly of striking him, but with a look of scorn ordered him to leave the office.

Jack obeyed the order and went at once to look up his old friend, Governor Reed. He told the governor of his falling out with the major. "Arnold is a sordid, selfish man and a source of great danger to our cause," said the governor. "He is vain and loves display and is living far beyond his means. To maintain his extravagance he has resorted to privateering and speculation, and none of it has increased. He is deeply involved in debt. It is obvious that he has no military authority for a court-martial, but escaped with only a reprimand from the commander in chief. He is thick with the French. He is the type of man who would sell his master for thirty pieces of silver." "This is alarming," said Jack. "My boy an ill-will is blowing on us," the governor said. "We have to get rid of Arnold in our midst. Our currency has depreciated until forty shillings will not buy what one would have bought before the war. The profit makers are rolling in money and the poor are starving. The honest and patriotic are impoverished

while those who practice fraud and Toryism are getting richer." Depressed by this report of conditions in America Jack set out for Washington's headquarters on the Hudson. Never had the posture of the American affairs looked so hopeless. The governor had sold him a young mare with a white star in her forehead and a short, white stocking on her left fore leg, known to good time as the horse of destiny.

When he had crossed the Klog's ferry the mare went lame. A little before the crossing he met a man on a big roan gelding. Jack stopped him to get information about the roads in the north. "That's a good-looking mare," the man remarked. "And she is better than she looks," Jack answered. "But she has thrown a shoe and gone lame." "I'll trade even and give you a sound horse," the man proposed. "I'll give you a horse and where do you live?" Jack inquired. "My name is Paulding and I live at 'Barrytown in the neutral territory.' I accepted his offer not knowing that it would result in looking up and laying a deeper plan than either of us were able to penetrate. Jack used to say of that deal.

He approached the little house in which the commander in chief was quartered with a feeling of dread, fearing the effect of late developments on his spirit. The young man wrote to Margaret in care of Franklin this account of the day which followed his return to camp: "Thank God! I saw on the face of our commander the same old look of unshaken confidence. I knew that he could see my way and what a sense of comfort came of that knowledge. More than we can tell we are indebted to the calm and masterful face of Washington. It holds up the heart of the army in all discouragements. His faith is established. He is not afraid of evil tidings. This great, godlike personality of his, has put me on my feet again. I was in need of it, for a different kind of man, of the name of Arnold, had nearly felled me." "In fact," he said, "I have seen all about Franklin," he said with a smile. "I told him what was going on in Paris and especially of the work of



our great minister to the court of Louis XVI. "He heard me with deep interest and when I had finished arose and gave me his hand warmly. "Colonel, again you have won my gratitude. We must keep our course." "I told him of my unhappy meeting with Arnold."

"The man has his faults—he is very human, but he has been a good soldier," Washington answered. "Solomon came into camp that evening. He was so glad to see me that he could only swing my hand and utter exclamations. "How is the girl?" he asked presently. "I told him of our meeting in Passy and of my fear that we should not meet again." "Solomon is a man of faith. He never falters. "He said to me: 'Don't worry. That gal has got a backbone. She ain't no tyre straw. She's a-goin' to tickle it over!' "Neither spoke for a time. We sat by an open fire in front of his tent as the night fell. Solomon was filling his pipe. He swallowed and his right eye began to swim. I knew that some highly important theme would presently open the door of his intellect and come out.

"Jack, I been over to Albany," he said. "Had a long visit with Miranda. The ain't no likelier woman in America. I'll bet a pint of powder on a fish hook on that. Ye kin look for 'em till yer eyes run but ye'll be obliged to give 'em up." "He lighted his pipe and smoked a few whiffs and added: 'Kint seventy pair of socks for my regiment this fall.' "Have you asked her to marry you?" I inquired. "No. 'Taint likely she'd have me," he answered. "She's had troubles enough. I wouldn't ask no woman to marry me till the war is fit out. I'm liable to get all shot up any day. I did think of askin' her but I didn't. God kin 'skeered an' skittish when we set down together, an' come to think

it all over, 'woudn't 'a' been right.' "Your're wrong, Solomon," I answered. "You ought to have a home of your own and a wife to make you fond of it. How is the Little Cricket?" "Can't hardly remember that ever lived," said he. "I got him a teeny vagin an' drew him down to the big madder an' back. He had a siring hitched on to my waist an' he pulled an' hauled an' 'bowed' when an' git an' till he were reborn as horse as a bull frog. When we got back he wanted to go all over me with a curry comb an' braid my mane." "The old scoundrel with laughter as the thought of the child's play in which he had had a part. He told me of my own people and next to their good health it pleased me to learn that my father had given all his horses away to the Washingtons. That is what all our good men are doing. So you will see how it is that we are able to go on with this war against the great British empire.

"But might the idea come to me that I would seek an opportunity to return to France in the hope of finding you in Paris. I applied for a short furlough to give me a chance to go home and see the family. There I found a sad and discouraging situation. My father's modest fortune is now a part of the ruin of war. Soon after the beginning of hostilities he had loaned his money to men who had gone into the business of financing supplies to the army. He had loaned them dollars worth a hundred cents. They are paying their debts to him in dollars worth less than five cents. Many, and Washington among them, have suffered in a like manner. My father has little left but his land, two horses, a yoke of oxen and a pair of slaves. So I am too poor to give you a home in any degree worthy of you. "Dear old Solomon has proposed to make me his heir, but now that he has met the likely women I must not depend upon him. So I have tried to make you know the truth about me as well as of the man who is equal to the discouragement I have heaped upon it I offer you this poor comfort. When the war is over I can borrow a thousand pounds to keep a roof over our heads and a fork in the pot and puddings in the twiflers while I am clearing the way to success. The prospect is not inviting, I fear, but if, happily, it should appeal to you, I suggest that you join your father in New York in the first opportunity so that we may begin our life together as soon as the war ends. And now, whatever comes, I would wish you to keep these thoughts of me: I have loved you, but there are things which I have valued above my own happiness. If I cannot have you I shall have always the memory of the hours we have spent together and of the great hope that was mine."

CHAPTER XXVI

Arnold and Henry Thornhill. Margaret and her mother returned to England with Dr. Hatterley soon after Colonel Irons had left France. The British commissioner had not been able to move the philosopher. Later, from London, he had sent a letter to Franklin seeking to induce America to desert her ally. Franklin had promptly answered: "I would think the destruction of our whole country and the extermination of our people preferable to the infamy of allying ourselves with the enemy. We may lose all but we shall act in good faith."

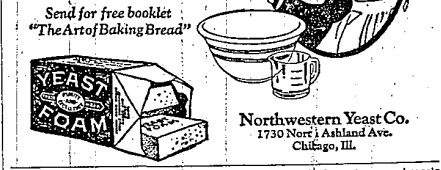
Here again was a new note in the history of diplomatic intercourse. Colonel Irons' letter to Margaret Hare, with part of which the reader is familiar, was forwarded by Francis to his friend Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, and by him delivered. Another letter, no less vital to the full completion of the task of these pages was found in the faded packet. It is from General Sir Benjamin Hare to his wife in London and is dated at New York, January 10, 1780. This is a part of the letter: "I have a small house near the barracks with our friend Colonel Ware and the best of modern slaves and every comfort. It is now a loyal city, secure from attack, and but for the soldiers, one might think it a provincial English town. This was my last year for years and my sleep is for a time quite safe. I have resolved to ask you and Margaret to take passage on one of the first troop ships sailing for New York, after this reaches you. Our friend Sir Ripper and his regiment are sailing in March as I am apprised by a recent letter. I am, by this post requesting him to offer you suitable accommodations and to give you all possible assistance. The war would only fight. His caution is maddening. His army is in a desperate plight, but he will not come out and meet us in the open. He continues to lean upon the strength of the hills. But there are indications that he will be abandoned by his own army."

(TO BE CONTINUED.) City of Capua The city of Capua of ancient Italy opened its gates to Hannibal after the Battle of Cannae, 216 B. C., and the army there went into winter quarters. Capua was the most luxurious city greatly elevated as a result of its residence there. When the Roman regained possession of Capua, 211 B. C., they secured and banished the surviving senators who had not sold themselves before the surrender. Only two persons, it is said, escaped: one, a woman who had been the mistress of the Roman general, and the other a woman who had succeeded some prisoners. The word "Capua" became a synonym for luxury and self-indulgence.

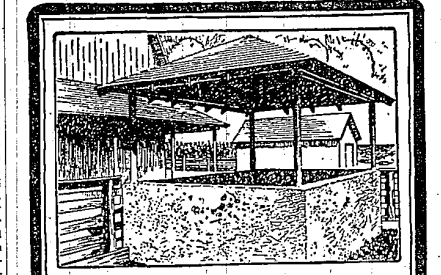
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So They Say "Look, dear," said Tommy's mother, while they were at the zoo, "there's an eagle. Just think, eagles are so strong they have been known to carry off a child." "That's nothing," said Tommy, "the stork sometimes carries three and four at a time." Waste wealth, never health.

CHILDREN CRY FOR

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