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Minn. June, Wis.—"I was under treatment, but nothing seemed to help me...

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Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Remedy... Has been used with satisfactory results for 50 years...

Warner's Safe Remedies The Reliable Family Medicines Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Remedy Warner's Safe Diabetes Remedy Warner's Safe Rheumatic Remedy Warner's Safe Asthma Remedy Warner's Safe Heroin Warner's Safe Pills (Cathartic)

Speckled Tea... Freckled-faced Mickey plays in Hal Roach's "Our Gang" comedies. His mother says he never steps out of the character he portrays on the screen.

Sarcastic Tramp... "Please let me have a bite to eat," asked the tramp at the back door, and Bridget let the disheveled creature into the kitchen.

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FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haafem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

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correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine G.O. MEXAN.

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Scalp, dandruff, itching and soreness. Eczema, Ringworm, Psoriasis, and other skin diseases.

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

Those "indications" were the letters of one John Anderson, who described himself as a prominent officer in the American army. The letters were written to Sir Henry Clark.

Margaret and her mother, called with Sir Roger and his attendants on the tenth of March and arrived in New York on the twenty-sixth of April.

The month of May, 1780, gave Washington about the worst pinch in his career. It was the pinch of hunger.

On a clear, warm day, late in July 1780, a handsome coach drawn by four horses crossed King's Ferry and crossed the bridge.

"What does that mean, I wonder?" Jack queried.

"I'm scared about it," said the younger scout. "I am afraid that this money secker has the confidence of Washington."

"I didn't tell the general half that Read said to me. It was so bitter and yet I believe it was true. I ought to have told him. Perhaps I ought now."

"There's time enough," said Solomon. "Wait till we get back. Sometimes I've thought the chief needed advice but it's allus truered that I was the one that needed it."

The two horsemen rode on in silence. It was the middle of the afternoon of that memorable July day.

"You'd better get out again and wipe your feet," she ordered severely.

"I was a singularly handsome face, smooth-shaven and well-shaped with large, dark eyes and a skin very clean and perfect."

"It was a singularly handsome face, smooth-shaven and well-shaped with large, dark eyes and a skin very clean and perfect."

"You are John Irons, Jr., and I am Henry Thornhill," said he. "I saw you at Kinderhook where I used to live. I liked you then and, since the war began, I have known of your adventures."

"Washington cannot be overcome by his enemies and he is betrayed by his friends. Arnold has been put in command at West Point. He has planned the betrayal of the army."

"No. As yet I have had no opportunity. I am, telling him, now, through you. In his friendships he is a singularly astute man. The wife of an enemy are as an open book to him, but those of a friend he is not able to comprehend. He will discredit or only half believe any warning that you

or I may give him. But it is for you and Solomon to warn him and not to deceive."

"I shall turn about and ride back to camp," I said.

"There is no need of haste," he answered. "Arnold does not assume command until the third of August."

"He shaded his eyes and looked toward the west where the sun was setting, and the low-lying clouds were the rose-colored haze of a golden sun."

"Too good for fighting men," I answered as I set down to finish my luncheon for I was still hungry.

"While I ate, the tormenting thought came to me that I had neglected to ask for the source of his information or for his address. It was a curious observation, made in a masterly manner, and that sense of the guarded tongue which an ordinary mortal is apt to feel in the presence of a great personality."

"I reached the Corlies farm, far down in the neutral territory, at ten o'clock and a little before dawn was with Corlies and his neighbors in a rough fight with a band of cattle thieves."

"I had often thought of Nancy, the blazefaced mare, that I had got from Governor Reed and traded to Mr. Paulding. I was again reminded of her by seeing a mare she had just come from Tarrytown. Being near that place I rode on to Paulding's farm and spent a night in his house. I found Nancy in good flesh and spirits. She seemed to know and like the tones of my hand and, standing by her side, the notion came to me that I ought to own her. Paulding was reduced in circumstances. Having been a patriot and a money lender the war had impoverished him. My commission was worn by overwork and so I proposed a trade and offered a sum to boot which he promptly accepted. I came back up the north road with the handsome, high-legged mare under my saddle."

"The next night I stopped with one Reuben Smith near the northern limit of the neutral territory below Stony Point. Smith had prospered by selling supplies to the patriot army. I had heard that he was a Tory and so I wished to know him. I found him a rugged, jovial, long-haired man of middle age, with a ready ringing laugh. His jokes were spoken in a low tone and followed by quick, stertorous breathing and roars and gestures of appreciation."

"He looked my mare over carefully before he led her to the stable."

"Next morning as he stood by her head, he asked if I would let her."

"You couldn't afford to own that mare," I said.

"I had not realized how much he had made by his overcharging. He was better able to own her than I and that he proposed to show me."

"The offered for her another horse and a sum which caused me to take account of my situation. The money would be a help to me. However, I shook my head. He increased his offer."

"What do you want of her?" I asked.

"I've always wanted to own a horse like that," he answered.

"I intended to keep the mare," said I. "But if you will treat her well and give her a good home I shall let you have her."

"A man who likes a good joke will never drive a spavined horse," he answered merrily.

tion," said Washington. "Who told you?"

"A man of the name of Henry Thornhill."

"I do not know him but he is certainly well informed. Arnold is an able officer. We have not many like him. He is needed here for I have to go on a long trip to eastern Connecticut to confer with Rochambeau. In the event some unforeseen crisis Arnold would know what to do."

Then Jack spoke out: "General, I ought to have reported to you the exact words of Governor Reed. They were severe, perhaps, even unjust. And now I regretted them to my own. But now I think you should know their full content and judge of them in your own way. The governor insists that Arnold is had and smart—that he would sell his master for thirty pieces of silver."

Washington made no reply, for a moment, and then his words seemed to have no necessary relation to those of Jack Irons.

"General Arnold has been badly cut up in many battles," said he. "I wish him to be relieved of all trying details. You are an able and prudent man. I will make you his chief aide with the rank of brigadier general. He needs rest and will concern himself little with the daily routine. In my absence, you will be the superintendent of the camp, and subject to order I shall leave with you. Colonel Blinks will be your helper. I hope that you may be able to keep your self on friendly terms with the general."

Jack reported to the commander in chief the warning of Thornhill, but the former made light of it.

"The air is full of evil gossip," he said. "Top may hear it of me."

"When they rode up to headquarters Arnold was there. To Jack's surprise the major general greeted him with friendly words, saying:

"I hope to know you better for I have heard much of your equage and fighting quality."

On the third of August—the precise date named by Henry Thornhill—Arnold took command of the camp and Irons assumed his new duties. The major general rode with Washington every day until, on the fourteenth of September, the latter set out with three aides and Colonel Blinks on his trip to Connecticut. Solomon rode with the party for two days and then returned. Thereafter Arnold left the work of his office to Jack and gave his time to the enjoyment of the company of his wife and a leisure that suffered little interruption. For him, wine-steamed like had smoothed his wrinkled front. Like Richard he had hung up his brushed arms. The day of Washington's departure, Mrs. Arnold invited Jack to dine. The young man felt bound to accept this opportunity for more friendly relations.

Mrs. Arnold was a handsome, vivacious, blonde young woman of thirty. The officer speaks in a letter of her lively, frank and pleasing smile and splendid figure, well fitted with a costume that reminded him of the court ladies in France.

"What a contrast to the worn, patched uniform to be seen in that camp!" he added.

Soon after the dinner began, Mrs. Arnold said to the young man, "We have heard of your romance. Colonel and Mrs. Hare and their young daughter spent a week in our home in Philadelphia on their first trip to the colonies. Later Mrs. Hare wrote to my mother of their terrible adventure in the great north bush and spoke of Margaret's attachment for the handsome boy who had helped to rescue them, so I have some right to my interest in you. I happen to know a detail in your story which may be new to you. Miss Hare is now with her father in New York."

"In New York?" "Indeed! In New York! We heard in Philadelphia that she and her mother had sailed with Sir Roger in March. How joyfully it would be if the general and I could bring you together and have a wedding at headquarters!"

"I could think of no greater happiness than that of seeing the end of the war," Jack answered.

"The war! That is a little matter. I want to see a proper end to this love story."

She laughed and ran to the splenetic servants. "Shepherds, I Have Lost My Love."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PROFESSIONAL NURSE SAYS TANLAC HAS NO EQUAL

By reason of the fact that she speaks from her long experience as a professional nurse, the statement of Mrs. F. Clark of 415 W. 14th street, Oakland, Calif., will be of interest to all who are in need of an upbuilding tonic.

"In all my fifteen years' experience as a trained nurse," says Mrs. Clark's statement, "I never found the equal of Tanlac as a stomach medicine and tonic. Two years ago an attack of influenza left me without appetite and my stomach in such a bad fix that the little I did eat seemed to do me harm instead of good."

"Stomach pains would make me so weak I would feel right faint. The least exertion would completely exhaust me and six months before taking Tanlac I was so weak I had to hire my housework done. I was in the most of the time for two months and was getting desperate."

"Tanlac was more than a match for my troubles and eight bottles left me feeling fine. I eat and sleep like a child and have energy and strength that makes life a pleasure. Tanlac is simply grand."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 40 million bottles sold.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills, for constipation—made and recommended by the manufacturers of Tanlac.

Played at a Reception From a concert program—"The Lost Cord, by Mr. Cordeur"—Boston Transcript.

Humanity would be better today had all our forefathers lived up to their epithets.

It's More Poignant Sweet are the uses of adversity. A toothache makes you forget the heartache.—Duluth Herald.

We should control ourselves; and try not to develop "artistic temperaments."

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Especially Prepared for Infants and Children of All Ages

Mother! Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 30 years as a pleasant, harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Soothing Drops and Soothing Syrup. Contains no narcotics. Proven directions are on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it. The kind you have always bought bears signature of:

Dr. J. C. Fletcher

A physician says that a woman is never really ill as long as she is able to complain.

A sunny disposition is delightful if it's natural; and if it is artificial it beats a grouchy one.

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Mothers! "If your children do not possess a very keen appetite for baker's bread, try home-made bread and note the sudden increase in the youngsters' bread consumption."—Dr. F. M. B. Hawk.

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A good silo means a good supply of succulent fodder. That, in turn, means more and better milk during the winter months. And you know how that helps to fatten your bank balance.

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Responsible in first cost, and free of maintenance expense, it is the last word in silo economy.

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