

World Has Long Known Dates as Staple Food

Americans who eat dates chiefly as sweets, dessert, or as components of puddings and cakes, seldom realize that dates have been raised and prized from antiquity as one of the most nourishing, satisfying foods in the world.

The war vessel Monitor, built in 1861, was designed by Capt. John Ericsson, one of the inventors of the screw propeller. Its sides were protected by armor plate five inches thick and its turret by armor eight inches thick.

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Fatal Illness Sunday School Teacher—What Killed Samson? Willie—Falling arches.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES Quick, Safe Relief For Eyes Irritated By Exposure To Sun, Wind and Dust At All Drug Stores

Really Simple Economy begins in not wanting something one can't afford.

CREOMUSION Your own druggist is authorized to cheerfully refund your money on the spot if you are not relieved by Creomulsion.

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Indigestion, Lost Pep! Mr. Harrison T. Moorhead of Middletown, Del. said: "When I had indigestion, no pep or energy, and did not feel like eating, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery soon had me feeling fit again."

HELP KIDNEYS IF your kidneys function badly and you have a lame, aching back, with attacks of dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen feet and ankles, rheumatic pains...

DOAN'S PILLS Rheumacide Indicated as an Alternative in the Treatment of RHEUMATIC FEVER, GOUT, Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Aches and Pains

OLD AGE PENSION INFORMATION. JUDGE LEHMAN, HUMBOLDT, KANS.

ROBBERS' ROOST

by Zane Grey

CHAPTER XII—Continued

The instinct of the horses had guided them to halt behind the only safe spot on the unsafe bank. Jim removed their packs, leaving the saddles on. Without hesitation he poured out all of the grain, about two quarts for each horse.

This was the climax of the storm that had been gathering for days. Out upon the level desert it would have been serious for travelers; here in this gorge it was a maelstrom. Jim did not expect to live to hear it pass away.

A sheet of water, sliding over the rock, hid the opaque blackness from Jim's eyes. Any moment now a flood would rise over the bank, and when it did Jim meant to climb higher with the girl, to front the hurtling rocks and slipping slides, and fight till the bitter end.

The time came to Jim, as if he dreamed, when all sounds changed, lessened, faded away, except the peculiar thrashing of the stream below. And he got to listening for that sound, which occurred only occasionally.

At length Jim calculated it was a strong current laden with sand, which at times caused billows to rise and lash their twisting tips back upon themselves.

The streams ceased flowing, the slides ceased slipping, the rocks ceased rolling and the waterfall fell from a thundering to a hollow roar and from that to a softening splash.

At last Jim had to accept a marvelous phenomenon—dawn was at hand. Gently he slipped Helen into the hollow of the saddle. She was still asleep. His cramped limbs buckled under him and excreting pains shot through his bones and muscles.

of him. Conscious, but too spent to speak or move, she lay back on his arm and watched him.

There had been a trail along here once, as was proved by a depressed line on the gravelly earth. When Jim surmounted this barren divide he suddenly was confronted by an amazing and marvelous spectacle.

At midday Jim passed deserted cabins, some on one side of the river, some on the other. They did not appear so old, yet they were not new. Had blue valley been abandoned? Jim was convinced it could not be so.

An hour later he toiled past a shack built of logs and stones, and adjoining a dugout, set into the hill. People had lived there once, but long ago.



Jim Hurried On to the Porch and Laid Helen on the Bed.

apparently he had left the zone of habitation behind. The afternoon waned. The horses plodded on, slower and slower, wearing to exhaustion. Helen was a dead weight. Despair had seized upon him when he turned a yellow corner between the slope and the cottonwoods.

The horses labored out of the mud to higher ground. Jim rode up to the cabin. Never in all his life had he been so glad to smell smoke, to see a garden, to hear a dog bark. His ever-quick eye caught sight of a man who had evidently been watching for he stepped out on the porch, rifle in hand.

CHAPTER XIII

Jim hurried on to the porch and laid Helen on the bed. She was so exhausted that she could not speak, but she smiled at Jim. Her plight was evident. Then Jim straightened up to look at the man.

His swift gaze, never so penetrating, fell upon a sturdy individual of middle age—a typical pioneer, still-faced and bearded. The instant Jim looked into the blue eyes, mildly curious, he knew that whoever the man was he had not heard of the abduction of Herrick's sister.

"Howdy, stranger." "My name's Wall," said Jim in reply, slowly seeking for words.

ask nothin' fer good will toward those in need." "Thank you," Jim replied, huskily. "Will you call them to look after my wife?"

Helen was starting up at Jim with wondering, troubled eyes. "Is everything all right?" she asked, faintly.

"Yes, if to find friends an' care is that," replied the rancher, kindly. Then he stepped to the door to call within. "Mary, this rider was not alone. It was his wife he was carryin'.

"You will never go back to—to your old life?" she questioned quickly. "No, so help me, God! This I owe to you alone, Helen. It will be possible now for me even to be happy.

Jim ceased. Her hands slipped from her eyes, to expose them wide, flamed with tears, through which shone that which made him flee.

"I thought that best. They would be less curious." "I was not offended—and I understood. . . . I want you to go back to Star ranch with me."

"You ask me—that!" he exclaimed incredulously. "Yes, I do." "But you will be perfectly safe. Some one will drive you from Grand Junction."

"Perhaps. Only I'll never feel safe again—unless you are near. I've had too great a shock, Jim. I suppose one of your western girls could have stood this adventure. But this was my first rough experience. It was a—a little too much."

"I can never go back to Star ranch," he replied, gravely. "Why not? Because you are—you were a member of a robber gang? I had an ancestor who was a robber baron."

"That's not the reason," he said. "If I leave you now—soon as I've placed you in good hands—I can ride off in peace—to Arizona, or somewhere and be a cowboy—and be happy in the memory of having served you and loved you—and through that having turned my back on the old life. . . . But if I went back to Star ranch—to see you every day—to—to—"

"To ride with me," she interferred, softly. "Yes—to ride with you," he went on hoarsely. "That'd be like what you called your rough experience—a little too much. It would be terribly too much. I'm only human."

Marshall, N. C., built on a shelf between mountain bluffs and the French Broad river, is so narrow that only one street extends the length of the city.

Uncommon Sense

By John Blake

My work-room dictionary contains two definitions of prosperity. One is: "The state of being prosperous; good fortune in any business or enterprise."

What Is Prosperity? "Success in respect to anything good or desirable." Of the two, I like the second better.

I have known many men who were said to be prosperous. They had abundance of money, good health, and never failed of friends to swarm around them and fatten on their bounty.

Next morning while the women were at work in the fields and Tasker was away somewhere Jim approached Helen on the porch. Her hair, once again under care, shone like burnished gold.

"Well, you look wonderful this morning," he said. "We must begin to think of getting away." "Oh, I'm able to start."

"You didn't come back," she whispered. "I cannot sleep. . . . There is something I—want to say." He sat down upon the bedside and clasped her hand in his.

"I expect soon to have a job which will support me. My wife and children are here. What more could I want?" He really meant what he said. He is still under fifty, and with his brains and energy may make another fortune.

Work Rarely Fatal In many cases these men were overworked, but not overworked. If you have and keep your health, you can do a great deal more work than you think you are capable of.

When I was actively engaged in the newspaper business I knew many men who worked sometimes eleven or twelve hours at a stretch when they had important tasks.

When you think that your job is slowly killing you, you had better go to a doctor, who will look you over and find out that it is something else that is at the root of the trouble—ill health—quite possibly taking a little more stimulant than you need to keep the machine going.

I know many men of sixty who are even more capable today than they were forty years ago, and at that time they were stars at their job.

Value of Kindergarten Shown in After Years

Education is a lifelong process. The better the beginning, the better the life. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, chancellor emeritus of New York University, once said: "From the kindergarten to manhood is so long a span that it is hard for many people to realize the full significance of kindergarten training for the adult life of our people. But there are certain ways—not altogether obvious though long recognized by the friends of the kindergarten—in which this foster-parent of our child-citizenship is vitally related to our citizen-life in its entirety."

The child who goes to a good kindergarten usually enjoys his later school days, and whatever his adult occupation may be he still continues interested in the world about him and in the accomplishments of his fellow men, just as long as he lives. Be sure there is a class, conducted by a properly trained kindergarten teacher, for the boys and girls of your community. If you need help write to the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West Fortieth street, New York City. There is no charge for any service rendered.

Congenial Isolation An Englishman and an American traveled in the same compartment on one of the Liverpool expresses. The former spoke not a word to his companion, who was the only other occupant of the compartment, and it was only when the train was crossing Kuncorn bridge that the American said: "Excuse me, sir, but your tie is riding up over the back of your collar."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

Help Kidneys If poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching, or Acidity try the guaranteed Doctor's Prescription Cystex (Cis-cetax) Must fix you up or money back. Only 75¢ at druggists.

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CHERRY-GLYCERINE COMPOUND For Coughs due to Colds, Minor Bronchial and Throat Irritations

"INSIDE INFORMATION" For indigestion or CONSTIPATION CLEANSE INTERNALLY the tea-cup way. GARNFIELD TEA acts promptly, pleasantly, MILDLY. Note cure-all, but certainly effective in relieving constipation. At drug-stores—25c and 10c. FREE SAMPLE Write to: GARNFIELD TEA CO., Dept. 12, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Little Girl's Face Inflamed by Psoriasis Healed by Cuticura "My little girl's face was so inflamed that her eyes were swollen almost shut. The trouble was diagnosed as psoriasis. She scratched night and day and was not able to obtain rest. The scratching aggravated the trouble and each finger tip was red and swollen with infection. She became so emaciated that she was very pathetic looking. "After three months' suffering I recalled the Cuticura treatment used by my mother. I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment and used them according to directions. The first treatment brought relief, and she is now healed." (Signed) Mrs. Marie I. Johnson, 4720 Ames Ave., Omaha, Neb., March 14, 1934. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold Everywhere. One sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. B, Malden, Mass."—Adv.