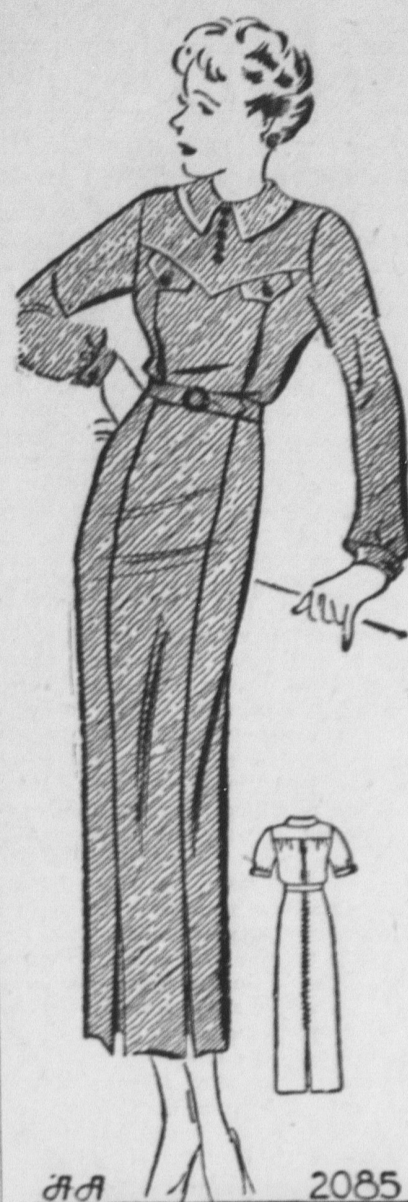


Smart for School
or Work in Office

PATTERN 2085



2085

When a girl leaves the house before nine every morning, whether she's off to school or to work, she needs at least one well-tailored frock in her wardrobe, one that will take her smartly through long busy hours and bring her home at night looking as freshly dressed as when she started. Designed along tailored lines, this frock adds a becoming "little boy" collar to its youthful yoke and tops its smart front bodice pleats with buttoned-down tabs that look for all the world like two perky little pockets. The skirt boasts a panel in front which ends in two inverted pleats, and there is another inverted pleat at the back. The full back gathered to the yoke is the last word in chic.

Pattern 2085 is available only in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18. She 16 takes 2 3/4 yards 54 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included. Send FIFTEEN CENTS (in coins or stamps preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE. Address orders to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth Street, New York City.

Smiles

PIGS AND PATRONAGE
"How do you stand on the hog-slaughtering program?"
"It has been of no use to me," answered Senator Sorghum. "I haven't sufficient sophistry at command to make it look to my constituents like an excuse for not bringing home the bacon."

May Have Seen Double
Froud Father (somewhat tipsy)—Congratulate me, geneelmun, I wanna register twins.
Record Clerk—What makes you say gentlemen? I'm the only one here.
Froud Father—Say, hold everything (hic), till I can go home and take another look (hic) at them 'N' tikes.—Capper's Weekly.

Commercial Candor
Customer—How do you sell this imburbur?
Grocer—I often wonder myself, ma'am.

Fine For Digestion

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
THE PERFECT GUM

Fine For Teeth

Foods Contain Water
All foods contain water. The driest bread or biscuit may contain 5 to 10 per cent water, and some fruits and vegetables, like tomatoes, melons, lettuce, cauliflower and strawberries, may contain as much as 90 per cent.

The Man From Yonder

By HAROLD TITUS

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER V

Still, something did turn up. Just at breakfast time, while Ben was prowling the mill, admitting to himself that perhaps it was time to look at his Lole card—the letter that the old cruiser had sent to him with its intriguing inscription—a stranger behind a light driving team swung into the mill-yard, stopped and tied his horses.

"Well, you had a fire!" he said as Ben approached. "See you've still got a mill standing, though."

"Standing, yes. But that's all you can say for it."

"That's tough!" The man eyed him in genuine concern. "Are you by any chance Ben Elliott?"

"I am."

"Elliott, my name's Blackmore. Glad to see you! I was in here and talked with Harrington week before last and he was saying out some veneer logs for me. I'm with the Veneer Exporting corporation and we're in the market for quite a few cars of stuff. Wonder if I could interest you in a deal. Market's right good and we're in need of some more stuff to fill out a shipment. Maybe with your mill shut down you might be interested."

"That's a close guess. Shoot!"

"I'll pay you a hundred and twenty dollars a thousand for bird's eye maple and ninety dollars for veneer birch; standard specifications and delivery inside of two weeks on, say, thirty thousand. I know you're busy, so I name the top and pass any dickering."

A hundred and twenty. . . . And ninety for birch! Ben's heart leaped but he gave no outward indication of the great relief that surged through him.

"Two weeks?" he asked.

"Yes, and less. Let's see. . . . I'll have to have thirty thousand delivered in just eleven days to be safe in getting 'em to Montreal on time. I'll take fifty thousand at the price but the thirty will have to be loaded and on track first."

"That'll be fast production."

"All of that! But if I can't get the stuff from you I can from Brandon by going up a few dollars a thousand. My cards are on the table, Elliott. Can we deal?"

Ben considered, rubbing his chin with a knuckle. He looked up the road which led toward camp to see a man approaching with that quick, space-devouring stride of the woodsman.

"Had breakfast?" he asked.

"No."

"Blanket your team and go eat. I'll have an answer for you by the time you're through."

As the veneer buyer entered the boarding house Bird-Eye Blaine—the traveler from camp—had reached the mill-yard.

"For the love av—" he began, turning his amazed stare from the mill to Elliott.

"Yes, a fire, Bird-Eye. Never mind that now. Where'd you get your name?"

"Me name! Say, where does any man—"

"I mean 'Bird-Eye.' Why do they call you that?"

"Oh, that! Why, I looked veneer stuff from Brandon for years until I got sick with disgust fer 'is' mon."

"I see. And you've been on the Hoot Owl for three years, haven't you? Know the timber pretty well?"

"I know every quarter stake by its first name!"

"How much bird's-eye and veneer birch is there within draying distance of the steel? Let's get down to cases. Do you think there's ten thousand? Or fifty?"

"Fifty. Naw! Tin?"—twisting his head. "Twice that, anyhow. 'Nd on twenty-three the' 's another bunch av ul. Scattered all through, too, but bunched. Mither Elliott, loike ye don't see ut frequent. That makes ut easy to git out."

"What I'm getting at is this: With the crew I've got could we get thirty thousand out in ten days?"

Bird-Eye shrugged.

"Down, b'y, but that's a chore! With this crew av hay tossers?" He shook his head. "Mebby you could. . . . You 'nd Paul Bunyan. Most men couldn't even so much as start."

"Wait here. I'll see you in a few minutes."

He entered Buller's house where Able Armitage slipped coffee gloomily, neglecting the food on his plate.

"This is the nineteenth," Ben said.

"With what bank balance we have, how much must we get together to meet the payroll, that one note that you think can't be renewed and interest on others that'll be due? My figures are all up at camp."

Able considered at length.

"Three thousand might let us out. Why?"

"I put that question dryly. 'I just wondered.' Ben turned to Buller. 'How many men will you need to get the mill in shape? I mean, how many can you use and not have them falling over each other?'"

"Oh, four or five besides myself."

Ben nodded. "That'll give me fifteen of the mill crew to throw into the woods." His eyes snapped as he looked back at Able. "A half hour ago I was feeling about half licked. I'll make

the three thousand by the first or break my neck!"

"What are you getting at, Benny?" Able demanded.

"This." Ben hitched his chair close to the table and with a relish which indicated the love of battle, sketched his plan.

By noon that plan was in partial operation. Bird-Eye Blaine, his duties as barn boss temporarily delegated to another and Ben Elliott cruised through the timber north of camp, belt axes in their hands. And in the morning the camp crew, augmented by fifteen men from the mill, left off the work of felling lumber in strips, scattered through the woods and dropped marked trees. Swampers were with them, clearing the way for teams that followed close on the sawyers' heels and drayed these high quality logs out to the railroad.

Ben Elliott was everywhere. Bird-Eye knew his specialty, he determined, and Ben let the little Irishman go it alone. Without help Blaine could find more veneer trees in a day than the crew could drop and get out to the decking grounds.

"But it's a man's sized job to keep your eye on such an operation!" Ben declared to Able. "I've got to watch Buller and the mill, too. I've got to think about markets so we'll be all set when we commence to saw again, and the devil of it is I'm only one hand and there are only twenty-four hours in a day!" He grinned. "Where's this good man you told me about? Jeffers? Is that his name?"

"Tim Jeffers? Over in the next town! But I doubt he'll even listen. He hasn't wanted a job in three years."

"Doubting isn't knowing," Ben said grimly and the next afternoon drove hard for Jeffers' little farm clearing.

The old logger met Elliott with an eye that seemed at first to be hostile but which on closer observation proved to be only one of severe appraisal.

"So you're after a camp foreman," he said. "No, I've quit the timber for good, Elliott. I'm through. A man has trouble enough without hunting it. I'm not a young man, son. I've no years nor strength any more to put into another man's losing fight."

"We won't lose," Brandon's tried everything up to and including fire and he hasn't got me licked yet. Come along with me, Tim Jeffers, and we'll run him into his hole!"

But the man was obstinate and Ben left him, chagrined and a bit angered at his failure.

"Brandon's got a crimp in the whole country," he muttered as he drove on toward camp. "And here I am, trying to do four men's work. Tough nut? I'll tell the world!"

In Tincup he drove to the express office to inquire for the new piston head for the locomotive which was due. He wanted to start loading his veneer logs and getting them out to the siding as rapidly as they came from the woods. He had signed a contract with the time for delivery specified and wanted to run no chance of delay.

But the repair part was not there.

"Got the bill of it," the station agent said. "But it hasn't shown up. Ought to be along tomorrow."

However, the next day did not bring the repairs and the driver of Ben's supply team reported the fact to him.

"And the agent, he wants to see you," the man added enigmatically.

"Didn't that piston head come yet?" Ben demanded angrily of the supply teamster after the man's next trip to town.

"I told you the agent wanted to see you."

The other's manner was doggedly mysterious and Elliott, without further questioning, harnessed and drove to Tincup.

The agent shook hands cordially and drew him inside the tiny ticket office. He spoke in a cautious tone, although they were alone.

"The messenger on the train says he put that engine part off for me the night the bill came through. It ain't here and I'm takin' a chance of losing my job just telling you even that much."

Ben frowned.

"What are you driving at? It's not here and you'll lose—You mean, the express company'll hold you responsible for an article lost out of the depot?"

"That don't worry me. The shipment came in and I never saw it and if I was to tell you that the only thing that could've happened was that it was taken off the truck while I was handling baggage it wouldn't be a bad guess. But if certain parties knew I told you that much the railroad would get such a complaint about me that I'd

be out of a job between days and don't you forget it!"

"Oh, I see," Ben looked at a calendar. "It took them five days to get it back to me. Can't wait that long. Give me a telegraph blank. I'll have 'em notify me by wire when they ship and if I have to meet trains myself. . . . why, I can do that, too."

The other nodded and gave Ben a worried look.

"I sort of liked the way you did up Duval in that log rollin'; and I heard about the trimmin' you gave him at camp. And I'm . . . Well, I've seen enough raw stuff go on around this man's town to feed me up. I'll help you all I can but I've got kids to think about."

Ben made a wry face.

"Even children don't seem safe," he said. "Some of us have got only our dander invested in the particular fracas I'm mixing in, but everything the little McManus girl has got is at stake."

"Yup. You're— Little girl?"

"Yes. The McManus girl. She owns the Hoot Owl."

"Oh," the agent said with a queer look.

The following morning, a half hour after the men had gone to the woods, a sawyer came running toward the camp office just in time to catch Ben before he left for the mill.

"Hil, Elliott!" he called. "Hold on a minute!"

He came breathlessly up to the sleigh.

"Somebody cut three inches off the measures last night. Thought you ought to know. Legs three inches short might be throws out."

"Somebody cut— How'd you find that out?"

"Well, we left the measuring stick layin' on a tree we'd dropped last night. I'd marked it myself, figurin' on making one more log before we quit and then we decided not to. It showed just a mite durin' the night. I laid the measure down again this morning and made another mark, forgetting about the first which was covered up with snow, you see. When I marked, it knocked the snow off the log, showing up my first one three inches off. I thought that was funny so I measured again. Somethin' was wrong, sure. We looked her over and found where a piece had been cut off the stick and then we saw our tracks—"

"Be with you pronto," Ben muttered as he turned his team back toward the barn.

He found five of the saw gangs with shortened measures. Fortunately, the discovery was made early in the day and only a few under-length logs had been made. However, it proved to Ben that menacing influences struck to unexpected ways and from all quarters.

An unexplained snowshoe trail was found which led in from the north and none knew who had made it. The visitor evidently had gone out by road in the dead of night.

"Seems to me," Bird-Eye said that night, "that I heard 'bout two fellas trappin' over ferminat Squaw lake. Moight be they ain't trappers a-tall, a-tall!"

Shortly after dinner on the following day Ben Elliott set out to investigate the case of a trappers' camp on Squaw lake, which lay to the northward of Hoot Owl.

Things were going swimmingly on the job. He was a bit ahead even of the stiff schedule of production he had set for himself and if the weather held reasonably good and he could frustrate these attempts to slow him up, he would turn the trick which engaged him for the present.

It was a good six miles to Squaw lake but he did not follow the most direct route. Swung right and left now and then, smiling when he came on a particularly fine piece of timber. Certainly, the Hoot Owl stuff looked better every time he went through it. Money standing on end for an orphan girl if he, Ben Elliott, should be strong enough to outlast Nicholas Brandon's ruthlessness and persistence! He wondered about Dawn McManus, known and marked as the daughter of a murderer. Tough, he told himself, for a child to grow up under a cloud like that.

He started back after a fruitless investigation, and had not gone more than half-way to camp when he came suddenly upon a fresh snowshoe trail. He stopped short with a little thrill. Another prowler? The one who had shortened his measures yesterday? The tracks were only moments old, he knew by the way the freshly falling snow lay in them.

He took the trail at a swift walk,

came on a place where the one he followed had stopped and stood a moment, turned around and then resumed his way.

Ben went faster, breaking into a jog trot where the going was good. A half hour later he saw the moving figure before him. Ben saw him turn about, looking upward, stare into the wind which blew from the northwest and swing and go with it. Not completely lost, as a greenhorn might be; not floundering in panic and traveling meaningless circles, but still far from certain in directions.

Ben felt a tightening in his throat. This, the chances were, would be an encounter with one of the men who, most certainly acting on Brandon's orders, sought to hamper and hamstring him. A savage anticipation ran his veins with that; to meet this prowler would be a greater satisfaction, even, than throwing Bull Duval out of his camp had been.

Elliott pushed on, moving faster than the other, cutting down the distance between them as the thickening gloom made it impossible for him to see clearly at any distance.

The man before him stopped suddenly and faced about. Elliott hesitated, wondering whether he had been seen or not. If not, he wanted to trail secretly; if so—

He had no doubt, now, that he had been seen, so he went forward resolutely, intent on meeting the wanderer with challenge.

He dipped into a sharp ravine, climbed the other slope . . . and came

face to face with the most lovely girl he could then or afterward remember having seen in his life.

Great brown eyes looked at him. The nose was small, aristocratic; the mouth red lipped, mobile, he imagined, but now it was set rather grimly into an expression of extreme petulance.

He did not register consciously the knitted frown of soft maroon wool, nor the well-tailored jumper and knickers. Impressions leaped at him in ensemble, rather than detail: a trim, trig, competent little figure.

"Oh!" he said, when she did not speak. "Oh . . . Why, hello!"

He grinned, then, but no responsive smile changed the girl's face or even lighted her eyes.

"Good afternoon," she said brusquely, almost sharply.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sparrow Hawk, Smallest, Family's Most Beautiful

During late fall and winter field and house mice form the main diet of the Sparrow Hawk, the smallest and most beautiful of our hawk family, according to a writer in the Missouri Farmer. Exceedingly brave and aggressive, it will sit in a nearby tree while the farmer shucks corn out of the shock or when he is hauling fodder out of the field, watching for mice which run out of the shock.

This hawk has an amazing sense of sight; with a graceful swoop, he catches a mouse on the run that is scurrying away from a corn shock, having seen his prey emerge from the shock from his vantage point many yards distant. His skill and his valise to the farmer can best be noted when snow is then low and he is braver than usual. At such a time he will catch mice very near the farmer who is working at the corn shock.

Occasionally the sparrow hawk attacks small birds and chickens. These depredations usually occur during the nesting period or when other food is scarce, but these irregularities are so infrequent that they are more than outweighed by its good services in destroying mice and insects.

THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

Ben Elliott—from "Yonder"—arrives at the lumbering town of Tincup, with Don Stuart, old, very sick man, whom he has befriended. He defeats Bull Duval, "King of the river," and town bully, in a log-birthing contest. Nicholas Brandon, the town's leading citizen, resents Stuart's presence, trying to force him to leave town and Elliott, resenting the act, knocks him down. Elliott is arrested and finds a friend in Judge Able Armitage. The judge hires him to run the one lundens her camp, the Hoot Owl, that Brandon has not been able to grab. This belongs to Dawn McManus, daughter of Brandon's old partner, who has disappeared with a murder charge hanging over his head. Brandon sends Duval to beat up Ben, and Ben wounds him in a fist fight and throws him out of camp. Don Stuart dies, and Ben leaves a letter for Elliott "to be used when the going becomes too tough." Ben leaving a letter for Elliott, believing he can win the fight by his own efforts. Fire refuses to open the letter, believing he can win the fight against the flames that breaks out in the mill. Ben, leading the victorious fight against the flames that threatened to win the fight for Brandon, discovers the fire was started with gasoline.

NEVER HEARD OF 'IM
Clergyman (to father who has just had his baby christened "Homer")—I suppose Homer is your favorite poet?
Farmer—Poet? No sir! I keep pigeons.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Relieves Sluggish Feeling
Night or day, when you first begin to feel sluggish and need something to straighten out your bowels (to relieve constipation)—take a dose of reliable Thedford's Black-Draught. "We take Black-Draught for biliousness, constipation and any bad feeling that comes from these conditions," writes Mrs. Luvena Owens, of Springer, Okla. "Black-Draught cleans the system and makes me feel much better after taking it."
Freshen up by taking this purely vegetable laxative, if you have a tendency to constipation or sluggishness. **THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT**

Sit Steady
Paddle your own canoe, and don't stand up in it.

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HOW TO CONTROL CHICKEN LICE
ACME NITICINE POULTRY DELOUSER

Mail coupon below. Learn how to rid henhouse of lice and mites overnight!

Every poultry raiser should read this invaluable booklet! It is full of information on how to rid the henhouse of lice and mites at less cost. . . . and will mean healthier hens, more eggs and extra profits.

Also, it tells of that remarkable new patented formula, Acme Nicotine Poultry Delouser. Spread on perches, this amazing, slow-acting formula kills lice and mites overnight, while hens sleep! And it goes farther. Lasts longer. Costs less to use.

With the spring egg-laying season on the way, it is important that you have this information at once. Fill out and mail coupon NOW while you think of it. No cost or obligation.

ACME NITICINE POULTRY DELOUSER
Made by the makers of Acme Nicotine Poultry Delouser. Spread on perches, this amazing, slow-acting formula kills lice and mites overnight, while hens sleep! And it goes farther. Lasts longer. Costs less to use.

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Address _____
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Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly, for functional kidney disorder permits poisons to stay in the blood and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They help the kidneys cleanse the blood of health-destroying poisonous waste. Doan's Pills are used and recommended the world over. Get them from any druggist.

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Itching, roughness, cracking, easily relieved and improved with soothing—

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No need to be broke. Average \$6 to \$15 daily with new chimney cleaning tool. Man who has worked at business 18 years developed tool and is selling same. Half day's work pays for tool. Postpaid \$5. C. O. D. \$1.50. W. H. CULLEN, 1536 Elmtree Street, Curtis Bay, Md.

The Maple Indicator locates buried money and mineral deposits. Guaranteed. Price \$15.00. C. W. HORTON, Belle Hive, Ill.

WNU-4 15-35

FEMINE WEAKNESS

Mrs. Gladys Cherront of Route 2, Clarkburg, (East View), W. Va., said: "About four years ago I was suffering from feminine weakness. I had pains in my side and back, also headaches. I got very little rest at night and felt terribly weak. After taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription all my suffering ended, and I have been in splendid health ever since." All druggists.

New size, tablets 50 cts., liquid \$1.00. Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.