



Reading for Women and all the Family



Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

BIG TIMBER

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

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(Continued)

with a curious uncertainty, a feeling of reluctance for the proceeding, she examined the contents of her purse. For a little time she gazed into it, a queer curl to full red lips. Then she fung it emptily on the bed and bent to take down her hair.

A rich, rough, touch country, it doesn't do to be finicky of anything," she murmured, drawing a line from one of Charlie's letters. "It would appear rather unpleasantly true. Particularly the last clause."

"Why, this log business," he said. "Fyfe is going to put in a donkey, and we're going verily to rip the innards out these woods. I'll make delivery of that fixed?" she asked.

"Why, this log business," he said. "Fyfe is going to put in a donkey, and we're going verily to rip the innards out these woods. I'll make delivery of that fixed?" she asked.

"That's good," she remarked, but without enthusiasm. The thought of that log business shanty had all possible enthusiasm for bringing out of her for the time being.

GRACE DISEASE OR CONSTIPATION

One of the points on which different schools of medicine practically agree is, that about 5 per cent. of all human disease is directly traceable to intestinal putrefaction of stomach waste due to ineffectiveness of the bowels, or constipation. The eliminative process is an essential factor in digestion and on its proper functioning depends the welfare of the entire system.

Constipation is a condition that should never be neglected, as soon as the bowels evidence the slightest disposition to slow up, a mild laxative should be taken. The combination of simple laxative herbs with peppermint, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and sold in drug stores for fifty cents a bottle, is highly recommended as a corrective, acting gently, in a natural way, without ripping or other pain or discomfort. A trial bottle of this excellent family remedy can be obtained, free of charge, by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 50 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.

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ing. Always toward the close of each day she was gripped by the feeling of deadly fatigue, in the face of which nothing much mattered but to get through the last hours somehow and drag herself wearily to bed.

Noon of the next day brought the Panther coughing into the bay, flanked on the port side by a scow upon which rested a twin to the iron monster that jerked logs into her brother's chute. To starboard was made fast a like scow. That was housed over, a smoking stovepipe stuck through the roof, and a capped and aproned cook rested his arms on the window sill as they floated in. Men to the number of twenty or more clustered about both scows and the Panther's deck, busy with pipe and cigarette and rude jest. The clatter of their voices upon the donkey scow thrust its blunt nose against the beach the clatter and laughter died into silent, capable action.

"A Seattle yarder properly handled can do anything but climb a tree," Charlie had once boasted to her in reference to his own machine. It seemed quite possible to Stella, watching Jack Fyfe's crew at work. Steam was up in the donkey. They carried a line from its drum through a snatch block ashore and jerked half a dozen logs crosswise before the scow in a matter of minutes. Then the same cable was made fast to a sturdy fir, the engineer stood by and the ponderous machine slid forward on its own skids, like an up-ended barrel on a sled, down off the scow, up the bank smashing brush, branches, dead roots, all that stood in its path, drawing steadily up to the anchor tree as the cable spooled up on the drum.

A dozen men tailed on to the inch and a quarter cable and tore the loose end away up the path. Presently one stood clear, waving a signal. Again a donkey began to puff and quiver, the line began to roll up on the drum, and the big yarder walked up the slope under its own power, a locomotive unfeeling of rails, making its own right of way. Upon the platform built over the skids were piled the tools of the crew, saws, grindstones, all that was necessary in their task. At 2 o'clock they made their first move. At 2 the donkey had vanished into that region where the chute head lay, and the great firs stood waiting the slaughter.

All's Well That Ends Well

By JANE McLEAN

"And so I'll be leaving you tonight, ma'am" said Della marching majestically out of the room after a long and carefully prepared speech.

Helen Kalkner, curled up in the large easy chair, said nothing to try to change the girl's mind, but said thought a great deal. Her first thought was that she was glad Della was going. Lately the girl had been entirely too independent, and Helen would have been glad of a chance to be rid of her if Kate hadn't gone out for the afternoon.

Helen Falkner dreaded the return of her husband that evening. She wondered vaguely what she would do about dinner. It had been a long time since she had cooked, and she hated to propose going out somewhere. It would be easier to try to get things ready herself, and serve her husband with as little to say about it as possible. Her thoughts went back to the time before she had married John. She had thought him wonderful then. What had happened to cause this rift between them? For that there was such a rift could no longer be denied, and Helen had grown to dread the evenings spent at home with him and to look forward to those when they went out.

It was far easier to pretend things didn't exist when others were present than it was when just the two were alone. And such a contingency as this of Della's leaving without giving notice was really a calamity.

Helen waited until the door slammed on Della and she could see her going determinedly down the walk, and then she crept down to the kitchen and began an inventory. Let it be said to Della's credit that she left her kitchen in fairly good order and the icebox was well stocked. Before Helen had been in the kitchen long she began to be interested, actually interested, and she sat on the kitchen table planning dinner for John.

She had called him John to herself, and for the first time she felt a thrill of pleasure in his home coming. What was the matter with her? It was really foolish to delude herself into believing that he would be any different. And yet she was interested, and she began to get out the things for the evening meal, trying not to think of her husband at all.

There was a steak, red and luscious looking.

"Just what John loves," she caught herself saying half aloud. She would French fry some potatoes, too, and there were peppers in the icebox. She would stuff them with mushrooms. As she flew about the kitchen enveloped in one

Daily Dot Puzzle

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Have you ever, ever heard, Of the little Titmouse— Draw from 1 to 2 and so on to the end.

pulled it over in the bay window away from the heavy dome, which she detested. She rushed out into the garden to pick some sweet peas for the low blue bowl, and stirred up a salad of a delectable richness, which she set in the icebox to chill.

"There," she murmured aloud, in a funny little way she had, a way John used to love long ago. "There, that looks perfectly dear."

And it did look dear, with her mother's heavy old silver candlesticks all fitted with candles ready to light. The candles would serve a double purpose. They would keep her face shadowed instead of glaring its every line and expression to the critical regard of the man who sat opposite.

She was bending over the steak which she had placed on the broiler when John Falkner came into the kitchen. The noise of the gas burners denuded his footsteps, and he stood for a minute and regarded

the little stooping figure with a look of overwhelming tenderness in his eyes.

"Well," he said finally. "What does this mean?"

Helen started, but she managed to shove the steak under the flame before she stood up.

"Della left this afternoon."

"Where is Katie?"

"She is out."

"I see, what made you bother like this? We could have gone out somewhere."

"I wanted to," Helen returned, raising her face to his.

"I thought you'd grown away from all this," he said, something in his eyes that had not been there for a long time.

"I thought so, too," she said truthfully. Her heart was beating madly. John was acting so strangely. Almost as if he liked things this way.

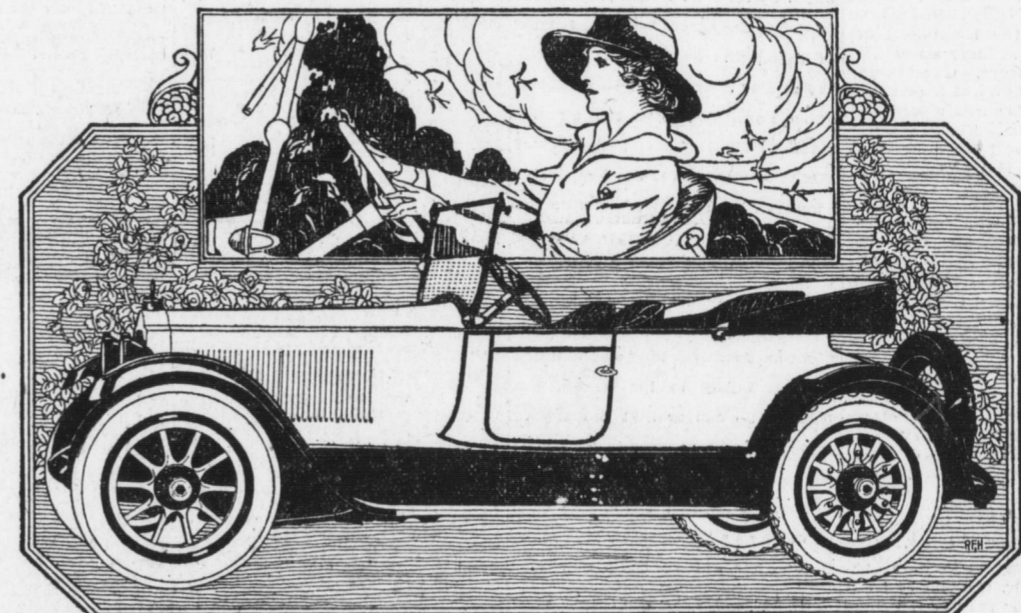
"It's like old times," he went on slowly, "when we didn't have someone always around."

"Did you like it then?" asked Helen breathlessly.

"Did I like it?" His tone was expressive.

"John," she said suddenly, a little bit hysterically. "Let's run away from it all. I'm miserable." And the next minute she was in his arms, her fingers locked about his neck, and they were telling each other all about it.

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