

# Beyond the Frontier

By RANDALL PARRISH  
A Romance of Early Days in the Middle West

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "The Maid of the Forest," etc.



### SYNOPSIS.

Adele la Chevrette, a belle of New France, is among the first to see the sun's rays. Cassion, the commissaire, has enlisted her Uncle Chevet's aid against La Saile, D'Artigny, La Saile's friend, offers his services as guide to Cassion on the journey to the wilderness. The uncle informs Adele that he has betrothed her to Cassion and forbids her to see D'Artigny again. In Quebec Adele visits her friend, Sister Celeste, who brings D'Artigny to her. She tells him her story and he vows to release her from the bargain with Cassion. D'Artigny leaves, promising to see her at the dance. Cassion escorts Adele to the ball. She meets the governor, La Barre, and hears him warn the commissaire against D'Artigny. D'Artigny's dukes to the ball has been recalled, but he gains entrance by the window. Adele informs him of the governor's words to Cassion. For her kidnapping at the ball Adele is ordered by the governor to marry Cassion at once and to accompany him to the Illinois country. He summons Chevet and directs that he attend them on the journey. They leave in the boats. Adele's future depends on the decision of D'Artigny whom she now knows as her lover. Cassion and D'Artigny have words. Uncle Chevet for the first time hears that his niece is an heiress, and begins to suspect Cassion's motives. Adele refuses to permit her husband to share her sleeping quarters.

Young Madame Cassion comes to the conclusion that she alone will be unable to cope with her husband who has designs on both her fortune and her person. She knows he has plotted against her and feels free to plot against him. Developments in the dramatic situation are here told vividly.

Adele has just declined to share sleeping quarters with her husband. He is furious when she refuses even to kiss him.

### CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Furious as the man was I felt no fear of him, merely an intense disgust that his hands should touch me, an indignation that he should offer me such insult. He must have read all this in my eyes, for he made but the one move, and I flung his hand aside as easily as though it had been



"Enough Monsieur—Go!"

that of a child. I was angry, so that my lips trembled, and my face grew white, yet it was not the anger that stormed.

"Enough, monsieur—go!" I said, and pointed to where the fires reddened the darkness. "Do not dare speak to me again this night."

An instant he hesitated, trying to muster courage, but the bully in him failed, and with an oath, he turned away and vanished. It was nearly dark then, and I sat down on a blanket at the entrance, and waited, watching the figures between me and the river. I did not think he would come again, but I did not know; it would be safer if I could have word with Chevet. A soldier brought me food, and when he returned for the time I made him promise to seek my uncle and send him to me.

My only faith in Honor Chevet rested in his natural resentment of Cassion's treachery relative to my father's fortune. He would feel that he had been cheated, deceived, deprived of his rightful share of the spoils.

I had been alone for an hour, already convinced that the soldier had failed to deliver my message, when my uncle finally emerged from the shadows, and announced his presence. He appeared a huge, shapeless figure, his very massiveness yielding me a feeling of protection, and I arose and joined him. His greeting proved the unhappiness of his mind.

"So you sent for me—why? What has happened between you and Cassion?"

"No more than occurred between us yonder in Quebec, when I informed him that I was his wife in name only," I answered quietly. "Do you blame me now that you understand his purpose in this marriage?"

"How know you the truth of all you have said?" he asked. "Where learned you of this wealth?"

"By overhearing conversation while hidden behind the curtain in La Barre's office. He spoke freely with his aide, and later with Cassion. It was my discovery there which led to

the forced marriage, and our being sent with this expedition."

"You heard alone?"

"So they thought, and naturally believed marriage would prevent my ever bearing witness against them. But I was not alone."

"Mon dieu! Another heard?"

"Chevet grasped my arm, and in the glare of the fire I could see his excitement pictured in his face."

"Who? That lad? You were in hiding there together? And did he realize what was said?"

"That I do not know," I answered, "for we have exchanged no word since. When my presence was discovered D'Artigny escaped unseen through the open window. I need to meet him again that these matters may be explained, and that I may learn just what he overheard. It was to enlighten your aid that I sent for you."

"To bring the lad here?"

"No; that could not be done without arousing the suspicion of Cassion. The two are already on the verge of quarrel. You must find some way of drawing the commissaire aside—not tonight, for there is plenty of time before us, and I am sure we are being watched now—and that will afford me opportunity."

"But why may I not speak him?"

"You?" I laughed. "He would be likely to talk with you. A sweet message you sent him in Quebec."

"I was drunk, and Cassion asked it of me."

"I thought as much; the coward makes you pull his chestnuts from the fire. Do you give me the pledge?"

"Ay! although 'tis not my way to play sweet, when I should enjoy to wring the fellow's neck. What was it La Barre said?"

"That just before he died my father's property was restored to him by the king, but the royal order was never recorded. It exists, but where I do not know, nor do I know as yet for what purpose it was concealed. My marriage to Cassion must have been an afterthought, for he is but a creature of La Barre's. It is through him the greater villain seeks control; but, no doubt, he was a willing tool enough, and expects his share."

"Why not let me choke the truth out of him then? Bah! It would be easy."

"For two reasons," I said earnestly. "First, I doubt if he knows the true conspiracy, or can lay hands on the king's restoration. Without that we have no proof of fraud. And second, coward though he may be, his very fear might yield him courage. No, Uncle Chevet, we must wait and learn these facts through other means than force. 'Tis back in Quebec, not in this wilderness, we will find the needed proofs. What I ask of you is, pretend to know nothing; do not permit Cassion to suspicion that I have confided in you. We must encourage him to talk by saying nothing which will put him on guard."

"You—you will try, as his wife, to win confession?" he asked finally, grasping vaguely the one thought occurring to him.

"No; there is a better way. I despise the man; I cannot bear that he touch me. More than that, if I read him right, once I yield and confess myself his property, he will lose all interest in my possession. He is a lady killer; 'tis his boast. The man has never been in love with me; it was not love, but a desire to possess my fortune, which led to his proposal of marriage. Now I shall make him love me."

"We shall be alone in the wilderness for months to come. I will be the one woman; perchance the only white woman into whose face he will look until we return to Quebec. I am not vain, yet I am not altogether ill to look upon, nor shall I permit the hardships of this journey to affect my attractiveness. I shall fight him with his own weapons, and win. He will beg and threaten me, and I shall laugh. He will love me, and I shall mock. There will be jealousy between him and D'Artigny, and to win my favor he will confess all that he knows. Tonight he sulks somewhere yonder, already beginning to doubt his power to control me."

"You have quarred?"

"No—only that I asserted independence. He would have entered this tent as my husband, and I forbade his doing so. He stormed and threatened, but dare not venture further. He knows me now as other than a weak girl; but my next lesson must be a more severe one. 'Tis partly to prepare that I sent for you; I ask the loan of a pistol—the smaller one, to be concealed in my dress."

"You would kill the man?"

"Pooh! small danger of that. You may draw the charge if you will. For him to know that I possess the weapon will protect me. You do not grasp my plan?"

"He shook his head gloomily, as though it was all a deep puzzle to his mind, yet his great hand held forth the pistol, the short barrel of which gleamed wickedly in the fire glow as I thrust it out of sight."

"'Tis not the way I front enemies," he growled stubbornly, "and I make little of it. Mon dieu! I make them talk with these hands."

"But my weapons are those of a woman," I explained, "and I will learn more than you would with your brute strength. All I ask of you now, Uncle Chevet, is that you keep on friendly

terms with Monsieur Cassion, yet repeat nothing to him of what I have said, and gain me opportunity for speech alone with Monsieur d'Artigny."

He growled something indistinctly in his beard, which I interpreted as assent, but I watched his great form disappear in the direction of the fire, my own mind far from satisfied; the man was so lacking in brains as to be a poor ally, and so obstinate of nature as to make it doubtful if he would long conform to my leadership. Still it was surely better to confide in him to the extent I had than permit him to rage about blindly and in open hostility to Cassion.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### We Attain the Ottawa.

It was not yet dawn when the stir in the camp aroused me, and the sun had not risen above the bluffs, or begun to tinge the river, when our laden canoes left the bank and commenced their day's journey up stream. D'Artigny was off in advance, departing in the chief seated beside him. I caught but a glimpse of them as the canoe rounded the bend in the bank, and slipped silently away through the lingering shadows, yet it gladdened me to know his eyes were turned toward my tent until they vanished.

A new distribution had been arranged, Chevet accompanying the sergeant, leaving the commissaire and me alone, except for the pere, who had position in the bow. I observed this new arrangement from underneath lowered lashes, but without comment, quietly taking the place assigned me, and shading my face from the first rays of the sun.

At noon we landed in a sheltered cove, brilliant with wild flowers, and partook of food, the rearward canoes joining us, but D'Artigny was still ahead, perhaps under orders to keep away. To escape Cassion I clambered up the front of the cliff, and had view from the summit, marking the sweep of the river for many a league, a scene of wild beauty never to be forgotten. I lingered there at the edge until the voice of the commissaire recalled me to my place in the canoe.

It is of no consequence now what we conversed about during that long afternoon, as we pushed steadily on against the current. Cassion endeavored to be entertaining and I made every effort to encourage him, although my secret thoughts were not pleasant ones. He had set out to overcome my scruples, to conquer my will, and was merely biding his time, seeking to learn the best point of attack. It was with this end in view that he kept me to himself, banishing Chevet, and compelling D'Artigny to remain now by his tales of Quebec, his boasting of friendship with the governor, his stories of army adventure, and the wealth he expected to amass through his official connections. Yet the very tone he assumed, the conceit shown in his narratives, only served to add to my dislike. This creature was my husband, yet I shrank from him, and once, when he dared to touch my hand, I drew it away as though it were contamination. It was then that hot anger leaped into his eyes, and his true nature found expression before he could restrain the words:

"Mon dieu! What do you mean, you child?"

"Only that I am not won by a few soft words, monsieur," I answered coldly.

"But you are my wife; 'twill be well for you to remember that."

"Nor am I likely to forget, yet because a priest has mumbled words over us does not make me love you."

"Sacred!" he burst forth, yet careful to keep his voice pitched to my ears alone, "you think me a plaything, but you shall learn yet that I have claws. Bah! do you imagine I fear the cor- comb ahead?"

"To whom do you refer, monsieur?"

"Such innocence! to that bootmaker of La Saile's to whom you give your smiles and pretty words."

"Rene d'Artigny!" I exclaimed pleasantly, and then laughed. "Why how ridiculous you are, monsieur. Better be jealous of Pere Allouez yonder, for

This delay gave me my only glimpse of D'Artigny, still dripping from his involuntary bath, and so busily engaged at repairs as to be scarcely conscious of my presence on the bank above him. Yet I can hardly say that, for once he glanced up, and our eyes met, and possibly he would have joined me, but for the sudden appearance of Cassion, who swore at the delay, and ordered me back to where the tent had been hastily erected. I noticed D'Artigny straighten up, angered that Cassion dared speak to me so harshly, but I had no wish then to precipitate an open quarrel between the two men, and so departed quickly. Later, Father Allouez told me that in the overturning of the canoe the young sieur had saved the life of the Algonquin chief, bringing him ashore unconscious, helpless from a broken shoulder. This accident to Altudah led to the transferring of the injured Indian to our canoe and caused Cassion to join D'Artigny in advance.

It was five days later, and in the heart of all that was desolate and bleak, when the long-sought opportunity came in most unexpected fashion. We had made camp early, because of rough water ahead, the passage of which it was not deemed best to attempt without careful exploration. So, while the three heavily laden canoes drew up against the bank, and prepared to spend the night, the leading canoe was stripped and sent forward, manned only with the most expert of the Indian paddlers to make sure the perils of the current. From the low bank to which I had climbed I watched the preparations for the dash through those madly churning waters above. Cassion was issuing his orders loudly, but exhibited no inclination to accompany the party, and suddenly the frail craft shot out from the shore, with D'Artigny at the steering paddle, and every Indian braced for his task, and headed boldly into the smother. They vanished as though swallowed by the mist, Cassion and a half dozen soldiers racing along the shore line in an effort to keep abreast of the laboring craft.

It was a wild, desolate spot in which we were, a mere rift in the bluffs,

which seemed to overhang us, covered with a heavy growth of forest. The sun was still an hour high, although it was twilight already beside the river, when Cassion and his men came straggling back to report that the canoe had made safe passage, and, taking advantage of his good humor, I proposed a climb up an opening of the bluff, down which led a deer trail plainly discernible.

"Not I," he said, casting a glance upward. "The run over the rocks will do me for exercise tonight."

"Then will I assay it alone," I replied, not displeased at his refusal. "I am cramped from sitting in the canoe so long."

"'Twill be a hard climb, and they tell me the pere has strained a tendon of his leg coming ashore."

"And what of that?" I burst forth, giving vent to my indignation. "Am I a ten-year-old to be guarded every step I take? 'Tis not far to the summit, and no danger. You can see yourself the trail is not steep. Faith! I will go now, just to show that I am at liberty."

He laughed, an unpleasant sound to me, yet made no effort to halt me. The rude path I followed was narrow, but not steep enough to prove wearisome, and, as it led up through a crevice

From that moment I never felt myself alone or unobserved. Cassion in person did not make himself obnoxious, except that I was always seated beside him in the boat, subject to his conversation and attentions. However it was managed I know not, but my uncle never approached me alone, and only twice did I gain glimpse of D'Artigny—once, when his canoe returned to warn us of dangerous water ahead, and once when he waited us beside the landing at Montreal. Yet even these occasions yielded me new courage, for, as our eyes met I knew he was still my friend, waiting, as I was, the opportunity for a better understanding. This knowledge brought tears of gratitude to my eyes and a thrill of hope to my heart. I was no longer utterly alone.

We were three days at Montreal, the men busily engaged in adding to their store of provisions. I had scarcely a glimpse of the town, as I was given lodging in the convent close to the river bank, and the pere was my constant companion during hours of daylight.

We departed at dawn, and the sun was scarce an hour high when the prows of our canoes turned into the Ottawa. Now we were indeed in the wilderness, fronting the vast unknown country of the West, with every trace of travel leaving behind all league of civilization. There was nothing before us save a few scattered missions, presided over by ragged priests, and an occasional fur trader's station, the headquarters of wandering couriers du bois. On every side were the vast prairies and stormy lakes, roamed over by savage men and beasts through whom we must make our way in hardship, danger and toil.

Our progress up the Ottawa was so slow, so toilsome, the days such a routine of labor and hardship, the scenes along the shore so similar, that I lost all conception of time. Except for the Jesuit I had scarcely a companion, and there were days, I am sure, when we did not so much as exchange a word.

The men had no rest from labor, even Cassion changing from boat to boat as necessity arose, urging them to renewed efforts. The water was low, the rapids more than usually dangerous, so that we were compelled to portage more often than usual. Once the leading canoe ventured to shoot a rapid not considered perilous, and had a great hole torn in its prow by a sharp rock. The men got ashore, saving the wreck, but lost their store of provisions, and we were a day there making the damaged canoe again serviceable.

This delay gave me my only glimpse of D'Artigny, still dripping from his involuntary bath, and so busily engaged at repairs as to be scarcely conscious of my presence on the bank above him. Yet I can hardly say that, for once he glanced up, and our eyes met, and possibly he would have joined me, but for the sudden appearance of Cassion, who swore at the delay, and ordered me back to where the tent had been hastily erected. I noticed D'Artigny straighten up, angered that Cassion dared speak to me so harshly, but I had no wish then to precipitate an open quarrel between the two men, and so departed quickly. Later, Father Allouez told me that in the overturning of the canoe the young sieur had saved the life of the Algonquin chief, bringing him ashore unconscious, helpless from a broken shoulder. This accident to Altudah led to the transferring of the injured Indian to our canoe and caused Cassion to join D'Artigny in advance.

It was five days later, and in the heart of all that was desolate and bleak, when the long-sought opportunity came in most unexpected fashion. We had made camp early, because of rough water ahead, the passage of which it was not deemed best to attempt without careful exploration. So, while the three heavily laden canoes drew up against the bank, and prepared to spend the night, the leading canoe was stripped and sent forward, manned only with the most expert of the Indian paddlers to make sure the perils of the current. From the low bank to which I had climbed I watched the preparations for the dash through those madly churning waters above. Cassion was issuing his orders loudly, but exhibited no inclination to accompany the party, and suddenly the frail craft shot out from the shore, with D'Artigny at the steering paddle, and every Indian braced for his task, and headed boldly into the smother. They vanished as though swallowed by the mist, Cassion and a half dozen soldiers racing along the shore line in an effort to keep abreast of the laboring craft.

It was a wild, desolate spot in which we were, a mere rift in the bluffs,

which seemed to overhang us, covered with a heavy growth of forest. The sun was still an hour high, although it was twilight already beside the river, when Cassion and his men came straggling back to report that the canoe had made safe passage, and, taking advantage of his good humor, I proposed a climb up an opening of the bluff, down which led a deer trail plainly discernible.

"Not I," he said, casting a glance upward. "The run over the rocks will do me for exercise tonight."

"Then will I assay it alone," I replied, not displeased at his refusal. "I am cramped from sitting in the canoe so long."

"'Twill be a hard climb, and they tell me the pere has strained a tendon of his leg coming ashore."

"And what of that?" I burst forth, giving vent to my indignation. "Am I a ten-year-old to be guarded every step I take? 'Tis not far to the summit, and no danger. You can see yourself the trail is not steep. Faith! I will go now, just to show that I am at liberty."

He laughed, an unpleasant sound to me, yet made no effort to halt me. The rude path I followed was narrow, but not steep enough to prove wearisome, and, as it led up through a crevice



We Departed at Dawn.

in the earth, finally emerged at the top of the bluff at a considerable distance above the camp I had left. Thick woods covered the crest, although there were open plains beyond, and I was obliged to advance to the very edge in order to gain glimpse of the river.

Once there, however, with footing secure on a flat rock, the scene opened before me of wild and fascinating beauty. Directly below me were the rapids.

On this rocky eminence Adele finds opportunity to draw her web more tightly around Commissaire Cassion. What sudden turn of events do you believe is imminent?

### METAL COLORS RARELY SEEN

Some Light Waves Absorbed, Others Reflected—Copper Is Really Salmon-Pink Shade.

One of the beautiful things we seldom see is the color of pure metals. When exposed to the air most metals tarnish so rapidly that our only means to get even a passing glimpse of their true color is by quickly scraping off the corroded surface.

The color of metals depends upon the selective absorption of light waves of different lengths. For instance, if a metal absorbs every light wave except that of the length which produces the optical sensation yellow, then its color is yellow, for what it cannot absorb it reflects. Gold is such a metal. On the other hand, when gold is beaten to such thinness that it becomes translucent, it transmits not yellow light rays, but those which it formerly absorbed, namely, a greenish blue mixture.

Silver is the best example of a large class of metals that reflect practically all the light they receive, and are therefore approximately of the same color as the light to which they are exposed. From their color in the sunlight they are quite properly called "white" metals. Some of these are aluminum, magnesium, nickel, sodium, tin, iron and antimony.

Others, like lead, cadmium and zinc, have something of this silver luster, but with a slight bluish tinge. The gray metals, such as manganese and cobalt, probably owe their lack of color to their tendency to absorb all colors in about equal amounts. Bismuth is of a peculiar light red and potassium has a pinkish tinge. Copper, strange to say, is not "copper colored," but is usually described as salmon-pink.

Jenny Wren Is Particular. Sometimes when I have mentioned my wren family to a friend and told how the pair came to the little house almost as soon as it had been put up the first time, someone has said: "I have had bird boxes set up for years and no birds have ever occupied them."

The reason for that state of affairs must be that the boxes are not in the right position. They should face the south and are better, so I think, if somewhat sheltered from the rain and heat by overhanging eaves.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Enough. "How long did you boil these eggs, Nora?" "Three minutes, ma'am." "They are not nearly soft enough. Boil them at least six minutes next time."

Important Law Projected. Great Britain proposes to pass a law prohibiting the importation, sale or use of any paint material containing more than 5 per cent of its dry weight of a soluble lead compound.

## STATE NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD

The Latest Gleanings From All Over the State.

### TOLD IN SHORT PARAGRAPHS

Theresa Sebastian, aged twenty-one years, of South Bethlehem, was killed when she stepped out of the way of a southbound passenger train on the Reading Railway, directly in front of a drill train. The young woman and her sister, Veronica, started to cross the tracks. Veronica was successful, but Theresa hesitated and was drawn underneath the wheels. So close was her sister to her when she met death that her clothing was covered with blood. The vicinity has been the scene of half a dozen fatal accidents in as many months.

The convention of Lehigh District No. 2, Patriotic Order Sons of America, adopted resolutions to let down the bars in order, not to increase membership, but to allow the teachings of "America first" to a greater number. The resolution recommends the admission of all men who are good citizens, who have been educated in this country, whether born in the United States or not. Up to this time the order admitted only native Americans. Ammon H. Bachman, for twenty-four years secretary, was elected president of the district.

Announcement was made at the Capitol that the Superior Court has abolished the Williamsport district and attached all counties heretofore in that district to the Harrisburg district. The Harrisburg district now comprises Clinton, Cameron, Elk, Lycoming, Sullivan, Tioga, Union, Adams, Cumberland, Dauphin, Juniata, Mifflin, Perry, Snyder and York.

Negotiations under way for several weeks between the machinists of the Reading shops in Pottsville, and the company's officials, came to a satisfactory close when the men were awarded a wage increase of five per cent, and time and quarter time for all overtime. They asked for ten per cent, and an additional half time for overtime.

With no shutdowns and thirty-one working days the car movement over the Pennsylvania main line for July shows an increase over June. A total of 177,659 cars were moved, which is a gain of 1,147 over the previous month. Of this number 167,675 were loaded, three times as many being ashbound as westbound. The daily average movement was 5,714 cars.

Three manufacturing firms occupying the large brick building owned by the Empire Brass Company, Stroudsburg, were burned out with a loss estimated at \$166,000. The Capital City Cap Company, manufacturer of caps, is the heaviest loser. Other losers are the Monroe Trousers Company and the Cameron Engineering Company, manufacturers of cranes.

F. E. Shambaugh, county superintendent of schools, is planning a series of educational meetings for new teachers to be held at the court house the first two weeks in September. The superintendent will conduct courses in teaching methods. Special examination of candidates to fill existing vacancies will be held August 9.

James Wilson, thirteen, of Ridley Park, walked into the Taylor Hospital in that borough, with his liver pierced with a bullet. He is in a serious condition. George Valentine, eighteen, is in the county jail, charged with the shooting, he says he did not know the revolver was loaded, and only sought to scare the younger lad.

Miss Sarah A. Stuber, of South Bethlehem, employed at a hotel, suffering from the heat and melancholy, took her life by swallowing carbolic acid. She was thirty-five years old. In a letter she left Miss Stuber asked that the funeral sermon be preached on the text, "Weep not for me."

Running out to save her pet dog from a passing automobile, Mrs. Mary Warner, widow, aged sixty-five years, of Collinsville, was struck by the machine and is in York Hospital, seriously injured. The automobile was driven by George H. Wake, residing near Atrville.

Paul Polack, aged fourteen years, of Moore Township, was placed in jail for having, with three other boys, stolen a horse, a set of harness and a wagon from three farmers in Moore Township. They were traced to Allentown, and found with the team. Polack's companions escaped.

When the automobile of Samuel P. Smith, Jr., a Shadegap farmer, was thrown over a step-embankment near Reedsville, his two-year-old daughter was killed and his wife was injured fatally.

Daniel O'Brien, twenty-six years old, of Lost Creek, while crossing the Lehigh Valley tracks in front of his home, was run over by an excursion train and killed.

Charles Bates, a student at the State Forest Academy, Mont Alto, was struck in the face by a pitched ball in a game between the Forest Academy and Mont Alto Sanitarium teams. The young man's nose was mashed and he has been unconscious ever since.

John Dougherty, eight years, of Centerville, died after being struck on the head by a glass bottle which was being swung on a cord by John Condlie, a companion.

## HUSBAND SAVED HIS WIFE

Stopped Most Terrible Suffering by Getting Her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Denison, Texas.—"After my little girl was born two years ago I began suffering with female trouble and could hardly do my work. I was very nervous but just kept dragging on until last summer when I got where I could not do my work. I would have a chill every day and hot flashes and dizzy spells and my head would almost burst. I got where I was almost a walking skeleton and life was a burden to me until one day my husband's step-sister told me I would not last long and told him to get your medicine. So he got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and after taking the first three doses I began to improve. I continued its use, and I have never had any female trouble since. I feel that I owe my life to you and your remedies. They did for me what doctors could not do and I will always praise it wherever I go."—Mrs. G. O. LOWERY, 419 W. Monterey Street, Denison, Texas.



If you are suffering from any form of female ills, get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and commence the treatment without delay.

**In the Bath**  
Before retiring, use with warm water and insure a restful night.  
**Glenn's Sulphur Soap**  
It Refreshes  
Contains 30% Pure Sulphur.  
Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 60c

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
A toilet preparation of merit. Stops the hair from falling out. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 a Trazette.

## IS LONGEST IN THE WORLD

Concrete Highway Trestle in the Sacramento Valley Is of Record Length.

One of the most absorbing examples of concrete construction so far executed in America is represented by a causeway that spans the Yolo by-pass in the Sacramento valley. The Popular Mechanics Magazine describes the construction of this trestle. It is thought to be the longest of its kind in the world and has lately been completed under the supervision of the California state highway commission. Although 3.60 miles from end to end, and a striking specimen of good, accurate workmanship, the elevated roadway was built in a thoroughly substantial manner for less than \$285,000. Certain phases of the construction were accomplished by original methods which have attracted the attention of engineers.

The unit system was followed in erecting the trestle which is 20 feet wide and provides a roadway 21 feet wide. It is supported on re-enforced concrete piles, each weighing from three to five tons, that were driven into place. The floor consists of precast slabs. Four of these were placed side by side to span the 20-foot gaps between the bents, the full width of the structure. The parts were so carefully designed and put together that the completed trestle is a monolithic structure.

Utterly Squelched. They stood at the Pyramids. "Forty centuries look down upon you," announced the guide. "Let 'em look," responded Pa Wombat. "That seems mild after raising the gamut of Europe's head waters."

Mrs. H. C. Jillard, dead in New York, leaves \$500,000 to charity.



As the acorn grows to be the mighty oak, so children when rightly nourished, grow to be sturdy men and women.

Good flavor and the essential nourishing elements for mental and physical development of children are found in the famous food—

## Grape-Nuts

Made of whole wheat and malted barley, this pure food supplies all the nutriment of the grains in a most easily digested form.

It does the heart good to see little folks enjoy Grape-Nuts and cream.

"There's a Reason" Sold by Grocers.