

# THE QUARTERBREED

The Story of an Army Officer on an Indian Reservation  
By ROBERT AMES BENNET

### CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

Hardy at once addressed Vandervyn: "Be so kind as to open the safe and lay before these commissioners every public paper in the office. They decline to show me their authority for an inspection of my accounts. Therefore I have declined to make an official presentation to them of agency affairs. There is nothing to conceal from any inquirer. You may hand every document to these persons—in my presence."

Vandervyn nonchalantly shrugged, and went over to open the safe. One of the commissioners remarked in an officious tone: "Where is the issue clerk? He ought to be present to explain his accounts."

"That's Charlie Redbear, gentleman—the interpreter," explained Dupont. "He lit out with his sister, down the creek to his house, when we were eating. Want me to send for him? You'll need him to make your official talk to the chiefs."

"You will do as well for that, Jake," interposed Vandervyn. "Besides, I believe the commissioners will wish to put off the powwowing until tomorrow. It's a tiresome trip across from the railroad. No doubt they will glance through the agency papers, and then go over to your house to plan the opening of the mineral lands."

The big, bear-eyed man who had ridden in the front seat of the car, nodded and replied in an oily tone: "If you assure us the accounts are correct, Mr. Vandervyn, I think it is needless trouble at this time to make further investigation."

"Still, oughtn't we to—" One of the commissioners began a querulous objection. But his fellows were rising to leave the office, and he bent to the will of the majority.

Hardy bowed them out with punctilious courtesy. He was still working when Marie's Indian boy brought word that she wished him to come to dinner without fail. He hesitated, but at last sent back the reply that he would be present.

Having in mind the cold and almost insulting manner of the visitors, he cut his arrival as close as possible. This proved to be a tactful move. Though the newcomers were all mellow with whisky, a chilling silence followed the entrance of the acting agent. Even Dupont turned his thick shoulder and poured himself another drink without a word of greeting.

Only Vandervyn raised his empty glass to the last guest, and called frostily: "Just in time, captain. Here's to your quick progress along the course of your career."

Hardy did not reply. He was bowing to Marie, who had that moment appeared in the dining room doorway. "Dinner is served, gentlemen," she said, and she bowed in her most grande dame manner. "Captain Hardy, you may take me in."

Vandervyn sprang up, angry-eyed. Marie did not seem to perceive him. She stepped in beside Hardy, and waited with perfect composure while the other guests passed out after her father. Vandervyn's face was far from pleasant as he followed the others. The girl did not look at him. Hardy escorted her to the head of the table, and she gave him the seat of honor. The chairman of the commission was graciously assigned to the seat on her left.

Hardy was deeply gratified, but he failed to realize the full meaning of his preferment as the most distinguished gentleman present. Vandervyn alone was fully aware of the motives that had prompted Marie to honor or his rival. He bent over his plate, his lip between his teeth. For a time he could neither eat nor talk. Then he called aud, for a while, sat staring into the bubbling amber of his champagne, his lips curled in an odd smile. At last a merry quip from Marie stirred him to action. He rose and bowed to her.

"Lady—and gentlemen," he smilingly remarked, "I have two very pleasant little announcements to make. It is my fond expectation that you will relish them quite as much as you have relished this delicious little dinner."

He looked at Marie, smiled, and continued: "My first announcement relates to our marital fellow-guest, the gallant and distinguished Captain Floyd Hardy. The privilege and pleasure are mine to inform the distinguished officer that the war department has been pleased to relieve him of this irksome detail to grant him permission immediately to join his regiment, which is at Vancouver barracks, Washington, under orders to sail for Alaska."

All eyes turned upon Hardy. Some glistened with malice; others were cold. Marie's alone were sympathetic. Hardy glanced around the table with an imperturbed look, and bowed to Vandervyn.

"Pray accept my acknowledgment of the kindness with which you make the announcement," he said, and he turned to smile gravely into Marie's troubled face. "I could have asked for time to carry out our irrigation plans. But, doubtless, the bureau will find some one more competent than myself."

"Will you not remonstrate against this unjust order?" she exclaimed. "You forget that I am a soldier," he replied. "Army life is a life of service. You will now understand why most army women are army girls before they are army wives."

"Ah—but if a woman loves!" murmured Marie, and her gaze sank with the drooping of her silken lids. "Alaska must be a magnificent land, to visit."

Vandervyn was bending to go to his seat. He straightened as Hardy struck.

The suddenness of the movement drew all eyes back to him. His wine-flushed face had gone white. He met the wondering look of the man opposite, and forced a smile.

"I have still another announcement to make," he said, "one that you will all admit to be still more pleasant than the delightful news of our gallant friend's summons to wider fields of service. Gentlemen—and lady—permit me to remind you that all the world loves a lover. This being true, it follows that all the world must doubly love a pair of lovers. It is my privilege and delight to be able to announce that, as I am not at present free to engage myself, the other member of the pair, our charming hostess, has graciously given her promise to wait for me."

He caught up his champagne glass, which the Indian boy had just refilled. "Gentlemen, here's to the loveliest girl in the world, the lady who has given me her true promise!"

The commissioners rose—Dupont rose. Hardy sat as if stunned, his eyes fixed upon Marie's face in a strained, half-credulous stare. She was pale. She seemed to shrink. Yet she made no attempt to deny Vandervyn's statements. Hardy stood up with the other men and, for the first time that evening, he emptied his champagne glass.

"Youth to youth!" he murmured. Meeting Vandervyn's exultant smile, he drew in a deep breath, and his voice rang clear and steady: "You are to be congratulated, sir. I wish you all the great good fortune that you may in all things prove worthy of the lady's trust."

Vandervyn's flushed face crimsoned, but whether with shame or anger could not be told. Marie had risen, and her tactfulness diverted attention from the rivals.

"The coffee and cigars will be served in the parlor," she announced. Vandervyn somewhat lustily led the way to the other room. Hardy, being the farthest away, followed behind the others. When he came to the door he coolly closed and bolted it.

"Captain!" breathlessly exclaimed Marie. "What will they think?" "Most of them are beyond thinking, and they have the whisky bottle," he replied. He faced about, and came back to her.

She shrank before the look in his eyes. "You—you have no right!" she murmured. "I will go—"

"Not until you have heard me. There may be no other opportunity for me to see you alone before I go away," he said. "I do not wish to reproach you. Yet you must realize that your failure to tell me of your promise to him led me to believe I had a fighting chance."

"You—do not—ask me to explain," she faltered. "What is there to explain?" he rejoined. "You knew that I trusted your sincerity utterly, and you were willing to amuse yourself with me while he was away."

"I—you have no right," she sought to defend herself. "I never led you to believe—"

"You told me nothing of that promise to him. I thought you—what you knew I thought you; and all these weeks, every day—How can a woman look so beautiful—seem so true and loving in every word and act—and toy with the deepest feelings of a man as you have amused yourself with mine? No, do not attempt to deny the facts, please. I am trying to keep from saying harsher things. I cannot hide the fact that you have struck me a severe blow. It would be easier if you had not insisted upon my coming here tonight to be made the butt of his mockery."

Marie threw up her head, her eyes blazing with indignant scorn. "You can believe that of me? I thought you a gentleman!" Her voice hardened.

"You have been served as you deserve. And now I am glad!"

He turned about and went out through the parlor. The other men were clinking glasses in jolly good-fellowship. Dupont waveringly offered him the whisky bottle. He thrust it back and left the house.

CHAPTER XIX.

In Self-Defense.

Rather early the next morning the big, red-faced, bear-eyed man came alone to the office. He found Hardy making out a final report as acting agent.

"Getting ready to turn over?" he asked.

"I am prepared to do so the moment the new agent arrives and has checked the lists of agency property," was Hardy's curt reply.

"All right. I'll O. K. your report. Don't need to check the lists of an officer and gentleman," the man purred in his oiliest tone. He handed over a packet. "Here are the papers relieving you, and my appointment. I'm the new agent. I held them back to give your Vandervyn the chance to spring his pleasant little surprises on you."

"Very considerate," said Hardy. He opened and read the official document with care, pocketed his own, and handed the other back to the new agent. "Very good. Now, if you will examine the accounts of the chief clerk and the issue clerk. I have brought them down to date, together with my report."

The new agent glanced at the papers and took up a pen. "You've certified their correctness. That's enough for me. I'll give you my O. K. of the turnover."

"You would oblige me by checking the property in the warehouse?"

"Waste of time, captain. You'll want to be starting for the railroad. We made a night of it. Commissioners' heads are sore this morning. They want to get to work, and this is the best place. I can loan you my touring-car to take you over to the railroad."

"Thank you. I prefer to ride my mare," said Hardy. "I shall ask you, however, to send one of the police with my trunk in Dupont's buckboard."

"I'll send it in the motor. There's a lot more of our own baggage to be brought out from the railroad," insisted the new agent.

He receipted Hardy's papers, and went to hunt up the chauffeur of the second car. Hardy took his private papers and the reports that he wished to mail, and went over to his quarters to pack his baggage. Dupont sent a policeman to fetch Hardy's mare and came in to offer his big hand.

"Hope you ain't going off with no hard feelings, Cap," he said.

Hardy gravely shook hands with him. "None, this morning," he assured. "A man cannot afford to cherish enmity. I shall ask you to go with me to the tepee of the head chief."

Dupont hesitated, and ended by complying with the request. They found old Ti-owa-konza seated in his tepee, waiting for the white chiefs to call a council. When, with Dupont's aid, Hardy explained that he must go away, the noble old chief's stolidity fell from him like a mask, and he rose to cry out in impassioned speech against the departure of the tribe's true friend. Hardy could only express his deep regret, and repeat that he had to obey the orders of his own head chief. When he had explained the report on irrigation that he was mailing to the Indian bureau, he exchanged trifling gifts of friendship with the chief and tore himself away.

The policeman was waiting with the mare. Hardy gave him a coin and swung into the saddle.

"One last word, Dupont," he said. "Kindly tell your daughter what I said about not cherishing enmity."

"How about Mr. Van?" questioned Dupont.

"You need say nothing to him from me. But—" Hardy bent over in the saddle to bring his stern face near the trader's—"I advise you to watch that young man."

Dupont stood for some time staring after the officer. When he started for his store, before which a crowd of Indians were waiting, his shrewd eyes were narrow with calculation, and his stubby forefinger was rubbing the grizzled hair under the brim of his hat.

Hardy permitted the mare to choose her own pace.

As he neared the foot of the valley, he saw Redbear and Olina riding up the creek from the road crossing. The girl drooped in her saddle as if ill. A nearer view confirmed his suspicions. Redbear was intoxicated, and he was abusing his sister in the foulest of language. When Hardy approached, the girl averted her shame-reddened face, and drooped still lower over her pony's withers. Redbear leered insolently at the intruder and burst into a drunken laugh. Though his body was reeling, he had almost perfect control of his tongue—

"Look at him, Weena; that—Here followed a number of obscene epithets. "That man of yours lost no time. The tin soldier is on the run. Told you we had fixed him."

"You drunken dog!" said Hardy. "Keep quiet and go home."

"Who's going to make me?" challenged the halfbreed, his bloodshot eyes flaring with vicious anger. "I don't take any more orders from you. You'd try to put the killing of Nogen on me—try to make out it was me shot him, and tried to shoot you those two times! But Van fixed you. He promised to keep you from putting me in jail. That's why I let him have Weena when we went into the mountains."

"You cur!" cried Hardy. "So you permitted him?"

Olina threw up her head with the courage of outraged innocence.

"Why should he stop him from taking me?" she shrieked. "I am only a breed girl, but my man loves me, me only! I had a right to be his wife if I wanted to."

"His wife?" incredulously exclaimed Hardy. "A man of his stamp never could have married you."

"He did! he did!" insisted Olina. "I thought you too kind to think I would be a bad girl. He married me by tribal custom and the common-law way of white people."

Hardy's sharp gaze softened with pity. "You poor young innocent! Tribal custom is not binding on a white man."

"But common-law marriage!" triumphantly rejoined the girl in the faith of her unquestioning love. "He said white people often get married that way."

Hardy burst out between pity and indignation: "The scoundrel!—You poor child! Common-law marriage is only half-marriage at best. To make it even that much of a tie, it is necessary that a man and woman should live together as husband and wife openly. He kept this matter secret; he persuaded you and your brother to tell no one—the scoundrel!"

Stricken with grief and shame, Olina uttered a moan and crouched down over her pony's withers, with her face in her hands. But the drink-crazed brain of Redbear comprehended only that Hardy was berating his sister's husband. He made an effort to straighten in the saddle, and his right hand fumbled eagerly for the hilt of his revolver. Hardy swerved his mare alongside and reached out. Redbear slumped from his saddle like a sack of grain.

Olina slipped down to run to her brother. But Hardy was quicker. He threw himself on the half-dazed drunkard. A skillful wrench loosened the stubborn clutch of the other's fingers on the gun. Disarmed and perhaps partly sobered by the shock, Redbear stretched out on the dusty sod.

"Oh, he is hurt!" gasped Olina. Hardy rolled the drunkard away from her and spoke sternly: "He is not hurt. Redbear, stand up!"

Redbear gathered himself together and, aided by Olina, staggered to his feet. The ponies had cantered away. Hardy led his mare around beside Redbear, and he and Olina, between them, managed to lift the almost helpless man into the saddle. While they were going the half-mile to the cabin, Hardy led the mare, and Olina walked beside her brother to steady him in his seat. Neither saw the rider who rode up out of the creek bed beyond the cabin and wheeled from view behind the end wall.

When they reached the house, Hardy helped Redbear dismount before the door and handed him his unloaded revolver. He then lifted his hat to Olina with utmost respectfulness.

"Miss Redbear," he said, "you have been wronged in a most despicable manner. He has lied to you. You must keep away from him. Go back into the mountains with your grandfather. I believe the rascal will soon leave the reservation, and then you will be free from him."

"Thanks for the prophecy, captain," came a jeer from the end of the cabin. They stared about, and saw Vandervyn standing at the corner, his face set in a cynical smile.

"So you've quit soldiering and taken to preaching," he sneered. "O-o-oh!" sighed Olina, and she crept toward the mocker, her hands imploringly outstretched, her soft eyes brimming over with tears of pitiful entreaty. "Tell him—tell him it isn't true! Tell him our marriage is a real marriage!"

"What a fuss over a little thing like that!" he rallied.

The girl cringed back, and sank down, in silent anguish to hide her face.

"For shame, sir!" cried Hardy. "Have you no shred of decency?"

Vandervyn laughed. Redbear started staggering toward him, the empty revolver concealed behind his back with drunken cunning.

"You think it's funny," he muttered, "funny joke! You own up that marriage with her wasn't real like you said it was."

"What if it wasn't?" bantered Vandervyn. "It was good enough for a halfbreed squaw." He smiled at Hardy. "Yes, good enough for any halfbreed or—quarterbreed, I'll have Marie yet."

Redbear pitched backwards.

you—wanted her. We—I—tried to get you—twice—because he, Van, told me you wanted Marie—that way. The liar—the—Ahr-rh!"

From between the lips that had parted to utter the curse there gushed a scarlet stream.

Hardy laid the body on the ground and drew the distracted girl away by main force.

"Come into the house," he ordered. "You must not look at him."

She offered only passive resistance. When he had put her in a chair, she sat motionless, as if dazed, her dry eyes fixed on vacancy.

"This won't do," he said. "You must go to your grandfather. I cannot take you with me, and besides—"

He checked himself, caught up a blanket, and went outdoors. When presently he returned, she had not moved. He fastened her scant wardrobe and few trinkets in a blanket roll, and led her out around the house, carefully keeping himself between her and the blanket-covered form on the ground near the door. He had brought her own and her brother's ponies to the back of the house. He lashed the bundle on the dead man's saddle, lifted the girl upon her pony, and mounted his mare.

Half-way to the agency they met Ti-owa-konza coming down with several members of his family to visit his halfbreed grandchildren. Urged by Hardy, the girl broke her distraught silence to tell the old chief what had happened. Before she had finished she was weeping in the arms of her grandfather.

Notwithstanding the delay, Hardy again permitted the mare to choose her own pace. Though she went at a steady trot, a messenger in the remaining automobile easily could have overtaken him at any time before dark. But no messenger was sent.

Mid-afternoon Hardy met the car that had taken his baggage to town. It was piled high with the baggage of the new agent and the commissioners. The chauffeur, with the indifference of a city man, whirled past him without so much as slackening speed.

CHAPTER XX.

The Registration.

At noon the following day the commissioners came out to the butte, and announced the conditions of the land opening. All entrymen were to start from the coulee at a given signal, to be made at ten o'clock in the morning of the second day following. Any person who started before the signal would be disqualified.

A tent was set up for the commissioners in the coulee bottom, on the reservation side of the dwindled stream, and the chairman and secretary proceeded to take the signatures, thumb prints and descriptions of the waiting colony of prospectors and cowboys.

Since Hardy and Marie had first come upon the camp, the number of men had twice doubled. Yet, owing to the obscure manner in which the proposed opening had been advertised, there were absurdly few of them, all told, compared to the multitudes at other governmental land openings. Perhaps with a view toward covering this discrepancy, the commissioners had ordered full descriptions of every contestant, and so managed to cover many sheets of paper and to consume much time.

Vandervyn's menacing attitude relaxed. He half lowered his revolver, but kept a wary watch on Hardy as

when Vandervyn and Dupont came down to the camp. Neither made any attempt to push into the line of entry men. But Dupont read the posted notice of the conditions of the contest, frowned, and remarked to Vandervyn that he wished to show him something over at the butte. The young man looked bored, yet borrowed a pony, and rode across with him to the deserted camp.

"What is it?" he asked. "Have you found a mare's nest that is hatching out a horse good enough to outrun triplets?"

Dupont shook his head. "Don't you let nobody hear that joke around here, Mr. Van. Then there prospectors and punchers all lug guns, and they ain't the kind to stand for no funny business."

"They'll have to stand for it, if they don't understand it," punned Vandervyn. "In this game three of a kind beat all the jacks in the pack."

"You best keep your head shut, just the same. Them punchers'll ride the hardest, and they're mighty sharp to see the difference between horses."

"I told you I shall rush them off their feet. They'll think me a fool, and drop behind, to overhaul me later. Now, if that's all you have to tell me—"

He wheeled his borrowed pony to ride back.

"Hold on!" replied Dupont, frowning, uneasily. "I want to talk over fixing up about the way we share the mine."

Vandervyn lifted his eyebrows. "Aren't you satisfied? Now that Redbear is out of the way, there will be none to question our sharing of the mine between us."

"It's between us, all right," sullenly replied Dupont. "Tain't in writing, though. According to them conditions, if I don't register today, I don't get no right to enter no claim. What's to keep you from turning round and telling me to whistle for my half, soon's you get title to the mine?"

"Why, Jake?" exclaimed Vandervyn in an aggrieved tone. "How can you think I could throw you down that way? Even if we weren't friends, you know I want Marie."

Dupont's eyes narrowed, and his jaw set obstinately. "That's all right; but them that want to remain friend-want to remember that business is business."

Vandervyn frowned, considered the matter a few moments, smiled, and drew a folded paper from an inner pocket.

"Very well. I expected to wait until I reached the mine. But since you insist, here it is—my deed to you of a full half-interest. You've been hinting and looking so confounded uneasy ever since the accident to Redbear that I thought I'd be ready for you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ARE MARVELS OF INGENUITY

Observations in the Garden Reveal Really Remarkable Work Done by Small Creatures.

There is no better place than a garden to study insects. The dark-colored beetle—the oil-beetle—may be observed, and as soon as the bees come the larva of this beetle contrives to get upon a bee's body, so as to be carried away to the bee's home, where it feeds upon the food there, and eventually leaves as a perfect beetle.

Other kinds of beetles act as grave-diggers; certain ants keep a diary; and there are masons, carpenters, and upholsterers among the bees. The mason-bee constructs its cell of mortar. By dropping saliva on bits of earth and mixing both together it pounds the mixture into a sort of cement. It works this into the shape of a mold, inside which the female deposits her egg. Several such mortar cells may often be found lying close together.

The carpenter-bee makes its house on decayed wood, and lines it with pieces of leaves, which it cuts off in the form of a circle, and adjusts so skillfully that its nest is made water-tight without any coating. A very ingeniously-constructed home is also that of the upholsterer-bee, which dexterously cuts out the petals of the half-expanded flowers of a poppy. It then strengthens the folds, and fits them so that a splendid tapestry overhangs the walls of its home in which the honey is deposited.

Error Mars Great Picture.

In the rotunda of the capital a Washington there are eight great paintings, carefully designed and executed by the nation's greatest building. Yet five of them are either defective in technical art, or in error as to natural or historical facts.

One of the best-known pictures is that in which Washington is shown resigning his commission to the continental congress, says the Philadelphia Record. There are two girls, almost life-size, standing in the foreground. They are very pretty girls; but one of them has three hands. One left hand rests on the shoulder of her companion, another left hand is round her companion's waist. Doubtless the artist, Trumbull, painted both hands to see which pose he preferred, and then forgot to paint out the superfluous hand.

Pawpaw's Many Uses.

The principal use of the pawpaw says a writer in the Journal of Heredity, is to eat from the hand, but there are other uses that it can be put to. It makes splendid custard pie. There is no finer dessert than pawpaw eaten with cream and sugar. It is used to make beer the same as the persimmon by putting the fruit in a jar, mashing it and putting water on it and letting it stand until fermented. It also answers to make pudding just the same as persimmon pudding is made. It is also said that brandy equal to peach brandy is made of pawpaw. Marinate which is equal to that of peaches or peaches may be made of pawpaw. The custard may be spread on a board and dried like pumpkin leather.

Wasted Apology.

"I want to apologize, Blakey, for my rudeness last evening. I assure you I didn't intend it." "Well, for the love of Mike, mean it next time! I hate to see a man's actions and his intentions harmonize so poorly."—Judge.

## A DIFFERENCE IN THE INVESTMENT

The Western Canada Farm Products Are Away in Excess.

Mr. George H. Barr, of Iowa, has seven sections of land in Saskatchewan. These he has fenced and planted, either for pasture or cultivation, all paying good interest on the investment.

Mr. Barr says that farm land home in Iowa is held at \$150 per acre. These lands are in a high state of cultivation, with splendid improvements in houses, barns, stables and silos. Yet, the revenue returns from them are only from two to three per cent per annum on investment.

Last year, 1915, his half share crop on a quarter section in Saskatchewan, wheat on new breaking, gave him 35 per cent on the capital invested, \$25,000 an acre. The crop yielded 35 bushels per acre. This year the same quarter-section, sown to alfalfa on stubble gave 3,280 bushels of alfalfa, 1,645 bushels of 1 Northern corn, \$1.50 per bushel, gave him \$2,500. Seed, half the twine and half the threshing bill cost him \$453.00. Allowing a share of the expense of his annual inspection trip, charged to the quarter-section even to \$110.00, and has left \$2,000.00, that is 50 per cent of the original cost of the land. As one can figure up that another acre crop will pay, not 2 or 3 per cent on investment, as in Iowa, but the total price of the land. Mr. Barr says: "That's no joke now."

Mr. Barr was instrumental in having a number of farmers from Iowa, Saskatchewan in 1913. He referred one of them, Geo. H. Kerton, a true farmer in Iowa. He bought a quarter section of improved land at \$32,000 acre near Hanley. From production crop in 1914, 1915, 1916, he has paid for the land. Mr. Barr asked him week ago: "Well, George, what do I tell friends down home for you?" The reply was: "Tell them I never go back to be a tenant for a man." Another man, Charles Hagg, realized \$18,000 in cash for his wheat crops in 1915 and 1916.

Mr. Barr when at home during most of his time to raising and doing in live stock. On his first visit inspection to Saskatchewan, he realized the opportunity there was for grazing cattle. So his quarter sections, not occupied, were fenced and rented as pasture lands to farmers adjoining. His creed is: "Let nature supply the feed all summer while cattle are growing, and then in a fall, take them to farmsteads to be finished for market. There is money in it."—Advertisement.

Good Old Patrons.

Willis—Do you think a knowledge of the Bible is necessary for the businessman nowadays?

Gills—Yes, indeed; ignorance of cost Bump, the mail order man, is dressed last week. Some fellow copied a lot of names out of Chronicles and sent out circulars of his new razor to half a hundred patriots—the Old Testament before he got to—Judge.

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Look, Mother! If tongue coated, give California Syrup of Figs.

Children love this "fruit laxative" and nothing else cleanses the stomach, liver and bowels so nicely. A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result they become tightly clogged, stomach, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't sleep or act naturally, breath is system full of cold, has sore stomach-ache or diarrhea.

Mother! See if tongue is coated, give a teaspoonful of California Syrup of Figs, and in a few hours the constipated waste, sour bile, undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again. Millions of mothers give California Syrup of Figs because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of California Syrup of Figs, which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

Masculine Form.

"What is a hunch?" "A hunch is the masculine equivalent of feminine intuition."

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Groves' The Old Standard Groves' Tonic is equally valuable as a general tonic because it contains the known tonic properties of QUININE, IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

Large Melon.

Joe Arnold of Weatherford, Tex., raised a watermelon that weighed 100 pounds.

Allen's Foot-Ease for the Feet

Many war zone hospitals have ordered Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder, for use among the troops. Sprinkle into the shoes, and you give relief and comfort, and makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere 25c. Try it today!

Translated.

"Maybelle used a lot of make-up her face."

"Now I shall call it make-out."