mounted at home.

CHAPTER XIII-Continued.

made her way to a store. The stock of ready-made clothing drove her to despair. It seemed that what women resided in Hazelton must invariably dress in Mother Hubbard gowns of cheap cotton print with other garments to match. But eventually they found for her undergarments of a sort, a waist and skirt, and a comfortable pair of shoes. Hats, as a milliner would understand the term, there were none. And in default of such she stuck to the gray felt sombrero she had worn into the Kinppan and out again-which, in truth, became her very well, when tilted at the proper angle above her heavy black hair. Then she went back to the hotel, and sought a bathroom.

Returning from this she found Bill, a Bill all shaved and shorn, unloading himself of sundry packages of new

"Ahn, everything is lovely," he greeted. "Old Hack jumped at the pelts, and paid a fat price for the lot. Also the ranch deal has gone through. He's a prince, old Hack. Sent up a man and had it surveyed and classified and the deed waiting for me. Andch, say, here's a letter for you."

"For me? Oh, yes," as she looked at the handwriting and postmark, "I wrote to Loraine Marsh when we were going north. Good henvens, look at the date-it's been here since last September!"

"Hackaberry knew where we were," Bill explained. "Sometimes in camps like this they hold mail two or three years for men that have gone into the

She put aside the letter, and dressed white Bill had his bath. Then, with the smoke and grime of a hard trail obliterated, and with decent clothes upon them, they sought the diningroom. There, while they walted to be served, Hazel read Loraine Marsh's letter, and passed it to Bill with a self-conscious little laugh.

There's an invitation there w might accept," she said ensually. He returned the letter as the wait ress brought their food.

"Wouldn't it be nice to take a trip home?" Hazel suggested thoughtfully. "I'd love to."

"We are going home," Bill reminded gently.

"Oh, of course," she smiled. "But I mean to Granville. I'd like to go back there with you for a while, just to-just to-" "To show 'em," he supplied lacon-

ically.

"Oh, Bill!" she pouted.

Nevertheless, she could not deny that there was a measure of truth in his brief remark. She did want to

She looked across the table at her husband, and thought to herself with proud satisfaction that she had done well. Viewed from any angle whatsoever, Bill Wagstaff stood head and shoulders above all the men site had ever known. Big, physically and mentally, clean-minded and capable-indubitably she had captured a lion, and, though she might have denied stoutly the imputation, she wanted Granville to see her lion and hear him roar.

"Still thinking Granville?" Bill queried, when they had finished an uncommonly silent meal.

Hazei flushed slightly. She was and momentarily she felt that she should have been thinking of their little nest up by Pine River Pass Instead. She knew that Bill was homing to the cabin. She herself regarded it with affection, but of a different degree from his. Her mind was more occupied with another, more palpitating circle of life than was possible at the cabin. much as she appreciated its green and peaceful beauty. The sack of gold lying in the bank had somehow opened up far-flung possibilities. She skipped the interval of affairs which she knew must be attended to, and betook herself and Bill to Granville, thence to the bigger, older cities, where money shouted in the voice of command, where all things were possible to those who had the price.

But she was beginning to know this husband of hers too well to propose anything of the sort abruptly. Behind his tenderness and patience she had sometimes glimpsed something inflexible, unyielding as the wilderness he loved. So she merely answered:

"In a way, yes." "Let's go outside where I can smoke a decent cigar on top of this fairly decent meal," he suggested. "Then we'll figure on the next move. I think shout twenty-four hours in Hazelton will do me. There's a steamer goes down-river tomorrow."

Four days later they stood on the deck of a grimy little steamer breasting the outgoing tide that surged through the First Narrows. Presently they swung around Brockton Point, and Vancouver spread its peninsular clutter before them. Tugs and launches puffed by, about their harbor traffic. A ferry clustered black with people burried across the inlet. But even above the harbor noises, across the intervening distance they could hear the vibrant hum of the indus-

trial hive. She had no regrets when Bill confined their stny to the time necessary to turn his gold into a bank account, and allow her to buy a trunkful, more or less, of pretty clothes. Then they hore on eastward and halted at Ashcroft. Bill had refused to commit himself positively to a date for the eastern pllgrimage. He wanted to see the cabin again. For that matter she did, too-so that their solourn there

them swiftly into the heart of the Cariboo country-to Quesnelle, where She wiped an errant tear away, and Bill purchased four head of horses in an afternoon, packed, saddled, and hit

> the trail at daylight in the morning. The vanguard of the land hungry had already penetrated to Fort George, Up and down the Nachaco valley, and bordering upon the Fraser, were the cabins of the pre-emptors. The roads were dotted with the teams of the incoming. A sizable town had sprung up around the old trading post.

"They come like bees when the rush starts." Bill remarked.

Leaving Fort George behind, they bore across country toward Pine river. Here and there certain landmarks, graven deep in Hazel's recollection, uprose to claim her attention. And one evening at sunset they rode up to low this track a ways." the little cabin, all forlorn in its clear-

Inside, a gray film of dust had accumulated on everything, and the cooms were oppressive with the musty odors that gather in a closed, untenanted house. But apart from that it stood as they had left it thirteen months before. No foot had crossed kindling lay beside the fireplace as softly. Bill had placed it the morning they left. "'Be it ever so humble," Bill left

his tone was full of jubilation. Between them they threw wide every door and window. The cool evening wind filled the place with sweet, pinescented air. Then Bill started a blaze roaring in the black-mouthed fireplace to make it look natural, he saidand went out to hobble his horses for the night.

In the morning they began to unpack their household goods. Rugs and bearskins found each its accustomed place upon the floor. His books went back on the shelves. With magical swiftness the cabin resumed its oldhome atmosphere. And that night Bill stretched himself on the grizzly hide before the fireplace, and kept his nose in a book until Hazel, who was in no humor to read, fretted herself into bodied, short, square-shouldered man something approaching a temper. "You're about as sociable as a clam,"

she broke into his absorption at last. He looked up in surprise, then chucked the volume carelessly aside,



Four Days Later They Stood on the Deck of a Grimy Little Steamer.

and twisted himself around till his head rested in her lap. "Vot iss?" he asked cheerfully.

'Lonesome? Bored with yourself? Ain't I here? Surely you don't feel yourself neglected because I happen to have my nose stuck in a book?"

"Of course not!" she denied vigorously. The childish absurdity of her attitude struck her with sudden force. "Still, I'd like you to talk to me once in a while." Bill's eyes narrowed a trifle, but he

still smiled. And suddenly he stepped around behind her chair, put both hands under her chin, and tilted her hend backward. "Ah, you're plumb sick and tired to

death of everything, aren't you?" he said soberly. "You've been up here too long. You sure need a change. I'll have to take you out and give you the freedom of the cities, let you dissipate and pink-ten, and rub elbows with the mob for a while. Then you'll be glad to drift back to this woodsy hiding place of ours. When do you want to start?" "Why, Bill!" she protested.

But she realized in a flash that Bill could read her better than she could read herself. Few of her emotions could remain long hidden from that keenly observing and mercilessly logleal mind. She knew that he guessed where she stood, and by what paths she had goften there. Trust him to know. And it made her very tender toward him that he was so quick to understand. Most men would have resented.

"I want to stack a few tons of hay." he went on, disregarding her exclamation. "I'll need it in the spring, if not this winter. Soon as that's done we'll hit the high spots. We'll take three or four thousand dollars, and while it lasts we'll be a couple of-of highclass tramps. Huh? Does it sound for a garden. And I knew we'd never good?"

She nodded vigorously. "Perk up, then," he wheedled. "Bill-boy," she murmured,

nustn't take me too seriously." "I took you for better or for worse," he answered, with a kiss. "I don't dimes for fife year. Und here ve are. I tell you right now," he laughed not want it to turn out worse. I want you All der way from Visconsin in der val- unpleasantly, "I'm not going to renig to be contented and happy here, where I've planned to make our home. I I buy der cow, so dot ve haf der fresh as hard as you like, until spring. I'll dub. know you love me quite a lot, little milk. Und dot iss lucky. For you be there with bells on when it comes person. Nature fitted us in a good mule he die on der road. So I am to a dance. And I'll go to a showmany ways to be mates. But you've plaw oop der lant und haul my valgon when a good play comes along. But I gone through a pretty drastic slege of mit von mule und Gretchen der cow." won't mix up with a lot of silly women isolation in this rather grim country. and I guess it doesn't seem such an related hardships by the way, and she than is absolutely necessary." did not carry them over another win- alluring place as it did at first. I wondered how the man could laugh don't want you to nurse that feeling and his wife smile over it. Two thou-From Ashcroft an auto stage whirled until it becomes chronic. Then we sand miles in a wagon! And at the gily. "There's Kitty Brooks she has tire stone output.

the cure for your malady."

In the morning he began his hay down his scythe and stalked to the sibly askew. She knew that she could are intellectual nonentities-strong on

"Put on your hat, and let's go investigate a mystery," said he. "I heard peaks of the Klappan rose up before a cow bawl in the woods a minute ago. A regular barnyard bellow," "A .cow bawling?" she echoed. that snapped and snarled over their "Sure? What would cattle be doing away up here?"

"That's what I want to know?" Bill laughed. "I've never seen a cow north of Fraser-not this side of the Rockies, anyway."

They saddled their horses, and rode out in the direction from whence had arisen the bovine complaint. The sound was not repeated, and Hazel had begun to chaff Bill about a toovivid imagination when within a half mile of the clearing he pulled his horse up short in the middle of a little meadow.

The track of a broad-tired wagon had freshly crushed the thick grass. Bill squinted at the trail, then his gaze swept the timber beyond.

"Somebody has been cutting timber over there," he enlightened. "I can see the fresh ax work. Looks like they'd been hauling poles. Let's fol-

The tiny meadow was fringed on the north by a grove of poplars. Beyond that lay another clear space of Along the west side of the meadow

yokemates Hazel's eyes had seen for many a day.

"For goodness' sake!" she

"That's the true ploneer spirit for tation to environment with a vengennce-and grit,"

"There's & woman, too, Bill. And see—she's carrying a baby?" Hazel pointed excitedly. "Oh, Bill!"

The man halted his strangely assortwoman stood a step outside the door, baby in her arms, another toddfer holding fast to her skirt. A thickwas this newcomer, with a round, pleasant face. "Hello, neighbor!" Bill greeted.

The plowman lifted his old felt hat courteously. His face lit up.

"Ach!" said he. "Neighbor. iss a goot word in diss country vere dere iss no neighbor. But I am glat to meet you. Vill you come do der house und rest a v'lle?"

neighbors, all right. Did you notice ruptly. cabin about half a mile west of here? That's our place-when we're mitted. "I'm enjoying myself. I like at home.

"So?" The word escaped with the neculiar rising inflection of the Teu- thoughtfully, "I don't mind it. These "I half saw dot cabla ven ve don. Vell, let us to der house go. their way to entertain us. But, after Id vill rest der mule-und Gretchen, all, what the dickens does it amount der cow. Hah!"

He rolled a blue eye on his incon gruous team, and grinned widely. "Come," he invited; "mine vife be

They found her a matron of thirtyodd: fresh-cheeked, round-faced like her husband, typically German, without his accent of the Fatherland. Hawide-eyed, making soft, gurgly sounds. place else."

"The little dear!" Hazel mur-"Lauer, our name iss," the man said

casually, when they were seated. "Wagstaff, mine is," Bill completed

the informal introduction.

"I am from Bavaria," Lauer told bibe-mit your vife's permission.

"Yes," he continued, stuffing the bowl of his pipe with a stubby fore- you the truth." finger, "I am from Bavaria, Dere Dere I marry my vife, who is born in Milyaukee. I vork in der big brrew-

all mine own. I am no more a vage sinfe." "You're on the right track," Bill nodded. "It's a pity more people don't take the same notion. What do you think of this country, anyway?"

"It iss goot," Lauer answered briefly, and with unhesitating certainty. "It iss goot. Vor der boor man it issit iss salfation. Mit fife huntret tollars und hiss two hants he can himself a home make-und a lifing be

Beside Hazel, Lauer's wife absently caressed the blond head of her

four-year-old daughter. "No. I don't think I'll ever get lonesome," she said. "I'm too glad to be here. And I've got lots of work and my bables. Of course, it's natural I'd miss a woman friend running in now and then to chat. But a person can't have it all. And I'd do anything to have a roof of our own, and to have It some place where our livin' don't depend on a pay envelope. Many a time I've sat and cried, just from thinkin' how bad I wanted a little place of our own, where there was grass and trees and a piece of ground be able to buy it. We couldn't get down I'm not aching to be a bird of than retard falling objects. Not

ahead enough."

not face such a prospect except in utter rebellion. Not now. The bleak her mind's eye, the picture of five horses dead in the snow, the wolves bones. She shuddered. She was still pondering this when she and Bill dis-

## CHAPTER XIV.

The Dollar Chasers. Granville took them to its bosom with a haste and earnestness that made Hazel catch her breath. Tactfully none so much as mentioned Andrew Bush, nor the five-thousand-dollar legacy—the disposition of which sum still perplexed that defunct gentlegenial atmosphere Huzel concluded thing it simply irritates." to let sleeping dogs lie. She learned from various sources that Bill's fortune loomed big, had grown by some mysterious process of Granville tattle, until it had reachel the charmed six

figures of convention. There had been changes. Jack Barow had consoled himself with a bride. Moreover, he was making good, ip the popular phrase, at the real-estate game. The Marshes, as she had previously known them, had been totterlevel land, perhaps forty acres in ex- ing on the edge of shabby gentility. tent. They broke through the belt of But they had come into money. And poplars-and pulled up again. On one as Bill slangily put it, they were using side of the meadow stood a cabin, the their pile to cut a lot of social ice. fresh-peeled log walls glaring yellow Kitty Brooks' husband was now the in the sun, and lifting an earth-covered head of the biggest advertising agency the threshold. The pile of wood and roof to the autumn sky. Bill whistled in Granville. Hazel was glad of that mild success. She was inordinately proud of Bill,

ran a brown streak of sod, and down when she compared him with the averone side of this a man guided the han- age Granville male-yet she found herthe line of the old song unfinished, but dies of a plow drawn by the strangest self wishing he would adopt a little more readily the Granville viewpoint. He fell short of it, or went beyond it, ex- she could not be sure which; she had an uneasy feeling sometimes that he looked upon Granville doings and you," Bill spoke absently. "He has Granville folk with amused tolerance, bucked his way into the heart of a not unmixed with contempt. But he virgin country, and he's breaking sod attracted attention. Whenever he was with a mule and a cow. That's adap- minded to talk he found ready listeners.

Once or twice she conjured up a vision of his getting into some business there, and utterly foregoing the North-which for her was already beginning to take on the aspect of a ed team to watch them come. The bleak and cheerless region where there was none of the things which dally whetted her appetite for luxury, nothing but hardships innumerable-and gold. The gold had been their reward-a reward well earned, she thought. Still-they had been wonderfully happy there at the Pine river cabin, she remembered. They came home from a theater

party late one night. Hazel kicked off her slippers, and gratefully toasted her silk-stockinged feet at the small coal grate. Fall had come, and there was a sharp nip to the air. "Well, what do you think of it as

"Sure!" Bill responded. "But we're far as you've gone?" he asked ab-"I think it's fine," she candidly ad-

it. Don't you?" "As a diversion," he observed

come here. But I dink it vass aban- ant, and they've rather gone out of to? They spend their whole life running in useless circles. I should think they'd get sick of it. You will."

"Hardly, Billum," she smiled. "We're merely making up for two years of isolation. I think we must be remarkable people that we didn't fight like cats and dogs. For eighteen months, you in her "Authentic Indiana:" know, there wasn't a soul to talk to, zel at once appropriated the buby. It and not much to think about except lay peacefully in her arms, staring what you could do if you were some

"You're acquiring the atmosphere." remarked - sardonically,

"No; just enjoying myself," she re plied lightly.

"Well, if you really are," he an swered slowly, "we may as well settle him. "Vill you smoke? I light mine here for the winter-and get settled a guest in another man's house, to tell "Why, I'd love to stay here all win-

vass upon a farm brought oop. I serf | ter," she said. "But I thought you in- canoe. in der army my dime. Den Amerigo, tended to knock around more or less." "But don't you see, you don't particularly care to," he pointed out; "and eries. Afder dot I learn to be a car- it would spoll the fun of going any never was classed as a central Westpenter. Now I am a kink, mit a castle place for me if you were not interest-



Hazel at Once Appropriated the Baby.

passage. One city is pretty much like only the aerial torpedoes, but all air-"Und so," her husband took up the another to me. We'll take a run over plane bombs and darts, are now groovtale, "I hear off diss country, vere lant to New York. I want to get some ed or finned to whirl in fallcan be for noddings got. Und so we books and things. Then we'll come ing. The German Zeppelin bombs scrape und pinch und safe nickels und back here and get a house or a flat. are similarly constructed. gon, yes. Mit two mules, In Ashcroft on this society game. You can play it Hazel had a momentary vision of un- and equally silly she-men, any more

"Why, Bill!" she exclaimed aghast. "Well, ain't it so?" he defended in-

would be out of tune, and it would be journey's end only a rude cabin of certainly got intelligence above the avgood-by happiness. But I think I know logs-and years of steady toll. Isola- erage. That Lorimer girl has brains tion in a huge and lonely land. Yet superimposed on her artistic temperathese folk were happy. She wondered ment, and she uses 'em to advantage. cutting. About eleven o'clock he threw briefly if her own viewpoint were pos- Practically all the rest that I've met looks and clothes and amusing themselves, and that lets them out. Shucks, there isn't a real man in the lot. Maybe I'll run across some people who don't take a two-by-four view of life if I stay around here long enough, but it hasn't happened to me yet. I must say that the habitual conversation of these people gives me a pain. That platitudinous discussion of the play tonight, for instance,"

"That was droll." Hazel chuckled at the recollection, and she recalled the weary look that had once or twice flitted over Bill's face during that after-theater supper. Bill snorted.

"Droll. Perhaps," he said. "Biatant ignorance, coupled with a desire to appear the possessor of culture, is man's executors. And once more in sometimes amusing. But as a general

"You're hard to please," she replied. He shrugged his shoulders and remnined silent. "Well," he said presently, "we'll take

that jaunt to New York day after tomorrow.' He was still sitting by the window

when Hazel was ready to go to bed.



What Are You Thinking About So Hard, Billy-Boy?"

She came back into the room in a trailing silk kimono, and, stenling softly up behind him, put both hands on his shoulders. "What are you thinking so hard

about, Billy-boy?" she whispered. "I was thinking about Jake Lauer, and wondering how he was making it go," Bill answered. "I was also picturing to myself how some of these worthy citizens would mess things up if they had to follow in his steps. Hang it, I don't know but we'd be better off if we were pegging away for t foothold somewhere, like old Jake."

"If we had to do that," she argued, "I suppose we would, and manage to get along. But since we don't have to, why wish for it? Money makes things pleasanter."

CTO BE CONTINUED.

## POPULARITY OF BLUE GRASS Kentucky Soldiers, on Return March From Battle of Tippecanoe, Gath-

ered Seed in Indiana. The tradition that the Kentucky sol

diers who fought at Tippecanoe took back with them the seed that has made blue grass famous in central Kentucky, has never been questioned or seemed to require authentic proof, declares a writer. Mrs. Levering says. "It was on the return march from the battle of Tippecanoe that the soldiers from Kentucky gathered the seed

of the blue grass which they found growing in Indiana, and carried it home with them, thinking it was a superior variety because it satisfied the hunger of their horses so well that they would not eat corn. It flourished so well on the limestone soil of central Kentucky that it made that state famous." This statement was based on right away. I'm rather weary of being information obtained from early settlers of Indiana. Kentucky was not known as the blue grass state until many years after the battle of Tippe-

As long as slavery existed, Kentucky, lying south of the Ohio river, was classed as a Southern state. It ern or middle Western sta's along with Ohio and Indiana. In the census report of 1910, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin were classed as "East North Central states" and Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi as "East South Central

When Indiana was admitted to the Union, in 1816, it consisted of 13 counties, viz.: Wayne, Franklin, Dearborn, Switzerland, Jefferson, Clark, Washington, Harrison, Knox, Gibson, Posey, Warrick and Perry. In the subsequent creation of 79 counties out of these, making 92, the boundaries of the orig inal 13 counties underwent material changes.

"Flying Fish" Torpedo. Aerial torpedoes-the bane of Ger-

man submarine crews and first-line trenches-have been called "flying fish," because their tapering cylindrical bodies and huge air-fins suggest the tropic sea creatures. The torpedoes are held upright in the air and given a diving velocity by the air resistance which strikes the fins, spin, ning them round and round. Contrary to popular impressions, certain forms of air resistance speed up rather

"Tears, idle tears," murmured Flub

"That can't possibly allude to profiteers," declared Wembat. - Louisville Courier-Journal.

Granite Production. The granite produced in the United States in 1916 was valued at \$17,418. 582, 22 per cent of the value of the en-

## PENNSYLVANIA BRIEFS

While canoeing in the Juniata river pear a clubhouse, five miles east of Huntingdon, a man named Hurley and six-year-old boy named Myers were frowned. Myers' fatner was also in he boat when it capsized, but he was saved. All were from Altoona.

Mrs. Charles L. Bachman, aged fiftyvo, wife of an Easton druggist, was cricken with apoplexy while she was carning to operate an automobile, and upired instantly. E. W. Collinge, who was demonstrating the car, drove it to ter home with the lifeless body.

The last meeting of the state board of pardons for the summer will be held June 19.

Youthful inquisitiveness as to the contents of a dualin cap caused complete blindness and the loss of much of the right hand of Tony Swatiskie, iged e'ght, of Kulpmont.

The Lehighton school board has fixd the tax rate at twelve mills, the lighest of any borough in the coun-

Writing from France, where she is serving as a Red Cross nurse behind the British lines, Miss Katherine Edwards, of New Castle, tells her parents: "You do not need to fear for ns. We have decided that we will kill ourselves before we will be taken prisoner." Miss Edwards went to France with a Philadelphia hospital unit.

The employes of the Pennsylvania and Hills'de Coal and Iron companies gave \$24,000 to the second Red Cross fund. Every man in the employ of each company gave a day's wages. This money totaled one-half of the quota for the Pitts on district.

The service flag of the Easton lodge of Moose contains 112 stars.

George B. Hoffman, eighteen years old, of York, was a member of the crew of the United States transport President Lincoln, which was sunk by n hostile U-boat Friday morning. No information concerning his safety has been received by his relatives in the Two new cases of smallpox have

been reported to the office of the state department of health. One case is in Lebanon, and the other is in Erle, The patient is a negro who traveled from St. Marys to Erie. The coach has been disinfected and the matter taken up with the St. Mary's health authorities. One of the largest classes in the

history of Shamokin high school was graduated. The honors awarded were: Valedictorian, J. Harold Zimmerman; salutatorian, Dwight Howerth; presentation, Mary L. Steward, and his torian, Sidney K. Scott. There were twenty-nine men and forty girls in the The Pennsylvania state sheep insti-

tute was organized in Harrisburg.

with Charles E. P. Patton, secretary of agriculture, as president. Arrangements were made for a sheep show to be held in Williamsport in November. Walter J. Adams, aged fifty, a Baltimore and Ohio railroad engineer, dled at Connellsville from injuries received in a wreck last November. He had been employed by the railroad

thirty years. Judge Solly, at Norristown, has awarded William H. Detterer and wife, of Bridgeport, \$743 for nursing and boarding Martha McCleary, who inherited money through the death of n sister in Philadelphia. While there had been no promise to pay the Detterers, Judge Solly rules that they are more entitled to the money than the collateral beirs.

A record-breaking crop of strawberries is promised in Lawrence county this year. Rain during the past few days has been especially beneficial and the plants are white with blossome. The growers are confronted with a scarcity of pickers and a call is to be made for school children of the county. Struck by a Pennsylvania railroad train, Laura, the seventeen-month-old

was only slightly injured. The child was tossed some distance from the Local business men have become interested in the establishing of the Susquehanna trail in York county. The proposed trail would cover the route

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gus

Spangler, of Spring Grove, near York

from Harrisburg to York. There has been a big jump in enlistments in the army and navy at the Lancaster recruiting offices. In one day twenty signed up at the army and ten with the navy, while the marines have been averaging two a day. John Farris, of Pittsburgh, has been

for the new state bridge at Tionesta by the board of public grounds and buildings. The Northumberland Gas company has sold its plant to George W. Rockell and H. J. Stannert, local business

appointed engineer to prepare plans

After serving the Hazleton National bank as cashier twenty-four years, A. M. Eby retired, and was succeeded by B. E. Kunkle, assistant cashler,

At the reunion of the Shamokin High School Alumni association a service flag containing ninety-four stars was dedicated and unfurled. A parade was held at Hazleton in honor of twelve volunteers who enlist-

ed in the regular army and left for Fort Slocum. High salaries all along the line, increasing the annual budget \$9600, was granted by the school board to Easton

tenchers. A South Side, Connellsville hen has proved her eligibility for membership in the Red Cross. A few weeks ago Mrs. B. Frank Jones, of Cedar avenue, placed seventeen variously assorted eggs under an old "cluck," writing a name on the shell of each. Among them were "Liberty Bond" and "Red Cross." The latter egg was the first to hatch out and the tiny chick ushered into the world proved to be a Rhode Island

Allentown council failed to receive n single bid for a sheet iron standpipe, with a capacity of 500,000 gallons, when it was put up at sale. \_ \_

## GAINED 55 POUNDS Doan's Kidney Pills Effected Won. derful Recovery After Other Medicines Had Failed.

Medicines Had Failed.

"I don't believe I would be alive to give this testimony if it weren't to Doan's Kidney Pills," says Mrs. Juna A. Thomas, 1125-A Missouri Ave., Eng St. Louis, Ill. "I was in a serious condition with kidney trouble; my feet and ankles were terribly swollen and the kidney secretions caused agony in passage. I had terrible rheumatic palsa and often got so dirry I dared not walk for fear of failing. I felt as if I would go frantic. I grew weak as a baby and often had to grasp something to keep from falling. My nerves were all unatrung and the least noise startled me. Nothing benefited me and I was discouraged. A neighbor happened to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills and I began using them. The swellings and pains were soon eased up and it was pains were soon eased up and it was but a short time before my kidney were in good shape again. They have never bothered me since nor have I had any backache or other kidney trouble. I have gained 55 pounds since I was cured and can do all my own work without suffering."

"Sworn to before me."
FRANK W. CLOVER, Notary Public

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S HIDNEY FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

A REAL POTATO DIGGER Not a more Plow with a rake attachment, but low priced, scientific implement. Cleans the tra-from the dirt and the dirt from the postures as w from the dirt and the dirt from the potations as machines that cost five times as much beam with high arch to prevent elogang, shed high carbon steel shovel. Adjustable regulate depth and "pich" exactly. Whruse potations. If Don't have a Dnill, Cult Harrow, Lime Spreader, Potato Digrer, or any other pieces of Farm Machinery before writing for our special catalog. State what machine you want and give





AGENTS WAKE UP 🏗

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 25-194

Wooden Motor Tires Motorcycles are being abroad with wooden tires instead a those of rubber. The former and all purposes in some localities, but a rabber is allowed to go abroad now # cept for war purposes.

Patriotic Metaphor. Our own earnest metaphor for the day: It is the duty of every true po triot to put on his heaviest shoes an kick the seat of disloyalty every time k rears its head .- Ohio State Journal

Secret of Her Success. Wonder at the success of the wan an Hon tamer fades like a summe cold when her obltunry explains that she had been married eight times. Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Getting at It. "What seems to be the trouble?" "Doctor, my stomach feels all twis-

eating pretzels?" Soldiers' Cost High It costs the Canadian government \$1,000 a year for each soldier put is

"Hum. Let's see. Have you best

It is vain to be always looking to ward the future and never acting to ward it .- J. F. Boyes,

England now has more than 4.7% 000 women wage earners.



if you drink INSTANT

**POSTUM** instead of coffee.

Postum is nutritious. healthful economical, delicious and American.

TRY IT FOR EVERY GOOD REASON