Gift of the Desert

By Randall Parrish

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THE STORY THUS FAR

SYNOPSIS.—On the isolated Meager ranch, on the southern border, Deborah Meredith, trained nurse, is in attendance on Mrs. Meager, whose husband has recently been killed. Immediately after the death, Bob Meager, Mrs. Meager's stepson, arrives and takes possession. He insults Deborah and she resolves to leave, but there seems no possibility of her getting away. Meager gloats over Deborah's plight. He tells her he has sent for a justice of the peace, who will marry them tomorrow. Horrified, the girl secures a revolver. The justice, Cornelius Garrity, scoundrel and bosom friend of Meager, arrives with a party, among them the "Frisco Kid," notorious desperado. Despite Deborah's protests, the justice performs the marriage ceremony. She escapes and reaches her room. There she stuns Meager with the revolver and rushes to the stables, hoping to secure a horse and escape. There she meets the "Frisco Kid." Somehow he inspires her with confidence and she explains the situation. The "Kid" tells her his name is Daniel Kelleen, that he is no friend of Meager. They ride off together into the desert. Presently she realizes that Kelleen is the "Frisco Kid," but doesn't fear him. Deborah hears the story of the "Frisco Kid." Kelleen disappears and Deborah is seized by a man who carries her to what is apparently a cave. She finds a dead man, takes revolver from body, exchanges shots with guard and escapes. Deborah overhears quarrel between Meager and Kelleen.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

—10—

"There is no use playing the hog, Bob," the latter went on coolly. "I've got the cards, and I'm no girl you can play the brute with, like you did last night. What time does this outfit come in?"

"Between now and midnight."

"What are they running?"

"War stuff, of course."

"And you have the way cleared—Garrity brought you that information, no doubt. Has he gone back to Nogales?"

"Yes; this morning."

"I see; everything has been attended to. Somebody with brains is engineering this. You and Sanchez do the rough work while the judge clears the trail. All right; I've got it mapped out now. You are really not supposed to be in this deal at all. The Mex takes the stuff across the line, gets your share of the boodle, and brings it back. All you need do is hide out here and wait. Pretty soft, I'd say."

"Is it? Well, what are you getting to do?"

"Nothing, more, Bob. I'm d—d if you deserve it, but I'll only take my share. I'll go along with the outfit, though, to make sure I get it. Then we'll split right here. Keep that hand away. You have been edging in toward that gun for the last five minutes. I've got you covered, you sneaking cur. I don't take any chances with your kind. Now are you ready to come clean?"

There was no immediate answer, and Kelleen settled back into his saddle, but still faced the other, who had risen to his feet.

"I came up here half inclined to kill you," the younger man said soberly, "but now I am going to give you a showdown if you play fair. I know you would double-cross anybody if you had

"You Are Such a Dirty, Low-Down Brute," He Said Coldly.

a chance. I don't mean to give you any. You stay here until I come back; if you fail, I'll run you down, no matter where you go. And you know what that means?"

Meager's fingers clinched and unclinched, his tongue wetting his dry lips.

"You needn't make any promise, Bob. Your word means nothing to me. You stay here until I come back. If you don't, you are as good as dead—that's all. That's my pledge; and you know whether it is good or not. Anything more you want to say?"

He backed his horse slowly down into the bottom of the gully, turning the animal's head toward the opposite bank, but still twisted in the saddle so as to confront Meager. He had drawn his revolver, and held it carelessly in his hand.

"You are such a dirty, low-down brute," he said coldly, "it would really be a pleasure to put you out of the world. I sometimes wonder why I don't. The Mex tells me you got married last night. Was it the real thing this time?"

"That's none of your d—d business."

"Perhaps not, but let's be social while we are together. Partners ought not to quarrel. Surprises me you should desert the fair bride so soon. You seem to have your head wrapped up—couldn't be a love rap, could it?"

Meager's temper obtained full control at this unpleasantry.

"H—l, I was drunk!" he growled viciously. "But she'll pay for it, the next time I get hands on the wench."

"So, she got away, then? Lord, Bob, I always thought you was a woman tamer. This one is of another sort, then, than those you are accustomed to handling; doesn't take kindly to the cave-man stuff?"

"She'll take it, all right, the d—n little vixen. She bit me when I was drunk, and then got away; hid in the old lady's room, I reckon, for I couldn't find her nowhere. But I'll bring the girl out of there tonight, by G—d, an' she won't have no drunk man to deal with neither."

Kelleen laughed, evidently well satisfied with what he had learned, and having no further desire to add to Meager's discomfiture. His restive horse suddenly sprang forward under the quick thrust of the man's heel, crushing through the tangle of sage, and up the steep bank to the level of the desert above. Deborah had barely time to sink her body lower into the sand behind her covert, when the startled animal swept past, one hoof scarcely missing her. Meager, with an oath, swung a hand back to his pistol butt, yet was already too late—Kelleen had gone over the crest, the faint echo of a laugh floating behind him tantalizingly.

All the girl could do was to remain silently where she lay behind that cluster of sage. It was already growing dusk, and shadows hung over the gully, becoming deeper with every passing moment. If she had escaped observation so far she would soon be perfectly safe. And she was—she was!

The certainty was like a glass of wine, the blood coming back to her heart, her pulse steadying. Kelleen had ridden on, never pausing; she could hear the dull thud of his horse's hoofs in the sand, until the sound died away in the distance. And Meager stood there, revolver in hand, cursing impotently; finally leaping forward across the gully to where he could stare out over the edge of the bank toward where his enemy had disappeared. Neither man, then, had seen her; yet she dare not move, or attempt to change position; the slightest motion might mean betrayal. She shrank even closer in the shadow waiting. Would Meager stay there, or go away? In truth, of the two men she dreaded him the least, despising the fellow so thoroughly as to have largely lost her fear—but Kelleen! She was actually afraid of him. If she had still retained any lingering doubt as to what he was, that doubt had entirely vanished during this conversation. The man had worn no mask talking with Bob Meager; made no attempt to disguise himself. She recognized him now as thief and border desperado, no better, probably, than those he associated with—and far more dangerous.

It seemed to Deborah as though that dimly outlined figure standing at the edge of the bank would never move. His actions, and certain muttered words, aroused her interest, and held her in concealment watching his every movement. The fellow purposed something—but what? Those surely were night glasses through which he searched the horizon, crossing from side to side of the ravine, and lying flat on the sand while sweeping the circle before him inch by inch. Evidently nothing was discovered, to awaken suspicion, for he came back to his horse and loosened a long rope coiled about the saddle pommel, and, with this on his arm, tramped down the gully, within a yard of where she lay, his figure fading almost instantly into the darker shadows below.

At that moment the girl scarcely conceived what his mission might be. Her whole mind seemed to concentrate on the opportunity for escape which his absence offered. She arose crouching upon her feet, yet hesitated an instant, feeling a sudden curiosity to learn what Meager might be searching for. He could not go far, for the ravine ended abruptly against a rock wall. She had a mental picture of the scene. Good G—d! could the man be seeking after that narrow opening through which she had just escaped? Could it be possible he knew of its presence there? where it led? the secret of that mysterious tunnel in the cliff?

The opportunity to escape was now open; Meager had entirely disappeared in the darkness; she could no longer even distinguish the sound of the man's movements, while his horse, saddled and bridled, stood unguarded not a dozen yards away. Yet the girl lingered, waiting to assure herself as to the real nature of the fellow's mission.

Forth from the darkness to her strained ears came the sound of a low whistle, a peculiar note resembling the call of a wild bird, quite evidently a signal, as it was repeated three times. To Deborah's imagination the whistler must be bending above the orifice in the rock. There was a pause, the desert silence profound, and then again the same signal impatiently given. Apparently there was no response of any nature from below, and Meager lost control of his caution, for he burst forth in a string of oaths, ending this tirade by calling down into the hole, his voice muffled as though he had inserted his head as far as possible within the narrow opening. The words came back indistinct, occasionally lost.

"Below there, you Manuel! Answer me, you d—n dog! This is Bob; do you hear. By G—d, the fool must be asleep. I'll skin you alive if you fail me now. What the h—l does this mean?"

He apparently stood up, or at least lifted his head from out the aperture, for the voice sounded clearer to Deborah. The change startled her so she sprang to her feet, ready for escape

She Hesitated; Then Courage Returned.

before he could return, yet waited another instant, breathless, poised for flight.

"D—n the luck!" growled Meager to himself, unconsciously aloud, "when I want the fool he fails me. By G—d! something must be wrong, but what the h—l can I do? I got to find out what's up—that's sure; an' there ain't but one way o' doin' it; I got to git down below, an' d—n quick, too, before Casebeer gits here."

Deborah paused no longer. He was coming back; there was no other way for her to descend going down the cliff. She ran swiftly through the dark, reckless of the scraggy sage, desperate to attain the horse. The man must have heard her, had some intimation of movement in the black night, for he gave utterance to a startled oath, and his feet crunched in the sand. But he was already too late, too far behind. In a moment more the frightened girl had gripped the bridle rein, flinging it back over the animal's head, and, in spite of his backing away, startled by her sudden appearance, had, in sheer desperation of terror, scrambled into the saddle. The horse wheeled sharply about, maddened by the flap of her skirt, and leaped forward, straight across the gully and up the sharp incline opposite. Her eyes caught one glimpse of the man's figure, dim, indistinct, grotesque, racing toward them; then he fired twice, the red glare lighting up the night. The next instant they were over the top, speeding frantically into the inky blackness of the desert night, no sound but the slugging of the animal's hoofs in the soft sand.

She had escaped; she was free! Nothing else mattered. Meager's hasty shots had failed; neither she nor the horse had been touched. Now he was back there helpless on foot, while she was free and in saddle. But where should she ride? in which direction? where was safety to be found before daylight? She drew the horse down to a walk, and studied the stars overhead in an endeavor to determine even the points of the compass.

Was that a sound—there to her left? She stared, half conscious of a deeper shadow looming, yet uncertain, checking the sudden spring of her horse. Then she knew, but too late; the black thunderbolt rushed upon her, and a man, leaning from his saddle, had clasped her arm, even as he jerked his own mount almost on its haunches.

"No shooting, please!" a voice said a bit sternly. "It is you, then?"

She suppressed a scream which almost escaped her lips, but her answer faltered.

"You thought it was I, then? You were seeking after me?"

"Of course; people scarcely meet by chance here—in this desert and darkness."

"But why, may I ask, should we meet by either chance or otherwise?"

"Inclination may have had something to do with that, and a desire to serve. Am I not somewhat responsible in your case?"

"I do not care to acknowledge any such responsibility. I prefer now to go my own way alone. Do you understand?"

"You mean those words just as they sound?" he asked, releasing his grasp of her arm, yet only lowering his hand to her horse's rein.

"The words certainly express my meaning exactly, Mr. Kelleen. Why do you retain

"To prevent [illegible] part to ride a[illegible] a slight coldness until we understood I had up to t[illegible] were endeavoring fellow back y[illegible] were running [illegible] that the truth[illegible] she hesitated, turned.

"I fear you [illegible] Meager," she [illegible] despise you m[illegible]

"That is a [illegible] wonder if I m[illegible] think I deserted [illegible] essarily? First [illegible] tion—yes, you [illegible] you go until [illegible] to me?"

"I know of [illegible] so; but I prefer [illegible] horse."

His fingers [illegible] the rein, and [illegible] ing her.

"I trust you," [illegible] are better mount[illegible] but I will not [illegible] me altogether [illegible] confidence in m[illegible] not?"

"Yes—last night [illegible] afraid, and—an[illegible] told me."

"I am the same man now," he said earnestly. "I am Daniel Kelleen, just as ready to prove my friendship now as then. You do not believe that?"

"No, I do not; I cannot. Last night I accepted your assistance from necessity. I had a chance to escape that ranch before daylight, and you offered the only chance. I did not know who you were then—only in a vague way. I rather accepted you as an American cowboy, and—as you made me trust you."

"During our last ride, you mean?"

"Yes, you told me a little about yourself, perhaps it was not true, but you made me think it was, and I gained confidence in you in spite—in spite of your—er reputation."

"I see—the 'Frisco Kid' business. That was a little off color, wasn't it? If I remember right you got my history principally from 'Pop' Reynolds, with all embellishments thrown in. Yet, nevertheless, you managed to like me? Is that?"

"I had to trust you then. I tried to believe all you told me, and—and you were nice."

"Good enough; and then what?"

"It was not because you left me. I thought I understood that; you were seeking to escape from discovery. Yet even then I was not sure, not as confident in you as when we were alone together. Sanchez was too friendly, too ready to acknowledge your leadership and obey your orders—and—and I knew too much about what was going on here. You told me in your [illegible] exciting story, Mr. Kelleen, which I now know to be false."

Kelleen made no movement, and for the moment [illegible]

"You have it [illegible] too, haven't you?"

"I prefer [illegible] first why you reach this [illegible] he replied calmly. "Does one from my conversation with [illegible] Sanchez?"

"It began th[illegible] I could scarcely help suspecting [illegible] after listening to what you had [illegible] to that Mexican outlaw. You [illegible] here not so much in my protect[illegible] but as the representative of [illegible] Meager. I am merely [illegible] your plaything [illegible]"

"You are [illegible] complimentary. Did I serve Me[illegible] you think, by running off with [illegible] wife?"

"There is no [illegible] or decency on this border where a woman is concerned," she [illegible] bitterly. "I have at least learned [illegible] I do not know your real objec[illegible] only that you are one of this [illegible] gang; that you come here [illegible] serve its purposes; that I was there only an incident—to be lied and laughed at."

"You reached [illegible] conclusion from what you overh[illegible] of the talk between Sanchez [illegible] myself? Of course I knew you were [illegible]"

"Exactly, and [illegible] not even care. Your very [illegible] was an insult. You believed me entirely in your power. You could sit calmly there on your horse, [illegible] and sneer, and I dare do nothing [illegible] protect myself. Then you rode [illegible] and left me—your last glance one [illegible] insolent triumph. It was then I [illegible] realized that I was only your victim, [illegible] was afraid of you, and I hated you [illegible]"

His voice was [illegible] low, very quiet. "You lost all [illegible] You attempted to run away, and [illegible] from me before I could return?"

"I attempted [illegible] away—yes. I could not remain [illegible]; it would even be better to die [illegible] the desert. But—but I am not [illegible] sure I had lost all faith. Nothing [illegible] was quite clear, but—but I was afraid [illegible] of you. You had lied to me; I could not trust myself alone with you [illegible] any longer. But since then I have [illegible] lost all faith—do you know why?"

"I can make a [illegible] You also overheard the talk between myself and Bob Meager."

"Every word. [illegible] did you know?"

"Because I had [illegible] glimpse of you as my horse topped [illegible] bank. I had sought you every[illegible] after I finally got rid of Sanchez. [illegible] The truth is I was still seeking your [illegible] when I encountered Bob skulking [illegible] here in the gully. Our meeting was [illegible] prearranged; it was an accident. [illegible] you are perfectly justified in condemning me, as the facts stand in your mind. I am not even going to attempt defending myself. I fear it would be useless. I am merely going to serve you, whether you wish to be saved or not. But listen a minute before you cast me off utterly. Will you do that?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Be like the bird that halting in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight
Feels them give way beneath her,
And yet sings
Knowing that she hath wings.
—Victor Hugo.

CAKES FOR PICNIC BASKET

No lunch basket is quite perfect without some form of cake. The

following will be found most satisfying:

Fruitines.—Beat two eggs in a mixing bowl, add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of melted butter or shortening, and a teaspoonful of salt. Let one cupful of raisins soak in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water or fruit juice for ten minutes or more, then drain and put through the meat grinder. Mix and sift three and one-half cupfuls of pastry flour, add the fruit juice or water, one teaspoonful of soda to two tablespoonfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-half teaspoonful of cloves. Mix all together, beat well, add raisins and drop by teaspoonfuls two inches apart on a baking sheet. Bake eight to ten minutes. This recipe makes about fifty cookies.

Halibut Baked in Custard.—Take a slice of halibut weighing one pound, cut the fish into filets, removing the bones. Lay the filets—there should be six—in a shallow baking dish and sprinkle with one-half teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, one small onion grated and a dash of paprika. Beat two eggs until light, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Beat well and pour over the fish, bake one-half hour or until the custard is set.

Orange Drops.—Beat the yolks of three eggs until light, add one cupful of sugar, the juice and rind of half an orange. Sift together one cupful of pastry flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add gradually to the egg mixture and beat well. Chill on ice. Break off pieces the size of a walnut and bake ten minutes in a hot oven.

Celery Sandwiches.—Chop tender celery fine, add mayonnaise dressing and a spoonful of chopped chicken breast. Spread bread with butter, then cover with the filling, add another buttered slice and cut in triangles; serve with lettuce.

Recipe for Proud Cooks—When you taste a blueberry pie you have just made and feel a thrill of pride at its delicious flavor, always remember that you didn't make the blueberries.

MORE SUMMER DESSERTS

Milk or thin cream with fruit juices fresh or canned and a well-beaten egg white added toward the last of the freezing one has a dish fit for king or queen.

Strawberry Sherbet.—As this fruit is so universally a favorite one cannot go wrong in serving it to any group of people. One quart of this sherbet will serve four to six people. Measure two cupfuls of the crushed fruit, crush it with a potato masher, add one cupful of sugar, and let it stand in the ice chest for three hours. Whip one cupful of cream and fold into the crushed fruit carefully. Pour into a freezer and freeze as usual.

Strawberry Sherbet.—Take two cupfuls of strawberry pulp made by mashing the berries. Boil one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of water ten minutes. Soften a half teaspoonful of gelatin in two tablespoonfuls of cold water and add to the hot syrup. Now add the juice of half a lemon and one-half cupful of orange juice to the strawberry mixture; add the syrup when cool and freeze. Add the beaten egg white with two tablespoonfuls of sugar when the mixture is partly frozen and continue freezing. Raspberry juice, removing the seeds, may be prepared in the same way and is especially delicious.

Pineapple Cream Sherbet.—Take two cupfuls of grated fresh pineapple, cover with a cupful of sugar, let stand three hours, fold in one cupful of cream whipped until stiff and freeze.

Apricot Cream Sherbet.—Measure two cupfuls of canned apricots which have been mashed through the potato ricer. Cover with three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and let stand three hours. Fold in one cupful of cream whipped. The fresh fruit may be used, adding a cupful of sugar.

Salad in Honey Dew Melon Basket.—Prepare the melon by cutting it into a basket. Scoop out the seeds and remove the pulp. Chop the pulp into coarse bits, add pineapple, cherries and a nicely seasoned French dressing. Garnish the melon with a border of curled celery. Serve a bit of the celery with the contents of the melon.

Raspberry Bombe Glace.—Line a three-pint melon mold with raspberry ice. Fill the center with whipped cream, sweetened with powdered sugar and flavor with vanilla. Let stand packed in equal parts of ice and salt for three hours.

Nellie Maxwell

ADDITIONAL TAX OF $13,000,000

Added Levy of One Cent Per Gallon on Gasoline Will Raise Large Sum

ESTIMATE MADE BY LEWIS

Interesting News Items, Briefly Condensed, Picked Up at the Departments Which Are of Interest to the People of the State.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Estimate that revenue from the emergency gasoline tax for the two-year period will reach $13,000,000, instead of the $10,000,000 figured when the legislature added the additional cent per gallon, was made by Auditor General S. S. Lewis in a report to Governor Pinchot. The auditor general reports that from January 1 to June 30 of this year $1,572,578.70 was collected under the 1-cent rate. Of this amount $786,285.67 was distributed on August 1 to the counties from which it was collected.

The total collected at 1 cent a gallon from July 1, 1922, to June 30, 1923, was $3,255,570.04, and the total since the tax became operative on September 1, 1921, has been $5,091,420.83.

The auditor general says in his report that if sales are maintained at the same ratio as for the past year that over $6,500,000 will be collected each year, and $13,000,000 for the two years the emergency tax is operative.

Women Prisoners Moved.

Judge McIlvaitt in Quarter Sessions Court at Philadelphia granted the petition of Col. John C. Groome, warden of the Eastern penitentiary, for the transfer of 14 women prisoners to the county prison to relieve the overcrowded condition at the state institution. There are 52 female prisoners.

Railroad Accidents Increase.

Reports to the Bureau of Accidents, Public Service Commission, show an increase of 1,567 accidents on steam railroads for the first six months of this year compared with the same period of 1922. There was an increase of 125 in the number of persons killed and 1,691 in the number injured. For the first six months of 1923 483 grade crossing accidents, compared with 240 for 1922, were reported. Automobiles were involved in 412 of the accidents, which resulted in 64 killed and 239 injured. Although there was an increase of 255 in the number of street railway accidents, there was a decrease of 30 in the number of persons killed.

To Check Sheep Worms.

The state bureau of animal industry in working out plans to check the sheep worm which is doing thousands of dollars of damage a year to the flocks in southwestern counties. Suggestions for treatment and pasture rotation have been given.

Large Attendance Expected.

Close to 1,850,000 pupils will start school in Pennsylvania next month and fully 51,340 teachers will be required. Approximately 5,000 teachers will be new, as statistics covering a period of years show that about this number every year withdraw from teaching. The complete enrollment of the schools will not be known for some time after the year's work commences, it is pointed out by Dr. Becht. The estimated enrollment of 1,850,000 scholars this year is based on last year's report and the average increase over a period of years. In school districts having a population of less than 5,000 the minimum school year is eight months.

Pittsburgher Appointed.

Governor Pinchot announced appointments of Joseph E. Widener, Philadelphia, as a member of the Valley Forge Park Commission and Dr. Francis McDonald Wallace, Pittsburgh, as a member of the board of trustees of Torrance State Hospital.

Woman Bootlegger Arrested.

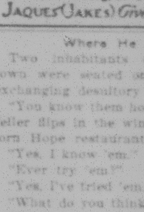
Twenty automobiles, three trucks and large quantities of whisky were seized during the past week by the state police in their prohibition enforcement campaign. Among those arrested was a female bootlegger in a high-powered closed automobile which carried 107 quarts of bonded whisky. Seventy persons were arrested during the week, including nine hotel men and truckers, two brewers, 15 moonshiners and 46 bootleggers. The police confiscated 18 stills, 89 gallons of moonshine liquor, 951 quarts of whisky, 1,530 gallons of mash, 35 barrels, 20 cases and 55 bottles of beer, 256 gallons of wine, 495 gallons of alcohol, 178 quarts of champagne and 52 gallons of hard cider.

Will Test New Law.

A legal test of the old age pension act passed by the Legislature of 1923, will probably be launched soon after the new State board is organized. The governor has named the three people to constitute the commission and as soon as James H. Maurer returns from Europe the members will be called together. The action will probably go into the whole question of State-aid for humane purposes and will be launched in the Dauphin county court for the purpose of securing a ruling.

THOUGHT BACK WOULD BREAK

Nothing Helped until She Began Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



"When my baby was born," says Mrs. Posluszny, 106 High Street, Bay City, Michigan, "I got up too soon. It made me so sick that I was tired of living and the weakness run me down something awful. I could not get up out of bed mornings on account of my back; I thought it would break in two, and if I started to do any work I would have to lie down. I do not believe that any woman ever suffered worse than I did. I spent lots of money, but nothing helped me until I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I felt a whole lot better after the first bottle, and I am still taking it for I am sure it is what has put me on my feet."

If you are suffering from a displacement, irregularities, backache, nervousness, sideache or any other form of female weakness you should write to The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts, for Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women." It will be sent you free upon request. This book contains valuable information.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckled have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Pills

Pills and tablets often pass solidly through the system without helping you.

JAQUES CAPSULES

Quick Stomach Relief

The pure gelatin capsule dissolves quickly upon entering the stomach. Releases its helpful medicine right at the source of trouble. One or two with a swallow of water relieve Indigestion, Heartburn, sour stomach, biliousness and constipation. Break up gas and tone up stomach. At all druggists or 60 cents by mail postpaid from Jaques Capsule Co., Inc., Plattsburg, N. Y.

JAQUES (JAKES) Give Quick Relief

Where He Shone.

Two inhabitants of a sagebrush town were seated on a cracker box exchanging desultory conversation.

"You know them hot cakes what the feller flips in the window of the Forlorn Hope restaurant?"

"Yes, I know 'em."

"Ever try 'em?"

"Yes, I've tried 'em."

"What do you think of 'em?"

The citizen thus appealed to gazed reflectively toward the foothills for some minutes and then rendered judgment.

"That feller's a better juggler than cook."

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes

That itch and burn, by hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Talcum is dusted on at the finish. 25c each.—Advertisement.

In a Japanese English Class.

The lesson was on the farm-house occupation of churning. When the teacher had explained that the milk after the cream was skimmed off, was called skimmed milk, she proceeded to explain the process of butter making. Later she asked, "What do we call the milk that is left when the butter is taken from the churn?"

The student replied, "Skimmed cream."

Cupid denies all connection with bargain-counter marriages.

He that planteth a tree is a servant of God.—Henry Van Dyke.

HAY FEVER

NOT THIS YEAR

TO SLEEP TONIGHT

use RAZ-MAH Today

IS IT WORTH FOUR CENTS TO BE FREE FROM FEAR OF HAY FEVER?

Don't suffer the ridicule of friends. Don't sniffle, snuffle and wheeze the summer away. Hay fever is funny to others but a tragedy to you. Free yourself now as thousands did in Detroit and Michigan last year. Easy to take—harmless. Raz-Mah capsules are made for your prompt relief. No guess work. Just send 4 cents for prove all trial of Raz-Mah, or ask your Druggist for a regular $1 box. Raz-Mah Company, 222A Congress St., West, Detroit.