

### If Back Hurts Begin on Salts

Flush Your Kidneys Occasionally by Drinking Quarts of Good Water

No man or woman can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Too much rich food creates acids which clog the kidney pores so that they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood. Then you get sick. Rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders often come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage, or attended by a sensation of scalding, begin to drink soft water in quantities; also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacy and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine.

This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to help neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer cause irritation, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure. It makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone can take now and then to help keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby often preventing serious kidney complications.

**PORTER'S PAIN KING SALVE**

An efficient and quick-acting ointment, made of wool fat (lanolin) combined with antiseptic, healing, pain-relieving medicine.

Recommended for burns, cuts, sores, wounds, bruises, chapped and cracked skin, boils, piles and fetors.

Used as a local application to relieve colds on the chest, croup, influenza, varicose veins and eczema.

The Geo. H. Burdette Co., Pitts., O.

Since 1871

### DON'T LET WORMS TORTURE CHILDREN

Children who have worms have not a chance of being healthy. Watch for the symptoms. Gritting the teeth, picking the nostrils, disordered stomach.

Rid your child's body of these ruinous parasites. Give him Frey's Vermifuge—America's safe, vegetable worm medicine for 75 years. Buy it today. At all drug stores.

### Frey's Vermifuge Expels Worms

### Schoolboys' Ambitions

A London schoolmaster gives the result of a ballot from more than 100 boys of preparatory school age as to the profession or occupation in life that each hoped to adopt: "Air force 21, motor engineers 10, electrical engineers 13, navy 12, army 10, commerce 6, law 5, stage 4, politics 3, journalism and literature 3, private detectives 3, architects 3, explorers 2, civil engineers 2, painters 1, church 1, schoolmasters 1.

### Helping the Dream Along

Mrs. Binks—My dear, I want a hat—a perfect dream of a hat. Will you get it for me?

Binks—Sure. I'll make a Welsh rabbit for you to eat just before you go to bed.

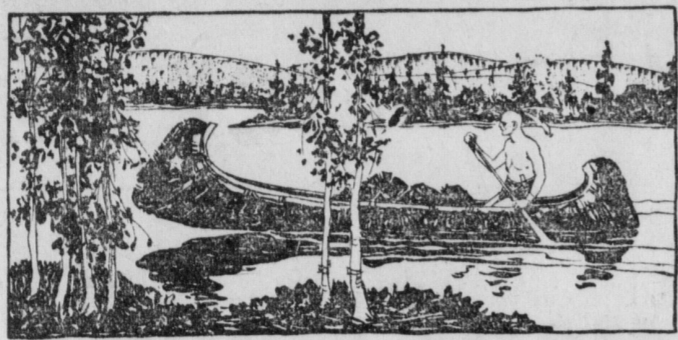
### Shade Makes Health Appeal

After Surprising Recovery from Indigestion and Ailments Caused by Run-Down Condition and Typhoid Fever, Father of 7 Children Wants Everyone to Know Tanlac.

Cassius W. Shade, 416 S. Duke Street, Lancaster, Pa., an Armstrong employe, says: "A few simple preventive measures will often forestall pain. When I began taking Tanlac, I had almost given up hope of recovering my lost health, ravaged by Typhoid Fever. For 18 years I was a nervous wreck. From morning till night I suffered tormenting pain. My nerves were so worn that I couldn't sleep. Indigestion almost made it impossible for me to eat.

"I want the world to know about Tanlac, for it has returned to me my lost health, banished all signs of stomach troubles, built up my strength."

Tanlac, Nature's remedy, made from roots, barks and herbs according to the famous Tanlac formula, relieves constipation, tones up sluggish liver, puts stomach in shape, vanquishes pain and builds strength. Regain good health. Take this wonder tonic and remedy. At your druggist's.



## The DOOM TRAIL

by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH  
AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC.  
WNU SERVICE COPYRIGHT BY BRENTANOS

### CHAPTER XI—Continued

Peter answered him with the Iroquois war-whoop, and we sprang from the sunac clump, dodging right and left through the tree trunks.

"Here they come," yelled Bolling in warning.

He fired his musket, and I felt the wind of its bullet on my cheek. Tom shot with no better results. The two surviving Cahnuags threw away their guns and fled.

"I will take care of them, brothers," shouted Ta-wan-ne-ars, casting aside his own musket. "One Seneca against two Cahnuags—that should be fair odds."

He put on speed as he spoke, waved his hand and was gone, running like a greyhound after the two frightened savages, who were scurrying around the swamp.

The field was left to Peter and me and the two ruffians whom the frontier called Red Death and Black Death. They seemed nothing loath to meet us.

"Ho, ho, ho," roared Bolling. "D'ye see who it is, Tom? Waall, young feller—this to me—'was you intendin' to amuse me some?"

"I'm intending to let a little clean air into your dirty skin," I answered. He threw back his head as if much amused.

"Ho, ho, ho! Now ain't you got the smart way of puttin' things? Young feller, I'll tell yer what: you're too good for the frontier. You—"

As quick as lightning, and without an indication in advance to warn me, he flung his tomahawk at my head. I saw it coming, and instinctively did the only thing possible to save myself—raised my own ax to guard. Bolling's hatchet struck mine and knocked it from my hand, leaving my arm sore and tingling.

"You wasn't expectin' that, was you?" he gibed. "Waall, young feller, there's a heap of other things you ain't expectin', but they're a-goin' to happen. Yes, right now. You watch."

He poised himself on the balls of his feet, and pranced around me, his big, double-edged scalping knife held ready in his right hand.

"I'm aimin' to carve you, my lad," he warned me. "You ain't got the chance a squirrel has agin an eagle. There ain't a knife-fighter in these parts can stand up to me. Boy, I'm most ready to be sorry for ye. I feel that bloody-minded I ain't got no mercy left at all."

He attacked me with a peculiar sweeping blow that was aimed at my shoulder, but fell at the level of the waist. Had it passed my guard, 'twould have dismembered me. I parried his blade with mine, and struck back for the first time with such venom that he leaped away in alarm.

The suspension in his attack gave me opportunity to glance over my shoulder toward the edge of the swamp, where Peter and the negro were circling each other warily, tomahawk poised for throwing.

The sight put an idea in my mind. I remembered my duel with the Cahnuaga in the glade by the Great Trail and the discovery that he was at a disadvantage when I used the knife as I had learned to use the sword. I promptly shifted my grip on the knife-hilt and held it straight before me as if it were a rapier. At the same time I inclined my other arm behind me to balance it. Bolling viewed this maneuver with derision.

"Ye pore baby," he sneered. "Think ye can meet a knife-fighter like me with one arm? Or fight me off with the point? I'll show ye."

He charged upon me like a battering-ram, his knife a whirling point of steel, its broad blade slashing in both directions. I retired slowly, anxious to increase his self-confidence.

"Stand up to me now!" he yelled finally. "Be ye feared?"

I laughed at this, and it made him furious. He stamped around me, slashing and stabbing, and it was several minutes before he discovered that however viciously he struck I was always able to parry him with an economy of effort.

He crept forward like a huge cat, feet spread wide, shoulders crouched, knife menacing flame.

Somewhat to his surprise I did not give ground to him this time, but met him squarely as he advanced. My arm was extended, full-length, tipped with a good ten inches of steel. He struck, and I parried the blow. He slashed, and I put it aside. He struck again, and I almost succeeded in twisting his blade from his hand by an old trick of the salle des armes. But my knife was not long enough to get the necessary purchase with it.

He charged with wonderful celerity, dropped to his knees and slashed upward so effectively that his point cut the skirt of my leather shirt.

"I'll get ye yet," he howled with glee.

But I refused to be intimidated. Indeed, I was no longer doubtful of the issue. I knew that I could outfight him or any fighter of his caliber by my adaptation of sword-play to knife-fighting.

I leaped upon him by way of answer, and pressed the fighting. He yielded ground to me, seeking to retreat into the woods by the trail; but I rounded him up and herded him steadily toward the edge of the swamp.

I shortened our fighting-range, and gave him the point, drawing blood occasionally. He kept his head down, and parried desperately, trying to escape to one side, but I was on him so swiftly that he was afraid of a blow from the rear, and must needs stand to defend himself. At last he stood on the very brink of the morass, with no avenue of escape open.

"How will you die, my friend?" I asked. "You can smother to death if you prefer it?"

His answer was a howl of insensate rage and his knife, thrown point-first at my chest. By sheer luck I caught its point on my bill, turned it aside and met his rush. He wrapped his arms around me, intent on carrying me with him into the ooze and slime. But I stabbed him to the heart before his hug was completed, and he fell away from me, arms spread wide, and lay in a noisome heap by the tussocks of marsh grass.

I stood over him, panting from my exertions, when a shout from Ta-wan-ne-ars attracted my attention. The Seneca was returning from his pursuit of the two Cahnuags. He shouted again and pointed behind me. I turned to see Peter and the negro locked in each other's arms, and as I looked, Tom heaved Peter into the air and tried to throw him. But Peter locked his legs around the negro's waist, and they rolled over and over across the ground.

I reached them just as they struggled to their feet, grips unrelaxed. Peter warned me off.

"Stand clear," he croaked. "I finish this myself."

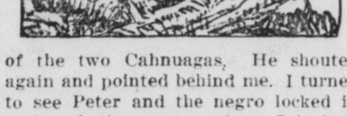
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Tom stooped and flung his arms around Peter's waist, driving his head for the Dutchman's loins. Peter retaliated by bringing up his knee against the negro's chin. Tom reeled back, and Peter swooped upon him. One arm hooked Tom's waist, the other caught him by the neck.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I have summoned you to meet me here because a situation has arisen which is of the utmost gravity to the welfare of the province and the larger interests of his majesty's realm. Recently I have been in receipt of a communication in the form of a petition signed by many of the chief merchants of the province, beseeching me to abandon my opposition to the retention of the free trade with Canada which is now temporarily secured to them by the action of the lords of trade in suspending decision upon the law prohibiting the trade in Indian goods which I secured to be passed last year."

"That petition represented the sober thought of a majority of the merchants and traders, your excellency," shouted up a prosperous-looking man. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Dazeo and with a mouthful of shattered teeth, Tom struggled feebly, but without avail. Peter twisted him, bore him to the ground, shifted grip rapidly, drove his knee into the quivering belly and throttled the life out of the black throat.

"So I make an end of him," panted the Dutchman as he staggered to his feet.

"Aye, we have made an end to Red Death and Black Death," I answered. "And I slew the two who ran," added Ta-wan-ne-ars, touching two scalps whose clustered feathers protruded from his belt.

"A clean sweep," I said. "There will be none to carry the tale to La Vierge du Bols."

### CHAPTER XII

#### Governor Burnet Is Defied

'Twas early autumn when we returned to Albany. The flag over the battlements of Fort Orange stood out straight from its staff. The citizens who thronged the street leading up to the fort gate must needs hold on to their hats-brims.

"Are the streets usually so crowded?" I asked Peter.

He shook his head, and I accented a tavern keeper who stood in his doorway, regarding the passers-by with an indication of the harvest he would reap later.

"'Tis his excellency the governor," he explained. "The governor and Master Colden of his council have summoned certain gentry and merchants and the officers of the troops to meet them in the great hall of the fort this afternoon."

We came to the fort gate and gave our names to the sentry who stopped all save the few the governor had summoned to attend upon him. A messenger he dispatched brought back word that we were to enter, and we were escorted across the parade and into the quarters of the commandant adjoining the great hall.

Master Colden met us in the doorway.

"Zooks, but I am right glad to see you," he cried. "And his excellency is overjoyed."

He opened an inner door and ushered us into the presence of the governor. Master Burnet rose and came forward with hand outstretched.

"Master Ormerod, this could not have been better! I wished above all things for speech with you. Corlaer, I am deeply in your debt. Ta-wan-ne-ars, you have again incurred the gratitude of the province."

"Did you receive my report from Oswego, sir?" I asked.

"Certes, 'twas that—and this"—he tapped a document which lay before him on the table—"which brought me here."

He proffered it. 'Twas a report from a secret agent at Montreal, quoting the decision of the French fur dealers, acting in conjunction with their government, to raise the price of beaver from two livres, or one shilling sixpence in English currency, the pound, to the level of four livres, or three shillings, the established price then prevailing at the English trading-posts.

"That, mind you," continued the governor as I returned the paper to him, "was the first reaction in Canada to the tidings that Murray had succeeded in legitimizing his trade over the Doom Trail. But come with me. It may be I shall appeal to you for first-hand testimony."

We deposited our muskets in a corner of the room, and filed into the larger chamber adjoining, where some thirty men awaited him. Several were gentry who were members of his council. Three were officers in command of the frontier garrisons. The remainder were merchants, dealing to greater or lesser extent in the fur-trade, the great export staple of the province.

His excellency wasted no time in preliminaries or generalities. He deposited several papers on the table in front of him, and addressed himself to his task.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I have summoned you to meet me here because a situation has arisen which is of the utmost gravity to the welfare of the province and the larger interests of his majesty's realm. Recently I have been in receipt of a communication in the form of a petition signed by many of the chief merchants of the province, beseeching me to abandon my opposition to the retention of the free trade with Canada which is now temporarily secured to them by the action of the lords of trade in suspending decision upon the law prohibiting the trade in Indian goods which I secured to be passed last year."

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## THE AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

### WANT UNIFORM LAWS TO HELP CHILDREN

The program of the national child welfare committee of the American Legion was announced recently with the appointment of State Senator Sherman W. Child of Minneapolis, Minn., as vice chairman to be in charge of the legislative work of the committee.

The legislative phase of child welfare will be the most important part of the work this year, according to Miss Emma C. Puschner, director of the national child welfare division at national headquarters in Indianapolis, Ind.

"The main objective will be uniform legislation in nearly every state in the Union," Miss Puschner said. The legislation will look to improve conditions not only of children of World War veterans, but children generally.

"The Legion will avoid any attitude of attempting to force legislation in any state, but Senator Child has drawn up a minimum legislative program that will be used as a guide, and Legion officials of each state will be

requested to co-operate wholeheartedly with such state officials, legislators and committees as possible to obtain this minimum legislation.

"The program has four distinct points as follows:

"First, a good family desertion and non-support law.

"Second, a widowed mother's allowance law which will help to keep children in their own homes (in accordance with the financial ability of the community). There are 41 states that have a mother's pension or a mother's allowance law, but the law in each case has some serious defect. Usually the husband must die before aid is extended the family.

"Third, is a provision for the appointment of an unpaid county child welfare board of three or more members in each county to advise with the county attorney, probation officers, judges or public charities on individual cases. Very few states have unpaid county boards.

"Fourth, is a state children's bureau of one director who shall have the duty of appointing and advising the county child welfare boards and supervising the general administration of the law with regard to dependent, neglected and defective children."

**Only Chinese Member of the Legion in U. S.**

Jung Lim Tew, one of the owners of the Jung Lee laundry in Rochester, N. Y., is believed to be the only Chinese member of the American Legion in the United States.

"I am an American citizen, and because I like this country I enlisted in the army," Tew explained recently. His service in the army made him eligible for the Legion.

Born in New York city, Tew was taken to China by his parents when a baby and he remained there until he was eighteen years old, when he returned to America. He prospered in the laundry business and went back to China where he was married. During the World War Tew was a member of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth infantry, serving at Camp Upton almost a year.

**No Legs, But He Will Go**

Among the Legionnaires who will shove off for France next September will be Frank B. Roberts of Chase City, Va., who lost both legs as the result of war service. Roberts has arranged for an able bodied escort to help him over the rough spots and will sail on the I. M. M. liner "Pennland" from Hampton Roads, September 9, and return on the same ship from Antwerp, Belgium, on September 24. Roberts was an ambulance driver in the Twenty-ninth division during the World war.

**Rescues Old Battlefield**

Alamance battleground, where one of the first battles of the Revolutionary war was fought, has been rescued from weeds and underbrush by Walter H. Ellis post No. 63 of the American Legion of Burlington, N. C., near where the battleground is located. The post cleared scrub growth from around the monument commemorating the battle.

**Justice by Mail**

Rather than make the arduous trip of 74 miles over a mountain divide where snow is 10 feet deep, V. Lee McNew, a trapper from Sacramento, Calif., pleaded with the judge at Weaver, Colo., pleaded guilty of killing gray squirrels and was fined \$25. The money was sent by mail and the ends of justice were satisfied.

**Dog Keeps Appointment**

Spot, a smooth-haired fox terrier owned by a manufacturer of Birmingham, England, is apparently not only able to tell time, but utilizes this ability to keep appointments promptly. Once a week the dog's owner goes to London, and Spot sees him off in the morning. At night just 15 minutes before train time Spot leaves the house of his own accord, slips past the ticket taker at the station and goes through the train until he finds his master.

**Southern Expression**

Riddall's "Fact, Fancy and Fable" says that the expression "Nigger in the woodpile" originated in the South and refers to the thieving propensity of slaves.

**We've Noticed It, Too**

Often when you think you are losing you are winning, and when you think you are winning you are losing. Time will tell the story, too.—Water-crow Standard.

### Daniel Boone Fought in Army of Braddock

Daniel Boone was one of the bravest of those early settlers of the British colonies in America who penetrated vast wildernesses, fought with hostile Indians, and faced death daily. He was brought up amid the hardships of the frontier, when boys had to show a man's courage and do a man's work.

The new country at this time was full of trouble. There was bitter hostility between the English and French, the French being helped by the Indians. Braddock was making his campaign against the French, and the war seemed in the air everywhere.

Daniel Boone was a sturdy boy, strong for his age, and fond of adventure. He saw an opportunity to satisfy this desire by joining the army of Braddock, and he accordingly offered his services. These were accepted and he was made chief wagoner and blacksmith.

Braddock later was ambushed by hostile French and Indians, and in the general rout which followed a large number of British soldiers were killed. Many of the drivers who were trapped were slain. Daniel finally managed to cut the traces of his team, and escaped down a ravine followed by a hail of shot and arrows.

When he was thirty-four, Boone, with five companions, set out on the exploration trip to Kentucky. Boone was taken prisoner by the savages and they liked him so well that they wouldn't let him go, but finally he got away. If he had been unable to escape at the time Braddock's army was attacked, he, of course, never would have made the trip to Kentucky, and the development of the rich and productive lands which he opened up would have been delayed several years and the march of civilization hindered.

**Verdun Today**

Eleven years ago began the first phase of the greatest and bloodiest battle of world history—the titanic struggle for the possession of Verdun, key to the conquest of France. Armies of millions crashed together in that Armageddon and France reeled under the impact of the terrific blows of Ludendorff. Little is left today of that holocaust. We stood on Dead Man's hill the other day and around could be seen a most rustic and peaceful landscape. An early spring sun, mellow and beneficent, was turning the fields into a deeper hue of green, peasants were busy here and there, little children played games on the roads. Near the remnants of Fort Vaux, where the blood bath once reached such proportions that it staggered humanity, a small herd of sheep was nibbling at the short grass and the boy that watched the beasts was singing: "Aupres de Ma Blonde"—Pierre Van Paassen, in the Atlanta Constitution.

**The Gregarious Habit**

Beasts that prey upon other animals do not live in herds. Predatory birds are not found in flocks. Grafters, thieves and criminals among men instinctively avoid the society of other people. Viewed from this standpoint, it is a hopeful sign that humanity seems to be developing the gregarious habit more widely. People are crowding into cities. They are gathering more often in conventions, conferences and meetings of all kinds, ranging from a neighborhood birthday party to a political convention.—Jamestown Post.

**"Dead Man" Wandering**

A living "dead man" is wandering somewhere about the streets of San Francisco despite the well-meant efforts of Coroner Leland to get him into the morgue. Doctor Leland found a man lying on the sidewalk. He made a superficial examination and pronounced him dead. He then called the coroner's wagon and police detectives. When he returned from the telephone the "dead man" had walked away, leaving Doctor Leland to explain as best he could to the investigating detectives.

**Papers Delayed**

The railway line was flooded after heavy rainstorms, and the traveler was obliged to break his journey at a village. He made his way in the pouring rain to a restaurant and said to the waiter there: "It is like the Deluge!"

"The what?"

"The Deluge. Haven't you read about the Deluge—Noah and the ark?"

"No, sir; you see, because of the flood we haven't had any newspapers in three days."

**Seemed Suspicious**

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