

TWO HOMES MADE HAPPY

By Women Who Used Lydia
E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound

"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I think it is the most wonderful medicine I ever tried," is the statement made by Mrs. Goldie Shoup of May View, Illinois. She declares that after taking the Compound she is in better health than before.

Mrs. J. Storms of 29 Lane Street, Paterson, N. J., writes: "I can not speak too highly of your medicine and I recommend it to all my friends."

These statements were taken from two enthusiastic letters which tell of the help that has been received from using the Vegetable Compound. Both Mrs. Shoup and Mrs. Storms were in a run-down condition which caused them much unhappiness. When women are suffering from lack of strength and from weakness, their own life and that of their family is affected. When they feel well and strong and are able to do their household easily, happy homes are the result.

Thousands of testimonial letters have been received from women in different walks of life, stating that the Compound has helped them.

Headache!

Musterole drives the pain away and brings cool, soothing comfort. Made with all of mustard. Rub on forehead.

MUSTEROLE
Better than a Mustard Plaster
WILL NOT BURN

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Removes Dandruff Stops Hair Falling Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc. Stops all pain. Restores feet to normal. Makes walking easy. 10c by mail or at drug stores. Hiscos Chemical Works, Paterson, N. J.

BOILS
There's quick, positive, relief in
CARBOIL
At All Drug Stores - Money Back Guarantee

EYES HURT?
Don't ignore the danger signals of aching eyes, red lids, bloodshot eyeballs. Mitchell's Eye Salve removes irritation, reduces inflammation, soothes pain.

HALL & BUCKLE
147 Waverly Pl., New York

STOMACH TROUBLES
quickly leave. Green's August Flower is a stomachic corrective, has been used for 60 years and has given relief to thousands suffering with indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, etc. At all drug stores. 30c and 90c. If you cannot get it, write G. G. GREEN, INC., Woodbury, N. J.

Cuticura Talcum
Unadulterated
Exquisitely Scented

Certainly
Conductor—Say, the fare here is 10 cents and you only put 6 cents in the box.

Passenger—Why, listen here, I'm certain that I put in 8 cents.

For overnight relief to inflamed eyes and itchy nose Roman Eye Balm. Once tried, always preferred. 272 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Small State, Tallest Ruler
The world's smallest state has the world's tallest ruler, Dr. Heinrich Sahm, president of the free city of Danzig, being 6 feet 3 inches in height.

A distant manner doesn't lend enchantment to one's view of friendship.

Sick bodies made strong

"General breakdown forced me to quit work. Tanlac toned up my whole system, banished the nervous strain and gave me back the health of twenty years ago. I strongly recommend Tanlac." F. J. Messmer, 254 So. Ninth Ave., Burlington, Iowa.

After a spell of Grippe or flu, when your system is all run down and your legs are so weak they can hardly hold up your body, start right in taking Tanlac.

It's wonderful how soon you really do improve! Tanlac sails right in and puts the system in fighting trim. It cleans the blood, revitalizes the digestive organs, gives you an appetite for solid food and makes you feel like a new person.

Nothing will turn the trick quite as fast as Tanlac, made after the famous Tanlac formula from roots, barks and herbs. Buy a bottle today and get started back to full strength and vigor. Take Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation.

BAREE SON OF KAZAN

by
JAMES OLIVER
CURWOOD



WNU Service

NEPANAW

Synopsis.—Part wolf, part dog—when two months old Baree has his first meeting with an enemy. Papayuchisew (young owl). Fighting hard, the antagonists are suddenly plunged into a swollen creek. Baree is finally flung on the bank, but the water has destroyed his sense of direction and he is lost, lonely and hungry. For many days his life is one of fear and distress. He meets various creatures of the wild and goes through a thunderstorm. He is learning more and more.

Chapter II—Continued

It was quite fortunate for Baree that this instinct did not go to the limit in the beginning and make him understand that his own breed—the wolf—was most feared of all the creatures, claw, hoof, and wing, of the forests. Otherwise, like the small boy who thinks he can swim before he has mastered a stroke, he might somewhere have jumped in beyond his depth and had his head chewed off.

Very much alert, with the hair standing up along his spine, and a little growl in his throat, Baree smelled of the big footprints made by the bear and the moose. It was the bear-scent that made him growl. He followed the tracks to the edge of the creek. After that he resumed his wandering, and also his hunt for food.

For two hours he did not find a crayfish. Then he came out of the green timber into the edge of a burned-over country. Here everything was black. The stumps of the trees stood up like huge charred canes. It was a comparatively fresh "burn" of last autumn, and the ash was still soft under Baree's feet. Straight through this black region ran the creek, and over it hung a blue sky in which the sun was shining. It was quite inviting to Baree. The fox, the wolf, the moose, and the caribou would have turned back from the edge of this dead country. In another year it would be good hunting-ground, but now it was lifeless. Even the owls would have found nothing to eat out there.

It was the blue sky and the sun and the softness of the earth under his feet that lured Baree. It was pleasant to travel in after his painful experiences in the forest. He continued to follow the stream, though there was now little possibility of his finding anything to eat. The water had become sluggish and dark; the channel was choked with charred debris that had fallen into it when the forest had burned, and its shores were soft and muddy. After a time, when Baree stopped and looked about him, he could no longer see the green timber he had left. He was alone in that desolate wilderness of charred tree-trunks. It was as still as death, too. Not the chirp of a bird broke the silence. In the soft ash he could not hear the fall of his own feet. But he was not frightened. There was the assurance of safety here.

If he could only find something to eat! That was the master thought that possessed Baree. Instinct had not yet impressed upon him that this which he saw all about him was starvation. He went on, seeking hopefully for food. But at last, as the hours passed, hope began to die out of him. The sun sank westward. The sky grew less blue; a low wind began to ride over the tops of the stumps, and now and then one of them fell with a startling crash.

Baree could go no farther. An hour before dusk he lay down in the open, weak and starved. The sun disappeared behind the forest. The moon rolled up from the east. The sky glittered with stars—and all through the night Baree lay as if dead. When morning came, he dragged himself to the stream for a drink. With his last strength he went on. It was the wolf urging him—compelling him to struggle to the last for his life. The dog in him wanted to lie down and die. But the wolf-spark in him burned stronger. In the end it won. Half a mile farther on he came again to the green timber.

In the forests as well as in the great cities fate plays its changing and whimsical hand. If Baree had dragged himself into the timber half an hour later he would have died. He was too far gone now to hunt for crayfish or kill the weakest bird. But he came just as Sekoosew, the ermine—the most bloodthirsty little pirate of all the wild—was making a kill.

That was fully a hundred yards from where Baree lay stretched out under a spruce, almost ready to give up the ghost. Sekoosew was a mighty hunter of his kind. His body was about seven inches long, with a tiny black-tipped tail appended to it, and he weighed perhaps five ounces. A baby's fingers could have encircled him

anywhere between his four legs, and his little sharp-pointed head with its beady red eyes could slip easily through a hole an inch in diameter. For several centuries Sekoosew had helped to make history. It was he—when his pelt was worth a hundred dollars in king's gold—that lured the first shipload of gentlemen adventurers over the sea, with Prince Rupert at their head; it was little Sekoosew who was responsible for the forming of the great Hudson's Bay company and the discovery of half a continent; for almost three centuries he had fought his fight for existence with the trapper. And now, though he was no longer worth his weight in yellow gold, he was the cleverest, the fiercest, and the most merciless of all the creatures that made up his world.

As Baree lay under the tree, Sekoosew was creeping on his prey. His game was a big fat spruce-hen standing under a thicket of black currant bushes. He was like a shadow—a gray dot here, a flash there, now hidden behind a stick no larger than a man's wrist, appearing for a moment, the next instant gone as quickly as if he had not existed. Thus he approached from fifty feet to within three feet of the spruce-hen. That was his favorite striking distance. Unerringly he launched himself at the drowsy partridge's throat, and his needle-like teeth sank through feathers into flesh.

Sekoosew was prepared for what happened then. It always happened when he attacked Napanaw, the wood-partridge. Her wings were powerful, and her first instinct when he struck



Sekoosew Was Creeping on His Prey.

was always that of flight. She rose straight up now with a great thunder of wings. Sekoosew hung tight, his teeth buried deep in her throat, and his tiny, sharp claws clinging to her like hands. Through the air he whizzed with her, biting deeper and deeper, until a hundred yards from where that terrible death-thing had fastened to her throat, Napanaw crashed again to earth.

Where she fell was not ten feet from Baree. For a few moments he looked at the struggling mass of feathers in a daze, not quite comprehending that at last food was almost within his reach. Napanaw was dying, but she still struggled convulsively with her wings. Baree rose stealthily, and after a moment in which he gathered all his remaining strength, he made a rush for her. His teeth sank into her breast—and not until then did he see Sekoosew. The ermine had raised his head from the death-grip at the partridge's throat, and his savage little red eyes glared for a single instant into

Baree's. Here was something too big to kill, and with an angry squeak the ermine was gone. Napanaw's wings relaxed, and the throbbing out of her body. She was dead. Baree hung on until he was sure. Then he began his feast.

With murder in his heart, Sekoosew hovered near, whisking here and there but never coming nearer than half a dozen feet from Baree. His eyes were redder than ever. Now and then he emitted a sharp little squeak of rage. Never had he been so angry in all his life! To have a fat partridge stolen from him like this was an imposition he had never suffered before. He wanted to dart in and fasten his teeth in Baree's jugular. But he was too good a general to make the attempt, too good a Napoleon to jump deliberately to his Waterloo. An owl he would have fought. He might even have given battle to his big brother—and his deadliest enemy—the mink. But in Baree he recognized the wolf-breed, and he vented his spite at a distance. After a time his good sense returned, and he went off on another hunt.

Baree ate a third of the partridge, and the remaining two thirds he cached very carefully at the foot of the big spruce. Then he hurried down to the creek for a drink. The world looked very different to him now. After all, one's capacity for happiness depends largely on how deeply one has suffered. One's hard luck and misfortune form the measuring-stick for future good luck and fortune. So it was with Baree. Forty-eight hours ago a full stomach would not have made him a tenth part as happy as he was now. Then his greatest longing was for his mother. Since then a still greater yearning had come into his life—for food. In a way it was fortunate for him that he had almost died of exhaustion and starvation, for his experience had helped to make a man of him—or a wolf-dog, just as you are of a mind to put it. He would miss his mother for a long time. But he would never miss her again as he had missed her yesterday, and the day before.

For another day and night Baree remained in the vicinity of his cache. When the last bone was picked, he moved on. He now entered a country where subsistence was no longer a perilous problem for him. It was a lynx country, and where there are lynx, there are also a great many rabbits. When the rabbits thin out, the lynx emigrate to better hunting grounds. As the snowshoe rabbit breeds all the summer through, Baree found himself in a land of plenty. It was not difficult for him to catch and kill the young rabbits. For a week he prospered and grew bigger and stronger each day. But all the time, stirred by that seeking, Wanderlust spirit—still hoping to find the old home and his mother—he traveled into the north and east.

And this was straight into the trapping country of Pierrot, the halfbreed.

Pierrot, until two years ago, had believed himself to be one of the most fortunate men in the big wilderness. That was before La Mort Rouge—the Red Death—came. He was half French, and he had married a Cree chief's daughter, and in their log cabin on the Gray Loon they had lived for many years in great prosperity and happiness. Pierrot was proud of three things in this wild world of his: he was immensely proud of Wyola, his royal-blooded wife; he was proud of his daughter; and he was proud of his reputation as a hunter. Until the Red Death came, life was quite complete for him. It was then—two years ago—that the smallpox killed his princess wife. He still lived in the little cabin on the Gray Loon, but he was a different Pierrot. The heart was sick in him. It would have died, had it not been for Nepeese, his daughter. His wife had named her Nepeese, which means the Willow, slender as a reed, with all her mother's wild beauty, and with a little of the French thrown in. She was sixteen, with great, dark, wonderful eyes, and hair so beautiful that an agent from Montreal passing that way had once tried to buy it. It fell in two shining braids, each as big as a man's wrist, almost to her knees. "Non, M'sieu," Pierrot had said, a cold glitter in his eyes as he saw what was in the agent's face. "It is not for barter."

Two days after Baree had entered his trapping ground, Pierrot came in from the forests with a troubled look in his face.

And now he is in the trapping grounds of Pierrot and the lovely Nepeese. How will he fare?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Early Peoples Passed Up Delicious Clams

Dr. Edward S. Morse of Salem, who spent 45 years sorting over the shell heaps that are found along the New England shore, found them composed largely of oysters and clams. But when he went to Europe to consult with Professor Steenstrup, the Danish expert on European shell heaps, he was amazed to learn that no clam shells were found among the oysters, says Edwin E. Slosson, director of science service, writing in Collier's Magazine.

Although clams abounded in the Baltic, the prehistoric people never ate them. It was the same in England; the clam had never been eaten, even in ancient times. We learned the epicurean delights of the clam from the North American Indians, to whom we are indebted for tobacco.

Now we are accustomed to think of these early ancestors of ours as having undiscriminating in their diet, having no prejudices against beast, bird, fish, mollusk or insect. Yet these poor benighted creatures had lived for 25,000 years with clams served up to them on the shell as a free lunch at every tide, and they wouldn't touch 'em.

Signs of Progress

Time flies, and barbers are chiropractors, undertakers are morticians, wiremen are electrologists and trusts are mergers.—Detroit News.

Cowardice asks, Is it safe? Expediency asks, Is it politic? Vanity asks, Is it popular? But conscience asks, Is it right?—Punshon.

What makes the value in General Motors Cars?

1 SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH AND TEST. Centering in the largest automotive laboratories and proving ground in the world.

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Plants' Duration of Life

With respect to duration of life there are three classes of plants, annuals, biennials and perennials. An annual comes up from seed, bears flowers and seeds and dies within the year. A biennial grows from a seed, but produces only leaves the first year. The second summer a flower stalk comes up, seeds are produced and the plant dies. A perennial has roots which live on from year to year unless killed. Depending upon conditions, the plant may or may not produce seeds every year.

When a young man discovers he can speak in public, it is a talent he always cultivates.

Canadians Egg Eaters

Canadians last year ate an average of 312 eggs apiece, according to statistics made public by the Dominion department of agriculture. Domestic production totaled 237,000,000 dozen, representing an increase of 10,000,000 over the previous year.

Would Find Out

"Paw, what is meekness?" "Oh, you'll have to get married before you understand that, son."

Educated Flies

"What have you there?" "Flypaper."

"I never knew they could read."

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and Circle

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Because only genuine Alabastine will give you those soft delicate, artistic Alabastine colors, which add so much to the beauty of your home.

Good decorators use Alabastine. Nearly all stores selling paints carry it in stock. Ask your dealer or decorator to show you samples and explain the Alabastine-Oplime Process—the newest and most beautiful method of interior decoration.

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