

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Thread Needle This Way.—Always thread the end of cotton broken off the reel into the needle, not the loose end, and it will never knot. When using double thread knot the two ends separately—this prevents any tiresome twisting and knotting.

Don't Burn the Cake.—Set an alarm clock to go off at the time when cakes, and roasts, are due to be finished. It can be heard all over the house and acts as a reminder to the busy housewife who, intent on another job, may have forgotten the time.

Prune Salad.—Cook some large prunes, one for each person. Stone and stuff with cream cheese which has been softened with a little milk. Let the stuffed prunes set for half an hour. Take one or two large lettuce leaves and arrange on each plate. Cut a slice of orange on the round and place on lettuce, and in the center of orange place a stuffed prune. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Washing Walls.—When washing dirty painted walls with soapy water containing a cleaning powder, the job is made easier if a little flour is added to the water to make a paste. The paste will hold the mixture to the wall long enough for the powder to dissolve the dirt.

Growing House Plants.—When soil in which house plants are potted becomes more like clay than loam it may be lightened by adding sand to it. Plants grow best in this kind of soil.

Unrolling Tape.—Scoring the sides of friction tape with an old razor blade, or sharp pocket knife will enable you to unroll it without tearing the edges.

Grouping Furniture.—Groupings of furniture, including pictures and lamps, should generally balance each other in height, width and effect of lightness or heaviness, housing experts say.

ARE YOU ONLY A 3/4 WIFE?

Men can never understand a three-quarter wife—a wife who is lovable for three weeks of the month—but a hell-cat the fourth.

No matter how your back aches—no matter how loudly your nerves scream—don't take it out on your husband.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the occasional disorders which women must endure.

Make a note NOW to get a bottle of Pinkham's today WITHOUT FAIL from your druggist—more than a million women have written in letters reporting benefit.

Why not try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND?

Virtuous in Youth
Be virtuous while you are young; and in your age you will be honored.—Dandamis.

A Three Days' Cough Is Your Danger Signal

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion.

Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel the germ-laden phlegm.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomulsion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the benefits obtained from the very first bottle. Creomulsion is one word—not two, and it has no hyphen in it. Ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and the relief you want. (Adv.)

Consider Your Strength
Consider well what your strength is equal to, and what exceeds ability.—Horace.

666 checks COLDS and FEVER

LIQUID, TABLETS first day SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes.

Try "Rub-My-Tiss"—World's Best Liniment

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!

Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure.

When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feeling tired, nervous, all worn out.

Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance.

The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed by the country over. Sold at Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS

Under Pressure

By George Agnew Chamberlain

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WNU Service

CHAPTER X—Continued

"Where now, master?"
"We walk to La Barranca," said Arnaldo and set off, picking his way along the dry bed of the arroyo until he struck the fresh trail Juanito had failed to take.

Two hours later they came upon Van Suttart's damaged car and examined it with interest; soon afterward they arrived at the rope bridge, crossed it successfully and headed for the hacienda's nearest gate.

Not until the two strangers were within a stone's throw of the outer wall did Joyce recognize the taller of them and utter a cry.

Accompanied by Dirk she dashed down to the great court and with his help opened the zaguán and then the outer gate. She held out both hands, her eyes shining with welcome.

"How on earth did you get here? You haven't walked all the way, have you?"

Arnaldo had raised his hat. He dropped it on the ground, took her hands, gave her a gleaming smile, nodded at Van Suttart, shrugged his shoulders and pointed backward with his chin. It was as though he had spoken, told them in so many words where, how and when his car had been ditched.

"So you changed your mind," said Dirk.

"Yes," said Arnaldo. "Something happened to make me change my mind."

"What do you mean?" asked Joyce. "What are you two talking about?"

"I asked Arnaldo to come with me," explained Dirk, "but he refused to take part in a sentimental gesture."

"Quite true," admitted Adan, "but that was before I knew Miss Sewell, scornful the role of victim, had shot up Dorado." He looked around curiously. "Where are your 18 gringos?"

"What gringos?" asked Joyce, bewildered.

Taking out his wallet Arnaldo extracted the clipping the minister of war had handed him and passed it to Joyce. "Read it. I'm here on a semi-official mission to investigate."

She glanced through the inspired account of the taking of La Barranca and the further she read the more did her eyes and cheeks blaze. She crushed the paper in her fist, started to throw it away, then changed her mind, smoothed it out and slipped it inside her pullover.

"It's an outrageous lie," she said, "based on a grain of truth. You seem to have come prepared to stay. I'm glad, because this fantastic fabrication will need some talking over." She led the way into the inner patio and no sooner had she crossed its threshold than the air of a chataleña enveloped her. At ease and competent she gave directions to Luz, then turned to Arnaldo.

"You're tired and you must be hungry. As soon as you've had a wash there'll be food ready in the small dining room. Perhaps Mr. Van Suttart will show you where it is."

"He won't need to," said Adan. "I've been here before."

She cast him a curious and startled glance, but the placidity of his expression reassured her. Nevertheless a certain uneasiness persisted, causing her to put off anything in the nature of a showdown.

During the afternoon she attended to her many duties and took another horseback lesson, still omitting to tell Dirk she had ridden as a child. Adan appeared, refreshed by a nap, and encouraged her. The same superficiality marked the dinner hour, Don Jorge alone scoring to utter polite nothings.

"Wheels within wheels," said Don Jorge quite suddenly, "and a young girl sets them all to turning. Margarida Fonseca who would never have moved save for her hatred of the Manifest Destiny. Onelia, out to get with a single stone Dorado, his ancient enemy, and the minister of war. The American ambassador trying desperately to save his face and perhaps his job. Adan Arnaldo—"

"Yes?" prompted Arnaldo coolly. "What about me?"

Don Jorge, scowling, avoided a direct answer. "Gentlemen," he continued, "we are here either as guests or servants of the senorita Joyce Sewell, lawful mistress of La Barranca. This is a world—her world. We have plenty of room for defenders, none for neutrals, tourists or spies. I'll ask you first, Mr. Van Suttart. Are you friend or foe?"

"Friend," said Dirk promptly.

"Now you, Adan," said Don Jorge, "and don't speak too hastily. You and I have met before, though you sat at Dorado's table while I ate with servants. Do you come as friend or foe?"

Arnaldo flicked the ash from his cigarette and sat staring at the brightened tip. "Here is my answer: how far I'll go for the senorita is her business and mine and nobody else's."

"Leonardo!" Don Jorge shouted, "a spy is among us!"

"You, a Mexican," cried Joyce,

"and you're not ashamed to say that!"

Luz thrust her head in at the door. "Do I send for Leonardo?" "No!" commanded Joyce. She turned toward Don Jorge. "Maxie, if you and Mr. Van Suttart don't mind, I'd like to talk to Adan Arnaldo alone."

Promptly Don Jorge turned ceremonious. He rose, bowed, faced toward his own room, stumped straight to the door, stood back to force Dirk to pass, then entered and closed it with emphasis.

"Let's get out of here," said Adan. "I remember a big shabby room with a huge fireplace."

"That's where I meant to go when we'd finished talking," said Joyce. The life of a hacienda is not that of a house but of a village, sometimes almost of a town. Articles and values are easily destroyed or lost, but certain ingrained fundamentals take years to die. The hereditary blacksmith, the itinerant piano-tuner, a teacher of sorts for the crowded school and a horse and cattle foreman to carry on the banner of scorn for the equally important chief of the muleteers are threads not lightly torn from a social fabric however ravaged. The drawing room gave evidence of this truth. The furniture had been maltreated, but the curtains had been recently patched by an expert nee-

she was kissing him. Yet, somehow, he was far away and she was with him, as though she dreamed. His voice, continuing, broke the spell. "But you and I together is another story. I have the power and you the land and no government—past, present or to come—will fool too much with Adan Arnaldo. It's practical, logical; it will be a cinch."

Cheeks burning, she rushed from the room and along the balcony of the patio. As she turned its angle she saw Dirk coming from Don Jorge's study and it was all she could do to keep from running to cast herself in his arms. Instead she stopped short and asked herself if she were crazy.

He came to a halt a few paces away. "Senor Maximiliano asked me to make the rounds," he explained and hesitated. "I don't suppose you'd care to be bothered."

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"I've heard them all," said Joyce, "but I can't be sure you said them aloud or whether my own lips spoke them. Because as I seem real to you, so are you to me. I'm not afraid of you. I wasn't afraid of you before, but I disliked the person you were. You wore a Joseph's coat made up of the things I most despise. Now you've thrown it away—or perhaps you've only taken it off and presently will slip it on again."

"Perhaps," he admitted mournfully, "and you too."

She shivered. He took off his jacket and put it around her shoulders. Nothing was said; he had not asked her if she were cold nor did she protest he would need the coat himself.

"Name the things you despise," he said at last, staring straight ahead.

"Your false front," answered Joyce after an imperceptible pause, "your air of We-the-elect-are-holy-and-all-others-are-vile."

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"We can be honorable with foreigners," he repeated, looking up at Joyce across the corner of the closed sounding board. "I am authorized to offer you \$50,000 for La Barranca if you'll agree to leave the country at once. Think it over. Fifty thousand to get out, nothing but trouble if you try to stay."

"La Barranca isn't something you can sell," she stated. "My father bought it—that's true—but not from people with their roots still in the soil. They were gone, uprooted by their own folly, and he bought it from a bank. I was born here. The fibers of my being are tied to stone, vine and tree. I owe lip service to two governments, but not allegiance. Allegiance from the heart strikes deep. It has to stand on a foundation of faith and love. Where will I find them if not here? How can I sell La Barranca without selling my people and myself?"

Adan stopped playing, his fingers hovering over an unstruck chord. "Then what course do you intend to pursue," he murmured, his eyes on the keys, "and just where do you think it will lead you?"

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