American Possessions

The area of Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, the Canal zone, Virginia islands, Guam, American Samoa, Wake and Midway islands is equal to that of seven American states as follows; Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Idaho, Utah and

Dethroned His Idol

Beethoven originally inscribed his third symphony to Napoleon. The composer regarded Napoleon as the champlon of human rights. History records that when Napoleon became emperor Beethoven tore the title page from his manuscript and threw it to the ground.

Not a Chance

Another thing a man can't understand is why his wife always is looking in his direction when he spills ashes on the rug and he gets no chance to take his handkerchief out and dust them around so they won't be noticed.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mixed Meanings

A New York city school teacher tells about a little boy whose coat was so difficult to fasten that she went to his assistance. As she tugged at the hook, she asked: "Did your mother hook this coat for you?" "No," was the reply, "she bought it."

Business Year

A fiscal year is the time between one annual time of settlement of balancing of accounts and another. Unless otherwise specified the fiscal year regularly ends on December 31. The United States government's fiscal year ends June 30.

Sweet Words

Passengers in a crashing plane will find comfort in the War department assurance that a man cannot fall faster than 118 miles an hour no matter how far he drops .- Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Metals in History

Copper is one of the six metals mentioned in the Old Testament. The Bible refers to Tubal-Cain, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and Brass is a copper alloy.-Detroit News.

Barbarous Penalty

After the Norman conquest of England mutilation as a form of punishment appears to have been substituted for other forms, such as hanging, decapitation, burning and pushing from

Without Success

As a rule the most uninteresting news is what persons try to get in the paper and the most interesting is what they invariably try to keep out. -Elizabethtown News.

Passing Observation

An optimist is a man who thinks the little trunk on the back of the car will hold all his wife will want to take on their trip.-Cincinnati En-

Leaps and Bounds Typified

The automobile idustry, says one of its executives, is growing by leaps and bounds, which, as a result of it, is exactly the way the pedestrians are

Civilization

"What we call civilization," said HI Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "often proves little more than a desire to follow the fashlon." - Washington Star.

Moon's Color Changes

The moon takes on various colors according to the condition of the atmosphere of the earth, through which the light must pass to reach us.

The Real Toilers

To parody the rhyme-man has tried everything under the sun, but woman's work has just begun .-Home Companion.

Illusions Worth While Don't part with your illusions. When

they are gone you may still exist, but you have ceased to live.-Mark Twain,

Tribulation's Dangers Tribulation will not hurt you unless it hardens you and makes you sour and narrow and skeptical.-Chapin.

to be correct.-DisraelL

The Easier Line It is much easier to criticize than



SUFFERING ELIMINATED 15-years success in treating Rectal and Colon troubles by the Dr. C. J. Dean RECTAL & COLON CLINIC PLANTING SHATER BLO PTIME



CHAPTER VII—Continued

From his belt the wizard next pulled a long arrow and apparently thrust it down his throat up to the feathers. I had accepted the knife-swallowing as being genuine, for I had seen a white man do it; but the barbed arrow I could not accept. Beaujeu whispered

"Little Wolf is a cunning rogue. The reed shaft is made of short sections which are driven together when he holds the barb between his teeth and presses down. But applaud him generously. Should be make the Voice in the lodge tell the Indians not to fight against Braddock, we would find ourselves without a red

We clapped our bands and pressed them to our lips, and Little Wolf was much pleased. Picking up the bow and red-tipped arrow, he sang a song in which were repeated several times, "Scarlet is its bead."

I became keenly interested when, after a slight pause he flercely shouted: "It finds its way into a Welf."

He held the arrow so those staring in at the window might look on it, and among the spectators was the circle-covered visage of Round Paw. The wizard had uttered a threat three times during the last hour, and a "wolf" was always the victim. The dead bear had been accepted as a symbol for Braddock's army.

I did not believe the sachem meant the English when he promised death to a wolf. But I was convinced that the fellow for some reason intended harm to the Onondaga. There must be a logical cause for this professed enmity, and naturally I believed my friend had incurred suspicions. I dared not attempt a signal although I did glare into the Onondaga's eyes. Little Wolf gathered up his belongings to retire, but Beaujeu detained him by inquiring:

"Why does not the great wizard shoot the medicine-arrow into the wolf now?"

The Onondaga allowed two braves to crowd in from each side so only his head partly showed between theirs. "A ghost in the medicine-lodge will

shoot it. It will find its way to the

Those at the window were very quiet, their eyes glowing as they be gan to sense a dramatic climax.

"Onontio's sons wish to see the arrow when it finds its mark," insisted Beaujeu. He too had detected some ificance in the fellow's mysterious

"Onontio's sons cannot see the ghost. Only medicine-eyes can see that. Their eyes can see the arrow when it goes through the Wolf's neck. Their eyes can see that without their moving from their places."

We crowded closer together so that all might have a fair view of the lodge, and the savages at the window drew aside. A fire was lighted on each side of the lodge so as to illuminate brilliantly the front of the structure. Beaujeu whispered:

"Little Wolf is now inside. But name of the devil! What did he mean about his arrow finding a wolf? One can never tell how the red mind is working."

"He may have an enemy he wishes to kill and credit the killing to a ghost," I suggested.

Maybe. I hope not. If their minds start running away with them they'll outrun a wolf-pack in getting back to their northern villages. However, it can't be serious. Pontiac must know what he meant and approves; and Pontiac is one leader I will count on." The drum thudded menotonously for

two or three minutes, gradually increasing in volume, then abruptly ceasing. A weak voice, talking in the language of the Delaware, called out: "What do my children want? Why do my children call me back to this

lodge? I am the first of your grandfathers. You have called me over a long path.' There followed the shrill voice of a woman, but in a tongue I did not

understand. Next the wizard's voice, husky and labored, entered the dialogue, and in Delaware he asked: "O Grandfather of all the red people, tell us of the Ingelishman. Is he strong? Will he fight strong? Will

your children be struck in the head?"

"The answer to that can easily spoil all my plans!" gritted Beaujeu. The medicine-lodge rocked and swayed as if buffeted by a mighty wind. Discordant noises arose-evil forces striving to prevent the Voice from answering. There sounded the barking of dogs and the scream of the panther and the piping wail of a child. A fearful visage showed for an instant at the small opening and was succeeded by another. Then with a single booming note from the medivoice of the first of all grandfathers spoke, saying:

"Little Wolf is a mighty wizard. He drives away the black spirit that wants to stop my mouth. I am the first of your grandfathers. I tell you this-the floor of the forest will be red with the blood of the Ingelish. The Manito is angry to see his red children losing their villages and land. Let the arrow find the false Wolf and then go into battle without

Silence again, and Beaujeu wiped the sweat from his brows and mut-

"Nom de Dieu! What deviltry is he up to? It's some of Pontiac's work. He should have told me first. Getting a fight out of the Indians is condi tional on their killing the 'false wolf.' Monsieur Beland, 1 fear you are right. Little Wolf has a rival. If so he must kill him, or else the flag of France must be lowered."

He became silent as from the lodge came the voice of Little Wolf. It



"The English Spy."

sounded very weak and we had to strain our ears to catch his words. Panting for breath he called out:

"The Voice is very far away. I can hear it, my brothers cannot. It rests but will come very soon- Wait. The ittle white dog is barking. He is leading the voice back."

Another pause and then we heard the yelping and ki-yiing of a puppy. Then came the voice, this time sounding much louder. It commanded: "Have the warriors who danced

about the war-post pass around the lodge four times, and let each ask himself if he is a true man." "Ah! Now it develops. Soon there

will be a killing," bissed St. Therese. There followed more shaking and swaying of the lodge. Pontiac's voice rang out, calling on the dancers to fall in line and begin circling the lodge and for men with straight tongues to fear nothing. Painted faces in profile began passing the window. Each savage kept his face averted from the lodge and each seemed to step in greater haste when abreast of the small opening. I sought the Onondaga in the long line, but failed to behold him. I took note of the first man to pass the window, and when he appeared for the second time there sounded a gurgling cry from the interior of the lodge, after which the sides flapped and fluttered violently and the long-drawn-out howl of a wolf took the place of the puppy's yapping. The savages quickened their pace until they were moving almost on a run. The barking of the little white dog came back, followed by a deep voice chanting: "Ha-hum-weh!"

I held my breath and waited for the

climax, whatever it might be. Beau-

jeu whispered:

"I think it is our friend, who stands at the door talking with the young Englishman with the French heart. The young man is timid. He will not come in unless strongly urged. Ah! Excellent. It is our friend, the good Beauvais. He presses the young man to enter. When this damnable marching and yowling stops I will call out for the stranger to join us and beome better acquainted."

I turned my head slowly, my heart humping like an Indian drum. Beauvals stood with his back to us. He was speaking very earnestly to the Dinwold girl, one hand resting on her slim shoulder. He was trying to induce her to enter and she was striving to detain him. I gathered my feet under me and made ready to leap over the table and to trust to luck in plunging through the window and into the red mob. Beauvais straightened and removed his hand from the girl's shoulder and started to turn about and enter the room. The girl selzed his arm and frantically essayed to hold him back. He was motionless for a moment, as if amazed at her action; then shook off her grasp and stepped backward through the door.

The Onondaga's terrible war-whoop jerked my gaze to the window. The front of the lodge bulged far out, and the Frenchmen, as well as I, exclaimed n astonishment as a fluttering mass of comething that looked to be neither beast nor human, emerged from the structure and dashed through the firelight and came flying through the

A startled cry at the door caused ny head to swing in that direction. Beauvais, now glaring at the table, was pointing a finger and yelling: "Seize the Englishman! Braddock's

spy!" Several things were happening simultaneously which I can narrate only as separate incidents. My compaions sat stupefied as Beauvais called out, for even as he was sounding the alarm the muffled figure from the odge rushed toward him and with a swing of a blanket extinguished the candles on that side of the room.

"The English spy!" hoarsely called Beauvais, and then went down with a crash as the muffled figure bowled him over and with a quick turn raked the candles from the wall behind me, leaving the illumination of the room confined to the light from the fires outside.

Beaujeu's brain resumed working.

"Treachery!" he screamed. I heard his chair tip over as he sprang to his feet. But none at the table knew wherein lay the treachery as was proved by the failure of the company to lay hands on me. Or possibly all were so dumfounded they could not for the moment take intelligent action. Something crashed against my chair, and over went the table. I felt a muscular arm slip around my waist. A blanket fell over my head. The next moment we were tumbling through the window and into the midst of the pandemonium now reigning outside. I freed my face enough to se the Indians scattering and falling back from the lodge. Pontiac's voice was thundering:

"Surround the lodge!" But there was none among his followers who dared to draw close to the sacred

structure. My conductor pressed heavily on my shoulder and we went to our knees and crawled under a flap of the lodge, and the light from the fires in front briefly revealed the distorted face of Little Wolf. His red medicine-arrow was through his throat, the head and several inches of the shaft showing under his left ear.

"Ha-hum-weh!" chanted my res-

The red arrow had been discharged in the medicine-lodge even as Little Wolf had prophesied, and it had found its way into a wolf, but not into the man of the Wolf clan as I had feared. We had no time to linger. From the uproar outside, I assumed that the Indians were still bewildered and believing that the startling appearance of the muffled figure outside the lodge and its flight through the window was but the workings of the wizard's

manito. Even now, with the Frenchmen stumbling about in the commandant's house and calling for lights, with Beauvais madly shouting that there was an English spy inside the stockade, and with Pontiac darting among the terrified red men and flercely exhorting them to catch my friend the Onondaga, we yet had time to take advantage of the confusion and make off into the darkness that encroached up to the rear of the lodge. Round Paw pulled the blanket over my head and drew his own covering closer, and seizing my arm raised the rear wall and pushed me before him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Laments Passing of the "Good Old Times"

Times have changed and people have grown so serious that the old deight in holidays, has vanished, is the omplaint voiced by the writer of an

ditorial in Liberty Magazine. "April Fools' day was one of the bright spots of the year," points out the editorial. "There was a brick under the hat; the stuffed pocketbook with the string tied to it. Breakfast muffins filled with cotton were a rare jest, and so was candy shot through with cayenne pepper. It was a long time anticipated and long remembered, as were St. Valentine's day, Christmas eve. Halloween, and the night be fore the Fourth of July. On Thankscine-drum stience returned to the giving we went to grandmother's house lodge. After a few moments the weak | and ate gorgeously. There aren't such | of inspiration .- Thoragu.

grandmothers any more, or such cran-

"Christmas now means bills to neet," continues the disillusioned writer. "Independence day has been made a Sane Fourth. We no longer get any fun out of April Fools' day, Those unofficial childish bolldays were a kind of possession peculiar to the past. They are not the same now. We are grown up and serious, and times have changed."

For Your Scrap Book

There are two kinds of writing ooth great and rare; one that of ge nius, or the inspired, the other that of intellect and taste, in the intervals

HOOVER CONDEMNED BY HIS OWN PARTY

Was Bitterly Criticized as Food Administrator.

The big guns of the Republican party, now going into action in defense of the Republican candidate for President, were engaged not long ago in very different service. Their attack, before political expediency took command, was directed at the very man they now try to defend.

Senator William E. Borah is campaigning in behalf of Herbert Hoover His sincerity must be doubted by all who remember how scathingly and how repeatedly Mr. Hoover was denounced after the war by the senator

In a series of speeches which have been called the most vitriolic ever delivered in the senate, Senator Borah challenged the food administrator's good faith, asserted that he was controlled by the meat packers and charged him with "violation of the most fundamental principles of the Constitution."

Fighting a measure which would give Hoover uncontrolled authority to expend \$100,000,000 to feed the starving people of central and eastern Europe, Senator Borah declared:

"I say here upon the floor, and I challenge successful contradiction, that three of the vast monopolies which control food in this country have, with relation to their commodities, directed and controlled the food administration since its organization.

He charged Hoover with permitting disgraceful profiteering in food supplies by the meat packers "when the people of this country are hungry, when our own people are suffering, and asserted that the food administration was guilty of gross extravagance.

"Whatever may be the great ability of Mr. Hoover," he declared, "there is one individual whom he does not know exists in this country, and that is the taxpayer. He seems to think that money comes like manna to the children of Israel from heaven and not from the sweat and toil and sacrifice of the people. He has no conception of the existence of the taxpayers, and his distribution of foods is utterly regardless of their existence."

Asserting that Hoover had permitted agents of the meat packers within the food administration to "destroy competitors and build up private fortunes," Senator Borah exclaimed: "No man with such perverted views

of decency ought to be entrusted with unlimited power to spend \$100,000,000." The senator from Idaho was supported by a group of Republican senators including Johnson of California

and Moses of New Hampshire. Hughes' Great Tribute to Smith's Qualities

The following comment on Governor Smith was made by Charles Evans Hughes, former secretary of state, Republican candidate for President in 1916, and the most esteemed man in

his party: "One who represents to us the expert in government and, I might say,

a master in the science of politics. "If we had the customs of other lands we would long ago have elevated him to the peerage. But we have done better than that. He long since became a member of distinction of the fine aristocracy of public service-the American peerage. We have watched him, some of us carefully, all with fascination. The title that he holds is the proudest title any American can hold, because it is a title to the esteem and affection of his fellow citizens."

There Stands a Man

One may agree with Alfred E. Smith in whole, or in little, or in nothing. But there stands a man!

A man unflinchingly bold and candid. No pussy-footer he, no timid time-saver. He does not hesitate to say what he believes, or fear to fight for it. He is not out to win an election by offending none and currying favor with all. He is out to champion his convictions, and to stand or fall with them. It is this quality that makes him the Happy Warrior he is. He does not fear his fate too much. He "dares to put it to the touch, to gain or lose it all." And so he goes into battle rejoicing, self-reliant, banners flying, a song in his heart .-Omaha World.

Root's Praise of Smith

in significant contrast to the attacks on Governor Smith by certain Republican spellbinders are the opinions of him expressed at various times by one of the most eminent of all Republican leaders, Elihu Root, former senator and former secretary of state. As presiding officer of the New York constitutional convention of 1915, of which Smith was a member, Senator Root said:

"Of all the men in the convention, Alfred E. Smith is the best informed on the business of the state of New

Tariff and the Farmer

The American farmer has learned, through his post-war experience, that the tariff does not operate on his products, the price of which is fixed in the world market. Republican protectionists of the stand-pat school have been telling the farmer that fable for years, and the farmer has been be ieving it. Mr. Curtis, one of the staunchest of the Old Guard, continues to prattle that fiction. November will show whether the farmer is still swallowing it .- St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Clean Kidneys By Drinking Lots of Water

Take Salts to Flush Kidneys If Bladder Bothers or Back Hurts

Eating too much rich food may produce kidney trouble in some form, says a well-known authority, because the acids created excite the kidneys. Then they become overworked, get sluggish, clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region, rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irri-

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, begin drinking lots of good water and also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; 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 flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity; also to neutralize the acids in the system so that they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithiawater drink which millions of men and women take now and then to help keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus often avoiding serious kidney disorders.

Babies are merely little domestic squalls that cause men to walk the floor at night.



Makes Life Sweeter

an anti-acid. Keep their systems sweet with Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

When tongue or breath tells of acid condition-correct it with a spoonful of Phillips. Most men and women have been comforted by this universal sweetener-more mothers should invoke its aid for their children. It is a pleasant thing to take, yet neutralizes more acid than the harsher things too often employed for the purpose, No household should be without it.

Phillips is the genuine, prescriptional product physicians endorse for general use; the name is important, 'Milk of Magnesia" has been the U.S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its pre decessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875,

Milk of Magnesia

Go-getters are those sent out by the Big Mogul in the arm chair to bring in the stuff.

CAN'T PRAISE IT ENOUGH

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her So Much



months and cannot praise enough. I weighed about 100 pounds and was not able to do any kind housework was done by my mother and my ut-of-doors work was not done. I

have taken four bottles of the Vege table Compound and now I am well and strong and feel fine. I got my sister-in-law to take it after her last baby came and she is stronger now I cannot praise it enough."—Mrs. HATTIE V. EASTIN, R. 1, Kingston,

