

LAUNDRESS BENEFITED

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Nashville, Tenn.—"I cannot say too much in favor of the medicine. I was in a run-down condition. I worked in a laundry but my health got so bad that I had to give up work. I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and began taking it and every time I feel run-down I get another bottle. It is an excellent tonic and I am willing to tell others about it. People take me to be much younger than I am."—Mrs. HANNEY BOWEN, 406 Second Ave. South, Nashville, Tennessee.



BILIOUSNESS RELIEVED

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
Purify the Blood
... QUICKLY
Carter's Little Liver Pills
Purify the Blood
move the bowels free from pain and unpleasant after effects. They relieve the system of constipation poisons which many times cause a sour and acid condition in the system. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be given with absolute confidence to anybody. All Druggists 25c and 75c Red Packages.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
and Itches, Itches, Itches
Floreston Shampoo—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Haecc Chemical Works, Patagonia, N. Y.

For Galled Horses
Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh
Money back for first bottle if not sold. All dealers.

Part Played by Table
in Uplift of Mankind
There was a time when not a table existed in the whole wide world. But one day primitive man, weary of sprawling on the ground, rose and ate his first meal from a broad hewn slab laid on bowlders, and from that day his upward climb to civilization began.

Today we do not stop to think how much we depend upon tables, but what a dull and inconvenient place a house would be without them. Not only are they at our elbow everywhere to keep things within reach, but how they delight the eye—their lovely designs and beautiful woods.

They minister to our comforts, and please our senses with their grace and charm. Each year they increase in variety and cleverness, and each year, because of them, our homes grow more attractive.

Attend the Party
In Spite of Cold!
Don't despair some day your social calendar is full, and you awake with a miserable cold. Be rid of it by noon! You can, if you know the secret: **Pape's Cold Compound** soon settles any cold, yes, even one that has reached deep in the throat or lungs.—Adv.

Worth the Price
Science has discovered that the white of an egg contains ovomucin, ovoglobulin, ovalbumin, conalbumin and ovomucoid. Just remember that when you are stowing it away with the breakfast bacon, and be satisfied that you are getting your money's worth.—Indianapolis News.

All Comforts of Home
Mr. Littlelat—Can't you hurry and get through with the bathroom, I want a bath?
His Wife—I have four more waists and six pairs of stockings to wash. If you're in a hurry for a bath you'll have to go down to the laundry.

Essential Lacking
"What's holding up the round-table conference?"
"They had to send out for a round table."—Life.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy
For every stomach and intestinal ail. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

Behnke-Walker Business Training Pays
Last year we placed more than 1000 in good positions. We can place you when competent. When will you be ready?
Send for Success Catalog
Behnke-Walker Business College
11th and Salmon Streets
Portland, Oregon

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The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

There came a flare of light through the loopholes that lit up her pale face vividly, and then a tremendous crash and the cabin seemed to rock under the vibrations. Afraid it was too good to be true, I stepped to the small window, set high under the eaves, and looked up to the heavens. I could have shouted aloud in joy as I beheld the mighty wall of black and slate towering almost to the zenith with its lead-colored draperies dragging on the horizon.

While we had talked and watched for danger the storm had swept down the river and was upon us. The opening grew dusky and it would have been an easy task for the savages to have crawled close in the uncertain light. Again the Thunder-god hurled a spear at the water-serpent and the noise of the contest transcended all earth sounds. A strange moaning ran through the forest-crown and lofty tops bowed and swayed although as yet there was no air moving in the opening.

"I'm thinking it's going to rain," remarked the girl in a faint voice. "Thank God, yes! Stay back there to see they try no tricks," I cautioned as she came toward me.

The lightning ripped across the face of the clouds, and the girl gave a little squeal. I went to her to learn what was the matter.

"Not Injuns," she whispered. "I'm thinking I'm scared of these sort of storms."

It seemed impossible that one who had shown such absolute control of nerves could be frightened by a flash of lightning and the rumble of thunder. And yet she was clinging to me like a child, striving to conquer herself, yet keeping her face pressed against my fringed sleeve so as not to see the glare of the bolts. I endeavored to soothe away her fears by telling her the storm was our best friend; that it would make the cabin fire-proof, that it would compel the Indians to keep their guns covered and their bow-strings protected from the rain. But as I talked I could feel her wince convulsively each time the god renewed the ancient strife.

With a deafening roar the rain came battering against the cabin. It was impossible to distinguish an object fifty feet from the door. Now was the time for the enemy to attack and cut their way into us and finish us with their belt weapons. Raising my voice above the terrific drumming of the rain, I told the girl:

"We'll go. The rain will wash out our trail. Find something to wrap around the rifles."

She found some oiled skins and we wrapped them about our rifles. I opened the door. The water was falling in torrents and the wind was blowing with great velocity. Closing the door, we were plastered against the walls for a moment by the force of the wind. I sought to shelter her by holding her close to my side; and leaning against the storm, we made for the woods. We could not talk and we scarcely could see because of the rain filling our faces. We both realized that such a downpour could not last long. Our progress was slow, but finally I was waist-deep in some cherry bushes. We fought through these and came to dripping trees and entered among them.

The uproar of the storm suddenly lessened now that we were walking on ancient forest mold and were sheltered from the wind. Rivulets of water ran under our feet and there was no need to hide our trail until we were two miles in the woods. We were as wet as two river-rats.

It became strangely quiet in the dripping woods and we no longer shouted to make ourselves heard. How the storm was raging outside we could only guess. I feared it was abating.

"They'll lose some time, mister, in making sure we're not in the cabin," the girl philosophically remarked. "And it's gitting so dark they can't find our tracks even if we do leave some."

"We must find a place under a rock where we can make a fire and you can dry out."

She laughed at me, and her voice was most musical because it was natural.

"Hard work to drown a witch," she said. "I've fared hard before this and didn't mind it."

I remembered those days when the House of the Open Hand entertained and when beauty must be gently wrapped in water-proof coverings and sent home in coaches. This wild young creature at my side had done a man's work and more. She was made up of the outdoors.

It grew very dark, and without stars to guide us we would have wandered blindly if not for a little run that we stumbled upon and which I remembered flowed parallel to Turtle creek. We took to the water, knee-deep be-

cause of the rain, and worked our way upstream by clutching at the overhanging boughs. We finally left the stream where a windfall had smothered it. By the sense of touch alone I found a spot clear of brush and undergrowth and informed my companion we must wait for daylight before proceeding. I could find no dry fuel, even had I dared to build a fire.

"We have water, but no fire nor food," I told her.

"You're wrong, mister, about food. I fetched this along," she answered; and her hands found mine with a small package wrapped in deer skin.

It was some of Frazier's smoked meat which she had had the forethought to bring along. It was tough, but it was food, and we chewed it vigorously and felt the better for having eaten it.

"Lean against me," I commanded. "I'll be dreary waiting."

"Not so dreary as when we was in the cabin, waiting," she replied. And her head rested against my shoulder and very soon I rejoiced to find she was asleep.

When she was entirely oblivious to our discomforts, I shifted her into my lap, and thus we passed the night, she sleeping the sleep of utter exhaus-



The Water Was Falling in Torrents and the Wind Was Blowing With Great Velocity.

tion and I afraid to move lest I disturb her. Near morning I dozed off and was aroused by her hand pressing lightly on my shoulder. I came to my feet and rubbed my legs and arms to drive out the kinks and cramps. She whispered for me to make no noise, and I noted she had removed the coverings from the guns.

"What is it?" I murmured, a terrible rage sweeping over me as I glared about to discover the relentless foe.

She shook her head and said: "I thought I heard something moving toward us." Footsteps would fall softly on the wet ground, and, after listening without hearing anything, I told her:

"Some animal got the scent of us and turned tail."

Her small hand gripped my arm for silence. Men were coming. I heard a voice say something in the Delaware tongue. She pulled her Highland pistol from her blouse and noiselessly removed its wrapping. Then her hand found mine and gave it a convulsive squeeze, and her soft voice was saying:

"Mister, you've been powerful good to me. We've made a good fight for it. It won't be awful hard this way. Don't let 'em catch you alive. If I go first, I'll be waiting for you."

Sample of Tact That Made Blaine Famous

One year James G. Blaine visited Hamburg and the prince of Wales at once invited him to luncheon. Blaine's return to a question delighted every American in the place. One of the guests was the then duke of Manchester, an old man and a great Tory. When the duke grasped that Blaine was a leading American and had been a candidate for the Presidency of the United States all his old Toryism was aroused and he was back in the days of George III. To the horror of the prince the duke said to Mr. Blaine: "The most outrageous thing in all his Tory was your rebellion and separation from the best government on earth." He said much more before the prince could stop him.

Blaine, with that grace and tact for which he was so famous, smilingly said: "Well, your grace, if George III had had the sense, tact and winning

I gently pushed her behind me and she sank at the foot of a tree. I drew my ax and knife and placed them beside me as I sank to one knee and gathered up the two rifles. Over my shoulder I whispered:

"Don't use the pistol on any Indian. Remember!"

"We must go faster," said a voice in Delaware, only I knew it was a white man speaking. "They'll follow us very fast."

I shivered with a thrill of hope, but dared not give any encouragement to the girl. I glanced back at her. Her face showed none of the anger I had witnessed at the Witches' Head when she was menaced by the mob. It was placid of expression, and she met my gaze with a little smile of encouragement. We could hear them making their way along the windfall. Suddenly they burst into view: two Indians and a white man. One of the Indians was carrying a fresh scalp fastened to the end of a short rod.

I reached back and snatched the pistol from the girl's hand and cried out:

"If that be Christopher Gist, we are friends."

The three vanished as if by magic. After a few moments the white man replied:

"I am Gist. Who are you? Speak sharp. My Indians are nervous."

"Black Bron, returning from a scout to Duquesne. I have a young friend with me." In Delaware I added, "Tell your friends we are your friends, and that there is a large band of Pontiac's men chasing us."

CHAPTER IX

The meeting with Gist and his two Indians was most pleasing to us, although the Delawares did not care enough for our company to slacken their pace. They ranged ahead while Gist traveled with us. He gave us such news. On July third the Indians had refused to go on a scout, but on the following day two had been induced to accompany him. The three of them had advanced to within half a mile of the fort and had been deterred from approaching closer because of the excitement occasioned by the escape of the girl, the Onondaga and myself. They did not know what had happened, but with so much yelling and howling and running into the woods the Delawares had taken fright and declared the entire red force was starting to attack the army. Two Indians had sighted Gist and had chased him for some distance. The Delawares surprised and scalped the Frenchman the Dinwold girl had stumbled upon among the bramble bushes.

Gist said he and his companions had attempted to follow Turtle creek to its head, where they had expected to find the army, but had been turned back by a large band of savages coming down the creek. They had taken refuge in a windfall and had remained in hiding through the violent storm. This delay permitted the girl and me to get in advance of them. In scouting to the neighborhood of the fort they had found the forts open and without any signs of an ambuscade being prepared. Nor had they discovered any trace of the enemy's savages being outside the immediate vicinity of the fort until the night of our escape.

When Gist set out from the army camp, Braddock was about to march to Thicketty run, a small branch of Sewickley creek. Time had been lost at Jacobs' creek in waiting for Colonel Dunbar's provision train to come up. Many of St. Clair's road-builders were on the sick list, and quite a number of them had died. The wagon horses were in miserable condition. Colonel Washington was too ill to travel and had not rejoined the army up to July fourth.

"You have nothing but bad talk in your bag," I remarked.

"We have one French scalp," he grimly replied. "And since June twenty-fifth Braddock has been paying five pounds apiece for scalps. But none of our scouts are getting rich on the bounties. If we could only get ahead faster, and reach the fort before all our soldiers are dead, or too sick to fight, we'd win just by showing ourselves. Mr. William Shirley, the general's secretary, is very much disgusted and discouraged at the way things are being managed. He says he doubts our success. But talk like that is all foolishness, of course. If we can only hold out till we reach Duquesne, we'll whip the French easy enough."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Positively Last Word

About Girl of Today

We knock and criticize her; we scold, apostrophize her, we wish that she was wiser, more dainty and refined; her path we're always stalking to criticize her talking, her clothes, her way of walking, her manners and her mind.

We say, "Oh, tighty-tighty! she is frivolous and flighty and all her ways are mighty undignified to see; she joyrides, flirts and chatters, our old-time rules she shatters and laughs at serious matters with unabated glee!"

We chide and we correct her, we shadow and detect her, we study and dissect her with all her smiles and tears, and find on looking o'er her (and learning to adore her) she's just like girls before her for several thousand years.—Boston Transcript.

Denver Boy is a Winner



Every mother realizes how important it is to teach children good habits of conduct but many of them fail to realize the importance of teaching their children good bowel habits until the poisons from decaying waste held too long in the system have begun to affect the child's health.

Watch your child and at the first sign of constipation, give him a little California Fig Syrup. Children love its rich, fruity taste and it quickly drives away those distressing ailments, such as headaches, bad breath, coated tongue, biliousness, feverishness, fretfulness, etc. It gives them a hearty appetite, regulates their stomach and bowels and gives tone and strength to these organs so they continue to act normally, of their own accord. For over fifty years, leading physicians have prescribed it for half-sick, bilious, constipated children. More than 4 million bottles used a year shows how mothers depend on it.

Mrs. C. G. Wilcox, 3855 1/2 Wolf St., Denver, Colorado, says: "My son, Jackie, is a prize winner for health, now, but we had a lot of trouble with him before we found his trouble was constipation and began giving him California Fig Syrup. It fixed him up quick, gave him a good appetite, made him sleep fine and he's been gaining in weight right along since the first few days, taking it."

To avoid inferior imitations of California Fig Syrup, always look for the word "California" on the carton.

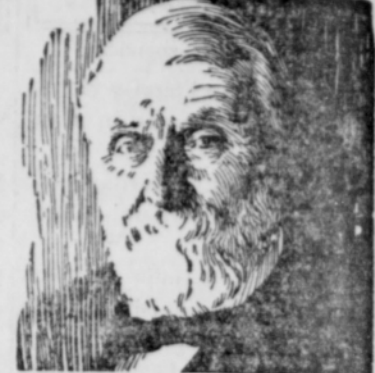
Economy
"You have nine children! They must cost a lot to bring up."
"Yes, but at least we save on a maid."

"How is that?"
"Do you think any maid will come where there are nine children?"

Seeking publicity means that you may have to accept some pretty rough stuff.

It is admirable, the dignity with which some men maintain a bare existence.

A Quick Talker
Howell—I figure that my time is worth a dollar a minute.
Powell—That's all right. I only want 50 cents' worth of it.



OLD FOLKS SAY DR. CALDWELL WAS RIGHT

The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, nor since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice.

He treated constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a combination of senna and other mild herbs, with pepsin.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs?

A bottle will last several months, and all can use it. It is pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. Elderly people find it ideal. All drug stores have the generous bottles, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

NERVES

Do Not Neglect Nerve Irritability Sleeplessness

Pastor Koenig's Nervine Has Been Used Successfully for over 40 years. Sold by all Drug Stores. Ask for FREE SAMPLE

KOENIG MEDICINE CO. 1045 N. Wells St., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 46-1928

New Dam-Building Idea

Appropos of some recent failures of dam construction for storage and power purposes, something new in this line is being tried out in France. The new dam to be built at Marege, in the Haute-Dordogne, is to have five thin curved shells of reinforced concrete placed one behind the other and each shell lower than the one directly back of it. In this way the desired head of water will be obtained in five stages. The idea is that when the reservoir is filled, the water in the intervening spaces will help to support the walls. Incidentally, this construction is said to result in an economy of about 25 per cent in building material alone.

You did Right!



It is always safe to give a Bayer tablet; there is not the slightest harm in genuine Aspirin. You have the doctor's assurance that it doesn't affect the heart. And you probably know from experience that Bayer Aspirin does banish all sorts of pain in short order. Instant relief for headaches; neuralgia, neuritis. Rheumatism, too. Nothing like it for breaking up a cold. At all druggists, with proven directions enclosed.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetate of Salicylic Acid

BAYER ASPIRIN

Protect their Tender Skins and Silky Hair with Cuticura

Teach your children the Cuticura habit that they may have clear skin and lovely hair through life. The daily use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, keeps the skin and scalp clean and healthy.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. "Cuticura," Dept. B5, Malden, Mass. Cuticura Talcum is Soothing and Cooling.

