



ALABASTER LAMPS by Margaret Turnbull.

STORY FROM THE START

Claude Melotte Dabbs returns from New York to his general grocery in Peace Valley, Pa. With him comes Ned Carter, a stranger, whom Dabbs introduces to "Aunt Liddy," his old housekeeper, as a nephew.

CHAPTER II—Continued

By the look in the girl's eyes, he knew that he had said the right thing. She apparently forgot Dabbs' existence as she stood there turning the situation over in her mind.

"Quarrelled with papa and down here leading the simple life with a poor relation," she smiled. "What a situation for the high and mighty Ned! I congratulate you, Mr. Dabbs. It is evident that Ned has seen the light and come over to us."

"I don't think I understand," "Joined the workers, the Intelligentsia, the Bolsheviks of America."

"Not if I know Ned!" Miss Selden looked at him, as one looks at the poor of understanding. Plainly she felt that any really up-to-date information would be lost upon Dabbs.

"Don't you understand," she began. "I'm a radical. What you would probably call a Socialist."

"They are not," Dabbs interrupted, "and they can't be. Men aren't born equal, no matter what the Declaration says. Nor if you start them equal, do they stay so."

fairly tales; then remembered the illustrations for "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair." The girl had been brushing her hair, and it hung about her in dusky masses. The brush was still in her hand.

"Will you please put the box on the bench just outside the door? I'll be down as soon as I can open the door. When we arrived last night, we found the servants had left because it was too lonely."

Ned put down his box and sat waiting on the steps. He was weary from his unswayed early rising. He leaned his head against the pillar of the kitchen porch and closed his eyes.

"Poor fellow. How tired you must be!" Ned turned as the words came from behind him.

"Nonsense," Ned said, finding himself blushing. "I'm not tired in the least, Miss—"

"Johnston, and I hope you've brought everything I ordered." Ned began carrying in the order. He did not hurry too much about his task. It was pleasant to watch in the clean, white, cool kitchen, this girl who was not like the other girls he knew.

"Oh, Grocer!" came in a strong, young contralto voice somewhere above his head.

small boy, and rather enjoying the noise, colored and stopped the demonstration of his muscular power. Instead of pouring them out as though they were canned peas, he lowered the bucket discreetly and allowed the potatoes to escape as potatoes should.

"Much better," Miss Johnston admitted, and Ned found her charming as she stood there with slightly puckered brow. He forgot to object to the school-teacher manner with which she said it.

"Now, if you'll put the gasoline in the shed at the side of the porch, why that will be all. Tell your uncle that, with the servants gone, I'll have to telephone him later about the chickens we ordered. I'm afraid we shan't want them."

Ned understood he was being dismissed, and picked up his empty potato sack. As he crossed the room he had a sudden inspiration.

"Miss Johnston, if there's anything Uncle can do before your new servants come, why, let us know. Uncle might be able to get some one in Peace Valley to come for a day and help you out."

"Oh, do ask him! It would help immensely."

Ned went out, determined that it should be done, and Mary decided that country people were really the salt of the earth. She also decided that this young man was decidedly too good-looking, with an air impossible to deny.

He set aside the wishes of his subjects, as expressed through parliament; levied heavy and unjust taxes; pursued an unpopular foreign policy; was suspected of conspiring against the established religion of England.

In 1642 king and parliament came to an open rupture, and civil war swept England. Oliver Cromwell—farmer, legislator and staunch Presbyterian—was made captain in the parliamentary army. He was an eloquent preacher, but had no knowledge of war.

Water kept this way is always clear and without odor, regardless of the time it has been in the animal's body.

THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

Albert Payson Terhune Oliver Cromwell A MIDDLE-AGED farmer—red and swollen of face, slovenly of dress, dirty of linen, harsh of voice and woefully lacking in dignity—was so disgusted with political conditions in England in the first half of the Seventeenth century that he decided to emigrate to America.

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Now that the king was captured, parliament did not know what to do with him. Cromwell and others sought for means by which Charles could still nominally reign while parliament should actually direct the government.

Parliament's methods did not wholly suit him, so he disbanded that body by force and formed another composed of his own friends. Two years later parliament made him sole governor of the British commonwealth with the title of "Lord Protector."

Parliament, wholly under his control, offered him the title of king. But the offer met with scant popularity in the nation at large. Quick to feel the popular pulse and doubtless fearing to share the fate of Caesar, Cromwell refused to accept the proffered honor.

In 1658—in his sixtieth year—Oliver Cromwell died. His son Richard—weak, timid, incompetent—succeeded him as lord protector; but anarchy at once broke out, and General Monk, Cromwell's right-hand man, was instrumental in bringing Charles' son, Charles II, back to England as king.

It is hard to form a just idea of Oliver Cromwell. He was the first great Englishman to exploit successfully a government for and by the people. He also built up a political machine and system of bossism that is unsurpassed.

Time-measuring instruments have now attained extraordinary perfection. Some years ago even the finest chronometers could not be relied upon implicitly, and after traveling a few weeks from land the captain of a ship could not be certain of his longitude within a margin of about fifteen miles or so.

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LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS

A man intent on emigrating stopped before a news agent's shop and read a placard: "Situation in the East." He strode eagerly into the shop.

"I've come for that situation you're advertising," he said. "Push! That's on the state of affairs—" began the news agent, but the other interrupted: "I don't care whose estate it's on. I'll take it!"—Tit-Bits.

"Wonder why folks call money 'the long green,'" queries Drew. Perhaps because without it we all feel short and blue.

"I am collecting," she said, "for the suffering poor." "Yes," said the man, "that's all very well, but are you sure they really suffer as much as some people seem to think?"

"Pa," said Clarence, "what's this 'double jeopardy' I see mentioned so often in the papers lately mean anyway?" "That, son, is what a man is up against when he is getting orders from both his wife and his mother-in-law," whispered his dad.

"Eminent politicians have often double-crossed one another." "I have regretfully observed the fact," answered Senator Sorghum. "It has sometimes appeared to me that a statesman cherished an opinion that his best asset was his unreliability."

"Let's see. Weren't Damon and Pythias the most remarkable inseparables of history?" "Yes, but tradition whispers that Mrs. Damon wasn't so crazy about Mrs. Pythias."

"Green says he descended from one of the wealthiest houses in America." "Yeah! he was painting on the second story and the stinging broke."

"I see the druggist has his head chemist in consultation." "Yes." "Must be something important." "It is. They are working on a fountain drink which combines ice cream and tobacco."

Claims Everyone Can Now Have Good Health

Los Angeles Business Man Suffering Months From Constipation, Indigestion and Run-Down Condition Regains Health with Tanlac

Mr. Harry Franklin, a well-known Los Angeles manufacturer with offices at 918 Broadway, says: "My experience proves that nearly everyone can now have good health. After many months of indigestion and constipation, months that ended by my being in a badly run-down condition, I regained good health, new strength and calm nerves... Thanks to Tanlac."

Study Railroad Systems In line with the plan of the Turkish government to develop its railway, the Anatolian railway administration will send a number of its employees to study construction and repair in Germany.

Then Play Was Resumed Two small boys in Garfield park were recently overheard quarrelling about their comparative intellectual abilities. The older said: "If your brains were dynamite, there would not be enough of them to blow your hat off."

Maybe This Contains a Hint for You! Los Angeles, Calif.—It was my good fortune to get one of Dr. Pierce's books several years ago and it has been a wonderful help to me while bringing up my family.

Sniffles Unpleasant and unnecessary. Take a Luden's every little while. The exclusive menthol blend will soothe the irritation and bring quick relief.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVINE for Epilepsy Nervousness & Sleeplessness. PRICE \$1.50 AT YOUR DRUG STORE.

Facial Eruptions unightly and annoying - improved by one application of Resinol.

DR. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR for ASTHMA. Inhaled Olive Tar and re-ventilates the lungs.



has preserved her health and strength for many years. Everyone should take this wonderful tonic.

Salts Fine for Aching Kidneys When Back Hurts Flush Your Kidneys as You Clean Your Bowels

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, sometimes get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region.

Encouraging He Who is About to Take It Up—Tell me, how long does it usually take a man to learn to play golf?

"Dandelion Butter Color" A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents—Adv.

Curse on a Name? Eight men in the prime of life have met violent deaths during the last few weeks at Unter Argent, a village in the Swiss canton of Zug.

The First Step Tittle—I'm just over my head in love with that good-looking life guard. Miao—Then why don't you get over your head in water with him?

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