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Don't wait for your customers to complain about the variable color of your butter. Keep your butter that golden June color everybody likes by putting a few drops of Dandelion Butter Color into the churn. It is purely vegetable, wholesome and absolutely tasteless. It meets all State and National Food laws. All large creameries have used Dandelion Butter Color for years. It does not color or buttermilk. You can get the large bottles for 35c from all drug or grocery stores.

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SCHOOL FOR MEN

Training for BUSINESS, TRADES or PROFESSIONS. Special day classes. Evening classes. OREGON INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, 711 N. G. A. Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

Rails Attract Nomads

The wild, nomadic Kerges tribes of Kazakhstan are all upset in their habits of life through the construction by the Soviet government of the new railroad connecting Turkestan with Siberia. The steel rails, as if exerting a fascination, have drawn the shaggy tribesmen from their traditional wandering existence and towns, for the first time in history, are appearing along the Kerges steppes.

Demands Investigation

"Mamma, those scales are wrong." "Why so, dear?" "Because they make me weigh the same when I stand on one foot as they do when I stand on both feet." "Lovers often keep the parlor dark while trying to strike a match."

For Colds, Grip or Influenza

and as a Pre-ventive take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. A Safe and Proven Remedy. The box bears the signature of Dr. W. W. Grove, M.D.—Adv.

His Kind

"What sort of a man is Straight?" we inquired. "He is the kind of a man," replied J. Fuller Gloom, the hater of his species, "that has so few faults that he is the poorest kind of company."—Kansas City Star.

Good Idea

"There's no money in being a professor." "Then why not get a job as coach of the Latin class?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Showing the "Old Man"

The son often has to set the example before the old man who is "set in his ways" will believe there is any way better than the old way.

Talented Girl

"Can she make her own clothes?" "Makes her own money, mother."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Last year China bought 4,142,000 Bibles, nearly half the number issued by the British and Foreign Bible society in that period.



Slowing Up?

You Can't Feel Well When Kidneys Act Sluggishly.

OVERWORK, worry and lack of rest, put extra burdens on the kidneys. When the kidneys slow up, impurities remain in the blood and are apt to make one languid, tired and aching, with dull headaches, dizziness and often nagging backache. A common warning is scanty or burning secretions. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's, a stimulant diuretic, increases the secretion of the kidneys and aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Are endorsed by users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS
60c
STIMULANT DIURETIC FOR KIDNEYS
Foster-McMillan Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N.Y.

DR. STAFFORD'S
OLIVE TAR
for your
Children's
COLDs

FROZEN FEET
After the "wet" measures for frozen feet, surgery or any kind is the ideal treatment. The medicinal oils and antiseptics relieve the pain, soothe the tissues, and help to prevent complications. A 50-cent box from your druggist is all that is required. Your money back if it fails to soothe. SPURLOCK-NEAL CO., Nashville, Tenn.

Keep Stomach and Bowels Right
By getting baby's bowels moving with MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP. It is a pleasant, safe, and effective remedy for colic, gas, and indigestion. It is the only remedy that is both a laxative and a stomachic. It is the only remedy that is both a laxative and a stomachic. It is the only remedy that is both a laxative and a stomachic.

Men Marooned

By GEORGE MARSH

CHAPTER XIII

Garth found Joan Quarrier at the Mission school. Entering the building, he stood for a space in a doorway and watched her read to a group of Cree orphans.

As she looked up, aware of his presence, he said: "It is not February, but I have returned."

"Something is the matter?" she said, apprehensively. "What has happened at Elkwan?"

"Etienné shot himself."

"But you, why are you here? Why did you come?"

"For you."

"For me—to go to Elkwan?" Dazed at the idea, her hand sought her forehead, while the chattering children crowded curiously around them.

"He wants you. There may be infection—and you know wounds—have everything in your kit, bandages, stimulants, antiseptics."

"Let me put on my coat and we'll talk outside," she said.

"So they went to the clearing."

"I know well what I'm asking," he said. "It means a day on the sled—discomfort, for you. But he is my friend, and it may mean his life—your coming."

Her troubled eyes turned to his. "I want to go—the trip is nothing. It's going, alone, with you—it means leaving the mission, I suppose."

"Of course, Swan will make a fuss. To him it will look immoral—your going—to save a man's life," he said, sagely. "But for you—an army nurse, with a life at stake," he pleaded. "Is there any choice?"

She smiled wistfully as she gazed over the frozen river.

"I've got to go. It's in my blood—to help them—the wounded."

His heart leaped at the words. "To help the strong—to help me—is that in your blood, too, Joan Quarrier?" he asked passionately.

She shivered and avoided his eyes, as a wave of cold swept up to her dark hair. "The strong need no help," she parried.

Again in control of himself, the elated Guthrie smothered his own emotion in this thought for the stricken friend at Elkwan, for whom he had lied to the man he respected and the girl he loved. And he wondered what she would say to him when she learned of the deception. That she would have come as readily, had he told the truth, he had no doubt, but the secret of Guthrie's presence at Elkwan was a trust, sacred, inviolate. He had told Cameron that the crew of the Ghost had died to a man. At Albany, Laughing McDonald was a dead man. On the way up the coast, Joan Quarrier should learn the truth. "Oh, ye of little faith!" Guthrie sadly shook his head. "What must I do to convince you?"

The girl made no answer.

Looking up, Garth saw, bundled in fur cap and coat much too large for him, a short figure blocking their path.

"You are going on this mad journey?" the shrill voice of Swan demanded. "Do you hold your reputation so cheaply?"

"You have heard?"

"Yes! Mrs. Cameron has told me what this man has come for."

"You're too late, Swan. She has promised to go," said Garth quietly, ignoring Guthrie, the little man gravely warned:

"You realize, Miss Quarrier, if you go, you cannot return to the mission?"

"Yes, Mr. Swan. Before I became a mission teacher, and my moral welfare the object of your solicitude, I lived for three years with wounded men. A man's life is at stake. It is worth more than my reputation."

To Garth she said abruptly: "Come for me when you are ready. I'll go and pack my kit."

"Bravo. Healer of Wounds! That was spoken like a soldier," and walking squarely at the mortified missionary, dazed at the flouting of his authority, who stepped into the soft snow to avoid the threatened collision, the elated Guthrie hurried to the trade-house.

"She'll go, she'll go!" he announced to the waiting factor.

"Good! You'll take good care of her, I know. I wish you the best of luck, my boy. She's a rare one—is Joan."

"A-h!" contemptuously granted the other. "We'll send over and get her belongings. She'll spend the rest of the winter with us. But she's much too valuable to the Swans for them to stick to their high horse. They'll be over trying to wheedle her into coming back."

"But I hope she won't."

"Well, I hope you get her."

Behind the slab counter Garth curled up on a bundle of blankets for a few hours' sleep, until his dogs were fit to take the ninety-mile run north to Elkwan and the sick man who, officially, had died on the Ghost.

At noon he drove his refreshed team to the mission where Joan, standing by her duffle bags, waited in the snow.

With the light load of two passengers, the big runner sled—its wooden shoes shod with ice, which slips over a hard surface with less friction than steel and can be renewed at will—would be sport for the five powerful dogs. Driving, as he would, to bring skill and medicine to the succor of the guest at Elkwan, Garth hoped to reach the post before dawn, but much depended on the light. A thick night would slow the dogs in a walk while crossing the mouth of the big river, where tide cracks opened and closed over night and the lead led through hummocks and ridges, had going by day—at night, heart-breaking to driver and dogs.

"You're not sorry—haven't regretted promising to come?" he asked, as he wrapped her in robes and stowed her bags.

She shook her head. "Not in the least, Mr. Exile. I've recollected now to the loss of the last shred of my reputation. It was a wild scene—in the house. They even prayed for me when they realized there were futility."

"Prayed for you—you, bound on an errand of mercy? In the name of all the saints, they'd let an innocent man die for want of proper care, because of my reputation? I must be a monster to them."

She laughed. "Yes, I can truthfully say that after what my brother told them, they think you are a terrible person."

"Do you?" he countered, leaning over the sled.

"Well," her dark eyes flashed up into his, "not exactly terrible, rather—what shall I say?—stubborn."

"Marche, Castor?"

And the huskies, with Shot ahead, galloped to the trade-house. There the Camerons were waiting for the girl who had, also, burned her bridges. Shortly, down the cliff trail and over the river-ice raced the team, carrying hope for Craig Galbraith, deep in delirium at Elkwan, ninety white miles away.

As they left the river and turned up the coast, Guthrie's anxious eyes circled the gray horizon for indications of what would follow the haze-smothered sunset over the Keewatin muskies. For days, now, the weather had softened to above zero temperature, a change so well, were James bay winters, which are milder than those of the forest country to the south, and he prayed for a bright night, as his thoughts were busy with the tragedy of Craig Galbraith and his own part in the climax of the pitiful history.

The decision he had made beside the bunk in the Ghost, once he had struck on a feasible plan of procedure, was inevitable to the man who owed his life to the heroism of the stricken Galbraith. But the situation which Guthrie faced as he watched the high barriers of Akimiski catch and hold the veiled light of the dying sun, might easily result not only in dismissal from the company, but in arrest by the authorities. His clear duty to his employers had demanded that he report to Cameron the presence of Laughing McDonald at Elkwan. The information that a Hudson's bay factor had concealed from the government a man suspected of murder would raise a hornet's nest in Ottawa. All this Guthrie had seen with clear vision the night before, when he shared his plan with Etienné, but as his eyes rested for an instant on the tragic face of the friend who, that day in front of Amiens, had not counted the cost, there was in his face the look of a man who would repay to the last farthing, Ottawa, the company he had served so well, were nothing. There lay Craig Galbraith, sick, hunted by the law he had defied, deserted—Laughing McDonald, whom he had fought for the trade—his friend, and he would see it through. Craig should have his chance, slight as it looked. With the woman of the great heart and the skilled hands, he was hurrying over the sea-ice as fast as five Ugavias could travel. Hold on, Galbraith, V. C. as you held at many a disputed parapet and shell-hole!

They had talked little through the first miles, the thoughts of the man centered on his problem. With the skill of long training, she had gone into the details of Etienné's wound, and Garth had had no heart so early in their journey for a confession of his duplicity. But when, off the mouth of the Big Willow, he announced that it was time to rest the dogs and eat the supper prepared by Mrs. Cameron, he felt that, over the hot tea, Joan Quarrier should be told the facts.

With the aid of cedar kindlings carried on the sled, he soon had a fire under the teakettle.

"Do you realize how you have ignored your passenger, Mr. Exile? This is my first ride behind the dogs and I wanted to talk about them."

The huskies, except Shot, who was inspecting the willow thicket, were sprawling in their harness, sniffing hungrily at the odor of bacon. Now that he was alone with Joan, was to be alone with her through the long miles to Elkwan, Guthrie felt strangely diffident. Until he had laid the truth before her, told of the love he bore this broken thing, once feared as Laughing McDonald, waiting in such sore need of her ministrations, and received her absolution for his deception, he would feel ill at ease with the woman who faced the world with the stark truth in her eyes.

"Let me see," she went on, "I know Castor and Pollux, but that cream-colored one?"

"Oh, that's Dido," he laughed, "and the white-gray one is Aeneas."

"Aeneas? And does he run away from her like his namesake?"

"Run away? Hardly. She's the fastest dog in the team. What's more, he doesn't try. He's more constant than Virgil's hero."

"What's the name of that surly one who growls so much?"

"Oh, that's Achilles, of course, the sulker. But he's not so much of a hero. He's deathly afraid of Castor, and Shot fought him to a standstill, once."

Pouring her a cupful of the steaming tea and making a sandwich with the bacon, he passed Joan her supper.

"My, I'm hungry! How good the tea tastes! But aren't the dogs to have some fish after their work?"

"No, they were fed this morning. If I feed them now, it would make them lazy; we wouldn't reach Elkwan before noon, and I'm worried—I'm afraid we're going to be too late as it is."

She looked up, puzzled at his tone.

"Why, you said he wasn't bleeding badly—no artery involved. It's only a matter of keeping the wound clean."

The moment had come.

"I have a confession to make to you, Joan Quarrier," he began. "I have lied to you—brought you from a warm shelter up this coast tonight on false pretenses."

"False pretenses! What do you mean?" She was curious but not disturbed.

"I have been the cause of your breaking with the Swans—given the missionary people the chance to raise their saltily eyebrows in horror—for what?"

"Why, my dear man?" she protested. "I understand all that. Their prattle can't hurt me, can it? I don't understand. Where is the lie?"

He sucked in a deep breath and leaned toward her, as he said: "Etienné was not shot. You're on your way to help me save a friend—a friend who crawled with me on his back through gas and shell fire. They broke his arm and got him in the chest, but he came through. Can you guess who it is?"

Her dark brows contracted as she met the pleading look of the man standing by the fire. Slowly she shook her head. "You said Etienné was hurt. Now you say it was some one else—I don't see."

"Laughing McDonald," she cried. "You said you found him dead on the schooner?"

"He was alive, but very sick—flu, pneumonia. I met him here—Etienné and an Indian took him to Elkwan while I came to ask you to go to help."

"He was this friend who saved your life in France?" she asked, wide-eyed with surprise.

"Yes, Capt. Craig Galbraith. He took the name of McDonald."

"When he disappeared after the murder?" she broke in.

"That is unworthy of Joan Quarrier," he demanded gently.

"But his description tallies with that of the man wanted in Halifax. You forget that I've seen him."

Guthrie warmed to the defense of his friend. "He is the man I'm talking of. It is strange that a man branded for life with that grimace," he pleaded, "a man, proud, sensitive, coming home with the Victoria Cross—twice won—should go mad when the wife he cherished, as I know he did, turns, in horror of his scars, to a lover? Tell me, is it strange?"

"It was murder," she objected, half-heard.

"No, not if the man was struck in the heat of passion—as Galbraith could strike. It was retribution."

"After all, he was a gallant soldier," she mused aloud, "and he saved your life."

Ignoring the inference, Garth pressed his point, for he saw to his joy that his story had touched her. "Think what his bitterness—his agony—must have been, doomed forever to wear that mask, when the woman who should have been proud to bear his name failed him. Imagine his loneliness—his despair, when, in his need, she turned to another."

There was a mist in Joan Quarrier's eyes as she said: "You must have loved him greatly to defend him so well."

"He threw away his hope of reaching the lines when he followed Shot to my shell-hole and started back with a gashed man; is it strange that I'm fighting for his life, oh, Healer of Wounds?"

For an instant, as he waited for her answer, she met the fierce pleading of his eyes, then looked into the thickening night as she said gently: "You have won. I'll give all I have to save him—for he was a gallant soldier—and has suffered."

Joan Quarrier did not see the pride, the gratitude, and the love that shone down on her from Guthrie's eyes.

For an hour after the stop at the Big Willow for the hot tea the weather had been gradually thickening. As the dogs followed the coast, Guthrie's restless eyes watched the murk slowly blot out the stars. It meant feeling their way past the river mouths; and, across the delta of the Attawapiskat, a sharp watch on the compass to avoid entering the river itself. Clearly caution dictated turning into the Kapskau and spending the night at the post. But the chance of the man at Elkwan might hang on the hours saved by pushing on through the sable blanket which shrouded the coast. He turned to the girl muffled in robes on the sled behind him.

"It's not going to be cold, but a cold night with the stars would be better than this."

"How can you tell where we're going? I can't see a thing."

"I'm letting Castor pick the trail—just checking him with the compass. It has a luminous dial."

"But he can't see any more than we can."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wrong Number

Feminine logic was demonstrated in a phone call received by a startled gentleman who picked up the instrument the other evening to hear a frenzied female voice demanding: "Is this you, Jim?"

He returned politely. "You have the wrong number."

"Well, you big sap," came the voice at the other end, in snappy accents, "why the dickens don't you hang up so I can get my party? Of all the nit-wits I ever saw—why, you poor pruney!"

"So on, while the amused young man listened patiently to her colorful tirade.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

By Lamplight

If a lamp burns badly or smells it is generally due to one of the following causes: It has been filled too full, and the oil when heated expands and runs over the sides. The receiver and burner have not been wiped after filling. The wick does not sit properly, or it has been badly trimmed. In inferior oil has been used. The lamp glasses are not clear and bright.

What's the Answer?

Questions No. 21

1—When was Lincoln's Gettysburg address delivered?

2—What Indian invented an alphabet for his people and to what tribe did he belong?

3—What is psychology?

4—What horse won the historic Blue Grass stakes in 1920?

5—What American artist's portrait of his mother was purchased by a foreign government?

6—Which is the largest lake in the Great basin?

7—What is the most famous book on fishing?

8—How long is the giant python and on what does it feed?

9—What is the salary of the vice president of the United States?

10—How many Christians in North America?

11—Who wrote the song, "Hail Columbia," and when was it first sung?

12—What President was born in New Hampshire?

13—Who was Pythagoras?

14—Who won the Indianapolis speedway classic in 1920?

15—Who was the great female star of the latter Nineteenth and early Twentieth centuries, and what was her nationality and racial descent?

16—What city of the west coast is the farthest north?

17—How did Robert Burns earn a living?

18—What is Venus' Flytrap and where does it thrive?

19—Who is at present secretary of agriculture and from what state does he come?

20—When was the American Bible society organized?

Answers No. 20

1—It includes all young animals that are born in the water.

2—C. L. Dodgson.

3—The Connecticut.

4—James M'Neil Whistler.

5—Gertrude Ederle in 1923.

6—In 1770.

7—In 1708.

8—Prof. W. C. Roentgen.

9—Seventy-five thousand dollars.

10—No. Members of the church are "Roman Catholics." The word "catholic" means universal.

11—Molly Pitcher.

12—Gen. Anthony Wayne.

13—Guglielmo Marconi.

14—Walter Hagen.

15—Charlotte Cushman.

16—Constantinople.

17—Sir Richard Burton.

18—It frequents the lagoons and swamps on many tropical coasts.

19—Secretary of state.

20—11,588,000.

Device to Measure Molten Metal's Heat

No thermometer could ever be expected to record the temperature of furnaces or of great masses of molten metal, although the development of science along these lines has made it very necessary to determine the degree of heat in furnaces and contained in masses of metal, such as huge steel billets and great cubes of iron.

The discovery that two different kinds of metal welded together produced a current of electricity was the means of inventing a means whereby there can be determined the quantity of heat, no matter how intense. The current is measured by the voltage and certain temperatures produce certain values in electrical strength, and that is the way the amount of heat is measured in degrees of heat, and this has been found to be accurate.

The principle is applied in a device known as the radiation pyrometer. It can stand at a considerable distance from the furnace or mass of molten metal that is being tested and it will record the internal heat conditions accurately. It is an aid to better steel and iron products, and as the world progresses it will be recorded as one of the great agencies of man to enable him to delve into the mysteries of nature's laboratories. — Washington Star.

The Poor Man's Sport

Track athletics, especially distance running, is the poor man's sport. He needs only his shoes, his cheap running suit and a place to stretch a leg. Most distance men have no trainers, and must prepare themselves until they can make a reputation. They usually work hard all day, either in shops or at desks, and must perform their leisure for training.—Herbert Reed in the Outlook.

Cause Injury to Trees

Gasoline and oil have been known to injure and cause the death of trees, if such substances come in contact with the bark, particularly in the case of the roots, says a writer in the Washington Star. The oil apparently penetrates to the cambium region, which is a particularly sensitive and actively growing tissue, injuring it beyond repair. It is not necessary that there be toxic substances in the mixture other than the oil and gasoline themselves.

Big Tiger Moth Family

Belonging to a large family, there are many interesting species of tiger moths scattered over the world, says Nature Magazine. In this country something like 120 different kinds are recorded.

Rapid Evaporation