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Admitting a Caller "Did I not tell you I was not to be disturbed?" said Senator Sorghum...

BILIOUS? Take NATURE'S REMEDY

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

HATE

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Joshua swung around with amazing quickness in a man of his size. There was a look almost of stony consideration in the china-blue eyes that stabbed questioningly into Fellowes'...

"No shipwright like old Christian," Ingiepin responded. "Is she yours?" "Not yet. Christian built her for speculation. Out of blind pride and confidence in his own skill..."

"I can't tell you here, Mr. Ingiepin. Will it suffice if I say I escaped several days ago from the Badger sloop-of-war? And have just surprised your brother and his daughter, with Chater, entertaining Captain Collishawe at Chater's farm on Long Island?"

Joshua Ingiepin slipped his arm through Fellowes', and the light in his eyes danced and flickered as if a wind was blowing it.

"Come with me," he said. "My office will do. Glad you dropped in, Captain Fellowes. Believe you and I can do some business. Eh? Treason! But I expected it. I expected it. Ben always would over-reach himself. Ha, ha! The d-n fool!"

"... a petition Lord Wellington said, the ministers were cordial, but they require a definite petition I'm persuaded 'tis that document your brother has been concocting these past months."

"He's been hand-in-glove with every runaway Federalist in the North," admitted Joshua. "Exactly, sir. And my guess is that before going further with it they awaited some answer from the Canadian authorities. If I'm right 'twas that answer Collishawe delivered at Babylon."

"And why wouldn't they have turned over the petition, or whatever the thingummy was, to him?" "Tis likelier they'd choose to convey it themselves since most delicate negotiations would flow from it. I feel this the more strongly, sir, after hearing the True Bounty is held ready for sailing."

"Sounds reasonable," growled Joshua. "So our job is to find this abominable scrawl!" "We should have your brother's house and office searched tonight," Fellowes returned promptly.

"You'll find no papers in Ben's house or office, Captain Fellowes, you nor anyone. I knew the second and knowing him I refuse to undergo that! Inboard ship, maybe. Yes, but not until after she's sailed."

"Wait for his sailing, then, and pursue," exclaimed Fellowes. "Take him red-handed, eh? That would be best. You may depend upon it, he and Chater are taking extraordinary precautions to whatever they are up to. As for the girl—Humph! If my eyes tell me anything, she has more sense than her father."

"She is unusually intelligent," Fellowes agreed heavily. "I'd prefer not to speak of her." "Humph! Hal! Quite so! But if I'm to play with you, captain, I want all the cards on the table—face up."

"I have no intention that it should be otherwise, sir." Ingiepin was undeterred by the frosty note in his caller's tone.

"Granted," conceded Joshua, "with in limitations." "As what?" "To begin with, we must inform the proper authorities of your discoveries. I'm as skeptical as yourself of the efficacy of this step, but 'twould be in advisable to ignore it. I am, I may say—the mellow voice became a shade pompous—"on terms of intimacy with Governor Tompkins, who is also in command of the military district for the administration. Whatever he can do to aid us, we may rely upon. I'll see him, myself. So shall you. And we'll present the matter to him without reservation, eh?"

"I am willing," Fellowes agreed. "And then, sir?" "Come with me, if you please." Joshua took his hat, and motioned toward the door.

"Don't wait for me, Howell," he called to the gray clerk as they passed to the street. Fellowes was silent until they had crossed the road.

"What other limitations to our bargain had you in mind, sir?" he asked. "Only such as motives of patriotism should place upon the satisfaction of private enmity. Your pursuit of Captain Collishawe must await the destruction of my brother's conspiracy."

"To pursue them back we'll require a ship." "Exactly my thought, captain! 'Tis a ship we are after this moment."

"They entered South street, and turned toward Gouverneur. Ahead of them was Christian Bergh's shipyard, and Fellowes' face lightened at sight of the graceful fabric that loomed above the scaffolding of the ways.

"Ah, the beauty! The sweetest brig I ever saw!" "No shipwright like old Christian," Ingiepin responded. "Is she yours?"

"Not yet. Christian built her for speculation. Out of blind pride and confidence in his own skill." "She's heavier built than the regular clippers," commented Fellowes. "What's her tonnage?"

"Close to four hundred, I think. Christian built her for strength, not for speed. And she's well sparred, you see. You could drive her in a gale under tops'ls."

"But she's long for her beam." "Yes, that's to give her clearance. She's 115 feet over all, and 23 feet beam."

Rounding the bow, Fellowes saw the name 'Centurion' carved in square, block letters just aft of the hawser pipes. He stood so long on his vanishing point, feasting his eyes on the swelling lines of the hull, estimating the sail spread of the lofty masts, fancying how she could be pushed in ordinary winds, and driven in dirty weather that he did not hear Joshua's summons until it had been repeated.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he exclaimed and scrambled down to shake hands with leathery, squinty-eyed Christian Bergh.

"You like her, Ja?" the old shipwright asked proudly. "She's the handsomest thing I ever saw, Mr. Bergh. I only wish I could buy her."

"Fifteen 'tousan' tollars I ask for her, mit sails, battery, every'ing." "I haven't fifteen thousand dollars, but if I had—"

"You don't need it," Joshua interrupted abruptly. "She's sold." He turned to Bergh. "I'll pay the money into Barkers for you, eh, Christian?"

"Dot snits me, Mr. Ingiepin. Undt any'ing you vant I put in her." Ingiepin took Fellowes by the arm, and walked a few feet aside.

"My Bargain Is of the Simplest, Sir. He Answered Coolly. less than speed. And she's well sparred, you see. You could drive her in a gale under tops'ls."

"I am a business man, sir," he said, pointing to a chair. "And I find it more satisfactory to have definite agreements, of a contractual nature, with persons I deal with. So, if you have no objections, we will reduce our relations to writing. Perhaps you will be so kind as to express your side of the bargain?"

"I'll wager you can run down the True Bounty with that, Captain," asserted the merchant.

"I can run down the True Bounty," asserted Fellowes, "but she's no use to me unless she can fight the Badger."

"That's your bargain! Fight a King's sloop-of-war with a privateer?" "Yes. Fight her, and take her."

"A dangerous business! If 'twas a Frenchman, now, or a bloody Dago But a Britisher!" "Aye, the best ship of her size in the King's fleet," Fellowes rejoined, uncompromisingly.

There was comprehension, yes, and respect, in the look Joshua gave the long merchant.

"Hate him, that much, eh? But there'd be no sense in sinking your self doing it."

"None," Fellowes admitted. "But with the right battery—" He broke off, and halted the shipwright, who loltered near, gazing longingly on the thing he had created.

"Mr. Bergh. What guns were you figuring for her?" "Well, I leave dot for you undt Mr. Ingiepin. But if you put in cannonades, berms we say eighteen-pounder, den you better not haf more dan sixteen—undt a couple of long twelves for chasers."

Fellowes shook his head. "A privateer has no proper use for cannonades," he said. "She should never fight at close range. Give us long twelves in the broadside battery, and we'll mount a twenty-four pounder Long Tom forward on a pivot."

"A twenty-four-pounder!" Mr. Ingiepin cried protestingly. "You'd rack her to pieces."

But Christian Bergh dissented vociferously. "Not dot Centurion! I buildt her for rough work. Ja! We put in some more heavy beams in der fo'c'sle, undt brace der deck."

"Yes, you'd better reinforce those bulwarks, Mr. Bergh. I'd like her to be as strong as a navy vessel of her class."

"She will be," promised the shipwright. "Mit dot brig you can fight a King's ship, if she chase you. Ja?" They talked then of storage room and spare sails and cables, and arrangements in the galley for an enormous crew—"you'd best reckon on a hundred and fifty men, captain," advised Ingiepin.

"I am a business man, sir," he said, pointing to a chair. "And I find it more satisfactory to have definite agreements, of a contractual nature, with persons I deal with. So, if you have no objections, we will reduce our relations to writing. Perhaps you will be so kind as to express your side of the bargain?"

Fellowes peered out the small-paned window next him at the tree-bordered street, dusty and peaceful and very quiet since the workers had gone home. It was difficult to associate this soberly charming scene with all the wild and turbulent events that had preceded it, difficult to imagine that only a few miles distant, off Sandy Hook, the Badger plied her errands on the blockade, that perhaps Collishawe had pressed three more men to take the place of Tom, Coffee and himself.

He was conscious of Joshua Ingiepin's china-blue eyes studying his expression with avid intensity.

"My bargain is of the simplest, sir," he answered coolly. "You will purchase the brig Centurion for operation as a privateer. I am to be master of the brig, and I will sail as soon as you see, whenever the True Bounty puts to sea. My major object will be to overhaul the True Bounty search her for papers or documents of treasonable purport, and if any such are found, seize all persons aboard her. Having done so much, I shall be at liberty to make every attempt to bring the sloop-of-war Badger to action, after which I will return to this port, and render account to you of my operations."

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I must go. I have a great deal to do. I'll see you again."

THE KITCHEN CABINET

60, 12th, Western Newspaper Union

"The man who is ever seeking to do his best, is the one who is keen, active, wide awake and aggressive. He is ever conscious of himself in crises. His standard is not 'What will the world say?' but 'What is worthy of me?'"

During the winter when the citrus fruits are the most plentiful and cheapest, is the time to preserve, candy and dry them for use in various ways.

Candied Orange Peel.—Cover the peel of four oranges with two quarts of water, bring slowly to the boiling point and simmer until the peel is tender. Drain and let stand until cool, then remove all the inner white skin and cut the peel into strips.

Candied Cranberries.—Boil two cups of sugar with three-fourths cup of water slowly for five minutes. Wash and dry two cups of large hard cranberries, spread each with a large needle, then pierce the berries in a single layer in a granite pan. Pour over the syrup and set them in a moderate oven until they are almost transparent. Remove and dust with sugar if desired. These are nice to use as a garnish or in candy boxes. They may take the place of the candied cherries.

Fruit and Nut Paste.—Put through the food chopper two cups of dates, after staining them. Mix with one cup of peanut butter and one teaspoonful of salt. Take spoonfuls of the mixture and form into small apples. Place a clove for the blossom end and a bit of orange peel for a stem.

Filling for a Layer Cake.—Boil two cups of sugar until it thickens, then pour slowly over three stiffly beaten egg whites; add one-half cupful of citrus finely shredded, one cupful of raisins, one-half cupful of dates or figs and one pound of blanched and chopped almonds. Spread between the layers of any delicate white cake.

Baked Bananas.—Cook one-half cupful of seedless raisins in one and one-half cupful of boiling water for half an hour, thicken with flour and butter cooked together, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and pour over the baked bananas. A grating of lemon peel is an addition, or a bit of vanilla.

Things Worth Consideration. A writer in the Journal of Home Economics points out the responsibility and the example of the American housewife in relation to her foreign neighbor, which perhaps has never occurred to her.

"The simple house furnishings, the spotless window curtains and the well laundered cloth ing, the careful ventilation and the well ordered household activities of the American housewife serve as a guide in helping the foreign housewife to adapt her methods of living to those of her foster homeland."

The foreign housewife, though unable to understand our language is very clever at picking up ideas. The influence of a good housekeeper extends beyond the intimate circle of her family, friends and neighbors and her servants. It has been pointed in the Americanization of immigrants from lands where cleanliness as well as other important standards are not as high as our own.

This influence makes itself felt in a less direct, but none the less real way on the commodities that all women purchase.

"Women as consumers purchase health or lack of it for the members of their immediate households. Indirectly through their demand for clean wholesome food and clothing products, they create a supply of commodities which are available for the less intelligent homemaker, who, because of lack of knowledge, is indifferent to the scope of variation in purchasable products."

In keeping her own household healthy and happy, the good housekeeper sets standards for others who have not yet learned to manage their households so efficiently. When she buys such tools as brushes, soap and cleansers for the necessities of good housekeeping and when she insists upon wholesome food, and clothing made of guaranteed materials, she is helping to keep those standards high.

Some like a coat of wax applied to a varnished surface. Rub it well, let it dry thoroughly, then polish with a weighted brush, or electric polisher. Frequent dusting will keep a floor in fine condition. When spots appear if they are wiped up, the whole floor will not need cleaning.

Woman's Devotion to Duty It is related that in San Francisco harbor, when a fog bell became disabled, the woman keeper struck the bell by hand for twenty hours and thirty-five minutes, until the fog lifted. Two days later she stood all night striking the bell with a hammer during a dense fog.

The Problem Every little girl goes through a spell of playing house. The problem is to keep her that way after the wedding.—Rutland Herald.

Old shoes made new for less than a penny a pair

Scuffs disappear. Clean, uniform color returns. More than 100 shades for 10 cents. Black, brown, tan, white and neutral.

BARTON'S DYANSHINE SHOE POLISH

Uncle Eben "Every time I see an airplane," said Uncle Eben, "I's willin' to git back to de old days tere here on earth, wif a couple o' mules an' a canal boat."

Suspicious Suspicious Husband—Who called this afternoon? His Better Half—Only Aunt Sophie, S. H.—Well, she left her pipe.

An Old Friend Author—How do you like my plot? Editor—With that esteem which can come only of long acquaintance.

Not Adapted to the Many The chief drawback to living the simple life is that so few people can stand it.—Copper's Weekly.

There is no satiety in study. Beauty may be merely skin deep, but it is nearly always effective. Never try to make a fool of a man—let nature take its course.

It is useless for a man to seek a steady job if he isn't steady. Friendship is the highest degree of perfection in society.—Montaigne.

For one thing, the heepped man is never found in the ranks of crime. Use Russ Ball Blue in your laundry. They rust spots may come from inferior Blueing. Ask Grocers.—Adv.

Mistake that farm boys make is thinking there is no monotony in the city. There's many a slip between the engagement ring and the wedding ring.

Who Wants to be Bald? Not many, and when you are getting that way and losing hair, which ends in baldness, you want a good remedy that will stop falling hair, dandruff and grow hair on the bald head BARE-TO-HAIR is what you want.

Softening Toward Him Representative James M. Beck said at a dinner: "If they had kept me out much longer I'd have felt as bad as Brownlow."

"Brownlow was running for mayor, and one night at the end of a stormy meeting his campaign manager said: 'You're winning them over, Brownlow. They seemed more inclined to listen tonight. Yes, you're getting more popular all the time.'"

"Popular!" snarled Brownlow. "Look at my coat and vest. Why, they did nothing but bombast me with rotten eggs."

"Yes, but," said the manager, "don't you remember, Brownlow, how it used to be bricks?"

Garfield Tea Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. 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.

W. H. U., PORTLAND, NO. 49-1529.

Not at All Typical John J. Raskob said at the Savannah Golf club on his way to Biloxi: "The South impresses me with its energy and enterprise. The South ought to advertise itself more. A good many Northerners think that it is typified in the grocery yard."

"A man, the yarn runs, went into a southern grocery to buy a ham. He plunked down a five dollar bill on the counter and said: "Gimme a ten pound—"

"But the grocer, who was sitting with his feet on a cracker barrel, interrupted him. "I can't serve ye just now, sah," he said, "Ye'll have to call round sometime when I'm a-standin' up."

It's no use trying to convince a mule that he is stubborn.