

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 irritation.

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 salt 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 lithia-water 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.

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Wife—How much time have you?

He must have a long spoon with whom to eat with.—Marlowe.

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HATE

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

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ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
WNU Service

CHAPTER XII—Continued

Two more broadsides smote the private in the interval required to tack out of the danger zone and when she recovered her raking position the Badger continued to fall her with several heavy guns that could be aimed forward. A lucky shot dismounted a twelve-pounder and puddles of blood soaked the sand the powder boys had sprinkled across the deck. But one by one the Badger's guns ceased firing as her hull was racked from end to end by the relentless broadsides of the Yankee brig, and presently the venturion hauled out of the smoke bank to survey the situation, the Long Tom alone hammering away at the unfortunate Britisher.

The Badger was a dreadful sight her remaining sails split and tattered, her rigging awry, her upper works largely demolished. And she looked to be somewhat down by the head. But the White Ensign floated at the jagged peak of her mizen, apparently nailed there, at intervals in the riven belt of her bulwarks grinned the muzzles of cannon and one of her chase guns that had been hauled aft belched defiance of the privateer— "We're not licked yet," it growled.

Fellowes examined his own ship, received hasty reports from his officers. Five men wounded, three killed. No damage worth mentioning aft, except for the foremast. The hull sound, the well dry.

"We'll board," he decided, and a murmur of assent expressed his hearers' opinion. "Mr. Noggle, I'm turning over the ship to you. I shall be on the fo'c'sle with the marines. Mr. Spencer, you'll remain aboard, and fight the batteries, if necessary. Mr. Breed, I'll have you take the starboard watch after the marines. That will be all, gentlemen."

Fellowes clung to a foremast, atop of the Centurion's bulwarks peering into the furry smokeclouds that swirled and trembled to the throbbing cadence of cannon and musketry. Behind him the fo'c'sle was crammed with men. Tom Grogan hefting an ax in a knotty fist, crouched at his captain's feet.

"Can ye see her, messmate?" he croaked anxiously, barriers of rank forgotten.

"Not yet—Ah, there's her main truck!"

A wild cheer announced that others had seen it, too. The Long Tom thundered brazenly, the la'rd b'at tery boomed by divisions, and the concussion blew the smoke upward to expose the Badger's hull, rolling snugly like a wounded whale, half a cable's length distant.

"Hard over, Mr. Noggle," Fellowes hailed the sailing master. "Ready you grasped men!"

The privateer slid easily around the sloop-of-war's bow, poking her bow sprit into the tattered boarding nettings aft of the forechains. Grapnels jangled across the narrow belt of water, and slowly, very slowly, the two vessels ground together, broadside guns muzzle to muzzle, gun crews stabbing at each other through the ports, smallarms rattling in a savage crescendo.

From his perch Fellowes looked down upon the Badger's shattered deck. Scores of hostile faces scowled up at him. His eyes coolly scrutinized the Britishers for his enemy's face. And mingling stirred in him for Collishawe was nowhere visible. Curry, the first lieutenant, and a midshipman were the only officers in sight. The Badger was a shambles, although her crews were still unbroken, surging forward to meet the Americans when Fellowes jumped among them.

Cuffee had lingered for one more shot with the Long Tom, and leaped from the hot breach of the piece to the brig's bulwarks, yelling his war cry. A second leap carried him over the heads of the boarders, fighting to widen their foothold on the Badger's fo'c'sle, and into the midst of the enemy, who, for the first time, recoiled from the negro's cutlass and terrible, scarred face—"Grogan's alger!" "Gawd, ere's Cuffee!" The old sea-persifions were aroused—"Hell tear ye wiv his teeth!" "A man enter lads!"

The resistance commenced to weaken. Still as numerous as the boarders, the Badger's crew suffered mainly from their dearth of officers, which became an absolute lack after Joe Doak had bayoneted Mr. Curry and Tom had disposed of the lone surviving midshipman. Where was Collishawe? Fellowes asked himself again. The Britisher would have been long ere this if he hadn't been for Bob Clinch. The boson was indefatigable, wielding a gory boarding pike, shouting hoarse admonitions to his followers.

But one man's steadfastness could overcome the driving power of a crew who knew they were victorious plus the superstitious fear engendered by Cuffee. Clinch himself realized this latter factor and bravely sought the negro in personal combat, easily in Cuffee's delirium.

The capture of Clinch disheartened the Britishers. They had kept together for a while, but now, close ranks fairly impenetrable; but now a Cuffee whirled into them, hacking and howling, parrying strokes with his bare hand, filed teeth gleaming torociously in the shiny black mask of his face, a score of Americana wedging after him, they developed a tendency to scatter into isolated groups which surrendered as rapidly as they were surrounded. Fellowes was leading an attack upon one of these groups when a pistol cracked behind it, and the ghost of a quarter-deck wheel pealed languidly above the click-clack of steel:

"I'll shoot every man who tries to touch that flag!"

The startled bluejackets dodged right and left, dinging their weapons from them, and three, propped against the break of the poop, lay Collishawe, his eyes blazing in a face drained of all color, his body, from the waist down, a bundle of soggy bandages. Near by sprawled one of his sailors, dead, the smoking pistol in his hand, telling its own story. While the Americans watched, he dropped the weapon, selected another from a row convenient to his grasp, cocking it and shaking the priming in the pan as carelessly as though not an enemy was in sight.

Fellowes was embarrassed, uncertain how to act, mistaking the idea of violence against a wounded foe. But Cuffee was not so compunctious. The negro stole aft along the port bulwarks, and threw an empty water



"Done the Same in Your Place," He Repeated.

bucket which brushed the pistol from Collishawe's hand, and then, before the Englishman could replace it, kicked the remaining weapons out of reach.

Collishawe had been wrenched around by the blow, and a trickle of blood began to seep from his bandages; but not a muscle twitched in his face, and his one indication of feeling was a curious glance at Fellowes. The Long Islander was more at a loss than ever. He had obtained his supreme objective. Here, before him, lay the man who had flogged him, wounded, defeated at his mercy. The Badger was his. He had humiliated Collishawe as much as he had dreamed of doing. And the words that came to his lips were consolatory!

"Sorry you're wounded. What can we do for you?"

"Nothing, thanks," answered Collishawe. "I'm done for."

"Oh, no! My surgeon—"

"Have him spend his spare time with my men who need it!" The Englishman's tone was indelicate, but Fellowes began to detect a slightly hesitant quality in it, a hidden weakness. "Our surgeonman was howled out."

"But won't you let me have a look?"

"No use. My legs are pulp. One of your d—n twenty-four pounder shot."

Fellowes looked away uncomfortably. He hadn't envisaged this ending to his quest. Suddenly he heard Collishawe speaking again.

"I say, you're a slyker. That was a well thought action. Used your head. Did you by any chance, plan that battery for me?"

Fellowes nodded. Collishawe frowned, plucking at the bandages around his thighs.

"I'm the same, myself. In your place, humph! But I couldn't very well help floggin' you, 'know. Dis apilled, and all that sort of thing."

"You needn't have pressed me," asserted Fellowes, recovering a sense of justice.

Collishawe frowned again. There were tiny beads of sweat on his forehead, and his gaunt cheeks grew gaunter.

"Ain't sure," he answered. "Couldn't help myself, though. That swine Chater. Swore you were a British subject, said anyway 'would be dangerous to let you get into New York—you'd talk about the True Bounty meetin' us."

Fellowes rocked on his heels, eyes shut, an awful nausea possessing him. "There wasn't—anyone else?" he asked dully.

"Eh! Anyone—" A shrewd light flickered in Collishawe's fever-bright eyes. "Oh, Miss Inglepin! No, she knew nothin' of it. Matter of fact, I've thought since, Chater hooked me deliberately while she was away. Kind of thing the cursed swine would do, 'know."

"I'm sorry," Fellowes said.

Collishawe's jaws contracted some what, his first real sign of emotion. "Done the same in your place," he repeated. "I've thought a lot about it. Funny how a feller gets things twisted, eh?"

He caught his breath.

"Pain!" Fellowes exclaimed quickly. "Yes-ee. Think you could get me out of rum?"

A sailor brought a pannikin on the run, and Collishawe tapped it eagerly while Fellowes supported his head.

"That's—better," he said in the crisp, impersonal tones habitual with him. "Y'know, I've often thought about that time—foggin' you, and all. Bothered me. But I can't see how I could have let you off."

There was a new timbleness in Fellowes' heart.

"I expect you couldn't have," he admitted.

"Sportin' of you to say so. But I'd have felt just as you did if you'd flogged me. Some things a feller can't forgive."

"Why can't we forgive?" cried Fellowes. "Why should we go through life hating people?"

"Not a preacher—can't say. But any feller'd hate a feller flogged him, especially if he felt there was a dirty play behind it." A streak of passion warmed Collishawe's tone. "What I can't go is havin' a rat like Chater start all this. D—n his soul! If I find him in hell—"

"He's dead," Fellowes blurted out. "Dead?" You mean the True Bounty—"

A tremor convulsed Collishawe, and once more the ominous trickle of red seeped through his bandages.

"Miss Inglepin? She—you mean they went down?"

"No, the True Bounty is sunk; but Miss Inglepin—"

"I'm here," Cara's voice panted. "Oh, what's he? Where is James?"

The stolid ring of sailors was burst asunder as if Cuffee's Big Serpent had been discharged into their midst, and Cara fluttered down beside Collishawe.

"James! What have they done to you? Oh, Father, Father, please fetch Doctor O'Shaughnessy."

"No use," said Collishawe. With an effort that was pitiful, he raised a hand in Cara's direction, and both her's closed around it. "Guter. But no hard feelin'—eh, Fellowes?"

Fellowes bowed his head, heart sick. For Cara, he saw, he didn't exist.

"But there must be something to do," she was saying in a strained voice, tears streaking her cheeks. "Do let me see!"

Collishawe tightened his grasp of her hand, and in response to the effort the trickle that flowed from his bandages became a stream.

"No, no," he denied faintly. "Don't! And she saw, as Fellowes did, the gray shadow that mantled his face. She must have seen something, too, in the fading eyes that Fellowes did not see, for she bent swiftly, and her lips touched his.

"Worth everything," he murmured, smiling.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(S. 1828, Western Newspaper Union.)

True happiness leaves no remembrance. The mind is at rest with itself, and the consciousness is filled with the joy of living.—David Starr Jordan.

WHEN ENTERTAINING

There are so many dishes which may be prepared the day before, saving the time and nerves of the hostess that many of these recipes together are some suggestions:

Crackers and Salad in Cracker Boxes.—Soak one tablespoonful of gelatin in two tablespoonfuls of water and dissolve in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Take twenty-four small square crackers and put four of them together in a box shape, open top and bottom. Set on lettuce lined plates and fill with chicken salad. Mix two cupfuls of finely cut chicken with an equal amount of fine celery, a few nuts and any salad dressing desired to moisten, using salt and cayenne to season. The gelatin is used to fasten the crackers together in the shape of boxes. The crackers are to be eaten with the salad.

Fruit Dessert.—To one-half pound of marshmallows cut fine add a can of shredded pineapple, with enough of the juice to moisten well; add to one pint of lemon gelatin and mold in small cups. Serve with whipped cream and chocolate wafers.

Jellied Tongue.—Take a tongue from the glass jar and cut into thin slices. Prepare a jelly by soaking one tablespoonful of gelatin in one-fourth cupful of cold water and adding one cupful of boiling water in which has been dissolved a bouillon cube, salt and pepper to taste. Strain. Put the tongue into a shallow mold and when the jelly begins to thicken pour over the tongue. When ready to serve turn out on a platter and garnish with slices of sweet pickled cucumbers.

Pear Salad.—Drain a can of Bartlett pears, save juice and fill the centers with chopped celery mixed with mayonnaise and sprinkled with salted almonds. Make a french dressing with a bit of lemon juice, the pear juice and any good oil, beat well, add a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, salt and cayenne or paprika to taste. Arrange on lettuce.

Fruit Course.—Prepare casaba melon, removing the seeds and slicing in suitable portions for serving. Serve with quartered limes, sugar and powdered ginger.

Ways With Rabbit.

There are so many delicious and savory dishes that may be prepared from rabbit, wild or domesticated, and this is the season when they are most enjoyed.

Rabbit Pot Pie.—Cut three dressed rabbits into pieces for serving, flour them with well browned flour and fry in drippings until well browned. Fry one minced onion in one tablespoonful of butter, add the rabbit and two pints of boiling water, two slices of lemon, a little cayenne and more salt if needed. Cover closely and stew until tender. Prepare biscuits and place them on top of the meat, cover closely and cook twenty minutes. Serve the rabbit in the center of the platter with the biscuits around it.

Rabbit Fricasse.—Remove the meat from the bones of a rabbit, sear it in butter over a quick fire without browning. Cover with boiling water and let simmer until tender. Boil the stock down to a pint, add one tablespoonful of butter and four blended together, one-half teaspoonful of celery salt, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of minced onion, salt and cayenne to taste. Add one cupful of hot cream and pour the sauce slowly over two well beaten eggs. Serve the meat in the center of the platter, pour the sauce around it and garnish with toast points and parsley.

Roast Rabbit With Chestnuts.—Clean and stuff a trussed rabbit with chestnuts. Use one cupful of the nuts, boiling them until tender, then mash them to a paste, adding butter, a tablespoonful of cream, salt, pepper, nutmeg and lemon juice with three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs. Mix and fill the rabbit. Roast until brown and tender, basting frequently.

Stewed and Larded Rabbit.—Wash and soak in salted water for several hours. Cut the rabbit into quarters and lard it with strips of firm salt pork, or bacon if preferred. Brown in a hot frying pan. Add two cupfuls of stock to the rabbit, a bunch of savory herbs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, pepper and salt and simmer until the meat is tender. Strain the gravy, thicken it and serve poured over the rabbit.

Rabbit Soup.—Skin, dress and wash the rabbit, cut it into serving-sized pieces, dust with a little flour. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter or sweet fat, add the rabbit and an onion cut into slices, fry a light brown. Stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, add the liver of the rabbit and three and one-half pints of stock. Simmer until tender. Remove the large bones and serve with carrots and potatoes.

Neenie Maxwell

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