tired every morning?

Get poisons out of the system with Feen-a-mint, the Chewing Gum Laxative. Smaller doses effective when taken in this form. A modern, scientific, family laxative. Safe and mild.

INSIST ON THE GENUINE

Feen-a-mint

FOR CONSTIPATION

Life's Possibilities

What is past is past. There is a future left to all men, who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Many find Russ Ball Blue good tonic for chickens. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

The Usual Winner

"Who got first prize at the baby show?"

"The prettiest mother, as usual."

Retain Your Good Looks

How frequently a woman thinks, "Am I still attractive?" How much thought and study she devotes to her looks! That's natural. A woman hates to think she is growing day by day less charming and attractive. DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION helps to preserve in a woman the charm and health of youth. It contains no harmful ingredient. This splendid herbal tonic is sold by all druggists in both fluid and tablets.

Write to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., if you desire free medical advice. For 10c Dr. Pierce will send you a trial package of tablets.

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Most ailments start from poor elimination (constipation or semi-constipation). Intestinal poisons sap vitality, undermine your health and make life miserable. Tonight try NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—all-vegetable corrective—not an ordinary laxative. See how NR will aid in restoring your appetite and rid you of that heavy, logey, hopeless feeling.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable—at druggists, only 25c

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TREATING PILES

DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC

PORTLAND SEATTLE

That's Different

Perkins—I suppose, when you were out hunting big game, you potted a leopard?

Hunter—No; but I spotted one.

The average American sheep represents, in wool, one suit of clothes each year.

Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children too, and pleasant for them to take.

Any drug store has the genuine, prescriptional product.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

HATE

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

• • •

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CHAPTER XIII

—22—

Doubt

The Badger was sinking to the booming of the Centurion's minute guns, sinking with the sun that had draped a crimson curtain across the portals of the west. Aft, under the break of the poop, a carronade was made fast to ringbolts, square amidships, and on top of it was lashed the bundle of sailcloth that held Collishawe's body. The Englishman rested where he had died, and from the stump of the mizzen still floated the flag he had ordered nailed there, one corner torn by a roundshot.

The sloop-of-war reared up, struggling to keep her bow above water; but presently she sagged forward, and this time she failed to recover herself. Her fo'c'sle commenced to slant. Masses of green water surged through the for'ard ports, and she started to slide under as if she was coasting down a hill that grew steeper and steeper. Waves licked at the bundle on the carronade, submerged it, slapped the poop railing—and her stern canted high in air, the White Ensign at the mizzen standing out straight in the breeze as it was engulfed.

The last minute gun boomed, and Fellowes launched a crisp stream of orders almost before the echoes had died away, none but himself aware that he must have something to divert his mind or else go mad.

Cara Inglepin ignored the resumption of discipline's sway. Her gaze remained fixed on the swirl of wreckage that marked the spot where the Badger had disappeared. But presently, as the brig forged ahead, the litter of spars and deck fittings dwindled to insignificance, and she became aware of the orderly hum of activities around her—and of her father.

"Do you suppose I might speak to Captain Fellowes?"

"Is it wise, Cara?" her father asked. "I am bound to admit Fellowes has been civil, but I think we do well to avoid him as much as possible. And I'll not have him suspecting us of pleading for mercy."

She laid a caressing palm on Ben Inglepin's face, which was neither so plump nor so rubicund as it had been after a day's toil in a stuffy cockpit that presented one endless succession of horrors.

"I owe him an apology, Father," she explained simply. "And I must thank him."

"Thank him?"

"For his generosity. It was noble."

"He's generous and noble enough to see that we are by way of being hanged," Ben Inglepin retorted disagreeably.

"You're unfair, Father." Her lis some figure straightened. "If we merit to be hanged, shall we complain of him? We knew the risks we must encounter. And if a stake such as ours is worth playing for, worth winning, 'tis worth losing a life for."

There was nothing circuitous or indirect in the expression with which Ben Inglepin regarded his daughter.

"Ah, lass, you shame me. Egad you do!" He stooped and kissed her. "Speak to Fellowes. He's a gentleman, I'll own, and a bulldog, if there ever was one. Chater and—"

"We'll say nothing of Chater, Father," she interrupted. "'Twould have been better for us had we not soiled our case by contact with him."

"Oh, my dear! Don't be hard on Saul. He wasn't choice, I'll grant you, but in his way he helped—"

"Ah, no, he ruined us! But for him Captain Fellowes would not have been pressed. And if—but this is to no purpose. Go below, and see if you can help poor, fat Maria. I'll be with you soon."

"Stay on deck, poppet, and win some color to your cheeks," Ben counseled. "The senora and I can manage."

Fellowes was staring out over the stern—at the same distant spot, which so recently had monopolized Cara's attention, when the girl approached.

"Oh, Miss Inglepin, we—we are in debted to you. To you and your father and your—ah—duenna. Very helpful, Doctor O'Shaughnessy tells me. We should have been badly off without you—the Badger's wounded and everything."

"We were glad to do it, sir," she returned. "But I came to thank you. 'Twas knightly of you—to bury him so—with his flag flying. And I am sorry for what I said this afternoon."

He flushed brick-red.

"'Twas the truth," he muttered. "I have much to answer for. He told me—Collishawe told me—'twas Chater persuaded him to press me—not you. I owe you an apology. I wasn't quite —sane."

"But how could you have been? You were dreadfully wronged, and none the less because 'twas all a tissue of mischance."

"'Tis an evil passion, this hate,' Fellowes insisted. "Vexation and sorrow—and death—it has brought to all who crossed my path."

"You exaggerate, sir," she answered soberly. "Surely, 'twas not evil to slay Captain Chater, who would have slain you. And James was your enemy in war. If he must have died, he'd rather have died so."

"Are you become my advocate?" he cried, exasperated—the other officers glanced at him askance. "Well, then give me an argument in justification of delivering you to Joshua Inglepin's hatred!"

"'Tis unnecessary I should argue with you to do your duty," she replied as soberly as before. "You set your hand to this task. Will you draw back from it?"

"God knows! I—" He was on the point of saying: "I love you! How can I send you to a cell in the Bridewell, a gibbet on the Southwest battery?" When he realized the bare fact he loved her must make him implacable. In honor, he could not favor her. And if he possessed any lingering shreds of pride, he adjured himself in a hot burst of fury, he'd remember she had accepted Collishawe after plighting troth with him.

"I have got myself into this coil," he concluded, strangling his emotion. "'Tis for me to work myself free. But I'd have you know, ma'am, I gain no satisfaction from it."

"How could you, who are not cruel?" she answered tranquilly. "Come, Cuffee, you can aid me shift the wounded men for their ease."

• • • • • • • •

Burdened with prisoners and running short of water and food after a six months' cruise, Fellowes was relieved when a wet Easter sent the blockaders scurrying off shore, and the Centurion could venture a landfall. They stood out from the Rockaways, following the beat the Badger had patrolled, and on the verge of darkness sighted the spot of Sandy Hook and came to anchor for the night under the guns of the forts. They were safe! A fat cruise, everyone agreed. The prizes should yield $100,000, at the lowest computation and allowing for the loss of one of the three sent in, what with the gold in the Centurion's strong box and the choicer bits of cargo stowed in the hold. And that meant some $350 in prize money for every seaman.

Of all the crew, Fellowes, alone, was moody, and received indifferently the congratulations of visitors. By his instructions, nothing was said of the capture of the True Bounty, and the Inglepins and their attendant were

But Joshua Stopped Him by a Gesture

confined in the after-cabin. They were Joshua's personal share of the spoil, he reflected cynically, they and the tidbit of treason that went with them, and Joshua should be the first to gloat over their humiliation and shame. He'd have nothing to do with it after discharging his duty. Surrender them, give his report—and go. Where? Anywhere there was fighting.

He abandoned his reflections when the Inglepins came on deck, the duenna, wrapped in her funeral garments, clinging to Cara like a shadow. Both Ben and his daughter looked like people who have shut the past from their minds, who front the future unafraid. Ben nodded pleasantly to Fellowes, and Cara enfolded him in one of those compassionate glances which made him writhe inwardly. Why should she pity him? He wanted none of her pity. And annoyed, self-conscious, his expression became wooden and taciturn as he responded to their greetings.

Noggie had the longboat hoisted out. In addition to the oarsmen, Fellowes detailed an armed escort, consisting of Sopher, Eaches, Doak, Cuffee, and Tom, and when they had taken their places he asked the Inglepins to follow them. The duenna was lowered in a lubber seat. Her vast bulk could never have accommodated itself to the Jacob's ladder. And last, he went overside himself, precisely dressed in a fresh uniform, sword and pistols at his belt, the compromising petition Cuffee had found in the True Bounty's anchor-stock folded up in his breast pocket.

His hand crept toward the pocket, rested on his coat-lapel. He toyed with the thought of wrenching the document from its hiding place and casting it into the East river. But Cara's eyes were on him, steady eyes, pitying eyes, and head and hand dropped together. Had she read his purpose? Or was that but fancy, too?

"Faster, men," he urged the rowers hoarsely.

It was only six months since the True Bounty and Centurion had sailed and the waterfront remembered the gossip that linked the two vessels. And here was Ben Inglepin returning in Joshua Inglepin's brig, with an armed escort in attendance. Cara, her hand on her father's arm, waved to an occasional acquaintance, smiling frankly. The duenna was a shapeless mass, waddling after them. Nimrod Sopher, very important, strode in front. Doak and Eaches marched behind him, and Tom and Cuffee immediately behind the Inglepins and the duenna. Fellowes brought up the rear, denying the requests for information which were showered upon him, as the word spread along the docks—"Hey, the Centurion's in. They got Ben Inglepin 'n' his gal."

Merchants and shopkeepers, hucksters and peddlers, sailors and militia men, boys, and girls, market women, housewives, maid servants, eddied toward Front street. Far in the rear a brace of fat watchmen hobbled anxiously, inquiring of everyone they met what had happened. In Front street they had an answer:

"Ben Inglepin's in Joshuay's office . . . Joshuay's, I tell ye . . . No, no, not his'n. 'Ain't nobody that . . . No, ye can't git in. Joshuay's privateersmen won't let ye."

But the watchmen persisted and forced their way to the doorstep.

At that moment Fellowes emerged from the doorway of Joshua Inglepin's office, and the grim, set expression of his features, the competent poise of his lean body, caught the attention of the nearer bystanders. Men craned on tiptoe to catch the few words he spoke.

"You two are watchmen? Then one of you is to go to Government house, and inform Governor Tompkins, with Mr. Joshua Inglepin's compliments, that the Centurion privateer is in, and Mr. Inglepin will be obliged if his excellency will attend here to examine certain matters of importance."

A dozen voices hailed Fellowes. "What's toward, sir?" "Are the British coming in?" "Will they engage the forts?"

"I have no information of that character, gentlemen," Fellowes answered. "As a matter of fact, the blockading squadron was driven offshore by the recent storm."

"Did ye have a good cruise?" called a different group. And one deep voice roared: "What happened to yer foretopmast?"

"We lost it in action with the Badger sloop-of-war," Fellowes returned. And sensing the abrupt tension produced by the statement, went on: "It may interest you to know that we sunk her. We have the survivors of her crew aboard, and among other things I must consult the governor as to their disposition."

A cheer that was almost hysterical acclaimed the news.

CHAPTER XIV

Joshua's Decision

Joshua Inglepin stood in the entrance of his private office as Fellowes ushered the prisoners in from the street. His eyes gleamed like blue agates, his jaw was clamped rigidly; but there was less color than usual in his face, and his neck-cloth was damp with sweat. Ben was debonnair, self-possessed. He regarded Joshua half-humorously, gave him a curt nod and a "Morning Jos." while Joshua eyed him almost slyly, and appeared to be fumbling for words. Cara, after a single level-eyed stare at her uncle, looked idly out a window at the crowd besieging the warehouse. The duenna stood listlessly, clicking her beads in black-mittened hands.

"Humph," exploded Joshua, clearing his throat. "I—d if you didn't do it, eh, Fellowes? But where's Chater?"

"Dead."

And at the word a little, cool wave seemed to roll across the room, chilling the hearts of all who heard it. Joshua's mouth worked for a moment before he spoke again.

"Dead, eh? And the True Bounty?"

"We burned her. I couldn't spare the men to fetch her home."

"Had reason. I suppose?"

"We found what we sought," Fellowes answered, and thrust a hand into the pocket which contained the petition. But Joshua stopped him by a gesture.

"Not out here. Too public—people can see through those windows. Come inside."

He stood back while they filed into the private office, then shut the door after them.

"This is better," he said, in no hurry to accept the paper Fellowes had produced. "By the way! See anything of Collishawe?"

"He's dead," Fellowes replied, wincing. "We sank the Badger."

Joshua beamed.

"This is what I call a thorough job," he exclaimed. "'Tis what comes of hating enough."

The bellow of the crowd had risen louder, and Fellowes made an excuse of it to change the subject.

"We should get rid of those people, sir," he said. "They may be dangerous. And here is the paper. 'Tis important. If—if anything is to be done the governor should see it immediately."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Suggestion That Skins of Birds Replace Furs

Good furs are scarce these days and prices high. So the little northern community of Point Barrow, Alaska, suggests wraps and coats made from skins of birds, with the downy feathers intact. Such wraps have been worn by northern Alaska natives for many decades.

The breasts of wild geese, ducks, gulls and cormorants are removed in as large sections as possible. The skin, or pelts, are carefully dried in the wind for several days. Seal blubber and fish oil mixed and melted are rubbed while hot into the bird skins. Several applications of animal grease and much kneading make the feather furs as pliable as real pelts. The life of feather skins so treated is as long as the lighter weight furs.

Geese, ducks and many kinds of large fowls are so prolific that immense flocks are quickly built up and the supply of feather fur is inexhaustible, once in favor with the trade.

Sleeping bags, aviators' coats and caps, explorers' wraps and lounge cushions with feather outside instead of inside are other suggested uses of the bird skins.

Operator Part of Machine

That a typist is a part of a type writer was decided by a Vienna court. The court ruled that, if a person writes a libelous letter to another person and dictates it to a typist, there is no criminal libel, since only two persons have knowledge of the letter's contents, namely, the writer and the recipient, the typist being merely a part of the typewriter.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

"God bless the man who first invented sleep,"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him also that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent right!
—John G. Saxe.

PIQUANT BUTTERS

"Hunger is the best sauce," we all know, and good sweet bread and butter is always a feast for the hungry. But for appetite that needs stimulating, these butters will help the tickling of the palate:

Herb Butter.—Mix one-half cupful of butter with one teaspoonful of chopped fresh parsley, one-half teaspoonful of powdered savory, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of white pepper. Keep in a cool place. Nice served over lamb chops or steak.

Pimento Butter.—Mash to a pulp four pimentos, then press through a sieve, add one-half cupful of butter and one-half green pepper finely minced. Mix and use as needed.

Horseradish Butter.—Take one-half cupful of fresh butter and add one tablespoonful of fresh grated horseradish. Mix well with a fork and add one tablespoonful of minced parsley. Put into a jar and keep in a cool place. This is very good with fish.

Green Butter.—Take a small green onion, four sprigs of parsley, two branches of pepper grass or watercress, one-half cupful of butter, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and one-half saltspoonful of cayenne pepper. Mix well all but the butter, then add the butter and mix again and pass through a sieve into a bowl. Place in a cool place until required for use.

Creole Butter.—Take one-half cupful of butter, two saltspoonfuls of ground mustard, two teaspoonfuls of vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of worcestershire sauce, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of cayenne, two hard cooked egg yolks; mash the yolks and mix well all the ingredients together.

Bacon or Ham Butter.—Fry thin slices of lean ham or bacon, drain and pound to a paste on a meat board or in a mortar. Add enough butter to make a smooth paste. To two tablespoonfuls of the paste add one teaspoonful of horseradish or mustard.

VARIOUS DISHES

Dried fruits are some of our delightful ways of adding variety to the winter menu. And they are just as wholesome (lacking the moisture which has evaporated) as fresh fruit, if soaked and stewed in water to restore it.

Prune Bread.—Mix two cupfuls of whole wheat flour, two cupfuls of graham flour, two cupfuls of white flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and one cupful of steamed prunes cut into pieces. Dissolve one compressed yeast cake in one-fourth cupful of warm water, add with enough warm water to the flour mixture to make a stiff batter. Beat thoroughly, let rise to double its bulk, add one-half cupful of chopped walnut meats, make into loaves and when double its bulk bake in a moderate oven one hour.

This same mixture may be baked in muffin pans and used as dessert by adding more sugar and serving with fruit juice sauce.

Prune Coffee Cake.—Blend one-third of a cupful of fat and one-half cupful of sugar and add one beaten egg, one-fourth cupful of molasses and one cupful of milk. Sift and mix one teaspoonful of salt, five teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, and add one cupful of prunes, soaked and cooked soft. Combine the mixtures and pour into a well greased shallow pan. Sprinkle with a mixture of three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful of nutmeg. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Apple Snow.—Grate two large apples into a bowl containing the white of an egg and one-half cupful of powdered sugar. Beat with an egg beater until the mixture is light and stiff. Serve in tall glasses with a spoonful of whipped cream and a maraschino cherry.

Peach Dessert.—Line a deep dish with a stale sponge or plain cake, pour over enough of the juice from canned peaches to soak into the cake, cover with a layer of peaches and serve topped with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with almond. A meringue may be used instead of the cream if preferred. That should be lightly browned in the oven.

Winter Egg Salad.—Cut hard cooked eggs into halves lengthwise, remove the yolks, mix them with thick cream and season with onion juice, pepper, salt and tomato catsup. Put the mixture back into the whites, garnish with strips of anchovies. Serve with endive and french dressing.

Nellie Maxwell

First Coffee in West?

The story runs that Capt. Gabriel de Clieu brought the first coffee plant to Martinique about the year 1723, depriving himself of part of his supply of drinking water in order to keep the little plant alive on the long voyage from France.

Snake's Fangs

A snake's forked tongue is a very sensitive organ of touch and is not used in biting. Special poison-conducting teeth called fangs are employed to bite and poison their prey.

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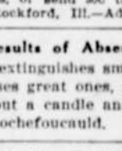

It's milder

His Turn

Saying grace at the table is still customary in the home of the M—s, as the following story illustrates: At a dinner recently, when the guests were seated, the host turned to the gentleman on his right and said, "Mr. B—, you will return thanks."

Billy, age five, remonstrated emphatically. "Call on me, daddy! Call on me! I haven't prayed for a week."

Accidentally an Arkansas lady cured fits in a valuable dog with Russ Ball Blue. Many others now use it. Never fails, she says.—Adv.

The Hero

Buck—Can you give me a definition of an orator?

Private—Sure. He's the fellow who's always ready to lay down your life for his country.—Kennebec Journal.

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolisalve is applied. It heals quickly without scars. 30c and 60c by all druggists, or send 30c to The J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Advertisement.

Results of Absence

Absence extinguishes small passions and increases great ones, as the wind will blow out a candle and blow in a fire.—La Rochefoucauld.

Hard to Satisfy

Man wants but little here below but what he gets is usually below what he wants.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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, 3855½ Wolff 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.