

**Feen-a-mint**

FOR CONSTIPATION  
effective in smaller doses  
SAFE SCIENTIFIC

**Skidless Highways**

Slightly more than 100 miles of skidless highways have been experimentally laid in the state of Oregon. The material consists of a mixture of asphalt and crushed rock or coarse gravel and is spread over an asphalt road and old shoulders, this incidentally widening the road for motor traffic. This composition is not regarded as being on the tires, but it does offer more resistance and is practically proof against skidding.

**If Kidneys Act  
Bad Take Salts**

Says Backache Often Means You  
Have Not Been Drinking  
Enough Water

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it may mean you have been eating foods which create acids, says a well-known authority. An excess of such acids overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and lazy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels, removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; 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 help clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the system, so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink. Drink lots of good water.

**Might Be Worse**

"I lead a dog's life," complained the married man.

"That's not as bad as the rabbit's life I lead," said the crook.

"Huh! What kind of a life is that?" asked the married man.

"Always being hunted," he sighed.

**FAMILY DOCTOR  
MADE MILLIONS OF  
FRIENDS**



Fifteen years after his graduation, Dr. Caldwell became famous for a single prescription, which now, after forty years, is still making friends.

Today Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the world's most popular laxative. Millions of people never think of using anything else when they're constipated, headachy, bilious, feverish or weak; when breath is bad, tongue coated, or they're suffering from nausea, gas, or lack of appetite or energy.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is made today according to the original formula, from berries and other pure ingredients. It is pleasant-tasting; thorough in the most obstinate cases; gently effective for women and children. Above all, it represents a doctor's choice of what is safe for the bowels.

**BEST MEDICINE  
SHE KNOWS OF**

Says "Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound"

St. Meyers, Fla.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine I ever heard of. Before my baby was born I was always weak and rundown. I had nervous spells until I could do my housework. A lady told me about the Vegetable Compound and it strengthened me. Beside my own housework I am now working in a restaurant and I feel better than I have in three years. I hope my letter will be the means of leading some other woman to better health."

Mrs. BEATRICE RIVERS, 2014 Polk St., St. Meyers, Florida.



**CHAPTER XIV—Continued**

"Right! Entirely right," agreed Joshua, taking the petition at last. "There ought to be a watchman outside. If there is, tell him I wish the governor to wait upon me. He may assure his excellency 'tis of supreme importance."

Fellowes was heart sick over the situation. Manifestly, Joshua was in no disposition to wait upon me; and so soon as the governor came the wheels of justice would commence to grind: deposition, indictment, testimony, affidavit, summation, charge, all leading up to the inevitable verdict—and sentence. And he could do nothing, merely sit and view the tragedy, which was the consequence of his own deeds. Himself, as he had said to Cara, the real executioner.

Joshua had just finished reading the petition to Lord Liverpool. The paper trembled in the merchant's hand; he glared triumphantly at his brother and niece, but he quickly looked away from Cara. Not easy, even for so stout a biter as Joshua Ingelphin, to enjoy gloating over the fall gallantry of that slim figure in the saffron-yellow gown.

"Damme, 'tis the brains of the federalist party, Fellowes," Joshua greeted the Long Islander, and there was a noticeable quaver in his voice. "We've got 'em all—in one noose. We'll wipe 'em out."

"They'd wipe themselves out, if you but let them be. Any party stupid enough to father a paper like that can never last."

"Stupid is right," Joshua agreed. "Devilish stupid. Just what I'd expect of Ben's friends." He leered contemptuously at his brother. "All ways over-reaching yourself, Ben."

Cara exclaimed, with a cutting contempt that brought a blush to Joshua's cheeks:

"Neither my father nor I would seek to evade responsibility for what we have done, sir; but we are one in regretting we launched a plan which might have harmed our country, although that is perhaps to be questioned."

Joshua regarded her sourly. "Perhaps to be questioned? To have succeeded with New England and factions in York and Jersey? And under protection of the Crown? Egad, young woman, you're an optimist! At the least, 'twould have lost us the war."

"'Twould have ended the war," she corrected him, keeping her temper. "One part of our plan was to insist the British must not take advantage of our efforts. We desired no more than their support against aggression from the federal government. And we were persuaded that hostilities would cease instantly, and a peace be negotiated."

"Aye, and the British would have gobbled you up—and the rest of us, later," fumed Joshua. "A divided republic is a helpless republic."

Cara sighed. "However honest was our purpose, sir," she said, "we came to see 'twas unfair. In that it struck from behind at other Americans, who were exposing their lives for what they believed right."

A sneer twisted Joshua's lips. "So?" he answered. "And how changed this wondrous metamorphosis?"

For the first time she was embarrassed. And it was her father who answered the question.

"We are indebted to Captain Fellowes and his officers and men for that, Jos." He smiled slightly. "After all, we are Americans. Cara and I. We couldn't see Americans fighting as they fought, and escape a sense of obligation to them. Some died for the flag, and 'tis as much my flag as yours. You Democrats have no more claim to it than we Federalists."

Joshua appealed to Fellowes. "A likely yarn, captain! A bid for sympathy, damme!"

"We want none of your sympathy, Cara flared at him before Fellowes could speak. "We are not ashamed of what we have done. We are sorry—if you can understand that. But we are not ashamed or unwilling to stand our punishment. We were wrong, that is all. And you will do a wicked thing, if you visit upon all those men—the vengeance of party feeling. They are not to blame for it. Nor is my father. 'Twas my plan in the beginning, and 'twas I who obtained the support of ministers in London for it. No, no, Father! You can't deny me. 'Tis the truth, Aye, and Captain Fellowes knows it for the truth. He saw me with Lord Wellington in Lisbon."

"Now, now, Cara! I will be heard," Ben was so dismayed that he stammered. "I-i-i-see here, Jos, she's entirely wrong. The child was my agent throughout. She's innocent. 'Tis I whom to blame. Not me, 'tis the truth! And—y-y-you know you haven't any right to hate her."

"'Tis I you hate. And what's the use of making party feeling more bitter than it is? Publish that list of names, arrest all the poor devils, I tempted into the affair—and what will it bring you? A scandal that may wreck the country more surely than I planned to do it."

"He's right," cried Fellowes. "You must believe them, Mr. Ingelphin."

There was bewilderment in Joshua's ruddy face.

"Taking their side?" he queried.

"Why, I thought you—don't you hate 'em, too?"

"I don't hate anyone," Fellowes answered slowly. "I'm through with hate."

"Ah, but you've satisfied your hate," protested Joshua. "Chater's dead. And Collishaw. And—"

"I have no regrets for Chater," Fellowes interrupted. "I'm not going to be a hypocrite about that. But killing him didn't make me any happier. And for Collishaw—I'd cheerfully give my own life, if that would bring him back. I did a brave, honorable man an injustice, and then procured his death—just as you will do, if you send your brother to the gallows. Or your niece. Or anyone whose name is on that paper."

"They're all traitors," fumed Joshua. "Don't deserve consideration. Of course, a woman's a different matter. But a traitor is a traitor, and all the talk in the world won't alter that."

Fellowes was struck by the stubborn tone of his employer, a faintly pugnacious attitude of self-defense.

"Are you honest with yourself, sir?" the Long Islander challenged him swiftly. "How much of your indignation springs from patriotism and how much from personal hatred?"

"Why—why—why—" Joshua was balked, palpably dismayed, but he floundered on. "The facts are evident. And if I do hate a man, is that a reason to excuse his treason?"

"No, but 'tis a simple reason to examine your own feelings," rejoined Fellowes. "You have endeavored to ruin your brother—haven't you?"

"I have ruined him," scowled Joshua.

"Yes, you hold his life and reputation in your hand, there. Will it make you happier to use your power over him? Think, Mr. Ingelphin! Are you happier, now? Have you felt more at rest in your mind since I gave you that paper?"

"Why not?" Joshua answered slowly. "I've hated him for years. A loose-thinking, aristocratic sort of fellow, always opposed to me."

"And you've always been opposed to him. Can't you be in opposition without killing him?"

"'Tisn't just that I want to see him swing," denied Joshua, ruddier than ever, the notes of defense heavily stressed. "I name, that's a vulgar idea, Fellowes."

"You are trying to satisfy your own hatred," snapped Fellowes. "You can't do it. You know you can't do it. The closer you bug your hate, the splinter it grows. If you yield to it, you'll be miserable for the rest of your life. If you hold it off, you'll place your brother under an obligation."

A glint of humor flashed in Joshua's chin-lipped eyes; his wide mouth quirked up at the corners.

"By G—d, you're right!" he exclaimed. "Why hang him when I can make him owe me what money can't buy, eh?"

Hoofs rattled in front street. "Tis the governor," warned Fellowes.

"D—n the governor," Joshua blustered cavalierly. "Where's my flint and steel? And that candle? I can never find anything in this place."

Fellowes watched him, with an amazement shared in full by Ben and Cara. Only the duchess remained uninterested, the beads clicking through her mottled fingers, while Joshua struck spark to tinder, and lit the candle he extracted from a cubbyhole of his desk.

"There," he announced triumphantly. "What d'ye think of this, Ben? Here's a debt you won't soon pay off my ind!"

And he stabbed a corner of the petition into the candle flame, which blazed up magnificently. A thin trickle of smoke drifted across the room, and Fellowes heard Ben coughing, saw tears in Cara's eyes, but the smoke hadn't drifted in their direction.

Joshua checked to himself. "Ah, you thought you could get on without me, but all you did was to make a fool of yourself. And I caught you, Ben. I caught you fairly!"

"Fairly, Jos," Ben agreed. "And I—"

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delashon that one might have thought Sir Julius Benedict had written it."

Of Masacani he said: "He has in his predecessor, Verdi, his own successor, who will live long after him." Once when sailing on a ocean liner, he looked longingly at the musicians and remarked: "How lucky those fellows are? They can eat their lunch with out music."

Von Bulow was only one of those sands of musicians whose wits have sparkled continuously.

**Too True**

There had been another quarrel in the Spotts ménage, and Spitt sat glowering at the wedding paper.

Mrs. Spitt hated him for his silence. "Furthermore," she began again, "you certainly aren't much of a husband."

The man threw down his paper and regarded the woman he had led to the altar appraisingly.

"Well, my dear," he said wearily, "I think I can truthfully say you're a lot of a wife."

can't pay off the debt—except to say I'm sorry—for what happened before this."

"Sorry, eh? Ouch, damme! Burned my fingers. Well, the thing's done." He hesitated as the last charred flakes of the deadly petition floated to the floor.

"Sorry, eh? Matter of fact, so am I. Hanged if—ah, no, no!—d—d if I can remember what it was all about."

"Need you care, Uncle Jos?" asked Cara, between laughter and weeping. "S'pose not, s'pose not, niece," Joshua admitted. "Still—"

"Oh, won't you two shake hands?" she begged. "Can't we be a family instead of enemies?"

Her father stepped forward promptly, and after a moment Joshua met him, arm outstretched.

"God bless you, Jos!"

"Eh! Ehl! Seem to have something in my eye. Mind those fingers, Ben."

The door to the outer office was swung open, Nimrod Sopher standing at attention beside it.

"His excellency the governor," boomed the lawyer, and Governor Tompkins bustled into the room, bowing to Cara, plainly puzzled by the spectacle of the Ingelphin brothers clasping hands.

"Your servant, ma'am," said his excellency. "Am I to witness a reconciliation, gentlemen? I heard the Centurion was in, and thought from your message—"

"Governor, I burned the d—n paper!" Joshua confessed. "Hanging the whole Federalist party—hang Benjamin my niece, here! Couldn't go it. Ben's learned his lesson, so's the girl. The rest of 'em—Well, they'll eat out of any feed bag we bitch on 'em, soon as they hear we know their little scheme."

A smile warmed the governor's homely features.

"You did the right thing, Joshua," he pronounced. "Party hatred is as evil a thing as personal hatred, old friend. You've found that out, I see. Good! So let's all sit down, and talk it over reasonably and—But where's Captain Fellowes gone?"

Fellowes had done all he could do, he felt. His one desire was to avoid Cara Ingelphin. If he didn't see her, perhaps he could forget her in time. At least, it would be better than trying to look at her struggling against the prickles of what might have been, cursing himself for useless jealousy of a dead man.

**CHAPTER XV**

**Mary McCarthy Intervenes**

Fellowes had scarcely reached the waterfront when his name was called behind him in a brogue thicker than O'Shaughnessy's—"Misther Fellowes! Capt'n, sorr! Oh, Mother av God, will ye—"

And he turned to face the waddling bulk of the duchess, her tall, tow features crimson for once as she panted an incoherent stream of prayers, denunciations and saluts' names: "An't ye got the sine ye was born with? Oh, holy Brigit, the wind's clane gone out av me! Shore, 'tis me and I'm at this mill!"

In one lightning-flash of memory Fellowes reviewed the moment of his leaving the True Bounty in the Badger's quarterboat. It hadn't been imagination, after all, that glimpse of the strange creature at the cabin window, saw the fragment of brogue he had thought he heard. But what on earth could be the reason for her pretending ignorance of English?

"By your leave, ma'am!" he rasped sharply. "How d'ye excuse it?"

Her face fell, and the gibbous left eye speck.

"Ah, now, yer honor! Don't be ather wringin' yerself into a murther in rage—and me no more nor fearful for a full stomach—and sorra the chance av that more often nor not, what wld the worry was on me and the fret av the say."

"That's no answer," he told her, with what he knew was mock severity. "Ah, but them Sisters, sorr!" she sighed. "For ever after me because I tuk a bite and a sup bechune menia, and cryin' out loud if I had more nor a hunk o' salt fish to me dinner."

To save himself, Fellowes couldn't resist a smile.

"You mean you were in a convent?" he asked. "Were you expelled?"

"I'll thank ye not to asperse me reptashun," she retorted angrily. "Expelled! Divil a bit! All the ould tarter would be sayin' was: 'Mary darlin', don't ye think ye'd do better in private service? 'Tis me loves ye like me own flesh and blood, but 'twas never a convent ye was born for.' And when the world come me young leddy was for settin' up a duenna, in the Portuguese style, she says to me, Mother Seraphina, she says: 'And here's God's on a blessed chance for ye, Mary darlin', but 'tis Portuguese ye must be, and see ye, never let on there's a drop av Irish blood into ye or a word av English on yer tongue.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Music Students Excel in Alertness of Mind**

One of the claims made for music is that it quickens the mental processes. This contention is right.

Students of music are invariably better advanced in the thinking line than those who have no interest in musical affairs. Furthermore, our association with musicians has caused us to marvel at the alertness of their minds when applied to problems other than music. At repartee none is quicker than the tongue of the musician. Von Bulow's wit, for example, was instantaneous. His rivals could never get the best of him. Of one of William Sterndale Bennett's compositions he once said: "It is so much like Men-

"At last they've got Laxy Lem Larson worked," said St. Shoun, the neighborhood wag. "He's carryin' a load over at Parsley Junction, where they're building the new school. Lem hein Lem, he don't actually do much work; and that's why he looks puzzled when I call him a nod workin' gentleman."—Farm and Fireside.

**The Iowa Loafers**

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"Well, my dear," he said wearily, "I think I can truthfully say you're a lot of a wife."

**THE KITCHEN CABINET**

(In 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Plain house-sense in poetry-written! Would you know sentiment a-kittin' Mostly poets is all star-gassin' And moonin' and groovin' and para-phrasin'!

—James W. Riley.

**SAVORY AND SWEET BUTTERS**

With butter as a base, one may prepare various spreads that will add much to a sandwich; then there are butter balls which, served with bread at the table will add to any meal. With a crisp lettuce leaf or a slice of cucumber or a pickle or cucumber one has a tasty sandwich always on tap. The butters are kept in jars in the ice chest and will keep for some time.

**Crab or Lobster Butter.**—Pound to a paste one small can of lobster or crab, or its equivalent of cooked fresh fish. Season lightly with pepper. When using this butter for sandwich filling spread on slice of bread with mayonnaise and the other with the crab mixture, add a lettuce leaf or slice of cucumber and serve.

**Sardine Butter.**—Take one-fourth cupful of butter, four large sardines skinned and boned and one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Pound these into a smooth paste. When using for sandwich filling spread one-half the bread with the paste and the other half with a thin layer of minced onion or mashed hard cooked egg.

**Cheese Butter.**—Mash together one-half cupful of American cheese and one-half cupful of butter. Spread one-half the sandwich with tart jelly and the other with the cheese mixture. Crackers or saltines may be used, and any snappy cheese.

**Orange Butter.**—Beat to a cream one-fourth pound of butter, the yolks of three eggs, one cupful of powdered sugar, the grated rind and juice of an orange. Cook over hot water, stirring all the time until the mixture is thick.

**Shrimp Butter.**—Take one cupful of cooked shrimps, salt and a few dashes of cayenne. Pound in a mortar, mix with an equal portion of butter and one-fourth cupful of lemon juice or tarragon vinegar to moisten.

**SOUR CREAM NOODLES**

As often sour milk and cream accumulates, one must be alert to make the best use of such valuable food.

Johnny cake is one of the best of hot breads to use the sour milk or cream. If one has cream, the shortening may be lessened or left out entirely.

Sour milk and sour cream may take the place of the sweet milk in any recipe when using flour. A bit of soda, often not more than an eighth of a teaspoonful need be added and the usual baking powder used as in the recipe for sweet milk. It is better to stir the soda into the sour milk or cream, seeing that it is well dissolved, before adding to the flour and egg mixture.

When sour cream is to be substituted for fat, one must remember that it takes the place of some of the liquid as well as fat. A very little experience will enable one to judge of the richness of cream and the exchange when using it instead of butter.

Another point to be remembered is that sour milk needs a bit more thickening than sweet, as the lactic acid acts on the gluten of the flour, softening it.

**Sour Cream Cakes.**—Take one cupful of thick sour cream, add three-eighths of a teaspoonful of soda, stir until it is foamy. Add one cupful of sugar and beat well into creamy and mix well. Break two eggs into the mixture and beat again. Mix and stir two cupfuls of flour with two spoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt; stir gradually into the mixture. Add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon extract. Drop into well-greased gem pans and bake until brown. A rusin may be added to each and the tops sprinkled with sugar and nutmeg or cinnamon, if one likes.

**Sour Cream Spice Cakes.**—Add to the above recipe, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful each of allspice and cloves. Sift these with the flour.

**Sugar Cookies.**—Take one cupful of sugar, one egg, one cupful of thick sour cream, one-half teaspoonful of soda, flour to roll—about two cupfuls—two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of lemon extract and a grating of nutmeg. Mix and roll out only a portion at a time. Brush the cookies with milk and sprinkle with coarse sugar. Bake ten minutes in a hot oven. This amount makes three dozen thin cookies two and one-half inches in diameter.

**Chocolate Drop Cookies.**—Take one cupful of brown sugar, one egg, one cupful of thick sour cream, one-half teaspoonful each of soda and salt, three-fourths of a cupful of nutmeats, one and one-half cupfuls of whole wheat flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, three squares of chocolate and three-fourths of a cupful of raisins. Mix and drop by teaspoonfuls on baking sheet. Bake at lower temperature than sugar cookies. This recipe makes three dozen.

**Nellie Maxwell**

**Priestly Preparation**

The length of time required in college to qualify for holy orders in the Roman Catholic church is a five-year preliminary college course, two years of philosophy and four years of theology; in all, eleven years of preparation for holy orders.

**Earth's Travels**

The earth covers an average distance of 1,001,930 miles in a day as it travels through space. Its entire orbit—the annual trip—is about 534,690,400 miles.



**A COLD**

As soon as you realize you've taken cold—take some tablets of Bayer Aspirin. Almost before your head can stuff-up, you feel your cold is conquered. Those aches and pains you felt coming on will soon subside. Relief is almost instantaneous! Even if your cold has gained headway, and your temples throb and your very bones ache, these tablets will bring prompt relief. It is better, of course, to take Bayer Aspirin at the very first sneeze or cough—it will head-off the cold and spare you much discomfort. Get the genuine, with proven directions for colds and headaches; neuralgia, neuritis, sore throat, and many important uses.

**BAYER ASPIRIN**

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoclonalacidin of Salicylicacid

**Heavy and Light Woods**

Results from more than 130,000 tests made by the United States forest service show that hickory is the heaviest wood grown in this country, and the lightest when green was found to be western red cedar.

**Electricity travels at the rate of 11,000,000 miles a minute.** Which may explain the frequency of our light bills.—Arkansas Gazette.

**Installment Buying**

Lodger (excitedly)—Just think, Mrs. Miggs—in 12 short months from now, she'll be mine.

Landlady—Who, Mr. Smith? I didn't know you had a young lady.

Lodger—No, no—my two-seater!—London Opinion.

One object of advertising is to get one to look. If one looks, he will see something he likes.

**Restless Children**

Children will fret, often for no apparent reason. But there's always one sure way to comfort a restless, fretful child. Castoria! Harmless as the recipe on the wrapper; mild and bland as it tastes. But its gentle action soothes a youngster more surely than some powerful medicine that is meant for the stronger systems of adults.

That's the beauty of this special children's remedy! It may be given the tiniest infant—as often as there is any need. In cases of colic, diarrhea, or similar disturbance, it is invaluable. But it has everyday uses all mothers should understand. A coated tongue calls for a few drops to ward off constipation; so does any suggestion of bad breath. Whenever children don't eat well, don't rest well, or have any little upset—this pure vegetable preparation is usually all that's needed to set everything to rights. Genuine Castoria has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper. Doctors prescribe it.

**Rural Free Delivery**

The United States postal laws and regulations say that each route shall serve at least four families to the mile, except that on a route less than ten miles in length at least six families shall be served for each mile of travel involved. The shortest rural free delivery route is six miles, and the longest is 89.11 miles.

**Returns**

"What was his plurality?"

"They say he won out by \$400,000."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**What a "Soft Answer"**

Bell—Which did you consider the best of my poses, honey?

Nell—The one where you had your arm across your face, dear.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

If you wish beautiful clear white clothes, use Russ Ball Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

**It's Just as Hard**

If we can't change the world, how about trying to change ourselves?—Forbes Magazine.



**Ease in 5 Minutes—Comfort in 5 Hours**

**MUSCULAR RHEUMATIC Aches and Pains**

**D**ISTRESSING muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness—generally respond pleasantly to good old Musterole. Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. But relief is surprisingly complete, natural and

safe when this soothing, cooling, healing ointment is applied generously to the affected area **once every hour for five hours.** Used by millions for over 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy, jars and tubes.

**To Mothers—**

Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

**Use Cuticura**

A household preparation for over half a century. Those who know the secret of skin health and beauty use Cuticura Soap and Ointment regularly to