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Machinery in Industry

In the United States 45,500,000 men are employed, but electricity and machines bring the total annual man power to over 60,000,000 men, reads an article in Fortune, the business magazine. A conservative estimate of the energy output in terms of man power as compiled by Fortune follows: Electric power, 337,880,000; railroads, 127,000,000; agriculture, 73,070,000; manufacturers, 70,000,000; mines and quarries, 17,900,000; automobiles, 12,200,000. Total, 637,750,000.

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Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—in jars and tubes.

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Safe, mild, purely vegetable—no drugs—only 25c

NR TOMORROW ALRIGHT

BLACK SHEEP'S GOLD

by Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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THE STORY

On a pleasure trip to eastern waters, Philip Amory, English world war veteran, now a trader on the island of Papua, New Guinea, plunges overboard to save the life of a musical comedy actress, known as "Gin-Sling." Amory becomes interested in Fia Laurier, member of a wealthy New South Wales family. He tells her of his knowledge of a wonderful gold field on the island, though he does not disclose the name of the place. "Gin-Sling" tells him Fia is engaged to Sir Richard Fanshawe, Amory, however, is confident that the girl is not indifferent to him. His holiday ended, he arrives back at Daru. He meets an Englishman, Spicer, there on development business for a syndicate of which Fanshawe is head. Fanshawe's name recalls to Amory a long-forgotten incident in which he witnessed the escape of Fanshawe from a leper colony. He tells his friend Bassett about it.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"It's not what you would call material to the evidence," I answered Bassett. "But you can take it so if you like."

"Very well. Do you know where her parents are?"

"Could find 'em, I suppose."

"The only thing to do is to tell them. Mind, they may not believe you. The story's thin, and I daren't say you are gone on the girl yourself."

"The mother does, and she'd poison me if she could," was my reply.

"What if the marriage is coming off immediately?"

"It could not," pointed out Bassett. "If he's going on this trip—but if you have any uneasiness on that point, you can go to Thursday Island and send a wireless."

"For all Australia to read?"

"Cross to Cape York and get the land line."

"I don't mind," said I thoughtfully. "If I do, you see—it may seem foolish, but I can't help fearing one might be attracted to the country. She's dead nuts on hearing about it."

"Don't forget, Black Sheep," said Bassett (and I knew by the nickname, that he wanted to say much he would certainly leave unsaid; much kindness, much consideration for that which could not be helped or consoled). "Don't forget that there's such a thing as a law of libel; if you make mistakes, you may have to pay for them very dearly."

"I'll pay anything and everything," I said, rising. "I'll pay my life if I have to. Thanks. I'll do as you suggest. The sooner I can get to T. L."

There I stopped, halting, in the middle of my walk to the door. A sound had checked me.

"What was that?" I said to the R. M. in a low voice. I had thought I heard a noise, just under my feet; a sneeze—suppressed, yet audible—no coming from outside.

We stood, two figures turned to stone, and list-med. I don't know what Bassett thought I had heard; maybe the beginning of a revolt among the mneater and murderer prisoners. Eighty, confined in a wooden jail some few score yards away; maybe the movements of some half-crazed native, oppressed with the strange Vailala madness that has filled a few hurried graves in Papua's West.

"There's nobody," said Bassett. I did not answer him. I made a sudden dart for the steps, down the steps, under the house, where eight foot high piles made a little forest of darkness and secrecy, beneath the Residency floors. There was nobody there. But in the garden, the peering water-logged moon showed me a spray or two of the bilious hedge in sudden agitation motion.

I jumped the hedge, and came down unexpectedly on something large and dusky, that heaved beneath my feet, and threw me off; as a bucking outlaw throws its rider; I fell recovered myself, and saw, down the croton avenue, a man running away. He was tall and thin, and he ran in a flat-footed, heavy, plunking manner that instantly suggested to me two large, flat feet I had seen earlier in the evening.

"Spicer!" I said to myself, and gave chase.

It had begun to rain again, and the paths were slippery, and the crash of falling water on drenched and down-beaten leaves, made noise enough to cover any retreat. Using my torch, I caught a glimpse of the fugitive, lost him, thought I saw him again, and finally pulled up on the beach road near the trader Maldstone's, alone.

We aren't far from Maldstone. In Western Papua, I went at once and knocked at Maldstone's door. "Who's sick?" was his first query. "Who it is?"

"Amory," I answered. "Nobody sick is your border in?"

"He's not a boarder, we don't take boarders," was Maldstone's answer. "If you mean the nut who blew in today, he's in bed."

"Sure?"

Maldstone disappeared. "Well, now, it's a queer thing," he commented, coming back and standing, an odd, pained figure, on the soaked veranda boards, which reflected his bare feet like fire. "He's not there— Eh, what are you d—ning him for? What's he done?"

"I don't know what he hasn't done."

I answered, furiously, for now I was almost sure this Spicer, the creature of Fanshawe, had overheard every word I said to Bassett. "Break his neck when he comes in, or chuck him to the alligators; it's the best thing you can do with him."

"Well, now, the wife wouldn't like any rudeness," answered Maldstone placidly. "I suppose he's got a right to go in the house, or out of the house, as he likes. You go back to your store, Phil Amory; you'd ought to be in bed. Good-night."

I did not go to bed. I went back to Bassett's.

"Bassett," I said, boiling up the stairs. "That brute of a Spicer chap was underneath the house."

"You go to bed, Amory, and let other people go," he answered. "You're fanciful."

"I saw him, I tell you," was my angry response. "Running away among the mangoes. And Maldstone said he wasn't there."

"Tackle him yourself tomorrow morning," counseled Bassett. "Aren't you going to let anyone on the island go to sleep? He off, Black Sheep, or I'll arrest you."

"I can tell you this," was my parting shot, "there's no power in Papua will get me to Thursday Island now."

Nevertheless, when morning came, I began to think differently.

I went to Maldstone's as early as possible. Spicer was lounging on the veranda, in Mrs. Maldstone's special chair, with a tin of Maldstone's special cigarettes at his elbow. Maldstone's boy was busy fetching him matches, soda water, another cushion for his head, a magazine to read. Mrs. Maldstone, in the background, was dying about, busy and energetic as usual. Slim, blue-eyed, pretty in a belated schoolgirl sort of fashion, this middle-aged woman of the outback was a constant wonder to me. She had seen and done almost all that the hardest cases in West Papua had seen and done—run risks, in earlier days, that made one's heart stand still to think of; nursed many a man through accident or fever; laid out and dressed for burial some of them. She had taken in homeless strangers, until the small profits of the store were eaten into, almost beyond hearing. She had lived hard, and known no luxury, for years; faced danger like a man, and done a woman's work. Withal, she was the merriest thing in Western Papua, and but for a line or two, and a gray hair or two, you might have given her five-and-twenty years.

I jumped straight into the heart of things, which habit is one of my most incurable faults. But what! life is short—I'd rather jump into now and than a hidden swamp, than spend days painfully walking round dusty roads.

"Do you mind telling me," I said, "what you were doing under the R. M.'s house last night?"

I expected a plain denial, more or less angry. But Spicer was too clever for that.

"Oh, come now," he answered, with a twinkle of the eye and something like a wink. "You can't expect me to give an account of my wanderings about this very fascinating island, after dark. No, Black Sheep, I can't let you ban-ban at me; leave that to the missionaries."

I could have knocked him off the veranda, with the utmost satisfaction; I am not sure that I shouldn't have done it, in spite of Mrs. Maldstone's presence, if something had not told me to move carefully, keep a look-out for red herrings trailed across the track.

"My name is Amory," I said. "What were you doing?"

He made as if to dig me in the ribs with a white, splayed forefinger; I think the look in my eyes made him draw it back, for never without actually doing it, was I nearer to smashing in any man's face, in my life.

"Naughty, naughty," was what he said. "Ladies present."

Mrs. Maldstone—I don't know how—managed to melt away.

"Really," I said, "I have my reasons, which I dare say— (for I was beginning to think we hadn't heard anything) "you know nothing about I saw you. If not under the house, certainly close to the R. M.'s in the middle of last night, and when I chased you, you ran away."

"You bet I did," said Spicer with a giggle. "Thought you were the enraged husband, for a fiver."

"Bassett isn't married," I told him. "The warden is," he sniggered. "Very pretty bewitched too."

Now this bewitched me, for I do know Talana, the wife of the native warden, and I had seen her only a week before, brought in by her husband, in connection with a charge of "stealing" her, which he was making against another native. Talana was no sedit, and for a Papuan, she was unusually good looking. It was also true that the warden's house was within a stone's throw of the place where I had stumbled over Spicer. I didn't know what to think. Mrs. Maldstone came back at that moment with a tray of glasses, interrupting—I fanned, deliberately—the conference. She offered us whisky; I took two fingers of it; Spicer took some more soda water. It added to my dislike of him. I have always held that there's as likely as not to be something wrong about either a teetotaler or a non-smoker; if not wrong, half baked. . . . Granted, that there are exceptions. Spicer I don't take to be an exception.

I knew that Bassett, who was shrewd enough, thought I had been wrong in supposing Spicer to be listening under the house. I knew, too, that he did not tell me—that a man who is overwrought, excited, and begins to fancy himself spied upon, may be in rather a bad way. Perhaps it was Mary Maldstone who gave the final stroke to my suspicions.

"Are you two done quarrelling?" she asked gaily, as I put away the tray I had taken from her hand. "And if you are, can I ask you, Phil, when you're going across against? I want you to do me an errand."

"Across," meant the trip of 120 miles, from this near point of Papua, to Australia.

"It depends," I answered her, "on Mr. Spicer."

"How, on me?" asked Spicer brusquely.

"I hear," I answered him evenly, "that you wanted a number of boys recruited. I have a good cutter and know the villages. I'd be glad to make you a price."

"If he heard me," I thought ran. "If he knows that I'm off as fast as I can go to put a spoke in Fanshawe's wheel, he'll try and keep me here; nothing simpler."

But Spicer, it seemed, did not want me to stay.

"There's no hurry," he said patronizingly. "Take your time. I shall stay here another three weeks. (I saw Mary Maldstone make a face of dismay, behind his back) "I'm waiting for the 'Papuan Chief' to bring the rest of the members of the expedition. Of course I am leader, next to Sir Richard, and I have all the organizing in my hands. If you want to run across, don't mind me. Thursday Island—Thirsty Island—every one knows it." He laughed rudely, and looked at my emptied glass.

Now, I am not a drinking man, if I do once in a way shift a glass before the sun sets over the yard. I felt, once again, exceedingly inclined to pick a quarrel with this Spicer; once again, remembered that I could not afford to do so, if I wished to make sure of certain things.

"Very well," I said, watching his face. "I'll start across today—anchor at Cap, and get in early tomorrow. Mrs. Maldstone, if you've any commissions, I'll be delighted to attend to them."

"Right you are," answered my hostess cheerfully, with something of her gay schoolgirl manner coming back. "I'll see you and I'll give you my list." She went off into the store, and Spicer, who had not altered, by so much as a line the expression of his large, fat countenance, took the cigarette out of his mouth to remark—"Good trip to you." It was a dismissal, somewhat in the royal manner. I held myself in from answering him as I wished, and followed Mary Maldstone.

Hotels in Thursday Island—of which there are a surprising number—were never the same, twice visited. Proprietors, managers and managements, very almost as the seasons go. The Grand Cosmopolis, where I put up, looked much as usual, there was a desolate bit dining room, with a pilot eating his lunch, slowly and contentedly, as pilots do, alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Whooping Cough One of Childhood's Great Ills

Whooping cough is one of the oldest known of child diseases, yet there are no certain treatments or preventives known. And many parents have the wrong idea about whooping cough. They regard it as a child disease that every child must have, and take little trouble to guard their children against exposure, regardless of age. But that is what makes the death rate from whooping cough greater than that from scarlet fever, measles and infantile paralysis combined. It has been estimated that whooping cough is twenty times as fatal for children under five years of age as for those beyond that age. This approximately 95 per cent of the deaths from this disease occur in the pre-school age group. In time of epidemics or even in isolated cases, the American Public Health association advises parents to keep children, particularly those of pre-school age, away from all unnecessary neighborhood contacts. If the older children get the disease isolate them until several days after the whooping ceases.—Parthinder Magazine.

Smart Dogs Die Young

"Ten thousand white ones and sixty black ones" Go round me Sheep! This command was supposed to have been given to a certain sheep dog in Montana, and presumably he there upon rounded up the sheep and counted them. But the poor dog's dead now; brain fever, no doubt. It is strange that when anyone tells a tale of some extraordinary animal, be it dog, horse or cat, he usually adds as an afterthought, "He's dead now, poor fellow." In fact, some one with time to spare ought to make a study of the high mortality rate among cats and other animals, and not after satisfying himself on that point, he might turn to a closely allied topic, the regrettable longevity of cleverer ones. From "Sheep," by Archer B. Gillham.

A Getaway

He was an artist of the impressionist school, and he had been known to set pictures, but it didn't happen often. He was carrying some of his work to an art dealer's when he met a fellow artist. Suddenly he quickened his pace.

"What are you hurrying for?" asked his comrade.

"See that man over there?" was the reply.

"Yes, what of it?"

"Well, he is a creditor of mine. Like impressionistic art, he looks better from a distance."

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Little "ifs" That Might Have Changed History

The word "if" has been the cause of much reminiscing ever since Adam said, "Oh, if we had never eaten the apple."

Professor Hearnshaw, of London University, has prepared a book called "The Ifs of History," in which he says:

"If Cleopatra's nose had been an eighth of an inch longer she would have failed to excite Julius Caesar or Mark Anthony and the history of the world would have been changed. "If the battle of Actium had not been fought, the empire of Augustus would not have been established, neither Pontius Pilate nor Herod would have ruled Syria and Rome might have remained a stranger to the Christian faith. "If the Spanish garrison of Gibraltar had not been so plous as to be attending church when the English troops attacked, the rock would not be in English possession today."

Diphtheria May Be Eliminated

Modern publicity methods, allied with the application on a vast scale of the latest principles of public health administration, were so effectively used against diphtheria in New York last year that the disease is expected to be extinct there within five years. Such was the purport of the first annual report of the diphtheria commission concerning its work in 1929 under Dr. Shirley W. Wayne, commissioner of health, which pointed out that a half century ago one out of every two contracting the disease died of it.

FAMILY DOCTOR LEARNED THIS ABOUT CONSTIPATION

Dr. Caldwell loved people. His years of practice convinced him many were ruining their health by careless selection of laxatives. He determined to write a harmless prescription which would get at the cause of constipation, and correct it.

Today, the prescription he wrote in 1885 is the world's most popular laxative! He prescribed a mixture of herbs and other pure ingredients now known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, in thousands of cases where bad breath, coated tongue, gas, headaches, biliousness and lack of appetite or energy showed the bowels of men, women and children were sluggish. It proved successful in even the most obstinate cases; old folks liked it for it never gripped; children liked its pleasant taste. All drugstores today have Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in bottles.

Horse Guards May Go

London's red-coated, steel-helmeted horse guards who attracted so much attention from tourists as they strolled on fine horses at the gates of Whitehall, may be abolished for the sake of economy. Theoretically the guards are at the gates to prevent entrance to Whitehall, which houses government departments. Actually, it seems, no one knows why they are sitting there so proudly. Secretary of War Tom Shaw is represented as feeling that units regarded as "largely ornamental" must be sacrificed in the interest of economy.

Silence in Budapest

The authorities in Budapest, Hungary, have decided that all noise is disagreeable and reprehensible and must be stopped. It is a penal offense for a boy to sing or whistle in the street, and children are not allowed to play in the courtyard, corridors, or balconies of apartments. The orders also affect musicians, newshyrs, dogs, parrots, peacocks, guinea-fowl, and other experts in noise.

Reason to Celebrate

Golden wedding celebrations are usually joyous occasions because, as a rule, the happy couple is out of debt by then.—Life.

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When Babies CRY

Babies will cry, often for no apparent reason. You may not know what's wrong, but you can always give Castoria. This soon has your little one comforted; if not, you should call a doctor. Don't experiment with medicines intended for the stronger systems of adults! Most of those little upsets are soon soothed away by a little of this pleasant-tasting, gentle-acting children's remedy that children like.

It may be the stomach, or may be the little bowels. Or in the case of older children, a sluggish, constipated condition. Castoria is still the thing to give. It is almost certain to clear up any minor ailment, and could by no possibility do the youngest child the slightest harm. So it's the first thing to think of when a child has a coated tongue; won't play, can't sleep, is fretful or out of sorts. Get the genuine; it always has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package.

IF you want what you want when you want it—in the printing line—WE HAVE IT!

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"My little daughter was born on a homestead in northern Alberta. I had four other children and I worked so hard that I suffered a nervous breakdown. The doctor's tonic did not seem to help me and when a friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I began to take that instead. I kept on until I felt well again. I brought back my strength. Today I can do anything, thanks to the Vegetable Compound."

—Mrs. William Parent, 1415 W. Grand Street, Seattle, Washington.

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