

Black Sheep's Gold

by Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrations by Irwin Myers
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CHAPTER VIII—Continued
—15—
Well—if Jinny had not spotted it for me, I had a fair chance of tearing the heart out of Grace's secret, sweetheart notwithstanding. I might have a chance yet. At all events, I would not give up while a shred of hope remained. On that resolution, I went to sleep.

Next morning there was fine music when the carriers got to work clearing and felling the timber we wanted for raft. Jinny stood beside me on the river bank, tall and thin and motionless as one of the long pines that grew in the sheltered veins of the bush. Her beautiful, hungry face, with its avid eyes, was fixed on the sliding Romilly river. The sound of the carriers clearing had shifted farther away; back, back, went the axe, dully, muffled by distance. There was a pause; through it arose, exultantly, the voice of a Mambare canibal singing the death song of the tree. . . . Followed a rending crash, and shouts in cho us.

There is something in the fall of a great tree that lets things loose; things that have nothing to do (on the surface) with trees. Genevieve Treacher had been one woman in the instant before that crash. In the instant after, she was another—another of the many Jinnies, to know all of whom would have needed great part of any man's days; and had been worth it. . . . perhaps. . . . She swung round from the river; she faced me, tall as I, filled as I, with the fire and force of youth; strong, supple, as a tigress, brave as a tigress, a woman made for the wilds, if ever one was so made.

"I'm not askin' marriage, Phil Amory," she said. "I'm askin'—I'm askin'—just a bit down somewhere at the mouth of the river, and me waiting for you to come back, since you won't have me on the trip. And I'll stick to you—and follow you—She fought for breath. "You pulled me away from the sharks," she said. "You sent your trip to blazes and never cared. You're the first real man I've ever—ever—Phil, will you leave me in that hut when you go?"

She was so modest almost virginal, in her self-betrayal as any girl. I don't know how, but in that moment I recognized a truth that, so far, had not come my way. I realized how such a woman as Jinny may regenerate herself; I realized, with a wrench of soul and body painful beyond all telling, that I, and no other, was the man to help her to it.

But between us stood the wrath of Pia, my white rose, my star, Pia who some day, God willing, should pass the ivory gate of dreams with me, into a paradise of which I was unworthy, which, nevertheless, I could not give up, if the salvation of a hundred Jinnies stood in the way.

If there had never been a Pia. . . . Jinny, like many flame-haired, amespirited women, was ever-so-little clairvoyant. She read my thought.

"Phil—strife, Phil," she said. "Is it because of me you go, same as you yourself have gone, I'll lay—that you won't? Because, if that's all—"

I couldn't answer her. I put my hands on her wide, thin shoulders; her face was on a level with my own, and I kissed it. "You're the best girl in all the world, and I love you, Jinny," I said.

Unerringly, she read my meaning through my words.

"I'm the best girl—but one?" she said.

To deny Pia was to trample on the cross of my faith.

"Yes," I answered, feeling as if I had struck her.

"Then, if there hadn't been any Miss Larriers in the world, it'd 'a been all right with you and me?"

I could not answer her. There was no need. She hung me away with a suddenness and strength that all but sent me down among the trampled palm leaves by the river side. She was transformed, instantly, into a hag of the streets. As she might look in twenty years' time, battered, destroyed, so she looked now, in one awful moment of prophecy. She gave a scream that reminded me of the screams of torn horses during the war, and ran wildly down the bank on the river. I don't know where she thought she was going—maybe to a spot further on where the current swept, deep and oily, past a high corner of the bank—where, if she had leaped, the alligators would have had her before I or any other, could have done any thing to help—but she was in another moment, checked, as I was in another moment, by the amazing unexpected sight of a government launch on a lower reach of the river, rapidly heading towards myself and Jinny.

They stopped as soon as they saw us, and stung out a dinghy. I saw Bassett was in charge. The launch was drifting with the current, Bassett secured her by a cable passed round a tree, before he came up to me and to Jinny who was standing white, staring, but more or less self-possessed a little flustered away.

"Well," he said, with a certain forced cheerfulness, "so you've saved me half my trip; that's very obliging of you."

"May one ask," I demanded, "what the blazes the government is doing up here?"

"You can ask without the blazes. The government has business any where. We've been sent up to save this young lady from being carried off by cannibals like the star in a picture show. The I. S. is at hand in the Tauri and news came down the coast—native telegraph, you know—that a white 'Sinabua had gone up the Romilly in a canoe, with half-a-dozen boys, meaning to strike inland. So the G. S. turned a man-of-war and ran three canoes, and parked me off with you my bunch. So here the launch to take her back; only I see you've been beforehand with us." He glanced with interest at the figure of Jinny, who was exhibiting a look, amazingly dignified in my kind of shirt and trousers. "By the way, I sleep in what of 'what's become of your expedition?"

For he, like every one else "down West," had known of my departure. It was difficult to answer him. "I came back," was my lame reply.

"Well," he said, "well"—after a pause during which he had looked swiftly, keenly, at both of us. "I suppose I'm to have the pleasure of fetching you along to Daru also?"

I was thinking rapidly; calculating just what this new turn in my affairs might mean. The Tauri was a fast launch; she could take me home in a day and a half; half a day to fix up matters there, and get stores. Then a day and a half back, in the Tauri again—I calculated that the government would owe me so much for doing its work at my own cost. Half a day for contingencies. Two days to get through my four days' cut in the bush. . . . Eight days in all from now ought to see me—should see me, if I were alive—once more at the point where I had turned back. If there was no one ahead of me—

"I suppose," I said to the waiting Bassett, "that you didn't see any sign of another party on the river?"

Bassett was busy lighting a cigarette. "You suppose wrong then," he said, his head bent over his hands. "There's a prospecting and exploring party

"I'm Not Askin' Marriage, Phil Amory," She Said.

down at the river mouth at this minute. He did not look at me as he spoke. Bassett was—is—a little gentleman.

"How soon can we get away?" was my reply.

"As soon as you can chuck your carriers on board, and get you and this lady on."

He kicked me, stily, and I replied, as intended, with an introduction to Jinny.

"I'm sorry to offer you such rough accommodation, Miss Treacher," he apologized, fixing her with his grave ministerial stare. "But you are fairly lucky to be alive this minute, which I suppose is some compensation."

"Do you?" said Jinny. "I don't," and turned her back on him. I could only try my forebush, and nod significantly at Bassett. "The bush," I explained, as he moved a little away. It was explanation enough, for any one who saw less clearly through a stone wall than Bassett usually did.

We made a very silent party, dropping down river. With the current and the speed of the launch, it was a comparatively short journey. Dusk of next day found us on the opening reaches of the Romilly's estuary, with the gulf of Papua, flat and gray as a

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powter table, opening out before. There was a long strip of beach at the river mouth; you could scarcely see it at that hour. But if you could not see the beach, you could see, quite clearly, that which stood upon it—the pointed shapes of several canvas tents.

"We'll stop here for a few minutes," said the magistrate. "I didn't call going up; just halted them, and asked if they had seen anything of a white woman."

"One of them—Caxon it was," said the magistrate. "I think I hear her went with them—shouted back that they hadn't, and asked who she was, and what it was about."

"Caxon!" I said. "Who were the others?"

"Only one other white. You know him—Spicer. He gave an order to the brown, bare-limbed steersman; and our boat took a wide sweep, and began heading inshore."

"Caxon!" I thought. "Spicer is not such a fool as he looks." For Caxon, old-time goldminer and survivor of a past era of mining successes, was about the ablest prospector who ever washed a dish between Daru and the Mambare.

"Do me a kindness, Bassett, will you?" I said. "Don't mention to any one ashore just where it was that you picked us up."

"Right. You not coming?" "No fear."

"Miss Treacher coming?" "I don't—"

Silently Jinny's head appeared above the coaming, cutting off by words. She stepped out on the beach. There was still some light left; I could see that she had found Bassett's store of clothing and looted it ruthlessly. A cummerbund of dark-blue silk creled the waist of her—trousers; she had white socks on, and a silk tie about her neck.

I looked at her in amazement, as she swung lightly down into the boat, avoiding my eyes—she had not looked at me, or spoken to me, since we came aboard. I saw her go ashore with Bassett, disappear among the tents.

Before I had time to grow more than a little impatient, the boat was back again, and the launch under way. What had Jinny been saying, doing out there in the camp? Why had she been so anxious to go ashore, and why, now that she had returned, was she still keeping hidden, avoiding sight or sound of me?

Bassett was sitting on the cabin roof, a whitish blur in the dark. I edged up to him and asked him point-blank—

"Did you—anyone—say anything ashore?"

He knew what I meant. He did not look up, or turn his face, but he answered immediately, in Bassett's own crisp, precise way—

"I saw Spicer. I asked him what the delay was; asked if I could assist in any way. He said no; it was all right; they had stopped because he wished to buy soap; they'd be off tomorrow at daylight. I got back to the boat, and Miss Treacher—he spoke carefully, seeming to weigh his words even more than usual—"Miss Treacher stayed behind for a while; I waited for her."

"Was she—?" I stopped; it was difficult to phrase.

"There appeared," said Bassett precisely, "to be something in the nature of a friendly understanding between her and Mr. Spicer. I gathered an impression that she was pointing out to him something in connection with the course of the Romilly river."

On pursued the launch, the stars fell away right and left from my wake. Going forward, where I could be more or less alone, I sat on deck, and digested as best I could this unwelcome news. It did not help matters, or make me more hopeful, that I heard once in a way, a sound like some one, down below, trying to stifle bitter weeping.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

First Steam Carriage Met With Disapproval

The London Times reprints the following from its issue of August 5, 1825: A Gurney's steam carriage arrived on Monday, at the Cranford Bridge Inn, from an experimental tour to and from Bath. The success of this trial much exceeds the most sanguine friends of the invention.

Mr. Gurney's brother, Colonel Vines, Captain Dobbin, and assistants started from Cranford bridge about 4 a. m. They proceeded at a most rapid rate to Maidenhead, which they reached notwithstanding two or three delays.

In about an hour and five minutes—a distance of nearly fifteen miles. After this proof of their capability of speed, they traveled more leisurely, until they arrived near Maidenhead where they were attacked by some brutal fellows, who, imagining they were "come to take the bread out of their mouths." To prevent similar occurrences, it was thought advisable to draw the carriage the remainder of the way by horses. Having exhibited the powers and practicability of the invention publicly in Bath, the party left early on Monday morning to return. Presidential considerations induced them not to fight their fire.

Power of Softness
A bank of snow six feet thick will stop a bullet shot at the distance of 50 yards. The bullet will not penetrate that heavy bank of snow, but it will go through the soft bank when fired at three times the distance. It is delightful! The bullet shatters the steel penetrates the soft bank; but the soft feathers snow has a way all its own, and it takes in that unerring lead and loves it, and, as it were, soothes it.

Get Out and Hustle
FIRE RETRIEVE IT TO WORK YOUR WAY TO SUCCESS. That is what you want to know. You will always get out of a lot more than you expect. Drop of sweat from honest effort are far more productive than life tears from weak wishing.—Grit.

After the Unattainable
"It is a rule for him who is to be a person referred to in a question for unattainable objects. This is a rather colorful expression which comes down to us from the days when there was no such thing as a blue rose.

As a matter of fact, this was the case until quite recently. For it was only a few years ago that the climbing rose called 'Vello-bellida'—violet blue—was introduced by the Germans. Until the advent of this species of rose, the flower was cultivated only in the common varieties.—Kansas City Times

Scraps of Humor

HUSH
The passerby stopped and looked at the man struggling vainly with his broken-down motor car.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, "but perhaps I can help you. There are one or two things I can tell you about your make of car."

The owner straightened himself up and looked at the other.

"Please keep them to yourself, old chap," he remarked, warningly; "there are ladies present."

ON THE BEACH

"May's gown makes a perfect fright of her."

"Yes; but outside of her costume she's a shapely and beautiful girl."

Inequality of Things
Full of some dog of stunning style and pedigree without a fault is worth a thousand dollars, while its owner isn't worth his salt.

Taking an Awful Chance
Dolly Dimples (coquettishly)—Did you read Dr. Bluebon this morning when he stated that kissing is also utterly dangerous to health?

Dapper Dan (recklessly)—Well what do you say, Miss Dolly? Let's start an epidemic!

The Old Standing
First Poor Inventor—I saw Briggs today. He looked happy, prosperous, well fed. Success must have come to him.

Second (sadly)—It has.
First—What's he been working on?
Second (more sadly)—A salary.

S. G. T. J.
"What do you know about cooking?" asked Mrs. Snapp of the applicant for position of cook.

"Nothing much, ma'am," came the answer, "but Ah knows a terrible lot about de private affairs of most ebery body in town."—Parliander Magazine

Woman's Cunning
A—I've always noticed that a woman always lowers her voice when she begs for something!
B—Yes; and raises it sky high if her desire is not gratified!

NOW WHAT?

"Son, don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss?"
"I agree with you, father, but what in the world would I do with any moss?"

They All Do
I'm an easy-going party
But I'd like to take a knock
At the shoe clerk who exposes
The toe hole in my sock.

Was an Early Bird
"Yes, I'm sorry I married you; so there!"
"Oh! You were no young bird when I married you."
"No. But considering what I got, you must admit I was an early bird."

Feeling Audacious
Gazdoo—Did the audience show any feeling when she sang?
Gazdoo—Yes, about half of them began feeling under the seats for their hats.

Joy of Ill Health
Mrs. Blubber—You're looking very happy this morning. Have you had good news?
Mrs. Blubber—Just wonderful. My husband has just had a nervous breakdown and we're going to Europe for the summer.

Try Umbrella First
"That man is so honest he wouldn't steal a pin."
"I never thought much of the pin test. Try him with an umbrella."

After-Dinner Speaker
"I understand your husband is suggesting of an after-dinner speaker?" said Mrs. Brown.
"Yes," answered Mrs. Tomkins. "What he is liable to say after dinner is the reason we cannot keep a cook."

The First Message
Husband (seeing her off on the train): Now, dear, as soon as you arrive you must telegraph.
Wife—Very well. How much shall I telegraph for?

Remarkable Table Top
The National Library table top is on a table made by Gordon H. Turner when instructor of manual training, Greenwood (Miss.) high school. It is made of 5,622 pieces of wood taken from every state in the Union and our number possessions. It weighs 230 pounds.

Soot From Soft Coal
Every ton of soft coal contains nearly 100 pounds of soot, which is distributed throughout the immediate area when the coal is burned.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(Ed. 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)
"It ain't the trees that block the trail.
It ain't the ash or pine
For if you fall or if you fall,
It was some peasy vine
That tripped you up, that threw
You down,
That caught you unaware;
The big things you can walk
around—
But watch the way for snares."

THIS AND THAT
Place slices of pineapple around the ham when baking and baste with the liquor from the pan.

Serve the ham garnished with the nicely browned pineapple slices.

Horseshadish is much better if grated and used within a week or two, as it loses its flavor and pungency by standing, even if well sealed.

Add a little vinegar, add a little vinegar, add a little vinegar, and salt to the grated root and cover tightly.

Never throw away even a small bit of cheese. Grate it, add to any cream soup, creamed potatoes, omelet or escalloped dish.

While the rhubarb is fresh and tender prepare some:

Rhubarb Conserve.—Combine four cups of rhubarb cut fine, four cups of sugar, two oranges, juice and rind, two lemons, juice and grated rind, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Heat the mixture until the sugar is dissolved then boil rapidly and not too long to destroy the color and flavor. Add one cupful of blanched almonds shredded and pour into jelly glasses. Let the mixture cool a little before putting in the glasses as the nuts will otherwise come to the top.

Fowl en Casserole.—Cut the fowl into serving-sized pieces. Dust with pepper and salt and dredge with flour. Brown delicately in a small quantity of fat. As each piece is cooked remove to the casserole. Mince out the fat in the frying pan and add to the casserole. Cover and cook in a slow oven for three or four hours, or until tender. Just before serving remove the fowl and add to the juices one cupful of milk which has been blended with one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour. Cook for ten minutes, replace fowl and serve from casserole.

Chicken Loaf.—This is very nice to serve sliced as cold meat, also good for picnic baskets and sandwich filling.

Take two cupfuls of chopped cooked chicken. Moisten one cupful of bread crumbs with one-half cupful of milk, one-half cupful of mashed cooked peas, salt, paprika, onion and green pepper fried in a little butter, adding two beaten eggs at the last. Place in a greased baking dish and bake one hour in a moderate oven or until firm and brown. Turn out on a platter if served hot and garnish with sliced tomato.

Turnip or Carrot Custard.—Take one cupful of grated raw carrot or turnip, mashed and cooked. Beat two eggs, add the vegetable and one pint of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and a few drops of tabasco. Mix well and bake in a dish set into hot water. When the custard is set in the water serve at once.

DESSERT, FISH, MEAT SAUCES
A delicious sauce to serve on a cottage pudding or any steamed cake is:

Butterscotch Sauce.—To one cupful of boiling water add one cupful of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a dash of cinnamon, and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt thoroughly mixed. Cook until the flour has lost its raw taste and the mixture thickens, stirring to prevent lumping. Beat in two tablespoonfuls of butter and remove from the heat, adding one-half teaspoonful of vanilla or coffee extract. This is good served hot on ice cream, custards or baked puddings.

Hard Sauce.—Cream together one-fourth of a cupful of butter and three-fourths cupful of powdered sugar, add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and one-eighth teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Long beating makes a creamy, hard sauce. Add the sugar slowly. For variety substitute brown sugar and flavor with maple or grated lemon or orange rind.

Horseshadish Sauce.—This is good with fish or cold meat and well liked with beefsteak. Beat one-half cupful of cream until thick, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, three or four tablespoonfuls of fresh grated horseshadish and a teaspoonful of vinegar. Good for a sauce over cooked meats.

Spanish Sauce.—Add two tablespoonfuls of chopped onion to two tablespoonfuls of butter and cook until tender and yellow. Add one cupful of celery, two teaspoonfuls of minced parsley, one bay leaf, two cupfuls of tomato, one tablespoonful of flour and salt and pepper to taste. Blend the flour with a little butter before adding to the sauce. Cook for half an hour, remove the bay leaf, cook ten minutes longer, adding the flour and butter at this time. Now add four tablespoonfuls of minced ham and serve at once.

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Nellie Maxwell

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Condor Outclassed in Combat With Airplane

A huge condor battled with a trimotored passenger airplane 17,000 feet in the air over the foothills of the Andes recently. I. H. Garriott, the pilot, felled the passenger ships between Mendoza in the Argentine and Santiago, Chile, for the New York, Rio and Buenos Aires line.

With six passengers Garriott was flying over the foothills trying to rise to pass between two peaks, one 22,000 feet high and the other 24,000 feet high. When at an altitude of 17,000 feet a giant condor spotted the ship and came on to battle the strange wide-winged creature that persisted in roaming over its exclusive hunting domain.

The condor wheeled and came straight toward the ship—heading right into the nose. Garriott averted the ship aside a little and with a crash the bird hit the wing and dropped to the earth like a plummet. When the ship landed at its destination one wing covering was dented but not broken.

A cloud of feathers followed the bird like a puff of smoke from an exploding shell.

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 1855 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 gripes; children liked its pleasant taste. All drug stores today have Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in bottles.

Considerate Algernon
Gen. Rufus H. Lane, who has issued an order permitting the girls in the marine corps to smoke at their desks, said at a Washington reception:

"As a woman strengthens will man weaken? As she advances will he retreat?"

"On a moonlit beach last summer a youth laid his heart at the feet of a girl."

"But, Mr. Fetherstonehaugh—Algernon," the girl said softly, "if I marry you I'll have to give up my job, and I'm drawing \$85 a week."

"No, no, my beautiful!" Algernon Fetherstonehaugh cried. "No, no, I'll never dream of letting you do that. I only draw \$12. I'll give up mine."—Springfield Union.

Widely Separated
Zenith and nadir are both Arabic words, the first signifying the point of the heavens directly above one, while nadir denotes the invisible point directly beneath.

Early Church Heating
The Franklin stoves of 1744 were the earliest modern stoves to be used for heating churches in the United States.

RECTOR COLON
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