

BLACK SHEEP'S GOLD

by Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER X

It was nearing ten o'clock, which is late in the morning for people who rise at five, and Ogo, my head carrier, and I were at the end of a long job. We had left the other carriers busy wooding and watering above, had gone down onto the flat, bringing with us pick, shovel, pegs, prospecting dish, and long steel measuring tape, worked about a bit among the "riffles" made by half sunken rocks, and taken sand and gravel from promising spots. I had washed out a few dishes, and found them go something like three ounces of fine gold to a dish, with nuggets to spare, over and above; on an average, about fifteen pounds worth to every dish we washed. It was a veritable jeweler's shop; you could kick the sand up with your toes and see it glitter.

I had a right, as discoverer (for Grace and his partner had never actually found gold) to peg out for myself one area a hundred feet by fifty, and a prospecting claim due to me as discoverer of a field forty miles from any other of thirty further claims. This left little for any one else who might come along. "My troubles!" I said. "Let them wait. They meant to let me." Some of the ground, judged by what we washed, was a little richer than the rest. I picked that, measured, pegged, nailed up my notice, and was done. The warden of the field, when appointed, would have to check and confirm the work; but for all practical purposes, I had my ground secure.

The sun was high now, and down in the arid bottom of the pit, it had grown hot; so hot that the sweat ran in streams down my arms, and dripped sally from my forehead into my mouth. "Smoke-oh," I said to Ogo, contemplating with pleasure the neat white pegs that marked off my fortune. "We can get pigs in plenty, for food." I told him, puffing at a welcome cigarette. "We'll shoot all you like. Going to stop here a week." For I was minded to load a carrier or two with gold; they were traveling light now, having eaten up a great part of their loads.

Ogo drew at his bamboo pipe; he was happy, at ease, resting from tedious and unnecessary work. I watched him, as I sat perched on a rock, my face towards the long hard way by which we had climbed down the day before. Ogo was looking up the east side of the basin, toward the ranges. A change came over his face. It came very quickly; it seemed, in an instant, to set his features stiff, like water frozen by an icy wind. "What do you see, Ogo?" I asked him, not turning my head. "Taubada," he answered, sitting up on the sand. "See two white men, plenty New Guinea man come." I looked behind me now. Up the long slopes that ran to eastward, I could see nothing at first. Then I could see—some way down the sides of the basin, dark dots moving, white dots following them. They were going fast, making the best of their way toward the bottom. Like sugar white riding a bow, and very anxious to get to the sugar as quickly as possible. It was, beyond all doubt, Spicer, Caxon, and their carriers.

For when I thought of Spicer and his patron; of all that the brute must have known, and of the silence—paid silence doubtless—that he had kept; of how he had balked me once, and had just fallen short of ruining me now—well, it was not astonishing that my fingers, half unconsciously, crept toward my left hip and the stock of the revolver without which no wise man travels through unknown Papua. I have said that my mind like my body, had come to maturity on the red fields of the War. There are thousands, near my age, who will understand just what that means. The War is dead, forgotten, as are its millions of dead and forgotten fighters; but the personalities shaped by it remain. It has never been possible for me to regard killing, inevitably, as murder. When Spicer and Caxon came fairly into sight, a little later, they were well within rifle shot, nothing restrained me from picking off the tall, fair man with the awkward tread, and ridding earth of a brute as little fit to live as Fashawa himself had been. I save the knowledge that I should certainly hang for it, and that if I hanged, I could not marry Pia Laurier. . . . They did not hurry as I had done; they did not leap out to the gravelly flat that held more treasure than all the older goldfields of New Guinea put together. We met at leisure in the midst of the glacial rocks that fringed the bottom of the pit. Caxon, a silent fellow always, nodded aside-wise to me, and sat down on a rock, hands in pockets, surveying the flat with a sharp professional eye, which assuredly did not miss my pegs or my notice. Spicer came up grinning, held out his hand, and quoted fatuously, "Doctor Livingstone, I presume?" I think that to the moment, an ill-defined presentiment of misfortune seized me. I suppose I must have felt, vaguely that this defeated Spicer had no reasonable right to look cheerful; certainly none to crack jokes. But if I did feel anything of the sort, it was submerged by my personal dislike of Spicer himself. I wanted to shove him, strike him. What I did say was only—"Haven't left many of the pegs for you, I'm afraid."

"Are there plums?" he said foolishly

ly, as if he had come up into the heart of wild New Guinea for a walk. His eyes were roving while he spoke; I saw them rest on my pegs, and for a moment they opened wide, and showed as many ugly things as the windows of a convict jail. It was Caxon who spoke, however.

"What does it go to the dish?" he asked. He was sitting as he always did sit, characteristically, with legs flung wide apart, and arms akimbo, soft hat pulled right into his eyes, and insolent lip stuck out. Of the few old-time miners remaining in New Guinea, I had always liked Caxon the least. Nevertheless, I answered him. There was no use denying patent facts. "About four ounces to the dish," I said.

Spicer let out a whinnying cackle of delight, but Caxon made no sign. "I suppose," he said presently, "you had better have dinner." It was three o'clock; they had—as I afterward heard—camped part way down the crater on the previous night, and traveled, since dawn. It was by a very short head that I had won.

I hadn't dined either, so we joined our mess—it would have been contrary to New Guinea bush custom to do anything else. And while we ate and drank, and watched each other slyly from under our eyelids, there was just one thought in the minds of every one—"Gold!" But not very far from it, I think, was the thought of the other thing that maddens, too, when seen; that cries out, too, when flung upon the ground—blood. . . .

"Better be careful of accidents!" in the bush, I thought, even as I pressed the two to share my food. "It's a big strain on any man's self-restraint. Nothing open, of course—I'd respect that—but so many little sneaky ways of killing are possible. . . ."

"What kept you back on the road?" I asked the two. I wanted to know; besides, this silence was irritating me. They looked so well pleased, with themselves; had so little right to be pleased. "Footery," answered Caxon, his mouth choked by biscuit. "Spicer here won't realize that I'm leader, and—" "Quite incorrect," heated Spicer, in what I fancy he took to be an Oxford accent. "At the death of Sir Richard, the leadership devolved on me. I decided that the interests of the Empire would best be served by opening up what we had been led to understand was a probable goldfield of the very—"

"You were out for cash to go on the spree, same as myself," commented Caxon. "And if you'd fired just about two more shots into that crowd of natives we met, neither of us would ever have seen this place. You started the whole crowd on us, and then I had to shoot, and we wiped them out considerably. Of course we had to go round after that." "The result of your alleged leadership," patronized Spicer, "being, in sum, that we have arrived after all the valuable ground is pegged."

"Yes," said Caxon simply, and buried his face in his pint-size pannikin. I knew the Papua miner too well to question him. But there was something about the whole deal that I did not understand. "It doesn't matter," I thought. "If they fancy they can out me somehow or other in the bush, they've got another think coming." I've got the place in spite of them all, and I'll keep it. We had finished our meal now, and the two newcomers, without further parley, went down to the flat and began walking about. It was fairly late in the afternoon by now; nevertheless, the pair started off on what was evidently a brief prospecting trip. I heard the clink of Caxon's pick now and then, and the sharp tap of a hammer. I did not trouble much about them; I was too busy using the opportunity to wash out a few more dishes of gravel. There could be no question, now, of loading carriers with gold for the homeward trip, but I wrote, at least, a good sample. I do not think I shall ever forget that hour—ecstasy of washing out dish after dish, lifted almost anywhere on the flat, and finding, sure as day, at the bottom of every one, a rich sediment of yellow dust and flakes. Nature, amazingly, had done its work. My claim might be the better for sluicing later on; but at the moment, one could collect enough to make any man crazy drunk with gold dust, out of the simple washing of a dozen dishes.

I washed them; collected the gold

(It was about thirty-five paces) and put it away in one of my swags, for Caxon and Spicer were now returning from what I took to be a fruitless quest, and I did not want them to see my marvelous gains.

They came straight up to me, evidently according to a preconceived plan. They looked tired and dirty, discouraged, too. Spicer's mouth dragged open, and there was a nasty look about his pretty blue eyes that I had seen more than once before.

"Well, Ban-Baa," he began unpropitiously, "it seems that the only thing we can do—" "Say that again," I interrupted, "and say it right."

"Mister Amory," he corrected, with scornful emphasis. "The only thing we can do is to peg out what's left, and go back." "You understand the mining laws of the country, I suppose," was my answer. "I do, if he doesn't," put in Caxon. "We're not going to visit the mines department this trip. The best thing you can do is to come back with us. You've got the loan of us over the whole business, and we'll all be safer together. That fancy shooting of yours, has made the bush a bit lively, I reckon."

I reflected, Caxon was undoubtedly in the right. Joining forces and carriers would be best for every one. We could travel faster together, because there would be plenty of hands to cut a road when wanted; more safely, because the natives would be slow to attack a big body of people. There was nothing that I need stay for, now that I had pegged my claim; I had only to go down to Port Moresby and get it granted.

Yet, and yet, when the next day came; when the tents had been struck, and the carriers' loads portioned out, and the long, hard, upward tramp was beginning, I could not do away with a sense of ill-defined anxiety. On the surface everything was right. I had won the race, taken the treasure. Caxon, with his callous greed, disregarding everything in life but gain; Spicer, greedy, too, were both defeated. That was well. What, then, troubled me? As far as I could define the matter, it was this; they did not really mind. Inexplicable, that. Unsatisfactory, that. The thought (it was not a fear, nothing so definite) stayed with me through the greater part of the trip down to the Romili river. Nothing occurred to deepen it; nothing, on the other hand, happened to make it less. I could not help observing that two white companions were almost nervously anxious lest I should leave their sight. There is a streak of vanity in every man; my streak led me to conclude that the two of them valued my company—in view of the dangerous country we were traversing—more than I had supposed. Yet the puzzlement, the anxiety, were still alive, somewhere submerged in my mind. I did not altogether understand. . . .

Caxon, who was endlessly troubled by Spicer's futile attempts to be regarded as "leader," had given orders that no one, white or black, should leave the main party without his knowledge. It cost me nothing to obey him; I knew that, in the Papua bush, whatever authority spells disaster, and whatever opinion I might have held of Caxon in his private capacity, I knew him to be the best of bushmen.

On one afternoon, we had been climbing for some hours, having taken a route slightly different from that of the outward trip, and intending to cut across a ridge. This way brought us into a bit of new country; and so it was that, emerging suddenly on the top of the ridge, we came without any warning right upon one of the villages of the Tatata tribe. The people had heard us long before; their women, pigs, babies, and collections of skulls, were no doubt already carried off into the bush. We found the men awaiting us, plucky chaps that they were—thirty or forty naked creatures decked in feathers and shells and dogs' teeth, armed with the formidable bows of the rangers that can shoot you through at a hundred yards, and the stone club that smashes a skull as easily as a spoon smashes an egg. Not much to stand against our rifles—but they didn't know rifles; there was the trouble; and Caxon and myself were equally disinclined to stake a massacre, by way of teaching them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Rice Long Recognized Staple American Crop

Rice, according to a legend, was introduced into South Carolina accidentally in 1693, when a vessel bound for Liverpool from Madagascar was driven from her course by a storm and compelled to put into Charleston harbor for repairs. The captain, says the legend, presented Landgrave Smith and the settlers with a small bag of rice for seed, and from this seed sprang the entire American rice industry. Although this story has been retold by many of our best historians, there is ample evidence that it is a myth, says a writer in the Pathfinder Magazine. Two years before the incident is supposed to have occurred—1691—the rice industry had become so important in South Carolina that the provincial assembly granted a patent to Peter Jacob Gueraud, who had "lately invented and brought to perfection, a Pendulum

engine, which doth much better, and in less time and labour make rice, than any other heretofore hath been used within the Province." As a matter of fact a considerable quantity of rice was being raised in South Carolina within a few years after the first settlements were made. The promoters of the colony in England had not overlooked the possibilities of rice culture in the new territory and stated in their prospectus that "the meadows are very proper for rice." Sir William Berkeley had made an unsuccessful attempt to raise rice in Virginia as early as 1647.

Early Diving Suit
The diving suit is not so new as one might think. A patent was granted to John Stapleton on March 17, 1838, for "a new person so by him contrived as to permit a person enclosed in it to walk under water, and to a new invented way to force air into any depth of water to supply the person in the said engine therewith and for continuing a lamp burning under water; also a way to decrease and purify the air so as to make the same serviceable for respiration."

Century of Brilliant Women
Whatever the masculine attitude toward her, woman (of the Sixteenth century) was playing a widening social role. She was beginning to look askance at the fireside and family wash, and at least to gaze beyond the threshold of her home. In all of which may be seen a Sixteenth century version of woman's rights. It was a century of brilliant women; a mere list of their names is a bit dazzling: Marguerite d'Angoulême; Victoria Colonna; Anne Boleyn; Catherine de Medici; Diane de Poitiers; Sir Thomas More's daughter, Jeanne of Aragon; and a little later, Elizabeth, Mary Stuart and others.—From "Isabelina: Man of the Renaissance," by Samuel Putnam.

Why We Behave Like Human Beings

By GEORGE DORSEY, Ph. D., LL. D.

How the Hunger Mechanism Operates

HOW does the baby know it is hungry? It does know: and if born of an undernourished mother, has been hungry for days and enters the world grumpy.

We speak of drives, impulses, wishes, instincts, reflexes; but living beings must eat or they die. Hunger is back of life, the primordial drive in life. And if life waited for the doctors to decide whether hunger is physiology or psychology, life would starve to death.

The fact that an infant enters the world grumpy may be the most momentous single factor in a lifetime of behavior. The way the appetite back of that hunger complex becomes conditioned may be the decisive factor in shaping that individual's career. Without hunger and its attendant appetite there could be no genetic, visceral, or somatic behavior. Even psychics are believed to be subject to hunger.

Hunger has led to crime, to suicide, and to cannibalism, and the fear of it, to war. It can make us feel faint, give us dull headaches and gnawing pains—though we are not always certain whether the pains gnaw in the head or in the stomach, or whether it is the mouth that feels hungry. But we can get so hungry that the sight of food makes us "sick," or "too dog tired" to eat. But why a fast can cause one man to cantankerous and fit another for spiritual life is as yet a fair puzzle. What is certain is that if the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, the stomach is worth looking into.

It has been during the last fifteen years, and more learned of its nature than in 5,000 years' wondering about it. By cutting nerves, inserting balloons, and X-ray observations, Cannon cleared up much that was obscure. Carlson let in more light, chiefly by experimenting on a Czech who feeds himself through a tube in the wall of his abdomen because an accidental dose of strong caustic soda closed his esophagus years ago.

The hunger mechanism is in the muscular walls of the stomach. The stomach itself announces that it is hungry by violent rhythmic contractions lasting half a minute, alternating with mild normal or tonic rhythms of twenty seconds' duration. These alternating rhythms continue for from fifteen to twenty minutes. If this call for food is unanswered, the stomach gives up and remains quiet for from one to three hours. Then repeats the call.

That mechanism and an empty stomach come with evanescence. With one big difference between baby and adult: the time between unanswered calls is not hours, but minutes. The adult has already sated his body and can live on his fat; the baby has to build its body. An adult's stomach signals hunger from four to six hours after a full meal; the baby's within three hours—rarely more than three and a half or less than two and one-third hours. Thus nature answers a question often put to the doctor: when and how much? As much as its stomach will allow and as often as it cries for more. Solds, calves, and kittens grow up that way and seem to do well.

We feel hungry when, and in normal life only when, the empty stomach signals its hunger contractions. The more violent these contractions, the hungrier we feel; it becomes "painful." My hunger is sensed less as pain and more as a general kinesthetic sensation.

We have no specialized receptors for the many sensations by which we are aware of our bodily states and emotions. But the entire body within-the-skin is sensitive to pressure. Strong pressure anywhere on the body is felt within; hence pressure receptors, or muscle or kinesthetic sense. There is no special receptor for hunger. There is, however, a receptor for hunger pains, but we never sense them as we do cramp pains in skeletal muscles. The empty stomach contracts. Its contractions are stimuli. The reaction of such stimuli is completed with food. What happens in the meanwhile: what goes with hunger, what are the accessory phenomena? The animal gets more excited; beasts, babies, and men. Suppose the hungry baby is not fed, but the reaction begun with hunger contraction stimulus is never completed? Death, of course. Meanwhile it lives off its own body, suffering much at first, then less and less. Carlson starved himself for five days. He lost eight pounds. The hunger contractions increased in intensity. The sensation of hunger was strong ten hours after his last meal and continued strong for three days. Food soaked good throughout the five days, but the reaction began with hunger could forget food. He felt some mental depression the last two days, also loss of physical strength. But never during the fast was his discomfort so great that it could be called pain or suffering, nor did it interfere with his work. Mental recovery from the fast came with the first meal; recovery from physical weakness, after the second day. He then felt as if he had "a month's vacation in the moon." He thinks an occasional fast for a healthy adult "may add to the joy of living and to the length of life."

(© by George A. Dorsey.)

THE KITCHEN CABINET

"Are your shoulders bowed? Do your worries seem to double? Shift the burden. Of the cares that you are bearing—Shift the burden. Not a one is worth the sharing. Shift the burden."

COOKERY SUGGESTIONS

Desserts, cakes and cookies which may be made, put into the ice chest and baked the next day or a few baked during a period of several days will give the family fresh, delightful food at a small cost of time.

Ice Box Cookies.—Roll two and two-thirds cups of sugar, one-half cup of maple syrup and one-half cup of butter; cool, add one beaten egg, two teaspoonsful of vanilla, four cups of pastry flour, four teaspoonsful of baking powder sifted several times with the flour to blend it, one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of chopped nuts. Mix and make into rolls, lay on a cloth and place in the ice box. Cut and bake as many as are needed for the day. Remove them at once when baked or they will stick to the pan.

Delicate White Cake.—This is a recipe which makes a loaf or a two-layer cake, always fine-grained and tender of crumb. Take two cupsful of sifted pastry flour, three teaspoonsful of baking powder, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla and three egg whites beaten stiff. Cream the butter, add the sugar, then the flour well sifted with the baking powder alternately with the milk. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites at the last with the flavoring. Bake one hour if in a loaf, or twenty to twenty-five minutes if in layer tins.

Reliable Food Cake.—This is another reliable recipe that will always turn out well: Melt six ounces of bitter chocolate, one cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of milk; melt in the top of a double boiler, adding the sugar and milk; cool. Sift two cupsful of pastry flour, one teaspoonful of soda three times. Cream one-half cupful of butter or any sweet fat, add one cupful of brown sugar and beat until light and fluffy. Now add two eggs, unbeat, one at a time—beat well, then add the melted chocolate mixture and beat well. Add the flour alternately, a small amount at a time, beating well. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla and bake in layers. This makes three nine-inch layers. Bake thirty minutes. An orange filling for this cake is especially well liked.

Rabbit in Tomato Sauce.—Take one large rabbit, cut into serving sized pieces and dip each piece into flour and fry in a deep hot skillet. Season well with salt and pepper and one large chopped onion, one and one-half cupsful of tomato pulp and juice, and three cupsful of boiling water. Cover and simmer on the top of stove or in the oven for an hour. A little more thickening may be added if needed just before serving.

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Effect of Adversity
When a building is about to fall down all the mice desert it.—Pliny the Elder.

The metal cestum is soft enough to be cut with a knife.

Would Call New Planet Fax
England has taken great interest in the newly discovered planet. The selection of a name was also discussed. One commentator said that the astronomer should hand the task over to the League of Nations, and if so it probably would be called Fax.

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Famous Russian Fairs Abolished by Soviets

No more will Nizhni-Novgorod, in the heart of old Russia, and Baku, the oil center of the South, be the mecca of all sorts of picturesque merchants and traders come from all parts of Asia, Europe and the Soviet Union to participate in the annual fairs, which have played such an important role in the commerce of Moscow, both before and since the overthrow of the last of the czars. Such fairs are considered no longer necessary in modern Russia; nor are the public markets, in a recent issue of *Investia*, the official organ of the Soviet government, the closing of the fairs and markets was discussed by a member of the trade commission, who said: "The closing of the markets and fairs makes it necessary to find new ways of trading with the East. These new ways are already being worked out. They are to place business with the East upon a high level which will serve the interest of both the Oriental merchants and the Soviet Union better than the present methods."

Odd Situation Caused by Old Chinese Calendar

If winter comes can spring be behind? The question has found an unusual answer by a Chinese student in a Shanghai newspaper, who states and proves his point that in 1929 spring actually came on the calendar before New Year's day.

The old Chinese calendar, which was the lunar calendar of 1929, announced the festival of Li-chun, or spring's commencement day, on the twenty-fifth day of the twelfth moon, which was equivalent to February 4 on the solar calendar; whereas Chinese New Year did not come until February 10.

Since New Year's day is generally considered the commencement of the cold weather, it can safely be said that in China in 1929 spring came before winter. It is not likely to happen again, though, for the Nanking government has decreed that in future the lunar calendar is to be abolished, the foreign style calendar taking its place.

Land for Forest Crops

In western Oregon and Washington there are 10,000,000 acres, in both public and private holdings, which are permanently best suited for forest crops. In the whole of both states, says the American Tree association, there are probably 25,000,000 acres suitable only for permanent timber production. It is estimated that 36,500,000 acres in the inland empire, including Idaho and western Montana, or about 25 per cent of the area, is better adapted to forest growth than for any other purpose.

Bird's Many Names

The quail is also called bob-white in the North; in the South this same bird is known as the partridge or Virginia partridge. Barrows' "Michigan Bird Life" lists this in a separate family from that of the grouse, ptarmigan, partridge, etc., which includes the spruce partridge or spruce grouse; the ruffed grouse or common partridge; the Canada ruffed grouse; ptarmigan; prairie chicken, etc.

Guards Animal Feed

Uncle Sam, who watches over the food of the nation so carefully to see that the consumer is not cheated, is just as particular in the character of the food that is shipped for the animal population. During 1929 there were twenty-six seizures of stock feed on the ground of being below standard in protein and fat, and being overladen with crude fiber. The feeds seized included cottonseed meal, mixed feeds and beef scraps.

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He—Well, I'm not kissing you.
She—Anyhow, I thought I'd tell you.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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