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Market men and consumers are insisting on uniform color, now-a-days, and no real dairyman can afford to trust to luck any more. Keep your butter always that golden June shade, which brings top prices, by using Dandelion Butter color. All large creameries have used it for years. It meets all State and National Food Laws. It's harmless, tasteless and will not color Butter-milk. Large bottles cost only 35c at all drug and grocery stores.

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Christmas Present? Buy Italian Accordeon

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Height of Happiness

Dora—Are you happily married?
June—Indeed. My husband's scared to death of me.

When You Feel a Cold Coming On. Take Laxative BROMO GUININE Tablets to work off the Cold and to fortify the system against an attack of Grip or Influenza. 50c.—Adv.

More Treatment Needed

Instructor—Now don't you think her voice is improved?
Father—Yes, but it's not cured.

The BABY



Why do so many, many babies of today escape all the little fretful spells and infantile ailments that used to worry mothers through the day, and keep them up half the night?

If you don't know the answer, you haven't discovered pure, harmless Castoria. It is sweet to the taste, and sweet in the little stomach. And its gentle influence seems felt all through the tiny system. Not even a distasteful dose of castor oil does so much good.

Fletcher's Castoria is purely vegetable, so you may give it freely, at first sign of colic; or constipation; or diarrhea. Or those many times when you just don't know what is the matter. For real sickness, call the doctor, always. At other times, a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria.

The doctor often tells you to do just that; and always says Fletcher's. Other preparations may be just as pure, just as free from dangerous drugs, but why experiment? Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold!

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

Garfield Tea Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

Hill's Knocks COLDS

—in one day, HILL'S Cascara-Bromide-Quinine tablets knock a cold. Leave you feeling fine. Look for red box. 50c. All drug stores.

Alabaster Lamps

By MARGARET TURNBULL

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

"Mrs. Dabbs has been separated from me for some years. By mutual agreement she used her maiden name, but we've never been divorced," Claude explained.

Loren's brows drew together, but before he could speak Claude had slipped his hand through Mary's arm and brought her forward. "And my daughter, Mary Dabbs," Claude continued with pride. "You knew her, of course, as Mary Johnston."

"Just so," Loren Rangeley's cold smile took in the whole party, as he asked: "And the reason for this little family party? You see, I only expected to meet you, Dabbs, and talk business, so I am a little—surprised."

"Naturally," Claude agreed, "but as you were coming, we thought—"

Ned interrupted. "It's rather up to me to explain, Father. You see, I want to marry Claude Dabbs' daughter."

"I telegraphed you last night," Polly said, quietly, "to come at once. You see, Loren, I had never met your son, and naturally I wished to be assured—"

"Oh quite," Loren agreed hastily, his color coming back gradually. Then the red-headed beauty had not given him entirely away. It would have been awkward, especially in view of his relations with Claude. "The boy's of age, so my consent is hardly necessary. I congratulate you, Ned, on your choice," and he bent over the shrinking Mary's hand, and kissed it.

"Thanks, Dad," and for the first time in many months Ned's hand and his father's met in a hearty clasp. "And now," Ned turned to interpose between Polly and her daughter, "won't you allow Mary and me to leave you? You can discuss us so much more thoroughly, when we are gone," he said, smiling at Polly.

He put his arm about Mary, who was clinging to Claude's hand, and swept her from her father's grasp and through the door into Claude's bedroom, saying, "Your hat's in here, Mary." He closed the door and took her hat from the bed. "Put it on, darling, and not a word until we're clear."

Mary mechanically put on the hat, looked at herself in the glass and was whisked out into the hall, hurried to the elevator, and found herself being piloted to a gondola by a tall young man who laughed down at her and treated all the rest of the world as moving shadows.

He stooped to look under Mary's hat and the smile died out.

"That sort of an engagement will never hold me," Mary said quietly, meeting his eyes. "It was very cleverly done, but I can easily break it, and I will."

In the silence that followed this remark, she could hear Ned's heart beating hard and fast. "Then the idle apprentice hasn't won the master's daughter?"

"No."

"The little word seemed to echo about them, although she said it so low."

"That settles everything," Ned spoke slowly. "I'll go, tomorrow. You needn't be afraid," he added, "so stop shaking."

"You can't go. Father's fond of you."

"Yes, I'm fond of Claude Dabbs, too, but he'll have to get along without me. He has you. He won't care."

Ned reached in his pocket mechanically for a cigarette. Mary wished she could keep from looking at his mouth. What was there about it?

He was actually turning to speak to the gondolier, when Mary stopped him. They were nearing the fatal bridge and she knew now why she couldn't help looking at his mouth. It was because, warm, curving and generous, as it was now, it was shaped like Loren Rangeley's. If Ned were thwarted and disappointed, and denied, it might become in time the same straight, hard, lean line that his father's mouth had become. The thoughts were unbearable.

"Ned," whispered Mary, "we might try it—until Father and Mother make up their minds."

Ned looked at Mary with positive dislike. "That's Mrs. Johnston's daughter speaking," he said coldly. "I'm in love with Claude's."

"It's Mary Dabbs who is giving you a chance," she told him with spirit. "Mary Johnston would throw you over like that!" She snapped her fingers in an airy gesture. "So make up your mind, Loren Rangeley's son, for the offer will be withdrawn in a moment. Why should I," she asked of blue sea and sky, "jump for joy at the chance of marrying Ned Rangeley, when it comes to that?"

Neither sea nor sky answered, but Ned did. "Done!" and his hand pressed hers.

Loren Rangeley, after gravely discussing his business with Claude, though uneasily conscious of Polly sitting nearby, took his departure. Before he left, Claude had told him that Ned was to be his partner and personal representative, and Loren had expressed the hope that Ned, who as he said, "had fallen on his feet," would appreciate his good luck. He was

content, he said, to leave the boy in good hands.

When he had gone, Polly rose. "Better wait for the children," Claude suggested. "Why not dine here, Polly? We could all have dinner together quietly, and discuss Mary's plans for the future, and make our arrangements for her."

Polly stood irresolutely looking down at the Grand canal, just as her daughter had done that afternoon, oppressed by the tumult of her thoughts.

"I want you to know, Claude, that it wasn't the money—your money, it was Mary alone that brought me here today. You may not believe that, but it's true."

"Why, Jimmy, I knew it, Polly. No need for you to tell me that."

"I can get along," she told him, "on what I've left, especially if I live over here. Do what you like for Mary, but leave me out."

"How can I?" Claude asked. "Mary will want you, and I'll want you to stay with Mary, whatever her plans are, until she marries Ned. I'll keep away as far as I can. You'll have to



"Thanks, Dad," and for the First Time in Many Months Ned's Hand and His Father's Met.

let me play around with Mary a little, but I won't bother you. Of course, you can and will live where you like. But I think Mary will want you near her."

Polly sank into the chair at the window and played with her gloves. "Mary!" she murmured. "What's my life going to be like, without Mary?"

Claude looked down at her pityingly. "Well, you're going to have her for a little while yet. Your case isn't nearly as bad as mine, Polly. Mary won't want me to help buy her trousseau, but she will want you." He paused a moment and said, diffidently, "You will help me out with that—and some other things, won't you? You've no idea, Polly, how I've been hoping you'd take charge of the money and—"

"Spend it," Polly snapped.

Claude nodded. His face, turned toward her in the faint twilight, looked strangely pleased. "By Jimmy! It would be great to see some of it go for things women like."

Polly stared out over the water and was silent for awhile.

"You're rather wonderful, Claude Dabbs. I don't know that I quite take it in."

C. M. Dabbs moved uneasily. "Oh, I've just gone along," he told her, "doing what came uppermost. It's you that are the wonder, Polly. Look what you've made of yourself—and Mary. Though," he sighed, "I haven't hardly forgiven you yet for keeping Mary to yourself."

Polly rose. "Don't, Claude, you can't understand."

"Think I do," Claude told her, facing her. "I've given a lot of time to thinking that out, and it came over me with a flash, Polly, that in your place I would have done the same thing. What did you know about me?"

"Or you of me?"

"Well," said C. M., "it happened that way, and we acted each according to our natures; but if I can make Mary happy, and buy you both some

wings until his mate returns. But when at last the young are able to fly they are led from the nest, and they never return to it again. The beautifully made home is deserted, and three weeks later the parents prepare to rear another family in a new nest.

Sessions of Congress
The Constitution provided that the congress should assemble March 4, 1789, and thereafter convene "in every year" on the first Monday in December unless they shall by law appoint a different day. Up to and including May 20, 1820, 19 acts were passed naming dates other than December. Since then, with few exceptions, congress has convened in December.

Perfect Exponent of Bird Love Is Linnet
There are not two more devoted little lovers to be found than a pair of linnets. "I have often looked upon acts of devotion in the birds' world, but if you want to see bird love at its best you must watch the home life of the linnet," says Oliver G. Pike, the well-known ornithologist. Almost every action that they perform at the nest speaks of happiness, and you could not find any birds more attached to their young. If enemies approach, and they are surrounded, the hen will fall to the ground, showing the greatest bravery, and by feigning a broken wing or leg will drag herself along, keeping dangerously near the cat or wren, until she has attracted it far from the nest. While she is bravely doing her duty the male will stand by the young, covering them with his

pretty things now, that's something."

Polly looked at him in slow amazement. Before her his life seemed to spread out. He had tolled and grown rich, unspoiled. Claude was neither meek nor humble. He was wholly master of himself. Even while she determined never to ask the inevitable question, she heard it coming from her own lips.

"In all these years, there must have been some women—"

"You spoiled my taste for just women," Claude answered, bravely, "and I hadn't much time then, though I own—I missed 'em. I had a whole lot to look after. Tell you about it, some day, Polly, if you care to hear."

Polly nodded. She became aware that Claude was regarding her humorously.

"You'll notice," he said, as she looked up at him inquiringly, "I haven't asked how many men?"

Polly laughed. "They didn't count. I had Mary."

Claude laughed, too. "Well, you won't have her all to yourself, Polly, now that Ned's come into the story. You'd better try to like him. He's a nice boy, though his ways are sudden."

"I don't like his sudden ways," complained Polly. "How dare he say he's engaged to Mary!"

Claude's slow smile stopped her. "I guess Mary knows."

Polly looked at him, half angrily. "Were you playing for this?"

"Oh, Jimmy, no!" Claude gave a quick look at her. "I wanted the girl to myself a little while, but I know better than to interfere with young people when their minds are made up."

Then suddenly Polly realized. "Has—has she said anything to you about—when?"

"No, but if I know Ned, it will be soon. Will you go back with her to the White house, Polly, and stand by? We can talk everything over—later."

Polly hesitated and was conscious that Claude waited anxiously. "I must talk to Mary, first," she said, and saw the keen blue eyes regard her with a curious look of disappointment.

CHAPTER XV

Mary and Claude Dabbs were climbing Winding Willow road on their way to Clover Hollow. Venice was barely three weeks behind them, but as Mary confided to her father, it seemed more like three years, or as though Venice had never been.

Claude gave her an odd little look, and immediately Mary put her head on his shoulder and told him that of course she didn't mean exactly that. Claude agreed that he thought she couldn't, possibly.

Directly behind them was Peace Valley and the grocery. In front of the grocery Polly had climbed out of Mary's car and into Ned's. She sat there waiting for him.

That was the sore spot in Mary's heart. Mother had come back rebelliously to the White house, though outwardly quiet and acquiescent.

During all the journey home she had remained secluded in her stateroom while Mary, Claude and Ned had paced the decks together and tried to arrange their lives and hers. She still called herself Mrs. Johnston. While she acknowledged Mary's engagement to Ned, and spoke to Claude when necessary, she steadfastly refused to enter Claude's store or home. He might, and did, lavish all that money could buy on Mary, yet Mary's mother continued to live on her own slender income.

"While I refuse to enter the grocer's shop," she told Mary with finality, "I cannot accept the grocer's money."

When Mary demanded that the whole world, and especially Peace Valley, be told that this was her own father, Polly told her calmly, but determinedly, that that day would see her depart from Peace Valley, Clover Hollow and Mary. Mary must be content that Loren Rangeley knew and that there would be no divorce. That was as far as Polly Johnston was prepared to go, at present.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Democracy Born of Old Nordic Customs?

American democracy is derived from the social and governmental institutions of the ancient Scandinavians, the original Nordics, declares Charles J. McGuirk in an article in Liberty. "American institutions are Nordic," the writer asserts. "Congress is an echo of the Scandinavian 'Thing,' an assembly of the people about the mounds of their dead at which they listened to the advice of the Old Man of the tribe. Our state legislatures follow the 'Heraldthing,' a local assembly.

"Democracy was not born in America," the writer continues. "It had its birth in Norway when Harald Fairhair destroyed the power of the 'herstirs' (kings) and placed the leadership of the people among the 'jarls,' high-born local chiefs who had won to leadership of the host and certain districts by their warlike qualities."

The Right Sound

A little boy came to the desk of the Brightwood branch library and requested that the librarian give him a book called "Silence Mournful" for his high school brother.

"Are you sure that you have the name right?" the librarian asked dubiously.

"Well, it's something like that," the boy replied. "It's by the same person who wrote 'The Mill on the Floss.'"

"Oh, you must mean Silas Marner," the librarian smiled, running to get the book.

"Well, I had the right sound, anyway, didn't I?" the boy asked defiantly as by-standers laughed.—Indianapolis News.

Made Bee-Keeping Pay

A woman is the champion "bee king" of South Dakota. She is Mrs. Charles H. Blackwell of Rapid City, who ships 50,000 pounds of honey from her bee farm annually. As a child Mrs. Blackwell was mortally afraid of bees. Seeking a business career after her mother died, however, she invested \$75 in her first bees. She now has 375 colonies. Some swarms contain as many as 75,000 bees.

STOP CROUP IN 15 MINUTES

Croup usually comes suddenly—at midnight—without warning. Be prepared to open the dangerously clogged throat at once. Have on hand this physician's prescription which often brings relief in 15 minutes—no vomiting. Used in millions of homes for 25 years. The quickest known relief for Coughs, Colds and Whooping Cough. If you have children, get a bottle of this time-tried remedy—Dr. Drake's Glycerine—from your druggist. Only 50c a bottle.

Modern Industry

Modern industry is a gripping game, not only because of the kick there is in it but because of the satisfaction it affords.

The warrior cannot look back on his victory without seeing the corpses of those he had done to death, but the industrialist can amass a fortune and still claim he has done more good than harm.—New York Telegram.

He Does

Dad—Bobby, do you ever have any difficulty with "shall" and "will" in school?
Bobby—Never. Teacher says "You shall" and I say "I will."

Pestiferous Insect

"Pa," said Clarence, "what is the name of this pest that is such a great enemy of cotton?"
"The silkworm, son," replied his dad.—Vancouver Province.

Reliable

San Francisco, Calif.—"I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it was a wonderful benefit to me. Just a few bottles built me up in health and strength and helped me in every way. I am glad to recommend it and I cannot praise it too highly for the benefit I received from it. I was a reliable informed that all of Dr. Pierce's remedies are first-class and equal to all that is claimed for them."—Mrs. Laura Newman, 1019A Golden Gate Ave.
All druggists. Tablets or Liquid. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. of tablets, and write for free medical advice.

Stop Coughing

The more you cough the worse you feel and the more inflamed your throat and lungs become. Give them a chance to heal.

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Has been giving relief for sixty-one years. Try it. 30c and 50c bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

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Pleasant to give—pleasant to take. Guaranteed purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. It quickly overcomes colic, diarrhoea, flatulency and other like disorders. The open published formula appears on every label.
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INFLAMED LIDS

It increases the irritation. Use MITCHELL'S EYE SALVE, a simple, dependable, safe remedy. Lie at all drug stores. Made in New York City.

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DR. STAFFORD'S olive tar

heals sore throat. Don't cough all night—a few drops gives quick relief. Never fails.

colds and asthma

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Not Too Original

A young literary aspirant strode triumphantly into the office of a well-known daily paper.

"Well, did you read my poem?" he asked the editor.

"Oh, yes—long before you did," was the reply.

Demand

BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin prescribed by physicians and proved safe by millions over 25 years for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

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