



Hard and Gnarled
Bishop Bristol said at a dinner in Washington:
"Old age mellow some of us, while others it makes hard and gnarled."
"Jethro, an aged woman said to her aged husband, 'we've lived together nearly fifty years now, Heigho, it can't last forever. It won't be long before one of us will have to go.'"
"Don't worry, Hannah," the old man soothed her. "Don't worry, my dear."
"No," she said, "but I was just thinkin', Jethro, that when it does happen I'd kinder like to live in Miami."

This Little Girl Got Well Quick



"Just after her third birthday, my little daughter, Connie, had a serious attack of intestinal flu," says Mrs. H. W. Turnage, 217 Cadwalder St., San Antonio, Texas. "It left her very weak and pale. Her bowels wouldn't act right, she had no appetite and nothing agreed with her."
"Our physician told us to give her some California Fig Syrup. It made her pick up right away, and now she is as robust and happy as any child in our neighborhood. I give California Fig Syrup full credit for her wonderful condition. It is a great thing for children."

Children like the rich, fruity taste of California Fig Syrup, and you can give it to them as often as they need it, because it is purely vegetable. For over 50 years leading physicians have recommended it, and its overwhelming sales record of over four million bottles a year shows it gives satisfaction. Nothing compares with it as a gentle but certain laxative, and it goes further than this. It regulates the stomach and bowels and gives tone and strength to these organs so they continue to act normally, of their own accord.

There are many imitations of California Fig Syrup, so look for the name "California" on the carton to be sure you get the genuine.

"Ship of the Desert"
A huge automobile designed by a German engineer for desert travel would be a veritable four-storied desert ship, carrying 150 passengers and having two Diesel engines, a wireless room, de luxe cabins, baggage room and a promenade deck.

Merely Investigating
"I say, did you have an accident?"
"Not at all. Didn't you notice? I turned the car upside down to see what made the wheels go round."—Melbourne Times.

Thinking is but discovering the relations between things.



WHAT DR. CALDWELL LEARNED IN 47 YEARS PRACTICE

A physician watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the system and is not habit forming. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it.
Dr. Caldwell did not approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for anybody's system. In a practice of 47 years he never saw any reason for their use when Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly.
Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope, but go to the nearest druggist and get one of the generous bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. H. B. Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

The Red Road
A Romance of Braddock's Defeat
By HUGH PENDEXTER Illustrations by Irwin Myers
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CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Run fast!" he hissed. "To the water-gate!"
Pontiac's voice thundered a command. The Onondaga muttered:
"The Ottawa chief tells his children to watch the gates and the stockade and kill anyone trying to get out."

Once outside the lodge and we were in darkness. Thirty yards away and we had lost ourselves in a wild crowd of savages. But as we pressed on Pontiac's stentorian voice gradually reached an intelligence here and there; and from different points and in all the dialects of the northern and Ohio tribes, the word was passed to guard the stockades and gates.

"Take the man Beland alive!" roared a voice; and I knew that Beauvais at last had connected my identity up with my French name and that Beauvais now understood all.

"Why this way?" I asked the Onondaga as we reached the stockade on the river front.

"Stand on my shoulders, white brother, and go over," he directed.

"There's the witch-woman—"
"She's on the other side. Shall we join her, or face about and die like chiefs?"

I scrambled to his shoulders and went to the top of the timbers. I reached down a hand, but scoring all assistance Round Paw swarmed over the barrier. The two of us dropped to the ground within a few feet of the river.

It was very dark and I was completely bewildered.

"This way, mister," called a low voice.

The Onondaga dragged me after him. My hand rested on a canoe.

"Who's there?" I whispered.
"Daughter of witches," was the half-laughing, half-sobbing reply. "But please don't stop to talk, mister."

It was time I scrambled into the canoe, for a chorus of yells was now raised on the other side of the stockade and only a few feet away. I tripped over a rifle as the Onondaga pushed the light craft into the current. I picked it up and found it familiar to my hands.

"Whose rifle is this?" I whispered.

"Hush!" cautioned the girl. Then proudly, "It's yours. I was at the door when the trouble began. I reached in and took it when Mr. Beauvais commenced calling you a spy."

"Talk will kill us," granted the Onondaga as he pushed a paddle into my hands and began working desperately to reach the slack water along the opposite bank. His warning was timely for I could hear the plop, plop of heavy bodies dropping over the stockade. There came an explosion of mad rage that made my heart vibrate. The Onondaga proudly informed us:

"They have found Little Wolf in the lodge. I crept under the wall and shot him with his own arrow. He made a choking noise. The Wolf man thought some of those outside would know the truth. There was Pontiac. He talks with ghosts and they tell him secrets. It was he who told Little Wolf to kill me. Pontiac saw me at Detroit and knew my heart was warm for the English. Little Wolf was to shoot me through the hole in the robes when I danced by. If my white brother had not been in danger, I should have shot Pontiac after telling him to march by with the others."

"They are over the wall; they will take canoes and follow us!" I warned.

"Mister, I spoiled all the canoes I could find before going to the house where you was eating. They can't catch us with boats."

"You have done well, little woman. What does Round Paw do now?"
We were at the opposite shore.

"We will go up the river instead of down," he answered. "They will think we went down to the Ohio. If the man Beauvais had not come we would have shown them some new magic."

"You knew about Beauvais?" I asked Round Paw.

"The witch-woman told me. She asked my help. She waited outside the house to stop Beauvais from seeing you. It was the witch-woman who said we would leave by water. She was to be outside the stockade by the water-gate. She has a very strong medicine."

"So it was you who saved me, little woman," I said to her.

"Lor's sake! Don't believe nothing that Injun tells you. He saved you; not me. And now I can't go to Canada."

"Wait until after the war. It will be a short war," I told her, little realizing my fallibility as a prophet.

"We must leave the river before the first light," spoke up the Onondaga. "Pontiac will lead the chase. He is a very great man. He knows we took to water. He will send men along both shores to find where our trail leaves the river. He will throw many men between us and Braddock. If the witch-woman takes to the air and flies like a bird, then Round Paw and his brother can walk slowly and laugh at the wild Ottawas."

He was disappointed when I told

him the girl could not fly like a bird and that any plans we made must include her. I told him of my efforts to shield Allaquippa's village from attack and expressed my fear that Beauvais would now do the thing I had convinced him he should not do. This furnished the Onondaga with a double errand to the Delaware village; he must warn the woman sachem and tell Cromit to carry my warning to the army that the Turtle Creek route, though rough, would be free from successful ambushes.

"You will take the same talk, but separate from the bonebreaker," I added. "The woman and I will leave you at the mouth of Turtle creek and follow it up for a bit and seek the army in that direction. Surely one of the three of us men will take the talk through to Braddock."

CHAPTER VIII

Our Orendas Are Strong

Half a mile below the mouth of Turtle creek the Monongahela grew very shallow with scarcely more than a ripple of water in places. The three of us held a brief conference



"Set Me Down! Set Me Down!"

and decided that Round Paw should take the canoe to the western bank and make Allaquippa's town afoot. The girl and I waded to the eastern shore.

We left the river in the first gray light of morning and ran swiftly, the girl's thin face revealing her determination not to hinder my progress by any display of weakness; and as we ran she spied out the country ahead while I kept watch over our back-track. Every time I glanced behind me I fully expected to behold a flitting form of a savage. We arrived at Turtle creek, a short distance above its mouth, without hearing the Indians' cry of discovery.

We forded the creek and paused for a minute for her to rest. Our breathing spell was terminated by a faint halloo. The voice came from far off, and as it was not repeated we did not agree as to the direction. The girl insisted it was north of us, while my ears placed it as coming from the northwest, at about the point on the Monongahela where we had abandoned the canoe. Thankful it was not ahead of us we resumed our flight. We had not proceeded more than fifty rods before the girl, who was in the lead, gave a little cry and came to a halt.

"Where?" I whispered, glaring about to find what had alarmed her.

"Among the brambie-bushes," she faintly replied, pointing her short rifle toward a thicket and pressing a hand to her side.

I saw it and directed:

"Go ahead a bit and wait for me."

It was no sight even for a border-bred woman to behold unless grim necessity compelled. After she had passed on I examined the dead man. He had been shot through the body and scapula. He was a Frenchman, for he wore the white uniform with

black facings that distinguished the marines from the troops of the line, whose facings were blue. As the buzzards had not commenced to gather it was plain he must have met death twelve hours back, or in the evening. An ax was tightly gripped in the right hand and there was a gash in the handle where another blade had struck. In the darkness he and his assailant had fought blindly.

I overtook the girl, who was standing before a thick tangle of pea-vines and trailers. When I would have taken the lead in striking this barrier, she motioned me to wait. Time was too precious to wait, but before I could say as much I heard a faint cry.

"I knew I heard it," she muttered.

"But 't is only the howl of a wolf."

"Indian lungs are behind that howl," I told her. "It's up the creek."

"You think a Injun made it, mister?"

"The howl was repeated and sounded clearer."

"I'm positive," I said. As if to guarantee the certainty of my words the signal was answered on our left and again from the direction of the river.

"They are close after us," I whispered. "They're calling to each other to meet on this creek. They'll find our trail. There's but one way open: we must double back by the Frazier cabin, and, if sighted before we enter the forest below it, we can take shelter there and try to stand them off till night."

"If we can find the cabin, we can make a good fight," she stoutly declared.

John Frazier, trader and blacksmith, was a staunch supporter of the English. He had served the colonies more than once as an interpreter, and before coming to the mouth of Turtle creek had lived for twelve years at Venango, or until driven out by the French in 1753. He had been of assistance to Colonel Washington in 1754 and was commissioned a lieutenant in Trent's command when it was instructed to fortify the forks of the Ohio.

"I can find the cabin easy enough," I assured her, and we swung out from the creek and doubled back. As we ran we could hear the "wolves" howling from three points of the compass, their signals sounding clearer each minute and proving that several bands would soon come together at the creek. I began to doubt the wisdom of proceeding farther toward the cabin. I feared we would be cut off and surrounded. To turn our backs to the creek and plunge through the dense forest and trust our lives to our legs appeared as being the best plan.

"Are you able to keep going all day through the forest?" I asked her.

"I am very tired," she confessed.

"It's so long since I had a good sleep, mister. There was last night—"

"I know," I broke in, for time was all too short. "You couldn't do it."

A glance at her pinched face told me she was fairly exhausted. And in our haste to make good time we had in spots left signs the savages could easily follow at a run.

"The cabin it must be," I said and trying to speak cheerfully. "Frazier will have plenty of powder and bullets. Perhaps some spare trade guns!"

"You could make it alone through the woods to the army," she said, her words coming in jerks.

"I can make it no faster than you can."

"I'm thinking you're telling a lie, mister," she gravely rebuked, but resumed running.

"A quavering cry up the creek made my skin prickle."

"Hang on to your rifle," I ordered as I seized her and threw her over my shoulder, holding her with one arm and carrying my own gun in my left hand. With a fine spurt of speed I covered several hundred yards. She began kicking and squirming, and demanded:

"Set me down! Set me down! You'll git us both killed!"

I did as she requested, not because I was too weary to carry her farther, but because her rifle was swinging wildly and striking the bushes and leaving a trail an ox could follow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Many Old Cloisters in City of London

Ancient cloisters, or parts of them, are still to be found in many parts of London; they are reminders of the days when the city boasted spacious monastic establishments.

In St. Bartholomew-the-Great at Smithfield—relic of a wealthy priory—are some ruins of the old cloister. A Zeppelin bomb in 1915 helped to reveal a further portion of this, buried under the present ground level.

Cloisters in miniature, with wooden archings, may be seen at Ely place adjoining the chapel—all that remains of the palace of the bishops of Ely. The cloister-garth is planted with fig trees.

St. Paul's has only a few fragments of its old cloisters. They were de-

stroyed with the fabric of old St. Paul's in 1696. It is at Westminster abbey that you may see the finest cloisters in London. Besides the Great cloisters there are the Little cloisters, where the monks' infirmary once stood, and the Dark cloister that leads to the Norman undercroft.

Paint Top and Bottom

In order to last, shelves should be protected with paint or varnish on the bottom as well as the top and sides. It is no respecter of surfaces, and will attack and wear away one side as well as another. Therefore, it is best to paint or varnish the entire shelf as soon as it is put up.

American Possessions

The area of Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, the Canal zone, Virginia Islands, Guam, American Samoa, Wake and Midway Islands is equal to that of seven American states as follows: Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Idaho, Utah and Arizona.

Dethroned His Idol

Beethoven originally inscribed his third symphony to Napoleon. The composer regarded Napoleon as the champion of human rights. History records that when Napoleon became emperor Beethoven tore the title page from his manuscript and threw it to the ground.

Not a Chance

Another thing a man can't understand is why his wife always is looking in his direction when he spills ashes on the rug and he gets no chance to take his handkerchief out and dust them around so they won't be noticed.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mixed Meanings

A New York city school teacher tells about a little boy whose coat was so difficult to fasten that she went to his assistance. As she tugged at the hook, she asked: "Did your mother hook this coat for you?" "No," was the reply, "she bought it."

Business Year

A fiscal year is the time between one annual time of settlement of balancing of accounts and another. Unless otherwise specified the fiscal year regularly ends on December 31. The United States government's fiscal year ends June 30.

Sweet Words

Passengers in a crashing plane will find comfort in the War department assurance that a man cannot fall faster than 118 miles an hour no matter how far he drops.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Metals in History

Copper is one of the six metals mentioned in the Old Testament. The Bible refers to Tubal-Cain, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." Brass is a copper alloy.—Detroit News.

Barbarous Penalty

After the Norman conquest of England mutilation as a form of punishment appears to have been substituted for other forms, such as hanging, decapitation, burning and pushing from rocks.

Without Success

As a rule the most uninteresting news is what persons try to get in the paper and the most interesting is what they invariably try to keep out.—Elizabethtown News.

Passing Observation

An optimist is a man who thinks the little trunk on the back of the car will hold all his wife will want to take on their trip.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Leaps and Bounds Typified

The automobile industry, says one of its executives, is growing by leaps and bounds, which, as a result of it, is exactly the way the pedestrians are going.

Civilization

"What we call civilization," said H. Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "often proves little more than a desire to follow the fashion."—Washington Star.

Moon's Color Changes

The moon takes on various colors according to the condition of the atmosphere of the earth, through which the light must pass to reach us.

The Real Toilers

To parody the rhyme—man has tried everything under the sun, but woman's work has just begun.—Home Companion.

Illusions Worth While

Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone you may still exist, but you have ceased to live.—Mark Twain.

Tribulation's Dangers

Tribulation will not hurt you unless it hardens you and makes you sour and narrow and skeptical.—Chapin.

The Easier Line

It is much easier to criticize than to be correct.—Dittrahl.

Clean Kidneys By Drinking Lots of Water

Take Salts to Flush Kidneys if Bladder Bothers or Back Hurts

Eating too much rich food may produce kidney trouble in some form, says a well-known authority, because the acids created excite the kidneys. Then they become overworked, get sluggish, clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region, rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, begin drinking lots of good water and also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity; also to neutralize the acids in the system so that they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to help keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus often avoiding serious kidney disorders.

Babies are merely little domestic squalls that cause men to walk the floor at night.



Makes Life Sweeter

Children's stomachs sour, and need an anti-acid. Keep their systems sweet with Phillips Milk of Magnesia! When tongue or breath tells of acid condition—correct it with a spoonful of Phillips. Most men and women have been comforted by this universal sweetener—more mothers should invoke its aid for their children. It is a pleasant thing to take, yet neutralizes more acid than the harsher things too often employed for the purpose. No household should be without it.

Phillips is the genuine, prescription product physicians endorse for general use; the name is important. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Go-getters are those sent out by the Big Mogul in the arm chair to bring in the stuff.

CAN'T PRAISE IT ENOUGH

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her So Much



Kingston, Mo.—"I have not taken anything but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for 14 months and I cannot praise it enough. I weighed about 100 pounds and was not able to do any kind of work. My household was done by my mother and my out-of-doors work was not done. I have taken four bottles of the Vegetable Compound and now I am well and strong and feel fine. I got my sister-in-law to take it after her last baby came and she is stronger now. I cannot praise it enough."—Mrs. HATTIE V. EASTIN, R. 1, Kingston, Missouri.

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