

that sluggish feeling

Put yourself right with nature by chewing Feen-a-mint. Works mildly but effectively in small doses. Modern—safe—scientific. For the family.

Feen-a-mint



SAN FRANCISCO



HOTEL CALIFORNIAN
TAYLOR AT O'FARRELL

MULTNOMAH HOTEL
4th and Pine—Portland, Ore.
A Hotel where you are welcome
Fireproof Room-bath \$2.00 up

LADY AGENTS To sell Ladies Coiffers \$22.50 each. Can make \$1.00 a day. Every farm house needs it. Write for information. **BELL PIPE & TANK CORPORATION** Portland Oregon

Old Gold Wanted—We buy Old Gold, Silver, Discarded Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Rings, Gold Teeth, Crowns, Brides, Jewels returned at our expense if offer refused. Simpson's, Columbus Circle, Dept. B. N. Y.

Tribute
"Your partner imitates a dog most realistically over the radio."
"So naturally that people are sending him dog biscuits."

To keep clean and healthy take **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets**. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

The ruling pen must be mightier than the sword.



Kill Rats Without Poison

A New Extremator that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chickens. K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, oven-dried under the Cannable process which insures maximum strength. Used by County Agents in most rat-killing campaigns. Money-Back Guarantee. Insist upon K-R-O, the original Squill exterminator. All drug stores, poultry supply and seed houses, 5c. \$1.25 \$2.50. Direct if dealer cannot supply you. K-R-O Co., Springfield, Ohio.

K-R-O KILLS-RATS-ONLY

Easy to Spank
One of nature's curiosities is the great difference in the size of the kangaroo and its young—a mother being normally about four feet high and 200 pounds in weight, while her one or three babies when born are only one inch in length and weigh less than a mouse.—Collier's Weekly.

There is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness.—Carlyle.

Stomach Troubles Headache and Dizziness

If your stomach is sick, you are sick all over. If you can't digest your food, you lose strength, get nervous and feel as tired when you get up as when you went to bed.

For 10 years Tanlac has restored to health and activity many thousands who suffered just as you do.

Mr. Daniel Vinciguerra, of 6200 Stiles St., Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have not had a dizzy spell or a headache since taking Tanlac. My nerves are in better shape and I can enjoy a good night's sleep."

Let Tanlac help you too. It corrects the most obstinate digestive troubles—relieves gas, pains in the stomach and bowels, restores appetite, vigor and sound sleep.

Tanlac is made of roots, barks and herbs. Costs less than 2 cents a dose. Get a bottle from your druggist today. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

W. N. U., Portland, No. 20-1931.

The Plains of Abraham

By James Oliver Curwood

© by Doubleday Doran Co., Inc. WNU Service.

CHAPTER XI—Continued

The fires burned down until they were eyes in the night. Hours passed, and the Senecas listened in the stillness as if oppressed by fear. At last they heard the chanting of a voice coming nearer as fast as a canoe could travel. It was the death song with which Tiaoga had grieved for his daughter, and the savages were moved by it as leaves are moved by a wind. The suspense was broken, for in the song of grief was also a note of triumph which brought the message that Tiaoga had been successful in his pursuit. Fresh fuel was piled on the fire, and the flames leapt high. When Tiaoga and his companions came from the river, they brought no prisoner with them. Yet a fierce light shone in their countenances as they entered the illumination, and beginning his death song again Tiaoga snatched a burning brand and flung it into the midst of the pitchy material about the torture stake. In a moment a winding sheet of flame licked its way up the pole, and around this Tiaoga danced, finishing his song to the crackling of the pitch. He described how they had overtaken the fleeing ones at the edge of the great rocks beyond which the water thundered in a maelstrom. The blind man had fought with a hatchet he had stolen from Ah De Bah's tepee until another blade was sunk in his brain to quiet him. He was a devil in his blindness, and Tiaoga pointed to Shindas, who held back his buckskin shirt to show a long and bleeding gash. The white man was dead, and his body, weighted by the darkness of his soul, was gone forever in the deep waters beyond the rocks.

But the unclean one who had tricked them, the girl whose evil spirit had come to bring dishonor upon them and to desecrate the soul of Soi Yan Makwun, they had taken alive. Tiaoga's face grew livid. His soul had gone so black when they caught her that he could see only death, for he heard his daughter's voice crying to him for vengeance. So he had killed the treacherous one. He had killed her at the command of Silver Heels, whose spirit was singing to him. He had killed the white girl with his own hands and had flung her body to disappear with that of the blind man.

Suddenly Tiaoga drew from its hiding place next his breast a thing which brought a gasp to the lips of those about him. All recognized it as Toinette's beautiful braid of hair streaming from the bleeding scalp the savage held above his head.

Tiaoga became more than ever a fiend in the flesh as he danced about the stake. Flecks of blood from the red scalp struck his face. At the height of his madness he flung it into the heart of the pitchwood fire.

Soi Yan Makwun was avenged and the demand of his people answered.



Tiaoga Became More Than Ever a Fiend in the Flesh as He Danced About the Stake.

At noon of the second day of his journey Jeems came to the village of Kanestio, whose chief was Matozee, or Yellow Bear. He had traveled the seventy miles in thirty hours, and was determined to return as quickly, for he was troubled deeply by the thought that Toinette was alone at a time when the sentiment of the Indians was turning against them. Why he and not a tribal runner had been sent to Yellow Bear puzzled him, and the fact that he bore a message of small importance increased his uneasiness.

He had scarcely reached Kanestio when his weapons, a knife and hatchet, were taken from him and he was brought to Matozee. This individual,

who was killed at Lake George the following year and who was a boy in appearance though the French held him among the bravest fighters of the Six Nations, informed Jeems that he was a prisoner. He said Tiaoga had defaulted in a payment of corn that was due, and Jeems was to cover part of the obligation. Matozee tersely explained the agreement between the chiefs. If Jeems attempted to escape and was caught by his warriors, he would be killed; if by any chance he succeeded in getting back to Chenusfo, then he would answer to Tiaoga, with his life. A dead line was drawn encircling the tepee in which he was to live, and he found himself under a surveillance little less strict than that accorded to a prisoner whose fate was to be torture or death.

The fourth afternoon he perceived an excited gathering of women and children some distance from him but paid no attention to it. Depressed by fears which had become unbearable, he was determined to gain his freedom before another dawn. Increasing cloudiness during the afternoon and a promise of storm with the beginning of evening added to his hopes for success. Thunder and rain came with darkness, and he feigned sleep at an early hour. It was almost midnight when he sat up and listened to the downpour. He was about to rise to his feet, certain that no Senecas would be lying in the deluge, when he heard the sodden rustle of the skin flap to the tepee as it was drawn back and some one entered.

In a moment a small voice whispered his name. Cold hands found him as he held out his arms. He felt a child's drenched form.

Then came choking words half smothered in the heat of the storm: "I am Wood Pigeon. I ran away from Chenusfo three days ago. I have come to tell you Silver Heels is dead."

Lightning flashes which accompanied the storm that night revealed a solitary figure hurrying through the wilderness toward Chenusfo, a figure which sped until it was winded and then continued at a slower pace with a persistence no heat of rain or blast of wind could halt.

The traveler was Jeems. Wood Pigeon had repeated the message Toinette entrusted to her a few minutes preceding her flight with Hepstah Adams, and no blackness was so thick that it hid from him the tortured faces of his wife and his blind uncle as they beckoned him to vengeance.

Even vengeance seemed futile and inadequate. Hope did not rise in his breast. He had hoped when he knew his mother was dead, he had hoped as he sought for life among the ruins of Tonteur manor, he had never quite given up hope that his uncle was alive. But now it was impossible for him to find that saving grace within his mental reach. As he went on, he was slowly dispossessed of the power to hate, though every snow in his body was bent with implacable resolution in its mission of death. He would kill Tiaoga. He would kill Shindas. There would be only justice and no gratification of the flesh or the spirit in his act. A greater and more encompassing thing than the impulse which had sent him from Matozee's village began to choke him with a force that was sickening. It was his loneliness. The vastness of the world. The sudden going of the one who had remained to make it habitable for him. Without Toinette there was no reason for his existence, no reason why it should continue to give him the warmth of life. Toinette was dead. It was a fate predestined from the beginning, something he had always feared vaguely. Nothing counted now; to kill Tiaoga and Shindas would not cause a rift in the hopelessness which lay ahead of him.

He advanced with a speed which would have exhausted him at any other time. As the hours passed, an explanation for this haste gathered in his consciousness. He was going home. That in all of its significance was the cabin in which Toinette and he had lived. Their home. A thing that had not gone with her body and yet was a part of her which he would find as he had left it when he came to the end of the trail, unless Tiaoga had destroyed that, too.

He reached Chenusfo. The place gleamed with pools of water. Suspicious dogs appeared to identify him, but the people were asleep. He found his cabin with the door closed as it would have been if Toinette were asleep inside. He could feel her presence when he entered. But she was not there. He made a light cautiously and screened it so that eyes outside could not see. The floor, the walls, the room were illumined faintly. He began to put his hands on things, to gather them here and there, making a bundle of his treasures on the table—her things. When he had prepared the bundle he armed himself with a

knife and a hatchet and his bow, then extinguished the light and went out, closing the door behind him. He sought Shindas, for his plan was to kill him first. Then he would kill Tiaoga. Shindas was not in his tepee. The place was empty and his weapons were gone, evidence that he was away on a journey. For a few moments after this discovery, Jeems stood in the shadow of an oak looking at Tiaoga's dwelling place. The urge to destroy was not strong in him. The gentle whispering among the trees and the drip of water from their foliage combined in a melody of peace which struggled to turn him from the thought of death. It might have won if a tall figure

had not come out of the tepee he was watching. Jeems knew it was Tiaoga. The chieftain advanced toward him as if an invisible fate were leading him to his execution. Then he paused. The moon was bright. It lit up his features thirty yards away as he gazed into a mystery of distance which his eyes could not penetrate. What had brought him, what he was thinking, what the night held for him, Jeems did not ask himself. He struck his bow and fitted an arrow. Then he called Tiaoga's name in a low voice to let him know that retribution had come. The bow twanged and a slender shaft sped through the moonlight with the winged sound of a hummingbird. He heard the arrow strike. Tiaoga did not cry out. His hands clutched at his breast as he sank to the earth and lay there a motionless blot.



He Heard the Arrow Strike.

Jeems went down the river. For many days he hid along its shores seeking for Toinette's body. He saw Senecas pass and re-pass, but as he traveled almost entirely in the water he was successful in evading them. When he reached Lake Ontario, he turned eastward, still carrying his bundle. At night he slept with it close to his face, breathing the precious incense of Toinette's things. Sometimes he held to his lips the piece of red cloth she had worn around her hair.

No spring of action encouraged him to return to Forbidden valley or the Richelieu, and it was chance and not a definite purpose which brought him to the place on Lake Champlain called Ticonderoga by the Indians. This was late in the summer of 1756. The French had occupied a point of land and were building Fort Vaudreuil and Fort Carillon. Jeems seized upon these activities with the avidity of one who at last had found something to assuage a killing hunger. He joined Montcalm's forces and was given a musket and a spade in place of his bow and arrows.

He entered now an apprenticeship of digging and building in the earth where the forts were going up. The work and its environment, the excitement of war, and the ever-increasing news of French victories were a relief to his broken spirits, but they did not thrill him. He fought against this apathy. He tried to hate once more. He repeated to himself many times that the English and their Indians were responsible for the tragedies which had befallen his loved ones. But he could not rise to the passion for vengeance. He wanted to fight, he wanted to see the English and their allies overwhelmed, but his emotions were as dull as they were implacable. They burned with a fatalistic evenness which neither triumph nor defeat could raise to great heights or lower to the depths they had plumbed. Death could never stir him again as it had already stirred him, no shames could sicken him and no victory bring to him the remotest gladness of the song he had chanted in the firelight at Chenusfo.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bus Passengers Out of Luck in Spanish Town

The poorer class of Spain believes that if you cannot catch the man who deserves punishment, the best thing to do is to punish some one else, even if vengeance is exacted upon those who knew nothing about what had happened.

In a little village in the province of Valencia a small boy was knocked down and slightly injured by a passing automobile. The driver did not stop, but the villagers decided that some one ought to be punished. So they lined up in the main street, under command of the magistrate, toammel the first automobilist who came through.

Unluckily, the first car was a big

bus. It was halted and the driver and all the passengers were pulled out and given a thorough beating. None of them knew what it was all about, but the punishment was so real that 15 had to be treated by doctors when the bus reached the nearest city and three had to go to a hospital.

Resourceful Officer

When two men who had stolen an automobile were surprised by a Marylebone (England) policeman recently, they jumped from the machine and fled in another car, but the officer mounted the abandoned machine and overtook them.

"I'm going, anyway"

THE modern Miss needs no "time out" for the time of month.

If you've ever taken Bayer Aspirin for a headache, you know how soon the pain subsides. It is just as effective in the relief of those pains peculiar to women!

Don't dedicate certain days of every month to suffering. It's old-fashioned. It's unnecessary. Aspirin will always enable you to carry on in comfort. Take enough to assure your complete comfort. If it is genuine aspirin it cannot possibly hurt you. Bayer Aspirin does not depress the heart. It does not upset the stomach. It does nothing but stop the pain.

Headaches come at inconvenient times. So do colds. But a little Bayer Aspirin will always save the day. A throat so sore you can hardly swallow is made comfortable with one good gargle made from these tablets. Neuralgia. Neuritis. Rheumatism. Pains that once kept



March of Civilization Over "Dark Continent"

Although the current crop of moving pictures of animal and native life in Africa valiantly seeks to preserve all our illusions of the inaccessibility of the interior of the Dark continent and of the danger of travel among wild tribes and fierce animals, the evidence is piling up that Africa is becoming pretty well civilized. This is not to say that its tribes have all adopted the ways of the outside world or that the animals have been herded into zoos. We merely mean that transportation facilities have been so greatly developed that railroads—or at least one railroad—cut straight across the continent, while there are few forests so nearly impenetrable that the intrepid explorer is not likely to run into trucks and automobiles calmly speeding along on good motor roads.

Even though the famed pigmies are still pictured as shy and retiring when they are thrown upon the screen, it is evident from their very appearance in the movies that it is not very hard to find them or to seek out their haunts. It is related by one



people home are forgotten half an hour after taking a few of these remarkable tablets. So are the little nagging aches that bring fatigue and "nerves" by day, or a sleepless night.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin tablets cost so very little after all, that it doesn't pay to experiment with imitations!

American resident in Africa, whose contact with the pigmies developed from his often taking them into a local trading post in his car, eight or nine easily fitting into a small auto, that nothing is easier to find than a new pigmy village, because the little people move every few weeks.—New York Evening Post.

Not Guilty

The children in the circle at Sunday school were not very well behaved. Gordon went home to report to his mother.

"The little boys and girls were not good. They patted their feet on the floor and made a noise," he said.

"I hope my little boy did not pat his feet on the floor," said mother.

"No, mother. My chair was too high."—Indianapolis News.

That Spoils It All

Madge—So you're disappointed in your new sutor?

Mae—Yes, father thinks he's just dandy.—Life.

Time flies, but money can beat it for any distance.

Soothes restless, wakeful CHILD



THERE are times when a baby is too fretful or feverish to be sung to sleep. There are some pains a mother cannot pat away. But there's no time when any baby can't have the quick comfort of Castoria! A few drops, and your little one is soon at ease—back to sleep almost before you can slip away.

Remember this harmless, pure vegetable preparation when children are ailing. Don't stop its use when Baby has been brought safely through the age of colic, diarrhea, and other infantile ills. Give good old Castoria until your children are in their teens! Whenever coated tongues tell of constipation; when there's any sign of sluggishness,

Historic Watch

In the private collection of an Indiana man is a watch that may be the identical timepiece which Washington presented to Lafayette as a token of his appreciation of the services rendered by the famous Frenchman. That a watch was given is a matter of record, and it is also a fact that the present was stolen from Lafayette's quarters.

The collector's watch fits the description of the historic timepiece, ex-

pects say. It has four dials and five hands. One of the dials records the days of the month and another the days of the week. A miniature portrait bust of Washington appears in the upper side of the face. It is in colors and is considered a masterpiece of craftsmanship.—Detroit News.

There is a certain noble pride through which merits shine brighter than through modesty.—Richter.

ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS

Cuticura Soap

Protects Your Skin!

Cuticura Soap not only cleanses the skin, but it is antiseptic and healing as well. It has medicinal properties which are most beneficial to the skin—its fragrance is delightful. Try it today, and note its invigorating!

Soap 2c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c. Shaving Cream 15c.

Proprietors: Fetter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.

Try the new Cuticura Shaving Cream.