



Money Destroyed

When Uncle Sam's paper money becomes worn and badly soiled it is returned to the Treasury where it is destroyed and bright, new bills issued in its place. If all denominations were thoroughly mixed together before being tossed in the macerator each ton of money destroyed would contain approximately 590,000 one-dollar bills, 190,000 fives, 130,000 tens, 60,000 twenties, 20,000 fives and no more than 10,000 fifties and higher denominations, which proves that the larger denominations do not wear out so quickly. The twenties, fifties and larger denominations do not circulate with nearly as much velocity as the ones, fives and even the tens.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Something Amis

In going home from the party, if your wife says never a word, a man breaks the stillness with: "What inexcusable social error have I committed now?"

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

Loquaciousness

The girl who speaks volumes usually ends up on the shelf.



QUICK RELIEF
FROM ACID INDIGESTION... SOUR STOMACH... HEARTBURN
MILLIONS of busy men and women have found it's wise to carry Tums always... carrying Tums means from several minutes to an hour or more quicker relief.



"Last Resource" makes ugly itchy PIMPLES DISAPPEAR IN 3 WEEKS

"Disagreeable surface pimples and bright red patches broke out on my face and forehead. They itched and my appearance made me miserable. I tried several ointments to no avail. Then I purchased some Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in three weeks my complexion was clear and smooth again." (Signed) Miss S. Fortier, 959 Worcester Ave., Pasadena, Cal.

GUNLOCK RANCH

by **FRANK H. SPEARMAN**

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"That's where we got caught—right there," cried the barber. "We got back to the ponies and had to cut across a piece of burned timber to get out. A dead limb from one of the trees fell on me. I went down with the pony. When I kicked loose, the pony bolted, and when I tried to get up, my leg was broke."

preached a deathless sermon, for he took his rest from the lips of God himself. And wherever you bury him, boys, let the words of that text be graven on his tomb: "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The lull in the fire threat issued in fresh dangers to the hill ranches. A blaze starting up anew on the reservation cut-over lands crept north on the very night that Panama was burned.

With what aid she could bring, Jane rode next morning over to her neighbor's only to find the situation critical. By noon the fire fighters were being driven back all along the line. But, loath to abandon hope of saving the ranch buildings, the men fought till Denison, riding among them, warned them to look first to their own safety.

Riding then fast to the ranch house, he found Jane consulting with Quong in the kitchen.

"I must think of your safety, Jane," he said, "It is getting too close to danger here. You and Quong must go home."

"Bill, is it that bad?" "We might as well face the truth. It's not safe here for you. You must go, and quickly. Are your ponies saddled?"

"They are." "Then take Quong and mount up." Jane's eyes softened. They fell before his. "I just hate to go, Bill," she pouted, tantalizingly. "It seems like deserting a friend."

"It isn't, Jane. You may imagine, girl, how I hate to send you away. But you know how I'm thinking of, don't you?"

"You mustn't think too much of anybody but yourself just now, Bill," she murmured. "I do some thinking myself these days."

Quong had been called. Always foreboding, without any words he was winking and blinking in his saddle. Denison handed Jane her lines. She leaned toward him and spoke low:



"We Must Do Some More Running Ourselves, Jane."

"Bill, will you promise me, solemnly, one thing?" "Solemnly, Bill?" "Solemnly. What is it?" "That you'll think first for your own safety. Now promise?" "I promise, Jane."

"For my sake, Bill?" "Do you mean that?" "I do mean it."

"God bless you. If the buildings go, I'll ride over to report tomorrow."

The wind died that night with the bloodstained sun, as if to leave in the hearts of its victims a faint hope of escape from the worst of its ravages. Jane slept so well that she opened her eyes in the heavy air of daybreak, conscience-stricken at having rested peacefully during the hours in which her neighbor might have been burned out.

She dressed, ate Quong's hurried breakfast, saddled her pony, and set out for Denison's, directing Quong to follow as soon as he could. The smoke grew more dense as she neared the ridge, and she reluctantly turned about for home and told Quong of her failure and that she would ride up into the high hills to try to see what was going on.

She remounted and rode up the Divide trail. The smoke was so dense that it cut off hope of seeing the valley, and, spurred by the determination to see by riding higher, she rode on and on till she found herself at the foot of Gunlock Knob. Jane headed the pony up the mountain. The summit had never seemed so hard to reach, but, panting and exhausted, the pony carried Jane to the summit, and she rode out on the table to look. The scene below was terrifying. Huge clouds of smoke billowed and spread, only to bill up anew and race on the wind. It seemed as if the whole country were in flames. Here and there tongues of fire shot from the rolling smoke.

Jane sat the pony, fear-stricken and immovable, watching and hoping for a rift in the angry clouds that would reveal the ranch buildings. None came.

Wenry, at length, and depressed, Jane turned her pony's head to ride home. Gunlock itself might be in danger.

Even the pony took the downward trail reluctantly. Jane could not tell why until, rounding a shoulder of the

Knob, she saw below her a fire sweeping across the trail she was following. Worse than that, the fire was spurting through the brush, up the mountain, in front of her. The pony balked. Thoroughly frightened, Jane turned him up the narrow trail and headed for the summit.

Even the few moments she had been away from the top had changed the scene. Overwhelmed with consternation, she began to think anew of her own safety. She urged the pony swiftly down the trail again, hoping faintly to find some hidden by-pass. Her path was blocked. The hot air of the fire below was catching at her throat; gusts of smoke burned into her eyes. She rebelled about to return, despairing, to the summit.

Once again the level rock afforded her temporary refuge. She dismounted. The pony was growing unmanageable. He snorted, stamped, flung his head up and down and chewed frantically at his bit. Hope deserted her. She sank to her knees and fell forward, covering her face with her arms.

For a moment her mind was a blank. She heard nothing of a frantic calling of her name, when a singing and blackened horseman spurred and lashed his pony toward her, sprang from the saddle, and caught her up in his arms.

"Jane!" he cried, as he looked into her face and shook her in his effort to restore consciousness. "Jane! Open your eyes! Speak to me! It's Bill, Jane, Bill! Can't you hear me? Speak! Her eyes opened; she looked in a daze at him. "It's Bill, Jane!"

She threw her arms convulsively around his neck. "Oh, Bill, Bill! What can we do? Must we die, Bill, in this horror?"

"No!" he exclaimed. "We can get through. But we mustn't lose a minute, not a second. Come!"

He half carried her to an edge of the summit, where a rock crevice gave a slight footing a few feet below. Into this he lowered himself and raised his arms to Jane.

"But the horses, Bill?" she cried. "Leave them," he called back. "They may escape. There's no footing for horses here we're going. Quick, Jane! Jump!" He caught her in his arms, steadied her, showed her how to secure herself on the precarious footing, and lowered himself to another slender ledge to brace himself, bade her spring, and caught her again in his arms.

Her heart beat so violently, she seemed to feel it as she hugged close to him. There was barely room for the two to stand. "Keep cool, Jane. We can make it, but be very, very careful of your footing, darling, Jane."

The fire hadn't touched this side of the mountain yet, but if you fell it would be a hundred feet. Be everlasting sure of every step, won't you? Never move until I tell you."

Spurred to superhuman effort, Denison achieved the almost impossible, and by sliding, clinging with fingers, hands and arms, and by carefully using his lariat, he managed to bring Jane down unharmed to the foot of the precipitous wall that had given him the bare chance to save her life. He held out his arms to catch her for the final jump. "Bill!" she exclaimed, breathing hard and looking up in sheer amazement at the precipice down which he had brought her. "How did we ever get down there alive?"

He was still very anxious—the wrinkled veins of his smoked forehead plainly mirrored that. She waited for orders. "We must run through that grove of quaking asp and try to get away from the Knob. This will all be burning in a few minutes. Are you able to run?"

"I'll bet I can run faster than you, Bill." The laughing tone of her words thrilled and cheered him. He knew better than she what still lay between them and safety. They hastened on through the light timber; then, running a broad shoulder, they saw a vast panorama of smoke, lighted in places by flames where the fires had wrought destruction in the virgin pine forests along the mountain slope.

Denison hurried on, Jane briskly keeping pace with him. But when they neared the smoking pine, she felt dismayed.

"Bill, it's all on fire, yet—look at the little blazes. See the ground pine, and the trees are smoking and burning yet. Bill! See the deer running over there—mercy, those are hear running, too—why, every animal you can think of—"

Jane was looking toward an opening in the pines, half a mile away. It was a precipitous flight of the animal life of a whole mountainside from the wrath of a forest fire.

"They'd better run," said Denison grimly. "We must do some more running ourselves, Jane. There's very little danger crossing this strip. But I want to get across it quick."

They dashed into the fire area together. Little tongues of flame darted from the still burning ground, but nothing to threaten Jane's stout laced boots or leather trousers.

They crossed the burned strip and broke together down a long slope that bordered another forest of pine.

Denison paused and looked anxiously at Jane. "How are you standing it, girl?"

She was panting, but game. Her high-colored cheeks, the flashing brightness of her eyes, her parted eager lips, made her a picture.

"Fine, Bill. Are we out of danger?" They were standing together in the wind and smoke that swirled and eddied up the mountain. His hand was at her back as she leaned on his arm. Perhaps overwhelmed by the thought of what he must say, he hugged her close and, drawing her unresisting lips to his own, held them in a long kiss.

"I wish we were, Jane. We're going only now into danger—I wish it weren't so, Jane."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for October 11 BECOMING A CHRISTIAN

LESSON TEXT—Acts 16:22-24, Phillipians 1:7-18. GOLDEN TEXT—Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—Acts 16:21. PRIMARY TOPIC—Two Happy Prisoners. JUNIOR TOPIC—Heroes in Prison. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How May I Become a Christian. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—How to Become a Christian.

The conversion of Lydia and her gracious growth into usefulness as a Christian is in striking contrast with the experience that Paul had with the demon-possessed damsel (Acts 16:16-18). A satanic power of divination had made her profitable to unscrupulous men. Such men have not perished from the earth, and there are still those who make merchandise of silly and sinful women.

Paul commands the demon to come out of her and at once the issue is drawn.

I. Christianity versus Crooked Business (Acts 16:22-24). As long as the missionaries were at the place of prayer and in the home of Lydia they were not disturbed. But as soon as they touched the illegitimate gain of these "business" men who were making money from the misfortune of the poor damsel, bitter opposition arose.

Cunningly combining the plea of false patriotism and anti-Semitism with the ever-potent argument that business was being hindered, they raised a hue and cry which resulted in the beating and imprisonment of Paul and Silas (Acts 16:24-21).

We live in another century, but men are the same. Let the church and its members only go through the motions of formal service and present a powerless religious philosophy, and the world will applaud and possibly support its activities. But let the pungent power of the gospel go out through its life and ministry, and deliver devil-possessed men and women, let its God-given grace expose the hypocrisy and wickedness of men and there will soon be opposition.

II. Down, but not defeated (vv. 25, 26). The preachers landed in jail, beaten, bloody, and chained to the stocks. What a disgrace it would have been if they had come there because of their misdeeds. How ashamed we are when professed Christian leaders sin and fall into the hands of the law.

But "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake" (Matt. 5:10). Little wonder that they forgot their bruises and their chains and began to sing and pray, even at midnight.

Note that "the prisoners were listening to them." The words we speak, the songs we sing, our every action, speak either for God or against Him. "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

As they pray God speaks, chains fall away, prison doors open. Men can lock doors; God shakes them open.

The jailer, cruel and bold when he put them into prison, but now in fear, is about to kill himself. But God has better thoughts concerning him. Paul cries out, "Do thyself no harm" and he experiences

III. Salvation Instead of Suicide (vv. 27-34).

Thank God for the earthquakes in our lives which bring us to Him. The jailer, being rightly exercised by God's dealings with him, asks the greatest and most important question that can ever come out of the heart of unregenerate man—"What must I do to be saved?" Reader, have you asked this question? Then you, too, are ready for the answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

The closing verses of our lesson present the personal testimony of Paul that he had surrendered.

IV. All for Christ (Phil. 3:7-14). All was but loss to him compared with what he gained in Christ. We speak of surrendering all for Christ, but as a matter of fact we lose only what is of no real value and make infinite gain.

Paul, as are all great followers of Jesus Christ, was a "one thing" man. All that he had or was or hoped to be, every ounce of energy and love, went into his pressing "toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Independence of Opinions
It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Overcoming Desires
I count him braver who overcomes his desires than him who conquers his enemies; for the hardest victory is the victory over self.—Aristotle.

Handsome Cloth Is Quickly Crocheted



Pattern 5193

Here's Fun for you—and Beauty for your dinner or tea table—in a lacy pattern which you can crochet so easily of string. It won't take you any time at all to learn the "sample" square design, on which all the others are based, and to crochet a goodly number of squares. When you've enough, join them to make a beautiful table cloth, bedspread, dresser scarf or pillow cover. Then sit back and wait for compliments!

In pattern 5193 you will find complete instructions for making the square shown; an illustration of it, of the stitches needed; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Never Satisfied

Prisoners continue to plot for escape in spite of the fact that they have been living rent free and meeting no bills: for food or medicine. Wild animals often appreciate the care they find in captivity and if they wander away return gladly to their cages. As evolution continues it reveals the human being as showing the highest form of discontent.—Washington Star.

PAIN IN BACK

NEARLY DROVE HER CRAZY Got Quick Relief By Rubbing

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GIRL TO WOMANHOOD

This letter comes from Mrs. J. H. Goldsworth of 1116 Sonora St., Stockton, Cal.: "When I was a girl I was pale and weak. Mother gave me Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it soon gave relief. I could eat more and felt strong and active. Two bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' was all I needed." Go to your druggist today. New size, tube. 5c. Liquid \$1.00 & \$1.50. Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.

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