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LAWRENCE QUALITY Harness and Saddles now sold on MONTHLY PAYMENTS...



What Education Is For

No man regrets going to college, even if it doesn't enable him to make money.

One excitement of the small town is wholly gone—the runaway of horses.

Some of the "mistakes of your youth" that you grieve most over may be those when you had an opportunity to snatch pleasure and didn't.

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True love is a gift to the young; and sometimes they can make it "last over" to old age.

2 Steps in Fighting Discomfort of COLDS

1. ENTERS BODY THROUGH STOMACH AND INTESTINES TO EASE PAIN.



2. RELIEVES THROAT PAIN RAWNESS.

All it usually costs to relieve the misery of a cold today—is 3¢ to 5¢—relief for the period of your cold 15¢ to 25¢.

Here is what to do: Take two BAYER tablets when you feel a cold coming on— with a full glass of water.

The Bayer method of relief is the way many doctors now approve. You take Bayer Aspirin for relief— then if you are not improved promptly, you call the family doctor.



15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS

2 FULL DOZEN 25¢

Virtually 1 cent a tablet

Result of Thought

All that we are is the result of what we have thought.—Buddha.

Advertisement for LUDEN'S ALKALINE RESERVE, Menthol Cough Drops 5¢.

WNU-13 6-38

Life's Best Fruit

Toil is the law of life and its best fruit.—Sir Lewis Morris.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect.

DOAN'S PILLS

CATTLE KINGDOM

By ALAN LEMAY

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

Too much long riding alone—especially when it was mixed up with the night riders' long rope—could do queer things to a man whose head wasn't too strong in the first place.

Then he walked to the dead horse and roughly verified the angle of the shot; then turned and began to climb the canyon slope.

"Billy, come back! You can't—" "You stay down," he ordered her, savagely.

"If you and I were set afoot," she quoted, "some place far off in the mountains at night, with only one blanket between us—"

He was resting perfectly still on one elbow, looking at the fire; but he could feel her eyes, so near his face, watching him under her lashes.

"I was right," she said. "You didn't know it then, but you can see it now. You see—it seems a good deal different, now that we're really here."

"Does it?" he said without expression. He got up with a sort of stiff, slow leisure, for the little fire was burning low.

"You see, I know you, Billy. Sometimes I think I know you better than I know myself."

He looked at her. She had never seemed more lovely, more human, more elementally desirable than she looked now, a tired girl in cow-country work clothes, slim and lazy, relaxed by the little fire as if she had never known any other resting place in her life.

Her eyes looked drowsy there was a little gleam in them that did not come from the flame in front: a small provocative glimmer of fire within, which he had seen in her eyes only two or three times in his life—and never before the last two or three days.

Their eyes met and held, his steady and masked within, hers seeming to laugh at him a little, half veiled by her lashes.

"I said," she reminded him, "that if we were—in a situation like this, there wouldn't be anything for me to worry about, nothing at all. And you said, if I thought that I was a fool. Well, you see—" she met his eyes again—"I win."

Still her eyes held, and he could not understand why hers did not drop. "I can't believe, hardly," he said, "that you have any idea what sort of thing you're talking about."

She smiled. "You think I don't? That's because western men are certainly the most conventional people in the world."

Suddenly he angered. He had not brought her here of his own will, nor set them afoot, nor wished to rest here with her.

He would not even have been on her range, or within a day's ride of it, if her interests had not drawn him in and held him. She had made her decisions in regard to him long ago, and to change them he had spent his every resource without any effect.

And now, at the last—it amused her to torment him. It amused her to torment him. It amused her to torment him.

The masks behind his eyes dropped away, and though his face hardly changed his eyes reddened,

seeming to smoke with an angry fire that came up behind. She herself had lighted that fire, long ago. It was a fire that had driven him relentlessly, making him rich; it could have made him work for her all her life—or it could break him again, and drive him up and down the world. Suddenly he did not know whether he loved or hated this girl.

"I'll give you the same answer I gave you in Inspiration," he said, his words almost inaudible, even against the stillness of the night. "If you think that, you're a little fool."

Still she met his eyes, so long, so steadily, so knowingly that he wondered for an instant what was happening, was going to happen, there under the coyote moon.

Then he saw her face change, so that she was suddenly pale, and the unreadable light in her eyes went out, and she was like a little girl. Abruptly she pressed her face hard into her hands.

He made his voice as hard and cold as the rocks that hung over them. "Now what?"

She answered in a muffled voice, "I was wrong—I am afraid. I—I fail every one . . ." She lifted her head and glanced about her, as if she were seeing this place for the first time.

A black shape lay beside the empty dust of the stream, like a great black bottle overturned—the carcass of Marian's dead horse. Suddenly the girl turned sideways, and dropped her head in her arms upon the blanket. She began to cry, terribly, silently except for the choke of her breath.

He sat down against a rock and waited. The gaunt, dead rock-hills leaned over them sadly cold and silent, blackened by the twisted ghost shapes of the parched brush. And the coyote moon was pale and old, no longer golden, but greenish, like phosphorus rubbed on a dead and frozen face.

Once she said, "But it's your fault, too—that I fail—your fault as much as my own."

His answer was perfectly honest "I don't know what you mean."

CHAPTER XII

It was impossible for him to sit waiting for her weeping to stop, while her slim body shook convulsively with her effort to suppress it, and her breath jerked uncontrollably in her throat.

Her tumbled hair made her seem a child; he had never seen her look so small, so fragilely made. And he thought he had never in his life seen anything so pitifully in need of comforting.

He swore under his breath and got to his feet.

For a few moments he stood over her, watching the movement of the freighth in her hair. He could hardly prevent himself from touching her; almost he stooped and picked her up in his arms. But he was telling himself that that was the last thing she wanted.

He walked out a little way into the dark, and stood listening to the night silence. He was still worrying about the distant muffled sound of concussion which he had heard. It seemed to him now that what he had heard was unquestionably the sound of a gun—perhaps a gun fired near the forgotten miner's shanty at the upper end of the gulch; but what he could not imagine was who could have fired it. He had assumed that it was Lon Magoon who had killed Marian's pony; but now he saw that something was wrong. If Magoon had fired upon Marian Dunn and killed her horse he would not have gone to the cabin at the head of the gulch, but would have put long country between himself and them. Therefore two men, not one, must be prowling these hills. He thought of Coffee's theory that there had been a third man at Short Creek—and was worse puzzled than before.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

it. This isn't right. You ought to be able to lie by your fire and smell pine timber. And that crick out there ought to have water running in it. You sit and listen to running water, and pretty soon you get to hear voices in it; sometimes you lie awake for hours trying to get what they say. But what's more to the point, there's likewise trout in the water. There ought to be a nice pan of trout frying, here on the fire."

"You fit with things like that, you know. As if you were made out of them."

He said, "A half hour's rest in the rocks, with a long, long walk ahead—this is about as close as people get to the way they want things, I suppose."

"It's my fault, Billy. If I hadn't been so stubborn you wouldn't have lost your horse; you'd have gone on through."

"Shucks, now!"

She was silent, and they sat looking into the fire. The smell of autumn was cool and clean in the air, across the dry sage; and the red-gold moon faintly mellowed the chill of darkness on the gaunt hills, so that they sat here in unreality, as if in a dream.

"Some places," he said, "they call that a harvest moon; the Indians call it the hunting moon, and they used to make smoke-medicines by it."

"What do you call it?"

"Well—sometimes we call it a coyote moon. Because it puts a

kind of singing craze on the coyotes. They gather around on hill tops, seems like, and sing their hearts out, as if it drove them wild crazy, some way. Listen."

Far off, so faint a whisper that it seemed half imagined, they could hear now a queer high crooning, full of an interwoven yapping and trilling, like nothing else on earth.

"It sounds," Marian said, "as if there were 40 or 50 of them—sitting somewhere on a mountain in a ring."

"Two," he told her. "They pair off this time of year."

"Two," she repeated. "Then that's why there's something more than moon madness in that singing."

He knew that they should be starting the long return, but he could not bring himself to say so. The thing that had brought them together again—the disaster to Horse Dunn and the 94—had nearly run its course. And he knew that it was a good thing for him that it had. Already he had lived under the same roof with Marian too long for his own good. He no longer had any hope that he could forget her; she would always be in the back of his mind some place, waiting to come real close to him in his dreams.

He supposed he would have to learn to live with those dreams. To sit with her now, far out and alone beside the little fire was itself an unreal and precious thing, now that he no longer fought against it. A quiet peace had come upon this place; or something as near peace as he ever knew any more. She was very near to him, so near that though their shoulders did not touch, it seemed to him that he could feel her warmth; and her hair, with the freighth in it, was a warm smoky mist, shot with gold, clouding his eyes.

They sat for a long time listening to the faint coyote song and the little popping of the fire. Once, as they sat quiet, he heard far off a thing he did not understand. It was so distant and so muffled that he could not at once decide whether it could have been the fall of a rock from a high place, or had been the report of a gun far away up the canyon, smothered by close walls and the drift of the air. He glanced at Marian to see if she had noticed it, and saw that she had not.

"I do love the hills," she said. He shook his head. "This isn't

pooling long shadows under the lashes of her steady eyes. "I just thought of something."

"What was it?"

"This—isn't it kind of funny?—this is exactly the situation we were speaking of the other day."

He was puzzled. "When was this?"

"In Inspiration."

For a moment he didn't get it. Then it came back to him in a rush—the blast of sun upon the dusty street, the atmosphere of silent, waiting hostility, the groups of spurred and booted men in doorways, watching without seeming to watch; and he had stood talking to Marian across the door of a car, not thinking about what was ahead.

"If you and I were set afoot," she quoted, "some place far off in the mountains at night, with only one blanket between us—"

He was resting perfectly still on one elbow, looking at the fire; but he could feel her eyes, so near his face, watching him under her lashes. And behind her eyes he supposed she was laughing at him.

"I was right," she said. "You didn't know it then, but you can see it now. You see—it seems a good deal different, now that we're really here."

"Does it?" he said without expression. He got up with a sort of stiff, slow leisure, for the little fire was burning low. He went beyond the fire, squatted on one heel beside it, and fed it pieces of stick.

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He looked at her. She had never seemed more lovely, more human, more elementally desirable than she looked now, a tired girl in cow-country work clothes, slim and lazy, relaxed by the little fire as if she had never known any other resting place in her life.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

Azaleas of the South Imported From France; Plant Brought From Toulouse

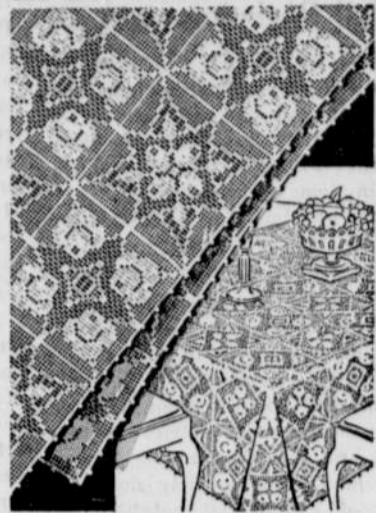
Azalea time in the deep South is one of great joy and exquisite beauty, writes Annabella Neusbaum in Nature Magazine.

find that Francois Ludgere Diard, native Mobilian and direct descendant of one of the original settlers, returned to France to visit relatives in Toulouse. At the time of his visit the azaleas of southern France were blooming. He was so impressed with their dazzling splendor that on his return to the New World he brought home three varieties: a deep glowing pink known today as Pride of Mobile; a lavender-pink one, and a snowy-white one. Today, gorgeous specimens of these original plants can be seen in the oldest gardens—some of them perhaps a century and a half old, 20 feet high, and spreading out to a diameter of 100 feet. Now they are found all along the Gulf Coast from Texas to Florida, up the Atlantic seaboard to South Carolina.

Death of President Garfield President Garfield was shot on July 2, 1881, by Charles Jules Guiteau, and died at Elberon, N. J., on September 19, of the same year.

Budget Lace Has a Lavish Appearance

There's loveliness right at your fingertips! A filet lace cloth that's easy to crochet of everyday string, and quite the most beautiful ever! The two 10 inch companion squares are delightful together, yet one could be repeated and used without the other. It



won't be long until you've crocheted any number of these simple squares to combine in "check-board" fashion. Scarfs and small refreshment pieces are also handsome in this choice design if you use finer cotton.

In pattern 5895 you will find instructions and charts for making the squares shown, and for joining them to make various articles; material requirements; illustration of the square and of all stitches used.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

NERVOUS?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold those dearest to you?

If your nerves are on edge, try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

It often helps Nature calm quivering nerves.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure.

Make a note NOW to get a bottle of world-famous Pinkham's Compound today WITH-OUT FAIL from your druggist—more than a million women have written in letters reporting benefit.

Why not try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND?

Not by Reason Alone

We know the truth, not only by the reason, but also by the heart.

—Blaise Pascal.

Nation Celebrates 250th Anniversary Swedenborg's Birth

AMAZING as it seems that one mind could encompass so many varied realms of knowledge, nevertheless it is true that Emanuel Swedenborg, the 250th anniversary of whose birth is being celebrated this year, made important contributions in many fields of science, theoretical and practical, in statesmanship, philosophy, and religion.

In 1716-1718 he published the first scientific periodical in Sweden, containing records of his mechanical inventions and mathematical discoveries, which included the first airplane design to have fixed wings and moving propeller, the first air-pump to employ mercury, and the description of a method for determining latitude and longitude at sea by observations of the moon among the stars. In the "Principia," a work on physics and cosmology, he arrived at the nebular hypothesis theory before Kant and Laplace. He was 150 years ahead of any other scientist in his works on the functions of the brain and spinal cord, and on the functions of the ductless glands.

Swedenborg served as an active member of the parliament of his country for more than fifty years, introducing fiscal reforms and much general legislation.

At the age of fifty-five Emanuel Swedenborg discontinued his scientific pursuits and began his work as a theologian, publishing the "Arcana Coelestia, Apocalypse Explained"; "Heaven and Hell"; "Four Doctrines"; "Divine Love and Wisdom"; "Divine Providence"; "Apocalypse Revealed"; "Conjugal Love"; "True Christian Religion"; and other miscellaneous theological works. Information regarding the life and achievements and the works referred to, will be sent without charge by application to the Swedenborg Foundation, 51 E. 42nd St., New York City.

Commemoration Edition

SWEDENBORG LIFE AND TEACHING By George Trobridge Prepared in commemoration of the 250th Anniversary of the birth of

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG now being celebrated throughout the world.

A book of 348 pages, handsomely bound in semi-limp imitation leather covers, gilt lettering and rounded corners. 25 cents postpaid; paper edition 15c. "Heaven and Hell" by Emanuel Swedenborg, 5 cents postpaid (mailing cost). Address:

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