Friend of the Family

Over fifty years ago a young physician practiced widely in Pennsylvania and became famous for his uniform success in the curing of disease. This was Dr. R. V. Pierce who afterwards established himself in Buffalo, N. Y., and placed one of his prescriptions, which he called his "Golden Medical Discovery," in the drug stores of the United States so that the public could easily obtain this very remarkable tonic, corrective, and blood-maker. Dr. Pierce manufactured this "Discovery" from roots and barks without alcohol—a corrective remedy, the properties of which nature had put in the fields and forests, for keeping us healthy. Introduce more red blood into the system, and health is assured. When you feel run-down, out of sorts, blue and despondent try the energizing influence of this reliable tonic. You can obtain Golden Medical Discovery in tablet or liquid form at all drug stores, or send 10c for trial package to Dr. Pierce's Laboratory in Buffalo, N. Y.

Conventional Indoor Dress.

"Did you ever have an ambition to do something in life?"

"Yes, mum," said the supplicant for alms victuals.

"What was it?"

"I wanted to be a drum major and strut around in one of them pretty red uniforms with gold braid on it, but the only uniform I ever wore was a striped one."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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Name "Bayer" on Genuine

BAYER

Beware! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Accept Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago, and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. Adv.

Wonderful.

We just heard a young lady say that her wonderful young man took her to a wonderful play in a wonderful automobile and she had a wonderful time. Wonderful phrase they make of that word wonderful.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Only Cuticura Improve Your Skin. For shaving and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful sometimes what Cuticura does for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red, rough hands.—Adv.

Most iron in the world is obtained from the mines of Dannamore, Ireland.

Worn Out?

Grip, or other infectious fever, your strength? Do you lack ambition, feel dull? Look to your kidneys! Be sure that kidney trouble from infectious disease. Kidneys are neglected because sufferer doesn't realize they are down under the strain of germ-created poisons from the back is bad, your urine irregularly, and you feel all worn out. Doan's Kidney Pills have helped thousands. *Ask your neighbor!*

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Whitney, 1 E. St., Utah, says: "I had all kinds of trouble. I felt tired and had no ambition. My back was lame and sore. Three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured me and I haven't had any since."

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SYNOPSIS.

Warned by his physician that he has not more than six months to live, Failing sits despondently on a park bench, wondering where he should spend those six months. A friendly squirrel practically decides the matter for him. His blood is pioneer blood, and he decides to end his days in the forests of Oregon. Memories of his grandfather and a deep love for all things of the wild help him in reaching a decision. In a large southern Oregon city he meets people who had known and loved his grandfather, a famous frontiersman. He makes his home with Silas Lennox, a typical westerner. The only other members of the household are Lennox's son, "Bill," and daughter, "Snowbird." Their abode is many miles from "civilization," in the Umpqua divide, and there Falling plans to live out the short span of life which he has been told is his. His extreme weakness in the face of even a slight exertion convinces him that the doctor had made a correct diagnosis of his case. From the first Falling's health shows a marked improvement, and in the companionship of Lennox and his son and daughter he fits into the woods life as if he had been born to it. By quick thinking and a remarkable display of "nerve" he saves Lennox's life and his own when they are attacked by a mad coyote. Lennox declares he is a reincarnation of his grandfather, Dan Failing I, whose fame as a woodsman is a household word.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

—4—

"Of course—but sit down now, anyway. I'm sorry that Snowbird isn't here."

"Snowbird is—"

"My daughter. My boy, she can make a biscuit! That's not her name, of course, but we've always called her that. She got tired of keeping house and is working this summer. Poor Bill has to keep house for her, and no wonder he's eager to take the stock down to the lower levels. I only wish he hadn't brought 'em up this spring at all; I've lost dozens from the coyotes."

"But a coyote can't kill cattle—"

"It can if it has hydrophobia, a common thing in the varmints this time of year. But as I say, Bill will take the stock down next season, and then Snowbird's work will be through, and she'll come back here."

"Then she's down in the valley?"

"Far from it. She's a mountain girl if one ever lived. Perhaps you don't know the recent policy of the forest service to hire women when they can be obtained. It was a policy started in war times and kept up now because it is economical and efficient. She and a girl from college have a cabin not five miles from here on old Bald mountain, and they're doing lookout duty."

Dan wondered intensely what lookout duty might be. "You see, Dan," Lennox said in explanation, "the government loses thousands of dollars every year by forest fire. A fire can be stopped easily if it is seen soon after it starts. But let it burn awhile, in this dry season, and it's a terror—a wall of flame that races through the forests and can hardly be stopped. And maybe you don't realize how enormous this region is—literally hundreds of miles across. We're the last outpost—there are four cabins, if you can find them, in the first seventy miles back to town. So they have to put lookouts on the high points, and now they're coming to the use of airplanes so they can keep even a better watch. Snowbird and a girl friend from college got jobs this summer as lookouts—all through the forest service they are hiring women for the work. They are more vigilant than men, less inclined to take chances, and work cheaper. These two girls have a cabin near a spring, and they cook their own food, and are making what is big wages in the mountains. I'm rather hoping she'll drop over for a few minutes tonight."

"Good Lord—does she travel over these hills in the darkness?"

The mountaineer laughed—a delighted sound that came somewhat curiously from the bearded lips of the stern, dark man. "Dan, I'll swear she's afraid of nothing that walks the face of the earth—and it isn't because she hasn't had experience either. She's a dead shot with a pistol, for one thing. She's physically strong, and every muscle is hard as nails. She used to have Shag, too—the best dog in all these mountains. She's a mountain girl, I tell you; whoever wins her has got to be able to tame her!" The mountaineer laughed again.

The call to supper came then, and Dan got his first sight of mountain food. There were potatoes, newly dug, mountain vegetables that were crisp and cold, a steak of peculiar shape, and a great bowl of peculiar [illegible] to be eaten with sugar and [illegible]

Dan's appetite was not as a rule particularly good. But evidently the long ride had affected him. He simply didn't have the moral courage to refuse wh n the elder Lennox heaped his plate.

"Good heavens, I can't eat all that," he said, as it was passed to him. But the others laughed and told him to take heart.

He took heart. It was a singular thing, but at that first bite his sudden confidence in his gustatory ability almost overwhelmed him. So he cut himself a bite of the tender steak—fully half as generous as the bites that Bill was consuming across the table. And its first flavor simply filled him with delight.

"What is this meat?" he asked. "I've certainly tasted it before."

"I'll bet a few dollars that you haven't, if you've lived all your life in the Middle West," Lennox answered. "Maybe you've got what the scientists call an inherited memory of it. It's the kind of meat your grandfather used to live on—venison."

Soon after dinner Lennox led him out of the house for his first glimpse of the hills in the darkness.

They walked together out to the gate, across the first of the wide pastures where, at certain seasons, Lennox kept his cattle; and at last they came out upon the tree-covered ridge. The moon was just rising. They could see it casting a curious glint over the very tips of the pines. But it couldn't get down between them. They stood too close, too tall and thick for that. And for a moment, Dan's only sensation was one of silence.

"You have to stand still a moment, to really know anything," Lennox told him.

They both stood still. Dan was as motionless as that day in the park, long weeks before, when the squirrel had climbed on his shoulder. The first effect was a sensation that the silence

Standing in the Shadows, He Simply Watched Her.

was deepening around them. It wasn't really true. It was simply that he had become aware of the little continuous sounds of which usually he was unconscious, and they tended to accentuate the hush of the night. He knew, just as all mountaineers know, that the wilderness about him was stirring and pulsing with life. Some of the sounds were quite clear—an occasional stir of a pebble or the crack of a twig, and some, like the faintest twitching of leaves in the brush not ten feet distant, could only be guessed at.

"What is making the sounds?" he asked.

He didn't know it, at the time, but Lennox turned quickly toward him. It wasn't that the question had surprised the mountaineer. Rather it was the tone in which Dan had spoken. It was perfectly cool, perfectly self-contained.

"The one right close is a chipmunk. I don't know what the others are; no one ever does know. Perhaps ground squirrels, or rabbits, or birds, and maybe one of those harmless old black bears who is curious about the house. And tell me—can you smell anything—"

"Good Lord, Lennox! I can smell all kinds of things."

"I'm glad. Some men can't. No one can enjoy the woods if he can't smell. Part of the smells are of flowers, and part of [illegible] only knows what [illegible] They are just [illegible] the

smells and sounds, but he felt that they were leaving an imprint on the very fiber of his soul. He knew one thing. He knew he could never forget this first introduction to the mountain night. The whole scene moved him in strange, deep ways in which he had never been stirred before; it left him exultant and, in deep wells of his nature far below the usual currents of excitement, a little excited too.

Then both of them were startled out of their reflections by the clear, unmistakable sound of footsteps on the ridge. Both of them turned, and Lennox laughed softly in the darkness. "My daughter," he said. "I knew she wouldn't be afraid to come."

Dan could see only Snowbird's outline at first, just her shadow against the moonlit hillside. His glasses were none too good at long range. And possibly, when she came within range, the first thing that he noticed about her was her stride. The girls he knew didn't walk in quite that free, strong way. She took almost a man-size step; and yet it was curious that she did not seem ungraceful. Dan had a distinct impression that she was floating down to him on the moonlight. She seemed to come with such unutterable smoothness. And then he heard her call lightly through the darkness.

The sound gave him a distinct sense of surprise. Some way, he hadn't associated a voice like this with a mountain girl; he had supposed that there would be so many harshening influences in this wild place. Yet the tone was as clear and full as a trained singer's. It was not a high voice; and yet it seemed simply brimming, as a cup brims with wine, with the rapture of life. It was a self-confident voice too, wholly unaffected and sincere, and wholly without embarrassment.

Then she came close, and Dan saw the moonlight on her face. And so it came about, whether in dreams or wakefulness, he could see nothing else for many hours to come.

The girl who stood in the moonlight had health. She was simply vibrant with health. It brought a light to her eyes, and a color to her cheeks, and life and shimmer to her moonlit hair. It brought curves to her body, and strength and firmness to her limbs, and the grace of a deer to her carriage. Whether she had regular features or not Dan would have been unable to state. He didn't even notice. They weren't important when health was present. Yet there was nothing of the coarse or bold or voluptuous about her. She was just a slender girl, perhaps twenty years of age, and weighing even less than the figure occasionally to be read in the health magazines for girls of her height. And she was fresh and cool beyond all words to tell.

And Dan had no delusions about her attitude toward him. For a long instant she turned her keen, young eyes to his white, thin face; and at once it became abundantly evident that beyond a few girlish speculations she felt no interest in him. After a single moment of rather strained, polite conversation with Dan—just enough to satisfy her idea of the conventions—she began a thrilling girlhood tale to her father. And she was still telling it when they reached the house.

Dan held a chair for her in front of the fireplace, and she took it with entire naturalness. He was careful to put it where the firelight was at its height. He wanted to see its effect on the flushed cheeks, the soft dark hair. And then, standing in the shadows, he simply watched her. With the eye of an artist he delighted in her gestures, her rippling enthusiasm, her utter irrepressible girlishness that all of time had not years enough to kill.

Bill stood watching her, his hands deep in his pockets, evidently a companion of the best. Her father gazed at her with amused tolerance. And Dan—he didn't know in just what way he did look at her. And he didn't have time to decide. In less than fifteen minutes, and wholly without warning, she sprang up from her chair and started toward the door.

"Good Lord!" Dan breathed. "If you make such sudden motions as that I'll have heart failure. Where are you going now?"

"Back to my watch," she answered, her tone wholly lacking the personal note which men have learned to expect in the voices of women. And an instant later the three of them saw her retreating shadow as she vanished among the pines.

Dan had to be helped to bed. The long ride had been too hard on his shattered lungs; and nerves and body collapsed an instant after the door was closed behind the departing girl. He laughed weakly and begged their pardon; and the two men were really very gentle. They told him it was their own fault for permitting him to overdo. Lennox himself blew out the candle in the big, cold bedroom.

The next installment of "The Voice of the Pack" imparts to Dan Failing the existence of an organized band of outlaws.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Different Kinds of Hickory.

Twelve kinds of hickory are found in the world, eleven of them indigenous to the United States east of the Rocky mountains, and one Mexican species. Previous to the ice age, extensive forests of hickory existed in Greenland.

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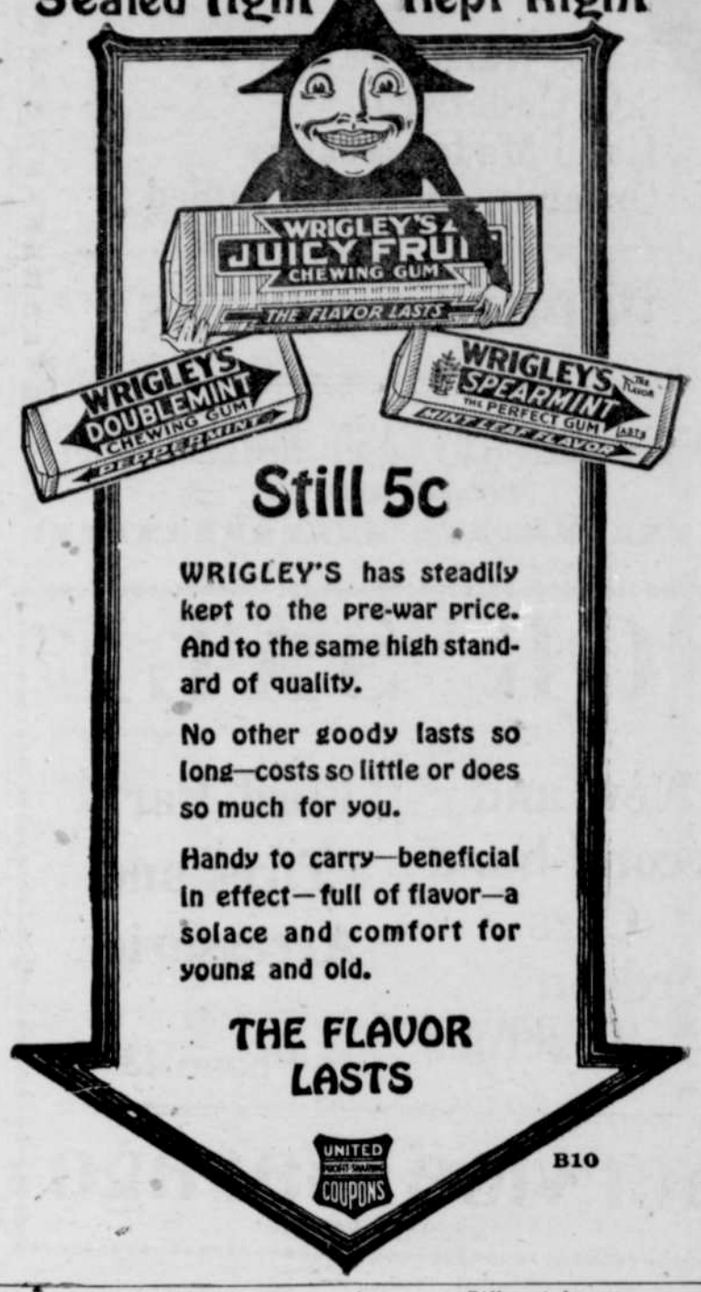

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"Some people credit the cherry tree story for that," said Mr. Dubwaite, "but I suspect George's reputation for veracity is due to the fact that he never said, 'I've had my car six months and it has never been in a repair shop.'"

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There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

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Snowsheds as Highways.

The wooden snowsheds of the Southern Pacific railway across the Sierra Nevada mountains may become highways for motorists. It has been proposed to reconstruct these of concrete and frame the tops as roadways for automobiles.

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"What did he say, Mike?"

"He said that I carried more osseous matter above the shoulders than any other man in the works."—Boston Transcript.

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"Why is Mrs. Grabb so angry with you?"

"It seems that the cook she lured away from me is not satisfactory."

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