

TAKES CARE OF 5 CHILDREN

Mrs. Taylor's Sickness Ended by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Roxbury, Mass.—"I suffered continually with backache and was often dependent, had dizzy spells and at my monthly periods it was almost impossible to keep around at my work. Since my last baby came two years ago my back has been worse and no position I could get in would relieve it, and doctor's medicine did not help me. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have found great relief since using it. My back is much better and I can sleep well. I keep house and have the care of five children so my work is very trying and I am very thankful I have found the Compound such a help. I recommend it to my friends and if you wish to use this letter I am very glad to help any woman suffering as I was until I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. MAUDE E. TAYLOR, 5 St. James Place, Roxbury, Mass.

Backache is one of the most common symptoms of a displacement or derangement of the female system. No woman should make the mistake of trying to overcome it by heroic endurance, but profit by Mrs. Taylor's experience and try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

MAN'S BEST AGE

A man is as old as his organs; he can be as vigorous and healthy at 70 as at 35 if he aids his organs in performing their functions. Keep your vital organs healthy with

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles since 1896; corrects disorders; stimulates vital organs. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Cleanses and Cures Itchy Scalp. Hines Chemical Works, Patented, N. Y.

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, cures corns in the foot, makes walking easy. Hines Chemical Works, Patented, N. Y.

Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman Patent Lawyer, Washington D. C. Advice and book free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

May Not Grow Cotton. It has been found necessary in Egypt to make a regulation prohibiting the people from growing cotton instead of cereals. Recently, there have been greater rewards in the cotton crop, and other things have been neglected.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of **CASTORIA**, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Fletcher** in Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Another Siam at Art. A family with an artistic temperament isn't really as much of an addition to a neighborhood as one owning a stepladder.—*Atchison Globe.*

A man who yells at the top of his voice seldom wins an argument.

LUCKY STRIKE "IT'S TOASTED" Cigarette. No cigarette has the same delicious flavor as Lucky Strike. Because Lucky Strike is the toasted cigarette.

\$10 CASH PRIZE CONTEST Full particulars and application blank in *Radio Domings* Review. Send for copy. **SANTO DOMINGO REVIEW** 246 Fulton St., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK. W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 18-1921.



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CHAPTER II.

WHISPERFOOT.

Synopsis.—Warned by his physical that he has not more than six months to live, Dan Felling sits despondently on a park bench, wondering where he should spend those six months. 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 in the Umpqua divide, and there Felling plans to live out the short span of life which he has been told is his. From the first Felling'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 "nervy" 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 Felling, whose fame as a woodsman is a household word. Dan learns that an organized band of outlaws, of which Bert Cranston is the leader, is setting forest fires. Landry Hildreth, a former member of the gang, has been induced to turn state's evidence. Cranston shoots Hildreth and leaves him for dead.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

For when all things are said and done, there were few bigger cowards in the whole wilderness world than Whisperfoot. A good many people think that Graycoat the coyote could take lessons from him in this respect. But others, knowing how a hunter is brought in occasionally with almost all human resemblance gone from him because a cougar charged in his death agony, think this is unfair to the larger animal. And it is true that a full-grown cougar will sometimes attack horned cattle, something that no American animal cares to do unless he wants a good fight on his paws and of which the very thought would throw Graycoat into a spasm; and there have been even stranger stories, if one could quite believe them. A certain measure of respect must be extended to any animal that will hunt the great bull elk, for to miss the stroke and get caught beneath the churning, lashing, slashing, razor-edged front hoofs is simply death, painful and without delay. But the difficulty lies in the fact that these things are not done in the ordinary, rational blood of hunting. What an animal does in its death agony, or to protect its young, what great game it follows in the starving times of winter, can be put to neither its debit nor its credit. A coyote will charge when mad. A raccoon will put up a wicked fight when cornered. A hen will peck at the hand that robs her nest. When hunting was fairly good, Whisperfoot avoided the elk and steer almost as punctiliously as he avoided men, which is saying very much indeed; and any kind of terrier could usually drive him straight up a tree.

But he did like to pretend to be very great and terrible among the smaller forest creatures. And he was Fear itself to the deer. A human hunter who would kill two deer a week for fifty-two weeks would be called a much uglier name than poscher; but yet this had been Whisperfoot's record, on and off, ever since his second year. Many a great buck wore the scar of the full stroke—after which Whisperfoot had lost his hold. Many a fawn had crouched panting with terror in the thickets at just a tawny light on the gnarled limb of a pine. Many a doe would grow great-eyed and terrified at just his strange, pungent smell on the wind.

He yawned again, and his fangs looked white and abnormally large in the moonlight. His great, green eyes were still clouded and languorous from sleep. Then he began to steal up the ridge toward his hunting grounds. It was a curious thing that he walked straight in the face of the soft wind that came down from the snow fields, and yet there wasn't a weathercock to be seen anywhere. And neither had the chipmunk seen him wet a paw and hold it up, after the approved fashion of holding up a finger. He had a better way of knowing—a chill at the end of his whiskers.

The little, breathless night sounds in the brush around him seemed to madden him. They made a song to him, a strange, wild melody that even such frontiersmen as Dan and Lennox could not experience. A thousand smells brushed down to him on the wind, more potent than any wine or net. He began to tremble all over with rapture and excitement. But unlike Cranston's trembling, no wilderness ear was keen enough to hear the leaves rustling beneath him.

He didn't stop to think at all. He didn't puzzle on the extreme unlikelihood of a doe halting in her flight from a cougar. It is doubtful whether, in the thickets, he had any perceptions of the creature other than its movement. He was running down wind, so it is certain that he didn't smell it. If he saw it at all, it was just as a shadow, sufficiently large to be that of a deer. It was moving, crawling as Woolf the bear sometimes crawled, seemingly to get out of his path. And Whisperfoot leaped straight at it.

It was a perfect shot. He landed high on its shoulders. His head lashed down, and the white teeth closed. All the long life of his race he had known that urgent sense that flowed forth. His senses perceived it, a message shot along his nerves to his brain. And then he opened his mouth in a high, far-carrying squeal of utter, abject terror.

describe, as the far-off reports of a rifle. Just today Blacktail had seen his doe fall bleeding when this same sound, only louder, spoke from a covert from which Bert Cranston had poached her—and he left the lick in one bound.

Terrified though he was by the rifle shot, still Whisperfoot sprang. But the distance was too far. His outstretched paw hummed down four feet behind Blacktail's flank. Then forgetting everything but his anger and disappointment, the great cougar opened his mouth and howled.

The long night was almost done when he got sight of further game. Once a flock of grouse exploded with a roar of wings from a thicket; but they had been awakened by the first whisper of dawn in the wind, and he really had no chance at them. Soon after this, the moon set.

The larger creatures of the forest are almost as helpless in absolute darkness as human beings. It is very well to talk of seeing in the dark, but from the nature of things, even vertical pupils may only respond to light. No owl or bat can see in absolute darkness. It became increasingly likely that Whisperfoot would have to retire to his lair without any meal whatever.

But still he remained, hoping against hope. After a futile fifteen minutes of watching a trail, he heard a doe feeding on a hillside. Its foot-fall was not so heavy as the sturdy tramp of a buck, and besides, the bucks would be higher on the ridges this time of morning. He began a cautious advance toward it.

For the first fifty yards the hunt was in his favor. He came up wind, and the brush made a perfect cover. But the doe unfortunately was standing a full twenty yards farther, in an open glade. Under ordinary circumstances, Whisperfoot would not have made an attack. A cougar can run swiftly, but a deer is light itself. The big cat would have preferred to linger, a motionless thing in the thickets, hoping some other member of the deer herd to which the doe must have belonged would come into his ambush. But the hunt was late, and Whisperfoot was very, very angry. Too many times this night he had missed his kill. In desperation, he leaped from the thicket and charged the deer.

In spite of the preponderant odds against him, the charge was almost a success. He went fully half the distance between them before the deer perceived him. Then she leaped. There seemed to be no interlude of time between the instant that she beheld the dim, tawny figure in the air and that in which her long legs pushed out in a spring. But she didn't leap straight ahead. She knew enough of the cougars to know that the great cat would certainly aim for her head and neck in the same way that a duck-hunter leads a fast-flying duck—hoping to intercept her leap. Even as he left the ground she seemed to whirl in the air, and the deadly talons whipped down in vain. Then, cutting back in front, she raced down wind.

It is usually the most unmitigated folly for a cougar to chase a deer against which he has missed his stroke; and it is also quite fatal to his dignity. And who doubts for a minute that the larger creatures have no dignity, and that it is not very dear to them, simply knows nothing about the ways of animals. They cling to it to the death. But tonight one disappointment after another had crumbled, as the rains crumble leaves, the last vestige of Whisperfoot's self-control. Snarling in fury, he bounded after the doe.

She was lost to sight at once in the darkness, but for fully thirty yards he raced in her pursuit. If he had stopped to think, it would have been one of the really great surprises of his life to hear the sudden, unmistakable stir and movement of a large, living creature not fifteen feet distant in the thicket.

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He sprang a full fifteen feet back into the thickets; then crouched. The hair stood still at his shoulders, his claws were bared; he was prepared to fight to the death. He didn't understand. He only knew the worst single terror of his life. It was not a doe that he had attacked in the darkness. It was not Urson the porcupine, or even Woolf. It was that Imperial master of all things, man himself. Unknowing, he had attacked Landy Hildreth, lying wounded from Cranston's bullet beside the trail. Word of the arson ring would never reach the settlements, after all.

Setting a forest fire. (TO BE CONTINUED.) Umbrellas are great bluffers; it's a case of put up or shut up with them.

ASPIRIN
Name "Bayer" on Genuine

Take Aspirin only as told in each package of genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin. Then you will be following the directions and dosage worked out by physicians during 21 years, and proved safe by millions. Take no chances with substitutes. If you see the Bayer Cross on tablets, you can take them without fear for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

A garden in every vacant lot would keep food cooking in the pot.

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin
Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Adv.

To err is human and to seek to justify the error is humaner.

Blood Is the Sap of Life;

Keep It Pure

You grow by good blood as a tree grows by sap. Rich blood, robust man. Good sap, sturdy tree. Keep the blood healthy and wholesome; the blood healthy and wholesome; poor, impoverished blood cannot nourish the body or remove the waste as nature intended. When your blood is impure, itching, flaming skin eruptions often break out, and your body

gets run down and weak—easy prey for disease. To be safe, keep the circulation wholesome.

For this S.S.S., the famous vegetable blood remedy your druggist keeps, is excellent. Start enriching your blood with S.S.S. today, and write about your condition to Chief Medical Advisor, 838 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

USED 50 YEARS S.S.S. FOR THE BLOOD AT ALL DRUGGISTS

NOT TO BE MADE TO ORDER

Songs and Emblems That Live in the Heart of a People Must Have Foundation.

To wait for a state flower or a state song to discover itself and make itself appropriate might be an interminable and disappointing vigil. Centuries could intervene. It is not mere restlessness that asks for a flower to be chosen or a song to be written ready to hand, declares the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Posterity may find substitutes that are better, the fruit of happy circumstances, but we in our day may have at least our ready-made symbols to feed the romance in our souls.

Ancient people acquired these spiritual emblems and patriotic lyrics through a long and at times painful history. Something stirring has to happen to give them birth. Thus our soldiers who were in the great war find the poppy the all-significant floral insignia of their heroic days and have adopted it as the visible reminder of them. Ten million silken poppies are to be worn in America on Decoration day.

Money is not the main thing. Knowing how to take care of it is of more importance.

The world will never get any better until children are an improvement on their parents.

It is sometimes easier to take things as they come than it is to induce them to come.

KILL RATS TODAY
By Using the Genuine **STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE**
The guaranteed "killer" for rats, mice, cockroaches, ants and waterbugs—the greatest known carrier of disease. They destroy both food and property. Stearns' Electric Paste forces these pests to run from the building for water and fresh air. **READY FOR USE—BETTER THAN TRAPS** Directions in 15 languages in every box. Two sizes, 35c and \$1.50. Enough to kill 50 to 100 rats. U. S. Government buys it.

Awful Sick With Gas

Eatonc Brings Relief

"I have been awful sick with gas," writes Mrs. W. H. Person, "and Eatonc is all I can get to give me relief."

Acidity and gas on the stomach quickly taken up and carried out by Eatonc, then appetite and strength come back. And many other bodily miseries disappear when the stomach is right. Don't let sourness, belching, bloating, indigestion and other stomach ills go on. Take Eatonc tablets after you eat—see how much better you feel. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

126 MAMMOTH JACKS I have a bargain for you, come quick. **W. L. DeWitt's JACK FARM** Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

KREMOLA MAKES THE SKIN BEAUTIFUL. (See wonders for a bad complexion. Sales in U. S. by W. L. DeWitt & Co., 2975 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.)

Arizona Poet, However, Strikes Different Note From That Struck by the Great Persian.

Omar Khayyam said that he could dine on a loaf of bread and a jug of wine; with Her beside him and feel content in the wilderness—but he only meant that he liked the desert and his old tin Lizzie, and the crooked roads that make you dizzy, that start any place and lead nowhere, and just keep going and never care. He liked the mesquite and the greasewood smell and the long hot days that feel like hell; the red sunsets and the cool moonlight and the soft, sweet air of the desert night.

For Omar Khayyam was a wonderful man, who lived his life on an easy plan, with his girls and his wine and a big silk tent—My, oh, my! The desert is here like it always was—but you can't Khayyam any more, because in these dry days when even home brew is on the list of the things taboo, old Omar Khayyam and his jug of juice would soon get locked in the calaboose. —*Salome (Ariz.) Sun.*

Most individuals are more inclined to yield to the alluring than to the as-suring.

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If Coffee don't agree DRINK POSTUM
"There's a Reason"