

HATE

By
Arthur D. Howden Smith

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ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
WNU Service

STORY FROM THE START

Returning to America, during the War of 1812, after a successful voyage, Capt. Lion Fellowes' merchant ship Sachem was sunk off Portugal by a British frigate. His crew surrendered, but Fellowes reached shore exhausted. His life was saved by an English-speaking girl who concealed her identity. He learns from her, however, that she is about to set out for Lisbon. Fellowes goes to Lisbon, hoping to find a vessel American bound. He meets Captain Chater of the American ship True Bounty, an acquaintance. Chater offers him a berth as mate. Fellowes refuses, knowing Chater is disloyal in trading with the enemy. He meets the girl who saved his life, Cara Ingelipin, daughter of the owner of the True Bounty. Cara induces him to sail as mate. Fellowes falls in love with her. The True Bounty is stopped by the British frigate, Badger, Captain Collishaw. Despite his American citizenship, Fellowes is taken aboard the Badger as a "pressed" man. Maddened at what he believes is Cara's and Chater's treachery, he strikes Collishaw, who orders him a hundred lashes with the "cat."

CHAPTER IV

Tom Grogan and Cuffee Cockroach

In his delirium Fellowes was plagued by a weird specter—the head of Collishaw on the snowy torso of Bob Clinch—that brandished a dripping cat over his lacerated back. But always as the lashes were about to fall a gigantic black figure intervened, and a soft, crooning voice quieted his frenzied defiance:

"Hush yo'st, marse, Cuffee hol' yo' han'. Dar, yo' don' need noller—ain't only Cuffee 'n' Tom wid yo'."

Fellowes raised his head as the negro spoke, and his lips parted in a groan. He was lying on his stomach on a pile of hammocks; the yellow glare of a battle-lantern, suspended above him, revealed the confined space of the Badger's berth-deck. From his neck to his loins his back was a blaze of agony.

"How long have I been here?" he whispered.

"Dis two night'. Yo' hab much bobbey, marse. Yo' holler, an' yo' yell, an' yo' wan' fo' kill him cap'n. Oh, my nunt, yo' plenty sick!"

Fellowes moved again, tentatively, to ease a stiffness in his legs, and with the stab of pain which shot through him he felt an oily moisture percolating down his flanks.

"What have you got on me?" he asked, between gritted teeth.

"Fleaty slush. Dat best fo' yo'. Bob Clinch fotch him from cookee. Yo' go fo' sleep." The negro settled back on his heels. "Sleep mo' better fo' yo'."

"But why do you do this for me?" exclaimed Fellowes.

"Cuffee help yo' fo' dat yo' strike him cap'n had face. An' Cuffee tink yo' plenty juju fo' take nogg'n' widout holler. Cuffee like yo' fine."

"I'm very grateful," said Fellowes weakly. "You—it's the last thing I expected. What did you say your name was?"

"Cuffee, marse—Cuffee Cockroach. Now yo' go fo' sleep."

The crooning voice hummed a slow monotonous tune, and despite himself, despite the pain that racked and burned, Fellowes drifted off into a drowning slumber. When he awakened sunshine was pouring down an open hatch. He turned his head with difficulty, and at once a gruff voice spoke beside him.

"Easy all, shipmate. That back's purty tender."

The speaker was the short, bow-legged sailor, of the bristling black beard and mahogany-tanned hide.

"There was a negro here," Fellowes answered feebly. "In the night—"

"Cuffee, messmate. He's on watch—leastways, he's at gun-drill. Ye wouldn't sneerly suspect it, now, would ye, but that nigger's a master hand with Long Tom! Holystone me, if he ain't the smartest gunner I ever seed."

"Your name is Tom, isn't it?"

"Tom Grogan of Philadelph'y, P. A.—likewise. A. B. Pressed off the schooner Martha out o' Baltimore. But mebbe ye could eat a morsel! All ye had was a sup o' rum since ye came below."

He dropped on his knees by Fellowes' head, and offered him a spoonful of steamy liquid from a pannikin.

"Cuffee cooked this for ye," he pursued. "For an ign'rant nigger he's got a surpris'n' lot o' knowhow."

Fellowes was amazed at the taste and savor of the mess.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Salt-horse 'n' hardtack 'n' whatever Cuffee could steal out o' the galley," Grogan replied, grinning. "He's a master-cook, too—that's how we shipped him on the Martha."

"You were pressed together?"

"For sartain. Collishaw was only for takin' me, but Cuffee, he up and says as how he's allus shipped with me, 'n' if I transfer to the r'yal navy, why, he'll come, too."

"Then Cuffee isn't a slave?"

Grogan set down the pannikin, and scratched his ear doubtfully.

"Well, nunt, that's a question I've often asked myself. 'Esee, the Martha took him off the wreck of a slave-ship, San Jago, of Havana—disasted in

the Middle passage. He was the only livin' critter aboard. I guess he wouldn't have lasted more'n a day, if we hadn't happened by. Cap'n, he didn't want to take Cuffee off—but I was a curious young feller, and there was a chance the slavers had left treasure behind 'em, so the cap'n, he hems 'n' haws and 'lows I can go, if so be I go alone, which same I did."

Fellowes found the narrative amusing. It removed his thoughts from his tortured back.

Grogan went on: "Cuffee come, 'n' he klesed my hand, and kneeled down on the deck in front of me. And after I took him back to the Martha, 'n' we'd fatted him a piece, why, ye just couldn't pry him away from me. Cap'n, he called him 'Tom Grogan's nigger,' and nex' time we made Baltimore that's how the customs officers entered him. 'Cuffee Cockroach, property o' Tom Grogan. A. B. of Philadelph'y, P. A.'"

A shadow fell across Fellowes' face, and Clinch squatted opposite Grogan.

"Feelin' a mite more peckish, tad?" inquired the bosun. "Rot my guts, but yer a game bantam." He paused awkwardly. "No anemoseetees, I 'ope?"

Fellowes thrust out a hand, regardless of the pain the movement caused him.

"I haven't anything against you, bosun," he answered. "I'm sore, but

plenty juju. Yah, him good man, him juju man."

The big, calloused hand slid caressingly on to Fellowes' head. "Dar, now, marse, yo' go fo' sleep. Cuffee here."

And the crooning, monotonous hum of liquid polysyllables fell like an anodyne on Fellowes' aching nerves.

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The Long Islander improved steadily. His back, which, fortunately, he could not see, remained a horrid spectacle; but gradually the shredded flesh commenced to scab over, and, what meant most to him, his nerves eased off from the terrific tension imposed upon them. And now he was morbidly anxious lest the mitigation of his pain should quench the fire of hatred burning in his heart. But he need not have concerned himself. The first time he was assisted to the spar-deck, and saw, aloft in the sacred precincts aft, Collishaw's straight, trim figure, his eyes were clouded by the same red mist which had blinded him the day he boarded the Badger.

With nothing else to think of, Fellowes found diversion in whetting the edge of his hatred, scheming plans of vengeance. And slowly, as his mind became normal, he relinquished the fantastic dreams which had occupied him in his earlier convalescence. No ordinary retribution for him! No blow in the dark, no shot across a smoke-filled deck, no yielding to suicidal hysteria.

They'd stand face to face, eye, ship to ship, when the time came. Watching Collishaw, he discovered the Englishman's heart was bound up in the Badger. Smash her, take her from him, and Collishaw would suffer infinitely more than the pangs of death. But to take or trap the Badger Fellowes must first escape from her, and this posed an apparently insoluble problem. He cuddled his wits over it, and finally called on Tom and Cuffee for advice.

"Mebbe a man can escape when he's ashore," commented Tom; "but how ye go'n' to escape anywhere in all this water?"

"There's always a way, if we can find it," Fellowes answered doggedly. "We must hope, and keep a watch. And if we do get ashore I'll buy a ship that can run the Badger into her hole in Davy Jones' locker—and you shall be with me."

Cuffee was all smiles. "Yo' hab Long Tom, Marse Fellowe? Oh, my nunt, I mos' please to deaf wid him!"

"Ye'll be dead afore yer pleased, nigger," Tom sighed dolefully.

But Fellowes refused to despair. "Nonsense, Tom," he exclaimed. "You shall be bosun. Think! A sharp, Yankee privateer that'll carry royals in an ordinary blow. You wait and see."

A few days later the sloop-of-war spoke the Shannon frigate, which made signal she was bound south with dispatches for Admiral Cookburn cruising off the cape of the Chesapeake, and Fellowes heard the signalman's report to Collishaw, and Collishaw's prompt rejoinder.

"My compliments, and ask 'em to heave to. Tell 'em Captain Collishaw has important documents for the admiral's attention. Mr. Curry, have a boat lowered. I'll see Captain Brooke, myself."

Fellowes remembered the papers Collishaw had discussed with Cara Ingelipin and Chater in the True Bounty's cabin. This could be no trivial plot, which was referred direct to the admiral commanding the blockading squadrons, having previously been indorsed by British authorities across the Atlantic.

Another reason for escape. Here should be a weapon with which to humble the Ingelipins and Chater. For he mustn't waste all his hatred on Collishaw. No! It was Cara Ingelipin who had betrayed him in the first place. And sneaking Saul Chater, if he might only escape! With, any luck, he'd see them hung in chains for the traitors they were.

For several hours the two vessels tossed on the waves, then Collishaw's boat put off from the Shannon, and the frigate hurried away south, while the Badger backed inshore to resume her patrol.

Dripping wet in his boat-cloak, Collishaw climbed the Badger's side as adroitly as though it was a garden-path. His eye lit on Fellowes, and the Long Islander, perceiving it, made a derisive tug at his forelock.

"You are the pressed man who was dogged?" Collishaw asked abruptly. (TO BE CONTINUED)

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"What Yo' Po' Fool Do?" Cuffee Scolded.

I'll be up and about soon. And then I'll attend to the cur who used you."

Clinch darted a worried look over his shoulder.

"Belay that talk, tad," he ordered, gruffly. "Twon't get ye nowhere. Ye can't reach the cap'n. Ain't it so, Tom Grogan? Yer a pressed man. Tell the lad I'm talkin' for 'is own good."

"Sartain, sartain," Grogan corroborated soothingly. "Ye got to use plain sense. Yer jest a pressed seaman like me 'n' Cuffee, only ye hit the cap'n in the jaw—and lived to reckon it."

"Aye, aye," agreed Clinch. "Don't forget that. Cripes, tad, a cap'n can't let one o' 'is men strike 'm. 'E was as easy as 'e could be."

"Easy!" Fellowes snapped scornfully. "I'd rather have been killed than flogged."

"Cinch 'ere," he said. "I don't like the way ye talk. The cap'n's fair, but 'e's 'ard. All for disciplin, 'e 'is."

Fellowes experienced a profound sensation of weakness. "It doesn't matter," he mumbled, fighting back the tears of rage that pricked his eyelids. "But if I live—G—d, how I hate the cur! And her! and her!"

His voice became a wail. There was a sudden patter of feet on the deck.

"What yo' po' fool do?" Cuffee scolded. "Buckra marse, him sick, like ill chille. Yo' wan' fo' make him mo' bobbey?"

"We ain't done nothin' to him, nigger," Clinch protested. "E was atakin' 'n' ag'in the cap'n—"

"Yo' let him talk! Cap'n bad man. Someday him die. Dis buckra marse"

remarked; there were six only with Teneriffe.

The old charts gave this island when Portugal ceded these islands to Spain in 1479, but several years later surveys sent out to locate this island had failed to find it. Yet it reappeared from time to time in some particular state of the atmosphere—and is, in fact, the ghost of a submerged island—London Post.

Cosmetics by the Ton

It requires 120,274 tons of cosmetics to keep millady beautiful for one year, according to statistics compiled by a famous authority on feminine puichritude. That means an average of 7.9 pounds per woman.

Probably Only "Ghost" of Island on Record

I was staying in Oratava, Tenerife, with the family of the English chaplain there. One very sultry day he asked me to come up to the flat roof of the house, as he wished to show me something very remarkable. Finding I had strong and far eyesight, he asked me to count the islands I could see round the coast of Tenerife, and I found that, with Grande Canary, they numbered seven.

He then requested me to look through the telescope and name what I could see on the islet beyond Palma. And after I had specified a small palm tree, some low-growing trees and a small white hut, he showed me the latest map of these islands—which did not include the island we had

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Assembled for Information of Our Readers.

The \$97,000 paving and street improvement program in the business center of Burns has been completed and the work accepted.

Volcanic cinders from Lava butte, near Bend, are being shipped for use in the decking of the Longview bridge. The contract calls for 35 carloads.

Ray Dulling, who lives northeast of Redmond, has threshed his Ladino clover crop, which weighed 542 pounds to the acre, and refused a price of 90c per lb.

The cost of Lane county's road oiling program this year was \$29,500. Fifty miles of road were oiled. Plans are being made to enlarge the program next year.

Fire, believed to have originated in the basement of the Central Pharmacy at The Dalles, virtually destroyed the Condon building, in which the pharmacy was located.

Purchase of the building at Third and Union streets, owned by The Dalles Knights of Pythias lodge, by the local Masonic bodies for use as a Masonic temple, was announced recently.

Ducks are plentiful on Siltecoos lake now and hunters who frequent this area are bringing in fine bags, says Rodney Roach, deputy state game warden, who has just returned from an inspection trip through the coast districts of Lane county.

A 100-foot fir tree crashed, blazing through the roof of their log cabin at Central Point, six miles southeast of Oregon City, recently, and awakened Mr. and Mrs. John Braker and their son Max, 6. All escaped without injury, but little was left of the cabin.

With few buyers in the market, the bulk of the Lake Labish onion crop is unsold, with but 50 cars marketed and 450 on storage awaiting an increased price, as 90 cents a hundred does not look attractive to the men who realized around \$3 and \$4 last fall.

Approximately 7,000,000 feet of timber products were shipped to foreign ports from Coos Bay during October, according to the monthly report of the customs office under Chester Clark. The export in ten months totals 99,991,053 feet valued at \$1,796,467.

The Oregon Bee Keepers association, in convention in Pendleton recently, named W. G. Rodda, Hermiston bee man, as head of the organization. J. Skovbo, also of Hermiston, was elected vice-president and H. A. Scullen of Corvallis, secretary-treasurer.

The state highway commission has purchased the entire block in the south part of Redmond on the McKen highway and near The Dalles-California highway for the erection of a maintenance and machine shed. Work will start on the building within 30 days.

Plans for the expenditure of about \$250,000 by the Oregon Lumber company in Bates and Baker with a view to increasing the production of the two plants approximately 50 per cent within the next few months are announced by David Stoddard, general manager.

Total resources of both state and national banks operating in Oregon at the close of business October 4 showed a decrease of \$5,456,226.81, when compared with those of the corresponding period a year ago, according to a statement prepared by the state superintendent of banks. There also was a decrease of \$2,896,618.25 in bonds and securities and a decrease of \$6,898,933.57 in cash and due from banks.

THE MARKETS

Wheat—Big Bend bluestem, \$1.31; soft white and western white, \$1.19½; hard winter, northern spring and western red, \$1.18.

Hay—Alfalfa, \$22.50@23 per ton; valley timothy, \$19.50@20; eastern Oregon timothy, \$22@22.50; clover, \$20; oat hay, \$19; oats and vetch, \$19.50@20.

Butterfat—45¢@49c.

Eggs—Ranch, 32¢@50c.

Cattle—Steers, good, \$10.25@11.

Hogs—Good to choice, \$9@10.

Lambs—Good to choice, \$10.50@11.

Seattle

Wheat—Soft white and western white, \$1.18; hard winter, western red and northern spring, \$1.17; Big Bend bluestem, \$1.32.

Eggs—Ranch, 33¢@54c.

Butterfat—47c.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$9.50@10.25.

Hogs—Prime light, \$9.90@10.

Lambs—Choice, \$10.25@10.50.

Spokane

Cattle—Steers, good, \$9.50@10.

Hogs—Good and choice, \$10.35.

Lambs—Feeder lambs, \$8.75@9.9.

The new grade of, the Wapinitia cut-off highway connecting Maupin and the Mount Hood Loop near Government Camp is now open for travel. It was announced by the state highway department.

Crater Lake chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, unveiled a marker recently on the site of old Fort Birdsey on the Pacific highway, six miles below Gold Hill. The site is the old home of the late David N. Birdsey, still owned and occupied by his descendants.

The hop situation in the Willamette valley is more gloomy at this time than for many years. Growers said that for the first time in many years there are no orders for hops in November. Because of low prices and lack of a market several growers have been forced into bankruptcy.

The Wallawa county fair association is sending out a questionnaire to the voters of the county in order to ascertain the sentiment of the people regarding the future of the county fair. For the past few years there has been a deficit and now there are two years' premiums due to winners.

Old-timers fail to recall as fine a fall season and early winter as is being experienced in the Calapooia valley. Absence of cold or hard rains is featuring early November, with just enough frost to make the woodlands along the river and the hill slopes nearly a perfect riot of leafy color.

M. E. Kandle, 80-year-old farmer of the Upper Highland country, accidentally placed a .22-caliber cartridge with loose powder in his pipe at his home a few days ago. The pipe and most of the pipestem were blown from his mouth when the cartridge exploded. The burning tobacco ignited the cartridge.

The concrete bridge across the east fork of the Nehalem river has been completed and will be open to traffic November 23. Roadmaster Barney has announced. Rocking of the Clatskanie-Mist market road is also completed, and work is being rushed on the fill connecting the paved highway with Prescott.

One thousand Crook county cattle were being trailed over the central Oregon plateau from Post of Redmond where they will be shipped to winter feeding grounds in Montana and Idaho because of the shortage of range feed and hay in the Crooked river valley. This is central Oregon's biggest cattle drive in recent years.

Reductions which will save consumers approximately \$30,000 annually were announced by the public service commission in Salem recently in rates of the Mountain States Power company for commercial and residential lighting affecting Marshfield, North Bend, Myrtle Point, Powers, Coquille, Empire and Eastside.

The first car of Rogue river valley turkeys for the New York city dinner tables on Thanksgiving day departed from Medford last week by freight, with between 1800 and 1900 fine quality birds in the consignment of the farm exchange co-operative, through Savage & Co. The advance price for the top birds was 32 cents.

Receipts of the state corporation department for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1929, aggregated \$460,426.50, or approximately \$23,000 in excess of those for the previous year. This information was contained in the annual report of Mark McCallister, state corporation commissioner, which was filed with Governor Patterson recently.

Because of range conditions and a shortage of hay, stockmen have sold many thousands of sheep in the last few weeks at Redmond. Stockmen report that this has been the driest summer and fall experienced in 20 years. Other shepherds are renting pasture in the irrigated district, where they will keep the flocks until the snow falls.

More than 60 tons of Golden Hubbard squash have been harvested this season from 12 acres of ground on the Merlin Harding ranch, on Grand Island, and have been hauled to the cannery. Eight dollars a ton was received for these golden beauties, which were raised on land which was set with baby hops, the squash being planted between the rows of hops.

Rapid progress is being made on the Fir-Tex plant located a short distance from the city limits of St. Helens. Contractors have 180 workmen on the job, and concrete foundations for two of the main buildings are in. The dock, which is 500 feet long and has a frontage of 300 feet on Scappoose bay, is about two-third complete and will be finished this month.

Picking up a 2400-volt wire which he believed to carry only 110, L. E. Campbell, electrician for the North-western Electric company at Rainier, was so badly burned about the hands that both were amputated in an effort to save his life.

The Oregon State college campus has been designated by the United States department of agriculture as the headquarters for the present, at least, of the new federal nut experiment station authorized by a recent congressional act.

POULTRY

SMALL EGGS ARE DIFFICULT SALE

Best Plan to Cull Hens Laying Undersized Product.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture)

Poultry growers usually believe that any hen laying 250 eggs a year is a good one, and a record of 300 eggs in a year is unusual except in a relatively small number of highly bred flocks which are fed and cared for by skillful poultry specialists.

At the Beltsville experiment farm of the United States Department of Agriculture last year one hen made a record of 306 eggs laid in 305 days. But she went to the butcher. The poultry experts of the bureau of animal industry made no apology for what would seem a sacrifice to many. This hen laid eggs that were undersized, poorly shaped, and below standard weight. They would have culled her before the year ended but for the fact that her record was needed for comparison with her sisters in a study of inheritance.

Her eggs were numerous, but her 25½ dozen eggs did not weigh more, or have more food value, than 18 to 20 dozen standard eggs. She did in fact lay a greater weight of eggs than the average of many high-producing flocks. But even so she was not considered a desirable breeder. The department's studies of inheritance show it is much more difficult to breed into a flock of chickens the factors responsible for size and quality of eggs than it is to breed merely for numerical production. In the interest of the industry, which should endeavor to meet the demand for quality products, the department has set a minimum standard for the hens it will use in breeding experiments. They must produce eggs weighing not less than two ounces each, or a pound and a half to the dozen. They recommend this standard to poultry growers.

Free Open Water for Poultry Pays Profit

Free open water, neither too warm nor too cold, certainly not in the form of ice or frozen milk, should be supplied. If plenty of skim milk or butter milk is available, they may often be used as the sole liquid, particularly in summer; they carry some 90 to 93 per cent of water.

The other nutrients accompanying the water in these milk by-products are of very high class from the feeding standpoint. As the common drinking vessel is apt to be a good medium for disease transference and flock contamination, all drinking vessels should be kept sanitary.

Number of Females to Male Quite Variable

The number of females to be mated with one male varies with the class of stock.

For the Asiatics it should be eight to ten.

For the American and English classes it should be ten to fifteen, and the Mediterranean breeds may be fifteen to twenty.

The hens to be mated should be kept away from other males for at least three weeks prior to the saving of the first eggs for hatching, and should have associated with the males it is desired to breed from, for at least ten days, while two weeks is better.

Selling Stock Source of Big Poultry Profit

While it has been proven that a poor-laying mongrel flock containing several types and colors may be made over into a high-producing flock of uniform color that is just as desirable from the market standpoint as purebreds, within the space of three years, the fact should not be overlooked that a considerable source of profit may come from selling breeding stock.

This can only be done satisfactorily where one keeps pure-bred stock.

It costs no more to house and feed a pure-bred flock than it does a bunch of mongrels or grades.

Shell Materials

The average hen eats three cents worth of oyster shell a year, and when it is available she will lay about 30 more eggs a year than though it is not provided. The hen needs calcium carbonate for the egg shells. It is difficult for her to secure an ample supply of this from water and feeds alone. Poultrymen long ago learned that oyster shell was about 90 per cent pure calcium carbonate and when crushed was readily available for the hens.

Save Manure

Poultry manure ferments very quickly, losing, if left exposed, a large proportion of its nitrogen as ammonia. This fact emphasizes the desirability of systematically and frequently cleaning off the boards beneath the roosts—a plan that also conduces to the general good health and thrift of the fowl. In summer the manure previously mixed with litter to destroy stickiness and facilitate distribution, may be applied directly to the land.

FAMILY DOCTOR

LEARNED THIS ABOUT CONSTIPATION



Dr. Caldwell loved people. His years of practice convinced him many were ruining their health by careless selection of laxatives. He determined to write a harmless prescription which would get at the cause of constipation, and correct it.

Today, the prescription he wrote in 1885 is the world's most popular laxative! He prescribed a mixture of herbs and other pure ingredients now known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, in thousands of cases where bad breath, coated tongue, gas, headaches, biliousness and lack of appetite or energy showed the bowels of men, women and children were sluggish. It proved successful in even the most obstinate cases; old folks liked it for it never gripped; children liked its pleasant taste. All druggists today have Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in bottles.



Cold in Head, Chest or Throat?

RUB MUSTEROLE well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the MUSTEROLE rub once an hour for five hours... what a glorious relief!

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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PASTER

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If your nerves are jumpy and every little thing or irregularity disturbs you, you need Koenig's Nerveine. This world-famous, blood-purifying, medicinal aid has successfully proved its great benefits in the treatment of nervousness, nervous indigestion and nervous irritability. Ask for it over the world.

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"About five months ago, following an operation for appendicitis I did not gain strength enough to be up and about. My mother and sister advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken five bottles and it has helped me to get strong so I can do my own housework now. I have recommended it to several friends who have been weak and run-down."—Mrs. Oscar Ottum, Box 474, Thief River Falls, Minn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound