

# HATE

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

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WVU Service

## CHAPTER XIII

### —22—

#### Doubt

The Badger was sinking to the booming of the Centurion's minute guns, sinking with the sun that had draped a crimson curtain across the portals of the west. Aft, under the break of the poop, a carrouse was made fast to ringbolts, square amidships, and on top of it was lashed the handle of salicotti that held Collishaw's body. The Englishman rested where he had died, and from the stump of the mizzen still floated the flag he had ordered nailed there, one corner torn by a roundshot.

The sloop-of-war reared up, struggling to keep her bow above water; but presently she sagged forward, and this time she failed to recover herself. Her fore'st'le commenced to slant. Masses of green water surged through the forward ports, and she started to slide under as it she was coasting down a hill that grew steeper and steeper. Waves licked at the bundle on the carrouse, submerged it, slapped the poop railing—and her stern canted high in air, the White Ensign at the mizzen standing out straight in the breeze as it was engulfed.

The last minute gun boomed, and Fellowes launched a crisp stream of orders almost before the echoes had died away, none but himself aware that he must have something to divert his mind or else go mad.

Cara Inglepin ignored the disruption of discipline's sway. Her gaze remained fixed on the swirl of wreckage that marked the spot where the Badger had disappeared. But presently, as the brig forged ahead, the litter of spars and deck fittings dwindled to insignificance, and she became aware of the orderly hum of activities around her—and of her father.

"Do you suppose I might speak to Captain Fellowes?"

"Is it *she*, Cara?" her father asked. "I am bound to admit Fellowes has been civil, but I think we do well to avoid him as much as possible. And I'll not have him suspecting us of pleading for mercy."

She laid a caressing palm on Ben Inglepin's face, which was neither so plump nor so rufous as it had been, after a day's toil in a stuffy cockpit that presented one endless succession of horrors.

"I owe him an apology, Father," she explained simply. "And I must thank him."

"Thank him?"

"For his generosity. It was noble."

"His generous and noble enough to see that we are by way of being hanged," Ben Inglepin retorted disagreeably.

"You're unfair, Father." Her lips some figure straightened. "If we merit to be hanged, shall we complain of him? We knew the risks we must encounter. And if a stake such as ours is worth playing for, worth winning, 'tis worth losing a life for."

There was nothing circuitous or indirect in the expression with which Ben Inglepin regarded his daughter.

"Ah, lass, you shame me. Egad you do!" He stooped and kissed her.

"Speak to Fellowes. He's a gentleman, I'll own, and a bulldog, if there ever was one. Chater and—"

"We'll say nothing of Chater, Father," she interrupted. "I would have been better for us had we not soiled our case by contact with him."

"Oh, my dear! Don't be hard on Saul. He wasn't choice, I'll grant you, but in his way he helped—"

"Ah, no, he ruined us! But for him Captain Fellowes would not have been pressed. And if—but this is to no purpose. Go below, and see if you can help poor, fat Maria. I'll be with you soon."

"Stay on deck, poppet, and win some color to your cheeks," Ben counseled. "The sensors and I can manage."

Fellowes was staring out over the stern—at the same distant spot, which so recently had monopolized Cara's attention, when the girl approached.

"Oh, Miss Inglepin, we—we are indebted to you. To you and your father and your—ah—duenna. Very helpful, Doctor O'Shaughnessy tells me. We should have been badly off without you—the Badger's wounded and everything."

"We were glad to do it, sir," she returned. "But I came to thank you 'Twas knightly of you to bury him— with his flag flying. And I am sorry for what I said this afternoon."

He flushed brick-red.

"'Twas the truth," he muttered. "I have much to answer for. He told me—Collishaw told me—'twas Chater persuaded him to press me—not you. I owe you an apology. I wasn't quite—"

"But how could you have been? You were dreadfully wronged, and

none the less because 'twas all a tissue of mischance."

"'Tis an evil passion, this hate," Fellowes insisted. "Vexation and sorrow—and death—it has brought to all who crossed my path."

"You exaggerate, sir," she answered soberly. "Surely, 'twas not evil to slay Captain Chater, who would have slain you. And James was your enemy in war. If he must have died, he'd rather have died so."

"Are you become my advocate?" he cried, exasperated—the other officers glanced at him askance. "Well, then, give me an argument in justification of delivering you to Joshua Inglepin's hands!"

"'Tis unnecessary I should argue with you to do your duty," she replied as soberly as before. "You set your hand to this task. Will you draw back from it?"

"God knows! I—" He was on the point of saying: "I love you! How can I send you to a cell in the Bridewell, a gibbet on the Southwest battery?" When he realized the bare fact he loved her must make him implacable. In honor, he could not favor her. And if he possessed any lingering shreds of pride, he adjoined himself in a hot burst of fury, he'd remember she had accepted Collishaw after plighting troth with him.

"I have got myself into this coil," he concluded, strangling his emotion. "'Tis for me to work myself free. But I'd have you know, ma'am, I gain no satisfaction from it."

"How could you, who are not cruel?" she answered tranquilly. "Come, Cuffee, you can aid me shift the wounded men for their ease."

Burdened with prisoners and running short of water and food after a six months' cruise, Fellowes was relieved when a wet Easter sent the

blockaders scurrying off shore, and the Centurion could venture a landfall. They stood out from the Rockaways, following the beat the Badger had patrolled, and on the verge of darkness sighted the spot of Sandy Hook and came to anchor for the night under the guns of the forts. They were safe! A fat cruise, everyone agreed. The prizes should yield \$100,000, at the lowest computation and allowing for the loss of one of the three sent in, what with the gold in the Centurion's strong box and the choicer bits of cargo stowed in the hold. And that meant some \$350 in prize money for every seaman.

Of all the crew, Fellowes, alone, was moody, and received indifferently the congratulations of visitors. By his instructions, nothing was said of the capture of the True Bounty, and the Inglepins and their attendant were confined in the after-cabin. They were Joshua's personal share of the spoil, he reflected cynically, they and the tidbit of treason that went with them, and Joshua should be the first to gloat over their humiliation and shame. He'd have nothing to do with it after discharging his duty. Surrender them, give his report—and go. Where? Anywhere there was fighting.

He abandoned his reflections when the Inglepins came on deck, the duenna, wrapped in her funeral garments, clinging to Cara like a shadow. Both Ben and his daughter looked like people who have shut the past from their minds, who front the future unafraid. Ben nodded pleasantly to Fellowes, and Cara enfolded him in one of those compassionate glances which made him writhe inwardly. Why should she pity him? He wanted none of her pity. And annoyed, self-conscious, his expression became wooden and taciturn as he responded to their greetings.

Noggie had the longboat hoisted out. In addition to the oarsmen, Fellowes detailed an armed escort, consisting of Sopher, Eaches, Doak, Cuffee, and Tom, and when they had taken their places he asked the Inglepins to follow them. The duenna was lowered in a lubber seat. Her vast bulk could never have accommodated itself to the Jacob's ladder. And last, he went outside himself, precisely dressed in a fresh uniform, sword and pistols at his belt, the compromising petition Cuffee had found in the True Bounty's anchor-stock folded up in his breast pocket.

His hand crept toward the pocket, rested on his coat-lapel. He toyed with the thought of wrenching the document from its hiding place and casting it into the East river. But Cara's eyes were on him, steady eyes, plying eyes, and head and hand

dropped together. Had she read his purpose? Or was that but fancy, too? "Faster, men," he urged the rowers hoarsely.

It was only six months since the True Bounty and Centurion had sailed, and the waterfront remembered the gossip that linked the two vessels. And here was Ben Inglepin returning in Joshua Inglepin's brig, with an armed escort in attendance. Cara, her hand on her father's arm, waved to an occasional acquaintance, smiling frankly. The duenna was a shapeless mass, waddling after them. Nimrod Sopher, very important, strode in front. Doak and Eaches marched behind him, and Tom and Cuffee immediately behind the Inglepins and the duenna. Fellowes brought up the rear, denying the requisit for information which were showered upon him, as the word spread along the docks—"Hey, the Centurion's in! They got Ben Inglepin 'n' his gal."

Merchants and shopkeepers, bucksters and peddlers, sailors and militiamen, boys, and girls, market women, housewives, maid servants, added to ward front street. Far in the rear a brace of fat watchmen bobbed anxiously, inquiring of everyone they met what had happened. In front street they had an answer:

"Ben Inglepin's in Joshua's office . . . Joshua's, I tell ye . . . No, no, not his'n. 'Ain't nobody there. . . No, ye can't get in. Joshua's privateer's gone 'n' let ye."

But the watchmen persisted and forced their way to the doorstep.

At that moment Fellowes emerged from the doorway of Joshua Inglepin's office, and the grim, set expression of his lean body, caught the attention of the nearer bystanders. Men craned on tiptoe to catch the few words he spoke.

"You two are watchmen? Then one of you is to go to Government house, and inform Governor Tompkins, with Mr. Joshua Inglepin's compliments, that the Centurion privateer is in, and Mr. Inglepin will be obliged if his excellency will attend here to examine certain matters of importance."

A dozen voices hailed Fellowes. "What's toward, sir?" "Are the British coming in?" "Will they engage the forts?"

"I have no information of that character, gentlemen," Fellowes answered. "As a matter of fact, the blockading squadron was driven offshore by the recent storm."

"Did ye have a good cruise?" called a different group. And one deep voice roared: "What happened to yer fore-topmast?"

"We lost it in action with the Badger sloop-of-war," Fellowes returned. And sensing the abrupt tension produced by the statement, went on: "If any interest you to know that we sunk her. We have the survivors of her crew aboard, and among other things I must consult the governor as to their disposition."

A cheer that was almost hysterical acclaimed the news.

CHAPTER XIV

### Joshua's Decision

Joshua Inglepin stood in the entrance of his private office as Fellowes ushered the prisoners in from the street. His eyes gleamed like blue agates, his jaw was clamped rigidly; but there was less color than usual in his face, and his neck-cloth was damp with sweat. Ben was debonair, self-possessed. He regarded Joshua half-humorously, gave him a curt nod and a "Morning Jos," while Joshua eyed him almost slyly, and appeared to be fumbling for words. Cara, after a single level-eyed stare at her uncle, looked idly out a window at the crowd besieging the warehouse. The duenna stood listlessly, clicking her beads in black-mittened hands.

"Humph," exploded Joshua, clearing his throat. "D—d if you didn't do it, eh, Fellowes? But where's Chater?"

"Dead."

And at the word a little, cool wave seemed to roll across the room, chilling the hearts of all who heard it. Joshua's mouth worked for a moment before he spoke again.

"Dead, eh? And the True Bounty?"

"We burned her. I couldn't spare the men to fetch her home."

"Had reason, I suppose?"

"We found what we sought," Fellowes answered, and thrust a hand in to the pocket which contained the petition. But Joshua stopped him by a gesture.

"Not out here. Too public—people can see through those windows. Come inside."

He stood back while they filed into the private office, then shut the door after them.

"This is better," he said, in no hurry to accept the paper Fellowes had produced. "By the way! See anything of Collishaw?"

"He's dead," Fellowes replied, wincing. "We sank the Badger."

Joshua beamed.

"This is what I call a thorough job," he exclaimed. "'Tis what comes of hating enough."

The bellow of the crowd had risen louder, and Fellowes made an excuse of it to change the subject.

"We should get rid of those people, sir," he said. "They may be dangerous. And here is the paper. 'Tis important. If—If anything is to be done, the governor should see it immediately."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Best That's in Him

What should be a man's first ambition? I should say to do as well as he can with what has been given him.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

## SHARKEY WINS K. O. VERDICT VS. SCOTT

### Heavyweight Fight at Miami Ends in Third Round.

Miami, Fla.—In the presence of about 25,000 people, Jack Sharkey of Boston won on a technical knockout over Phil Scott of England in the third round of their scheduled fifteen-round heavyweight "classic."

Madison Square garden is reported to have lost about \$50,000 on the venture, as it is claimed only about 15,000 paid to see the spectacle, the gross receipts totaling near \$150,000, while the net receipts were about \$101,000. The garden required a gate of \$225,000 to clear expenses.

The end of the contest, which was a disappointment to those who witnessed it, came at the end of two minutes and thirty-four seconds of fighting, in the third round. The first round was given to Scott, the other two being Sharkey's, by a wide margin.

In the third round Sharkey met Scott in midring and they began sparring for an opening. Sharkey landed two lefts and a right to the body. He followed with a left hook to the head and then

dropped together. Had she read his purpose? Or was that but fancy, too? "Faster, men," he urged the rowers hoarsely.

Scott surprised the spectators by landing his first clean blow of the contest. Sharkey then drove a left to Scott's belt line and the Englishman went down for the count of three. Scott went down for a six-count a moment later from a blow to the same place. He arose and tried to make Referee Magnolia believe he had been hit low. Sharkey then tore in and drove another to the belt line. Again Scott went down. He was dragged to his corner, holding his right thigh and claiming he had been fouled.

Scott was on his feet in a neutral corner hanging to the top rope of the ring when Magnolia gave the decision against him. Sharkey was dancing around and daring him to continue. It was not apparent to the spectators that he had been badly hurt by the fusillade of blows to the belt line.

The first round saw plenty of action, but the fighting was tame. Sharkey floored the Englishman in the second round and he went to his corner groggy. It was evident that the fight was as good as over.

Jack Sharkey.

Kansas City, Mo.—Announcement was made here that hereafter the federal farm board groups would take wheat only from co-operative elevators which are qualified members of the Equity Union Jobbing association and the Kansas Co-operative Wheat Marketing association. The co-operative elevators will operate on a similar basis, buying only from farmer stockholders in the co-operatives.

Ottawa, Ont.—A proposal to stop wheat future trading was introduced in the Canadian parliament by William Bock, liberal member for Maple Creek. His action followed the recent drop in wheat prices.

Omaha, Neb.—Frank J. Taylor, chairman of publicity for the Omaha Grain exchange, charged that "the government has entered the field of wheat speculation by action of the federal wheat stabilization corporation in buying options in the futures market."

Stating that the "laugh is now on the government," Taylor called attention to "years of time and barrels of printers' ink" used by the government in criticism of grain exchanges and futures trading, ending in its own funds being used for that purpose.

"Since about January 20 the government agencies have purchased in the terminal markets somewhere around 10,000,000 bushels of cash wheat at a price about 15 cents above its present value in the world's market. With a dead loss of about one and a half million dollars haunting their dreams, they have recourse to the speculator's method for recouping the loss. They bought more wheat, this time in the futures market, but with the hope that later rising prices will enable them to recover past losses."

Byrd Party Is Expected in N. Y. About June 1

New York.—The ships of the Byrd Antarctic expedition, bringing Admiral Richard E. Byrd and his men home from their base on the Ross ice barrier, are expected to arrive here about the first week in June.

The arrival is estimated from the length of time it took the ships to make the voyage into the Antarctic in the autumn of 1928.

The barque City of New York, bearing the members of the expedition, left Little America a few days ago. The length of time it will take her to work her way through the ice depends upon the width of the pack, which at this time of year is usually about 100 miles wide.

The City of New York and the steamer Elinor Bolling, the other ship of the expedition, will proceed to Dunedin, New Zealand, 2,300 miles from Little America. They are expected to reach that port in about twenty-one days.

Deposed Shah of Persia Dies in Paris

Paris.—Ahmed, deposed shah of Persia, died in the American hospital here after a year's illness.

Leaves Dartmouth College \$100,000

Denver.—A bequest of \$100,000 to Dartmouth college is contained in the will of Richard Crawford Campbell, who was a son-in-law of the late United States Senator Thomas Patterson of Colorado.

Iowa Returns to Big Ten

Iowa City.—The University of Iowa will resume Western conference athletic competition when it defends its indoor track championship at Minneapolis on March 7-8.

## MODIFY PROGRAM OF FEDERAL FARM BOARD

### To Extend Loans and Dump Wheat Into Storage.

Washington.—The recently formed wheat stabilization corporation "is still in the ring and does not hesitate to face the fireworks," according to a statement made here by Alexander Legge, chairman of the federal farm board. Mr. Legge was referring to the complaints made by grain dealers on the grain buying policy of the farm board.

Chairman Legge said further that, in his opinion, a number of the complaints that had been received bore a striking resemblance to propaganda to discredit stabilization operations.

He said the chief purpose of the operations in wheat directed by the board was to get the farmers the best possible price.

Mr. Legge added that the order to limit the advance price for wheat to co-operatives was made after it was discovered that "roll-top desk farmers" were taking the wheat out of the elevators and offering it on the market as country wheat "in an effort to get the advance prices."

Because of congestion in terminal wheat the federal farm board will have to modify its program, Chairman Legge also stated. Instead of having the farmers send their wheat to markets the board will extend loans and have it stored in concentrators. The approach of tax dates has resulted in heavy marketing in some of the terminals, Chairman Legge said.

There is practically an embargo on wheat coming into Omaha and Kansas City, he declared.

The farm board also expects to lighten up its buying of wheat through the stabilization corporation and the Farmers' National Grain corporation.

Up to the past week the board through its agencies, has purchased or contracted for 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, Chairman Legge said.

International

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Twelve Killed, Hundred Hurt in Auto-R. R. Crash

Kenosha, Wis.—A coroner's jury brought in an open verdict in the wreck of a North Shore electric passenger train at Kenosha, in which both the electric train and a portion of a freight train were derailed by an automobile. Twelve persons were killed and 113 were injured.

The dead include: George Broska, Chicago; James Fitzgerald, Manistee, Mich.; J. G. Goggin, Chicago; Miss Evelyn Metzger, Chicago; James R. Porteous, Lake Geneva, Wis.; Elmer Reibe, Milwaukee; Ruth Reibe, his wife; Miss Elizabeth Shema, Chicago; Norman E. Shinners, Milwaukee, the driver of the automobile; Frank Tomczak, who was riding with Shinners; Miss Alexia Steinhorst, Kenosha, a school teacher; H. Carey, Milwaukee.

A statement issued by the North Shore line declared that neither motor man could have prevented the accident and that it was "another case of a reckless driver disregarding plainly marked railroad crossing and signals and attempting to beat trains across crossings."

Mabel Normand, "Movie" Star, Dead in California

Los Angeles.—Mabel Normand, thirty-five, the comedienne of the films who made millions laugh for years until ill health overtook her a few years ago, died in a sanitarium at Monrovia last March, suffering from tuberculosis.

Echo of Pharaoh's Curse

London.—His mind harried by thoughts of the pharaoh's curse and the recent death of his son, seventy-eight-year-old Lord Westbury fell or threw himself to death from his bathroom window on the seventh floor of St. James' court.

Detroit Ousts Alien Employees

Detroit.—The city of Detroit dismissed 748 laborers who are not citizens of the United States. The action was taken on order of the common council, which has ordered a survey of all civil service workers to determine their citizenship.

Bandits Rob Florida Bank

Miami, Fla.—The bank of Corna Gables was robbed of between \$15,000 and \$20,000 by bandits who escaped with the loot in an automobile

## DAIRY FACTS

### STIR CREAM FOR UNIFORM SAMPLE

#### Creamery Man Must Dip Into Middle of Milk Can.

Have you been dissatisfied with cream test? Did you ever imagine it might be your fault as well as the creamery's? During the cold weather your cream is very thick and full of lumps and chunks. Every creamery receives several such cans daily, in order to give an honest test a uniform sample must be taken from each can. The only way the creamery man can get a uniform sample to make an accurate test is to stir this cream to a smooth consistency. It would take longer to stir this cold cream than to churn it. He, therefore, dives down in the middle of the can and takes his sample out of the bottom of the can. It wouldn't be fair to you, and at the top it wouldn't be fair to the creamery. Now, had you sent this cream to the creamery a smooth velvety consistency without lumps, there would have been no difficulty getting an accurate sample, which means dollars in your pocket.

As soon as the cream is cooled, it is poured into the shipping can or a vessel that holds that amount and the whole stirred, not with a spoon or ladle, as this only stirs the cream around and around in the can without mixing the first cream with the last. But stir with a regular cream stirrer, the kind that creameries use, with a broad lifting surface that will actually bring the bottom cream up and mix it with the top.

Regularly in Milking Dairy Herd Is Essential

Regularly has a dollars-and-cents value in handling the dairy herd. We sometimes wonder if farmers as a class are forgetting this. In the neighborhood with which we are best acquainted it was once the custom on almost all farms to start milking at five in the morning in summer and six in winter. The hour was seldom varied and plans were always laid to be on hand at the proper time for chores, says a writer in the Montreal Free Press. Now, on these same farms, the cows are milked all the way from six to eight o'clock, depending on how late the men were out the night before. If there is something on in the evening the cows that were milked at eight may be milked again at five. This is not a universal condition but it is a true statement of what happens on too many farms. These men are also frank to admit that they are not getting the milk that they did years ago before life became so hectic. We believe that farmers are entitled to a good time as well as any other class. Said good times, however, should not be allowed to interfere too seriously with regularity in attention to the dairy cows. Nor is it necessary. The men around who are still practicing old-time regularity seem to have their good times as well as their more careless neighbors.

Watch Cow's Diet Prior to Her Freshening Date

Cows about ready to freshen should be kept handy to the barn where they may be watched and cared for. Equal parts ground oats and bran or two parts bran to one part corn meal are good grain feeds for the last two weeks. Cows should freshen in good flesh. The grain should be cut down just before calving.

Cows after calving should get plenty of water and green feed with the laxative grain ration. If no pasture or green feed is available, use beet pulp soaked in three or four times its weight in water. The main grain mixture should be increased gradually, but grain should be fed sparingly until the cow is completely free of fever.

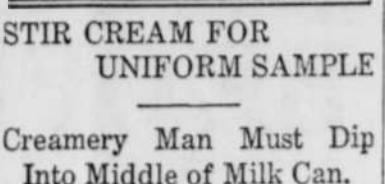
Milk Production Cost on Wisconsin Farms

A study of the cost of milk production on 48 Wisconsin farms, made by the bureau of agricultural economics, United States Department of Agriculture, and the University of Wisconsin, showed that the amount of man labor averaged 171 hours per cow annually, or 28 minutes a day. This labor included milking, feeding, caring for utensils, and cleaning the barn, but not hauling manure from the barn, delivering milk, or caring for young stock. Some farmers spent as little as 20 minutes a day per cow, and others as much as 45.

Feed for Calves

Small calves have a limited capacity for feeds. Up to six months of age the calf should have milk as the principal ingredient of its ration. Supplementing the milk one may feed alfalfa or clover hay and grain mixture. This makes for normal growth and development, furnishing the necessary food in the best condition. At the time the calf is weaned or slightly before, silage may be introduced into the ration as there is little of the bulky feeds now being consumed.

## HAS THE LAXATIVE IN YOUR HOME A DOCTOR'S APPROVAL?



Some things people do to help the bowels whenever any bad breath, feverishness, biliousness, or a lack of appetite warn of constipation, really weaken these organs. Only a doctor knows what will cleanse the system without harm. That is why the laxative in your home should have the approval of a family doctor.

The wonderful product, known to millions as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a family doctor's prescription for sluggish bowels. It never varies from the original prescription which Dr. Caldwell wrote thousands of times in many years of practice, and proved safe and reliable for men, women and children. It is made from herbs and other pure ingredients, so it is pleasant-tasting, and can form no habit. You can buy this popular laxative from all druggists.

To Avoid Infection Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

Peace Offering

"Dad, what is a peace offering?" "Anything from a box of chocolates to a fur coat."—Hamburg Hummel.

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolic is applied. It heals quickly without scars. 30c and 60c by all druggists, or send 50c to The J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Advertisement.

Fame is the perfume of heretic deeds.—Socrates.

"Pimples All Disappeared"

Portland, Ore.—"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has done more for me than any other medicine I have ever taken. My blood was impoverished and I had stomach trouble. Sometimes when I would be lying down gas would come up and I would sneeze and have terrific pains. Also I broke out with little pimples caused by bad blood, I was just all rundown in health but after taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for a while my blood was good—the pimples all disappeared—and I have never had another spell with my stomach since."—Mrs. Emma Dixon, 424-9th St. All dealers.

Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., if you desire free medical advice.

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

Accidentally an Arkansas lady cured fits in a valuable dog with Russ Ball Blue. Many others now use it. Never fails, she says.—Adv.

Even a man may be emotional—if he isn't married.

Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort. Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective. The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia