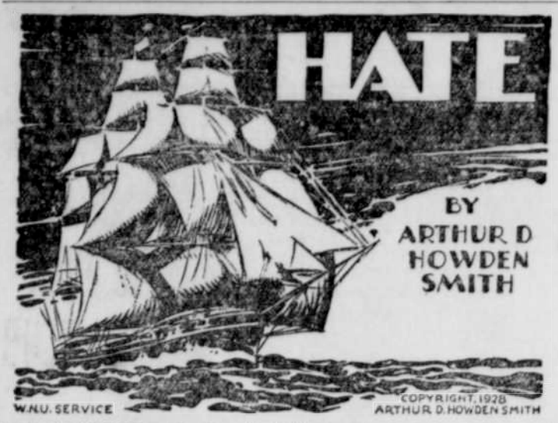

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

—23—

"Right! Entirely right," agreed Joshua, taking the petition at last "There ought to be a watchman outside. If there is, tell him I wish the governor to wait upon us. He may assure his excellency 'tis of supreme importance."

Fellowes was heartsick over the situation. Manifestly, Joshua was in no disposition to show mercy; and so soon as the governor came the wheels of justice would commence to grind: deposition, indictment, testimony, affidavit, summation, charge, all leading up to the inevitable verdict—and sentence. And he could do nothing, merely sit and view the tragedy, which was the consequence of his own deeds Himself, as he had said to Cara, the real executioner.

Joshua had just finished reading the petition to Lord Liverpool. The paper trembled in the merchant's hand; he glared triumphantly at his brother and niece, but he quickly looked away from Cara. Not easy, even for so stout a hater as Joshua Inglepin, to enjoy gloating over the frail gallantry of that slim figure in the saffron-yellow gown.

"Damme, 'tis the brains of the federalist party, Fellowes," Joshua greeted the Long Islander, and there was a noticeable quaver in his voice. "We've got 'em all—in one noose We'll wipe 'em out."

"They'd wipe themselves out. If you but let them be. Any party stupid enough to father a paper like that can never last."

"Stupid is right," Joshua agreed "Devilish stupid. Just what I'd expect of Ben's friends." He leered contemptuously at his brother. "Always over-reaching yourself, Ben."

Cara exclaimed, with a cutting contempt that brought a blush to Joshua's cheeks:

"Neither my father nor I would seek to evade responsibility for what we have done, sir; but we are one in regretting we launched a plan which might have harmed our country, although that is perhaps to be questioned."

Joshua regarded her sourly.

"'Perhaps to be questioned!' To have seceded with New England and factions in York and Jersey? And under protection of the Crown? Egad, young woman, you're an optimist! At the least, 'twould have lost us the war."

"'Twould have ended the war," she corrected him, keeping her temper "One part of our plan was to insist the British must not take advantage of our efforts. We desired no more than their support against aggression from the federal government And we were persuaded that hostilities would cease instantly, and a peace be negotiated."

"Aye, and the British would have gobbled you up—and the rest of us, later," fumed Joshua. "A divided republic is a helpless republic."

Cara sighed.

"However honest was our purpose, sir," she said, "we came to see 'twas unfair, in that it struck from behind at other Americans, who were exposing their lives for what they believed right."

A sneer twisted Joshua's lips.

"So?" he answered. "And how chanced this wondrous metamorphosis?"

For the first time she was embarrassed. And it was her father who answered the question.

"We are indebted to Captain Fellowes and his officers and men for that, Jos." He smiled slightly. "After all, we are Americans, Cara and I. We couldn't see Americans fighting as they fought, and escape a sense of obligation to them. Some died for the flag, and 'tis as much my flag as yours. You Democrats have no more claim to it than we Federalists."

Joshua appealed to Fellowes.

"A likely yarn, captain! A bid for sympathy, damme!"

"We want none of your sympathy," Cara flared at him before Fellowes could speak. "We are not ashamed of what we have done. We are sorry—if you can understand that. But we are not ashamed or unwilling to stand our punishment. We were wrong, that is all. And you will do a wicked thing, if you visit upon all those men—" she pointed to the petition, "the vengeance of party feeling. They are not to blame for it. Nor is my father. 'Twas my plan in the beginning, and 'twas I who obtained the support of ministers in London for it. No, no, Father! You can't deny me. 'Tis the truth. Aye, and Captain Fellowes knows it for the truth He saw me with Lord Wellington in Lisbon."

"Now, now, Cara! I will be heard." Ben was so dismayed that he stammered. "I-i-s-s-see here, Jos, she's entirely wrong. The child was my agent throughout. She's innocent. 'Tis I who'm to blame. Rot me, 'tis the truth! And—y-y-you know, you haven't any r-r-right to hate her. 'Tis I you hate. And what's the use of making party feeling more bitter than it is? Publish that list of signatures, arrest all the poor devils I tempted into the affair—and what will it bring you? A scandal that may wreck the country more surely than I planned to do it."

"He's right," cried Fellowes. "You must believe them, Mr. Inglepin."

There was bewilderment in Joshua's ruddy face.

"'Taking their side?' he queried. 'Why, I thought you—don't you hate em, too?'

"I don't hate anyone," Fellowes answered slowly, "I'm through with hate."

"Ah, but you've satisfied your hate," protested Joshua. "Chater's dead And Collishawe. And—"

"I have no regrets for Chater," Fellowes interrupted. "I'm not going to be a hypocrite about that. But killing him didn't make me any happier And for Collishawe—I'd cheerfully give my own life, if that would bring him back. I did a brave, honorable man an injustice, and then procured his death—just as you will do, if you send your brother to the gallows. Or your niece. Or anyone whose name is on that paper."

"They're all traitors," fussed Joshua. "Don't deserve consideration. Of course, a woman's a different matter. But a traitor is a traitor, and all the talk in the world won't alter that."

Fellowes was struck by the stubborn tone of his employer, a faintly pugnacious attitude of self-defense.

"Are you honest with yourself, sir?" the Long Islander challenged him swiftly. "How much of your indignation springs from patriotism and how much from personal hatred?"

"Why—why—why—" Joshua was balked, palpably dismayed, but he floundered on: "The facts are evident. And if I do hate a man, is that a reason to excuse his treason?"

"No, but 'tis ample reason to examine your own feelings," rejoined Fellowes. "You have endeavored to ruin your brother—haven't you?"

"I have ruined him," scowled Joshua.

"Yes, you hold his life and reputation in your hand, there. Will it make you happier to use your power over him? Think, Mr. Inglepin! Are you happier, now? Have you felt more at rest in your mind since I gave you that paper?"

"Why not?" Joshua answered slowly. "I've hated him for years. A loose-thinking, aristocratical sort of fellow, always opposed to me."

"And you've always been opposed to him. Can't you be in opposition without killing him?"

"'Tisn't just that I want to see him swing," denied Joshua, ruddier than ever, the note of defense heavily stressed. "Damme, that's a vulgar idea, Fellowes."

"You are trying to satisfy your own hatred," snapped Fellowes. "And you can't do it You know you can't do it. The closer you hug your hate, the spinier it grows. If you yield to it, you'll be miserable for the rest of your life If you hold it off, you'll place your brother under an obligation—"

A glint of humor flashed in Joshua's china-blue eyes; his wide mouth quirked up at the corners.

"By G—d, you're right!" he exclaimed. "Why hang him when I can make him owe me what money can't buy, eh?"

Hoofs rattled in Front street.

"'Tis the governor," warned Fellowes.

"D—n the governor," Joshua blustered cavalierly. "Where's my flint-and-steel? And that candle? I can never find anything in this place."

Fellowes watched him with an amazement shared in full by Ben and Cara. Only the duenna remained uninterested, the beads clicking through her mittened fingers, while Joshua struck spark to tinder, and lit the candle he extracted from a cubbyhole of his desk.

"There," he announced triumphantly. "What d'ye think of this, Ben? Here's a debt you won't soon pay off, my lad!"

And he stabbed a corner of the petition into the candle flame, which blazed up magnificently. A thin trickle of smoke drifted across the room, and Fellowes heard Ben coughing, saw tears in Cara's eyes, but the smoke hadn't drifted in their direction.

Joshua chuckled to himself.

"Ah, you thought you could get on without me, but all you did was to make a fool of yourself And I caught you, Ben, I caught you fairly!"

"Fairly, Jos," Ben agreed. "And I can't pay off the debt—except to say I'm sorry—for what happened before this."

"Sorry, eh? Ouch, damme! Burned my fingers. Well, the thing's done." He hesitated as the last charred flakes of the deadly petition floated to the floor. "Sorry eh? 'Matter of fact, so am I. Hanged if—ah, no, no!—d—d if I can remember what it was all about."

"Need you care, Uncle Jos?" asked Cara, between laughter and weeping.

"S'pose not, s'pose not, niece," Joshua admitted. "Still—"

"Oh, won't you two shake hands?" she begged. "Can't we be a family instead of enemies?"

Her father stepped forward promptly, and after a moment Joshua met him, arm outstretched.

"God bless you, Jos!"

"Eh? Eh? Seem to have something in my eye. Mind those fingers, Ben."

The door to the outer office was flung open, Nimrod Sopher standing at attention beside it.

"His excellency the governor," boomed the lawyer, and Governor Tompkins bustled into the room, bowing to Cara, plainly puzzled by the spectacle of the Inglepin brothers clasping hands.

"Your servant, ma'am," said his excellency. "Am I to witness a reconciliation, gentlemen? I heard the Centurion was in, and thought from your message—"

"Governor, I burned the d—n' paper!" Joshua confessed. "Hang the whole Federalist party—hang Ben—hang my niece, here? Couldn't go it. Ben's learned his lesson, so's the girl. The rest of 'em—Well, they'll eat out of any feed bag we hitch on 'em, soon as they hear we know their little scheme."

A smile warmed the governor's homely features.

"You did the right thing, Joshua," he pronounced. "Party hatred is as evil a thing as personal hatred, old friend. You've found that out, I see. Good! So let's all sit down, and talk it over reasonably and—But where's Captain Fellowes gone?"

Fellowes had done all he could do, he felt. His one desire was to avoid Cara Inglepin. If he didn't see her, perhaps he could forget her in time. At least, it would be better than trying not to look at her, struggling against the pricks of what-might-have-been, cursing himself for useless jealousy of a dead man.

CHAPTER XV

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Mary McCarthy Intervenes

Fellowes had scarcely reached the waterfront when his name was called behind him in a brogue thicker than O'Shaughnessy's—"Misther Fellowes! Capt'in, sorr! Oh, Mother av God, will ye—" And he turned to face the waddling bulk of the duenna, her tallowy features crimson for once as she panted an incoherent stream of prayers, denunciations and saints' names:

"Ain't ye got the sinse ye was born wid? Oh, holy Bridgit, the wind's clane gone out av me! Shure, 'tis me end I'm at this minit!"

In one lightning-flash of memory Fellowes reviewed the moment of his leaving the True Bounty in the Badger's quarterboat. It hadn't been imagination, after all, that glimpse of the strange creature at the cabin window, and the fragment of brogue he had thought he heard. But what on earth could be the reason for her pretending ignorance of English?

"By your leave, ma'am!" he rasped sharply. "You've deceived me many months. How d'you excuse it?"

Her face fell, and the glibness left her speech.

"Ah, now, yer honor! Don't be afther wringin' yerself into a murthering rage—and me no more nor fearful for a full stomach—and sorra the chance av that more often nor not, what wid the worry was on me and the fret av the say."

"That's no answer," he told her, with what he knew was mock-severity.

"Ah, but them Sisthers, sorr!" she sighed. "For ever afther me becaze I tuk a bite and a sup bechune meals, and cryin' out loud if I had more nor a hunk o' salt fish to me dinner."

To save himself, Fellowes couldn't resist a smile.

"You mean you were in a convent?" he asked. "Were you expelled?"

"I'll thank ye not to asperse me repytashun," she retorted angrily. "Expelled! Divil a bit! All the ould tartar would be sayin' was: 'Mary darlin', don't ye think ye'd do better in privut service? 'Tis me loves ye like me own flesh-and-blood, but 'twas never a convent ye was born for.' And when the worrd come me young leddy was for settin' up a duenna, in the Portuguese style, she says to me, Mother Seraphina, she says: 'And here's God's own blessed chance for ye, Mary darlin', but 'tis Portuguese ye must be, and see ye, never let on there's a dhrop av Irish blood into ye or a worrd av English on yer tongue.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Great Snakes!

Pudden's spider is descended from spiders which dwelt up our way and learnt the trick from the carpet snakes.

Old ma carpet snake stands on her tail straight on end. Her young 'uns climb up the old girl and dispose themselves at intervals in a first-class imitation of a dry shrub. As birds settle on this inviting roost they are affectionately embraced by the wriggler, borne to earth and devoured at leisure.

There was a dickens of a row when our dog chased a couple of cats up the outfit.—Sydney Bulletin.

Does It?

Showing the white feather ends in showing red.—Forbes Magazine.

POLAND FAVORS WILLYS

John N. Willys.

Washington.—John North Willys of Toledo, Ohio, will be nominated ambassador to Poland. The White House has announced that the Polish government has stated that Mr. Willys is acceptable.

700 DIE IN FLOODS IN FRENCH SECTION

Material Loss Is Placed at Forty Million Dollars.

Paris.—Flood waters have subsided in southwestern France, but the nation is mourning as the full extent of the disaster is slowly being revealed.

Seven hundred dead is the unofficial figure now spoken of in Paris. The material loss caused by the swollen waters of the Tarn and Garonne rivers during the past few days is estimated at $40,000,000, and though Bordeaux was declared safe, the wine center of Barsac was under water. Hundreds of houses were flooded and the stores of the famous Bordeaux white wines in the cellars ruined.

Parliament has voted a great sum for rescue work and President Doumergue and Premier Tardieu have inspected the stricken regions.

Montauban and Moissac were smiling and prosperous towns in one of the richest wine making regions in the world until the floods came. Rescue parties are discovering how much worse the catastrophe was than any one thought. Two hundred are estimated drowned or crushed in the ruins of Moissac alone, 100 at Montauban and 400 in the surrounding villages.

At Bordeaux anxious crowds gathered on the river quays and watched the torrent pass, tragically laden with the debris of ruined homes, dead live stock, and now and then a corpse.

The fact that two circuses were playing in Moissac on the night the dikes broke is responsible for the loss of many lives. Many attended the shows, paying no heed to the roaring waters and the warnings of the gendarmerie. Just as the crowds were leaving the big tents the wall of water swept down upon them. One of the circuses was directly in the path of the waters, and dead lions, tigers, and other animals were strewn around the town square and in front of the Eleventh Century church that has been serving as a hospital for those suffering from wounds received from falling buildings.

So quickly did the wall of water move that 300,000 acres of farm land between Moissac and Montauban were flooded in a few hours. The receding waters have left many a foot of slimy mud in the streets.

Two menaces appeared in the wake of the disaster. One the ghouls who rob the dead and the other is epidemic.

Estimate Canadian Wool at 21,234,000 Pounds

Montreal.—The total production of wool in Canada is estimated by the dominion bureau of statistics at 21,234,000 pounds in 1929, as compared with 19,611,430 pounds in 1928. The value of the wool clip of 1929 is estimated provisionally at $4,247,000 as compared with $5,099,000 in 1928. By provinces the clip is as follows: Prince Edward Island, 553,000; Nova Scotia, 1,584,000; New Brunswick, 866,000; Quebec, 5,498,000; Ontario, 6,300,000; Manitoba, 1,013,000; Saskatchewan, 1,192,000; Alberta, 3,054,000; British Columbia, 1,156,000; Indian reserves, 16,000.

One Word Marriage Ceremony

Denver.—Maria Rita Salazar, fifteen, and Anacleto Ines stood before Bishop Frank Rice of the Liberal church and he said, "Married." They were! Two attorneys, the bishop explained, had advised him that the one word constituted a legal marriage ceremony.

Gil to Teach in University

Mexico City.—A former Mexican president has become a school teacher. Emilio Portes Gil, it was announced, has accepted an invitation to teach a class on Mexican agrarian problems in the National university.

Brydges Wins Dog Derby

The Pas, Man.—Earl Brydges, of Cranberry Portage, Manitoba, won The Pas dog derby. He defeated Emil St. Goddard, of The Pas, who had won the event for the last five years.

SEES RAIL EMBARGO ON WHEAT SHIPPING

Warning Issued to Farmers in Congestion Crisis.

Washington.—The federal farm board is prepared to back the Grain Stabilization corporation to the limit in its efforts to bolster up wheat prices Formal announcement to this effect was made by the board in the following statement:

"The Grain Stabilization corporation will continue buying wheat at the market and remove whatever additional quantity that may be necessary to relieve the pressure and prevent any considerable decline in wheat prices The farm board is prepared to advance to this farmers' organization whatever funds are necessary for that purpose.

"The stabilization corporation is being accused of speculating in the grain market. There is no foundation in fact for such statement. The stabilization corporation is prepared and expects to take delivery of all grain purchased on futures contracts and merchandise it as the market conditions will permit."

The statement, which was made public by Chairman Alexander Legge was interpreted as meaning that unlimited funds will be available for the stabilization corporation.

Chicago.—Officials of 25 grain and other farm commodity exchanges closed a secret session in Chicago the past week. Out of their conference came word that hereafter the battle of words which has engaged grain trade leaders and the federal farm board was ended so far as the exchange leadership is concerned.

"We have decided to shut up and get back to business as best we can under the situation, despite what politicians and governmental spokesmen may say or do," said one of the Chicagoans who attended the conference. The general opinion of the meeting was reported to be that the grain trade is satisfied with the modified policy announced by the federal farm board, withdrawing the fixed prices for wheat being paid to co-operatives.

During the conference grain men of the nation were confronted by the acute shortage of storage space that has resulted from unprecedented lack of export of ah otherwise high quality and normal sized wheat crop. Trainloads of grain that poured to market last fall have been added to at intervals ever since. A virtual embargo on shipments to market now confronts the farm board and the grain exchanges, with high overhead costs gnawing at the depreciated sale value of storage holdings.

At the same time, in Washington, Chairman Alexander Legge of the farm board was quoted as declaring that a real embargo against shipping wheat from farms to terminal markets will be put into effect unless farmers hold their stocks until storage facilities become available. He said the board is endeavoring to avoid such drastic measures during the present grain emergency, but that if railroads are unable to unload cars of grain at the terminals an embargo would become imperative.

A questionnaire has been sent out by the farm board, particularly to obtain accurate information on any storage space available in smaller market centers.

Chicago's public elevator space is jammed to the roofs, a survey indicated. There is enough wheat in Chicago to feed the entire state of Illinois for at least 34 weeks. Nearly 3,000,000 bushels of additional grain are now stowed in boats moored to Chicago docks. Trainloads of grain are in emergency storage.

Not only are the elevators filled to capacity after most of a season's marketing activities, but grain exchanges, the experts say, now must find some way of keeping their facilities open for making delivery of contracts.

The situation in Chicago, as outlined by W. E. Hudson, chairman of the board of trade's warehousing committee, is that 40,538,000 bushels of grain are housed in Chicago elevators. An additional 5,932,000 bushels are afloat in ships.

Of the 18,580,000 bushel capacity of the 13 public elevators in which the grain movement has normally been carried, 16,348,000 bushels are now in storage.

Detroit Fires Aliens; May Drop Non-Citizens

Detroit, Mich.—The city council's order banning aliens from employment by the city and directing that all persons not citizens now on the pay roll be dismissed became effective a few days ago. Latest figures showed that 1,689 persons will lose their jobs with the various municipal departments.

Councilman Robert G. Ewald, author of the resolution, proposed that all persons who have not been residents of Detroit for a year also be dismissed. This was referred to a committee.

More Radium in Czechoslovakia

Prague, Czechoslovakia.—Discovery of a new radium mine between Joachimsthal and Karlsbad is reported. Technicians estimated the new source to be more important than that at Joachimsthal.

Passes Civil Service Pension

Washington.—The house passed the Lehlbach bill providing for retirement of civil service employees under a graduated pension system. The vote was 235 to 17.

WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS

By GEORGE DORSEY, Ph. D., LL. D.

Best Life Insurance

MEDICAL authorities believe they could add thirteen years to life if given full control in cases where death could reasonably be prevented. A better life insurance is to pick parents who will live to be eighty; they will give you a twenty-year better hope of longevity than parents who die under sixty. They are the best life insurance.

Why not? Each group of animals has its normal span of life. Also man. Human beings vary; most of their specific characters are inherited. Longevity is a specific character, longevity also is inherited.

Those who live to great age as a rule are children of parents who lived to great age. If one cannot choose both parents who will live to old age, it is better to choose a long-lived father than a long-lived mother. Four per cent more children lived to be eighty where the father, not the mother, lived to be eighty, than where the opposite condition prevailed.

Karl Pearson concluded from a study of the life span of brothers that environment is not the important factor in longevity; also, that from one-half to three-fourths of deaths are predetermined at birth by inheritance factors. This conclusion has never been advertised by health resorts or elixir manufacturers.

Death rates and life spans are but two phases of the problem of longevity. If environment — including health resorts, elixirs, poverty and bacteria—is not the factor in death rates, it cannot be the factor in the life span.

From one-half to three-fourths of the death-rate is selection: death comes when one has used up one's inherited capacity for life. Adults of sound body are more likely to leave offspring than those of weak; their children are more likely to survive Weaklings may survive to maturity, their children are less likely to.

Hence the high infant death rate in the first two years; the unfit are weeded out. Natural selection is still at work; it has always been at work This rate is especially high among children of unsound parents. Hygiene and prevention lower the rate during these two dangerous years—prolonging lives to succumb at a later but early stage.

How about germs of diphtheria, tuberculosis, etc.? Loeb tested this on flies, with the surprising result that those kept free from bacteria were possibly shorter-lived than germ-laden flies, certainly no longer. The experiments indicated "that higher organisms must die from internal causes even if all chances of infection and all accidents are excluded."

We are never without bacteria; we could not live without them; there is no habitable spot on earth free of them. Of humans who have reached the thirty-fifth year, 95 per cent have been infected at one time or another with the bacillus of tuberculosis; in less than one in ten does it become active.

Death rates in the poverty lanes of Paris and London do not tally. In Paris the excess death rate in the poorest as against the richest quarter is 104 per cent; in London, only 30 The lowest death rate in London is not in the richest quarter.

It is the pace that kills. "General Sherman," the giant redwood, was killed at the age of 2,171 years. He was a seedling in 271 B. C. He never knew what hurry meant. Nor did the tortoise that lived 350 years. The faster we live, the sooner we live life up. Rate of living is a factor in longevity. Slonacker tested this on rats. He put four in squirrel cages and let them race. The average life span of the marathoners was 20.5 months; one lived thirty-four months and ran 5,477 miles. Three other rats were reared in squirrel cages, but were not permitted to race; their average span was 48.3 months.

Loeb tried flies. Cold makes flies sluggish; those at cold temperature lived longer than those at high. At 86 degrees, his flies lived 21 days; at 68 degrees, 54 days; at 60 degrees, 124 days. From which he inferred that if we could keep our blood temperature at about 45 degrees, we might hope to live about 1,900 years. But life would be at low level!

Unfortunately, our early ancestors left no trustworthy vital statistics. But from trustworthy inferential data there is reason to believe, as we might expect on purely biologic grounds, that longevity is on the increase. At least, life expectancy has improved during the last 2,000 years. Of 100 Romans born in Egypt in the days of the empire, only nine could expect to live sixty-eight years. Of one hundred English alive at ten, thirty-nine live to be sixty-eight. Women especially had less expectancy of life in Roman days than now—they were in luck to be alive at twenty-five. But a Roman of seventy-eight years was a better risk than an American of the same age; a Roman had to be very hardy to live beyond seventy. In America, many weaklings are carried up to sixty; beyond that age their expectancy rapidly diminishes.

From which we conclude that modern environment is better for man, or that man is fitter for modern environment.

(© by George A. Dorsey.)

tired every morning?

Get poisons out of the system with Feen-a-mint, the Chewing Gum Laxative. Smaller doses effective when taken in this form. A modern, scientific, family laxative. Safe and mild.

INSIST ON THE GENUINE
Feen-a-mint
FOR CONSTIPATION

A Calamity Looms

Doctor—Yes, my dear madam, this tincture of iron is going to make you twenty years younger.

Old Lady (joyfully)—You don't say! But, goodness gracious, doctor, they might take my old age pension away from me.

Cole's Carbolisalve Quickly Relieves and heals burning, itching and torturing skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Heals without scars. 30c and 60c. Ask your druggist, or send 30c to The J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill., for a package.—Advertisement.

Chinese Wall as Boulevard

Nanking, the new capital of China, is surrounded by an ancient wall and the authorities are planning to make use of it as a boulevard for motor traffic. The new roadway will have a length of 22 miles and a width of 25 feet.

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!

Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole.

It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars, tubes. All druggists.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

To Utilize Cornstalks

A million-dollar corporation has been organized by Chicagoans to convert and market cornstalks of which the country now produces about 150,000,000 tons annually. Corporation expects to produce 11,000,000,000 square feet yearly of insulating and wall board and expects chemists to discover many valuable by-products. Farmers will get about $3 per ton, it is said

Russ Ball Blue delights the housewife. Makes clothes whiter than snow. At your Grocer's.—Adv.

Named for French Monarch

Louisiana was named by Robert de la Salle, Mississippi navigator, in 1682 in honor of Louis XIV of France.

When Rest Is Broken

Health Suffers When Kidney Irregularities Disturb Sleep.

IF troubled with bladder irritations, getting up at night and constant backache; don't take chances. Help your kidneys with *Doan's Pills*. Recommended the world over. Sold by dealers everywhere.

50,000 Users Endorse Doan's:

Mrs. Clara Nieder, 696 Engle Ave., Detroit, Mich., says: "I had dizzy spells and a persistent backache. I felt so tired that I couldn't do my housework. The kidney secretions were too frequent and broke my rest at night. After taking Doan's Pills I felt fine."

DOAN'S PILLS
A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys