

THE LIGHT IN THE CLEARING

A TALE OF THE NORTH COUNTRY IN THE TIME OF SILAS WRIGHT

By IRVING BACHELLER

AUTHOR OF
EBEN HOLDEN, D'RI AND I, DARREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES,
KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE, ETC., ETC.

The nomination again. I know that Senator Wright strongly favored the plan but feared that the South would defeat him in convention, it being well known that Van Buren was opposed to the annexation of Texas. However, he advised his friend to make a fight for the nomination and this the latter resolved to do. Thereafter until middle May I gave my time largely to the writing of letters for the senator in Van Buren's behalf.

The time appointed for the convention in Baltimore drew near. One day



I Took the Stage to Baltimore Next Day.

The senator received an intimation that he would be put in nomination if Van Buren failed. Immediately he wrote to Judge Fine of Ogdensburg, chairman of the delegation from the northern district of New York, forbidding such use of his name on the ground that his acquiescence would involve disloyalty to his friend the ex-president.

He gave me leave to go to the convention on my way home to meet Sally. I had confided to Mrs. Wright the details of my little love affair—I had to—and she had shown a tender, sympathetic interest in the story.

The senator had said to me one day, with a gentle smile:

"Bart, you have business in Canton. I believe, with which trifling matters like the choice of a president and the Mexican question cannot be permitted to interfere. You must take time to spend a day or two at the convention in Baltimore on your way. . . . Report to our friend Fine, who will look after your comfort there. The experience ought to be useful to a young man who, I hope, will have work to do in future conventions."

I took the stage to Baltimore next day—the twenty-sixth of May. The convention thrilled me—the flags, the great crowd, the bands, the songs, the speeches, the cheering—I see and hear it all in my talk. The uproar lasted for twenty minutes when Van Buren's name was put in nomination.

Then the undercurrent! The South was against him as Wright had foreseen. The deep current of his power had undermined certain of the northern and western delegations. Ostensibly for Van Buren and stubbornly casting their ballots for him, they had voted for the two-thirds rule, which had accomplished his defeat before the balloting began. It continued for two days without a choice. The enemy stood firm. After adjournment that evening many of the Van Buren delegates were summoned to a conference. I attended it with Judge Fine.

The ex-president had withdrawn and requested his friends in the convention to vote for Silas Wright. My emotions can be more readily imagined than described when I heard the shouts of enthusiasm which greeted my friend's name. Tears began to roll down my cheeks. Judge Fine lifted his hand. When order was at last restored he began:

"Gentlemen, as a friend of the learned senator and as a resident of the county which is the proud possessor of his home, your enthusiasm has a welcome sound to me; but I happen to know that Senator Wright will not allow his name to go before the convention."

He read the letter of which I knew. Mr. Benjamin F. Butler then said: "When that letter was written Senator Wright was not aware that Mr. Van Buren's nomination could not be accomplished, nor was he aware that his own nomination would be the almost unanimous wish of this convention. I have talked with the leading delegates from Missouri and Virginia. . . . They say that he can be nominated by acclamation. It is possible that he—a strong party man—can resist this unanimous call of the party with whose help he has won immortal fame? No, it is not so. It cannot be so. We must dispatch a messenger to him by horse at once who shall take to him from his friend Judge Fine a frank statement of the imperious demand of this convention and a request that he telegraph a withdrawal of his letter in the morning."

The suggestion was unanimously approved and within an hour, mounted on one of the best horses in Maryland—so his groom informed me—I was on my way to Washington with the message of Judge Fine in my pocket. Yes, I had two days to spare on my schedule of travel and reckoned that, by returning to Baltimore next day I should reach Canton in good time.

It was the kind of thing that only a lithe, supple, strong-hearted lad such as I was in the days of my youth, could relish—speeding over a dark road by the light of the stars and a half-moon, with a horse that loved to kick up a wind. My brain was in a fever, for the notion had come to me that I was making history.

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The time of some and high place hurried me on. With the senator in the presidential chair I should be well started in the highway of great success. Then Mr. H. Dunkelberg might think me better than the legacy of Benjamin Grimsshaw. A relay awaited me twenty-three miles down the road.

Well, I reached Washington very sore, but otherwise in good form, soon after daybreak. I was trembling with excitement when I put my horse in the stable and rang the bell at our door. It seemed to me that I was crossing the divide between big and little things. A few steps more and I should be looking down into the great valley of the future. Yet, now that I was there, I began to lose confidence.

The butler opened the door. Yes, the senator was up and had just returned from a walk and was in his study. I found him there.

"Well, Bart, how does this happen?" he asked.

"It's important business," I said, as I presented the letter.

Something in his look and manner as he calmly adjusted his glasses and read the letter of Judge Fine brought the blood to my face. It seemed to puncture my balloon, so to speak, and I was falling toward the earth and so swiftly my head swam. He laid the letter on his desk and, without looking up and as coolly as if he were asking for the change of a dollar, queried:

"Well, Bart, what do you think he had better do about it?"

"I was hoping—you would take it," I stammered.

"That's because the excitement of the convention is on you," he answered. "Let us look at the compass. They have refused to nominate Mr. Van Buren because he is opposed to the annexation of Texas. On that subject the will of the convention is now clear. It is possible that they would nominate me. We don't know about that, we never shall know. If they did, and I accepted, what would be expected of me is also clear. They would expect me to abandon my principles and that course of conduct which I conceive to be best for the country. Therefore I should have to accept it under false pretenses and take their yoke upon me. Would you think the needle pointed that way?"

"No," I answered.

Immediately he turned to his desk and wrote the telegram which fixed his place in history. It said no.

Into the lives of few men has such a moment fallen. I looked at him with a feeling of awe. What sublime calmness and serenity was in his face! As if it were a mere detail in the work of the day, and without a moment's faltering, he had declined a crown, for he would surely have been nominated and elected. He rose and stood looking out of the open window. Always I think of him standing there with the morning sun, . . . falling upon his face and shoulders. He had observed my emotion and I think it had touched him a little. There was a moment of silence. A curious illusion came to me then, for it seemed as if I heard the sound of distant music. Looking thoughtfully out of the window he asked:

"Bart, do you know when our first fathers turned out of the trail of the beast and found the long road of humanity? I think it was when they discovered the compass in their hearts."

not silence. You will understand my haste now. I have sought only to do justice to my friend and to give my country a name, long neglected, but equal in glory to those of Washington and Lincoln.

Come, let us take one last look together down the road we have traveled, now dim in the evening shadows. Scattered along it are the little houses of the poor of which I have written. See the lights in the windows—the lights that are shining into the souls of the young—the eager, open, expectant, welcoming souls of the young—and the light carries many things, but best of all a respect for the old, unchanging way of the compass. After all that is the end and aim of the whole matter—believe me.

My life has lengthened into these days when most of our tasks are accomplished by machinery. We try to make men by the thousand, in vast educational machines, and no longer by the one of old. It was the loving, forgiving, forbearing, patient, ceaseless toil of mother and father on the tender soul of childhood which quickened that inextinguishable sense of responsibility to God and man in these people whom I now leave to the judgment of my countrymen.

I have lived to see the ancient plan of kingship, for self-protection, coming back into the world. It demands that the will and conscience of every individual shall be regulated and controlled by some concealed prince, backed by an army. It cannot fail, I foresee, to accomplish such devastation in the human spirit as shall imperil the dearest possession of man.

If one is to follow the compass he can have but one king—his God.

I am near the end. I rode back to Baltimore that forenoon. They had nominated Mr. Polk of Tennessee for president and Silas Wright for vice president, the latter by acclamation. I knew that Wright would decline the honor, as he did.

I hurried northward to keep my appointment with Sally. The boats were slowed by fog. At Albany I was a day behind my schedule. I should have only an hour's leeway if the boats on the upper lakes and the stage from Plattsburgh were on time. I feared to trust them. So I caught the west-bound train and reached Utica three hours late. There I bought a good horse and his saddle and bridle and hurried up the north road. When he was near spent I traded him for a well-knit Morgan mare up in the little village of Sandy Creek. Oh, I knew a good horse as well as the next man and a better one than she I never owned—never. I was back in my saddle at six in the afternoon and stopped for feed and an hour's rest at nine and rode on through the night. I reached the hamlet of Richville soon after daybreak and put out for a rest of two hours. I could take it easy then. At seven o'clock the mare and I started again, well fed and eager to go on.

It was a summer morning that shortens the road—even that of the young lover. Its air was sweet with the breath of the meadows, the daisies and the clover and the cornflowers and the wild roses seemed to be waving a welcome to me, and the thorn trees—shapely ornament of my native hills—were in blossom. A cloud of pigeons swept across the blue deep above my head. The great choir of the fields sang to me—bobolinks, song-sparrows, meadowlarks, bluebirds, warblers, wrens, and far away in the edge of a spruce thicket I heard the flute of the white-throated sparrow.

I bathed at a brook in the woods and put on a clean silk shirt and the rest of my saddlebags. I rode slowly then to the edge of the village of Canton and turned at the bridge and took the river road, although I had time to spare. How my heart was beating as I neared the familiar scene! The river slowed its pace there, like a discerning traveler, to enjoy the beauty of its shores. Smooth and silent was the water and in it were the blue of the sky and the feathery shadow-spirals of cedar and tamarack and the reflected blossoms of iris and meadow rue. It was a lovely scene.

There was the pine, but where was my lady? I dismounted and tied my mare and looked at my watch. It asked twenty minutes to eleven. She would come—I had no doubt of it. I washed my hands and face and neck in the cool water. Suddenly I heard a voice I knew singing: "Barney Leave the Girls Alone." I turned and saw—your mother, my son. (These last lines were dictated to his son.) She was in the stern of a birch canoe, all dressed in white with roses in her hair. I rubbed my hat and she threw a kiss at me. Old Kate sat in the bow waving her handkerchief. They stopped and Sally asked in a tone of playful seriousness:

"Young man, why have you come here?"

"To get you," I answered.

"What do you want of me?" She was looking at her face in the water.

"I want to marry you," I answered bravely.

"Then you may help me ashore, if you please. I am—my best, white slippers and you are to be very careful."

Beautiful! She was the spirit of the fields of June then and always. I helped her ashore and held her in my arms and, you know, the lips have a way of speaking that in the old, convincing, final argument of love. They left no doubt in our hearts, my son.

"When do you wish to marry me?" she whispered.

"As soon as possible, but my pay is only sixty dollars a month now."

"We shall make it do," she answered. "My mother and father and



"Then You May Help Me Ashore, If You Please."

your aunt and uncle and the minister and a number of our friends are coming in a fleet of boats." "We are prepared either for a picnic or a wedding," was the whisper of Kate.

"Let's make it both," I proposed to Sally.

"Surely there couldn't be a better place than here under the big pine—it's so smooth and soft and shady," said she.

"Nor could there be a better day or better company," I urged, for I was not sure that she would agree.

The boats came along. Sally and I waved a welcome from the bank and she merrily proclaimed: "It's to be a wedding!" Then a cheer from the boats, in which I joined.

I shall never forget how, when the company had landed and the greetings were over, Uncle Penbody approached your mother and said:

"Say, Sally, I'm goin' to plant a kiss on both of them red cheeks of yours, an' do it deliberate, too."

He did it and so did Aunt Deed and old Kate, and I think that, next to your mother and me, they were the happiest people at the wedding.

There is a lonely grave up in the hills—that of the stranger who died long ago on Ratteroad. One day I found old Kate sitting beside it and on a stone lately erected there was the name, Enoch Rone.

"It is very sorrowful," she whispered. "He was trying to find me when he died."

We walked on in silence while I recalled the circumstances. How strange that those tales of blood and lawless daring which Kate had given to Amos Grimsshaw had led to the slaying of her own son! Yet, so it happened, and the old wives will tell you the story up there in the hills.

The play ends just as the night is falling with Kate and me entering the little home, so familiar now, where she lives and is ever welcome with Aunt Deed and Uncle Penbody. The latter meets us at the door and is saying in a cheerful voice:

"Come in to supper, you rovers. How solemn ye look! Say, if you expect Sally and me to do all the laughing you're mistaken. There's a lot of it to be done right now, an' it's time you jined in. We ain't done nothin' out laugh since we got up, an' we're in need of help. What's the matter, Kate? Look up at the light in God's vinder. How bright it shines tonight! When I feel bad I always look at the stars."

(THE END.)

REPORT MANY CASES OF RHEUMATISM NOW

Says We Must Keep Feet Dry; Avoid Exposure And Eat Less Meat.

Stay off the damp ground, avoid exposure, keep feet dry, eat less meat, drink lots of water and above all take a spoonful of salts occasionally to keep down uric acid.

Rheumatism is caused by poisonous toxin, called uric acid, which is generated in the bowels and absorbed into the blood. It is the function of the kidneys to filter this acid from the blood and cast it out in the urine. The pores of the skin are also a means of freeing the blood of this impurity. In damp and chilly, cold weather the skin pores are closed, thus forcing the kidneys to do double work, they become weak and sluggish and fail to eliminate this uric acid which keeps accumulating and circulating through the system, eventually settling in the joints and muscles causing stiffness and soreness and pain called rheumatism.

At the first twinge of rheumatism get from any pharmacy about four ounces of Jad Salts; put a tablespoonful in a glass of water and drink before breakfast each morning for a week. This is said to eliminate uric acid by stimulating the kidneys to normal action, thus ridding the blood of these impurities.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, harmless and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and is used with excellent results by thousands of folks who are subject to rheumatism.

HOG PRICE AGREEMENT OF ADMINISTRATION WILL BE CONTINUED

This Announcement Does Not Affect Portland Price In Least.

Washington, Jan. 22.—The hog price agreement policy of the food administration will be continued, despite attacks upon the present scale of \$17.50 in the face of the present large surplus, F. S. Snyder, head of the meat division, announced.

"The food administration will fulfill its pledge given to the hog producers of the country on November 3, 1917," said Snyder. "The attack (by the Chicago board of trade) is not justified for the simple reason that the surplus of hogs now in this country will turn into a big deficit next summer, if Europe can get sufficient money and ships to move the stuff."

The hog committee of the food administration will meet January 28 to agree on a price for hogs during February.

"The visible demands will take care of the surplus sometime in March," said Snyder. "Spring will see a slight shortage instead of an overflow."

The agreement referred to by Snyder is the statement of Joseph P. Cotton, chief of the meat division and now in Europe with Herbert Hoover. The food administration has no price fixing powers, but is authorized under the Lever act to make agreements with industries for stabilized prices.

Snyder declared that the high prices are not of particular benefit to the packers, inasmuch as the packers' profits are limited.

"It will be found," said Snyder, "that packers' sales will not have netted them the full nine per cent which they were allowed as a fair profit."

Concerning the surplus, Snyder said that the present supply of hogs is two million less than 1918. His figures show that the hog production for 1918 was 43,073,703; in 1917 it was 33,909,664; in 1916, it totalled 40,765,477. These figures represent hogs inspected and slaughtered.

Won't Affect Northwest. Portland, Or., Jan. 21.—The hog price agreement of the United States food administration which it was announced in Washington today will be maintained, does not affect the Pacific coast.

Under the direction of C. E. Gibbons, head of the federal bureau of markets for the Pacific northwest, a price stabilization commission determines the minimum price on the coast for the month, following a system of differentials with Chicago as the base point. The Pacific coast market price is usually lower than the Chicago price.

Marion County Contributed \$1,514,550 To Liberty Loan

Marion county contributed \$1,514,550 to the grand total of \$38,362,550 of the Fourth Liberty Loan in Oregon. The number of subscribers in the county was 10,571. The oversubscription was 1.70 per cent. These figures have just been received from state headquarters. The official compilation does not show the quota of non-banking centers.

In the newspapers outside of Portland \$7,834 column inches of space was used in paid and free publicity in aid of the loan.

Following is the statement of the communities of this county:

Amusville—Quota, \$10, 850; subscribed, 10,850; number of subscribers, 85. Aurora—Quota, \$22,000; subscribed, \$23,000; number of subscribers, 248. Donald—Quota, \$10,520; subscribed, \$11,850; number of subscribers, 126. Gervais—Quota, \$14,200; subscribed, \$16,050; number of subscribers, 161. Hubbard—Quota, \$23,780; subscribed, \$23,850; number of subscribers, 296. Jefferson—Quota, \$23,120; subscribed \$25,000; number of subscribers, 242. Salem—Quota, \$951, 328; subscribed, \$953,650; number of subscribers, 3571. Monitor—Quota, \$9540; subscribed, \$10,700; number of subscribers, 134. Mt. Angel—Quota, \$37,260; subscribed, \$37,300; number of subscribers, 618. Silverton—Quota, \$167,250; subscribed, \$198,230; number of subscribers, 1707. Stayton—Quota, \$30,415; subscribed, \$37,800; number of subscribers, 398. St. Paul—Quota, \$13,370; subscribed, \$18,150; number of subscribers 130. Turkey—Quota, \$10,730; subscribed, \$12,050; number of subscribers, 109. Woodburn—Quota, \$103,440; subscribed, \$103,450; number of subscribers, 630.

Units Of 91st Division Has Sailed From France

Washington, Jan. 22.—Other units of the famous 91st (Wild West) division have sailed from France, and still other units have been designated to prepare for embarkation, it was announced today.

The 316th trench mortar battery of the 91st has been released to prepare for embarkation and the 346th field artillery of the same division has sailed.

All other units of the 91st are on the early convey list and will be released as shipping is available. The 27th, 30th and 37th divisions embarkation.

To Honor Big Reception. Olympia, Wash., Jan. 22.—When the 91st division men arrive at New York the hand of Washington state will reach across the continent and welcome them, if the legislature rushes through

have also been ordered to prepare for a proposed appropriation of \$10,000 to help pay the reception costs. The Rocky Mountain club of New York has asked for this much financial aid, and George Noble Skinner of Seattle has been named to represent Governor Lister when the boys arrive.

City News

The ancient gag about an irresistible force and an immovable object was illustrated at 5:30 last evening at the intersection of State and Commercial, when a Ford driven by Geo. Vick and a Chevrolet service car driven by a representative of that agency met at right angles. The result was a compromise, in the midst of an eloquent—possibly profane—silence. Both cars got off with only minor damages.

The funeral services of Arthur Poole were held this afternoon at the Bigdon parlors, where a considerable company of citizens gathered to pay the last respects to a much esteemed member of the community. The officers of the Oregon guard were in attendance and members of the organization acted as pall bearers.

Mrs. W. H. Simpson is convalescing at her home on the Garden road, after an operation at the hospital.

Just before the legislature met Jan. 13 there was considerable talk in Salem as to what its members should do with the influenza situation. It seems the solons were so well pleased with their comfortable and airy surroundings that they almost forgot all about the flu. However a committee was appointed in both the senate and house to look into the matter. Now about a week and a half after the first day of the session, the health committees appeared to think something should be done and the suggestion is made that a limit of 50 visitors be made for the senate and 100 for the house. As the number of daily visitors is about half these figures, there will be but little danger of any one being asked to move on. It was suggested that if any member of the house or senate should develop symptoms of any kind, such member should stay home. And this is all that has come of what was once thought to be so serious a proposition that many said the legislature would adjourn after its organization.

Senator La Follett was conspicuous at the roads and highways meeting held in the house of representatives last evening. There was just a suspicion that the senator might spring some embarrassing questions but there was no opportunity for any discussion. One of the things the senator would like to know is why it costs the county only \$7850 per mile to construct the road from Salem to the Pudding river and why the contract was let by the state for a road between Brooks and Gervais at \$20,926.81 per mile. Also why it cost the state \$21,047.65 per mile for the contract for the road between Gervais and Astoria. Although the state road is to be one foot wider than the recently constructed county road, Senator La Follett cannot understand why there should be such a radical difference in cost. The county paid the city of Salem 75 cents per superficial foot for the use of the city paving plant, which added considerably to the county's cost of paving.

The State Industrial Accident Commission met yesterday and elected Wilford Allen as chairman.

The Crabtree Lumber Company has moved its sawmill from Embree to near Lebanon and as its present name might be misleading, the company has filed notice with the Corporation department that it will change its name to the L. S. Bonney Lumber Company.

A joint resolution was passed by the house this morning urging the Oregon members of congress to support Senator McNary's bill regarding the proposed tax on fruit juices and such. The bill is now before a joint committee in congress and Senator McNary, wired Representative Sheldon that the Oregon legislature should hurry up and pass a memorial to congress supporting the bill which is favorable to the fruit juice industries of the country.

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Senate Bills Introduced Today

S. B. 43—By Howell—Creating home guard units to be known as Oregon Volunteer Guard.

S. B. 44—By Howell—Providing that counties shall own and control armories built wholly by county funds.

S. B. 45—By Moser—Consolidating county school districts.

S. B. 46—By Hurley—Creating office of county engineer.

S. B. 47—By Pierce—Exempting horses and cattle under 12 months of age from taxation.

EUROPEANS SLOW TO GET MEANING OF "PEP"

American Labor Discourages Political Agitation As Class Measure.

By J. W. T. Mason (United Press Staff Correspondent)

New York, Jan. 22.—American labor influences are at work attempting to discourage political agitation as a class measure by European labor leaders and to impress upon Europe's workmen that the way to earn more money is to produce more goods.

This is a startling doctrine for Europe, where leisure is highly prized and speed in production is strictly limited by trades unions. "Pep" is a new word to Europeans, which America is now trying to introduce to them. Europe's agitators have long been running to the national legislatures for increases in the standard of living. The European labor leaders who want the state to act for them in attaining greater economic comfort are planning to hold a congress in Switzerland under socialist auspices. The Americans have declined to attend this convention. The Swiss meeting, therefore, cannot have a wide international influence and will not exert much pressure on the deliberations of the peace congress.

Samuel Gompers wants to hold a rival international labor convention in Paris.

LEVIATHAN TO SAIL

New York, Jan. 22.—The giant American transport Leviathan, formerly the German steamship Vaterland, will sail for Brest tomorrow with a number of prominent passengers, government officials and Polish troops. The sailing of the Leviathan has been delayed two weeks on account of engine trouble.

William G. Sharp, United Press ambassador to France, will be among the passengers. There will also be on board representatives of the United States shipping board, several consuls, French officers and 600 Polish troops recruited in Canada.

The Leviathan is scheduled to leave Brest on February 12 with a load of homecoming United States troops.

FRISCO CALL OFFERS EWAD

San Francisco, Jan. 22.—The San Francisco Call today offered a reward of \$500 for information that would lead to the arrest and conviction of a man who phoned in information that there had been a riot at the Schaw-Batcher Shipbuilding company's plant in south San Francisco.

The Call in a statement said the man represented himself to be employment manager of the company.

The Bolsheviks are rapidly retreating toward Pskov, 100 miles south of Petrograd. Before giving up Livonia, they shot 225 men and 37 women.

Captain James Norman Hill of Colfax, Iowa, a member of the famous Lafayette Escadrille who was supposed killed, returned to France from a German prison.

Jules Vedrine, the French aviator, has won a prize of 25,000 francs for being the first aviator to land on the roof of a house.

money to irrigation districts paid for certification of bonds, and fixing of fees to be charged by the secretary of state for such certification.

S. B. 55—By Norblad—Providing that when person is killed by reason of neglect or failure to observe law, if no relatives reside in state suit for damages may be brought by executor or administrator of such deceased party.

S. B. 56—By Hutor—Relative to the establishment of a court of domestic relations in counties having a population of over 200,000.

S. B. 57—By Orton—Amending insurance laws relative to basis on which fees are to be collected.

Indigestion and practically all forms of stomach trouble, say medical authorities, are due nine times out of ten to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. Chronic "acid stomach" is exceedingly dangerous and sufferers should do either one of two things. Either they can go on a limited and often disagreeable diet, avoiding foods that disagree with them, that irritate the stomach and lead to excess acid secretion or they can eat as they please in reason and make it a practice to counteract the effect of the harmful acid and prevent the formation of gas, sourness or premature fermentation by the use of a little Bisurated Magnesia at their meals.

There is probably no other, safer or more reliable stomach antacid than Bisurated Magnesia and it is widely used for this purpose. It has no direct action on the stomach and is not a detergent. But a teaspoonful of the powder or a couple of five grain tablets taken in a little water with the food will neutralize the excess acidity which may be present and prevent its further formation. This removes the whole cause of the trouble and the meal digests naturally and healthfully without need of peptic pills or artificial digestants.

Get a few ounces of Bisurated Magnesia from any reliable druggist. Ask for either powder or tablets. It never comes as a liquid, milk or citrate and in the bisurated form is not a laxative. Try this plan and eat what you want at your next meal and see if this isn't the best advice you ever had on "what to eat."