

TIPPECANOE

By SAMUEL McCOY

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Recounting the adventures and love which came into the lives of David Laurence and Antoinette O'Bannon, in the days when pioneers were fighting red savages in the Indiana wilderness

And now David goes through the Valley of the Shadow worse than death, for his pursuit of the Indians who have captured and carried away the beloved Toinette is stopped in the forest depths by an event of tragic importance. How he saves himself and his friend and why hope of rescuing the girl comes to him, is told in this installment.

Tragedy had followed David relentlessly. His father was hanged for rioting in England. He came to Corydon settlement to kill an enemy; instead, he made friends, learned to love Toinette O'Bannon, fell in with Cramer, the British spy, by accident, was accused of treason himself and heartbroken, left the settlement because the girl asked proof of his innocence. Soon after he settled at Vincennes, his old friend, Ike Blackford, rode madly in with the news that Toinette had been abducted by Indians. He and Blackford set forth to intercept the kidnapers. Ike fell sick in the forest.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

When David reached his side his eyes were closed. Frantically he scooped up handful after handful of water from the nearest pool, dashed it in his face, then fell to rubbing his wrists and temples. And at last Ike moved feebly, lifted himself on his elbow and looked about with unseeing eyes. He tried to rise farther, and toppled over again, moaning.

David's heart sank at the situation. He found a sheltered spot in which to build a fire, and labored with flint and steel till he succeeded in coaxing a blaze to live in the dry chips and tinder he found in a hollow tree. He lifted Ike in his arms, exerting all his strength, and bore him to the spot. Blackford was now unconscious, breathing with stertorous grunts that seemed to leave him weaker and weaker. But there was nothing that David could do, and having eaten his bit of venison, he sat through the night with his eyes fixed on the face of the sick man, lying in the faint and wavering light of the little campfire, while the black shadows of the forest closed them in relentlessly.

At dawn Ike seemed to be sleeping more naturally. The Wabash must lie within a few miles to the west; there was the barest possibility that he might come on some adventurous trapper there, floating down the stream with his load of pelts, who would lend succor. David took off his hunting shirt, hid it, together with his rifle and powder horn, within the hollow tree, tightened his belt and his moccasins, and set off unhampered. A hundred yards and he was lost to sight in the forest.

An hour passed. The sick man stirred in his feverish sleep, raised himself up, and stared wildly about him. "He rose to his knees weakly, caught sight of a leafy bough nodding in the breeze and waved his hand at it in answer."

"Hello, Jack," he called feebly. "How's New York? Glad to see you—come down on the coach?"

He staggered to his feet and tottered about the grass, shaking hands with imaginary friends. Another train of memory stirred in his delirious brain and he began pleading a cause—argued, blustered, entreated, stormed; and only the multitudinous jury of the trees heard and mocked him with their silence.

A naked, copper-colored figure gazed noiselessly through the undergrowth and crawled like a serpent toward the gesticulating madman. From behind a fallen log its glittering, evil eyes watched the drunken staggering of the sick man and glanced murderously along the barrel of a British musket. The gun came to a rest over Ike's heart; the red finger on the trigger was about to tighten, when suddenly Ike drew himself to his full height and began singing in his clear tenor:

Cheer, cheer, you shall not grieve,
A soldier true you'll find me here.
All, non, non, non, parry Madelon
Would go with you...

The ambushed weapon sank again uncertainly into the glittering eyes came a puzzled look; and then the hidden savage rose with a grunt of understanding and strode fearlessly with lowered gun up to the singer's side.

"How!" came the guttural salutation.

The eyes of the white man looked full at him without a ray of comprehension in their wild stare. A moment only Blackford paused, and then, turning his shoulder carelessly on the warrior, resumed his song.

"Ugh!" he grunted. "White man big Manitou! Make big medicine!"

He glided off again into the forest as noiselessly as he came; and for a while only the chattering of the squirrels and the notes of birds broke the stillness overhead. Ike had sunk to the ground. And then, one by one, there stole into the glade six naked savages, their cheeks hideously daubed with red and yellow ochre, their warbonnets nodding over their heads. The one who had first discovered Ike pointed to the figure on the grass.

"Big medicine," he grunted; "no hurt."

They passed on to the north, in single file. Behind them came the other two of the party, leading between them a girl whose face was stained with weeping, whose dress was torn and muddy with the march, whose knees faltered beneath her. But relentlessly the march kept on; and the sick man, raising his head weakly from the ground, looked in the face of Toinette and knew her not.

CHAPTER XII.

"Yankee Doodle Dandy."

As the end of the hurrying file of savages vanished into the woods David stole back toward the glade where Ike lay. He had gone but three miles on his quest for help when his anxiety for Ike's safety had overcome him and he turned back. He had nearly reached the spot when he caught sight of the last two warriors of the party, and Toinette between them; and even as his blood stopped in his veins at the

vision, the two warriors overtook the advance guard and disappeared from view among the trees.

The blood pounded wildly in David's temples, and like a madman he rushed to the side of the delirious man. "Ike!" he whispered hoarsely; "Toinette!—didn't you see them pass?"

But Blackford only moaned pitously; and David sank to his knees, and, as gently as a woman, bathed the parched forehead of the unconscious man. As he watched Blackford, a superhuman force seemed dragging him away to rush after the vanished warparty; but as often as he rose frenziedly to his feet, the utter folly of attempting Toinette's rescue alone pulled him down; and at last he forced himself to turn his back on his last hope and to bow his head to the duty nearest at hand.

Through the long nights his lonely vigils were spent in brooding over the past. By day he scoured the woods for food, finding a wealth of purple clusters of the wild fox-grape, wild muscadine, the muscadine; sometimes, seeing the busy cloud of wild bees swarming high overhead, he smeared his face and hands with wet clay, climbed laboriously to their stronghold, and lifted their rich masses of dripping honey; sometimes finding a store of nuts, forgotten by the chattering squirrels; sometimes succeeding in bringing down a black grouse as it drummed and strutted on a resonant log. Thus, eating out their scanty store of dried venison, he kept life in Blackford's body through twelve days of agonized watching.

And at last the fever and the stinging pain in Ike's side vanished under the healing of the forest.

There came a day when David, gaunt and weak from starvation, bent over Ike and felt the hot tears welling up unconsciously; and even as he watched, Ike's eyes opened and looked up at him with all delirium gone.

"Hello, David," he said weakly, "is the rain over?"

"Yes," was the joyous answer, "thank God, the rain's over now!"

Ike lay for a while in silence before he spoke again:

"Time we're going on, isn't it?" He tried to rise. "Why, what makes me so weak David?"

"You've been sick a long while, son; easy now, easy!"

The tale of his long delirium was one which Ike heard in wonder. His sickness had left him like a little child, and he cried in sheer gratitude as he realized what David had done for him. David saw that Ike remembered nothing of the passage of the warparty; and he said nothing of it to Ike, fearing that Blackford would blame himself for Toinette's loss.

They agreed, with hearts inexpressibly heavy, that the delay had driven the last gleam of hope from the pursuit; and as soon as Ike was able to stand they began again to seek the river to the west. Onward they pressed, with infinite toil, Ike's hand clinging to David's shoulder.

Again and again they were forced to rest; and as the sun began its downward journey they had traversed five miles only. They had reached a place where the forest grew thinner and the long rushes rose above their heads; the pathless home of innumerable waterfowl. Ike fell heavily upon the marshy ground, crashing through the dry reeds. David lifted Ike's head in



A Naked, Copper-Colored Figure Glided Noiselessly Through the Undergrowth and Crawled Like a Serpent Toward the Madman.

terror. He had not lost consciousness; an unendurable fatigue possessed him, but his eyes burned with unconquerable resolve.

"I'll be all right in a moment, Davy," he gasped. "It's only—listen, what's that sound?"

He staggered to his feet and David held his breath. Then he shook his head.

"I hear nothing but the blackbirds, Ike."

"No! Listen, Davy, the fives, the fives!"

David felt an awful fear sweep through him. Had the strain been too much for Ike's exhausted body? Was the delirium to return once more? He began to speak soothingly.

"Listen, Davy, the fives! They're playing 'Yankee Doodle'! And, oh, Davy, you can hear the drums now!"

David strained in an agony of listening. A breeze rustled the tops of the marsh grass, and suddenly upon the wind he heard the unmistakable sound of a marching quickstep, the shrill music of the fives, the rattle of the drums. They throw their arms around each other's necks and shouted with all their strength. Waited... shout again... an answering halloo came faintly to their ears, and with a cry of joy they forced themselves on. With a last effort they burst through the reeds and found the broad flood of the Wabash at their feet; and flying swiftly toward them a canoe driven by the brawny muscles of two white men.

"Cre nom!" ejaculated the figure in the bow as the canoe ran up the reedy bank. "Les hommes fous qui poursuivent la fille de Corydon!"

Toussaint Dubois, the captain of the guides, had small respect for foorthardness. But the second occupant of the canoe recognized the two adventurers with a cry of thankfulness and flung his arms around them.

"Get in the canoe quick," he said, "no tellin' what pesky devils that is hereabouts."

"Thank God you found us, Hogue!" cried David as they obeyed his command and the light craft shot out again over the water. The man had served with Hargrove, captain of the company in which David had enlisted. "Are you carrying messages to the Prophet? What were those fives we heard?"

"The musicians at the fort," said Hogue.

"The fort?" repeated David blankly. "Where are we?"

"Ye're on the Wabash, sixty miles north of the Old Post."

"But there's no fort on the Wabash," said Blackford wonderingly.

"Th' buildin' on it's fist jibbin', answered Hogue; "th' army gut here yistiddy."

"The army!" Ike and David exclaimed together.

"In course ye didn't know—leef' Vincennes, horse and foot, nigh to a thousand on us, seven days ago. Will Harrison's a-commandin' and Dubois and I air a-scoutin' around the bresh."

"Then Tecumseh has chosen war?" "Tecumseh's still south," said the backwoodsman grimly. "Old Horsehead Gibson and Harrison figger that he's up 't devilment with the Creeks an' we'm air a-goin' t' skeer the Prophet into a shakin' ague before Tecumseh has a chance 't git back."

Dubois grunted in assent. "By gar, thees Harrison he strake queeck lak panther!"

"You came just in time," said David weakly. Silently he stumbled along at the heels of Hogue and Dubois, as they bore Ike's limp body between them toward the clearing in the forest on the east bank of the river; and when the men of his company ran out to meet them their cheers rang strangely distant in his ears.

But food and rest soon brought back his strength; and Ike, too, gained rapidly under the clear skies of October. All the month was spent in completing the log fortification, and then, leaving it as a base with a handful of men, the column took up its course once more toward the Prophet's town at Tippecanoe. The sick, Blackford among the number, were left at Fort Harrison to spare them the onward march.

David again entered Captain Hargrove's company. Among the cold ashes of his hopes one gleam still persisted: he might yet find Toinette at the Prophet's town. Indeed, that was the one place where she had probably been taken.

They advanced warily. The regular troops, under Colonel Boyd, headed the little column; the militia followed; Spier Spencer's "Yellow Jackets" trotted at the left; the Vincennes horsemen at the right; Jo Daviess' Kentucky dragoons brought up the rear. The boats conveying the supplies were left at a blockhouse hastily constructed at a point 25 miles north of Fort Harrison; and at noon of November 6 they came into view of the hundreds of teepees which made up the Prophet's town. Less than one thousand strong, they had ventured to the Indian stronghold, where 2,000 braves were assembled; all along their march they had been exposed to attack; and now, as they marched resolutely forward, the red warriors began to pour out like angry bees from a hive.

The column halted and a parley took place. Angry the Indians inquired the meaning of the army's advance—did they intend to attack? Harrison shook his head; he wished merely to encamp that night and to confer with the Prophet in the morning; there should be no hostilities. The chiefs grunted, pacified, and the army, wheeling a mile to the northwest, made camp upon a wooded plateau, along whose abrupt declivity on the west there ran a little creek, called Tippecanoe. The regular troops pitched their tents; the militia, shivering in the raw November dusk, without tents, were forced to build great fires, around which they huddled upon their arms. A rain began falling; and the night, cheerless, bitterly cold, shrouding in blackness whatever advance the savages might make, closed in on them.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the House of the Prophet.

The red warriors who had glided past Blackford's delirious eyes dragged with them a girl who called

piteously for help. "Ike, Ike, don't you know me?" she screamed, and was answered only by the mocking silences of the woods.

Northward she struggled, driven by her captors; and all around she saw the upstaring children of the wood. Down to the edge of the rivers came the dark majesty of the forest. Below struggled the green galaxy of bush and shrub; and above, towering beeches, clean-boled, smooth, gray, bearing their clouds of delicate leafery; sycamores, whose massive pillars gleamed white through the dusky aisles; superb cottonwoods, bearing with proud lightness their weight of ever-trembling leaves; colossal oaks, like Atlas lifting up green worlds of foliage; and, king of all, the American liriodendron—the tulip tree—its branches a stupendous dome of majestic beauty, over which, in May, it cast the miraculous loveliness of its waxen blossoms.

By day Toinette saw at times the milder people of the woods, crouched in the night encampments, she listened with beating heart to the terrible scream of the cougar, the tawny demon of the wood, or trembled in apprehension of those other human, more dreadful demons, her captors.

Noon of the sixth day of November. A fire of twigs filled the teepee with an acrid smoke and rendered the cold but little less damp. On the pile of skins upon the frozen ground were three figures, two men and a woman. Both men wore the leathern dress and moccasins of the Indian, but in spite of his dress and durly tanned face, it could be seen that one was white. The woman wore what had once been a dress such as swept the garden walks of Versailles; but it was now no more than a torn and muddy rag, her naked shoulders scratched and torn by branch and briar and blue with cold. The white man tossed a buffalo robe toward the girl, and motioned her to cover her shoulders with it, leaving incrustatingly white the Indian scowl. His high, swarthy cheekbones were framed by braids of coarse black hair, plentifully smeared with bear's grease and adorned by the feathers of the hawk and eagle; one of his eyes was gone, the brows contracting over a slit that showed a blood-red cavity; but the other burned with a hypnotic intensity. His heavy lips muttered an incantation. He was Elkscatawa, the Prophet.

"There'll be a brick house for you in Malden, my dear," said the white man pleasantly. "With a black boy to build a fire for you every morning, while you're still snug in bed. Happen you'll remember poor Simon Girty then, freezin' out in the woods with the Indian devils, rot them!" He glanced at Elkscatawa as if afraid that the Indian might have understood his last words. "You'll not forget the pain as was kind to you then, will ye?"



"Listen, Davy, the Fives!"

Toinette shuddered at his tone and was silent.

"Oh, I'll see that ye git to Malden, all safe, my beauty!" he went on, reassured by the Prophet's apathy.

"Tis a fine, handsome man, thet's waiting fur ye there—purty red coat he wears, and a tassel o' gold on each shoulder—purty ez a king. He'll pay

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many a goldpiece fur ye, my dear... An' ye'll be wuth 'em all," he giggled evilly.

Toinette looked at him as a frightened bird looks at a snake, unable to move; a tear stole from beneath her lashes and rolled down her wasted cheek.

"Suppose ye talk a bit to me—thar's a good gal. Come, what's yer name? Tight-mouthed still, are ye? Ye'll beg to speak 'fore I'm done with ye!"

The flaps of the deerskin tent were drawn aside and the painted face of a warrior was thrust in. He was dripping with sweat though the day was chilly, and his words were hurried. Toinette strove in vain to catch an English word among the torrent of Delaware, but none came; she guessed from the startled grunts from Elkscatawa and the oath that fell from Girty's lips that the message was of serious portent. Girty, casting a glance over his shoulder, saw the girl's intense gaze fixed upon them, and laughed sneeringly.

"Here's some news fur ye—thet fine young man of yours hed his scalp lifted, he, he, he! Some o' the young Pottawattamies set up w' him waderin' long lost into the woods as ef he thought he was in Philadelphia."

Toinette whitened. The braves who had brought her into the village of the Prophet had told Girty, doubtless, that she had recognized the sick man in the woods. Had another scouting party found Ike and killed him? She could not know; Girty, seeing her blanch at his random thrust, giggled in triumph. The news which the runner had brought was that the army of whites was within a few miles.

The consultation between the Prophet and the renegade went on in guttural whispers. Toinette began to wonder why the news of the capture of a single white man should cause so prolonged a discussion. Sounds of unusual activity in the village began to reach her—a constant patter of moccasined feet, hurrying by a tent, the occasional wailing of a squaw, quickly hushed by an angry command, the barking of the many Indian dogs—an unmistakable restlessness in the whole camp.

There fell on her ear the faint sound of drums—distant, measured, unlike the irregular beating of the drums of the savage. Nearer and nearer it came, steady, unmistakable; and then, her heart at first refusing to believe her ears, the shrill and reckless music of the fives! She began to thrill with hope in every nerve, and with an inarticulate sob of joy she rose to her knees. The Indian and the renegade looked up sharply as she started up; and with a cruelty that stunned her, Girty laughed in her face.

"He, he, he!" That hadn't any friends o' yours, my dear! 'Tis a company o' Proctor's Redcoats from Malden—they'll make ye a fine body-guard to take ye 'cross to Canady. He, he, he! Ye thought 'twas some o' the boys from Corydon! It's a shame 't disappoint ye so. But if ye don't wish fur t' go with the King's sogsers, ye're not obliged to. Why don't ye go with Simon Girty, instead?"

"What is your guess about Toinette's rescue? Will David be able to slip into the Indian camp and get her? Will she kill Girty and escape? Will some pitying Indian squaw turn her loose at night?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How to Keep Warm in Cold Bed. Many people have to sleep in cold rooms in winter, and some, not being able to warm up readily after entering the bed, lie awake a long time.

To warm up quickly in a cold bed lie upon the back, with the bedclothes well tucked in about the neck and shoulders, draw up and extend one foot, then the other, alternately, drawing the foot up as near the trunk as possible, and then extending it as far as possible. Keep this up for a few moments; and if done with vigor, by the time one has drawn up each leg and straightened it out, say, 100 times, one will be in a glow, and will usually feel sleepy, the blood having been drawn away from the brain to the muscles and skin. Feeble patients can do a few strokes, and rest a moment or so, and then begin again.

Economy. "Is it really cheaper to own your own home than to pay rent?" "Of course it is. When you live in a rented house you are always dissatisfied about something, and you move on an average about once a year. But when you own your house, you have to stay there whether you like it or not, and in that way you save all the moving expenses."

Caution. "So you want your boy quit taking singing lessons?" "Yes. I was afraid they'd spoil his voice for cheering at a baseball game."

TO WASH BLANKETS

OPERATION TAKES TIME IF GOOD WORK IS WANTED.

Warm Water, Ammonia, and White Soap is Recommended—Articles Must on No Account Be Subjected to Rubbing.

Housecleaning means many wearying tasks, but the worst of them all is washing blankets. It takes a goodly amount of money from the housekeeper's allowance to send these to the cleaner's, especially where there is a large family. So the woman who decides to "do" her own blankets should learn the very easiest way to manage them.

Here is one system guaranteed by an experienced housekeeper: Put a half pint of ammonia into a tub and stretch the blankets over it, not allowing them to slip down into the fluid. This should then be covered with lukewarm water. This process allows the fumes of the ammonia to rise through the blanket and loosens the dirt. Good, vigorous squeezing will do the rest. Rinse in a tub of clear warm water and run lightly through the wringer.

Here is another and more complicated method, designed for use on very soiled blankets: Air, beat and brush the blankets out on the line before washing, so that every possible piece of fluff and down is removed. Then have a couple of bars of good wool soap into a basin, add it to a pan of boiling water and allow it to "jell" for a few minutes. Now have a tub or stationary washtub full of warm water with a half cupful of ammonia in it. Mix the soap in with this, then put in your blankets. Stir them around with a stick, but do not rub them—squeeze and souse them up and down. When the top of the water begins to become scummed with dirt the water should be changed. The second water should be like the first. The sousing process must be repeated until all the dirt is removed. Rinse in clear water. Then put them through the wringer—the jaws of which should be very wide apart or they will make your blankets look stringy—and hang out on the line.

Blankets should be hung lengthwise on the line, using plenty of pins, so that they have no chance to sag. Shade is better than sun for drying them. When they are quite dry go over them well with a clean white broom, brushing with the nap. This makes them delightfully fluffy. Do this away with camphor balls or in fold-proof bags.

Fruit Loaf. Put one pint milk in double boiler, add pinch of salt and bring to scalding point. Dissolve 1 1/2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch in a little cold milk, beat the yolks of two eggs and four tablespoonfuls granulated sugar together and pour all into boiling milk, stirring till smooth and thick. Cover and cook 20 minutes. Beat the egg whites very stiff and mix lightly with the pudding. Remove from stove and stir in one-half cupful macaroons crumbled, two tablespoonfuls maraschino cherries, two tablespoonfuls walnut meats, broken, and a teaspoonful of sherry. Turn into a mold and set in ice. When very cold turn out and serve with cream, whipped or plain.

English Chicken Pie. Pare six medium-sized potatoes, cut in small pieces; cook until tender, but not broken, and then add two cupfuls chicken meat and half a cupful fresh pork cooked and cut in small pieces; cover with a crust made as follows: Sift three teaspoonfuls baking powder with two cupfuls flour, add two tablespoonfuls shortening and half teaspoonful salt. Rub thoroughly together and mix with one small cupful milk. Put on floured board and press out with the hands to size required to cover chicken pie. Bake twenty minutes, and serve hot.

Economical Fruit Jelly. Leave all the rinds and pulp of lemons and oranges left from lemonade or fruit punch. Put them into a saucepan and cover with boiling water. Boil ten minutes, strain half the liquid and add sugar to taste—a small cupful of sugar to one dozen lemon skins gives a tart, refreshing jelly. Lastly stir in a half package of gelatin that has been dissolved in a little cold water. Pour into a mold and cool. One dozen lemon or orange rinds should make a quart of jelly, and it is better flavor and more fruity, than when made with the juice alone.

Bacon and Egg Hash. Sometimes a few slices of bacon and a cold fried egg are left over from breakfast and it is a problem to make use of them. Try chopping them fine with an equal quantity of boiled or mashed potatoes, then fry like an ordinary hash in a little butter, letting it brown nicely before taking from the pan. Serve with a parsley garnish and chili sauce or catsup and you will think you have some brand-new epicurean dish. If you prefer, you may make the mixture into little cakes and fry them brown in butter or bacon fat.

Cream of Onion Purée. Put two or three large onions through the food chopper and cook the juice and pulp in two tablespoonfuls of butter until a golden brown. Add a pinch of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of water. Have ready a quart of milk scalded in a double boiler; add the onions and cook until creamy. Season with salt, pepper and paprika and thicken with cracker crumbs. Sprinkle grated cheese over the top when served. Send buttered toast bars to the table with this soup.

Rice Balls. Sweeten plain boiled rice to taste and add, while hot, butter the size of a walnut and the beaten yolk of an egg to make sweet rice balls. Form into little balls and put into the center of each a tablespoonful of rich preserved strawberries, peaches or pineapple, first draining off the syrup. Roll in white of egg and bread crumbs and serve with lemon sauce.

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Also the Owner Hop.

The English class was explaining the meanings of certain well-known metaphorical expressions. As an instance, one pupil said that "It's an ill wind that blows no good" means that even apparently evil happenings sometimes are beneficial.

"And now, just in your own words," said the teacher to the bright boy of the class, "explain your idea, simply, of the meaning of the old adage, 'Money makes the mare go.'"

"Gasoline makes the flivver hop," was the reply.

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And Father Pays Bills.

"How is Robert getting on at college?" asked the minister, who was being entertained at dinner.

"Splendidly," said the proud father, who then went on to tell of his son's various school, athletic and scholastic successes, and the minister said it was a fine thing to be college bred. That evening little James, who had been an interested listener, said: "Papa, what did Mr. Brown mean by college bred?" "Oh, that," said papa, who had been looking over his son's bills, "is a four years' loaf."

Meat Eaters' Backache

Meat lovers are apt to have backaches and rheumatic attacks. Unless you do heavy work and get lots of fresh air, don't eat too much meat. It's rich in nitrogen and helps to form uric acid—a solid poison that irritates the nerves, damages the kidneys and often causes dropsy, gravel and urinary disorders. Doan's Kidney Pills help weak kidneys to throw off uric acid. Thousands recommend them.

A Nebraska Case

N. M. Buchtel, Clay Center, Neb., says: "My back pained so badly that I couldn't move around.