

KIDNEYS CLOG UP FROM
EATING TOO MUCH MEAT

Take Tablespoonful of Salts if Back
Hurts or Bladder Bothers—Meat
Forms Uric Acid.

We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead, and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will set fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.—Adv.

Only a true Christian can pray for rain if his roof leaks.

Use Marine after Exposure in Cold, Cutting Winds and Dust. It Restores, Refreshes and Promotes Eye Health. Good for All Eyes that Need Care. Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request.

London's telephone and telegraph wires extend 73,500 miles overhead and 921,000 miles underground.

For a really fine coffee at a moderate price, drink Denison's Semolina Brand, 35c the lb., in sealed cans.

Only one merchant in each town sells Semolina. If your grocer isn't the one, write the Denison Coffee Co., Chicago, for a souvenir and the name of your Semolina dealer.

Buy the 3 lb. Canister Can for \$1.00.—Adv.

Careful. "Will the vaccination mark show, doctor?" "That depends entirely on you, snadam!"—Puck.

What She Needed. Mistress—What do we need for dinner? Servant—Sure, ma'am, and I've tripped over the rug and we need a new set of dishes.

Serves His Country Well. Corporal Charles Sarrugue, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian war, in which he won the Legion of Honor, is again serving his country at the age of seventy-six years, this time as a sapper, and was recently awarded the war medal. He is rather small, with snow-white beard, and has the appearance of a man of forty. In private life he is a civil engineer. For twelve years before the war he was major of his native town of Auxerre. In 1870 Corporal Sarrugue had been called to the colors as a civil engineer and given the rank of captain. He was twice mentioned in dispatches. After the war he occupied himself with municipal affairs in his native town, and Auxerre owes much to him for his excellent administration. When the present war broke out, he offered his services, passed the examination, and after three months of training was sent to the front.

MORE THAN EVER
Increased Capacity for Work Since
Leaving Off Coffee.

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform day after day, have found a better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum instead of coffee. An Illinois woman writes:

"I had drank coffee for about twenty years, and finally had what the doctor called 'coffee heart.' I was nervous and extremely dependent; had little mental or physical strength left; had kidney trouble and constipation. The first noticeable benefit which followed the change from coffee to Postum was the improved action of the kidneys and bowels. In two weeks my heart action was greatly improved and my nerves steadier. Then I became less dependent, and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength. I formerly did mental work and had to give it up on account of coffee, but since using Postum I am doing hard mental labor with less fatigue." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled, 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly, 50c and 60c tins.

Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup. "There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.

THE HEART OF
NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST
By VINGIE E. ROE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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CHAPTER XXVII.
—13—
The Spirit of the East.
Company H, under Captain Donaldson, they trotted swiftly up with the quickstep of hard-trained infantry and stood in column of fours while the officers sought the head of affairs. Dally promptly sent for the young forest ranger, and in less than it takes in the telling these two keen-witted Westerners, the woodsman and the soldier, were ready to grapple with the enemy. Light-marching kits were dumped upon the ground and the hard-muscled men took to the hills and the timber under quick, decisive orders. Two hours later wagons arrived with commissary supplies and the smoky, blackened valley took on a military air.

It was a Titan struggle, and it was indicative of the force that has conquered nature—the human atoms tolling in semidarkness beneath the threatening forest, choked by the smoke, flayed by the almost unbearable heat, menaced by the flames that at any moment might sweep here or there among the rocks and declivities of the uneven hills and out of escape. That was the great danger they guarded against—the possibility of getting hemmed in. Guards were detailed to watch the vanguards of the foe, to note the speed of the flames, the lie of the timber, the lines that were likely to go fastest, following the different growths, but in the mysterious dusk and the silence of vast mingled sounds they were impotent and each man had to take care of himself.

The mighty boom of falling patri- archs of the forest, hoary with a thousand years of age, crashing through obstructing branches, shook the earth each moment. With each such stupendous fall wealth and world-economy and prudence trembled at the sacrifice. It was a carnival of waste, a sacrifice of the gifts of God—and among all those who fought it with heart and hand and brain there was none who knew its worldwide import so well, who lamented it so keenly as the lean, brown forest rangers whose special foe it was.

"And to think a dozen miles of government trails would have prevented it!" cried the leader with an oath.

Out in the valleys beyond, the heavy smoke had obscured the setting sun entirely. Over the crest of the Coast Range it had spread up to the heavens, drifted afar on the changing wind and all the distant valley of the Willamette knew that the forest fires were burning in the hills.

The papers throughout the state told of it that day, and it awakened no more interest than would have attended the announcement of a heavier run of salmon than was usual in the Columbia.

They were too common, those fires that sported with the national wealth each year, too much a part of everyday life, and they did not know that this was to be a marker of time in the coast country.

Time was when they were unknown, these monsters of destruction—a long-past time it was, when those first forest rangers, the silent Red Men of the hills, had burned out the underbrush each year so that a pony might go anywhere unhindered.

The silent rangers had gone with the years—passed to the Hunting Grounds and the reservations, via civilization, and now the great timber had shed its dry foliage and its pitch, the little growths had sprung up season after season, the vines had crept between and a man might not penetrate the fastnesses without built trails.

So Destiny took up the land and played with it that hot, dry August. All through the early hours of the long night they labored, dirty, blackened, haggard and there, digging like mad in the wide trench that was to stop the surface flames, sawing unceasingly at the towering trunks, while the guards brought twenty-minute tidings of the approaching fire.

High against the dun, smoke-lightened sky the dark canopy of the East Belt whispered and moaned as if in fear, and from time to time Sandry, a haggard, grim-lipped specter of a man, lifted his bloodshot eyes toward it. It was still his own, his future of the Dillingworth, despite the tangle of Hampden's threats, the unrecorded deed and the unfinished trail of the Yellow Pines at the south, and it pulled at his heart pathetically.

There was still a stretch of almost impenetrable timber near the summit of the big ridge which must be cut through before the flames reached it, or all would be lost.

"Shall we make it, John?" asked the owner desperately of Dally, who ran by in the smoke with wet rags to cover the mouths of the men.

"Ought to if the wind stays where it is."

It was two o'clock and that hour in the sleeping world outside when all the elements are at an ebb.

Then, all suddenly, Destiny laughed. And Destiny's laugh was a whooping wind that rose as the elemental ebb

tide turned. Hell broke loose upon the land and heaven was not. Fire encompassed the world. Its increased roar changed to the thunder of the spheres. It appalled the hearts of men, stayed their hands in fright. All throughout the darkness of rolling smoke wherein they worked between the raging torrent and the East Belt that mighty voice commanded cessation.

Instantaneously, without orders, as one man where there was no communication save between those a few feet apart, they dropped their axes, their tattered blankets, their axes. They straightened from their labor, leaving the cross-cuts in the trunks. Here and there, above the solemn thunder hoarse voices began to call. It was the time to quit and they realized it instinctively.

"Out! Out! Out!" they cried to each other in the dusk. "Get out! Get out!"

Walter Sandry, working near the apex of the pushing line, saw men beginning to run past him back along the trench and the cutting. He lifted desperate eyes to the ridge whose dim crest he could see between the boles, so near had they won to victory. Only a few more big pines, a dozen saplings, a scant few yards of trench and it would be done—the long lane of safety stretched across the neck of the East Belt!

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" he cried with a great voice that came from the very depths of his lungs with borrowed power. "Stand by me, men! For God's sake stand by!"

He saw dim shapes falter, half turn toward him and start on. Again he raised his stentorian cry and flying figures halted a moment, stopped against their will by its compelling power.

"I'm Johnny Eastern, all right, but I'm going to stay! Who'll stay with me?"

Out of the dense obscurity came Collins, a huge, fantastic figure, and stood beside him without a word. In the tension of the time Sandry reached out a hand and gripped the giant's shoulder.

"A dozen men and we've won!" he cried.

He saw the halting shapes turn, gather another and another, retrace their steps and spring back into the darkness. Every man of them was western born and the taunt had gone home. He leaped himself for the handle of a saw sticking out from the bole of a 150-foot sugar pine and the whining song of the cross-cutters rose again under the dwarfing roar.

Fourteen men had heard and answered that call, and they were alone in the purgatory of heat and smoke. All the rest were running for their lives down the cleared fall toward the valley beyond the dip.

From time to time Sandry glanced upward at the increasing light. The sugar pine fell with a rending roar, and with Harris, who, he saw for the first time, had been pulling with him, he ran to the next.

He saw as he ran that one of the men, working like a fury to fell the saplings, was Murphy, who had greeted his pompous "Dillingworth" with such grinning irony in the old days.

He had a moment's vague wonder at this odd stripe of humanity that could hold such prejudice, fight with Hampden's men in savage enmity, to join their ranks later with happy irresponsibility at the call of gold, and was still willing to turn back to fight with him on death's brink, because he had returned their taunt of East and West.

One by one, in silence, in a tension that drew the skin tight on their faces, they saw the last remaining monarchs fall, the kindling saplings laid on earth, the trench, much narrower and shallower, creep upward to the ridge. Against time, against heat that scorched their bare arms and tortured their starting eyeballs, against a stifling atmosphere that drove them nearer and nearer to the earth for breath, they drew the last blade, sent the last big pine crashing toward the north.

The ridge was clear in the increasing glow.

"Now!" cried Sandry with the triumph of a general on a victorious field, "now for the ridge and over!"

But even as he dropped his saw and ran, calling his men, Collins' big voice came through the rolling smoke with the calm of finality.

"Ain't no 'over.' It's a ninety-foot drop on to hard rock beyond that ridge."

Sandry stopped in his tracks, his head cleared as if with a whiff of salt air by that call.

The men had closed in with the instinct of their kind to be together in danger, as if so the danger were lessened.

But the Easterner was undaunted.

"Then we'll take to the East Belt," he cried, "even though it is a crown fire and coming fast, I think our trench will hold it."

With all confidence he turned to the south. Instinctively the men had drawn in behind him. The neck of the East Belt was a wavering wall of flame. He whirled and glanced back

along the fell and the trench. Long streamers of flame were licking across it. The half-looked-for had happened. The little bunch of fighters were hemmed in, ringed around by fire. Death faced them on every side.

Then, as the owner sent a searching look to every quarter, he sprang forward. "Here!" he cried, "here! Into it! Every man of you. In, I say!"

At the crest of the sheer ridge an old, abandoned tunnel gaped in the gloom, a dim haven of refuge. Its mouth was overhanging by vines, its recess mysterious in the blackness. Sandry sprang to its edge and turned back for the men to pass. They stood, a small, silent bunch, gazing in wordless consternation at the red canopy.

"Now how in hell did it get across the fall?" said Collins hoarsely.

But one by one they stooped and entered the small black hole in the earth. It ran backward into the ridge, scarce the height of a tall man, its floor uneven with the heaps of earth fallen from the roof since some long-forgotten prospector had carved it out.

Here for a moment they breathed more easily, standing close together, a sweating, panting, waiting mass of humanity. Sandry stood at the mouth, the last to enter. He looked out in hushed amazement at the unchained madness of the burning world. The great fire had reached its zenith. It came booming and roaring to the fall and the trench. Its sound was indescribable. The heat grew until the flesh on Sandry's arms and face rose in blisters. A sheet of flame shot sheer across the tunnel's mouth. Smoke rolled into it and here and there a gasping breath ended in a moan. There was no air to breathe. Like trapped animals the men jumped here and there, feeling for an opening, a crevice to crawl into, away from the agony of heat and suffocation. And then they lost control of themselves.

"My God!" cried Murphy shrilly. "I can't stand it! Let me out! I'll die an' get it over!"

He came groping to the entrance, facing the increasing heat. His face was a madman's, his mouth open, his fingers crooked like talons. But at the mouth, that was as the gate of hell, he met the Easterner, a straight figure against the light beyond.

"No," said Sandry sternly, "go back and lie down."

"What?" he shrieked, "what? You damned Johnny! You tenderfoot! I'll—" And he flung himself forward. A smooth, black muzzle came forth and pushed its brazen menace into his face.

"I'll shoot the first man that attempts to pass me," said Sandry hoarsely.

Raving and cursing, he backed away. More than one of the fourteen muttered deliciously of calling his bluff. But the awful moments dragged by and Sandry stood at the entrance. The flames passed all measurement of light and heat. He lost sight of the figures at his feet. He felt himself going into the darkness.

"S'lets," he muttered, "little S'lets—"

When he came to himself again, men were crawling across him. He could breathe better and the light had lessened. He sat up, wincing at the moving of his scorched skin over the muscles underneath, crawled out with the rest and one by one they rose to their feet. The great timber of the East Belt farther down stood serried and green. The effort had not been in vain. The holocaust was checked, the Belt was safe.

Back toward the north stretched a forest of tall, black spikes, picked out here and there by heavy spots of fire



Collins' Big Voice Came Through the Rolling Smoke.

where fallen logs, dry and pitch-laden, burned steadily. The green canopy was gone, every vine and bit of brush, every sapling and fern. Only a thin edge still crackled and snapped with streamers of flame along the trench.

"Mr. Sandry," said Harris, the saw- filer, "if you're an Easterner I hope to God the breed fills up the country!" He extended a hand which Sandry grasped.

"An' me," said Murphy, his grimy features distorted in an expression of mingled gratitude and contrition. "I take it all back—every damn word I ever said against you, an' it's a long list."

"Forget it," said Sandry. He was no longer Johnny Eastern. He had won his right to live and fight among them.

"Is it over, Collins?" he asked, steadying his voice.

"Over? Look yonder. Feel th' wind. It's changin' again. Th' fire's back-crawled toward the Siletz basin three miles, I'll bet, while we've ben savin' this end. We've only begun to fight."

CHAPTER XXVIII.
The Shot in the Hills.

At camp they met a party, headed by the foreman, just starting out in search of them. Their absence had been discovered only when Dally, coming in from the north, where his work had been laid out, had asked for Sandry.

At sight of him the three women standing together at the foot-log gave evidence, each in her way, of those emotions which the suspicion of his fate had stirred.

On Ma's face was an unbounded pride that he had come through, a man of parts, abundantly able to care for himself among a harder crew. On Miss Ordway's there lay a vast relief, while Siletz played with the collar of her blue shirt with trembling fingers and moistened her dry lips.

Sandry turned and looked up at the darkened east with a profound joy. He swept his eyes north to where the red heaven flared and staggered to his office.

"Three hours, ma," he croaked in a voice of warning, "only three hours sleep for all of us. If you give us longer I'll never forgive you."

It was true, as Collins said, that they had only begun to fight.

Through the hours, days, nights that followed the saving of the East Belt they took no note of time. Up along the blackened, devastated valley the soldiers moved their camp. Ma Dally shut the cook-shack and suborned a wagon to haul her big range up and deposit it alongside the camp stores of Company H, where she dispensed coffee to her men and all others with impartial zeal. Miss Ordway, her skirts tucked up from the contamination of the burned earth which rose in hot, black puffs at every moving foot, was compelled to help if she would hold that espionage over Siletz from which she hoped to realize her ambition. A bitter hatred sharpened her blue eyes upon the girl, and she ached to seize her and tear out of her blouse that packet of proofs. She was angered at herself that all her cleverness had failed to recover them before this.

So the hours passed with smoke and heat and a sun like a copper shield. Men came and went in relays, sleeping upon the ground for short shifts, rigidly apportioned and observed. The flood of flame, runner after an arrant wind, had piled its forces in leaping billows in among the northern hills. It seemed a thing of irresistible might, but the tollworn men hung to its flank with a dogged persistence, emboldened and encouraged by the success on the east ridge.

Sandry, limping painfully, and haggard as a ghost, stuck with the vanguard despite Ma's commands and Dally's warnings. At each fresh sight of his face the girl Siletz was wrung with anguish. It seemed as if he could bear no more and yet the spirit in him drove him on.

Once she ventured a timid protest. "What is the timber worth if you die?" she asked plaintively, and Sandry, still somewhat of a boy, parried the yearning question.

"Who would care?" he laughed wryly, "would you, Little Squaw?"

The girl did not answer, but as she turned away the ready mist sprang to her eyes and he reached a contrite hand to her shoulder.

"Forgive me! I know you would!"

It seemed to Siletz as the horror swept north and the men were lost for hours in the dim fastnesses, that something was about to happen.

She felt a presence of disaster which Coosnah shared, and they two stood apart for long spaces of time, silent, listening, the muscles of each drawn taut. From time to time the great mohogrel would squat upon his haunches, lift his heavy muzzle toward the dun-smoke heavens and bay with the long-drawn, silver note that was the very acme of melancholy.

And then came a dawn when no one came in for breakfast, when the sun, coming over the ridge to the east, was not visible. Only a pale light turned the heavy canopy to shadowed pearl. The three women waited in that silence which ever attends the waiters for men who face danger. They were used to the silence, for there was no accord between them. Ma Dally had long ago shut this "bird o' th' earth" out of her good heart and Siletz hated her with the fury of the woman whose mate is threatened.

At last a solitary Indian came down the valley, running, his mouth full of excitement and dolorous prediction. The whole of the Siletz would go. It was the wrath of the Great Spirit turned loose upon a wicked world. It was the judgment. There was nothing like it. He fell into jargon and reverted to the ancient gods, and Siletz checked him sternly.

"What do you mean, Quanna?" she said, "have you forgotten the Preacher and the Bible? There is only one God and he holds us in the hollow of his hand. It is not the destruction of the world. It will stop. What more has happened, and where is Sandry of the camp?"

Everything had happened. The whole country was aflame. Not only a ridge or two, a valley in between, as it had been here, a day, two days back, but ridge after ridge, valley after valley—the world, the earth, the heavens, Sandry was somewhere up behind the Hog Back.

For a moment the girl looked out across the slough, lying like a dirty ribbon between its gray and witted

banks. Then she turned troubled eyes to the general.

"Mother," she said, "I know it now. There's danger to Sandry, and I'm going."

"Child, you're wrong this time. Sandry's a man. Well as you know th' hills I can't let you go. I forbid it."

They faced each other a moment while Siletz tossed back her braids and tightened her belt.

"I'm going," she said quietly. Ma Dally, who had raised her, said no more; but as she turned to the stove aimlessly—as was her wont in every time of trial, there was a deeper line about her tremulous old mouth.

Swift as the wind the girl ran down the valley toward the deserted camp. Miss Ordway watched her and against

her will, drawn by some subtle excitement, some urging power, she, too, gathered her skirts and began to run across the pulling ashes. At the lean-to she came upon the other just leading out Black Bolt, a shining beauty, eager for the turf.

"I'm going too," panted Poppy, reaching for a bridle that hung behind the bay.



She Felt a Presence of Disaster Which Coosnah Shared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FIND BY-PRODUCT OF VALUE

Chemists Are Now Extracting Wax From the Refuse From Process of Sugar Refining.

More and more of the residues of industrial processes that used to be thrown away are being found to contain some useful substance. In some cases the value of what was originally considered a "by-product" has come to exceed that of the primary product itself. The residues of sugar refining have been discovered to contain a valuable waxy substance in sufficient quantities to warrant its extraction on a commercial scale.

When a section of sugar cane is examined under the microscope it is seen that from the epidermis exude little protuberances, straight or curved and disposed perpendicularly to the surface. These are made of wax, which, with other waxy substances contained in other parts of the plant, passes into the juice in the process of its extraction.

The lime used in almost all refineries carries them away in the refuse of the precipitation process, from which the idea of rescuing them was not long ago broached.

For this purpose the slimy residue is placed in a receptacle, where it undergoes a fermentation which destroys the fatty matters without attacking the wax. The substance is then dried in the sun and afterward in a current of warm air or in a furnace. The dry product is crushed and treated with benzene or carbon disulphid. The wax thus obtained is then refined by being extracted anew with petroleum essence, and then by filtration through clay or animal black. The residue of this extraction may be utilized as a lubricant or treated to obtain the sugar which it still contains.

Cane wax thus obtained is white or pale yellow. It much resembles in appearance Caruba wax, as also in its hardness and high melting point. The dried slimy residue contains ten to twelve per cent of it—a sufficiently large proportion to justify the industrial treatment of these residues.

English Laws as War Maps. It is often difficult to comprehend from a small map the significance of different movements and the strategic value of certain positions in the present European war, because of the vast territory involved. Seeking to get around this difficulty, several English lawyers have been experimentally converted into large scale, open air maps. On these huge plans one can actually stroll up and down the "firing line," observe how close one's position is to that of the enemy, and in general gain a comprehensive idea of progress in warring operations. Small national flags mark the positions each country's armies occupy and the towns are indicated by small posts, also appropriately flagged. Colored tape, staked down at intervals, shows the location of rivers, and small stones set in the sod spell out names of the various districts.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

His Part.

Officer—"Your horse seems very familiar to me, Higgins." Private—"I don't wonder, sir, seeing the time he brought you from the club. Why, you've kissed 'im before you went up the steps."