

KIDNEY TROUBLE WEARS YOU OUT

I had Kidney and Stomach trouble for several years and lost over 40 pounds in weight; tried every remedy that I could and got no relief until I took Swamp-Root.

Respectfully yours, E. C. MENDENHALL, McNeil, Arkansas.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public, this 27th day of March, 1915.

Not Always Flourishing. "Love cannot lie." "Maybe not. But sometimes it gets a trifle bilious."

FITS, EPILEPSY, FALLING SICKNESS Stopped Quickly. Fifty years of uninterrupted success of Dr. King's Biology Medicine insure lasting results.

Unnecessary. "Do you tell your wife everything?" "It isn't necessary. My wife knows everything."

Kill the Flies Now and Prevent Disease. A DAISY FLY KILLER will do it. Kills thousands. Lasts all season.

So Sudden, Too. Geraldine—Do you get me? Geraldine—Is that a leap-year proposal?—New York Times.

Much Faster. "Which is the quickest way to send a message—telephone or telegraph?" "Tell a woman."

U. S. Corn Imports. Imports of corn into the United States, as reported by the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, amounted to 5,011,000 bushels from July 1 to November 30, 1915, and the exports were 6,877,000 bushels.

Not Altogether a Success. "Yes," the young medico sighed, "the healing profession is full of difficulties. The other day, for instance, I had a patient who ought to have gone to a warmer climate. Couldn't afford it. I decided to try hypnotism. I painted a large sun on the ceiling and by suggestion induced him to think it was the sun."

The doctor passed a hand wearily over his brow. "He's down with sunstroke," he said, sadly.

Great Russian Fighter. More than any other member of the royal family, the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch has devoted himself to the profession of soldiering.

As a youth of twenty-one in the war of 1877-1878 with Turkey, he went with his father, who bore the same name, to the Danube and the Balkans, where the elder Nicholas was commander in chief of the Russian forces in European Turkey.

He was then a junior officer in the hussar regiment and was on the staff of General Radetzky. He took part in the campaigns of Plevna, Lovcha and the Shipka pass, received the Cross of St. George for valor, and established the foundation of his present high reputation as a horseman and expert on cavalry matters.

EXPERIMENTS Teach Things of Value.

Where one has never made the experiment of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum, it is still easy to learn something about it by reading the experiences of others.

Drinking Postum is a pleasant way out of coffee troubles. A Penn. man says:

"My wife was a victim of nervousness, weak stomach and loss of appetite for years; and although we resorted to numerous methods for relief, one of which was a change from coffee to tea, it was all to no purpose.

"We knew coffee was causing the trouble but could not find anything to take its place until we tried Postum. Within two weeks after she quit coffee and began using Postum almost all of her troubles had disappeared as if by magic. It was truly wonderful. Her nervousness was gone, stomach trouble relieved, appetite improved and, above all, a night's rest was complete and refreshing.

"This sounds like an exaggeration, as it all happened so quickly. Each day there was improvement, for the Postum was undoubtedly strengthening her. Every particle of this good work is due to drinking Postum in place of coffee." 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 pkgs. Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

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

—sold by Grocers

The City of Numbered Days

By Francis Lynde

Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

SYNOPSIS.

Brouillard, chief engineer on the Niangua irrigation dam, goes out from camp to investigate a strange light and finds an automobile party camped at the canyon portal. Brouillard meets J. Wesley Cortwright.

Which is the more guilty, the rich man who bribes one who needs money or the man who takes it? If trouble comes, the man who takes the money usually goes to prison. Should the rich bribe-giver—the tempter—spend just as much time behind the bars?

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"I was just telling Van Bruce that his thundering fish cartridge would raise the neighbors," the trail climber went on with a stout man's chuckle. And then: "You're one of the reclamation engineers? Great work the government is undertaking here. You are connected with it, aren't you?"

Brouillard's nod was for the man, but his words were for the young woman whose beauty refused to be quenched by the touring handicaps. "Yes, I am in charge of it," he said.

"Ha!" said the stout man, and this time the exclamation was purely approbative. "Chief engineer, eh? That's fine, fine! My name is Cortwright—J. Wesley Cortwright of Chicago. And yours is—?"

Brouillard named himself in one word. Strangers usually found him bluntly unresponsive to anything like effusiveness, but he was finding it curiously difficult to resist the good-natured heartiness which seemed to exude from the talkative gentleman, overlaying him like the honeydew on the leaves in a droughty forest.

If Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright's surprise on hearing the Brouillard surname was not genuine it was at least an excellent imitation.

"Well, well, well—you don't say! Not of the Brouillards of Knox county, Indiana?—but, of course, you must be."

"Yes," said Brouillard. "Our branch of the family settled near Vincennes, and my father was on the bench, when he wasn't in politics."

"What? Not Judge Antoine! Why, my dear young man! Do you know that I once had the pleasure of introducing your good father to my bankers in Chicago? It was years ago, at a time when he was interested in floating a bond issue for some growing industry down on the Wabash. And to think that away out here in this howling wilderness, a thousand miles from nowhere, as you might say, I should meet his son!"

Brouillard laughed and fell headlong into the pit of triteness.

"The world isn't so very big when you come to surround it properly, Mr. Cortwright," he asserted.

"You are wondering what fool notion chased us away out here in the desert when we had a comfortable hotel to stop at," he rattled on. "I'll tell you, Mr. Brouillard—in confidence. It was curiosity—raw, country curiosity. The papers and magazines have been full of this Buckskin reclamation scheme, and we wanted to see the place where all the wonderful miracles were going to get themselves wrought out. Have you got time to 'put us next'?"

Brouillard, as the son of the man who had been introduced to the Chicago money gods in his hour of need, could scarcely do less than to take the time. The project, he explained, contemplated the building of a high dam across the upper end of the Niangua canyon and the converting of the inland valley above into a great storage reservoir. From this reservoir a series of distributing canals would lead the water out upon the arid lands of the Buckskin and the miracle would be a fact accomplished.

"Sure, sure!" said the cheerful quester, feeling in the pockets of the automobile coat for a cigar. At the match-striking instant he remembered a thing neglected. "By George! you'll have to pardon me, Mr. Brouillard; I'm always forgetting the little social details. Let me present you to my daughter Genevieve. Gene, shake hands with the son of my good old friend, Judge Antoine Brouillard of Vincennes."

It was rather awkwardly done, and somehow Brouillard could not help fancying that Mr. Cortwright could have done it better. But when the unquenchable beauty stripped her gauntlet and gave him her hand, with a dazzling smile and a word of acknowledgment which was not borrowed from her father's effusive vocabulary, he straightway fell into another pit of triteness and his saving first impressions of Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright's character began to fade.

"I'm immensely interested," was Miss Cortwright's comment on the outlining of the reclamation project. "Do you mean to say that real farms with green things growing on them can be made out of that frightful desert we drove over yesterday afternoon?"

Brouillard smiled and plunged fatu-

ously. "Oh, yes; the farms are already there. Nature made them, you know; she merely forgot to arrange for their watering." He was going on to tell about the exhaustive experiments the department of agriculture experts had been making upon the Buckskin soils when the gentleman whose name had once figured upon countless thousands of lard packages cut in.

"Mr. Brouillard, how far is it up to where you are going to build your dam?"

"I'll be glad to show you the way if you care to try," Brouillard offered; and the tentative invitation was promptly accepted.

The transfer of viewpoints from the lower end of the canyon to the upper was effected without incident, save at its beginning, when the father would have called down to the young man who had waded ashore and was drying himself before the campfire. "Van Bruce won't care to go," the daughter hastened to say; and Brouillard, whose gift it was to be able to pick out and identify the human derelict at long range, understood perfectly well the reason for the young woman's hasty interruption. One result of the successfully marketed lard packages was very plainly evident in the dissipated face and hangdog attitude of the marketer's son.

Conversation flagged on the climb from the Buckskin level to that of the reservoir valley; but when they reached the pine tree of the anchored blueprints at the upper portal, Mr. Cortwright recovered his breath sufficiently to gasp his appreciation of the prospect and its possibilities.

"Why, good goodness, Mr. Brouillard, it's practically all done for you!" he wheezed, taking in the level, mountain-enclosed valley with an appraisive

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"Yes; there is coal of a sort; good enough for the cement kilns. For power we shall utilize the river. There is another small canyon at the head of the valley where a temporary dam can be built which will deliver power enough to run anything—an entire manufacturing city, if we had one."

"No chance for a man to get the thin edge of a wedge in anywhere," lamented the money-maker despairingly. Then his eye lighted upon the graybeard dump of a solitary mine high up on the face of Mount Chingringo. "What's that up there?" he demanded.

"It is a mine," said Brouillard, showing Miss Cortwright how to adjust the fieldglass for the shorter distance. "Two men named Massingale, father and son, are working it, I'm told." And then again to Miss Genevieve: "That is their cabin—on the trail a little to the right of the tunnel opening."

"I see it quite plainly," she returned. "Two people are just leaving it to ride down the path—a man and a woman. I think, though the woman—if it is a woman—is riding on a man's saddle."

Brouillard's eyebrows went up in a little arch of surprise. Harding, the topographical engineer who had made all the preliminary surveys and had spent the better part of the former summer in the Niangua, had reported on the Massingales, father and son, and his report had conveyed a hint of possible antagonism on the part of the mine owners to the government project. But there had been no mention of a woman.

"The Massingale mine, eh?" broke in the appraisive of values crisply. "They showed us some ore specimens from that property while we were stopping over in Red Butte. It's rich—good and plenty rich—if they have the quantity. And somebody told me they had the quantity, too; only it was too far from the railroad—couldn't jack-freight it profitably over the Timan-yonis."

"In which case it is one of many," Brouillard said, taking refuge in the generalities.

But Mr. Cortwright was not to be so easily diverted from the pointed particulars—the particulars having to do with the pursuit of the market trail.

"I'm beginning to get my feet on bottom, Brouillard," he said, dropping the courtesy prefix and shoving his fat hands deep into the pockets of the dust-coat. "There's a business proposition here, and it looks mighty good to me. I tell you, I can smell money in this valley of yours—scads of it."

Brouillard laughed. "It is only the fragrance of future reclamation-service appropriations," he suggested. "There will be a good bit of money spent here before the Buckskin desert gets its maiden wetting."

"I don't mean that at all," was the impatient rejoinder. "Let me show you: you are going to have a population of some sort. That's the basis. Then you're going to need cement, lumber and steel. It can be manufactured right here on the spot."

"The cement and the lumber can be produced here, but not the steel," Brouillard corrected.

"That's where you're off," snapped the millionaire. "There are fine ore beds in the Hopbras and a pretty good quality of coking coal. Ten or twelve miles of a narrow-gauge railroad would dump the pig metal into the upper end of your valley, and there you are. With a small reduction plant you could tell the big steel people to go hang."

"Unquestionably. But this is a case of can't-help-it," Brouillard argued. "You couldn't begin to interest private capital in any of those industries you speak of."

"Why not?" was the curt demand. "Because when the dam is completed and the spillway gates are closed, the Niqoyastcadje and everything in it will go down under two hundred feet of water."

"The-what?" queried Miss Cortwright.

"The Niqoyastcadje—'Place-where-they-came-up'—said Brouillard, elucidating for her. "That is the Navajo name for this valley. Our map makers shortened it to 'Niangua' and the cowmen of the Buckskin foothills have cut that to 'Nick-wire.'"

This bit of explanatory place lore was entirely lost upon Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright.

"Say, Brouillard," he cut in, "you get me the right to build that power dam, and give me the contracts for what material you'd rather buy than make, and I'll be switched if I don't take a shot at this drowning proposition myself. I tell you, it looks pretty good to me. What do you say?"

"I say," laughed the young chief of construction, "that I'm only a hired man. You'll have to go a good few rounds higher up on the authority ladder to close a deal like that. I'm not sure it wouldn't require an act of congress."

"Well, by George, we might get even that if we had to," was the optimistic assertion. "You think about it."

"I guess it isn't my think," said Brouillard, inclined to take the retired pork packer's suggestion as the mere ravings of a money-mad promoter. "As the government engineer in charge of this work, I couldn't afford to be identified even as a friendly intermediary in any such scheme as the one you are proposing."

"Of course, I suppose not," agreed the would-be promoter, sucking his under lip in a way ominously familiar to his antagonists in the wheat pit. Then he glanced at his watch and changed the subject abruptly. "We'll have to be straggling back to the chug-wagon. Much obliged to you, Mr. Brouillard. Will you come down and see us off?"

At the final descent in the trail, with the Buckskin blanknesses showing

hotly beyond the curtaining pines, they passed at a step from romance to the crude realitie.

The realities were basing themselves upon the advent of two newcomers, riding down the Chingringo trail to the ford which had been the scene of the fish slaughtering; a sunburnt young man in goatskin "chaps," flannel shirt and a flapping Stetson, and a girl whose face reminded Brouillard of one of the Madonnas, whose name and painter he strove vainly to recall. Ten seconds farther along the horses of the pair were sniffing suspiciously at the automobile, and the young man under the flapping hat was telling Van Bruce Cortwright what he thought of cartridge fishermen in general, and of this present cartridge fisherman in particular.

"Which the same, being translated into Buckskin English, hollers like this," he concluded. "Don't you tote

"I see it quite plainly," she returned. "Two people are just leaving it to ride down the path—a man and a woman. I think, though the woman—if it is a woman—is riding on a man's saddle."

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BEGIN HOT WATER DRINKING IF YOU DON'T FEEL RIGHT

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

If you wake up with a bad taste, bad breath and tongue is coated; if your head is dull or aching; if you eat sour and forms gas and acid in stomach, or you are bilious, constipated, nervous, or allow and can't get feeling just right, begin drinking phosphated hot water. Drink before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will flush the poisons and toxins from stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels and cleanse, sweeten and purify the entire alimentary tract. Do your inside bathing immediately upon arising in the morning to wash out of the system all the previous day's poisonous waste, gases and sour bile before putting more food into the stomach.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became loaded with body impurities, get from your druggist or storekeeper a quarter pound of limestone phosphate which is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except for a sourish tinge which is not unpleasant. Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Men and women who are usually constipated, bilious, headachy or have any stomach disorder should begin this inside bathing before breakfast. They are assured they will become real cranks on the subject shortly.—Adv.

In Doubt. "Could you lend me a dollar till Tuesday?" "I could, only there are so many Tuesdays, and I'm afraid you may be thinking of one about ten years from now."

Taking No Risk. "Aren't you wearing your Easter hat a trifle early, Doris?" "Yes, I suppose I am, but I'm afraid it might be out of fashion before Easter Sunday."

At the age of 21 a man attributes all his troubles to "cruel fate." At 50 he blames his "cursed luck."

After Six Years of Suffering Woman Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Columbus, Ohio.—"I had almost given up. I had been sick for six years with female troubles and nervousness. I had a pain in my right side and could not eat anything without hurting my stomach. I could not drink cold water at all nor eat any kind of raw fruit, nor fresh meat nor chicken. From 178 pounds I went to 118 and would get so weak at times that I fell over. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and ten days later I could eat and it did not hurt my stomach. I have taken the medicine ever since and I feel like a new woman. I now weigh 127 pounds so you can see what it has done for me already. My husband says he knows your medicine has saved my life."—Mrs. J. S. BARLOW, 1624 South 4th St., Columbus, Ohio.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound contains just the virtues of roots and herbs needed to restore health and strength to the weakened organs of the body. That is why Mrs. Barlow, a chronic invalid, recovered so completely. It pays for women suffering from any female ailments to insist upon having Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Make the Liver Do its Duty. Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Black Losses Surely Prevented. By Carter's Blanking Pills. Low priced. From Blanking Pills. Write for booklet and testimonials. 16-page book. Blanking Pills 15c. 50-dose box. Blanking Pills, 4.00. The way blanching, but Carter's best. The superiority of Carter's pills is due to over 15 years of specializing in various and serious cases. The Carter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

Call Stones FREE. Avoid operations. Positive remedy. (No