GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," etc. Copyright, 1911, By Dodd. Mead & Co.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDREN IN THE GIANT'S

of the youthful vision, was not far re-moved from that which their tender intellects were pleased to consider a fitting abode for certain stupendous personages, whose acquaintance they had made, as have all other children whose education has not been stunted by several and have all the stunted by several and have all the students. by cross and unfeeling parents— through the medium of fairy books and weary nurse maids' tales. Their small but vivid imaginations seized upon the prim and unusually peaceful abode as a perfect illustration of what an ogre's castle ought to be, and no amount of persuasion in the shape of realism could dull that impression until they outgrew the delights and fears of nursery literature.

The fact that two very small children lived in "The Giant's Castle," quite without fear of being devoured by the master thereof, militated not a whit against the juvenile fancy of Corinth-by-the-Sea, notwithstanding liberal plaground and Sunday school as-

The real occupants of the house were not taken into account. If they had been, there would have been no excuse for the name. It pleased the very young to imagine that there were other and more horrific creatures lurking behind the grey, weatherstained walls; it pleased them to believe that each of the pleased them to believe that each of the square little windows in the cupola represented a peephole through which a ferocious giant peered in quest of the well known "Englishmun." And so, they lived in a delicious dread of the ogre and yet romped with the two small denizens about the yard and through the rooms—(when opportunity, in the shape of an invitation to "come in the shape of an invitation to "come up and play," presented itself). All of which goes to prove that nursery tales

are terrifying only when one has go to bed and is left alone in the dark. As a matter of fact, the people who lived in the big grey house, from master to servant, were as mortal as mortal could be. To be quite precise, the master himself was a very superior sort of mortal, in that he set himself up as an example for all other men to be patterned after. That so few of his gender succeeded in coming quite up to the standard was not so much a disappointment to him as it was a sardisappointment to him as it was a sat-

isfaction to them.

Mr. Blagden was a most exemplary mr. Blagden was a most exemplary man. As to virtue and morality he was a giant. Yet, while he was respected, he was not feared. No one fears a truly good man. If the town in which Mr. Blagden lived had been a trifle larger than it actually was in the matter of population it is quite likely he would not have been respected. But it would not have been respected. But it was a small town, and the good are al-ways respected in small towns. The paths are narrow there, and they are very straight. It is a simple process, you might say, to be moral and upright

you might say, to be moral and upright when the paths are so narrow that one is obliged to pursue a straight course or suffer the consequences of a bump against his neighbor's wall, which invariably is built close up to the path and has many eyes as well as ears.

When I say that everyone in Corinthby-the-Sea respected Mr. Blagden, my assertion should be taken with a grain of salt. Respect has its degrees, and Corinth had its analysts. Down along the water front there were drinking places, and in them were profane philosophers who maintained that Mr. Blagden was no better than other men if one could get beneath his skin. Unto Mr. Rlagden's real standing in the community. The doubts were confined to certain unregenerate men called sailors, and everyone knows that a sailor sees nothing good in a landsman. He never has, and he never will. We may therefore, take it for granted, despite the windy opinions of those vituperative seadogs, that Mr. Blagden deserved the high esteem in which he

was held by the people of Corinth.

Besides, what is more to the point, the sailormen were not citizens of Corinth, but inhabitants of the Seamen's Home situated in the nearby village of

Todville was what you might describe Todville was what you might describe as a suburb of Corinth. It pleased the Corinthians to speak of it as a suburb when abroad in the land. At home, in the bosom of the municipality, they failed to regard Todville in the same charitable light. Among themselves, they looked upon the village with considerable scorn and a great deal of aversion. It was like a growth upon the smooth, placid countenance of Corinth.

There may have been very excellent reason for this uncharitable attitude on the part of the singular content of the singular content of the singular content of the singular content of the side of its big sister, was in any sense a restriction to the commercial or material growth of Corinth. Not at all. It stood in the way of civic pride, principally because it occupied the most picturesque spot of ground to be found anywhere along the coast for miles around. Inasmuch as it was within in 10 minutes' walk of the most fashionable and exclusive residence district of Corinth, and because it was in itself a mean and humble witness to the progress of the splendor it halted. Todville was a despised spot, though coveted. With Todville and its half hundred shantles out of the way. Corinth would have been able to spread its gathered plumes, and fly out from its grathered plumes, and pout with all the arrogance of a peacock, while the world passed by and envied.

But mean little Todville stood in the way. The cheaved a mental color, while to chetwynd. If the playmates of Horace Blagden, the great man of content in the way and covered from the base of him, I feel that I may be excused from the same sentence with his cousins. Chetwynd was older than they, by several years. As the only son of the same sentence with his cousins. Chetwynd was older than they, by several years. As the only son of the same sentence with his cousins. Chetwynd was older than they, by several years. As the only son of the same sentence with his cousins. Chetwynd was older than they, by several years. As the only son of the same sentence with his cousins. Chetwynd was older than they, by several years. As the only son of the same sentence with his cousins. Chetwynd was older than they, by several years. As the only son of the same sentence with his cousins. Chetwynd was older than they, by several years. As the only sent of the feature

ance of a peacock, while the world passed by and envied.

But mean little Todville stood in the way. The charmed point that ran out into the sea, lofty and ironic, with its magnificent view up and down the coast, from whose heights one could stare in pity across and beyond the yery summits of haughty Corint—the point, I say, was quite beyond the grasp of those who most desired its beauty. It belonged to a very close corporation of philanthropists to whom the comfort of antiquated sailormen was of more consequence than the consolation of ambitious dwellers in palaces.

Tears before, when Corinth was not

jurse proud and lordly, these kindly gentlemen established the Aged Sea-men's Home on Lord's Point, a deed in perpetuity guaranteeing the dwellers The children of the place had their overlooking the town. They called it was inhabited by a creature of unusual stature or one of prodigious strength, but because childish fancy is so prone to identify visible aspects with those inspired by the imagination. The house, profoundly insistent in its dominance of the youthful vision, was not far re-

turn a copious share of grog, from the effects of which he recovered with a matutinal fortitude that annoyed his Generation of them accumulted the more holy but less hardy neighbors.

Particular attention is drawn to Horace Blagden in view of the fact that his own grandfather was one of the prime movers in establishing the now obnoxious home on Lord's Point. Moreover, Horace Blagden's home, the grey house on the hill, was so close to the line separating the Todville reservation from Corinth that he could have thrown a stone from his stable yard well into the preserve, provided, of course, that he was in the habit of throwing stones. But Mr. Blagden never threw stones, either literally or figuratively. He was content to let other people do that, content to let other people do that relying on his own aloofness to escape

without bruises to himself.

No one could afford to throw stones at Mr. Blagden. He was the great man of Corinth.

After a single, ineffectual attempt on his own part to get possession of the Point for himself, he settled back and looked the other way. Thereafter, the town of Corinth did all of the talking, and voiced all of the resentment toward the lowly village of Todville, seated, as it were, almost under the gates of Ninevch.

The venerable sea dogs from the Point, in their libations, spoke freely of Horace Blagden because they owed nothing to him since he had tried to take away from them that which his grandfather had given. They were quite alone in their privileges. It may be said, in explanation of this rather ambiguous remark, that nearly everyone else in Cornith owed something, in one way or another, to the expansive Mr. Blagden.

He was the president of the private banking house of Blagden & Co., besides being the head of such institutions as the Street Railway company, the Short Coast Steamship company, the Building & Loan association the Merchants' Protective society, the Cor-inth Brick & Lime works, the Country club, the town board, and, last but by no means least, the Congregational Sunday school. I almost forgot to in-clude the Greenvale Cemetery associa-tion. Only the most violent politics kept him from ascending to the presidency of the Seamen's Home society.

if one could get beneath his skin. Unexpectedly, of course. But, if you got
beyond the drinking places, adjacent
to which the paths were necessarily
crooked and not all restricted, you
speedly would be set straight again as
the Were all does does were somewhat
all of their talking in the bar rooms,
and were as close as clams when they
got outside guarding against the remote possibility that he might, by
chance, be in the slums collecting rents. got outside, guarding against the remote possibility that he might, by chance, be in the slums collecting rents. They would not put it above him. Still they fell with common accord into the habit of openly respecting Mr. Blagden, reserving their private opinions for public houses. Mr. Blagden's bank cashed their pension vouchers without question and without charge.

I have said there were two small chil-dren in the so called "Giant's Castle," dren in the so called "Giant's Castle," and that the youngsters of the upper social circles enjoyed acquaintance with them. I might have said there were three, except that a strange respect for the fitness of things restrained me. It is necessary, however, to announce that there were three, brother, sister and cousin, if that is not too involved. The brother and signature of the property of the not too involved. The brother and sister were the wards of Horace Blagden; their cousin was his son. The small folk of upper Corinth mentioned the Midthorne children in one breath, and Chetwynd Blagden in another. More often than otherwise, he was not men-tioned at all. There was joyousness in iderable scorn and a great deal of version. It was like a growth upon the smooth, placid countenance of Cornth.

There may have been very excellent eason for this uncharitable attitude in the part of the smug citizens of Cornth, Tradville was in the part of the smug citizens of Cornth, Tradville was in the part of the smug citizens of Cornth, Tradville was in the part of the smug citizens of Cornth, Tradville was in the part of the smug citizens of Cornth, Tradville was in the part of the smug citizens of Cornth, Tradville was in the part of the smug citizens of Cornth, Tradville was in the part of the smug citizens of Cornth, Tradville was in the part of the smug citizens of Cornth, Tradville was in the breath that they gave to the Mid-thorne children, and something akin to reluctance in that which they devoted to Chetwynd. If the playmates of Hornace Children is the part of the smug citizens of Cornth, and they gave to the Mid-thorne children, and something akin to reluctance in that which they devoted to Chetwynd. If the playmates of Hornace Children is the part of the smug citizens of Cornth, and they gave to the Mid-thorne children and something akin to reluctance in that they gave to the Mid-thorne children and something akin to reluctance in that they gave to the Mid-thorne children and something akin to reluctance in the part of the smug citizens of Cornth, and they can be a supplied to the smug citizens of the smug citizens o

of a rich and highly respected family? Were not all other small creatures in Corinth but clods in his path? Above

Therein lies the distinction and also the difference

with the children of "The Giant's Cas-tle." It is the purpose of the narrator make his hearers acquainted with the three of them while they were very tiny persons, and then to carry them over the years as quickly as possible. In the mean time, we may all come to know Horace Blagden and his wife better, besides getting something of an irward view of other people who attended them in the capacity of subjects.

First, let us locate Cornith-by-the-sea. It is a place of some 6,000 souls Sea. It is a place of some 6,000 souls, three hours from Boston by rail, and not half so far as the crow flies. It is of no importance which direction one has to travel from Boston to reach the little seaport, north or south. Suffice it to say, it is an old town, and its first families of today were known by the same names 200 years ago. It is a thriving place, after a slow and digni-fied fashion. There is a port there, where coast steamers call, and freighters put in; while from its little har-bor a half hundred prosperous fish-

ing boats fare forth in season to reap a harvest from the sea. It is said that once there was a time er and less imposing section of the coast, some distance removed from Lord's Point.

And so it was that the Ancients remained almost under the nose—or more properly speaking, under the eye, —of Corinth by the sea, secure in their rights and far from clannish in their patronage. It was but a step down asses. They remained in Corinth. In the heach read from Todyllle to the time the men servants and the maid patronage. It was but a step down the beach road from Todville to the water front bar rooms of Corinth. Like migratory ants, the Ancients swarmed down from the Point and straggled back again—physically unable to swarm—each paying his tithe to the municipality and taking away in turn a conjous share of grog from the there has allways been a Blagden in

fortune and the prestige that served to make Horace Blagden, in his day, the great man of Corinth. More than this, he was a recognized force in the vast money centers of the land, for he was rich even unto the point of com-manding respect among the richest. Blagden & Co., bankers, 22 Blagden street, Corinth, was a powerful con-cern. It could lend money when times were so hard that other institutions trembled.

Horace Blagden, when he came out of Harvard, went into the bank with his father. Then he set out, not unhis father. Then he set out, not unlike the princes of old, to find him a wife from among the lordly of the land. He journeyed far and came at last to the walls of a city called Gotham. He stormed a castle there and rescued a beautiful malden from the ogres whom nature had constituted her father and mother that it times leave them form

nature had constituted her father and mother, just in time to keep them from delivering her over to the mercy of an English gentleman who owned a coronet and a ducal palace, and nothing else, except a ripping stud.

She was a Van Dykeman.

Then, out of a fashionable school for young ladies, came Horace Blagden's only sister, Mary. She came out prematurely, it may be added, to run away with and marry the gallant youth who afterward became the father of the two Midthornes, cousins to Chetwynd and wards of their unhappy mother's and wards of their unhappy mother's

It had always been easy sailing for Horace Blagden. He stepped into his father's shoes, so to speak, when the old gentleman vacated them, and hecame at once, when he was little past 30, the great man of Corinth. He had not married for love. On the other hand his sister had, because she possessed the power to love. Perhaps that is why Horace had such placid waters on which to sail, while Mary had forever the roar of breakers in her ears. Mary came to grief. She loved in-tensely—and once too often.

Briefly, let me explain it came pass that her children found the selves securely established in the grey house on the hill, unloved but tolerated with a resignation that even they, with a resignation that even they, small as they were, could not fail to appreciate.

(Continued next week.)

Soldiering.

From the Detroit News. To work long hours, sometimes for days and nights, with intrenching tools—the work of a ditch digger;
To load and unload and carry large packs of supplies—the work of a stevedare.

and serve them their food-the work of a

waiter;
To replace torn-up ties and relay torn-up rails and rehoist torn-down poles—the work of a section hand;
To serve in the mess with towel and troughs of water—the work of a dish washer;
To cut down forests and hew large trees with adze and ax—the work of a lumber-jack;
To feed and curry and to a constraint of the work of a lumber-jack;

jack;
To feed and curry and tend one's horses or someone else's horses—the work of a hostler;
To touch the torch to peasants' crops and hayricks and cottages—the work of a vandal;
To stand up before one man or two whom he has never met before and shoot them to death—the work of an executioner;

tioner;
To run off pigs and cattle belonging to

To run off pigs and cattle belonging to others and prepare their flesh for the kettle—the work of a butcher;

To march for hours and hours in sun or rain until his movements become mechanical, the mind benumbed and the whole matter less than a nightmare—the work of a Frankenstein;

To be flung into combat where and with whom he can not tell;

And then to have the trench covered over him or to be laid in the ditch and have the road plowed over him or to be ted with three others ("bodies are tied in bundles of four to facilitate handling")—

That is the "romance" of soldiering.

The Lightship.

THE EMBARGO

The United States Wheat Production Admits of 100 Million Bushels for Export.

The talk in the press some little time back of placing an embargo on wheat, brought forcibly to the minds of the people of the United States a condition that may at some time in the near future face them. 100 million bushels of an export of wheat means a splendid revenue to the country as well as to the farmer, and if this were assured year after year, there would be reason for considerable congratulation. But last year's magnificent and abundant crop, which was estimated at 891 million bushels, cannot be expected every year. With a home consumption of 775 million bushels, and a production in many years of little more than this, the fact is apparent that at an early date the United States will have to import wheat. It will be then that the people of the United States will be looking to other markets for a supply. And it is then that the value of Western Canada lands will be viewed with considerable favor. The great area of wheat lands in Canada will then be called upon to provide the greatest portion of the old world's supply, and also, in the opinion of the writer, that of the United States as well. At present there are only about 12 million acres of these lands producing wheat. There are five times that many acres that can be brought under successful cultivation. Apart altogether from the value of these lands as wheat producers there is an increased value to them from the fact that the soil is especially adapted to the growing of many other kinds of grain as well as all manner of cultivated grasses, while the native grasses are a wonderful asset in themselves. The climate is especially favorable to the raising of live stock, such as horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. All these bring into the limelight the adaptability of the soil, the climate and all other necessary conditions, to the carrying on of dairy farming, in a most profitable way.

There is no question that high prices for all that the farmer can grow or raise will continue for some years, and this is the great opportune time to take advantage of what Western Canada offers. Lands may be had as a free grant. These are mostly located some little distance from railways at the present time, but sooner or later will be well served by railways that are projected into these districts. Land may also be secured by purchase at reasonable price, and on easy terms from holders of same. In many cases farms partly improved may be rented. A Winnipeg paper said recently: "Canada wants American immigrants. They make good Canadian citizens." And then speaking of the erroneous impression that has gained some publicity in a portion of the control of the United States press, says: "It cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the American mind that in coming to Canada they place themselves under the freest democracy the world knows. No citizen of this country, whether native or naturalized, can be compelled to military service. The only compulsion is the compulsion of conscience and patriotic duty. That is the motive that has prompted thousands of Canadians to offer their lives.

They are fighting as free men."-Advertisement.

An enthusiastic meeting is that of two girl chums who haven't seen each other for nearly an hour.

They stop the tickle. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops stop coughs quickly. A pleasant remedy—5c at all good Druggists.

The school of experience has no commencement. It's a perpetual

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on - castor oil, colomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomor-

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

That Cured Him.

You should have seen the way Wuffles moaned over his petty ailments. He was one of those chaps who were always bewailing their ill state of health, when all that is really the matter with them is the need of a little lecturing.

"Oh, my chest, doctor!" he wailed to his physician one evening. "My lungs feel so compressed. Some people tell me to inhale sulphur fumes. Others recommend a seaside holiday

What would you advise me to do?" "Try fresh air," said the doctor shortly. "Five dollars, please."

Alfalfa EARTH

More than 30 years ago Salzer's Catalog boomed Alfalfa, years before other seeds-men thought of its value. Today Salzer excels! His Alfalfa strains include Grimm, (Montana Liscom, Agr. College inspected). Salzer's Dakota Registered No. 30—all hardy as oak. hardy as oak.

For 10c in Postage

We gladly mail our Catalog and sample package of Ten Fa-mous Farm Seeds, including Speltz, "The Cereal Wonder;" Rejuvenated White Bonanza Oats, "The Prize Winner;" Bil-lion Dollar Grass; Teosinte, the Silo Filler, Alfalfa, etc.,

Or Send 12c

And we will mail you our big Catalog and six generous packages of Early Cabbage, Carrot, Cucumber, Lettuce, Carrot, Cucumber, Lettuce, Radish, Onion—furnishing lots and lots of juicy delicious Vegetables during the early Spring and Summer.

Reminiscence.

"I can remember when we could get an idea of how an election was going

by taking a straw vote." "We never depend on straw votes out our way. The only chance of learning which way the election was going was to discover which side had the most two-dollar bills."

The Female of the Species.

"I tell you, sir," said the sad-eyed passenger with the bargain-counter tie, "all women are born gamblers." "That's right," observed the button drummer. "And they nearly al-

catch diamonds." Falmouth is probably the oldest port in England. It was used by the Phoenicians at least 2,000 years ago.

No great success was ever attained

guarantee on roofing!

A useless risk is to buy roofing not guaranteed by a responsible con-cern. When you buy our roofing you get the written guarantee of the world's largest manufacturers of roofing and building papers.

Buy materials that last ertain-teed

Roofing

our leading product—is guaranteed 5 years for 1-ply, 10 years for 2-ply and 15 years for 3-ply. We also make lower priced roofing, slate surfaced shingles, building papers, wall boards, out-door paints, plastic cement, etc.

Ask your dealer for products made by us. They are reasonable in price and we stand behind them. General Roofing Manufacturing Co.

New York City Boston Chicago Philadelphia Atlanta Cleveland St. Louis Cincinnati Kansas City San Francisco Seattle London Hamb

Salzer's Pedigree Potatoes helped put Wisconsin way on the top with its enormous potato yield. We can do same for Iowa. BIG SHED CATALOG FREE John A. Salzer Seed Co., Box 706. La Crosse, Wie

\$6 PER 100 collecting names and addresses stamp. Advance Advertising Co., St. Paul, Minn.

Her Preference.

Young Mawks had decided to enlist and go to war, and his wife was objecting.

"But, darling," he argued, "even if I were killed, just think how fine it would be to be the widow of a hero." "Oh, no, Wilfred," pleaded the young wife earnestly, her mind reverting to a familiar proverb; "I would rather be the wife of a live jackass than a dead Hon."-Judge.

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HER GRAY HAIR

She Made Up a Mixture of Sage Tex. and Sulphur to Bring Back Color, Gloss, Thickness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is mussy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of the famous old recipe for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time, by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy .-

The Proof Conclusive. Sunday School Teacher-What is the outward, visible sign of baptism?

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable

act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness. Headways win when they play hearts to Dizzi-

ness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

SIOUX CITY PTG. CO., NO. 9-1915

Winter Chills Bring Kidney Ills

A spell of cold, damp weather is always followed by a fine crop of kidney troubles and backache.

Colds and chills damage the kidneys. Other troubles common to winter weather are just as bad. Grip, tonsilitis, quinsy, pneumonia or any other infectious disease hurts the kidneys by overloading the blood with poisons. The kidneys get worn, weak and inflamed trying to work it off.

It isn't hard to strengthen weak kidneys though, if you act quickly. At the first sign of backache, dizzy spells, headaches, loss of weight, nervousness, depression and painful, irregular kidney action, start using Doan's Kidney Pills. Rest the kidneys by simple eating, avoidance of overwork and worry, and getting more rest and sleep. A milk diet is fine.

This sensible treatment should bring quick benefit and prevent seri-ous kidney diseases like dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease.

Clip this advertisement and mail it to the address below for a free trial of Doan's Kidney Pills, the best rec-



" I'd be all right only for my back."

ommended kidney remedy in the world. You'll decide it worth a trial, when you read this enthusiastic testi-

Had to Give Up South Dakota Man Helpless With Pain

W. R. Smart, tailor, Belle Fourche, S. D., says: "Kidney complaint and rheumatism came on me very suddenly and caused me no end of suffering. I think the nature of my work was partly the cause, sitting with my feet cramped up for hours at a time with no exercise, whatever. I kept getting worse every day and finally I had to give up my work. I couldn't move about myself and had to be lifted into the rig. I got to be perfectly helpless with rheumatism in my legs. I had never taken any medicine in my life until someone persuaded me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. I took them as directed and quickly got relief. They acted like magic in driving away the pain in my back and soon the rheumatisra left me entirely. I have never had a sign of the former trouble since, and that was over four

