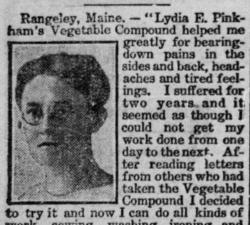
SUFFERED

Finally Relieved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Says Mrs. Anderson



ings. I suffered for two years and it seemed as though I could not get my work done from one lay to the next. After reading letters

work, sewing, washing, ironing and sweeping. I live on a farm and have five in the family so am busy most of the time. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and hope my letter will help some one to take your medicine."—Mrs. WALTER E. ANDERSON, Box 270, Rangeley, Maine.

Over 200,000 women have so far replied to our question, "Have you received benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?"

98 out of every 100 of the replies say, "yes," and because the Vegetable Compound has been helping other women it should help you. For sale by druggists everywhere.

Figures may not lie, but estimates

Lift Off-No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly you lift it right off with fingers.

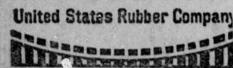
Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

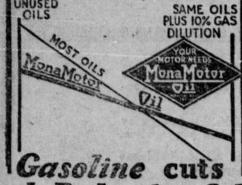
THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE Know What Real Comfort Is-Wear

Made of Sprayed Rubber-the

purest, taughest and most uniform rubber known And for the best sine sale you ever had-

USKIDE -the wonder sole for wear





the Body of an Oil

The diagram shows you that the cntrance of 10% gasoline cuts up the body of any oil. But it also proves that MonaMotor Oil is much less affect-But it also proves ed than most oils. Note how quickly most oils lose their lubricating proper-ties and note how MonaMotor Oil remains almost the same.

Every test shows MonaMotor su-

Monarch Manufacturing Co. Council Bluffs, Iowa Toledo, Ohio

MonaMotor Oils & Greases

Let Cuticura Soap Keep Your Skin Fresh and Youthful ole Soap, Ointment, Talcum free. Address

TWO YEARS The IRON HORSE

NOVELIZED BY

EDWIN C. HILL

FROM WILLIAM FOX'S GREAT PICTURE ROMANCE AT THE BAST AND THE WEST

BY CH. XLES KENYON AND JOHN RUSSELL

"When I left Jim at Fort Bridger three months back, the Injuns were makin' big medicine-restless. Cheyennes were carryin' the' war-pipe to the Sioux agin' the Pawnees and the Shoshoni. White Bull and a band of 30 Ogallalas had sest bin wiped out by Crows and Shoshoni, and Crazy Horse was raisin' th' red ax. Bridger reckoned th' great medicine arrer of the Cheyennes was mixed up in it, somehow. Seems like the Cheyennes had lost their big medicine, the magic arrer, durin' a Pawnee raid. Then the Ogallalas caught the Pawnees pannin,' lifted a lot of ha'r and carried the sacred arrer away with them. Next thing, Pawnees imbush Ogallalas and take White Bull's skelp, with about thirty more fer good measure. But they didn't get the arrer. Seems like the Ogallalas finally sold it back to the Cheyennes fer a hundred ponies. It made a lot of bad blood all 'round. When Injuns paint red agin' each other, white men are apt to git ketched in between 'less their medicine is powerful strong."

"Maybe the trouble hasn't started yet," suggested Bran-

"H'ain't heerd definite," said Spence, but I wouldn't be a mite s'prised if it had. Still, that ain't the worst of it. Winter before last was a black winter among the tribes. Cramps and small-pox. Very bad. Mato-Wayubi, Old Conquering Bear, told me the Injuns were blamin' the whites for causin' what he called 'the people-had-spotteddeath-winter.' A lot of braves went to their happy hunting grounds. Injut's say their bones must be covered.

This news troubled Brandon. Was it right, he asked himself, to take Davy into the hills if what such men as Bridger and Spence were saying was likely to happen?

"'Course, if ye're bent on goin' on," said Spence, "I don't know that I'd let Injun worries hold me back. P'raps the worst danger is from a band of Cheyennes who're said to be led by a half-white renegade they call 'Two-Fingers.' Jim and I hev heerd yarns aplenty about this feller, though we never cut his trail. Seems like his mother was a Cheyenne squaw which gave him a big drag with the tribe. His father was a French fur trapper who settled in the Smoky Hills region, back in the thirties, and who got a grant of laud from the Cheyennes. The head men of the Cheyennes don't cotton much to this Two Fingers party, but he's big medicine with the young hot-heads who're allus ready fer the warpath. You want to keep yer eye peeled fer him, Brandon. He's a murderin' devil, by all accounts."

"Thanks, Spence," said Big Dave. "I'm not likely to forget a word of what you've told me. Where is Mr. Bridger

now ?" "Jim? Oh, he's some'r's 'round Fort Laramie, or up the Horseshoe. I surmiste Jim's tryin' to palaver with the Sioux and keep 'em out of a general mixup. Jim stands ace-high with

Red Cloud." "Hope I run across him," said Brandon. He's a grand man."

"Jim kin take keer of himself, all right," said Spence, with a dry smile. "Maybe I'll run across ye, myself, before many weeks. I'm goin' up to Fort Union with Stevens's supply gang, then I'm goin' to strike straight west to the Hills."

As the days pased, Brandon's apprehensions, roused by his talk with Spence, gave way to his natural optimism and the hope which fired him. Before the Oregon sighted Coucil Bluffs he had made up his mind that he could win through; that it was his duty to go on. At the Bluffs he said farewell to the expedition, and after outfitting, crossed the river and took the Oregon Trail, the longest road yet delevoped in the United States, the ancient path which had been beaten by the buffalo

and the Indians. The mn-bleach-

ed bones of the great animal which was food and clothinglife itself-to the Red Men, marked every mile of the trail.

Day after day, he and little Davy fared along the broad and easy trail to Grand Island, where the Platte River dipped farthest south, and where the trail veered to the southern bank; to Fort Kearney, where it returned to the north fork, and on toward the fur-trading post at Laramie. Lonely days were brightened when they met east-bound wagon trains rolling in from the Oregon, or when travelers overtook and passed them. As Brandon approached the gateway of his dreams he became a new man. Ambition drove him and high hope illuminated his mind. As for little Davy, the overland journey was a daily joy. He thrived in the new life. He had never been so happy. He learned the trick of new and manly things. Brandon taught him secrets of the trail. He learned how to cook, how to care for horses.. He grew taller and stronger.

Upon the Laramie Plains they turned into the St. Vrain Trail to the Laramie Mountains, or the Black Hills, as some called them, the low, savagely broken range around which the Oregon Trail swung in a wide detour of almost two hundred miles. It was in this labyrinth of gorges and peaks that the surveyor felt his work must begin-the search for the pass which would make possible the railway, the great railway which would linke East and West.

> CHAPTER V THE PASS

As they rode trail or camped at night, Brandon explained to Davy the heart of the problem he had set himself to solve.

"Most folks think it's the Rocky Mountains that'll hold up the railroad," he said. "That ain't so. The road can top the Rockies, high as they are. Those passes are known. What's needed is a short cut through these foothills to save hundreds of miles of building."

With the practiced eye of a surveyor-and Brandon was a first-rate civil-engineer in spite of the fact that he had never "amounted to anything"-he studied the topsy-turvy terrain into which an Indian trail was leading them from the Laramie Plains. It was a very narrow path, barely two feet wide, yet so worn down by the countless unshod hooves of Indian ponies and the moccasined feet of red men that its sinuous, hardbeaten surface was half a foot below the level of the sod.

"What we've got to locate, son, is a reasonably straight line through these hills, one that a railroad can follow through from the plains on the east to the plains on the west, a series of easy ridges connecting up with each other at low grade, or with gaps that can be bridged or filled in," he told Davy, as day after day he took his bearings and made observations from the crests of sawtooth ranges. They were days of disappointment. Ridges that at first seemed promising ended against impassable buttes or in ravines that led nowhere.

"I doubt if the Lord ever made another such country," he said to Davy. "Begins to look as if only the birds could get over it in a straight line."

"You'll find the way Daddy," said Davy. "I just know it. My daddy can do anything he sets out to do."

"Bless your heart, son," said Big Dave, as he gave his comforter a hug that made the boy wince. "I don't know what I'd do without you."

From the headwaters of Lodge Fole Creek, they turned southward through the ranges so savagely gashed and twisted by earth paroxysms of a million years before their day. It was hard, dangerous traveling, but Brandon persevered, conviction growing upon him, though there was nothing to feed it, that, somewhere in this mad, weird jumble of red sandstone buttes and mountain-rimmed ravines, lay the road the Iron

Horse must follow. "Guess it's the land God forgot," said Davy, as their wondering gaze took in the fantastic shapes into which erosion had sculptured the sandstone. Relies of an incredibly ancient inland sea, the greater buttes reared up like battlements of medieval castlets, while among the lesser freaks of the warm standstone were grotesquely familiar mushrooms, umbrellas and hourglasses.

These strange monuments raised to the childhood of mankind by that whimsical architect, Nature, were arresting, even beautiful, in the brilliant sunshine of June, but at night the wizardry of the setting sun made them unbelievably lovely. Failing light and deepening shadow painted them orange, mauve and purple, and deep, deep blue. They seemed monsters ready to stir to action.

Forests of pine loomed among the stark buttes, while battalions of slim birch marched in silvery beauty along the borders of the swift mountain streams. The land was astir with game. Whitetailed deer were past counting among the brooks at early morning or late evening. Lordly moose snorted in the beaver bogs. Black and brown bear rooted and grunted over decayed logs, prying and pawing for the grubs and ants they found so sweet to the taste. "Old Ephraim," the grizzly, ranged the hills undisputed monarch. There was no lack of meat for the larder and Davy went wild with joy over the wonderful brook trout

that swarmed to his hook. When night came on and their camp was hemmed in by the whispering, stirring dark and its stealthy prowlers, they sat close by the heaped-up fire needed for comfort as well as for protection in the sharp air of the high altitude. When mountain lion or lynx shrieked or squalled in the timber, Davy nestled against his daddy. He heard the call of the gray wolf packs hunting deer through the valleys, and the trembling, mournful night song of the coyotes which, jackal-like, followed the wolves for leavings, or sneaked in a far circle around the camp of the Brandons, magnetized by the fire glow and the maddening smell of food. Often the coyote concert ended with a shrill, sobbing cry, like the shuddering scream of a woman in agony, a shrick which ran up and down the scale of maniacal mirth. In the daytime, forest and plain vibrated with metody of birds, and overhead Davy watched migations of wild ducks and Canada gerse, flights so vast

that they clouded the sun. They had met no white man, nor had they expected to find any. A long way off they had twice sighted Indian-hunting parties, Brandon quessed for the led-ponies seemed to be burdened with game. One party passed along a parallel ridge as father and son made their way south. Several times Big Dave had marked smoke signals from distant ridges, and had explained to Davy how the red men telegraphed to each other, with puffs of smoke, spreading a blanket to cut and control the smoke columns which rose from a fire of green stuff. He believed, however, that he had managed to keep out of the sight of even chance parties, but he never relaxed vigilance, and some thought of Silent Spence's warning of the renegade chief of the Cheyennes kept pricking at the back of his mind.

Late in June, as the forded a tributary of Crow Creek, Brandon got a shock of alarm. Less than a quarter of a mile distant, an Indian, sitting a calico pony, was visible upon the spur of a half-wooded ridge. Brandon had only a glimpse. The Indian swiftly backed his pony over the ridge and out of sight. But Big Dave knew he had been seen by this red sentinel.

Saying nothing to Davy, he led the way into the stunted pine which climbed the ridge they had been following. Ascending, they made the crest of the ridge and found that it stretched away to the south, unbroken, so far as eye could see. Brandon's pulse quickened. He had already made sure of its unbroken progress from the north. The ominous picture of the Indian scout faded from his mind as he led the way along the backbone of the curving range. They rode steadily from midday until late in the afternoon, the path stretching ahead of them, untroubled by gorge or declivity, a broad path upon which no

white man probably, had ever set foot. As the shadows lengthened. Brandon's intent gazed finally marked what he had dreaded. The ridge was now descending. The timber was thinning and opening out. He could see farther ahead and more clearly. The ridge was dropping toward the rock wall of a mountain range towering east and west, at right angles to their path. There was no outlet that he could detect. But he kept going, following a twisting trail, peering ahead. The horses rounded a low butte. At once he had a view of the dark mountain range which blocked their course. Big Dave's glance fell at once upon a break in the tremendous barrier, a gap through which the sun was shining, the purple plains beyond faintly visible. He stared until his eyes ached. Now that it loomed squarely in front

of him, this titanic slash in the mountain wall, toward which the gently descending ridge was trending as straight as road could travel, he found it hard to accept its existence. His heart pounded. He wanted to sing, to shout. It was the pass! His pass! No finer natural gateway through the hills

could have been hoped for than that tremendous rift at the very foot of the ridge he had traveled for many miles. His mind swriled with plans. With a week's work he could map the region, preparing field notes to convince the skeptical. He would have the proof for them, in black and white, in cold figures-proof that a railroad from the Missouri easily making its way over the plains along the old Oregon Trail and the Platte, could build straight through the Laramie Mountains instead of making the long detour. Here was the pass which Providence itself must have hewed in that mad labyrinth of criss-crossing ranges. The future shaped itself. He would return to Springfield with his notes and figures. Lincoln would get him a hearing. How Tom Marsh would stare! Brandon grinned at the thought. Then for New York and the big men waiting to be shown! This pass was no dream. It was real. It would mean fortune for many men. The road builders, uniting East and West, would be richer than old Astor. Davy! What it would mean for Davy! Everything he had missed in his old life of struggle and toil. He eaught Davy to him.

"Son, I've found it!" Slowely extending his arm, he guided the boy's gaze toward that glorious rift in the mountain wall.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Facts of Taxation. From St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Back in the 80's when the fight over an exorbitant post-war tariff was raging, the chief embarrassment to the protectionists was the fact that customs receipts were accumulating at such a rate that the surplus in the treasury over govern-

mental needs became a problem. No such problem, of course, can embarrass the protectionists of today. No matter how high the receipts may go, with a friendly ad-ministration the beneficiaries of protection can get such sums applied to the reduction of their income taxes. Every movement undertaken to reduce income taxes has been ac-companied with information from the treasury that customs receipts had exceeded estimates. In the present year, we are informed, receipts from import duties to the last day of reckoning are \$5,000,000 above those of the corresponding date in 1924.

Income taxes, of course, should be reduced as rapidly as possible. But how about the incomes of the consumers, who, on account of the tariff, are paying an enormous tax not extracted from them directly but hidden in the price of everything they buy? The tariff tax for the flscal year ending 100 months ago was \$545,637,504. This exceeds by \$142,-000,000 the entire receipts of the government in 1890, and throws into a shadow the \$318,891,395 collected in the last year of the operation of the Payne-Aldrich law, the iniquities of which threw the republican party into an unwilling retirement for eight

When will the people get the honest-to-John facts of who is actually paying the income tax and paying the cost of the war? Isn't it time for the citizenry to have at Washington an independent and scientific bureau of statistics to clarify and classify the facts of taxation, both direct and indirect?

U. S. Enables Bulgaria To Produce Physicians

Sofia.-Bulgaria's corps of practicing physicians has been augmented by the first detachment of "home made" doctors over produced in this country. The medical department of Sofia university has just graduated its first class. The department was established during the war, but it was not until four years ago that a complete medical course was nsttuted. hTere were 43 students in the first graduating class. Prior to the establishment of the

department Bulgarians who sought to study medicine were forced to attend universities in other countries. hTe success of the department has

been made possible largely through gifts fro mtne Rockefeller Founda-

Pungent Paragraphs

When radio vision comes into general use there is going to be necessity for a lot of people being careful as to how and where they do their step-ping.—Connellsville Courier.

You, too, may have noticed that the fellow who is eternally yelping about fair deal is never entirely satisfied until he gets a little the best of it.-Shreveport Journal.

The ones who look down on the world from a great height are aviators, intellectuals and kids of 16 .-

Lexington Daily Leader. The spring fever in Florida scems to be a burning desire for new counties.-Tampa Times If some men felt as bad as they

really are it would be useless to call in a doctor.—Bridgeport Post. The man on foot often overtakes happiness, where the man who pursues it at high speed fails.-Colum-

bus Dispatch. Not only is April flooding Lontana with sunshine but they do say that the floods of moonshine in these parts show no signs of abatement .-Anaconda Standard.

It is amazing how many people there are who simply want to get in the way.-Chattenooga News. Soap made Lord Leverbulme a multi-millionaire. He cleaned up.— Wichita Daily Eagle.

Rail Troubles In East.

From the Boston Transcript. Charles E. Lee, a former superintendent of the Boston & Maine Railroad, testified at the hearing on the proposed abandonment of the Newburyport branch that, in his opinion, any railroad that abandoned lines within 30 miles of Boston would regret it in 10 years. His judgment was based upon his belief in the contiaued growth of Boston and the towns and cities nearby. Mr. Lee placed himself among those who have faith in Massachusetts. More than that, his statement sharply emphasized the fact that there is a proposal to send to the junk pile a railroad very differently situated from some of the other lines which the Boston & Maine seeks to aban-don. The Newburyport branch is within the dooryard of a great and growing city. In view of the poscibilities of the future, it is all the more important that there should be such conference between the road and the towns on the branch as President Ilustis and representatives of the remonstrants say they will weicome.

But the question does not solely concern the road and the patrons of the branch. It means much to the arger community. Incidentally it may be said that it will be poor advertising for Boston if the news goes out that railroad tracks almost within the shadow of Beacon Hill are being abandoned because the railroad takes the ground that it cannot make both ends meet. It will be poor advertisng for the Boston & Mine Railroad have it said that it is scrapping a line in country so near to Boston that it may properly be described as the heart of the railroad system.

World's Best Killers.

From the Des Moines Tribune. Almost 10 persons of every 100,-000 in the United States were murdered last year. This is an increase over 1923 and an increase of 2.7 persons over the record of the 10-year period from 1911 to 1921. America's rate of 9.9 is not even approached by hat of its nearest competitor, Italy, for the period 1910-20. Italy's rate was just half that of the United States over the same period and a title more than one-third of our present rate. Australia, with 1.9.

Jacksonville, Fla., has the distinction of doing the largest business in murder. Its rate last year was 58.8 which we3 a decrease of almost .3 from its 1923 rate. St. Louis turned in 21.7, a substantial decrease and Chicago 17.5, an equally substantial increase

The Glove and the Lions. King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,

And one day, as his lions fought, sat leaking on the court. The nobles filled the benches and the ladies in their pride, And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he

sighed: And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show, Valor and love, and a king above. and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid, laughing jaws; They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their

paws: With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another, Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother; The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air; Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen,

we're better here than there." De Lorge's love o'erheard the king. a beauteous lively dame,

With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the She thought, "The count, my lover,

is brave as brave can be: He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me; King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;

I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine."

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked at him and He bowed, and in a moment leaped

among the lions wild; The leap was quick, return was quick. he has regained his place, Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.

"By heaven," said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat: "No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

-- Leigh Hunt. Nothing Visible.

From the Denver Parakeet. She was a freshman from Vassar. "Oh, dear," she sighed, "I simply can't adjust my curriculum." "It doesn't show any," he reassured her, blushing. And then they both talked rapidly about the decorations.

The greatest tunnel in the world soon will be built under the Mersey river in England to connect the city of Liverpool with Birkenhead and adjacent towns on the south bank of the river. It will have an internal diameter of 44 feet, greater than the Hudson river tunnel now nearing completion. The tube will contain two decks, one for automobiles, the other for street care.