

Juanita Holland, a Philadelphia young woman of wealth, on her journey with her guide, Good Anse Talbott, into the heart of the Cumberlands to become a teacher of the mountain children, faints at the door of Fletch McNash's cabin. at the door While resting While resting there she overhears a talk between Bad Anse Havey, chief of his clan, and one of his henchmen that ac-quaints her with the Havey-McBriar feud Juanita has an unprofitable talk with Bad Juanita has an unprofitable talk with Bad Anse and they become antagonists. Cal Douglas of the Havey clan is on trial in Peril, for the murder of Noah Wyatt, a McBriar. In the night Juanita hears feudists ride past the McNash cabin. Juanita and Dawn McNash become friends. Cal Douglas is acquitted. Nash Wyatt attempts to kill him but is him-self killed by the Haveys. Juanita goes to live with the Widow Everson, whose boys are outside the feud. Milt McBriar, head of his clan, meets Bad Anse there and disclaims responsibility for Wyatt's attempt to kill Douglas. They declare a truce, under pressure from Good Anse Talbott. Juanita thinks she finds that Bad Anse is opposing her efforts to buy and and build a school.

CHAPTER VIII.

As days grew into weeks Bad Anse Havey heard nothing of the establishing of a school at the head of Tribulation, though all the gossip of the countryside which might interest a dictator filtered through the valleys to his

He smiled a little over the copy of Plutarch's "Lives," which was the companion of his leisure moments, and held his counsel. While he thought of taller, she began to feel conscious of a Juanita herself with a resentment certain drawing back, even of those which sprang from hurt pride, he felt | who had been her warm admirers, and for her, as a menace to his power, only contempt.

But Juanita's resolve had in no wise weakened. She had seen that her original ideas had all been chaotic and born of ignorance, so she occupied herself, like a good and patient general, in pulling all the pins out of her little war map and drafting a completely new plan of campaign.

With Good Anse Talbott she rode up dwindling watercourses to the hovels of the "branch-water folks" and across hills wheresoever the cry of sickness or distress called him, and since his introduction was an open sesame, she found welcomes where she went.

And soon this figure, that walked with an almost lyric grace, yet with a boyish strength and litheness, became familiar along the roads and trails.

Instead of asking, "Who mought thet be?" mountaineers nodded and said: "Thet's her," and some women added: "God bless thet child."

She had been into many gloomy cabins that repelled the brightness of the summer sun, and she had been more like sunlight than anything that had ever come through their narrow doors before.

She sometimes rode over to the sion and was sure of his welcome.

done been admonished not ter make no trades with strangers."

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a low voice and her face flushed wrathfully. "Whom does your land belong to?" she head. demanded after a moment's silence. "Are you a bondman to Bad Anse Havey? Isn't your property your own?"

He looked away and rummaged in tobacco, then he commented with the dreary philosophy of hopelessness: "Hit's a God's blessed truth thet a feller hyarabouts is plumb lucky es long as his life's his own."

So, she told herself, Bad Anse had begun his war with boycott! She could not even buy a foothold on which to begin her fight. Back there in the Philadelphia banks lay enough money, she bitterly reflected, to buy the country at an inflated price, to bribe its courts, to hire assassins and snuff out

human lives, yet, since the edict of one man carried the force of terror, she could not purchase a few acres to teach little children and care for the sick. At least it was a confession that, for all his fine pretense of scorn, the

man recognized and feared the potentiality of her efforts. As the bright greens of June were scorched into the dustier hues of July and the little spears of corn grew to notice scowls on strange faces as they eyed her.

Somewhere a poison squad was at work. Of that she felt sure, and her eyes flashed as she thought of its authorship. Each day brought her new warnings offered under the semblance of kindness and friendship.

"Folks hereabouts liked her power ful well, but hit warn't hardly likely thet Bad Anse, ner Milt McBriar. would suffer her to go forward with her projecks. They'd done been holdin' off 'cause she war a woman, an' she'd better quit of her own behest." So they were willing to let her surrender with the honors of war! Her lips tightened.

In answer to detailed questioning her informant would shake his head vaguely and suspect that "hit warn't rightly none of his business nohow; he just 'lowed hit war a kindly act ter

give her timely warnin'." CHAPTER IX.

Watt "

One afternoon, while old Milt Mced." The horseman was not of pleas- sleeper, and looked stolidly up. After gently lifted Dawn's head from her

ant expression, but he knew his mis- a while she spoke in the lifeless, far- lap and went forward to the hearth. away tone of utter lethargy.

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"I hain't nuver astonished," retort- the latter rose and laid one hand on ed McBriar. "Who war he?" Very cautiously the second man whispered a name. There was a short two began to speak.

pause, after which the chief commented: "Wall, I reckon I don't need ter tell yer what ter do now." "I reckon I knows," confessed Luke with a somewhat surly expression. to bide your time."

But Milt McBriar was paying no attention. His face was darkening. "I wish I could afford ter git the real man!" he exclaimed abruptly. "I I hain't askin' nothin' out of ye but murder."

wish I durst hev Anse Havey kilt." jest one word. Jest speak one name, "Wall"-this time it was the unthet's all I needs." derling who spoke casually-"I reck-The mother had dropped back into her stupor again, and her son stocd inquired once again "Are ye through on I mought as well die fer a sheep as a lamb. Shell I kill Anse Havey fer

The chieftain looked at him during with passion. a long pause, then slowly shook his

lead. "No, Luke," he said quietly. "I hain't quite ready ter die myself yit. I reckon if I hed ye ter kill Bad Anse thet's 'bout what'd happen. Jest git

ram live a spell." So, one unspeakably sultry morning, a few days after that informal session. Good Anse Talbott arrived at the Widow Everson's house. As Juanita

Holland appeared at the door to greet him he came at once to the point. "Fletch McNash hes done been kilt," he said. "'Bout twilight last

night, es he was a-comin' in from ther barn somebody shot one shoot from ther la'rel. I reckon hit'd be right smart comfort ter his woman an' little Dawn ef ye could ride over thar an' help 'tend ter ther buryin'. Kin ye start now?"

Go! Juanita would go if it were necessary to run a gantlet of all the combined forces of the Haveys and McBriars. Her heart ached for the widow and the boys, but for Dawn the ache was as deeply poignant as it could have been for a little sister of her own. So with set face and hot indignation Juanita mounted for the journey.

At last they reached the McNash cabin and found gathered about it a score of figures with sullen and scowling faces.

From the barn came the screech of saw and rat-tat of hammer, where those whose knack ran into carpentry were fashioning the box which was to serve in lieu of a casket.

There was no fire now, and the cabin was very dark. In a deeply "Fletch McNash Hes Done Been Kilt." shadowed corner lay Fletch McNash, ye're plumb, everlastingly sartain made visible by the white sheet that covered him. gun against any man."

Juanita had come in silently, and for a moment thought that no one else was there. The younger children had been sent away, and the neighbors remained outside with rough sense of consideration.

quieting voice. Finally Jeb McNash There, in a squat chair near the raised his face. cold hearth, sat Mrs. McNash, her back turned to the room. She was leaning forward and gazing ahead with unseeing eyes. Dawn was kneelname?' ing at her side with both arms about her mother's drooping shoulders.

Juanita bent and impulsively kissed Briar was sitting on the porch of his the withered face, but the woman only house, a horseman rode up and "light- stirred a little, like a half-wakened

ashes against the chimney.

"furrin" woman.

buried in her lap.

entered the place.

had recognized the presence of the

The boy jerked his head toward the

voice: "Set ye a cheer, Anse," and

after that no one spoke. Jeb's thin

but muscular chest rose and fell to

the swell of heavy breathing and his

face was wrapped black in a scowl

that made his eves smolder and his

lips snarl. Juanita had dropped back

to one of the beds with Dawn's face

Then, as if rousing from a long

dream, Mrs. McNash looked up, and

for the first time appeared to realize

that her son and his companion had

Her voice came in shrill and high-

pitched questioning: "Wall, Jeb, hev

Thar lays yore pap what nuver harmed

Juanita felt the slender figure in her

The dead blankness left her pupils,

hearth and said in a strained, hard

the dim light and gave no sign that he straight and decent."

"I do liken you to Milt McBriar. | Just to know. Ye didn't know that the shoulder which had begun to trem- What in heaven's name is the differ- they'd ruther have ignorance than ble. Man and boy looked at each ence between you? He kills your vas- charity. Ye think that you an' Allooked around and then bent over and other, eye to eye, then the elder of the sals and you kill his. Both of you do mighty God have gone in partners fer it by the proxy of hirelings and from the regeneration of these mountains, "Jeb, I don't want ye to think I ambuscade. In this house a man lies where no woman has ever been indon't feel for ye, but ye don't know dead-dead for no quarrel of his own, sulted an' no man has to bar his door who the feller is, an' ye can't hardly but because of your quarrel with Milt against thievery; where all we ask is go shootin' permiscuous. Ye've got McBriar. But it seems that's not to be left alone. I reckon every day

enough. You must enlist the son of ye're wenderin' 'Is my halo on "But," interrupted the boy tensely, the dead man into a life that will have straight?' It's nat'ral enough that ye "you knows. You knows everything the same end for him. You bind him should be right scornful of a man that hyarabouts. In heaven's name, Anse, apprentice to your merciless code of some newspaper reporter has called a

murderer.' Her hands were clenched and her His voice fell away, and Juanita eyes burning with her tempest of rage. heard again the beating of the ham-When she stopped speaking the man mers out in the barn. "Is that all?" she asked, but the

there, his broganed feet wide apart now?" But Juanita threw both her man shock his head and stood there and his whole body rigid and tense hands out and continued: looking down on her until under the

"You have taken the boy-very spell of his unusual eves she felt like Anse Havey once more shook his well. I mean to take the girl. I screaming out: "Talk if you want to, shall try to undo in her and in her but for heaven's sake don't look at

"No, Jeb," he said quietly; "I don't children the evil you will do her me. I can't stand it!" know-not yet. The McBriars acted brother. I shall try to give the fam-"Mebby ef ye'd stopped to think on suspicion-an' they killed the ily one unblighted branch. Unless about things," he resumed, "ye'd have wrong man. Ye ain't seekin' to do you kill me. I shall stay here and fight. his pockets for a few crumbs of leaf ther lamb this trip an' let ther old likewise, be ye? Ye ain't quite twenty- I'll fight you and your enemy Mc- your plans. Mebby I mought even seen that I didn't have no quarrel with one, Jeb, an' I'm the head of the fam- Briar alike, because you are only two have been able to help ye. I could ily. I reckon ye'd better take counsel sides of the same coin. I'll try to have told ye for one thing that

> learn the things that will, some day, set this coutnry free."

Mrs. McNash was looking up vaguea tap-root underneath it thet runs ly, but her thoughts were still far down half-way to hell. away, and this outpouring of speech near at hand meant little to her. of furrin teachers an' ways, it's be-

Juanita, as she finished her wild peroration, fell suddenly to trembling. feller came here once from the settle-Her strength seemed to have gone out of her words. Her knees seemed too weak to support her, and for the first time in her life, as she looked into the face of Anse Havey, ominously blanched with rage, she was physically afraid of a man.

His eyes seemed to pierce her with the stabs of rapiers, and in his quiet self-repression was something omi- to make folks forget about Trevor nous. For a moment he did not permit afore ye makes 'em trust you."

himself to speak, then he thrust a chair forward and said in a level, toneless sort of voice: "If ye're all through now, mebby ye'd better sit away to save my life?" down. Such eloquence as that's liable

ter tire ye out right smartly." The girl made no move to take the

chair, and Anse Havey took one step forward and pointed to it. This time his voice came quick and sharp, like the crack of a mule-whip.

"Sit down, I tell ye! I've got just a few words ter say my own self."

CHAPTER X.

For a few moments Bad Anse Havey did not speak, and Juanita dropped aland bowed his head in his hands, most limply into the chair he had pushed forward. Havey paced the narples. Even Juanita Holland had felt row length of the room, pausing once smile-ye're wonderin' what I could the effect of Havey's wonderfully to gaze down at the rigid body of the teach. Maybe, after all, it's a right dead man. At last he came and took good idea to teach A B C's before ye his place squarely before her by the "An' will ye give me yore hand, hearth, both hands thrust deep into Anse Havey, thet if ye finds hit out his coat-pockets. A long black lock reckon that won't break my heart." afore I do, ye'll tell me thet man's fell over his forehead and he impatiently shook it back.

"In the first place," he began in his challenge, "I shall endeavor to get "I ain't never turned my back on a kinsman yet, Jeb," said Anse grave- deliberate voice, "ye've said some along without your favor. We could things thet I doubt not ye believe to hardly have met on common ground be true, but they're most all of 'em at best. I shall teach the ten comand hurriedly left the room. Juanita lies." mandments, including 'Thou shalt not

He flung back his head and looked kill.' I shall teach that to lie hidden squarely down at her, his eyes nar- behind a bush and shoot an unsuspect-



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TIME FOR GUEST TO LEAVE

Ordinary Man Will Have Little Doubt as to What Mr. Mulligan Meant by His Remark.

"That Patrick Mulligan is a funny fellow. I can't quite understand him." "Why? What's he been up to now?"

"Well, you see, he and I were having a little argument at his house the other evening, and then 1 offered to prove that he was a fool, in black and white."

"Yes; well, what about it?"

"Well, up to then we had confined ourselves to lightly raised voices, but when I said that he flared up immediately.

"Prove Oi'm a fool in black and white, will ye?" he yelled. Well, if ye don't clear out of this house at once Of II prove in black, blue and red

ye, an' ye can trust me. Ye've got to feet and leave you no standing room give me your hand, Jeb, that until outside a state's prison. Dawn shall hundred years. Ye've got to go slow

of me, boy. I ain't bent on deludin' take the ground out from under your whether the ways here be right or

cabin of Fletch McNash and brought little Dawn back with her to spend a Briar chief, and as the visitor sank up ther sheet. He's a-layin' thar." mountain girl wandered together in | announced: the woods, and Dawn's diffidence gave way and her adoration grew. Twice Juanita found another visitor at the McNash cabin-Bad Anse Havey. He recognized her only with a haughty banished all register of emotion. Now nod, like that of an Indian chief, and she gave him in return a slight inclination of her head, accompanied by a glance of starry contempt in her violet. eves. Yet, in the attitude of the mountaineers to the man, she saw such hero-worship as might have been accorded to some democratic young monarch walking freely among his subjects.

Once Fletch said: "Ma'am, how's yore school a-comin' on? Air ye gittin' things started ter suit ye?" Juanita flushed.

"Not yet," she answered. "I'm trying to get acquainted first. When I do start, I hope to make up for lost time"

"I reckon thet school will be a right good thing over thar; don't ye 'low so. Anse?" Fletch's good-natured density had not recognized the hostility between his two guests. Anse laughed quietly.

"I reckon," he said, "so long as the lady just keeps on sayin' 'not yet' thar won't be no harm done. I don't quarrel with dreams."

The lady flushed, and a hot retort rose to her lips, but she only smiled. "I'm biding my time, Fletch," she assured him. "My dream will come

true." But for this dream's fulfillment she must have land. There must be dormitories for boys and girls, and playgrounds where muscles and brains, grown slow from heavy harness, could be quickened. She fancied herself hev yore tale." listening to the laughter of children

who had not before learned to laugh. But as she made inquiries of landholders whom a price might tempt to with unruffled calmness. "He's a felsell, she was met everywhere with a ler thet nobody wouldn't suspect; him yore cheer!" reserve which puzzled her until a bare- bein' peaceable an' mostly sober. But footed and slouching farmer gave her he shoots his squirrels through the a cue to its cause.

This man rubbed his brown toe in the dust and spoke in a lowered voice. wanted."

"I don't mind tellin' ye thet I'd be plumb willin' ter sell out an' move." His eyes shone greedily as he added: "Fer a fair figger, but I moughtn't live ter move ef I sold out."

"What do you mean?" she asked. much puzzled.

Superior.

"Wall, I wouldn't hardly like ter hev this travel back ter Bad Anse, but I've I've done run ther thing down."

"'Evenin', Luke," welcomed the Mc-"I've done found out who kilt Nash with its dead ashes.

Then the door opened, letting in two Old Milt never showed surprise. It

men, and in them Juanita recognized was his pride that his features had Jeb McNash and Bad Anse Havey.



Are You a Bondsman to Bad Anse ye got him yit?"

Havey?" The boy only shook his head and he merely leaned over and knocked glowered at the wall, while his moththe ash from his pipe against the rail- er's voice rose almost to a scream. "Hain't ye a goin' ter do nothin'?

ing. "Wall," he commanded curtly, "let's

"They picked out a man fer ther job ye hear him a-callin' on yer ter settle of the world enjoys. I found the comthet hain't been mixed up in no feud his blood score? Air ye skeered? Ther fightin' heretofore," pursued the other spirit of him thet fathered ye's apleadin' with ye-an' ye sets still in embrace shudder at the lashing invechead every time he throws up his tive that fell from the mother's lips. have everything else-everything ex- on ye can judge for yerself how much gun. Thet war ther kind of man they

Milt McBriar shifted his position a little. He seemed bored. "Who war this feller?"

The bearer of tidings was reserving his climax and refused to be hurried. ter go out an' kill him. Thar hain't "I reckon ye'll be right smart as-

tonished when I names his name, but added helplessly. "I don't know who thar hain't no chanst of bein' mistook. did it; I hain't got no notion."

She had listened in silence, outrow and snapping, but with his voice "Ef ye'd like ter see him, jest lift raged at this callous talk and this pitched to a low cadence. "Ye've said I would not be willing to tell them it's a falsehood ye're telling!"-Pittsprivate usurpation of powers of life things that, since ye're a woman. I that they must live and die vassals to burgh Dispatch. day or two. The "furrin" girl and the into a chair with a nod, he laconically Then once more she sank back into and death. Now it seemed to her ain't got any way of answerin'. The feudal tyranny." the coma of her staring at the hearth that to remain silent longer was al- only thing I asks is thet ye harken to most to become an accomplice. what I want to say."

who got your pa, ye won't raise your

The boy sank down into his chair

while his finger-nails bit into his tem-

The boy nodded his acquiescence

Something in her grew rigid. She saw the bent and lethargic figure of attention."

the bereaved wife and the stark, sheet-At their coming Dawn looked up, ed body of the feud's last victim. Bedrawing away from the embrace of the older girl, and retreated silently anyone else responsible for such con- his face t'ords me, nor one that wasn't him, 'It was so-and-so, but ye mustn't to a corner, as though ashamed of ditions.

having been discovered in tears. For "Mr. Havey," she said, as her voice killed. a few moments there was silence in grew coldly purposeful with the ring the room, complete except for the rap of challenge, "I have been told that of Jeb's pipe when he knocked out its you did not mean to let me stay here; that you did not intend to give these Bad Anse stood with folded arms in

cult. And as she paused she heard

"Never mind who told me. I haven't

as sponsor and patron saint. I came

lease from ignorance-because ig-

Again her tumult of spirit halted

"Are ye through?" inquired Anse

dupes for murder lords-like you."

grief and fright on the bed.

voice: "Who told ye that?"

ye. If ye was a man I could." poor children the chance to grow "And if I were a man, what would you say to me?" she inquired. "I reckon"-his words came with an

She paused, because so much was struggling indignantly for utterance icy coldness-"I'd be pretty liable to that she found composure very diffi- tell ye to eternally go to hell."

"And if I were a man," she promptly him inquire in an ironically quiet retorted, "I'd endeavor with every ounce of manhood I had in me to see that you and the others like you did come here to answer your questions. go there. I'd try to see that you went I came too these feud-cursed hills to the appropriate way-through the fight conditions for which you stand trap of the gallows."

She saw his attitude stiffen and his here to try to give the children re- face flush brick-red to the cheek-bones. But after a few seconds she heard him norance makes them easy tools and speak with a fair counterfeit of amusement.

"Wall, it 'pears like we've both got her and she heard Dawn sobbing with to be right smart disappointed-on account of your bein' a woman."

And this time it was she who and into them leaped a hateful fire. Havey. His voice had the flinty quiet flushed.

of cruelly repressed passion, and his "I don't hardly know why I'm takface had whitened, but he had not in' the trouble to make any statement to ye," Havey went on. "It ain't hard-"No, I'm not through," she want on ly worth while. Ye came up here with with rising vehemence. "I came here your mind fixed. Ye've read a lot of seeking to interfere with no man's af- hearsay stuff in newspapers, an' facts fairs-wishing only to give your peo- ain't hardly apt to count for much. I reckon afore ye decides to hang me ple, without price, what they are en-

no man, shot down cold-blooded. Don't titled to-the light that all the rest ye'll let me have my day in court, won't ye?" "Before your own judge and your munity bound hand and foot in slavery to two men of a like stripe. own jury?" she naively asked him.

I found their hirelings murdering each 'That's the way you usually have your other from ambush. I'm only a wom- day in court, isn't it, Mr. Havey?" "It's you that's settin' as the court an, but I carry the credentials of decency and civilization. You two men just now," he reminded her. "I reck-

cept decency and civilization. You I owns ye." In spite of herself she smiled.

ing enemy is cowardly and des "No," he agreed, "ye couldn't hard-

wrong, they've done stood fer two

changin' 'em. Ye can't hardly pull up

a poplar saplin' with one jerk. Thar's

"If people hyarabouts is distrustful

cause of the samples they've had. A

ments to teach school. He was a

smart, upstandin' feller an' well

liked. A man by the name of Trevor.

locatin' coal an' buyin' their land fer

next to nothin'-robbin' them of their

birthright-it looked right smart like

somebody might kill him. I warned

him away to save his life. Ye've got

"Thank you," said Juanita coldly.

"I'll try to show them that I'm not an-

other Trevor. Are you warning me

"I'm tol'able ignorant," went on the

man, "but I've read a few books, an'

one of 'em told the story of the Trojan

hills. I come to this cabin the night

"I thought so," she quietly answered.

"I was to be inspected like an immi-

grant, and the lord of the land was to

decide whether or not I should be sent

"Put it that way if ye've a mind to,'

he answered. "Ye was comin' to be a

schoolteacher here. Well, I'd done

been a schoolteacher here. I see your

starts in with algebra an' rhetoric. Ye

wouldn't have me as a friend, an' I

"Then," said the girl, looking up

and meeting his eyes with a flash of

ye got here to find out."

back."

"When folks found out that he was

ly outrage your holy conscience by "Go on; I'm listening with humble trvin' to teach 'em things in a way him in a police court and he asked they could understand, could ye? If him when he had been arrested be-"Ye've called me a murderer an' a Jeb had come to ye, like he came to hirer of murderers. That's a lie. I've me, askin' the name of the man he fore her stood the man more than never killed no man that didn't have sought to kill, ye would have said ter harm him, because somebody writ in armed. I've never hired any man

a book two thousand years ago that killin' is a sin.' An' the hell of it is "Ye've likened me to Milt McBriar. Thet was a lie, too. Ye've said some ye'd 'low such talk would satisfy him. "Ye couldn't do no such wicked right bitter things, an' I can't answer thing as to stop an' reflect that he's a

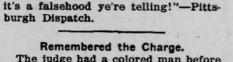
mountain boy, an' that for two hundred years the blood in his veins hes been a comin' down to him full of



I Mean to Take the Girl."

grudge-nursin' an' hate. Ye couldn't make allowances for the fact that he wasn't hatched in a barnyard to peck at corncobs an' berries, but in an eagle's nest-that he's a bird of prey. Ye couldn't consider the fact that the killin' instinct runs in the current of er's breast. Ye'd just teach barnyard

ple to use it." Who, or what, then, is responsible | Life is the actor, reason is acted | have not improved much on what had | larger needs, and the modern stadium Name given by Postum Co., Battle REASON CANNOT BE GUIDE | ways guided by something else bebeen acomplished some two thousand is a case directly in point. In this Creek, Mich. upon. Life is positive and reason hind it, which supplies the premises for the choice of premises that you years ago. In science, discovery and instance we have borrowed both the Postum comes in two forms: feed into your calculator? It is life negative. To depend upon reason as from which reason makes its calcula-Product of the Mind, and is Subject guide is to exait the machine above invention, especially in regard to idea and the name. itself which uses reason. It is life to the Will but Never tions and records. Reason is a calcuthings material and utilitarian, we the mind that made it. lating machine. Give it correct itself which creates reason, the cal-True. have undoubtedly outstripped them; ages. premises and it will compute and culator. And why does life need Someone has found out that widowbut in poetry, philosophy. painting, Instant Postum-a soluble powderreason? Life needs reason to weigh, Clever Borrowing. record the right answer every time. ers remarry more often than widows: Reason cannot select correct premdissolves quickly in a cup of hot water. sculpture, architecture-in short, in The college stadium is but another compute, compare and record life's ises; she can only prove the prem-But reason has no power of choice with the latter this is regarded as a instance of the modern adaptation of the realm of the arts-we have made and, with cream and sugar, makes a institutions and experiences. Without ises you give her. "Oh, what a wonin the matter of premises; like any misfortune and not a fault .-- Washingdelicious beverage instantly. 30c and but little progress, and that not on ancient devices to twentieth century the calculator and recorder, reason, derful creature is man," exclaimed well regulated calculating machine it particularly original lines. Their 50c tins. ton Post needs. In many things the so-called life would endlessly duplicate its exautomatically accepts the premises Ben Franklin; "he can find reasons works are still serving as our models. Both kinds are equally delicious and periences and intuitions without civilized nations of our day have exfor anything he wishes to do." That fed into it. You have but to watch Whatever the mind enjoins on itself ost about the same per cup. although occasionally we do succeed celled the ancients of Greece and is the trouble with reason as a guide. your own thoughts carefully to prove learning anything from them. Life as an object, it attains Rome, and in many other things they in expanding their ideas to fit our own Beasor cannot guide Reason is si- this, is the creator, reason the creature.



fore. The fellow scratched his head. thought a moment, and then said. "Ah think it was about a year ago, jedge." "What was the charge?" asked the court. After thinking awhile the prisoner looked up and said: "Ah'm not quite

shuah, but ah t'ink it was t'ree dollahs, yer hannah." He was discharged.

About the only time a woman ever overlooks a bargain is when she selects a husband.

A woman's lite is full of trouble. If she has no children to worry over, she is pretty sure to try to grow a fern.

MOTHER'S "NOTIONS" Good for Young People to Follow.

"My little grandson often comes up to show me how large the muscles of his arms are.

"He was a delicate child, but has developed into a strong, healthy boy and Postum has been the principal factor. "I was induced to give him the Post-

um because of my own experience with it.

"I am sixty years old, and have been a victim of nervous dyspepsia for many years. Have tried all sorts of medicines and had treatment from many physicians, but no permanent relief came.

"I used to read the Postum advertisements in our paper. At first I gave but little attention to them, but finally something in one of the advertisements made me conclude to try Postum.

"I was very particular to have it prepared strictly according to directions, and used good, rich cream. It was very nice indeed, and about bedtime I said to the members of the family that I believed I felt better. One of them laughed and said, "That's another of mother's notions,' but the notion has not left me yet.

"I continued to improve right along after leaving off coffee and taking Postum, and now after three years' use I feel so well that I am almost young again I know Postum was the cause of the change in my health and I cannot say too much in its favor. I wish I could persuade all nervous peo-

Postum Cereal-the original formmust be well boiled. 15c and 25c pack-

"There's a Reason" for Postum

She saw the boy's face whiten; saw him rise and turn to Bad Anse Havey, half in ferocity, half in pleading. "Maw's right, Anse," he doggedly declared. "I kain't tarry hyar no longer. He b'longs ter me. I've got but one thing a-stoppin' me now," he Briar!"

He stood before the clan chief, and and wildly, then swept on:

and Milt McBriar!"

moved.

heaven, don't liken me to Milt Mc-

The girl laughed a little hysterically

He had listened while the muscles of his jaws stood out in cramped tensity and the veins began to cord themselves on his temples. Now he said in a low voice, between his teeth: "By

"I rather think I can," she admitted "Approximately, at least." "I think I understand ye better than ye do me," he went on slowly. "I notions ye fotched up here, despite the fact that most of 'em are wrong. Ye've done come with a heap of money

think ye're plumb honest in all the his blood an' was drunk in at his moth-

lessons to young eagles, an' that's why ye might as well go home." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

to teach folks what you 'low they'd