By SAMUEL McCOY

Recounting the adventures and love which came into the lives of David Larrence and Antoinette O'Bannon, in the days when pioneers were fighting red savages in the Indiana wilderness (Copyright, 1916, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

LOVE-MAKING

Do you enjoy the spectacle of a pretty girl coquetting with a man who loves her devotedly and is cut to the heart by her teasing? Then you'll find stirring interest in this installment.

It is the year 1811, and David Larrence, exiled English weaver, comes to Corydon, Indiana territory, intending to kill an old enemy. He makes friends with Patrice O'Bannon and charming 'Toinette, his daughter, and with Job Cranmer and his daughter, Lydia, recently from England. He learns that Cranmer is a spy against the United States when he overhears a war plot. Cranmer disappears. The settlement organizes a militia. David's regard for 'Toinette becomes very

CHAPTER VI.

Moon!ight. David was the ghtful, while the fight banter ran ou.

"Governor Harrison," he said, "may tay before you."

The young governor bowed assent between Girty, Cranmer and Scull. too." Harrison's face grew grave.

"Why did you not report this sooner?" he asked sharply.

"I wrote at once to John Tipton, at Vincennes," David answered. "I I won't finish. You idled about the have supposed that he gave you the rison, as you know."

"Yes," smiled Harrison, "it's agony for him to write. But I fear that he has not received your letter even yet. He has been away on a hunting and some tale of the courtscouting trip for weeks. I myself am have charge of the territory in my ab- with Harry White." seare, and shall direct him to have hir rangers make a thorough search mors that his brother, Elkskatawa, matters. I thank you for what you of attorneys." e told me.'

David felt that a load had been lifted from his mind. He had done his him with such simple hospitality.

went on, "but I never suspected so hanest-appearing a fellow. You say he went to Vincennes? I am certain that he has not been there of late. Let me know if he returns to Cory-30n. The whole Northwest has reason to know that renegade Girty, but I fear it is useless to hope for his capture now. He knows the wilderness Mr. Southey's attention." like an Indian. As well hope to find a wild bird in the tree tops. By now he is doubtless back in the British posts above Erie. You say that the thard man was one known to you as Scull? The name is a new one, Strange, how he disappeared. We'll watch for him."

He returned to his friends with an added word of thanks. David's face darkened as he thought once more of Scull. Where was he? How could he hide himself so completely? The memory of the man's betrayal of David's father rose up in David anew: and he thought once more of the oath that he had sworn, over the "purple posy" of the weaver's brotherhood, to avenge that wrong.

When the party had broken up at ast in laughing "good nights," Toinette, Blackford and David strolled toward Toinette's home together. Ike began humming a song as they walked along:

Could you to battle march away, And leave me here complaining-

"A mighty fine evening, wasn't it?-

I'm sure 'twould break my heart to say, When you were gone campaigning. . . .

sweet will."

"What's the song, Ike?"

e sing at Princeton. Poor old Billy the patient oxen. Toinette cried out Paterson wrote it years ago, rest his rapturously as she drew forth from soul! The late attorney general- the great chest walking dresses of class of 1763," he added explanato- white jaconet muslin; a China robe rils. His rich tenor swung on into of India twill; a preposterously inadthe lilt of the chorus:

'Ah, non, non, non, pauvre Madelon Would never quit her Rover, Ah. non, non, non, pauvre Madelon

He broke off abruptly: "Wouldn't it be fine to have a wench hanging gift for his daughter, ordered through to your coattail as you marched!" He said good night abruptly at

Painette's door and went on. When he had gone, they two, David and Toinette, Ungered on, they knew not why, under the moon-

drenched trees. "And now," she said, leaning toward him in the moonlight, "tell choice of a costume to grace the two drive you out of my mind. You have me how you like Corydon-as much occasions. as you know of us." He was so happy at seeing her that

own lightness of speech.

know if America likes me."

Her glance rested on his healthy, vigorous form approvingly.

"Yes; but her favors reproach me now; I am afraid I can never accomplish what this country expects of her young men."

She pretended to look at him thoughtfully. "No, I don't suppose you can ever climb very high." She laughed teasingly. "How do you like vour work?"

"Selling toys to the Indians and laces to the ladies? Not very roman-

"I should think the ladies would be romantic, even if the Indians are not. "Oh, but they all want soldiers; I'm only a weaver by trade."

"That reminds me-you've never told me about your life in England. Please do it now-but wait, I'll tell you myself." She half closed her eyes and began reflectively:

"Let me see-I'm looking into the past. You may not know it, but I'm a real Irish soothsayer." She let the ghost of a delicious bit of brogue linger on her tongue. "I'm beginning to see your ancestral estates now. Gracious, a ducal palace takes shape!"

"There's no doubt about your being ar Irish soothsayer," David commented sarcastically, "the ducal castle was certainly there, but unfortunately it belonged to the duke of I have a word with you alone? I Newcastle, Our ducal castle was behave some information that I wish to hind St. John's palace in Bottle lane; it had one room in it and no floor." "That's nothing to be ashamed of-

and led the way to a quiet corner, half the cabins in the woods here are David told the story of the meeting no larger, and their floors are earthen "Ah, but every settler here has as

much land as the duke of Newcastle! Air to breathe, freedom!' "You interrupted me-be quiet, or

asked him to tell you immediately. I estate all day long or you rode over have had no reply from him, but I the countryside with your hounds-" "His name was Timon, that one message. John's handler with his mongrel of mine; he had friends England will yield to none of our re rifle than with a pen, Governor Har- who lived on him-I beg your pardon."

"Horrors! Will you be quiet! And at night you lay on silken cushions in front of the great fireplace, reading

"I know it was wrong, but one is going away for a while, but I shall naturally idle after twelve hours at inform General Gibson, who is to the loom. I did read a good deal

"Who was Harry White?"

"Harry White was my best friend. tof these men. As for Tecumseh, ru- Henry Kirke White-the son of Mr. White, the butcher. He was just my the Prophet, is stirring the warriors own age. We worked together at a to discontent have reached my ears. stocking loom when we were fourteen, Rest assured, Mr. Larrence, that we making stockings, but the next year shall keep careful watch over these his father apprenticed him to a firm

"I kept on as a weaver. But he lent me his books at night. He was duty to the land that had received as poor as I was, and he drove himself into his grave with study. He "I know Cranmer," the governor died when he was twenty-one, five years ago. But Mr. Southey, the poet laureate, collected all the poems

Harry had written-" "A poet? A butcher's son?" "He had won a sizarship at Cambridge when he was nineteen-he had got his first poems printed the year before. That was how he attracted

"And he's dead! Oh, I'm so sorry!" "He told me once that a friend he had made at Cambridge, a boy named George Gordon, Lord Byron, said that his poems would never die." "He was a poet too?"

"I think so. He is living yet. He's only twenty-three."

"Why, you're only twenty-six, yourself! Don't talk like a grandfather!" "I feel like one."

"Why?" The sympathy in her voice was as sincere as that in her eyes. David had never known such a woman-had never known what it was to have the divine sympathy of womanhood. He began to tell her of his life, of his sufferings, of his hopes for the future, of his aspirations; and through it all the girl listened, a white rose in the moonlight, and poured the balm of her pure spirit upon his head.

CHAPTER VII.

The Course of True Love. Corydon lay baking under the sun

of August. Along the parched ground the waves of heat, the "lazy Lawrences," danced maddeningly. Toinette was rejoicing in the arrival of "Trust a woman to suit her own a great box from New Orleans-sent by flatboat to Louisville, hauled thence on a clumsy oak-runner sledge, "That? Oh, a catch that we used jolted slowly over the rutty road, by equate cloak of sarsenet silk; tiny slippers of white kid and rose-colored silk and a precious packet containing a ferroniere, a headband of flat gold Would go with you the wide world links with a great pendant of pearls hanging from its clasp down on the forehead. It was Patrice's birthday an old friend in New Orleans.

> There were to be two weddings in town that morning-as the weekly newspaper put it, Mr. Philip Bell was Harbeson and Mr. Isham Stroud the don't belong there. Why do you come

The weddings over, she made her way home in her silken slippers, It was easy for him to fall into her swathed herself in an apron and prepared their dinner. David bad not gaze she had averted her face and "Ah, I fell in love with America been at either wedding. She was had listened with bowed head. As years ago-on the day I reached Cory- thinking of him as she busied herself he paused she threw a frightened don. Now I am only bothered to at the hearth, and old Patrice read glance at him and saw that the happily from his beloved "Arcadia." knuckles of his clenched hands were "Why, of course she likes you-look She drew the flat board on which the whitened with the strain. She tried

back a flying lock of hair from her After a moment he regained control set light flushed face, and roused her father birthday feast in the new-land.

In the evening the old gentleman her work and sat down to amuse herself with some embroidery, a candle made of the wax of the myrtle berry throwing its light upon her flying fingers. The summer dusk fell rapidly around her. The night closed in, heavy, warm, full of sleepy sounds of bird and insect. Someone's feet at herself and went on: the doorstep, a hand rapped at the door. Toinette lifted the latchpin. It was David.

She swept him a curtsy. One of the functions of woman's dress is to snatch a man out of his pitiful a misconstruction. But the dull shufflings upon earth and show him a world glorified. That function was performed in this case. David the situation. He stood very proudly, saw Madame Recamier (he had heard of such a person) curtsying to him in the house of Patrice O'Bannon. Madame Recamier spoke, and lo! it was Toinette:

"Why don't you say how you like

It was evidently the gown of cobwebs that was meant. "Exceedingly well. .

my asking, but is that all of it?" "Imbecile! The latest from Paris! It's too bad to waste it on you." "Well, well!" David pretended a

dry indifference. Toinette turned up her nose. "Why weren't you at the weddings?" "Couldn't. I was off on a hunt." "Lucky?"

"No-only a couple of deer." "The brides were sweet."

She sat down at her needlework once more and David, seated in the dimly lighted room, his high linea vance in the face of the travesty of collarband gleaming palely between his passion she had thrown in his his dark face and the somber blacks path. f his cravat and his coat, watched her in silence. When he spoke it was to introduce a new subject:

"Congress has voted to increase the army by twenty-five thousand men," he said abruptly, "and has provided for the enlistment of fifty thousand volunteers in addition."

She let her hands fall to her lap. "Does that mean war is sure?" "Not yet. But they talk of it freely.

quests." She smiled proudly to herself at his use of the word "our." He went on

"Mr. Clay wants a stronger navy. Curious - isn't it? - that Kentucky grave voice saying goodby, as in should be in harmony with the sea- dream; heard the door close. board states in this."

"Yes-they called us 'the wild men on the Ohio' last winter." He smiled at her flash of resentment. "Are you still as eager for his life. The silent room seemed to

war as you were once?" Toinette shuddered. It was unnecessary to reply to the thrust. David went on evenly:

"Well, the whole time of the congress is taken up with the debates. ings are at a breaking point. The president seems likely to get what his lence. message asked for in the way of timber for shipbuild-Toinette, look at me!"

She looked up, startled at the change in his voice, and saw what she had feared-and vaguely longed forwas about to come. David had risen to his feet. The room seemed suddenly filled with a tremendous tensity. Her heart beat uncontrollably; she calmly threaded a needle anew.

"Do you know what failure is?" he flung at her. The torrent of his heart rushed out with the words. "I have struggled," he said harshly, "but I give up now. I work from daylight to dark, I read at night at the law, I on the business. His supplies were came on the two figures in the darkweary myself with arguing with Ike Blackford. These things ought to



Governor Harrison, May I Have a

Word With You Alone?" make up my world for me. But they don't. There isn't any world for me unless you-" He checked himself, pen has been ground down in a pethen began anew. "I think about myself. I go back over my life-all its the same hand and for the same combipoverty-every miserable line of its nation of letters. It would splutter starved existence. And then-I think about you. . . I want to know what right you have to make part of the sensitive hand of the forger when to marry the agreeable Miss Rachel my world. It's not your world. I agreeable Miss Patsy Sands-and Tol- into mine? You ought not to be in nette vacillated deliciously in her my thoughts. But you are. I can't been there ever since I first saw you, ever since . . ."

His voice broke. From the first wild challenge of his what she has come for you already." cornment had been baked to golden- to speak but could think of nothir the time.-Aiken.

of his lips and went on, passionately

deira. Toinette preferred to remain grown stronger . . . so strong that the village, where the smokes of

"Exactly what do you want, David?" It was a very cool little voice river bank. that broke in on him.

He was wounded to the heart. For a moment the hurt look in his eyes struck her with pity. But she steeled

"I'm afraid I don't know just what you're talking about. Do you mean hat I am wronging you in any way?" A wave of hot anger swept through him that she could choose to adopt so girl was fighting with the weapons of her sex, fighting to regain control of waiting to give her an opportunity to

"If I have offended you . . ." "I have made a mistake," he said haughtily. "I see that I have been ridiculous.

She shot a frightened glance at him. Had she gone too far? She forced herself to go on, still clinging to her makeshift armor, still hiding behind her poor little defenses:

"Can you think that I do not realize how hard life is up here on the frontier? It calls for all that is best and bravest in us to go on fighting against heat and cold and hunger, actual want. But it takes strong menmen who endure and do not com-

"Do you think I am whining? You know I am not." He waved her words aside impatiently. "It is something else-" He stopped, impotent to ad-

The room was very still. Outdoors the crickets chirped unceasingly. For a long while they stood facing each other in silence that rested more and more heavily upon David's heart.

Toinette raised her eyes timidly. David's look had not changed; it seemed to enfold her with a mighty passion of wounded love, proud, suffering, pleading to be understood. She spoke again, falteringly:

"We shall always be friends, shall we not?"

There was no answer. She waited, not daring to raise her eyes from the ground. She heard him move slowly across the room, heard the latch lifted and the door opened; heard his deep,

There swept over her the realization of all that he had suffered and risked for her, all the fine manliness that lifted him above the poverty of accuse her with a hundred inscrutable eves. He had laid bare his love for her and she had dragged it in the dust of petty things. She stretched her hands out yearningly.

"David!" she called. The room mocked her with its si He was gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

Fear. David went back to his dress-stuffs

by day and his law books by night by as slowly as they pass the beds of path that led to the cabin. the sick, feverishly hot, inexplicably hostile; till at last he welcomed the had once more postponed his return spirators in the smithy. to Corydon and had asked David to off at dawn one morning, he strode all speak. day long through the silent woods. The sun was going down when he left hearting out here in the dark, you the road, panted to the top of the rogues? Well, when your mother Silver hills and flung himself down on was your age, Lydia! . . ." the ground. Away to the south stretched the broad and majestic current of the Ohio till it passed out of sight among the blue hills of Kentucky; below him, in the lengthening shadows of the evening, rose the slender columns of smoke from the cabin chimneys of Clarksville, a cluster of a dozen or so log farmhouses. Beyond, across the rushing waters of

HOW PEN MAY HELP FORGER!

Habitually Used, It Is Said to Become Imbued With the Spirit of a Signature.

"Did it ever occur to you," said a treasury official, "that a forger has half his work done when he can get hold of the identical pen with which the owner of the signature habitually writes? A great many men, company directors and the like. use the same pen for their names only, for a year or two without change.

"A pen that has been used by man in writing his name hundreds of times, and never used for anything else, will almost write the name of itself. It gets imbued with the spirit tricle, near the lower end. of the signature. In the hands of a fairly good forger it wit preserve the characteristics of the original. The reason for this is that the point of the culiar way, from being used always by if held at a wrong angle or forced on lines against its will. It almost guides he attempts to write the name."

The Silver Lining. The Tender-Hearted Cook-No bad news, I 'ope, ma'am? The Mistress-The master's been

wounded. The Cok-There now, ma'am; don't let that worry you. They tells me out what it is!"-John Brashear, in they can patch 'em up so's they're American Magazine. better than before.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all peare the farmer was said to stig-

brown out from the fire, set the roast- that she could say. Her hands picked the Falls, he could distinguish the ed wild turkey on the table, pushed aimlessly at the threads in her lap. roos of Louisville, bright in the sun-

He looked his fill upon the broad from his book. It was her happiest as before, but with an undercurrent expanse of the great river—the Beauof pleading that softened his words: tiful river, as the Indians called it-"I have been trying to believe that its hurrying, tumultuous waters, the jogged off on horseback to General I could conquer all this in myself- flatboat ferry, slowly crawling across, Harrison's farm, to pay his respects that it was too preposterous to en- the green snores beyond-and then and be served with a glass of Ma- dure. But instead of that it has scrambled down the steep hillside to at home-Mr. Blackford would call, it is now everything. You are in ev-kitchen fires sent up their friendly sigperhaps David as well. She finished erything I do. I cannot keep silent. nals. At the inn where he rested that night the tavern keeper indicated a deserted cabin that stood near the

"Thar's the cabin whar Gineral George Rogers Clark used t' livepore old critter!"

"He's not dead, is he?"

"Him dead? Ye kain't kill him with ax. I seed him yistaday, over yan" -waving toward Louisville-"pore old critter-driv the Britishers outen these parts thirty year gone, an' sets thar crost the river withouten' a fo'-

David heard him listlessly. His goods had arrived and were piled in the tavern lean-to; and as he turned



'I'm Afraid I Don't Know Just What You're Talking About."

toward the shack to see that they were in readiness for the homeward journey in the morning, he heard his name called by a girl's voice.

He wheeled and saw Lydia Cranmer. The girl broke into a laugh at the expression of utter surprise. "You here, Lydia?" he cried in

amazement. "Did you come here from Corydon? Where's your father?" "Why, yes, we've been here for weeks. Father's gone to see some friends at Fort, Steuben tonight, but

he'll be back soon." So this was where Cranmer had gone, after that night in the smithy at Corydon. David saw in a flash that upon himself alone must depend Cranmer's capture. Hiding his excitement, he pretended to listen to

Lydia with eager pleasure. She ran on in naive delight at seeing David once more. They were living in the cabin nearest the inn, she said; and she begged David to come and talk with her till her father returned. It was late when they heard Cranmer's voice lifted in a roaring ballad and distinguished his portly with a heavy heart. The days dragged form moving uncertainly down the

David felt himself grow hot with repugnance as the man drew nearer. necessity of a journey to replenish He had not seen him since that night his stock of goods. Colonel Posey when he had watched the three con-

Cranmer's heavy steps drew nearbuy whatever was needed to carry er; he started in surprise when he to be ferried across the river from ness and there was a note of relief Louisville to Clarksville: and setting in his laughter when he heard David "Why, it's young Larrence! Sweet-

> Do you believe that, in bitterness of spirit, David will marry Lydia and become involved with

Cranmer in spying-much as he

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

hates the spy now?

Cutting Bullet Out of the Heart. Dr. Maurice Beaussenat, who had already extracted a piece of grenade from the right ventricle of a man's heart, told the French Academie des Sciences of a second similar operation

performed with success. A corporal wounded at Eparges had been treated for peritonitis and then had been operated on for appendicitis. He continued to suffer in various ways for more than a year, when a radioscope revealed the pressure of a shrapnel ball, moving in time to the beatings of his heart. Supposing this to be in the pericardium or sac about the heart. Doctor Beaussenat "went in," as the surgeons say, and saw that the ball was actually in the right ven-

The heart was drawn out; its wall was cut open between two loops of wire; the ball was removed and the heart was sewn up again. Six months later the heart had healed so perfectly that there was not a sign of irregularity about its pulsations.

"Never marry a man with a champagne appetite and a beer income,"

"Certainly not," replied Maymie. "Ice cream soda for mine." From the Stars to You.

said Maude.

"Somewhere beneath the stars there is something that you alone were meant to do. Never rest until you have found

Original Meaning.

Stigmatize originally meant simply to brand, and in the days of Shakesmatize his sheep.



MAX'S ESCAPE.

"A little Dog," said Daddy, "was one of five beautiful Puppies living in the Country with a very proud and happy Mother.

"But, sad to tell, it was not very long before the Mother Dog heard her Master saying to a Friend of his, 'I simply cannot keep so many Dogs. There is no room for them-not even here in the Country. You see I have as many Animals now as I can possibly manage.'

"'That's true,' said the man's Friend. 'I should think you would have to send most of them away.'

"The Mother Dog knew from the the Master's voice that something sad was going to happen-for the Master wished that he had more room to keep the beautiful new Puppies. And she didn't like the Friend because he never stroked her, nor patted her Children, but just talked in a gruff Two Inventions Which Will Enable voice that meant bad things she was

"'Well,' continued the Friend, 'I will take a Puppy for you. I can keep one easily in our City House. There is plenty of room. I will take the little white one with the brown right Ear.'

"'But not yet,' said the Master. 'He is too young to leave his Mother. Come back again in several weeks and you can take him with you, though I do hate to see the Puppies leave their

"'That's nonsense,' replied the Friend. 'He'll have a good Home with that I shall show him off at the Exhibe back again.' And the man the the Puppies had trembled when he had gone near them.

"About two weeks later the man came back. The Master petted the Mother and said how sorry he was. The Friend laughed at him for this, as he said Dogs were all right when they were of fine breeds and could be shown off at Exhibitions and Dog Shows, but life preserver. Trousers are attached it was ridiculous to make such a fuss

"And the Puppy I'm telling you about didn't like his new Master in the very least. He felt it was very mean to be | the water. taken away from his Mother and he was an unhappy little Dog.

"The first morning after he had been in the City a Maid took him out for a Walk. He had to Walk along on a leash-he couldn't run and jump and race about. In fact he was miserably unhappy. The Maid never spoke to him, and he put his Tail between his Legs, and hoped he would not meet many Dogs as he felt so ashamed of himself.

been just that many looking for you this afternoon with blood in their eyes. "But he met many other Dogs walking along on Leashes just as he was. Some he saw driving in Carriages, and others he saw in Automobiles. He wondered to himself if none of them went for a run, and barked good Dog

barks. "That night he heard his new Master say, 'Well, next week is the Dog show. We mustn't let Max (for that was the name he'd given the dog) get too thin. He's had all the Running he



One of Five Beautiful Puppies.

wants. Just a little Walk will do for

"Max didn't quite know what it was all about, but the next day the Maid took him for a still shorter Walk and not once did she let go of the Leash. But Max waited for a good time, and when he saw the Maid was holding the Leash with her little Finger, off he bounded-Leash and all. On and on he went, never paying the least bit of attention to the Maid's screaming. Yes he was free, free at last. He wasn't going to be in a Dog show-he was going to be a real Dog! Of course, he didnt' think this all out quite so carefully as I'm telling it to you-but he did know just what he wanted and just the sort of a Dog he was.

"Such adventures as he had. He re membered the Trip he had taken with the man. First they had gone on a Ferry Boat across some Water-and then on a Train. So Max ran and ran until he reached the Railroad Station. He got through the Gate when the Guard wasn't looking and he jumped up into the Baggage Car just as the Train was pulling out.

"On and on he Rode until he saw some Water and a great Boat-just as he had been on before. What should he do? Jump? The Train was going fast, but it stopped where the Ferry Boats were. And so Max reached Home and his mother-and somehow or other room was made for him by his first Master."

Wanted a Skyscraper. Little Johnny-I wish we lived in skyscraper, maruma.

Mamma-Why do you wish that, Little Johnny-Then I could slide down the banisters and go up in the

Who Gets It? California has produced a lemon

which weighs three pounds and is eighteen and one-half inches in circumference. It must be an awful thing to be handel a lemon in California. Buffale Tim t.

of Good Digestion

is strongly reflected in your general health and happiness.

For any digestive weakness, liver and bowel trouble or malaria, fever and ague

You should try

LIOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

CLEVER LIFE-SAVING DEVICES

Shipwrecked Persons to Sustain

Life for a Long Time. Many have been the life-saving devices invented for those who go dow to the sea in ships, but it has remained for Benjamin E. Hervey of Idaho to

devise one possessing all the comforts The device is a suit, fashioned with arms and legs, with the buoyant belt attached at the waist. The suit is so balanced that the occupant, once in the

water, stands in an upright position. Attached to his shoulders is a square me and he's such a fine looking Dog | iron collar, extending a sufficient distance from the body so that the arms bitions and win Prizes with him. I'll may be removed from the sleeves and employed freely. The collar is topped Mother Dog disliked went away. Even by a cover, which can be closed in case of necessity. Food can be stored within and the person wearing the suit is able, it is claimed, to exist for a long period of time. In fair weather the open cover serves as a shield against

> running waves. Another article recently placed on the market is a combined raincoat and to the coat, which can be folded away until necessity demands their use. Then they are unfurled, and act as buoys in supporting the occupant in

> > On the Warpath.

Auto Dealer-Do you know how many cars I have sold this week? New Clerk-Seventeen.

been looking into the books? New Clerk-No, sir. Auto Dealer-Then how did you guess it exactly? New Clerk-Because there have

Auto Dealer-See here, have you

Where Ignorance Is Bliss. "How much does it cost you to run this yacht, old chap?"

"If I knew, I wouldn't do it."-Life. Peat is largely used in stoking the

The germ theory dates from 1863.

railway engines of Sweden.

Nerves All On Edge? Just as nerve wear is a cause of kidney weakness, so is kidney trouble a cause

ache, nervousness, "blues," beadaches dizzy spells, urinary ills and a tired, worn feeling, would do well to try Doan's Kidney Pills. This safe, reliable remedy is recommended by thou sands who have had relief from just such troubles.

of nervousness. Anyone who has back-

A Nebraska Case Mrs. Wessberg, 708 W. Fourth St., North Platte, Neb., says: "For four years I suffered terribly from kidney complaint and backache. The doctor said I had floating kidney. At times, I c o u l d hardly stand the pains. The kidney secretions were in

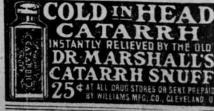
ardly Stankidney ains. The kidney ecretions were in sad shape, too. Soon after I used Doan's Kidney Pills, I got relief and in little over a month, I was cured. Ittle over a month, I was cured taken Doan's Kidney olways helped

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box





The Cutter Laboratory, Barkeley, Cal., or Chicago, III.



W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 45--1916.

Loup City, Nebraska

' in the famuy.