

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN

By Gene Stratton-Porter

SYNOPSIS
Mickey O'Halloran is a newsboy who finds and adopts a little lame girl, Lily Peaches. As life at once becomes a struggle to supply the comforts of life to the blind girl.

Peter's shoulders were shaking, but he answered gravely: "Well that's a way it has of puffing itself up and making a great big pretense that it is going to flop us, and then it just little Bobbie or Ma, waxes an apron or a stick it gets out of the way in a hurry."

where he helped the feet to kick and splash. He rubbed them and at last picked up handfuls of fine sand and lightly massaged with it until he brought a pink glow.

"Well, Miss Chicken!" he cried in despair. "Peaches buried her shamed face in Peter's breast. He screened her with a big hand."

blood to run in these little blue canons on her temples, and hands and feet, ain't we gaining ground? Ain't we making headway?"

(Continued From Yesterday.)
Bloom time was past, but bird time was not, while the leaves were still freshly green and tender. Some of them reached to touch Peaches' gold hair in passing. She was held high to see into nests and the bluebirds' hollow in the apple tree. Peaches gripped Peter and cried: "Don't let my feet!"

"I've seen Multipolis millyingalres cave in like that sometimes when it waves a morning paper with an inch-high headline about them," commented Mickey.

Peter explained the circulatory system and why all the years of lying, with no movement, had made her so helpless. He told her why scars and wrong food had not made good blood to push down and strengthen her feet so they would walk.

"We're just got to be," said Mrs. Harding. "There's no other way to figure it. But this is enough for a start."

"Well I can't say as we can come clear here every day; I'm a busy woman, and my spare time is scarce; and even light as you are, you'd be a load for me; I can't say as we can do this when Peter is busy plowing and harvesting, and Junior is away on the cream wagon, and Mickey is in town at work; we can't do just this; but there is something we can do that will help the feet quite as much. We can bring a bucket of sand up to the house, and set a tub of water in the sun, and you can lie on a comfort under an apple tree with Mary and Bobbie to watch you, and every few hours we can take a little time off for rubbing and splashing."

"Yes I guess it would," conceded Peter. "But you got the eating end of it wrong. It isn't going to eat us, we are going to eat it. About Thanksgiving, we'll lay it on the block and Ma will stuff it."

"I see running water, grassy banks, trees, the birds, the sky and the clouds—the water shows what's above it like a mirror," Lily said.

"That's the stuff," indorsed Peter. "Look at that! You're pulling the blood down."

"I think that's the ticket!" he said. "Nancy, don't you? That pulls-down the blood with rubbing, and drives it back with the cold water, and pulls it down to be pushed back again—ain't that helping the heart get in its work? Now if we strengthen her with right food, and make lots of pure blood to run in these little blue canons on her temples, and hands and feet, ain't we gaining ground? Ain't we making headway?"

"We're just got to be," said Mrs. Harding. "There's no other way to figure it. But this is enough for a start."

"I've quit stuffing turkeys, Peter," said Mrs. Harding. "I find it spoils the flavor of the meat."
"Well then it will stuff us, said Peter, "all we can hold, and mince pie, plum pudding, and every good thing we can think of. What piece of turkey do you like best, Buttercup?"
Mickey instantly scanned Peter, then Mrs. Peter, and tensely waited.
"Oh stop! Stop! Is that a turkey bird?" cried Peaches.
"Steady it is," said Mrs. Harding. "Why childie, haven't you ever seen a turkey, either?"
"No I didn't ever," said Peaches. "Can turkey birds sing?"
Just then a crow stuck forward his head and sang: "Gehobble, hobble, hobble!" Peaches gripped Peter's hair and started to ascend him again. Mrs. Harding waved her apron; the turkey suddenly reduced its size three-fourths, skipped aside, and a neat, trim bird, high stepping and dainty, walked through the orchard. Peaches collapsed in Peter's arms in open-mouthed wonder. "Gosh! How did it cave in like that?" she cried.

"Put it back!" she cried. "I guess that's as long as I'd want to be choked, while a fish looked at me."
Mickey exchanged the fish for a handful of wet, vividly colored pebbles, then brought a bunch of cowslip yellow as gold, and a long willow whip with leaves on, and when she had examined these, she looked inquiringly at Mrs. Harding.
"Nice lady, may I put my feet in your water?"
"How about the temperature of it, Mickey?" inquired Mrs. Harding.
"It's all right," said Mickey. "I've washed 'em in colder water lots of times. The Sunshine Lady said I should, to toughen her up."
"Then go ahead," said Mrs. Harding.

"Peter, may I?" asked Peaches. "Surely!" agreed Peter. "Whole bunch may get in if Ma says so!"
"Well, I don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding. "The children have their good clothes on and they always get to romping and dirty themselves and then it's bigger washings and mine are enough to break my back right now."
Peter looked at his wife intently. "Why Nancy, I hadn't heard you complain before," he said. "If they're too big, we must wear less and make them smaller, and I'll take an hour at the machine, and Junior can turn the wringer. All of you children listen to me. Your Ma is feeling the size of the wash. That means we must be more careful of our clothes and help her better. If Ma gets sick, or tired of us, we'll be in a fix, I tell you!"
"I didn't say I was sick, or tired of you, I'm just tired of washing!" said Mrs. Harding.
"I see!" said Peter. "But it is a thing that has got to be done, like plowing and sowing."
"Yes I know," said Mrs. Harding, "but plowing and sowing only come once a year. Washing comes once and twice a week."
"Let me," said Mickey. "I always helped mother, and I do my own and Lily's at home. Of course I will here, and I can help you a lot with yours!"
"Yes a boy!" scouted Mrs. Harding. "Well I'll show you that a boy can work as well as a girl if he's been taught right," said Mickey.
"I wasn't bringing up any question of work," said Mrs. Harding. "I just didn't want the children to dirty a round of clothing apiece. They may make when their things are ready for the wash anyway. Go on Peaches!"

Mickey suddenly bent to kiss the bony little foot he was chafing. "Yes darling, I'll rub 'til it a most bleeds," he said.
When the feet were glowing with alternate sand-rubbing and splashing in cold water, Peter looked at his wife.
"I think that's the ticket!" he said. "Nancy, don't you? That pulls-down the blood with rubbing, and drives it back with the cold water, and pulls it down to be pushed back again—ain't that helping the heart get in its work? Now if we strengthen her with right food, and make lots of pure blood to run in these little blue canons on her temples, and hands and feet, ain't we gaining ground? Ain't we making headway?"

"Well I can't say as we can come clear here every day; I'm a busy woman, and my spare time is scarce; and even light as you are, you'd be a load for me; I can't say as we can do this when Peter is busy plowing and harvesting, and Junior is away on the cream wagon, and Mickey is in town at work; we can't do just this; but there is something we can do that will help the feet quite as much. We can bring a bucket of sand up to the house, and set a tub of water in the sun, and you can lie on a comfort under an apple tree with Mary and Bobbie to watch you, and every few hours we can take a little time off for rubbing and splashing."

DRINK WATER TO HELP WASH OUT KIDNEY POISON

If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You, Begin Taking Salts.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active. Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia; and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness. Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache. By all means have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.

"Peter, may I?" asked Peaches. "Surely!" agreed Peter. "Whole bunch may get in if Ma says so!"
"Well, I don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding. "The children have their good clothes on and they always get to romping and dirty themselves and then it's bigger washings and mine are enough to break my back right now."
Peter looked at his wife intently. "Why Nancy, I hadn't heard you complain before," he said. "If they're too big, we must wear less and make them smaller, and I'll take an hour at the machine, and Junior can turn the wringer. All of you children listen to me. Your Ma is feeling the size of the wash. That means we must be more careful of our clothes and help her better. If Ma gets sick, or tired of us, we'll be in a fix, I tell you!"
"I didn't say I was sick, or tired of you, I'm just tired of washing!" said Mrs. Harding.
"I see!" said Peter. "But it is a thing that has got to be done, like plowing and sowing."
"Yes I know," said Mrs. Harding, "but plowing and sowing only come once a year. Washing comes once and twice a week."
"Let me," said Mickey. "I always helped mother, and I do my own and Lily's at home. Of course I will here, and I can help you a lot with yours!"
"Yes a boy!" scouted Mrs. Harding. "Well I'll show you that a boy can work as well as a girl if he's been taught right," said Mickey.
"I wasn't bringing up any question of work," said Mrs. Harding. "I just didn't want the children to dirty a round of clothing apiece. They may make when their things are ready for the wash anyway. Go on Peaches!"

Mickey suddenly bent to kiss the bony little foot he was chafing. "Yes darling, I'll rub 'til it a most bleeds," he said.
When the feet were glowing with alternate sand-rubbing and splashing in cold water, Peter looked at his wife.
"I think that's the ticket!" he said. "Nancy, don't you? That pulls-down the blood with rubbing, and drives it back with the cold water, and pulls it down to be pushed back again—ain't that helping the heart get in its work? Now if we strengthen her with right food, and make lots of pure blood to run in these little blue canons on her temples, and hands and feet, ain't we gaining ground? Ain't we making headway?"

"Well I can't say as we can come clear here every day; I'm a busy woman, and my spare time is scarce; and even light as you are, you'd be a load for me; I can't say as we can do this when Peter is busy plowing and harvesting, and Junior is away on the cream wagon, and Mickey is in town at work; we can't do just this; but there is something we can do that will help the feet quite as much. We can bring a bucket of sand up to the house, and set a tub of water in the sun, and you can lie on a comfort under an apple tree with Mary and Bobbie to watch you, and every few hours we can take a little time off for rubbing and splashing."

"DANDERINE"

Grows Thick, Heavy Hair
35-cent Bottle Removes Dandruff, Stops Falling Hair

"Ain't that tough?" he whispered. She bit her lip and silently nodded. "Look at 'er feet, will you?" he breathed.
She looked at him instead, then suddenly her eyes filled with a mist like that clouding his. "Think they'd ever walk?" he questioned.
"I don't know," she said softly, "but it looks as if God has given us the chance to make them if it's possible."
"Well say what's my share?" he said.
"Just anything you see that you think will help."
"If I be more careful not to dirty so many clothes, will it help?" he asked.
"It would leave me that much more time and strength to give to her," she said.
"Will all I can save you in any way be helping her that much?" he insisted.
"Surely!" she said. "Soon as he's out of sight, I'm going to begin on her. But don't let them hear!"
Junior nodded. He sat down on the bank watching as if fascinated the feet trying to splash in the water. Mickey could feel the effort of the small body.
"You take her now," he said to Peter. Then he threw off his shoes and stockings, turned up his knee breeches and stepped into the water.

"Peter, may I?" asked Peaches. "Surely!" agreed Peter. "Whole bunch may get in if Ma says so!"
"Well, I don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding. "The children have their good clothes on and they always get to romping and dirty themselves and then it's bigger washings and mine are enough to break my back right now."
Peter looked at his wife intently. "Why Nancy, I hadn't heard you complain before," he said. "If they're too big, we must wear less and make them smaller, and I'll take an hour at the machine, and Junior can turn the wringer. All of you children listen to me. Your Ma is feeling the size of the wash. That means we must be more careful of our clothes and help her better. If Ma gets sick, or tired of us, we'll be in a fix, I tell you!"
"I didn't say I was sick, or tired of you, I'm just tired of washing!" said Mrs. Harding.
"I see!" said Peter. "But it is a thing that has got to be done, like plowing and sowing."
"Yes I know," said Mrs. Harding, "but plowing and sowing only come once a year. Washing comes once and twice a week."
"Let me," said Mickey. "I always helped mother, and I do my own and Lily's at home. Of course I will here, and I can help you a lot with yours!"
"Yes a boy!" scouted Mrs. Harding. "Well I'll show you that a boy can work as well as a girl if he's been taught right," said Mickey.
"I wasn't bringing up any question of work," said Mrs. Harding. "I just didn't want the children to dirty a round of clothing apiece. They may make when their things are ready for the wash anyway. Go on Peaches!"

Mickey suddenly bent to kiss the bony little foot he was chafing. "Yes darling, I'll rub 'til it a most bleeds," he said.
When the feet were glowing with alternate sand-rubbing and splashing in cold water, Peter looked at his wife.
"I think that's the ticket!" he said. "Nancy, don't you? That pulls-down the blood with rubbing, and drives it back with the cold water, and pulls it down to be pushed back again—ain't that helping the heart get in its work? Now if we strengthen her with right food, and make lots of pure blood to run in these little blue canons on her temples, and hands and feet, ain't we gaining ground? Ain't we making headway?"

"Well I can't say as we can come clear here every day; I'm a busy woman, and my spare time is scarce; and even light as you are, you'd be a load for me; I can't say as we can do this when Peter is busy plowing and harvesting, and Junior is away on the cream wagon, and Mickey is in town at work; we can't do just this; but there is something we can do that will help the feet quite as much. We can bring a bucket of sand up to the house, and set a tub of water in the sun, and you can lie on a comfort under an apple tree with Mary and Bobbie to watch you, and every few hours we can take a little time off for rubbing and splashing."

DRINK WATER TO HELP WASH OUT KIDNEY POISON

If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You, Begin Taking Salts.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active. Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia; and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness. Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache. By all means have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.

"Peter, may I?" asked Peaches. "Surely!" agreed Peter. "Whole bunch may get in if Ma says so!"
"Well, I don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding. "The children have their good clothes on and they always get to romping and dirty themselves and then it's bigger washings and mine are enough to break my back right now."
Peter looked at his wife intently. "Why Nancy, I hadn't heard you complain before," he said. "If they're too big, we must wear less and make them smaller, and I'll take an hour at the machine, and Junior can turn the wringer. All of you children listen to me. Your Ma is feeling the size of the wash. That means we must be more careful of our clothes and help her better. If Ma gets sick, or tired of us, we'll be in a fix, I tell you!"
"I didn't say I was sick, or tired of you, I'm just tired of washing!" said Mrs. Harding.
"I see!" said Peter. "But it is a thing that has got to be done, like plowing and sowing."
"Yes I know," said Mrs. Harding, "but plowing and sowing only come once a year. Washing comes once and twice a week."
"Let me," said Mickey. "I always helped mother, and I do my own and Lily's at home. Of course I will here, and I can help you a lot with yours!"
"Yes a boy!" scouted Mrs. Harding. "Well I'll show you that a boy can work as well as a girl if he's been taught right," said Mickey.
"I wasn't bringing up any question of work," said Mrs. Harding. "I just didn't want the children to dirty a round of clothing apiece. They may make when their things are ready for the wash anyway. Go on Peaches!"

Mickey suddenly bent to kiss the bony little foot he was chafing. "Yes darling, I'll rub 'til it a most bleeds," he said.
When the feet were glowing with alternate sand-rubbing and splashing in cold water, Peter looked at his wife.
"I think that's the ticket!" he said. "Nancy, don't you? That pulls-down the blood with rubbing, and drives it back with the cold water, and pulls it down to be pushed back again—ain't that helping the heart get in its work? Now if we strengthen her with right food, and make lots of pure blood to run in these little blue canons on her temples, and hands and feet, ain't we gaining ground? Ain't we making headway?"

"Well I can't say as we can come clear here every day; I'm a busy woman, and my spare time is scarce; and even light as you are, you'd be a load for me; I can't say as we can do this when Peter is busy plowing and harvesting, and Junior is away on the cream wagon, and Mickey is in town at work; we can't do just this; but there is something we can do that will help the feet quite as much. We can bring a bucket of sand up to the house, and set a tub of water in the sun, and you can lie on a comfort under an apple tree with Mary and Bobbie to watch you, and every few hours we can take a little time off for rubbing and splashing."

Girls! An abundance of luxuriant hair full of gloss, gleams and life shortly follows a genuine toning up of neglected scalps with dependable "Danderine."

Falling hair, itching scalp and the dandruff is corrected immediately. Thin, dry, wispy or fading hair is quickly invigorated, taking on new strength, color and youthful beauty. "Danderine" is delightful on the hair; refreshing tonic—not sticky or greasy! Any drug store.

"Peter, may I?" asked Peaches. "Surely!" agreed Peter. "Whole bunch may get in if Ma says so!"
"Well, I don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding. "The children have their good clothes on and they always get to romping and dirty themselves and then it's bigger washings and mine are enough to break my back right now."
Peter looked at his wife intently. "Why Nancy, I hadn't heard you complain before," he said. "If they're too big, we must wear less and make them smaller, and I'll take an hour at the machine, and Junior can turn the wringer. All of you children listen to me. Your Ma is feeling the size of the wash. That means we must be more careful of our clothes and help her better. If Ma gets sick, or tired of us, we'll be in a fix, I tell you!"
"I didn't say I was sick, or tired of you, I'm just tired of washing!" said Mrs. Harding.
"I see!" said Peter. "But it is a thing that has got to be done, like plowing and sowing."
"Yes I know," said Mrs. Harding, "but plowing and sowing only come once a year. Washing comes once and twice a week."
"Let me," said Mickey. "I always helped mother, and I do my own and Lily's at home. Of course I will here, and I can help you a lot with yours!"
"Yes a boy!" scouted Mrs. Harding. "Well I'll show you that a boy can work as well as a girl if he's been taught right," said Mickey.
"I wasn't bringing up any question of work," said Mrs. Harding. "I just didn't want the children to dirty a round of clothing apiece. They may make when their things are ready for the wash anyway. Go on Peaches!"

Mickey suddenly bent to kiss the bony little foot he was chafing. "Yes darling, I'll rub 'til it a most bleeds," he said.
When the feet were glowing with alternate sand-rubbing and splashing in cold water, Peter looked at his wife.
"I think that's the ticket!" he said. "Nancy, don't you? That pulls-down the blood with rubbing, and drives it back with the cold water, and pulls it down to be pushed back again—ain't that helping the heart get in its work? Now if we strengthen her with right food, and make lots of pure blood to run in these little blue canons on her temples, and hands and feet, ain't we gaining ground? Ain't we making headway?"

"Well I can't say as we can come clear here every day; I'm a busy woman, and my spare time is scarce; and even light as you are, you'd be a load for me; I can't say as we can do this when Peter is busy plowing and harvesting, and Junior is away on the cream wagon, and Mickey is in town at work; we can't do just this; but there is something we can do that will help the feet quite as much. We can bring a bucket of sand up to the house, and set a tub of water in the sun, and you can lie on a comfort under an apple tree with Mary and Bobbie to watch you, and every few hours we can take a little time off for rubbing and splashing."

The healthy look that DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN Gives is Nature's Own

Ladies! This Beats Cosmetics

GOOD health cannot be camouflaged by Gpouder and rouge. The eyes will tell. That sparkle and clearness that denote good health will not be there if you are constipated. Mrs. Clara Proctor of Pottersville, Mich., had been told by doctors she had this and that disease, and one advised an operation, but she knew she had been constipated all her life so first tried Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. She avoided the operation and now feels better than she ever did. Likewise Mrs. William Appleton of Eddington, Pa., who was badly constipated and now looks her best again after using Syrup Pepsin.

Intelligent women are realizing that health and mere outward complexion are two different things, and more and more are taking Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Over 10 million bottles were bought in drug stores last year, the largest selling liquid laxative in the world! Go to your druggist and buy a bottle. The cost is less than a cent a dose. You will see how much more effective a spoonful of Syrup Pepsin is than tablets, powders or pills, and without shock to the system.

Safe Family Laxative

Use it regularly a day before and a day after the periods. The gentle emptying of the bowels will give you great relief, and lessen headaches and congestion. Take a spoonful at bed-time and see how much better you feel in the morning. It is a vegetable compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with agreeable aromatics, and entirely safe not only for you but for the youngest child. Keep a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin constantly in the home for you or some other member of the family may need it any moment to relieve constipation, to break up fevers and colds, to clear up biliousness, indigestion, a pimple, a fever sore and other disturbances that show constipation.

On Sale for 30 Years

If You Want to Try It Free Before Buying

"Syrup Pepsin," 516 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.

I need a good laxative and would like to prove what you say about Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin by actual test. Send me a free trial bottle. Address to:

Name _____
Address _____

Not more than one free trial bottle to a family.

Save Yourself from this annoyance

Buy Furnace Size of CANTINE

"The Hard Soft-Coal"

Why should you waste your time breaking enormous lumps of coal into sizes small enough to handle conveniently—especially when you can get just the right size, perfectly clean and evenly sized by modern machinery? CANTINE Furnace Size Coal is about as large as a coconut, hand-picked of all slate. Makes an intense, evenly burning fire—holds much better than large lump.

Order CANTINE 6"x3" Furnace Size from these dealers—also Big Lump if you prefer it.

OMAHA: Harver Van Kuren L. & Coal Co., Harman (West) W. Hall Co., McGuffey Bros. Co., Ludlow Lumber & Coal Co., Lindner Bros. Co., Victor White Coal Co.

LINCOLN, NEB.: Whitecrest Coal & Lumber Co., Consumers Coal Co., Hutchins & Hyatt Co.

COUNCIL BLUFFS: Drake Elevator Co., Furlow-Wickham Coal Co., Kretsch Bros., Pfister Lbr. & Coal Co.

For Sale in Carlisle Only by Lumagli Coal Co., 1123 W. O. W. Bldg., Omaha

CHECKS INFLUENZA LAXATIVE

BROMO QUININE

Colds, Grip, Headaches from Colds

E. W. Grove TABLETS

HOLLANDAILE Celery

Sweetest—Tenderest

THE BRANDEIS STORE

Style—Goddess of Subtlety

Style rules us all, and never do we consider that she herself is ruled.

We see her in a slipper—and we like her—for she plays on our imagination with her skillful subtle wiles—and we forget that she was given being by that genius of subtlety— I. Miller.

Third Floor—East

Agency for MILLER Beautiful Shoes

BUY-RITE STORES

COME AGAIN AND "GAIN" AGAIN

Fancy Colorado Apples, 10 lbs. for .53c	Fancy Red Tokay Grapes, 2 lbs. for .23c	New 1923 crop of Walnuts and Almonds just arrived—
Per bushel \$1.75	Per basket 49c	No. 1 soft shell English Walnuts, 3 lbs. 99c
Fancy Grimes' Golden Apples, 10 lbs. for .59c	Medium size Thin-Skinned Sunkist Oranges, doz. 49c	I. X. L. Almonds, lbs. 99c
Per bushel \$2.15	Just Arrived—New Nehawka Cider, per gallon 49c	Drake Almonds, 3 lbs. 60c
Medium size Thin-Skinned Florida Grapefruit, 3 for 25c		

10 Lbs. of PURE C. & H. CANE SUGAR 99c

BUY-RITE PILLARS Fontenelle Flour, every sack guaranteed, 48-lb. sack \$1.65 24-lb. sack 90c Blue Bell Flour, 48-lb. sack \$1.55 24-lb. sack 85c Celebrated Pillsbury's Best Flour, 48-lb. sack \$1.78 24-lb. sack \$1.00 Buy-Rite Coffee, 3 lbs. for \$1.00 Scottish Towels, 10c pkgs. 3 for 20c	COUNTRY SAUSAGE AND LARD Special, pure fresh Country Sausage, lb. 25c Simon Pure Lard, 5-lb. pails, each \$1.05	REAL BUY-RITE BUYS Campbell's Soups, all kinds, 3 cans for 29c Large 25c oval cans of Sardines in mustard or tomato sauce, 2 cans 29c Van Camp's Milk, tall cans, 3 for 29c 6 for 55c 1-lb. cans of Fruits, assorted, in heavy syrup, 3 cans for 67c Cane and Maple Flavor pints for 33c Quarts 63c
--	--	---

POPCORN AND BLACK WALNUTS New Black Walnuts, 2 lbs. for 15c New Popcorn, 3 lbs. 23c	CRYSTAL WHITE SOAP 10 large bars for 43c Crema Oil Soap, 4 bars 27c	MACARONI, ETC. 5,000 pkgs. of American Beauty Macaroni, Spaghetti and Noodles, 3 pkgs. for 22c	PALM OLIVE SOAP MADE OF THE PUREST PALM AND OLIVE OILS, 4 BARS 29c
--	--	--	--

Hop Flavored Puritan MALT SUGAR SYRUP

3 cans . . . \$1.75

NEW DRIED FRUIT SPECIALS

Large sweet Santa Clara Prunes, 25c value, 3 lbs. for 55c	Large sweet extra fancy dried Apricots, per lb. 30c	Not-A-Seed Seedless Raisins, 20c packages, 3 lbs. 53c
---	---	---

New Goods—Priced Right—Season Here—Buy Now

Don't Forget to Visit the Pure Food Show at the Auditorium, all This Week.

ERNEST BUFFETT The Grocer of Dundee J. D. CREW & SON Thirty-third and Arbor PROS GROCERY 4011 So. 13th St. GILES BROTHERS 6101 Military Ave., Benson WILKE & MITCHELL Fortieth and Farnam	SKUPA & SWOBODA 21st and S Sts., South Side A. E. SNYGG & SON Fortieth and Hamilton LYNAM & BRENNAN 16th and Decas E. KARSCH CO. Vinton and Elm Sts.	HANNAGAN & CO. 35th Ave. and Leavenworth JEPSEN BROS. 25th and Cumming GEO. I. ROSS 24th and Ames F. L. BIRD 4624 South 24th Street ARMAND PETERSEN 2908 Sherman Ave.
---	---	---

Don't Experiment—Buy It From a Buy-Rite Store