

No More Hatchet for Sick Fowls

USE **MUSTANG**

—the SURE REMEDY for Flu, Cough, Sore Throat, Croup, Cholera, Frozen Combs, etc.

Says Thos. F. Riggs, Iowa Falls, Ia.: "I have used Mexican Mustang Liniment in my yards for 24 years. My father, Dr. James Riggs, who founded the Riggs strain of Houdans, used it in his yards and always recommended it to the fraternity. It is a positive cure for Croup, Bumblefoot and Swelled Head. I would not undertake to keep fowls without having a bottle of Mustang handy by."

FREE Write for beautiful color illustrations with complete directions for using Mustang Liniment for family ailments, and for livestock and poultry. Lyon Mfg. Co., 51 South Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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WANTED—Men of good standing to retail our Standard Pochontas and other coals at popular prices. Good opportunity to get into paying business. About \$1,000.00 cash capital required. Address AMERICAN FUEL CO., Box 152, Ronoake, Va.

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Mrs. L. E. Gunn



Health Brings Beauty

A Discovery That Has Done a World of Good

Augusta, Ga.—"My father's family was kept well ever since I can remember by using Dr. Pierce's remedies. My father used to get a supply of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' every spring, as a tonic. He took it himself and gave it to the rest of us. He did not wait until we were sick. He said, 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.' When I was about sixteen my parents saved me, I believe, from serious feminine trouble by giving me Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."—Mrs. L. E. Gunn, 506 Moore Ave.

"Keep yourself in the pink of condition by obtaining Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in liquid or tablet form from your neighborhood druggist, or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package."

BLACK-DRAUGHT SINCE BOYHOOD

Louisiana Man Attributes His Fortunate Escape From a Serious Epidemic to the Use of Black-Draught.

Holden, La.—"When I was just a boy at home," says Mr. F. D. Robertson, of this place, "my father and mother used Black-Draught, and I found then what a good medicine it was for the liver and for indigestion. I have used it on from then to now, finding it was good for headache, indigestion, bloating after meals, and colds."

"A couple of years ago, every one, almost, around me was having the 'flu.' I took cold and was feeling bad. I thought then I would take Black-Draught. I took a good big dose every night and I can't begin to tell just how much good it did me. I was able to stay up and wait on others, and I believe my good fortune was due to the use of Black-Draught. I wouldn't be without it in my home, for it is the best medicine I have ever used."

By keeping your liver and stomach in good order, you stand in little danger of catching the serious ills that occasionally become epidemics, spreading through town and country. Black-Draught is composed of medicinal roots and herbs, finely powdered and carefully mixed in the right proportions to act naturally on the stomach and liver. It has been found to improve digestion, and to relieve constipation in a prompt, safe way.

Theford's BLACK-DRAUGHT LIVER MEDICINE

Keep Your Skin-Pores Active and Healthy With Cuticura Soap

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

The Brown Mouse

By HERBERT QUICK
(Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Company)

"THEY'LL GET JIM"

SYNOPSIS.—Jennie Woodruff refuses to marry Jim Irwin, young farm hand, because of his financial condition and poor prospects. He is intellectually above his station, and has advanced ideas concerning the possibilities of school teaching and farming, for which he is ridiculed by many. In short, Jim is an off ox. He flunks by himself and reads books and has a philosophy of his own. But there are latent powers in him unsuspected even by himself and Opportunity comes knocking at his door. Jim is nominated for school-teacher, as a joke. The joke results in his election. He visits his scholars. Jennie is nominated for county superintendent of schools. Jim speaks at a public meeting, condemning rural school methods.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Newton explained for the tenth time that Jim had done so many things that no teacher was supposed to do, and had left undone so many things that teachers were bound by custom to perform, that Newton's father and Mr. Bonner and Mr. Peterson had made up their minds that they would call upon him to resign, and if he wouldn't, they would "turn him out" in some way.

"What wrong's he done committed?" asked Raymond. "I don't know what teachers air supposed to do in this kentry, but Mr. Jim seems to be the only shore-enough teacher I ever see!"

"He don't teach out of the books the school board adopted," replied Newton.

"But he makes up better lessons," urged Raymond. "An' all the things we do in school he's us make a livin'."

"He begins at eight in the mornin'," said Newton, "an' he has some of us there till half past five, and comes back in the evening. And every Saturday, some of the kids are doin' something at the schoolhouse."

"They don't pay him for overtime, do they?" queried Raymond. "Well, then, they orto, instid of turnin' him out!"

"Well, they'll turn him out!" prophesied Newton. "I'm havin' more fun in school than I ever—an' that's why I'm with you on this quittin' trapping—but they'll get Jim, all right!"

"I'm having something besteh'n fun," replied Raymond. "My pap has never understood this kentry, an' we all has had bad times hyeh; but Mr. Jim an' I have studied out how I can make a betteh livin' next year—and pap says we kin go on the way Mr. Jim says. I'll work for Colonel Woodruff a part of the time, an' pap kin make corn in the biggest field. It seems we didn't do our work right last year—an' in a couple of years, with the increase of the haws, an' the land we kin get under plow . . ."

It was still an hour before nine—when the rural school traditionally "takes up"—when the boys had stored their traps in a shed at the Bronson home, and walked on to the schoolhouse. That rather scabby and weathered edifice was already humming with industry of a sort. In spite of the hostility of the school board, and the aloofness of the patrons of the school, the pupils were clearly interested in Jim Irwin's system of rural education. Never had the attendance been so large or regular; and one of the reasons for sessions before nine and after four was the inability of the teacher to attend to the needs of his charges in the five and a half hours called "school hours."

The day passed. Four o'clock came. In order that all might reach home, for supper, there was no staying, except that Newt Bronson and Raymond Simms remained to sweep and dust the schoolroom, and prepare kindling for the next morning's fire—a work they had taken upon themselves, so as to enable the teacher to put on the blackboards such outlines for the morning's class work as might be required. Jim was writing on the board a list of words constituting a spelling exercise. They were not from textbooks, but grew naturally out of the study of the seed wheat—"cockle," "morning-glory," "convolvulus," "viable," "viability," "sprouting," "iron-weed" and the like. A tap was heard at the door, and Raymond Simms opened it.

In filed three women—and Jim Irwin knew as he looked at them that he was greeting a deputation, and felt that it meant a struggle. For they were the wives of the members of the school board. He placed for them the three available chairs, and in the absence of any for himself remained standing before them, a gaunt shabby-looking revolutionist at the bar of settled usage and fixed public opinion.

Mrs. Haakon Peterson was a tall blonde woman, slow-spoken and dignified, and Jim felt an instinctive respect for her personality. Mrs. Bronson was a good motherly woman, noted for her housekeeping, and for her church activities. She looked oftener at her son, and his friend, Raymond, than at the schoolmaster. Mrs. Bonner was the only one who shook hands with Jim, but he sensed in the little, black-eyed Irishwoman the real commander of the expedition against him—for such he knew it to be.

"You may think it strange of us coming after hours," said she, "but we wanted to speak to you, teacher, without the children here."

"I wish more of the parents would



"We Object to the Way the Teachin's Being Done."

be happy, because they will know how to use more brains in farming than any lawyer or doctor or merchant can possibly use in his business."

"It's a fine thing," said Mrs. Bonner, coming to the aid of her fellow soldiers, "to work hard for a lifetime, an' raise nothing but a family of farmers! A fine thing!"

"They will be farmers anyhow," cried Jim, "in spite of your efforts—ninety out of every hundred of them! And of the other ten, nine will be wage-earners in the cities, and wish to God they were back on the farm; and the hundredth one will succeed in the city."

The guns of Mrs. Bonner and Mrs. Peterson were silenced for a moment, and Mrs. Bronson, after gazing about at the typewriter, the hectograph, the exhibits of weed seeds, the Babcock milk tester, and the other unscholastic equipment, pointed to the list of words, and the arithmetic problems on the board.

"Do you get them words from the speller?" she asked.

"No," said he, "we get them from a lesson on seed wheat."

"Did them examples come out of an arithmetic book?" cross-examined she.

"No," said Jim, "we used problems we made ourselves. We were figuring profits and losses on your cows, Mrs. Bronson!"

"Ezra Bronson," said Mrs. Bronson loftily, "don't need any help in telling what's a good cow. He was farming before you was born!"

"Like fun, he don't need help! He's going to dry old Cherry off and fatten her for beef; and he can make more money on the cream by beefing about three more of 'em. The Babcock test shows they're just boarding on us without paying their board!"

The delegation of matrons ruffled like a group of startled hens at this interposition, which was Newton Bronson's effective seizing of the opportunity to issue a progress bulletin in the research work on the Bronson dairy herd.

"Newton!" said his mother, "don't interrupt me when I'm talking to the teacher!"

"Well, then," said Newton, "don't tell the teacher that pa knew which cows were good and which were poor. If any one in this district wants to know about their cows they'll have to come to this shop. And I can tell you that it'll pay 'em to come, too, if they're going to make anything selling cream. Wait until we get out our reports on the herds, ma!"

The women were rather stampeded by this onslaught of the irregular troops—especially Mrs. Bronson. She felt a flutter of pride in her son, but it was strongly mingled with a motherly desire to spank him. The depu-

tation rose, with a unanimous feeling that they had been scored upon.

"Cows!" scoffed Mrs. Peterson. "If we leave you in this job, Mr. Irwin, our children will know nothing but cows and hens and soils and grains—and where will the culture come in?"

"Culture!" exclaimed Jim. "Why—why, after ten years of the sort of school I would give you if I were a better teacher and could have a way—"

"Don't bother, Jim," said Mrs. Bonner, sneeringly, "you won't be teaching the Woodruff school that long."

All this time, the dark-faced Cracker had been glooming from a corner, earnestly seeking to fathom the wrongness he sensed in the gathering. Now he came forward.

"I reckon I may be making a mistake to say anything," said he, "fr we-all is strangers hyeh, an' we're pore; but I must speak out for Mr. Jim—I must! Don't turn him out, folks, fr he's done mo' fr us than eveh any one done in the world!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Peterson.

"I mean," said Raymond, "that when Mr. Jim began talking school to us, we was a pore no-count lot without any learnin', with nothin' to talk about except our wrongs, an' our enemies, and the meanness of the Iowa folks. You see we didn't understand you-all. An' now, we have hope. We done got hope from this school. We're goin' to make good in the world. We're getting education. We're all learnin' to use books. My little sister will be as good as anybody, if you'll just let Mr. Jim alone in this school—as good as any one. An' I'll he'p pap get a farm, and we'll work and think at the same time, an' be happy!"

CHAPTER VIII

Jennie Arranges a Christmas Party.

Miss Jennie Woodruff of the Woodruff district was a sensible country girl. Being sensible, she tried to avoid uppishness. But she did feel some little sense of increased importance as she drove her father's little runabout over the smooth earth roads, in the crisp December weather, just before Christmas. The weather itself was stimulating, and in the little car, visiting the one hundred or more rural schools soon to come under her supervision, she rather fancied the picture of herself, clothed in more or less authority and queening it over her little army of teachers.

Mr. Haakon Peterson was phlegmatically conscious that she made rather an agreeable picture, as she stopped her car alongside his top buggy to talk with him. She had bright blue eyes, fluffy brown hair, a complexion whipped pink by the breeze, and she smiled at him ingratiatingly.

"Don't you think father is lovely?" said she. "He is going to let me use the runabout when I visit the schools."

"That will be good," said Haakon. "It will save you lots of time. I hope you make the county pay for the gasoline."

"I haven't thought about that," said Jennie. "Everybody's been so nice to me—I want to give as well as receive."

"Why," said Haakon, "you will just begin to receive when your salary begins in January."

"Oh, no!" said Jennie. "I've received much more than that now! You don't know how proud I feel. So many nice men I never knew before, and all my old friends like you working for me in the convention and at the polls, just as if I amounted to something."

"And you don't know how proud I feel," said Haakon, "to have in county office a little girl I used to hold on my lap."

Haakon was a rather richer man than the colonel, and not a little proud of his ascent to affluence. A mild-spoken, soft-voiced Scandinavian, he was quite completely Americanized, and his influence was always worth fifty to sixty Scandinavian votes in any county election. He was a good party man and conscious of being entitled to his voice in party matters. This seemed to him an opportunity for exerting a bit of political influence.

"Yeanie," said he, "this man Yim Irwin needs to be lined up."

"Lined up! What do you mean?"

"The way he is doing in the school," said Haakon, "is all wrong. If you can't line him up, he will make you trouble. We must look ahead. Everybody has his friends, and Yim Irwin has his friends. If you have trouble with him, his friends will be against you when we want to nominate you for a second term. The county is getting cöse. If we go to convention without your home delegation it would weaken you, and if we nominate you, ever' piece of trouble like this cuts down your vote. You ought to line him up and have him do right."

"But he is so funny," said Jennie.

"He likes you," said Haakon. "You can line him up."

"I guess that's so—to a wild-eyed reformer."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Peculiar Combinations.

An English woman recently wrote to a newspaper saying that she was born A. Mann (Alice Mann). She married a Mr. Husband, and so became A. Husband. He died and she married again, this time a Mr. Maiden. Becoming a widow for a second time, she concludes that, though born A. Mann, she will die A. Maiden.

Shark and Ostrich Meat.

Shark steak resembles in taste that of tender veal. Ostrich meat is similar to that of turkey.

Like Looking at the Sun

Looking into one of the huge rotary kilns where the raw materials for cement are burned into clinker is just like looking at the noonday sun.

The terrific heat required makes a glare of light so intense that the glowing flame would temporarily blind you.

But borrow the workman's colored goggles to protect your eyes while you take another look into the kiln. Then you will see a tornado of powdered coal—or gas or spraying oil—bursting into a sheet of sun-white flame.

Into the other end of the kiln flow the powdered limestone and shale [clay]—the raw materials for cement.

As the slowly revolving kiln tumbles the materials about, they are subjected to gradually increasing heat. During their three-hour journey through this inferno, moisture and gases are first given off. Finally as the powdered materials reach the sunwhite flame, they half melt into glass-hard balls called "clinker." This clinker, an entirely new chemical compound, when finely powdered is portland cement.

Portland cement kilns consume great quantities of fuel—30 pounds of coal or its equivalent for each 94-pound sack of cement. For the whole cement making process the consumption of coal is approximately 50 pounds a sack—more than half a ton of coal to a ton of cement.

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	Jacksonville	New Orleans	Salt Lake City	

Population of Canada.

The population of Canada is about equally divided between city dwellers and country dwellers. The total urban population is given as 4,352,773 and the total rural population 4,435,710. In Prince Edward Island and Saskatchewan the rural population runs about 75 per cent of the whole.

WOMEN CAN DYE ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY

Dye or Tint Worn, Faded Things New for 15 Cents.

Diamond Dyes

Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes" even if you have never dyed before. Druggists have all colors. Directions in each package.—Advertisement.

The only way by which some men can save money is by breaking into jail.

A Grateful Mother writes:

Galveston, Texas, March 12, 1920.

Anglo-American Drug Co., New York, N. Y.

Dear Friends:

I want to tell you, as well as thank you, for what your preparation has done for my baby. He was a little, cross, crying baby, awfully constipated all the time, when I started to give it to him. But now he is a big, fat baby, and I cannot speak too highly of your preparation.

I know there is nothing that can come up to Mrs. Winslow's Syrup for a baby and I feel that it was a God-sent blessing to me. I will tell any mother what it has done for my baby.

With all good wishes to you and your preparation.

Respectfully,
(Name on request)

Diarrhoea, colic, flatulency and teething troubles are relieved by this safe, pleasant preparation. Non-narcotic, non-alcoholic.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator

Open formula on every label. At All Druggists.

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