



Quite Inexpensive
 "I do enjoy lying in bed in the morning and ringing the bell for my valet."
 "But you haven't got a valet."
 "No, but I've got a bell."

Making a Bargain
 "I say, old man," said the "broke" chap plaintively, "can I touch you for a ten?"
 "Why, for a five you could clout me over my head," replied the approached one.

Quite Put Out
 Tubby—Did Gladys make you feel at home when you called on her last night?
 Ben—No; but she made me feel like I ought to be.

Among those things which call for implicit faith we may mention democracy, love and hash.

Was Like That
 "Yes," said the explorer, "once I was so hungry that I dined off my pet parrot."
 "What was it like?"
 "Oh, turkey, chicken, wild duck, plover . . . that parrot could imitate anything!"

Sized It Up
 "Miss Green, do let me help you more pudding."
 "If all, thanks," said the young woman, "I will take some more, but only a mouthful, please."
 "Bella," said the hostess to the maid, "fill Miss Green's plate."

Pull the Trigger on Lazy Bowels, with Ease for Stomach, too

When constipation brings on acid indigestion, stomach upset, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste and bad breath, your stomach is probably "crying the blues" because your bowels don't move. It calls for Laxative-Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels, combined with Syrup Pepsin for perfect ease to your stomach in taking. For years, many Doctors have given pepsin preparations in their prescriptions to make medicine more agreeable to a touchy stomach. So be sure your laxative contains Syrup Pepsin. Insist on Dr. Caldwell's Laxative-Senna combined with Syrup Pepsin. See how wonderfully the Laxative-Senna wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your intestines to bring welcome relief from constipation. And the good old Syrup Pepsin makes this laxative so comfortable and easy on your stomach. Even finicky children love the taste of this pleasant family laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative-Senna at your druggist today. Try one laxative combined with Syrup Pepsin for ease to your stomach, too.

Selfish Enjoyment
 The man who enjoys something exclusively commonly excludes himself from true enjoyment of it.—Thoreau.

Nervous Restless Girls!
 Cranky? Restless? Can't sleep? Tired easily? Because of distress of monthly functional disturbances? Then try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
 Pinkham's Compound is famous for relieving pain of irregular periods and crampy nervousness due to such disturbances. One of the most effective medicines you can buy today for this purpose—made especially for women. WORTH TRYING!

As We Learn
 Learning by study must be won; 'twas never entailed from sire to son.—Gay.

TAKE THE SPRING OUT OF SPRING COLDS—USE 2 DROPS OF PENETRO NOSE DROPS

Misspent Time
 There is no remedy for time mispent.—Sir Aubrey de Vere.

Why Suffer? McNEIL'S MAGIC REMEDY
 Blisters—Blistered Relief
 RHEUMATISM NEURITIS LUMBAGO

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ADVERTISING is a great vigilance committee, established and maintained in your interest, to see that the men who aspire to sell to you will always be worthy of your trade.

The Lamp in the Valley

W. N. U. Service

THE STORY SO FAR
 Carol Coburn, Alaska-born daughter of a "bush rat" who died with an unestablished mining claim, returns North to teach Indian school. Aboard ship, she is annoyed by Eric (the Red) Ericson and is rescued by Sidney Lander, young mining engineer.

Lander merely turned his back on the poker-spined Miss Teetzel.
 "Are you going to stand for stuff like this?" he demanded, towering over her with a quick flame of indignation lighting up his eyes.

Behind me I could sense the last boat of hope burning up on the coast of desperation. I knew, when I spoke, that I was issuing an ultimatum.
 "I don't intend to," I quietly announced.

Miss Teetzel flounced out of the room.
 Lander, when we were alone, stood a little closer over me.

"I got you into this," he said, "and it's up to me to get you out of it."
 I was conscious of his bigness as I let my gaze lock with his. My laughter, I'm afraid, was a little reckless.

"There's nothing to be done about it," I told him. But deep in the ashes of disaster I could feel a small glow of happiness at the thought that he was there to lean on.

"Why not come back with me?" he finally inquired.
 "What good would that do?" I said.

Lander, after looking down at me for what must have been a full minute of silence, walked to the window and then returned to my side.

"It wouldn't do any good," he said, with just a trace of the color ebbing from his face. "It's all happening a little too late."
 "What's happening too late?" I asked him.

"Our coming together," he said. "There are things," he went on, "not easily talked about."
 "But we can at least be honest with each other," I announced, for instinct had already told me what he was groping toward.

"Yes, we must be honest," he agreed. And the unhappiness in his eyes made my heart beat a little faster.

"So it's time," I said, "that we both came down to earth."
 "What do you mean by that?" he asked my grim-jawed companion.

"I saw the girl back on the Seattle wharf, the girl you said good-bye to. And I can understand why you must play fair with her."
 Lander's glance came slowly back to my face.

"I've been engaged to her," he said, quite simply, "for over two years now."
 If I reached for a chair back, to steady myself, I at least managed to laugh a little.

"That's fine," I said, with my chin up.
 "Fine?" he echoed, plainly puzzled by that tilting lightness of mine.

"Of course," I maintained. "For now we can go on being good friends, without any worry or threat of—of complications."
 "Can we?" he asked as his eyes once more rested on my face.

"Good pals," I cried, "to the end of the trail. So let's shake hands on it, like two old-timers."
 He failed to observe, as we shook hands, that I had to swallow a lump in my throat.

"Would you mind telling me," I said when that was over, "just who she is?"
 It wasn't easy for him, of course. But he faced it with a forlorn sort of casualness.

"She's Barbara Trumbull," he explained. "John Trumbull's daughter. We practically grew up together."
 "Then you must have a great deal in common."

He studied my face, as though in search of second meanings.
 "We had," he finally acknowledged.

"But you talk of fighting her father," I reminded him.
 "And I intend to fight him," said the wide-shouldered man beside me. "But she'd feel things like that shouldn't count between us."

When I spoke, after thinking this over, I was able to keep my voice steady.
 "How do you feel about it?" I asked.

"I can't answer that," was Lander's slightly retarded reply. "You see, she's coming to Alaska to get things straightened out. She doesn't agree with her father that I've been disloyal to the Trumbulls."
 That also gave me a moment of thought.

"Then she must be very fond of you," I heard myself saying.
 To that, however, Lander offered no answer.

CHAPTER VI

Toklutna didn't get rid of me so soon as it expected. Two days after my scene with the acidulous Miss Teetzel I was interrupted in my packing by Katie O'Connell.

"We're in quarantine," she announced, "with two cases of scarlet fever in the infirmary. And Ruddy says you can't walk out on him."
 "Miss Teetzel," I reminded her, "said otherwise."

"But old Teetzel's out of the picture. She's in bed with bronchitis.

Lander, working for the Trumbull company, which is fighting Coburn's claim, is engaged to Trumbull's daughter. Though a romantic spark is kindled, Carol is on guard against her own emotions.
 Lander, Carol, and an abandoned Indian

INSTALLMENT V

And Ruddy says we've got to carry on."
 I felt less at sea after Doctor Rud-dock had me write to the Territorial Commissioner (following up, I discovered, a secret dispatch of his own) asking for a teacher's position in the Matanuska Valley.

When I heard, by that grapevine circuit which seems to operate in all frontier countries, that John Trumbull had visited the valley and that Barbara Trumbull had flown in to Anchorage, it seemed like echoes out of another world. Even when I heard that Lander had taken over the management of the Happy Day Mine and that he and Trumbull had fought a wordy battle on the open platform of Matanuska station, I failed to be as excited as when Katie told me that the little Indian girl from Iliamna, up in our improvised pest ward, wasn't going to die, after all. I kept waiting for my Commissioner's report.

That report was neither prompt nor encouraging. It acknowledged they were in need of a teacher for Matanuska but that conditions were not suitable there for a young and inexperienced outsider.

I wrote back admitting my youth but pointing out it was a defect which time would undoubtedly cor-

ror, that our tree was a tower of fire.
 I snatched one of the blankets draping the doors and tried to smother the flames. But it was too late. The blanket took fire. Even my Santa Claus gown started to burn, and I tore it off in the nick of time. I knew, as I did so, just what would happen to that old tinderbox of a building if it ever got going. And I remembered there were six or seven helpless children up in the infirmary.

Katie must have remembered the same thing, for she shouted for me to get up to those children while she got the milling and wailing school-room group safely out of the building.

Even in the outer hall the smoke was thick as I raced for the infirmary. There I caught up a wailing little redskin from the first bed, calling back for the others not to move as I ran for the door and hurried down the stairs to the west-end door, where Miss Teetzel, unexpectedly active and efficient, was commanding the bigger boys to clear out the building known as the Warehouse and spread blankets on the floor. Then I raced back for my second patient.

The smoke was thicker along the hall and stairway, and I found it harder to see. But I knew a surge of relief when Katie passed me, carrying a child in her arms.

Two minutes later I was safely down the stairs with the third helpless tot in my arms. Miss Teetzel, as she took the patient from me, looked sharply into my sooty and reddened face. For the first time in my life I failed to see hate in her eyes.

A village Indian who'd been wasting water and energy as one of a bucket brigade tried to stop me as I started in through the door. He shouted that the stairs were on fire. But I pushed him to one side and raced up through the smoke.

I found what was left of the children out of bed and huddled in one corner of the infirmary. There were four of them. They shrieked when they saw me, for Katie had given me a wet sheet with which to cover my head. That seemed to keep some of the smoke away and made it easier to breathe as I groped my way down with a little Nichie in my arms. Again Miss Teetzel eyed me as I handed over another patient.

"No go back," a ragged half-breed bellowed at me as I faced the burning building. He stood there, blocking my way, with one hand clamped to either side of the door. It was Katie's vigorous kick, coming down with a child in her arms, that sent him sprawling out on the ground and gave me gangway.

I could hear the crackle of timber and see flames licking through the stair boards as I fought my way back to the infirmary. It would, I knew, be my last visit to that room. So I caught up the two remaining children, covering their heads with my wet sheet, and felt my way toward the hall. Their weight, when I was so in want of breath, made me stagger. But they helped me, in their terror, by hanging on like leeches. I thought, for a moment, that I was going to faint.

I staggered down that runway of licking and dancing flames, with my shoes scorching from the heat and my lungs aching for one whiff of pure air. I had, by this time, no sense of place or direction. But through the murk I could make out the pale oblong of the open door. And out through that open door I stumbled, stumbled straight into the arms of Katie O'Connell, who huskily croaked, "Glory be to God!" as she eased me down on the trodden dooryard snow and started fanning my burning clothes with the wet end of a blanket. Then, for a minute or two, everything went black.

When I opened my eyes Katie was trying to make me swallow a cupful of brandy and water.
 "That's the ticket," she said. Then she busied herself rubbing olive oil on my scorched hands and cheeks. I didn't know it at the time, but my eyelashes were missing and a goodly part of my front hair had gone glimmering.

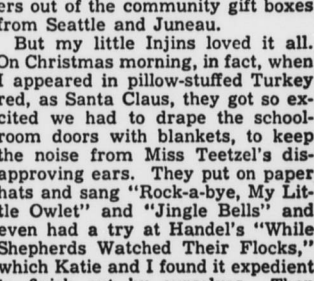
"Did I get them all?" I asked. It hurt me to talk, for my throat was sore from the smoke.
 "You did, old-timer," affirmed Katie. "But it nearly got you."

And with that she picked me up in her arms and carried me to the improvised barracks that had once been our Warehouse, where a stove had been put up and floor bunks were arranged for the children.

It wasn't long before Doctor Rud-dock arrived on the scene.
 "Hello, stoker," he said, blinking down at me. Then he stooped for a moment to take my pulse. "You've got the stuff this country needs."
 "I'm all right," I told him. "You must look after the children."
 He nodded.

"I'll fix you up later," he said as he put the blanket back over my scorched clothing. "But stay where you are, young lady, or I'll nail you down."
 (TO BE CONTINUED)

I wrote back admitting my youth.



rect. I also alluded to my physical sturdiness and my eagerness to work in the new field, with an underlined postscript announcing I was Alaska born. And in the meantime both the calendar and the excitement of our little redskinned wards reminded us that Christmas was close at hand.
 Then came the second blow. For Katie and I, with Miss Teetzel still weak and crabby, did what we could to make the children's holiday a happy one. We sent to Anchorage for hard candy and sugar-canes and colored candles and glitter-paper and powdered mica. With my own hand I cut down a spruce tree and dragged it in over the hills. This, when duly installed in the school-room we draped with strung popcorn and emblazoned with bits of ribbon and spangled with tin stars cut out of empty tomato cans, adding copious streamers of wrapping cord dyed red with beet juice and snowy handfuls of absorbent purloined from the surgery. And over everything we sprinkled a generous glitter of powdered mica.
 It was all pathetically meager and make-believe. But the raptness of the children's eyes, as they stood and watched that tree, brought a lump to my throat. It paid for the long hours when Katie and I sat up wrapping oranges in red tissue paper, one for each child, and labeling the mitts and stockings and sweaters out of the community gift boxes from Seattle and Juneau.
 But my little Injins loved it all. On Christmas morning, in fact, when I appeared in pillow-stuffed Turkey red, as Santa Claus, they got so excited we had to drape the school-room doors with blankets, to keep the noise from Miss Teetzel's disapproving ears. They put on paper hats and sang "Rock-a-bye, My Little Owlet" and "Jingle Bells" and even had a try at Handel's "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks," which Katie and I found it expedient to finish out by ourselves. Then they made the rafters ring with "Alouette."
 But their little Indian souls eventually got so drunk on music and excitement that we had to ease them down with a square dance. And the easing down would have been less dire if a little Copper River brave hadn't chased a still smaller Innuitt blubber-eater from the Kuskokwim right into our twinkling and glittering Christmas tree. That collision overturned one of the lighted candles.
 I heard a crackle of flames and a dozen shrill cries from a dozen little throats. Then I saw, to my hor-

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
 Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
 (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for April 6

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CHRIST PROMISES POWER

LESSON TEXT—Acts 1:1-12.
GOLDEN TEXT—But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.—Acts 1:8.

Important things bear repetition. Luke, who wrote both the Gospel and the Acts, presents the ascension of Christ, His promise of power, and His command to witness, at the conclusion of the Gospel and at the beginning of the Acts. "The one is all suffused with evening light; the other is radiant with the promise of a new day. The one is the record of a tender farewell; in the other, the sense of parting has almost been absorbed in the forward look to the new phase of relationship which is to begin."—(Alexander MacLaren).

I. The Proof of Christ's Resurrection (vv. 1-3).

Before telling of "the day in which he was taken up," Luke makes it clear that the ascended Christ, who had made the promise of power to His disciples, was the very one who died for our sins, but who could not be hidden of death or the grave. He arose, of which there are indeed "many infallible proofs" (v. 3). At Easter time we recall the fact that leading historians and experts in the field of evidence have declared that the resurrection is the best established fact in all history.

The fact that for forty days after His resurrection Christ was among His disciples, speaking to them of the things of the kingdom of God, is significant and conclusive proof in itself.

As the indispensable dynamic of their service as His witnesses, He now assures them that they will receive power.

II. The Promise of Christ's Power (vv. 4-8).

They were to tarry in Jerusalem until the power of the Holy Ghost came upon them. This took place on the day of Pentecost (Acts 2) when the Holy Spirit came to abide. We no longer are called on to tarry for the Holy Spirit to fall on us, for the moment we believe. He comes into our lives in blessed abiding presence. But we do need to tarry, to wait for His fullness of power, before we attempt to minister for Christ. We need to yield to Him for His fullness, bringing out emptiness that He may fill us and then use us.

The disciples had an important question to ask (v. 6) regarding the restoration of the kingdom. The reply of Jesus turned their attention from that future matter to their present obligation to witness for Him and their need of power for that witness. This does not mean that His followers are to lack interest in the Kingdom which Christ will one day establish, nor that they should fail to be interested in prophecy and its fulfillment. It does clearly mean that we must leave times, seasons and dates to the Lord and be diligently about the business of witnessing for Him.

How greatly the little band of disciples needed power in that day to face a hostile, unbelieving world, sunken in bondage to Satan, and bring to it the convicting and converting message of the gospel. They received that power, and in spite of every hindrance the gospel through the centuries has made its way to the hearts of men, and won its victories for God.

We need that power today. The Holy Spirit is here to give it to us, as we yield our lives to God. There are many Spirit-empowered men and women in the Church today, but relatively their number is small. Who is ready to yield to His control now, and thus swell the host of faithful and effective witnesses?

III. The Pledge of Christ's Return (vv. 9-12).

We mentioned last week that sermons are seldom preached on the ascension of Christ, although it has an important place in the Bible. Even more glaring and disturbing is the failure of preachers and teachers to declare the truth of the second coming of Christ. The promise of it is written large on the pages of the Bible, but some men seem to ignore it.

How plain and understandable is the promise in this passage. "This Jesus"—not some other—"shall so come"; that is, personally, literally, and visibly. There is no ground here for spiritualizing, to say, for example that He comes in death, or that this was but a metaphorical expression.

The text is very plain and emphatic. In agreement, we find, among others, such texts as Luke 21:7; John 14:3; Philipians 3:20, 21; I Thessalonians 1:7-10; I Thessalonians 4:16; II Timothy 4:8; Hebrews 9:28; Revelation 1:7. Unless we reject God's Word, we must receive this truth, and should receive it with joy, for it is the blessed hope of the Church (Titus 2:13). He is coming again!

NEW IDEAS FOR HOME-MAKERS

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

Most of the quilts of today are planned as bedspreads and have a color scheme to harmonize with other decorations. If a variety of figured scraps are used in the piecing, one dominant plain color is generally repeated in each block to give the design unity. Again, one color is combined with white throughout the entire quilt. Some quilts have elaborate pieced borders; others are finished with a band of white with the dominant



SAME BED WITH FOOT CUT DOWN—THE DOTTED SWISS VALANCE IS STITCHED BETWEEN THE SPRINGS AND MATTRESS. HAND-MADE QUILT IS NOT WELL DISPLAYED ON A BED WITH HIGH FOOT BOARD AND NO VALANCE.

color used as an edge binding. A bias striped material makes the binding of the quilt in the Whirl Wind pattern shown here.
 The beauty of any quilt is enhanced if it is set off with a valance around the bed. They knew that in the days of the four-poster and the rule applies still. The bed in the sketch had no particular tradition and the footboard was much too high to display the quilt spread to advantage. What a difference in the effect when the board was cut down and the crisp frills of dotted Swiss were added! Surely, any quilt that is worth piecing is worth this extra touch.

NOTE: If you have an old bed that you would like to cut down, SEWING Book 3 tells how; 10 cents postpaid. You may also want Mrs. Spears' three Favorite Quilt Patterns. One, called the Ann Rutledge, was sketched from an original in the reconstructed Rutledge Tavern at New Salem, Illinois, and it is possible that Ann may have been making these quilt blocks when Abe Lincoln came courting. The other two patterns are the Whirl Wind and the Kaleidoscope. Set of three patterns with directions mailed for 10 cents. Send order to:

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