## CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

PAINTS

Bell Roof Paint, house paint and aluminum paint, good proposition. Flanagan Bres. Co., 931-7 Caldwell St., Youngstown, Ohio.

### Ask Me Another A General Quiz

1. What are the freezing and boiling points of mercury? 2. Which is larger, the United States of Brazil or the United

States of America? 3. Vhat do the designs and colors of Scotch plaids indicate?

4. What were the first messages sent by telegraph and telephone? 5. Does the use of veneer on furniture imply poor quality? 6. How much torn and defaced

money is sent to the United States Treasury for redemption? 7. Is there a law which permits the United States government to withhold and conceal the existence of treaties between itself and for-

ing the time of peace? 8. Who first referred to the Lost Battalion by that name? Answers

eign powers from its citizens dur-

1. Its freezing point is -37.96 degrees F., and its boiling point, 675 degrees F.

2. The United States of Brazil, which is 272,000 square miles

3. The clans or regiments to which their wearers belong. 4. The first by telegraph was, "What hath God wrought," and by telephone, "Mr. Watson, please come here: I want you."

5. It does not. It is the only method by which the grain or figure in some rare and beautiful woods can be displayed to advan-

6. Approximately three billion dollars a year in mutilated currency is turned in for redemption. 7. The United States cannot have secret treaties with other

8. The name was given by Harold D. Jacobs, who at that time was cable editor of the United Press in New York city. Mr. Ja-cobs now is editor of the Santa Barbara (Calif.) Morning Press.



If you count up the sunny and cloudy days in a complete year, come more often.-Ovid.

### For Chest Colds

Distressing cold in chest or throat, never safe to neglect, generally eases up when soothing, warming Musterole is applied.

Better than a mustard plaster, Musterole gets action because it's NOT just a salve. It's a "counterirritant"—stimulating, penetrating, and helpful in drawing out local con-

d helpful in stion and pain.

Stion and pain.

Used by millions for 30 years.

Commended by many doctors and decommended by many doctors and decommended by many doctors. nurses. All druggists'. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Chil-dren's (r. d), and Extra Strong. Ap-proved by Good Housekeeping.



WNU-7

### Sentinels of Health Don't Neglect Them!

Don't Neglect Them I

Mature designed the kidneys to do a
marvelous job. Their task is to keep the
flowing blood stream free of an excess of
toxic impurities. The act of living—life
itself—is constantly producing waste
matter the kidneys must remove from
the blood if good health is to endure.
When the kidneys fail to function as
Nature intended, there is retention of
waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache,
persistent headache, attacks of dizziness,
getting up nights, swelling, puffiness
under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, allworn out.

# Under Pressure

By George Agnew Chamberlain

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Joyce heard him but her attention was riveted on something else. The bear-like apparition she had mistaken for Blackadder had undergone a strange transformation. Duffle bag and furs discarded, the slender figure of a young man in riding togs had emerged and was making a dash for the bridge. Joyce gasped shaken by an insane desire to laugh, but the puffs of dust thrown up by bullets to the right and left of his flying feet quickly sobered her. She scrambled down the spiral stairway, rushed to the outer zaguan and ordered its heavy bar lifted.

None too soon, for as it slammed shut behind the fugitive several spent bullets buried themselves in its solid timbers. He was a young man, at the moment too breathless to speak, but his gray eyes were dancing and even his mussed dark hair gave an illusion of merriment. "So it's you," said Joyce slowly, trying to measure the meaning and consequences of his presence.

"Yes," gasped Dirk, "and it's you too. Are—are you all right?"
"Yes, thank you," said Joyce unsmilingly.

"You're sure?" he persisted, "I mean quite, quite all right?" He flushed at her frown. "Nothing's happened?"

"Several things have happened," said Joyce dryly. "I hardly know what to do with you, Mr. Van Sut-

"Why?" he asked flippantly. "Is

the house crowded?"
"Fairly," she answered, her cheeks coloring. "Unfortunately," she added gravely, "we already have more than a full complement of children."

He was confused, conscious he was being shamed, yet wondering why. He had felt genuine ardor at setting out to make what Arnaldo termed a sentimental gesture. He had come to rescue her from the clutches of Dorado; she had rescued

"It appears I'm not welcome. Are you suggesting I get out?"
"That's the trouble," she said, frowning. "I can't ask you to go because you couldn't leave if you

"Oh, yes I can," said Dirk; "I'll

show you.' He turned quickly, dropped one end of the bar on the great gate, dragged it open only a foot and slipped through. His cheeks burned with anger. He knew she was right, knew it better than she. There was more than the combination of Dorado and the wrecked roadster to keep him from leaving. His jobthe job so carelessly tossed him and so blithely taken on! He hadn't even nicked it; all he had done was to stand around while it swelled from a toy balloon into a blimp. But he was here and so was the job; consequently here was where he would have to stay. Joyce dashed after him.

"Don't be a fool," she protested angrily. "This isn't the time or the place to show off."

Dirk stopped and turned on her. "Go back," he ordered. "I'm not trying to show off and I'm not a child. I admit you're right on the rest of it. You can't throw me out and since my car is junk, thanks to your sharp-shooters, I can't possibly get away.'

"Then what are you doing?" asked Joyce, bewildered. "Why are we out here?" "I'm going to fetch my things,"

said Dirk sullenly, "but your being out here is just a piece of non-

Abruptly Joyce became aware of silence. She looked up and around. Far to the east she caught sight of the pillar of dust, this time moving away. She led the way toward the

"I've been in lots of countries." Dirk grumbled as they walked but this is the first where along. everybody shoots before they ask who you are. By the way, did you know mine isn't the only car parked the other side of the glorified

ditch?" To her amazement she heard her-

self say: "No. Where?" Why? Why had that lie sprung ready-made to her lips? Her brain had had nothing to do with it; it hadn't had time. Now she paused in her stride, almost brought to a halt by memory of Pancho's flivver. She had forgotten about it. there had been a way, after all, to

send Van Suttart packing. They retrieved Dirk's baggage and presently returned laden with duffle bag, rifle, coonskin coat, cap and gloves. Joyce watched Van Suttart with a curious expression as he replaced the bar on the great gate and then that of the zaguan. Reluctantly she led the way across the court and into the patio. He paused on its threshold and drew a

long whistling breath. Luz came hurrying toward them, her dark eyes hard and questioning. Joyce gave her a rapid order. 'You'll have to talk faster than that for me to miss it," said Dirk. "You told her to give me a room as far away from yours as possible."

"Yes, and you'll find it's about a quarter of a mile," said Joyce sharply. She was angry—no longer at him but at herself. Why had Why had she done this thing-admitted an enemy when she could have let him go. She saw Maxie approaching. Hadn't he warned her? "Since we ourselves are our only friends whoever comes from without must be

"Who's the poor devil of a blind man?" asked Dirk, cutting in on her thoughts.

"It's Senor Maximiliano, the superintendent," explained Joyce. "Maxie, let me introduce Mr. Dirk Van Suttart, second secretary of the American embassy."

Don lorge threw up his head as he held out his hand gropingly. "Ah, my apologies."

What for?" asked Dirk. "It was by my order you hapened to be greeted with bullets." Dirk was led around two sides of the balcony and then through a maze of corridors to a room whose



Above Their Heads Arched the Low Heavens

single window looked down upon the walled enclosure of an abandoned threshing floor. It was comfortable rather than luxurious.

He shaved and washed but did not change, then he found his way back to the balcony.

It was no place for a loafer. Hugging the rail he slipped down the stairs, intending to embark on a tour of discovery. As he passed the half-open door of what had once been Joyce's playroom he heard a low whinny. He entered and a moment later was passing knowing fingers over the heads, across the withers and down the legs of as fine a pair of hunters as he had ever handled. Where there were such horses there must be gear. He went out and walked along slowly, trusting his nose more than his eyes. No sooner did he emerge from the inner patio than the smell of leather led him to the tack room, and what a tack noom! Harness, bridles, spare bits and stirrups; saddles of every description, hand - made, home - made and imported. Two English ones promptly caught his eye. He lifted their flaps, flexed the stirrup leathers and groaned.

A methodical search unearthed a half gallon of neat's-foot oil and an unopened tin of saddle soap. With a sigh of satisfaction he threw off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves and went to work. Oblivious of the passing hours he remained unaware of Joyce's approach. She stood watching him with unbelieving eyes. Here was no coxcomb but an expert who knew exactly what he was about. "I'm sorry I called you names."

"Eh? Oh, it's you. When?"
"You know; that first day at the chancellery."

"That was a long time ago," he said with a shake of his head as if to wake himself up. "You've certainly been stepping since then." "It does seem long," admitted

curious. How did you get here and why did you come?"
"Official business," said Dirk. 'Instructions."

Joyce, "but it's only a week. I'm

"What instructions?" He dragged a flimsy from his hip

pocket, unfolded it and studied the penciled interlinings with a frown. "I can't read it all because it's marked confidential, but it says I'm instructed to locate you with all possible dispatch, show every attention including provision of funds and guard without annoying you." While he spoke Joyce had drawn

near. With a sure movement, a pull rather than a snatch, she possessed herself of the paper and stepped back into the sunlight where she could read it at her ease. "So." she exclaimed, "I thought so! Prospective stepfather! What business is it of his? Why should he be giv-

ing you instructions?"
"Oh, not Mr. Blackadder. The Department of State."

"On what grounds?" eyes flaring. Dirk thought desperately but fast. What was the club Arnaldo had used on Margarida? He remembered.

'On the grounds you're a minor.' Joyce's eyes traveled over him thoughtfully. "I came to tell you lunch is ready," she said at last. "While we're eating I'll decide whether to give you the run of the place on parole or have you locked

Neither of them smiled. Her sin cerity was, so evident that what she said fell naturally on his ears and was accepted at face value.

Lunch was not served in the formal dining room but in a much small ar apartment. Dirk sat on Joyce's right, Don Jorge Maximiliano on her left and they were served by a barefooted procession of servants equal in number to the variety of dishes. One forgot Don Jorge was blind, so neatly did he handle himself. He talked in uncertain but precise English with an Oxford accent, inquir ing what posts Dirk had occupied and apparently trying to project himself backward into happy and distant scenes

Silence fell. Dirk, reminded of the hunters, asked about them. "The last of a noble strain," said Don Jorge. "Dorado kept them close at hand, but as things turned out not quite close enough. He alone rode them, a daily profanation." Dirk turned to Joyce. "Do you mind if I tend to them? They need

"I'd love to have them looked after," said Joyce, "but what about

your parole?" "You have it. I give you my word I won't try to escape until you say I can go—and perhaps not then." "Will you teach me to ride?" she

"Certainly." He spoke with confidence. "I'll be ready to give you your first lesson in an hour." She rose from the table. "I'm

not sure I can make it, but I'll try. We dine in this room at half past

On his own responsibility he moved the hunters into two box stalls adjoining the tack room. One after the other he curried and groomed them until their hides shone. They nudged him violently more than ence, expressing grati-tude and hope. Dirk examined their feet; they had been freshly shod. As a finishing touch he oiled their hoofs and then had to make up his mind which he would saddle first. Among the campesinos about the stalls was Tobalito, a retainer. Dirk ad-

dressed him. "What are their names?" he asked.

"The bay is Tronido and the sorrel they call Rayo." "Thunder and Thunderbolt,"

translated Dirk. Every bridle in the tack murderously equipped and it took some time to discover a couple of discarded snaffle bits, polish and substitute them. Dirk undertook to ride the bay first. He was prepared for trouble but somewhat to his disappointment, certainly to that of the crowd, there were no pyrotechnics. The animal recognized a master and his only show of insubordination was a quivering sidling toward the outer gate and freedom. Dirk walked, trotted and finally cantered him on a reach where the cobbles were bedded in chaff. He put his mate through the same meager exercise and found him equally amenable and spirited; nevertheless when Joyce appeared upon the there were no hunters in sight. In their place, ready saddled with the same gear, stood two rat-

tail country ponies. "What's the idea?" she asked, flushing angrily.
"Now don't be cross, please,"

begged Dirk. "You wouldn't expect to play a concerto at your first music lesson, would you?" He looked her up and down admiringly. "If

"That's worse," said Joyce, her | you don't ride, how do you happen to have the jodhpurs?"

"I bought them as soon as I knew was coming to Mexico," said "You notice they haven't Joyce. been worn.'

"We'll soon fix that," said Dirk and proceeded to hand out the ABCs of equitation.

His patience matched her impatience and finally conquered it through sheer endurance. He made her mount and dismount a dozen times-reins, stirrup, pommel, then spring. When she was all but exhausted they rode at a walk and finally at a trot. She looked long-

ingly toward the zaguan.
"I wonder if it would be safe," she murmured, "just for a little way?" She spoke rapidly to Tobalito in Spanish. "Go ask Leonardo if there's any trouble in sight. We want to ride only as far as the bridge."

Tobalito departed at a run, presently emerged from the northeast bastion, waved his hand and proceeded to drop the bar on the zaguan. A moment later she and Dirk passed through the outer gate and immediately she put her pony into a canter. True to her word they rode only as far as the bridge and turned. The next instant she wondered what had happened. The scrawny pony between her knees had made for the open gate as though shot from a catapult. She did not go with him. She landed, all sitting, with a jar that shook every tooth in her head. While she was still seeing stars Dirk was on his knees at her side.

"Don't be silly," she exclaimed angrily. "Of course I'm hurt." "Hurt?" he asked.

"None of your business," she answered, scrambling to her feet. She stalked before him. In silence they reached the gate, passed through the courts and the patio. She disappeared and he was not to see her again until dinner time. Having bathed and dressed in his one lounge suit he entered the dining room with some trepidation, but his fears were groundless since no woman can change everything she has on without changing her mood. He stared at her as if once more he were discovering the unknown, so different did she look in a fresh summer frock like a splash of flowers. The meal finished, the three of them sat for an our of lazy talk, since on any hacienda time ceases with the setting of the sun. When at last she rose Don Jorge lifted his face toward her.

"Shall I make the rounds, chica, or will you?" "I'll do it," said Joyce.

"Perhaps you might show Mr. Van Suttart," said the blind man. "Since he is now our friend he could relieve us of the duty."

Joyce hesitated, her eyes down-east. "Very well. Mr. Van Sut-

tart, will you come?" Dirk followed her through tortuous passages, up a spiral strirway and out on the esplanade of the rectangular roof. At the four corners towered the bastions. Beneath their feet were flat tiles so thick and so deeply embedded they could have withstood a cannonade. As far as the eye could reach shimmered the pale gold of the prairie, broken only by the distant snowy pyre of the Nevado de Toluca. Above their heads arched the low heavens, dangling the lantern of the moon and pierced by the myriad dots of silvery stars. Beauty stopped them

-stopped their breath. They faced each other with a gasp. A moment hung between them—a moment they must not lose. It was something visible, that had shape, round, translucent like a bubble-and like a bubble it broke and was gone. Mind had triumphed over dreaming.

"Come along; we've got to visit the four towers and it's quite a walk."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Chinchilla Farmer Successfully Raises the Soft-Fleeced French Gray Rodents

now valued at \$1,750,000, was started at Inglewood, Calif., by M. F. Chapman, a mining engineer, who had Indian trappers capture eleven chinchillas up in the lofty Andes. There are now 1,108 of the softfleeced French gray toylike rodents, valued at \$1,600 each for breeding purposes. They are housed in finewired cages, with separate apartments for each family.

According to farm authorities, says a writer in the Detroit News, the chinchilla mates for life, with father and mother sharing responsibility for bringing up the children. They even take shifts in hovering their offspring. Baby chinchillas arrive in litters of one to four, two being the usual number. They are born with full coats of fur

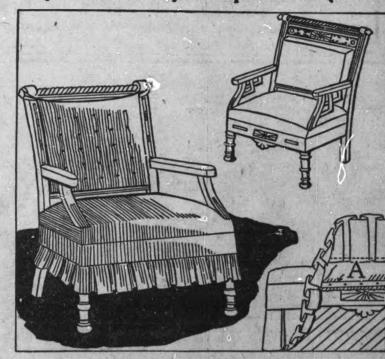
and eyes wide open. A chinchilla's diet is very simple

Twenty-three years ago the | and inexpensive, its total annual world's original chinchilla farm, food bill of corn, rolled oats and alfalfa hay being only \$10. Every other day he gets a quarter-kernel of a walnut, but being a strict teetotaler he gulps a teaspoon of water every twenty-four hours.

Since once in the farm's history half the population was stolen, these shy little animals, which measure about ten inches in length not counting their bushy tails, are now guarded by armed men and burglar alarms on each of their houses. There are few pelts on the market and prices vary from \$10,000 to \$30,-000 for full-length chinchilla wraps. Consequently, most wearers must be content with collars or short jackets of this precious gray fur.

These rare animals are practically extinct in the Andes, where they were first appreciated by the Inca chieftains of Peru.

# by Ruth Wyeth Spears Sp



Making Over a Chair of the Ginger-Bread Era.

under the arms were removed and step-by-step directions for making most of the carving covered up. slipcovers and dressing tables; The padding at the back was re- restoring and upholstering chairs, moved entirely and replaced by couches; making curtains for eva fiber board which was covered by a loose cotton filled cushion tufted like an old fashioned bed mans and other useful articles for

over the knobs at the ends of the upper carving. If the knobs to hold the cushion had been lacking it could have been tacked in place along the top on the under side by using a strip of heavy cardboard to keep the tacks from pulling through the fabric as shown

To modernize the old walnut a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book, chair at the right the pieces SEWING. Forty-eight pages of comfort except that the tied thread ends of the tufting were left on the wrong side.

This back cushion was fastened in place with tapes that slipped count the length of the length of

### National Prosperity

What constitutes national pros-perity? Not wealth or commerce simply, or military achievements, but the greatest possible number of happy, noble and graceful homes, where the purest flame burns brightest on the altar of here for tacking the box pleated ruffle around the seat as at A. A plain rust colored heavy cotton upholstery material was used for the covering.

Every Homemaker should have



For a Happy Life Remember this—that very little s needed to make a happy life.-Marcus Aurelius.

Belief Necessary You have to believe in happle ness or happiness never comes. Douglas Malloch.

### CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO





Retail price, 35¢ per quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City. Pa