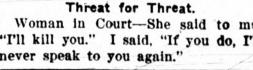


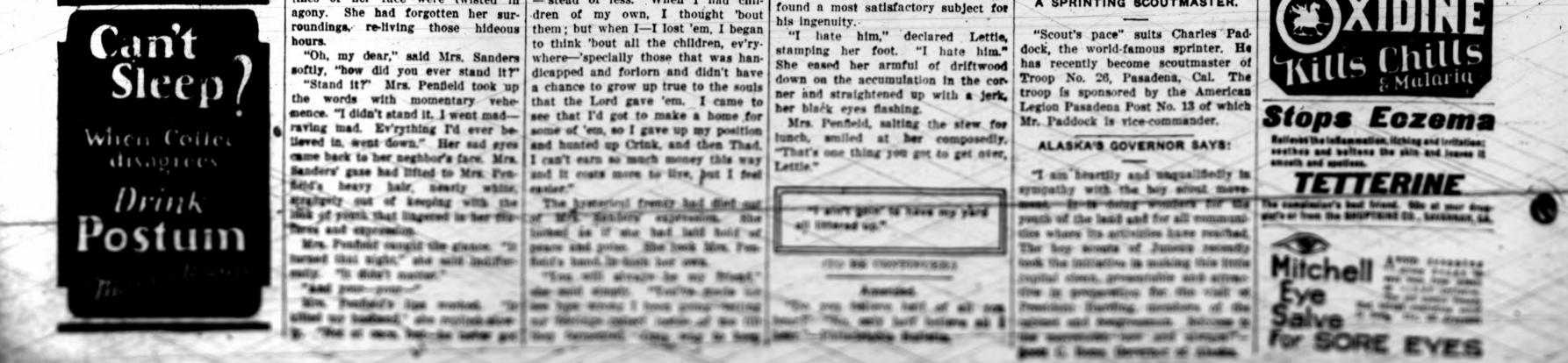
Finst annesses tilliter property, 10 automation, Writerity, target Blaffers, 18 Addacable. Berneth. trained a new semilarly its resident And Distance. Instead of following the prearrithmed mattheed of heatlewing out a monthpain and using shafts and fam-Buellin. they did it down with seam abovela and rart it away. One rak form some size of the magnitude of the task when he learns that it will take more than ainteen yours to complotte it, that daring the process apprivalizately 25,000,000 tons of copper ore will be carted away, and that from it something like a billion pounds of report sill be extracted During the five years the work has been carried on five million cubic yards or more of material have been taken from the mountain, though that amount does not represent pure ore. As fast as the material is dug it is hauled over a fifteen-mile railway to smelters and mills, where it is treated. An engineer humorously remarks that when the huge pile is gone there will be room for the town to grow.

For Business Reasons.

"Smile!" commanded the photographer. "You look too mournful." "But I'm going to use this in my business advertising," the subject protested.

"Well, don't you think it would be better for your business if you did not look so solemn?"





Mon. Poniluld gave her a mulle that had nothing in it of anonemount. "L" the confirmed. "My dear, you didn't s'pose, did you, that the Lord had singled you out to ase if He could brouk a string in your heart?" "But you ! I'd never throught as

Mrs. Pecfalif's face settled late lines that Mrs. Sanders had not seen before-into the rigidity of forced. readred. "I don't speak of it," she said perkily. "I can't. It hurts more. Ala't nobody here knows. had a pretty home once. My-my hushand was a contractor; he had a Income Wo had thethere out drea." The words trailed into allence. Her brown eyes, with lengthened focus, were fixed on the wall beyond her hostens, as if she were seeing plotures out of a past that had receded but not grown dim.

Presently she went on, her voice ent. "We were happy - happy escaped; we thought we were safe. It's gone." The relief from anxiety made us

more thankful, happier, than ever. One night we-we had a jolly supper-the five of us, at the round custard ple. Little David loved to dren." see it tr-tremble. . . . He was

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Mrs. Sanders Scarcely Breathed.

feller that's cheerful. He's been through something. Happiness is a lower, her breathing uneven, speaking thing that bubbles up naturally before more to herself than to another, so you've had much experience, but far was she withdrawn from the pres- cheerfulness is a thing you've reasoned out and stand by 'cause you until- There was an epidemic. The believe it's right. There's a kind of worst of it had passed. We had happiness that never comes back, once

> They sat in silence for a moment, in closer communion than words had ever brought them.

"I know now," said Mrs. Sanders table. There was green peas and gently, "why you took those chil-

An irradiated expression came into

athenue, and self-inflicted penance. Navar did Mrs. Paulatid davise putishments half so drastir as those which were suggested by Lettie, who delighted in methods of self-flaggelation that should translate the france, of wrong-doing into a fronty of topat each railroad station through which

Opposed to all rules was Mrs. Peafield's attitude of acuttality, as of a jour train will pass. betached onlooker. "Tau're tas easy." said Mrs. Woppis. "Tou'll be sorry when it's too late," declared Mrs. Catterbox. But Mrs. Penfield only amilied at them, gently, with a farway burg in his syva which they resented, because it showed that thete carefully pointed criticism had failed of its aim.

in his own soul, anybody that takes | egram : So the fight was Lettie's, and thus Scouts of America in deep sorrow for

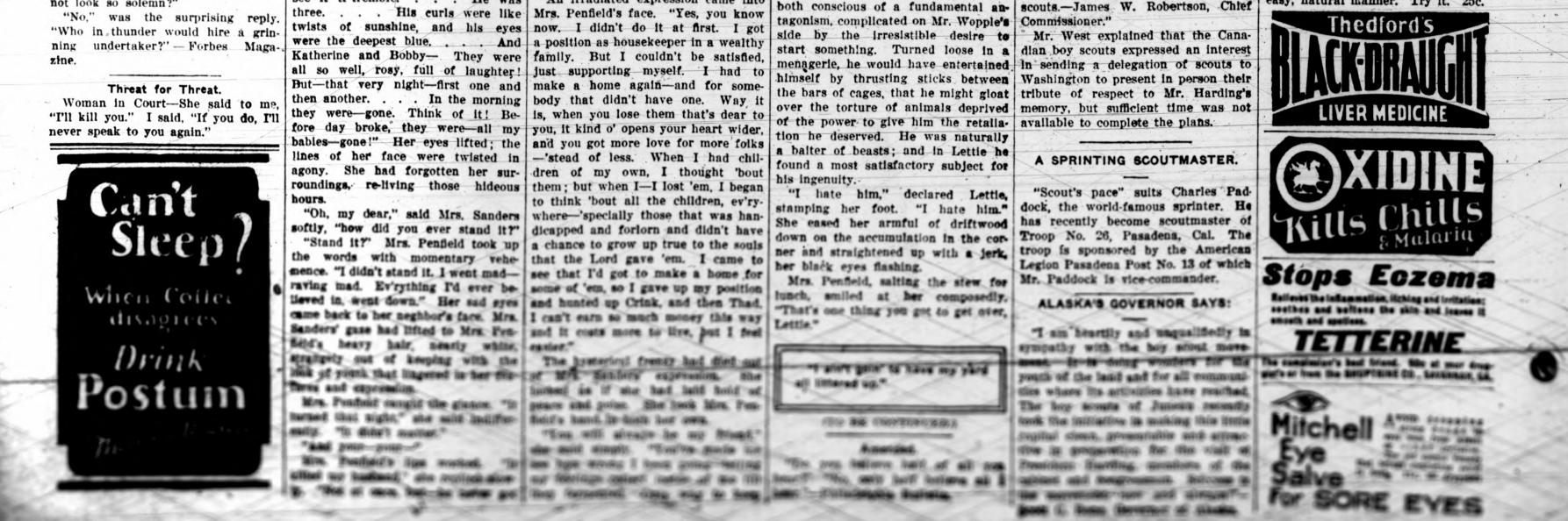
drawing out and precipitating all the whose good will springing into friendly worst in her nature.

Boatman Suffered From Indiges tion, But by Taking Black-Draught, Says He Got So He "Could Eat Anything."

Stephensport, Ky .- 'For some time I suffered with indigestion, or drapepala," says Mr. Henry Gross, of this place. "I couldn't cut the least thing greasy-if I did, I would spit it up I suffered a great deal.

on an Ohio river steamboat much of his time, Mr. Gross says that he "had to eat at different pinces, and I suffered because I had to be so particular to get something that wouldn't hurt me. I had a hurting in my stomach, and a slick, bitter taste in my mouth. Some one said I needed a liver medicine. I began with Black-Draught and it has given perfect satisfaction. I took a pinch after meals and it regulated me. I got so I could eat about anything and enjoy it. Black-Draught is all right."

A pinch of Black-Draught, taken for a few days at a time, after meals, washed down with a swallow of water, has, in thousands of cases, relieved simple indigestion. As a result of the action of the medicinal roots and herbs of which it is composed, Black-Draught gently stimulates the flow of the digestive juices, and helps to relieve, or prevent constipation, in an easy, natural manner. Try it. 25c.



a hand from the outside is only put- "The Boy Scouts of Canada desire ting himself on record as a meddler." to associate themselves with the Boy far the victory had hovered in sus- the loss the boy scouts of the contipension, occasionally glimpsed, but nent have sustained through the death elusive and inclined to fly high. Ironically enough, the greatest ob, heartfelt sympathy with Mrs. Harding stacle in her path of virtue was Mr. in her bereavement; and in profound Wopple. He acted as a reagent, respect for the memory of a leader

action from his noble character made By a curious instinct, they were him an inspiration and model for all

Sympathy of the Boy Scouts of Canada in our nation's loss of its late "I'd punish her if she'd give me . President was expressed to Chief chance," she admitted, "but when she Scout Executive James E. West by Dr. does it herself, I can't-'thout heap- John W. Robertson, Chief Commising it up double. Besides, if a fel. sloner of the Canadian Boy Scouts' ler's conscience has stirred up a fight association, through the following tel-

scotalized in strongth and courage. Not

only have we lost the President of our

and helpful honorary president and

friend of our organization. Belleving

is will have your approval we are an-

ranging for a boy scout guard of honor

" JANES E. WEST,

of the late President Harding; in

"Chief Scout Executive,

"Buy Shouts of America."

suntry, but an unoscally sympathetic