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A pleasant and agreeable sweet and a l-a-s-t-i-n-g benefit as well.

Good for teeth, breath and digestion.

Makes the next cigar taste better.



Sealed in its Purity Package

WRIGLEYS SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM MINT LEAF FLAVOR

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SPRINGLESS SHADES
Last Longer—Look Better

SPHOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

Is indispensable in all cases of Distemper, Influenza, Coughs, Colds, Heaves and Worms among horses and mules. Used and endorsed by leading stock farms, breeders and drivers of United States and Canada for thirty years. Sold in two sizes at all drug stores.

AS SURE AS DAWN BRINGS A NEW DAY

CASCARA QUININE

WILL Break That Cold and Make You Fit Tomorrow.

Nature never explains; always teaches by object lessons.

If your eyes are sore, get Roman Eye Balsam. Apply it at night and you are healed by morning. 372 Pearl St., N. Y., Adv.

A penny saved is a penny earned, and a dollar saved is one you didn't lose.

A go-getter usually has no time to dally and enjoy life with you.

Try living on 15 cents a day if you are troubled with dyspepsia.

There's this about a genuine hope in heaven: It makes one happier on earth.

When You Catch Cold Rub on Musterole

Musterole is easy to apply and it gets in its good work right away. Often it prevents a cold from turning into "flu" or pneumonia. Just apply Musterole with the fingers. It does all the good work of grandmother's mustard plaster without the blister.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It is recommended by many doctors and nurses. Try Musterole for sore throat, cold on the chest, rheumatism, lumbago, pleurisy, stiff neck, bronchitis, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back and joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet—colds of all sorts.

To Mothers: Musterole is now made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. 35c and 65c, jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.00.



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Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an itching corn, instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

W. N. U., CHARLOTTE, NO. 11-1924.

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

AMERICA IN THE MAKING

Irving Bacheller, in his new novel, "In the Days of Poor Richard," has written a story of America in the making—of the United States in the days of Benjamin Franklin. It is a story, with a double appeal. One is to the reader in search of entertainment, since there is a fascinating love story in it, spiced with adventure and fighting. This is the love-making of Jack Irons, a young frontiersman, and Margaret Hare, the daughter of an English colonel. The other appeal is to the good American who is interested in his country's history. Franklin is the dominating character of the story and as all good Americans know—or should know—he was human, engaging and lovable beyond the measure of most of the great men of his day. And there were giants in those days, not the least of whom was Franklin. The reader gets vivid glimpses at historic moments of our American giants—Washington, Hamilton, Adams, Jefferson and the rest, as well as such actors in the drama of nation-making as Andre and Benedict Arnold. It ends with a fine picture of Poor Richard in his last days, uttering those homely philosophies which are both historic and classic.

CHAPTER I

The Horse Valley Adventure.

"The first time I saw the boy, Jack Irons, he was about nine years old. I was in Sir William Johnson's camp of magnificent Mohawk warriors at Albany. Jack was so active and successful in the games, between the red boys and the white, that the Indians called him 'Boiling Water.' His laugh and tireless spirit reminded me of a mountain brook. There was no lad, near his age, who could run so fast, or jump so far, or shoot so well with the bow or the rifle. I carried him on my back to his home, he urging me on as if I had been a battle horse and when we were come to the house, he ran about doing his chores. I helped him, and our work accomplished, we went down to the river for a swim, and to my surprise, I found him a well-taught fish. We became friends and always when I have thought of him, the words Happy Face have come to me. It was, I think, a better nickname than 'Boiling Water,' although there was much propriety in the latter. I knew that his energy given to labor would accomplish much and when I left him, I repeated the words which my father had often quoted in my hearing:

"Seest thou a man diligent in his calling? He shall stand before kings."

This glimpse of John Irons, Jr.—famously known as Jack Irons—is from a letter of Benjamin Franklin to his wife.

Nothing further is recorded of his boyhood until, about eight years later, what was known as the "Horse Valley Adventure" occurred. A full account of it follows with due regard for background and color:

"It was the season of the great moon," said old Solomon Binkus, scout and interpreter, as he leaned over the campfire and flicked a coal out of the ashes with his forefinger and twiddled it up to his pipe bowl. In the army he was known as "old Solomon Binkus," not by reason of his age, for he was only about thirty-eight, but as a mark of deference. Those who followed him in the bush had a faith in his wisdom that was childlike. "I had had my feet in a pair of sieves-walkin' the white sea a fortnight," he went on. "The dry water were six foot on the level, or maybe more, an' some of the waves up to the tree tops, an' a body with me, but this here of Marier Jane (his rifle) the hull trip to the Swegache country. Got ding my picture! It seemed as if the wind were a tryin' fer to rub it off the slate. It were a pesky wind that kep' a-cuffin' me an' whistlin' in the briers on my face an' crackin' my coat-tails. I were lonesome—lonesome in a he-hear—an' the cold grabbin' hot o' all ends of me so as I had to stop an' argue bout what my boundry-lines was located like I were York state, 'Cat's blood an' gunpowder! I had to klick an' scratch to keep my nose an' toes froit gittin' brittle."

At this point, Solomon Binkus paused to give his words a chance "to sink in." The silence which followed was broken only by the crack of burning faggots and the sound of the night wind in the tall pines above the gorge. Before Mr. Binkus resumes his narrative, which, one might know by the tilt of his head and the look of his wide open, right eye, would soon happen, the historian seizes the opportunity of finishing his introduction. He had been the best scout in the army of Sir Jeffrey Amherst. As a small boy he had been captured by the Senecas and held in the tribe a year and two months. Early in the French and Indian war, he had been caught by Algonquins and tied to a tree and tortured by hatchet throwers until rescued by a French captain. After that his opinion of Indians had been, probably, a bit colored by prejudice. Still later he had been a harpooner in a whale boat, and in his young manhood, one of those who had escaped the infamous massacre at Fort Wil-

Ham Henry when English forces, having been captured and disarmed, were turned loose and set upon by the savages. He was a tall, brawny, broad-shouldered, homely-faced man of thirty-eight with a Roman nose and a prominent chin underscored by a short sandy throat beard. Some of the adventures had put their mark upon his weathered face, shaven generally once a week above the chin. The top of his left ear was missing. There was a long scar upon his forehead. These were like the notches on the stock of his rifle. They were a sign of the stories of adventure to be found in that wary, watchful brain of his.

Johnson enjoyed his reports on account of their humor and color and he describes him in a letter to Putnam as a man who "when he is much interested, looks as if he were taking aim with his rifle." To some it seemed that one eye of Mr. Binkus was often drawing conclusions while the other was engaged with the no less important function of discovery.

His companion was young Jack Irons—a big lad of seventeen, who lived in a fertile valley some fifty miles northwest of Fort Stanwix, in Tryon county, New York. Now, in September, 1768, they were traveling ahead of a band of Indians bent on mischief. The latter, a few days before, had come down Lake Ontario and were out in the bush somewhere between the lake and the new settlement in Horse valley. Solomon thought that they were probably Hurons, since they, being discontented with the treaty made by the French, had again taken the war-path. This invasion, however, was a wholly unexpected bit of audacity. They had two captives—the wife and daughter of Colonel Hare, who had been spending a few weeks with Major Duncan and his Fifty-fifth regiment, at Oswego. The colonel had taken these ladies of his family on a hunting trip in the bush. They had had two guides with them, one of whom was Solomon Binkus. The men had gone out in the



early evening after moose and impudently left the ladies in camp, where the latter had been captured. Having returned, the scout knew that the only possible explanation for the absence of the ladies was Indians, although no peril could have been more unexpected. It had discovered by "the sign" that it was a large band traveling eastward. He had set out by night to get ahead of them while Hare and his other guide started for the fort. Binkus knew every mile of the wilderness and had canoes hidden near its bigger waters. He had crossed the lake, on which his party had been camping, and the swamp at the east end of it and was soon far ahead of the marauders. A little after daylight, he had picked up the boy, Jack Irons, at a hunting camp on Big Deer creek, as it was then called, and the two had set out together to warn the people in Horse valley where Jack lived; and to get help for a battle with the savages.

It will be seen by his words that Mr. Binkus was a man of imagination, but—again he is talking.

"I were on my way to a big Injun Pow-wow at Swegache fer Sir Bill—ayes it were in February, the time of the great moon o' the hard snow. I found a heap o' Injuns at Swegache—Melawks, Senekys, Onandogs an' Algonks. They had been swappin' presents an' speeches with the French. Just a little while afore they had had a bellerin' match with us 'bout love an' friendship. Then suddenlike they tuk it in their heads that the French had a sharper fatchet than the English. I were skeered, but when I see that they was nobody drunk, I pushed right into the big village an' asked fer the old Senecy chief Bear Face—knowin' he were thar—an' said I had a letter from the Big Father. They tuk me to him.

"I give him a chain o' wampum an' then read the letter from Sir Bill. It offered the Six Nations more land an' a fort, an' a regiment to defend 'em. "A powerful lot o' Injuns trailed back to Sir Bill, but they was a few

went over to the French. I kind o' mistrust thar's some o' them runny-gades behind us. They're 'spectin' to git a lot o' plunder an' a horse apiece an' ride 'em back an' swim the river at the place o' the many islands. We'll poke down to the trail on the edge o' the drowned lands afore sunrise an' I, kind o' mistrust we'll see sign."

Jack Irons was a son of the much-respected John Irons from New Hampshire who, in the fertile valley where he had settled some years before, was breeding horses for the army and sending them down to Sir William Johnson. Hence the site of his farm had been called Horse valley.

Mr. Binkus went to the near brook and repeatedly filled his old felt hat with water and poured it on the fire. "Don't never keep no fire a-goin' after I'm dried out," he whispered, as he stepped back into the dark cave, "cause ye never kin tell."

The boy was asleep on the bed of boughs. Mr. Binkus covered him with the blanket and lay down beside him and drew his coat over both.

"He'll learn that it ain't no fun to be a scout," he whispered with a yawn and in a moment was snoring.

It was black dark when he roused his companion. Solomon had been up for ten minutes and had got their rations of bread and dried venison out of his pack and brought a canteen of fresh water.

They started down the foot of the gorge then dim in the night shadows. Binkus stopped, now and then, to listen for two or three seconds and went on with long stealthy strides. His movements were panther-like, and the boy imitated them. He was a tall, handsome, big-framed lad with blond hair and blue eyes. They could soon see their way clearly.

They hurried through slyby footing in the wet grass that flung his dew into their garments from the shoulder down. Suddenly Mr. Binkus stopped. They could hear the sound of heavy feet splashing in the wet meadow.

"Scart' moose, runnin' this way!" the scout whispered. "I'll bet ye a pint o' powder an' a fishhook them Injuns is over east o' here."

It was his favorite wager—that of a pint of powder and a fishhook. They came out upon high ground and reached the valley trail just as the sun was rising. The fog had lifted. Mr. Binkus stopped well away from the trail and listened for some minutes. He approached it slowly on his tiptoes, the boy following in a like manner. For a moment the scout stood at the edge of the trail in silence. Then, leaning low, he examined it closely and quickly raised his hand.

"Hoofs of the devil!" he whispered as he beckoned to the boy. "See thar," he went on, pointing to the ground. "They've jest gone by. The grass ain't riz yit. Wait here."

He followed the trail a few rods with eyes bent upon it. Near a little run where there was soft dirt, he stopped again and looked intently at the earth and then hurried back.

"It's a big band. At least forty Injuns in it an' some captives, an' the devil and Tom Walker. It's a mess which they ain't no mistake."

"I'm afraid my folks are in danger," said the boy as he changed color.

"Er mebbe Peter 'Boneses'—'cordin' to the way they go. We got to cut around 'em an' plow straight through the bush an' over Cobble hill an' we'll beat 'em easy."

It was a curious, long, loose stride, the knees never quite straightened, with which the scout made his way through the forest. It covered ground so swiftly that the boy had, now and then, to break into a dog-trot in order to keep along with the old woodsman. They kept their pace up the steep side of Cobble hill and down its far slope and the valley beyond to the shore of the Big creek.

"I'm hot 'nough to sizzle an' smoke when I tech water," said the scout as he waded in, holding his rifle and powder-horn in his left hand above the creek's surface.

They had a few strokes of swimming at midstream, but managed to keep their powder dry.

"An' o' Red Snout went down like a steer under the ax."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

First American Money Made of Clam Shells

The proprietor of "a ranch on Cape Cod" has found traces of a trading station established at Bourne, or Manomet, in the year of the Pilgrims, 1627. At this trading post American money was first invented as a device for making trade more convenient. This post was established for trade between the Pilgrims on one side and the Indians and the Dutch New Yorkers on the other.

In the course of time they invented wampum, which was to have a stable, fixed value at all times. Wampum was a piece of quahog (clam) shell cut into a certain shape and well polished. One piece of quahog shell represented a certain fixed value.—Detroit News.

WESTERN PIONEER TELLS INTERESTING EXPERIENCE

Frank Rikert, Who Left Illinois for California in Covered Wagon in 1864, Wouldn't Take \$100 for Bottle of Tanlac.

Frank Rikert, well-known resident of North Sacramento, Cal., who came to the state from Illinois in a covered wagon in 1864, along with other hardy pioneers, recently exhibited a bottle of Tanlac, which he had just purchased, to a friend at his home and remarked: "If I thought this was the last bottle of Tanlac I would ever be able to buy, I wouldn't take one hundred dollars for it," thus proving the high valuation

he places on the famous treatment. "I believe Tanlac really saved my life when I took it after the flu about a year ago," continued Mr. Rikert, "for the attack left me 20 pounds off in weight, and unable to turn over in my bed without assistance. I tell you, I thought my time had surely come. "But, thanks to my wife's insistence, I kept on taking Tanlac till I was able to do all my work again, had back all my lost weight, and I've been feeling years younger ever since. I'm always telling my friends about Tanlac, and can't say too much for it."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 40 million bottles sold.

The Cat! Mildred—Mae is certainly a cheerful girl. She has a smile that won't come off.

De Loris—Oh, I don't know, a little soap and water would take it off.

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Child's Best Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"



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Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation-fig syrup.

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But every man is not a hero, even from his own point of view.

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Stops Eczema

Relieves the inflammation, itching and irritation; soothes and softens the skin and leaves it smooth and spotless.

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Needs of Education

The wilderness was made inhabitable by rough but daring men. Education needs strong arms and courage as its aids.

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