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is Nature's Signal of disharmony in the human body. It may come from impoverished blood, overtaxed brain, loss of sleep or it may be from Congestion followed by Inflammation. No matter what the cause may be Hacking's Heart and Nerve Remedy will help you.

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Deer Increasing in California.

Though the game reserve established in the greater portion of the Angeles forest reserve in California, which includes the San Bernardino and Sierra Madre Mountains, has been in existence but two years, wild deer are multiplying rapidly, according to forestry officials. It is believed that within a few years great herds of deer will be roaming the hills. Deer have been on the verge of extermination in the Southern California mountains, but establishment of the preserve is protecting the herds. Even now deer often appear along the boundary lines of the restricted area, and at times wander into cities near the foothills, seeming to be very tame. The forestry service will establish special patrols along the reserve during the coming hunting season to see that the law is not violated.—Christian Science Monitor.

Good-by, Dobbin.

Figures compiled by the New York sanitary bureau of the department of health and reported by Harry T. Gardner, secretary of the Automobile Dealers' association, show a great decrease in the number of stables, and, naturally, in the numbers of horses occupying them. In 1917 there were 108,036 horses. The most recent figures show a shrinkage of 32,936 horses. Chicago, too, shows a falling off in the registration of horse-drawn vehicles under the wheel tax law. In the four years ended May 1, this year, the number of such vehicles decreased from 49,582 to 32,489. This diminution of about 34 per cent compared with New York's falling off of about 30 per cent.

In Dubious Garb
By RALPH HAMILTON

"Dear, dear!" mourned and pitied Alvin Prince, and stood looking down at a human form lying prone upon the straw-littered floor of an abandoned shelter shed at a remote corner of his farm.

He was a genial old soul, this pleasant-faced, kind-hearted deacon, selectman and the prop and stay of sterling uprightness and dignity in the community. He had been passing the shed, when he fancied that a groan proceeded from within. He stepped across the threshold and, startled and puzzled, gazed down at the recumbent figure. It was that of a young man with a refined cast of features, his eyes closed in sleep. Two further discoveries of the farmer brought a serious expression to his face. One hand was abrased and bleeding, and a cut in the head showed a second recent injury.

"A convict—an escaped convict," so illoquized Prince. "Poor fellow! And he's badly hurt. What is my duty in the case? He looks likely, and perhaps a mother, a sister is worrying about him. There isn't anything of the criminal in that face. Shall I protect him?"

The decision was quickly made. Prince proceeded across the farm, got to the house, made up a bundle and, hitching up a horse to the old family carryall, started back the route he had come.

"Mother and Zelda away," he soliloquized, "and I don't see Zeph anywhere around. That just suits me."

Zeph Barnes was the handy man about the farm. At that moment he was making his way past the old shed. His coarse lips puckered as he discovered its inmate. He scented a mystery as he saw Prince returning. He wondered if there was any reward offered for the apprehension of convicts and, climbing to the shallow loft in the structure, waited for developments.

These materialized with the arrival of Prince. The latter proceeded to disrobe the stranger. He made a bundle of the incriminating convict garb and thrust it into an old manger, attired him in a suit of his own, lifted him into the wagon and drove to the house. He got his involuntary guest to bed, applied lotions to his wounds, and wondered what his story would be. When consciousness was restored, Alvin Prince gently inquired if the injuries were painful.

"I think only a stumbing fall," replied his guest. "Let me see, I was—Where was I? What was I doing? I'm all dazed. My name is Wilbur Thorne. I have a home, but I left it for wandering a long time ago. I've kept going with all kinds of jobs. You must be a pretty kind sort of a man to take in a stranger this way."

"Oh, that is all right," declared Prince lightly, and felt a certain delicacy about referring to his convict suspicions.

Mrs. Prince and her daughter Zeldza came home two days later from a week's visit to a relative, to find the interesting-looking stranger insisting upon doing some light work about the farm. They were so used to the charitable impulses of the husband and father, that they did not question him when he told them that he was taking care of his visitor until he got on his feet again.

His frank, engaging ways won the favorable opinion of Zeldza and her mother, and as the weeks drifted on Wilbur Thorne became so useful and so happy that Prince had not the heart to either question him or turn him away.

He had not noticed that a bond of mutual liking was being cemented between the two young people, but Zeph Barnes, himself secretly in love with Zeldza, though the latter detested him, was witness to an interview between Thorne and herself when the latter confessed his deep affection for the farmer's daughter. Just before dusk that evening, just as the family were seated on the lawn, Mr. Prince reading, Mrs. Prince at her knitting and Zeldza and Thorne looking over a pictorial magazine, there appeared Zeph Barnes and a man whom the farmer at once recognized as the town marshal.

"There's the man," spoke Zeph, pointing to Thorne. "He's an escaped convict, and here—" and he tore open a bundle under his arm, revealing the convict's garb in which Prince had first seen Thorne.

VICTORY TO SUPERIOR RACE

Touten Heats at the Marne Overwhelmed by Men Possessed of Love of Liberty.

The following passage is from an article entitled "The New Men and the Old World," in Inter-American. The writer, Jesus Semprum, is a noted Venezuelan man of letters, the author of many biographical, historical and literary works. He employs the allegorical style of writing.

"Therefore, men died by the thousand, from Neuport to the black Vosges," writes Mr. Semprum. "An advance here, another there, thousands of prisoners, hundreds of canoes; but the channel ports continued to be denied them; Amiens and Châlons and Paris unattainable in the distance. The tired chargers went so far as to drink the fateful waters of the Marne.

"Suddenly the wind of wrath blows against the monarch's hosts. In the front rank fight with skillful daring the new men, like veterans seasoned in long campaigns. Without knowing the whips of the sergeants, the destroyers of free will, without having lived covered by the yoke of minute and iron discipline, without calling themselves the favorites of the Most High, Pershing's men pursue the veteran conquerors of the world and throw them back upon the Moselle, astounded them with their numbers, their strength, their simple and serene valor. They went forward at a quick and measured pace, and under their feet the soil of France quivered in the joy of liberation.

"The new men had arrived in time!"

YOUNG WIFE'S FIRST LESSON

Mrs. Newlywed Evidently Beginning to Learn Her Household Duties From the Ground Up.

The newly married man came home from his office happy. He was greeted as a newly married man are greeted, with a kiss, and this, in fashion of his kind, he returned with interest.

"Of course we shall go out to dinner, darling," he remarked.

"Yes, dearest," replied the happy young woman.

"But one of these days we shall have a dinner here, darling, shall we not, of your own cooking?"

"Of course, dearest," she replied, "I am getting along famously with my cooking lessons."

"And it will be such a change," he continued, "from the monotonous fare of the restaurants."

There were more kisses.

"Did you take cooking lessons today, darling," he asked.

"Yes, dearest."

"And what did you learn?"

There was pride in her tone as she replied. "Today, dearest, I learned how to boil water."—Ohio Observer.

Something to It—After All.

The hostess had talked about her wonderful ancestry until her guests were bored to distraction. No one made any comments, but still she was determined to wipe some. So she turned to the young woman next to her and said: "Isn't it splendid to have an ancestry of which one can be proud?"

The young woman, who was very successful indeed, smiled and calmly rejoined: "I really don't know. You see I've been so busy all my life trying to do something worth while so that my ancestors, should they suddenly come to life, would not feel ashamed of me, that I've had very little time to hunt information about them."

Temperament and Watch.

That particular kinds of temperament exercise a baleful influence on watches seems to be a common experience.

"I once carried four in three months," writes a correspondent, "and all stopped. A watchmaker told me that they behaved as watches do when the spring of the balance gets magnetized, though why they should have done so he could not say."

One Frenchman's Sacrifice.

Thirteen sons dead, that represents part of the war's cost to a French farmer who lived at Reninghe, near Ypres—surely a record. He had 36 children, and 20 of his 22 sons fought on the various fronts. In 1917 the widow of one of the sons was killed by a German shell at Dunkirk. The farmer himself and one of his daughters met a tragic end. In October, 1914, they went to Lille to take part in celebrating the hundredth birthday of a relative. They were met on their return by a German patrol and were shot.

Making Mother-of-Pearl.

The secret of another German key industry has been discovered, the manufacture of artificial mother-of-pearl. J. W. H. Dew, a fellow of the British Royal Society of Arts, found the process after much patient experimenting. Doctor Dew was engaged during the whole period of the war in reconstructing, step by step, the method of manufacture.

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You don't find any tendency to claim the earth in these headlines. Our observation has been that people who claim everything don't do much else.

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