

Childhood Dangers

Can Be Avoided by Keeping the Blood Rich and Pure

The anaemia of young girls may be inherited, or it may be caused by bad diet, unsuitable food, hasty and irregular eating, insufficient out-door exercise and not enough rest and sleep. It comes on gradually, beginning with languor, indigestion to exertion and feeling of fatigue. Later comes palpitation of the heart and headaches. In the majority of cases competition is present, and the complexion takes on a greenish-yellow pallor. The treatment is quite easy and simple. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just the tonic to remedy this wretched state of health. They act directly upon the blood, and as it becomes rich and pure, strength and activity return, the glow of health comes to the cheeks, and soon the trouble will disappear and good health follow. Miss Pearl Parks, R. R. No. 1, Reabro, Ont., has proved the value of this medicine, and her statement will point the way to health to all other weak girls. She says:—"I was very ill with anaemia. I could not sleep at night, my appetite was poor, and my face and lips were very pale and my eyes dull. I got so weak that I could not go upstairs without resting. I took dizzy and fainting spells, had no ambition whatever, and did not care to go about. I was in this condition for nearly a year. I had treatment from two doctors; but did not regain my strength, so my mother, who was very uneasy about me, decided I should try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using the pills for a while I felt somewhat better, and continued taking them until I had used about a dozen boxes, when I was again well and strong. I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the treatment of any suffering from anaemia."

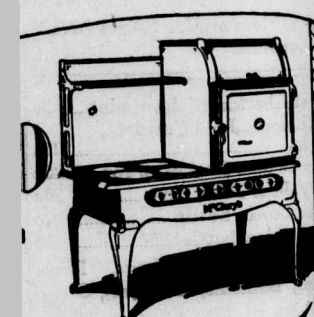
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THE AYLMEER EXPRESS

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How to Wash and Preserve Woolens

Woolen garments or articles cleansed with SURPRISE soap feel soft, fluffy, and well washed. Dry woolen articles in a moderate temperature—not in the sun—and do not allow them to freeze. Sun is injurious to wool; freezing causes shrinkage.

The Heritage Of The Desert

Continued from Page Four

Among them. As each man developed he took on some aspect of the desert. Holderness had the amber clearness of his distances in his eyes; its deceit in his soul; August Naab, the magnificence of the desert-pine in his giant form, its strength in his heart; Snap Naab, the cast of the hawk-beak in his face, its cruelty in his nature. But all shared alike in the common element of survival—ferocity. August Naab had subdued his to the promptings of a Christ-like spirit; yet did not lose his very energy, his wonderful tirelessness, his will to achieve his power to resist, partake of that fierceness? Moreover, after many struggles, he had been overcome by the desert's call for blood. His mystery was no longer a mystery. Always in those moments of revelation which he disclaimed he had been himself as faithful to the desert as the end.

Hare's slumbers that night were

bronze bodies, almost naked, glistened wet from the river. Full a hundred strong were they, a silent, lean-limbed desert troop.

"The White Prophet's fires burned bright," said the chieftain. "Eschtah is here."

"The Navajo is a friend," replied Naab. "The white man needs counsel and help. He has fallen upon evil days."

"Eschtah sees war in the eyes of his friend."

"War, chief, war! Let the Navajo and his warriors rest and eat. Then we shall speak."

A single command from the Navajo broke the waiting files of warriors. Mustangs were turned into the fields, packs were unstrapped from the burros, blankets spread under the cottonwoods. When the afternoon waned and the shade from the western wall crept into the oasis, August Naab came from his cabin clad in buckskins, with a large blue Colt swinging handle outward from his left hip. He ordered his sons to replenish the fire which had been built in the circle, and when the fire-eyed Indians gathered round the blaze he called to his women to bring meat and drink.

Hare's unnatural calmness had prevailed until he saw Naab stride out to front the waiting Indians. Then a ripple of cold passed over him. He leaned against a tree in the shadow and watched the grey-faced giant stalking to and fro before his Indian friends. A long while he strode in the circle of light to pause at length before the chieftains and to break the impressive silence with his deep voice.

"Eschtah sees before him a friend stung to his heart. Men of his own color have long injured him, yet have lived. The Mormon loved his fellows and forgave. Five sons he laid in their graves, yet his heart was not hardened. His first-born went the trail of the fire-water and is an outcast from his people. Many enemies has he and one is a chief. He has killed the white man's friends, stolen his cattle, and his water. To-day the white man laid another son in his grave. What thinks the chief? Would he not crush the scorpion that stung him?"

The old Navajo answered in speech which, when translated, was as stately as the Mormon's.

"Eschtah respects his friend, but he has not thought him wise. The White Prophet sees visions of things to come, but his blood is cold. He asks too much of the white man's God. He is a chief, he has an eye like lightning, an arm strong as the pine, yet he has not struck. Eschtah grieves. He does not wish to shed blood for pleasure. But Eschtah's friend has let too many selfish men cross his range and drink at his springs. Only a few men can live on the desert. Let him who has found the springs and the trails keep

them for his own. Let him who came too late go away to find for himself, to prove himself a warrior, or let his bones whiten in the sand. The Navajo counsels his white friend to kill."

"The great Eschtah speaks wise words," said Naab. "The White Prophet is richer for them. He will aside the prayers to his unseeing God and will seek his foe."

"It is well."

"The white man's foe is strong," went on the Mormon; "he has many men, they will fight. If Eschtah sends his braves with his friend there will be war. Many braves will fall. The White Prophet wishes to save them if he can. He will go forth alone to kill his foe. If the sun sets four times and the white man is not here, then Eschtah will send his great war-chief and his warriors. They will kill whom they find at the white man's springs. And thereafter half of all the white man's cattle that were stolen shall be Eschtah's so that he watch over the water and range."

"Eschtah greets a chief," answered the Indian. "The White Prophet knows he will kill his enemy, but he is not sure he will return. He is not sure that the little braves of his foe will fly like the winds, yet he hopes. So he holds the Navajo back to the last. Eschtah will watch the sun set four times. If his white friend returns he will rejoice. If he does not return the Navajo will send his warriors on the trail."

August Naab walked swiftly from the circle of light into the darkness; his heavy steps sounded on the porch, and in the hallway. His three sons went toward their cabins with bowed heads and silent tongues. Eschtah folded his blanket about him and stalked off into the gloom of the grove, followed by his warriors.

Hare remained in the shadow of the cottonwood where he had stood unnoticed. He had not moved a muscle since he had heard August Naab's declaration. That one word of Naab's intention, "Alone!" had arrested him. For it had struck into his heart and mind. It had paralyzed him with the revelation it brought; for Hare now knew as he had never known anything before, that he would have forestalled August Naab, avenge the death of Dave, and kill the rustler Holderness. Through blinding shock he passed slowly into cold acceptance of his heritage from the desert.

The two long years of his desert training were as an open page to Hare's unyielding eyes. The life he owed to August Naab, the strength built up by the old man's knowledge of the healing power of plateau and range. These lay in a long curve between the day Naab had lifted him out of the White Sage trail and this day of the Mormon's extremity. A long curve with Holderness's insulting blow at the beginning, his murder of a beloved friend at the end! For Hare remembered the blow, and never would

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forget Dave's last words. Yet unforgettable as these were it was his duty rather than revenge that called him. This was August Naab's hour of need. Hare knew himself to be the tool of inscrutable fate; he was the one to fight the old desert-scarred Mormon's battle. Hare recalled how humbly he had expressed his gratitude to Naab, and the apparent impossibility of ever repaying him, and then Naab's reply: "Lad, you can never tell how one man may repay another." Hare could pay his own debt and that of the many wanderers who had drifted across the sands to find a home with the Mormon. These stirred in their graves, and from out of the shadow of the cliff whispered the voice of Mescal's nameless father: "Is there no one to rise up for this old hero of the desert?"

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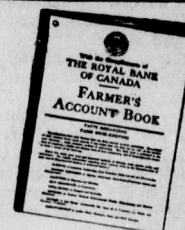
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