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The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer. Plasters of the liquid—the action is the same. Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famed laboratory. Sold by all druggists.

**The Broken Circle!**

CHAPTER XLII

When breakfast was over, the general went to his study, where the Times and various other newspapers awaited him. There was no fear of his meeting with any more strong articles denouncing Martin Ray. He could open a newspaper now without hesitation. He was soon engrossed in some article on British rule in India, while the two sisters went out of doors. The morning was too bright and too sunny to be lost.

"I will show you some of my favorite books, Hettie," said Leah. "I like this terrace better than any other part. See what a magnificent view there is of hill and dale, stream and meadow, rich farm-land and picturesque woods. All that belongs to my uncle."

"And will one day belong to you, Leah," returned her sister. "Ah! my darling, you were born to be a great lady! Nothing else would have suited you." "I should like it all the better if you were to share it," she said, quickly; and Hettie knew that she was speaking sincerely.

"I was never intended to be a great lady," declared Hettie. "If I had my choice in life, I should have preferred a pretty home, neither very luxurious nor very poor—a house among flowers and trees—and some one to love me—to love me very much, more than all the world. I envy no one's wealth or fortune or fame, but I envy every one who is blessed with love."

For a moment the two girls looked at each other in silence, and then Leah spoke.

"Come to the end of the terrace, Hettie," she said; "from that terrace-work you will see all down the avenue and drive. Sit down in this sunny nook and let us talk here. The morning is not too cold. Do you see all this tangle of faded green and dried branches?"

"Yes," replied Hettie, wondering. In the summer that presents the finest show of passion-flowers in England; they grow all over the terrace-work, and even spread down to the terrace below. They are of all colors—brown, purple and the one I love best, rich scarlet; they spread like a great

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—and cleans a coated tongue

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It is human nature to want to find out "why." So far as science can tell us this is the reason:

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Try Fleischmann's fresh yeast in orange juice or in milk. Most like it in milk shakes and mixed milks. Women like it spread on bread or crackers.

Keep your digestion in the pink of condition and your tongue clean and healthy by eating 1 or 2 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast fresh everyday before or between meals. Be sure it's Fleischmann's Yeast—the familiar shield-shaped package with the yellow label. Place a standing order with your grocer today.

vine. Do you like passion-flowers, Hettie?"

"Yes, but not so well as roses and lilies. They are too sad and too mystical for me."

"And I like them best of any flowers. I wonder, Hettie, what there is in me which inclines me always to like what is sad better than what is bright and happy? I wonder if ever I should be perfectly happy?"

"Are you not perfectly happy now, Leah—so beautiful, so rich, so gifted, so beloved?"

Leah, thinking of the shadow that she saw at times on her lover's face, answered—

"No, not perfectly. I do not know why. I have not a tangible sorrow. I have not even a very defined shadow of trouble; yet I could not from my heart say that I am perfectly happy."

"How strange!" said simple Hettie. "Perhaps, Leah, you have one of those natures that nothing on earth can render content. They are so noble, so lofty, the little loves and little cares of this world do not satisfy them, and never will."

"How strange it seems to me to hear you, Hettie, talk in that fashion!" said Leah, with a smile; but she sighed as she thought that, if Leah loved her with the same worshipping love she gave to him, she would be perfectly happy.

"I have read of people," continued Hettie, "who are never quite rappy, who always want something better than they have, who are filled with an indefinite longing, yet who have no idea what they long for. Do you know, Leah, that when you were quite a child I noticed something in your face—a shadow, a something quite different from the expressions in other faces. You have it now—a shadow in your eyes. You always looked restless, as though you were expecting something which never came."

"I ought not to have that now," said Leah, "for I have found what I wanted—that for which I hungered."

"Have you, Leah?"—and the blue eyes looked wistfully into the dark ones. "I have thought so." "I brought you here, Hettie, to tell you about it. I would not tell you until I could show you the very spot where I saw him first. I want to tell you, Hettie, because you must love him too. I was sitting here one lovely summer morning, a morning that stands quite apart from the rest of my life. The sun was shining; the river in the distance there was like a line of silver; the sweet morning air stirred the leaves and flowers; the exquisite passion-flowers were all in bloom, and I stood here among them, looking over this beautiful scene that has scarcely an equal. In the distance I saw my uncle walking up the avenue with a stranger. I looked in the stranger's face and met my fate. Do you understand a swift, keen, subtle love like that, Hettie?"

"Yes," was the whispered reply. "He came on my life as the sun breaks upon the flowers—suddenly, swiftly—and changed it all. What you say of me is quite true, Hettie; I had a restless fever on me. My life was all longing—nothing satisfied or contented me; but when I saw him, an exquisite calm came over me, like the fall shading of the noonday sun on a broad, quiet sea. My life grew suddenly complete. Ah, Hettie, how good is it to be able to talk to you! I had always thought that I should meet my lover in this way—that some day I should come face to face with him, and recognize him. I did so. You will think me strange, I am afraid, Hettie; but, before I had spoken to him, I had said to myself, 'This is my love come from land or sea.' I stood just where you are sitting, Hettie, and I had a cluster of passion-flowers in my hand. A great love is like a great wave of the sea; it sweeps over all before it, and bears everything away. A wave of love swept over me. I believe that, had any one asked me, I could not have told my own name."

Hettie's fair face grew paler and more wistful.

"Ah! Leah," said she, "such a great love could never be a happy one; it could not end happily."

Leah smiled, a gentle, tender smile, which spread from her eyes to her lips.

"In most cases I grant that that is the case," she replied; "but in mine—mine—Ah! Heaven be thanked, mine is a happy love, and will have a happy ending! I was going to tell you, Hettie, that we shall be married soon."

Hettie threw her arms around her

sister's neck and kissed the expressive face.

"Is it true? I am so glad—O, Leah! I am so glad! For, of all things in the world, love is best! I am so glad! Then I have found you only to lose you again!"

"You will never lose me, nor shall I lose you," said Leah. "I am sure that you will love him, first for my sake, then for his own; he is so noble, so good. Ah! Hettie, I see such a happy life stretching out before me! I can hardly speak of it without tears;" and into the dark eyes came a mist, while the proud curves of the beautiful mouth softened. "We are like two sisters in a fairy tale," she continued. "How strange, Hettie, that we should be together again! I have told you my little love story; tell me yours, if you have one."

Over the fair face of the younger girl there fell a shadow.

"Mine is not like yours," she said. "It was not a great love that came to me all at once! It crept into my heart little by little, and was there before I knew anything about it; and then, when I found it, I knew that it must die. It has no happy ending, my love story. Yours will end in marriage; mine has ended in parting and sorrow."

"Is it so, Hettie? I am grieved. How was it? Will this change in your life make any difference?"

"No; it was all over, dead and buried, before the change came. Nothing can make any difference. There never was any hope. We did not know, either of us; it came upon us unconsciously."

"Hettie," whispered Leah, "will you tell me about it? Not unless you like—not if it distresses you. But, if I knew, perhaps I could help you."

"I should like to tell you, Leah; but I have always been afraid it would distress you."

"Never mind that, Hettie; tell me about it. No one can understand it better than I."

"There is so little to tell," replied Hettie, "that I am almost ashamed to call it a love-story. It is more like a dream, only it ended more quietly than most dreams do." As she spoke her eyes, with a far-away look, were fixed on the winding river and the dark masses of wood. "I was so busy all my life, Leah," she said, "that I had no time to think about love. I do not believe that during the last two years of my father's life I had one leisure hour. Yet within me must have been the longing for love and a loving heart. Quite by accident I met some one. He came to see my father; and I and my father liked him. We saw each other not only every day, but sometimes twice in the day. My life was so hard, and he was so kind to me, that I looked forward to seeing him as the only gleam of happiness in my life. When he went away, he left the music of his voice with me. Ah, Leah, I was mad! All love is madness." (To be continued.)

**Poles Getting Back to the Land.**

WARSAW—Polish farmers re-stored 50 percent of their war devastated land to cultivation last year, the Ministry of Agriculture reports. In 1920, Poland had 1,906,000 acres of tillable land left waste by war and resulting neglect. By the end of 1921 this figure was reduced to 600,000 acres. Plows, tractors and other farm implements purchased in America, have played a large part in this restoration of Polish farm lands.

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**Standardization Necessary.**

(Trade Review.) Considerable discussion has been taking place during the past year on the matter of better methods for marketing our staple products. On one point all parties seem to be agreed, and that is, that some different method from the present is necessary. Mr. Oaker advocates nationalization; Mr.

Morrie a co-operative association. These are the two outstanding plans. We are of the opinion that the parties to the debate have all missed the main point that has made, or will make co-operation or nationalization successful.

The main thing on which co-operative organization in other countries is founded, is a standardization of the goods to be sold. By discriminating between the different grades or qualities of the goods with a uniform stan-

dard of the different qualities, and then shipping customers the kind of goods required is the way to command the highest price. There is lots of room at the top for a number one article, and plenty of competition for inferior goods.

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When you pare potatoes you do not get full value in nourishment from them. Scrub them with a vegetable brush and cook them with the skins on.

To a canful of hot tomato soup add a pinch of soda, and a canful of both shrimp and peas. Cook for a few minutes and thicken with white sauce.

When making silling for lemon pie throw the whole lemon rind into the silling for a few minutes just before thickening. Then remove and finish as usual.

Use canned soup as the foundation of your jellied salads. For instance, tomato soup is delicious jellied, if flavored with a little onion, bay leaf and thyme.

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