THE WOMAN HE MARRIED

BY JANE PHELPS

JUNIOR AS A STORY TELLER

Chapter 83

"Oh, where was he?" I gasped, laying my hand on Dick's arm,and hurrying along beside him into the house, mother preceeding us.

"Never mind now, Nan. He is here, and I think all right—but better see." He laid Junior on the couch in the living room, and I knelt down beside him and unfastened the soiled little jumper, the same one he had worn when he went to play in the sand pile.

"He's asleep," mother whispered, just before he opened his eyes.

"Mother, daddie!" he said, then looking dazedly around. I's come home."

"Yes, dear, you are at home with daddie and mother and granny. Now go to sleep again, and tomorrow you can tell us all about your nice ride with the man in the car.

"All right!" He closed his eyes. In a moment he opened them. I'se hungry," he whimpered, tears falling down upon his checks, although he tried to hold them back. "I want my supper."

"Of course he does, the lamb!" mother exclaimed, and she hurried to the kitchen, motioning me to remain with him.

"Mother will undress you and put you to bed and you can have your supper in bed, just like big folks do when they they are tired," I told him.

"Oh, goody! goody!"

But he was almost too sleepy to eat when mother came in with his supper, although she had fixed him the things he liked best. We were all three terribly excited, very anxious to hear where he had been,all that had happened. But there would have been nothing gained by questioning him then. In fact, he fell asleep with his teaspoon to his mouth.

After he was sleeping soundly we talked over his return.

"He was laid under that big bush all curled up so that at first I scarcely noticed him." Dick explained to us. "He must have been asleep when he was placed there. We can't do anything tonight, and as he is all right I will walk up and tell the police we have him, and that they better watch out for any strange characters they see around. I'll call Mr. Peabody and tell him, and then some of the other fellows. They have all been so kind, have seemed almost to share our distress."

"It is so in small communities," mother returned, "people become very close. More human than in *big* cities where all is hurry and bustle."

"I guess you are right, mother," he said, then hurried out, while mother and I sat and speculated as to what could have been the reason of Junior's abduction, and also of his return.

"Now, dear, tell daddie all about your nice ride in the autobile." Dick said after breakfast, giving the car Junior's name for a motor.

"A man asked me to go, and said he'd take my pail and shovel ridin' too. I asked him to take muther, and he wouldn't Said she'd go next time."

"What else? Tell daddie all he said," Dick urged gently, motioning for mother and me to let him attend to getting the story.

"He said little boys could go first, then mothers," Junior took up the thread of his story. "Then, daddie, the autobile went awful fast, awful. I was most scared. Then I dropped my shovel and I cried so he made the autobile stop and he went back and got it for me and I stopped cryin."

"And then?" Dick said softly.

"Then he went awful fast again, and I was scared some more. And I said I wanted to come home. Then he stopped at a big house and give me some supper, and put me to bed. I didn't have no nightie, and he made me sleep in my shirt," his little lip quivered at the insult.

"Go on, tell daddie what you did when you woke up."

"I had brefkus, and then we went ridin' some more, awful fast too, but I didn't lose my shovel again, so he didn't stop. Then we comed to a house and we had winner wif a woman and a man and a little boy, and they had cows and chickies and dogs, and then we rided some more and that's all cause then I was here wif you and mother and granny."

It was evident he could tell us nothing more, so Dick put him down and hurried out. We were no nearer solving the riddle of Junior's disappearance than before But we had him back which was comfort enough for the present.

"But we must find out why he was taken or we will never feel safe about him again," Mother said, after we had talked over what Junior had told us.

"We not only must, but we will," I replied, as I hugged my boy closely, "I never could let him out of the house unless we did."

Chapter 84

Dick came home that night terribly excited. He was late, and I ran to the door to let him in. I knew the moment I saw his face that something unusal had kept him.

"What is it " I asked.

"Sh-s-wait until Junior goes to bed. Then I'll teell you and mother all about it." Mother had remained with me, said she just could not leave until she knew something of why Junior had been lured away.

Naturally we hurried our dinner, and with little appetite. It seemed to me that Junior never was so unwilling to go to bed, or ever had so many wants to be satisfied. We had rather babied him all day, and he was taking advantage of it. But finally he was asleep and we were free to talk.

"What he told us was all true, I fancy," Dick commenced. "The big house he said they stopped at was a roadhouse probably. It wasn't Sanderson who took him, but a man he hired to do it, and who finally became conscience stricken and brought him back. Mr. Peabody thinks Sanderson didn't have the guts to steal a child himself, and so got this man. But evidently he too was not quite tough enough for the job."

"But how did you know?"

"I found a note at the bank from the man who took him, the one who brought him back. It was not intended to harm Junior any of the time. It was an attempt to make me suffer, to frighten me. He was to have kept Junior a week, instead of not quite a day and a half, then bring him back. The note said that Sanderson wanted to get even with me, a stranger, for meddling with him; showing him up to the bank people."

"What will be done with the man who took Junior?" Mother asked.

"Nothing! He begged me in the note not to try to find him, because he had brought Junior back unharmed. He said it was his first criminal action, and that he did it because he needed money so badly. That he was in debt, and couldn't resist making what looked like easy money."

"But Dick—to let him go—if you could find him? Won't he try to take Junior again—perhaps?"

"No, I thing not. Mr. Peabody feels just as I do about it. The note was that of a repentant man, and, Nan, I can't find it in my heart to hunt him out and prosecute him. I remember our own difficulties, my own temptations too keenly."

"I guess you are right," mother said softly. Then added: "With what measure you mete it shall be measured to you again," and after a moment: "Judge not that ye be not judged—"

"But, mother!" I interrupted. "shall we ever feel safe, sure that this man Sanderson won't attempt it again?"

"I think so," Dick broke in "Mr. Peabody has communicated with Sanderson. If ever he makes another attempt to injure us—or anyone in the bank, he will prosecute him, in some way that was the understanding with the District Attorney. Sanderson had to keep straight in every particular Anyway, Nan, I feeling like quoting Scripture as mother has done: 'Let him without sin,' et cetera.

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How to Safeguard Your Digestion

THE BLOOD SHOULD CONSTANLY BE KEPT RICH AND PURE

If you suffer from any form of indigestion your diet should be carefully chosen. Over-eating is always harmful, but at the same time one must take enough food to supply the needs of the blood. It must be remembered that the blood has to carry nourishment to every part of the body, find fuel for its energy and defences against diseases, as well as the requisite juices for digestion. Hence when the blood becomes weak and fails to do its work, indigestion arises; also when indigestion begins the blood still further suffers. Therefore, to safeguard your digestion, the blood should be kept rich and free from impurities. For more than a third of a century Dr. Williams Pink Pills have been a favorite tonic for enriching the blood and strengthening the nerves. If, therefore, you find yourself troubled with indigestion, or other ailments due to weak, watery blood, you will find Dr. William's Pink Pills both safe and effective. The value of this medicine in cases of stomach trouble is shown by the experience of Mrs. J. Lewis, Lake George, N. S. who says: "I suffered very severely with indigestion. I had severe pains in the stomach after every meal. I had a loathing for food, my rest at night was very much disturbed, and my general health was declining. I was under a doctor's care, but did not find any improvement. Reading of what Dr. William's Pink Pills had done in a similiar case I decided to try them, with the result that after giving them a fair trial, my general health was improved, and all symptoms of the indigestion that had afflicted me disappeared. I feel very grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for saving me from so much misery."

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debt, needing money, hardly knew the enormity of the offense he tried to commit. That he returned Junior safe and sound shows he has a conscience, and that it meant more to him than the money he might have had if he had carried out his agreement. No, I really do not think we need worry about either he or Sanderson hurting us again."

In spite of Dick's optimistic opinion I was terribly anxious, and so welcomed mother's decision to remain with us a few days with added delight. She undertook Junior's education in that respect. He must be taught not to go with strangers.

"If any nice man asks you to go riding, or gives you candy, you must call mother," she told him over and over, until his baby mind seemed to grasp the idea.

"Nice man's goes too fast. I'se scared," he said when she emphasized the danger of going in an 'autobile' with anyone unless daddie or mother were with him.

"Yes, and nice little boys ask their mother when they want to go anywhere.'

"Mother said I might dig in the sand wif my pail and shovel."

"Yes, of course she did, but she didn't say you could go in the 'autobile."

"I don't like 'autobile' anyway, I'se scared," he repeated.

"That fellow must have driven terribly fast to frighten bunior like that," Dick said when I told him of mother's efforts to make Junior understand he must not go with strangers. "He is fond of motoring, and never seems frightened no matter how fast he is driven."

"Let us all try to forget the last two days," mother said before we retired. "Just remember to be thankful, and to trust Him who knoweth when a sparrow falls—how much more will He look after one of His little children."

Chapter 85

What had happened, our anxiety, the fear that something dreadful had befallen Junior, brought us still closer together. What mattered anything else if we had each other

Naturally I was very careful that Junior did not get out of my sight unless he was with some person I knew and could trust. But he had taken mother's talk very seriously, and I doubt if he would again have gone willingly with anyone.

My work had been interrupted by the incident, and for days afterward I could not accomplish as much as I wished to. My mind would revert to Junior, and I would drop everything to watch him at play in the yard, or on the porch. But other orders came in and I put worry and foolish wasting of time away from me and attended to my 'job,' as Dick called it.

I had noticed a great difference in Dick for the past few weeks, I think it commenced to impress me soon after we sent the first check to Clarence Burns. There was a gravity, a certain serenity about him now that had never been obvious For a long time his manner had been one of endurance, coupled with renunciation, quiet usually, but at times inclined to make him moody and a bit erratic.

I found the change in him caused one also in me. I found myself suddenly confident and gay, as we are apt to become when a situation which has depressed, lightens. If Dick were happy, if I had my baby boy, why nothing could ever sadden me again, nothing make me bitter and envious as I so often had been in the old days.

Junior was such a sturdy little fellow, always laughing and contented, that he really made me no work at all. He loved out doors, and as my fears for his safety subsided, I indulged him in that fancy no matter what the weather. If it rained he had rubber boots and a mackintosh with a policeman's hood. Mother had given them to him, and at first even on pleasant days he begged to wear them I found when he was propely protected the storms did not hurt him.

He and Dick always had a romp at night before Junior was put to bed. Then either a story, or Dick would read to him. I used to feel so peacefully happy watching them, and wonder how I ever could have thought that dress, clothes, to be stylish, and have things only the

Comb Sage Tea in Hair to Darken it

IT'S GRANDMOTHER'S RECIPE TO KEEP HER LOCKS DARK, GLOSSY, BEAUTIFUL

The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grandmother's recipe, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage.

Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the mussy mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product, improved by the addition of other ingredients, called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." It is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb or a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that lustre and appearance of abundance which is so attractive.

rich should have, would make me happy. Now I worked hard, helped Dick all I possibly could in every way. Not only did I try to bring nearer the time when we would be out of debt, so that he "could hold up his head again"—his expression but I tried to read, to study, to think. I longed more than anything in the world to be a true helpmate to him, to atone for what I had done by proving nothing that made for his happiness hard for me.

So gradually as we became acquainted with a few young married people of our age, I gave simple little evening parties, either playing cards, or playing the victrola for those who cared to dance. Often we would just talk—if those I invited happened to be congenial to Dick.

I saw it drew his thoughts from self and that it did him good. Then we accepted invitations occasionally just to simple affairs such as we gave. Now there was no striving to outdo one another, no straining of nerves and purses. A rarebit, a slice of cake and some lemonade, or bread and butter sandwiches and coffee, was all the refreshment required, as well as we could afford.

We had been in Lansing two years. We had paid all debt to Clarence Burns, and most of the others. We had rented a larger house with a small wing room that opened with a seperate door upon the porch This room I used for a shop. I called it simply "The Drapery Shop" just as I had planned. I had a young girl to help with the books, delivering parcels of finished work in addition to the machine work. I one who did the machine work. I should soon have to hire more help as my business had grown astonishingly when one considered it was started absolutely without capital. I now had clothe in the shop from which a customer might make a selection, as well as samples from the city stores.

From the first I had determined that nothing should make me neglect my home for my shop. Sometimes it was difficult but by systematizing everything I managed to do it. Dick was never annoyed because of talking shop. Unless he asked I never mentioned my work in the evenings we spent together. I felt he needed rest and change when at home, not continuation of what he had had all day.

DICK PROVES HIS COURAGE

Chapter 86

There is an old saying that "It is a long lane that has no turning," but with us the turn had come,although the way had seemed hard and long at times. I have not told of the many heart-burnings, the despair that held me often when I thought of what Dick had been about to do the day I found him—with that pistol in his hand. The fear that, unless things straightened out for him, he might repeat the attempt, and successfully, was so acute at times that I felt nauseated.

But now I had no such fear. Dick was once more "The Captain of his soul, the Master of his fate." He whistled about the house, he joked and was in many respects the same loving and lovable Dick I had married. Not that our experience had not left its impress—does not any upheaval of our moral system invariably do that? But it had not made Dick either sour or permanently unhappy. I never spoke of this to him but once. He said:

"How could I allow anything that has happened in the past to spoil your life,Nan? Your's and Junior's? And I know that if I did, I should be doing you both a wrong. But it isn't all that, dear. I am happy now. I can't help but think of what we went through, cannot quite obliterate the memory of our blunders, our wicked actions. Yet we have come back, Nan. And this time we will cherish our happiness, be careful that we do not sin again. Junior must love us, Nan, respect us."

At times it seems that when things are brightest, our hopes highest, some thing invariably happens. Something untoward.

So it was now with us. Our last debt had been paid. We had commenced to talk of buying a lot and building a home. Both of us liked Lansing, and had decided to remain there. Mother was delighted. It had been her advice that had brought us near her, and that we had been so contented, so happy, pleased her immensely.

We had been talking together of our plan for a home with a shop detached, but on the same ground, as I had a very flourishing little

MOTHER!

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when we heard the clang of the fire engine. This in a small town where the force is usually inadequate, is always far more dangerous than in the big cities with their well organized departments.

Dick hurried out, while I watched from the windows. The fire was in a poor quarter of the town, old wooden tenement-like houses,which burned rapidly.

We had a maid to help in the house now so that I might give more time to my business, so I left her with Junior and also went to the fire. I felt unaccountably nervous, although there was no possible danger to us,as the fire was quite a ways distant, and the wind also carried it away from us.

They were taking the people down ladders when I arrived, the citizens working with the firemen in the rescue work. I looked around for Dick but could find no trace of him. This did not worry me at first as the entire town seemed to have turned out to watch the fire, and in the crowded street full of smoke it was almost impossible to distinguish faces.

I heard a familiar voice and turned to see one of the young men employed at the bank.

"Do you know where Mr. Williams is?" I asked. "He came over as soon as the fire broke out. I can't get through the crowd.'

"I saw him a while ago. He was helping to take the women and children out."

"He wasn't going into the building?" My heart almost stopped beating as a burst of flame drove the people back.

"Yes, but don't be frightened. I think they are all out now. He is probably over on the other side. I'll go look for him if you will remain here."

"Do go, please! And tell him I am waiting."

But before the young man could turn I saw Dick. He was soaking wet where the firemen had played the hose on him as he carried a child about Junior's age down the ladder, this I learned afterward,and so blackened with smoke that I scarcely knew him.

"Come right home, Dick, you'll have a terrible cold I am afraid,' I said as a chill in the air made me shiver.

"Don't worry, dear. A little wetting won't hurt me."

We stood a few moments watching the fire die down because there was nothing more to feed it, then went home. I fussed over Dick, made him a hot drink, et cetera. But he was very restless all night, and in the morning hard cold, and a little fewer.

He insisted upon going to the bank, laughing at my fears.

For two or three days Dick kept up, insisting upon going to work. But his cold increased, so that finally he yielded to my persuasions enough to call and see a doctor whom Mr. Peabody recommended. I went with him. He told the doctor I didn't trust him. I laughed, but acknowledged I was afraid he would not tell me just what the doctor said.

"A doubting Thomas when it comes to your husband's reporting?" he asked.

"Yes, Doctor Hill. He always makes light of any ailment he may have."

"A good plan if not carried to an extreme."

The doctor gave him a thorough examination, and after it was over he looked very serious.

"Go home and go to bed, young man, or I won't answer for the consequences," he said after testing Dick's lungs.

"Nonsense! It's nothing but a cold."

"I don't want to frighten either of you, but it looks like pneumonia to me." He gave me some advice, wrote a prescription and we left. We stopped at the druggists and had the prescription filled and Dick took it regularly all the evening It seemed to relieve his cough, and he felt better in the morning, and again insisted upon going to work. He took the medicine and promised to take it regularly. But about noon he came home. He had a high fever, and made no objections when I told him he must go to bed. I called the doctor, and he came over immediately.

It was pneumonia. The exposure, as well as a strain, of which I had not been told, caused when he slipped with the child he was carrying down the ladder, added to his refusal to remain at home, had resulted in this sickness so dreaded by everyone.

For two weeks he was frightfully ill. Then he slowly began to mend, but so slowly I became almost discouraged at times. Mother came over and remained with me while the fever was the worst, his condition the most dangerous, then she took Junior home with her.

It was fortunate I had good help in the shop, because we needed many things for an invalid that would have been almost impossible on Dick's salary which Mr. Peabody sent to me regularly. We had made a vow never to run in debt again, and when he had expensive wines and delicacies Dick would beg me not to forget it. He seemed to fear that I might be tempted to do for him what I had promised I would not do for myself.

"But, dear, the work is going on at the shop. I can afford it," I assured him again and again.

"You are wonderful, Nan! I wonder if ever another man had such a wife."

My eyes filled. Was not everything that had happened traceable to me? Had I been the right kind of a wife when we were first married Dick would have kept his position with his firm. They were fond of him, especially Mr. Ogden, and I am sure would have advanced him to a more responsible position than he could ever hope to hold in a small town bank, aside from realizing his ambition, he would made far more money.

Was not everything due to my willful extravagance at that time Even though we had been so happy of late in Lansing, I could not help but that that had we not been obliged to move, Dick would not have been sick. His splendid energy seemed almost wasted in this small town. But I had not thought of this until this illness came to him. I had been too busy, too happy that I could help him.

Now it came upon me with almost crushing force as I looked at him so white and thin, that if I had done right, done my part, he would not have needed my help in the way I had given it. He had been as successful as most young men of his age, contented to live in the sphere belonging to us, he would have needed no financial assistance, only the companionship, the encouragement every good wife gives her husband.

As the days passed showing scarcely any improvement in his condition, I scourged myself with these thoughts. Of course he grew a little stronger, but it was so little that I feared he never would be well again. So one day I went by myself for a talk with Doctor Hill. We had become very fond of him, and I think, he, of us I said:

"I want the truth, docter."

"I shall not deceive you."

(Continued on Page 2.)

RESIDENTS OF VIENNA STRIPPED OF THEIR WEALTH BY PEASANTS

PARIS, Feb. 16.—The peasants of Austria are rapidly stripping the well-to-do residents of Vienna of their wealth by demanding payment for food in diamonds, jewels or other things of high value, says Red Cross men, who have visited that city. The farmers, who suffered more severely than did the city people in the war now are having their innings and are becoming the prosperous, selling produce to the starving Viennese.

Austrian paper money is not always welcomed in the country, and the peasants demand an exchange of goods through a system of barter with the city residents. This attitude is said to be adding to the growing antagonism between the country worker and the city dweller. Directors of government pawnshops estimate that 15 per cent of the Viennese are living by selling or pawning their values as frequently heirlooms. As the cost of living continues to increase, it is considered only a matter of a short time until many of the families who were well-to-do before the war will have nothing more to offer for food.

INDIGESTION GOES, GONE!

"Pape's Diapensin" at once fixes Your Sour, Gassy, Acid Stomach

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Hints for the Motorist

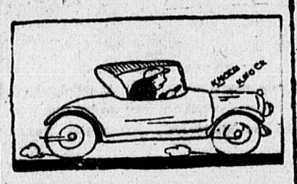
BY ALBERT L. CLOUGH

CARE OF CONTROL DEVICES

The Better They Are Maintained, The Better A Car Can Be Handled

This is a plea for the proper lubrication and adjustment of these extremely important but unobtrusive parts, which are so commonly, almost utterly neglected, until they give definite trouble. Many of these controls are jointed rods that are exposed to the road dirt and really need periodical care, if they are to work readily reliably and accurately. Here are a few suggestions along this line The steering column encloses the tubes that operate the throttle and spark controls and if these tubes become dry, they will wear fast and ultimately stick and fail to operate. There is usually an oil hole in the upper end of the column tube, which requires thin oil once in a while. The accelerator throttle linkage is in operation nearly all the time that a car is running and every one of its joints must be kept oiled or they will wear out. If they do wear, the lost motion developed, prevents any approach to accurate engine speed control. Every joint or motion point must be cleaned of grit before it is oiled and the throttle shaft needs lubrication especially Ball joints wear so badly that they finally fall apart, unless they are oiled. Owing to the wear of the facings or of the linkage, the clutch pedal may get so far out of position that it strikes the floor boards, thus preventing either full disengagement or full engagement. Adjustment is then required. The clutch release collar is a very vulnerable part of a car as its ball bearing and other parts wear out rapidly if they are not frequently lubricated. The grease cup provided at this point is also often neglected. Failure to oil brake pull rod joints and brake shafts, soon results in difficult brake application and in annoying rattle of the whole mechanism A particularly stiff brake shaft or rod end will prevent equalizer action and will throw all the braking effort upon the brake on the easy operating side, injuring the tires, inviting skidding and creating dangerous driving conditions Brake pedals or levers that strike the floor boards, when in the on position, should be readjusted. An emergency brake with a worn or uncertain latch, is a risky thing and even carburetor control rods or wires must be kept cleaned and oiled or they will stick.

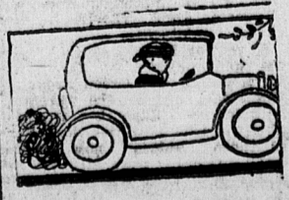
ANOTHER KNOCKING ENGINE



E. A. W. writes:—My engine pounds when the car is going up a hill or running fast, but this is not due to lack of oil, as I look after this closely. What do you think the knock or pound is caused by?

Answer: — Most probably by looseness in the crankshaft bearings, which you should have inspected at once and readjusted, if necessary. Carbon deposits on the piston heads will cause a clear hollow knock, especially when the throttle is opened widely or suddenly, which can be stopped by scraping of the carbon. Looseness of the engine on the frame or looseness of the flywheel, will cause a heavy pounding. Loose connection-rod bearings, worn pistons and worn wrist-pins cause light knocks. Of course, if the spark is too much advanced, on hills, the engine pounds. There are many other things that cause these noises, but it is probable that you will find your bearings need taking up or that carbon removal is necessary.

CAUSE OF SMOKY EXHAUST



O. S. J. writes: — Although my night engine has lots of pep and power, its exhaust is very smoky. Even after it is warmed up, it still smokes. New rings have recently been installed. Do you suppose that I need new pistons and inner sleeves?

Answer:—The ring at the top of each piston is largely dependent upon to keep oil out of the combustion space and prevent smoking and, if, these rings were badly fitted or have not yet worn in fully this may account for your trouble. We believe that this engine has its oil supply control interconnected with the throttle and, if this connection was not put together and adjusted correctly, you may be getting too much splash and there-

sume that you are using the best grade of oil adapted to this engine The pistons and sleeves in this type of engine have a very long life and we should be rather surprised if you found them worn enough to require renewal.

Questions of general interest to motorists will be answered in this column, space premitting. If an immediate answer is desired enclose self-eddressed, stamped envelope. Address Albert L. Clough, care of our office.

A. H. W. writes: Recently, my four-cylinier engine has taken to running on three cylinders, cylinder No. 4. not firing. After running for a short time, the plug in this cylinder is found covered with unevaporated gasoline and gasoline runs out around the valves. The plugs test out all right. What is the trouble?

Answer: Evidently this cylinder becomes flooded with gasoline and, most likely, this is because its plug does not fire, due to its having broken down or to its point adjustment being incorrect. You better try another plug with a 1-32 inch gap. When you start the engine, you doubtless have to use the choker and a great excess of fuel, under which conditions, if a plug fails to fire and thus no gasoline is burned, there is a heavy flooding of the cylinder produced. Sometimes, flooding of the cylinders is caused by the failure of the suction valve of the vacuum tank to close when it should, thus permitting raw gasoline to be sucked directly into the intake. You realize, of course, that a plug may spark properly outside of the cylinder but fail to do so when under compression.

STOPPED UP GREASE WAYS

S. writes: I have lately had trouble with the grease cups on the ends of the springs and elsewhere. Some of them can be turned with difficulty, even with the pliers, and then the grease does not seem to go where it should, but squeezes out around the cap. I am afraid that some of these bearings are getting dry. What is the cause of this and the remedy?

Answer: Evidently the channels or greaseways in the spring-pins and other parts have become plugged up with hardened lubricant, so that no more can be forced through. Quite likely you have been using too stiff a grease and perhaps have not screwed down the cups often enough. Try this procedure: Remove the cap, clean out the passage as thoroughly as possible with a wire, squirt kerosene into the passage, fill cap with very light grease and turn it down tightly, repeating this operation after a time. If you cannot get grease through in this way, the pins will have to be removed and their grease-ways and those of the bushing cleaned out.

ENGINE MISSES AFTER SHORT RUN

E. A. writes: After having adjusted the carburetor of my car, so that the engine runs smoothly enough when idling, it will run only a quarter of a mile or so, under load, before it begins to start to jerk and all the power is gone. I think that this is the fault of the carburetor. What is your opinion?

Answer: You are probably right in laying this trouble to the carburetor. It seems likely that the adjustment is incorrect for open throttle operation, probably being overrich to the extent that the sparkplugs soon foul and short-circuit, causing missed explosions and the jerking of which you speak. If the plugs are found to be black when examined after the engine has been run to run irregularly, you may be sure that this is the case. If the plugs do not show evidence of gasoline fouling, we should suspect that your fuel feed was obstructed, so that the engine did not get en-

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Helped all Three in the One Family

QUEBEC MAN GIVES HIGH PRAISE TO DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Absolom Duchesneau Gives Three Reasons Why He Advises Everyone to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills For Kidney Ills

St. George, Beauce Co., Que Feb. 18th

(Special)—Just how much good Dodd's Kidney Pills have done in one family is told by Mr. Absolom Duchesneau, a well-known resident here.

"My health is very much better since taking Dodd's Kidney Pills" Mr. Duchesneau states. For two years I was in pain, but since taking Dodd's Kidney Pills the pain is gone."

"I also induced my mother to use Dodd's Kidney Pills for sleeplessness and the result were very satisfactory.

"My sister, too, took Dodd's Kidney Pills for backache, and she is better.

"Do you wonder that I advise everyone to use Dodd's Kidney Pills?"

The reason Dodd's Kidney Pills have come to occupy such a prominent place in the family medicine chest is that so many of the ordinary every-day ills come from sick kidneys. Rheumatism, urinary troubles backache, diabetes and heart disease can all be traced directly or indirectly to sick kidneys.

Ask your neighbors if Dodd's Kidney Pills are not the best