

NOT THE THROB OF LOVE.

Dear One's Reminiscence Stemed Somehow to Lack Romance.

They sat on the sofa. They had just come to a mutual understanding, and he had measured her finger for the engagement ring, and they were in the first throes of tender reminiscence.

"You do not remember," he said, in a trembling voice, "you do not remember when you first saw me?"

"Yes, I do."

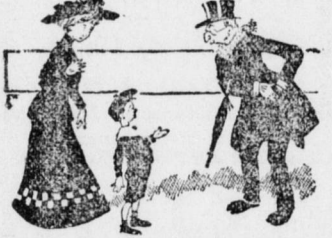
"Did any thrill or throb tell you heart this happy moment would come? No; that could not be expected."

"Yes, something did seem to whisper that we might become man and wife."

"My darling." And he kissed her fondly.

"Yes; I remember I saw you from the window leaving the house, and I thought you were bandy-legged, and I thought how awful it would be to marry a bandy-legged man, but it was only the glass in the window that was uneven and made you look so."

SAMMY'S FEELINGS.



"Sammy," said his mean uncle, "how would you feel if I were to give you a penny?"

"I think," replied Sammy, "that I should feel a little faint at first, but I'd try and get over it."

"Do that erator's opinions carry any weight?" asked one statesman.

"They ought to," answered the other. "They are heavy enough."

Worth Its Weight in Gold. PETTIE'S EYE SALVE strengthens old eyes, tonic for eye strain, weak, watery eyes. Druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

This would be a brighter world if the people who can't sing wouldn't.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to cure a Cold in One Day.

When a woman has her hair fixed up she is half dressed.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and all other ailments.

It's a bad thing to be known as a "good thing."



This woman says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved her life. Read her letter.

Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words. For years I suffered with the worst forms of female complaints, continually doctoring and spending lots of money for medicine without help. I wrote you for advice, followed it as directed, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has restored me to perfect health. Had it not been for you I should have been in my grave to-day. I wish every suffering woman would try it."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Kemp's Balsam

Will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine. It is always the best cough cure. You cannot afford to take chances on any other kind. KEMP'S BALSAM cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip, asthma and consumption in first stages. It does not contain alcohol, opium, morphine, or any other narcotic, poisonous or harmful drug.

SERIAL STORY

THE ESCAPADE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE By Cyrus Townsend Brady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

(Copyright, 1908, by W. C. Chapman.)

SYNOPSIS.

The Escapade opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Enoch, a Puritan miss, and Lord Carrington of England, but in their life after settling in England. The scene is placed, just following the revolution, in Carrington castle in England. The Carringtons, after a house party, engaged in a family tilt, caused by jealousy. The attentions of Lord Carrington to Lady Cecily and Lord Stratgate to Lady Carrington compelled the latter to vow that she would leave the castle. Preparing to flee, Lady Carrington and her cousin Deborah, an American girl, met Lord Stratgate at two a. m., he agreeing to see them safely away. He attempted to take her to his castle, but she left him stunned in a road when the carriage met with an accident. She and Debbie then struck out for Portsmouth, where she intended to sail for America. Hearing news of Ellen's flight, Lord Carrington and Seton set out in pursuit. Seton rented a fast vessel and started in pursuit. Stratgate, bleeding from fall, dashed on to Portsmouth, for which Carrington, Ellen and Seton were also headed by different routes. Stratgate arrived in Portsmouth in advance of the others, finding that Ellen's ship had sailed before her. Stratgate and Carrington each hired a small yacht to pursue the wrong vessel, upon which each supposed Ellen had sailed. Seton overtook the fugitives near Portsmouth, but his craft ran aground. Just as capture was imminent, Ellen won the chase by boarding American vessel and fleeing her pursuers. Carrington and Stratgate, blown together by former's wrecking of latter's vessel, engaged in an impromptu duel, neither being hurt. A war vessel, commanded by an admiral friend of Seton, then started out in pursuit of the women fugitives. Seton confessing love for Debbie, Flausbip Britannia overtook the fugitives during the night. The two women escaped by talking to the sea in a small boat. Lord Carrington is ordered to sea with his ship but refuses to go until after meeting Stratgate in a duel. They fight in the grounds of Lord Blytheale's castle. Encounter is watched by Ellen and Debbie, who have reached land and are in hiding. Carrington won a bloody contest at swords from Stratgate. Debbie and Ellen looking on and praying for the latter's husband. Carrington, immediately following the duel, was placed under arrest for refusing to obey his admiral's orders and Ellen, who had swooned during the duel, awoke to find him gone. Sir Charles Seton found the fugitives, proposed to Debbie and was accepted. Debbie, Ellen and Sir Charles made a plea to the king to spare Carrington. The king decides to grant a pardon after promising Lady Carrington that he would frighten the lord.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"Yes, your majesty," answered Ellen, "enough to last me all my life."

"Why, here's promise of a pretty reconciliation," said the king, with a rising inflection in his voice, turning to his wife.

The old woman nodded.

"Forgive him your majesty," she said kindly. "I will warrant he will not forget the experience."

King George was not a very brilliant man. Even Ellen, anxious to view him in the most favorable light because of her petition, could see that, but he had a brilliant idea at that moment. He stood thinking, his plain face brightening with a smile, and when he smiled he was really quite winning. He looked so honest, so true, and so good, if he were stupid, that Sir Charles and Deborah could not help smiling with him; beside, "his etiquette to smile and to frown with the king, whether he be wise or foolish."

Ellen did not smile. She had too much at stake. She waited in lovely appeal, tears trembling in her eyes, color wavering in her cheeks, her bosom heaving, her hands outstretched.

"I have it," said the king, at last. "Rise, madam; your husband shall suffer nothing worse than a reprimand and a fright."

"Lord Carrington is a brave man," said Ellen, "you couldn't frighten him, sir."

"Not even with the prospect of losing you?" returned the king, rather shrewdly.

"But, sir, that would break my heart. I want him pardoned that I may have him again," exclaimed the poor wife, piteously.

The king threw back his head and laughed a truly royal laugh.

"So you shall, my dear," he cried, reaching his hand up and patting her on the shoulder, for she was taller than he. "Leave it to me. My lord shall be frightened out of his wits and yet have you in the end. I shall arrange it. Sir Charles, take the ladies to Windsor. Mistress Deborah, when you marry this young soldier here, you become my subject. How likes your hot American blood that, mistress?"

"Your majesty," answered Deborah, rising to the occasion and putting for the punch her Americanism in her pocket, utterly reckless of what Elder Brewster might think, "since you have acted with such royal generosity to Ellen—Lady Carrington and her husband I mean, I can view the prospect with equanimity."

She courted deeply before him as she spoke.

"Take care of her, Sir Charles. These Americans are of a rebellious breed, you know."

"Your majesty," said Ellen, "I think this will be a peaceful couple. The affair began by the reading together by the two of Baxter's 'Saints' Rest.'"

"'Tis a goodly volume, well writ, and by a learned and godly man," said the king, gravely, "and 'tis a good omen. You may kiss the queen's hand, if you will," he continued, and this was the sign manual of George's approval of the two women, for had he believed Ellen other than she was he had never allowed her to approach his homely but beloved little wife.

"Now, Sir Charles," he resumed, after the obsequies had been performed, "take the ladies to the castle and await my return. Send one of my gentlemen-in-waiting to me by the way, after you reach the castle. Ladies, I wish you good morning."

The king, like the little gentleman he was, doffed his hat gallantly to the two ladies as Sir Charles, saluting profoundly, led them away.

A great weight was taken from Ellen's heart. The king, who possessed the power of life and death over his soldiers and sailors, had promised to free her husband and restore him to her arms. Punishment, trouble, difficulty, were to intervene, but the end was certain and Ellen was content to wait.

The gentleman-in-waiting presented himself to the king, who had stood quietly under the trees talking animatedly with his wife and chuckling with pleasure at the idea that had come to him.

"The Britannia arrived in the Thames last night, did she not?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"And my message directing Admiral Kephard to present himself was transmitted?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"The admiral is at Windsor?"

"He is, your majesty."

"Did him to come to me here under the trees. I have something to say to him."

"Yes, your majesty," returned the equerry, bowing and withdrawing rapidly.

And presently old Admiral Kephard, in full uniform, attended by Captain Beatty and Lieutenant Collier, came rolling along the walk. As the admiral and his subordinates saluted and prepared to kneel, the king motioned to them to rise. If were a cruelty to make a fat old man like Kephard, trussed up like a turkey cock in tight uniform, kneel down on the ground out in the open air.

"You need not kneel, admiral, nor you, gentlemen," said the king, extending his hand to Kephard, who bent over it and kissed it heartily.



"I Reserve to Myself the Pleasure of Telling Her."

with every evidence of appreciation of the king's ineffable condescension. "How do you find yourself this morning?" continued his majesty.

"Very well, your majesty," said Kephard.

"And you, Captain Beatty, and you, sir?"

The gentlemen addressed bowed profoundly.

"We are all fit for service against any of your majesty's enemies now, as always," returned Kephard, with another salute.

"I know that," said the king, kindly. "You have had a pleasant voyage?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"You brought with you on your ship a prisoner?"

"Subject to your majesty's pleasure, of course," returned Admiral Kephard.

"And what are the charges against Lord Carrington?" asked the king.

"Disobedience of orders, sir," returned the admiral.

"Hath he been tried yet?"

"Proceed, Kephard," said the king, smiling, "but no more of that."

"Carrington has been a fool," resumed the old warrior, flushing deeply under his tan, "he had the sweetest wife on earth and was ashamed of her and flirted with another woman who couldn't hold a candle to her, and she ran away, in her innocence getting Lord Stratgate to assist her. Stratgate's motives were—well, your majesty will understand. She escaped from him. Carrington pursued him. They fought."

"So I have been informed," said the king.

"Very well, your majesty, then there's nothing for me to do but to beg you to be merciful to the young man. I think he's heartily sick and sorry of it now, and only wants his wife. He's one of the best officers in the service, it would be a pity to degrade him, and, to tell the truth, I love the lad dearly. Won't your majesty be a little easy with him—a nominal punishment? We can't afford to overlook the affair entirely."

"Hark ye," admiral," said the king. "Gentlemen—" he turned to the other two sailors—"I commit her majesty to your tender offices. Admiral Kephard and I will have a word or two alone. Come, admiral."

The king turned as he spoke and walked out of ear shot, the admiral lumbering along in his wake. They consulted together animatedly for a few moments, the king smiling, not to say grinning, if so unroyal a word may be used about majesty. Suddenly the old admiral burst into a roar of laughter. He lifted his hand and slapped it down on his leg. For a moment the king had thought in his enthusiasm he meant to clap him on the shoulder.

The admiral bellowed out in a voice that could have been heard a half mile away in a gale of wind: "Fore God, your majesty, 'tis a noble idea, a royal jest!"

"Think you it will work?" said the king as he walked back to the other group.

"Excellent, in faith—"

"And you will carry it out?"

"To the very letter, sir. To-morrow, your majesty."

"And let no inkling of your purpose come to the prisoner."

"None, sir, and the lady, your majesty, what of her?"

"I reserve to myself the pleasure of telling her," returned the king.

"And have we leave to withdraw now, your majesty?" asked the admiral, as they approached the other group.

"Go, and go quickly, Kephard," said the king, extending his hand again. "I would that I could be there and see the denouement."

"But your majesty can see some of it at least," said Kephard, "if you will board the Britannia any time to-morrow, and indeed you would vastly honor us; the men would be like to die for joy at such a visit. You could at least watch the prisoner take his departure."

"I'll do it," said the king. "At what time?"

"At your majesty's convenience, of course; but the tide ebbs at 11 o'clock and that would be a suitable time for—"

The king raised his hand. "At 11 o'clock, six bells, you call it, don't you?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"I shall be there. Don't betray me."

"By no means, your majesty," returned the admiral.

And making their salutations and obeisances to their majesties, the little party withdrew, leaving the king in high glee as he explained to his grim little consort the details of his sportive plan.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DECLARES LIQUOR NOT NEEDED.

According to Writer, Europeans in Tropics Are Better Without It.

Transmitting an article written by Dr. Harold H. Mann, and published in "The Young Men of India," under the title of "Is Drink Necessary for Europeans in India?" Consul General William H. Michael of Calcutta writes:

"Europeans and Americans who come to India do not need liquors to keep well; they will be better without stimulants of any kind. After nearly two years' residence here my observations lead me to say that drinkers of spirits, wines and malt liquors are the most susceptible to disease, especially fevers, either on the plains or in the mountains, of any class of the inhabitants. Proper regard for dress, to guard against sudden weather changes, moderation in eating, especially meats; using only filtered and boiled water, entire abstinence from alcoholic, vinous and malt liquors, and plenty of sleep will almost invariably insure, to the average healthy person, good and uniform health, as far as fevers are concerned, and by adding vaccination and inoculation, will go a long way toward making that person immune from contagious diseases."

The Best Razor Strop. "The best razor strop I ever had was a piece of glass," said the club barber. "An old barber gave it to me. Unfortunately I let it fall and it broke, and I have never been able to get one like it. There's some kink in the grinding which I can't seem to figure out. In these days a good razor strop is a mighty hard thing to find and I would give a good deal if I could only get that piece of ground glass back again. It sure did put a cutting edge on the razor."

Fully Covered. The following written definition of the word "bachelor" was handed in by a schoolboy: "A bachelor is a man who has no wife, nor wants no wife, nor can't get no wife."

The Place to Buy Cheap — IS AT — J. F. PARSONS'



DROPS CURES RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO, SCIATICA NEURALGIA and KIDNEY TROUBLE

"DROPS" taken internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND Of Brewton, Ga., writes: "I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from 'DROPS.' I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

FREE

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "DROPS," and test it yourself. "DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients. Large Size Bottle, "DROPS" (200 Doses) \$1.00. For Sale by Druggists. SWANSON RHEUMATISM CURE COMPANY, Dept. 80, 160 Lake Street, Chicago.



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MAKE YOUR APPEAL

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The Home Paper

issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.

Gives you the reading matter in which you have the greatest interest—the home news. Its every issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.

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Daily Delivery. All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

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If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results? Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away. Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to year you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business. If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store. We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you. If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

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