

Call of the Merlands

Wile Buck

Miller finds

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

CHAPTER VII.

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standing the demoralizing report that Samson South, their logical leader, meant to abandon them, at a crisis...

sibly, it was as well that Tamarack Spicer had not arrived. Lescott himself realized the situation in part, as he stood at the door...

with his eyes. "An' what's more," he added, "I'll tell ye another thing. I hadn't plumb made up my mind...

separated from groups and disposed themselves behind the tree trunks and the stone coping of the well. None of them spoke, and Samson pretended that he had not seen them.

WHERE SHE DREW THE LINE Colored Lady Would Not Stand for Any Dickerin' With New-Fangled Religion.

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER; BOWELS No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.



"I Reckon Hit's A-goin' Ter Jest About Kill Me."



"This Hain't No Time for Squabbin' Amongst Ourselves."

ALWAYS JOY IN GOOD WORK Pleasure in Doing, No Matter What the Task, Lifts It From the Thought of Drudgery.

Soldiers in Silk. There is a serious proposal to clothe the British army in silk, and an order has been given for cloth for a battalion of the York-Lire regiment.

Cause of the Chill. "But Captain Hawley," said the handsome Miss Plute coquettishly, "will you love me when I grow old and ugly?"

Suburban Courtesy. "I see Jones has got his old car done over." "Oh, no! That's a new one."

Reverse Irish. Mrs. Maloney—Thin yez think that all in are deceivin'?

Revelation. "Is Miss Bingle's hair natural?" "Of course, it is; so natural you can't tell it from the real thing."

Even the thirsty chap tries to dodge the bar of justice.

Rheumatism Sprains Lumbago Sciatica Why grin and bear all these ills when Sloan's Liniment kills pain? SLOAN'S LINIMENT

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