CHAPTER VI-Continued.

ar's a-goin' ter be a dancin' over ter Willa McCager's mill Saturday," he insinuatingly sugted. "I reckon ye'll go over thar with me, won't ye, Sally?"

He waited for her usual delighted ascent, but Sally only told him absently and without enthusiasm that she would "study about it." At last, however, her restraint broke, and, looking up, she abruptly demanded:

'Air ye a-goin' away, Samson?" "Who's been a-talkin' ter ye?" 4emanded the boy, angrily, For a moment, the girl sat silent.

Finally, she spoke in a grave voice: "Hit hain't nothin' ter git mad about, Samson, The artist man lowed as how ye had a right ter go down thar, an' git an eddication." She made a weary gesture toward the great beyond.

"He hadn't ought to of told ye, Sally. If I'd been plumb sartin in my mind, I'd a-told ye myself-not but what I knows," he hastily amended, "thet he meant hit friendly." "Air ye a-goin'?"

"I'm studyin' about hit."

He awaited objection, but none came. Then, with a piquing of his masculine vanity, he demanded:

"Hain't ye a-keerin', Sally, whether I goes, or not?"

The girl grew rigid. Her fingers on the crumbling plank of the stile's top tightened and gripped hard. Her face done today. His answer must be defidid not betray her, nor her voice. nite and unequivocal. As a guest of though she had to gulp down a rising lump in her throat before she could answer calmly "I think ye had ought to go, Sam-

avoided the subject for fear of her opposition-and tears.

Then, slowly, she went on: There hain't nothin' in these here hills fer ye, Samson. Down thar, ye'll see lots of things thet's new-an' civil ized an' beauti'ul! Ye'll see lots of gals thet kin read an' write, gals un in all kinds of fancy fix-Her glib words ran out and

Compl.ment came hardly and awkwardly to Samson's lips. He reached for the girl's hand, and whispered:

ended in a sort of inward gasp.

"I reckon I won't see no gals thet's as purty as you be, Sally. I reckon ye knows, whether I goes or stays, we're a-goin' ter git married."

She drew her hand away, and laughed, a little bitterly. In the last day, she had ceased to be a child, and become a woman with all the soul-aching possibilities of a woman's intui-

"Samson," she said, "I hain't askin' ye ter make me no promises. When ye sees them other gals-gals that kin read an' write-I reckon mebby ye'll think diffrent. I can't hardly speil out printin' in the fust reader.' Her lover's voice was scornful of the

imagined dangers, as a recruit may be of the battle terrors-before he has been under fire. He slipped his arm about her and drew her over to him. "Honey," he said, "ye needn't fret about thet. Readin' an' writin' can't

make no difference fer a woman. Hit's mighty important fer a man, but you're a gal." "You're a goin' ter think diff'rent atter awhile," she insisted. "When ye goes, I hain't a goin' ter be expectin' ye ter come back . . . But"-the

resolution in her voice for a moment guavered as she added-"but God knows I'm a-goin' ter be hopin'!" "Sally!" The boy rose, and paced un and down in the road. "Air ye goin' ter be ag'inst me, too? Don't ve see that I wants ter have a chanst? Can't ye trust me? I'm jest a-tryin' to amount to something. I'm plumb

She nodded. "thet I thinks ye ought ter do hit."

tired of bein' ornery an' no 'count."

matter frequently. 'At times the boy hesitated to fire, knowing that to pull was obstinate in his determination to the trigger meant to die himself, yet remain; at other times he gave way fearing that another trigger might at to the yearnings for change and oppor- any moment be drawn. Purvy dared

the Gordian knot, and leave the There was, of course, no round dancntains. He had trained on Samson to the last piece all his artillery of argument. The case was now submitted with the suggestion that the boy take three months to consider, and that, if he decided affirmatively, ne should notify Lescott in advance of his coming. He proposed sending Samson a small library of carefully picked agreed to devour in the interval.

Lescott consented, however, to remain over Saturday, and go to the dance, since he was curious to observe claimed the youth, in a thick voice. what pressure was brought to bear on the boy, and to have himself a final word of argument after kinsmen had spoken.

Saturday morning came after a night of torrential rain, which had left the mountains steaming under a reek of fog and pitching clouds.

But, as the morning wore on, the sun fought its way to view in a scrap of overhead blue. From log cabins and plank houses up and down Misery ye'd better run on home, an' git yore and its tributaries, men and women be gan their hegira toward the mill. Lescott rode in the wake of Samson, who dountaineers. Samson thrashes denounces him as the "truce-to shot Purvy. Lescott tries to amson to go to New York with levelop his talent. Sally, loyal had Sally on a pillow at his back. They came before noon to the mouth of Dry hole creek, and the house of Wile Mc Cager. Already, the picket fence was

From the interior of the house came | the guest. the sounds of fiddling, though these strains of "Turkey in the Straw" were only by way of prelude. Lescott fett, though he could not say just what concrete thing told him, that under the shallow note of merry-making brooded the major theme of a troublesome problem. The seriousness was below the surface, but insistently depressing. He saw, too, that he himself was mixed up with it in a fashion, which might become dangerous, when a few jugs of white liquor had been emptied,

While the young persons danced and "sparked" within, and the more truculent lads escaped to the road to pass the jug, and forecast with youth ful war-fever "cleanin' out the Hoilmans," the elders were deep in ways and means. If the truce could be preserved for its unexpired period of three years, it was, of course, best. In that event, crops could be cultivated. and lives saved. But, if Jesse Purvy chose to regard his shooting as a breach of terms, and struck, he would strike hard, and, in that event, best defense lay in striking first. Samson would soon be twenty-one. That he would take his place as head of the clan had until now never been questioned-and he was talking of desertion. For that, a pink-skinned for eigner, who wore a woman's bow of ribbon at his collar, was to blame. The question of loyalty must be squarely put up to Samson, and it must be Spicer South, Lescott was entitled to ambassadors.

cian could not be balked by considera-The boy was astonished. He had tion for a stranger, who, in the opinion of the majority, should be driven from the country as an insidious mis-



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

chief-maker, Ostensibly, the truce still held, but at no time since its signing had matters been so freighted with the T've done told ye," she said, wearlly, menace of a gathering storm. The attitude of each faction was that of several men standing quiet with guas Lescott and Samson discussed the trained on one another's breasts, Each not have Samson shot out of hand, he The dance on Saturday was to be cause he feared that the Souths would something more portentous than a claim his life in return, yet he feared mere frolic. It would be a clan gath- to let Samson live. On the other hand, ering to which the South adherents if Purvy fell, no South could balance would come riding up and down Mis- his death, except Spicer or Samson ery and its tributaries from "nigh Any situation that might put condiabouts" and "over yon." From fore- tions to a moment of issue would cott. "We're a givin' ye fair warnin', and that word of his coming was tranoon until after midnight, shuffle, jig either prove that the truce was being stranger. Ye hain't our breed. Atter eling ahead of him. What he did not and fiddling would hold high, if rough, observed, or open the war-and yet this, ye stays on Misery at yore own know was whether or not it suited carnival. But, while the younger folk each faction was guarding against such risk-an' hit's a-goin' ter be plumb Jesse Purvy's purpose that he should abandoned themselves to these diver- an event as too fraught with danger risky. That thar's final." sions, the grayer heads would gather One thing was certain. By persuasion In more serious conclave. Jesse Purvy or force, Lescott must leave, and Samhad once more beaten back death, and son must show himself to be the youth an Une Spicer. When ye wants him the chief South would certainly not his mind had probably been devising. he had been thought, or the confessed ye kin come up that an' git him. Every be allowed to return. If the arrest had during those bed-ridden days and and repudiated renegade. Those ques- damned man of ye kin come. I hain't not been for feud reasons, he might nights, plans of reprisal. According tions, today must answer. It was a a-sayin' how many of ye'll go back escape. That was the question which to current report, Purvy had an difficult situation, and promised an He was lowin' that he'd leave hyar ter would be answered with his life or mounced that his would-be assassia eventful entertainment. Whatever morrer mornin', but atter this I'm death. dwelt on Misery, and was "marked conclusion was reached as to the art- a-tellin' ye he hain't a-goin' ter do hit | The "jailhouse" was a small builddown." So, there were obvious exi- ist's future, he was until the verdict He's a goin' ter stay es long es ne ing of home made brick, squatting at gencies which the Souths must pre- came in, a visitor, and, unless liquor likes, an' nobody hain't a-goin' ter run the rear of the courthouse yard. As it up to the guest's ear and say: 'Oh, pare to meet. In particular, the clan inflamed some reckless trouble-hunter, him off." Samson took his stand be- Samson drew near, he saw that some I just want to see if your ear is

tion in part, as he stood at the door of the painter had finally resolved to the house watching the scene inside. ing-only the shuffle and jig-with

champions contending for the honor of their sections. In the group about the door, Lescott the earliest to succumb to the temptation of the moonshine jug, a temptation which would later claim others. books, which the mountaineer eagerly He was reeling crazily, and his albino eyes were now red and inflamed.

"Thet's ther damned furriner thet's done turned Samson inter a gal," pro-The painter paused, and looked back. The boy was reaching under his

coat with hands that had become clumsy and unresponsive. "Let me git at him," he shouted, the painter.

Lescott said nothing, but Sally had heard, and stepped swiftly between. "You've got ter git past me fust, Buddy," she said, quietly. "I reckon mammy ter put ye ter bed."

CHAPTER VII.

Several soberer men closed around the boy, and after disarming him, led I don't 'low ter let him lay in no jailhim away grumbling and muttering, house, unlessen he's got a right ter be lined with tethered horses and mules. while Wile McCager made apologies to thar. What's he charged with?"

> "Jimmy's jest a peevish child," he makes him skittish. I hopes ye'll look over hit.'

involve Samson in quarrels on his ac- en masse, a pitched battle must be the count, he suggested riding back to inevitable result. The first step was Misery, but the boy's face clouded at the suggestion. "Et they kain't be civil ter my

friends," he said, shortly, "they've got ter account ter me. You stay right hyar, and I'll stay clost to you. I done come hyar today ter tell 'em that they mustn't meddle in my business." A short while later, Wile McCager

invited Samson to come out to the mill, and the boy nodded to Lescott an invitation to accompany him,

The mill, dating back to ploneer days, sat by its race with its shaft now idle. It looked to Lescott, as he approached, like a scrap of landscape torn from some medieval picture, and the men about its door seemed medieval, too; bearded and gaunt, hardthewed and sullen. All of them who stood waiting were

men of middle age, or beyond. A number were gray-haired, but they were all of cadet branches. Many of them, like Wile McCager himself, did not bear the name of South, and Samson was the eldest son of the eldest son.

clearing his throat and taking up his that consideration which is accorded duty as spokesman, "we're all your kinfolks here, an' we aimed ter ask ye None the less, the vital affair of the about this here report thet yer 'lowin' ter leave the mountings?" "What of hit?" countered the boy.

"Hit looks mighty like the war's a-goin' ter be on ag'in pretty soon. Air stick? Thet's what we wants ter and the boy turned to Lescott. know.

hain't a-goin' ter bust hit," said the she heers any of this talk. Hit would thrills of delight, which have bound boy, quietly. "When the war com- fret her, Tell her I've had ter go 'cross the performers like lovers to their mences, I'll be hyar. Ef I hain't hyar ther in the meantime, hit hain't nobody's man. Don't tell her whar I'm a-goin. business. I hain't accountable ter no He turned to the others. "I reckon man but pap, an' I reckon, whar he is, he knows whether I'm a-goin' ter keep my word."

There was a moment's silence, then Wile McCager put another question: "Ef ye're plumb sot on gettin' larnin' why don't ye git hit right hyar in these mountings?"

Samson laughed derisively. "Who'll I git hit from?" he causti-

cally inquired. "Ef the mountain won't come ter Mohamet, Mohamet's got ter go ter the mountain, I reckon."

Caleb Wiley rose unsteadily to his feet, his shaggy beard trembling with hit's Saturday. Hit's apt ter be shore wrath and his voice quavering with senile indignation.

"Hev ye done got too damned good fer yore kinfolks, Samson South?" he shrilly demanded. "Hev ye done been boy, with a flash of sudden anger follerin' atter this here puny witchdoctor twell ye can't keep a civil tongue in yer head fer yore elders? Unc' Wile, keep the boys hyar tell ye I'm in favor of runnin' this here fur- hears from me-an' keep 'em sober.' riner outen the country with tar an' He turned and made his way to the feathers on him. Furthermore, I'm in fence where his mule stood hitched, favor of cleanin' out the Hollmans. I was jest a-sayin' ter Bill-"

more questions."

There was a commotion of argument, until "Black Dave" Jasper, a sater than his expression, rose, and a mill, an' he's a-ridin' towards town semblance of quiet greeted him as he Shall I git him?" spoke.

"Mebby, Samson, ye've got a right the storekeeper. ter take the studs this a-way, an' ter refuse ter answer our questions, but we've got a right ter say who kin stay guit us, I reckon we kin guit youand, if we quits ye, ye hain't nothin' to time. more ter us then no other boy thet's furriner is a visitor here today, an'

standing the demoralizing report that sibly, it was as well that Tamarack standing the demoralizing report that sibly, it was as well that Tamarack added, "I'll tell ye another thing. I themselves behind the tree trunks and sadded, "I'll tell ye another thing. I themselves behind the tree trunks and sadded, "I'll tell ye another thing. I themselves behind the tree trunks and sadded, "I'll tell ye another thing. I themselves behind the tree trunks and sadded, "I'll tell ye another thing. I themselves behind the tree trunks and sadded, "I'll tell ye another thing. I themselves behind the tree trunks and sadded, "I'll tell ye another thing. I themselves behind the tree trunks and sadded, "I'll tell ye another thing. I themselves behind the tree trunks and sadded, "I'll tell ye another thing. I themselves behind the tree trunks and sadded, "I'll tell ye another thing. I themselves behind the tree trunks and sadded, "I'll tell ye another thing. I themselves behind the tree trunks and sadded, "I'll tell ye another the stone coping of the well. None of the sadded, "I'll tell ye another thing. I themselves behind the tree trunks and sadded, "I'll tell ye another thing. I themselves behind the tree trunks and sadded, "I'll tell ye another thing. I themselves behind the tree trunks and sadded." tion in part, as he stood at the door of leave the mountings, but ye've done them spoke, and Samson pretended

settled hit fer me. I'm a-goin'." and a voice cried out from the rear: "Let him go. We hain't got no use fer damn cowards."

and very pink cheeks. The boy was side, felt that the situation was more tention.

"Men," he roared, "listen ter me! Souths. Tamarack South has done from the outside. gone ter Hixon, an' got inter trouble. He's locked up in the jailhouse."

"We're all hyar," screamed old Cawith a wild whoop and a dash toward | leb's high, broken voice. "Let's go an' take him out." Samson's anger had died. He turned,

and held a whispered conversation with McCager, and, at its end, the host he confessed. of the day announced briefly: "Samson's got somethin' ter say ter

ye. So long as he's willin' ter stand by us, I reckon we're willin' ter listen ter Henry South's boy." "I hain't got no use for Tam'rack Spicer," said the boy, succinctly, "but

But no one knew that. A man supposedly close to the Hollmans, but in explained. "A drop or two of licker reality an informer for the Souths, had seen him led into the jailyard by a posse of a half-dozen men, and had ye hyar?" he demanded. Jimmy's outbreak was interesting to seen the iron-barred doors close on Lescott chiefly as an indication of him. That was all, except that the what might follow. Unwilling to in- Hollman forces were gathering in troduce discord by his presence, and Hixon, and, if the Souths went there



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

to gain accurate information and an "Samson," began old Wile McCager, answer to one vital question. Was Tamarack held as a feud victim, or was his arrest legitimate? How to learn that was the problem. To send a body of men was to invite bloodshed. To send a single inquirer was to deliver him over to the enemy.

"Air you men willin' ter take my word about Tamarack?" Inquired Samye a-goin' ter quit, or air ye a-goin' ter son. There was a clamorous assent,

"I wants ye ter take Sally home with "I didn't make this here truce, an' I ye. Ye'd better start right away, afore I've got yore promise thet Mr. Lescott hain't a-goin' ter be bothered afore I gits back?"

Wile McCager promptly gave the assurance.

"I gives ye my hand on hit." "I seed Jim Asberry loafin' round jest beyond ther ridge, as I rid over hyar," volunteered the man who had brought the message.

"Go slow now, Samson. Don't be no blame fool," dissuaded Wile McCager, 'Hixon's plumb full of them Hollmans, an' they're likely ter be full of lickerdeath fer ye ter try ter ride through Main street-ef ye gits thet far. Ye dassent do hit."

"I dast do anything!" asserted the "Some liar 'lowed awhile ago thet I was a coward. All right, mebby I be.

When Samson crossed the ridge and entered the Hollman country. Jim As-"Never mind what ye war jest berry, watching from a hilltop point of a-sayin'," interrupted the boy, flushing vantage, rose and mounted the horse redly to his cheekbones, but con- that stood hitched behind a nearby trolling his voice. "Ye've done said screen of rhododendron bushes and enough a'ready. Ye're a right old man, young cedars. Sometimes, he rode just Caleb, an' I reckon thet gives ye some one bend of the road in Samson's rear license ter shoot off yore face, but ef Sometimes, he took short cuts, and any of them no count, shifless boys of watched his enemy pass. But always yores wants ter back up what ye says. he held him under a vigilant eye. I'm ready ter go out thar an' make 'em | Finally, he reached a wayside store eat hit. I hain't a-goin' ter answer no where a local telephone gave communication with Hollman's Mammoth Department store.

"Jedge," he informed, "Samson urnine giant, whose hair was no black- South's done left the party et ther

"Is he comin' by hisself?" inquired

"Yes." "Well, jest let him come on. We can tend ter him hyar, ef necessary." in this hyar country. Ef ye lows ter So Jim withheld his hand, and merely shadowed, sending bulletins, from time

It was about three o'clock when Samgettin' too big fer his breeches. This son started. It was near six when he reached the ribboa of road that loops we don't 'low ter hurt him-but he's down into town over the mountain. fer go. We don't want him round His mule was in a lather of sweat. He hyar no longer." He turned to Les- knew that he was being spied upon, slide from his mule, dead, before he "This man," blazed the boy, before turned homeward. If Tamarack had Lescott could speak, "is a-visitin' me been selzed as a declaration of war,

must thrash out to definite under- that fact would not be forgotten. Pos- fore the painter, and swept the group ten or twelve men, armed with rifles, clean!"

that he had not seen them. He rode There was a low murmur of anger. his mule at a walk, knowing that he was rifle-covered from a half-dozen

windows At the hitching rack direct ly beneath the county building, he "Whoever said thet's a liar!" shout- flung his reins over a post, and, swing passed a youth with tow-white hair ed the boy. Lescott, standing at his ing his rifle at his side, passed cautiously along the brick walk to the than parlous. But, before the storm jail. The men behind the trees edged could break, some one rushed in, and around their covers as he went, keepwhispered to Wile McCager a message ing themselves protected, as squirrela that caused him to raise both hands creep around a trunk when a hunter is above his head, and thunder for at- lurking below. Samson halted at the jail wall, and called the prisones name. A tousled head and surly face This here hain't no time fer squab- appeared at the barred window, and blin' amongst ourselves. We're all the boy went over and held converge

"How in hell did ye git into town? demanded the prisoner.

"I rid in," was the short reit, How'd ye git in the jailhouse?" The captive was shamefaced.

"I got a leetle too much licker, an was shootin' out the lights last night "What business did ye have hyar in

Hixon? "I jest slipped in ter see a gal." Samson leaned closer, and lowered

"Does they know that ye shot them shoots at Jesse Purvy?" Tamarack turned pale.

his voice.

"No." he stammered. "they believe you done hit." Samson laughed. He was thinking

of the rifles trained on him from a dozen invisible rests. "How long air they a-goin' ter keep

"I kin git out tomorrer ef I pays the fine. Hit's ten dollars." "And' ef yo don't pay the fine? "Hit's a dollar a day."

"I reckon ye don't 'low ter pay hit. do ye?" "I lowed mebby ye mout pay hit fer

me, Samson. "Ye done 'lowed plumb wrong, I come hyar ter see ef ye needed help. sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irbut hit 'pears ter me they're lettin' ya

off easy." He turned on his heel, and went back to his mule. The men behind the trees began circling again Samson mounted, and, with his chin well up, trotted back along the main street. It was over. The question was answered The Hollmans regarded the truce at still effective. The fact that they were permitting him to ride out alive was a wordless assurance of that. Incldentally, he stood vindicated in the eyes of his own people. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALWAYS JOY IN GOOD WORK Pleasure in Doing, No Matter What

the Task, Lifts It From the Thought of Drudgery.

One of the changes which must be gradually introduced into industry if we are to prepare the way for a fresh outburst of human spirit in it is to increase the element of pleasure, remarks the Engineering Magazine. There are parts of industry which are now fascinating to the workers. Western America glows with the enthusiasm of the conquest of nature by the mind. Many engineering conceptions, many smoothly interlocking systems of administration and many conserving plans of financing, have been accompanied in the doing with

Good work and joyous work are, in the long run, the same. Wherever in industry good things have been done wherever achievements have been characterized by vigor and largeness of plan, simplicity and directness of method, and nervous beauty and finish of detail-we may be sure that we have to do with work which has permitted the performer to experience joy, freedom and an exulting sense of strength, while it was being accomplished. And, contrariwise, when we find the worker intelligent and joyous we may expect superior results, for then the psychological conditions are

right. Pleasure in work produces a sympathetic, teachable mental attitude toward the task. It makes the attention involuntary and eases the strain of attending. It stops the nervous leaks of worry. One of the secrets of lasting well is to avoid getting stale and tired and in a mental rut. Pleasure gives a sense of freedom that is a rest, as a wide road rests the driver. To know a thing thoroughly and attain mastership in it one must be drawn back to it repeatedly by its attractions, and must find one's powers evoked and trained by its inspiration.

Captured Wounded Eagle.

A wounded eagle chased a farmer of Dover, N. J., who was out taking a walk the other evening. He heard a queer sort f fluttering behind him. but thought it was some new-fangled kind of automobile. The fluttering was followed by a screech more raucous than that of the latest auto horn. The farmer jumped and turned to "cuss out" the speeder. He looked around and saw a bald eagle. He ran the eagle following and gaining fast until it finally fell helpess to the ground. It had received a gunshot wound. The farmer took the bird home. It measured 64 inches between the tips of its wings.

Britain's Pagan Code.

"Make the punishment fit the crime." was Sir Robert Anderson's Gilbertian text at a mansion house meeting of the St. Glles Christian mission.

Sir Robert, who was once head of the criminal investigation department. "Our criminal law is a pagan said: code, and the punishment of crime supports it. The proper way of suiting the punishment to the crime would be to make a man who steals a teapot give it back, or pay compensation. That way, in five or six years, we should have a sort of deputy assistant millennium."-London Chronicle.

Hadn't Looked for That.

"When we bought dear little Bobby the electric flashlight he had been begging for so long," says a mother. "we never anticipated that the first time we had company he would hold

Any Dickering With New-Fangled Religion.

"How is your husband?" asked Mrs. Wells of her colored washwoman. "Porely, porely, ma'am. He's laid up with a misery in his back, but he's

mighty glad it ain't no toothache. He never could stand toothache." "Too bad!" sympathized the lady. "Did the clothes fit him that my hus-

band sent over?" "No'm," was the regretful reply. 'No'm, they didn't. They was too big. He had to gib them to his brother Eph. He was mighty glad they fit Eph. though.' "Dear me! I'm sorry the clothes

did not fit him. Has he worked any lately? "No'm he ain't. 'Pears like he can't

get work. Says he's glad, though, that times is gettin' better." "Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Wells.

greatly interested. "Your husband

must be a regular optimist!" "No, indeed, he ain't!" denied Aunt Matty, indignantly. "He's a Methodist, an' if he was to jine one of them new-fangled religions I'd get a divorce."-Judge.

STOP EATING MEAT IF KIDNEYS OR BACK HURT

Take a Glass of balts to Clean Kidneys If Bladder Botners You-Meat Forms Uric Acid.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority. because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, ritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidbothers you, get, about four ounces of at the back: Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days | Columbus Dispatch. and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithiawater drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease .-- Adv.

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 Yorkshire regiment. It is a homely-looking material, made from tussah yarn, wool and wor-

army authorities to accept.

It is said to have the great advantages of lightness and durability, the strain it will bear being nearly double that of the material now used.

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

"My dear Miss Plute," answered the captain gallantly, "you may grow older, but you will never grow uglier." "And he wondered why their friend-

ship ceased so suddenly. Suburban Courtesy. "I see Jones has got his old car done

over." "Oh, no! That's a new one."

The only time we notice an impedi ment in the speech of some people is when an occasion arises to praise others.

But sometimes an amateur vocalist loses his voice, and the neighbors live peacefully ever after.

ON LIVER: BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep-never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Billousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Very Likely He Could. A man walked into a barber shop and removed his hat and coat. He was evidently in a hurry.

"Can you shave me if I do not remove my collar?" he asked impa-"Yes, sir," said the obliging barber.

The man took his seat in the chair, and the barber prepared for business. As he surveyed his customer he noted that the hair had all gone from the ton of his head and that his hirsute adornment was limited to a fringe of hair above the neck. Then the barber spoke, as he drew the cloth around nevs aren't acting right, or if bladder his customer's neck and fastened it

"And I think I could cut your hair if you did not remove your hat."-

Just the Boy He Wanted.

The aim of golfers is, of course, to go round the course with as few for generations to flush clogged kid- strokes as possible, and the man with neys and stimulate them to normal the least strokes wins the game. A activity; also to neutralize the acids in payer realized this once, and decided the urine so it no lon er irritates, thus to engage a caddy who would help him. "Caddie," he said to the boy who

> came up to him, "can you count?" "Yes, sir," said the boy. "Can you add up?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what's five and seven and

> four?" "Twelve, sir." "Come along," said the golfer, 'you'll do." And he engaged the boy on the spot.

CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

sted, which the silk trade wants the By Frequent Shampoos With Cuticura Soap. Trial Free.

> Precede shampoos by touches of Cuticura Ointment if needed to spots of dandruff, Itching and irritation of the scalp. Nothing better for the complexion, hair, hands or skin than these fragrant supercreamy emollients. Also

> as preparations for the toilet. Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY. Boston. Sold everywhere .- Adv.

Reverse Irish. Mrs. Maloney-Thin yez think thot

all min are deceiving?" Mrs. Casey-Oi do. They are a most contrary lot. Look at my Molke. Before we were married he was always kissin' me on the bean, an' since this he's been beanin' me on the kisser. -Puck.

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



"I have used your Liniment and can say it is fine. I have used it for sore throat, strained shoulder, and it acted like a charm."-Allen Dunn, Route 1, Box 88, Pine Valley, Miss.

"I am a painter and paperhanger by trade, consequently up and down ladders. About two years ago my left knee became lame and sore. It pained me at nights at times till I could not rest, and I was contemplating giving up my trade on account of it when I chanced to think of Sloan's Liniment. I had never tried it before, and I am glad to state that less than one 25c. bottle fixed me up apparently as good as ever."—Charles C.
Campbell, Florence, Texas.

SLOANS

Send four cents in stamps for a free TRIAL BOTTLE. DR. EARI. S. SLOAN, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. B



"Do You Spank Your Baby?" Dr. FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP