# IS CHILD CROSS,

Mother! If tongue is woated, give "California Bra. Syrup of Figs."

Corn. love this "fruit laxative," Oats ... else cleanses the tender Rye.... and bowels so nicely.

oly will not stop playing Ham per powels, and the result is Shoulder...tightly clogged with Bacon, Sides sluggish, stomach Potatoes per little one becomes Potatoes, pe feverish, don't eat. Butter, Creaturally, breath is bad, Butter, Cof cold, has sore throat, Eggs, per or diarrhoea. Listen. Lard, per y tongue is coated, then Live C wear ful of "California Chir and in a few hours all ste, sour bile and sses out of the sys-

der'et on the stomach, liver store for a 50-cent bottle nia Syrup of Pigs," which and directions for babies, children il ages and for grown-ups plainly ted on the bottle. Adv.

a well child again.

thers give "California

because it is perfectly

ar illdren love it, and it nev-

What He Wanted. A man went to order a wedding cake

the other day. "I'm getting married," he said, "and I want a cake."

"Well, it's the latest thing, "said the shopgirl, "to have wedding cakes in harmony with the bridegroom's calling or profession. Thus a journalist has a spice cake, a musician at oat cake, an athlete a cup cake, a man who loafs on his friends a sponge cake, and so forth and so on. What ts your calling, please?" "I am a pianist."

"Then, of course," said the girl, "you'll want a pound cake."

#### SALTS IF BACKACHY OR KIDNEYS TROUBLE YOU

Eat Less Meat If Your Kidneys Aren't Acting Right or If Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region It generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days 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 for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irri-

tates, thus ending bladder weakness. Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.-Adv.

Ether Wanted, Not Author. A man who did not articulate very clearly was present on the first night of a very badly-written and worseacted play. A number of friends present, full of compassion, applauded at the end of the play, and the man of deficient articulation was heard to call for the author, who came out to bow his thanks.

"What in the world did you yell for the author for?" asked a friend of the man. "I didn't. You misunderstood. I was

#### LOOK YOUR BEST

yelling for ether.

As to Your Hair and Skin, Cuticura Will Help You. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. These fragrant super-creamy emollients preserve the natural purity and beauty of the skin under conditions which, if neglected, tend to produce a state

of irritation and disfigurement. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere .- Adv.

College Changes. Bill-What's become of your col lege coach? Have you lost him? Jill-Oh, no, indeed.

'Why, I haven't seen him at a football game this season."

"Va; you see, he's teaching the y in the tango and hesitation,

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chart Fletchers in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoris

Valuable Ovens.

By the use of improved ovens which collected the by-products, the coke industry of the United States saved \$16. 070,000 last year, which would have been wasted by old methods of manufacture.

But for the collar button's habit of rolling under the dresser some men would never get any exercise.

Quito, Equador, recently bought 3,200 school desks from the United

## The Call of the FEVERISH, SICK | Cumberlands |

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

(Copyright, spr3, by W. J. Watt & Co.) SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious, Spicer South, head of the family, tells Samson South and Sally that Jesse Purvy has been shot and that Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson decies it. The shooting of Jesse Purvy breaks the truce in the Hollman-South feud. Samson reproves Tamarica Spicer for telling Sally that Jim Hollman is hunting with bloodhounds the man who shot Purvy. The bloodhounds lose the trail at Spicer South's door. Lescott discovers arristic ability in Samson. While shetching with Lescott on the mountain, Tamarick discovers Samson to a beering crowd of mountaineers. Samson thrashes him and denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Purvy. Lescott tries to persuade Samson to go to New York with him and develop his talent. Sally, loyal but heartbroken, furthers Lescott's efforts. At Wile McCaper's dance Samson tells the South clan that he is going to leave the mountains.

CHAPTER VII-Continued.

Lescott stayed on a week after that simply in deference to Samson's insistence. To leave at once might savor of flight under fire, but when the week was out the painter turned his horse's head toward town, and his train swept him back to the Bluegraes and the out the sheet, and read: East.

A quiet of unbroken and deadly routine settled down on Misery. The conduct of the Souths in keeping hands off, and acknowledging the justice of Tamarack Spicer's jall sentence, had been their answer to the declaration of the Hollmans in letting Samson ride into and out of Hixon. The truce was established. When, a short time later, Tamarack left the country to become a railroad brakeman, Jesse Purvy passed the word that his men must, until further orders, desist from violence. The word had crept about that Samson, too, was going away, and, if this were true, Jesse felt that his future would be more secure than his past. Purvy believed Samson guilty, despite the exoneration of the hounds. Lescott had sent a box of books, and

Samson had taken a team over to Hixon, and brought them back. He devoured them all from title page to finis line, and many of there

he went back to, and digested again. He wrestled long and gently with his uncle, struggling to win the old man's consent to his departure. But Spicer South's brain was no longer plastic. What had been good enough for the past was good enough for the future. Nevertheless, he arranged affairs so that his nephew should be able to meet financal needs, and to go where he chose in a fashion befitting

November came in bleakly, with a raw and devastating breath of fatality. The smile died from horizon to horizon, and for days cold rains beat and lashed the forests. And, toward the end of the month, came the day which Samson had set for his departure. At the threshold, with the saddle-

bags over his left forearm and the rifle in his hand, he paused. His uncle stood at his elbow and the boy put out his hand.

"Good-by, Unc' Spicer," was all he said. The old man, who had been his second father, shook hands. His face, heart.

A half-mile along the road. Samson halted and dismounted. There, in a small cove, surrounded by a tangle of briers and blackberry bushes, stood a small and dilapidated "meeting house" and churchyard, which he must visit. He made his way through the rough undergrowth to the unkempt half-acre, and halted before the leaning headstones which marked two graves. With a sudden emotion, he swept the back of his hand across his eyes. He did her lips were tightly closed, not remove his hat, but he stood in the silence, and then he said:

"Pap, I hain't fergot. I don't want ye ter think thet I've fergot."

Before he arrived at the Widow Miller's, the rain had stopped and the clouds had broken.

Sally opened the door, and smiled She had spent the day nerving herself for this farewell, and at least until the moment of leave-taking she would fer God's sake take keer of yeself!" be eafe from tears. The Widow Mil- He broke off, and picked up his hat. ler and her son soon left them alone, and the boy and girl sat before the blazing logs.

For a time, an awkward silence fell between them. At last, the boy rose, and went over to the corner where he had placed his gun. He took it up and Samson?" she demanded.

laid it on the hearth between them. "Sally," he said, "I wants ter tell ye wants ye ter keep this hyar gun fer gun's a-goin' ter keep hit fer me."

The girl's eyes widened with surprise.

"Hain't ye a-goin' ter take hit with ve. Samson?" "He shook his head. "I hain't a-goin' ter need hit down

thet will be enough." "I'll take good keer of hit," she

promised. The boy took out of his pockets a box of cartridges and a small package tied in a greasy rag.

"Hit's loaded, Sally, an' hit's cleaned an hit's greased. Hit's ready fer use." Again, she nodded in silent assent, and the boy began speaking in a slow. careful voice, which gradually mount-

ed into tense emotion. "Sally, thet thar gun was my pap's. When he lay a-dyin', he gave hit ter along the way. At other times it was me, an' he gave me a job ter do with like riding in a huge caldron of pitch. hit. When I was a little feller, I used When he passed into that stretch of promised.

to corroborate.

"Thar hain't none. Samson."

Sally, that I prizes like I does that gun. the absence of frank warning. wants ye ter keep hit fer me, an' ter orchard and heard a stable door creak I'm comin' back, an', when I comes, I'll not look back or pause to listen for need this hyar thing-an' I'll need hit the hoofbeats of his unsolicited escort. hand caressingly along its lock and hardly have heard them had he bent

I'm shore a-goin' ter need hit quick. I was time in plenty. thet gun!

He stopped, and bent forward. His set and fanatical.

"Samson," said the girl, reaching out I'll fotch hit out thar to ye." The youth nodded. "I mout come

any time, but likely as not I'll hev ter come a-fightin' when I comes. Next, he produced an envelope.

"This here is a letter I've done writ ter myself," he explained. He drew

"Samson, come back." Then he Mr. Lescott.



When I Whistles Like a Whippoorwill. Fetch Me That Gun."

wants yer ter mail thet ter me quick. too, was expressionless, but he feit He says as how he won't never call grinned responsively. that he was saying farewell to a sol- me back, but, Sally, I wants thet you dier of genius who was abandoning the shall send fer me, of they needs me. 1 field. And he loved the boy with all hain't a-goin' ter write no letters home. the centered power of an isolated Unc' Spicer can't read, an' you can't light." read much either. But I'll plumb shore be thinkin' about ye day an' night."

She gulped and nodded. "Yes. Samson," was all she said

The boy rose. "I reckon I'd better be gettin' along," he announced.

The girl suddenly reached out both hands, and seized his coat. She held him tight, and rose, facing him. Her upturned face grew very pallid, and her eyes widened. They were dry, and but. through the tearless pupils, in the firedrizzle of cold rain for a moment of light, the boy could read her soul, and her soul was sobbing. He drew her toward him, and held

her very tight.

"Sally," he said, in a voice which threatened to choke, "I wants ye ter take keer of yeself. Ye hain't like these other gals round here. Ye hain't got big hands an' feet. Ye kain't stand es much es they kin. Don't stay out in the night air too much-an', Sally-

the door, "that there's the most prethen anything-take keer of hit."

Again, she caught at his shoulders.

He hesitated.

They went together out to the stile, asked questions. he still carrying his rifle, as though loath to let it go, and she crossed with him to the road.

As he untied his reins, she threw long while they stood there under the yourself for coming conditions. below. Nobody don't use 'em down clouds and stars, as he held her close, going to take work, more work, and thar. I've got my pistol, an' I reckon There was no eloquence of leave-taking, no professions of undying love, for these two hearts were inarticulate reached a point where speech would curb.' have swept them both away to a break-

#### CHAPTER VIII.

The boy from Misery rode slowly toward Hixon. At times the moon struggled out and made the shadows black ter set up 'most all day, polishin' thet country at whose heart Jesse Purvy

gun an' gittin' hit ready. I used ter | dwelt he raised his voice in song. His | shown his guest over the premises. | "You are a dear, Wilfred," she comgo out in the woods, an' practice shoot- | singing was very bad, and the ballad | said good night and went uptown to | forted, "and I couldn't manage to get in' hit at things, tell I learned how ter lacked tune, but it served its purpose his own house. Samson lay a long on without you, but you aren't mar handle hit. I reckon that hain't many of saving him from the suspicion of while awake, with many disquieting riageable-at least, not yet." fellers round here that kin beat me furtiveness. Though the front of the reflections. now." He paused, and the girl hastened house was black, behind its heavy shutters he knew that his coming might be into a house overlooking the park, those men whose fortunes are listed noted, and night-riding at this par-"There hain't nothin' in the world, ticular spot might be misconstrued in the dining room. He turned and went tunes. Socialists would put you in the

trust hit with. Thet's you. . . . I he crossed the creek that skirted the him with questions. keep hit ready. . . They thinks softly behind him. He was to be followed again—and watched, but he did eyed girl, who looked very much as stand shortly before you begging bad." He took up the rifle, and ran his On the soft mud of the road he would his ear and drawn rein. He rode at a have been waiting to see him. Must "I don't know when I'm a-comin'," he walk, for his train would not leave unsaid, slowly, "but, when I calls fer this, til five o'clock in the morning. There

wants hit ter be ready fer me, day er It was cold and depressing as he night. Maybe, nobody won't know I'm trudged the empty streets from the of exhibition, Drennie," he smiled. "I hyar. . . . Maybe, I won't want livery stable to the railroan .....tion, was afraid if he came in here in the a shirker-and, since it's the same nobody ter know. . . . But, wheat carrying his saddlebags over his arm. I whistles out that like a whippoorwill. At last he heard the whistle and saw the saddlebags—you ultracivilized folk Adrienne did n I wants ye ter sllp out-an' fotch me blazing headlight, and a minute later might have laughed." he had pushed his way into the smoking car and dropped his saddlebags face was tense, and his eyes were glint- on the seat beside him. Then, for the ing with purpose. His lips were tight first time, he saw and recognized his watchers. Purvy meant to have Sam- likable face which was for the moson shadowed as far as Lexington, and ment incredulously amused. "That and taking the weapon from his hands, his movements from that point defi goes Dick Whittington one better. 'ef I'm alive when ye comes, I'll do nitely reported. Jim Asberry and Aaron hit. I promise ye. An'," she added. Hollis were the chosen spies. He did George. We celebrate you." "ef I hain't alive, hit'll be standin' not speak to the two enemies who took thar in thet corner. I'll grease hit, seats across the car, but his face painter, dryly. "When you New Yorkan' keep hit loaded, an' when ye calls, hardened, and his brows came together ers have learned what these barbariin a black scowl.

The sleeping car to which he was assigned after leaving Lexington was almost empty, but he felt upon him the handed the missive to the girl. "Thet interested gaze of those few eyes that there is addressed ter me, in care of were turned toward his entrance. He himself played instructor. When the . . . Ef anything hap engaged every pair with a pair very skylight darkened with the coming of pens-ef Unc' Spicer needs me-I clear and steady and undropping, un- evening, the boy whose mountain natil somehow each lip that had started ture cried out for exercise went for to twist in amusement straightened. and the twinkle that rose at first many miles of city pavements, and glance sobered at second. Yet, for after that, when the gas was lit, he all his specious seeming of unconcern, Samson was waking to the fact that he was a scarecrow, and his sensitive pride made him cut his meals short in the dining car, where he was kept busy beating down inquisitive eyes with his defiant gaze. He resolved after some thought upon a definite poltion. But, wherever it could be done with honor, he would concede to cus-

It was late in the second afternoon when he stepped from the train at Jersey City, to be engulfed in an unimagined roar and congestion. Here it was impossible to hold his own against the unconcealed laughter of the many, and he stood for an instant glaring about like a caged tiger, while three currents of humanity separated and flowed toward the three ferry exits. Then he saw the smiling face of Lescott, and Lescott's extended hand. Even Lescott, immaculately garbed and fur-coated, seemed almost a stranger, and the boy's feeling of intimacy froze But Lescott knew nothing of that. The stole in Samson keld true mask. ing his emotions.

"So you came," said the New Yorker heartily, grasping the boy's hand. 'Where's your luggage? We'll just pick that up and make a dash for the ferry."

"Hyar hit is," replied Samson, who still carried his saddlebags. The painter's eyes twinkled, but the mirth was so frank and friendly that the boy, instead of glaring in defiance,

"Right, oh!" laughed Lescott. thought maybe you'd bring a trunk, but it's the wise man who travels

He followed Lescott out to the foot of Twenty-third street, and stepped with him into the tonneau of the painter's waiting car. Lescott lived with his family uptown, for it happened that, had his canvases possessed no value whatever, he would still have been in a position to drive about the world. If he did not take the boy to his home, it was because he understood that a life which must be not only full of early embarrassment, but positively revolutionary, should be approached by easy stages. Consequently the car turned down Fifth avenue, passed under the arch and drew up before a door just off Washington square, where the land ner of gentle denial, until he released scape painter had a studio suit. There were sleeping rooms and such accessories as seemed to the boy unheard-of luxury, though Lescott regarded the place as a makeshift annex to his home establishment.

"You'd better take your time in se lecting permanent quarters," was his "An' that gun, Sally," he repeated at careless fashion of explaining to Samson. "It's just as well not to hurry. clous thing I've got. I loves hit better You are to stay here with me, as long as you will."

"I'm obleeged ter ye," replied the "Does ye love hit better'n ye do me, boy, to whose training in open-doored hospitality the invitation seemed only natural. The evening meal was "I reckon ye knows how much I brought in from a neighboring hotel, some things that I hain't never said loves ye, Sally," he said, slowly, "but and the two men dined before an open ter nobody else. In the fust place, I I've done made a promise, an' thet fire, Samson cating in mountain silence, while his host chatted and

"Samson," suggested the painter, when the dinner things had been carried out and they were alone, "you are here for two purposes: First, to study her arms about his neck, and for a painting; second, to educate and equip then some more work."

"I hain't skeered of work."

"I believe that. Also, you must and dizzy clinging to a wilderness keep out of trouble. You've got to ride code of self-repression-and they had your fighting instinct with a strong crow's nest called softly down to the

"I don't 'low to let nobody run over modification.

"All right, but until you learn ropes let me advise you." The boy gazed into the fire for a few moments of silence. "I gives ye my hand on thet,

At eleven o'clock the painter, having that he grew more and more excited wish Magistrate.

Meanwhile Lescott, letting himself in to join a gay group just back from predatory class."

Lescott himself might have looked had alm.' he been a girl-and very young and lovely. Now she flashed on him an affectionate smile, and added: "We I shouldn't care for it. But hasn't it we go to bed disappointed?" Geor stood looking down on them.

and tinkled the ice in his glass. "He wasn't brought on for purposes

vindicated Lescott's assumption.

bags?" echoed a young fellow with a You do make some rare discoveries.

"Thanks, Horton," commented the ans already know, the control of your "When I gits back," he promiced oversensitized risibles and a courtesy himself, "you'll be one of the fust deeper than your shirt-fronts-maybe folks I'll look fer, Jim Asberry, damn I'll let you have a look. Meantime I'm ye! All I hopes is thet nobody else much too fond of all of you to risk don't git ye fust. Ye b'longs ter me." letting you laugh at my barbarian."

> Several months were spent laboring with charcoal and paper over plaster casts in Lescott's studio, and Lescott long tramps that carried him over turned, still insatiably hungry, to volumes of history, and algebra, and facts. A sloop-rigged boat with a crew of

two was dancing before a brisk breeze through blue Bermuda water. Off to the right Hamilton rose sheer and ley. It was a very old policy, but to colorful from the bay. At the tiller him new-and a discovery. He would sat the white-clad figure of Adrienne change nothing in himself that in- Lescott. Puffs of wind that whipped volved a surrender of code or convic- the tautly bellying sheets lashed her dark hair about her face. Her lips, vividly red like poppy petals, were just now curved into an amused smile, which made them even more than ordinarily kissable and tantalizing. Her companion was neglecting his nominal duty of tending the sheet to watch her. "Wilfred," she teased, "your con-

trast is quite startling-and, in a way, effective. From head to foot you are spotless white-but your scowl is absolutely 'the blackest black that our eyes endure.' And," she added, in an injured voice, "I'm sure I've been very nice to you." "I have not yet begun to scowl." he

assured her, and proceeded to show to inward constraint and diffidence. what superlatives of saturnine expression he held in reserve. "See here, Drennie, I know perfectly well that I'm a sheer imbecile to reveal the fact that you've made me mad. It pleases you too perfectly. It makes you happier than is good for you, but-"It's a terrible thing to make me happy, isn't it?" she inquired, sweetly.

"Drennie, you have held me off since we were children. I believe I first announced my intention of marrying you when you were twelve. That intention remains unaltered. More: It is unalterable and inevitable. My reasons for wanting to needn't be rehearsed It would take too long. I regard you as possessed of an alert and remark able mind-one worthy of companionship with my own." Despite the frivolous badinage of his words and the humorous smile of his lips, his eyes hinted at an underlying intensity. With no desire to flatter or spoil you, I find your personal aspect pleasing enough to satisfy me. And then, while a man should avoid emotionalism, I his motor and follow his impulses am in love with you." He moved over to a place in the sternsheets, and his face became intensely earnest. He dropped his hand over hers as it lay on the tiller shaft. "God knows, dear," he exclaimed, "how much I love you!" Her eyes, after holding his for a mo-

ment, fell to the hand which still imprisoned her own. She shook her head, not in anger, but with a manher fingers and stepped back.

"Why not?" he asked. "In the first place, you are one of was hailed by a chorus of voices from in the top schedule—the swollen for

Hit's got a job ter do. . . . Thar The correctness of his inference the opera. As he thoughtfully mixed brought a brief smile to his lips when himself a highball, they bombarded fault that I'm rich. It was wished on me. If you are serious, I'm willing "Why didn't you bring your bar- to become poor as Job's turkey. Show

> "To what end?" she questioned. "Poverty would be quite inconvenient. ever occurred to you that the man who wears the strongest and brightest mail, and who by his own confession is possessed of an alert brain, ought occasionally to be seen in the lists?"

"In short, your charge is that I am Adrienne did not at once answer

him, but she straightened out for an A rear of laughter at the picture uninterrupted run before the wind. and by the tiny moss-green flecks "No! Now, actually with saddle- which moments of great seriousness



"You Are a Dear, Wilfred?"

brought to the depths of her eyes, he knew that she meant to speak the unveiled truth.

"Besides your own holdings in a lot of railways and things, you handle your mother's and sisters' property. don't you?" He nodded.

"In a fashion, I do. I sign the necessary papers when the lawyers call me up and ask me to come downtown." "You are a director in the Metropole

Trust company?" "Guilty." "In the Consolidated Seacoast?"

"I believe so." With your friends, who are also shareholders, you could assume control of the Morning Intelligence,

couldn't you?" "I guess I could assume control, but what would I do with it?" "Do you know the reputation of tha

newspaper?" "I guess it's all right. It's conservative and newsy. I read it every morning when I'm in town. It fits in very nicely between the grapefruit and the

bacon and eggs." "It is, also, powerful," she added, and is said to be absolutely servile to corporate interests."

"Drennie, you talk like an anarchist. ou are rich yourself, "And against each of those other concerns various charges have been

"Well, what do want me to do?" "It's not what I want you to do." she informed me; "it's what I'd like

to see you want to do." "Name it! I'll want to do it forth-"I think when you are one of a handful of the richest men in New York; when, for instance, you could dictate the policy of a great newspaper, yet know it only as the course that follows your grapefruit, you are a shirker and a drone, and are not playing the game." Her hand tightened on the tiller. "I think if I were a man riding on to the polo field I'd either try like the devil to drive the ball down between the posts, or I'd come inside and take off my boots and colors. I

around the edge of the scrimmage." She knew that to Horton, who played polo like a fiend incarnate, the figure would be effective, and she whipped out her words with something very close to scorn.

wouldn't hover in a ladylike futility

"There's my band on it. Drennie he said. "We start back to New Yorl tomorrow, don't we? Well, when I get there I put on overalls and go to work. When I propose next I'll have something to show."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



#### PUT END TO FOOTBALL GAME | The men on board the ship got out

Polar Bear May Only Have Intended to Witness Contest, but Players Took No Chances.

One day, while the whaleship Narwhal was tied to an ice floe in Bering sea, and the lookouts were at the masthead scanning the open water southward for the appearance of whales, a party of the forecastlemen made a football of rags and corn, and went over the bow to kick the misshapen thing around on a smooth stretch of ice a short distance from the vessel.

The fun was at its height and the men were just getting the kinks out of their legs when the harpooner in the deck that a polar bear had scented the men on the ice and was excitedly makme." The statement was not argu- ing his way toward them. No warning mentative; only an announcement of was given to the football players. Bea principle which was not subject to fore long the bear appeared close to the edge of the floe, and he scemed to be in a great hurry. He shambled rapidly along in and out among the hummocks, and every few feet he would pull himself erect to sniff the air and crane his head anxiously. Closer who, whenever they see a little work, and closer he came, and it was plain immediately become ill."—The Green-

their rifles, to make sure that the bear did no harm to the men on the ice. The gaunt ice bear came to the last

hummock hat separated him from the field of play. One of the men was in the act of "kicking the stuffing" out of the ball when the bear suddenly emerged into clear view. The ball fet to the ice, the man's leg came hurriedly down on the ice, and the man him self broke for the ship like a deer There was a succession of frightened shouts, and the ice became alive with running men. Never was there a quicker change of scene. Men stumbled and fell and yelled and fought for a grasp of the rope ladder.

The men on deck were so convulsed with laughter that they made no ef fort to shoot the bear. And after the first whoop the bear became so thoroughly alarmed at the consternation he had caused that he turned tail and fied in a clumsy gallop down the ice

We All Know Them.

"There are certain people who eat well, drink well, and sleep well, but

## "CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now.

Turn the rascals out-the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases-turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stom-

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

See That Work Is Done Properly.

Trained nurses in Boston have agreed, through one of their organizations, to give instructions as to how to prepare bandages, "sponges" and first-aid packages for shipment and use by the hospital and field surgeons with the armies of all the nations involved in the European war. Wheaever women are preparing these things for the hospitals they may telephone for a nurse to come and see if the work is done properly.

Unfair Advantage. James-The rain falls alike on the

just and unjust. Jones-True, but the unjust man is generally provided with the just man's umbrella.

The Shocks of Football. "How rough this sport of football is! What shocks of irresistible bodies!"

"Humph! What shocks of irresisti

ble hair! Their Worth, He-I'll give you a penny for your

thoughts. She-Well, they're all cents-ible. YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Byes and Granulated Eyelids, No Smarting

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