fashion calculated to inflame.

the crow of cowardice.

Samson it was falsely alleged, had

things in his absence, which he would

hardly venture to repeat in his pres-

ence. In short, it was put to Horton

to announce his opinion openly, or eat

That evening, when Samson went

"I've been greatly annoyed to find,"

"I reckon that's all right," said Sam-

"I don't want to appear in the guise

of a prophet of trouble," he said, "but

you are my guest here, and I must

warn you. Horton thinks of you as a

'gun-fighter' and a dangerous man.

He doesn't often drink, but today

an altereation if you can, but if it

ously: "You will have to get him, or

Farbish drew from his pocket i

For an instant, the mountaineer

"Mr. Farbish," he said, "I've been in

drinking who had made threats against

me. I think you are excited about

At the dinner table, Samson South

and Wilfred Horton were introduced.

and acknowledged their introductions

with the briefest and most formal

nods. During the course of the meal,

though scated side by side, each ig-

nored the presence of the other. Sam-

son was, perhaps, no more silent than

usual. Always, he was the listener ex-

cept when a question was put to him

direct, but the silence which sat upon

Wilfred Horton was a departure from

He had discovered in his college

days that liquor, instead of exhilarat-

ing him, was an influence under which

he grew morose and sullen, and that

discovery had made him almost a total

abstainer. Tonight, his glass was con-

stantly filled and emptied, and, as he

ate, he gazed ahead, and thought re-

When the coffee had been brought.

and the cigars lighted, and the serv-

ants had withdrawn, Horton with the

an opportunity, turned slightly in his

chair, and gazed insolently at the Ken-

Samson South still semed entirely

unconscious of the other's existence.

though in reality no detail of the brew-

ing storm had escaped him. He was

studying the other faces around the

peared to occupy him. Wilfred Hor-

flush, and his eyes were narrowing

with an unveiled dislike. Suddenly,

a silence fell on the party, and, as

the men sat puffing their cigars, Horton

turned toward the Kentuckian. For a

moment, he glared in silence, then

with an impetuous exclamation of dis-

"See here, South, I want you to know

that if I'd understood you were to be

here, I wouldn't have come. It has

pleased me to express my opinion of

mean to express it to you in person.

Samson looked around, and his feat-

ares indicated neither surprise nor in

terest. He caught Farbish's eye at

the same instant, and, though the plot-

ter said nothing, the glance was subtle

and expressive. It seemed to prompt

and goad him on, as though the man

"You mustn't stand that. Go after

"I reckon"-Samson's voice was a

pleasant drawl-"it doesn't make any

particular difference, Mr. Horton."

quired Horton, his eyes narrowing.

ion, I don't reckon it would interest

"In point of fact"-Horton was gaz

ing with steady hostllity into Sam-

have rather generally expressed the

belief that you are a damned savage,

his feet with the last words, the moun-

"And," went on the New Yorker,

unfit for decent society."

gust he announced:

had said:

me much."

him.

sentfully of the man at his side.

his ordinary custom.

tuckian.

stood looking at his host and with eyes

The Kentuckian laughed.

your clothes," he insisted.

amongst gentlemen."

magazine pistol.

start it.

won't takes chances with you.

he said, seating himself on Samson's

b) his room, Farbish joined him.

bed, "that Horton arrived today."

son. "He's a member, isn't he?"

Farbish appeared dubious.

accused him of saying derogatory I'd sit down."

"CASCARETS" ACT

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.

We never live; we are always in the expectation of living.-Voltaire.

All-Star Cast.

"And was the production of Hamlet artistic?"

"For your life, yes. A famous female impersonator played Ophella, they had a lightweight pugillat in as Hamlet, and four great baseball play ers were doing other parts."

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

Bears the Signature of Chart Hillthir.
In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Modern Suspicion. "George Washington couldn't tell a falsehood."

"Not on his own account, perhaps. But every time I see that statement I wonder whether be hadn't a wonderful press agent."

Sure of Their Reward.

They who, continuing faithful to divine grace, however partially communicated, serve God with their whole lives, will never fail of that one reward, the greatest which even he has to bestow, the being made able to love him with their whole hearts .- Dors Greenwell.

Prosperity.

There's a Yankee landlord on the Maine coast who keeps his old hulk of a summer hotel filled every year with well-to-do guests from the cities, who pay high prices for the wonderful scenery and the good meals, philosophscally accepting the bleak rooms, the shabby wall paper, and the threadbare upholstery. A New York man asked him toward the close of the season how he had been doing.

Wal," the Yankee replied "I've just about going over the books, and we've netted about \$17,000 this season: Lreckon if we do as well another year ['II paper the parior!'

Questions to Be Answered. Whither goest thou? Where is thy soul?

Is it in peace? If troubled, why? How art thou fulfilling the duties of thy position?

What are they? What effort hast thou made to amend thy disposition, and conquer thy sins?

Hast thou been faithful to the light God has given thee? What means shouldst thou use, es-

pecially with regard to thy most besetting sin or temptation?

Hast thou fought against it? Hast thou thought about it at all? What hast thou done with the circumstances of the last month?

Have they wrought God's work in thee?-Pere Ravignan.

> OUR NATIONAL DISEASE Caused by Coffee.

Physicians know that drugs will not correct the evils caused by coffee and that the only remedy is to stop drink-

An Arkansas doctor says: "I was a coffee drinker for many years and often thought that I could not do without it, but after years of suffering with our national malady, dyspepsia, I attributed it to the drinking of coffee, and after some thought. determined to use Postum for my morning drink.

"I had the Postum made carefully according to directions on the pkg. and found it just suited my taste.

"At first I used it only for breakfast, but I found myself getting so much better, that I had it at all meals and I am pleased to say that I have been re-Neved of indigestion. I gained 19 pounds in 4 months and my general health is greatly improved.

"I must tell you of a young lady in Illinois. She had been to ill health for many years, the vital forces low, with but little pain. I wrote her of the good that Postum did me and advised her to

"At the end of the year, she wrote me that she had gained 40 pounds in weight and felt like herself again."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum-most be well belied 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum-is a soluble powder A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage in stantly. 30c and 50c tins. The cost per cup of both kinds is

about the same. There's a Resson" for Postum.

-sold by Grocers

The Call of the ON LIVER; BOWELS | Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

(Copyright, 1913, by W. J. Watt & Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape saintur, unconscious. Jesse Purvy of Lie Hollman clan has been shot and Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting breaks the trues in the Hollman-South rend. Jim Hollman hunts with bloodhounds the man who shot Purvy. The bloodhounds lose the trail at Spicar South's door Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. While sketching with Lescott on the mauntain, Tamarack discovers Samson to a learing crowd of mountaineers. Samson thrushes him and denounces him as the "true-buster" whis shot Purvy. At Wile Mcand denounces him as the "truce-buster" whis shot Furry. At Wile McCager's dance Samson tells the South
claim that he is going to leave the
mountains. Leasest goes home to New
York. Samson bids Spicer and Sally
farewell and follows. In New York Samson studies art and bearns much of city
ways. Drennie Leacott perstades Wilfeed Horison, her dileftante lover, to do a
man's work in the world. Frompied by
her love. Sally teaches herself to write.
Horian throws himself into the businesse
world and becomes well into by predatory financiers and politicians. At a Bohemian resort Samson meets William Parbish, sporty social parasite, and Horian's
energy. Farblah new Samson and Drennie dining together unchaperoned at the
Wigwam roadhouse. He conspires with
others to make Morion jeslous and sur-

CHAPTER XI-Continued.

Samson did not appear at the Lescott house for two weeks after that. He had begun to think that, if his going there gave embarrassment to the girl who had been kind to him, it were better to remain away.

"I don't belong here," he told himself, bitterfy. "I reckon everybody that knows me in New York, except the Lescotts Is laughing at me behind my back.

his work such fire and energy that it came out again converted into holdness of stroke and an almost savage vigor of drawing. The instructor nodded his head over the easel, and passed on to the next student without having left the defacing mark of his relentless crayon. To the next pupil, he maid:

"Watch the way that man South draws. He's not clever. He's elementally sincere, and, if he goes on, the first thing you know he will be a portrait painter. He won't merely draw eyes and lips and noses, but character and virtues and vices showing out through them."

And Samson met every gaze with smoldering savagery, searching for some one who might be laughing at him openly, or even covertly, instead of behind his back. The long-suffering fighting lust in him craved opportunity to break out and relieve the pressure on his soul. But no one laughed.

One afternoon late in November, a hint of blizzards swept snarling down the Atlantic seaboard from the pola floes, with wet flurries of snow and rain. Off on the marshes where the Kenmore club had its lodge, the live decoys stretched their clipped wings. and raised their green necks restively into the salt wind, and listened. With dawn, they had heard, faint and far away, the first notes of that wild chorus with which the skies would ring until the southerly migrations ended -the horizon-distant honking of highflying water fowl.

Then it was that Farbish dropped in with marching orders, and Samson, yearning to be away where there were open skies, packed George Lescott's borrowed paraphernalia, and prepared to leave that same night.

While he was packing, the telephone rang, and Samson heard Adrienne's voice at the other end of the wire. "Where have you been hiding?" she demanded. "I'll have to send a truant

officer after you. "I've been very busy," said the man, and I recken, after all, you can't civilize a welf. I'm afraid I've been

wasting your time. Possibly, the miserable tone of the voice told the girl more than the words

You are having a season with the blue devils," she announced. "You've ben cooped up too much. This wind ought to bring the ducks, and--

I'm leaving tonight," Samson told "It would have been very nice of you to have run up to say good by." she reproved. "But I'll forgive you. if you call me up by long distance. You will get there early in the morning. Tomorrow, I'm going to Philadelphia over night. The next night, I shall be at the theater. Call me up after the theater, and tell me how you like tt."

SNAKES WERE ALL DROWNED

But Animals, Liberated From Their Cages Just in Time, Swim Ashore From Wrecked Scow.

Tied to tall trees on the banks of the Skagit river is one of the strangest collection of animals ever harbored in this neck of the woods, as the result of the wreck of a scow towed by the gasoline launch Tango, carrying the 50 members and full properties, exhibition tents, and cages full of the Sound Amusement company of Seattle, bound for this city.

The launch dragged itself across a ing the scow over, a plank was ripped arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh,

from the bottom and it sank. The men on the Tango aprang on 1914-1915 a short time ago. J. Taylor, the scow and tore open the cages to illustrator, member of the faculty of free the animals, which leaped into the the Carnegie Institute of Technology, water and swam ashore. There they gave a chalk talk on illustrations of scattered in the woods and kept the interest to children. He was assisted in the borough of Manhattan number showmen busy all day rounding them by Norman Kennedy and J. W. Thomp-

could be liberated, and locked in the demonstration to the children during tan, 399,791;

friendliness of voice, and the same confidences. The delegated spokes. At another time and place, I shall be strument. Samson felt so comforted South had spoken pointedly of him, explain—certain things." and reassured that he laughed through and advised cautious conduct, in a the telephone.

"I've been keeping away from you," he volunteered, "because I've had a lapse into savagery, and haven't been fit to talk to you. When I get back, I'm coming up to explain. And, in the meantime, I'll telephone."

On the train Samson was surprised to discover that, after all, he had Mr. William Farbish for a traveling companion. That gentleman explained that he had found an opportunity to play truant from business for a day or two, and wished to see Samson comfortably ensconced and introduced. The first day Farbish and Samson

had the place to themselves, but the

next morning would bring others. The next day, while the mountainper was out on the flats, the party of men at the club had been swelled to a total of six, for in pursuance of the carefully arranged plans of Mr. If there is a clash, it will be serious. Farbish, Mr. Bradburn had succeeded in inducing Wilfred Horton to run he's doing it, and may be ugly. Avoid down for a day or two of the sport he loved. When Horton arrived that | comes-" He broke off and added seriafternoon, he found his usually even temper ruffled by bits of maliciously he will get you. Are you armed?" broached gossip, until his resentment against Samson South had been fanned into danger heat. He did not know that South also was at the club. and he did not that afternoon go out to the blinds, but so far departed from his usual custom as to permit himself to sit for several hours in the club grill.

And yet, as is often the case in care- that bored deep, but whatever was in fully designed affairs, the one element | his mind as he made that scrutiny that made most powerfully for the he kept to himself. At last, he took success of Farbish's scheme was pure | the magazine pistol turned it over in accident. The carefully arranged meet | his hand, and put it into his pocket. ing between the two men, the adroitly incited passions of each, would still have brought no clash, had not Wiltred Horton been affected by the flushing effect of alcohol. Since his college this thing. If anything starts, he will days, he had been invariably abstemious. Tonight marked an exception.

He was rather surprised at the cordiality of the welcome accorded him, for, as chance would have it, except for Samson South, whom he had not yet seen, all the other sportsmen were men closely allied to the political and financial elements upon which He worked flercely, and threw into he had been making war. Still, since they seemed willing to forget for the time that there had been a breach, he was equally so. Just now, he was feeling such bitterness for the Kentuckian that the foce of a less personal sort seemed unimportant.

In point of fact, Wilfred Horton had spent a very bad day. The final straw had broken the back of his usually unruffled temper, when he had found in his room on reaching the Kenmore a copy of a certain New York weekly



'Don't You See That This Thing Is Frame-Up?"

paper, and had read a page, which chanced to be lying face up (a chance carefully prearranged), it was an item of which Farhish had known, in advance of publication, but Wilfred would never have seen that sheet, had it not been so carefully brought to his attention. There were hints of the strange infatuation which a certain young woman seemed to entertain for a partially civilized stranger who had made his entree to New York via the police court, and who were his hair long in imitation of a biblical character of the same name. The supper at the Wigwam inn was mentioned, and the character of the place intimated. Horton felt this objectionable innuendo was directly traceable to Adrienne's ill-judged friendship for the mountaineer, and he bitterly blamed the mountaineer. And, while he had been brooding on I taineer remained seated. these matters, a man acting as Farhis room, since Farbish himself knew passion, "what I said I still believe to added: "Here, cat that!"

cost its owner \$500.

Bert Mansfield, who owns the dog and pony part of the show, remained on the scow with his pet dog Chester, despite the entreaties of his compan-

own life. children. Another valuable animal still at large is the trick mule, High School Interesting If True. Jack. There were six horses and 20 trained dogs. Several trained raclost Mount Vernon coons were (Wash.) Dispatch to Seattle Times.

Teaching Art to Children.

was inaugurated for the season of son, both of Pittsburgh. Many intercages, the wriggling, writhing reptiles the year. There will be exhibitions of Queens, 23,891.

went to their death. One big snake modeling, plaster casting, and vase BECAUSE HIS DOG LIKED HIM craft, as well as talks, illustrated by lantern slides, on various periods of painting and architecture. The per manent collections and special exhibitions in the department of fine arts ions, until he barely escaped with his will be utilized for the benefit of the

> A resident of Westville, Conn., says found that he would have to pay \$7.50 that last year he took a pumpkin seed to check a mongrel as far as St. Louis,

before it had dried and cut his name about two-thirds of the journey. and the year on it. He planted the seed last spring and when a pampkin mountaineers, who still dress in the old veil and handkerchief of Buckingformed the name and date were on it Tennessee mountaineer style, ap-The Children's Hour held under the in small letters. As the pumpkin grew peared at the Boise station with tick snag on the North Fork, but in puli- nuspices of the department of fine the date and letters enlarged in projets to Nashville. He remarked that portion. The pumpkin weighs 63 he wanted to check his dog through old jewelry, a baby's lace bounet and pounds and the letters and date are and asked whether or not he could some old flask cups.-London Chronraised on it.-Boston Globe. get off at certain stations to feed and lele. pet the animal.

Manufactures in New York. The manufacturing establishments 19,769; in Brooklyn, 55,218; in Queens, 771. These plants employ the follow-The scow bank before the snakes esting subjects have been selected for ing numbers of wage-earners: Manhat-Brooklyn, 123,883; he said.

"Against that!" Horton struck the

his open hand. Instantly, there was a its throat. commotion of scraping chairs and shuffling feet, mingled with a chorus taineer. of inarticulate protest, Samson had become a thing of unspeakable passion. His hand instinctively swept toward his pocket-and stopped halfway. He stood by his overturned

Samson still sat motionless.

"Against what?" he inquired.

was plainly audible.

"I reckon I don't need to be armed "It won't hurt you to slip that into places before now where men were

"I'm Ready Either to Fight or Shake Hands."

chair, gazing into the eyes of his as satiant, with an effort at self-mastery which gave his chest and arms the appearance of a man writhing and stiffening under electrocution. Then, he forced both hands to his back and gripped them there. For a moment the tableau was held, then the man from the mountains began speaking. slowly and in a tone of dead-level monotony. Each syllable was portentously distinct and clear clipped.

"Maybe you know why I don't kill you. . . . Maybe you don't. . . . I don't give a damn, whether you do or not . . . That's the first blow I've ever passed. . . . I ain't going to hit back. . . . You need a friend pretty bad just now. . . . For certain reasons, I'm going to be that friend. . . you see that this thing is a damned frame-up? . . . Don't you see that I was brought here to murder you?" manner of one who had been awaiting He turned suddenly to Farbish.

"Why did you insist on my putting that in my pocket"-Samson took out the pistol, and threw it down on the table-cloth in front of Wilfred, where it struck and shivered a half-filled wine-glass-"and why did you warn me that this man meant to kill me? age-though just now it sort of looks I was meant to be your catspaw to put table, and what he saw in them ap Wilfred Horton out of your way, 1 added-and I'm ready either to fight may be a barbarian and a savage, but or shake hands. Either way suits ton's cheeks were burning with a dull I can smell a rat-if it's dead enough." For an instant there was absolute

and hushed calm. Wilfred Horton picked up the discarded weapon and looked at it in bewildered stupefaction, then slowly his face flamed with distressing mortification. "Any time you want to fight me"-

Samson had turned again to face him, and was still talking in his deadly quiet voice-"except tonight, you can find me. I've never been hit before you to a number of people, and now I got to be paid for-but the man that's really responsible has got to pay first. When I fight you, I'll fight for myself. not for a bunch of damned murderers. . Just now, I've got other business.

That man framed this up!" He pointed | and talk?" a lean finger across the table into the startled countenance of Mr. Farbish. "He knew! He has been working on this job for a month. I'm going to attend to his case now."

As Samson started toward Farbish. the conspirator rose, and, with an excellent counterfeit of insulted virtue. pushed back his chair.

"Even if what I said didn't happen 'By God." he indignantly exclaimed. to be particularly commendatory?" in-"you mustn't try to embroll me in your "So long," replied the Kentuckian, are talking wildly, South." as what you said was your own opin-

'Am 1?" questioned the Kentuckian, quietly; "I'm going to act wildly in a

He halted a short distance from Farbish, and drew from his pocket a damned good for you-just like she's son's eyes-"I prefer to tell you. I crumpled scrap of the offending magazine page; the item that had offended of you than she does of me-and she's

"I may not have good manners, Samson's face grew rigid and a trifle Mister Farbish, but where'l come from pale. His mouth set itself in a straight we know how to handle varmints." He line, but, as Wilfred Horton came to dropped his voice and added for the plotter's ear only: "Here's a little matter on the side that concerns only us. It wouldn't interest these other bish's ambassador had dropped into flushing with suddenly augmenting gentlemen." He opened his hand, and It had been killed by a mine in the

Why the Southern Mountaineer Was

Willing to Pay to Check a

Mongrel.

The pedigree of a dog makes no

"That dog is powerful fond of me,"

His face fell somewhat when he was

"Why can't he go on our tickets?"

he remarked in explanation.

like \$10 to check the dog.

It was the same old frankness and that florion would not listen to his be true and repeat in your presence. Farburn with a frightened glance at the set face of the man who was adid note like the music of a reed in man warned Wilfred that Samson even more explicit. I shall ask you to vancing upon him, leaped back, and draw from his pocket a pistol-it was "Mr. Horton," suggested Samson in an exact counterpart of the one with an ominously quiet voice, "I reckon which he had supplied Samson.

you're a little drunk. If I were you, With a panther like swiftness, the Kentuckian leaped forward, and struck Wilfred's face went from red to up the weapon, which spat one inwhite, and his shoulders stiffened. He effective bullet into the rafters. There leaned forward, and for the instant was a momentary scuffle of awaying no one moved. The tick of the clock | bodies and a crash under which the table groaned amid the shattering "South," he said, his breath coming of glass and china. Then, slowly, the in labored excitement, "defend your conspirator's body bent back at the waist, until its shoulders were stretched on the disarranged cloth, and the white face, with purple veins swelling on the forehead, stared up mountain man across the face with between two brown hands that gripped

"Swallow that!" ordered the moun

For just an instant, the company risen, and, for a second, his face had stood dumfounded, then a strained. unnatural voice broke the silence, "Stop him, he's going to kill the

man! The odds were four to two, and with a sudden rally to the support of their chief plotter, the other conspirators rushed the figure that stood throt tling his victim. But Samson South was in his element. The dammed-up wrath that had been smoldering during these last days was having a tempestuous outlet. He had found men who, in a gentlemen's club to which he had come as a guest sought to use him as a catspaw and murderer.

As they assaulted him, en masse he seized a chair, and swung it flaillike about his head. For a few moments, there was a crashing of glass and china, and a clatter of furniture and a chaos of struggle.

Samson South stood for a moment panting in a scene of wreckage and disorder. The table was littered with shivered glasses and decanters and chinaware. The furniture was scattered and overturned. Farbish was weakly leaning to one side in the seat to which he had made his way. The men who had gone down under the heavy blows of the chair lay quietly where they had fallen.

Wilfred Horton stood walting. The whole affair had transpired with such celerity and speed that he had hardly understood it, and had taken no part But, as he met the gaze of the disordered figure across the wreckage of a dinner-table, he realized that now, with the preliminaries settled, he who had struck Samson in the face must give satisfaction for the blow. Horton was sober, as cold sober as though he had jumped into ice-water, and though he was not in the least afraid, he was mortified, and, had apology at such a time been possible, would have made He knew that he had misjudged his man; he saw the outlines of the plot as plainly as Samson had seen them, though more tardily,

Samson's toe touched the pistol which had dropped from Farbish's hand and he contemptuously kicked it to one side. He came back to his

place. "Now, Mr. Horton," he said to the man who stood looking about with a dazed expression, "if you're still of the same mind, I can accomodate you. You lied when you said I was a say like I was, and"-he paused, then

me For the moment. Horton did not speak, and Samson slowly went on:

"But, whether we fight or not, you've got to shake hands with me when we're finished. You and me sin't going to start no feud. This is the first time I've ever refused to let a man be my enemy if he wanted to. I've got my reasons. I'm going to make you shake hands with me whether you like it or not, but if you want to fight first it's without hitting back. That blow has satisfactory. You said awhile ago you would be glad to be more explicit with me when we were alone-" He paused and looked about the room, "Shall I throw these damned murderers out of here, or will you go into another room

Leave them where they are," said. Horton, quietly. "We'll go into the reading-room. Have you killed any of them?"

"I don't know," said the other, curtly, "and I don't care." When they were alone, Samson

went on: "I know what you want to ask me

about, and I don't mean to answer you. You want to question me about Miss quarrels. You must apologize. You Lescott. Whatever she and I have done doesn't concern you. I will say this much-if I've been ignorant of New York ways and my ignorance has embarrassed her, I'm sorry.

"I supposed you know that she's too too good for me. But she thinks more yours. As for me, I have nothing to apologize to you for. Maybe, I have something to ask her pardon about but she hasn't asked it.

CTO BE CONTINUEDA

Whale a Victim of War. An enormous whale drifted ashore near Margate, England, the other day North sea.

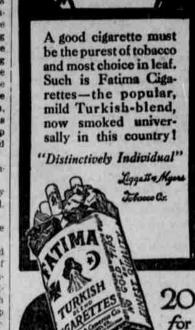
pay \$7.50 to St. Louis and another

fee from then on, he said:

Well, that cur thinks so powerful much of me I reckon I'll have to pay it. It makes no difference about the kind of dog, if you love him, you know," and he slowly counted out the difference if you love him. This was money from an old miner's wallet and the opinion expressed by a citizen of put the dog in the baggage car, with Pioneerville, at Boise, Idaho, when he a final love pat on his head.

Gifts From Rich and Poor. An admiral's daughter has vent to He and his brother, two southern the church army war fund a 200-yearhamshire lace, which have been in her family's possession for 100 years. A West Country resident has sent some

Light Has Lasted Long. In the sheriff's vault in Vancouver. Wash, there is an incandescent light old that it would cost him something which has been in use for 22 years, and is still good. It is burned only when the vault is opened, but at times has been going for a day or When told that he would have to two at a time.



For Parcel Post Shipment; Butter, Eggs, Produce, Pickles, Preserves and any other article you have. Write FARM PRODUCTS COMPANY FRANKLIN BANK BLDG., WASHINGTON, D. C.

HELP WANTED-MEN Men destring to better their present position; good pay no selling Enclose stamped addressed envelope for prumpt reply. BANASEE, Set 162, Elisabeth, N. 4.

145 ACRE improved farm Blinels = miles from R. M. Malator, Write to owner, J. M. MEAD, Goroville, III.

AGENTS-Business proposition, eithersex demon-strate sample, orders follow, pleasant work, short nours, write W. P. Mitchell, Ninth St., Marieta, O. PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Warb

Imitated His Superiors.

A good story is being told by Lord Lovat, head of the famous Lovat scouts, who is to command the Highland Mounted brigade with the allies on the continent. A very much ruffled private was under arrest for some offense, and Lord Lovat inquired of the sergeants as to what his offense

"He's a very troublesome fellow, sir." replied the sergeant. "Got too much lip, goes out without leave, comes back when he likes, and gets drunk when he likes-just as if he was an officer."-Toronto Mail and Empire.

HAIR OR NO HAIR?

it is Certainly Up to You and Cuticura. Trial Free.

Hot shampoos with Cuticura Soap, followed by light dressings of Cuticura Ointment rubbed into the scalp skin tend to clear the scalp of dandruff, soothe itching and irritation and promote healthy hair-growing conditions. Nothing better, cleaner, purer. Sample each free by mail with Book Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY. Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv.

Naturally So. "Airships are very expensive, are they not?"

"Well, they make the money fly," Nothing equals Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops for Bronchial weakness, sore chests, and throat troubles—5c at all Druggists.

Haste trips its own heels, and fetters and stops itself.-Seneca.



Neuralgia

There is no need to suffer the annoying, excruciating pain of neuralgia; Sloan's Liniment laid on gently will soothe the aching ad like magic. Don't delay. Try it at once.

Hoar What Others Say "I have been a sufferer with Neuralgia or several years and have tried different thinnests, but Shoan's Liminest is the sect Limineat for Neuralgia on earth, have tried, it microsofully; it has never alice."—F. H. Williams, Augusta, Ark. Mrs. Ruth C. Claypool, Independence, Mo., writez: "A friend of ours told us bout your Laiment. We have been using t for 13 years and think there is nothing ike it. Wouse it on everything, sore, atts, burns, bruises, sore throat, headaches

s the best remedy for rheumatism backache, sore throat and sprains At all dealers, 25c.

Send four cents in stamps for s TRIAL BOTTLE Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Inc.

Dept. B.

IF YOU HAVE

Philadelphia, Pa.