

The Old Home Prescription that is pleasant to take and sure to help, is Hale's Honey

Rheumacide The Reliable Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout and RHEUMATISM GETS AT THE JOINTS FROM THE INSIDE

SAVE YOUR LIVE STOCK FROM DISEASE—THIS FREE BOOK TELLS HOW

DROPSY TREATMENT usually gives quick relief, soon restores swelling and short breath, often gives entire relief

Her Destiny. "Professor," said Miss Skylight, "I want you to suggest a course in life for me. I have thought of Journalism."

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle.

SAGE TEA DARKENS GRAY HAIR TO ANY SHADE. TRY IT!

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly.

Strong Recommendation. The guest sat down and frowned over the bill of fare in great perplexity.

Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Marine Eye Remedy.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. Dandruff disappears. Restores Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.

The Call of the Cumberlands By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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

On Misery creek Sully Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious. Lewny Purdy of the Hollman clan has been shot and Samson is suspected of the crime.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"George Lescott brought me up here and befriended me. Until a year ago I had never known any life except that of the Cumberland mountains.

"Good God!" he exclaimed at last. "And you are the man I undertook to criticize!"

"You ain't answered my question," suggested Samson South.

"I'm glad you liked the show," said the mountaineer was saying. "No, nothing special is happening here—except that the ducks are plentiful."

"I know that if you two met each other you would become friends."

"Do you know," he said one day, coming out from behind his easel and studying her through half-closed eyes.

"Some of your folks thought they ought to let you know because they promised to give you a say," wrote the informant.

"Although I am not painting you," she said with a smile, "I have been studying you, too."

Let it content thee that thou art a man.

hoped to see kill him. The two appeared to be in excellent spirits and thoroughly congenial as the car rolled out of sight.

BANQUETS THAT ARE FAMOUS

Old Romans Would Send to the Ends of the Earth for Delicacies That Appealed to Them.

At the famous banquet of Trimalchio which, I should be remembered, was not merely a banquet, but a burlesque.

Nathan Bedford Forrest. It is not true that General Forrest was "an ignorant man, never to his dying day able to read or write."

There is a love which can find its own expression in sympathy and all its happiness in understanding—John Oliver Hobbes.

Sneezing as a Diagnosis. A sneeze is responsible for the discovery by City Clerk Newton that he had three broken ribs and a dislocated shoulder.

And No Oeslerizing? Insurance authorities find that in the last 50 years the average man has increased his length of life by seven years.

DR. BULL'S Cough Syrup STANDARD FOR FIFTY YEARS

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W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 7-1915.

had cast him out of their council! They already thought of him as one who had been.

In that passionate rush of feeling everything that had happened since he had left Misery seemed artificial and dreamlike.

He had been telling himself that he was loyal and now he realized that he was drifting like the lotus eaters.

He rose and paced the floor, with teeth and hands clenched and the sweat standing out on his forehead.

Then his eyes fell on the unfinished portrait of Adrienne. The face gazed at him with life grave sweetness.

For an instant Samson's face hardened. "No," he said; "I don't care to do that."

"Oh, very well!" she laughed lightly. "In that event, of course, you shouldn't do it."

"What do you mean?" "I mean that I've got to keep some thing as it was to remind me of a prior claim on my life."

For an instant the girl's face clouded and grew deeply troubled. "You don't mean," she asked, with an outburst of interest more vehement than she had meant to show.

"Sally, Sally!" he groaned, dropping his face on his crossed arms, while his shoulders heaved in an agony of heartbreak.

But it was easier to say the words of repudiation than to cut the ties that were knotted about his heart.

With a rankling soul, the mountaineer left New York. He wrote Sally a brief note, telling her that he was going to cross the ocean.

One sunny afternoon when Samson had been in the Quartier Latin for eight or nine months the concierge of his lodgings handed him, as he passed through the door, an envelope addressed in the hand of Adrienne Lescott.

As he read it he felt a glow of pleasurable surprise, and, wheeling, he retraced his steps briskly to his lodgings, where he began to pack.

Adrienne had written that she and her mother and Wilfred Horton were sailing for Naples, and commanded him, unless he were too busy, to meet their steamer.

A few weeks later Samson and Adrienne were standing together by moonlight in the ruins of the Coliseum.

She looked up at his eyes. Her own were wide and honest and very full of pain.

The Victim. A gentleman's agreement usually means that the third gentleman is going to get stung.—Atchison Globe.

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must some day be answered. Friendship had been a good and seemingly a sufficient definition.

Then his thoughts went back to a cabin in the hills and a girl in calico. He heard a voice like the voice of a song bird saying through tears:

"I couldn't live without you, Samson. I just couldn't do it!"

For a moment he was sick of his life. It seemed that there stood before him, in that place of historic wreaths and memories, a girl, her eyes sad, but loyal, and without reproach.

"You look," said Adrienne, studying his countenance in the pallor of the moonlight, "as though you were seeing ghosts."

"I am," said Samson. "Let's go." Adrienne had not yet seen her portrait.

Paris Adrienne should soon insist on crossing the Pont d'Alexandre III to his studio near the "Boule Mich" for an inspection of her commissioned canvas.

For a while she wandered about the businesslike place, littered with the gear of the painter's craft. It was, in a way, a form of mind-reading, for Samson's brush was the tongue of his soul.

The girl's eyes grew thoughtful as she saw that he still drew the leering, saturnine face of Jim Asberry.

He had not outgrown hate, then? But she said nothing until he brought out and set on an easel her own portrait.

For a moment she gasped with sheer delight for the colorful mastery of the technique, and she would have been hard to please had she not been delighted with the conception of herself mirrored in the canvas. It was a face through which the soul shined, and the soul was strong and flawless.

The girl's personality radiated from the canvas—and yet—a disappointed little look crossed and clouded her eyes. She was conscious of an indefinable catch of pain at her heart.

Samson stepped forward, and his waiting eyes, too, were disappointed. "You don't like it, Drennie?" he anxiously questioned. But she smiled in answer, and declared:

"I love it." He went out a few minutes later to telephone for her to Mrs. Lescott, and gave Adrienne carte blanche to browse among his portfolios and stacked canvases until his return.

In a few minutes she discovered one of those efforts which she called his "rebellious pictures."

These were such things as he painted, using no model except memory perhaps, not for the making of finished pictures, but merely to give outlet to his feelings; an outlet which some men might have found in talk.

This particular canvas was roughly blocked in, and it was elementally simple, but each brush stroke had been thrown against the surface with the concentrated fire and energy of a blow, except the strokes that had painted the face, and there the brush had seemed to kiss the canvas.

The picture showed a barefooted girl, standing, in barbaric simplicity of dress, in the glare of the arena, while a gaunt lion crouched eyeing her. Her head was lifted as though she were listening to faraway music. In the eyes was indomitable courage.

That canvas was at once a declaration of love, and a misère. Adrienne set it up beside her own portrait, and as she studied the two with her chin resting on her gloved hand, her eyes cleared of questioning. Now she knew what she missed in her own more beautiful likeness. It had been painted with all the admiration of the mind.

The other had been dashed off straight from the heart—and this other was Sally! She replaced the sketch where she had found it, and Samson returning found her busy with little sketches of the Seine.

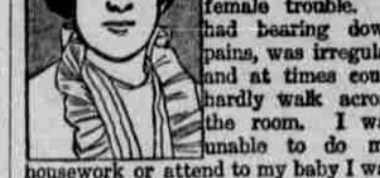
"Drennie," pleaded Wilfred Horton, as the two leaned on the rail of the Mauretania, returning from Europe, "are you going to hold me off indefinitely? I've served my seven years for Rachel, add thrown in some extra time. Am I no nearer the goal?"

The girl looked at the oily heave of the leaden and cheerless Atlantic, and its somber tones found reflection in her eyes. She shook her head.

"I wish I knew," she said, "wearily. Then she added vehemently: 'I'm not worth it, Wilfred. Let me go. Chuck me out of your life as a little pig who can't read her own heart; who is too utterly selfish to decide upon her own life.'"

THIS WOMAN'S SICKNESS Quickly Yielded To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bridgeport, N.J.—"I want to thank you a thousand times for the wonderful good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."



I had bearing down pains, was irregular and at times could hardly walk across the room. I was unable to do my housework or attend to my baby I was so weak. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me a world of good, and now I am strong and healthy, can do my work and tend my baby. I advise all suffering women to take it and get well as I did."

—Mrs. FANNIE COOPER, R. F. D., BRIDGEPORT, N. J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

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Women's Parents. Mrs. Bacon—I see that nearly four hundred women applied for patents in England last year.

Trying to Forget. He—Don't you remember me? She—Why should I? We were engaged to be married last summer at the beach.

YAGER'S LINIMENT The Greatest Remedy For SPRAINS, BRUISES, SWELLING, CUTS, BURNS, SORES, etc.



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Never Fails. Gives color and beauty to Gray Hair. More than half a century of success.

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