



DROPSY TREATED, usually gives quick reiner, soon removes swealing and short breath, often gives entire relief in 15 to 25 days. Tries treatment sent FREE DR. THOMAS E. GREEN. Successor to De H. H. Green's Sons, Box A. Chatrworth, Ge Her Destiny.

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

"What are your own inclinations?" "Oh, my soul yearns and throbs and pulsates with an ambition to give the world a life work that shall be marvelous in its scope and weirdly entrancing in the vastness of its structural beauty!"

'Woman, you're born to be a mil-

### 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.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sours, then your little one becomes cross, balf-sick, feverish, don't eat. eleep or act naturally, breath is bad. system full of cold, has sore throat. stomach-ache or diarrhoea, Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constinuted waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again. fight.

Millions of mothers give "California Byrup of Figs because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

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. Adv.

Sew It Seems. "When does a man become a seam-

"When he hetus and haws,"

atress?"

"When he threads his way?"

"When he rips and tears?" "No."

"Give It up." "Never, if he can help it."-Chris-

tlan Register.

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

Keep Your Locks Youthful, Dark, Glossy and Thick With Garden Sage and Sulphur,

When you darken your bair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is mussy and troublesomety For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use tonic called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant. You will also discover dandruff is gone and hair has stopped falling.

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur and look years younger. Adv.

Strong Recommendation. The guest sat down and frowned

over the bill of fare in great perplex

"What's good today?" he inquired of the waiter.

"Stewed steak, sir," answered the other, promptly, and then, leaning over the table, he added, confidential ly, "It's very good indeed, sir. The walters are having it themselves."

Doubtless it is the unexpected that to-poens because one can never tell what a woman will do.

Sore Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by capo-sure to Sun, Dust and Wind Eyes Eye Remedy. No Smarting.

## The Call of the **Cumberlands**

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious. Jesse Purvy of the Hollman clain has been shot and Samson is auspected of the crime. Samson denius it. The shooting breaks the truce in the Hollman-South fend, Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. Samson thrashes Tamarack Spicer and denounces him as the "truce-busier" who shot Purvy. Samson tells the South clain that he is going to leave the mountains. Lescott goes home to New York Samson bids Spicer and Sally farswell and follows. In New York Samson studies art and learns much of city ways. Dreamie Lescott persondes Wilfred Horton, her digithate leyer, to do a man's work in the world. Prompted by her love, Bally teaches berself to write. Horton throws himself into the boxiness world and becomes well hated by predatory financiers and pellicians. At a Bohemian resort Samson meets William Farbish, sporty social parasite, and Horton's enemy. Farbish conspires with others to make Horton judicus and succeeds. Farbish brings Horton and Samson together at the Kenmore club's shooting bother, and forces an open rupture, expecting Samson to kill Horton and so rid the political and financial thus of the crusader. Samson exposes the plot and thrashes the conspirators.

#### CHAPTER X1-Continued.

"George Lescott brought me up here and befriended me. Until a year ago sion. He said so. I had never known any life except that of the Cumberland mountains. Until I met Miss Lescott, I had never was good to me. She saw that in spite of my roughness and ignorance I rich, I hereby commission you to You chose to misunderstand, and dis- how, liked me. These men saw that, and I didn't see fit to oblige them, but, now that I've settled with them, I'm his proffigate demands. willing to give you satisfaction. Do we fight now and shake hands afterward, or do we shake hands without fighting" Horton stood allently studying the

mountaineer.

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

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

"South, if you are willing to shake hands with me I shall be grateful. I eighteen, among little spindle-shanked thrashed me before that crowd, you girls were more advanced than she, respect-and if you can afford to ac- the "college" thought her the most cept my apologies and my hand I am voraciously ambitious pupil they had offering you both.

the mountain boy, gravely. "I told so fast did she learn. But her studies you I'd just as lief shake hands as had again been interrupted, and Miss go to the telephone."

and, as Horton waited, he recognized empty "jolt wagon," followed by a the number for which Samson was ragged cortege of mounted men and calling. Wilfred's face once more women, whose faces were still luguflushed with the old prejudice. Could brious with the effort of recent it be that Samson meant to tell Adri- mourning. Her question elicited the enne Lescott what had transpired? information that they were returning Was he, after all, the braggart who from the "buryin" of the Widow Milboasted of his lights? And, if not, ler. was it Samson's custom to call her up every evening for a good-night message? . He turned and went into son undertook his portrait of Adrithe hall, but, after a few minutes, re- enne Lescott. The work was nearing turned.

"I'm glad you liked the show the mountaineer was saying. Yes, I like it fine.

just come across the wirer

other you would become friends,"

"I reckun," said Samson, ruefully, estimate of herself. when Horton joined him, "we'd better back to find several startled servants til now? Analyzing you—studying you assisting to their beds the disabled in this fashion, not by your words, but to be about, but were breakfasting in ling. their rooms.

that morning saw an unexpected cli-studying you, too. As you stand there well." max, when the car of Mr. Wilfred before your canvas your own person-Horton drove away from the club car- ality is revealed-and I have not been rying the man whom they had hoped entirely unobservant myself."

Alabama Statesman of

Humorous Story.

third congress was when Champ Clark.

he opposed President Wilson's policy

of repealing the Panama canal tolls

exemption law. Clark was on the los-

voice, Tom Heffin of Alabama walked

through the Democratic cloakroom

Heffin stopped, laughed and said:

voice was audible

peared to be an excellent spirits and a laugh, "do you like me?" thoroughly congenial as the car rolled out of sight, and the gentlemen who were left behind decided that, in view unadvertised into ancient history.

#### CHAPTER XII.

The second year of a new order brings fewer radical changes than the of me, but in time you may at least first. Samson's work began to forge out of the ranks of the ordinary and to show symptoms of a quality which would some day give it distinction. Heretofore his instructors had held him rigidly to the limitations of black and white, but now they took off the bonds and permitted him the colorful delight of attempting to express him self from the palette. It was like permitting a natural poet to leave prose and play with prosody.

One day Adrienne looked up from a sheaf of his very creditable landscape

studies to inquire suddenly: "Samson, are you a rich man or a poor one?"

He laughed. "So rich," he told her, 'that unless I can turn some of this stuff into money within a year or two I shall have to go back to hoeing

She nodded gravely.

"Haen't it occurred to you," she demanded, "that in a way you are wasting your gifts? They were talking about you the other evening-several painters. They all said that you should be doing portraits."

The Kentuckian smiled. His masters had been telling him the same thing. He had fallen in love with art through the appeal of the skies and hills. He had followed its call at the proselyting of George Lescott, who painted only landscape. Portraiture seemed a less artistic form of expres-

"That may all be very true," she conceded, "but you can go on with your landscapes and let your porknown a woman of your world. She traits pay the way. And," she added, "since I am very vain and moderately wanted to learn, and she taught me. paint me, just as soon as you learn

Farbish had simply dropped out. Bit believed that, if they could make you by bit the truth of the conspiracy had insult me, they could make me kill leaked, and he knew that his usefulyou. As to your part, they succeeded. ness was ended and that well-lined pocketbooks would no longer open to

Sally had started to school. She had not announced that she meant to do so, but each day the people of Misery saw her old sorrel mare making its way to and from the general direction of Stagbone college, and they smiled. No one knew how Sally's cheeks flamed as she sat alone on Saturdays and Sundays on the rock at the backbone's rift. She was taking her place. morbidly sensitive and a woman of may as well admit that, if you had girls in short skirts, and the little could hardly have succeeded in mak- But she, too, meant to have "l'arnin' "ing me feel smaller. I have played as much of it as was necessary to satinto their hands. I have been a damned | isfy the lover who might never come. fool. I have riddled my own self- And yet, the "fotched-on" teachers at ever had, so unflaggingly did she toll, "I'm right glad to hear that," said and the most remarkably acquisitive, But just now I've got to Grover, her teacher, riding over one day to find out why her prize scholar The booth was in the same room, had deserted, met in the road an

Towards the end of that year Samcompletion, but it had been agreed that the girl herself was not to have "No, a peep at the canvas until the painter nothing special is happening here- was ready to unveil it in a finished except that the ducks are plentiful, condition. Often, as she posed, Wil-. Mr. fred Horton idled in the studio with guess maybe he'd like to talk to you," to criticize, and left without criticiz-The Kentuckian beckoned to Hor- ing. The girl was impatient for the ton, and, as he surrendered the re- day when she, too, was to see the picceiver, left the room. He was think- ture, concerning which the three men ing with a smile of the unconscious maintained so profound a secrecy. She umor with which the girl's voice had knew that Samson was a painter who analyzed with his brush, and that his I knew that if you two met each picture would show her not only fea-

"Do you know," he said one day, fellows are hurt in there. They may studying her, through half-closed eyes, need a doctor." And the two went "I never really began to know you un-

hoped to see kill him. The two ap- this profound analysis," he said with had cast him out of their councils! must some day be answered. Friend

"Wait and see," she retorted. "At all events"-he spoke gravely-"you must try to like me a little, beof the circumstances, the "extraordi- cause I am not what I was. The pernary spree" of last night had best go son that I am is largely the creature and dreamlike. He longed for the of your own fashioning. Of course realities that were forfelted. He wantyou had very raw material to work ed to press himself close to the great, with, and you can't make a silk purse of"-he broke off and smiled-"well.

> For no visible reason she flushed, and her next question came a trifle eagerly:

"Do you mean I have influenced you?"

"Influenced me. Drennie?" he repeated. "You have done more than nainted me over." She shook her head, and in her eyes lanced a light of subtle coquetry.

do, and falled," she told him.

His eyes showed surprise. "Perhaps," he apologized, "I am his leadership. dense, and you may have to tell me bluntly what I am to do. But you know that you have only to tell me" then shook her head again.

"Issue your orders," he insisted. "I am waiting to obey." She hesitated again, then said,

slowly: "Have your hair cut. It's the one uncivilized thing about you."

ened.

that.' "Oh, very well!" she laughed lightly. do it." But her smile faded, and after a moment he explained:

"You see, it wouldn't do." "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, or realized she was showing-"you don't mean that you still adhere to ideas of the vendetta?" Then she broke off with a laugh, a rather nervous laugh. "Of course not," she answered herself. "That would be too absurd!"

"Would it?" asked Samson, simply. He glanced at his watch. "Two minutes up," he announced. "The model will please resume the pose. By the way, may I drive with you tomorrow

afternoon?" The next afternoon Samson ran up the street steps of the Lescott house and rang the bell, and a few moments later Adrienne appeared. The car was waiting outside, and, as the girl came down the stairs in motor coat and vell, she paused and her fingers on the panister tightened in surprise as she ooked at the man who stood below holding his hat in his hand, with his face upturned. The well-shaped head was no longer marred by the mane which it had formerly worn, but was close cropped, and under the transforming influence of the change the forehend seemed bolder and higher, and to her thinking the strength of the purposeful features was enhanced. and yet, had she known it, the man felt that he had for the first time surrendered a point which meant an abandonment of something akin to prin-

She said nothing, but as she took his hand in greeting her fingers after that, and made a fierce gesture she studied the two with her chin restpressed his own in handclasp more lingering than usual.

Late that evening, when Samson returned to the studio, he found a miseive in his letter box, and, as he took it out, his eyes fell on the postmark. It was dated from Hixon, Kentucky, and, as the man slowly climbed the stairs, he turned the envelope over in his hand with a strange sense of misgiving and premonition.

The letter was written in the cramped hand of Brother Spencer. Through its faulty diction ran a plainly discernible undernote of disapproval. for Samson, though there was no word Horton's here. Wait a minute-I them, and often George Lescott came of reproof or criticism. It was plain that it was sent as a matter of courtesy to one who, having proved an apostate, scarcely merited such consideration. It informed him that old Spicer South had been "mighty porely," but was now better, barring the breaking of age. Everyone was "tolerable." Then came the announcetures and expression, but the man's ment which the letter had been written to convey.

The term of the South-Hollman truce look around and see how bad those coming out from behind his easel and had ended, and it had been renewed for an indefinite period.

"Some of your folks thought they promised to give you a say," wrote combatants, and the next morning by your expression, your pose, the the informant. "But they decided that their inquiries elicited the informativery unconscious essence of your pertit couldn't hardly make no difference rienne were standing together by you done that, Drennie?" tion that the gentlemen were all "able sonality-these things are illuminat- to you, since you have left the mountains, and if you cared anything about "Although I am not painting you," it, you knew the time, and could of 

Samson's face clouded. He threw himself: the soiled and scribbled missive down on the table and sat with unseeing to see killed and the man they had "And under the X-ray scrutiny of eyes fixed on the studio wall. So, they

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 gray shoulders of rock that broke through the greenery like giants tearing off soft raiment. Those were his people back there. He should be running with the wolf pack, not coursing with beagles.

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 hande clenched and the that. You have painted me out and sweat standing out on his forehead. His advisers had of late been urging him to go to Paris. He had refused, and his unconfessed reason had been "There are things I have tried to that in Paris he could not answer a sudden call. He would go back to them now and compel them to admit

> tory would have been an easy one, but | soul. for the fact that just now his conside. Samson's civilization was two saturnine face of Jim Asberry.



His Eyes Fell on the Postmark.

deserter; they felt no need of him or, his counsel. Very well, let them have blocked in, and it was elementally it so. His problem had been settled simple, but each brush stroke had for him. His Gordian knot was cut been thrown against the surface with address. This letter, casting him out, blow, except the strokes that had must have been authorized by them, painted the face, and there the brush Brother Spencer acting merely as had seemed to kiss the canvas. The amanuensis. They, too, had repudi- picture showed a barefooted girl, ated him-and, if that were true, ex- standing, in barbaric simplicity of cept for the graves of his parents, dress, in the glare of the arena, while the hills had no tie to hold him.

his face on his crossed arms, while listening to faraway music. In the his shoulders heaved in an agony of eyes was indomitable courage. That heartbreak, and his words came in the canvas was at once a declaration of old crude syllables: "I "lowed cou'd believe in me of hell froze." He rose it up heside her own portrait, and, as with his clenched fists. "All right," ing on her gloved hand, her eyes he said, bitterly, "I'm shet of the lot cleared of questioning. Now she knew of ve. I'm done!"

of repudiation than to cut the ties ed with all the admiration of the mind that were knotted about his heart. The other had been dashed off straight eer left New York. He wrote Sally a Sally! She replaced the sketch where brief note, telling her that he was go- she had found it, and Samson returning to cross the ocean, but his hurt ing found her busy with little sketches pride forbade his pleading for her con- of the Seine. fidence, or adding, "I love you." He

much-and to forget much. had been in the Quartier Latin for years for Rachel, and thrown in some eight or nine months the concierge of extra time. Am I no nearer the goal?" his lodgings handed him, as he passed through the cour, an envelope ad the leaden and cheerless Atlantic, and dressed in the hand of Adrienne Les- its somber tones found reflection in cott. As he read it he felt a glow of her eyes. She shook her head. unless he were too busy, to meet their life." steamer. Within two hours he was

Lake Maggiore. moonlight in the ruins of the Coliseum. The junketing about Italy had own were wide and honest and very been charming, and now in that circle full of pain. he looked at her and suddenly asked

"Just what does she mean to you?" If he had never asked himself that means that the third gentleman is goquestion before he knew now that it ing to get stung .- Atchison Globe.

ship had been a good and seemingly a sufficient definition. Now he was not so sure that it could remain so.

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

"I couldn't live without ye, Samson . I jest couldn't do hit!" For a moment he was sick of his life. It seemed that there stood before him. in that place of historic wraiths and memories, a girl, her eyes sad, but

loyal, and without reproof. "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. Samson had needed a few hours of finishing when he left New York, though it was work which could be done away from the model. So it was natural that when the party reached Paris Adrienne should soon insist on crossing the Pont d'Alexandre III to Then his eyes fell on the unfinished | his studio near the "Boule Mich" for an portrait of Adrienne. The face gazed inspection of her commissioned capvas. at him with its grave sweetness; its For a while she wandered about the For a moment she said nothing, fragrant subtlety and its fine-grained businesslike place, littered with the delicacy. Her pictured lips were si- gear of the painter's craft. It was, in lently arguing for the life he had a way, a form of mind-reading, for found among strangers, and her vic- Samson's brush was the tongue of his

The girl's eyes grew thoughtful as science seemed to be on the other she saw that he still drew the leering. For an instant Samson's face hard- years old-a thin veneer over a cen- had not outgrown hate, then? But tury of feudalism-and now the cen- she said nothing until he brought out "No," he said; "I don't care to do tury was thundering its call of blood and set on an easel her own portrait. bondage. But, as the man struggled For a moment she gasped with sheer over the dilemma, the pendulum delight for the colorful mastery of the In that event, of course, you shouldn't swung back. The hundred years had technique, and she would have been left, also, a heritage of quickness and bard to please had she not been debitterness to resent injury and injus- lighted with the conception of hertice. His own people had cast him self mirrored in the canvas. It was a out. They had branded him as the face through which the soul showed, 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 can vases 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 Sally and his uncle alone had his the concentrated fire and energy of a a gaunt lion crouched eyeing her. Her "Sally, Sally!" he grouned, dropping head was lifted as though she were what she missed in her own more But it was easier to say the words beautiful likeness. It had been paint-With a rankling soul, the mountain- from the heart-and this other was

plunged into the art life of the "other | "Drennie," pleaded Wilfred Horton, side of the Seine," and worked vora- as the two leaned on the rail of the ciously. He was trying to learn Mauretania, returning from Europe. 'are you going to hold me off in-One sunny afternoon when Samson definitely? I've served my seven The girl looked at the oily heave of

pleasurable surprise, and, wheeling, he "I wish I knew," she said, wearily retraced his steps briskly to his lodg. Then she added vehemently: "I'm not ings, where he began to pack. Adri- worth it, Wilfred. Let me go. Chuck enne had written that she and her me out of your life as a little pig who mother and Wilfred Horton were sail- can't read her own heart; who is too ing for Naples, and commanded him. utterly selfish to decide upon her own

"Is it"-he put the question with bound for Lucerne to cross the Italian foreboding-"that, after all, I was a ought to let you know because they frontier by the slate-blue waters of prophet? Have you - and Southwiped your feet on the doormat A few weeks later Samson and Ad- marked 'Platonic friendship?' Have

She looked up into his eyes. Her

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Victim. A gentlemen's agreement usually

Sneezing as a Diagnosis. A sneeze is responsible for the disof the earth. Satire had no more effect covery by City Clerk Newton that he than sumptuary laws, and the ban- had three broken ribs and a dislocated quets of th. rich patricians and shoulder, says a Hanford (Cal.) diswealthy freedmen are legendary. First patch to the Los Angeles Times. Sevcame the fish, for poor as for rich a eral days ago Newton and a number necessity of the dinner. Sea barbel and of friends were returning from an the turbot of Ravenna were the favor- automobile ride when the machine lesque, and was given by a multi-mil- ites, and the haddock was not dis- turned over. He was slightly injured

Later he sneezed vigorously and the pain increased; he sneezed again informed him that he had three broken ribs and a shoulder out of joint

insurance authorities find that in the last 50 years the average man has increased his length of life by seven years. At this rate, as may easily be day, in spite of the war.

# THIS WOMAN'S

Quickly Yielded To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



very much from a female trouble. I had bearing down pains, was irregular 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

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., Bridgeton, 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.,

now I am strong and healthy, can do my

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.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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

Mr. Beacon-Why, I didn's know there could be as many devices for keeping husbands home nights as that. Trying to Forget.

He-Don't you remember me? She-Why should 17 "We were engaged to be married last summer at the beach." "Yes; but don't you recollect you



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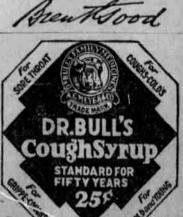
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W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 7-1915.

just Eye Comfort. At a par Druggist a 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Sa vain Tubes 25c. For Boak of the Eye Free ask Druggists or Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago the heat seemed to be simmering vis-

MUCH SOUND; LITTLE EFFECT about half a mile away, whistling for BANQUETS THAT ARE FAMOUS bade the wealthy Romans send for a crossing and roaring and thundering Protest of Champ Clark Reminded as it went "The old man watched it go by,

took hold of his hoe and stooped over his work once more. Then he said. The most dramatic day of the Sixty. talking to himself: "'Boom! Bing! Bum! Hum! But the speaker of the house, took the floor I's gwine to ride you nex' Sadday for his famous speech explaining why | night!" "-Popular Magazine.

A Spendthrift.

A man and his best girl walked into ing side, and everybody knew that the a North Illinois street drug store. The vote would certainly uphold the presi- man bought a one-cent picture postthe front door.

package of chewing gum. As the cou-"That reminds me of an old colored ple walked out of the drug store the man down in my state. He was work. man was heard to remark: "There's ing out in the middle of a field on a no limit to me. Susie, when I'm out hot summer day. It was so hot that with you."-Indianapolis News,

ibly wherever you looked. After a Let i while the midday train rushed by a man. Let it content thee that then art

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

At the famous banquet of Trimalchio which, i. shoull be remembered, was not merely a banquet, but a burlionaire, as should call him today, dained. the gustus would have served the most of men for a dinner. A donkey of Corinthian bronze held two baskets of card and a one-cent postage stamp. As other. Then there were dormice cov- dying day able to read or write," as While the speaker was delivering he started to place the stamp on the ered with honey and poppy seed, hot has been said. On the other hand, he his remarks in his vibrant, booming postcard the woman walked toward sausage on a silver grill and beneath was a man of extraordinary natural Since then Newton has been too ill to "Wait a minute, Susie," said the But a Roman dined with Trimalchio deal of solid wisdom. The poverty of whether he would have felt the in Even there the thunder of Clark's man. "I'm not near through." The as rarely as with Lucuilus, and the his parents prevented him from obtain- juries if he had not sneezed twice. man turned to the clerk and bought a freedman's fancy was separate and his ing an early education, but in mature

courses (fercula they are called), A. Wyeth. which might be three, or even seven. in the houses of epicures. The satirists and historians, as we know, con- one expression in sympathy and all determined, the man of 2914 will live demn the extravagance, which vastly its happiness in understanding -John 140 years longer than the man of toincreased under the empire, and which Oliver Hobbes.

their priceless delicacies to the ents Nathan Bedford Forrest.

olives, white on one side, black on the was "an ignorant man, never to his The physician, after an examination. them damsons and pomegranate seeds. ability and the possessor of a great work. His friends are now wondering life he learned to read and write. The After the gustus came the regular best life of Forrest is that of Dr. John

There is a love which can find its

but thought nothing of it. It is not true that General Forrest and then hastened to see a doctor

And No Oslerizing?