

# MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs"

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. 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.

Nothing thickens the plot like gossip.—Deseret News.

Give some people their pick and they'll proceed to pick fava.

Stubborn Colds and Irritated Bronchial Tubes are easily relieved by Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops—See at Druggists.

When a woman is able to make some other woman jealous she realizes that she had not lived in vain.

Free to Our Readers  
Write Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for 4-page illustrated Eye Book Free. Write all about your eye trouble and they will advise you to the Proper Application of the Marine Eye Remedies in Your Special Case. Your Druggist will tell you that Marine Eye Remedy Relieves Eye Pain, Strengthens Weak Eyes. Doesn't Smart. Soothes Eye Pain, and sells for 50c. Try It in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Sorely Eyelids and Granulation. Adv.

Worth-While Quotations.  
Start some kind word on its travels and do it now; there is no telling when the good it will accomplish will stop.—Selected.

Busy Days.  
"What are you doing?"  
"Nothing."  
"Come to lunch."  
"All right. Wait five minutes and I'll be through."

Needless Extravagance.  
"Is there any artistic appreciation in this town?"  
"Yes, but only to a limited extent."  
"What do you mean by that?"  
"Any woman who pays more than \$1.50 for a framed picture is apt to get herself talked about."

"You Can't Do It."  
Henry N. Span tells a story of John S. Duncan, illustrating how quickly Mr. Duncan took advantage of any unusual occurrence in the trial of a case. The witness was being cross-examined with all the vigor John S. Duncan possessed. Finally he protested.  
"What are you trying to do to me?" the witness shouted at Mr. Duncan.  
"I am simply trying to get you to tell the truth," replied Mr. Duncan, instantly.

"You can't do it, you can't do it!" exclaimed the witness excitedly.  
That reply terminated the cross-examination.—Indianapolis News.

New Anesthetic.  
A new anesthetic is being used in the treatment of wounded in the present war. It is understood to be related to amalgams, a preparation discovered, as this, too, has been, by M. Paulin, a distinguished French chemist and a pupil of Pasteur. Its action is local; it operates upon the nerve centers of the body, and produces a state of oblivion to pain which may last for several hours. It is claimed that by its injection this fluid into the system the wounded soldier may be rendered unconscious sufficiently long to cover the period of his removal to the straiter, where the first serious treatment of his injuries may be seen to.

KNOW NOW  
And Will Never Forget the Experience.

The coffee drinker who has suffered and then been completely relieved by changing from coffee to Postum knows something valuable. There's no doubt about it.

"I learned the truth about coffee in a peculiar way," says a California woman. "My husband who has, for years, been of a bilious temperament decided to leave off coffee and give Postum a trial, and as I did not want the trouble of making two beverages for meals I concluded to try Postum, too. The results have been that while my husband has been greatly benefited, I have myself received even greater benefit."

"When I began to drink Postum I was thin in flesh and very nervous. Now I actually weigh 16 pounds more than I did at that time and I am stronger physically and in my nerves, while husband is free from all his ills."

"We have learned our little lesson about coffee and we know something about Postum, too, for we have used Postum now steadily for the last three years and we shall continue to do so."

"We have no more use for coffee—the drug drink. We prefer Postum and health."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in plgs.  
Postum comes in two forms:  
Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 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 instantly. 30c and 50c tins

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.  
"There's a Reason" for Postum.  
—sold by Grocers

# The Call of the Cumberland

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 painter, unconscious. Jesse Purvy of the Hollman clan has been shot and Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting breaks the truce in the Hollman-South feud. Lescott discovers the truth and denounces Samson as the "truce-buster" who shot Purvy. Samson tells the South clan that he is going to leave the mountains. Lescott goes home to New York. Samson bids Sally and Sally farwell and follows. In New York Samson studies art and learns much of city ways. Drennie Lescott persuades Wilfred Horton, her dittebrate lover, to do a man's work in the world. Prompted by her love, Sally teaches herself to write. Horton throws himself into the business world and becomes wealthy by predatory financiers and politicians. At a Bohemian resort Samson meets William Farish, sports social parasite, and Horton's enemy. Farish conspires with others to make Horton jealous, and succeeds. Farish brings Horton and Samson together at the Kentmore club's shooting lodge, and forces an open rupture, expecting Samson to kill Horton and so rid the political and financial chieftains of the crusader. Samson exposes the plot and thwarts the conspirators. Samson is advised by his teachers to turn to portrait painting. Drennie commissions him to paint her portrait. Sally goes to school. Samson goes to Paris to study.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"No," she said, "we haven't done that yet. I guess we won't. . . . I think he'd rather stay outside, Wilfred. If I was sure I loved him, and that he loved me, I'd feel like a cheat—there he the other girl to think of."

Horton stood silent. It was tea time, and from below came the strains of the ship's orchestra. A few ulster-muffled passengers gloomily paced the deck.

"You won't lose us both, Drennie," he said, steadily. "You may lose your choice—but, if you find yourself able to fall back on substitutes, I'll be there, waiting."

For once he did not meet her scrutiny, or know of it. His own eyes were fixed on the slow swing of heavy, gray-green waters. He was smiling, but it was as a man smiles when he confronts despair and pretends that everything is quite all right. The girl looked at him with a choke in her throat.

"Wilfred," she said, laying her hand on his arm. "I'm not worth worrying over. Really, I'm not. If Samson South proposed to me today, I know that I should refuse him. I am not at all sure that I am the least little bit in love with him. Only, don't you see I can't be quite sure I'm not? It would be horrible if we all made a mistake. May I have till Christmas to make up my mind for all time? I'll tell you then, dear, if you care to wait."

CHAPTER XIII.

Tamarack Spicer sat on the top of a box car, swinging his legs over the side. He was clad in overalls, and in the pockets of his breeches reposed a bulging flask of red liquor, and an unbulging pay envelope. Tamarack had been "raffroading" for several months this time. He had made a new record for sustained effort and industry, but now June was beckoning him to the mountains with vababond yearnings for freedom and leisure. Many things had invited his soul. Almost four years had passed since Samson had left the mountains, and in four years a woman can change her mind. Sally might, when they met on the road, greet him once more as kinsman and agree to forget his faulty method of courtship. This time he would be more diplomatic. Yesterday he had gone to the boss and "called for his time." Today he was paid off, and a free lance.

As he reflected on these matters a fellow-trainman came along the top of the car and sat down at Tamarack's side. This brakeman had also been recruited from the mountains, though from another section—over toward the Virginia line.

"So yer quitta'?" observed the newcomer.

Spicer nodded.  
"Goin' back ter on Misery?"  
Again Tamarack answered with a jerk of his head.  
"I've been layin' off ter tell ye something," Tamarack said.  
"Cut her loose."  
"I laid over in Hixon last week, an' some fellers that used ter know my

mother's folks took me down in the cellar of Hollman's store, an' give me some leker."  
"What of hit?"  
"They was talkin' 'bout you."  
"What did they say?"  
"I seen that they was enemies of yours, an' they wasn't in no good humor, so, when they axed me of I knowed ye, I 'lowed I didn't know nothin' good about ye. I had ter cuss ye out, or git in trouble myself."

Tamarack cursed the whole Hollman tribe, and his companion went on:  
"Jim Asberry was thar. He 'lowed they'd found out that you'd done shot Purvy that time, an' he said—the brakeman paused to add emphasis to his conclusion—"that the next time ye come home, he 'lowed ter git ye plumb shore."

Tamarack scowled.  
"Much obliged," he replied.  
At Hixon Tamarack Spicer strolled along the street toward the courthouse. He wished to be seen. So long as it was broad daylight and he displayed no hostility, he knew he was safe—and he had plans.

Standing before the Hollman store were Jim Asberry and several companions. They greeted Tamarack affably and he paused to talk.  
"Ridin' over ter Misery?" inquired Asberry.  
"Lowed I mout as well."  
"Mind of I rides with ye es fur es Jesse's place?"  
"Plumb glad ter have company," drawled Tamarack.

They chatted of many things, and traveled slowly, but when they came to those narrows where they could not ride stirrup to stirrup each jockeyed for the rear position, and the man who found himself forced into the lead turned in his saddle and talked back over his shoulder, with wary, though seemingly careless, eyes. Each knew the other was bent on his murder.

At Purvy's gate Asberry waved farewell and turned in. Tamarack rode on, but shortly he hitched his horse in the concealment of a hollow, walled with huge rocks, and disappeared into the laurel.

He began climbing in a crouched position, bringing each foot down noiselessly and pausing often to listen. Jim Asberry had not been outwardly armed when he left Spicer. But soon, the brakeman's delicately attuned ears caught a sound that made him lie flat in the lee of a great log, where he was masked in clumps of flowering rhododendron. Presently Asberry passed him, also walking cautiously, but hurriedly, and cradling a Winchester rifle in the hollow of his arm. Then Tamarack knew that Asberry was taking this cut to head him off and waylay him in the gorge a mile away by road but a short distance only over the hill. Spicer held his heavy revolver cocked in his hand, but it was too near the Purvy house to risk a shot. He waited a moment, and then, rising, went on noiselessly with a snarling grin, stalking the man who was stalking him.

Asberry found a place at the foot of a huge pine where the undergrowth would cloak him. Twenty yards below ran the creek-bed road, returning from its long horseshoe deviation. When he had taken his position his faded butternut clothing matched the earth as inconspicuously as a quail matches dead leaves, and he settled himself to wait. Slowly and with infinite caution his intended victim stole down, guarding each step, until he was in short and certain range, but, instead of being at the front, he came from the back. He also, lay flat on his stomach and raised the already cocked pistol. He steadied it in a two-handed grip against a tree trunk and trained it with deliberate care on a point to the left of the other man's spine just below the shoulder blades.

Then he pulled the trigger! He did not go down to inspect his work. It was not necessary. The instantaneous fashion with which the head of the ambuscader settled forward on its face told him all he wanted to know. He slipped back to his horse, mounted and rode fast to the house of Spicer South, demanding asylum.

The next day came word that if Tamarack Spicer would surrender and stand trial in a court dominated by the Hollmans the truce would continue. Otherwise the "war was on."

The Souths flung back this message: "Come and git him."

But Hollman and Purvy, hypocritically clamoring for the sanctity of the law, made no effort to come and "git him." They knew that Spicer South's horse was now a fortress, prepared for siege. They knew that every trail thither was picketed. Also, they knew a better way. This time they had the color of the law on their side. The circuit judge, through the sheriff, asked for troops and troops came. Their tents dotted the river bank below the Hixon bridge. A detail under a white flag went out after Tamarack Spicer. The militia captain in command, who feared neither feudist nor death, was courteously received. He had brains, and he assured them that he acted under orders which could not be disobeyed. Unless they surrendered the prisoner, gatling guns would follow. If necessary they would

be dragged behind ox teams. Many militiamen might be killed, but for each of them the state had another. If Spicer would surrender, the officer would guarantee him personal protection, and, if it seemed necessary, a change of venue would secure him trial in another circuit. For hours the clan deliberated. For the soldiers they felt no enmity. For the young captain they felt an instinctive liking. He was a man.

Old Spicer South, restored to an echo of his former robustness by the call of action, gave the clan's verdict. "Hit hain't the co'te we're skeered of. Ef this boy goes ter town he won't never git into no co'te. He'll be murdered."

The officer held out his hand. "As man to man," he said, "I pledge you my word that no one shall take him except by process of law. I'm not working for the Hollmans or the Purvys. I know their breed."

For a space old South looked into the soldier's eyes and the soldier looked back.  
"I'll take your handshake on that bargain," said the mountaineer, gravely. "Tamarack," he added, in a voice of finality, "ye've got ter go."

The officer had meant what he said. He marched his prisoner into Hixon at the center of a hollow square, with muskets at the ready. And yet, as the boy passed into the courthouse yard, with a soldier rubbing elbows on each side, a cleanly aimed shot sounded from somewhere. The smokeless powder told no tale, and with blue shirts and army hats circling him, Tamarack fell and died.

That afternoon one of Hollman's henchmen was found lying in the road with his lifeless face in the water of the creek. The next day, as old Spicer South stood at the door of his cabin, a rifle barked from the hillside, and he fell, shot through the left shoulder by a bullet intended for his heart. All this while the troops were helplessly camped at Hixon. They had power and inclination to go out and get men, but there was no man to get.

The Hollmans had used the soldiers as far as they wished; they had made them pull the chestnuts out of the fire and Tamarack Spicer out of his stronghold. They now refused to swear out additional warrants.

A detail had rushed into Hollman's store an instant after the shot which killed Tamarack was fired. Except for



"Tamarack, ye've got to go."

a woman buying a card of buttons and a fair-haired clerk waiting on her, they found the building empty.

Back beyond, the hills were impene-trable, and answered no questions. Old Spicer South would ten years ago have put a bandage on his wound and gone about his business, but now he tossed under his patchwork quilt, and Brother Spencer expressed grave doubts for his recovery. With his counsel unavailable Wile McCager, by common consent, assumed something like the powers of a regent and took upon himself the duties to which Samson should have succeeded.

That a Hollman should have been able to elude the pickets and penetrate the heart of South territory to Spicer South's cabin was both astounding and alarming. The war was on without question now, and there must be council. Wile McCager had sent out a summons for the family heads to meet that afternoon at his mill. It was Saturday—"mill day"—and in accordance with ancient custom the lanes would be more traveled than usual.

Those men who came by the wagon road afforded no unusual spectacle, for behind each saddle sagged a sack of grain. Their faces bore no stamp of unwonted excitement, but every man balanced a rifle across his pommel. None the less, their purpose was grim, and their talk when they had gathered was to the point.

Old McCager, himself sorely perplexed, voiced the sentiment that the others had been too courteous to express. With Spicer South bedridden and Samson a renegade, they had no adequate leader. McCager was a solid man of intrepid courage and honesty, but grinding grit was his vocation, not strategy and tactics. "The enemy had such masters of intrigue as Purvy and Judge Hollman."

"I've lost my train," she announced, somewhat breathlessly.

The clerk immediately got out his train guide. He thought she was a commuter who had overstayed her time limit in town, and that she wished to catch a later train.

"New Haven or New York Central, ma'am?" he inquired sympathetically, as he hurriedly turned over the leaves. The lady explained. The clerk rummaged among the things under the counter. "Nothing like a train here, ma'am," he reported. "The only thing we have is a girde that the assistant manager picked up and turned in here a little while ago." He held it up. It was the train Mrs. Roe had missed. Pretty soon it was flying through a one-stop, but its ordinary couplings had been re-enforced with small safety pins.

Stimulating Better Farming.  
The average production of corn per acre is still under twenty-three bushels despite the fact that in nearly every locality yields of 100 bushels per acre have been reported. The department will issue a bulletin which will

Then a lean sorrel mare came jogging into view, switching her fly-bitten tail, and on the mare's back, urging him with a long, leafy switch, sat a woman. Behind her sagged the two loaded ends of a corn sack. She was lithe and slim, and her violet eyes were profoundly serious, and her lips were as resolutely set as Joan of Arc's might have been, for Sally Miller had come only ostensibly to have her corn ground to meal. She had really come to speak for the absent chief, and she knew that she would be met with derision. The years had sobered the girl, but her beauty had increased, though it was now a chastened type, which gave her a strange and rather exalted refinement of expression.

Wile McCager came to the mill door as she rode up and lifted the sack from her horse.  
"Howdy, Sally?" he greeted.  
"To'able, thank ye," said Sally. "I'm goin' ter get off."

As she entered the great half-lighted room, where the mill stones creaked on their cumbersome shafts, the hum of discussion sank to silence. The girl nodded to the mountaineers gathered in conclave, then, turning to the miller, she announced:  
"I'm going to send for Samson."

The statement was at first met with dead silence, then came a rumble of indignant dissent, but for that the girl was prepared, as she was prepared for the contemptuous laughter which followed.  
"I reckon if Samson was here," she said, dryly, "you all wouldn't think it was quite so funny."

Old Caleb Wiley spat through his bristling beard, and his voice was a quavering rumble.  
"What ye wants is a man. We hain't got no use fer no traitors that's too almighty damn busy doin' fancy work ter stand by their kith an' kin."

"That's a lie!" said the girl, scornfully. "There's just one man living that's smart enough to match Jesse Purvy—an' that one man is Samson. Samson's got the right to lead the Souths, and he's going to do it—of he wants to."

"Sally," Wile McCager spoke, soothingly, "don't go gettin' mad. Caleb talks hasty. We know ye used ter be Samson's gal, an' we hain't aimin' ter hurt yer feelin's. But Samson's done left the mountings. I reckon ef he wanted ter come back, he'd come afore now. Let him stay whar he's at."

"Whar is he at?" demanded old Caleb Wiley, in a truculent voice.  
"That's his business," Sally flashed back, "but I know. All I want to tell ye is this. Don't you make a move till I have time to get word to him. I tell you, he's got to have his say."

"I reckon we hain't a goin' ter wait," sneered Caleb. "Fer a feller that won't let hit be known whar he's a-sojournin' at. Ef ye air so shore of him, why won't ye tell us whar he is now?"  
"That's my business, too," Sally's voice was resolute. "I've got a letter here—it'll take two days to get to Samson. It'll take him two or three days more to get here. You've got to wait a week."

"Sally," the temporary chieftain spoke still in a patient, humoring sort of voice, as to a tempestuous child, "thar hain't no place ter mail a letter nigher than Hixon. No South can't ride into Hixon, an' ride out again. The mail carrier won't be down this way fer two days yet."

"I'm not askin' any South to ride into Hixon. I recollect another time when Samson was the only one who would do that," she answered, still scornfully. "I didn't come here to ask favors. I come to give orders—for him. A train leaves soon in the morning. My letter's goin' on that train."

"Who's goin' ter take hit ter town fer ye?"  
"I'm goin' to take it for myself." Her reply was given as a matter of course.  
"That wouldn't hardly be safe, Sally," the miller demurred; "this hain't no time fer a gal ter be galavantin' around by herself in the night time. Hit's a-comin' up ter storm, an' ye've got thirty miles ter ride, an' thirty-five back ter yer house."

"I'm not scared," she replied. "I'm goin' an' I'm warnin' you now, if you do anything that Samson don't like, you'll have to answer to him, when he comes." She turned, walking very erect and dauntless to her sorrel mare, and disappeared at a gallop.  
"I reckon," said Wile McCager, breaking ellence at last, "hit don't make no great diff'rence. He won't hardly come, nobow." Then, he added: "But that boy is smart!"

Samson's return from Europe, after a year's study, was in the nature of a moderate triumph. With the art sponsorship of George Lescott and the social sponsorship of Adrienne, he found that orders for portraits, from those who could pay munificently, seemed to seek him. He was tasting the novelty of being lionized.  
That summer Mrs. Lescott opened her house on Long Island early, and the life there was full of the sort of gaiety that comes to pleasant places when young men in flannels and girls in soft summery gowns and tanned

cheeks are playing wholesomely and singing tunelessly and making love—not too seriously.  
Samson, tremendously busy these days in a new studio of his own, had run over for a week. Horton was, of course, of the party, and George Lescott was doing the honors as host.

One evening Adrienne left the dancers for the pergola, where she took refuge under a mass of honeysuckle.  
Samson South followed her. She saw him coming, and smiled. She was contrasting this Samson, loosely clad in flannels, with the Samson she had first seen rising awkwardly to greet her in the studio.

"You should have stayed inside and made yourself agreeable to the girls," Adrienne reproved him, as he came up. "What's the use of making a lion of you, if you won't roar for the visitors?"  
"I've been roaring," laughed the man. "I've just been explaining to Miss Willoughby that we only eat the people we kill in Kentucky on certain days of solemn observance and sacrifice. I wanted to be agreeable to you, Drennie, for a while."  
"Do you ever find yourself homesick, Samson, these days?"

The man answered with a short laugh. Then his words came softly, and not his own words, but those of one more eloquent:  
"Who hath desired the sea? Her excellent loneliness rather Than the forecourts of kings, and her uttermost pits than the streets where men gather. . . . His sea that his being fulfillth? So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen desire their hills."

"And yet," she said, and a trace of the argumentative stole into her voice, "you haven't gone back."  
"No." There was a note of self-reproach in his voice. "But soon I shall go. At least, for a time. I've been thinking a great deal lately about my flattered folk and wild. I'm just beginning to understand my relation to them, and my duty."

"Your duty is no more to go back there and throw away your life," she found herself instantly contending, "than it is the duty of the young eagle, who has learned to fly, to go back to the nest where he was hatched."  
"But, Drennie," he said, gently, "suppose the young eagle is the only one that knows how to fly—and suppose he could teach the others? Don't you see? I've only seen it myself for a little while."

"What is it that—that you see now?"  
"I must go back, not to relapse, but to come to be a constructive force. I must carry some of the outside world to Misery. I must take to them, because I am one of them, gifts that they would reject from other hands."

From the house came the strains of an alluring waltz. For a little time they listened without speech, then the girl said very gravely:  
"You won't—you won't still feel bound to kill your enemies, will you, Samson?"  
The man's face hardened.  
"I believe I'd rather not talk about that. I shall have to win back the confidence I have lost. I shall have to take a place at the head of my clan by proving myself a man—and a man by their own standards. It is only at their head that I can lead them. If the lives of a few assassins have to be forfeited I shan't hesitate at that. I shall stake my own against them fairly. The end is worth it."

The girl breathed deeply, then she heard Samson's voice again:  
"Drennie, I want you to understand that if I succeed it is your success. You took me raw and unfashioned, and you have made me. There is no way of thanking you."  
"There is a way," she contradicted. "You can thank me by feeling just that way about it."

"Then I do thank you."  
The next afternoon Adrienne and Samson were sitting with a gayly chattering group at the side lines of the tennis courts.  
"When you go back to the mountains, Samson," Wilfred was suggesting, "we might form a partnership. 'South, Horton & Co., Development of Coal and Timber.' There are millions in it."

"Five years ago I should have met you with a Winchester Rifle!" laughed the Kentuckian. "Now I shall not."  
"I'll go with you, Horton, and make a sketch or two," volunteered George Lescott, who had just then arrived from town. "And, by the way, Samson, here's a letter that came for you just as I left the studio."

The mountaineer took the envelope with a Hixon postmark, and for an instant gazed at it with a puzzled expression. It was addressed in a feminine hand, which he did not recognize. It was careful, but perfect, writing, such as one sees in a school copybook. With an apology he tore the covering and read the letter. Adrienne, glancing at his face, saw it suddenly pale and grow as set and hard as marble.  
Samson's eyes were dwelling with only partial comprehension on the script. This is what he read:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and Constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now.  
No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a cleansing, too. Adv.

One of the Earnest Advertisers.  
"You ought to be ashamed to take no interest in work," said the woman with the severe expression. "I want some wood chopped."  
"Lady," replied Plodding Pete, "I do take an interest in work. I'm one of de champaign lecturers on de economic conditions an' de failure to bring de workman an' de job together."

"What good'll that do me?"  
"Lady, you jes' wait an' listen to de lecture I'm goin' to give your husband fur not choppin' dat wood."  
Marriage a la Mode.  
"When is your marriage to be solemnized?"  
"As soon as it's financed."

Not Likely.  
She—They say the new bats and gowns are to be of moderate size.  
He—I hope the bills will match.

Even the people who stand up for their own rights might prefer to sit in the lap of luxury.

# WOMAN WOULD NOT GIVE UP

Though Sick and Suffering; At Last Found Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Richmond, Pa.—"When I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was in a dreadful rundown state of health, had internal troubles, and was so extremely nervous and prostrated that if I had given in to my feelings I would have been in bed. As it was I had hardly strength at times to be on my feet and what I did do was by a great effort. I could not sleep at night and of course felt very bad in the morning, and had a steady headache."  
"After taking the second bottle I noticed that the headache was not so bad. I rested better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued its use until it made a new woman of me, and now I can hardly realize that I am able to do so much as I do. Whenever I know any woman in need of a good medicine I highly praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. FRANK CLARK, 3145 N. Tulip St., Richmond, Pa.



Women Have Been Telling Women for forty years how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored their health when suffering with female ills. This accounts for the enormous demand for it from coast to coast. If you are troubled with any ailment peculiar to women why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It will pay you to do so. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

# PAIN AND INFLAMMATION DISAPPEAR WHEN YAGER'S LINIMENT

IS APPLIED  
The Best Known Remedy For RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA BRUISES WOUNDS, &c.  
The Finest External Remedy For Mankind and Animals  
Solely Preparing By  
JAS. E. BAUM, Witty Hawk, N.C.  
writes—"I suffered with a most severe pain in my side, rubbed well with Yager's Liniment and the relief was instant. Also had a lump on my leg which caused a good deal of pain and trouble, after rubbing a few times with the liniment it entirely disappeared. My mother had suffered for some time with a pain in the breast. She used Yager's and after several applications it disappeared entirely. Many of my neighbors use it, and claim there is nothing like it for relieving pain."  
Sold by dealers in Large 25c. bottle Prepared by  
ELBERT BROS. & CO., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

## WHAT THE HORSES CARRY

French, German and Austrian Animals Are Taxed More Than English and Russian.

Cavalry are playing an unexpected large part in the war, and the weight carried by cavalry horses in the various armies is of interest. The British cavalry is armed with the short Lee-Enfield rifle, the magazine of which holds ten rounds; the sword, which is carried by all ranks except signallers; and the revolver, carried by warrant officers, staff sergeants, sergeants, trumpeters and drivers. Each trooper carries 100 rounds of ammunition in a bandolier over the left shoulder. Lancer regiments carry the lance. Each cavalryman (like the infantryman) carries an emergency and the "iron" ration and a ration for his horse. Then there is the kit. Altogether the British troop-horse carries about two hundred and eighty pounds.

## SAVED TRAIN BY SAFETY PIN

New-Fangled Gown Caused Something of a Confusion