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OWL-LAFFS



O. W. L.
(On With Laughter.)

A man from Donegal Springs told me that the young people of today are as hard to understand as their parents were at their age—and believe me he said a mouthful.

Frequently a woman's ideal is shattered but more often he is only broke.

A lady at Florin made this remark in my presence recently: "Pearls might come from oysters, but some girls get diamonds from nuts."

Now I know why a neighbor of mine continually sings while in the bathtub. He lost the key to the door.

Pat a puppy on the head, or congratulate a man on his intelligence, and you'll have them both eating out of your hand.

Just before she went to school the other morning a little girl here asked her mother: if she couldn't wear a slave necklace so she didn't have to wash her neck.

A certain chirp in town came home a bit stewed the other night. He was making more noise than usual and awoke his wife. When she reached the kitchen he was busy trying to get the canary and the cuckoo clock to sing a duet.

A farmer lady about a mile from town saw a beautiful dress like at Lancaster. A few days later when her husband went to the county seat she told him to bring her one of those beautiful jerseys. He did but imagine her surprise when he arrived home with a jersey cow.

The best way any woman will tell her exact age or nearly so is to buy her a string of pearls—a pearl for each year.

A lady at Florin says: "Those who love only once age fast."

A man at Salunga tells me that he likes the modern furniture much better than others. He claims it doesn't matter how many chests of tools the children get, the furniture doesn't look a bit different.

A young lady who had missed her train was stranded in a small country station. "Where can I spend the night?" she asked an old man nearby. "I dunno," he said. "I guess you'll hefter sleep with the station agent." "Sir," exclaimed the girl, "I'll have you know I'm a lady." "That's all right," said the old timer. "SO is the station agent."

A young lady I know sure has an eye for business. She is engaged to two men at once and now she is trying to figure out how to sue both of them for breach of promise.

"Just last week I bought a harmonica, and now I can play harmony."

"S'nothing—three years ago I bought a violin, and now I play vily."

She was only the nose doctor's daughter but she sure knew her no's.

Two Mount Joy street women in an argument. One said: "I don't tell everything I hear."
The other: "No, you haven't the time."

A fellow came to Eshleman Bros. for a new suit and Ralph told him he gets an extra pair of pants with it. The customer said: "Throw in an extra coat and vest and I'll take it."

Two women, one real fat and the other just the opposite, occupied a seat on a Mount Joy trolley car. The thin one said: "They really should charge by weight on these cars."

The fat one said: "But if they did, some people could never get a ride. The company couldn't afford to stop for them."

He who dances must pay the fiddler, was the remark heard at a recent dance here. Just then some fellow said: "I agree with you but I hate like the deuce to pay that saxophone player."

Recently two gnus escaped from the Philadelphia zoo. I asked one of the keepers if he had any reports about his gnus and he said: "No gnus yet!"

A certain young chap here said to his girl Sunday night: "Are you Ethel's roommate?" and she said: "Yes."
He replied: "I thought that lip-

HOME HEALTH CLUB

WEEKLY LETTER WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE BULLETIN BY DR. DAVID H. REEDER

Continuing the subject of night coughs.

When what is called the "night cough" comes on, in spite of treatment for bronchitis, it is usually if not always, a matter of nerves only, and so, when you can soothe these, all is soon well.

Although this sort of thing has been called night cough, it has been done so only because it is chiefly through the night that it disturbs the patient, but it may come on at other times, and treatment will be the same.

It is often the change of position in lying down that brings it on; but in that case, it is still irritation, of the nerves which causes it. The blood, urged on by these, creates the irritation. In other cases the cough comes on when the spine becomes heated in bed. This does not occur after a few mornings of the cooling and rubbing have been enjoyed.

No one can adequately imagine how great the relief is which may be given and how many lives might be saved by these simple applications.

Whooping cough may be aggravated by these night coughs. Whooping cough is a disease which causes the death of more children than any other, and yet is so lightly regarded that many parents take no pains whatever to prevent their children from acquiring it.

A simple remedy for the whooping cough, which may be used in the home, is this:

Procure a supply of garlic. Peel the hard outer shell from the little cloves which make up the garlic, chop the garlic up finely, spread this out on a cloth, and cover with another thin cloth, make two poultices, each one the size and shape of the bottom of the child's feet. Rub a little Frigidol Ointment over the bottom of the feet, and then bind on the poultices, not too tightly, but after it is well applied, put on over all, a pair of stockings so the poultice will not be kicked off in bed.

If the raw garlic is applied directly to the skin, it is liable to blister, so a thin cloth must be laid over the poultice, and as before directed the bottoms of the feet well covered with Frigidol.

The poultice should be applied at night and the little victim will sleep quietly and restfully.

Early the next morning you will smell the garlic on the child's breath and you will know that it is doing its work well. The same poultice may be used 2 or 3 different nights. Repeat every few nights until cured.

The severe attack of the whooping cough becomes a very mild attack and is soon over with and no bad effects.

All readers of this publication are at liberty at all times to write for information pertaining to the subject of health. Address Dr. David H. Reeder, 3 E. 31st St., Kansas City, Mo., with at least 6 cents postage.

When it's job printing you need, anything from a card to a book, we are at your service.

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NIGHT COUGHING QUICKLY CURED

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Night coughs or coughs caused by a cold or by an irritated throat are usually due to conditions which ordinary medicines do not reach. But the very first swallow of Thoxine, a doctor's prescription, is guaranteed to give almost instant relief. Thoxine works on a different principle, it goes direct to the internal cause.

Thoxine is pleasant tasting and safe for the whole family. It will give you better and quicker relief for coughs or sore throat than anything you have ever tried or your money will be refunded. Put up ready for use in 35c, 60c, and \$1 bottles. Sold by Chandler Drug Co., stick tasked familiar."

Joe Sheaffer says they stopped a six day bicycle race in Chicago recently because the participants were peddling without a license.

I asked a certain little fellow here how he likes his sister's new beau and he said: "He's a chump. The other night he gave me a quarter and then took her out for the evening."

Two fellows in front of the post office Sunday night. One said: "It cost twice as much to get a date now as it used to."
Other said: "Sure, but its worth it."

They tell me that bees travel three hundred thousand miles to gather a pound of honey. But we should worry. Its worth it.

While out auting the other day some one in the car asked Anna Hinkle if that was a Jersey cow over there. Anna said: "I don't know. I can't see as license from here.

Little Weaver's Romance

By HELEN ST. BERNARD

(Copyright.)

"CLACK, clack-clack; clack, clack-clack."

The old loom stood in one end of the low veranda which fronted the log cabin of Jerry Logan. Clarey Logan's bare feet were shifting the harmless hands were throwing the shuttle back and forth with a regularity and a grace of movement that were the rhythm of motion. Clarey was eighteen, and she was as pretty as the wild hydrangeas that grew on the mountainside. She smiled at her work, and occasionally a burst of song would issue from her throat. She was trying to convince herself that she was indifferent to the loss of Zeke Odom whom she had dismissed with a fiery denunciation only the night before. Zeke had been to meeting with Sallie Black, and Sallie was a notorious flirt. Zeke had denied that he was infatuated with Sallie; and he had vowed that he loved no one but Clarey. But Clarey had been badly out of humor, and she had delivered a "piece of her mind" accordingly. Zeke finally had accepted his dismissal, and had turned sadly a way.

"Clack, clack-clack; clack, clack-clack."

Now, a smile; again, a burst of song. Faster flew the shuttle from Clarey's hands. Presently her lips assumed a queer twist, and two tears came to her eyes. Slowly the pedals of the loom harness came to rest. The girl's bare toes toyed with them, as she leaned forward against the frame of the loom. Her bosom rose and fell, and a sob broke from between her lips. Suddenly she sat upright again, her teeth and lips came firmly together; and again the "clack, clack-clack" of the old loom resounded down the mountainside.

"Er Zeke Odom ain't got no more sense 'an to fool away his time w' Sallie Black, he ain't no feller o' mine, now," she declared to herself.

"Clack, clack-clack." A more rapid movement was given to the harness shifting, and the shuttle flew faster.

Clarey was weaving a piece of the sey-wousey she had started sometime before. Into the warp of it she was weaving many colors of wool yarn. A skirt made from it would be the admiration of the countryside; and no one could produce a cut from the loom as smoothly finished as one that Clarey Logan could turn out.

"What for?" The question suddenly bobbed up in Clarey's thoughts. "I ain't got no call to dress up none, now, I reckon."

Once more the pedals came to a stop, and the shuttle slipped from Clarey's hand. She leaned against the loom frame. She was dejectedly tired. Presently she was aroused by the sound of a footstep coming from behind the cabin. Some one was coming up the spring-branch trail.

"Clack, clack-clack." The loom was saying, when a figure strode into view at the end of the veranda. The visitor was Dave Moore.

"Whar's Jerry?" he asked in hurried breaths.

"Gone over to Saddle-back," answered Clarey.

"Lord, I reckoned I could git him to go over to Odom's an' let 'em know about Zeke."

"About Zeke? Whar?" Clarey had sprung from her seat.

"Zeke's got 'ad hurt in a log jam down at the river; and I—"

By this time Clarey was speeding down the spring-branch trail toward the river. She knew the logs in the river were to have been released today and she knew what it meant to have a jam in the stream. Zeke Odom was the leader of the log-boom hands, and he knew no fear. He would take any risk to speed the work.

In his hands, Clarey's thoughts ran rapidly with all of these things, as her bare feet beat a rapid tattoo along the hard trail, over lugged stones, and thrusting aside the undergrowth along her way. A knot of men were gathered upon the bank of the river.

"Don't know what had got into Zeke," one was saying. "Never seed 'im so reckless afore in my life. 'Peared like he jest wanted one o' them logs to come end over, an' git 'im."

"Git back!" shouted Clarey. "Don't yuh know Zeke's got to have air?" She began shouting men to the right and to the left.

In a moment the girl was upon her knees, with a arm under the injured man's head. "Zeke, honey," she cried, "open yuh eyes, an' look at me? Hit's Clarey."

"We throwed water in his face," some one said, "but yuh see, he ain't come to?"

"Zeke! Zeke!" Clarey was sobbing now. "Yuh got to come to, honey—yuh jest got to! I'd die, Zeke—yuh jest know I would!"

Silence had gone upon a voyage of silence that lasted for twenty minutes; but something now came glimmering through the haze of his vision, and finally his eyes cleared to an object which brought a wan smile to his lips. A moment later his arm went about Clarey's neck, and he held her against his chest.

"It's Clarey?" he murmured.

"Yes; hit's Clarey, Zeke," she cried; "an'—an', Zeke—I take hit all back, what I said!"

"I reckon yuh had a right to say it, Clarey, honey. I reckon I'll come around all right purty soon. The old log jest git me a rap that I been a needle." Clarey

Where the Feed Goes

Dairy cows use their feed to build muscle, hair, and bone, to furnish curd material and butterfat for the milk, to keep the body warm, to store fat in the body, and to furnish energy for the body processes. Protein, carbohydrates, and fat are needed to supply these needs.

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