State Library

PERMIT US TO SAY

To those who wish suggestions, and for the consideration of the thoughtful, careful persons who are seeking gifts of usefulness and worth, that our stock of such gifts was never more complete, or more inviting to the holiday shopper than now

The Various Pieces of Furniture and Furnishings are Unusually Good---Prices are Right

Dressers, Chiffoniers, China Closets, Folding Beds, Iron and Brass Beds, Davenports, Sideboards, Library Tables

Pedestals, Tabourettes, Music Cabinets, Rockers, Pictures, Morris Chairs, Rugs All Sizes, Mirrors, Statuary

HOLIDAY

We Suggest an Early Visit to the Store of Good Values

TAYLOR & HOWE, THE FURNITURE MEN CARLISLE, KENTUCKY

CHIVALRY NOT IN QUESTION

[illegible]

NIGHT HAWK'S REAL TROUBLE

[illegible]

BIRD NOW ALMOST EXTINCT

Wild Pigeon, Once Counted in Millions, So Rare as to Be Accounted a Curiosity.

[illegible]

Came to Serve as to Diet.

[illegible]

When He Stopped.

[illegible]

Powerful Salve.

[illegible]

HARD LIFE OF BALKAN WOMEN

Their Lot Probably Is the Worst of Any of Their Sex in European Countries.

In the midst of the success of the Balkan arms against Turkey, the fact must not be lost sight of that the brunt of the hardships will fall on the women of the Balkans, for of all the races in Europe, the lot of the women of the Balkans is probably the hardest. As is the general rule throughout the near east, the women is the mainstay of the family, usually the sole worker, and just now the wives and mothers of the men of the Balkan states are preparing to face a hard, cold winter. While their lords and masters are absent on conquest, it devolves on the women to care for the herds and to maintain what family life there is in the wild, half-savage region of the Balkans. In Servia there is just one time when woman plays a prominent part in the affairs of life and that is on her wedding feast. These occasions last sometimes a week and are times of great ceremony and rejoicing. The courtships are conducted by go-betweens. The wedding feast is so expensive that it is frequently evaded by a well-arranged kidnaping, the brides being stolen and taken to the church, where a priest is in waiting.

Real Fog.

The whole company had been spinning yarns chiefly of the variety known as tall, and it had come to the turn of a quiet country yokel, who, with a yawn, commenced, "I remember one haytime, just as we were starting work in the morning, a thick fog came on. It was only a ground fog, but it prevented us seeing to work in the fields, so we went to the farmyard and busied ourselves with other work, waiting for the fog to clear. I started thatching a stack we had just put up, and was getting on very nicely when suddenly the fog lifted, and I fell to the ground with a lot of straw. When I got up I saw what happened. I'd finished one layer down to the roof of the stack, and had gone on and been thatching the fog for fully two yards further. Then, of course, when the fog cleared there was nothing to hold me up, and I fell."—Exchange.

TURKISH GIRL SHOWED WIT

Bulgarian Officer Got Little Information From Charming Prisoner He Had Captured.

The outposts brought in as prisoner to the camp a Turkish girl who wanted to see a Bulgarian general. The conversation which followed between the general and the girl, who could not have been more than sixteen years old, afforded a pretty proof of her mother wit and courage. After looking at the pretty girl with a smile of pleasure, the general said:

"What are the Turks doing now in their position?"

"Impatiently expecting you," was the reply.

"Well, but what do you want to do here?"

"I don't want to do anything here; I want to do everything for the Turks."

"Do you know how many Turks there are in the neighborhood?"

"I believe there are enough to send you flying. But you will soon meet them, and then you can count for yourself."

"Have the Turks enough to eat?"

"Why, of course," replied the merry maiden with a burst of laughter, "or they would be dying of hunger."

The general was at first inclined to be nettled at her answers, but very soon they so tickled his sense of humor that he took his small enemy under his personal protection and gave orders that the brave partisan of the Turks should be sent back unharmed to her village.—Correspondence London Journal.

Book Disinfection.

It has been charged against books that while they disseminate information and entertainment, they may at the same time be carriers of disease, and that public library books may scatter scarlet fever. The Journal of the American Medical Association gives as a practical method for general book disinfection a mixture—of course, this should be compounded by a capable chemist or pharmacist—of gas machine gasoline and two per cent. of phenol crystals. The books are to be immersed in this mixture for 20 minutes, removed and placed before an electrician for two minutes and then set on end to dry for from 24 to 48 hours.

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NEW HOUSE NEW MANAGEMENT

BEST LIGHT BEST AUCTIONEER

Best Accommodations and Best Treatment for Everyone

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Farmers Loose Leaf Tobacco Warehouse Company

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Will be ready to serve your Christmas wants. Everything in the grocery line fresh and clean. Novelties, Fireworks.

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solicits the patronage of everyone in this community. It will pay you to patronize the great store opposite Cincinnati's well-known Fountain.

Select your goods from our tremendously large stocks. Get the best metropolitan styles, best qualities [illegible]

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Come to The Mabley & Carew Co. The greatest store of its kind in the United States. Gigantic assortments from the best markets in the world.

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The Mabley and Carew Co.

KEZIAH COFFIN

by Joseph C. Lincoln

Author of Cy Whittaker's Place Cap'n Eri, Etc.

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Keziah Coffin, supposed widow, is arranging to move from Trumet to Boston, following the death of her brother, for whom she had kept house. Kyan Pepper, widower, offers marriage, and is indignantly refused. Capt. Elkanah Daniels, leader of the Regular church offers Keziah a place as housekeeper for the new minister, and she decides to remain in Trumet. Keziah takes charge of Rev. John Ellery, the new minister, and gives him advice as to his conduct toward members of the parish. Ellery causes a sensation by attending a "Come-outer" meeting. Ellery's presence is bitterly resented by Eben Hammond, leader of the meeting. Grace apologizes for her guardian and Ellery escorts her home in the rain. Capt. Nat Hammond, Eben's son, becomes a hero by bringing the packet into port safely through fog and storm. Ellery finds Keziah writing a letter to some one, inclosing money in response to a demand. She curiously started when informed of the arrival of Nat. Nat calls on Keziah, and it develops that they have been lovers since youth. Daniels remonstrates with Ellery for attending "Come-outer" meeting. Ellery is caught by the tide and is rescued by Nat. They become friends. Ellery meets Grace while walking in the fields, and learns that she walks there every Sunday.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"Wa'n't it fine?" he whispered. "Talk about your miracles! Godfreys mighty! Say, Mr. Ellery, don't you ever tell a soul how it really was, will you?"

"No, of course not."

"No, I know you won't. You won't tell on me and I won't tell on you. That's a trade, hey?"

The minister stopped in the middle of his step.

"What?" he said, turning.

Mr. Pepper merely smiled, winked, and shut the door. John Ellery reflected much during his homeward walk.

The summer in Trumet drowsed on, as Trumet summers did in those days, when there were no boarders from the city, no automobiles or telephones or "antique" collectors. The Sunday dinners with the Daniels family were almost regular weekly functions now. He dodged them when he could, but he could not do so often without telling an absolute lie, and this he would not do. And, regularly, when the solemn meal was eaten, Captain Elkanah went upstairs for his nap and the Reverend John was left alone with Annabel. Miss Daniels did her best to be entertaining, was, in fact, embarrassingly confidential and cordial. It was hard work to get away, and yet, somehow or other, at the stroke of four, the minister always said good-by and took his departure.

"What is your hurry, Mr. Ellery?" begged Annabel on one occasion when the reading of Moore's poems had been interrupted in the middle by the guest's sudden rising and reaching for his hat. "I don't see why you always go so early. It's so every time you're here. Do you call at any other house on Sunday afternoons?"

"No," was the prompt reply. "Oh, no."

"Mrs. Rogers said she saw you going across the fields after you left here last Sunday. Did you go for a walk?"

"Er—er—yes, I did."

"I wish you had mentioned it. I love to walk, and there are so few people that I find congenial company. Are you going for a walk now?"

"Why, no—er—not exactly."

"I'm sorry. Good-by. Will you come again next Sunday? Of course you will. You know how dreadfully disappointed I—we—shall be if you don't."

"Thank you, Miss Daniels. I enjoyed the dinner very much. Good afternoon."

He hurried down the path. Annabel watched him go. Then she did an odd thing. She passed through the sitting room, entered the front hall, went up the stairs, tiptoed by the door of her father's room, and then up another flight to the attic. From here a steep set of steps led to the cupola on the roof. In that cupola was a spyglass.

Annabel opened a window a few inches, took the spyglass from its rack, adjusted it, laid it on the sill of the open window and knelt, the glass at her eye. The floor of the cupola was very dusty and she was wearing her newest and best gown, but she did not seem to mind.

Through the glass she saw the long slope of Cannon Hill, with the beacon at the top and Captain Mayo's house near it. The main road was deserted save for one figure, that of her late caller. He was mounting the hill in long strides.

She watched him gain the crest and pass over it out of sight. Then she shifted the glass so that it pointed toward the spot beyond the curve of the hill, where the top of a thick group of silver-leafs hid the parsonage. Above the tree tops glistened the white steeple of the Regular church. If the minister went straight home she could see him. But under those silver-leafs was the beginning of the short cut across the fields where Didama had seen Mr. Ellery walking on the previous Sunday.

Slowly she moved the big end of the spyglass back along the arc it had traveled. She found a speck and watched it. It was a man, striding across the meadow land, a half mile beyond the parsonage, and hurrying in the direction of the beach. She saw him climb a high dune, jump a fence, cross another field and finally vanish in the grove of pines on the edge of the bluff by the shore.

The man was John Ellery, the minister. Evidently, he had not gone home, nor had he taken the short cut. Instead he had walked downtown a long way and then turned in to cross the fields and work his way back.

Annabel put down the glass and, heedless of her father's call, sat thinking. The minister had deliberately deceived her. More than that, he had gone to considerable trouble to avoid observation. Why had he done it? Had he done the same thing on other Sunday afternoons? Was there any real reason why he insisted on leaving the house regularly at four o'clock?

CHAPTER IX.

In Which Keziah's Troubles Multiply.

Keziah was getting worried about her parson. Not concerning his popularity with his congregation. She had long since ceased to worry about that.

But what worried Mrs. Coffin was John Ellery's personal appearance and behavior. He had grown perceptibly thinner during the past month, his manner was distrait, and, worst of all in the housekeeper's eyes, his appetite had fallen off. She tried all sorts of tempting dishes, but the result was discouraging.

His absent-mindedness was most acute on Sunday evenings, before prayer meeting, and after he had returned from the afternoon at Captain Elkanah's.

"Say, Mr. Ellery," she said, on one of these Sunday evenings, "do you know, it seems to me that Elkanah's meals must go to your head. You ain't in love, are you?"

The young man started, colored, and was plainly embarrassed.

"In love?" he repeated. "In love, Mrs. Coffin?"

"Yes, in love. Annabel hasn't landed a male at last, has she? She's a line over the side for a long time."

The hearty laugh with which this was received settled the question of Annabel's success. Keziah was relieved.

"Well, I'm glad of that," she said. "I ain't got any grudge against Annabel, but neither have I got any against you. I'll say this, though, for a body that ain't in love you certainly stay with the Danielses a long time. You went there right after meetin' this noon and now it's seven o'clock and you've just got home. And 'twas the same last Sunday and the one before. Been there all the time, have you?"

"No," he said slowly. "Not all the time. I—I—er—went for a short walk."

Before she could inquire concerning that walk he had entered the study and closed the door after him.

Sunday was a cloudy, warm day, "muggy," so Captain Zeb described it. After the morning service Mr. Ellery, as usual, went home with Captain Daniels and Annabel. Keziah returned to the parsonage, ate a lonely dinner, and went upstairs to her own room. Her trunk was in one corner of this room and she unlocked it, taking from a compartment of the tray a rosewood writing case, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, a present from her father, who had brought it home from sea when she was a girl.

From the case she took a packet of letters and a daguerreotype. The latter was the portrait of a young man, in high-collared coat, stock and fancy waistcoat. Mrs. Coffin looked at the daguerreotype, sighed, shuddered, and laid it aside. Then she opened the packet of letters. Selecting one from the top of the pile, she read it slowly. And, as she read, she sighed again.

She did not hear the back door of the parsonage open and close softly. Nor did she hear the cautious footsteps in the rooms below. What aroused her from reading was her own name, spoken at the foot of the stairs.

"Keziah! Keziah, are you there?"

She started, sprang up, and ran out into the hall, the letter still in her hand.

"Who is it?" she asked sharply. "Mr. Ellery, is that you?"

"No," was the answer. "It's me—

And She Cried Tears of Utter Loneliness and Despair.

Nat. Are you busy, Keziah? I want to see you for a minute."

The housekeeper hurriedly thrust the letter into her waist.

"I'll be right down, Nat," she answered. "I'm comin'."

He was in the sitting room when she entered. He was wearing his Sunday suit of blue and his soft hat was on the center table. She held out her hand and he shook it heartily.

Before he could speak she caught a glimpse of his face.

"What is it?" he asked. "What is the matter?"—

"Well, Keziah, it's trouble enough. Dad and I had a fallin' out. We had what was next door to a real quarrel after dinner to-day. It would have been a real one if I hadn't walked off and left him. Keziah, he's dead set on my marryin' Grace. Says if I don't he'll know that I don't really care a tin nickel for him, or for his wishes, or what becomes of the girl after he's gone."

Keziah was silent for a moment. Then she said slowly:

"And Grace herself? How does she feel about it? Has he spoken to her?"

"I don't know. I guess likely he has. Perhaps that's why she's been so sort of mournful lately. But never mind whether he has or not; I won't do it and I told him so. He got red hot in a jiffy. I was ungrateful and stubborn and all sorts of things. And I, bein' a Hammond, with some of the Hammond balkiness in me, I set my foot down as hard as his. And we had it until—until—well, until I saw him stagger and tremble so that I actually got scared and feared he was goin' to keel over where he stood. You know why I can't marry her, nor anyone else in this round world but you."

"Nat, I can't marry you."

"I know, I know. You're always sayin' that. But you don't mean it. You can't mean it. Why, you and me have been picked out for each other by the Almighty, Keziah. I swear I believe just that. We went together when we were boy and girl, to parties and such. We was promised when I first went to sea. If it hadn't been for that fool row we had—and 'twas all my fault and I know it—you never would have let that da—that miserable Anse Coffin come near you. I'm goin' to have you. Coffin is dead these ten years. When I heard he was drowned off there in Singapore, all I could say was, 'Serve him right!' And I say it now. I come home then more determined to get you. Say yes, and let's be happy. Do!"

"I'd like to, Nat. I only wish I could. But 'twouldn't be any use. I can't do it."

He snatched his hat from the table and strode toward the door. Turning, he looked at her.

"All right," he said chokingly. "All right. Good-by."

His steps sounded on the oilcloth of the kitchen. Then the back door slammed. He was gone.

Keziah started, as if the slam of the door had been an electric shock. And she cried, tears of utter loneliness and despair.

The clouds thickened as the afternoon passed. There came a knock at the dining-room door.

Keziah sprang from her chair, smoothed her hair, hastily wiped her eyes and went to admit the visitor, whoever he or she may be. She was glad of the shadows, they prevented her face from being seen too plainly.

"Good afternoon," she said, opening the door. "Oh! It's you, is it?"

"Yes," admitted Abishai Pepper, standing on the stone step, and shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. "Yes, Keziah, it's—it's me, thank you. I only wanted to see Mr. Ellery."

"He's out. Good day."

"I wanted to ask his advice about somethin'. It's a secret. Only him and me know about it. Good-by. I'll find Mr. Ellery."

"I wouldn't go to the Danielses', if I was you. Elkanah might not like to have you chasin' after his visitors."

"Oh, the minister ain't at the Danielses', not as late's this, he ain't. I know where he is. I know where he goes Sunday afternoons—and why he goes, too. Mr. Ellery and me's good friends. We understand each other."

"Look here, Kyan Pepper! What are you talkin' about?"

"I just said I knew where Mr. Ellery goes every Sunday afternoon. He don't know anybody knows, but I do. That's all there is to it. I shan't tell. So——"

"Tell? Do you mean there's somethin' Mr. Ellery wouldn't want told? Don't you dare—I will see Laviny!"

"No, no, no, no. 'Tain't nothin' much. I just know where he goes after he leaves Elkanah's and who he goes to meet. I— Lordy! I hadn't ought to said that! I— Keziah Coffin, don't you ever tell I told you. I've said more'n I meant to. If it comes out there'd be the biggest row in the church there ever was. And I'd be responsible! I would! I'd have to go on the witness stand and then Laviny would find out how I— Oh, oh, oh! what shall I do?"

"What is it?" she persisted. "What would bring on the row in the church? Who does Mr. Ellery meet? Out with it! What do you mean?"

"I mean that the minister meets that Van Horne girl every Sunday afternoon after he leaves Elkanah's. There, now! It's out, and I don't give a darn if they hang me for it."

Keziah turned white. She seized Mr. Pepper by the lapel of his Sunday coat and shook him.

"Grace Van Horne!" she cried. "Mr. Ellery meets Grace Van Horne on Sunday afternoons? Where?"

"Down in them pines back of Peter's pastur' on the aidge of the bank over the beach. He's met her there every Sunday for the last six weeks—longer, for what I know. I've watched 'm. I ain't lyin'! It's so. I'll bet you anything they're there now, walkin' up and down and talkin'. What would I want to lie for? You come with me this minute and I'll show 'em to you."

"'Bish Pepper," she said slowly and fiercely, shaking her finger in his face, "you go straight home and stay there. Don't you breathe a word to a livin' soul of what you say you've seen. Don't even think of it, or—or dream it. If you do I'll—I'll march straight to Laviny and tell her that you asked me to marry you. I will, as sure as you're shakin' in front of me this minute. Now you swear to me to keep still. Swear!"

"How—how'll I swear?" begged Kyan. "What do you say when you swear? I'll say it, Keziah! I'll say anything! I'll——"

"All right. Then mind you remember. Now clear out quick. I want to think. I must think. Go! Get out of my sight!"

Kyan went, glad to escape, but frightened to the soul of him. Keziah watched him until he turned from the main road into the lighthouse lane. Then, certain that he really was going straight home, she re-entered the parsonage and sat down on the nearest chair. For ten minutes she sat there, striving to grasp the situation. Then she arose and, putting on her bonnet and shawl, locked the dining-room door and went out through the kitchen. She was going to the pine grove by the shore, going to find out for herself if Kyan's astonishing story was true.

The pines were a deep green blotch against the cloudy sky and the gloomy waters of the bay. She skirted the outlying clumps of bayberry and beach plum bushes and entered the grove.

Then she heard low voices. As she crouched at the edge of the grove, two figures passed slowly across the clearing, along the bush bordered path and into the shrubbery beyond. John Ellery was walking with Grace Van Horne. He was holding her hand in his and they were talking very earnestly.

Keziah did not follow. What would have been the use? This was not the time to speak. She knew now and she knew, also, that the responsibility was hers. She must go home at once, go home to be alone and to think. She tiptoed back through the grove and across the fields.

Yet if she had waited, she might have seen something else which would have been, at least, interesting. She had scarcely reached the outer edge of the grove when another figure passed stealthily along that narrow path by the bluff edge. A female figure treading very carefully, rising to peer over the bushes at the minister and Grace. The figure of Miss Annabel

Rising to Peep Over the Bushes at the Minister and Grace.

Daniels, the "belle" of Trumet. And Annabel's face was not pleasant to look upon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOUGHT WITH RAILROAD TRAIN

Herd of Infuriated Bulls Held Their Own in Combat With Masterpiece of Man.

At a point on the railway line between Mirabel and Canaveral, on the Spanish side of the boundary line between Spain and Portugal, there once occurred an odd sort of bullfight.

A train had just come out on a sweeping curve from the hills and down upon a little plain when the engineer saw directly before him a herd of bulls on the tracks. The engineer blew his whistle vigorously and all the bulls fled, with the exception of one great fellow, who made straight for the train with horns lowered and roaring defiance.

It was too late to prevent a collision and the bull was killed, but his carcass, lying under the wheels of the locomotive, prevented the train proceeding. Passengers and crew united to clear the track. In the meantime the great herd of bulls, scenting the blood of their dead leader, came flocking back, pawing and threatening. The nearer they came the more infuriated they grew, and finally they charged like a whirlwind on the little band of workers.

Then all the men abandoned their task and took refuge in the cars. The bulls followed them to the very steps, bellowing and pawing. Soldiers aboard the train tried to stampede the animals with stones. The bulls recoiled, charged again, recoiled once more; and for two hours the battle raged, victory now seeming to be with one side and now with the other. At last as night came on, the bulls withdrew and betook themselves to some distant shelter. Then the employes and passengers were able to set to work again. The track was cleared and the train proceeded on its way.

Homesickness Spoils Photographs.

Aunt Maria thought, and so did her relatives in the big city, that the photographer was unpardonably discourteous. For three successive days he refused to take Aunt Maria's photograph. On the fourth day he told why.

"In justice to her," he said, "I do not want to take her pictures now. She is too homesick. Most out-of-town people want to be photographed while in the city. If they are longing for home I put them off with one excuse or another until the homesickness wears off.

"If you want your aunt's pictures to turn out well, just hunt up some one from her home town who happens to be visiting here at present and bring him here so she will meet him unexpectedly. The meeting will put sparkle and animation into her face, and neither she nor I will be disappointed with the photographs."

Guided by Wireless.

The latest and most wonderful use to which wireless apparatus has been put is set forth in a paragraph from Berlin, Germany. According to the newspaper report experiments have been going on for some time with a rudderless, crewless motor boat on Lake Wansee which have proved remarkably successful. The inventor of this crewless boat is a school teacher named Christian Wirth. In trying out his invention the boat was towed out two miles in the lake and by means of his wireless apparatus all the boat's movements were directed. The boat threaded its way unerringly through numerous craft without the slightest accident.

Good Excuse.

It was on the sleeping car.

"Say, mister," said the man in the upper berth to the occupant of the lower, "quit that music, will you? What do you think this is, a concert-hall? The rest of us want to sleep."

"Why, the car is so stuffy," said the warbler, "I was only humming a little air—"

It was then that he was hit with a Pullman pillow, remaining unconscious for seven hours.—Harper's Weekly.

WENT AWAY WITH THE BOOTY

Elderly Irish Lady Proved She Was Quite Capable of Rising to the Occasion.

Lord Spencer, when viceroy of Ireland, used to keep open house, and all ladies and gentlemen who had attended drawing-rooms or levees had an unwritten right to attend the St. Patrick's day ball. Some very queer people used to present themselves.

Not contented with eating and drinking all they could, many persons used to make predatory raids on the tables and carry off eatables of all sorts. On one occasion the comptroller saw a stout, elderly lady take a whole fowl and stuff it with considerable deftness into a somewhat capacious silk and embroidered bag. He at once went up to her and, pointing with his finger at the bag, said:

"Madam, won't you take some ham with that?"

The good lady was not in the least abashed, but replied:

"Ah, captain, sure it's a joker you are," and stuck to her booty.—From Sir Alfred Turner's Autobiography.

HAIR CAME OUT IN BUNCHES

813 E. Second St., Muncie, Ind.—"My little girl had a bad breaking out on the scalp. It wr little white lumps. The pimples would break out as large as a common pinhead all over her head. They would break and run yellow matter. She suffered nearly a year with itching and burning. It was sore and itched all the time. The matter that ran from her head was very thick. I did not comb her hair very often, her head was too sore to comb it, and when I did comb, it came out in bunches. Some nights her head itched so bad she could not sleep.

"I tried several different soaps and ointments, also patent medicine, but nothing could I get to stop it. I began using Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment this summer after I sent for the free samples. I used them and they did so much good I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura Ointment. I washed her head with Cuticura Soap and rubbed the Cuticura Ointment in the scalp every two weeks. A week after I had washed her head three times you could not tell she ever had a breaking out on her head. Cuticura Soap and Ointment also made the hair grow beautifully." (Signed) Mrs. Emma Patterson, Dec. 22, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Peter Doubt's Recipe for Success.

"When I am asked," the Minneapolis Messenger quotes Peter Doubt as saying, "the secret of success, I—" "Surely nobody ever came to you for that," interrupted his wife, with just a touch of sarcasm. "Not up to so far," admitted Mr. Doubt, calmly. "But some day some one will. Bound to. Everybody over fifty years of age is asked, sooner or later, to say what he thinks is the secret of success. And so when they ask me I shall say, 'Simply this: If you feel that you must be born, try to be born lucky.'"

King George Superstitious.

An incident which occurred while the king was out shooting recently over the Hon. John Ward's preserves at Woolley shows that the monarch shares with many other persons the superstition about the number thirteen. The eight guns were joined at luncheon by five women of the party staying at Chilton, and the king noticing the unlucky number would not sit down until Donald Harding, the acting agent upon the estate, was called in to make the number up to fourteen.—New York Herald.

What Are Her Thoughts?

"Gladys has a far away look."

"I don't understand that. Her fiance lives just around the corner."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. Adv.

She is indeed a clever woman if she is too clever to show it.

MADE HIM SOMEWHAT TIRED

Mose Had Good Excuse for Wishing to Be Rid of the Company of Sam Jackson.

"'Twan't all account o' dat yaller gal, Saliny," explained Mose, talking with difficulty through the bandages that swathed his face.

"I goes out walking wid her and along comes dat Sam Jackson, what she's been keeping company with. Widout saying a word dat man comes over and busts me in the mouf. No sooner did I get up dan, bam! He lands on my lef' year and over I goes again.

"After that he hit me in this year and then in the other one; and stomped on me while I was down. When I got up and began to run he followed, kicking me every yother step.

"I never got so tired of a cullud man in all my life!"

Reason.

"Pa, why do they call it the rhinoceros?"

"Because it has such a thick rind, son."

"Mamma Says It's Safe for Children" CONTAINS NO OPIATES

FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR For Coughs and Colds

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE

For PINK EYE

Cures the sick and acts as a preventive [illegible] tongue. Safe for brood mares and all [illegible] $1 a bottle; $5 and $10 a dozen. [illegible] houses, or sent, express paid, by the [illegible]

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, GOSHEN, INDIANA

WHAT HE THOUGHT.

Wayback—What be yore son doin' tew th' city?

Hayloft—He's studyin' fer a doctor.

Wayback—The idea! Is th' doctor tew lazy tew study for hisself?

Able Work.

Filkins—Thought you intended to sell your suburban home?

Wilkins—I did, until I read the alluring story my advertising man wrote; then I decided to keep it myself.—Judge.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Demands of Trade.

"It would seem a flagrantly clear case," said the magistrate, adding, to the burglar who had been haled before him. "What have you to say for yourself?"

"Not much, your honor. But I hope you can give me a short sentence. This is my busy season."—Judge.

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the extra good value blue. Adv.

Her Ideal.

"What is your ideal of an ideal husband, Mrs. Muchwed?"

"One who will begin paying you alimony without waiting for the judge to name the amount."

Whenever You Use Your Back

[illegible]

Use Doan's Kidney Pills. This good remedy cures bad kidneys.

[illegible]

Get Doan's at Any Drug Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

OLD SORES CURED

[illegible]

Saskatchewan

Your Opportunity is NOW in the Province of Saskatchewan, Western Canada

160 ACRES FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

[illegible]

Grind Your Own Grain

[illegible]

AND SAVE MONEY

[illegible]

MONEY IN TRAPPING FURS

[illegible]

Every invalid woman is invited to consult our Staff of Physicians, Surgeons and Specialists, at the Invalid's Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., by letter or personally at my expense.—R. V. PIERCE, M. D.

I Invite Suffering Women

There is every reason why women should not trust their delicate constitutions in the hands of unskilled persons. It requires a thorough medical education to appreciate and understand the delicate female organism. There is every reason why she should write or personally consult an experienced specialist.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For "run-down," debilitated women of all occupations

DR. PIERCE'S

Favorite Prescription

is unequaled as a restorative tonic. As a soothing and strengthening nervine "Favorite Prescription" allays and subdues nervous excitability, irritability nervous exhaustion, and other distressing symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the feminine organs. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is devised and put up by a physician of vast experience in the treatment of women's maladies. Its ingredients have the indorsement of leading physicians in all schools of practice.

The "Favorite Prescription" has been sold by dealers in medicine in its liquid form for over 40 years. Now it can also be obtained of them in tablet form—or send 50 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce for trial box.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. One to three a dose. Easy to take as candy.

Send 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of wrapping and mailing only on a free copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, cloth-bound. Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

"It Helped Me So Much."

[illegible]

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

[illegible]