Cherub Devine

By

SEWELL FORD

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CHAPTER III.

AS to the matter of raiment, Mr. Cherub Devine was fastidious in but one particular. He was fond of fancy waistcoats. His fastidiousness began and ended with waistcoats. His trousers and coats were invariably of the same cloth and cut, summer and winter, year in and year out. His waistcoats betrayed a catholic taste for color and variety. Whenever he felt like indulging himself or celebrating a victory or forgetting a defeat he went out and bought a new waistcoat.

As he was "traveling light," he had brought to Hewington Acres a bare half dozen of them, and of these he had narrowed the choice to two—one a creation of tobacco brown silk with red dots in it, the other a white pique with buttons of smoked pearl. Which should he wear for a Sunday morning stroll in the garden? In the end he tossed a quarter. The brown silk won, much to his satisfaction, for he had a newborn suspicion that the white one made his waist line appear more rotund than it really was.

Still, he was in the garden at 9 o'clock. Probably it was mere curiosity that led the Cherub to pace up and down the trimly kept walks for a long half hour. He was about to give up the vigil and leave when he caught sight of the countess peering from behind one of the stone gateposts.

Making a pretense of not having seen her, Mr. Devine sauntered by to the gate and seemed surprised when he found her before him. He noted that this morning she was in gray, with something white at her throat. He even remembered that last night she had worn black.

"You must not misunderstand my coming here," she began hurriedly. "It was very wrong of me to think of such a thing. I came only to tell you so."

"Anything new about me in the Sunday papers?"

"No, but papa was talking about you again last night, and he"—

"Oh, that's the trouble! He got out his scrap book. Which chapter of my many wickednesses furnished the text this time?"

"He read to me about that French singer."

"La Belle Savoy?"

"Yes; the one to whom you gave the diamond tiara which was stolen."

"Oh, yes. That was Kittie's birthday present. Nice little thing, Kittie. Her real name is O'Neill, you know."

The countess was retreating up the path, but she still kept her brown eyes fixed on Mr. Devine. There was a curious, apprehensive look in them such as a small boy bestows on a cannon cracker to which he has touched a match.

"Yes, I ought to go directly back."

"But how about the reform? I thought we were to have a talk and that you were going to give me some pointers on breaking into good society. You're not going to quit like this, are you?"

The countess shook her head.

"I was mistaken. It was very silly of me to make such a promise. But I—I— Oh, can't you see? I ought not to be here talking to you at all."

"Well, why not? What's the particular matter with me, anyway?"

"It's only—only that"— The countess glanced about in desperation. "Well, I will ask you. Do you consider yourself a—a gentleman?"

For a moment Mr. Devine stared at her speechless. He had insisted on knowing, and now that he had her answer he was too much astonished to frame a reply. He had expected nothing of this kind. The question opened

"ADELE, WHO IS THIS?" HE DEMANDED.

up before him a wholly unexplored field. In all his career he had never before been confronted with such a query.

Here was something new. Did he consider himself a gentleman?

"Now that you mention it," he said, "I don't remember that I have ever been accused of being a perfect gentleman. But what is a gentleman? What's your idea of one?"

"Why—why"— The Countess Vecchi hesitated. "Why, a gentleman is a man of honor, one who has regard for the rights and feelings and sensibilities of others."

"What about his bank account? Doesn't that cut any ice?"

"No," said the countess slowly, a hint of regret in her tone. "A gentleman may be poor. For instance, my father is no longer wealthy, he does not attend church, he shuns social life, but he is honorable, he is thoughtful of others, so he is a gentleman."

"And I'm not, eh?"

"Oh, no, no! I did not mean to say that. I couldn't say it. I—I do not know you well enough. I merely asked you to decide for yourself."

The countess bit her lip from vexation. She was cornered and knew it. But was she beaten? Did you ever see a woman defeated by mere logic?

"That's unfair," she replied reproachfully. "You know I haven't said anything of the kind. All I did say was that I ought to go back, and I must."

"Then I suppose I'll just have to keep right on going to the dogs," observed the Cherub dolefully. "I didn't know I was quite such a hopeless case, though."

"Oh, it isn't that; it isn't that!" protested the countess.

"Must be," declared the Cherub. "If it wasn't you wouldn't run away like this. Why, I'm so bad that you won't talk to me. I don't suppose that you'd even shake hands with any one so wicked."

It may have been merely impulse, perhaps it was the pathetic spectacle of the Cherub's injured feelings—tears showed suddenly in the brown eyes of the countess.

"Oh, you mustn't feel that way—you mustn't," she pleaded. "Of course I will. There!" Impulsively she extended both hands to him. Rather awkwardly Mr. Devine took them in his. Then he did not know what to do next, whether to let go or to hold on.

He had not fully decided when a tall, gray haired man of stern face and dignified bearing appeared behind them. He seemed very much astonished at the scene.

"Adele, who is this?" he demanded.

"This, father, is Mr. Devine." It was finely done—no hesitancy, no trembling of voice, no wavering of the eyes.

"Not the—the"—

"Yes, the Cherub. Isn't it, Mr. Devine?"

Mr. Devine nodded a good natured assent.

"But, Adele, this is entirely unexpected. I had no idea that you were acquainted with this—er—Mr. Devine."

"I have only been telling him that I should not see him again during his stay."

"Ah! Quite proper. I am sure that Mr. Devine does not expect it. Good day, sir. Come, Adele."

Dutifully the countess followed her father out of the garden.

The ash on Mr. Devine's cigar, however, was not an eighth of an inch longer before he was surprised to see Mr. Hewington reappear before him. The Hewingtons, it seemed, were addicted to postscripts.

"Wonder if he's come back with a stick," reflected the Cherub.

But Mr. Hewington's manner was not openly hostile.

"It has just occurred to me, Mr. Devine," he began, "that you might fancy our attitude somewhat discourteous. If so, you are in error. We are merely maintaining under rather awkward conditions our customary reserve. Do you follow me, sir?"

"I get a glimmer now and then," complacently rejoined the Cherub. "You mean that you're not mixers."

Mr. Hewington smiled coldly at the metaphor. "Society is apt to make distinctions," he continued. "Perhaps you do not know that our family has been prominent since colonial times. My great-aunt married a son of the Marquis de Lafayette."

"Never met the gentleman," commented the Cherub.

"Probably not. He came to America in 1815."

"So? Then he got here before I did."

Mr. Hewington ignored this remark. "This estate, Mr. Devine, was part of the original grant. In my father's time it extended for fifteen miles along the sound. The old mansion, which stood for nearly a century, was honored by the presence of such men as Daniel Webster, President Tyler and others. Charles Dickens was a guest here during his tour of this country. In the present house the late Mrs. Hewington and myself have welcomed many distinguished personages. Then, as you know, my daughter is the Countess Vecchi, allied by marriage to one of the noblest families of Lombardy."

"Seems to be I heard something about that."

"Possibly, possibly." Mr. Hewington waved his eyeglasses impatiently. "I am telling you these things, Mr. Devine, that you may have a better understanding of our attitude. Since the death of the count she has lived in seclusion. She has almost entirely withdrawn from society."

Mr. Devine looked keenly at the old gentleman. "I see," he observed. "Kind of flocks by herself. Well, I've no objection. I didn't come up here especially to get acquainted with you folks, you know. In fact, you and the countess were rather sprung on me as a surprise."

Mr. Hewington might have been seen to shudder. "My dear Mr. Devine," he protested, "I fear that you still fail to realize our position. Circumstances compel us to remain here during your stay. There is my sister"—

"Yes, I know all about that, and I wouldn't for the world disturb the sick lady. I'm just trying to be sociable. I want you to stay until you're ready to leave."

"You see, Mr. Devine, my plans for the immediate future are very uncertain."

"Yes, that seems to be the word. What does the countess say about it?"

"I never discuss matters of business with my daughter. Women do not understand such matters. Of course it is necessary to have her sign papers now and then. The lawyers insist on it, some of the property having been left to her, but I never try to explain things which I do not fully comprehend myself. The sale of this place, for instance, still perplexes me. I did not desire it at all. I suppose, however, that it was necessary as a matter of form. Probably you have a clearer notion of it than I, Mr. Devine."

"Your idea is a bit hazy," admitted the Cherub.

"Perhaps so, but I presume that your—er—possession here is only a temporary arrangement. Matters will soon be adjusted, I suppose, when my attorneys finally get around to it. My daughter was more or less worried until I assured her that I would attend to the affair personally."

"Then she cheered up, did she?" Mr. Devine appeared to find the conversation entertaining.

"She was relieved, of course. But I have been so engrossed in preparing a pamphlet on—well, on a scientific subject which would not be of interest to you—that I have neglected to take the proper steps. However, now that you thoroughly understand the situation, I trust that you will not act hastily."

"Oh, I shan't put you out or anything like that, Mr. Hewington. Make your mind easy on that score."

"It is very considerate of you, sir. Of course until the affair is settled we shall not encroach on your technical right of possession more than is absolutely necessary. If the present arrangement is satisfactory I would suggest that it be continued."

The Cherub favored Mr. Hewington with a whimsical smile. "Well, we'll let the thing drift for awhile anyway. Only you don't have to act as though you were prisoners. Why don't you and the countess come down to your meals just as though I wasn't here?"

"My dear sir"— Here Mr. Hewington began an exhaustive review of the situation. When he was through Mr. Devine chuckled gleefully. It was an amazingly simple proposition. The Hewingtons were the Hewingtons, and he—well, he was Cherub Devine. That told the story.

It was all done very courteously and delicately in Mr. Hewington's fine, aristocratic manner, yet nothing but the superlative buoyancy of Mr. Devine's audacious soul saved him from being utterly crushed.

"I wish I could have dreams like that," soliloquized the Cherub when he had been left alone.

The possibilities incident upon acquiring a quiet country house were surprising to Mr. Cherub Devine.

"Let's see," he reflected; "I'm not exactly what you'd call an unwelcome guest, am I? I guess I must be an unwelcome host, then, and hanged if that isn't a new one on me. But there's worse and more of it. I'm no gentleman, for one item. Then, if I'm to believe all I hear about myself, I'm a deep dyed villain and an unregenerate sinner who has butted into his own house. Take it all around, things are pretty badly mixed. Wonder what program I ought to follow."

More or less thought did Mr. Devine bestow upon the Countess Vecchi during the next half hour. He had a well defined idea, had the Cherub, that his knowledge of women was vast and deep. Oh, he had seen lots of them! They had been of all kinds too. It was part of his philosophy that the wise man kept out of their way, that generally they meant mischief and that when they didn't they were most dangerous.

"No, thank you." This was the Cherub's attitude toward the sex. One experience was quite enough for him, for there had been considerable to his affair with Kittie O'Neill, whom he had mentioned to the countess. He was hardly out of his teens then, to be sure, and Kittie, having achieved one and twenty and a position in the second row of the chorus, had viewed his awkward advances with silent scorn until one eventful day when she had fully revealed her attitude by a sudden burst of derisive laughter. Cherub Devine's faith in womankind had been destroyed.

But in the presence of the Countess Vecchi he forgot all his suspicions. He was quite sure that no one just like her had ever existed before. Therefore it was amazingly unjust that she should look upon him as an outcast or as a burning brand of sin. He couldn't tell her what a good fellow he was, and she had no chance of finding it out for herself so long as the old gentleman regarded him as socially unfit.

"I see!" exclaimed the Cherub at last. "I've got to qualify in his class. Well, here goes!"

CHAPTER IV.

HAVING decided upon his course of action, Mr. Devine promptly sought out the obsequious Timmins at his office in the stables.

"Been here some time, haven't you, Timmins?" he suggested.

"Came here as undergroom fifteen years ago, sir."

"Must know the old gentleman fairly well, then?"

"Lor', yes, sir! And he's a very fine old gentleman, sir, in his way."

"Sure," assented the Cherub. He had settled back in an office chair and was studying intently the varnished pine ceiling. "But what's his way?" he asked abruptly.

Timmins looked perplexed.

"Where are his short ribs?" went on Mr. Devine. "What's his strong suit?"

"Oh!" Timmins had translated Mr. Devine's figures of speech. "Well, sir, he's all wrapped up in the Countess Vecchi, sir, him being a widower for so long. Nearly knocked him out when the count turned out to be so bad. He was regular wicked, sir; played roulette most of the time. Why, they hadn't more'n left the church before he asks the countess for money and chokes her when she wouldn't get it for him."

"Who made that match, Timmins?"

"Mr. Hewington himself, sir. He was carried away with the idea of his daughter being a countess."

"Banks heavy on society, does he? Do the Hewingtons cut much of a figure now in the giddy whirl?"

"Lor', no, sir. Since they lost their money they've kind of dropped out of it all. It goes hard with the old gentleman, too, sir."

Mr. Devine smoked thoughtfully for several moments before asking, "Any real swell neighbors around here?"

"Lots of 'em, sir. It's a very select neighborhood, sir, as you'll find. Why, just above us are the Wilburs—Knickerbockers, sir. Above them are the Miller-Tremways—youngest daughter married into the Earl of Dippington's family and was received at court. And next below us are the Walloways, folks that has their own coat of arms and"—

"Not Nick Walloway?"

"He's the head of the family now, sir, Nicholas is."

"So Nick is a neighbor of mine, is he?"

"But they're very exclusive, the Walloways are, sir. They entertain lots of titled folks. They used to be very friendly here, sir, but none of them's been here now for nearly two years."

"Then it's time they came," declared Mr. Devine. "How about the other folks, the Wilburs and the Tremways?"

"Haven't been here for a long time either, sir."

"Very thoughtless of them, isn't it? But we'll fix that. Hitch up two or three of those gingersnap horses and take me over to the Walloway place."

"Today, sir?" Timmins stared his astonishment.

"No; right away."

"But it's—it's Sunday, sir. Begging your pardon for being so bold, sir, but the Walloways don't receive on Sundays, sir, and they've got a bishop there."

"Good! I'm right at home when there's a bishop around. And I'll see about the receiving business. You just attend to the hooking up, Timmins."

So Timmins did, but it was with much concern for his professional dignity that he drove up to the imposing carriage entrance of the Walloway residence. Timmins cared quite as he had feared. In fact, the Walloway butler, who weighed twice as much as Epoinys and was haughtier in proportion, was coldly doubtful as to whether or not Mr. Nicholas Walloway could be seen. He surveyed the Hewington cobs with withering scorn and glanced with disapproving eye at Mr. Devine's tobacco brown waistcoat.

"I don't think Mr. Walloway is receiving today," he observed.

"Oh, that'll be all right, fatty," cheerfully remarked Mr. Devine. "You trot along in and tell Nick that Cherub Devine is out here."

The Walloway butler gasped. Timmins trembled in his seat. Two minutes later Mr. Nicholas Walloway, much perplexed and not a little embarrassed, was escorting Mr. Devine past the awful presence of the stout butler and into the house.

A clean cut young man of sedate, somewhat stiff bearing and with sober gray eyes was Mr. Nicholas Walloway. No one but the Cherub, not even Mr. Walloway's most intimate friends, ever dreamed of calling him Nick.

Mr. Devine had never honored young Mr. Walloway with a social call before, but he had dropped in once or twice at the new offices of Walloway & Co., and his reception had been extremely cordial. In fact, Mr. Nicholas Walloway had felt himself singularly favored, and he said so, for his firm, in spite of the heavy mahogany desks and other expensive office trappings which seemed to proclaim a prosperous stability, was woefully lacking in just such customers as Mr. Devine could be if he chose. To have the handling of some of the Cherub's extensive business would establish the firm on a basis where mahogany furniture would be something more than an enterprising presumption.

Mr. Devine assumed that if Mr. Walloway was glad to see him in his office he would feel the same about welcoming him to his home. That this was hardly a safe line of reasoning any one who knew the Walloways at all would have known. Just a glance at the slight wrinkle between the gray eyes should have suggested that Mr. Walloway was somewhat perplexed and not a little ill at ease. But if the Cherub saw these indications he gave no hint. Mr. Walloway murmured something about a stock deal.

"Deal?" responded the Cherub lightly. "No; I'm not anxious about any deal, at least not today. But, by the way, I expect your firm will get some orders along about Tuesday. Sure thing! Yes; it is something about P., Z. and N. Heard about that, did you? Well, I'll need you Tuesday. I've had my eye on you for some time, and now that I'm a neighbor of yours— Yes; that's right. Got the next place above, Hewington Rods, or Acres, or something."

"Do you mean to say that you own Hewington Acres? When did you get possession?"

"Oh, I bought it a couple of months ago, but I just ran up Friday night to look the place over. Say, it isn't a bad place, is it, Nick?"

"No, indeed. But what has become of the Hewingtons?"

"They're there yet, but they don't mingle much with me. I'm not in their class, it seems. Say, Nick, I wish you could have heard the countess telling me what she thought of me last night. You know the countess, of course?"

Mr. Nicholas Walloway looked a bit uncomfortable for a moment. "I used to know her very well, but I haven't seen her since she went abroad and married the count."

"She's a good deal of a hummer, the countess is," suggested the Cherub—"not one of your front row amazons,

WALLOWAY WAS ESCORTING MR. DEVINE PAST THE STOUT BUTLER.

you know, but a real nice little lady. Plenty of ginger about her, too, I should imagine, if she was stirred up."

It was with difficulty that Mr. Walloway found any response to make.

"Then—then you have made the acquaintance of Ad—of the Countess Vecchi?"

"Oh, sure! We've had a couple of cozy little chats together. I've had a talk with the old gentleman too. And, say, between 'em, hearing what they both think of me, I've got my chin down on my breastbone and my tail curled between my legs like a yellow dog that's been run over by a truck."

"You mean that they are unfriendly to you?"

"Well, that hardly does the case justice, but it'll pass. And that's what fetches me here this morning. You see, I've planned to stick it out there for another day or so. And, say, Nick, as an act of charity I want you to come around tonight and do a little gloom breaking. Bring the folks with you too."

"You—you wish me to visit you at Hewington Acres—tonight?" in amazement.

"Sure! Nothing formal, you know; just an offhand dropping in, same as you might on any of your friends around here."

Mr. Walloway stared at him with a fascinated interest. The Cherub smiled blandly, confidently, in return.

"But we—we—there are guests, you know," weakly protested Mr. Walloway.

"Guests? Well, bring 'em along. I don't mind. The more the merrier."

Mr. Walloway hastened to mention that one was a bishop and named him impressively.

Mr. Devine slapped his knee joyously.

"What! The funny little old chap with the white side whiskers and an equator like a Broadway cop? Is he down here? Say, Nick, that bishop is the real article, he is. Know him! Well, you ask him about coming over on the Lucania with Cherub Devine. Tell him I left a special invitation for him and see what he says."

"I will consult my mother. Thank you very much, Mr. Devine."

"Oh, that's all right. And, say, Nick, while you're about it just round up a few of the neighbors for me, will you? Those Wilburs and hyphen Tremways and any others you think will do. Bring a mob—the house is big enough."

Young Mr. Walloway gasped.

"But—but"— he began in expostulation.

"Oh, yes, you can if you go at it right," broke in the Cherub encouragingly. "They've all heard of me, I'll bet. Tell 'em I'm a freak, a curiosity—anything that'll fetch 'em fast enough. Any one staying at the Tremways? You don't say! Comes from Austria, doesn't he? Well, you tell the Tremways to bring the baron along. Why, the baron and I took the baths together at Baden Two-Times. The baron's all right too. Oh, he'll remember me. Say, what's the proper caper for a Sunday night spread—10? Half past 8! Well, call it 8:30 then. So long, Nick."

If the Cherub had used ropes and straps he could not have left young Mr. Walloway more incapable of moving from the chair in which he was sitting. For a long period he stared vaguely into space without stirring. Once or twice his lips murmured a name. It sounded something like Adele. Gradually, however, the Walloway chin resumed its usual firmness. A look of resignation crept into the gray eyes. He rose stiffly, walked to the window and stared out.

"Perhaps—perhaps," he faltered, "he's right."

(To be Coutinned)

Foote and the Lawyers.

Being on an excursion into his native county, Samuel Foote happened to meet with a simple minded farmer, who, having just buried a rich relation, who was an attorney, was full of complaints about the great expense of a country funeral, instancing the amount he had spent on scarfs, hatbands, carriages, etc.

"Why," asked Foote, "do you mean to say that you bury your attorneys in this part of the country?"

"To be sure," said the puzzled farmer. "What else should we do?"

"Oh, we never do that in London."

"Really! What, then, do you do with them?"

"Why, when one happens to die we lay him out in a room by himself overnight, lock the door, open the window, and in the morning he is gone."

"Extraordinary!" cried the other in amazement. "What becomes of him?"

"Oh, that we can't exactly tell," replied Foote solemnly. "All we know is there's a strong smell of brimstone in the rooms the next morning."—"Wits, Beaux and Beauties of the Georgian Era."

The Breeches Bible.

One of the books which a bibliomaniac handles reverently is the famous Geneva Bible, better known as the "Breeches Bible." This name is due to the rendering of Genesis iii. 7, where Adam and Eve are said to have "sewed fig tree leaves together and made themselves breeches." This had been the reading of the first English Bible, Wycliffe's version, but later translators had substituted the word "apron" for "breeches," and the Geneva Bible reverted to the original. The fact that only one edition of the Geneva version contained this sentence makes the limited number more precious to the book gatherer. The title page of this edition announces that it was "imprinted at London by the deputies of the queene's most excellent majestie" in 1599. The first edition appeared in 1560, and for sixty years this was the favorite Bible with the people, who reluctantly laid it aside for the authorized version in 1611.

The Same Dimensions.

The bride to be had the air of one who is unreconciled to the existing state of affairs. "Can't we take a wedding trip, as we planned?" she asked plaintively.

"Not just now," said the young man, "on account of my partner's illness."

"I thought it would be such fun, taking that six days' journey in the cars!" she sighed.

"Well, now, see here," said the young man. "If we take the flat I looked at yesterday it'll be just the same as living in the parlor car stateroom, except that the scenery won't change."—Youth's Companion.

The Book For Him.

There was a backward student at Baliol who for failure to pass an examination in Greek was "sent down." His mother went to see the master, Dr. Jowett, and explained to him what an excellent lad her son was. "It is a hard experience for him, this disgrace," said the old lady, "but he will have the consolation of religion, and there is always one book to which he can turn." Jowett eyed her a moment and then answered: "Yes, madam, the Greek grammar. Good morning."

The Judge's Slip.

A judge once made the following charge to a jury: "You have heard the evidence. The indictment charges the prisoner with stealing a jackass. This offense seems to be becoming a common one, and the time has come when it must be stopped or none of us will be safe!"

The Test.

Nell—But how is a girl to know when she is in love? Belle—I suppose when she thinks as much about a man as she does about her dressmaker she may know it.—Philadelphia Record.

How Nature Provides

Our Beauty, Health and Happiness.

Is it not possible, and altogether probable that elements necessary for the body-health are contained in the medicinal roots found in the earth, digested in the plant laboratory of Nature and made ready for man or animal?

There is a growing belief among scientists that the vegetable kingdom furnishes us with the necessary elements for blood making and to keep that delicate balance of health that the human animal is so apt to disturb by wrong methods of living. Thus we know that we should get the phosphates from the wheat in our bread—or some cereal foods, and iron from certain vegetables, such as spinach and greens.

If there is ill-health then our best method for recovering our standard balance of health is to go to Nature's Laboratory—the plant life which will furnish the remedy.

Buried deep in our forests is the plant known as Golden Seal (Hydrastis) the root of which Edwin M. Hale, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica at Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago, states "In relation to its general effects on the system, there is no medicine in use about which there is such general unanimity of opinion. It is universally regarded as the tonic useful in all debilitated states." Dr. Hale continues: "Prof. John M. Scudder says, 'It stimulates the digestive processes, and increases the assimilation of food. By these means the blood is enriched, and this blood feeds the muscular system.' 'I mention the muscular system because I believe it first feels the increased power imparted by the stimulation of increased nutrition. The consequent improvement on the nervous and glandular systems are natural results.'"

Stillingia or Queen's root is another root which has long been in repute as an alterative (blood purifier) and Prof. John King, M. D., says of it: "An alterative unsurpassed by few if any other of the known alteratives; most successful in skin and scrofulous affections. Beneficial in bronchial affections—permanently cures bronchitis—relieves irritation—an important cough remedy—coughs of years' standing being cured. Aids in blood-making and nutrition, and may be taken without harm for long periods."

Nearly forty years ago, Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y., combined an extract of the two above roots, together with that of Stone root, Black Cherry-bark, Bloodroot, Mandrake and Glycerine—into a prescription which he put up in a ready-to-use form, and called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It was most successful in correcting and curing such ailments as were due to stomach and liver derangements, followed by impure blood.

In cases of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, ulceration of stomach or bowels, torpid liver, or biliousness, the "Golden Medical Discovery" has never been excelled as a tonic and invigorator which puts the affected organs "in tune" and enables them to perform their proper functions.

This alterative and tonic is indicated when you have symptoms of headache, backache, in fact "ache all over." When your appetite is gone, tongue furred, bad taste in mouth, foul breath, when you feel weak, tired, blue and discouraged, then is the time to take this natural restorative of Dr. Pierce. "Golden Medical Discovery" is not a secret, or patent medicine, because all its ingredients are printed on the bottle wrapper. It contains no alcohol, or other harmful, habit-forming agents—chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine being used as a solvent and preservative.

A good medical book, written in plain English, and free from technical terms is a valuable work for frequent consultation. Such a work is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It's a book of 1008 pages, profusely illustrated. It is given away now, although formerly sold in cloth binding for $1.50. Send 21 cents, in one-cent stamps, to pay for cost of mailing only for paper-covered copy, addressing Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.; or 31 cents for an elegantly cloth-bound copy.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. One a laxative, two or three cathartic. Easy to take as candy.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington in and for the County of Thurston.

In re the estate of G. W. Whitlatch, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was named in the last will and testament of the above named deceased as his executor, and that his last will and testament has been duly probated and the court has confirmed the appointment of the undersigned as executor of the said estate, and notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the said estate or the said deceased be and they are hereby required to present the same to the undersigned executor personally, or at his residence near Rainier, or to his attorneys, Troy & Sturdevant at Olympia, Washington, within one year from the date of the first publication of this notice.

E. E. WHITLATCH,
Executor of the estate of G. W. Whitlatch, deceased.

Dateof first publication, Aptil 8, 1910. 5t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington in and for the County of Thurston.

In re the estate of Annabel Farquhar, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that R. J. Axtell has been appointed administratrix of the above estate, and that all persons having claims against the said estate are required to present the same duly verified as required by law to the undersigned administratrix personally at her residence, in Auburn, Washington, or to her attorneys, Messrs. Troy & Sturdevant at Olympia, Washington, within twelve months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

Date of first publication April 8, 1910.

R. J. AXTELL,
Administratrix of the estate of Annabel Far quhar, deceased.

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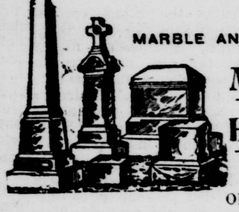

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