FITFORM

ALL EYES
Now On The
$10 and $15
SUIT STORE

ATTRACTING WIDESPREAD ATTENTION, AND INCREASING PATRONAGE EVERY DAY IS THE BRILLIANT RECORD OF THIS STORE.

VALUE GIVING IS THE CAUSE

"Why, these suits have it all over the tailored clothes that I have been paying more for," said a customer the other day, as he was looking at our assortment of suits.

Perhaps you don't know about these suits values. Come in and let us show you. You'll find every good cloth represented, and patterns and colorings in large variety. All made in the latest models for young men and older men who want to stay young.

NUSBAUM'S

$10 ANR $15 SUIT STORE
The Store That Values Built.
306 WEST MAIN STREET.

LIGHT ON THE INSTANT.

is at your command if you use the electric current. No hunting for matches, just a turn of fingers and the light is there. No danger of fire or suffocation, no heat, no smoke, no smell. Let us prove to you also that the electric is not an expensive light. We can do so easily.

Simmon's Plumbing and Electric Co.

WEST PIKE STREET

LYNCH'S

Figure Success Demonstrated By Henderson & La Princesse Corsets

To demonstrate how to obtain figure success and fashionable modish lines is the object of our demonstration that is being held at our store today.

An excellent opportunity that should not be missed by any lady of our city or vicinity—Miss Maguire, one of the most expert corsetieres representing the Aurora Corset Company, exclusive manufacturers of the celebrated

HENDERSON AND LA PRINCESSE CORSETS

will be in charge and pleased to meet you.

Quality enters into every portion of the construction of these corsets. Do not overlook this chance for free corset fitting—come as early as possible so that you can avoid the crowd that we predict will be present.

Even though you may not need a corset just now, see Miss Maguire and find what style is adapted to your use—you can then order intelligently to meet your figure needs later.

HENDERSON CORSETS—$1.00 to $3.50.
LA PRINCESSE CORSETS—$.00 to $25.00.

LYNCH'S

"What Yer Agon' to do with Lem?"—Advertisement.

WHISKEY LAW

The Prohibition Amendment Law is the law that will regulate the selling of Whiskey in West Virginia after June 30, 1914. Get a copy today and become familiar with its teachings. I have it in pamplet form, 3¼x6 inches neatly and durably bound, and an extra quality of paper. The price is 10c. This pamplet includes the Webb-Kenyon bill. Call or address the Daily Telegram office.—Advertisement.

System Awakens With Pure Blood

In Mind and Body the Change is Wonderful.

After the depression, the stagnation, the despair over some blood disorder, it is fine to wake up to what S. S. S. has accomplished for you after a few days' use. It puts the nerves and blood in harmony; it arouses the cellular activity of the liver, kidneys, lungs, and other excretory organs to remove from the blood the body wastes that cause nearly all sickness.

This means that all decay, all breaking down of the tissues, is checked and repair work begins. S. S. S. has such influence on all local cells as to preserve their mutual welfare and afford a proper relative assistance to each other. More attention is being given to catalytic medicine than ever before and S. S. S. is one of the highest achievements in this line. For many years people relied upon mercury, iodide of potash, arsenic cathartics and "dope" as remedies for blood sickness, but now the pure, vegetable S. S. S. is their safeguard.

You can get S. S. S. in any drug store, but insist upon having it. The great Swift Laboratory in Atlanta, Ga., prepares this famous blood purifier, and you should take no chance by permitting anyone to recommend a substitute. And if your blood condition is such that you would like to consult a specialist without charge, address Medical Dept., The Swift Specific Co., 537 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Don't Pay $3

When we can sell you a guaranteed Gas Iron for

$2

Lee & Parr

434 W. PIKE ST.

The Story of Waitstill Baxter

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Copyright, 1913, by Kate Douglas Wiggin

(Continued.)

Some of the faithful fell away at this time, being unable to accept the full doctrine, but retained their faith in Cochrane's original power to convert sinners and save them from the wrath of God. Storm clouds began to gether in the sky, however, as the delusion spread, month by month, and local ministers everywhere sought to minimize the influence of the dangerous orator, who rose superior to every attack and carried himself like some magnificent martyr at will among the crowds that now criticised him here or there in private and in public.

"What a picture of splendid audacity he must have been," wrote Ivory, "when he entered the orthodox meeting house at a huge gathering where he knew that the speakers were to denounce his teachings. Old Parson Buzzell gave out his text from the high pulpit, Mark xiii, 37, 'And what I say unto you I say unto all, watch.' Just here Cochrane stepped in at the open door of the church and heard the warning, meant, he knew, for himself, and seizing the moment of silence following the reading of the text, he cried in his splendid sonorous voice, without so much as stirring from his place within the door frame: 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice I will come in to him and will sup with him. I come to preach the everlasting gospel to every one that heareth, and all that I want here is my bigness on the floor.'

"I cannot find," continued Ivory on another page, "that my father or mother over engaged in any of the foolish and childish practices which disgraced the meetings of some of Cochrane's most fanatical followers and converts. By my mother's conversations (some of which I have repeated to you, but which may be full of errors, because of her confusion of mind) I believe she must have had a difference of opinion with my father on some of these views, but I have no means of knowing this to a certainty, nor do I know that the question of 'choosing spiritual consorts' ever came between or divided them. This part of the delusion always fills me with such unspeakable disgust that I have never liked to seek additional light from any of the older men and women who might revel in giving it. That my mother did not sympathize with my father's going out to preach Cochrane's gospel through the country, this I know, and she was so truly religious, so burning with zeal, that had she fully believed in my father's mission she would have spurred him on instead of endeavoring to detain him.

"You know the retribution that overtook Cochrane at last," wrote Ivory again, when he had shown the man's early victories and his enormous influence. "There began to be indignant protests against his doctrines by lawyers and doctors, as well as by ministers; not from all sides, however, for remember, in extenuation of my father's and my mother's espousal of this strange belief, that many of the strongest and wisest men, as well as the purest and finest women in York county, came under this man's spell for a time and believed in him implicitly, some of them even unto the end.

"Finally there was Cochrane's arrest and examination, the order for him to appear at the supreme court, his failure to do so, his recapture and trial and his sentence of four years' imprisonment on several counts, in all of which he was proved guilty. Cochrane had all along said that the Anointed of the Lord would never be allowed to remain in jail, but he was mistaken, for he stayed in the state's prison at Charlestown, Mass., for the full duration of his sentence. Here (I am again trying to plead the cause of my father and mother), here he received much sympathy and some few visitors, one of whom walked all the way from Edgewood to Boston, 115 miles, with a petition for pardon, a petition which was delivered and refused at the Boston statehouse. Cochrane issued from prison as broken and humiliated man, but, if report says true, is still living, far out of sight and knowledge, somewhere in New Hampshire. He once sent my father an epitaph of his own selection, asking him to have it carved upon his gravestone should he die suddenly when away from his friends. My mother often repeats it, not realizing how far from the point it sounds to us who never knew him in his glory, but only in his downfall:

"He spread his arms full wide abroad.
His works are ever before his God.
His name on earth shall long remain,
Though envious sinners fret in vain.

"We are certain," concluded Ivory, "that my father preached with Cochrane in Limington, Limerick and Parsonsfield. He also wrote from Enfield and Effingham in New Hampshire. After that all is silence. Various reports place him in Boston, in New York, even as far west as Ohio, whether as Cochranite evangelist or what not, alas! we can never know. I despair of ever tracing his steps. I only hope that he died before he wandered too widely, either from his belief in God or his fidelity to my mother's long suffering love."

Waitstill read the letter twice through and replaced it in her dress to read again at night. It seemed the only tangible evidence of Ivory's love that she had ever received and she warmed her heart with what she felt that he had put between the lines.

"Would that I were free to tell you how I value your friendship!" "My mother's heart feeds on the sight of you!" "I want you to know something of the circumstances that have made me a prisoner in life instead of a free man." "Yours is the most undaunted heart in all the world!" These sentences Waitstill rehearsed again and again and they rang in her ears like music, converting all the tasks of her long day into a deep and silent joy.

CHAPTER XVII.

At the Brick Store.

THERE were two grand places for gossip in the community, the old tavern on the Edgewood side of the bridge and the brick store in Riverboro. The company at the Edgewood tavern would be a trifle different in character, more picturesque, imposing and eclectic because of the transient guests that gave it change and variety. Here might be found a judge or a lawyer on his way to court, a sheriff with a handcuffed prisoner, a farmer or two stopping on the road to market with a cartful of produce and an occasional teamster, peddler and stage driver. On winter nights champion story tellers like Jed Morrill and Rish Bixby would drop in there and hang their woolen neck comforters on the pegs along the wall side, where there were already hats, topcoats and fur mufflers, as well as stacks of whips, canes and oxgoads standing in the corners. They would then enter the room, rubbing their hands gentally and, nodding to Companion Pike, Cephas Cole, Phil Perry and others, ensconce themselves snugly in the group by the great open fireplace. The landlord was always glad to see them enter, for their stories, though old to him, were new to many of the assembled company and had a remarkable effect on the consumption of liquid refreshment.

On summer evenings gossip was languid in the village, and if any occurred at all it would be on the loafers' bench at one or the other side of the bridge. When cooler weather came the group of local wits gathered in Riverboro, either at Uncle Bart's joiner's shop or at the brick store, according to fancy. The latter place was perhaps the favorite for Riverboro talkers. It was a large, two story, square brick building, with a big mouthed chimney and an open fire. When every house in the two villages had six feet of snow around it roads would always be broken to the brick store, and a crowd of ten or fifteen men would be gathered there talking, listening, betting, smoking, chewing, bragging, playing checkers, singing and "swapping stories."

Some of the men had been through the war of 1812 and could display wounds received on the field of valor, others were still prouder of scars won in encounters with the Indians and there was one old codger, a revolutionary veteran, Bill Dunham by name, who would add bloody tales of his encounters with the "Husshons."

"'Tis an awful sin to have on your soul," Bill would say from his place in a dark corner, where he would sit with his hat pulled over his eyes till the psychological moment came for the "Husshons" to be trotted out. "'Tis an awful sin to have on your soul—the extumination of a race o' men, even if they wa'n't nothin' more'n so many ignorant cockroaches. Them was the great days for fightin'! The Husshons was the biggest men I ever seen on the field, most of 'em standin' six feet eight in their stockin's—but Lord! how we walloped 'em! Once we had a cannon mounted an' loaded for 'em that was so large we had to draw the ball into it with a yoke of oxen!"

Bill paused from force of habit, just as he had paused for the last twenty years. There had been times when roars of incredulous laughter had greeted this boast, but most of this particular group had heard the yarn more than once and let it pass with a smile and a wink, remembering the night that Abel Day had asked old Bill how they got the oxen out of the cannon on that most memorable occasion.

"Oh," said Bill, "that was easy enough. We jest unyoked 'em an' turned 'em out o' the primin' hole!"

It was only early October, but there had been a killing frost, and Ezra Simms, who kept the brick store, flung some shavings and small wood on the hearth and lighted a blaze, just to induce a little trade and start conversation on what threatened to be a dull evening. Peter Morrill, Jed's eldest brother, had lately returned from a long trip through the state and into New Hampshire and his adventures by field and flood were always worth listening to. He went about the country mending clocks and so many an old timepiece still bears his name, with the date of repairing written in pencil on the inside of the door.

There was never any lack of subjects at the brick store, the idiosyncrasies of the neighbors being the most prolific source of anecdote and comment. Whenever all else failed there was always the latest story of Deacon Baxter's parsimony, in which the village traced the influence of heredity.

"He can't hardly help it, inheritin' it on both sides," was Abel Day's opinion. "The Baxters was allers snug from time 'memorial, and Foxy's the snuggest of 'em. When I look at his ugly mug an' hear his snarlin' voice I thinks to myself, he's goin' the same way his father did. When old Levi Baxter was left a widder man in that house o' his'n up river he grew wuss an' wuss, if you remember, till he wa'n't hardly human at the last, and I don't believe Foxy even went up to his own father's funeral."

"'Twould 'a' served old Levi right if nobody else had gone," said Rish Bixby. "When his wife died he refused to come into the house till the last minute. He stayed to work in the barn till all the folks had assembled and even the men were all settin' down on benches in the kitchen. The parson sent me out for him, and I'm blest if the old skunk didn't come in through the crowd with his sleeves rolled up—went to the sink and washed, and then set down in the room where the coffin was, as cool as a cowcumber."

"I remember that funeral well," corroborated Abel Day. "An' Mis' Day heerd Levi say to his daughter, as soon as they'd put poor old Mrs. Baxter int' the grave, 'Come on, Marthy; there's no use cryin' over spilt milk; we'd better go home an' husk out the rest o' that corn.' Old Foxy could have inherited plenty o' meanness from his father, that's certain, an' he's added to his inheritance right along, like the thrifty man he is. I hate to think o' them two fine girls wearin' their fingers to the bone for his benefit."

"Oh, well, 'twon't last forever," said Rish Bixby. "They're the han'somest couple o' girls on the river, an' they'll get husbands afore many years. Patience 'll have one pretty soon, by the looks. She never budges an inch but Mark Wilson or Phil Perry are follarin' behind, with Cephas Cole watchin' his chance right along too. Waitstill don't seem to have no beaux; what with flyin' around to keep up with the deacon an' bein' a mother to Patience, her hands is fully I guess."

"If things was a little mite dif'rent all round I could prognosticate who

(Continued on page four.)

"I remember that funeral well."

We have the hat for you no matter what style you want. The prices are just 1-2 what other stores charge you.

Hats trimmed by our expert milliners worth $7, $8 and $9 on sale tomorrow as low as $2.48, $3.98 and $4.50. Why pay more? Won't you come and give us a look?

We Trim Hats FREE!

SPECIAL FOR FRIDAY

Women's Kitchen Aprons Worth 50c.

29c

Brown's
NOT FOR LESS

339 W. Main St.

BAD BREATH

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets Get at the Cause and Remove it

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, act gently on the bowels and positively do the work.

People afflicted with bad breath find quick relief through Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. The pleasant, sugar-coated tablets are taken for bad breath by all who know them.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets act gently but firmly on the bowels and liver, stimulating them to natural action, clearing the blood and gently purifying the entire system.

They do that which dangerous calomel does without any of the bad after effects.

All the benefits of nasty, sickening, griping cathartics are derived from Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets without griping, pain or disagreeable effects of any kind.

Dr. F. M. Edwards discovered the formula after seventeen years of practice among patients afflicted with bowel and liver complaint with the attendant bad breath.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are purely a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil, you will know them by their olive color.

Take one or two every night for a week and note the effect. 10c and 25c per box. The Olive Tablet Company, Columbus, O.

Owes His Life to This Lung Remedy

If you neglect a continued cough or cold you are in constant danger of easily contracting serious Lung Trouble. The cough or cold which does not yield to ordinary treatment should be a warning to you and preventive measures should be taken as soon as possible. In many cases Eckman's Alterative, a remedy for Throat and Lung Troubles, has brought permanent recovery. Read this:—

Catherine Ave. and Ascot Place,
Queens Court, L. I., N. Y.

"Gentlemen: In the year 1908 I was taken with a heavy cold and a nasty short cough. I went to several doctors, who gave me a lot of medicine. Finally, I went to a specialist, who gave me creosote that made me sick of all kinds of food; consequently I failed in health. I then went to the Catskills, and seemed to get better, but the cough still kept up. I stayed there for one year, and then went to a farm near Jersey City, a very sick man. About the time of my return, my brother recommended Eckman's Alterative to me very highly. It is now nearly two years since I first took it. I am now well, and I dare say that I would have been buried long ago if it had not been for Eckman's Alterative." (Affidavit) JOSEPH J. TROESCHER.

(Above abbreviated; more on request.)

Eckman's Alterative has been proven by many years' test to be most efficacious for severe Throat and Lung Affections, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Stubborn Colds and in upbuilding the system. Contains no narcotics, poisons or habit-forming drugs. Ask for booklet telling of recoveries, and write to Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia, Pa., for evidence. For sale by all leading druggists

Highland Bros & Gore

LA FRANCE SHOP

LA FRANCE Shoes can't be "ground out". The makers make as many as they can, *right*—no more.

We're glad to say we have a good supply, awaiting your *early* selection.

No. 804 is the kind of pump every woman needs one pair of. Made in Sterling Patent Colt, welt, flat heel.

No. 704 is a similar model in Gun Metal.

·LA·FRANCE·

FOUND

After years of intense suffering from Stomach, Liver and Kidney disorder, which developed into Sciatic Rheumatism, Mr. Dunn the Discoverer of Dunn's Sure, Safe and Speedy Cure found a doctor's prescription, which took him off his crutches and made a new man out of a broken-down cripple. It is now on the market and in order to prove its merit the Company offers a regular 25c size bottle for ten cents. We have thousands of our Columbus, Ohio, people and over six states, who have been helped with a few doses and cured with a few bottles of our marvelous remedy, Dunn's Sure, Safe and Speedy Cure, regular size, while they LAST, ONLY TEN CENTS.

H. F. Burke, Druggist

LA CAMILLE

FRONT LACE CORSETS

The corset that combines stylishness, comfort, back ventilation and durability. We will be pleased to give you special fittings. We have a model that will suit you from $2 and up.

The Bon Ton Store