

COUGHING
Keep coughing; that's one way.
Stop coughing; that's another.
To keep the cough; do nothing.
To stop the cough; Ayer's Cherry
Pectoral. Sold for 70 years.
Ask Your Doctor.

Howard Henry of Kansas City spent Sunday here with home-folks.

Wilmot Kenney went to Jefferson City Sunday evening for a few days' visit.

Shannon Carter of Kansas City spent Sunday here with F. L. Carter.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Miss Kittie Worthington left Monday evening for an extended visit in Galena, Kansas.

Mrs. Herbert Higgins returned to her home in Aullville Sunday evening after a visit here with her sister, Mrs. E. W. Young.

The Cause of Rheumatism.

Stomach trouble, lazy liver and deranged kidneys are the cause of rheumatism. Get your stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels in healthy condition by taking Electric Bitters, and you will not be troubled with the pains of rheumatism. Charles B. Allen, a school principal, of Sylvania, Ga., who suffered indescribable torture from rheumatism, liver and stomach trouble and diseased kidneys, writes: "All remedies failed until I used Electric Bitters, but four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me completely." Maybe your rheumatic pains come from stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Electric Bitters will give you prompt relief. 50 cents and \$1.00. Recommended by Crenshaw & Young.

Miss Wohlberg Anderson arrived from Kansas City Monday evening for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Anderson.

Ben Wiley arrived Tuesday from Tacoma, Washington, in his bride's visit with his parents, Capt. and Mrs. T. B. Wiley.

For Sale.
Complete Motor Boat Equipment. Apply of
JAS. CHEATHAM.
FOR SALE—Buff Rock Cockerels. Phone 563.
MRS. JOHN AINSWORTH.

HOME MONEY TO LOAN
S. J. Q. Plattenburg for Home Money
Reasonable rates. No Commission.

HOME RESTAURANT And Confectionery
Mrs. L. E. Mark
823 MAIN STREET

CATRON AND TAUBMAN
ABSTRACT & Agency Company
Abstracts, Real Estate and Loans
Rooms 3 and 5
HAERLE BUILDING
Lexington, Mo.

FIRE, TORNADO AND PLATE GLASS INSURANCE
JOS. A. WILSON & BRO., Agents.
820 Main St.

FAIR EXCHANGE
A New Back for an Old One.
How it Can be Done in Lexington.

The back aches at times with a dull, indescribable feeling, making you weary and restless; piercing pains shoot across the region of the kidneys, and again the loins are so lame that to stoop is agony. No use to rub or apply a plaster to the back if the kidneys are weak. You cannot reach the cause. Lexington residents would do well to profit by the following example.

D. L. Settle, Lexington Ave., Richmond, Mo., says: "I am glad to again endorse Doan's Kidney Pills. They are reliable in curing kidney and bladder complaint. I had been suffering intensely from lameness in the small of my back when I learned of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. They relieved me of the terrible pains and lameness in my back and strengthened my kidneys. I could sleep well at night and the other symptoms of kidney complaint were removed."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McBirra Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Mrs. Ruby Zald of Blueick, Mo., arrived Saturday evening for a visit here with the family of Ben Kelley.

Are You Constipated?

If so, get a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, take them regularly and your trouble will quickly disappear. They will stimulate the liver, improve your digestion and get rid of all the poisons from your system. They will surely get you well again. 25 cents at Crenshaw & Young.

Joe Mann of Wellington spent Sunday here with friends.

Karl Hammer went to Jefferson City Sunday morning on business.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given, that letters testamentary on the estate of Elizabeth Haerle deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 17th day of February, 1913, by the Probate Court of Lafayette County, Missouri. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the undersigned within six months after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within one year from the date of the last insertion of this publication they will be forever barred.
This 17th day of February 1913
F. R. HAERLE,
Executor.
2-28-x5.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE WITH WILL ANNEXED.
Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of John B. Mabry deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 20th day of February, 1913, by the probate court of Lafayette County, Missouri. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the undersigned within six months after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within one year from the date of the last insertion of this publication they will be forever barred.
This 20th day of February 1913.
ALBERT G. MABRY,
Administrator With Will Annexed.
2-28-x5.

HAD TO FIND WORK
Supreme Effort by Which Miss Sophira Became a Grape Picker.

By HAMILTON POPE GALT.

Miss Sophira was neither a grape picker nor a grape packer, but she had ambitions. Ambitions in Woodbridge ran to either the one or the other of these important branches of industry. Miss Sophira believed she could learn to pack grapes. The tea-kettle was boiling and Slater Eugenia had not stirred yet, so there was time for Miss Sophira to enjoy the first fall morning of the year warning under the California sun. "I must find work," said Miss Sophira. And as she said the words, Miss Sophira, standing in her garden, immediately saw rows upon rows of grapevines, stretching on and on, loaded with red Tokays, green Malagas and black princess. Miss Sophira felt sure she could pack grapes.

Boarders were out of the question. She and Eugenia were not qualified for boarders. The last boarder had swamped them completely, and they were glad Mrs. Staples was gone. Mrs. Staples, the millionaire, the invalid, the exciting the detestable; Mrs. Staples who had to have tea, toast and tittles at all hours of the day and night; Mrs. Staples, whose vast possessions were unfortunately tied up so that she had no ready money. Mrs. Staples had gone away without paying one cent for six weeks' board and lodging and now Miss Sophira must have work in real earnest.

Miss Sophira had to find work, and decided that she would pick grapes. She confided her determination to "Miss Eugenia over her breakfast. "You have never packed any grapes and they want only experienced packers," objected Miss Eugenia. "It pays \$2 a day." "You are not strong enough." "It pays \$2 a day." "I expect you would learn to pack pretty quick," mused Miss Eugenia. "They would only have to show me once."

"You have to pack them points down, stems up, don't you? That sounds rather hard."

"There are lots of people doing it. I will put on my 1847 Rogers bonnet and my colonial silk dress and go out and get a place in one of the sheds."

"I guess you'd better carry that mission style pocketbook with you," suggested Eugenia, entering into the spirit of her sister's fun. "Yes, I'll turn the gold side outside."

"Oh, no, that won't do! They'll think you're rich and don't need work."

"I am surprised at your ignorance of the world. If you look poor it is all the harder for you to get work."

And with these words Miss Sophira walked briskly down the street, swinging her handsome bag, and enjoying the crisp, bracing air.

She limped home at noon, drooping and dispirited. They would not give her work at any of the sheds she had visited.

"In spite of the gold illogree!" cried Miss Eugenia.

"All the illogree in the world would not help me!" answered Sophira. "It is this (touching her white hair and bent shoulders.) "I am too old—they will not have old people."

"Well, isn't that too bad?" said Miss Eugenia, and then like the good woman she was hurried up the tea.

After some tea and some lunch Miss Sophira was braced up considerably. She brushed the crumbs from her silk dress, and announced that she was going to spend half a dollar.

"That's a lot of money to spend," wavered Miss Eugenia.

"I know it, but I must spend it." "What for?"

"Hair dye. It is a case of goodby to my silvery locks, and welcome work. I think 50 cents' worth will be enough for my scant locks."

"I should think so if you don't have to dye your scalp."

That afternoon Miss Sophira started forth again, her hair a beautiful walnut color to within a half-inch of her sea. She felt very young and sprightly as she trudged all the way out to Mason's packing shed, the packing shed farthest out and least promising, the shed of Mason, the terrible.

She carefully lifted her skirts clear of the sandy road. In rows upon rows, precise and regular, the grapevines spread, like the bristles of a tooth brush or clothes brush, and green, red and purple grapes hung heavy among the jagged leaves.

She passed a group of pickers, happy and jocular to the very ci romping. It seemed like a picnic. There were no old women among them.

She climbed up the worn steps and entered the packing shed. A girl was packing grapes swiftly. It was not easy, but a thrilling feeling of confidence passed through Miss Sophira. She knew she could do that.

She hurried into the office. It was occupied by two oblivious men. The more oblivious of the two was a bald-headed man whose eyes popped like a spider's and whose red hair fringes stood out very straight. He was the dreadful Mason. There was no possibility of his ever looking up.

Miss Sophira addressed the least terrible man. "There is nothing," he said, without ever looking up.

But Miss Sophira had walked too far to be dismissed so easily. "I can pack," she said. "Any experience?"

"No, but I know I can do it." "Oh."

"I know I watched a girl do it. I am pretty good with my hands." At this point the other man looked up, just a flash of the sidery eyes, then another look.

"There is nothing," repeated the lesser man. Mrs. Sophira moved toward the door with her hand on the knob she tread one last bold lot. She addressed Mason, the terrible.

"Won't you give me a chance, Mr. Mason?" Mr. Mason looked up again. The restless eyes surveyed her again. "Yes, guess so. You might take her out to the shed and ask Thompson if he can start her to work."

The clerk arose in obedience. Sophira was astonished. So was the clerk. But Mason was again oblivious.

Had dyed hair fooled him? Did he admire it? Did he not see the gray locks showing at the roots? He usually saw more than most people. Could he not see the stooping shoulders? It could not be sympathy! He was not sympathetic.

No, dyed hair had not fooled him. It had enlightened him. It had disclosed to him a quality he could not resist—determination.

QUITE EQUAL TO EMERGENCY

Diplomat, Intended Victim of King's Joke, Cleverly Extricated Himself From Embarrassment.

The passing of the court fool as an institution did not mean that kings had ceased to take pleasure in the hor of nonsense that the jesters had been licensed to perpetrate. King Frederick William I of Prussia was an incorrigible joker, and greatly enjoyed testing the cleverness of his ministers and advisers by planning embarrassing situations, from which they could extricate themselves only by the exercise of the quickest wit. However, the king was almost as ready to enjoy his own discomfiture as that of his intended victim.

One day, at a small dinner, the king, happening to be in the mood to play a prank, chose as his victim one of his ministers, seated at his left. After a moment's thought, his majesty leaned toward the courtier on his right, and giving him a gentle slap on the cheek said, "Pass it."

As the tap was passed from guest to guest round the table, the king's intentions became apparent. The minister at Frederick William's left would either have to commit lese majesty by slapping his sovereign, or admit himself beaten, and be the laughing stock of the table.

Although the company was already in a gale of merriment at his expense, the minister was not at all ready to acknowledge defeat. Just as the blow was passed to him he let a knife fall clattering to the floor between the king and himself. Immediately a servant sprang forward, picked the knife up, and handed it to the minister; but what was the lackey's astonishment to receive, instead of a word of thanks, a tap on the cheek. The minister, by his wit, had saved the situation without violating the rules of the game.

The king was the first to join in the laughter and applause that greeted the minister's cleverness.—Youth's Companion.

His Rifle Returned.

While Mr. Frederic Martyn was serving in Africa with the French Foreign Legion there came under his notice an incident that he records in "Life in the Legion." The legion had advanced against the Dahomeyan army, and was in pursuit of the black warriors.

A Dahomeyan was killed in the act of leveling his gun at Captain Battreau of the legion from behind a cotton tree. As he fell his rifle clattered down at the officer's very feet. Captain Battreau saw that it was an old Chassepot, and picked it up out of curiosity. Suddenly he became very much interested. He examined it carefully, and at last exclaimed, with a gasp of astonishment:

"Well, this is a miracle! Here is the very rifle I used in 1870 during the war with Germany! See that hole in the butt? That was made by a Prussian bullet at Saint-Privat. I could tell the gun from among a million by that mark alone; but here's my number stamped on it as well, which is evidence enough for anybody. Who would have thought it possible that I should pick up in Africa, as a captain, a rifle that I used in France as a sergeant twenty-two years ago? It is incredible."

Captain Battreau was able to prove that the rifle had indeed been his, and he received permission to keep it.—Youth's Companion.

Bill Would Follow Lawyer's Advice.

Mr. Lovelock was one of those people who on every possible occasion consulted his attorney. Nothing pleased him more than to go to law. The lawyer regarded him as an invaluable asset.

"I have been grossly insulted!" he exclaimed, rushing into the office of his solicitor, for the seventh time in three days.

"In what way?" asked the solicitor, somewhat wearily.

"My next door neighbor has declared he will pull my nose next time he meets me. What shall I do about it?"

"Well," said the lawyer, as if he had given the case due deliberation. "I should soap it, then it will slip through his fingers. Good day! My bill will follow in due course."—Tit-Bits.

A man who was charged in an English police court with attacking his wife said: "By an accident, sir, we were both perfectly sober."

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hathcock*
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

A LOCAL MAN OR WOMAN
is desired right now to represent *The Pictorial Review* in this territory—to call on those whose subscriptions are about to expire. Big money for the right person—representatives in some other districts make over \$500.00 a month. Spare time workers are liberally paid for what they do. Any person taking up this position becomes the direct local representative of the publishers. Write today for this offer of
PICTORIAL REVIEW
222 West 39th Street New York City

All Who Live On Rural Routes Will Welcome This Good News
The Lexington Intelligencer
YOUR HOME WEEKLY
and
THE DAILY ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC
America's Foremost Democratic Newspaper
Both Now \$2.50 For Entire Year
This paper is pleased to announce to its readers a special combination offer with *The Daily (Rural Route) Republic*.
The Republic is a newspaper carefully edited for you, your wife and your family. It will interest all. The news of the world, the leading national events, complete market and financial reports, political news of the day, enlightening editorials, clever cartoons, will be mailed to you every day in the year (except Sundays) and delivered at your very door. The Republic will interest and entertain you and your family every day.
This Offer Is Open to Those Who Receive Mail on Rural Routes or by Star Route Carrier.
No Subscription Accepted at This Price for Less Than 1 Year.
THIS GREAT OFFER BRINGS YOU BOTH PAPERS AT THE LOWEST PRICE EVER MADE. MAIL OR BRING YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE INTELLIGENCER NOW

Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds
Fanciers and Breeders
I have mated three pens for the EGG TRADE this season, which are the best birds I have ever owned. Price of Eggs per setting from these three pens, ONE DOLLAR.
L. A. ROY
LEXINGTON, MO.
417 WASH. AVE. PHONE 842