

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Then you will have a clean and healthy scalp. No more hair loss. No more rough, scraggly hair. Does not color. Ask Your Doctor.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Rostagno of Kansas City spent Sunday here with relatives.

Miss Nannie Cunniff returned to her home in Kansas City Saturday evening after a visit here with Mrs. M. T. Riley, Mrs. Riley and daughter, Miss Marcella, accompanied her home for a few days' visit.

E. M. Taubman went to Kansas City Monday on business.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Miss Sarah Graddy returned home Sunday evening after a visit in Martinville, Indiana.

Geo. Wittenberg spent Sunday in Leavenworth, Kansas.

Tilton Davis, Jr., returned Thursday evening from a business trip to St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Taubman went to Kansas City Saturday morning to spend the day.

Miss Lucretia Chambers went to Kansas City Saturday for a few days' visit.

Nice Sill went to Emporia, Kansas, Tuesday on business.

Dr. B. C. Hyde of Kansas City spent Sunday here with relatives.

For Rent.

After April 1st, the room recently vacated by Seiter's Meat Market. Apply to

JOHN SEITER.

For Sale.

Choice Boone County White Seed Corn. This corn won first in class Missouri State Corn show, Columbia, Mo., 1913. Second Missouri State Fair, Sedalia, Mo., 1912. You pay \$1.50 per acre for seed wheat. Why not invest 25 cents per acre for good pure bred seed corn? For information write or wire Milton Uphaus, Concordia, Mo. Phone 404.

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JAS. CHEATHAM.

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Adv.

J. K. Lester went to Higginsville Monday on business.

Miss Georgia Gilkeson went to Kansas City Monday morning to spend the day.

Geo. Colts of Kansas City spent Sunday here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Mollenkamp spent Sunday in Higginsville.

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.
Adv.

Rev. F. E. Gordon went to Kansas City Saturday on business.

Dr. J. Q. Cope went to Kansas City Saturday evening on business.

Watch Long & Shinn's add for your green vegetables.

Let us clean and press the suit you wore last spring, and make it suitable for wear again. You will be surprised to see how much our service will improve the appearance of a coat that has become rusty looking only because mused and soiled. We'll freshen it up, press it nicely and you will feel repaid for the trial. Phone 130.

CRAWFORD'S LAUNDRY and DRY CLEANING HOUSE.

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.

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.

CAUGHT HIM ON FLY

Both Understudies the Real Thing in the Interest of the Drama.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

Moreton's manners were beyond reproach yet upon occasion forsook him entirely. As upon the occasion of Miss Ansley—he stared at her like the veriest yokel at the time she dawned upon his enraptured vision. It was a spectacular dawning—she was swathed in satiny pale blue crepe, and much bediamonded. This at 11 o'clock upon a bright summer morning at the grassed bank of a narrow roadway, with no other living creature in sight, nor any means of transit, was, anybody must admit, sufficiently startling. A heap of silk, limp and crumpled at her feet, proclaimed itself a dust coat. But why had she shed it thus, with no other spectators than trees, turf and flowers?

As she heard his steps, she half-turned, with a little enraptured, "O!" following which came quickly: "Now that you are here, do say the right thing!"

"If I only knew—now I can only think of one—namely: 'How beautiful you are!'" Moreton answered smiling.

The girl clapped her hands. "How could you guess?" she cried. "Or did you know? Do you say that—always?"

"When I have such provocation—yes. There is, you see, nothing else to say." Moreton returned, his smile subdued.

The girl started faintly, and looked over her shoulder, toward the grassland beyond which a fanciful red-tiled roof gleamed mistily through embowering trees. "Please make haste—they will be here in five minutes," she entreated.

Moreton stared harder than ever. Was she mad? There was no look of it in the almond-lidded violet eyes raised to her, nor in the sweet rosy-lipped face. "You forget—I don't know about them," he temporized. "How must I make haste?"

"Why you know—proposing," the girl said stammering the least bit. "It is that way in the books—all I ever read—and that way in the play."

"O! Are you rehearsing?" Moreton asked craftily.

The girl nodded, her face suddenly vivid. "You—you must be a seer," she answered softly. "You see—we had a dispute—Beth and I—about a scene—in my play—I had a man come up, just as you did—and—and he proposes before he has been there five minutes—"

"You didn't think it presumptuous?" Moreton interrupted.

She turned puzzled eyes upon him explainingly eagerly: "O no—because he was engaged to her any way—only he didn't know it—was running away to keep from marrying her in fact—"

"And she caught him on the fly?" Moreton could not forbear interjecting.

The girl flushed but ran on as though he had not spoken: "Beth insists all that is dead wrong—that he would have run away the minute she spoke—"

"Not if he had eyes—and she in any way approached you," Moreton interposed.

"Just what I told her!" the girl cried triumphantly. "That's why I put on these things—Beth's rhinestones are very real-looking. She acts you know—has been on for a year—that's how we are here—at the Plumleys—she plays leads, and she supports him—so he asked her to come and bring me. It is such a chance—I've always felt I could write beautiful plays—if only I can fit them with one—why! It will make my fortune."

"Undoubtedly. But you ought not to need making it. Your face is your fortune," Moreton said, coming a pace nearer.

She flushed—a lovely scarlet and drew back, saying loftily: "Remember—you are not talking to my heroine—now."

A hall, loud and cheery, broke the tense situation. The next minute Plumley, who was tall, good-looking and the soul of good humor, with his pretty wife, and a thin little yet angular girl, came tumbling across the stifle in the hedge, all calling together: "Bo Peep! O! Bo Peep! Don't lose your sheep!"

At sight of Moreton, they fell silent, almost gasping. Mildred Ansley turned upon them eyes of triumph, saying gleefully: "I was right. He's nodding to Moreton, 'did just what Lanark does—only you came too soon. We—we haven't quite got through!"

Plumley stepped forward, putting himself betwixt Moreton and Mildred. He had appraised the other man at a glance—for the gentleman he was.

"You have not dropped into Lunatic Land—though it may seem like it," he said. "I'm Plumley—perhaps you know my name—yours is—?"

"Moreton—otherwise 'Tiptoes'!" Moreton answered holding out his hand. "I came to the old place just the year after you left it—maybe I didn't drink in all the tales your four years there had left. Ever since—well, I'll leave that out—but I've seen you in every part you've played yet—"

"Good! I know all about you—rather think Tiptoes went some on his own account." Plumley cried, grasping the proffered hand. Then

—then Moreton had been duly presented to the ladies he ran on: "Tell us all about it! Did Milly hold you up at the point of a slipper and demand that you propose?"

"We were just coming to that—when we were—interrupted," Moreton answered with a twinkle, though his lips were grave.

Plumley laughed long and loud. "Edith, Elizabeth—hadn't we better vanish?" he asked. "Can't you think up a proper exit? I never in my life left so in the way."

"I think we had better go right back home," Mrs. Plumley said primly, though her eyes also laughed.

Beth Marion gave her a stern glance—a marvel considering she was hysterical with suppressed laughter. "Not unless that includes everybody," she said. "In the interest of the drama, Billy and I must understate the real thing."

"Just what I meant," Mrs. Plumley retorted.

Five minutes later all were safe upon the Plumley piazza. But in some mysterious fashion Bo Peep, otherwise Lena Ansley, had vanished outright.

Moreton stayed a week—the Plumley motor easily fetched up his baggage from the inn. It was an enchanted week—he seemed to himself have fallen into a new world, one that made him suddenly, vividly awake and alive. Beth Marion, gayest and most dashing of comediennees, showed herself a comrade hardly less wonderful than the Plumleys. As for Lena—he had lost his heart to her at the first look into her eyes. They still kept up the banterings of that first encounter—he was always entreating the others to leave, and give him a chance at that interrupted proposal. They made a feint of heeding him, but something always happened—he could never hit upon the "harmless solitude of two, he held essential."

In between these seekings he had read the play throughout—it was a hodge-podge indeed—raw beyond rawness for the most part, but with touches here and there of wonderful insight. They made him speculate not a little—could they belong truly to Lena, his dear love, or were they, like the rhinestones, borrowings from kind Beth?

Plumley enlightened him at the beginning of his last day. "You are to get your chance," he said, laying a kind hand upon the other's shoulder. "Of course we couldn't give it to you, right off the reel—had to study you a bit. You've passed with honors—now go in and win. Lena has just that touch of genius that will never do more than make her fascinating—yet she hasn't a penny except what she earns. If only she were sensible she'd marry a rich fellow who is mad about her—"

"I am glad she is not sensible—for then she would never have agreed to marry me," Moreton interrupted. And Plumley whistled—for lack of words. (Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SINGULAR BRAND OF JUSTICE

Mothers' Tears Too Much for Man Determined That an Example Had to Be Made.

When the big-hearted T. T. Williams was in charge of a San Francisco newspaper, he was much annoyed one time by constant thefts of the iron tanks used to carry the ink for the presses. Vagrants were continually stealing them and using them as scrap iron.

At last an eighteen-year-old boy was caught red-handed in such a theft, and Williams decided that an example should be made of him. He gave Al Murphy, who worked on the paper, charge of the case, and ordered him to see that it was pressed and the boy given the maximum limit of the law.

After the youth had been in jail a few days awaiting sentence, an old Irish woman entered the office and encountered Murphy, who was playing the role of the hard-hearted prosecutor. She told him the boy under arrest was her only son and support, and wound up with a storm of tears that would have made Niobe look like a laughing bride with her arms full of roses.

"See that door over there?" asked Murphy. "Walk right in and tell the man you see sitting there what you have told me."

The old lady disappeared, and after a while came out. A moment later Williams rushed out, shouting for Murphy.

"Murphy!" he yelled. "What in thunder did you send that woman into me for? Don't you know we have to have justice done in this case? Go up and tell them to let that boy out right away!"—Popular Magazine.

When "Hippos" Are Dangerous.

Sir John Kirk and Livingstone were attacked by a hippopotamus that was, no doubt, a "bachelor." Speaking of the hippopotami of the Chobe, Livingstone says that "as certain elderly males are expelled from the herd they become soured in their temper and so misanthropic as to attack every canoe that comes near them. The herd is never dangerous except when a canoe passes into the midst of it when all are asleep, and some of them may strike the canoe in terror. As a rule, these animals flee the approach of man. The 'solitaires,' however, frequent certain localities well known to the inhabitants on the banks, and, like the rogue elephants, are extremely dangerous. Livingstone learned that when attacked by one you should dive to the bottom and keep there a few seconds since the hippo soon moves off if he finds no body on the surface."

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