

**Stops Falling Hair**  
Hall's Hair Renewer certainly stops falling hair. No doubt about it whatever. You will surely be satisfied.

Mrs. Robert Davis returned home Thursday evening after an extended visit in Nebraska, Colorado and Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Adams and son, Carl, of Redland, California arrived Friday for a visit here with the family of L. A. Golliday.

Misses Inez and Idabelle Walker returned Friday from a few days' visit in Higginsville.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

James C. McGrew accompanied by his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blackwell, Mrs. J. W. Snyder and Mrs. J. N. Sturgis went to Kansas City Friday in his car to spend the day.

We received a post card Friday morning from Chas. Lyons and Wm. Palmer post marked Cologne, Germany.

Mrs. F. L. Carter and Mrs. T. A. Walker went to Higginsville Friday to spend the day.

Rev. T. M. Cobb went to Confederate Home Friday to attend a Board of Managers Meetings.

**For Rent.**

After June 1st the Stramecke residence on E. Main. Call Ed Aull.

**ENDS YEARS OF PAIN.**

"For years I suffered with indigestion and distress in my stomach, and with pains in my side, which made me think I had heart trouble," writes W. Evans, Danville, Va. "I tried many remedies without relief, until one day I picked up a sample package of your

**Dr. King's New Life Pills**

took a dose or so, and found such prompt relief, that I bought a box. They helped me greatly and, after I had used a second box, all my old pain and distress was gone. These pills are indeed wonderful." All sufferers should use them, if they want to surely

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Sure Cure or Money Back.  
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**FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE**

It is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

**KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS**

WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery**

**FOR COUGHS** PRICE 50c & \$1.00. Trial Bottle Free

**AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.**

**GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.**

**OLD LOVE LETTERS**

**Treasured Heart Breaths of the Man She Loved Turned to Good Account.**

BY WALTER JOSEPH DELANEY.

"The letters! They are gone," Muriel Gray gave a great gasp, was obliged to lean upon the writing desk for support, and stood there pale and trembling, mystified and frightened. She was thirty years of age, but still a girl. Many a one of sixteen might envy her the radiant, soulful eyes, the glowing cheek, fair and velvety as a damask rose. Sorrow had been her's, grief and disappointment, but she had borne her troubles patiently. She had continued to exhale gentleness and love for others, and no one knew that she cherished a memory that had kept her bay numerous suitors for her hand.

The old secret wound was torn open afresh at her present startling discovery. A hidden package of letters was missing from her desk. They were the history of her brief but happy acquaintance with Ranaid Dyer, rudely disturbed and broken in a single two-hour visit. Why, she had never known, and she had never seen him since. The letters she had preserved, even as she had retained the memory of the blissful period when life had been filled to the brim with golden sunshine. Now they were gone. Muriel sank to a chair and tried to think. Had her aunt incidentally removed them? Had the maid, dusting and setting things to rights, stowed them in some new receptacle? Hardly, Muriel told herself, for neither to her knowledge ever disturbed the desk.

Just then jolly, ringing, boyish voices broke upon her hearing. Rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, full of juvenile vim and excitement, two little lads burst into her presence. They were the children of her sister, who came regularly once a week for a visit—Willie and Paul Emory.

"Oh, Aunt Muriel, we have had such rare sport," breathlessly announced the latter, the elder of the pair.

"I should say so," echoed his brother. "We always have lots of fun here." Despite a vague pain at her heart and her worry over the missing letters, Muriel smiled indulgently.

"What have you been up to now?" she asked.

"Playing postman," proclaimed Paul exultingly. "We went right up the steps of the houses just like real post-



"It's a Hundred, or Nothing."

men. We didn't ring any bells, but we put letters under doormats, and on the top steps, and around the door knobs."

"What letters—where did you get letters?" exclaimed Muriel, a dull premonition arising in her mind.

"Why, right from your desk there, Aunt Muriel," explained Paul. "Don't worry, we added, noting sudden apprehension on the part of his relative—"they were old, good-for-nothing letters. Some of them didn't have even a stamp on them."

Muriel sank to a chair overcome. She felt like screaming. In a flash she comprehended that her cherished secret might become public property. Faint and distressed, she summoned all her power of control.

"Come with me," she said promptly to the two boys. "Now then, Willie and you, Paul, go instantly over the route you took, and get back those letters."

The lads loved her, and saw that in some way they were causing her trouble. They hurried with her from the house. It was a singular experience. There were twelve of the letters, Muriel knew only too well. At the end of three blocks ten were back in her possession. No one seemed to have noticed them on the various porches where they had been deposited.

"There are two more," said the anxious Muriel.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Willie, "I handed one to a man."

"Oh dear—dear," cried Muriel, wringing her hands in distress.

"And I left one on the porch of the big house yonder," indicated Paul, and they hastened to the place in question. It was a vacant house, but a tramping looking fellow was camped on its steps.

"Lost something?" he inquired, in part overhearing the conversation of the trio.

"I am looking for a letter, an old letter one of these boys left here," explained Muriel.

"Ah, indeed," muttered the tramp. "Valuable, ma'am?"

"I will pay for its return."

"Mebbe I'll find it," said the man, and Muriel left the place hoping the wind had blown it away among the rubbish at the rear of the lot.

"Oh, Aunt Muriel," said Willie, as they reached home, "I just remembered! The man I gave the letter to looked a good deal like that photograph I noticed in your desk."

Muriel flushed, with a new pang at her heart at the allusion. She tried to hope that one letter was lost and that the other would be tossed aside unread. She sat on the porch that evening, trying to forget the distressing incident and Ranaid Dyer, when some one came up the steps. It was the tramp she had met that day.

"About that letter now," he began with a leer. "What will you give for it?"

"Have you found it?" inquired Muriel eagerly. "I will gladly pay you ten dollars."

"Why, ma'am," derided the tramp. "In these days of sensations any newspaper would give one hundred dollars, just to show its readers how a real genuine love letter reads, don't you see?"

The covert insinuation appalled Muriel. Not that the letters contained anything but the most respectful and commonplace sentiments of love. She shrank from the thought of others perusing these treasured epistles, sacred to her as the heart breathings of a man she had loved devotedly.

"It's a hundred or nothing," added the tramp menacingly.

"Not a cent," interrupted a ringing voice that thrilled Muriel through and through.

And then the tramp was seized by the collar by a vigorous hand, was pulled over the porch railing, arrested, threatened, the letter demanded and produced, and the blackmailer sent heading into the road.

His ready captor returned to the petrified Muriel. He lifted his hat courteously, but very gravely.

"There is the letter that man had, here is one a little boy handed me today, 'passing out letters,' he called it."

"Ranaid—Ranaid Dyer," murmured Muriel weakly.

"Yes, it is I," replied her lover of the past. "I came to visit the old town after my long absence. You seem to have thought enough of those old letters of mine to preserve them."

Her head sank low, she could not utter a word. It was a strained situation.

"If so, why then," proceeded Ranaid, "did you not make some reply when I sent you word by my friend, Edward Ross, seven years ago?"

"I never received it," spoke Muriel quickly. And then: "He was not your friend—I see it all now!"

She recalled how suddenly Ranaid had left the town with no word of explanation. She remembered, too, how Edward Ross had proposed to her, and had been rejected a month later.

He was dead now, and she did not wish to prove his falseness. It came out reluctantly—the story.

"Muriel," said Ranaid, leaning closer to that pleading, longing, beautiful face, "a true man tells his love once, and never regrets it. Is it, then, somebody else's fault that we parted? Can it be possible that all these years you have thought of me as of old?"

"Would I have treasured these letters otherwise?" asked Muriel softly, and the next moment she was clasped in his arms.

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**MODERN CITY OF DIAMONDS**

Doubtless Few Have Adequate Idea of the Wealth of Glittering Stones in New York.

Importers of precious stones are frank to say that there are more diamonds owned and worn in New York than in any other city in the world. Indeed, our metropolis seems to be a second Golconda, that city of southern India where, from before the birth of Christ down through the centuries to the 17th, the major portion of the earth's diamonds were assembled, guarded, cut and polished for the markets of the world.

New York appears to stand out prominently as a "diamond-wearing" city, and only those whose social or business status permits them to come in close touch with the facts can have an adequate idea of the volume or variety of the diamond and precious stone adornments of some of its people.

There are some women and men whose gems are so valuable that they have been warned by the police not to make a public exhibit of them except under conditions where the greatest precaution is taken. Cleopatra arrayed in all her pomp was no more richly bedecked than are often some of our New York, Washington, Philadelphia or Chicago matrons. A few of the more cautious (and precaution is necessary in these days of well-laid hold-up plans) leave for the opera or social function devoid of jewels. Closely following them, however, in another motor or carriage, are strong-armed guardians with their ladies' jewels, which are turned over upon arriving at their destination, and within some protected room the gems are doctored. Homeward bound, they have the same escort. The precious stones are guarded during the night and the following day find themselves back in their safe deposit home.

Covetousness is the most common failing. The poor envy the luxuries of the rich, in spite of the fact that these same luxuries don't seem to make the rich any happier.

**ESTABLISHED CLAIM TO FAME**

Young Man's Ancestry, as he Explained It, Surely Enough to Satisfy the Most Fastidious.

They were talking about ancestry in the cozy corner of a clubroom, when Congressman Good of Iowa smilingly observed that he was reminded of one along that line.

"In a certain eastern town," said he, "there is a lady who is very strong on ancestry and all that sort of thing, and doesn't lose any time in sizing up your family tree."

"Not long ago she met a young man at a social function, and immediately began to wonder if his forefathers were perforated in George Washington's Revolution. To this end she began to question him at the earliest opportunity."

"Of course, Mr. Blank," sweetly remarked the lady, "there must have been men of great note among your ancestors."

"Oh, yes," was the reassuring reply, "one of my ancestors was the most famous admiral of his day, and commanded the naval forces of the world."

"You don't really mean it!" exclaimed the lady delightedly. "Would you mind telling me his name?"

"Not at all," glibly answered the young man, "his name was Noah."

**RECITE PRAYER OVER HOUNDS**

French Monarch Responsible for Ceremony That Seems Ridiculous in Modern Days.

Louis XI. was in the habit of starving his hounds in order to increase ardor and instinct. Once he accidentally kept them too long without food, and when they were released they were so ravenous that they sprang upon one of the king's favorites and tore him literally to pieces. Louis was so overcome with grief at the tragedy that he publicly announced that he would never hunt again. Some years later, however, a hunt was organized to celebrate the marriage of Anne, the king's daughter. Louis, remembering the death of his friend, called in a cardinal and asked him to pray. This was done—the year was 1318—and since then the ceremony of blessing the hounds has been kept up in France, the dogs generally being taken to the Forest of Compiègne for the purpose. Members of the church sprinkle each canine, meanwhile offering up this prayer: "May God permit these dogs by their ardor and instinct to contribute to the success of the hunt, and keep them from turning furiously on the huntsmen."

**THE OTHER APOSTLES.**

An English commercial traveler was one day driving past the general post office in Dublin, Ireland. Over the front entrance of the building stand three large stone figures, representing three of the apostles. The inquisitive travesty asked the jervy who was driving the outside car whom these figures denoted, to which the answer quickly came: "The three apostles, yer honor."

"But," said the traveler, "I thought there were twelve of them. Where are the other nine?"

"Inside, yer honor, sorting the letters,"—Judge.

**PROFIT IN TIPS.**

"I make quite an item on my expense account," the old commercial traveler said.

"Mine doesn't see me through," the younger one replied. "How do you do it?"

"The firm allows me tips that are currently supposed to be fair and necessary, but I give only the tips that the waiters expect and save 50 per cent."

**HIS JUDGMENT.**

Besides singing for the expert, she had given him the entire story of her life and sufferings.

"Madam," he said, after she had finished, "you have a voice of magnificent promise—"

"O, thank you so much!"

"A voice of magnificent promise, madam—for conversational purposes."

**GOOD LOSER.**

"What was the worst thing that ever happened to you?"

"Aw, go on! I ain't one of these guys that knocks matrimony."

**NO TROUBLE.**

Fair Visitor—Oh, don't trouble to see me to the door.  
Hostess—No trouble at all, dear. It's a pleasure.

**CASTORIA**

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

**What is CASTORIA**

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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Nothing gives greater comfort to the whole family than handsome

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Our stock is complete at all times in every article that goes to make the "Home Beautiful"

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**DR. PRICE'S BAKING POWDER**

**CREAM Baking Powder**

Purity in food, lower cost of living—these are the demands of the day.

Pure food is health, and health is economy itself. We cannot have health without healthful food.

The most healthful foods are the quickly raised flour foods—biscuit, cake, muffins, crusts and other pastry, when perfectly made from wholesome ingredients.

Dr. PRICE'S baking powder makes these foods in specially attractive, appetizing and wholesome form, and for both economic and hygienic reasons, such food should be more largely substituted for meat in the daily diet.

But bear in mind that alum, or unwholesome baking powder, can never make pure, wholesome food.