

Kuppenheimer Overcoats at \$20

Whatever your wants or wishes regarding an overcoat, rest assured we'll meet them here at this attractive price (\$20)

You will not be limited in your selection to one or two styles or a few good fabrics; there are more than a dozen models, more than a dozen-dozen sizes, and we do not know of any good overcoat fabric which isn't well represented.

Kuppenheimer Overcoats would justify almost any price we might ask for them. At \$20 we are giving a demonstration of greater-value everyone is bound to appreciate.



TWO ON A TRAIL

By J. F. PETERS.

When Johnson reached old Le-grange's cabin he was just ten minutes too late. He had traveled four hundred miles that spring to woo Marie LeGrange. His winter's catch had been better than at any time in his ten years of trapping. He meant to ask the pretty French girl to come South and marry him at Winnipeg.

As has been said, he was just ten minutes too late. Dufour had anticipated him by that amount of time. He had heard that Dufour was ahead of him, and, though he had no reason to suppose that Marie cared for the man, he had been vaguely uneasy. He had seen Dufour at last, when he was within ten miles of the cabin, and had spurred his tired horse onward. But when he reached the top of Birch Rise, where a few dwarfed trees afforded an uncertain cover, he saw Marie and Dufour standing in front of the cabin, and he saw Dufour take the girl in his arms.

He mounted and rode away, rounding the ridge and proceeding aimlessly along the water hollow. His only thought just then was to get out of sight of Marie. She must never know his disappointment. He off-saddled and built a little fire in the hollow. He had just finished cooking his bacon when he saw Dufour ride past along the top of the crest.

Dufour was going northward. At first Johnson wondered why; then he remembered that the man set out a line of traps every spring in the North Fork country, where winter always lingered and some of the best furs were to be taken. In April the fur-bearing

A pack of wolves had scented Dufour and had attacked him.

Johnson fired after them. He thought by the yelping that he had hit one; he was sure of it when he heard the beasts fighting over the body. He turned to Dufour. He saw at a glance that the man had fallen down the cliff. He was fearfully injured, and lay as if paralyzed. His horse had evidently bolted.

Johnson turned his horse loose. It would have to look after itself; it might evade the wolves, but no halter or ropes could hold it there. It leaped, whinnying, into the darkness. Johnson crouched by Dufour's side, waiting. There was no time to lose in words, and he knew the almost human cunning of the wolf pack, maddened with hunger in the last days of winter.

Suddenly, out of nothing, it seemed, two huge forms leaped toward them. They fell between Dufour and Johnson. Johnson clubbed his rifle and brought it down on one brute's head. It lay quivering, silent. The other sprang at his throat.

For a moment Johnson was forced back against the cliff. He felt the hot breath on his face and heard the hiss in the throat. Then somehow he had evaded the fangs and hurled the monster from him. He swung wildly with his rifle stock. By some good fortune he struck the beast behind the ear. It fell, stunned.

Then the rest of the pack was upon him. But it was beginning to grow lighter. Johnson dragged Dufour into the shelter that he had dug in the bank, and stood in front of him, waiting. Three times his rifle rang out, and each time he shot down a form that leaped in midair.

It was growing quite light. The beasts were snarling over their dead. They crouched round Johnson in a half-circle, tearing at the flesh and watching him, too. A wolf prefers man's flesh to wolf-meat. Johnson knew that, but he knew that only a concerted attack could overcome him.

It was dawn now. The beasts were lurking further back among the trees. Johnson fired his last two bullets into their refuge. He heard a yelping, and in the gold of the first sunlight saw the survivors stream away through the birch thickets.

Then at last he turned to Dufour. The man must have fallen all the way down the cliffs, and a glance showed him that he could not live.

Dufour clutched at Johnson as he bent over him. "Forgive!" he whispered. "I followed you. I saw you in the valley. I made a detour and went behind you, to kill you—because you took the girl I loved."

Johnson stared wide-eyed at him; he seemed to be interpreting his own heart.

"I hated you when Marie refused to marry me. Stay by me till I die. She loves you. Forgive!" whispered Dufour.

Johnson clasped the man's hand in his. He waited there until the breath grew fainter, stopped. Johnson closed the dead eyes and closed the mouth of the shelter securely. Then he set his feet upon the trail back to Marie's cabin.

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

ALWAYS MAN'S BEST FRIEND

Dog Every Ready to Respond to the Mood, Pleasant or Otherwise, of Master He Loves.

Fisher Ames, not the Revolutionary hero, but one of his descendants, once remarked that a dog is a better friend than a human being. "For," said he, "the dog will be at your feet, ready at any moment to respond to your mood, while a human being will go off in a huff if you do not respond to his mood."

Ames bred Airedale terriers and exhibited them in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, until he won a championship for one of them, and then he lost interest in the subject. His mood for dogs passed, but whenever it returned the dog responded as though he had not neglected them for other amusements.

The Eskimos have put Ames' remark into a proverb based on a long experience in the Arctic wilds. They say that "a man's best friend is his dog, even better than his wife." The Brahmin blood of New England and the blubber-eating seal hunter of the North react in the same way when brought up against the facts of life. Men seem to be the same in all climates, and we have the authority of the Spaniards for saying that dogs are the same also, for their proverb-makers have concluded that "dogs have teeth in all countries."

Unfortunate?

An old darkey appealing to a lady for aid told her that by the Dayton flood he had lost everything he had in the world, including his wife and six children.

"Why," said the lady, "I have seen you before and I have helped you. Were you not the colored man who told me you had lost your wife and six children by the sinking of the Titanic?"

"Yeth, ma'am," replied the darkey, "dat was me. Most unfortun'nt man dot ever was. Can't keep a fam'ly no-how."

irksome Restraint.

"If you deliver that speech you have just read over to me it will jeopardize your political future," said the friendly adviser.

"What if it does?" asked the statesman, fretfully. "I've been wanting to make a speech like that for 16 years, but fear of the consequences kept me silent. If I don't get it out of my system soon it will jeopardize my health."

TEACH WORSHIP OF HEROES

Books for the Young, Dealing With the Present War, Are Used in French Schools.

Leslie Scott sends us a specimen of the new war series of the penny French "booklets" known as "The Rose Books for the Young," and informs us that the French government is distributing these wholesale to the schools of France, the London Times states. The series is well adapted to its purpose of bringing home to the next generation the greatness of their heritage, now being sealed in their fathers' blood. The style is simple and direct, and the illustrations, while vigorous, are free from offense. Such literature plays an obviously important part in the organization of a sound national spirit, which is one of the first duties of government.

Mr. Scott asks whether anything is being done on similar lines in Great Britain. We are not aware that the board of education is distributing any corresponding literature to the schools in this country; the selection of books, like other matters of administration, is by our system of decentralization in the hands of local education committees, who in their turn have to lend an ear to local authorities preaching economy. The cost of such distribution would be trifling, especially if the "war books" were substituted for some part of the normal curriculum.

DISCOURAGED



The Vanquished—Humph! I guess I'll haf to give up de idea dat 'cause I'm skinnny an' red headed an' got freckles dat I'm another Bob Fitzsimmons.

PROBABLY A RUSSIAN GUN.

"This moving picture battle looks like the real thing."

"Piffle!" said the ordnance expert. "Do you see that machine gun the hero is working, apparently with such deadly effect on the enemy? It hasn't ejected an empty cartridge case since he started."—Exchange.

IT MIGHT BE WORSE.

"Here's a rather interesting article on 'The Interpretation of Clothes.'"

"Well?"

"The writer says Dame Fashion is an absolute tyrant."

MISTAKEN CONFIDENCE.

"Is your husband an optimist?" asked the inquisitive woman.

"Of course he is," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "And he has the courage of his convictions. I'd hate to know how much Charley's optimism has cost him at the racetrack."

OF COURSE NOT.

"Time works many changes," said the near philosopher.

"Quite so," replied the tactful man, "but on meeting an old acquaintance after a lengthy separation, one isn't expected to notice a wrinkle here and there."

EVERGREENS DONE BROWN.

"Did you say that was an evergreen you had outside your window? It doesn't look so very green."

"No. I think it's an ever-brown. Anyway, it has been like that ever since we got it."

AS TO THE FAIR SEX.

"Some women," remarked the moralizer, "would never forgive a man for lying to save himself."

"And some others," rejoined the demoralizer, "would never forgive him for not lying to save them."

"Oh! Goody!" "Better-Kist" Pop-Corn

Better than candy for the kiddies, and just right for the older ones. Only the perfected popped grains, then buttered to just the right taste.

No burnt kernels, no "bachelors."

The wonderful "Better-Kist" Popper, now at work in our store, is turning out hundreds of sacks of this tempting pop-corn, so fresh, crisp and appetizing it fairly melts in your mouth. See this machine operate—And taste the delicious pop-corn it turns out. You've never eaten anything like it before.

TAKE A SACK HOME TONIGHT—5c

:: HINESLEY'S ::

Use Economy in Buying House Furnishings

We have just received a large shipment of Vernis Martin Beds, noted for their beauty, wear and durability, which we are offering at a big cut on the regular price for the next ten days.

We have stoves of all kinds to suit everybody and their purse. We have just added the famous German Heater, which beats them all.

You are invited to look here before you buy.

ECONOMY SECOND HAND STORE.

Open Till 9 P. M.

Just What You Need

BED SPRINGS MATTRESSES

That never sag, squeak, or break, or wear out. Springs that give you real restful rest while you are sleeping. We would be pleased to have you call and inspect our line of Bed Springs.

With clean sanitary felted cotton, roll stitched edges and fancy ticking. We carry a full line of cotton and felt mattresses and cotton pads, which we are selling at reduced prices for one week only.

LEXINGTON FURNITURE CO.

Advertise In The Lexington Intelligencer

Teething Children.

Some people think that infants are sure to have bowel trouble while teething—they foolishly suppose it is the natural thing.

But it is not—on the contrary it is dangerous if neglected.

A good physician's advice should be sought. But if this cannot be had then a few doses of



Teething Powders

will usually be found very valuable in correcting the derangement of the bowels. They act on the liver and have a soothing effect on the lining of the intestine. Price 25 cents.

The full formula is on the label—you see exactly what you are using—that is the way with all the Penslar Remedies. You have a right to know exactly what is in the medicine you use. With Penslar Remedies, you do know.

The Penslar Store.

Westerman & Rankin, 1022 Main St. Phone 95.

Notice.

The ladies of the M. E. Church South, will hold a bazaar at the City Hall on Friday afternoon and all day Saturday, November 26th and 27th. Coffee, doughnuts and sandwiches will be served Friday afternoon. A lunch of doughnuts, sandwiches, pie and coffee will be served on Saturday. The public is invited. An especial invitation is extended to the business men and women to the Saturday noonday lunch. Pie and Cake Market Saturday afternoon.

KANSAS CITY SERVICE

Seven Passenger Automobile Will leave daily at 1 o'clock for Kansas City, leaving Kansas City at 5 or 5:30 p. m.

ONE WAY.....\$1.25
ROUND TRIP.....\$2.00

Phones 291 and 20
FRANK K. LOWRY.



He Mounted and Rode Away.

animals had not yet shed their coats rich and silky from the prolonged cold.

The lay of the land was peculiar in this direction. Johnson had descended to the trail that ran along the South Fork valley. The ridge grew steadily higher, the overhanging banks were covered with brush. Johnson could follow Dufour, beneath him, perhaps three hundred feet beneath him, for two days, keeping him plainly in sight, and yet avoiding discovery.

In his bitterness he gave way to an impulse springing up in his heart against his will. He had loved Marie ever since she was a child. Dufour had stolen her. He would kill Dufour. None would ever know of the tragedy in this desolate region. In a year or two, when Dufour's death had come to be accepted, he would go back to Marie.

The idea, with which he had played at first, grew stronger, until it overwhelmed his resolution. Burning with hatred for this man who had supplanted him, Johnson rode cautiously along the level beneath.

For a whole day he followed him. He had imagined that his enemy would start on the next day at sunrise. But when he awakened and crept stealthily toward Dufour's camp he found the fire low and Dufour gone.

He saddled his horse hastily and followed him. But soon the snow began to fall, and the man's trail became obliterated. Dufour had been leading his packhorse; hoofs and footprints alike became hidden under the soft down-fall.

Johnson pressed on resolutely. The snowfall became heavier. At last he was forced to halt. He dug a shelter in the hard accumulation of the winter and crept inside, leaving his horse, blanketed and tethered, under the protection of the bank.

It must have been in the middle of the night that he started up. He looked out. The snow had ceased, and the stars shone brilliantly. Johnson fancied that he had heard a cry.

He listened, and now there was no doubt of it. A man was crying at the bottom of the valley. Mingled with his cry came a furious snarl which had only one meaning for Johnson, and for the horse as well.

Hastily he untethered the trembling animal, mounted it, and rode down. He heard the cry again, and the sound of a discharged rifle. Presently he came upon the little shelter of Dufour.

Dufour was lying outside upon his side, his rifle grasped firmly to his hand. As Johnson approached his horse snorted and reared. Johnson leaped to the ground. A dozen slinking forms disappeared in the shadows of the stunted trees.