



—THE—  
**Lexington Intelligencer**

A. W. ALLEN, Editor and Publisher.

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**"BLOOD TONIC I SAY NUMBER 40"**

Frank P. Skaggs, prominent druggist, Harrisburg, Illinois, writes: "Number 40 is still going good. If a customer says 'Blood Tonic,' I say 'Number 40,' as it gives the best satisfaction of any blood tonic I have sold."

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Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Baskett and Mrs. R. M. Taubman, who attended the commencement exercises of Central College at Fayette, Mo., returned home Wednesday evening.

Mrs. W. F. Kerdoff went to Kansas City yesterday for a visit with her son, George Kerdoff, and family.

J. C. Graddy, D. T. Bogie and Ike Neale left yesterday morning on a fishing trip to Arnold's Mills in Camden county.

Police Judge Harry Mountain has received word from his son, Grover D. Mountain, Co. B 119 Machine Gun Battalion, 32nd Infantry, of his safe arrival from overseas.

Edward Talbott of Long Beach, Cal., brother of the late Joseph C. Talbott, arrived Tuesday night to visit relatives. This is his first visit to Lexington in twenty-two years.

C. L. Wilson, Jr., U. S. Navy, who recently returned from overseas, arrived home Tuesday night.

**Miss Baskett Wins Scholarship Prize.**

Miss Amelia Baskett accompanied by Miss Lois Nash of Troy, Mo., arrived Wednesday from Fayette, Mo., where she attended Central College. Miss Baskett graduated this year with the degree of A. B., and won the prize given by ex-Governor Dockery, for attaining the highest scholarship of her class.

**Rouse-Kerns.**

Mr. George S. Rouse and Miss Lovey Kerns, both of this city, were married Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock at the home on Sixth street, Rev. Robt. L. Cowan performed the ceremony.

**Yelton-Hetter.**

Mr. Eldridge Yelton of Aullville, and Miss Mabel Hetter of Corder, were married Wednesday evening at 2 o'clock, at the Methodist parsonage, Rev. J. E. Alexander performer the ceremony.

**Belgian Damage \$7,600,000,000.**

The amount of damage suffered by Belgium at Germany's hands during the war is estimated at \$7,600,000,000 by Albert J. Carnoy, Professor at the University of Louvain, in a statement given out by the Belgian Official Information Service. This total, which Professor Carnoy says is incomplete, comprises the industrial losses, the destruction of cities and houses, and the levies in cash.—N. Y. Times.

Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Cowan of Knoxville, Tenn., are visiting their son, Robt. L. Cowan, in this city. Mrs. Cowan's mother, Mrs. Edna Brown, of Frankfort, Ky., is also a guest of Rev. and Mrs. Cowan.

Charles Etling, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. George D. Tyrol, arrived from Philadelphia Tuesday night to visit his daughter, Mrs. Chas. Weber.

**PLENTY OF PROOF**

**Lexington Citizens.**

The greatest skeptic can hardly fail to be convinced by evidence like this. It is impossible to produce better proof of merit than the testimony of residents of Lexington, of people who can be seen at any time. Read the following case of it:

Henry Kroeck, Sr., retired farmer, 2009 Main St., says: "An attack of grip left my kidneys awfully weak and they acted much too frequently, day and night. The passages of the kidney secretions gave me much annoyance; I had to get up many times during the night. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me great relief. I kept them on hand now to use as a preventative."

60c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Too Frivolous**

By R. RAY BAKER.

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You don't had Castlegrove on the map. If you approach a railroad ticket window and inquire as to the fare the man behind the wicket can't shoot an answer at you in terse tones. He has to get out a little pamphlet and search through it, and after perhaps fifteen minutes have passed he can give you the requested information.

Just where Castlegrove derived its name certainly is not known to any of its denizens. Surely there is no edifice in the town that could by the most ambitious of imaginations be called a castle. The nearest thing to it is a church, which is just a plain little white building—the kind you find at crossroads in the country. True, there can be and generally is as much religion in one of these little frame structures as in many of the more pretentious houses of worship to be found in the cities. However, at the time of which I write there was no minister occupying the Castlegrove church pulpit. The parishioners were limited in number, because the population of Castlegrove and its environs had dwindled very noticeably since the church was built, and the ones that were left could not afford to pay a pastor's salary, and a minister must eat.

In the backwoods Ohio town came Genevieve Walters. City life didn't agree with her mother, so Mr. Walters bought some land that for politeness' sake was called a farm, and which came cheap, in spite of the flattery, and the family moved from the fairly large city sixty miles away in which they had resided ever since Genevieve could remember. Mr. Walters bought out one of the two general stores, succeeded in getting the appointment as postmaster, which had been held by the former proprietor, and managed to wrest a fair living from the combination.

The moving of the Walters family to Castlegrove brought another person to the village once a week. This person was Bert Holbrook, who was in love with Genevieve. He lived in her old home town, where he held a fairly lucrative position as pharmacist, and he managed to get down at regular intervals to see his heart's desire, usually on Saturdays, which was his day off on account of having to work Sundays.

The two young people had kept company for two years, but there had been no direct talk of an engagement. It wasn't that Bert was timid about such matters, but that he found one marked flaw in Genevieve that he wished to see corrected before they became betrothed. She was "too frivolous," according to his ideas. He loved her none the less, but he feared she would experience difficulty in "settling down."

"I do like to see a girl smile," he told himself repeatedly; "but I believe it would be a genuine relief to see Genevieve scowl or cry just once. It would relieve the monotony. She's smiling all the time, and it's an attractive smile, too; but it shows she never has a serious thought. Then, she's always telling something funny she's seen or some joke she's heard."

With the removal of the Walters family to Castlegrove Bert felt convinced that at last Genevieve was going to "become settled." One couldn't very well be frivolous in that town.

But Genevieve failed to improve, so far as her sweetheart could notice. She smiled just as much and saw just as many funny things in life. He couldn't wait forever, however, so at last he decided he would ask her to take a chance as Mrs. Holbrook, although he felt sure it was he that was taking the chance.

It would not be quite right to intrude on the scene of his attempted proposal, so he'll wait and listen to his thoughts as he expressed them aloud under the rumble of the wheels of the train on which he journeyed home that Saturday night. He had a habit of talking aloud when something troubled him and this was one of those times.

"A fine mess!" he said, as he half reclined on one seat with his feet on another and glared dejectedly out the window into the darkness flashing past. "Talk about frivolousness; Genevieve certainly has them all beaten. Can't even listen to a proposal of marriage without laughing in your face. One would naturally think that when a fellow starts talking love a girl would stop playing a piano; but not Genevieve Walters! She keeps right on and looks up at you and grins. I'm through, that's all. I can't keep this up forever. Me for a sensible girl."

And Bert meant it. His was a rather grave demeanor at all times. He took life seriously and could not understand the kind of people who strive to see the funny side at every opportunity.

He was sincerely in love with Genevieve, but he was afraid to try matrimony with her. So he decided the best thing would be to leave her alone for a while, at least; perhaps forever. As a result he stopped writing and quit making his Saturday calls.

One month was all he could stand. He had not heard from her, which was not at all unnatural considering

his cessation of correspondence, but somehow he felt grieved over it.

"She might at least invite me down there once more," he thought. "Well, anyhow, I've got to see her again, frivolous or not frivolous, although I suppose nothing will come of it. I'll surprise her, to make sure she won't refuse to see me just for spite."

About this time Bert's weekly holiday was shifted to Sunday; so for the first time he journeyed to Castlegrove on the Sabbath. Arriving at the village he made his way at once to the Walters home, but was surprised and disappointed to find no one there.

Thinking perhaps the family had gone out for a walk and that he would meet them, he walked up the main street, which seemed to be even more deserted than usual. He saw only one or two pedestrians and an old man driving a scrawny horse, which was dragging a creaky buggy.

Bert's walk led him past the little church, and it seemed that he could hear a choir singing. Yes, a choir was singing one of the old-time hymns.

Curiosity and lack of anything else to do prompted Bert to ascend the steps and enter the building. As he did so the singing ceased and some one began talking. It was a woman, and there was something strangely familiar about the pleasant, well-modulated voice. He entered the vestibule and peered through the inner door.

There were perhaps fifty persons in the church listening intently to a young woman who stood in the pulpit. She was quoting from the Bible, saying: "Woe unto the foolish prophets that follow their own spirit and have seen nothing."

Bert slipped into a seat at the back of the church and immediately fell under the spell of the sermon or of the young woman, or both. That the rest of the congregation was under the same spell was evident from the way every one leaned forward in his seat, hanging closely to every word that was uttered. His eyes fixed intently on the girl that gave voice to them. No one was sleeping or even drowsing.

When the services were concluded Bert sat in a daze while the others trailed out of the church.

"Too frivolous?" he said repeatedly to himself. "Here I've been criticizing her for smiling and looking on the bright side of things, because I thought she had no serious thoughts; and all this time she's been preaching. Talk about foolish prophets! I'm the prize one of the lot."

The girl who had delivered the sermon came along the aisle and stopped by his side. He leaped to his feet, groped for words, stammered and twisted his hat out of shape behind his back, like he was a peasant stammering before a princess.

"Genevieve," he managed to say. "Genevieve, can you—can you—can you forgive me for the way I have acted—and for the things I have thought? And—will you let me go home with you and will you—do you think you can listen to me while I—while I try that proposal over again?"

She smiled—that same old smile—and he was glad, because he had suddenly discovered that he liked it.

"Perhaps I ought not to forgive you," she responded, "but—and she tapped the black, leather-covered book under her arm—"this teaches us that forgiveness is right. Yes, you may come with me, Bert, and I'll listen to what you have to say. I was perfectly serious that other time; but you see sometimes a girl smiles to hide her emotion, and sometimes one gets so nervous that one has to keep the hands busy. That's why I couldn't stop playing the piano. I'll try this time, though."

"Please play it—and smile," pleaded Bert. "I'd dearly love to propose to you, and smiles beat tears all to pieces."

**Inherited Stature.**

It is indicated by research that while short parents tend on the average to have short children, they may and frequently do transmit characteristics which lack the shortening element and have tall children. On the other hand, children of tall parents are always tall. The offspring of two very short or short parents are more variable in stature than the offspring of two very tall or tall parents. Also, whereas the offspring of two very short or short parents tend, on the average, to be less short than the parents, the offspring of very tall or tall parents do not tend to be less tall.

Not only is stature as a whole inherited, but also, and even more clearly, each segment of stature, such as neck, length of torso, thigh and foreleg. And the inheritance of the length of these segments follows the same law as does the length of stature as a whole.

**Her Measure of Shame.**

Little Mildred was very fond of ripe olives, and her mother had to watch to see that she did not overindulge. One day there was company, and Mildred managed to have the olive dish stopped near her plate.

After the meal her mother, pointing to the pile of pits on Mildred's plate, asked:

"How could you make such a pig of yourself? I should think you would be ashamed to see so many pits, and ashamed to have others see them."

Mildred hung her head and replied: "I was, that was the reason I threw all the rest of them on the floor."—Harper's Magazine.

**Daily Thought.**

In a false quarrel there 's no true valor.—Shakespeare.

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