

Lexington Intelligencer
A. W. ALLEN, Editor and Publisher.

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Boy, page O. Crow.

For The Children.

Too much care cannot be exercised in selecting a cough medicine for children. It should be pleasant to take, contain no harmful drug and most effectual in curing their coughs and colds.

Adv.

Dr. G. W. Fredendall left Wednesday morning to spend the holidays with his family at the home of his son-in-law, Major W. M. Hoge, Rock Island, Ill.

Chronic Constipation.

There are people who never have a movement of the bowels without it is produced by a cathartic. Most of them have brought that condition on themselves by the use of mineral waters and strong cathartics that take too much water out of the system and aggravate the disease they are meant to relieve.

Mrs. A. W. Allen and son, John Penn, went to Kansas City Monday morning to spend the day.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

POTTED PLANTS Potted Plants of all kinds at WERNWAG & FORD'S, Phone 95.

Christmas Trees, Wreaths, and Mistletoe at Long & Shinn's.

Over and over again the Landis members say when they cash their beautiful Christmas checks, "Well, I would never have had this money if I hadn't been a member of the Landis club. I haven't missed the weekly payments, and here it is all given back to me with interest added. I surely want to join for next year." Better hurry into Traders Bank and take out your card for 1923.

Weak Back

Mrs. Mildred Pipkin, of R. F. D. 8, Columbia, Tenn., says: "My experience with Cardui has covered a number of years. Nineteen years ago... I got down with weak back. I was run-down and so weak and nervous I had to stay in bed. I read of

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

and sent for it. I took only one bottle at that time, and it helped me; seemed to strengthen and build me right up. So that is how I first knew of Cardui. After that, . . . when I began to get weak and 'no account', I sent right for Cardui, and it never failed to help me."

If you are weak and suffering from womanly ailments, Cardui may be just what you need. Take Cardui. It has helped thousands, and ought to help you.

At all druggists' and dealers'.

If you didn't get the letter and Pass Book we sent you, come in and we will explain our Christmas Club plan. It is a system for depositing money regularly for next Christmas or some future purpose.

We will welcome everyone in our Christmas Club.

LEXINGTON SAVINGS BANK

FOR RENT: Rooms, 1519 Main Street.

FOR SALE: Choise Alfalfa hay, 2nd and 3rd cuttings, baled out of the barn. M. A. Chambers phone 9F12.

FOR SALE: Modern home of ten rooms, South 23rd and Monroe streets. Francis Mavel Phone 812. 11-28-1mo

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His Better Judgment

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

"Somebody's coming! coming! Somebody's coming—but I'll not say who!"

Lalee chanted with her wicked twinkle, nodding toward the far gate leading upon the deep lawn from the highway. Sister Anne turned brick red, for all she bridled, and made to be absorbed in the crochet intricacy under her hand. Lalee, the young vixen, giggled to see, then flung up her head, canted it slightly aside, made a feint of sticking her hands into imaginary pockets and rumbled out in her deepest voice: "D. V. Miss Anne, I hope I see you well and hearty."

"Shut up, you plague!" from Sister Anne. "Shut it!" from Lalee the lawless. "You know that's just what he'll say. He's getting down now—if I was a horse I wouldn't carry a man that looked so like he was made of ram-roads. Riding circuit twenty years ought to have learned him better than to get down stiff-legged. But he's too plous to have room for common sense, or anything but a bass voice and a big appetite."

Again Sister Anne cried "Shut up!"—this time effectually. Heavy feet sounded upon the front steps, a ponderous knocking rang through the cool front hall.

"Do go ask him in!" Sister Anne entreated. Lalee giggled again. "No need of primping up—he's already swallowed hook, line and sinker," she said hushedly, yet moved to greet and seat the visitor, who stood frowning faintly over the slight delay. Sight of her banished the frown, even brought a pale glow to the cavernous eyes. Both his big hands went over the scratched and sunburned paw she held out in greeting. In his most mellifluous voice he said: "How wonderful are thy ways, O Lord. To put



Gained Her Coign of Vantage Just in Time.

all the summer, the morning into human shape, thus doubly blessing our eyes."

"I'd say quit your kiddin'—only you're a preacher," Lalee said, pouting and snatching away her hands.

"Why?" the minister, Angus McCallum, asked eagerly.

Lalee giggled gleefully. "Big Sis would make me stand in the corner facing the wall full ten minutes," she said, "or else say I shouldn't go to the Daisy dance tomorrow."

"You like to dance?" from McCallum.

Lalee shook her head. "No, I love it! So well you could almost tote me up to Heaven by saying I could dance there forever—and never get tired."

"Suppose you found something you loved better?" McCallum's voice was curiously husky. "Suppose I turned to an airplane—and flew away with myself—and Big Sis."

Lalee flung back: "That's as likely as the other."

"H-m! I hope I may see your sister—privately," McCallum returned with significance. Lalee clapped her hand over her irrepressible mouth to strangle an "I knew it! Oh, I knew it!" and whipped away, decorously silent. She did not wish McCallum tuck in his wooling—but she did long deeply for Big Sis to have a real sure enough proposal. Big Sis was rising thirty—and all the mother Lalee had ever known. She was neither beautiful nor ugly, had a fine temper, and a fair wit, to say nothing of being a queen of housekeepers, and a general providence to all in need or trouble. Why no man had sought her had been a puzzle to Lalee since she was out of short frocks. She could not realize that Anne's delicate aloofness had chilled many an ineffectual inclination, or that her seeming content with the estate in life wherein she found herself had daunted suitors bent upon marriage on the neck-or-nothing principle.

Lalee had been a belle even before

she put up her childish curls. Staid Judge Emory, her father's chum at college, had seriously proposed to her when she had reached the ripe age of fourteen and a half. She ought to have known nothing about it—but had had no secrets from the child whose coming had cost him so dear. He had married at nineteen—Sister Anne was just twenty years his junior. She had laughed with him merrily over the proposal—if there had been anything of hurt below the laughing, nobody had ever guessed it.

Naturally there had been, there still were, others. Yet at almost nineteen she was heart-free—to her own disgust. Often she said stormily: "Don't see why anybody wants me, with Big Sis about—nor why I can't find somebody to fall in love with, and have done with it. Dad needs a son-in-law badly. We need somebody, all three of us, to make us mind and take life seriously."

Still, she had not felt quite easy when McCallum showed signs unmistakably Anne-ward. He must propose, that would save the situation; but Big Sis of course wouldn't think of him for a minute. Yet as she tripped in search of Sister Anne a queer tremor fell on her. Suppose—how must it seem to be beyond thirty and never anybody making love to you?

She bugged Anne tight before sending her away, cautioning her: "Don't you look that lamb-to-the-slaughter way; it would be too encouraging. Make him sweat—he deserves it." When Big Sis had got half down the wide stairway, Lalee had an inspiration—nothing less than to eavesdrop the ministerial proposal. Dead easy—they were seated in the hall; she could steal to the upper landing, where every word would be audible. Moving shadow-like she gained her coign of vantage just in time to catch a rotund, "Under God, you are my help and comfort, Sister Anne, now that I face the Great Crisis of Life."

Capitals hardly do justice to his emphasis. Sister Anne murmured something Lalee could not catch. But plainer than cannon boom came after it: "My desire is to have you in truth and fact for my—sister. To help me win the most wonderful creature living. She is so fair, so sweet, so young, I feel it laid specially upon me to guide and guard her—to bring her into the fold. You will, you must help me. I know you love her so well you must long have understood—"

"She didn't—she couldn't! Nobody did!" Lalee cried, swooping down on them, the moral and pattern of fury. "You'd see yourself how ridiculous you are—only you're too conceited to see anything but yourself—"

"Right, little sister!" Judge Emory boomed from the piazza. He had come home with dad and walked across into the house, instead of coming in the car. "But I'm glad to find out I'm not the sole prize idiot—trying to marry a flitter-bit like you when there's the very best woman in the world in plain view."

"Dear me! Who can you be meaning? I thought you'd end by going in to a beautiful decline and leaving me your fortune when I found somebody to marry," Lalee said saucily. McCallum, purple faced, tried to speak. The judge motioned for silence and took Sister Anne's hand, saying:

"Haven't I done penance long enough dear, for—a young old man's folly? You said you couldn't trust me, when first I realized how foolish I had been—"

"Never you mind about her. I can trust you. You're just the man this family has needed," Lalee cried joyously. Then to the minister: "Say, to show you bear no malice, marry them right on the spot—they have wasted time enough."

"Several years too much," the judge said, taking Anne's hand in a tight grip. McCallum did not marry them then and there, but the rector made up for that a little later, with all the countryside dancing at the wedding.

REAR BIRDLINGS IN ARCTIC

Terns Mate in the North and Take the Youngsters With Them When They Migrate.

One of the curious features of coast-loving birds is the little foot, tinier than that of many land birds, and smaller than that of any sea bird, a fact which makes them almost helpless in rough sea. But they like to sit at the water's edge, catching fish on the wing. Their slender bodies, narrow wings and forked tails make them look like mere lines flashing between wave and wind, with movements daring and graceful.

The arctic terns, first cousins to those commonly noticed in temperate climates, rear their young in the north polar regions, and take them along when they migrate to the Antarctic zone, writes Lillian Trotter in Our Dumb Animals.

They build their nests in the land of the midnight sun, and when they go south they follow old Sol in that direction, making an 11,000-mile trip, and thus avoiding nearly all the nights with genuine darkness in them. The tern seems to try to find the edge of the world, going farther than any other feathered creature, and resting only when he thinks there will be no land farther along where he can nest, or open water containing food to sustain life.

The Proper Medium.

"Did you hear that old Miss Sourleigh is having her portrait painted?" "You don't say!"

"Yes, indeed; painted in oil." "In oil? If she ever wants a good likeness she'll have to be painted in vinegar."—Boston Transcript.

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