

# TWO-FACED LADDIE

By JEROME ESTES PORTER.

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"Oh, papa—the beautiful, the beautiful!"

Little Lisa Doane buried her glowing face deep in the soft silky fur of a magnificent collie dog. The automobile in which she and her father sat had just stopped in front of a modest little cottage. Mr. Doane wished to locate a carpenter who had done some work for him. He had hailed a man in the back yard of the place, chopping wood.

This was John Graham, out of work and almost out of a home. There was not much wood for him to chop, any more than there was much to eat in the house. He dropped the ax wearily. He uttered a deep sigh as he glanced up at the kitchen window where his wife was peeling potatoes—only three of them. Then he started for the road.

Prime pet of the household, loyal, grand looking and gentle as a lamb, Laddie, his dog, had preceded him. Little Lisa had called him. Light as a squirrel, daintily, lovingly, Laddie had leaped upon the running board of the machine to have the golden-haired little beauty go into ecstasies over him.

"Will you please tell me where a Mr. Evans lives?" inquired Mr. Doane, rich and influential, of John Graham, poor and friendless.

The latter answered politely. The chauffeur was ready to start up when Lisa set up a great outcry.

"Oh, papa, dear, I want to stay here and play with this beautiful dog!"

"We must be on our way, pet," reminded her father.

Well-trained, well-behaved Laddie crossed the little one with his paw and sprang free of the machine, following



"Would You Think of Selling Him?"

his master back into the yard. Lisa burst into a torrent of unrestrained weeping.

"Please, oh, please, papa, buy me that beautiful dog!" she pleaded, and took on so that Mr. Doane looked undecided and irresolute. Then, her tears coming the faster, he alighted and joined Mr. Graham in the back yard.

"My friend," he said, "that is a fine animal of yours."

"Laddie—oh, yes, sir, a family pet. My wife and little daughter and he are wonderful friends."

"Would you think of selling him? Would you look at fifty dollars for him?"

Mr. Graham shook his head sadly. Fifty dollars!—food, shelter, a respite from endless care, anxiety and even destitution for his wife! But he caught his breath short and quick.

"Don't tempt me," he said. "No!"

Mr. Doane bowed in disappointment and started back for the automobile. At that moment John Graham glanced up at the kitchen window again. He saw the white, sad face of his wife, bedewed with tears. He thought of the shabby, thin dress of their only child, Rose. He recalled that the morrow was the limit of a five days notice from the landlord to vacate the premises for nonpayment of rent.

"One moment, sir," he called out after his visitor. "I've changed my mind."

He had picked up a strap as he proceeded to the front of the yard. He whistled to Laddie. The animal came forward, tail drooping, eyes seeming to be taken an intelligent idea of what was going on. Mr. Graham attached the hook, end of the strap to Laddie's collar. He handed the other end to the chauffeur. Downcast, shivering, trembling, the poor animal got into the machine. With tears in his eyes, his back turned, Mr. Graham accepted the money counted out to him.

A cry of rare childish delight came from Lisa's lips, a low howl of despair unutterable from the throat of Laddie as the auto sped forward.

"I can't take it, John, I couldn't use it! It's like blood money!" gasped Mrs. Graham, when her husband came in with the fifty dollars and his tale.

"We must live, Mary," he said huskily.

"But Rose—it will break her heart!" There was pressing need for immediate cash for urgent household necessities, but John Graham could not muster the courage to go down town and spend any of the money. He hung uneasily about the place until Rose came tripping home. A patient, brave-spirited child, the light and life of the little home through all the dark days they had known.

Mr. Graham slunk into the shed as Rose ran into the house to her mother. In a few moments he heard a low, heart-searing wail. He knew that his wife had told Rose of the sale of Laddie. When he came in, however, she greeted him with her usual loving kiss and sunny smile, but he noted her deep pallor, her mental anguish. Brave little spirit! all through the evening she never allowed a look or a word to betoken her sufferings.

John Graham could not sleep that night. He wandered about the house listlessly. He crept close to the door of Rose's room. He could hear her low sobbings. Then, as he sat in the darkness in the front room of the house, there was a capricious patter of two little bare feet. A bar of moonlight fell upon a piece of carpet in the kitchen that was Laddie's bed. And, kneeling upon it, as though it were some sacred prayer rug, was Rose!

She was too ill to arise in the morning. There were tokens of fever. Mr. Graham attended to his round of duties about house and yard. He kept putting off going down town. Then, as he caught the echo of a muffled cry from Rose, his lips grew cruelly stern and decided.

"Laddie must come back!" he muttered. "Hunger, homelessness, rags—we can bear them all better than our poor darling's suffering."

He clutched the little roll of bank bills in his pocket with forceful determination. He knew where the Doane home was located and he started in its direction. Half the distance accomplished, he was met by Mr. Doane and his chauffeur in the automobile. He halted him to stop. Then he noticed Laddie in the machine.

"I've come to give you back that money," said Mr. Graham at once. "My little one is heart-broken over him."

"Why, I was just bringing the dog back to you," replied Mr. Doane. "I declare! we're in a terrible mess, both of us. I left my child fairly hysterical over my taking the dog away. No, no, my friend," continued Mr. Doane, pushing back the proffered fifty dollars. "It was a fair sale and I return the dog to you."

"Why—I don't understand," stammered Mr. Graham.

"He's lovable as a lamb to Lisa," replied Mr. Doane, "but a wild terror to everybody else. He chased a neighbor's chickens till they nearly had fits. He howled all night long. He guarded the house so well that the milkman couldn't enter the yard. Oh, we couldn't think of keeping him, even for Lisa's sake!"

"Laddie—did—that!" cried the astounded Mr. Graham, incredulously. He glanced at Laddie, meek as a lamb. Was it possible? Ridiculous! Not, actually, the intelligent and scandalous Laddie seemed to wink at him as if to say, "I worked it!"

Yes, Laddie, the gentle, had certainly played a part! Mr. Graham happened to explain to Mr. Doane the family necessities.

By this time the latter was convinced that Laddie had fooled him. A small house he owned right next to his own was vacant. Would Mr. Graham move and let both the children enjoy the company of the animal they loved so devotedly?

Never again did artful, two-faced Laddie find it necessary to act the dog villain! He divided his time between his two dotting young mistresses, there were better times for the Grammas, and all hands were happy!

## WHY GAS BILLS ARE HEAVY

Most Wall Papers Absorb a Large Proportion of Light, According to Scientist.

If your gas bills are heavy, don't blame the dark weather or the extravagance of your housekeeper. Perhaps the fault lies with the wallpaper. It is pointed out by Prof. Sylvanus Thompson, principal of the City Technical college, London, that much light is wasted owing to the use on our walls of paper which absorbs an unduly large proportion of light.

Before we can look for anything like a sufficient return for the money we spend on light, all the rich dark tones, the deep crimson, which is so popular for dining rooms on account of the impression of warmth it gives, and the various shades of brown so much used in libraries and dens, must be replaced by pure white or very light shades which absorb a minimum of light.

Even when the illumination of a room is ample, it may be badly lit if the walls absorb too much of that illumination instead of giving it back by diffuse reflection. Few people are aware how much light is thus wasted and thrown away.

The deep scarlet and crimson wall-papers waste from 70 to 75 per cent; brown paper wastes about 85 to 88 per cent; even an ordinary yellow or buff wallpaper wastes 50 to 60 per cent of the light for which in most cases, a high price is paid. On the other hand, white cartridge paper absorbs and wastes only about 20 per cent of the light, while a white-washed wall absorbs 30 to 40 per cent.

Prof. Thompson strongly recommends that, both for economy in artificial lighting and comfort in the day, light lighting of large rooms, the ceilings should be invariably white, and the walls, if not white, should at least be of the very palest tints.

Out in the Cold.

"What is the matter with your friend there?"

"Oh, he's a politician in hard luck. Got a confession, that no magazine seems to care to buy."—Pack.

# CALOMEL IS MERCURY, IT SICKENS! STOP USING SALIVATING DRUG

Don't Lose a Day's Work! If Your Liver Is Sluggish or Bowels Constipated Take "Dodson's Liver Tone."—It's Fine!

You're bilious! Your liver is sluggish! You feel lazy, dizzy and all knocked out. Your head is dull, your tongue is coated; breath bad; stomach sour and bowels constipated. But don't take salivating calomel. It makes you sick, you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into sour bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your

sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working; you'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot salivate. Give it to your children! Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.

## CLINCHED IN HIS MEMORY

Small Chance of Charles Abner Forgetting the Day That Meant Everything to Him.

Some time since Charles Abner courted and married the beautiful Ellen Estelle. One evening several months later they were seated in their cosy little den, Ellen Estelle reading a popular novel and Charles Abner looking over the sporting page.

"Charley, dear," finally remarked the little wife, "do you recall the time you proposed to me?"

"Why, yes," rather indifferently answered Charles Abner, "I think I remember it."

"Of course, you do," returned Ellen Estelle. "It was in an automobile. I shall never forget the lovely words you spoke, and the noble sacrifice you promised to make. It must have cost you something to say those things."

"It did, Ellen Estelle," responded Charles Abner, with a reflective sigh, "it cost me about two weeks' salary to hire the automobile."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## The Heroines of Novels.

If I were his satanic majesty, and a novelist came to me for judgment, I should beetle my brows in a horrible manner and quiz him thus:

"Did you ever make your heroines eighteen years old? Did you ever endow a maiden with the repartee of Plinero, the intuition of Blavatsky, the carriage of Garden, the hauteur of the Medici, the beauty of Aphrodite and the wisdom of Athene—all at the age of eighteen years?"

If the novelist answered me "Certainly not!" I should say: "To heaven with you!" But if he answered: "Sure I did!" I would blast him where he stood.

For, of all the iniquitous, fallacious, unfair and dangerous doctrines, this takes the icing of the cake—that the female species reaches her apogee at the immature age of eighteen.—From "Balm for Lovers," by George Weston in the Saturday Evening Post.

## RESINOL SPEEDILY HEALS ITCHING, BURNING SKINS

Resinol ointment, with resinol soap, stops itching instantly, quickly and easily heals the most distressing cases of eczema, rash, ringworm, tetter or other tormenting skin or scalp eruptions, and clears away pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness, and dandruff, when other treatments have proven only a waste of money.

Physicians have prescribed resinol for twenty years, while thousands who have been cured say, "What resinol did for us it will do for you." All druggists sell resinol soap (25c.) and resinol ointment (50c. and \$1).—Adv.

## A Minority Report.

A small, meek country negro, who had always lived on one place near Frankfort, Ky., married a big, domineering woman, and very soon afterward moved into town, where the keeper of the local bar met him on the street.

"Hello, Gabe," he said, "what made you move to town? I thought you liked country life."

"Well, Mistah Franklin," explained Gabe, "I uster lak de country. But mah wife she didn't lak it—and I've done got so now dat when she don't lak a thing I jest natchally hates it."—Saturday Evening Post.

## Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

## Then They Fought.

"Shaking your fat in my face cannot alter my convictions, sir."

"But shoving it a little closer might alter your features."

## Odd.

"What caused the coolness between you and Jones?"

"A heated argument."

## Death Lurks In A Weary

If Yours is Fluctuating or weak, use RENOVINE. Made by Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co.

## Irish Speed.

In Judge McKinley's court they were examining witnesses on the trial of a boy who had killed his father. The lawyers dwelt mostly on the facts of marriage, paternity and whether there had been insanity in the families of the men under examination.

When they got around to Michael McCarthy the wait had been long and he proceeded to whip up.

Asked the first question he galloped away with this:

"My name is Michael McCarthy and I live at 1236 Fulton street and I am thirty-five years old and I am married and have one child and I have never had any insanity in the family and if I had I wouldn't be fool enough to tell you."

## Stitch! Stitch!

"I have just read an interesting article about the sewers of Paris," said hubby, closing the book on his thumb.

"Yes," replied wife, "they're busy night and day making shirts for soldiers."

The "staff of life" by any other name would smell as wheat.

## Rheumatism Is Torture

Many pains that pass as rheumatism are due to the failure of the kidneys to drive out waste thoroughly. When you suffer with bad joints, backache, too, stiffness and urinary disturbances, get Doan's Kidney Pills. This remedy that is recommended by over 50,000 people in many different lands. Doan's Kidney Pills help weak kidneys to drive out the waste acid which causes rheumatism, backache and lung-bags.

## A Tennessee Case

B. V. Sublett, Box 22, Erwin, Tenn., says: "For ten years I had a constant, dull ache in the small of my back. My limbs got stiff and sore and the kidney secretions passed too often. On a neighbor's advice I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they restored me to good health. Whenever I have used them since I have had fine results."

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Their First Breakfast

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Get a package from your grocer today—either the whole bean or the ground.

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