

Health Talks

What Doctor Pierce Has Done for Humanity

BY DOCTOR CRIPPS

It has always seemed to me that Dr. Pierce's... of Buffalo, N. Y., should be placed... a list of America's... written. He studied... human diseases to a de... few realize. Whenever he found... overcame disease, he at... in the newspapers and... where it could be bought at a small... He did not follow the usual custom... ingredients secret, so that... could afford to buy the... and openly printed the name of... over and over. And so today... of Dr. Pierce and his medicines... and stand for bet... health and better citizenship... of this great physician's most suc... remedies is known as Dr. Pierce's... Pellets. These are little, suga... composed of Mayapple, leaves... of palm—things that Nature... in the ground. These Pellets are... they move the bowels gently... had after-effects, as so many... often they make a person... than a new man or... they cleanse the intestines of... and poisonous matter that... when one is constive. If you... by all means go to your... and get some of Dr. Pierce's... Pellets. They may prove to be... anything your system requires to... you well and happy.

The Light in the Clearing

A TALE of the NORTH COUNTRY in the TIME of SILAS WRIGHT

By IRVING BACHELLER Author of Eben Holden, D'H and I, Darrel of the Blessed Isles, Keeping Up With Lizzie, Etc., Etc.

PREFACE

The Light in the Clearing shone upon many things and mostly upon those which, above all others, have impressed and perpetuated the Spirit of America and which, just now, seem to me to be worthy of attention. I believe that spirit to be the very candle of the Lord which in this dark and windy night of time has flickered so that the souls of the faithful have been spared. But let us be of good cheer. It is shining brighter as I write and, under God, I believe it shall, by and by, be seen and loved of all men.

One self-contained, Homeric figure, of the remote country-side in which I was born, had the true Spirit of Democracy and shed its light abroad in the senate of the United States and the capitol at Albany. He carried the Candle of the Lord. It led him to a height of self-forgetfulness achieved by only two others—Washington and Lincoln. It has been surprised by the profound and general ignorance of this generation regarding the career of Silas Wright.

The distinguished mayor who served at his side for many years, Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, has this to say of Silas Wright in his Thirty Years' View: "He refused cabinet appointments under his father Van Buren, and was elected to the Supreme Court of the United States; he rejected the nomination in 1841 for vice president; he was chosen to be put in nomination for the presidency. He spent that time in declining office which others did in winning it. The office he did accept, it might well be said, were thrust upon him; he was a great and able officer and unwillingly descended to it."

So much by way of preparing the reader to meet the great commoner in these pages. There were those who accused Mr. Wright of being a spoilsman, the only warrant for which claim would seem to be his remark in a letter: "When our enemies accuse us for feeding our friends instead of them never let them lie in telling the story."

He was, in fact, a human being, through and through, but so upright that they used to say of him that he was "as honest as any man under heaven or in it."

For my knowledge of the color and spirit of the time I am indebted to a long course of reading in its books, newspapers and periodicals, notably the North American Review, the United States Magazine and Democratic Review, the New York Mirror, the Knickerbocker, the St. Louis Republic, and others. The Thirty Years' View, Bancroft's Life of Martin Van Buren, histories of Wright and his time by Hammond and Jenkins, and to many manuscript letters of the distinguished commoner in the New York public library and in the possession of Mr. Samuel Wright of Weybridge, Vermont.

To any who may think that they discover portraits in these pages I desire to say that all the characters—save only Silas Wright and President Van Buren and Barton Baynes—are purely imaginary. However, there were Grimshaws and Purveys and Binkens and Aunt Deel Bickford, executed long ago in Malone, for the particulars of which case I am indebted to my friend, Mr. H. L. Ives of Potsdam.

THE AUTHOR.

BOOK ONE

Which Is the Story of the Candle and the Compass.

CHAPTER I.

The Melon Harvest.

Once upon a time I owned a water-melon. I say once because I never did it again. When I got through owning that melon I never wanted another. The time was 1831; I was a boy of seven and the melon was the first of all my harvests.

I didn't know much about myself those days except the fact that my name was Bart Baynes and, further, that I was an orphan who owned a watermelon and a little spotted hen and lived on Rattlerden in a neighborhood called Lickitysplit. I lived with my Aunt Deel and my Uncle Peabody Baynes on a farm. They were brother and sister—the about thirty-eight and she a little beyond the far-distant goal of forty.

My father and mother died in a scourge of diphtheria that swept the neighborhood when I was a boy of five.

A few days after I arrived in the home of my aunt and uncle I slyly entered the parlor and climbed the what-not to examine some white flowers on its top shelf and tipped the whole thing over, scattering its burden of alibums, wax flowers and seashells on the floor. My aunt came running on her tiptoes and exclaimed: "Mercy! Come right out of here this minute—you pest!"

I took some rather long steps going out, which were due to the fact that Aunt Deel had hold of my hand. While I sat weeping she went back into the parlor and began to pick up things.

"My wretch! my wretch!" I heard her moaning.

How well I remember that little assemblage of flower ghosts in wax! They had no more right to associate with human beings than the ghosts of fable. Uncle Peabody used to call them the "Minerary flowers" because they were a present from his Aunt Minerva. When Aunt Deel returned to the kitchen where I sat—a sorrowing little refugee hunched up in a corner—she said: "I'll have to tell your Uncle Peabody—'ayes!"

"Oh please don't tell my Uncle Peabody," I wailed.

"'Ayes! I'll have to tell him," she answered firmly.

For the first time I looked for him with dread at the window and when he came I hid in a closet and heard that solemn and penetrating note in her voice as she said:

"I guess you'll have to take that boy away—'ayes!"

"What now?" he asked.

"My stars! he sneaked into the parlor and tipped over the what-not and smashed that beautiful wax wreath!"

"Jerusalem four-corners!" he exclaimed. "I'll have to—"

He stopped as he was wont to do on the threshold of strong opinions and momentous resolutions.

The rest of the conversation was drowned in my own cries and Uncle Peabody came and lifted me tenderly and carried me upstairs.

He sat down with me on his lap and gushed my cries. Then he said very gently:

"Now, Bub, you and me have got to be careful. What-nots and alibums and wax flowers and haircloth sofas are the most dangerous critters in St. Lawrence county. They're purty savage. Keep your eye peeled. You can't tell what minute they'll jump on ye. More boys have been dragged away and tore to pieces by 'em than by all the bears and panthers in the woods. Keep out o' that old parlor. Ye might as well go into a cage o' wolves. How be I goin' to make ye remember it?"

"I don't know," I whimpered and began to cry out in fearful anticipation.

He set me in a chair, picked up one of his old carpet-slippers and began to thump the bed with it. He belabored the bed with tremendous vigor. Meanwhile he looked at me and exclaimed: "You dreadful child!"

I knew that my sins were responsible for this violence. It frightened me and my cries increased.

The door at the bottom of the stairs opened suddenly.

Aunt Deel called:

"Don't lose your temper, Peabody. I think you've gone fur 'nough—ayes!"

Uncle Peabody stopped and blew as if he were very tired and then I caught a look in his face that reassured me.

He called back to her: "I wouldn't 'a' cared so much if it hadn't 'a' been the what-not and them Minerary flowers. When a boy tips over a what-not he's goin' to carry a strong."

"Well, don't be too severe. You'd better come now and git 'a' pail o' water—'ayes, I think ye had."

Uncle Peabody did a lot of sneezing and coughing with his big red handkerchief over his face and I was not old enough then to understand it. He kissed me and took my little hand in his big hard one and led me down the stairs.

I dreamed that night that a long-legged what-not, with a wax wreath in its hands, chased me around the house and caught and bit me on the neck. I called for help and uncle came and found me on the floor and put me back in bed again.

For a long time I thought that the way a man punished a boy was by thumping his bed. I knew that women had a different and less satisfactory method, for I remembered that my mother had spanked me and Aunt Deel had a way of giving my hands and

at last Uncle Peabody agreed with me that it was about time to pick the melon. I decided to pick it immediately after meeting on Sunday, so that I could give it to my aunt and uncle at dinner-time. When we got home I ran for the garden. My feet and those of our friends and neighbors had literally worn a path to the melon. In eager haste I got my little wheelbarrow and ran with it to the end of that path. There I found nothing but broken vines! The melon had vanished. I ran back to the house almost overcome by a feeling of alarm, for I had thought long of that hour of pride when I should bring the melon and present it to my aunt and uncle.

"Uncle Peabody," I shouted, "my melon is gone."

"Well, I van!" said he, "somebody must 'a' stole it."

"But it was my melon," I said with a trembling voice.

"Yes, and I van it's too bad! But, Bart, you ain't learned yet that there are wicked people in the world who come and take what don't belong to 'em."

There were tears in my eyes when I asked:

"They'll bring it back, won't they?"

"Never!" said Uncle Peabody. "I'm afraid they've it up."

He had no sooner said it than a cry broke from my lips, and I sank down upon the grass moaning and sobbing. I lay amidst the ruins of the simple faith of childhood. It was as if the world and all its joys had come to an end.

Aunt Deel spoke in a low, kindly tone and came and lifted me to my feet very tenderly.

"Come, Bart, don't feel so about that old melon," said she, "it ain't worth it. Come with me. I'm going to give you a present—'ayes I be!"

I was still crying when she took me to her trunk, and offered the grateful assuagement of candy and a belt, all embroidered with blue and white beads.

"Now you see, Bart, how low and mean anybody is that takes what don't belong to 'em—'ayes! They're snakes! Everybody hates 'em an' stamps on 'em when they come in sight—'ayes!"

The abomination of the Lord was in her look and manner. How it shook my soul! He who had taken the watermelon had also taken from me something I was never to have again, and a very wonderful thing it was—faith in the goodness of men. My eyes had seen evil. The world had committed its first offense against me and my spirit was no longer the white and beautiful thing it had been. Still, therein is the beginning of wisdom and, looking down the long vista of the years, I thank God for the great harvest of the lost watermelon. Better things had come in its place—understanding and what more, often I have vainly tried to estimate. For one thing that sudden revelation of the heart of childhood had lifted my aunt's out of the cold storage of a puritanic spirit, and warmed it into a life and opened its door for me.

The afternoon she sent me over to Willis' to borrow a little tea. I stopped for a few minutes to play with Henry Willis—a boy not quite a year older than I. While playing there I discovered a piece of the rind of my melon in the dooryard. That piece of rind I saw the cross which I had made one day with my thumb-nail. It was intended to indicate that the melon was solely and wholly mine. I felt a flush of anger.

"I hate you," I said as I approached him.

"I hate you," he answered.

"You're a snake!" I said.

We now stood, face to face and breast to breast, like a pair of young roosters. He gave me a shove and told me to go home. I gave him a shove and told him I wouldn't. I pushed up close to him again and we glared into each other's eyes.

Suddenly he spat in my face. I gave him a scratch on the forehead with my finger-nails. Then we fell upon each other and rolled on the ground and hit and scratched with feline ferocity.

Mrs. Willis ran out of the house and perted us. Our blood was hot, and leaping through the skin of our faces a little.

"He pitched on me," Henry explained.

I couldn't speak.

"Go right home—this minute—you brat!" said Mrs. Willis in anger. "Here's your tea. Don't you ever come here again."

I took the tea and started down the road weeping. What a bitter day that was for me! I dreaded to face my aunt and uncle. Coming through the grove down by our gate I met Uncle Peabody. With the keen insight of the father of the prodigal son he had seen me coming "a long way off" and shouted:

"Well, here ye be—I was kind o' worried, Bub."

Then his eye caught the look of dejection in my gait and figure. He hurried toward me. He stopped as I came sobbing to his feet.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked gently, as he took the tea cup from my hand, and sat down upon his heels.

Barton meets the famous Dunkelbergs, including little golden-haired Sally, whose pretty face and fine clothes fascinate the boy, whose few years have been spent in quite another world. The next installment tells of some other interesting persons with whom Barton becomes acquainted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YANKS DO THE "IMPOSSIBLE"

For First Time in History Stone Houses Have Been Successfully Moved in France.

Declaring that this is the first time that a stone house has been moved in France, Sergeants Abe Griesner and Mike Murphy of Company C have recently finished a job of moving a 350-ton structure and have set it down on its new site.

The French said it could not be done and declared that the only way the road could be cleared for the new line of railway track would be to tear the house down. But the sergeants with their detail of fifteen men started to work with jacks and rollers and soon had the house moving across the fields. News of the feat spread and the authorities sent a photographer from the French Academy of Sciences to record officially the stages of the work.

The house was placed upon its new site without a crack. It is believed that this demonstration of American ingenuity will save many stations along the lines where the Yankee engineers are building additional tracks and switching yards.—From the Spiker, France.

New Surgical Battle Formation.

The French Aid Society for Wounded Soldiers (Societe Francaise de Secours aux Blesses Militaires) has devised a new type of surgical ambulance which meets the needs arising during active military operations. This ambulance can be advanced and moved back quickly, being essentially different from those in use for some months. Furthermore, it enables the surgeons to render speedy, immediate and complete service to patients with extensive wounds of the thorax, abdomen or head. It consists of a number of large tents, one serving as a salle de triage, a second for local administration, another for preparing the wounded for operation, a fourth for radiography; an operating tent, connected with the sterilizer cation, which contains two autoclaves, and, finally, the hospitalization or ward tents. For transport, the whole outfit is carried in two camions or trucks and two trailers.

Merely a Superstition.

There is no kind of a rod, or instrument, which will locate minerals in the earth with any degree of certainty. Sometimes a bed of iron ore will affect the magnetic needle of a compass, or of a surveying instrument, but there is nothing that will locate the precious metals.

The Waves of Michigan.

When I see the waves of Lake Michigan toss in the bleak snowstorm, I see how small and inadequate the common poet is. But Tennyson, with his eagle over the sea, has shown his sufficiency.—Emerson's Journal.

A motorcycle with a sidecar on each side is an Indiana motorcyclist's idea.

Trust Me! Try Dodson's Liver Tonic!
Calomel Harms Liver and Bowels
Read my guarantee! Liven your liver and bowels and get straightened up without taking sickening calomel. Don't lose a day's work!

There's no reason why a person should take sickening, salivating calomel when a few cents buys a large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic—a perfect substitute for calomel. It is a pleasant, vegetable liquid which will start your liver just as surely as calomel, but it doesn't make you sick and can not salivate.

Children and grown folks can take Dodson's Liver Tonic, because it is perfectly harmless.

Calomel is a dangerous drug. It is mercury and attacks your bones. Take a dose of nasty calomel today and you will feel weak, sick and mused to-morrow. Don't lose a day's work. Take a spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tonic and you will wake up feeling great. No more biliousness, constipation, sluggishness, headache, coated tongue or sour stomach. Your druggist says if you don't find Dodson's Liver Tonic acts better than horrible calomel your money is waiting for you.—Adv.



ITCH!

HERE is an offer backed by one of your personal friends—a man whom you have known for a long time, and in whose honesty you have implicit confidence. This man is your local druggist. He will tell you that he has been selling Hunt's Salve, formerly called Hunt's Cure ever since he has been in business, under the strict guarantee to promptly refund the purchase price to any dissatisfied user.

He will say to you "Take home a box of Hunt's Salve and if it is not successful in the treatment of itching skin diseases, I will promptly refund to you your 75 cents."

Hunt's Salve is especially compounded for the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter, and other itching skin diseases.

The General Manager of the Lida Valley Railway Co., Goldenfield, Nevada, A. D. Goodenough, writes: "At one time I had a very bad case of Eczema, which troubled me for seven or eight years, and although I tried all kinds of medicine and several doctors, I got no relief until I used Hunt's Salve. It finally cured me.

Thousands of such letters have been received, testifying as to the curative merits of this wonderful remedy.

Don't fail to ask your druggist about Hunt's Salve, formerly called Hunt's Cure. Show him this ad, and ask him if the statements herein made are not correct.

Sold by all reputable druggists everywhere at 75 cents per box, or sent direct on receipt of stamps or money order.

A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO., Sherman, Texas

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

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ALSO A FINE GENERAL STRENGTHENING TONIC. Sold by All Drug Stores.

For MALARIA, CHILLS and FEVER.

BLACKMAN'S MEDICATED SALT BRICK

STOCK LIKE IT

CONTAINS COPPER FOR WORMS, SULPHUR FOR THE BLOOD, SALT PETER FOR THE KIDNEYS, NUX VOMICA, A TONIC AND PURE DAIRY SALT. USED BY VETERINARIANS 12 YEARS. NO DOSING. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR BLACKMAN'S OR WRITE BLACKMAN STOCK REMEDY COMPANY Chattanooga, Tenn.

Would Get Even.

The American negro soldier has laughed in France—and who would not melt in his sunshine smile?—laughed without getting fat; which circumstance lets one tell a story. It is about a hefty black man who, being tired of the army hardtack, exclaimed: "Yas, when I git home to Louisville, Kentucky, God's own country, I see goin' to de bes' restaurant in de town, an' I see goin' 'round eberything, specially spring chicken, but eberything; an' I see goin' to make this here darn hardtack and beans see me eat it!"—London Graphic.

Clinics Successful.

Milwaukee offers herself as a living proof of the truth of the assertion that as intelligence in the care of young children increases the death rate invariably decreases.

Six years ago this city established a municipal health bureau, and for two years previous to that she has systematically compiled and kept her infant mortality figures.

According to these figures, the mortality of infants under one year of age was in 1912 25 per cent of all the deaths occurring in the city. In 1917 it was only 20 per cent. This substantial decrease is attributed to the fine child welfare work carried on by the local committee.

Lives 200 Years!

For more than 200 years, Haarlem Oil, the famous national remedy of Holland, has been recognized as an infallible relief from all forms of kidney and bladder disorders. Its very age is proof that it must have unusual merit.

If you are troubled with pains or aches in the back, feel tired in the morning, headaches, indigestion, insomnia, painful or too frequent passage of urine, irritation or stings in the bladder, you will almost certainly find relief in GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This is the good old remedy that has stood the test for hundreds of years, prepared in the proper quantity and convenient form to take. It is imported direct from Holland laboratories, and you can get it at any drug store. It is a standard, old-time home remedy and needs no introduction. Each capsule contains one dose of five drops and is pleasant and easy to take. They will quickly relieve those stiffened joints, that backache, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gall stones, gravel, "brick dust," etc. Your money promptly refunded if they do not relieve you. But be sure to get the genuine GOLD MEDAL brand. In boxes, three sizes.—Adv.

CASCARA QUININE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—In tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—dissolves in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if fails. The genuine box has a Red Top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

Cuticura For Baby's Itchy Skin

All remedies stop it. Only Cuticura cures it. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 per Box.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. Highly recommended. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 per Box.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. Sold in all civilized countries. Give it a trial.—Adv.

Much More Important.

He—Didn't you promise at the altar to love, honor and obey me?
She—Goodness knows what I promised. I was listening to hear what you promised.—Boston Transcript.

PHOTOGRAPHS RETOUCHE

Wanted—Retouching for the trade. Postage paid one way. Satisfaction guaranteed. MRS. D. M. WHEATON Mablevale, Arkansas R. F. D. No. 1

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If you have some legal question upon which you would like definite advice, send \$1.00 to the SOUTHERN LAW CO., (Arkansas Dept.) Post Office Box 53, Little Rock, Ark.

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Early Jersey and Charleston Wakefield, Wisconsin and Flat Dutch. By express, \$1.25; 1,000, \$2.00; 5,000 as \$7.75; 10,000 and up as \$1.50, F. O. B. here. By Parcel Post, prepaid, 100, \$2.50; 500, \$1.00; 1,000, \$2.50. Wholesale and retail. D. F. JAMISON, SUMMERSVILLE, S. C.

TRUCK Dealers wanted—attractive proposition of goods. American Star Co., 129 So. Wabash St., Chicago, Ill.

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