THE QUICKENING

BY

FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

It was Ludlow, hammering clamorously for silence on the shell of the big crane ladle, who acted as spokesman when the uproar was quelled.

"You're all right, Tom Gordon—you and your daddy. But you've hit us plum' 'twixt dinner and supper. If you two was the company——"

"We are the company. While Mr. Farley is away we're the bosses; what we say, goes."

"All right," Ludlow went on. "That's a little better. But we've got a kick or two comin'. Is this half-pay goin' to be in orders on the company's store?"

"I said cash," said Tom, briefly.

"Good enough. But I s'pose we'd have to spend it at the company's store, jest the same, 'r get fired."

"No!"—emphatically. "I'm not even sure that we should reopen the store. We shall not reopen it unless you men want it. If you do want it, we'll make it strictly co-operative, dividing the profits with every employe according to his purchases."

"Well, that's white, anyway," commented one of the coke burners. "Be a mighty col' day in July when old man Farley'd talk as straight as that."

"Ag'in," said Ludlow, "what's this half-pay to be figured on—the reg'lar scale?"

"Of course."

"And what security do we have that t'other half 'll be paid, some time?"

"My father's word, and mine."

Ludlow turned to the miners. "What d'ye say, boys? Fish or cut bait? Hands up!"

There was a good showing of hands among the white miners and the coke burners, but the negro foundrymen did not vote. Patty, the mulatto foreman who was Helgerson's second, explained the reason.

"You ain't said unttin' 'bout de foundry, Boss Tom. W-w-w-w-we-all boys been wukkin' short ti-ti-time, and m-m-makin' pig ain't gwine give we-all n-n-nuttin' ter do." Patty had a painful impediment in his speech, and the strain of the public occasion doubled it.

"We are going to run the foundry, too, Patty, and on full time. There will be work for all of you on the terms I have named."

Caleb Gordon closed his eyes and put his face in his hands. For weeks before the shut-down the foundry had been run on short time, because there was no market for its miscellaneous output. Surely Tom must be losing his mind!

But the negro foundrymen were taking his word for it, as the miners had. "Pup-pup-put up yo' hands, boys!" said Patty, and again the ayes had it.

Tom looked vastly relieved.

"Well, that was a short horse soon curried," he said, bruskly. The power goes on to-morrow morning, and we'll blow in as soon as the furnaces are relined. Ludlow, you come to the office at 5 o'clock and I'll list the shifts with you. Patty, you report to Mr. Helgerson, and you and the pattern-maker show up at half-past 5. I want to talk over some new work with you. Anybody else got anything to say? If not, we'll adjourn."

Caleb followed his son out and across the yard to the old log homestead which served as the superintendent's office and laboratory. When the door was shut he dropped heavily into a chair.

"Son," he said, brokenly, "you're—you're crazy—plum' crazy. Don't you know you can't do the first one o' these things you've been promisin'?"

Tom was already busy at the desk, emptying the pigeonholes one after another and rapidly scanning their contents.

"If I believed that, I'd be taking to the high grass and the tall timber. But don't you worry, pappy; we're going to do them—all of them."

"But, Buddy, you can't sell a found of foundry product! We may be able to make pig cheaper than some others, but when it comes to the foundry floor, South Tredegar can choke us off in less'n a week."

"Wait," said Tom, still rummaging. "There is one thing we can make—and sell."

"I'd like tolerable well to know what it is," was the hopeless rejoinder.

"You ought to know, better than any one else. It's cast-iron pipe—water-pipe. Where are the plans of that invention of yours that Farley wouldn't let you install?"

Caleb found the blue-prints, and his hands were trembling. The invention, a pit machine process for molding and casting water- and gas-pipe at a cost that would put all other makers of the commodity out of the field, had been wrought out and perfected in Tom's second Boston year. It was Caleb's one ewe lamb, and he had nursed it by hand through a long preparatory period.

Tom took the blue-prints and spread them on the desk, absorbing the details as his father leaned over him and pointed them out. He saw clearly that the invention would revolutionize pipe-making. The accepted method was to cast each piece separately in a floor flask made in two parts, rammed by hand, once for the drag and again for the cope, with reversings, crane-handlings and all the manipulations necessary for the molding of any heavy casting. But the new process substituted machinery. A cistern-like pit; a circular table pivoted over it, with a hundred or more iron flasks suspended upright from its edges; a huge crane carrying a mechanical ram, these were the main points of the machine which, with a small gang of men, would do the work of an entire foundry floor.

"It's great!" said Tom, enthusiastically. "I got your idea pretty well from your letters, but you've improved on it since them. I wonder Farley didn't snap at it."

"He was willin' to," said Caleb, grimly. "Only he wanted me to transfer the patents to the company; in other words, to make him a present of the controlling interest. I bucked at that, and we come near havin' a fall-out. If there was any market for pipe now——"

"There is a market," said Tom, hopefully. "I got a pointer on that before I left Boston. Did I tell you I had a little talk with Mr. Clarkson the day I came away?"

"No."

"Well, I did. I told him the conditions and asked his advice. Among other things, I spoke of this pipe pit of yours, and he said at once, 'There is your chance. Cast-iron water-pipe is like bread, or sugar, or butcher's meat—it's a necessity, in good times or bad. If that machine is practicable, you can make pipe for less than half the present cost.' Then we talked ways and means. Money is tighter than a shut fist—up East as well as everywhere else. But men with money to invest will still bet on a sure thing. Mr. Clarkson advised me to try our own banks first. Failing with them, he authorized me to call on him. Now you know where I'm digging my sand."

The old iron-master sat back in his chair with his hands locked over one knee, once more taking the measure of this new creation calling itself Tom Gordon and purporting to be his son.

"Say, Buddy," he said at length, "are there many more like you out yonder in the big road?—young fellows that can walk right out o' school and tell their daddies how to run things?"

Tom's laugh was boyishly hearty.

"Plenty of 'em, pappy; lots of 'em! The old world is moving right along; it would be a pity if it didn't, don't you think? But about this pipe business: I want you to make over these patents to me."

"They're yours now, Tom; everything I've got will be yours in a little while," said the father; but his voice betrayed the depth of that thrust. Was the new Tom begining so soon to grasp and reach out avariciously for the fruit of the old tree?

"You ought to know that I don't mean it that way," said Tom, frowning a little. "But here is the way it sizes up. There is money in this pipe-making; some money now, and big money later on. Farley has refused to go into it unless you make it a company proposition; as president and a controlling stockholder you can't very well go into it unless you make it a company proposition; as president and a controlling stockholder you can't very well go into it now without making it some sort of a company proposition. But you can transfer the patents to me, and I can contract with Chiawassee Consolidated to make pipe for me."

"That would certainly be givin' Colonel Dubbury a dose of his own medicine; but I don't like it, Tom. It looks as if we were taking advantage of him."

"No. I'd make the proposition to him, personally, if he were here, and the boss; and he'd be a fool if he didn't just jump at it," said Tom, earnestly. "But there is more to it than that. If we make a go of this, and don't protect ourselves, the two Farleys will come back and put the whole thing in their pockets. I won't go in on any such terms. When they do come back, I'm going to have money to fight them with, and this is our one little ghost of a chance. Ring up Judge Bates and get him to come over here and make a legal transfer of these patents to me."

The experiences of the summer were all hardening. He plunged into the world of business, into a panic-time competition which was in grim reality a fight for life, and there seemed to be little to choose between trampling or being trampled. By early autumn the iron industries of the country were gasping, and the stacks of pig in the Chiawassee yards, kept down a little during the summer by a few meager orders, grew and spread until they covered acres. As long as money could be had, the iron was bonded as fast as it was made, and the proceeds were turned into wages to make more. But when money was no longer obtainable from this source, the pipe venture was the only hope.

With the entire foundry force at the Chiawassee making pipe, Tom had gone into the market with his low-priced product. But the commercial side of the struggle was fire-new to him, and he found himself matched against men who knew buying and selling as he knew smelting and casting. They routed him, easily at first, with increasing difficulty as he learned the new trade, but always with certainty. It was Norman, the correspondence man, transformed now into a sales agent, who gave him his first hint of the inwardness.

"We're too straight, Mr. Gordon; that's at the bottom of it," he said to Tom, over a grill-room luncheon at the Marlboro one day. "It takes money to make money. Four times out of five we have to sell to a municipal committee, and the other time we have to monkey with the purchasing agent of a corporation. In either case it takes money—other money besides the difference in price."

Tom was in town that day for the purpose of taking a train to Louisville, where he was to meet the officials of an Indiana city forced, despite the hard times, to relay many miles of worn-out water-mains. He made a pencil computation on the back of an envelope. The contract was a large one, and his bid, which he was confident was lower than any competitor could make, would still stand a cut and leave a margin of profit. Before he took the train he went to the bank, and, when he reached the Kentucky metropolis, his first care was to assure the "wheel-horse" member of the municipal purchasing board that he was ready to talk business on a modern business basis.

Notwithstanding, he lost the contract. Other people were growing desperate, too, it appeared, and his bribe was not great enough. One member of the committee stood by him and gave him the facts. A check had been passed, and it was a bigger check than Tom could draw without trenching on the balance left in the Iron City National to meet the month's pay-roll at Gordonia.

"You sent a boy to mill," said the loyal one. "And now it's all over. I don't mind telling you that you sent him to the wrong mill, at that. Bullinger's a hog."

"I'd like to do him up," said Tom, vindictively.

"Well, that might be done, too. But it would cost you something."

Tom did not take the hint; he was not buying vengeance. But on the way home he grew bitterer with every subtracted mile. He could meet one more pay-day, and possibly another; and then the end would come. This one contract would have saved the day, and it was lost.

The homing train, rushing around the boundary hills of Paradise, set him down at Gordonia late in the afternoon. There was no one at the station to meet him, but there was bad news in the air which needed no herald to proclaim it. Though it still wanted half an hour of quitting time, the big plant was silent and deserted. Tom walked out the pike and found his father on the Woodlawn porch.

"You needn't say it, son," was his low greeting, when Tom had flung himself into a chair. "It was in the South Tredegar papers this morning.'"

"What was in the papers?"

"About our losin' the Indiany contract. I reckon it was what did the business for us, though there were a-plenty of black looks and a storm brewin' when we missed the pay-day yesterday."

"Missed the pay-day? Why, I left money in bank for it when I went to Louisville!"

"Yes, I know you did. When Dyckman didn't come out with the pay-rolls yesterday evening I telephoned him. He said Vint Farley, as treasurer of the company, had made a draft on him and taken it all."

"And the men?"

"The miners went out at 10 o'clock this morning. The blacks would have stood by us, but Ludlow's men drove 'em out—made 'em quit. We're done, Buddy."

Tom dashed his hat on the floor, and the Gordon rage, slow to fire and fierce to scorch and burn when once it was aflame, made for a moment a yelling maniac of him. In the midst of it he turned, and the tempest of imprecation spent itself in a gasp of dismay. His mother was standing in the doorway, thin, frail, with the sorrow in her eyes that had been there since the long night of chastenings three years agone.

As he looked he saw the growing pallor in her face, the growing speechless horror in her gaze. Then she put out her hands as one groping in darkness and fell before he could reach her.

It was her stalwart son who carried Martha Gordon to her room and laid her gently on the bed, with the husband to follow helplessly behind. Also, it was Tom, tender and loving now as a woman, who sat upon the edge of the bed, chafing the bloodless hands and striving as he could to revive her.

"I'm afraid you've killed her for sure, this time, son!" groaned the man.

But Tom saw the pale lips move and bent low to catch their whisperings. What he heard was only the echo of the despairing cry of the broken heart: "Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son!"

(To be continued.)

THE LION'S ROAR.

Just why the lion should be called the king of beasts few have ever stopped to inquire. His habits, says A. Radclyffe Dugmore, writing in Everybody's Magazine, are not kingly. He is a shameless scavenger. He may be a cannibal. There is a story of a contest between a lion and a lioness over a carcass which ended in the male killing and then devouring his mate. In days before the advent of modern high-power arms the lion may have stood as a symbol of fearlessness and daring, but time has changed all that. He is now neither so fierce nor yet so formidable as he is painted. The chase of the lion is becoming less and less dangerous. "Not a lion has done its duty," said Mr. Roosevelt, emerging from the East African jungles.

Besides, opinion of any brute's nature seems to depend largely on the experience of the observer. If the hunter chanced to have a close call with a lion, he assumes the lion to be the most dangerous of beasts. In Africa, many hold the wild buffalo to be far more fierce than the lion, for this one pertinent reason. Or some fellow has had a brush with an elephant and nearly lost his life; therefore he considers the elephant to be the most dangerous of all animals. Personally, I'd rather face a herd of lions in the open than a herd of buffalo bent on mischief.

But once in the lion country, you learn the real reason why he is termed the king of beasts. He looks it. Besides, there is the terror he casts over all the brute creation about him. And as for terror, there is one feature of life in East Africa that the traveler never forgets—the lion's roaring.

To me, no other sound in nature is more awe-inspiring, more appalling, especially if heard at really close range, or among hills, where the echo resounds in its rolling double bass.

Contrary to the common idea, lions do not confine their thunderous calls to the night only; frequently in the open daylight one may be startled by a sudden outburst. They are a noisy lot, too. At night I have heard a band keep up the dire chorus for hours at a time, a blood-curdling concert that brings to mind every tale, fanciful or true, of their daring, of their fierce rapacity and might. It seems, still further, to have an added dreadfulness when one is lying within the frail walls of a tent, with only its canvas between one and the formidable musician.

Listen now! There goes one booming in the distange, a roaring obligato that breaks into from six to a dozen calls! From the first to the fourth the volume usually increases; then it dies down. At very close quarters one hears the roar melt gradually into a purr, itself diminishing to a growling, discontented mumble that lasts for about half a minute. Or there is the other sound, equally menacing—a soft and suggestive crunching noise, as if the beast had already settled to a gruesome meal.

The lion's voice is mighty, as mighty as his strength. Forget his habits, his love of carrion, and his daylight turn of cowardice, and you have the impression of a king of beasts—a real royalty among the brute creation.

Mangling the Words.

Mark Twain will find an example of English as she is spoke, or written, when he visits a certain city in Italy where the authorities of a charitable institution have posed a notice printed in all languages. The information for English people reads as follows: "The little fathers of the poor of St. Francis harbor all kinds of disease, and have no respect for religion."

Reversing the Process.

Rankin—How did you manage to get the ill will of Scraggles?

Fyle—You know he's been borrowing small sums of me from time to time for the last ten years? Well, a few weeks ago I shut down on lending to him and began borrowing from him.

ODD LOVE MAKING

Balcony Plays Star Part in Portugal's Wooing.

Girl Lowers Cord and Draws Up Admirer's Note—If Parents Approve He Is Permitted to Call.

Lisbon.—Marriage, as in the lives of many, is certainly the most important event in that of the Portuguese woman, and, what is more, in the early days of courtship it is attended with some romance, for there is less of business and more of romance in the ways of the Portuguese lover. This is how the Portuguese cavalier conducts his affairs de coeur: If he sees a pretty girl in the street with whom he would like to become acquainted, he follows her. He follows her in the face of all difficulties—chaperons and duennas—right to her door, and he notes the address.

Next day he comes again and if the young lady approves of him she will most certainly be on the lookout, but sometimes hard fate, an angry guardian or a stern parent prevents her, and then the gallant youth is kept waiting.

So, if during a ramble through Portugal you should notice a young man loitering at the corner of the street or gazing intently at a house, you must not imagine that he is meditating a burglary or anything so desperate, but know that he is merely a harmless and amorous youth gazing at the windows of his lady love.

Be sure if there is a way she will not keep him waiting long, for the Portuguese girl is a past master in the art of intrigue.

Soon she leans over the balcony and smiles at him, and the happy youth, thus encouraged, ties a note, in which

Soon She Leans Over the Balcony and Smiles at Him.

he declares his undying passion, to the cord which the fair lady has dropped from the balcony. The next day the young man, buoyed with hope, comes again, but this time he is bolder, for he rings at the door.

If the inquiries which the lady's parents will doubtless have made prove satisfactory, he is admitted to make the acquaintance of the young lady and her family, and then should he please and the lady's father be prepared to give the necessary dot, wedding bells will end this little romance.

Once married, the death knell of romance and all else is often sounded for the Portuguese bride. Married often when yet a child, she has the cares of wifehood and motherhood thrust upon her.

For, unlike her sisters of France, marriage does not spell her emancipation, her freedom from the chaperon. The bride of today has no more freedom than the maiden of yesterday; without husband or chaperon she may not walk abroad. A jealous husband will often keep her as closely guarded as though she had taken the veil.

The lives, therefore, of the Portuguese women are often as barren and devoid of interest as those of the women in the far east. Certainly among the rising generation there is a growing unrest, a yearning for culture, a vague idea that there is a world somewhere beyond Portugal, but the lives of many are often as hedged in as their own back gardens.

In fact, to many their house and family, their kinlar or orange grove, represent their whole world—the only world they know. It is no unusual thing to find a Portuguese woman who has been willingly incarcerated for several years. One lady of my acquaintance told me she had not been beyond the garden for four years.

"And you are not bored?" I exclaimed in astonishment. "You do not want to go out?"

"If I should go out," she replied in her pretty broken English, "I rest not till I am returned; for who knows what may happen in my absence?"

"Go out," she continued with a shrug of her plump shoulders, "for what for should I go out? Here I have my children, my husband, my home; what more can I want?"

What indeed?

About the balcony a whole book might be written.

First Train Ride at Age of 83.

Johnstown, Pa.—Mrs. Elizabeth Shaffer, eighty-three years old, came to this city recently from her home at Stoystown, Somerset county, and for the first time in her life saw and rode on a railway and had her first view of a trolley car.

Has Aristocratic Ideas.

"She seems to be such a precocious child." "Yes, she has already begun to look down with contempt on other little girls who want more than one doll."

MADE $4,000,000 FARMING

David Rankin, the "Rockefeller of Missouri," Started Work Without a Cent.

Columbia, Mo.—Sixty years ago, in Indiana, a country boy was married. When the clergyman had finished, the young man turned his pockets wrong side out. "I have just five dollars to my name," he said; "take it all."

Then he explained to his bride as they walked away, "Now I shall have an even start."

The boy became a farmer—just a plain, ordinary farmer—worked hard and believed that a penny saved was

David Rankin.

a penny and a quarter earned. The other day he took an inventory of his farm, scratched his gray head a moment and said, "Doing pretty well, after all." The figures totaled up $4,000,000.

David Rankin—for, as the detective stories say, it was none other than he—of Tarkio, Mo., is the world's biggest farmer. That is what he claims to be—a farmer—not a stock raiser, nor a agriculturist. The first agricultural implement he ever owned he went in debt for. Now if he doesn't raise a million bushels of corn in a season he considers that he has had a crop failure.

He has 25,640 acres of land that are actually producing. There are men who own more land—but David Rankin is a farmer. If the number of his fattening hogs falls below 12,000 he becomes nervous.

The business secret of Rankin's life has been: Specialize, stick to it, and early to bed. He has made only one trip abroad. "I couldn't sleep over there," he explained.

David Rankin is eighty-four years old, but he never spends an idle hour. He is the Rockefeller of Missouri. He has given at different times $250,000 to Tarkio college, and considers it his best investment.

His motto is: "A farmer is a business man who lives in the open."

BEAUTY BECOMES PRINCESS

Liane de Pougy, One of Paris' Handsome Women, Weds Man Who Fought for Her.

Paris.—Known as the "Eternal Beauty" and acknowledging to her forty-seven years, Liane de Pougy of Paris only a few days ago through marriage with a youthful scion of the royal house of Roumania became a princess. Her boyish husband is Prince Georges Ghika, cousin of Prince John Ghika, who married Hazel Singer of New York.

Liane, in spite of her mature years, is still one of the handsomest women of the French capital, and for many, many years was a raging beauty over

whom kings and the members of the nobility went wild. She owns a mansion in the Rue de la Nova and on the mantelpiece of one room are jeweled knicknacks worth over a million, presents to her from royal and other distinguished admirers. She is said to be the richest woman of her class in Paris. A quarter of a century ago Liane was the wife of Lieutenant Pourcher. Before securing a divorce from her he shot her in the leg with a revolver.

Some time before this the professional beauty had attracted international attention by attempting suicide for love of a scientist whose fame is now world-wide.

The youthful prince whom she has now espoused won her heart by fighting a man who had laughed at her big hat, later having to pay a fine for his gallantry.

Now that she has both fortune and a title it is said that the famous beauty will exercise all her powers in an effort to force her way into society, a feat which, however, may prove somewhat difficult.

Tip the Assistant.

A word to those who may be planning for the first time to go to some famous Paris house for their gowns. The assistant must be tipped. Otherwise one might sit unnoticed for a long time, with every one seemingly too busy to heed. An assistant must be seized as she passes and embraced, after which miracles will occur. A very good tip will even, at the end, after one or two frocks have been purchased, bring forth from some remote recess a "bargain," and it will be one in verity.

Double the Wheat Yield of Your Land

Crop rotation and good tillage will not do it all. You need fertilizer—need Armour's. In order to secure a proper return on the investment in your land you MUST increase the yield per acre.

Armour's Fertilizers

for wheat have a record of always producing the heaviest yield. Use them this Fall—Grow more wheat—Make more money. Ask your dealer.

Armour Fertilizer Works, Chicago

TOO SHORT A TIME.

Wise—Why did that woman's club disband?

Sharpe—The majority adopted a resolution limiting the time of each member for speaking on any topic to two hours.

EPIDEMIC OF ITCH IN WELSH VILLAGE

"In Dowlais, South Wales, about fifteen years ago, families were stricken wholesale by a disease known as the itch. Believe me, it is the most terrible disease of its kind that I know of, as it itches all through your body and makes your life an inferno. Sleep is out of the question and you feel as if a million mosquitoes were attacking you at the same time. I knew a dozen families that were so affected.

"The doctors did their best, but their remedies were of no avail whatever. Then the families tried a druggist who was noted far and wide for his remarkable cures. People came to him from all parts of the country for treatment, but his medicine made matters still worse, as a last resort they were advised by a friend to use the Cuticura Remedies. I am glad to tell you that after a few days' treatment with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, the effect was wonderful and the result was a perfect cure in all cases.

"I may add that my three brothers, three sisters, myself and all our families have been users of the Cuticura Remedies for fifteen years. Thomas Hugh, 1650 West Huron St., Chicago, Ill., June 29, 1909."

The Deacon's Parable.

A self-conscious and egotistical young clergyman was supplying the pulpit of a country church. After the service he asked one of the deacons, a grizzled, plain-spoken man, what he thought of his morning effort.

"Waal," answered the old man, slowly, "I'll tell ye in a kind of parable. I remember Tunk Weatherbee's fust deer hunt, when he was green. He follered the deer's tracks all right, but he follered 'em all day in the wrong direction."—Housekeeper.

DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.

Seventeen Years the Standard.

Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.

Aromatic Effects.

"What you ought to do," said the physician, "is to take the air in an automobile or a motor boat."

"Can't I stay home and open a can of gasoline?"

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, many people wear smaller shoes by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder to shake into the shoes. It cures Tired, Swollen, Aching Feet and gives rest and comfort. Just the thing for breaking in new shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Why He Believes Her.

Evangeline—Rachel never can tell anything without exaggerating it.

John—That's why I believe her when she tells her age.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes.

Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c at Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Remember, girls, that pinning a $17 hat on a 17 cent head doesn't increase the value of the head.

Clear white clothes are a sign that the housekeeper uses Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

We are still patiently awaiting the advent of wireless politics.

An Easy Fit.

A number of years ago there lived in northern New Hampshire a notorious woman-hater. It was before the day of ready-made clothing, and wanting a new suit, he was obliged to take the material to the village tailoress. She took his measurements, and when she cut the coat, made a liberal allowance on each seam.

The man's dislike of women in general prevented his having a fitting. He took the finished garment without trying it on. It was much too large, and his disgust was apparent in the answer he made to the friendly loafer on his first visit to the post office, when he wore the despised article.

"Got a new coat, Obed?" said the loafer.

"No, I hain't!" said Obed. "I've got seven yards of cloth wrapped round me."—Youth's Companion.

Enough Provocation.

Patience—Does she know any songs without words?

Patrice—No, whenever she sings it's certain to bring on words.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

The saddest case in this world is when one thinks the almighty has destined him to be happy at the price of another's misery.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW? If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents.

If there is plenty of room at the top, why do people who get there continue to fall off?

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A thick head is apt to generate a multitude of thin ideas.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream and Magical Beautifier.

PURIFIES as well as Beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 62 yrs. and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gourand's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U.S., Canada and Europe.

Ferd. T. Hopkins, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York

Busted

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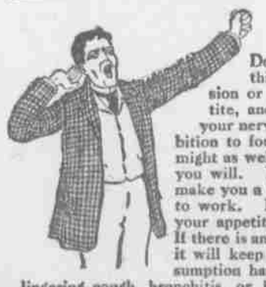

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Do you feel all tired out? Do you sometimes think you just can't work away at your profession or trade any longer? Do you have a poor appetite, and lay awake at nights unable to sleep? Are your nerves all gone, and your stomach too? Has ambition to forge ahead in the world left you? If so, you might as well put a stop to your misery. You can do it if you will. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will make you a different individual. It will set your lazy liver to work. It will set things right in your stomach, and your appetite will come back. It will purify your blood. If there is any tendency in your family toward consumption, it will keep that dread destroyer away. Even after consumption has almost gained a foothold in the form of a lingering cough, bronchitis, or bleeding at the lungs, it will bring about a cure in 98 per cent. of all cases. It is a remedy prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose *advice is given free* to all who wish to write him. His great success has come from his wide experience and varied practice.

Don't be wheedled by a penny-grabbing dealer into taking inferior substitutes for Dr. Pierce's medicines, recommended to be "just as good." Dr. Pierce's medicines are OF KNOWN COMPOSITION. Their every ingredient printed on their wrappers. Made from roots without alcohol. Contain no habit-forming drugs. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.