LADYLOVE.

A Letter That In the Rereading Had a New Meaning.

By MARTHA M'C.-WILLIAMS.

As Jack Vanston stepped through the French window into the library at Cresswell he made half a motion to turn back. Ladylove was crying hard, her head buried in her folded arms on the big library table. Aunt Nan sat a little way off, frowning, yet beaming over a letter. She it was who caught sight of Jack and called to him with little excited breaks between her words:

"Don't go away, Mr. Vanston. You must help me make this headstrong child listen to reason."

"If she's badly in need of discipline suppose you let me take her for a walk this morning?" Jack said, pulling a rebellious curl that strayed down over Ladylove's neck. "She told me yesterday she hated me."

Miss Nancy shook her head. "I cannot permit the walk—now." She put such emphasis on the last word Jack could not choose but ask, "Why?"

"Oh, Ja-ck!" Ladylove wailed, sitting up, but keeping her face hidden. "It's because she wants me to marry that fat, pig eyed Sandy Corlew. He—he had written to her—proposing—fancy proposing that way"—

"I at least appreciate dear Sandy's fine deference to your natural guardian," Miss Nancy said, sitting a thought straighter and caressing the letter with two fingers. Then, in answer to the question of Jack's eyes, she went on: "Of course Ladylove will accept. She came here to establish herself"—

"I didn't! It was just because I thought you were lonely and wanted me—and there were so many of us at home one could well be spared," Ladylove broke in, "and I had rather go back to daddy and the pigs and the chickens and the children and have only calico frocks than marry this—this oaf."

She was standing at the last word, one little foot stamping hard as she spoke. Jack dared not look straight at her. If he did he knew he should catch her in his arms and comfort her. That would ruin everything. It was clearly a case of diplomacy. He said soothingly to Ladylove, "Hush, naughty girl!" Then to Aunt Nancy: "I agree with you, Miss Cresswell. Sandy Corlew is a fine, solid fellow, who may always be depended on to do the right thing. But please let me see his letter. I'm not asking out of impertinent curiosity," as he saw denial in her face. "Do you believe that? I—I have an idea—that—that you may not have understood quite what he meant."

Jack's breath came fast as he said it. He was by turns hot and cold. But desperate cases require desperate audacities. He bent toward Miss Nancy and half forcibly took the letter, read it through twice, folded it, read it again, then stood with it in his hand, the model of one impelled to speak, yet loath to obey the impulse. Miss Nancy, watching him as a bird watches a snake, at last snapped out: "Well, what's the matter? Do you find anything strange or startling in the fact that a gentleman has the courage and decency to say outright he wants to marry my niece?"

"I do not," Jack said. Then in a constrained voice: "But—forgive me, Miss Nancy—has he said so? I think not."

"Why, bless and save us! Are you crazy?" Miss Cresswell demanded.

"Not a bit of it!" Jack retorted stoutly. "Only that you have misunderstood. Here is all the first page about how he has admired you all his life and now that he has reached man's estate 'hopes for a closer alliance.' And then with a manly courage most admirable he sums up, 'My heart is set on marrying the one woman in the world for me—Miss Nancy Walton Cresswell.' Ladylove is Nancy Walton Cresswell on the family register, but whoever heard her called so anywhere else?"

"Oh, you can't mean that! It would be too ridiculous," Miss Cresswell said, but as she said it she turned away her head to hide the blush that spread even to her round white chin. Ladylove sprang at her like a mad thing, crying out: "It's truth, Auntie Nan! It must be true! Sandy means you; nobody else. And you'll take him, and I'll adore my Uncle Sandy. He's only nicely fat, after all, and I'm sure a pig's eyes can be kind and funny"—

"Ladylove, you forget yourself!" Jack said, his voice heavy with reproof, then to Miss Cresswell: "Honestly I cannot doubt that Sandy meant you. That was why I insisted upon seeing the letter. I had heard him say things which made me sure you misunderstood, and I did not want you to make a grave mistake."

"Why, the boy is ten years younger than I am," Miss Cresswell said weakly, stealing a glance at herself in the mantel glass.

"And looks five years older at the very least," Jack said. "That is one advantage of being so—ahem—well, so finely built. At least think it over. Tell him you'll take a week to consider his proposal"—

"You don't think I could be so indelicate as to accept—I mean to say either yes or no—under a fortnight," Miss Cresswell said. "I'll write to Sandy that I must consult my brother and shall possibly give him a definite answer at the end of a fortnight."

With that she clutched the letter and vanished. The door had hardly shut behind her when Jack had Ladylove tight in his arms and was saying to the curls on the top of her head: "Honey girl, would you believe I sat up two full nights concocting that epistle for the good fat witted Sandy? Even at the last I was afraid he'd see through it, although truly it is a document you can read pretty well any way you choose. My heart was in my mouth until Aunty Nan took the bait. Now we two have plain sailing. Before the fortnight is up we can be"—

"What?" Ladylove asked breathlessly, freeing herself and standing in front of him on tiptoe. He caught both her hands and made her a reverence, saying softly: "Happy and married. My governor sailed for home three days back. Just let him get here, and I'll show the gossips I'm no such bad match for you as they have tried to make me out. He meant to stay away another year, but I cabled him how my life's happiness was at stake. Oh, I didn't doubt you—not the least. I knew you'd be equal to love in a cottage. It is our friendly enemies I wanted to confound."

"I'm wondering," Ladylove said in an almost awestruck whisper, "what Aunt Nan's answer will be."

"I hope yes, for Sandy's sake," Jack said. "But one can never tell what is going to happen when one man proposes as another man disposes."

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The gossips of Creston were duly confounded. Jack married Ladylove, with Aunt Nan's beaming approval, the day before Sandy Corlew's probation ended. Such a piece of news, of course, ran through the country like wildfire. Sandy heard it about sundown and rode straight and hard to Cresswell. He found Miss Cresswell upon the porch there, a figure of graciously mature womanhood, wonderfully enchanting in the softening dusk. In spite of feeling that he had been fooled and played with, Sandy could not speak even gruffly when he asked, "What's all this cock and bull story of Ladylove marrying that artist chap Vanston and going off with him in a coach and four?"

"Oh, it's a real romance, a beautiful one!" Miss Cresswell said, rising and giving him her hand. She did it half shyly, as though fearing it might be detained. It was a very white hand, plump and dimpled as a baby's. Sandy held it between both his own big palms, while the owner of it ran on: "You see it was love at first sight with Jack and Ladylove, but I had to be cool to him because he was strange. Not a soul we knew had ever heard of him. He understood and really acted very well; waited until his father came to speak up for him. Then there was no withstanding them. I had to let them marry offhand."

"I think you might have at least told me," Sandy said, half resentfully.

Miss Cresswell blushed—blushed unmistakably—and said: "There were reasons against it. I—you see, I did not quite know my own mind. Besides it might have seemed to you—well, precipitate."

"No such thing," Sandy said stoutly. Even through his denseness he began to see how the land lay. He began to see, too, how he could save his vanity from smart. Miss Cresswell was rich and handsome and kind. At the worst she could but refuse him.

"Now I am here, tell me you'll marry me Christmas," he went on masterfully. Miss Cresswell said nothing, only let him take her in his arms.

Five minutes later she whispered softly: "You owe Jack something, Sandy. Until he read your letter I thought you wanted Ladylove."

"Oh, Jack is a wise guy!" Sandy said, with the accent of conviction.

THE LONELY HUSBAND.

His wife's away,
There is no doubt,
Because he's searching
In and out
To find these things
He needs the most:
The can opener, cork screw, salt and pepper shakers, carving knife, milk tickets, frying pan and
The patent thing
For making toast.

Both day and night
We hear him swear.
He's looked high, low
And everywhere,
But still for these
He seeks in vain:
His change of underwear, clean collars, socks, negligee shirt, extra shoestrings, shaving mug, bath towels, pen and ink, bird seed, his derby hat, rain coat and clothes brush,
And then he wires,
"Come home again."
—Detroit Free Press.

A Family Likeness.

Cissie—Oh, Reggie, don't give it to him; give it to his father!—Comic Cuts.

Nerve.

He shambled into the fashionable lunch room and seated himself under an artificial palm.

"Er—well, me man?" snapped the swell waiter, elevating his nose until it was on a line with the ceiling.

"How much is your planked steak?"

"Three dollars and twenty-five cents."

The unwelcome caller looked as though he had been hit with a baseball bat.

"Three dollars and twenty-five cents for a planked steak?"

"Yes."

There was a painful pause, and then the stranger fished deep down into the pocket of his trousers and drew forth a dime. "Here, boss, take dis. I only want de plank."—Chicago News.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Has been used for over SIXTY-FIVE YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial Number 1054. AN OLD AND WELL TRIED REMEDY.

FOR THE CHILDREN

"It," a Joke Game.

One of the players is asked to go outside while the company thinks of some person in the room and on his return he has to guess of whom the company has thought.

The players then arrange themselves in a circle and agree each to think of his or her right hand neighbor. It is best to have a girl and boy alternately, as this adds much to the amusement.

The one outside is then called in and commences to ask questions. Before replying the player asked must be careful to notice his or her right hand neighbor and then give a correct reply. For instance, supposing the first question to be "Is the person thought of a boy or a girl?" The answer would possibly be "A boy." The next person would then be asked the color of the complexion, the next one the color of the hair, if long or short, etc., to which questions the answers would of course be given according to the right hand neighbor.

Nearly all the answers will contradict the previous ones, and something like this may be the result: "A boy," "very dark complexion," "long yellow hair," "wearing a black Eton jacket," "with a dark green dress," "five feet high," "about six years old," etc. When the player guessing gives the game up the joke is explained to him.

A Life Saving Experiment.

They were making some experiments with a lifeboat at a certain government life saving station, and it was thought best to pitch two or three men overboard with cork jackets on, just to show how the device keeps the wearer afloat. Among the spectators was a big Newfoundland dog. He watched the proceedings with no little uneasiness, apparently trying to induce some of the people on shore to go to the assistance of the men in the water. Failing in this, he determined to go himself, and in he plunged. Swimming rapidly out to where one of the men was buffeting the waves, he grasped the man by the arm and tried to pull him ashore. The man struggled to get loose, but the dog held on, for he evidently thought the man was in danger and that it was his duty to save him. Not until two men rowed out in a boat and pulled him away would the dog give it up, and then he looked all broken up with disappointment. So much for the Newfoundland's noble instinct.

Simon Says.

Seat yourselves in a circle and choose one of the company to be the leader, or Simon, in this game. His duty is to order all sorts of different things to be done, the funnier the better, which must be obeyed only when the order begins with "Simon says." As, for instance, "Simon says, 'Thumbs up!'" which, of course, all obey; then perhaps comes, "Thumbs down!" which should not be obeyed, because the order did not commence with "Simon says."

Each time this rule is forgotten a forfeit must be paid. "Hands over eyes," "Stamp the right foot," "Pull the left ear," etc., are the kind of orders to be given.

History Questions.

What two presidents of the United States died on July 4? Thomas Jefferson and John Adams.

Who was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr? Alexander Hamilton.

What general sold his honor for money? Benedict Arnold.

What military man was midshipman at the age of eleven years? David Farragut.

What Indian defeated General Custer? Sitting Bull.

What great statesman began his education under his father's instruction in his own home? Patrick Henry.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Conundrums.

How do we know that there was a pig in Noah's ark? Because he had Ham.

Why is sympathy like blind man's buff? Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow mortal.

Why are fish considered good brain food? Because they have a taste for going in schools.

What is the difference between one yard and two yards? A fence.

Biblical Conundrums.

At what time of day was Adam created? A little before Eve.

Who was the strongest man spoken of in the Bible? Jonah, because the whale couldn't keep him down.

What enormous sin did Moses commit in a moment. He broke the Ten Commandments all at once.

Dream Shadows.

Bedtime, bedtime—heavy eyes!
Oh, my bed is soft and deep!
See how still my pillow lies,
It must be asleep.

Nice, kind shadows, big and tall,
Smooth as satin, seem to creep
Round my room and on the wall.
They don't go to sleep.

Shadows make the sleepy place,
Where the nicest dreams they keep.
Then they come and touch my face.
That puts me to sleep.

Shadows always come and play
When I'm dreaming, and they peep
Into all my dreams and stay
Near me while I sleep.

Gentle shadows, dim and gray,
Drift about and softly sweep
All unlovely thoughts away
As I fall asleep.

Good night, shadows big and tall!
You can count the woolly sheep
As they jump the slumber wall.
I am sound asleep.
—Youth's Companion.

A Curiosity.

"What in the world have you got that bill framed up there for?" we asked.

"Oh, that," sighed the billionaire, "is the only dollar I ever earned!"

We understood.—Puck.

BABY'S ITCHING WAS INTOLERABLE

Girl of Six Months had Fearful Attack of Eczema—Spread All Over Her Face and Eyes Began to Swell—Scratched Till Blood Came—Relieved in a Night and

CURED BY CUTICURA AFTER LONG SUFFERING

"When my little girl was six months old I noticed small red spots on her right cheek. I did not pay any attention to them but finally the spots grew so large that I sent for the doctor who said it was ringworm. He prescribed an ointment which I used for two weeks, but instead of helping the eruption, the ointment seemed to make it worse. Then I went to a second doctor who after examining the baby said it was eczema. He also gave me an ointment which did not help either. The disease in the meantime spread all over the face and the eyes began to swell. I became very anxious. The itching grew intolerable. I had to tie the baby's hands to the cradle to prevent her scratching. The cheeks were covered with blood and it was a terrible sight to see. I consulted doctors from September to December, but they were unable to cure the baby. I paid out from twenty to thirty dollars without relief.

"One of my friends told me of the Cuticura Remedies and I sent at once for a set which I began to use that evening. The next morning the baby's face was all white instead of red and you can imagine how surprised I was. I cannot find words enough to praise Cuticura and I do not know what would have become of my baby only for it. I used the Cuticura Remedies until the eczema entirely disappeared. The child is now three years old and quite well. I used three cakes of Cuticura Soap, two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and one bottle of Cuticura Resolvent and I never use any other soap. I always recommend them whenever there is a chance for doing so. I will send you one of her pictures which she had taken just after she was healed. Mrs. P. E. Gumbin, Sheldon, Ia., July 13, 1908."

Cuticura Soap (25c.), Ointment (50c.), Resolvent (50c.), and Chocolate Coated Pills (25c.), are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 137 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

MISSION OF THE LAND.

To Produce Commodities For the Service of Mankind.

The mission of the land is to produce and keep on producing food, live stock, lumber and other commodities for the service of man. He who owns land and is indifferent to this is guilty of a moral wrong, and he who takes good land out of commission and suffers it to lie unproductive and useless is guilty of a greater one. This is the only criterion by which we can properly judge of the right of an individual to own land in large tracts.

The good results attendant upon small individual holdings are natural. The purposes of nature in the upward evolution of man are usually better carried out in this way, and not because, as is so frequently argued, every man has an inherent right to its ownership. The lazy, the incapable and the densely ignorant assuredly have no such right, and land is too precious and its mission too high to be thus wasted.

If the owner of a great country estate can farm his land as well as or better than if it were in small holdings; if, following the precept of Swift, he made two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow where one grew before; if he supply his section with a better breed of horses, cattle or sheep, well and good. No one with any knowledge of economics could say he was doing any injury to the world or mankind. It is not the amount of land that he owns, but what he does with it for which he is morally responsible. —David Buffum in Atlantic.

The Invention of the Panorama.

The panorama was invented by a Scotchman named Robert Barker, who obtained a license in London in 1787 and erected a rotunda on Leicester square. He was associated with Robert Fulton, the practical inventor of the steamboat, who introduced panoramas into Paris in 1796, but resigned in favor of Thayer perhaps in order to give his attention to the application of steam to boats. Thayer raised a rotunda on the Boulevard Montmartre, whence comes the name of the Passage des Panoramas. Bonaparte caused plans to be drawn up for eight panoramas, in which his conquests were to be shown to the Parisians, whom he always tried to impress with the magnitude of the achievements in order to keep them faithful to his star. But these projects were never realized.

Lincoln as He Knew Him.

Asked under the civil service rules to write what he knew about Abraham Lincoln, an applicant for the police force of New York wrote:

"Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky at a very early age. His father moved the family to Ohio, floating down the Mississippi. If he had not been killed by a murderer he might be living today. He was an intelligent man and could easily have been president of New York city."—Ladies' Home Journal.

An Opportunity For Him.

Mose Foreace (ardently)—Tell me, Miss Angie, may I contribute to yo'l future happiness? Miss Angie—Well, Mr. Foreace, as I accepted Abe Gingerbread last ebenin' dere is weddin' presents to be thought ob, to be shuan. —Judge.

Vagaries of a Cold.

In winter cold may settle in the bowels. In the summer it may give you colic or summer complaint. But don't fear appendicitis or inflammation of the bowels. At the first pain or cramp take Perry Davis' Painkiller in warm water and relief will come at once. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'. A large 35c. size as well as the 50c. size.

AMERICA WINS AT PEKIN

Gets One Quarter of Loan of $30,000,000

ALSO OUR OPPORTUNITY

To Supply Material for Railroads—End of Long Dispute in Sight—Establishes Equality of American Capital in China.

Pekin, Aug. 18.—American participation in the Hankow-Sze-Chuen railroad loan was definitely settled at the offices of the foreign board yesterday by Henry P. Fletcher, the American charge d'affaires, and Liang Tun-Yen, president of the board.

The loan is to be increased from $27,500,000 to $30,000,000 and of this latter amount American bankers are to get one quarter, the other three quarters going to British, French and German interests.

Americans are to have equal opportunity to supply material for both the Sze-Chuen and the Canton lines and the branches; they will appoint subordinate engineers, and they will have also one-half of all future loans of the Sze-Chuen railroad and its branches, with the corresponding advantages.

The details of this settlement will be arranged after the arrival here at the end of this week of Willard D. Straight, the representative of the American financiers interested, whereupon the protest lodged by Mr. Fletcher against the completion of the loan with British, French, and German interests alone will be withdrawn and an edict issued authorizing the signature of the undertaking. The entire question will then be conclusively settled.

The settlement reached yesterday prevents actual American investment in the abandoned Hankow-Canton line, but nevertheless it is the opinion here that the American capital has been placed on an equality with other capital in China.

Washington, Aug. 18.—The news from Pekin that America would participate in the Hankow railway loan was received here with satisfaction. The final settlement of the issue is a victory for the state department, which all along has declared it to be an undeniable right that American capital should share in the financing of the Sze-Chuen and other railroads, as a promise to that effect was made to Minister Conger back in 1904.

GREECE LEAVES ALL TO POWERS.

Situation in Crete Endangered by Insistence of Porte.

Washington, Aug. 18.—Mr. Einstein, the secretary of the American embassy at Constantinople, has cabled the State Department that the situation there is endangered owing to the pressur which is bing brought to bear on the Sublime Porte to demand fresh categorical explanations at Athens regarding Crete and Macedonia. The Greek Government Mr. Einstein adds, appears to have plac itself entirely in the hands of the four protecting powers who are continuing their conciliatory efforts. While the possibility of hostilities is said to be by no means removed, hopes are extended of a peaceful solution of the difficulties.

NO "OFFICIAL QUOTATIONS."

New York Mercantile Exchange Ends System.

New York, Aug. 18.—The practice of the New York mercantile exchange, which deals in butter, cheese and eggs, of fixing the price of dairy products by what is known as "official quotations" determined upon by a committee of members will be discontinued under a vote of the exchange yesterday. This method of fixing the prices of farm products was condemned by the investigating committee appointed by Governor Hughes a few months ago, which stated that such practices resulted in deceiving buyers and sells and recommended that the charter of the exchange be repealed. Under the plan adopted by the members yesterday, no quotations will be made by the exchange and prices ruling in the dairy markets will prevail.

ANARCHIST SHOT.

Madrid Reports Baro's Death in Barcelona.

London, Aug. 18.—A dispatch to the Central News from Madrid says that a leading anarchist named Baro was shot in Barcelona yesterday morning.

LISBON ALARMED.

Heavy Earthquake Shocks Felt in Portugal.

Lisbon, Aug. 18.—Heavy earthquake shocks were felt here yesterday and the inhabitants were much alarmed.

Household Remedies

which have stood the test of time deserve a place in the medicine chest of every family. Mothers are to-day administering to their children the remedies their grandmothers used.

For thirty years, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been curing the women of this country from the worst form of female ills, and merit alone could have stood such a test of time and won such an enviable record.

How One Washerwoman Was Converted to the Fels-Naptha Way.

Anty Drudge—"Why, bless my soul! Mrs. Old School, the washerwoman has seen the light at last and has adopted the Fels-Naptha way of washing."

Grocer's Boy—"She was forced to it, Anty Drudge. Mrs. Millionaire, her best customer, told her that if she didn't use Fels-Naptha she'd take her washing away. Was tired, she said, of having her clothes come back all yellow and some with streaks of dirt still in them."

A generation or so ago, if a woman had an errand she walked—she had to, there was no other way.

Later she could do it in half the time by riding. Now she can do it almost instantly, by telephone.

That's Progress, and Progress is made possible by science.

Fels-Naptha is science applied to the washday problem, and it's results are just wonderful.

Formerly washday was a time of sickening odors, back-breaking labor, a disordered house and the severest test on the clothes. This was necessary. There was no other way.

The Fels-Naptha washday—the scientific washday—isn't a washday at all in the old sense; merely an incident in the routine of household duties.

And if directions on the red and green wrapper are followed, the result is certain.

THE EMPEROR PENGUIN.

Queer Ways of This Great Polar Bird and Its Young.

"Not many birds undertake to lay their eggs in the darkness of a polar winter, nor do many birds appear to think that sea ice is the most attractive ground to sit on.

"When in addition to this," writes Edmund A. Wilson in "The Voyage of the Discovery," "we find the emperor penguin hatching out its chicks in the coldest month of the whole antarctic year, when the mean temperature for the month is 13 degrees below zero, F., and the minimum may fall to—68 degrees, I think we may rightly consider the bird to be eccentric.

"The emperor penguin stands nearly four feet high and weighs upward of eighty to ninety pounds. He is an exceedingly handsome bird, with a rich black head, a bluish gray back and wings, a lemon yellow breast, with a satinlike gloss on the feathers and a brilliant patch of orange on the neck and lower bill.

"His movements are slow and stately, and the dignity of his appearance is much increased by the upright carriage of his head and bill.

"His voice is loud and trumpet-like and rings out in the pack ice with a note of defiance that makes one feel man is the real intruder. Penguins have no fear, but an abundance of inquisitiveness, and will walk up to a human being and stand in a ring around him, with an occasional remark from one to the other, discussing no doubt the nature of this new and upright neighbor.

"The method employed by the emperor penguin for carrying the egg and chick upon his feet is shared also by the king penguin of the subantarctic area, as we saw in our visit to their rookeries in the Macquarie islands.

"The king penguin we saw as he sat in mud and puddles, with his single egg upon his feet, and now we saw the emperor penguin doing precisely the same thing with his single chicken to keep it off the ice, and we are agreed that the term pouch, which has been used in this connection, is one which not only does not describe the matter, but is anatomically wrong and misleading.

"The single egg, or the chick, sits resting on the dorsum of the foot, wedged in between the legs and the lower abdomen, and over it falls a fold of heavily feathered skin, which is very loose, and can completely cover up and hide the egg or chick from view. When the chick is hungry or inquisitive, it pokes out from under the material (or paternal) lappet a piebald downy head of black and white, emitting its shrill and persistent pipe until the mother (or the father) fills it up.

"The feeding is managed as with cormorants and many other birds, the little one finding regurgitated food when it thrusts its head inside the parent's mouth.

"I think the chickens hate their parents, and when one watches the proceedings in a rookery it strikes one as not surprising. In the first place, there is about one chick to ten or twelve adults, and each adult has an overpowering desire to sit on something. Both males and females want to nurse, and the result is that when a chicken finds himself alone there is a rush on the part of a dozen unemployed to seize him.

"Naturally he runs away and dodges here and there till a six stone emperor falls on him, and then begins a regular football scrimmage, in which each tries to hustle the other off, and the end is too often disastrous to the chick.

"Sometimes he falls into a crack in the ice and stays there to be frozen while the parents squabble at the top. Sometimes, rather than be nursed, I have seen him crawl in under an ice ledge and remain there, where the old ones cannot reach him. I think it is not an exaggeration to say that of the 77 per cent that die no less than half are killed by kindness."

The Hater of Quietude.

"That man says he will create some real excitement if he gets into congress."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "he is one of those peculiar patriots who want to climb on board the ship of state simply for the pleasure of rocking the boat."—Washington Star.

A Woman Humiliated

Would Not Attend Social Functions Because of Her Hair.

There are many women in this world, handsome in features, perfect in form, graceful of movement and brilliant of mind, who keep in the background just because they have thin, colorless and lusterless hair.

In Paris they understand things about the hair that we do not know in this country. It was a Parisian, Dr. Sabouraud, who discovered that thin hair and dandruff are caused by a microbe.

It is Parisian Sage that proves Dr. Sabouraud's theory to be correct, for it is rigidly guaranteed by the Red Cross Pharmacy to kill the dandruff germ and cure dandruff, falling hair and itching scalp in two weeks or money back.

Parisian Sage is delightfully pleasant hair dressing and invigorator; it is not sticky or greasy. It should be used freely in summer as it keeps the scalp clean and cool and free from odors.

The price for Parisian Sage is only 50 cents for a large, generous bottle and is for sale by leading druggists everywhere. Sold in Barre on the money-back plan by the Red Cross Pharmacy. The girl with the auburn hair is on every package. Made in America by Giroux Mfg. Co., Buffalo.