

THE BLUE MOON

A TALE OF THE FLATWOODS

DAVID ANDERSON



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CHAPTER IX—Continued.

Jumping lightly from rock to rock in the shallow water of the pool, the bandit approached the cataract, the third leap landing him upon the flat top of a rock almost within the very wash of the falling water. Pausing an instant to pull his hat tight and turn up the collar of his coat, he sprang straight into the thin blade of the falls. His leap must have carried him completely through to the other side. It was the first the Pearlhunter knew, or even suspected, that there was an open space beyond. So completely did the falling water hide everything back of it that probably the man who had just leaped and the man who watched him were the only two who knew there was anything back of it.

The Pearlhunter stretched himself flat under cover of a clump of sprouts growing about an old white oak stump, and kept his eyes fixed on the waterfall.

Time goes slowly to one who watches and waits. It was probably not more than ten minutes, though it seemed far longer, when, without so much as a diverted flick of spray in warning, the waterfall flung forth upon the flat-topped rock a little and active figure that sprang lightly to shore over the two intervening strata.

Pausing on the brink of the pool barely long enough to shake his coat by the lapels and to knock his hat against his hand, he immediately set out along the bluffs toward the village, as unconcerned as if he had not just pulled on about the most sensational stunt ever seen by a Flatwoodsman.

CHAPTER X.

The Pearlhunter slipped out of the cover and softly followed; trailed him up the bluffs, through the corner of the woods and out to the river road where it angles north through the cut in the cliffs; listened at the fence, near where the path crossed it, till the receding steps were well on their way to the village.

The Pearlhunter pondered the scene he had gazed on through the chink in the cabin wall: the man's transfused face, his actions with the picture—that above all—the picture. It puzzled him, angered him. That such a man should have her picture; his mother—with the darkly beautiful face and wonderful eyes—warm against his breast! It was another reason why he should hunt him down.

The Pearlhunter was as brave as the woods make them but it is no discredit to his manhood to say that his blood ran a little faster as he stepped down off the rock into the water and waded through the falls. Every inch of the way had to be felt out with his fingers before his feet could be trusted to follow.

The roar of the falls had dulled a little when suddenly a sound came out of the dark just ahead—a sound like a garment rubbing against some rough surface. The Pearlhunter stepped to one side of the passage and flinched himself against the wall. Out of the dead silence the woods came again. A grin loosened his face. The very sound he had half expected—a horse contentedly munching his hay.

The Pearlhunter came out from against the wall and inched his way deeper into the blackness of the passage. It abruptly widened until he was no longer able to reach from one wall to the other with his outstretched arms. Though denied the use of his eyes, he knew that the passage broadly expanded just there and became a cave. He stood in the very entrance of it.

The next step—there was no help for it—light! Desperate and dangerous—the first spark, and the cave might spring to life. Still, it was better than to stumble over a sleeping man; or walk into a knife. With his revolver balanced, his face to the open cave, he reached his left hand along the wall to the farthest stretch of his arm, bringing his body as far as possible from the light, and with his fingers fumbled out a spot suitably smooth and dry—for there must be no flame. The match scraped. A tiny flame leaped away from the rock. It lighted up the place surprisingly.

The cave was not large—hardly twice the size of an ordinary room. The first swift glance showed him that—except for the horse—it was empty. The stub of a candle caught his eye, stuck by its own tallow, to an outstanding stool of shale just beyond the mouth of the passage. He crossed the passage and held the match to the wick. In the better light he studied the place more closely.

The cave could not have been far below the ground, for an oak root had found its way through the wall. It was to this that the horse was tied. For a moment he was strongly tempted to stay where he was till his prey returned the following night and then rid the Flatwoods of him, and trust what evidence he already had to prove his case.

But a better plan had been forming ever since he came into the cave, and there was much yet to be done; though the cave would have made a good hiding place during the coming day—always provided the bandit did not chance to return before his time.

Selecting a spot that he judged to be

about right for the take-off, he leaped at the falls, and half to his surprise, landed on the flat rock outside. It was like breaking through the crust of creation into a new world. Marveling at the small amount of water that had clung to him, he sprang over the two intervening rocks to the shore.

He hurried around to the front of the cabin, raised the latch, entered and closed the door. Snatching up some cold biscuits and strips of fried bacon, he hurriedly made six sandwiches and stuffed them into his pockets. Resting at the spring long enough to eat two of his sandwiches, he drained a gourd of water, crossed the branch below the falls and hurried away up the bluffs into the deep woods.

A mile and more north of the waterfall, Wolf Run bends west to double and twist and loop through a tangle of hills and gulches known as Fox Den, the wildest and most inaccessible district of the Flatwoods. The Pearlhunter had heard of the place. He resolved to take his chances there. The spot was no great distance above the three-gabled cabin.

Away up the bare front of a cliff his eye lighted on the mouth of what appeared to be a cleft in the rock. Wolf Run washed against a narrow ledge at the very foot of this cliff. He sprang himself flat against the face of the rock and strained from crevice to crevice. It was a prodigious task, but all tasks have an end—either at the bottom or at the top. The Pearlhunter's task finally ended at the top. It had to.

The strata gaped apart half the height of a man, leaving a wide-open scar in the face of the cliff. It was perhaps ten feet deep, and seemed to be closed at the back by the dipping together of the two strata.

Rolling back as far within the opening as the converging strata would comfortably allow, he dropped his battered head upon his arm to sleep the rest of the night away.

The Pearlhunter waked with the woods. His limbs and breast and shoulders were so sore that he was



He Leaped at the Falls, and Landed on the Flat Rock.

half glad for the snug place to lie in, like a fox in his burrow, while the hounds beat up the woods at fault.

Lack of water was the greatest drawback. Thirst was already beginning to annoy him. He took out his sandwiches and ate two more of them, saving the other two until later in the day. The salty bacon made the water more tempting still. He drew back a little space from the brink of the ledge out of sight of it. "The sound of it still tempted him.

Voices reached him suddenly, breaking upon the silence from around a sharp turn of the gorge down stream. He drew his face back from the brink of the ledge and lay listening. It was far too risky to look. His ears made out three of them—three tongues, all going at top speed, a sure sign that eyes and ears were not as busy as they might have been. Opposite the cliff where the fugitive lay, the steps stopped.

"What's that hole up there?" It was a gruff and heavy voice that asked, thick still with the flare of temper that had not yet cooled.

"Wolf den, more'n likely," answered one of the others.

"If we was up 'n' bluff cross there, furnist the hole, we could see in," suggested a voice.

The other voices grunted; and the Pearlhunter heard them hopping back across the stream, heard them clawing their way through the tangled underbrush up the opposite bluff. The scar in which he lay dipped slightly toward the rear. He rolled back as far as possible, so as to have the protection afforded by the slightly higher edge; stretched himself on his right side; and waited for them to come into view.

Fortunately the sun hit their side of the gorge, and the Pearlhunter could see them well, while, being on

the shady side, and back in the darkness of the scar, they could not see him at all. The three of them drew together in consultation. The Pearlhunter could not make out their words, but the manner in which they handled their rifles, which they had managed to drag up with them, indicated only too plainly the general drift of what was being said.

With a final nod all around, they faced the pocket, and one of them raised his rifle. The bullet struck the roof of the scar just in front of him, showering him with dust and bits of shale. The second fired. The bullet passed close to his feet and lost itself far back in the crevice where the two strata converged.

It was now the third one's turn. There came the hot spit of smoke; the vicious slap of the report. But even before he saw the one, or heard the other, he felt something like a red coal sting his side just under the armpit.

His side! A thousand flames had not at it. Some thing warm and sticky ran down under his tattered shirt and made it mussy. The flames reached his face and twisted it. The air seemed to forsake the pocket. He crawled to the front of the scar.

He couldn't take his eyes away from the water glistening along at the foot of the cliff. The flames had scorched him dry. If he could only have one spot of water to moisten his lips so that the breath could get through. He crawled a little nearer the opening; held his face out over the ledge. The ledge seemed to be rocking up and down; the trees were dipping and going around in a queer whirl that made him dizzy. He had never known trees to act like that. The tops of the gorge were bending together. The gorge came together—slowly—shut out the air—shut out the sky.

CHAPTER XI.

Only the Hunted Know. For a long time the Pearlhunter lay wondering why the gorge didn't fall in. While he lay and wondered, another strange thing happened—the very strangest of all.

The top of the gorge began to open—opened and let in two little patches of sky. He kept his eyes on them—two little spots of blue set between clouds of pink and gold. The gorge top opened wider. He came back to the two patches of sky; smiled oddly—they had transfigured; had become the eyes of the Wild Rose.

The shooting had brought her. Her arm was under his head, and she was saying something. A tinge of crimson deepened the pink in her cheeks when his eyes came open. What if he had heard! But she met his eyes with frank directness. He lay looking up at her a long time; trying to comprehend it all; the wonder of it—that she was there!

She helped him edge a little nearer the brink of the ledge, raised him, and he drank out of her cupped palm. Whether it was the cup he drank from, or the thirst that parched him, he took no thought, but it was the sweetest drink that ever passed his lips. She eased him back upon the ledge, her arm still under his head. A strand of her hair fell upon his face. She tried to shake it off. He put up his hand and covered it.

Her eyes dropped to his wounded side. "I didn't know he was the Red Mask," she said, as if in pursuance of his first remark, "till those men came this morning."

Her next words were low and thoughtful. "I've wondered if I could have been he that hurt Daddy?"

"It was him."

"The girl's breath quickened. He saw her fingers clench."

But there was much to do. Her eyes turned again to his blood-stained garments, and she set about uncovering the wounded side. There was little enough to remove—a shred or two of tattered shirt; a laying back of the torn blouse. After the first start at sight of the wound she became calmly thoughtful. The color mounted to her face; he tried to meet her eyes, but they turned away.

"Can you spare me for a minute?" For answer he lifted his head. She took away her arm, eased him back upon the rock, and he heard her light step as she sprang around an angle of the cliff.

She was gone barely more than the minute asked for. When she returned she was carrying in her hands a number of strips—bandages—of white cloth. Where she got them—well, that's her secret.

The bullet had cut a deep, ragged gash just below the armpit. It had grazed a rib, but seemingly had not broken it. With that encouraging fact established, and the sting of the wound much allayed, the mind of the man began reaching forward to the night; the all-important night—when a certain suave individual in a frock coat would come to feed a certain horse. He said no word of this to the girl already binding the bandages around the clean-washed wound. She would have scouted the bare suggestion of the things he was planning to do the moment the dark was sufficiently dense to hide him.

At any rate it was the custom in old Babylon for the priest who officiated at the wedding to take a thread from the garment of the bride and one from a garment of the groom. He would then knot the two together and present them to the oride, a symbol of the matrimonial joining her and her husband.

It was the little physician, Salvioni who devised a microbalance of such extreme delicacy that it clearly demonstrates the loss of weight of musk by volatilization. Thus the invisible perfume floating off in the air is indirectly weighed. The essential part of the apparatus is a very thin thread of glass fixed at one end and extended horizontally. The microscopic objects to be weighed are placed upon the glass thread near its free end and the amount of flexure produced is observed with a microscope magnifying 100 diameters. A note weighing one-thousandth of a milligram perceptibly bends the thread.

like the happy water curling against the ledge. He laughed back. He couldn't help it. The restraint was broken; the smart gone.

He glanced down at the ledge before leaving to see that no tell-tale blood spots or bits of cloth were left. A needless precaution—her woodcraft was as fine as his own.

How she managed to lead him, half carry him, out of the rocky and broken gulches of Fox Den and down the rough banks of Wolf Run to the cabin of the three gables she never knew. Neither did he. It always remained a matter of wonder to him. Who does know the source of power—that mysterious augmentation of strength—that comes to a woman in a crisis?

She led him into the house and to the sofa in the main room; the queer little leather-covered bed that had stirred his curiosity the afternoon of his first visit two days before.

The old man was not in the room. She must have caught his eyes searching for him.

"Daddy?" she answered to the eyes. "He often spends hours away. There'll be little pass in the woods today that he won't see, though nobody will see him. Poor Daddy!"

"We'll send for that surgeon tomorrow," he said.

She was back in a moment, carrying a pan of water, fresh bandages, and a formidable-looking brown bottle—camphor, the universal first aid in the Flatwoods. The blood-soaked bandages were deftly removed and the wound re-washed. She picked up the brown bottle.

"I am sorry to hurt you," she said. "But I will keep the fever down."

"You're the doctor," was his slow answer. She uncorked the bottle and applied some of its contents to the wound with a bit of cotton. Hurt! It hurt so that he laughed.

"Anything to get ready for tonight," he grinned, under the bite of the powerful antiseptic.

"Tonight!" she repeated blankly. "Why, you mustn't think—"

"I must, though. Big things depend on tonight." She saw a sternness gather in his eyes. "He'll think I've left the Flatwoods," he muttered on, more to himself than to her. "It's what he's been waiting for. His game!—tonight!—and!"

The girl saw the fingers of his right hand clench against his palm—doubtless quite unconsciously—while the knotted ridges of his great forearm bunched and swelled; but the full meaning of the muttered words happily missed her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LIVED LONG ON FRUGAL DIET

Englishman Who Died in 1680 Proved That It Was Possible to Eat Out Existence Cheaply.

Thomas F. Curby, the champion eater of Massachusetts, declared that dyspepsia is the result of eating too little, and not too much. His Sunday dinner consisted of thirteen lobsters, sixty eggs, and one hundred oysters. At the other end of the scale must be placed old Roger Crab, the first vegetarian, who died September 11, 1680, after proving that a man could live on 75 cents a week. Ordinarily a hard-earner in a big way of business at Chesham, England, a free liver and drinker of strong ales, he "got religion"—also dyspepsia—in middle life, sold his stock, gave the proceeds to the poor, and took to living in a hut on three-farthings a week. Instead of "strong drinks and wines," he says in his autobiography, "I give the 'old man'—he lived two centuries too soon to call 'Little Mary'—a cup of water and, instead of roast mutton, rabbit with bran, and pudding made with bran and turnip-leaves chopped together." And on this diet he lived to a ripe old age, surviving repeated cut-throats and imprisonment for witchcraft.

Clerical Expedient. The English preacher, Stephen Jenkens, was not a highly educated man, but he had a native wit which often helped him out of difficulties. One Sunday while reading as the Scripture lesson the third chapter of Daniel, he came to a batch of words that gave him trouble. "At what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer," etc. Now this list of instruments is repeated several times in the chapter, and the second time he stumbled through it with even greater difficulty than the first. Before he reached it again, however, he had discovered a way of escape. So the third time he relieved both himself and his listeners by reading with the utmost gravity, "And the band played as before."—Boston Transcript.

Tying the Knot. The performance of the marriage ceremony is often spoken of as "tying the knot." The expression may be of comparatively recent origin, a figurative phrase referring to the fact that the contracting parties are united or bound together in wedlock. Quite as reasonable a supposition is that it has come down from the ancient Babylonians.

At any rate it was the custom in old Babylon for the priest who officiated at the wedding to take a thread from the garment of the bride and one from a garment of the groom. He would then knot the two together and present them to the oride, a symbol of the matrimonial joining her and her husband.

Weighing a Perfume. It was the little physician, Salvioni who devised a microbalance of such extreme delicacy that it clearly demonstrates the loss of weight of musk by volatilization. Thus the invisible perfume floating off in the air is indirectly weighed. The essential part of the apparatus is a very thin thread of glass fixed at one end and extended horizontally. The microscopic objects to be weighed are placed upon the glass thread near its free end and the amount of flexure produced is observed with a microscope magnifying 100 diameters. A note weighing one-thousandth of a milligram perceptibly bends the thread.

LIVE STOCK

HIGHEST PRICES FOR SWINE

Especially Advantageous to Southern Farmer to Study Use of Well-Balanced Hog Ration.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Information secured by the bureau of markets, United States Department of Agriculture, indicates that southern hogs will command prices as high as those paid for hogs from the corn belt if they are properly fed and handled. Nearly 6,000 hogs from a single owner in Mississippi have been received at the National stock yards, Illinois, within the past few months and all were firm, finished porkers, which sold well in line with the best that came from other sections of the country. A representative of the bureau of markets made some inquiries into the manner in which these hogs were fed. He discovered that the same owner has feeding pens in Iowa as well as in Mississippi, and that he bought his young pigs and fed them a mixed grain ration in connection with corn and tankage. All the animals showed intensive feeding and weighed 250 pounds or over when they arrived at the market.

It would be especially advantageous to the southern farmer to study the use of the well-balanced grain rations and the complementary adaptation of peanuts and velvet beans, which can be grown so abundantly in that section.

Twelve carloads of hogs were received from a single Tennessee owner at the same stockyards. These animals were of a distinctly southern type, says the bureau of markets' representative.



A Good Pasture is the First Thing to Provide for the Most Profitable Production of Pork.

sentative, but they were well finished on corn, and sold readily at the top of the market, despite the fact that they came from the so-called "doubtful territory." The owner received a check for \$72,417, the largest ever paid to a patron of that market for a single shipment.

DOUBLE TREATMENT IS BEST

Serum May Be Satisfactory for Short Fattening Period—Immunity Is Not Permanent.

The serum treatment alone will not bring permanent immunity from hog cholera. It may be satisfactory for a short fattening period. But for the farm herd it is necessary to give the double treatment which consists of the virus and the serum. It is generally understood that a hog that has once recovered from a case of cholera is permanently immune. This immunity is the result of the formation in the body of the animal of anti-bodies which are antagonistic to the disease germs. For hogs that have been exposed to the disease or that may take it, it is necessary to use the virus which gives the animal the disease in a slight form. The serum which is then injected combats the disease germs and assists the body in resistance.

ISOLATE ALL SHOW ANIMALS

Stock on Exhibition at Fairs Should Be Segregated on Return to Farm to Avoid Disease.

It is an enjoyable, if not a profitable pastime, to the owner to exhibit his best animals at fairs and shows, but when they are returned to the farm, as well as others that may have been purchased, they should be segregated for a period that will insure their freedom from contagious diseases to which they may have been exposed.

VACCINATE FOR HOG CHOLERA

Double Treatment Can Successfully Be Used on Pigs When They Are Still Quite Young.

Pigs can be successfully vaccinated for hog cholera with the double treatment when from a few days to a few hours old, according to Dr. B. E. Nesbitt, president of the Illinois Veterinary Medical Association. The cost is less, losses are smaller, and Dr. Nesbitt believes from his experience that immunity will last until the pigs are ready for market.

Beet Top Silage. Beet top silage contains, by chemical analysis, 21.3 per cent dry substance, 1.88 per cent protein, and 11.5 per cent fats and like carbohydrates.

Chickens. Chickens have become a fairly common poultry disease in the Middle West and is so contagious that it causes considerable loss.

Increased Care Is Demanded. An increase of hog cholera demands increased care on the part of farmers.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE FISH HUTS.

"On a lake," said Daddy, "which was frozen over, were many little fish-huts. There the fishermen fish through the holes in the ice which they would make during the winter. The fish-huts were made so as to protect them against the hard cold, and the great cold winds. 'The Sun had gone to bed rather wearily. He had had a lazy sort of day. He had not been shining very much. He had come out at times just to look things over, but he had spent a great deal of time napping. 'I feel as I feel on the warm summer days,' he said, before he went to bed. 'When I am lazy and when I let Lady Gray Clouds spread her grayness over the water and the boats and the sky above. 'I've felt that way today, and Lady Gray Clouds has been out a good deal, trying on her many gray suits and gowns of which she is very proud. 'But,' said one of the Sun's daughters, who had come along for a minute's chat, 'I promised to give a tea party for some friends this afternoon. I told them I would give them our finest submarine tea. 'Well,' Mr. Sun said, 'then I will shine for awhile. 'I don't see,' his daughter said, 'why you feel today as you used to feel on the warm days in the summer. Certainly it is far from being warm today. 'True, true,' said Mr. Sun, 'but then I am always warm. And what I meant was not quite that this day had been like a summer's day, but that I had felt the same lazy way that I do sometimes on a summer day—the same sort of laziness, in other words. 'Mr. Sun kept his promise and his daughter gave a tea party. The sky was red and speckled with gray and the sunset was very lovely. 'We did have some sunshine after all, and a beautiful sunset,' the people had all said. 'As I told you before, the sun had gone to bed when the brownies came along to give their supper party in the fish-huts. 'They used every hut you see. And this is how they did it. 'They had soup in one hut and salad in another and creamed chicken in another, and hot chocolate in still another and so on. 'They went from one hut to the other for the different courses of their meal. 'And as they went from hut to hut what laughter there was, what merry sounds rang through the cold night air. 'Of course,' said Billie Brownie, 'the fishermen didn't build these huts for us, but it is nice to be able to use them for our party. 'As we never leave any crumbs behind or any sign at all that we have been here, it is quite all right. They would not mind, I feel quite sure. 'So do I,' said Bennie Brownie. 'And then they hugged each other and fell over as they so often did when they hugged each other, and that was very often, too. 'They had the finest sort of a supper and what fun it was to go from one little hut to the other, over the frozen lake. What stories they did tell as they sat in the different huts eating. 'And when the meal was all over, and they had eaten all they possibly could, they packed up what was left and sent it down the different holes for the fishes. 'Some free food,' they said, 'and we won't catch you or try to, either! 'Of course they didn't send the fishes some of the food they had had because they knew the fishes wouldn't enjoy it, and besides they had eaten everything up which they knew the fishes wouldn't even care to drop the crumbs of. They hadn't left a drop of hot chocolate. 'The fishes wouldn't want that,' they had said. 'Then they ran races over the ice lake, and later they got out their skates and had a fine skating party. The ice made some funny sounds, too, which meant that even the ice thought parties were nice. 'And the wind blew and whistled and said: 'This is such fun, such fun! Brownies, do keep up your party until very, very late. 'And the Brownies did what the wind had asked, and had one of the finest parties they had ever known!'

From Hut to Hut.

at times just to look things over, but he had spent a great deal of time napping.

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Gift of Historic Textbooks. The Holland Holton collection of textbooks, numbering more than 1,000 volumes, has been given to Trinity college in North Carolina, on behalf of the grandchildren of Martin Rowan Chaffin, who taught school in Davis and Yadkin counties, North Carolina, beginning in 1850. Fifty of the volumes were used in the schools of the state from 1830 to the Civil war. The Holton collection is intended primarily for the use of the department of education at Trinity college, but the books will be readily accessible to the public and private school teachers of Durham and Durham county.

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Getting Anxious.

"Maud wants a finger in everything." "Yes, but in an engagement ring for preference."

A Kansas Woman Testifies

Mulberry, Kans.—"My son, at the age of 10 years, was taken with pneumonia. We had three doctors. Then he took chicken-pox and measles and last typhoid fever. He got through them all in one winter, but it left him with such a cough I feared he could not get well. I got Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it cured him entirely. I lived near Monroe City, Mo., when my son was sick."

MRS. JANE S. CARROLL. All druggists. No alcohol. Prepared in both liquid and tablets.

Of Course! That politician should be fought who dares to boast he can't be bought.

Misunderstanding. Mrs. Wiggs—Ain't it goin' to be awful when the soldiers get back? Mrs. Figs—Whatever do you mean? Mrs. Wiggs—Why, they say the boys will all come home demoralized.

How Mean! Mr. Cholby Shallowpate—They say that a little learning is a dangerous thing. Miss Kutting Hintz—Fear not. You're a long ways from the danger sign.

Appropriate Affliction. "That pork dealer has a trouble which is strictly business." "How do you mean?" "He has a sty in his eye."

Unusual Sign. "That man's not normal." "What's the matter with him?" "Told me the other day his kid never said anything worth repeating."

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