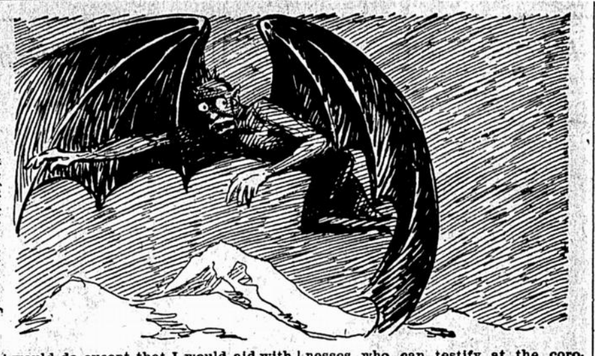
The Flying Man

by Harry Irving Greene

Author of "The Lash of Circumstance," "Barbara of the Snows"



Copyright, 1912, by Harry Irving Greene

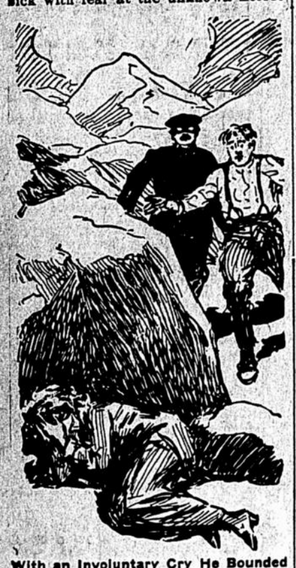
SYNOPSIS.

Professor Desmond of the Peak observatory causes a great sensation throughout the country by announcing that what appears to be a satellite is approaching at terrific speed. Destruction of the earth is feared. Panic prevails everywhere. The satellite barely misses the earth. The atmospheric disturbance knocks people unconscious, but does no damage. A leaf bearing a cabalistic design flutters down among the guests at a lawn party. It is identical in design with a curious ornament worn by Doris Fulton. A hideous man-like being with huge wings descends in the midst of the guests. He notices Doris' ornament and starts toward her. The men fear he intends some harm to Doris and a fierce battle ensues, in which Tolliver and March, suitors of Doris, and Professor Desmond are injured. The flying man is wounded by a shot from Tolliver, but escapes by flying away. A farmer reports that the flying man carried off his young daughter. People everywhere are terror-stricken at the possibilities for evil possessed by the monster. The governor offers a reward of $500,000 for his capture, dead or alive. Putnam is the first of the aviators to respond. After a thrilling chase in the air he is thrown from his machine by the flying man and killed. North and a score of other aviators arrive. The reward is increased to a million. The aviators find themselves outdistanced and outmaneuvered by the flying man. Artillery proves futile. A negress is the latest victim. The aviators go to the scene of the tragedy, some 200 miles distant. Doris invites March to accompany her on a horseback ride. They are joined by Tolliver, much to March's disgust. While the men are rounding up the horses, which have become unaccountably frightened, the flying man suddenly swoops down and carries Doris off. March and Tolliver pursue the demon. The way leads through canyons and over mountains. Tolliver, driven insane by the strain, shoots March. Tolliver succeeds in climbing up the mountain to a plateau where the flying man has sought refuge. Tolliver is taken unawares by the monster, who carries him up in the air and drops him to his death. March, only slightly wounded, starts back to summon the aviators, but drops from exhaustion. He sees North flying on high and calls him to earth. North takes him in the machine and they land on the mountain plateau.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

In the deathlike stillness the whisper of North sounded thin and shrill as they drew their weapons. "We will keep about fifty yards apart, yet always in each other's sight. Watch me closely for signals and I will do the same by you. Now come." Slowly they advanced, scanning each possible place of retreat and choosing their way with the infinite caution of prowlers who traverse a corridor in the darkness of midnight. In the tension of his suspense March could not feel his heart pounding heavily. The weirdness of the place was upon them with its spell, its silence throbbing in their straining ears, its chaos infernal in its hideous desolation. To one side and below them was a thousand feet, so nearly sheer down that one might have almost tossed a pebble into it, glinted the steel blue waters of Lake Talo, the crater lake of unmeasurable depth, that lay amidst this solitude a dozen thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Then March, whose eyes were everywhere, saw North abruptly stop, recoil and then beckon to him to come by a wave of his hand. Even across the distance that separated them he could see the pallor that had swept over his friend's sun-browned face, and sick with fear at the unknown horror,



With an Involuntary Cry He Bounded Forward.

he must now look upon he passed quickly to his side. The aviator was pointing at an object which lay close before him. March, looking also, felt his blood turn to ice.

"A sight like that is about the only thing that gets my nerve," whispered the other as he blotted his damp forehead with a hand that shook despite his efforts to control it. "I have seen too many of my good friends lying like that. It makes me think what I will look like one of these days if I don't get out of this cursed business. But we will come back and take care of him later. Just at present we have a woman to look after. Lord! He must have fallen a thousand feet."

Five minutes later Alan, moving with the stealth of a mountain lion, saw something that brought his heart to his throat. Doris, huddled against a rock, her face in her hands, was within a hundred feet of him. With an involuntary cry and thoughtless of all else except that he had found her, he bounded forward. She heard him coming, shrank convulsively back against the rock with a cry of distress, then raising her hollow eyes saw who it was and springing to her feet stood swaying with hands outstretched. Another instant and he had caught her in his arms.

"Doris!" he cried fiercely as he strained her to him, searching her wan face and sunken eyes. She shuddered, clung to him closer, seemed about to lose her senses, then raising her face to his, smiled.

CHAPTER XV.

The Rescue.

North came up on a run. "Thank the Lord," he exclaimed huskily. "I feel like falling upon my knees and worshiping." Ever alert as a weasel, he looked upon all sides and upward. "Where is he now?" he demanded. She shook her head.

"I do not know. He left an hour ago—creeping away among the rocks. He goes and comes as silently as a shadow. Always he seems to be upon the watch, by night as well as by day. I doubt if he ever sleeps." She looked at Alan's torn garments, bloodstained face and lacerated hands. "Oh, it is too bad, too horrible! And Clay—" She shuddered and covered her face with her palms. "I think I lost my senses for a time last night when that terrible thing happened. He seemed to be falling for hours. Take me away from this place of hideousness." North, pacing restlessly about, frowned.

"Guess we will all have to wait hereabouts until we have located this game of ours. For all we know, he may be roosting somewhere about and waiting for us to set sail. I dare not take you aboard until I know that he is not in a position to interfere. He has given me a few illustrations of what he can do in the flying line when he wants to—and neither have I forgotten poor Putnam as yet." The wisdom of his position could not be controverted. Doris must not be risked in the downward flight until the enemy was either rendered harmless or driven afar. They must wait.

Briefly she told them of her ordeal. Following the fearful shock of finding herself borne upward by him had ensued a condition of unconsciousness with brief spells of reason regained, wherein she saw them running and falling as they struggled on below in their pursuit, intermitted by blank periods until at last she awakened to find herself in this land of desolation. He had not seemed to desire to injure her either upon the flight or after their arrival here, in fact had handled her no more severely than necessary in transporting her. And after their descent he had laid no hand upon her, only staring at her by the hour from the distance of a yard or two with his great, beetle-like eyes, silent as a gargoyle or a graven idol. Then of a sudden he would arise, listen as though he had heard a sound which had not registered itself upon her ears, disappear only to later on come creeping back with the stealth of a cat to resume his steadfast gazing. He had not seemed to notice the bitter chill of night and had made no effort to make a fire, and her principal physical sufferings had been caused by the night cold. Neither had he eaten or drank in her presence, and what he was engaged in during his frequent excursions she had no idea except when—

She shuddered, clinging convulsively to March, speaking in a broken voice. "I would give years of my life to efface that horrible memory. The moon had arisen fairly high when all at once be became rigid, listened, and his eyes shone—Oh, with such a light, so uncanny, so vindictive. They were the eyes of a coiled serpent, only so much greater than a serpent's and therefore room for infinitely more malice. Then he crept away like a ghost through the shadows of the plateau with wings trailing and I saw him outlined for a moment upon a distant pile of rocks before he dropped out of sight upon the other side. It was still then as it is now—this unearthly stillness wherein all noises seem faint and far away with no sounding board to emphasize them. Then a cry arose, a cry so awful that for a moment I was paralyzed by the horror of it, and after that came the sounds of a struggle, the voice of a man who is fighting for his life, hoarse and desperate, together with a strange, croaking sound such as the creature made that night upon the lawn after Clay had wounded him. I knew that he had surprised either you or Clay, or possibly both of you, and that somebody would be killed. My strength came back to me as it did when I rushed out to you with the sword and in my desperation I seized a stone and ran towards the place where they were fighting, not knowing what I would do except that I would aid with all my little might. Then I saw him arise with a dark form in his arms—who it was I could not tell. He beat his way upward until he was very high, so high that he looked no larger than my hand, and then—" She choked and could speak no more, staring straight ahead with fixed eyes as if fascinated by something far distant—"and then I sank upon this spot and have not left it since. I dared not go and look—not even in the periods of his absence."

She paused and they stood silently, the grewsomeness of it all gripping them as though they had just awakened from the spell of a nightmare. Then North's voice arose quiet and even as though he were speaking of the most immaterial of things. "Miss Fulton, there is no occasion for further anxiety upon your part, for between Alan and myself here we will guarantee you protection from all flying things, man or devil, between here and Jupiter. Yet we must all be prepared for action and each be alert to do his part—and that part is going to happen pretty quick." He made a slight motion with his head. "He is coming now. Look to the south." Instantly their eyes flew in that direction. Perhaps a mile away and almost upon a level with the plateau the Flying Man was bearing down upon them with the speed of a hawk, flying as he had done during the long chase by the planes, his body almost horizontal with the earth, his wings cutting the air with a rapidity of movement that they could not follow. That he had just discovered them was evidenced by a sudden broad sweep aside, a halt and a poising, followed by a slow zigzag course towards the edge of the plateau. Two hundred yards away from them he alighted, and standing upright and with wings half extended stared at them unwinkingly with great, opalesque eyes. March, his left arm thrown around Doris and his right hand clasping his revolver, was debating as to whether he should risk one of his remaining three shots at that improbable hitting distance. North was already speeding upon him with the rush of a terrier.

For perhaps ten seconds March, chafing under the impulse to charge after North, yet not daring to leave the one who was now clinging to him, watched them in absolute fixity. Then as the aviator, now half way across the space, raised his arm for the first shot, the flying one beecame a thing of energy once more, alert and cunning. The fury of a jealous ape distorted his face. With a leap of incredible quickness he sprang over the ledge and disappeared, and when North, darting up to the edge, peered over it he saw his prey far below, his wings half shut, falling as an autumn leaf eddies downward from a bough. Close above the surface of the crater lake he spread his pinions broad, skimmed over it like a gull and went soaring upward from the momentum of his fall. A mile away he alighted upon the side of the opposite mountain, went crawling over it upon all fours with wings trailing, then picking up a large object mounted again. Upon the table mountain the three shot quick glances at each other. He was about to bombard them from on high with stones that if they struck their mark would fell them as though stricken by the lightnings, and March, knowing that he and North would be the objects of the attack, thrust Doris from him and stepped forth upon the cleared space that lay before him. High above them the flying one poised, beating the air as an eagle hovers above the basking fish as he achieves a position of absolute perpendicularity, then released the missile. Straight down upon North it shot, but the aviator darting aside with the quickness of a weasel, dodged it by a dozen feet, yet escaping being beheaded in its clanging rebound by the breadth of a hand. The next instant both revolvers spoke.

Three hundred feet above them they saw him flap convulsiv ly like a wild fowl that feels the sudden sting of lead, wheel in a broad circle, and then go lurching over the abyss with spasmodic beating of his wings. A grim smile came creeping over the face of North. "We touched him up hard that time. Now once again, before he gets out of range." Again the mountains reverberated to the double roar, and the Flying Man, collapsing in midair, turned a complete summersault as he had done that day when the mortars were loosed against him. But this time there was no recovery. Whirling, spinning, turning dizzily, his great wings now fluttering impotently, he struck the lake in a spout of spray that shot high upward, sank, arose, floated for a moment borne up by his wide pinions, then disappeared in the depths of the blue waters as a shadow merges with the shade.

"And Lake Talo is bottomless. The scientists will never even get his body to speculate over," muttered March. North turned his tense face upon them.

"Anyway there are three eye witnesses who can testify at the coroner's inquest, and when it comes to applying for that little old reward," he said grimly. "And it will make a respectable sum when divided up prorata amongst us, Put's widow and a slice for the other boys who did not happen to be in at the death. Also today sees the last flight of one erstwhile aviator named North. I have had enough of skyscraping to last for one lifetime. I am going to get married and live happily in a hole in the ground forever after." He pointed into the air.

"Imlay is coming. He must have heard our guns. He can take one of you down and I will guarantee the safe descent of the other." A grin overspread his face. "You two seem to be having your own troubles and I guess I'll fade into the perspective for a moment if you think you can spare me. And my blessings upon you." He turned his back upon them and was gone behind the rocks.

CHAPTER XVI.

The End.

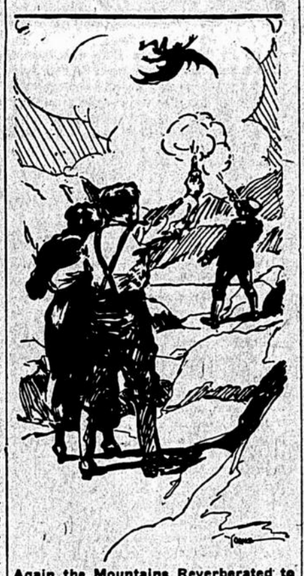
Doris was in March's arms, her tremblings vanished by that strong clasp, the horror that had filled her eyes gone, her sweet face upturned to his.

"But tell me," he was whispering. "Poor Clay—he lost his mental poise at the last and said many wild things. Was there any understanding between you—you know what I mean, Doris—were you—" He hesitated, turning his eyes upon the distant speck floating in the sky, which he knew to be Imlay speeding towards them. Her face grew very grave and her voice was low as she anticipated the word he disliked to speak.

"No—we were good friends, nothing more. He asked me to marry him upon the Sunday of the pursuit and I told him I would answer him by letter upon the following day. He had always been so kind to me that I did not have the courage to refuse him to his face—and he was so strange in many ways. In my letter I told him that I could not accept, begging the privilege of his continued friendship. He accepted the answer calmly, merely renewing his avowals of devotion and repeating that he would give all—even to his life—for me." Her eyes swam mistily. "And the horror of it! He kept his word."

"He loved you devotedly and did all that a brave man could for you, Doris," said March gently. She nodded.

"I understand. And his memory—what can one say! She ran her fingers lightly across his matted hair, where the bullet had raked his skull.



Again the Mountains Reverberated to the Double Roar.

"You were wounded?" she asked softly. For the first and last time in his life March lied to her.

"Yes, an accident—the accidental discharge of a revolver. But towards the last I thought you loved him most after all. You never would answer me, you know." She smiled up at him, Doris' old smile, and there was no sweeter one anywhere.

"That night upon the lawn when I thought my last hour had come! Did I not leave him and run to your arms? And was that not answer enough?"

A faint whistle fell upon their ears, thin, sibilant, momentarily shrilling louder. March glanced southward again. "Imlay is only a mile away and will be here in another minute to take you back—back to the home from which I shall so shortly take you forever, Doris," he said as he drew her closer. Her head was upon his shoulder, her face upturned, her rich lips but a matter of inches from his own. He claimed them.

THE END.

DISHES FOR SUNDAY SUPPER

Something New That the Family and the Guests Will Be Sure to Appreciate.

For a change on Sunday night try this salad: Marinate with your favorite thin salad dressing three-quarters of a pint of any cold meat or fish (never mix meat and fish) two tablespoonfuls of capers, one egg boiled hard and chopped, one tablespoonful each of olives, dill pickles and pimentoes, two dashes of paprika, celery salt to taste; stir well. Serve cold in two hours on lettuce leaves garnished around the edges with slices of hard boiled egg, sprigs of parsley and thin slices of Swiss cheese.

Another supper dish is made of one pint of macaroni measured after boiling, which is about one-third of a package, one-half pint of stewed tomatoes, to which are added two bouillon cubes, one gill of grated rich cheese, two tablespoonfuls of chipped bacon and one of bacon fat, one tablespoonful of minced onion, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley; salt and pepper to taste. Rub a baking dish with bacon fat. Mix all ingredients thoroughly, put them into the baking dish, brown in a hot oven.

Both dishes are satisfactory served with graham toast.

PROPER WASHING OF TOWELS

Those Used in the Kitchen Require Especial Treament to Be of Good Service.

Towels used in the kitchen should always be rinsed in moderately cool water and then washed in hot, soapy water. They should be rinsed and then dried in the open air. If time is at premium they need not be ironed. Probably this laxity would shock many careful housewives, but a clean towel, dried in the open air, is quite as useful for drying dishes as one that is ironed smooth.

One clever woman always saves the coarse sacks that sugar and salt come in—the big ones. She rips the side seams and hems the ends and uses them for towels for pots and pans.

A doll's clothesline, which comes with half a dozen tiny clothespins and two small pulleys, is a convenience for drying kitchen towels. It can be fastened from the kitchen porch to a nearby tree, and extra clothespins can be bought for a small price. The pulleys, rope and six pins are sold for ten cents.

Stewed Apples.

In cooking apples it may not be known generally that the more quickly they are cooked after paring the richer and better they are. An apple begins to be discolored as soon as the skin is removed, and this discoloration continues in the cooking. As quickly after paring as possible, put half a dozen apples, sliced, into a pan with two-thirds as much water as the bulk of the apples. Cover them and let them cook as rapidly as possible. Watch them closely to prevent burning, and just as they are falling to pieces put into them two-thirds of a cup of sugar, stirring it quickly. They are delicious also served cold.

Creamed Cod in Potato Case.

Boil and mash six good sized potatoes, add one egg, a gill of milk, salt and pepper to taste and beat until light. Pick and scald one pound of boneless salt cod, drain and scald again. Now press fish until dry. Put one large tablespoon butter in a frying pan and add two tablespoons flour. Mix and add one pint of milk. Stir till it thickens and add pepper to taste. Grease a pudding mold and line bottom and sides with the potato. Add the cod to the cream and fill the center. Cover the top with potato and bake a nice brown. It may be served in the dish it was baked in or turned out.

Baking Powder Biscuit.

Into a mixing bowl put two cups sifted flour, one level teaspoon salt, four level teaspoons baking powder. Mix and sift several times, rub in two level tablespoons butter or one of butter and one of lard, till fine and mealy. Wet with one cup of milk and mix into a stiff dough. Toss onto a well-floured board and pat out with rolling pin, using flour enough on board to prevent sticking. Bake in hot oven from 10 to 15 minutes.

English Tea Biscuits.

To one cup hot mashed potato add half cup sugar and one yeastcake, dissolved in half cup lukewarm water. Cover and let rise; then add half a cup each of butter and sugar, two eggs well beaten, one teaspoon salt and three and one-quarter cups of flour. Knead, again let rise, shape, let rise again. Brush over with sugar and bake in modern oven. And, if liked, half cup of raisins, cut in pieces or currants.

Simple Jelly Bag Strainer.

Another old method of straining jelly by hanging the bag on a broom handle between two chairs might be banished from the efficient kitchen by using a new strainer with a bag which sits on a stand on the table. A large iron ring suspends the bag, which drips into a bowl on the table. All juices can thus be strained without attention, and the muslin bag may be easily cleaned, and the strainer packed away when not in use.

Raisin Puffs.

One-half cup sugar, one-fourth cup milk, two eggs, two teaspoons baking powder, pinch of salt, flour so batter will drop from spoon. Stir in a cup of chopped raisins, butter cups and fill one-half full of batter, cover and steam one hour. Will make six or seven cups. Eat hot with sauce. Apples, cherries or figs may be substituted to give change.

Tongue and Egg Salad.

Cut cold tongue in thin slices, then cut again into pieces about one inch square; arrange a layer of tongue on fresh lettuce leaves, and on the tongue place a layer of hard-boiled eggs sliced thin; then another layer of tongue, and cover all with a good mayonnaise. Decorate the dish with slices of cold beets and parsley.

Meat on Toast.

Take cooked meat of any kind. Put through the meat grinder with a little onion. Then put in pan with a little water and piece of butter, salt and pepper. Heat hot and put on toasted bread. This is a good way to use up pieces of meat and makes a nice dish for supper.

Keeping Pickles in Glass.

Pickles should always be kept in glass—never in glazed ware, as the action of the vinegar on the glazing is liable to form a poisonous compound.

WHO'S WHO AND WHY

WHAT THE "A" STANDS FOR

The "A" in A. Mitchell Palmer stands for Alexander. If you should happen to wander through the quiet town of Stroudsburg, Pa., you will see a little two-story frame structure near the main street and on the door leading to the second floor you will notice a very small sign reading, "A. Mitchell Palmer, Lawyer." There are a lot of people in Pennsylvania who think Mr. Palmer is one of the brightest men that state has turned out. He is a member of congress.

President Wilson offered the secretary of war to him, but Mr. Palmer declined because he is a Quaker and, as such, opposed to war. He would like to have had the attorney generalship.

There is no doubt that Mr. Palmer was somewhat chagrined at not being made attorney general, but that has all worn off, and the president today has no more ardent admirer.

Knowing of the high regard in which the president holds Mr. Palmer, many politicians have sought the Pennsylvanian's aid in seeking office. Here is a story that is told about one of these affairs.

"Why don't you go to a member of the cabinet about this?" Mr. Palmer asked a visitor.

"You are a member of the cabinet that has the most influence," the caller responded.

Mr. Palmer smiled. "Maybe," he said, "but things are different from the way they used to be. You know when Mr. Roosevelt was president, the members of his unofficial cabinet used to go walking, horseback riding or played hot games of tennis with him, and while they hoofed it over the country or galloped along the roads or played on the tennis courts they told Teddy of some heroic work done by this foot-all player or that lively westerner, and the president would say 'bully, we'll have to do something for him.' But times have changed. When we go up to the White House now and tell tales like that to Mr. Wilson, he will enjoy them very much, and when we finish with a flourish he will say, 'How interesting,' but he won't appoint. Honestly, I could not do any more to get you a job than you can do yourself. Lay your recommendations before the president. He will make such inquiries as he wishes, and then he will decide for himself."

TWO SUMMERS IN LABRADOR

"Francis B. Sayre, Adventurer," might well be the title of a stirring novel of the out-of-doors describing the two thrilling summers which the husband of the president's daughter Jessie spent on the Labrador coast helping Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell in his wonderful work of assisting the forlorn fishermen of that bleak and icebound region.

The president's son-in-law is one of those young college graduates of grit and stamina who have been honored by being allowed to act as assistants to the famous English missionary-physician. Another member of the band of stern and tried young men who form the Grenfell alumni is Dr. Scoville Clark, once a Yale wrestler, who officiated as one of the ushers at Mr. Sayre's wedding at the White House in Washington.

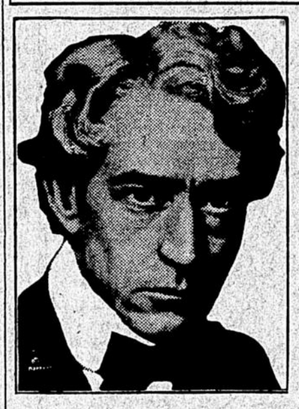
A study of Mr. Sayre shows in him more the characteristics of Theodore Roosevelt than of Woodrow Wilson. He combines the intense interest in the affairs of the human race with a love of the wilds which marked Mr. Taft's predecessor. But to get him to talks of his hairbreadth escapes—that is altogether a different matter.

"Oh, yes, I went to Labrador for two summers with Dr. Grenfell—worked on board the Stratcona, one of the doctor's ships—did hospital work mostly—kept pretty busy."

"But, Mr. Sayre, didn't you have some adventures? Didn't you ever have your boat upset in the icy water, or get lost in the wild back country?"

"Well, once we ran out of food in Newfoundland. We had a pretty hungry time, but we got out all right."

LANDIS FOR GOOD HAIR TONIC



The sunlight which streamed in Judge Landis' Chicago court the other day fell upon the shiny, hairless heads of Assistant United States Attorney Harry Parkin and Attorney Francis J. Houlihan. Judge Landis frowned as the wheels of justice jogged onward sluggishly.

Finally there came a rift in the melancholy court. Ivan Wide, 507 North Center avenue, had just pleaded guilty to a charge of sending prohibited drugs through the mails.

"I'm not making those drugs any more, judge," he pleaded. "I'm making hair tonic now."

A gleam of interest flickered into the court's eyes. He looked sharply at the two lawyers and the smooth domes upon which the sun fell so lovingly.

"Will it grow hair?" he asked Wide.

"Sometimes," faltered the defendant, "but in extreme cases—"

Both Mr. Parkin and Mr. Houlihan realized what was coming and tried to cover their heads with their hands.

"I was about to appoint a committee of two to make a test of it," said the judge, "but if you aren't sure I won't."

Both the attorneys sighed with relief, while the dignity of the United States district court was broken for a moment by a modulated titter of laughter.

METEORIC MR. MITCHEL

The young man who complains of a lack of opportunities these days should look into the career of John Purroy Mitchell. At thirty-four he is mayor of the greatest city in the nation. And the girl who thinks the opportunities are fewer should look up Mrs. John Purroy Mitchel. At twenty-four she is the wife of the mayor of the greatest city in the nation.

Surely, there isn't anything in their mutual triumph to prove that opportunities are any scarcer than they used to be. When a young man travels the road from obscurity to the mayoralty of the greatest city in six years the distance through the governorship to the presidency is comparatively short. The career of Theodore Roosevelt illustrates that, and John Purroy Michel has just as good a start as Theodore Roosevelt had.

Soon after John Purroy Mitchel was graduated from Columbia Law school, at twenty-one, he became the junior member of the law firm of Mullan, Cobb & Mitchel, and New York never heard of him until April 22, 1907, when he was appointed commissioner of accounts because a lawyer was needed on the job. An investigation of the office of Borough President Ahearn of the Bronx was necessary; the law did not provide for the employment of an attorney by the commissioner of accounts, so Mitchel was named as commissioner by Mayor McClellan and things began to happen the very next minute.

Mitchel was born in the Bronx. He was a nephew of the late Henry D. Purroy, the Tammany boss of the Bronx when Croker was the big chief in Tammany.

Sure Persistence Will Win

American Girl Suffragist Tells Story She Thinks Has Bearing on the Cause She Favors.

"It's only by persistence that women will get the vote," Miss Zelie Emerson, the Americal girl who went through the hunger strike and forcible feeding in a London jail, wrote recently to a friend in New York. "And persistence is always unpleasant. It recalls poor old Jones.

"Jones, a former man about town, had become so poor that often, donning his shabby evening clothes, he had either to bone his friends for a dinner or go hungry.

"Thus Jones dropped in on a former crony one evening and said:

"'I thought I'd just drop in. I knew you were giving a dinner, and I heard that your guests were just thirteen. So, as your wife is superstitious about that number, I thought—ha, ha!—I'd just drop in.'

"'But,' said the host, 'you're quite wrong, Jones. We are not thirteen. We are just twelve.'

"Jones, as he drew off his shabby old overcoat, said:

"'Well, I'll stay anyhow, if only to laugh your wife out of her superstitious whim.'"

The First Advertisement.

The art of advertising grew from the ancient custom of what we now call "peddlers," crying or announcing the places and dates of the sale of their wares. In 1652, ten years after the first printed English newspaper was published, an advertisement appeared in the "Mercurius Politicus." It related to a poem on Cromwell's return from Ireland, giving the date and place of its sale.

As more newspapers were printed, more advertisements were published.

A curious one that appeared about that time ended thus, "Go not elsewhere to be cheated."

Disputed, But Kept Temper

How General Wolseley and War Correspondent Conducted Acrimonious Quarrel in the Newspapers.

One or two of the notices of Lord Wolseley's career mention the protracted dispute between Wolseley and Sir William Russell as to the behavior of the troops in South Africa in 1879.

Russell had accused the troops of drunkenness and looting in no uncertain terms. Wolseley defended his men with generous warmth, but the manner in which both Wolseley and Russell kept their regard for each other, each well knowing that the other spoke in sincerity, was a model of how a dispute of principle should be conducted between public men.

Sir John Tenniel in Punch charmingly hit off this polite yet furious quarrel in a cartoon. The cartoon was headed, "The Art of Politeness," and underneath were the words:

Sir Garnet Wolseley—Pardon me, my dear doctor, if I say that you have been hoaxed by gross exaggerations and transparent untruths.

Doctor Russell—Forgive me, my dazzling young general, for mentioning that you are a pig-headed ignoramus and don't know what you are talking about.—Manchester Guardian.

Not a Cannibal.

"The worst winter I remember was when we were besieged," said the old soldier. "We only had one bite a day for two weeks, and that was horseflesh."

"I remember," said his tramp companion, "living for a month on one bite, and that was out of my own leg."

"You old cannibal! Do you expect me to believe that?" roared the soldier.

"It's true, believe it or not," said the tramp calmly. "A dog took a bite out of my leg, and the compensation kept me like a lord for four weeks."

100,000 Records of Clouds.

Making 100,000 records of clouds observed at Epsom, England, in the eight years ending 1910, S. C. Russell has found that cumulus cloud occurred on 1,622 days, the greatest number, and stratus on 1,155. The upper clouds—including cirruc, cirro-stratus and cirro-macula—were very prevalent in summer, with minima in winter, and all showed morning and evening maxima.

Intermediate clouds—cirro-cumulus, alto-stratus and alto-cumulus—were also more common in summer. Lower forms—strato-cumulus numbus, fracto-nimbus, fracto-cumulus, stratus and fog—are most frequent in winter. Clouds of diurnal ascending currents—cumulus and cumulo-nimbus—have maxima at noon and 3 p. m. in every month, irrespective of season.

Why He's Famous.

There was a post-impressionist
Who daubed until he fainted.
And no one in the whole wide world
Could tell what 'twas he painted.

Backache Warns You

Backache is one of Nature's warnings of kidney weakness. Kidney disease kills thousands every year.

Don't neglect a bad back. If your back is lame—if it hurts to stoop or lift—if there is irregularity of the secretions—suspect your kidneys. If you suffer headaches, dizziness and are tired, nervous and worn-out, you have further proof.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills, a fine remedy for bad backs and weak kidneys.

An Indiana Case

Mrs. John D. Whitaker, 405 N. East St., Madison, Ind., says: "Dark circles appeared under my eyes and my ankles were inflamed and swollen. I was all crippled up with rheumatism. My back ached constantly and I was a physical wreck. Doctors and expensive treatment of specialists failed. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me from the first and before long, restored me to good health."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Neuralgia

sufferers find instant relief in Sloan's Liniment. It penetrates to the painful part—soothes and quiets the nerves. No rubbing—merely lay it on.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Kills Pain

For Neuralgia

"I would not be without your Liniment and praise it to all who suffer with neuralgia or rheumatism or pain of any kind."—Mrs. Henry Bishop, Palmyra, Missouri.

Pain All Gone

"I suffered with quite a severe neuralgic headache for 4 months without any relief. I used your Liniment for two or three nights and I haven't suffered with my head since."—Mr. J. R. Swinger, Louisville, Ky.

Treatments for Cold and Croup

"My little girl, twelve years old, caught a severe cold, and I gave her three drops of Sloan's Liniment on sugar on going to bed, and she got up in the morning with no signs of a cold. A little boy next door had croup and I gave the mother the Liniment. She gave him three drops on going to bed, and he got up without the croup in the morning."—Mr. W. H. Savage, Chicago, Ill.

At all Dealers. Price 25c., 50c. and $1.00

Sloan's Book on Horses sent free. Address

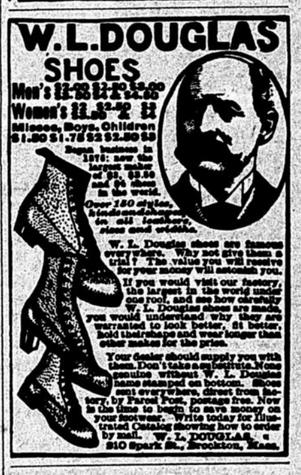
DR. EARL S. SLOAN, Inc., Boston, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

Men's $3.50 $4.00 $5.00

Women's $2.50 $3.00 $3.50

Misses, Boys, Children $2.00 $1.75 $2.25 $2.00 $2.50



Began business in 1876; now the largest maker of $3, $3.50 and $4 shoes in the world.

Over 150 styles, kinds and shapes, for all ages, sizes, feet and widths.

W. L. Douglas shoes are famous everywhere. Why not give them a trial? The value you receive for your money will astonish you.

If you would visit our factory, the largest in the world under one roof, and see how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would understand why they are warranted to look better, fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes for the price.

Your dealer should supply you with them. Don't take a substitute. None genuine without W. L. Douglas name stamped on bottom. Shoes sent everywhere, when not to be had locally, by Parcel Post, postage free. Now is the time to begin to save money on your footwear. Write today for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail. W. L. DOUGLAS, 210 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS.

If you feel "OUT OF SORTS" "RUN DOWN" or "GOT THE BLUES," SUFFER from KIDNEY, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, CHRONIC WEAKNESSES, ULCERS, SKIN ERUPTIONS, PILES, write for my FREE book. THE MOST INSTRUCTIVE MEDICAL BOOK EVER WRITTEN. IT TELLS ALL ABOUT these DISEASES and the REMARKABLE CURES EFFECTED by THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, No1. No2. No3. THERAPION As you can decide FOR YOURSELF If it's the remedy for YOUR OWN sickness. Does't send a cent. Absolutely FREE. No "follows" circulars. DR. R. CLARK MED. CO. HAVERSTOCK RD. HAMPSTEAD, LONDON, ENG.

MEN Here's a Great Offer!

4 Lbs. Best Kentucky Tobacco, only $1.00

We will deliver direct to you, all charges prepaid, 4 lbs. of our KENTUCKY NIGHT RIDER TOBACCO grown in the famous Webster County District of Kentucky, for one dollar. It is cured with hickory wood, and is the purest, sweetest smoking and chewing tobacco on earth. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Send today or write for full information. Reference: First National Bank, Sebree. H. C. Day Tobacco Co., Dept. G, Sebree, Ky.

LOMAX

The much talked about new city, now building in Western Illinois on the Mississippi River and three railroads—Santa Fe, C. B. & Q. and T. P. & W. To get the facts send for a FREE sample copy of The Herald, Lomax, Ill.

READERS

of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

PISO'S REMEDY

25 CTS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. 25 CTS.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS