

A Cheerful Victim.

Hon. Wilfred Hosford and his wife did not believe in nicknames, nor did they intend their boy to have one if they could prevent it.

"I was never known as Will or Willy," said Mr. Hosford, with dignity, "and I see no reason why my son, Wilfred Sawtell Hosford, should receive either of those names or the still more objectionable one of Bill."

Wilfred Sawtell Hosford was delicate for the first ten years of his life and received his education at the hands of a grave young tutor. He grew stronger as time went on and at the age of twelve entered the public school.

On his return from the first session he was solemnly questioned by his parents.

"The boys are going to like me, I guess," said Wilfred eagerly. "They've got a nickname for me already."

Mrs. Hosford shuddered, and the father looked stern.

"Do you mean to say you enjoy being called Willy or Bill?" he asked in his deepest tones.

"Oh, they've got a better name than those," said the boy, with a broad grin. "The smartest fellow in the class, Sandy Lane, thought it up almost right off as soon as he heard my name. They're going to call me Saw-Hoss."

The Confused Bridegroom.

A bashful young man and his intended bride drove to the minister's residence and in the presence of a few friends went safely through the ceremony. On the minister pronouncing them husband and wife the young bridegroom did not seem fully able to meet the situation. The bride stood blushing at his side, and he did not seem to realize that something needed to be said or done, but he was evidently intensely embarrassed. He stood an instant on one foot and then an instant on the other, but suddenly a happy thought seemed to strike him and, grasping the bride's hand, he shook it heartily, exclaiming, "Allow me to congratulate you!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Foresighted Philanthropy.

"Some years ago, when I was United States minister to Turkey," said President Angell of the University of Michigan, "Greece was visited by a severe famine. A great wave of sympathy and pity swept over the United States, affecting the women particularly. They raised hundreds of dollars for the relief of the sufferers. With true Yankee husbandry they did not send the money in cash, but spent it in buying vast quantities of cloth, which they made into dresses for the Grecian women. One entire ship, I believe, was loaded by this outpouring of charity. I never was tired of referring in diplomatic circles to the generosity of my country women and for a time was the envy of the representatives of the other governments."

"Shortly after the ship arrived and its cargo had been distributed I had occasion to make a trip through Greece. It was in the days when our ladies wore extremely large sleeves, but the style in Greece was not the same. You may imagine my surprise and humiliation when I saw that the Grecian women had not known what the American garments were and had put them on their husbands for trousers."

It Served Him Right.

Two Irishmen, meeting one day, were discussing local news.

"Do you know Jim Skelly?" asked Pat.

"Faith," said Mike, "an' I do."

"Well, he has had his appendix taken away from him."

"Ye don't say so? Well, it serves him right. He should have had it in his wife's name."—Everybody's.

A Bishop's Story.

The late Bishop Fitzgerald once presided at the graduation exercises of a class of nurses. He told the young women a story.

He said that during our war with Spain a certain hospital had a corps of nurses of exceptional beauty—just such a corps, in fact, as the young ladies ranged before him would have made.

But it was whispered that these fair nurses were inclined to a little frivolity, inclined a little to flirt with the ailing young soldiers in their charge.

Now, when a soldier felt that he was on the mend a flirtation with a pretty nurse was delightful, but when his wounds were troublesome then gallantry was a thing that he was hardly up to.

And indeed it was said that sometimes a pretty nurse in this hospital would come to a favorite soldier and find him lying with closed eyes, as if asleep, and this note pinned on the counterpane:

Too ill to be nursed today.
JOHN SMITH.

Why He Wore a Belt.

"The late Admiral Walker," said a naval officer in Washington, "always urged sailors to wear a belt. Nautical back-logs were held up to scorn by him. Strolling with him in New York one day, we met a young ship broker. The admiral clapped him on the back, wrung his hand and cried:

"Congratulations on your marriage,

my young friend. No more sewing on of buttons now, eh?"

"No, indeed; I wear a belt now. It keeps me so busy raising the money to pay my wife's bills that I have no time to sew on buttons."

A Good Reason.

The late King Oscar of Sweden once took part in a discussion when traveling incognito in the smoking room of a Wiesbaden hotel. A Republican took the floor and felt that he had convinced everybody except a certain white bearded old gentleman sitting at an adjacent table. He turned upon him. "You don't seem convinced by my arguments, sir," he said. "Perhaps you are a Monarchist."

The white bearded old gentleman admitted that he was.

"Then, sir, would you mind giving your reasons for preferring a monarchical form of government?"

"Certainly," replied the stranger, who was none other than Oscar II. "The first and foremost reason is that I am myself a king."

Changing Places With Jimmie.

By W. F. BRYAN.

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Jack Morewood stood upon the piazza tapping the floor with the tip of her daintily booted foot and slapping at her habit skirt with a silver mounted crop.

It was a perfect day for a ride. The sun kissed the peaks of the low chain of hills to the west, and in between was the bright green of early summer. Nature was in her kindest mood, but Jacqueline did not share it.

The groom was slow about bringing her mount around, and while she waited a dozen couples had cantered past, waving their hands gayly to Jack. But no cavalier waited to assist her, and no smart cob whinnied impatiently over the delay in the appearance of her own horse.

Presently the groom would lead her horse to the block, he would assist her in the saddle with the perfunctory care of a hireling, and she would go cantering off alone to her ride.

It was this fact and not the slowness of the stable hands that brought the frown to Jacqueline's face. For the first time in her life she was tired of being the boy of the family.

When stalwart John Morewood had leaned over the cradle to look down into the blinking eyes of his fireborn baby had seized the proffered finger in sturdy clasp and her father had chuckled with delight.

"She's shaking hands like the little gentleman she is," he declared. Then and there he had named her Jacqueline that he might call her Jack. He seemed to find comfort for his disappointment in her sex by making his little daughter as boyish as possible.

In her youth, thanks to his training, she had been given over to tomboy tricks. When she was thirteen and a baby brother came to share her reign she regarded the newcomer's appearance with contempt.

"I'm the best boy," she declared with emphasis, and she took pride in her father's assurance that she was indeed. Jimmie became his mother's pet, while Jack still chummed with her father, and as the boy grew up delicate and pallid Jack seemed to gain manliness by contrast.

She was the golf champion of the country club, not in the ladies' class, but by virtue of having beaten all the men. She could ride wherever a man went, could shoot straight and handle a cue. She was voted a "good fellow," but now, on the eve of her twenty-second birthday, Jack turned rebellious.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of the groom with her horse, and presently she was cantering down the drive to the highway. Once on the road she eased the horse into a trot. The cliff road was accounted one of the most beautiful in the state, but Jack gave no heed to the beauty of the scene.

Phil Minturn had cantered past with Bess Farley just before she had started out, and his careless greeting had wounded her.

She had been good chums with Phil ever since she was a little girl, and he had always given her the same careless greeting of fellowship, but this morning it had jarred. She knew that he did not really care for Bess.

He had said so more than once, but Mrs. Farley would not let Bess ride unless there was some one on her who could keep a watchful eye on her mount, so Phil, being a neighbor, had come to the girl's relief.

As with Phil, so it was with the other men. They were all good chums, but they were only chums. Jack could not recall a tender speech ever made to her, and, carrying her introspection further, she did not blame the boys for regarding her as one of themselves. Even in the evening her thick

dark hair was severely done and her dress was in keeping.

It came upon her with all the suddenness of a revelation that she had missed the pretty speeches which she had pretended to despise and that her heart clamored for the rights of young womanhood.

With lips that pressed hard together she turned her horse's head toward home. She scarcely recognized the people she passed, and it was not until she had almost reached the house that her attention was attracted. She heard her brother's voice raised in appeal, and through sheer force of habit she prepared to come to his rescue.

The boy never had been permitted to fight his own battles, and in younger days Jack had sometimes come to his assistance with her own sturdy fists. Now she reined in her horse and drew near the hedge which separated her from the little boys.

There were a dozen of them, sturdy, tanned youngsters with dirt on clothes and countenances, and in their midst stood Jimmy, immaculate in blue velvet, with long golden curls.

"It's not my fault," he said in aggrieved tones. "I'm not old enough to buy my own clothes yet. You fellows might let me play with you."

"G'wan!" was the unfeeling response.

"We don't play with girls."

"I'm not a girl," asserted Jimmie. "I tell you it's not my fault."

"Boys don't wear velvet dresses," reminded his tormentor. "Come on, fellows. Lady Jane's going to cry."

With a burst of derisive laughter the boys ran off. For a moment Jimmie made as though to follow them, but he knew as well as the others that pursuit was impossible.

Jimmie had never had a chance to toughen his legs in exercise. With quivering lip the boy turned toward the house, and Jack urged her horse closer to the hedge.

"Jimmie," she called warningly, "if you dare to cry I shall spank you. Go get your pony and come back to me."

"What are you going to do?" demanded Jimmie.

"Never mind," she said. "You do what I tell you. Do you want really and truly to be a boy?"

"Do I?" repeated Jimmie, saffling at the folly of the question. "I ain't either a boy or a girl."

"Neither am I," said Jack. "Hurry up, dear."

She waited beside the road until her brother joined her on his pony, and together they headed for the town. It was long after luncheon hour before the two returned, and Mrs. Morewood was pacing the veranda in an agony of apprehension.

She had no fears for Jack, but she lamented that at times Jimmie's pony had shown signs of wildness, and the two grooms were already scouring the country, while the mother was promising herself that the boy should be attended on future rides.

Mr. Morewood said nothing, but there was a white line about his lips where they were pressed firmly together to hold back the words of apprehension.

He was afraid for Jacqueline, and when the children were seen turning into the drive, followed by a groom on whose usually impassive face there appeared a broad grin, Morewood gave a sigh of relief.

Mrs. Morewood shrieked with horror when they came closer and she was able to see that Jimmie's hair had been cropped close to his head, while the velvet suit had been replaced by a stout corduroy. But as they slipped to the ground Jack took the boy's hand and led him to his father.

"Dad," she said simply, "here is your son. I am your daughter. It has been all wrong until now. I've never had a sweetheart, and Jimmie's never had a fight. We've come to the conclusion that we have both been cheated out of what belongs to us, and we've changed places."

She stooped to kiss her father's bearded face and whispered, "And your daughter loves you more than ever, dad." Morewood clasped her to his heart, for he understood the transformation even while his wife bewailed her darling's lost curls.

That evening at the Country club Jacqueline was the sensation of the dance as she entered with her hair loosely waved instead of tightly knotted. In her dress, too, there was a subtle suggestion of femininity which caused the men to gasp and tell themselves that they had never before realized what a stunning girl Jacqueline Morewood was.

"You are radiant tonight," murmured Minturn as he held out his hand for her dance programme.

"I'm tired of being father's boy," she explained. "I've changed places with Jimmie," and as Minturn calmly appropriated three waltzes and returned the programme she read in his eyes approval of the change.

Not Opaque, but O'Brien.

At a political meeting an excited man had risen to yell his satisfaction. "Sit down!" called the man behind him, twitching his coat-tails. "Don't you know you're opaque?"

"And that I'm not!" cried the other.

"I'm O'Brien!"

SUPERVISORS' SESSION

(Continued from last page)

allowed \$255.70; balance on first quarter, asked \$127.50, allowed \$56.75.

W. P. Harris, asked \$406.77, allowed \$380.52; balance on first quarter, asked \$69.35, allowed \$62.60.

W. H. Entriakin, asked \$637.75, allowed \$333.75; balance on first quarter, asked \$45, allowed \$30.

The following amounts were ordered charged to contractors:

Charlie Reed, cutting tree.....\$3.00

Harris Bros., work on Odom road 4.00

J. T. Ussery, " " Ft. Head " 2.00

Account of C. E. Emerson for \$45, balance road work first quarter was rejected (Jones votes no).

Resignation of J. C. & D. R. Lauderdale and R. R. Scott as road contractors was continued.

Permission was given road contractors to assign contracts to work roads to persons acceptable to the Board.

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Subscription Renewals.

The following subscribers have renewed since our last issue:

L. M. Gartrell, Days.....	\$2.00
B. G. Stewart, Memphis.....	1.00
G. W. Satchfield, Bright.....	.50
G. T. Thomas, Lake Cormorant.....	1.00
E. M. Spencer, Eudora.....	1.00
P. M. Miller, Horn Lake.....	2.00
J. J. Freark, Hernando.....	1.00
C. S. Robinson, Hernando.....	1.00

When you need to take something take it promptly for the stomach, but take something you know is reliable—something like Kodol for Dyspepsia and Indigestion. Kodol is pleasant to take, it is reliable and is guaranteed to give relief. It is sold by Hernando Drug Store.

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This is to notify all agents, especially those for medicine and pictures that they are forbidden to transact business on any of the places owned, leased or controlled by Banks & Co. Anyone violating this order will be vigorously prosecuted.
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