

# BILL'S SUNBONNET

By BELLE MANIATES

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It was morning in Idaho and the sun was beaming pleasantly upon Barry as he rode along the big irrigation canal that he had been sent to inspect.

"Many settlers on the reservation," said the foreman.

"They are coming, now that they see the canal is a go. The nearest one is Judge Rand. His shack's up on the hill. He's in luck. We go right through his ranch."

Judge Rand? Vail wondered if it could be the same man he had known long ago. He concluded it was not possible.

"Which way do I take to his ranch?" he asked.

"He's generally clearing sage brush this time of day. Follow the canal and you'll likely run on him."

Vail rode on, tilting his sombrero back and humming a love tune. He was in a contemplative mood this morning and the word "Rand" carried him back to the east where he had been born and bred, but whose dust he had shaken from his feet five years before.

At that time he had been in love with Kate Rand, an imperious, self-willed girl. One fateful day she had announced her intention of going to a masquerade in the character and dress of a page. His young, conservative scruples were horrified. He objected, and when she persisted in carrying out her intention, his dictatorial attitude moved him to break the engagement. Immediately afterward he secured an appointment as civil engineer in the west. Later, his love affair, viewed at long range, appeared a very boyish affair.

When he came upon the solitary figure digging doggedly at a resisting spot, he recognized the man who had come so near being his father-in-law. There were mutual recognitions of pleasure, and then the judge explained that he had been caught in the financial coil of Wall street and had lost all his worldly possessions.

"Just enough left," he said, "to make a payment on 160 acres here, which I shall put to potatoes. The spirit of the west has caught me, Barry, I wouldn't go back into Wall street purgatory for any consideration."

After Vail had related his own experiences and inquired after the fortunes of mutual friends, he asked almost sheepishly:

"Did Kate come out here with you?"

The judge was silent for a moment. Then he said, with a sigh:

"Can you picture Kate in the primitive life? She had an opportune invitation to accompany some relatives on a trip abroad."

"And you live out here alone?" exclaimed Vail, pityingly.

"No, I have my helper, Bill. We are very comfortable—a little shack for a living room and dining room combined. Two sleeping tents and an outdoor door over a place for these parts."

But Vail was not listening. His attention was concentrated on a slender figure that was approaching in the distance. The figure was clad in khaki trousers, blue shirt, a red kerchief and a sunbonnet.

"Who in the world is that?" he asked.

The judge turned hastily and looked confused.

"Oh, that's Bill! I want him to go to the next ranch on an errand for me. Excuse me a moment, I will be back."

He hastened toward the sunbonneted figure, and after a moment's conversation the figure turned and went the way from which it had come.

"Your Bill doesn't look equal to much hard work," observed Vail dryly.

"Bill's all right at farm work or house work," assured the judge. "He's very willing, enduring and, best of all, intensely interested in the development of the ranch."

"You see a good many queer sights in Idaho," remarked Vail, "but I'll never see a man or a lad wearing a sunbonnet."

"Bill lost his one and only sombrero on a reckless ride last week. He went to the nearest ranch to buy or borrow one, but the only superfluous headgear they had was this sunbonnet, to which he is quite attached, as he is a little afraid of sunstrokes."

"Well, I must return to the canal. I intend to be neighborly, Judge."

"Of course! Let me see, come over to-morrow to dinner."

Vail chuckled softly as he rode away.

"I wonder if the judge thought he could string me that way. I have a very firm conviction that Bill is Kate, and, remembering my boyish horror of male attire, the judge headed her off. I suppose he thought he had deceived me with his evasive statement about her trip abroad, and invited me to-morrow, when he will take pains to have Bill, alias Kate, absent. I know of no reason why we should not meet in friendly fashion. I know I admire her a thousand times more than I ever did for coming out here and wearing any kind of clothes for working purposes. I'll just go over to-night, whether I am welcome or not, and stay to supper. Fancy the Sybarite Kate cooking!"

Late in the afternoon he rode up to the shack, and as he expected, "Bill," clad in feminine attire, was in the doorway. She was a different girl from the handsome, languorous, cynically expressed Kate he had known. There were the same regular features, the high-bred figure, air and pose, but the eyes were full of life and the mouth curved in almost gentle lines. Her pale face was tinted with ruddy gold. He wondered what his reception would be, remembering the angry parting.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Vail," she said, courteously, with extended hand, as he came up to her.

He instantly took the cue, addressed her as Miss Rand and avoided all allusion and reference to the past. He was glad it was to be this way. He wanted to begin acquaintance anew with this womanly Kate.

"You must stay to supper—that's what they call the meal out here. I shall prepare it myself to-night."

"Don't you generally prepare it?" he couldn't help asking.

"No," she said casually. "Bill, the help, cooks, but he is away."

Vail decided to accept the little fiction regarding Bill, and when the judge came home and was informed by his daughter that Bill had been called away for two weeks, which was just the length of time Vail was to be in the vicinity, he never changed expression.

"Ruth," said the judge in reply.

"Ruth!" interrupted Vail in surprise.

She smiled.

"Father calls me by my middle name since we came out here. It was my mother's name and he thinks I am growing to be like her."

After supper, when the judge and Vail had smoked and visited, a neighbor came to talk "planting" to the judge.

Barry proposed to Ruth (as he now liked to think of her) that they ride down the course of the canal, and she readily accepted. He remembered how well she used to ride and how well her boyish slowness looked in the saddle. But never in city parks could they have had this glorious canter over the wind-swept way on the open plains. They came back in the glory of a western moonlight. When near the shack Barry drew rein.

"Shall we," he asked earnestly, "begin all over again?"

"Yes," she replied in a low tone, "that was what I wanted to ask you to do."

For the next two weeks every moment he could snatch from his work Barry spent at the shack. Feeling that he was depriving the judge of "Bill's" help he put in some effective work on the ranch. In his rides, walks and talks with "Kate Ruth" he felt a sense of intimacy he had never known when with the Kate of olden days.

"Darling," he said impetuously one night after a long silence, "can you forget the past and my boyish superiority? Can you learn to love me again—Kate?"

"Don't," she cried breathlessly. "I am not Kate!"

He looked at her in bewilderment.

"I am Kate's younger sister. I was away at school when you knew her, but I used to love to hear about you from father. I didn't know at the first that you mistook me for her. Afterward—well, I was afraid you would not care for me, but you can't have her! She's engaged!"

"Dear," he said, gently, "I don't want Kate. I want you, whether you are Kate, Ruth or Bill."

"Bill?" she interrupted faintly.

"I knew," he laughed. "Bill's sunbonnet gave him away."

Fought with Garibaldi.

An echo of the great Garibaldi campaign in Scotland is furnished in the case of Mr. Alexander A. Walker of Edinburgh, who has been notified by the Italian ambassador in London that, by order of his majesty the king of Italy, the minister of war has granted him the right to wear the medal for the war of independence and unity, in acknowledgment of the services rendered by him in the cause of Italy in the ranks of the British legion during the campaign of 1860.

Walker was working as a tailor in Glasgow when Garibaldi came to the front, and he became enthusiastic and volunteered like many others in Scotland at the time.

## DREADFUL CHANGE

Mrs. Jones Was in a Serious Condition Before She Helped Herself With Cardui, the Woman's Tonic.

Dexter, Tex.—"I certainly was in a serious condition when I wrote you for advice," writes Mrs. Calvin Jones, of Dexter, Tex.

"I suffered a great deal with those dizzy, fainting spells, but after taking several bottles of Cardui, relief finally came."

Cardui prepared my system for the dreadful change and when it came it was not half as bad as those dizzy spells I had before. I now help every day with the housework and am getting along fine.

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No matter what the immediate cause, it will help to brace you up, give you new force and vim, help you to throw off the trouble that troubles you.

Cardui will not interfere with any other medicine you may be taking. It is a gentle, harmless, non-mineral, non-poisonous, non-intoxicating tonic, that every woman ought to take when she is looking for health, strength, beauty and vitality.

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## A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.



"Well, young man, what do you think of my daughter?"  
"Rather thin."  
"That will improve; at her age I was like that."

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Few parents realize how many estimable lives have been blighted and social and business success prevented by serious skin affections which so often result from the neglect of minor eruptions in infancy and childhood. With but a little care and the use of the proper emollients, baby's skin and hair may be preserved, purified and beautified, minor eruptions prevented from becoming chronic and torturing, disfiguring rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings dispelled.

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## Comparison Shunned.

"You didn't cry at all at the marriage."

"No," answered the reposeful girl; "I couldn't think of such a thing."

"But the young woman with you wept copiously."

"Of course. Her lace handkerchiefs are ever so much more elegant than mine."—Washington Star.

## Distemper

In all its forms, among all ages of horses and dogs, cured and others in the same stable prevented from having the disease with Spohn's Distemper Cure. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. \$5.00 and \$10.00. Good druggists, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Write for free book. Spohn Med. Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

## She Had Noticed It.

Mrs. Knicker—They say the purchasing power of a dollar has diminished.

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DRUNKENNESS is unworthy when you can have it removed without anybody's knowledge. Acme simple home-treatment will do the work. Write E. Fortin, Dickey Bldg., Chicago, Ill., for free trial.

## She Jumped.

Edna—Did you jump when he kissed you under the mistletoe?

Camille—I had to. He is six feet two, and I am only four feet six.

## For Colds and Grip—Capudine.

The best remedy for Grip and Colds is Hicks' Capudine. Relieves the aching and feverishness. Cures the cold—Headaches also. It's Liquid—Effects immediately—10, 25 and 50c at Drug Stores.

Outward appearances are often misleading. One can't always tell what is in a man and a mince pie by their looks.

## SOME REASON IN OBJECTION

Scottish Kilt Doubtless a Reasonable and Convenient Garment, But Not for All Occasions.

"At a dinner at Claridge's, the smartest hotel in London," said, with no little pride a Chicagoan, "I sat beside young Rhinelander Stewart, Anita Stewart's brother, you know. Anita Stewart married Don Miguel of Braganza."

"I joked Rhinelander a bit on the kilt that he wore at his sister's Scottish wedding. He took my joking in good part. He said the kilt was a fine, conventional dress, and still recently he had thought it suitable everywhere and for all purposes."

"Recently, though, he suggested that the house servants in Tallooh castle should wear as livery the Stewart kilt; but the major domo objected."

"Now," said Mr. Stewart, "what is your objection?"

"Aweel, sir, the major domo answered, 'a man canna clean upstairs windows in a kilt, noo, can he?'"—Exchange.

## Not Actually Necessary.

The lawyer proceeded to examine the witness.

"Pardon the question, Mrs. Chucksley," he said, "but your answer constitutes a part of the record. How old are you?"

"Why, you ought to know, Mr. Sharpe," she answered; "my birthday is the same as yours, only I was born ten years later than you were."

"Ah, yes, I remember. Well, it isn't important, anyhow. Go ahead, Mrs. Chucksley, and tell the jury what you know about this case."

## Two Bad Cases in England Cured by Resinol Ointment.

I have been using Resinol Ointment during the last few weeks for a varicose ulcer on leg and can bear testimony to its cooling and curative qualities. Have never found anything to equal it. I was recommended by my sister, Mrs. Cairus Ladykirk, Norham on Tweed, to try it. She had been treated 14 months previously without effect, but was entirely cured by Resinol Ointment.

Robert Davidson, Gateshead on Tyne.

## Meaning of Cemetery.

It is not correct to say that "cemetery" means the "city of the dead." The word is from the Greek "Koimeion," meaning sleeping place, not the place of the dead. There is nothing in the thinking that it was originally intended to convey the idea that the departed were really dead any more than there is in the old Hebrew term for cemetery—"Bethaim"—the house of the living.

## Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists. Price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## These Knowing Children.

"Come here, Mame, dear. Look at this beautiful Misty girl. Isn't she lovely? I don't think Misty ever drew a more charming figure!"

"Do you think, papa, that this is the model that used to sit on Mr. Misty's knee?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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## A Thought Reader.

"So you are studying telepathy?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "my object in life has been to find what people are thinking and then say it first. Any reliable system would simplify my labors immensely."

—Exchange.

## Important to Mothers.

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When a doctor gets sick he knocks his own game.

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As we get older the blood becomes sluggish, the muscles and joints stiffen and aches and pains take hold easier. Sloan's Liniment quickens the blood, limbers up the muscles and joints and stops any pain or ache with astonishing promptness.

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