

It is a Mistake  
Many have the idea that anything will sell if advertised strong enough. This is a great mistake. True, a few sales might be made by advertising an absolutely worthless article but it is only the article that is bought again and again that pays. An example of the big success of a worthy article is the enormous sale that has grown up for Casarets Candy Cathartic. This wonderful record is the result of great merit successfully made known through persistent advertising and the mouth-to-mouth recommendation given Casarets by its friends and users.

Like all great successes, trade placards prey on the unsuspecting public, by marketing fake tablets similar in appearance to Casarets. Care should always be exercised in purchasing well advertised goods, especially an article that has a national sale like Casarets. Do not allow a substitute to be palmed off on you.

#### The Lost Chords.

The village concert was to be a great affair. They had the singers, they had the program sellers, they had the doorkeepers and they would doubtless have the audience. All they needed was the piano, but that they lacked. Nor could they procure one anywhere.

At last the village organist learned that one was possessed by Farmer Hayseed, who lived "at the top of the hill." Forthwith he set out with two men and a van.

"Take it, an' welcome," said Hayseed cordially. "I've no objections 'long as ye put 'Fenner by Hayseed' on the program."

They carted it away.  
"An' I wish 'em joy of it," murmured Mrs. Hayseed, as the van disappeared from sight.

"Wish 'em joy of it," repeated Hayseed. "What d'ye mean?"

"Well, I mean I only hope they'll find all the notes they want," replied the good woman. "Cos, ye see, when I wanted a bit o' wire I allus went to the old planner for it."

#### What's the Answer?

We're ready to quit! After sending two perfectly rhymed, carefully scanned, pleasurable sentimental pieces of poetic junk to seventeen magazines and having them returned seventeen times, we turn to the current issue of a new monthly and find a "pome" modeled after Kipling's "Vampire," and in which home is supposed to rhyme with alone, run on page eleven with all the well-curled ordinary surrounding a piece of real art. If poetry is a gift we are convinced that this poet's must have been. As for us, we are on our way to the woodshed to study the psychology of the ax or any other old thing that hasn't to do with selling poetry to magsazines.

#### A Protection Against the Heat.

When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, buy yourself a glass or a bottle of Coca-Cola. It is cooling—relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. Wholesome as the purest water and lots nicer to drink. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Send 2c stamp for booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" and the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910. The latter contains the famous poem "Casey at the Bat," records, schedules for both leagues, and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

#### The Miser of Sag Harbor.

"Economy," said Daniel W. Field, the millionaire shoe manufacturer of Boston, who at the age of forty-five has entered Harvard, "economy is essential to wealth, but by economy I don't mean niggardliness.  
"Too many men fail to attain to wealth because they practise a cheseparing and mean economy that gets everybody down on them.  
"They practise, in fact, an economy like that of old William Brewster of Sag Harbor. William, you know, would never buy oysters because he couldn't eat shells and all."

#### DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.

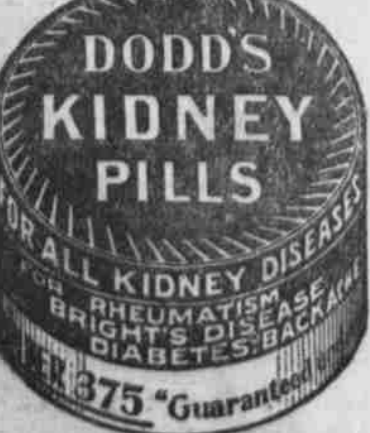
Seventeen Years the Standard.  
Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.  
"Charley, dear!" exclaimed young Mrs. Torkins, "the baby has swallowed a gold dollar!"  
"Great heavens! Something must be done. There will be no end to the cost of living if he gets habits like that!"

#### The Inevitable.

Briggs—I don't think much of Underblossom. He's a scoundrel. He lies in his teeth.  
Griggs—Why shouldn't he? His teeth are false—Life.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, they are easy to take as candy.

Many a man enjoys a pipe because his wife hates it.



DEFIANCE STARCH  
16 ounces to one pound only 15 cents—same price and quality. "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

# THE QUICKENING

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)  
The mile walk down the white, lily white and shortly under the starlight, was paced in silence, man and boy striding side by side and each busy with his own thoughts. As they were passing the Deer Trace gates a loose jointed figure loomed black against the sky, and the voice of Japheth Pettigrass said:  
"Why, howdy, Brother Silas! Thought you'd gone back to South Tredegar. When are ye comin' out to Little Zear again to give us another of them old-fashioned, spiritual times o' refreshin' from the presence of the Lord?"

"Why do you ask that, Japheth Pettigrass?" The Lord will deal with you, one day.  
"Ye reckon so; that's what makes me say what I do. There's a heap o' sinners left round here, yit, Brother Silas. There's the Major, for one, and I know you're always countin' me in for another. I dunno but you might snatch me as a brand from the burnin'. If you could make out to try it one more lap around the course, I been thinkin' right pinedly about—"

But the preacher had cut in with a curt "Good-night" and was gone, with his broad-shouldered nephew at his heels; and the horse-trader went on, with the stars for his audience.  
Pettigrass was groping for the gate latch when a hand fell on his shoulder, and a clutch that was more than half a blow twisted him about to face the roadway. He was doubling his fists for defense when he saw who his assailant was.

"Why, Tom-Jeff! what's a'lin' yer?" he began; but Tom broke in with gasps of rage.  
"Japheth Pettigrass, what did you think you saw last Wednesday forenoon up yonder at Big Rock Spring on the mountain? Tell it straight, this time, my bare hands!"

"Sho, now, Tom-Jeff; don't you git so servin' over nothin'. I didn't see nothin' but a couple o' young fly-aways playin' possum in a hole in the big rock. And I'll leave it to you if I don't believe in an angel or my wifes' jes' like I'd like to be done by."

"Yes; and then you came straight down here and told my uncle! The hand he had been holdin' behind him came to the front, clutching a stone as big as his head, and he was ready to pike as he ran. "If I should break your face in with this, Japheth Pettigrass, it wouldn't be any more than you've earned!"

Tell Brother Silas on you, Tom-Jeff? You show me the man that says I done any such low-down thing as that, and I'll fuzzle a fifty-dollar hawshawbill out on his ornery hide—I will, so. Say, boy; you don't certainly believe that o' me, do ye?"

"Who you reckon it was told on you? Was there anybody else in the big woods that mornin'?"  
"Yes; there were three men testing the pipe-line. We both saw them, and Nan was sorest at sight of one of them; that's why I put her up in that hole."

"When you find out who that fellow is that Nan's steered of, you can lay your hand on the man that told Brother Silas on you. But I wouldn't trouble about all nothin', if I was you."

The dinner at Woodlawn that night was a stiff and comfortable meal, as it had come to be with the taking on of four-tined forks and the other conventions for which an oak-paneled dining-room in an ornate brick mansion was the scene. Caleb Gordon was fatigued deep in the mechanical problems of the day's work, as was his wont. Silas Crafts was abstracted and silent. Tom's food choked him, as it had need under the sharp stress of things; and the convalescent housemother remained at table only long enough to pour the coffee.

Tom excused himself a few minutes later, and followed his mother to her room, climbing the stair to her door, laden-footed and with his heart ready to burst.

"Is that you, Thomas?" said the gentle voice within, answering his tap on the panel. "Come in, son; come in and sit by my fire. It's right chilly to-night."

Thomas Jefferson entered and placed his chair so that she could not see him without turning, and for many minutes the silence was unbroken. Then he began, as he had begun, some time ago, in some way, to tell her of the "Mammy," he said, feeling unconsciously for the childish phrase, "mammy, has Uncle Silas been telling you anything about me?"

"Something, Thomas, but not a great deal. You have had some trouble with Doctor Tolliver."

"I have known that for some little time. Your uncle might have told me more, but I wouldn't let him. There has never been anything between us to break confidence, Tom. I knew you would tell me yourself, when the time came."

"I have come to tell you to-night, mammy. You must hear it all, from beginning to end. It goes back a long way—back to the time when you used to let me kneel with my head in your lap to say my prayers; when you used to think I was good."

"The fire had died down, to a few glowing masses of coals on the grate bars when he had finished the story of his wanderings in the valley of dry bones. Through it all, Martha Gordon had sat silent and rigid, her thin hands being clasped in her lap, and her low willow rocking-chair barely moving at the touch of her foot on the fender.

But when it was over, when Tom, his voice breaking in spite of his efforts to control it, told her that he could walk in the way she had chosen for him only at the price a conscious hypocrite must pay, she reached up quickly and took him in her arms and wept over him as those who sorrow without hope, crying again and again, "O my son, Absalom, my son, my son! Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Once in a lifetime for every youngling climbing the facile or difficult slope of life there comes a day of real

Meantime, ruin was imminent. The affairs of the company were in the utmost confusion; the treasury was empty, and there were no apparent assets apart from the idle plant. Creditors were pressing the discharged workmen, led by the white coal-miners, were on the verge of riot; and Major Dabney's royalties on the coal lands were many months in arrears.

Tom rose promptly to the occasion, and in the stress of things found space to wonder how it chanced that he knew instinctively what to do and how to go about it. Before his information was an hour old a rush telegram had gone to his father, asking from what port and by what steamer the Farleys would sail; asking also that certain documents be sent to a given New York address by first mail.

This done, he laid the exigencies frankly before the examiners in the technical school, praying for such leniency as might be shown under the circumstances. Since all things are possible for an honor-man, beloved of those whose mission it is to grind the human weapon to its edge, the difficulties in this field vanished. Mr. Gordon could go on with his examinations until his presence was needed elsewhere; and after the stressful moment was passed he could return and finish.

The return telegram from Gordonia was a day late. Knowing diplomacy only by name, Caleb Gordon had gone directly to Dyckman for information regarding the Farleys' movements. Dyckman was polite to the general manager, but unhappily he knew nothing of Mr. Farley's plans. Caleb tried elsewhere, and the little mystery thickened. At his club, Mr. Farley had spoken of taking a Conarder from Boston; to a friend in the South Tredegar Manufacturers' Association he had confided his intention of sailing from Philadelphia; but at the railway ticket office he had engaged Pullman reservations for six persons to New York.

This last was conclusive, as far as it went; and Japheth Pettigrass supplied the missing item. The Dabneys and the Farleys made one party, and Japheth knew the steamer and the sailing date.

"Party will sail by White Star Line Baltic, New York, to-morrow, New York address, Fifth Avenue Hotel, Port to your care 271 Broadway, by mail to-day," was the message which was signed for by the doorkeeper at the mines and metallurgy examination room in Boston, late in the forenoon of the second day; and Tom looked at the clock. Nothing was to be gained by waiting, for which would land him to New York late in the evening; so he plunged again into the examination pool and thought no more of Chlawasse Consolidated until his paper on qualitative analysis had been neatly folded, docketed and handed to the examiner.

#### AT DANCING SCHOOL.

Some Children Enjoy the Diversion and Others Do Not.  
To most little girls and many little boys dancing school is a delight, but not to all. The mother of one small boy, who usually accompanies him to the class, recently encouraged him regularly as the fateful hour approaches he is sunk in resentful and despairing gloom—and partly to enjoy the pretty spectacle, noticed one afternoon lately that although he had bowed correctly before several little girls in turn, he had failed to secure a partner. She beckoned him to her side.

"Why wouldn't any of those little girls dance with you, Bobby?" she inquired. "Did you ask them nicely?"  
"Well, mama," admitted Bobby, reluctantly, "I'm not sure whether it was nice, exactly, but it was truthful; and you say I'm always to tell the truth. I said, 'Mammy, I have the pain of this dance with you' and they wouldn't any of them dance with me. But you know perfectly well, mama, it wouldn't have been true if I'd said 'please.'"

Bobby's partners, when he was induced to use a formula somewhat less frank, were almost always selected from among girls older and larger than himself. His mother remonstrated, adding, as she indicated a light and graceful little girl of something less than his own years, "Why do you never ask little Katharine? She dances beautifully."

He turned a baleful eye on Katharine, who was indeed an admirable dancer, but a rather over-dressed, precocious and noticeable child, and demanded with indignation scorn:  
"Do you suppose I'd be condescended by that kid?"

His feelings were respected, and he was allowed the modified "pain" of selecting a more sedate partner.  
The shy little daughter of a distinguished novelist, who was recently sent for the first time to dancing school, had long dreaded the ordeal. Her father, knowing her fondness for poetry, tried to overcome her fears by familiarizing her mind with alluring songs and poems picturing the joyous sportiveness of the dance; and he appeared to have succeeded. Especially was she pleased with the airy charm of the Shakespearean injunction to the fairies to "foot it feathery here and there," and with the Miltonic invitation:  
"Come and trip it as ye go  
On the light fantastic toe."

This poetically inspired, and cheered also by the possession of a pair of fascinating bronze slippers with beaded bows, she started off in fair spirits. But alas! once arrived, bashfulness overpowered her, and she found the afternoon an embarrassing and unhappy experience. Returning home, she cast the treasured slippers wildly from her as she entered, flung herself into her father's arms and sobbed in a voice of miserable disillusionment:  
"I don't want to foot it feathery, papa, I don't want to! And oh, I don't want my toes fantastic! I like my everyday common sense last lots better!"  
Youth's Companion.

Embarrassing Question.  
Police Justice—Have you any way of making a living?  
Vagrant—I hev, y'r honor. I kin make brooms.  
Police Justice—You can? Where did you learn that trade?  
Vagrant—I decline to answer, your honor.—Home Herald.

In the Midst of It.  
"Did you find that local atmosphere you were looking for?"  
"I found me," responded the novelists. "I got mixed up with a cyclone before I had been fooling around two days."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Like Tennyson's little brook, "bridge apparently goes on forever." With these warm days morning parties are quite the thing, with a luncheon served at one, the party beginning at eleven, or the luncheon is served at one, the game following on the porch or lawn. For these outdoor affairs camp chairs are used, rugs are spread and food drinks are served at intervals during the game.

It is a pretty fancy to use cards with outdoor scenes or "landscape" backs, I believe they are called, different styles at each table.  
At one outdoor party the prizes were all rustic baskets filled with flowers and fruit; at another the hostess gave each guest a Japanese flower holder in metal, and the prizes were green pottery bowls; just the thing for the holders. It is now quite the thing to carry out one scheme in decoration, and prizes: a definite color scheme, or prizes and favors to correspond. At one porch party of four tables, the hostess gave each guest a dainty apron and the four prizes were elaborate hand-made aprons. Hanging baskets and wall receptacles add much to the beauty of the porch, when filled with seasonal flowers.

A Cup-and-Saucer Shower.  
Cup-and-saucer showers are not new, but they are conducted in an unusual manner. It was given by a card club of which both the bride and bridegroom elect were members. The saucers were passed to the men, the cups to the girls. When matched they were partners, the hostess placing them all on a tray, which was presented to the bride at the close of the game, as her prize.

Novel Bazar Feature.  
The ice cream cone is here to stay, the children love it and—on the quiet—so do the grownups. At an open air bazaar given for a "settlement" there were all sorts of attractions, but the North Pole groats was by all odds the favorite. Built of white materials, covered with "sparkles," with "Teddy" bears of huge proportions, and ones of smaller size clambering up the sides, while on the very tip top a big white bear loomed by an obliging fur house, held the American flag. Inside, clad in snowy apron and cap, a man made the cones while an assistant filled them. A per cent. was paid the owner of the cone outfit and still a larger sum was realized for charity.

Luncheon for Nurses.  
This may not appeal to very many of our readers, but it certainly was an unusual affair. A daughter of a prominent family in her home town, tired

# Hints For Hostess

## TIMELY SUGGESTIONS

### for Those Planning Seasonable Entertainments

Open Air Card Parties.  
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Madame Merril.

Old gold silk for afternoon and evening wear is being combined with chastity lace.  
Moire waists of the Gibson style are in vogue. The only trimming is self-covered buttons.  
Tucked yokes are not used as much now as are plain ones of either fancy striped or dotted net.  
Upright bow loops of ribbon are used on the brimless hats, trimmed with tiny satin roses.  
Belts and girdles feature all dresses, varying in design and materials to harmonize or to provide contrast.  
Yards and yards of shaded or changeable ribbon are devoted to the hats in enormous loops, bows and scarfs.  
Some of the summer hats in white and blue are wreathed with red roses resting lightly on clusters of dark blue foliage.

He Rose to It.  
"Do you know," said a little boy of five to a companion the other day, "my father and I know everything. What I don't know my father knows, and what my father don't know I know."  
"All right! Let's see, then," replied the older child, skeptically. "Where's Asia?"  
It was a stiff one, but the youngster never faltered.  
"Well, that," he answered coolly, "is one of the things my father knows."—Harper's Bazar.

Midas.  
Midas had come to that point in his career where everything he touched turned to gold.  
"What shall you ever do with the stuff?" asked his entourage in visible alarm.  
Midas affected not to be uneasy. "Just wait till the boys begin to touch me!" quoth he, displaying an acquaintance with economic tendencies far in advance of his age.—Puck.

Cost of Spontaneity.  
"I want the office, of course," said the aspiring statesman, "but not unless I can get the people's choice."  
"We can fix that, too," said his campaign manager; "only you know it's a good deal more expensive to be the people's choice than it is to go in as the compromise candidate."

Caring for the Baby.  
Old Lady—What a nice boy, to watch your little brother so carefully!  
Nice Boy—Yes, um. He just swallowed a dime and I'm afraid of kidnappers.

Compound Interest  
comes to life when the body feels the delicious glow of health, vigor and energy.

That Certain Sense  
of vigor in the brain and easy poise of the nerves comes when the improper foods are cut out and predigestion

Hand-Run Lace.  
Net laces run by hand are in very good style and they may be copied even without a definite lace pattern by using some simply designed lace and darning in the cotton, linen or silk floss upon the net, as nearly like the original as possible.  
Also there is a way to make your own lace patterns. Any old piece of lace spread out upon a sheet of manila paper may be successfully traced by the aid of a pencil or tracing wheel or by laying between the two a sheet of carbon paper and then carefully defining the carbon tracing with a hard pencil.  
Over this paper pattern the net or wide footing is traced and the design worked out in whatever class is chosen. "Silver threads" among the gold—both of these metallic strands upon black or white produce excellent results.

The English and French plaques in white and the newest shades of plain colors are smart for tailored skirts and costumes.

To Find Partners.  
This pretty way to find partners was utilized by a young hostess who was clever with her brush. It was to be a floral card party, so she painted a flower on the cards for the ladies and wrote the name of that flower on a card, for the men. Partners were found by matching name and flower.

A BAD THING TO NEGLECT.  
Don't neglect the kidneys when you notice lack of control over the secretions. Passages become too frequent or scanty; urine is discolored and sediment appears. No medicine for such troubles like Doan's Kidney Pills. They quickly remove kidney disorders.  
Mrs. A. E. Fulton, 311 Skidmore St., Portland, Ore., says: My limbs swelled terribly and I was bloated over the stomach and had puffy spots beneath the eyes. My kidneys were very unhealthy and the secretions were much disordered. The dropsical swellings began to abate after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and soon I was cured.  
Remember the name—Doan's.  
For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WHY, OF COURSE.  
Knicker—How do you figure out that the St. Louis exposition was better than the Paris exposition?  
Booker—It didn't cost so much t got there.

Unfettering Truth.  
A Chicago physician gleefully tells a child story at his own expense. The five children of some faithful patients had measles, and during their rather long stay in the improvised home hospital they never failed to greet his daily visit with pleased acclamation. The good doctor felt duly flattered, but rashly pressed the children, in the days of convalescence, for the reason of this sudden affection. At last the youngest and most indiscreet let slip the better truth.  
"We felt so sick that we wanted awfully to do something naughty, but we were afraid to be bad for fear you and the nurse would give us more horrid medicine. So we were awfully glad to see you always, 'cause you made us stick out our tongues. We stuck 'em out awful far!"

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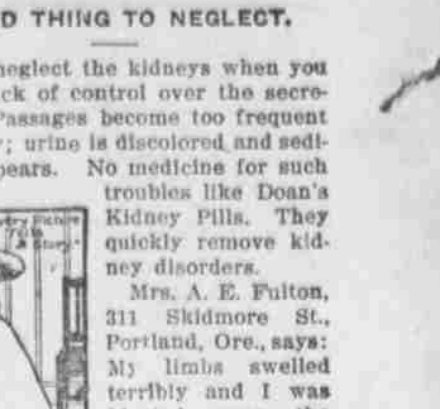
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Over this paper pattern the net or wide footing is traced and the design worked out in whatever class is chosen. "Silver threads" among the gold—both of these metallic strands upon black or white produce excellent results.

The English and French plaques in white and the newest shades of plain colors are smart for tailored skirts and costumes.

To Find Partners.  
This pretty way to find partners was utilized by a young hostess who was clever with her brush. It was to be a floral card party, so she painted a flower on the cards for the ladies and wrote the name of that flower on a card, for the men. Partners were found by matching name and flower.

Madame Merril.

Old gold silk for afternoon and evening wear is being combined with chastity lace.  
Moire waists of the Gibson style are in vogue. The only trimming is self-covered buttons.  
Tucked yokes are not used as much now as are plain ones of either fancy striped or dotted net.  
Upright bow loops of ribbon are used on the brimless hats, trimmed with tiny satin roses.  
Belts and girdles feature all dresses, varying in design and materials to harmonize or to provide contrast.  
Yards and yards of shaded or changeable ribbon are devoted to the hats in enormous loops, bows and scarfs.  
Some of the summer hats in white and blue are wreathed with red roses resting lightly on clusters of dark blue foliage.

He Rose to It.  
"Do you know," said a little boy of five to a companion the other day, "my father and I know everything. What I don't know my father knows, and what my father don't know I know."  
"All right! Let's see, then," replied the older child, skeptically. "Where's Asia?"  
It was a stiff one, but the youngster never faltered.  
"Well, that," he answered coolly, "is one of the things my father knows."—Harper's Bazar.

Midas.  
Midas had come to that point in his career where everything he touched turned to gold.  
"What shall you ever do with the stuff?" asked his entourage in visible alarm.  
Midas affected not to be uneasy. "Just wait till the boys begin to touch me!" quoth he, displaying an acquaintance with economic tendencies far in advance of his age.—Puck.

Cost of Spontaneity.  
"I want the office, of course," said the aspiring statesman, "but not unless I can get the people's choice."  
"We can fix that, too," said his campaign manager; "only you know it's a good deal more expensive to be the people's choice than it is to go in as the compromise candidate."

Caring for the Baby.  
Old Lady—What a nice boy, to watch your little brother so carefully!  
Nice Boy—Yes, um. He just swallowed a dime and I'm afraid of kidnappers.

Compound Interest  
comes to life when the body feels the delicious glow of health, vigor and energy.

That Certain Sense  
of vigor in the brain and easy poise of the nerves comes when the improper foods are cut out and predigestion

Hand-Run Lace.  
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