

NOTHING SORDID ABOUT HIM

Poet Was Looking for Appreciation of the Ages That Stretched into the Future.

The editor looked at the poetry and then he turned back to the poet. For a moment his customary assurance failed him. The poet was so thin and sood and hollow eyed.

"See here, my friend," he said in as gentle a voice as he could assume on short notice, "I don't want to discourage you, but while your stuff here is fairly good—and perhaps a little better—it is a standing rule of this paper never to buy poetry."

The poet drew himself up with a sudden snort.

"Why, suffering Dante," he cried, "you didn't suppose from my appearance that I was out for the filthy simoleons, did you? Why, bless your journalistic soul, all I'm working for is a plain niche in the Hall of Fame!"

Costly Talent.

"You are sure that airships will make war so expensive as to be utterly impracticable?" said one military expert.

"Quite sure," replied the other. "The flying machines won't cost so much, but we won't be able to pay the sums required by aviators for going up in them."

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Asseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

A Height Unreached.

Byron was writing "Roll on, thou dark blue ocean, roll!"

"Why not make it a steam roller?" we asked.

Pleading ignorance of politics, he stuck to the shallower subject.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

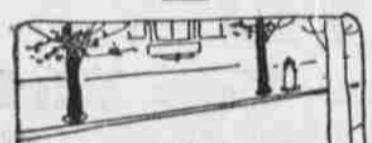
At sixteen a girl thinks about roses and poetry; at twenty-six her thoughts run to cabbages and money.

The charm of the unattainable is long drawn out.

BABY'S SCALP CRUSTED

"Our little daughter, when three months old, began to break out on the head and we had the best doctors to treat her, but they did not do her any good. They said she had eczema. Her scalp was a solid scale all over. The burning and itching was so severe that she could not rest, day or night. We had about given up all hopes when we read of the Cuticura Remedies. We at once got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and one bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and followed directions carefully. After the first dose of the Cuticura Resolvent, we used the Cuticura Soap freely and applied the Cuticura Ointment. Then she began to improve rapidly and in two weeks the scale came off her head and new hair began to grow. In a very short time she was well. She is now sixteen years of age and a picture of health. We used the Cuticura Remedies about five weeks, regularly, and then we could not tell she had been affected by the disease. We used no other treatment after we found out what the Cuticura Remedies would do for her. J. Fish and Ella M. Fish, Mt. Vernon, Ky., Oct. 12, 1909."

HAD TO BE POSTPONED.



His friend—I thought you was going to commit suicide, James?

The Rejected—I was! but when I got to the river I remembered I'd forgotten me swimmin' tights.

NEWSPAPERS TAKING IT UP

Metropolitan Dailies Giving Advice How to Check Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble.

"This is a simple home recipe now being made known in all the larger cities through the newspapers. It is intended to check the many cases of Rheumatism and dread kidney trouble which have made so many cripples, invalids and weaklings of some of our brightest and strongest people.

The druggists everywhere, even in the smallest communities, have been notified to supply themselves with the ingredients, and the sufferer will have no trouble to obtain them. The prescription is as follows: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking well in a bottle. The dose is one teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

Recent experiments in hospital cases prove this simple mixture effective in Rheumatism. Because of its positive action upon the eliminative tissues of the kidneys, it compels these most vital organs to filter from the blood and system the waste impurities and uric acid which are the cause of rheumatism. It cleanses the kidneys, strengthens them and removes quickly such symptoms as backache, blood disorders, bladder weakness, frequent urination, painful scalding and discolored urine. It acts as a gentle, thorough regulator to the entire kidney structure.

Those who suffer and are accustomed to purchase a bottle of medicine should not let a little inconvenience interfere with making this up, or have your druggist do it for you.



"What Are Our Intentions?"

The LITTLE BROWN JUG at KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

Thomas Applegate, bored millionaire, and Henry Osborne, professor in the University of Virginia, take trains out of Columbia, Georgia, to his college. Applegate in pursuit of a girl who had written at him, Missions for Gov. Osborne of South Carolina. Griswold's life is threatened. He goes to Columbia to warn the governor and meet Barbara Osborne. Applegate learns that his winking lady is the daughter of Gov. Dangerfield of North Carolina. He follows her to Raleigh, and on the way is given a brown jug containing a message threatening Dangerfield unless Applegate's criminal is allowed to go free. Applegate becomes allied with Jerry Dangerfield in running the affairs of the state in the absence of the governor. A scathing telegram is sent to Gov. Osborne.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Griswold Forsakes the Academic Life.

Miss Osborne had asked Griswold to await the outcome of the day, and, finding himself thus possessed of a vacation, he indulged his antiquarian instincts by exploring Columbia. The late afternoon found him in the lovely cathedral churchyard, where an aged negro, tending the graves of an illustrious family, leaned upon his spade and recited the achievements and virtues of the dead.

As the shadows lengthened, Griswold walked back to the hotel, where he ate supper, then, calling for a horse, he rode through the streets in a mood of more complete alienation than he had ever experienced in a foreign country; yet the very scents of the summer night, stealing out from old gardens, the voices that reached him from open doorways, spoke of Rome.

As he reached the outskirts of town and rode on toward the governor's mansion, his mood changed, and he laughed softly for he remembered Ardmore, and Ardmore was beyond question the most amusing person he knew. It was unfortunate, he generously reflected, that Ardmore, rather than himself, had not been plunged into this present undertaking, which was much more in Ardmore's line than his own. There would, however, be a great satisfaction in telling Ardmore of his unexpected visit to Columbia, in exchange for his friend's report of his pursuit of the winking eye. He only regretted that in the nature of things Columbia is a modern city, a seat of commerce as well as of government, a place where bank clearings are seriously computed, and where the jaunty adventurer with sword and ruffles is quite likely to run afoul of the police. Yet his own imagination was far more fertile than Ardmore's, and he would have hailed a troop of mail-clad men as joyfully as his friend had met them clanking in the highway. Thus, modern as we think ourselves, the least venturesome among us dreams that some day some turn of a street corner will bring him face to face with what we please to call our fate; and this is the manifestation of our last drop of medieval blood. The grimmest seeker after reality looks out of the corner of his eye for the flutter of a white handkerchief from the ivied tower he affects to ignore; and, in spite of himself, he is buoyed by the hope that some day a horn will sound for him over the nearest hill.

Miss Osborne met him at the veranda steps. Indoors a mandolin and piano struck up the merry chords of "The Eutaw Girl."

"My young sisters have company. Will sit here, if you don't mind."

She led the way to a quiet corner, and after they were seated she was silent a moment, while the light from the windows showed clearly that her perplexity of the morning was not yet at an end. He felt that she was seriously anxious and troubled, and he wished to hearten her if he could. The soft dusk of the faintly lighted corner folded her in. He heard whispering in his heart a man's first word of the woman he is destined to love, in which he sets her apart; above and

but they commit most of their crimes in North Carolina, and they always have. Talk about a vacillating course! Father has never taken steps to arrest those men out of sheer regard for Gov. Dangerfield; he thought North Carolina had some pride, and that her governor would prefer to take care of his own criminals. What do you suppose Applegate is indicted for in this state? For stealing one ham—one single ham from a farmer in Mingo county, and he's killed half a dozen men in North Carolina."

She paced the corner of the veranda angrily, while Griswold groped for a solution of the problem. The telegram from Raleigh was certainly lacking in diplomatic suavity. It was patent that if the governor of North Carolina was not tremendously aroused, he was playing a great game of bluff; and on either hypothesis a prompt response must be made to his telegram.

"I must answer this at once. He must not think we are so stupid in Columbia that we don't know when we're insulted. We can go through the side door to father's study and write the message there," and she led the way.

She found a blank and wrote rapidly, without asking suggestions, with this result:

The Honorable William Dangerfield, Raleigh, N. C.

Your extremely diverting telegram in Applegate case received and filed.

CHARLES OSBORNE, Governor of South Carolina.

She met Griswold's obvious disappointment with prompt explanation. "You met the governor of South Carolina cannot stop in an exchange of billingsgate with an underbred person like that—a big, solemn, conceited creature in a long frock-coat and a shoestring necktie, who boasts of belonging to the common 'peo-pull.' He doesn't have to tell anybody that when it's plain as daylight. The way to answer him is not to answer at all."

"Excellent. It's bound to irritate, and it leaves him in the dark as to our—I mean Gov. Osborne's—intentions. And these intentions—during his play he had reached a decision as to what should be done, and he was prepared to answer when she asked, with an employment of the pronoun that pleasantly emphasized their relationship:

"What are our intentions?"

"We are going to catch Appleweight, that's the first thing—and until we get him we're going to keep our own counsel. Let me have a telegraph blank and I will try my hand at being governor."

He sat down in the governor's chair, asked the name of the county seat of Mingo and wrote without emasure or hesita't a this message:

To the Sheriff of Mingo County, Turner Court House, S. C.

Make every possible effort to capture Applegate and any of his gang who are abroad in your county. Swear in all the deputies you need, and if friendly persons of citizens to outlaws makes this impossible wire me immediately, and I will send militia. Any delay on your part will be visited with severest penalties. Answer immediately by telegraph.

CHARLES OSBORNE, Governor of South Carolina.

"That's quite in the law," said Griswold, handing Barbara the message; "and we might as well put the thing through at a gallop. I'll get the telegraph company to hold open the line to Turner Court House until the sheriff answers."

As Barbara read the message he saw her pleasure in the quick compression of her lips, the glow in her cheeks, and then the bright glint of her bronze-brown eyes as she finished.

"There must be no mistake, no failure," she said quietly.

"We are not going to fail; we are going to carry this through! Within three days we'll have Applegate in a North Carolina jail or a flying fugitive in Gov. Dangerfield's territory. And now these telegrams must be sent. It might be better for you to go to the telegraph office with me. You must remember that I am a pilgrim and a stranger and they might question my filing official messages."

"That is perfectly true. I will go into town with you."

"And if there's an official coach that everybody knows as yours, it would ally suspicions to have it," and while he was still speaking she vanished to order the carriage.

In five minutes it was at the side door, and Griswold and Barbara, fortified by the presence of Phoebe, left the governor's study.

"If they don't know me, everybody in South Carolina knows Phoebe," said Barbara.

"A capital idea. I can see by her eye that she's built for conspiracy."

Griswold's horse was to be returned to town by a boy; and when this had been arranged the three entered the carriage.

"The telegraph office, Tom; and hurry."

CHAPTER VII.

An Affair at the Statehouse.

Barbara filed the message herself with the manager of the telegraph company, who lifted the green shade from his eyes and smiled upon her.

"We'll rush them, Miss Osborne. Shall I telegraph the answers if they come to-night? No; your father likes his telegrams delivered, I remember."

"I will call for them," said Griswold. "Gov. Osborne was only at home a few hours this evening and he left me in charge of these matters."

The manager's face expressed surprise.

"Oh! I didn't know the governor was at home," he remarked, as he finished counting the words and charging them against the state's account. "I will send them myself, and ask the operators at the other end to look lively about the answers. You are Mr. —"

"This is Maj. Griswold," said Barbara, conferring the title with a vague feeling that it strengthened her cause.

"Major," repeated the manager, and he nodded to Griswold with an air that implied his familiarity with official secrets. "You will call? In a couple of hours, major."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Up to Pop.

"So you want to marry my daughter; what are your prospects?"

"That is for you to say, sir; I am not a mind reader."

Good Mothers Future of Society Lays in Her Hands

By REV. MADISON C. PETERS

THE OLD SAYING, "Like mother like son," is historically correct. Henry IV. of Germany becomes a miserable prince, but blessed with a wise mother, Louis IX. of France grows up to be a man of God. A distinguished writer has called attention to the fact that of the sixty-nine monarchs who have worn the French crown only three have loved the people, and all these three were reared by their mothers. St. Louis was trained by Blanche; Louis XII. by Marie of Cleves, and Henry IV. by Jeanne d'Albret; and these three were really the fathers of their people.

Sir Walter Scott's mother was a superior woman, a lover of poetry and painting. Byron's worst enemy was his mother—she was proud and ill-tempered. The mother of Napoleon was of superior mind and deep piety. The mother of Nero was a murderer. The mother of Patrick Henry was marked by superior conversational powers. The mother of the Wesleys was distinguished for her intellectual powers and executive ability, so that she has been called "the mother of Methodism."

Mothers have trained our presidents and statesmen. Washington's father died when George was only twelve years old. Jefferson, Madison, Jackson and Harrison the elder, were left fatherless when small boys. Tyler, Hayes and Cleveland depended upon their widowed mothers for their training. Abraham Lincoln confessed that among his most pleasant reminiscences were those of his excellent mother, to whom he imputed the best and brightest qualities he had inherited. Lincoln also owned that it was his step-mother, more than any other person, that made him the man he was.

General Grant's mother went into a room at a certain hour each day during the war to pray for her Ulysses. President McKinley left the capital and the affairs of state to watch at the side of his dying mother, to receive her last blessing and to give her his last kiss. Garfield's father died when the future president was a babe. On the day of his inauguration he turned away from all the representatives of kings and queens, and from all the great men and beautiful women who had gathered to do him honor, and the first thing he did after he had taken the oath of office, was to kiss the wrinkled face of his mother and say: "Mother, you have brought me to this."

John Quincy Adams, till the day of his death, said the little prayer his mother taught him, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Daniel Webster's mother first fostered those abilities which ultimately made him so long distinguished.

If the world was lost through woman, she alone can save it. The future of society is in the hands of the mothers. The mother in her office holds the key of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin of character.

Our homes have made America peerless among the nations. Any encyclopedia of American biography will prove that our most illustrious statesmen, our most distinguished scientists, our most eloquent preachers, our merchant princes, and our great benefactors came from the humble families where mothers rule, not as queens of fashion, but where the nursery for the family is a nursery for the church, where the first lisping of childhood are the accents of prayer and the first thoughts of the heart are the thoughts of God.

Texan Scores Hobble Skirt as Hideous

By CAPT. WILLIAM G. DOAK
of San Saba County, Texas

Out on the big cattle ranges of the Southwest it is the common practice of the nestor or cowboy, when he makes his camp for the night, to put hobbles on his work horses or saddle ponies.

There's a reason. With the hobbles on, the animals are so impeded in their walk that they can cover but a little distance, even in the course of an entire night, and the owner goes serenely to his slumbers, knowing that his beasts will be in range of his vision on his awakening.

The restraining thongs, attached only to the forelegs, do not prevent them from cropping the rich prairie grass, but effectually hinder their straying to a great distance from camp.

Now, of all ungainly, ungraceful looking objects on earth, I put a hobbled horse, or rather did up to this day, when my eyes for the first time beheld a hobbled woman.

How can there be grace without ease and freedom of movement? A hobbled woman ought to be taken out and shown the limp and hobbled hop of a hobbled horse, and I honestly believe that one look would cause her to change her skirts.

Avoid Contact With Poison Ivy

By WM. E. BROWN
Dolton, Ill.

Poison ivy, which nearly every one realizes is a dangerous vine, has three leaves on one stem. If people knew the vine they naturally would avoid coming in contact with it, as it is poisonous. However, only in a certain time of the summer is this true. I have walked barefooted through the vines many times when I was a boy and have never been poisoned by it.

There are about two months when it is dangerous and this time is between the third week in July and the second or third week in September, depending on the frost.

The only way to exterminate the vine is to kill all the roots and the new shoots that have formed the same season, for the vine spreads very fast and is not easy to kill.

I have never been poisoned, but I know what it does, for dad's face was so swollen that he couldn't see for a week.

Tedious Long Hours of Drug Clerk

By CLARENCE C. MALMROSE

If any man needs better wages and shorter hours it is the drug clerk. A drug clerk's association would go a great way toward remedying this, but time and again has this been tried.

The clerks at one time had an organization going at a fair headway when some one disappeared with a greater part of its funds. This discouraged the clerks and now it is very hard to get them together.

If these clerks could be organized it would mean more pay and shorter hours, which are what they deserve.

This would benefit the people in general. No prescription would then be filled by a clerk who is half asleep, which is often the case now. In this way mistakes are made and the patient is in danger of an overdose. It is hard nowadays to get a man or boy to learn the business.

The body of clerks is getting smaller and smaller. Tell me, why should they learn the business, when a plumber, carpenter or any tradesman gets more pay than they do?

One must be a lover of the business to stick and I am one of these.

SUFFERED 30 YEARS.

But Chronic Kidney Trouble Was Finally Cured.

Charles Von Soehnen, 201 A St. Colfax, Wash., says: "For 30 years I suffered from kidney trouble and was laid up for days at a time. There was a dull ache through the small of my back and I had rheumatic pains in every joint. The kidney secretions passed too freely and I was annoyed by having to arise at night. I could not work without intense suffering. Through the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, I was practically given a new pair of kidneys. I cannot exaggerate their virtues."



Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Desperate Situation. "There's no use trying to deny it," remarked Mrs. DeFlatt, "this is the worst cook we've had yet. There positively isn't a decent thing to eat on the table."

"That's right," rejoined DeFlatt. "But," continued his wife, "there's one thing in her favor. She can't be beat when it comes to washing."

"Pity we can't eat the washing," sighed the hungry husband.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

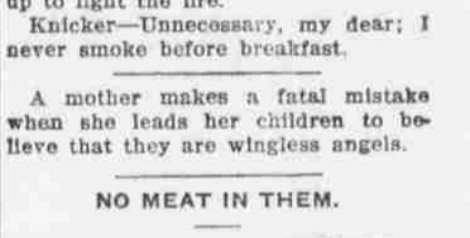
Feminine Logic. Her—A woman is always right. Him—How do you figure that out? Her—Well, a woman is, isn't she? Him—Yes, I suppose so. Her—And Pope says: "Whatever is, is right." See?—Chicago News.

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.

The Simple Life. Mrs. Knicker. You will have to get up to light the gas. Knicker—Innecesary, my dear; I never smoke before breakfast.

A mother makes a fatal mistake when she leads her children to believe that they are wingless angels.

NO MEAT IN THEM.



Dr. Emdee—You should eat meat very sparingly.

Mr. Joax—I avoid it altogether. I eat nothing but luncheon ham sandwiches.

END STOMACH TROUBLE NOW

Dyspepsia, Gas, Sourness or Indigestion Go Five Minutes After Taking a Little Diapiesin.

If your meals don't fit comfortably, or you feel bloated after eating, and you believe it is the food which fills you; if what little you eat lies like lead on your stomach; if there is difficulty in breathing, eructations of sour, undigested food and acid, heartburn, brash or a belching of gas, you can make up your mind that you need something to stop food fermentation and cure indigestion.

A large case of Pape's Diapiesin costs only fifty cents at any drug store here in town, and will convince any stomach sufferer five minutes after taking a single dose that Fermentation and Sour Stomach is causing the misery of indigestion.

No matter if you call your trouble Catarrh of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, Nervousness or Gastritis, or by any other name—always remember that a certain cure is waiting at your drug store the moment you decide to begin its use.

Pape's Diapiesin will regulate any out-of-order Stomach within five minutes, and digest promptly, without any fuss or discomfort, all of any kind of food you eat.

These large 50-cent cases contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure any chronic case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gastritis or any other Stomach trouble.

Should you at this moment be suffering from Indigestion, Gas, Sourness or any stomach disorder, you can surely get relief within five minutes.

Doctors More Thorough. A physician at a dinner in Denver sneered at certain Biblical miracles.

"Lazarus," he said, "was raised from the dead—and yet I don't see any dead folks being raised in our time."

"No," said Rev. Herbert H. Treham, the Biblical scholar, with a smile. "Modern medical science has progressed too far for that, eh?"—Washington Star.

Different. "That man wouldn't touch a cent that didn't belong to him."

"I know," replied Mr. Dustin Sax. "But how about giving him a chance at \$10,000?"

Somebody's Darling. "Don't speak so harshly to that little plainer devil."

"Why not?"

"He is somebody's anzel child."