





from a boat."

out a license, it's a slick, high-collared, had lively times getting out of our fancy shirt bocomed hotel clerk. way. Aw?- ahead somewheres there'd be a house with a dog scooting out of "What?" says the clerk, frosty and the gate, his mouth open ready to slow. bark. Next minute we'd go past that

"Dr. Jordan of Providence. Is he here?" His majesty looked at his book again

afore he answered. Then he put his through the dust behind us. I didn't thumb between the pages to mark the have to pull a lever, for we had a place and condescends to drawl out: "What do you want with him?"

For once he'd made a mistake. There are times when it ain't wise to judge a feller by his general get-up. Martin stiffened, and he spoke clear and nightmare for a fortnight afterwards, sharp.

"Answer my question, if you please," says he. "Is the doctor here?" "No, he ain't."

"Where is he?" "Gone."

I felt sick. Maybe Hartley did too, but he didn't show it.

"Where has he gone?" he asks. "I don't know that I've got to-" "I know. And for your own good, my friend. I advise that you tell me. Where is Dr. Jordan?"

The emperor come down off his throne a little. I cal'late he figgered that 'twas good policy.

"He's gone to Brantboro," he says. "He went vesterday morning and he's to leave there for Boston this forenoon. Then he's going to Bar Harbor for the rest of his vacation. Anything else you'd like to know?"

mister," says he. This last part was loaded to the gunwale with sarcasm. half a dollar. "Lead the way."

"Yes," says Hartley emphatic. Where is the doctor staying in Brantboro?" "Cold Spring house. Want to know

what he pays for his room?" Martin didn't answer. He walked to

the door. I stopped for a jiffy. "See here, my smart aleck," says l to the clerk, "you'll have some more fun from this later on, when your boss hears of it. Do you know who 'tis you've been sassing? That young man is John D. Vanderbilt of New York." There is some satisfaction in a firstclass lie. It done me good to see that clerk shrivel up.

Martin was calling to me. "Sol," he asks, like a flash, "how can I get to Brantboro?"

the depot. "You can't-in time to catch that morning train. Brantboro's ten mile off, and the train that gets here at 25 minutes of eight leaves there at 7:15. That was the one we was to have the doctor on. And it's past six now." He spun around on his heel. "Is the telegraph line to Brantboro working?" he asked the clerk.

"No, sir! no, sir." My! but he was polite. "I'm sorry to say not, sir." "Can I get a horse here?"

"The livery stable is right around the corner; but I don't think-' We was at that livery stable in less than two shakes. The feller that took care of the horses and slept in the

stable loft was up and sweeping out. "Have you got a horse that will take me to Brantboro in half an hour?" asks the Twin. The feller stared at him. "Be you

crazy?" says he. Martin didn't answer. "Whose ma-

chine is that?" he asks. He was pointing to a big automobile in the stable. A great big red thing,

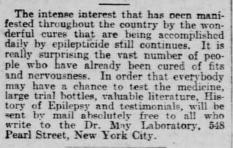
mobile?"

darned!"

"Hey?"

A CURE FOR FITS.

Treatment is to Accomplish The What Science Has Been Struggling to Attain for Centuries.



Easy.

Once there was an old woman who lived in a shoe. She had so many children that at first she dign't know what to do.

A friend of the family who happened to come along just then, however, made the following suggestions: To put one of them in a factory.

To have a couple more operated on and otherwise fussed over by the doc-

tors. To put a couple of them in a coal mine.

To send one to a modern public school.

To bring up another on a pure food diet

Which no sooner having been carried into effect than the old woman settled down to a life of case and lonesomeness -- New York Herald,

Second Thought.

The youngster started for the stairs, "It cannot be," sighed the maid. "I grinning like a punkin lantern. I respect you highly, Mr. Hunter, but flopped into a chair and felt myself we are incompatible.'

all over to make sure I hadn't shook "Well. I suppose it cannot be no part of me loose on the trip. Likehelped," the young man replied, pockwise I watched the clock eting his chagrin and looking about In ten minutes more the Twin comes for his hat. "But it defeats all my

downstairs, and Dr. Jordan was with cherished hopes. I had planned a him. The doctor was a big gray-haired house, in which I fondly imagined we man with a pleasant face. He looked might be happy. It was to have had as though he'd dressed in a hurry, and a pantry twice as large as the ordihe had a traveling satchel in his nary size, with a roomy clonet in which "I'll send you a check for my bill sils, and things that a woman naturlater," he says to the clerk. "All ally buys when a peddler comes

ready, Mr. Hartley." We went out to the automobile. Martin started her up and we whizzed for

"Great Scott!" says the doctor. "1

feel as if I had been pulled out of bed by the hair. Nobody but your father's

son could do this to me, Hartley. Have you fellers fed yet?" The Twin was too busy with the steering wheel to answer. I done it

house like a sky-rocket, and the pup

would be digging a breathing hole

clear field. Good thing I didn't, be-

cause I was too scared to know my

hands from my feet. The stable man

was actually blue. Next time I see

Baker he told me that the feller had

and they could hear him yelling

"Whoa!" in his sleep as plain as could

be. And they in the house with the

Afore I had time to think straight,

scarcely, or remember to say more

than a line or two of "Now I lay me."

we was sizzling through Brantboro.

We whirled into the big yard of the

Cold Spring house and hauled up by

the steps. Hartley piled out and I

followed him. We'd used up just 18

twin brother of the one at Wapatomac;

"take this to Dr. Jordan's room."

Pretty quick he comes back.

"Here!" says he to the clerk, a

He scribbled something on a slip

of paper and chucked it across the

desk. The clerk yelled for a boy and

the boy took the paper and lit out.

"He wants you to come right up.

"Good!" says Martin, tossing him

windows shut.

minutes.

hand.

for him. "No, sir," says I; "not since yesterday noon. Nor slept since night afore last

Martin run the automobile into one of the horse sheds by the depot. Then he passed the stable man the bill that

happened to be on the outside of his roll. 'Twas a tenner, for I caught a glimpse of it. "Here," he says; "take this and wait here till the shofer comes for the

machine. Well, skipper, we're on of a man who lived to be 100 years time, after all." So we was, and ahead of it. We

waited on the depot platform. I no

ticed that Hartley wa'n't saying much. Now that the excitement was over, he seemed to me to be mighty quiet. Consort of the Eye Remedy. Try Mu-rine in Your Eyes. You Will Like Murine.

car steps. As he got to a seat, he

"Skipper," he says, quiet and with

little stops between words, "I'm-afraid

-you'll-have-to-lock-out for the

doctor. I'm believe I'm going-to-to

And then he flops over on the

Doctor Jordan was at him in a see

"It's his arm, I guess," savs I. "He

The doctor pulled up Hartley's coat

"Bruised it!" he says. "I should say

Now you can bet that Martin Hart-

ley wa'n't the only sick man aboard

that train just then. There was an-

other one and he'd been chirstened

Solomon. When I heard that doctor

say that the Twin's arm was broken I

give you my word I went cold all over.

Think of the grit of the feller-the

clean up and down grit of him! Ram-

paging around, running automobiles

and chasing doctors, and all that with

a broken arm. And never even men-

tioning it. I took off my hat to that

New Yorker. Crazy or not he could

have my vote for any job from pound-

(To be continued.)

Mourning Canes.

says a New Yorker, "I saw an acces-

sory of dress that I never saw any-

where else. It was a walking stick, an

ebony stick, simply and beautifully

fashioned and with a plain gun metal

"When I was in Rome recently."

keeper to president.

band near the handle.

-make a fool of myself."

bruised it aboard the sloop."

sleeve and felt of the arm.

he did. The arra is broken."

cushions in a dead faint

staggered again.

ond



For Women-Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Noah, Ky. - "I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from headaches, nervous

> prostration, and hemorrhages. "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compoundmademe well and strong, so * that I can do all my housework, and at-×. tend to the store and post-office, and Ifeel much younger

than I really am. "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most successful remedy for all kinds of female troubles, and I feel that I can never praise it enough." - MRS. LIZZIE

HOLLAND, Noah, Ky. TheChangeof Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain.

Womeneverywhereshouldremember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

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Does not contain Opium, Morphine, or any other rarcotic or habit-forming drug.

Nothing of a poisonous or harmful character enters into its composition.

This clean and pure cough cure cures coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

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- A 25c. bottle contains 40 doses.
- At all druggists', 25c., 50c. and \$1. Don't accept anything else.



JUST DOUBLE **320 ACRES INSTEAD** OF 160 ACRES



AGRE NSTERN AS further inducement to settlement of the wheat-raising lands of Western Canada, the Canadian Covernment has increased the arce that may be taken by p -160 free and 160 to

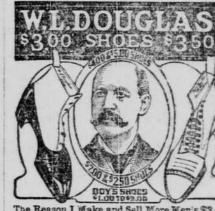
homesteader to 320 acres - 160 free and 160 to be purchased at \$3.00 per acre. These lands in the grain-raising area, where mixed farming is also carried on with unqualified success. A railway will shortly be built to Hudson Bay, bring-ing the world's markets a thousand miles nearer these wheat-fields, where schools and churches are convenient, climate excellent, railways close to all settlements, and local markets good.

"It would take time to assimilate the revela-It would the time to assumine the reven-tions that a visit to the creat empirelying to the North of us unfolded at every tufn."-Governondence of a National Editor, who bisited Western Ganada in August, 1902.

Lands may also be purchased from rollway and land companies at low prices and on easy terms.

For pamphlets, maps and information as tolow rallway rates, apply to Superintement of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent:

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Bape, It better, and wear longer than any other finke.
My Method of Tanning the Soles makes them More Flexible and Longer Wearing than any others.
Shoes for Every Member of the Family, Men, Boys, Women, Misses and Children. For sale by shoe dealers everywhere.
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Fast Color Eyslets Used Exclusively. Catalog mailed free W. L. DUULLAS, 167 Spark St., Brockton, Miss.



THE TEETH Paxtine excels any dentifrice in cleansing, whitening and removing tartar from the teeth, besides destroying all germs of decay and disease which ordinary tooth preparations cannot do.

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OR POSTPAID BY MAIL

to stow away the new cooking utenaround." "Stay, George," she said falteringly "perhaps I have been too hasty. Give me a day or two to think it over. It is not impossible that-that-"

The Grip of Spring.

During the last twenty years many of our eitizens have been attacked in the spring months by grip. Some have had serious or slight attacks every year or two. All know slight attacks every year or two. All know it to be a dangerous disease. If Lane's Pleasant Tablets (which are sold at 25 cents a box by druggists and dealers) are taken when the first symptoms are felt, there is hardly a chance of the malady get-ting a foothold. If you cannot get them near home, send 25 cents to Orator F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y. Sample free.

Hubby's Argument. Mrs. Hoyle-My husband declares that corsets are unhealthy; he insists that they shorten life.

Mrs. Doyle-Is that so? Mrs. Hoyle-Yes: he save he knew

old who never wore them.

A Domestie Eye Remedy

In charge of a company of New York poor children Miss Talford and Miss Page visited Ozone Island. Eureka Sparrow, a country girl, was engaged as a cook and Van Brunt and Hartley paid a visit to her father, who for years had been claim-ing consumption as an excuse for not working. Upon another Island visit by Miss Page, Eureka diagnosed Hartley's case as one of love for Agnes. Hartley invented a plan to make Washington Sparrow work. In putting the plan into effect Hartley incurs wrath of Miss Page. for whom the "sick man" sent. Agnes then appealed to Van Brunt. Sparrow to escape the treatment proclaimed him-self well and went to work. Storm-bound on Ozone Island, Van Brunt and Hartley tired of the "Natural Life." Hartley suf-fered a broken arm while hunting a phy-sician for "Reddy," supposed to be suffer-ing from appendicitis.

CHAPTER XVII.-Continued.

The lane of deep water narrowed up ahead of us and there was a kind of gate, as you might say, at the end. Hartley looked at me and I at him.

"Can you?" he asks. He was white as paper, but not from being scared I was sure. His left arm hung down straight and he kept rubbing it. "Lord knows," I says. "Are you

hurt? He didn't answer: just shook his

head. On went the Dora Bassett. Bless the old girl's heart! She was doing her best to pull us through.

The gate was just in front of our lose. I set my teeth and headed her for the middle of it. A jiffy more, and the crazy breakers jumped at us from oth sides. Their froth flew over us in hunks. Then we was through, and I tched my first decent breath.

We was in a kind of pond now, where we had elbow room. Martin looked astern. "Here comes

a boat," says he. "Twas the lifeboat from the station. They'd seen our trouble and was comng full tilt. I hadn't ever been took ff my own boat by no life-savers, and

wa'n't going to begin. "Heave to!" hails the crew cap'n rom the boat. "We're coming to take you off."

I didn't answer.

"Heave to!" he yells again. "Heave I turned my head a little ways,

"Go home and get your breakfast." sings out. "We're busy."

They kept on for a ways, and then they give it up. I ran two or three nore of them lanes and then, when had the chance, I dropped my mainsail and histed the jib. And with that jib and the oar I picked my way for mother spell, in and out and betwixt and between. At last we slid past the Wapatomac breakwater and up to the wharf. A nice piece of work for anybody's boat, if I do say it. Hartley seemed to think so, too, for

ays he: "Skipper, that was beauti-You're a wonder."

"Twerty minutes of six," says I. We're on time." There was an early-bird lobsterman

in the wharf, come down to see how any of his pots had gone adrift in he night. He stood and stared at us. "God sakes!" says he. "Where'd u come from?"

"Wellmouth," says I, making fast to one of your guests, isn't he?" ring bolt.

"In her?" he says, pointing to the OOD. orld!"

"All right. Then we didn't." I dn't no time to waste arguing.

Hartley had climbed on the wharf and now he was heading for the village. I got the sloop fast, after a fashion, and then run over and caught up with him. He was walking with long steps and looking straight ahead. His left fist was in the side pocket of his jacket and his face was set and pale under the tan. I happened to bump into him as I came alongside, and he jumped and gave a little groan. "What's the matter with that arm of yours?" I asked, anxious. He'd

CHAPTER XVIII.

Poor Redny.

stopped for a second and was biting his lips together. "Nothing," he says, short. "Bruised

a little, I guess. Where's the hotel?' "Up the main road a piece. That's it, on top of the hill." "Come on then," says he, walking

faster than ever. We went through Wanatomac vil lage like we was walking for money

Some of the town folks was just get ting up, and you could see smoke coming from kitchen chimneys and window shades being hoisted. Once in a while, where the families was par ticularly early risers, I smelt fried herring. In the center, by the postoffice, the feller that keeps the mar-

ket was just taking down his store shutters. He looked at us kind of odd "Good morning," he says. "Going to

fair off at last, ain't it?" "Guess likely," says I, keeping on. "You been on the water, ain't you?"

he asks. "Get caught down to the Point?" Long Point's a great place for Wapatomac folks to go on clamming and bills and showed him. fishing trips. I suppose he thought

we'd been out the day afore, when it cleared that time, and had had to put per." in at the station over night. We must have looked like we'd been through the mill. Both of us was sop-

ping wet, and I had on rubber boots ileskin coat at the wharf.

I didn't stop to explain. I had to save my breath to keep up with Mar- plain. Come cn."

the faster he walked.

Baker followed us to the barn, saythe coast. A great big building, with dows and wind-mills and bowling alacross the lawns and flower beds. There was a sleepy-looking clerk be-

hind the desk in the big hall. No- stable door. body else was in sight, and the whole outfit of empty chairs and scattered having been up all night. Oh, yes! Shearer hears of it."

and there was a colored man mopping the floor. Hartley went up to the desk, leav- six. ing muddy foot marks right where the

darky had been scrubbing. "Good morning," he says to the one hand, so you pull whatever lever clerk. "Dr. Jordan of Providence is I tell you to.

The clerk put down the book he was

mortal that can make the average man

Once, when he walked, I thought he with a shiny painted hull and nickelstaggered. And he was awful white. plated running rigging. "Sol," he says to me, just as the "Mr. Shearer's. He's away for a train hove in sight: "you needn't come

week and we're keeping it for him." "Can I hire it?" with us, unless you want to. Maybe The feller's mouth fell open like you'd like to stay and attend to your twas on hinges. boat."

I looked at him. "No," says I, "Hire it? Hire Mr. Shearer's autosays he. "Well, I'll be "I'm going to see it through. The boat can wait." "Where's your employer?" asks I had to give him a boost up the

Hartley, quick. "Your boss!" I sings out, dancing up and down. "For the land sakes wake

up! Where is he? "In the house, I guess. Where do vou-

We met the livery stable owner just coming out of his kitchen with a pan of leavings for the pig. He'd just

turned out. I knew him: his name was Ben Baker. Martin went at him hot-foot, speaking in short sentences. "I want to hire that auto in your stable," he says. "I must get to Brant

boro before seven o'clock. I'll pay any price. But I must have it." Then there was more arguing. Baker said no. Was we crazy? He couldn't

let another man's auto to the Almighty himself. And Mr. Shearer's auto, of all things! Why, Shearer would kill him. And so forth and so on. But Hartley kept cool. He must

have the machine. He'd be responsible for damages. He explained about the doctor.

"I'll pay you-so and so," says he. Never mind the price he offered. It was so big that I wouldn't be believed if I told it. Baker didn't believe it either till Martin pulled out a roll of

"I'll buy the thing if necessary." says he. "But I'll have it. Come, skip-

"The shofer's up at Shearer's house." says Baker. "He-"

"Never mind the shofer. I can run it. Send your man with us, and I'll and a sou'wester. I'd thrown off my leave the machine in his care at Brantboro. Then the shofer can come after

it. I'll write to Mr. Shearer and extin. The nigher he got to the hotel "It's all right, Ben," I says. "He'll

do all he tells you, and more. You'll The Wapatomac house is about the never make a chunk of money any toniest summer place on our part of easier."

piazzas and a band stand, and win- ing "No" all the time. He kept on saying it while the Twin was getting leys till you can't rest. We turned in up steam, or some such trick, in the between the stone posts at the end of auto. He said it even after he'd got the driveway and went pounding the money in his hand. The hired man climbed in behind. Hartley and me in front. We chuff-chuffed out of the

"take care of the thing. I don't know newspapers had that lonesome look of what'll come to me for this job when his heels; then he gathered still more

"Now, Sol," says Hartley, "you must help me if I need you. I can use only

We went-oh, yes, we went!

never rode in a buzz cart afore and reading and looked us over. He done inside of five minutes I was figgering heautiful and heart-welding phrases "In this gale? Never in the it deliberate and chilly, same as hotel that I'd never live to ride in one again. that made Mr. Enoch Hubbard and clerks always do. If there's any one Suffering! how we did fiv!

feel like apologizing for living with- a soul on the road. If we had they'd Y.) Post.

Like Producing Like.

"How did that manager come out en his beauty show?" "I think he made a handsome profit."

Pettit's Eye Salve 100 Years Old, relieves tired eyes, quickly cures eye aches, inflamed, sore, watery or ulcerated eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros.Buffalo,N.Y.

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It's not difficult to judge some men by their clothes-policemen and letter

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You will respond very quickly to the Garfield Tea treatment, for this Natural laxative corrects constipation, purifies the blood, and benefits the entire system.

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"Brown's Bronchial Troches" relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and Throat Diseases. 25 cents a box. Samples sent free by John I. Brown & Son, Boston, Mass.

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PAZO ONTMENT is guaranteed to cure any ease of ltching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

If love wasn't blind Cupid would have a lot more work to do.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrap. didren teething, softens the gums, reduces in-ation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25cs bottie-For chi

A dimple in a woman's chin makes "It was intended to go with mourn a dent in a man's heart. ing wear. There was a dull finish to

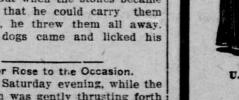
the ebony that made the stick a fitting accompaniment to other trappings of woe, but the cane itself could have been carried without any suggestion of being in mourning.

"In fact, I never have seen anybody carry his mourning to the extent of a cane, and I imagine that most men would not care for it for that purpose.

Making Friends.

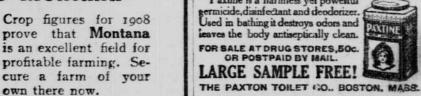
A man picked up a stone because he was afraid of dogs-the dogs "For heaven's sake!" hollers Baker, growled at him. So he picked up more stones, and the dogs snarled at stones. But when the stones became We got down to the street. I looked so heavy that he could carry them at my watch. It was 25 minutes past no longer, he threw them all away. And the dogs came and licked his hands.

Editor Rose to the Occasion. On last Saturday evening, while the golden sun was gently thrusting forth soothing beams, 'quire B. F.



its Bushong pleasantly pronounced the Miss Stella Canady man and wife .--Lucky 'twas early. We didn't meet Medena Correspondence Princeton (N.





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