

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. **SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.** Genuine must bear Signature.

W. D. Wood

The wagon's tongue goes without saying.

If your digestion is a little off color a course of **Garfield Tea** will do you good.

A woman never thinks her husband so unreasonable as when he expects her to be reasonable.

Living Up to Its Name. "How do people seem to like your new song, 'The Aeroplane'?" "Just carried away by it."

She Knows It. Stella—This is the presidential year. Bella—I know. The farmer we board with keeps eight bull moose that chase you every time you go out.

Good Bait. Aunt Sarah, cook in a Richmond family, took home a dish of macaroni from her mistress' table for the education of her own family. When her children had been assured that it was good they proceeded to eat with great gusto. The next morning Aunt Sarah discovered two of her old spring in the yard turning over stones and soil and scratching vigorously in the earth.

Heah, yo' chillun! called out Aunt Sarah, "what yo' all doin'?" "We's a-huntin'," was the reply, "fo' some mo' dem macaroni worms."

They Are Overworked Now. Four-year-old Dick had made an important discovery that his hair would pull out if enough force was exerted, and was absorbed in proving the fascinating find on his forehead. His sister—aged seven—noted the proceedings with round-eyed horror.

"Jickle! Dickle! she cried, "you mustn't do that!" "Why?" demanded Dickle, with the cynicism of childhood. "Because the Bible says that all your hairs are numbered—and if you pull any out you'll make a lot of extra bookkeeping for the angels."

Deliberating. Rev. James Hamilton, minister of Liverpool, while on holiday in Scotland, had a narrow escape from drowning. Accompanied by a boy, Mr. Hamilton was fishing for sea trout when he slipped on a stone, lost his balance, and, being encumbered with heavy wading boots, had great difficulty in keeping his head above water. Finally he managed to get back to the shore, although in a very exhausted state, and said to the boy: "I noticed that you never tried to help me."

"Na," was the deliberate response, "but I was thinkin' o' it."

STRAIGHT TIP.

Grumpy Passenger—This boat seems to me to be doing a frightful lot of slipping around!

Steward (smiling)—Yes; that's more'n the passengers do!

BALLOW FACES Often Caused by Tea and Coffee Drinking.

How many persons realize that tea and coffee so disturb digestion that they produce a muddy, yellow complexion?

A ten days' trial of Postum has proven a means, in thousands of cases, of clearing up a bad complexion.

A Washn. young lady tells her experience: "All of us—father, mother, sister and brother—had used tea and coffee for many years until finally we all had stomach troubles, more or less."

"We all were sallow and troubled with pimples, bad breath, disagreeable taste in the mouth, and all of us simply so many bundles of nerves."

"We didn't realize that tea and coffee caused the trouble until one day we ran out of coffee and went to borrow some from a neighbor. She gave us some Postum and told us to try that."

"Although we started to make it, we all felt sure that we would be sick if we missed our strong coffee, but we tried Postum and were surprised to find it delicious."

"We read the statements on the pkg., got more and in a month and a half you wouldn't have known us. We all were able to digest our food without any trouble, each one's skin became clear, tongues cleared off, and nerves in fine condition. We never use anything now but Postum. There is nothing like it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



THE PRODIGIOUS JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILL

SYNOPSIS. "Sure as God, John Murrell, you are overreaching yourself! Your white men are all right, they've got to stick by you; if they don't they know it's only a question of time until they get a knife driven into their ribs—but niggers—there isn't any real fight in a nigger, if there was they wouldn't be here."

"Yet you couldn't have made the whites in Hayti believe that," said Murrell, with a sinister smile.

Ware, feeling the entire uselessness of argument, uttered a string of imprecations, and then fell silent.

"Well, how about the girl, Tom?" asked Murrell at length. "Listen to me, Tom. I'll take her away, and Belle Plain is yours—land, stock and niggers!" said Murrell.

Ware shifted and twisted in his seat.

"Do you want the land and the niggers? I reckon you'll have to take them whether you want them or not, for I'm going to have the girl."

CHAPTER XIII.

Bob Yancy Finds Himself.

Mr. Yancy awoke from a long dreamless sleep; heavy-lidded, his eyes slid open. For a moment he struggled with the odds and ends of

memory, then he recalled the fight at the tavern.

Suddenly a shadow fell obliquely across the foot of his narrow bed, and Cavendish, bending his long body somewhat, thrust his head in at the opening.

"How are you, stranger?" he demanded, in a soft drawl.

"Where am I?" The words were a whisper on Yancy's bearded lips.

"Well, sir, you are in the Tennessee river 'er certain. Polly! you just step here."

But Polly had heard Cavendish speak, and the murmur of Yancy's voice in reply. Now her head appeared beside her husband's.

"La, you are some better, ain't you, sir?" she cried, smiling down on him. "It's been right smart of a spell, too; yes, sir, you've laid like you was dead, and not 'fo' a matter of hours either—but days."

"How long?"

"Well, nigh on to three weeks."

"Three weeks?"

"Yes, three weeks."

"Three weeks?"

"Yes, three weeks."

"Three weeks?"

"Yes, three weeks."

"Three weeks?"

"Yes, three weeks."

"Three weeks?"

"Yes, three weeks."

"Three weeks?"

"Yes, three weeks."

"Three weeks?"

"Yes, three weeks."

"Three weeks?"

"Yes, three weeks."

"Three weeks?"

"Yes, three weeks."

"Three weeks?"

"Yes, three weeks."

"Three weeks?"

"Yes, three weeks."

They saw Yancy, who awoke with a look of dumb horror.

"And you don't know nothing about my nevvy?—you ain't seen or heard of him, ma'am?" faltered Yancy.

Polly shook her head regretfully.

"Ten or thereabouts, ma'am. He were a heap of comfort to me— and the whisper on Yancy's lips was wondrously tender and wistful. He closed his eyes and presently, lulled by the soft ripple that bore them company, fell into a restful sleep.

The raft drifted on into the day's heat; and when at last Yancy awoke, it was to find Henry and Keppel seated beside him, each solacing him with a small moist hand. Mrs. Cavendish appeared, bringing Yancy's breakfast.

"Stranger, what I'm ago'in' to tell you, you'll take as beln' said man to man," he began, with the impressive air of one who had a secret of great moment to impart. "Ever hear tell of lords?"

"No," Yancy was quick to notice the look of disappointment on the faces of his new friends.

"Are you ever heard of royalty?" and Cavendish fixed the invalid's wandering glance.

"You mean kings?"

"I shore do."

Yancy made a mighty mental effort.

"There's them Bible kings—" he ventured at length.

Mr. Cavendish shook his head.

"Them's sacred kings. Are you familiar with all of the profane kings, Mr. Yancy?"

"Well, taking them as they come, them Bible kings seemed to average

"This looks like beln' alive, stranger," he commented genially.

"You'll ain't told me yo' name yet?" said Yancy.

"It's Cavendish. Richard Keppel Cavendish."

"My name's Yancy—Bob Yancy."

Mr. Cavendish exchanged glances with Mrs. Cavendish.

"Stranger, what I'm ago'in' to tell you, you'll take as beln' said man to man," he began, with the impressive air of one who had a secret of great moment to impart. "Ever hear tell of lords?"

"No," Yancy was quick to notice the look of disappointment on the faces of his new friends.

"Are you ever heard of royalty?" and Cavendish fixed the invalid's wandering glance.

"You mean kings?"

"I shore do."

Yancy made a mighty mental effort.

"There's them Bible kings—" he ventured at length.

Mr. Cavendish shook his head.

"Them's sacred kings. Are you familiar with all of the profane kings, Mr. Yancy?"

"Well, taking them as they come, them Bible kings seemed to average

CHAPTER XIV.

The Judge Sees a Ghost.

Charley Norton's good offices did not end when he had furnished Judge Price with a house, for Betty required of him that he should supply that gentleman with legal business as well.

Thus it happened that Judge Price, before he had been three days in Raleigh, received a civil note from Mr. Norton asking him to search the title to a certain timber tract held by one Joseph Quid.

The judge, powerfully excited, told Mahaffy he was being understood and appreciated.

The immediate result of Norton's communication had been to send the judge up the street to the court house. He would show his client that he could be punctual and painstaking.

Entering the court house, he found himself in a narrow hall. He entered the county clerk's office. He was already known to this official, whose name was Saul, and he now greeted him.

"A little matter of business brings me here, sir," began the judge, with a swelling chest and mellow accents. "I am in some haste to look up a title for my client, Mr. Norton."

Mr. Saul scrambled up out of the depths of his chair and exerted himself in the judge's behalf.

"This is what you want, sir. Better take the ledger to the window, the light in here ain't much." He drew forward a chair as he spoke, and the judge, seating himself, began to polish his spectacles with great deliberation.

"You've set on the bench, sir?" suggested Mr. Saul.

"In one of the eastern counties, but my inclination has never been toward the judiciary." He was turning the leaves of the ledger as he spoke.

"Found it?" asked Mr. Saul. But the judge gave him no answer; he was staring down at the open pages of the book. "Found the entry?" repeated Mr. Saul.

"Eh—what's that? No—" he appeared to hesitate. "Who is this man Quintard?"

"He's the owner of a hundred-thousand-acre tract in this and abutting counties," said Mr. Saul.

"Who has charge of the land?"

"Colonel Fentress; he was old General Ware's law partner. I've heard it was the general who got this man Quintard to make the investment, but that was before my time."

The judge lapsed into silence. A step sounded in the narrow hall. An instant later the door was pushed open, and grateful for any interruption that would serve to take Mr. Saul's attention from himself, the judge abruptly turned his back on the clerk and began to examine the record before him. Insensibly, however, the cold, level tones of the voice that was addressing itself to Mr. Saul quickened the beat of his pulse, the throbs of his heart, and struck back through the years to a day from which he reckoned time. He turned slowly, as if in dread.

What he saw was a man verging on sixty, lean and dark, with thin, shaven cheeks of a bluish cast above the jaw, and a strongly aquiline profile. Long, black locks swept the collar of his coat, while his tail, spare figure was habited in sleek broadcloth and spotless linen. For a moment the judge seemed to struggle with doubt, then his face went white and the book slipped from his fingers to the window ledge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

posed that reinforced concrete is a modern invention. This, however, has been disproved, according to Popular Mechanics by the finding of bronze reinforcing rods in the concrete roof of an ancient Roman tomb, and in the discovery of reinforced concrete in the construction of one of the walls of the old palace of the Louvre, Paris.

The reinforced concrete in the latter dates back only 300 or 400 years, but created much comment because of the fact that it consisted entirely of ashlar and quarry stone.

The discovery that the stone casing concealed a core composed in part of reinforced concrete was made while workmen were piercing the wall for an elevator installation.

Would Not Part With Dog.

Not only in England and America, but in Germany, fanciers pay high prices for dogs. At the recent exhibition of dogs at Cassel a Frenchman offered \$2,000 for a police dog. The dog belongs to Sergeant Dacker, who refused the tempting offer, observing that his dog should not quit Germany at any price.

The Difference.

Late one afternoon a western senator chanced to run across his colleague, who sat musing idly in a committee room.

"Hello, Tom!" said the second senator. "What are you doing here?"

"I was merely reflecting upon the peculiar difference oratory has upon different people," said the other statesman.

"And what induced that train of thought?" asked the first senator, much amused, by reason of the fact, well known to him and to others, that his colleague was anything but an "oratorical" personage.

"My speech of this afternoon," explained the senator. "De you know, that speech kept me awake for four nights, and today it put ad who heard it asleep!"

Real Object of Life.

Pay as little attention to discouragements as possible, plow ahead as a steamer does, rough or smooth, rain or shine, to carry your cargo and make your port is the point.—Malthus B. Babcock.

STATES AWAKING TO DANGER

Additional Hospital Beds for the Treatment of the Tuberculous Are Being Established.

Nearly 4,000 additional hospital beds for consumptives in 29 states were provided during the year ending June 1, according to a statement issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. This makes a total of over 30,000 beds, but only about one for every indigent tuberculous patient in this country.

In the last five years, the hospital provision for consumptives has increased from 14,428 in 1907, to over 30,000 in 1912, or over 10 per cent.

New York state leads in the number of beds, having 8,350 on June 1; Massachusetts comes next with 2,500; and Pennsylvania a close third with 2,700.

Alabama showed the greatest percentage of increase in the last year by adding 57 new beds to its 43 a year ago.

Georgia comes next with 109 beds added to 240 a year ago. New York has the greatest numerical increase, having provided over 1,800 additional beds in the year.

Warrenville, O.—"I have felt the effects of blood poisoning for eighteen years. I was never without some eruptions on my body. The terrible itching caused me much suffering and discomfort, while the rubbing and scratching made it worse. Last spring I had a terrible breaking out of blistering sores on my arms and limbs. My face and arms were almost covered with rash. I could not sleep and lost nineteen pounds in five weeks. My face was terribly red and sore, and felt as if my skin was on fire. At last I tried a sample of Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and I found them so cool, soothing and healing that I got some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Resolvent. I bathed with hot water and Cuticura Soap, then I applied the Cuticura Ointment every night for two months, and I am cured of all skin eruptions." (Signed) Mrs. Kathryn Kraft, Nov. 28, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

Making Cheese in Olden Days.

Cheese was made by the old-time farmers in the summer on the co-operative plan by which four cattle owners owning say 14 milk cows received all the milk night and morning, according to the daily yield of their little herd.

Thus given two families having five cows each, one with three and one with one, supposing that the average yield per cow was the same, in two weeks two owners would make five cheeses each; one would press three, and one one cheese, but this one would be as good and as large as any of the rest.—"Nobility of the Trades—The Farmer," Charles Winslow Hall, in National Magazine.

No Social Fact.

At a club dance an enthusiastic member approached a rather dull member and said to him:

"Say, for heaven's sake go over and talk to Miss Fryte. She is sitting all by herself."

"But—but what shall I say to her?"

"Tell her how pretty she is."

"But she ain't pretty."

"Well, then, tell her how ugly the other girls are. Ain't you got no social fact?"

True to His Trust.

"Father," asked the beautiful girl, "did you bring home that material for my new skirt?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"Let me see? Wait now. Don't be impatient! I didn't forget it. I'm sure I've got it in one of my pockets, somewhere."

Seemed Like More.

The Professor—In 140 wasps' nests there are an average of 25,000 insects.

The Student—Why, professor, I disturbed just one nest one day, and I'll bet there were more than 25,000 in that one!

Its Advantages.

"I think the pillory ought to be revived as punishment for this frenzied financing."

"Why so?"

"Because it provided a fitting penalty in stocks and bonds."

In the Suburbs.

"Is Mrs. Gillet a well-informed woman?"

"Well, she's on a party wire."

Let you forget when next in need of a laxative remember the name "Garfield Tea." A trial will convince you of its merit.

It makes a girl awfully ashamed to let a man kiss her without first putting up some sort of a bluff.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. a bottle.

A woman may not realize that she has a good figure until other women begin to find fault with it.

UNREASONABLE GROWNUPS.



"Goodness, little boy, why don't you wash your face?"

"Say, lady, you wanter git up on yer dates; this ain't Sattidy."

Simple Explanation.

To illustrate a point that he was making—that his was the race with a future and not a race with a past—Booker T. Washington told this little story the other day.

He was standing by his door one morning when old Aunt Caroline went by.

"Good morning, Aunt Caroline," he said. "Where are you going this morning?"

"Lawsee, Mista' Wash'ton," she replied. "I've done been whar I've gwine."—Kansas City Star.

The Moon's Offspring.

Looking out of the window one evening, little Marie saw the bright, full moon in the eastern sky, and, apparently, only a few inches from it, the beautiful Jupiter, shining almost as brightly as the moon itself. Marie gazed intently at the spectacle for a moment, and then, turning to her mother, exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, look! The moon has laid an egg!"

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 *W. D. Wood*. In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Finance.

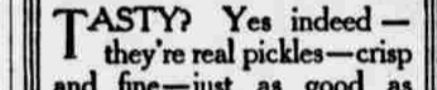
Stella—How do you suppose they will finance a third party?

Bella—Don't know; I can't make father pay for one.

When God calls, the safest step we can take is straight ahead.

Garfield Tea is the laxative being composed wholly of pure, health-giving herbs.

The humor of some people is so delicate they ought to take a tonic for it.



TASTY? Yes indeed—they're real pickles—crisp and fine—just as good as you could put up at home and far less troublesome. But then—you should try Libby's Olives or Catsup—in fact, any of

Libby's Pickles and Condiments

There's a goodness to them that beggars description. One taste and you'll want more. Purity? Libby's label is your guarantee. Economy? They're not expensive when you consider their superior quality.

Always Buy—Libby's

Don't accept a substitute. Whether it be relish—soup—meat—sauce— preserves or jams—insist on the Libby label. Then you're sure of satisfaction.

At All Grocers

Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

Let you forget when next in need of a laxative remember the name "Garfield Tea." A trial will convince you of its merit.

It makes a girl awfully ashamed to let a man kiss her without first putting up some sort of a bluff.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. a bottle.

A woman may not realize that she has a good figure until other women begin to find fault with it.

Didn't Trust His Lawyer

Shrewd Client Paid Fee in Advance to Learn if He Had Reasonable Chance of Winning.

It was told at luncheon at the Lawyers' club the day before the Equitable building burned down. A group of legal luminaries were gathered about a table discussing the apparent impossibility of insuring the honesty of any man, and it was contended that there was no remedy for it save to pick out your man and trust him absolutely. No matter what safeguards you might hedge him about with, if he was dishonest he would contrive to cheat somehow. One of the lawyers told this story to emphasize his point:

A client went into a lawyer's office in Fulton street and said that he had a grievance with his neighbor and wanted to go to law. He stated all the circumstances of the case and counsel listened attentively. The case fully stated, the client asked:

"Well, those are the facts. Do you think I'm in the right safe enough to win if I go to law with him?"

"If the facts are as stated you certainly have got a case. If I were in your case I should begin suit," answered the lawyer.

"And how much would your fee be for taking the case and pushing it clear through?"

"Oh, I'll see it through for you for a hundred dollars."

The shrewd client produced from an inside pocket a well worn wallet, from which he extracted a roll of bills and peeled off one hundred dollars.

"There," said he, "that's yours. It's your fee. That's all you'd get if you tried the case. Now, without doing any work on it at all, just tell me, honestly, whether I've any chance of winning the case."

Reinforced Concrete of Old Rome.

Although concrete is old used for many centuries, it is generally sup-

Satisfies

There never was a thirst that Coca-Cola couldn't satisfy. It goes straight as an arrow, to the dry spot.

And besides this,

Coca-Cola

satisfies to a T the call for something purely delicious and deliciously pure—and wholesome.

Free

Our new booklet, telling of Coca-Cola's vindication at Chautauque, for the asking. Demand the booklet as made by THE COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.