Matron Meant to Be Kindly, But Youngster Was Not Conversationally inclined.

This story has been going the rounds of Boston about the ten-yearold son of Director Russell of the Boston opera house,

One evening during an entr'acte at the opera house Master Russell was promenading alone in the foyer, in faultless evening dress-a very glass of fashion. A Boston matron, seeing that he was lonely, began to make herself "agreeable."

"You are Director Russell's little boy, aren't you?" she asked, with patronizing sweetness

Master Russell resented this intrusion on his dignity, but his courtly maners were unruffled. "Yes, madam," he replied, with an elaborate

"Where were you born?" "In France, madam"-Slightly more

"What part?" continued the lady, feeling the conversation well started. "All of me, madam."

And he bowed and walked away.

ALREADY LAUGHABLE.



Austin-Ah! Evelyn, I sometime wish that I had been a humorist and could make people laugh. Evelyn-But you don't have to

a humorist for that, Austin. Frontier Medical List. In good old frontier days castor oil was the principal medical beveragegood full measure, too. Only the biggest person could hold a whole dosegest person could hold a whole doseone-half a dipperful, with haif a dipperful of New Orleans molasses added to help slick it down and make it taste good, only it didn't taste good. In those historic days every old woman was a doctor and gathered her own "yarbs" in the woods and knew how to mix up medical messes that would stir the vitals of a brass monkey or a cast iron dog. All backwoodsmen believed in "yarb" doctors. Something

Turkish Counting of Time. Through the center of the mosque of St. Sophia runs the theoretical

in "yarbs," at that.

meridian which gave the Turks true local time-one hour and fifty-six minutes fifty-two seconds fast on Greenwich-until, two years ago, the new government fell in with the standard system of time zones, and came into the eastern European zone, exactly two hours ahead of Greenwich time. For religious purposes, however, 12 o'clock always happens at sunset, and noon thus wanders with the seasons all round the clock.-Westminster

Boomerang.

Mrs. Hiram Offen-I'm afraid you won't do. As nearly as I can find out, you have worked in six or seven places during the last year.

Miss Brady-Well, an' how manny girls has yerself had in the same toime? No less, I'm thinkin'.-Boston Transcript.

Heredity.

She-Sometimes you appear really manly and sometimes you are effemi-How do you account for it? He-I suppose it is hereditary. Half my ancestors were men and the other half women!-Tit-Bits.

The Tender Spot. "What have you done toward punishing lawbreakers?"

"Well," replied the shady police officer, "I have done a great deal to- and purpled again. The silence deep- gallows!" ward hurting their feelings by taking their money away from them."

Ominous.

"I like affectionate animals. Does this dog attach himself to people "Not if they can run faster than he

It always costs more to acquire a

grouch than it is worth.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE Something Worth Listening To.

A young Nebr, man was advised by a friend to eat Grape-Nuts because he was all run down from a spell of

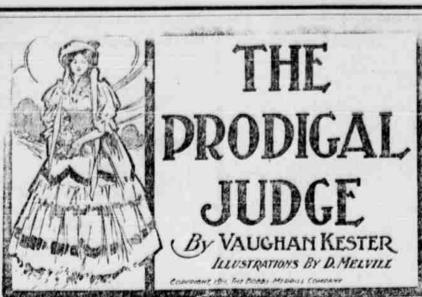
fever. He tells the story: "Last spring I had an attack of fever that left me in a very weak condition. I had to quit work; had no appetite, was nervous and discour-

"A friend advised me to eat Grape-Nuts, but I paid no attention to him and kept getting worse as time went

"I took many kinds of medicine but none of them seemed to help me. My system was completely run down, my blood got out of order from want of proper food, and several very large boils broke out on my neck. I was so weak I could hardly walk.

"One day mother ordered some Grape-Nuts and induced me to eat some. I felt better and that night rested fine. As I continued to use the food every day, I grew stronger steadily and now have regained my former good health. I would not be without Grape-Nuts, as I believe it is the most health-giving food in the world." Name given by Postum Co., Battle

ville," in plans. "There's a reason," Ever read the above letter? A new one capears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Att



The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hamibail Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy. Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibai is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives sim a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Balaam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Mairoy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, and for her free shadown of the ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trall. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price. The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrives at Belle Plain. Hannibal's rife discioses some startling things to the judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murrell arrives in Relle Plain. Is playing for big stakes, Yancy awakes from long dreamless sleep on board the raft. Judge Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrives at Belle Plain at once. Betty, terrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is mysteriously assaulted. Norton informs Carrington that Betty and she keeps the boy as a companion. In a stroll Betty and tannibal, visits Betty, and she kee

CHAPTER XXXIII.-(Continued.) Sheriff, as a member of the bar, 1

protest! Why don't you clear the building?" He did not wait for Betts to answer him, but continued. "Where is this man Hues?"

"Yonder, colonel, by the captain," said Betts. "I have a warrant for his arrest.

You will take him into custody." "Wait!" cried the judge. "I represent Mr. Hues. I desire to see that warrant!"

But Fentress ignored him. He addressed the crowded benches. "Gentlemen, it is a serious matter forcibly to seize a man without author-

done with him." ened. Fentress' thin lips opened.

fell. He turned away. "Mr. Sheriff!" he called sharply.

"All right, colonel!" "Take your man into custody," orlooked at it, grinned, and stepped to-

est obstacle in the way of its sanc tioned manifestation. Colonel Fentress comes here with that high sanc tion." He bowed again ceremontously to the colonel. "I repeat, I respect his dependence upon the law!" He whirled suddenly, "Cavendish-Yancy-Carrington-I call upon you to arrest John Murrell! I do this by virtue of the authority vested in me as a judge | Yard. Fentress was caught up in the of the United States federal court. His crime-a mere trifle, my friendspassing counterfeit money! Colonel Fentress will inform you that this is violation of the law which falls within my jurisdiction," and he beamed blandly on Fentress, "It's a lie!" cried the colonei.

"You'll answer for that later!" said the judge, with abrupt austerity of tone

"For all we know you may be some fugitive from justice!-Why, your name isn't Price!"

"Are you sure of that?" asked the judge quickly.

"You're an impostor! Your name

is Turberville!" "Permit me to reileve your apprehensions. It is Turberville who has received the appointment. Would you like to examine my credentials?have them by me-no? I am obliged for your introduction. It could not have come at a more timely moment. The judge seemed to dismiss Fentress contemptuously. Once more he faced the packed benches. "Put down your weapons!" he commanded. "This man Murrell will not be released. At the first effort at rescue he will be shot where he sits-we have sworn it-his plotting is at an end." He stalked nearer the benches. "Not one chance in a thousand remains to him, Either he dies here or he lives to be taken before every judge, in the state, if, necessary, until we find one with courage to try him! Make no mistakeit will best conserve the ends of justice to allow the state court's jurisdiction in this case; and I pledge myself to furnish evidence which will start him well on his road to the gailows!" The judge, a tremendous presence, stalked still nearer the benches. Outfacing the crowd, a sense of the splendor of the part he was being called upon to play flowed through him like some elixir; he feit that he was transcending himself, that his inspiration was drawn from the hidden springs of the spirit, and that he could neither falter nor go astray. "You don't know what you are medmean?" he demanded harshly. "Mr. lay the south in ruins—he has been arming the negroes-it is incredible that you should all know this-to such I say, go home and thank God for your escape! For the others"his shaggy brows met in a menacing frown-"if they force our hand we

> challenge!" He strode out among the gun muzzles which wavered where they still covered him. He was thinking of Mahaffy-Mahaffy, who had said he was

will toss them John Murrell's dead

carcass-that's our answer to their

still a man to be reckoned with. "Do you know what a servile insurrection means?-you men who have ity from the courts and expose him wives and daughters, have you to the danger of mob violence-Mr. thought of their fate? Of the mon-Hues will learn this before we have strous savagery to which they would be exposed? Do you believe he could Instantly there was a noisy demon- limit and control it? Look at him! stration that swelled into a burst of Why, he has never had a consideraapplause, which quickly spent itself. tion outside of his own safety, and yet The struggle seemed to have nar he expects you to risk your necks to rowed to an individual contest for save his! He would have left the supremacy between Fentress and the state before the first blow was struck judge. On the edge of the railed-off -his business was all down riverspace they confronted each other; the but we are going to keep him here to colonel, a tail, well-cared for pres answer for his crimes! The law, as ence; the judge, shabby and unkempt. implacable as it is impartial, has put For a moment their eyes met, while its mark on him-the shadow in the judge's face purpled and paled, which he sits is the shadow of the

them; then his giance wavered and the heavy breathing of men. He drew ment in meeting the judge; this was the woods, flaming now with the his unwieldly form erect, while his now a dreary certainty. voice rumbled on, aggressive and

threatening in its every intenation. "You are here to defend something dered Fentress. As he spoke he hand, that no longer exists. Your organed the warrant toward Betts, who ization is wrecked, your signals and passwords are known, your secrets Mr. Saul with conviction. ward Hues. He would have pushed have become public property-1 can "In my profound respect for the law stand, I have no wish to strike at gesture. "I would not place the slight now with the magnanimity of his sen shaped themselves accordingly, with

mercy for your lenders, none for Murrell bimself. Put down your guns!you can only kill us after we have killed Murrell-but you can't kill the If the arch conspirator dies in this room and bour, on whose head will the punishment fall?" He swung round his ponderous arm in a sweeping gesture and shook a fat but ex- portunely with an offer. pressive fore-finger in the faces of vours-and yours!

Across the space that separated hem the judge grinned his triumph at his enemy. He had known when Fentress entered the room that a word or a sign from him would precipitate a riot, but he knew now that seither this word nor this sign would be given Then quite suddenly he strede down the alsle, and foot by loot Fentress yielded ground before his advance. A murderous light flashed from the judge's bloodshot eyes and his right hand was stealing toward the frayed talls of his coat.

"Look out-he's getting ready to shoot!" cried a frightened voice. Instantly by doors and windows the crowd, seized with inexplicable panic, rush and borne from the room and from the building. When he reached the graveled space below the steps he turned. The judge was in the doorway, the center of a struggling group; to pinion his arm

"Draw-damn you!" he roared at

reach for his pistol. Mr. Saul made a last frantic effort to restrain his triend; he seized the judge's arm just as the latter's finger pressed the trigger, and an instant the judge's builet in his shoulder.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Good Times Coming.

It was not strange that a number of gentlemen in and about Raleigh yielded to an overmastering impulse to visit newer lands, nor was it strange have been taken in secrecy. Mr. Pegloe was one of the first to leave; Mr. Saul had informed him of the judge's declared purpose of shooting him on out by stage on his journey east; he sight. Even without this useful hint was accompanied by Yancy and Han-

in-law, who had appeared most op-Pegioe's flight created something of those nearest him. "On yours-and a sensation, but it was dwarfed by the sensation that developed a day or so later when it became known that Tom Ware and Colonel Fentress had likewise fied the country. Still later, Fentress' body, showing marks of violence, was washed ashore at a woodyard below Girard. It was conjectured that he and Ware had set out from The Oaks to cross the river; there was reason to believe that Fentress had in his possession at the time a considerable sum of money,

occasion to call at the tavers, and the

hostile nature of his visit was em

phasized by the cautious manner of

his approach, he was greatly shocked

to discover that his intended victim

had sold his business overnight for a

small lump sum to Mr Saul's brother-

and it was supposed that his companion had murdered and robbed him. Of Ware's subsequent career nothing was ever known. These were, after all, only episodes in the collapse of the Clan, sportte

manifestations of the great work of emptied itself into the court-house disintegration that was going forward and which the judge, more than any other, perhaps, had brought about This was something no one questioned, and he quickly passed to the first phase of that unique and peculiar esteem in which he was ever after Mr. Bowen, the minister, Mr. Saul held. His fame widened with the sucand Mr. Wesley were vainly seeking ceeding suns; he had offers of help which impressed him as so entirely creditable to human nature that he Fentress, as he wrenched himself quite lacked the heart to refuse them, free, and the crowd swayed to right especially as he felt that in the imand left as Fentress was seen to provement of his own condition the world had bettered itself and was moving nearer those sound and righteous ideals of morality and patriotism which had never lacked his indorsement, no matter how inexpedient it later Fentress staggered back with had seemed for him to put them into practice. But he was not diverted from his ultimate purpose by the glamour of a present popularity; he was able to keep his bleared eyes resolutely fixed on the main chance, namely the Fentress estate and the Quintard lands. It was highly important that he should go east to South Carolina to secure documentary that the initial steps looking toward evidence that would establish his own the indulgence of their desires should and Fentress' identity; to Kentucky, where Fentress had lived prior to his coming to Tennessee.

Early in November the judge set



"Draw, Damn You!" He Roared at Fentress. The judge paused, but the only the tavern-keeper had known that he mibal, from neither of whom could be twitched, but no sound came from sound in that expectant stience was should experience intense embarrass- bring himself to be separated, and as

> "You reckon he means near att he says?" he had asked, his fat sides

shaking. "I'd take his word a heap quicker than I would most folks'," answered

the judge aside had not that gentle- even produce a list of your members; He recalled the snuffing of the can- once empty pockets and hear the man, bowing civilly, made way for there are none of you who do not dies by the judge, an extremely de- clink of gold and silver. The judge stand in imminent peril-yet under pressing memory under the circum- slowly withdrew his eyes from the stances; also the reckless and head- last gray roof that showed among the and properly constituted authority I those who have been misled or long disregard of consequences which trees, and faced the east and the fuyield to no man, not even to Colonel coerced into joining Murrell's band!" had characterized so many of that tope with a serenely confident ex-Fentress," he said, with a gracious The judge's sodden old face glowed gentleman's acts, and his plans pression.

torch of frost, engulfed the little town, he turned in his seat and looked

back. He had entered it by that very road, a beggar on toot and in rags; be was leaving it in broadcloth and tine tinen, visible tokens of his aitered fortunes. More than this, he could Pegloe promptly had a sinking spett. trust his hands deep down into his

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Got Even With Critic.

## Why Neighbors Fall Out

Here Are Some of the Remarks That Often Start the Clothesline Quarrels.

"Yes, I'm going to bring your lawn home tomorrow, sure. The blamed old rattletrap is no good, any-

"Ma wants to know if she can borrow another cup o' sugar of you today? She's keepin' track of all of it.

"I wish you'd keep your chickens in your own yard. This is the sixth time I've planted corn in my garden, and I'm getting sick of seeing your hens get it all."

"Say, that kid of your wants to guit his heaving rocks against my barn; or, by heavens, I'll get after him good district. He insisted that an optimand plenty."

your dog at home? He's chased our Rend the book, "The Road to Well- est upon the house three times this morning. I'll shoot the critter sure if sea dep't keep him tied up."

last night, and I've come over to see what you propose to do about it." "Can't you put some kind of a muzzle on that blamed old rooster you neighborhood. Nobody can get a de-

cent night's rest around here." "Yes, I ought to have sent your paper right back; but I'll have Johnnie bring it over in a few minutes, as soon as I read the sports page."-Los Angeles Express.

Legislative Optimist.

A povel description of an optimist was given recently by a congressman who had suffered an enslaught of opular protest in "appeals" from his st was a man who could make "nice. States senate" "Why in thunder don't you keep awest, pink ismonade out of the yellave been Sanded him."

suggested, that some of the sweetest things in life owe much of their attractiveness to the subacid, aromatic influence of this same sour "lemon" which is so frequently "handed" political leaders?

The joke was repeated in the presence of an attache of a foreign deleare harboring? He's the pest of the gation, who thought it so good that he wanted to pass it on, but he failed to eatch the full significance of the phrase "handed a lemon," so he changed the expression to "making nice, sweet, pink lemonade out of yellow addled eggs thrown at him, you know," and when there was a smile he retorted hastily: "Oh-perhaps I've got the yellow eggs broke?"-National Magazine.

Swift Experiences.

"Ves," replied Senator Sorgham day at another ow, your things called Temons' that Sometimes a logislature sands along Your box busted my boy's coaster also be true as one of his companions attention to a sign, Itla Way but' shut "-Harper's Wooley

The Abbie d'Aubignac, who wrote admirably on dramatic composition. and had instanced many living examples of failure in that direction, was so imprudent, after thirty years' silence, as to write a tragedy himself. In the preface he beasted that he, of all dramatists, had "most scrupulously observed the rules of Aristotie, whose inspiration he had followed!" To this it was replied by one who had suffered from his criticism: "I do not

quarrel with the Abbe d'Aubignac for having followed the precepts of Aristotle, but I cannot pardon the precepts of Aristotle that caused the abbe to write such a tragedy." A Good Cure.

"You ow which what dud do y-y-you Sometimes a man has a hard time | d-d dou do fuffer y-y-your s-s-siss-stutgetting finally located in the United tut-tuttering, old mum-man?" asked one confirmed stammeter the other

"Www.wowwell," said the second, a man who seascely gots through 7-14-Fve par-found cuk-considerable "That," he said, with a grimme, "is reading the word 'Welcome' on the rub-rub rule! in the localing what I call an optimist." May it not door mat before some one calls his mum-my mum-mum mum much shear



Desultory applause followed, and he responded with a vociferous rendering

of "My Old Kentucky Home." The hostess was passing among her guests, LIVER PILLS beaming at the success of her enter-tainment and sure that everybody was having a good time, when suddenly, to her surprise, she came upon a mid-toner surprise s dle-aged man but slightly known to her, who was weeping silently but bitterly in a secluded corner. Thinking that his heart had been touched by the old song, she asked sympathetic-

'Why do you weep? Are you a Ken tuckian?"

"No madam," he replied. "I am a

musician." Muff. Senator Borah was talking about a

disgruntled political opponent. "His attitude," said the eloquent senator, "reminds me of a young lady at the seashore.

"Discussing this young lady and a Chicago millionaire, a girl remarked: "'She says he's not a very good catch, after all.'

"Another girl, tossing her head, then made the comment: "'She says that, does she? Then he must have dropped her."

Marriage. The couple were being married by an out-of-town justice of the peace. "Until death do you part?" the magistrate asked, in the usual form. The man hesitated. "See here,

judge, can't you make it an indeter-

minate sentence?" quoth he, after

thinking a moment.-Puck. Chance.

"I always embrace an opportu-"But, then, you must be careful you

"Pa, what is the Bridge of Sighs?" "That's the bridge your mother plays, my son."

are not hugging a delusion."

nity.'

Their Class. "How would you describe these letlers of a chiropodist?" "I'd class them as foot notes."

Ers. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle. Mr.

The first time a young man is in ove he honestly believes he means what he says.

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## The Cheerful Life

It is the right of everyone to live and enjoy the cheerful life. We own it to ourselves and those who live with us to live the cheerful life. We cannot do so if ill health takes hold of us. The wife, mother and daughter suffering from hot flashes, nervous

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