THE BATTLE-C B-CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK AUTHOR of "The CALL of the CUMBERLANDS" ILLUSTRATIONS 64 C.D. RHODES COPYRIGHT DY CHARLES NEVILLE

SYNOPSIS.

BUCK

Juanita Holland, a Philadelphia young woman of wealth, on her journey with her guide, Good Anse Talbott, into the heart of the Cumberlands to become a teacher of the mountain children, faints at the door of Fletch McNash's cabin. She overhears a talk between Bad Anse Havey and one of his henchmen that acquaints her with the Havey-NcBriar feud. Talles with him and they become antagonies. Cal Douglas of the Havey clan is on trial in Peril, for the murder of Noah Wyatt, a McBriar. Juanita and Dawn McNash become friends. Cal Douglas is acquited. Nash Wyatt attempts to kill him but is himself killed by the Haveys Milt. McBriar meets Bad Anse and disclaims responsibility for Wyatt's attempt to kill Douglas. They declare a truce, under pressure from Good Anse Talbott. Juanita thinks she finds that Bad Anse to by having Fletch McNash murdered, Jeb McNash begs Bad Anse to 18" him who killed his father, but is not loid. Juanita and Bad Anse further misunderstand each other. Bad Anse tells Juanita he does not fight women and Juanita gots her land and cabin. Jeb refrains from killing Young Milt is the murderer. Young Milt and Dawn meet several times, resulting in a demand from Bad Anse that Dawn leave Juanita's cabin. Juanita and Good Anse go to see Bad Anse, who again says that the school will fail because it has been started by Juanita in the wrong way. Juanita begins to understand Endance of the feud for the time to prevent the burning of the new schoolhouse. Dawn remains with Juanita. Bad Anse finds himself drifting dangerously near Juanita, CHAPTER XVI—Continued. Juanita Holland, a Philadelphia young

CHAPTER XVI-Continued.

The girl from Philadelphia had for some days been watching the road which led in tortuous twists from Peril to the gap. She herself hardly realized how expectantly she had watched it.

She was thinking of the man she had sent away and wondering what their meeting would be like. And the girl of the hill sitting near by would look on, her fingers gripping themselves tightly together and an ache in her own heart. Deep in Dawn's nature, which had been coming of late into a sweetly fragrant bloom, crept the rancor of a fierce jealousy for the man from "down below" whom she had never seen, but whose letter could right. make Juanita forget present things and drift away into a world of other days and other scenes-a world in which Dawn herself had no part.

Juanita was wondering if, after ail, she had not misjudged Roger Malcolm. She wanted to think she had, because her heart was hungry for love. She had written to him, sternly forbidding his coming, and if he obeyed that mandate he would, of course, prove himself weak and lacking in initiative. So she was waiting with a fluttering heart.

But on the day that he came she was not watching. He had pushed on at a rate of speed which mountain patience would not have countenanced and had arrived in two hours less than the journey should logically have required. The heaving sides of his tired horse told almost as much of the eagerness that had driven him as did the

frank worship of his face. At the front fence he hitched his mount and walked noiselessly up to the larger house. Two feminine figares sat sewing in the hall as he silently opened the unlatched door and let himself in. One of them was a figure he knew even with its back turned-a figure which, because of something

could belong to no one else. The other was a mountain girl of undeniable beauty, but, to him, of po interest. It was Dawn who saw him first and, with a glance that brought a resentful flash to her eyes, she rose silently and slipped out through a side door. Then, as Juanita came to her feet with a little gasp and held out both hands,

the man's heart began to hammer wildly, and Le knew that the fingers he ple, Mr. Malcolm." held were trembling. He would have taken her at once in

his arms, but she held him off and shook her head. "I told you not to come," she rebuked him in a voice that lacked con-

"And I flagrantly disobeyed you," he answered. "As I mean henceforth to amused smile.

disobey you. Once I lost you because I played a weak game. You want a conqueror, and I have always been a suppliant. Now I have changed my method.

"Oh!" said Juanita faintly. For just an instant she felt a leap at her heart. | gue that." Perhaps, after all, he had grown to be won, if ever won, and she wanted

to be won. She saw him draw out of his pocket a small box which she had once given back to him and take from it a ring she had once worn, but again she shook

her head. "Not yet, dear," she said very softly. "You haven't proved yourself a con-

called yourself one."

look, the man masked his disappointreplied: "Very well, I can wait, but that's how it must be in the end." In the end! Juanita knew that, after

all, he had not changed.

He was still the man of brave in-

SNAP SHOTS

If a woman makes a cherry pie and leaves the seeds in, that is shiftless not necessarily an authority as to the and adjusted to tell the time in any A German scientist has demonstrat-

ed that radium has a marked effect on woody plants, even forcing them to bud in dormant seasons. There is little sympathy for the lows man whose seventh wife has believes that every family should also found effective in breaking up swarms tion grindstone and emery wheel has ing them, when freshly cut, for several tributed throughout the state.

sued for divorce. Five wives are keep a bee .- Jay E. House in the Pitts of locusts that frequently appear in been patented, the stone serving as months in earth mixed with lime and enough for any man.

guest that Anse Havey broke his resolve and for the first time came through the gate of the school. She saw him come with a pleased little sense of having broken down his reserve and a feeling of feminine vic-

tory. A moment later the mountaineer was standing on the steps and shaking hands with Roger Malcolm, whom he greeted briefly and with mountain re-

"I was down at Peril with a couple of teams," he said, turning to Juanita, "an' I found a lot of boxes at the station for ye. I 'lowed ye didn't hardly have any teams handy, so I fotched em back to my house. I'll send them over in the morning', but I though I'd ride over tonight an' tell ye."

She had been wondering how, at a time of mired reads, she was to bave those books, which she would soon need, brought across the ridge. Now he had solved the problem for her, Anse Havey stood leaning against a porch post, his broad shoulders and clearcut profile etched against the moonlight as he studied the Philadelphian. Suddenly he asked abruptly: "Have ye found anything that inter-

ests we in the coal an' timber line?" Roger Malcolm glanced up and knocked the ash from his pipe against the rail of the porch. He had not suspected that his rambles about the hills with a set of maps and a geologist's

hammer bad been noted. But he showed no surprise as he answered with perfect frankness: "Yes and no. I came primarily to see how Miss Holland was progressing with her work. It's true I have thought something of investing in mountain resources, but that lies in the future." Havey nodded and said quietly: "I

hope ye decides to invest elsewhere." "So far as a casual inspection shows, this country looks pretty good to me.' rejoined Malcolm easily. "I may buy here-provided, of course, the price is

"This country's mighty pore," said the head of the Haveys slowly. "About all it can raise is a little corn an' a rocks there's wealth."

"Then the man who can unlock the hills and get it out ought to be welcome as a benefactor, ought he not?" inquired the Easterner with a smile. "He won't be," was the short response.

"The men from outside always aim to get the benefit of that wealth an' seems pretty much like plunderin' to tween walls. us. We gen'rally ask benefactors like that to go away."

"And do they usually go?" "No; not usually. They always

goes." "Do you expect me to believe that, Mr. Havey?" queried Malcolm, still smiling.

"I don't neither ask ye to believe it nor to disbelieve it," was the cool rejoinder. "I'm just tellin' it to ye, that's all."

Malcolm refilled his pipe and offered the tobacco pouch to Havey. Anse distinctively subtle and wondrous, shook his head with a curt "Much obleeged," and the visitor said casually: "Well, we needn't have any argument on that score yet, Mr. Havey, My activities, if they eventuate, belong to of uncouthness. the future, and when that time comes perhaps we shall be able to agree, after all."

"I reckon we won't hardly agree on no proposition for despoilin' my peo-"Then we can disagree, when the

time comes," remarked the other man with a trace of tartness in his voice. "Then ye don't aim to develop us

just now?" Malcolm shook his head, the glow of his pipe bowl for a moment lighting up a face upon which lingered an

"Not this time. Another time, perhaps.'

"All right, then." Havey's voice carried a very masked and courteous but very unmistakable warning. "Whenever yet get good an' ready-we'll ar-

He bowed to the girl and turned into her standard. That was how she must the path which led down to the gate.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was one of those nights under whose brooding wings vague things and influences are astir and in the clay to where the girl stood leaning, talking. making. Dawn had gone back for a few days to her brother's lonely cabin on Tribulation to set his house in orqueror yet, you know. You've just der and to do his simple mending. Perhaps in her own heart there was an-Then her heart misgave her, for, other reason-an unconfessed unwilafter gazing into her eyes with a hurt linguess to stay at the bungalow while her gravely. she must feel so far away from Juament behind a smile of deference and nita and see Roger Malcolm seemingly

SO DEAT. In her heart vague things were stirring, too, and in another heart. The fact that she had not been allowed to see young Milt McBriar had given him the girl convulsively moistened her It was while Malcolm was Juanita's on the road and he had stopped her to ver.

say: "Dawn, do ye know why I don't ome over thar no more?" The girl had only nodded and the

ooy went on: goin' ter come slippin', but I'm comin' | the hand that held the weapon.

open an' upstandin', an' Jeb an' me are goin' ter talk about this business."

boy stubbornly. "I reckon I mustn't away. So tonight, while the moon was

the son of the McBriar leader was rid- Jeb?" ing with a set face over into the heart the daughter of Fletch McNash. Jeb was sitting before the fire with shame.

a pipe between his teeth and Dawn plunked on a banjo-not the old folklore tune that had once been her repertoire, but a newer and sweeter thing ridge one day. I reckon I kin guess | Had Dawn McNash not come there, that she had learned from Juanita Hol-

from the darkness, "I'm Milt McBriar but in his eyes still glowed the fire of



"Dont, Jeb!" She Screamed in a Transport of Alarm.

an' I'm a-comin' in," the banjo fell heap of hell, but down underneath the from the girl's hands and her fingers clutched in panic at her breast. She saw her brother rise from his chair and heard his voice demand truc-

ulently: "What ther hell does you want hyar?"

denly hateful to him. Into the gray my folks?" eyes crept a suffering, and the brows came together in helpless perplexity.

ace who chose to think that life comes to perfection only under glass. He back into the firelit cabin and threw shaggy clan-men who were akin to bed, they silently crossed the stild into the eagles. No menace or threat of the road and Milt turned to repeat: death had ever made him deviate from "Jeb, thet war a lie ye spoke, an' l his loyalty to that people. But now a wants ye ter fight me fa'r, fist an' comparing himself with the well- feels like hit, we'll shake hands. You visitor and feeling himself a creature

He found himself wishing that he, the thought from him with bitter selfcontempt, and a low oath broke from his life? Was he wishing that his his pinions combed?

Anse Havey," he said aloud, "it's about out his hand. time ye kilt yourself."

No, he protested to his soul, he had disliked Roger Malcolm because Roger Malcolm had spoken of a project of plunder and stood for his enemies of land that a new hatred had been born back. in his heart.

. . . At the scant welcome of his greeting young Milt McBriar stiffened a little from head to foot, though he had not anticipated any great degree of cordial- fought before the feud began.

He climbed the stile and walked weak-kneed with fright, against the lighted frame of the door,

"leb," he said slowly to the boy, who had stepped down into the yard, "how air ye?" Then, turning to Dawn, with his hat in his hand, he greeted

But the son of the murdered man stood still and rigid and repeated in a man heart. hard voice: "What ther hell does ye want hyar?" "I come over hyar ter see Dawn,"

tents and words-still the man who an ausmented importance which had dry lips with her tongue, she saw her in a roundabout way he had learned of going to smash your wicked regime." stood hesitant at the moment for a kept the boy in her mind despite her brother's hand sweep under his coat Young Milt's visit to the McNash cab she laughed. "is no reason why you More than that no man is entitled to denunciations. Once she had met him and come out gripping a heavy revol- in. His son was the apple of his eye, should remain preved about it and and less than that no man shall have and now he was seeing him form em- salk in your tent?

own best friend.

Jeb had never gone armed before bryonic additations with the people of that night when Fletch fell. Now he his enemy was never unarmed.

"Well, some day when ye're at Jeb's transport of alarm, as she braced her- father had always taken a natural cabin I'm a comin' thar. I hain't a self and summoned strength to seize pride in the honesty that gleamed

Jeb shook her roughly off and wheeled again to face the visitor with his own ways of guile and deceit most "No! No!" she had exclaimed, genu- the precaution of a sidewise leap. He studiously was the lad who would inely frightened and in a voice full had expected that the other boy would some day be leader in his stead. There of quick dissent. "Ye mustn't do, it, use that moment of interference to were few things that this old intriguer Milt; ye mustn't. Ef ye does, I won't draw his own weapon, but the young feared, but one there was, and now it McBriar was standing in the same at | was tracing lines of care and anxiety "We'll settle that when I gits that, titude, holding his hat in one hand in the visage that had always been so jest 'lowed I'd tell ye," persisted the while he reassured the girl.

"Don't fret, Dawn; thar hain't nothtalk ter ye now-I'm pledged," and in' ter worry about," he said; then, self and catch a glimpse of the inner without another word he shook up the facing the brother, he went on in a man, the father knew that he would reins on his horse's neck and rode voice of cold and almost scornful com- not be able to sustain the scorn of posure:

weaving its spell over several hearts. me acrost the sights of a gun, is it, Lexington, conned his books, his fath-

ered his muzzle with a sense of sudden and his mind dangerously active. "Oh, I heered about how old Bob

about me, an' how ye come acrost ther

the rest. Then, as a confident voice sang out his pistol now hanging at his side, straying out of partizan paths. The

> hatred "Jest this," young McBriar went on: "I ain't got no gun on me. I ain't even guard the roof that sheltered her got a jackknife. I lowed that ye against the hand of arson the father mought be right smart incensed at had hired. my comin' hyar an' I come without no weapon on purpose. Ef ye hain't n ther holster."

> Jeb McNash slowly followed the suggestion, and then coming forward until the two boys stood eye to eye, of too audacious a crime, but now his he said in deliberate accents: "I reckon ye don't 'low I'm skeered of ye."

"I reckon not." Young Milt's tone was almost cheerful. "I reckon ye air I am of you-an' that ain't none."

"What does ye want hyar?" persisted Jeb. "I wants first to tell ye-an' I hain't don't know nothin' more about who

kilt Fletch than you does." If I did, so help me God Almighty, I'd tell ye. hain't tryin' ter shield no murder-There was a ring of sincerity in the ad's voice that carried weight even

into the bitter skepticism of Jeb's east of the ridge.

the older boy, "thar's them in yore ters to his own satisfaction. house thet does know."

At that insult it was Young Milt whose face went first red and then conqueror's triumph. He was now disvery white,

eep trail to the creat that night with didn't see no reason why you an' me classes at the desk and blackboardlong, elastic strides, seeking to burn had ter quarrel. I come over hyar ter small classes that were growing larger. up the restlessness which obsessed see Dawn, because I promised I Now that Milt had laid the groundthen to move us off our mountains, an' him, he found himself at the top with wouldn't try ter see her whilst she there ain't nowheres else on earth a no wish to sleep and no patience with stayed down at the school-an' be- field fallow by a seeming of general ter do hit. Now will ye lay aside yore along the creeks and branches and in-Anse Havey felt that something was gun an' go out thar in ther road whar to the remote coves of his territory missing from his life; something of hit hain't on yore own ground, an' let that it "wouldn't hurt folks none ter the barbarian order had become sud- me tell ye that ye lied when ye slurred give their children a little l'arnin'."

The two boys stripped off their Juanita was a woman of an exotle hidden a weapon. Then, while the girl, who was really no longer a girl, turned was a leader of a brier-tangled and herself face downward on her feather foreign woman had come and he was skull, an' when we gits through, ef ye

dressed, soft-voiced man who was her an' me ain't got no cause ter quarrel." And so the boy in each of them, which was the manlier part of each, came to the surface, and into a bitter too, was smoother. Then he flung and long-fought battle of fists and wrestling, in which both of them rolled in the dust, and each of them obstihis lips. Was he growing ashamed of nately refused to say "enough," they submitted their long-fostered hostility eagle's talons might be manicured and to one flerce debate. At last, as the two lay panting and bloodled there in "If ye've done come down to that, the road, it was Jeb who rose and held

"So fur es the two of us goes, Milt," he said, "unless ther war busts loose ergin, I reckon we kin be friendly." Together they rose and recrossed the stile and washed their grimed the future; but his soul answered that faces. Dawn looked from one to the he thought little of that, and that it other, and Jeb said: "Milt, set yorewas because of the obvious understand- self a cheer. I reckon ye'd better stay ing between this man and Juanita Hol- all night. It's most too fur ter ride

And so, though they did not realize it, the two youths who were to stand | His Pipe Clamped Between His Teeth, some day near the heads of the two factions, had set a new precedent and had fought without guns, as men had not only parents who brought their

Jeb kicked off his shoes and lay down, and before the flaming logs sat lives. There were men in jeans and by the war. This is mainly caused by across the moonlit patch of trampled the Havey girl and the McBriar boy hickory shirts; wemen in gay shawls the shrinkage in the number of imag-

CHAPTER XVIII.

When winter has come and settled down for its long siege in the Cumber- gatherin' of young barbarians over | ill, or rather the war has distracted lands human life shrinks and shrivels there at the college these days," said their attention. One never seems to into a shivering wretchedness, and a Anse Havey one afternoon, when they meet a hypochondriac or neurotic in spirit of dreariness steals into the hu- met up on the ridge.

The house of old Milt McBriar was not so dark and cheerless a hovel as the houses of his lesser neighbors, but him. "Only one thing has marred it. was the calm response, and then, as as that winter closed in his heart was bitter and his thoughts were black

Young Milt had visited Dawn; he "Don't, Jeb!" she screamed in a had watched with Anse Havey The from his son's alert eyes, and the one person from whom he had concealed masklike and imperturbable. If his son should ever look past his outward those younger eyes. So, while the "Thet hain't ther first time ye've seed lad, who had gone back to college in er sat before the blaze of his hearth. "What does ye mean?" The other his pipe tight clamped between his of the Havey country, openly to visit boy's face went brick-red and he low- teeth, his heart festering in his breast,

The beginnings of all the things which he deplored, and meant to puna school with a "fotched-on" teacher. his hoy's feet would not have gone "Well, what of hit?" Jeb stood with | wandering westward over the ridge. slimness of her body, the lure of her violet eyes, and the dusky meshes of her dark hair had led his own son to

But most of all, Anse Havey was responsible: Anse Havey who had perskeered of me when I'm unarmed. I sunded his son to make common cause eckon ye kin put your own gun back with the enemy. For that Anse Havey

must die. Heretofore Old Milt had struck only at lesser men, fearing the retribution venom was acute, and even such grave considerations as the danger of a holocaust must not halt its appeasement.

Still the mind of Milt McBriar, the lest about as much skeered of me es elder, had worked long in intrigue, and even now it could not follow a direct line. Bad Anse must not be shot down in the road. His taking off must be accomplished by a shrewder method. never lied ter no feller yit-thet I and one not directly traceable to so palpable a motive as his own hatred. Such a plan his brain was working out, but for its execution he needed a hand of craft and force-such a hand as only Luke Thixton could supplyand Luke was out West.

It was not his intention to rush hast ily into action. Some day he would go heart-a skepticism which had refused down to Lexington and Luke should to believe that honor or truth dwelt come East to meet him. There, a hundred and thirty miles from the hills, "I reckon, ef that's true," sneered the two of them would arrange mat-

Roger Malcolm had gone back, and he had not, after all, gone back with a cussing in directors' meetings plans "Thet calls fer a fight, Jeb," he said looking to a titanic grouping of interwith forced calm. "I can't harken ter ests which were to focalize on these things like thet. But first I wants ter hills and later to bring developments. say this: I come over hyar ter tell ye The girl's school was gradually mak-Though Anse Havey strode up the thet I knowed how ye felt, an' thet I ing itself felt, and each day saw small

work of his plans, he was making the mountain man can live. Developin' the idea of confining his thoughts be- cause I wants ter see her-an' lows beneficence. His word had gone out

In response to that hint they trooped in from the east, wherever the roads coats in guaranty that neither had could be traveled. Among those who "hitched an' lighted" at the fence were



His Heart Festering in His Breast.

children, but those who came impelled felt her heart beat faster with the hope cians' bank balance prodigiously with

eyes sparkled. "It has been wonderful," she told "What's that?" he asked.

Your alcorness. Just because I'm

He shook his head and gazed away. into his eyes came that troubled look which nowadays they sometimes were. "I reckon it wouldn't hardly be hon-

est for me to come. I've told ye I don't think the thing will do no good." He was looking at her and his hands slowly clenched. Her beauty, with the enthusiasm lighting her eyes, made him feel like a man whose thirst was killing him and who gazed at a clear spring beyond his reach-or. like the carayan driver whose sight is tortured by a mirage. He drew a long breath. then added:

"I've got another reason an' a stronger one for not comin' over there very often. Any time ye wants me for anything I reckon ye knows I'll come." What is your reason?" she demand-

"I ain't never been much interested in any woman." He held her eyes so directly that a warm color suddenly flooded her cheeks, then he went on with naked honesty and an unconcealed bitterness of heart: "When I puts myself in the way of havin' to ove one. I'll pick a woman that won't McGreegor told ye a passel of lies ish, went back to the establishment of have to be ashamed of me-some

mountain woman." For an instant she stared at him in astonishment, then she exclaimed: Ashamed of you! I don't think any woman would be ashamed of you, Mr Havey," but, recognizing that her voice had been overserious, she laughed, and once more her eyes danced with gay

mischief "Don't be afraid of me. I'll promise not to make love to you."

"I'm obleeged," he said slowly. That ain't what I'm skeered of. I'm afraid ye couldn't hardly stop me from makin' love to you."

He paused, and the badinage left

her eyes. "Mr. Havey," she said with great eriousness, "I'm glad you said that. It gives us a chance to start honestly as all true friendship should start. In some things any woman is wiser than You thought you were going to

hate me, but you don't." "God knows I don't," he fiercely in-

terrupted her. "Neither will you fall in love with me. You told me once of your superior age and wisdom, but in some things you are still a boy. You are a very lonely boy, too-a boy with a heart hungry for companionship. You have had friends only in books-comradeship only in dreams. You have lived down there in that old prison of a house with a sword of Damocles hanging always over your head. Because we have been in a way congenial, you are mistaking our friendship for dan-

ger of love." Danger of love! He knew that it had gone past a mere danger, and his eyes for a moment must have shown that he realized its hopelessness, but Juanita shook her head and went on: "Don't do it. It would be a pity, I'm

rather hungry, too, for a friend; 1 don't mean for a friend in my work, but a friend in my life. Can't we be friends like that?" She stood looking into his eyes, and

slowly the drawn look of gravity left his face. He had always thought quickly and dared to face realities. He was now facing his hardest reality. He loved her with utter hopelessness. Her eyes told him that it must always be just

that way, and yet she had appealed to him-she had said she needed his friendship. To call it love would make it necessary for her to decline it. Henceforth life for Anse Havey was to mean a heartache, but if she want ed his allegiance she might call it

what she would. It was hers. Swiftly he vowed in his heart to set a seal on his lips and play the part she

had assigned to him. "I'm right glad ye said that," he ansured her. "I reckon ye're right. I reckon we can go on fightin' and bein' friends. Ye see, as I said, I didn't know much about womenfolks, an' because I liked ye I was worried."

She nodded understandingly. Suddenly he bent forward and his

words broke impetuously from his lips. "Do ye 'low to marry that man Malcolm?" He came a step toward her, then raising his hand swiftly, he add ed: "No-don't answer that question! That's your business. I didn't have no license to ask. Besides, I don't want

ve to answer it." "It's a bargain, isn't it?" she smiled. Whenever you get lonely over there by yourself and find that Hamlet isn't as lively a companion as you want or that Alexander the Great is a little too fond of himself, or Napoleon is overmoody, come over here and we'll try to cheer each other up."

"I reckon," he said with an answering smile, "I'm Hable to feel that way tonight, but I ain't comin' to learn civilization. I'm just comin' to see you.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Fashionable Ills Disappear. Some of the most fashionable Lonby that curiosity which lurks in lonely don physicians have been badly hit and linsey-woolsey and calico; people inary ailments. Those people who from "back of beyond," and Juanita used to swell the fashionable physitheir fancied maladies have now sim-"I hear ye've got a right plentiful ply no time to imagine themselves these days. The war has also been Her chin came up pridefully and her the cause of the termination of many

Roosevett's Idea.

family feuds.

A man who is good enough to shed his blood for his country is good enough to be given a square deat -Theodore Roosevelt.

CONDENSATIONS

In ancient times it was the custom for disputants in philosophy, and for priests and sibyls when rendering or-

Operated by a treadle, a combina- colors to several native woods by buryother materials.

L. H. Gorrell of Alien county, Kanninety-two years old, spends his win ters in the open, hunting and tran-Italy consumes less tobacco perping. He says he keeps young living outdoors and exercising. Mr. Gorrell ages has never touched tobacco and never tasted intoxicating liquor.

ming a large lake and will construct a German furniture makers impart hydro-electric plant from which current for light and power will be dis-

Achy Joints Give Warning

A creaky joint often predicts rain. It also foretells inward trouble. It may mean that the kidneys are not filtering the blood and are allowing poisonous uricacid to clog the blood

and cause trouble. Bad backs, rheumatic pains, sore, aching joints, headaches, dizziness, nervous troubles. heart flutterings, and urinary disorders are some of

the effects of weak kidneys and if nothing is done there's danger of dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the most widely used, the best recommended



How to Heal Skin Diseases

A Baltimore doctor suggests this simple, but reliable and inexpensive, home treatment for people suffering with eczema, ringworm, rashes and

similar itching, burning skin troubles. At any reliable druggist's get a jar of resinol ointment and a cake of resinol soap. These are not at all expensive. With the resinol soap and warm water bathe the affected parts thor-

oughly, until they are free from crusts any man. You won't fall in love with and the skin is softened. Dry very gently, spread on a thin layer of the resinol ointment, and cover with a light bandage-if necessary to protect the clothing. This should be done twice a day. Usually the distressing ttching and burning stop with the first treatment, and the skin soon becomes clear and healthy again.

Briefly defined, faith is a fixed belief that the impossible is going to happen.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

An old bachelor says that most fashionable young women are engaging works of art. The parents of a baby are the only

successful conversational opponents

of the man who wishes to talk about

himself

atable.

Some Show. "This play is supposed to appeal especially to the tired business man.' 'The idea being that if he isn't tired when he comes in he will be before

the show is over, I presume." Chase the Unpropitious Mood. In the presence of manifest duty it is our privilege to treat an unpropitious mood with scant courtesy. We

may have to sweep it out of our path, without so much as an "if you please." His Size. The Judge-You say your wife assaulted you with a dangerous and dead-

ly weapon? What was it? Mr. Peewee-It was a fly swatter,

your honor,-Judge. Out for Show. "Felice spends hours every day in a beauty parlor."

"How does she spend the rest of the time" "Realizing on the beauty doctor's

work." Reasons for Eating Fruit. Because it is appetizing and pal-

4. On account of its salts and

2. Because it is refreshing and thirst quenching. 3. Because of its nutritive properties.

acids. 5. On account of its action on the kidneys.

6. Its laxative properties. CHANGE

Quit Coffee and Got Weil. A woman's coffee experience is interesting. "For two weeks at a time I have taken no food but skim milk, for solid food would ferment and cause such distress that I could hardly breathe at times, also excruciating pain and heart palpitation and all the

time I was so nervous and restless. "From childhood up I had been a coffee and tea drinker and for the past 20 years I had been trying different physicians but could get only temporary relief. Then I read an article telling how some one had been helped by leaving off coffee and drinking Postum and it seemed so pleasant just to read about good health I decided to

try Postum. "I made the change from coffee to Postum and there is such a difference in me that I don't feel like the same person. We all found Postum Jeliclous and like it better than zonee. My health now is wonderfully good.

"As soon as I made the shift to Postum I got better and now my troubles are gone. I am fleshy, my food assimilates, the pressure in the chest and palpitation are all gone, my bowels are regular, have no more stomach trouble and my headaches are gone. Remember I did not use medicines at alijust left off coffee and used Postum steadily," Name given by Festum Co.,

Battle Creek, Mich. Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal-the original formmust be well belled. 15c and 25c pack-

Instant Postum-a soluble powderdissolves quickly in a cup of hot water. and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup. "There's a Reason" for Postum.

-sold by Grocers.

Shiftlessness is variously construed.

Generally speaking, the breakfast table is the dullest place.

Meanwhile, the decision of a Kansas judge to the effect that a farmer is invented that can be held in the hand mental condition of others, seems to latitude. be sound. If somewhat daring.

A prominent politician believes every family should keep a cow. Sim ing it in water to which a little sait Heckle is even further advanced along the line of progressive ideas. Sim burgh Dispatch.

A fairly accurate sundial has been

Rubber tubing can be kept from de-

POSTSCRIPTS

has been added. Cannon loaded with sand have been

Costa Rica

The total value of the world's fishery products has been estimated at \$493,474,801

A pickpocket alarm has been inventteriorating when not in use by stor- ed that rings a bell when anything of acles, to be scated on three-legged value is taken from a pocket by an scats. unauthorized person.

a flywheel for the other.

The man who goes to extremes may capita than any other civilized nation. be either his own worst enemy or his

The government of Tasmania is dam

Electricity is successfully used in

France to ripen cheese.