

The Colonel's Campaign

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGIS

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Why shouldn't milk be sold from bottles? Glass is cheap.

Cuban cities have established a reputation for being clean, and are living up to the reputation.

The sight of an automobile killed a horse in Bellefontaine. Thus it escaped breathing the fumes.

A Brooklyn waiter dropped dead when given a \$3 tip. Another argument against the tipping evil.

We don't know whether Mme. Anna Gould is wearing a Merry Widow hat or not, but it seems as if it would be appropriate.

A Detroit woman dropped dead because she was called a crank, an action which proved that, after all, she must have been very foolish.

New York's hotel for women is closed, owing to a dispute over rent. The landlord probably refused to mark it down from \$400 to \$399.99.

Lack of confidence may cause many of our woes, but overconfidence is quite as bad, as the fruit trees which blossomed too soon might testify.

How will removing the free-lunch counter improve the American saloon? If that were taken out, men would have nothing to do in a saloon but drink.

It is reported that the sultan of Turkey has bought the famous Hope diamond for \$400,000. Presumably its former owner knew enough to require a cash deposit.

Russia and Japan have practically forgotten that little unpleasantness. Russia has appointed M. Malavsky-Malavitch as ambassador to Tokyo, and the strain is over.

On account of hard times rigid economy must be practiced in the realm of the mikado. Mrs. Mikado may have to look up a cheaper place to buy her eggs and breakfast bacon.

Birmingham Age-Herald: No. new army officer can hereafter be sworn in who is not 5 feet 5 inches high. This rule would have shut out Phil Sheridan and one Napoleon Bonaparte also.

That sailor who asked Jeffries to black his eye as a souvenir of his visit to the Pacific didn't understand the game. Jeff couldn't think of giving a fellow pain if no gate receipts were involved.

France sells automobiles in Great Britain worth about 100 times as much as the motor cars England markets in France. That ought to burst a tire or two on the wheels of John Bull's conceit.

Beware of the common housefly. He may look innocent and even benign, but the health department, which has pried into the innermost recesses of Mr. Fly's private business, says he is carrying all manner of diseases in his grip.

When salaries are raised the German emperor does not like to be left out. The pay of his Prussian ministers having recently been increased, it is reported in Berlin that he is about to ask that his own pay be raised "because of the increased cost of living." The emperor seems to be human, after all.

It is said that King Edward would make William Waldorf Astor a peer if he were not afraid of offending the United States. However, if England can stand for William as a part of its nobility, there is no reason why we should object. It seems as if the mother country would really be in need of the sympathy.

Six state legislatures out of the 46 in the country have petitioned congress to call a constitutional convention in order to secure an amendment providing for the election of United States senators directly by the people. A petition from the legislatures of two-thirds of the states is required before congress is required to call such a convention.

Yankee ingenuity is equal to almost anything, as was proved the other day when it was found necessary to put fresh boilers in a New England grain elevator. Instead of stopping the machinery, a railroad locomotive was run alongside of the building, and a connection made between its boiler and the engine inside. Work was continued, and no employe lost a day.

"Every ship in Admiral Evans' fleet has beaten its former record by a good margin." That is as much as strategic secrecy can let the American people know of the target practice of the fleet at Magdalena Bay. The officer who said it added: "The world will be astounded when the facts come out." While we are waiting to be astounded, we can pass the time in being proud.

Col. Leith was proud of his possession. The big, red, vociferous car exactly suited his mood—for he liked to do things hurriedly; he worshiped swiftness. Even now he had left the fort by the valley road and was dustily tearing toward Rockwell City, four miles away.

So Col. Leith went unconsciously on his way, driving his motor car faster and faster—until something happened. Something usually does happen with motor cars. Several things happened first and last with this one and the colonel.

This was a comparatively harmless happening. He cavorted around the bluffs by the city's edge, careened through the deep cut by the river—and came plump on Grace Dewey, daughter of the best known ranchman in the valley.

Her mount reared, but trained horsewoman that she was, she kept her seat in the saddle. The car wheezed and the horse reared again. This time she did not keep her seat, but went down in a limp bundle to the hard road, while the horse raced up the ravine, as if it, too, were working for a speed record.

To make the incident the more striking, Lieut. Roberts just then came cantering down the highway, his accoutrements jangling and his cavalry charger doing its prettiest gait.

Roberts and the colonel were at the girl's side simultaneously.

"I am sure I did not mean—" began the colonel.

"Let me assist you, miss," and the lieutenant was lifting her, his arm around her shoulders and her jaunty hat resting against his coat sleeve. At that identical moment the lieutenant and the colonel parted company as friends. They did not realize that they were at the separation of the ways, but it was so. Miss Dewey opened her eyes, looked into the colonel's face; then recognized the lieutenant—and straightened up, fully recovered. They were not strangers; all had met at Mrs. Marson's reception a month before.

"I am not hurt—not hurt. But where is Rex?" she asked, looking anxiously around.

"I think, madam," replied the colonel, bowing with awkward and old-fashioned courtesy, "that he is just

crossing the Rocky mountains by this time, if he kept on going at the rate he started. But may I take you home?"

He motioned toward the vociferous red car that panted and rumbled by the roadside.

With Roberts riding stiffly behind, talking at intervals to the passenger, they made their way slowly across the long bridge and over the broad valley toward the wide-porch bungalow-dwelling of the Dewey ranch.

The next day the colonel sat in his leather chair and again went over the affair at the ravine. A long time he mused, and now and again a smile lighted the bronzed face. Twenty years in the army, four at West Point—yes, it was time. He would think more about it.

From that time it was a race between the colonel and the lieutenant. The colonel drove as swiftly as ever; the lieutenant took lonely horse-back rides. Then one evening Roberts called on his commander.

"I would like absence for a few days, sir."

"Going to leave us?" queried the colonel. "You know we may have marching orders for the maneuvers soon."

"No—no, not a great distance, sir." The lieutenant was embarrassed.

The leave was granted and the colonel was secretly glad to do it. The field would be clear for awhile, at

least. He ordered his car for the early evening.

"See that it is in perfect trim, James," said he to his servant. "I may want to take a long run."

Out over the open plains he went, 30 miles an hour, the fresh breath of the level lands beating his face and the inspiration of wide reaches of untrammelled view delighting his eyes. Turning into the valley along the river, he came to the tall cottonwoods, once the hiding places of savages with whom the early commanders of the garrison had fought. The lamps flickered on the underbrush—

What—stop! Reverse the engine! Close in front were rearing figures. Two horses were plunging in the road-side, one had fallen, tangled in a barbed wire fence that some reckless farmer had strung close to the road. The colonel leaped from his car and ran to help the travelers out of their predicament.

"Be careful, miss—there, I'll help you up," and he lifted from the vines and tall grasses beside the road a slender form garbed in gray.

"Is she hurt?" came a voice from the depth of the tangled saplings, as her companion forced his way toward them.

Turning, the colonel recognized in the bedraggled cavalier—Roberts.

He almost feared to look at the young woman who was regaining her feet—but he did. It was as he suspected.

"I am so sorry—" he began. "I supposed there was a clear road."

"We don't blame you at all," replied Roberts, cheerfully, "but the fact is, it is somewhat embarrassing. Grace—Miss Dewey's horse has run off and we—that is, well, we want to get to Rockwell City mighty bad—and quick!"

"I am sure it was no fault of yours," added the young woman, now regaining her feet and showing a constantly increasing discomfiture.

The red motor car glared at the trio wickedly as if it were glad it had disconcerted the plans of any enemy of its master.

"Now, colonel, I hate to tell you this," began Roberts, nervously. "I am sure you will sympathize with me and with Grace—Miss Dewey. You see, colonel, we are—that is, well, we are going to be married."

If the red automobile had turned somersaults, if the river had suddenly stood on end, the colonel could scarcely have been more taken aback. He turned his face so that it would not show pale in the glare of the pilot lamp.

"Yes, I understand," he finally managed to say.

"And Miss Dewey's father does not like it very well," with the suspicion of a laugh in the words. "In fact, he will probably be after us when he finds out. We have come this round-about way to throw him off the track—and you see where we are?"

"Yes, I see," was the slow response. The colonel's voice was strangely cold, and he was conscious of a distinct effort in getting the words out in the proper form. "I see. You are afraid he will catch you before you are married? He does not like army men?"

There was an odd twist in the colonel's voice as if he, too, were inclined to smile.

"Papa has his prejudices, you know," put in Miss Dewey, demurely. "He will miss us before long;" the lieutenant's words fairly dripped with excitement. He peered anxiously down the road. "And Grace's horse has gone for good."

"My duty is clear," began the colonel, his voice still husky. "I know very well that you young people should be taken in charge. You, Lieu-

tenant, should be put under arrest, and you, Miss Grace, ought to be turned over to your father. You both know that this should be done."

He had not looked at them while he talked—now that he did, he saw that Roberts' arm was around the rancher's daughter, and that her eyes were gazing appealingly toward him. He always had admired those blue eyes—he looked into them, his heart in the glance, then with a dash of his hand wiped out the vision.

"You scapegraces deserve this—but I don't know that your father, miss, is any friend of mine. Where did you say you wanted to go?"

"To Rockwell City—to a minister's," eagerly exclaimed Roberts.

"Climb in here—send that horse of yours up the road—we'll get him in the morning." His orders were positive and definite.

A stroke of the whip and the lieutenant's mount went racing up the path after the ranch girl's Rex. Roberts and Grace clambered into the car.

With a crunch the car started, and in another minute they were speeding toward Rockwell City, 40 miles an hour.

Up the deserted street, across the railroad tracks, past the hotel with its many lights they sped. With a jolt they stopped at a modest dwelling on a side street. Col. Leith was first to leap from the car.

Gently he helped the young woman from her place, and his strong hand was in hers as he gave her to Roberts' care.

"This is a very informal and undignified proceeding, young people," he began. "I am sorry to see you do this way." He was talking against time, for so long as he talked her hand lay in his. "I am not going to give my approval—but I will give my blessing."

He hesitated a little. "As for you, Lieut. Roberts, if you show yourself on the reservation for two weeks, you will be placed in the guard-house. Good luck—good-by!"

As the colonel left the town behind on his way to the post, he met an eager rider hurrying cityward. He might have told him some interesting news had he wished. Instead, he pushed the car to a swifter speed. Why cause people unnecessary worry?

Now and Then a Crook Reforms. Once a criminal, always a criminal, is not of necessity an unbreakable rule, and has had more than one exception. One of our biggest patent medicine men, gray-headed, a multimillionaire, and all that, was the "Long Jim" of the Cadiz bank robbery of 49 years ago. He escaped from the Columbus (O.) penitentiary through the intervention of a friend, who himself—for a blind—kept a livery stable in New York, while carrying to success such crime triumphs as the Ocean bank robbery. Our reformed "Long Jim" doesn't believe that his identity is known to a living man and is in all respects a most excellent citizen.—Broadway Magazine.

The Appropriate Flower. "The late Senator Proctor," said a Burlington man, "hated these international marriages where a titled foreigner marries an American girl with four or five millions. 'I heard him once say in Burlington that he'd believe in the sincerity in such marriages when he saw an English duke or an Italian prince marrying an American girl who was poor. 'Then he smiled grimly and ended: 'If I were a millionaire and were giving my daughter and a dozen millions to some young count or earl, I'd have the church decorated only with marigolds.'—Burlington Hawkeye.

Get the "Automobile Stare." The automobile stare is becoming noticeable in New York city. It is the vacant, far-away, apparently unobserving look that comes into the face of a chauffeur when he crosses the streets regardless of the pedestrians, turns the wrong corner or guides and speeds his vehicle regardless of the rights of others.

DAD AND HIS MEMORY.
Old Gentleman Really Had Very Little to Brag About.

It was a severe trial to Mr. Harding that his only son's memory was not all that could be desired. "Where in the world he got such a forgetful streak from is beyond me," said the exasperated father to his wife on one occasion.

"What has he forgotten now?" asked Mrs. Harding, with eyes down-cast and a demure expression.

"The figures of the last return from the election on the bulletin-board," and Mr. Harding inserted a finger in his collar as if to loosen it, and shook his head vehemently. "Looked at 'em as he came past not half an hour ago, and now can't tell me.

"As I said to him: 'If you're so stupid you can't keep a few simple figures in your head, why don't you write 'em down on a piece of paper, as I do, and have done all my life, long before I was your age?'" Youth's Companion.

TORTURED SIX MONTHS
By Terrible Itching Eczema—Baby's Suffering Was Terrible—Soon Entirely Cured by Cuticura.

"Eczema appeared on my son's face. We went to a doctor who treated him for three months. Then he was so bad that his face and head were nothing but one sore and his ears looked as if they were going to fall off, so we tried another doctor for four months, the baby never getting any better. His hand and legs had big sores on them and the poor little fellow suffered so terribly that he could not sleep. After he had suffered six months we tried a set of the Cuticura Remedies and the first treatment let him sleep and rest well; in one week the sores were gone and in two months he had a clear face. Now he is two years and has never had eczema again. Mrs. Louis Leck, R. F. D. 3, San Antonio, Tex., Apr. 15, 1907."

That Inarticulate Cry. "Railway employes are cautioned not to give any information to the curious public, are they not?" "They must be. Even the brakeman seems inclined to make you guess at the names of the stations."—Washington Star.

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 *Dr. J. C. Williams* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Young man, don't express a willingness to die for a girl during courtship and then refuse to work for her after marriage.

You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

It's a wise wife who knows her own husband.



This woman says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved her life. Read her letter.

Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words. For years I suffered with the worst forms of female complaints, continually doctoring and spending lots of money for medicine without help. I wrote you for advice, followed it as directed, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has restored me to perfect health. Had it not been for you I should have been in my grave to-day. I wish every suffering woman would try it."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

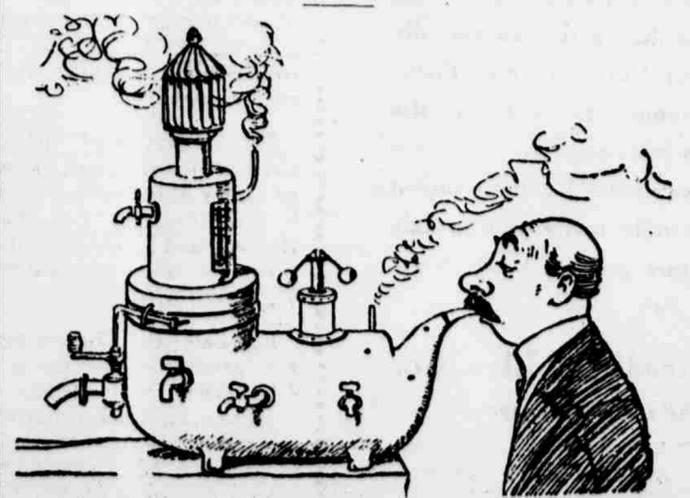
For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.



Her Mount Reared.

"ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS."



The Latest Hygienic Pipe—Not Seen at the Tobacco Exhibition.