

**Athletes of the West.**  
From Everybody's Magazine.  
Out of the west come many young Lochinvars. In the last football season the Yale eleven had six westerners, Harvard had four, Princeton had three and Pennsylvania three. Twenty-seven per cent of Yale's student population are westerners. Yet this 27 per cent furnish 48 per cent of the athletes. There are 576 westerners among the 4,328 men at Harvard university, or 13 per cent, and the westerners furnish 17 per cent of the athletes. Either the westerners have better muscles and more of them or they know better how to use them.

**Science of Bell Ringing.**  
From the New York Press.  
It was Sunday morning, and the bell-ringer had just finished ringing the chimes that called the golly to church. "Bell ringing is a science. Did you know that?" he said. "It is called campanology, and there are abstruse and technical terms in it, like 'Kent treble bob,' 'Siedman clinques,' 'double court bob,' 'dodges,' 'noils,' and 'stingoes.' Each of these terms defines a certain phase or kind of bell ringing. In England there is a society, the Central Council of Bell Ringers, that every campanologist desires ardently to belong to."  
"Maybe you think bell ringing is simple? Do you know what a real bell-ringer's parlance is a series of 5,000 changes rung upon a chime, no change occurring more than once."

**Get at the Cause.**  
Sacramento, Ky., Nov. 12.—(Special.)  
A typical illustration of the way Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Rheumatism is well told by Catherine Devine, who is very well known here. She says:  
"For over four years I was greatly troubled with Rheumatism. It used to take me worst in my legs and feet. At times I would be so bad I could not put my feet to the ground. As I am over seventy-three years of age I began to think I was too old to get cured, and should have to bear my Rheumatism the best way I could. But I heard about Dodd's Kidney Pills and thought I would give them a trial. So I got a box and began taking them. Well, I must say Dodd's Kidney Pills did me a wonderful lot of good. They eased the pain from the first, and to-day I am in better health than I have been for many years."

**No Ear for Music Then.**  
From the Brooklyn Eagle.  
First Roman (while Rome is burning)—Just listen to Nero's playing. Don't appreciate his marvelous technique?  
Second Roman—Hardly. I'm in the fire insurance business.

**Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP** for children. Relieves colic, soothes the nerves, reduces inflammation of the throat, cures whooping cough, croup, etc.

**One on Him—and Her.**  
From the What Smart Set.  
Mrs. Bleachblonde found this black hair on your coat. What does it mean?  
Mr. Bleachblonde—Why, that is my last winter's coat. Your hair was black then, you know.

**"Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,"** Remedy for N.Y. cured my serious kidney trouble. I gained 15 pounds. S. Wardell, Burnsville, N.J. Bottles \$1.

**Many Sunday Murders.**  
From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.  
"Have you ever noticed how many murders are committed on Sunday?" asked the old police captain. "This thing has bothered me for many years and I have never been able to figure out why it is that most homicides among white people are committed on Sundays. With the negroes it is different. Saturday night is the favorite time among the negroes, and this, I guess, is due to the fact of Saturday being a pay night, and a night looked upon by the negroes as a night of jollification. In many cases these occasions of jollification wind up in murders. The majority of the most sensational murders that have occurred in New Orleans in the last year or two have been committed on Sundays, and there is no apparent reason for it. If you will search your memory you will find that what I say is so. Many will tell you that these murders are the results of Saturday night sprees, but the cases I have in mind cannot be classed there. In the first place these murders have been committed by persons not under the influence of liquor, and in nearly every case this has been shown to be so. You remember the Luciano murder, don't you? Well, that was committed on Sunday. Pearl Murphy was shot by Chris Modersohn on a Sunday, and Mrs. Margaret Moore shot Hickey on the same day. James McLaughlin, who will leave shortly to start on his life term in the penitentiary, committed the murder charged against him on Sunday, and John H. Allman was murdered by Doyle and Potter on the Sabbath. In nearly all cases where the murder is out of the ordinary and where it attracts more than usual attention, you will find that Sunday is the day on which the crime is committed. This is a problem which I will leave to others to figure out. It's by me."

**FROM TEXAS**  
Some Coffee Facts from the Lone Star State.

From a beautiful farm down in Texas, where gushing springs unite to form babbling brooks that wind their sparkling way through flowery meads, comes a note of gratitude for delivery from the coffee habit.  
"When my baby boy came to me five years ago, I began to drink Postum Food Coffee, having a feeling that it would be better for him and me than the old kind of drug-laden coffee. I was not disappointed in it, for it enabled me, a small delicate woman, to nurse a bouncing healthy baby 14 months old.  
"I have since continued the use of Postum for I have grown fond of it, and have discovered to my joy that it has entirely relieved me of a bilious habit which used to prostrate me two or three times a year, causing much discomfort to my family and suffering to myself.  
"My brother-in-law was cured of chronic constipation by leaving off the old kind of coffee and using Postum. He has become even more fond of it than he was of the old coffee.  
"In fact the entire family, from the latest arrival of a 2-year-old who always calls for his 'potie' first thing in the morning up to the head of the house, think there is no drink so good or so wholesome as Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.  
Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

# THE MASTER OF APPELBY

By Francis Lynde.

CHAPTER XL.—Continued.  
"Score one for me, Jack!" he cried. "We were fair at 'other end of the mountain, and 'twas I told Eph there was only one man in the two Carolinas who could swear the match of that." Then he whirled upon my judges. "What is this, gentlemen?—a court-martial? Captain Ireton is my friend, and as true a patriot as ever drew breath. What is your charge?"  
Colonel Sevier, in whose command Richard and the old borderer had fought in the hilltop battle, undertook to explain. I stood self-confessed as the bearer of dispatches from Lord Cornwallis and Major Ferguson, he said, and I had claimed that the orders had been so altered as to delay the march, and so to bring on the battle. But they had just found Lord Cornwallis' letter in my pocket, still sealed and undelivered. And the tenor of it was precisely opposite to that of an order calculated to delay the march, as Mr. Jennifer could see if he would read it.

While Sevier was talking, the old borderer was fumbling in the breast of his hunting-shirt, and now he produced a packet of papers tied with red tape. "Pears to me like you Injun-killers from 'other side o' the mountain is in a mighty hot sweat to hang some body," he said, as coolly as if he were addressing a mob of underlings. "Here's a mess o' billy-dooos with Lord Cornwallis' name on 'em that I found 'mongst Major Ferguson's leavings. If you'll look 'em over, maybe you'll find out, immediately or no sooner, that Cap'n John here is telling you the plumb truth."  
The papers were examined hastily, and presently John Sevier lighted upon the dispatch I had carried and delivered. Thereat the colonels put their heads together, and then my case was reopened, with Sevier as spokesman.

"We have a letter here which appears to be the original order to Ferguson, Captain Ireton. Can you repeat from memory the postscript which you say was added to it?"  
I gave the gist of my old patriarch's addendum as well as I could; and thereupon suspicion fled away and my late judges would vie with one another in hearty frontier hand-grasps and apologies, whilst the throng that ringed us in for caution and wariness and gave me a cheer to wake the echoes.  
"Twas whilst this burst of gratulation was abuzz that Ephraim Yeates raised a cry of his own.  
"Stop that there black-legged inn o' the 'ole," he shouted, pushing his way out of the circle. "He's the one that ought to hang!"

There was a rush for the wagon barricade, a clatter of horse-hoofs on the hillside below, and Yeates' rifle went to his face. But the bullet flew wide, and the black-garbed figure clinging to the horse's mane was soon out of sight among the trees.  
"Ez I allow, ye'd better look out for that yaller-skinned little varmint, Cap'n John," quoth the old man, carefully wiping his rifle preparatory to reloading it. "He's rank pizen, he is, and ye'll have to break his neck sooner 'r later. I loved to save ye the trouble, but old Bess got mighty foul yesterday, with all the shootings and goings on, and I ain't got no lead-brush to clean her out."  
Now that I was fully exonerated I was free to go and come as I chose; nay, more, I was urged to cast in my lot with the over-mountain partisans. As to this, I took counsel with Richard and Jennifer whilst the colonels were setting their commands in order for the march and loading the prisoners with the captured guns and ammunition.

"What is to the fore, Dick?" I asked; "more fighting?"  
The lad shook his head. "Never another blow, I fear Jack. These fellows crossed the mountain to whip Ferguson. Having done it they will go home."  
I could not forego a hearty curse upon this worst of all militia weaknesses, the disposition to disperse as soon as ever a battle was fought.  
"Tis high time to a crime," said I. "This victory, smartly followed up, might well be the turning of the tide for us."  
But the lad would not admit the qualifying condition. "Twill be no less as it is," he declared. "Mark you, Jack; 'twill put new life into the cause and nerve every man of ours afresh. And as for the redcoats, if my Lord Cornwallis gets the news of it in a lump, as he should, Gates will have plenty of time to set himself in motion, slow as he is."  
"What are your plans, Richard?"  
He shook his head. "I have none worth the name."  
"Then you are not committed to Colonel Sevier for term of service?"  
"No; nor to Clevelander, nor to Dowell, nor any. We heard there was to be fighting hereaway—Ephraim Yeates and I—and we came as volunteers."

"Good; then I have a thought which may stand for what it is worth. To make the most of this victory over Major Ferguson, Gates should be apprised at once and by a sure tongue; and his Lordship should have the news quickly, too, and in a lump, as you say. Let us take horse and ride post, we two; you to Gates at Hillsborough, and I to Charlotte."  
"I had thought of my part of that," he said in a muse. Then he came alive to the risk I should run. "But you can't well go back to Cornwallis now, Jack; 'tis playing with death. There will be other news-carriers—there are sure to be; and a single breath to whisper what you have done will hang you higher than Haman."  
"I shrugged at this. "'Tis but a war hazard."  
He looked at me curiously. I saw a shrewd question in his eyes and set in instant action as a barrier in the way of its asking.  
"Let us find Colonel Sevier and beg us the loan of a pair of horses," said I, and so we were kept from coming upon the dangerous ground of pointed questions and evasive answers.  
Somewhat to my surprise, both Sevier and Shelby fell in at once with our project, commending it heartily; and I learned from the lips of that courtliest of frontiersmen, "Noble-chucky" Jack, the real reason for the proposed hurried return of the over-mountain men. The Cherokees, never to be trusted, had, as it seemed, procured war supplies from the British posts to the southward, and were even now on the verge of an uprising. By forceful marches these hardy borderers hoped to reach their homes in time to defend them. Otherwise, as both commanders assured us, they would take the field with Gates.

"We have done what we could, Captain Ireton, and not altogether what we would," said Sevier in the summing up. "It remains now for General Gates to drive home the wedge we have en-

tered." Then he looked me full in the eyes and asked if I thought Horatio Gates would be the man to beetle that wedge into the log.  
"I made haste to say that I knew little of the general; that I was but a prejudiced witness at best, since my father had known and disliked the man in Braddock's ill-fated campaign against the French in '55. But Richard spoke his mind more freely.  
"Tis not in the man at this pass, Colonel Sevier," he would say; "not after Camden. I know our Carolinians as well as any, and they will never stand a second time under a defeated leader. If General Washington would send us some one else, or best of all, if he would come himself."  
"George Washington; ah, there is a man, indeed," said Sevier, his dark-blue eyes lighting up. "Whilst he lives there is always a good hope. But we must be doing, gentlemen, and so must God speed you both. Our commitments to General Gates, Mr. Jennifer; and you may tell him what I have told you—that but for our redskin threateners we should right gladly join him. As for Lord Cornwallis, you, Captain Ireton, will know best what to say to him. I pray God you may say it, and may be alive to tell us how he took it."  
"Twas now hard upon ten of the clock in the forenoon, and we had our last sight of the brave little army whilst it was wending its way slowly down the slopes of King's Mountain. Of what you'll see 'em over, maybe you'll find out, immediately or no sooner, that Cap'n John here is telling you the plumb truth."  
The papers were examined hastily, and presently John Sevier lighted upon the dispatch I had carried and delivered. Thereat the colonels put their heads together, and then my case was reopened, with Sevier as spokesman.

an set fair between us. But you need not fight me for it. The love is yours—not mine."  
"Don't say that, Jack; I'm selfish enough to wish it were true; as it is not, I'll be glad where I speak."  
"No," I denied, struggling to my feet; "it has been yours from the first, Dick, I am but a sorry interloper."  
For a moment he was all solicitude to know if my head would let me stand; but when I showed him I was no more than clumsily dizzy from the effects of the blow, he went on.  
"I say I know, and I do, Jack. She has refused me again."  
I groaned in spirit. I knew it must have come to that. Yet I would ask when and where.  
"Twas on our last day's riding," he went on; "after we had had your note saying you would undertake a mission for Colonel Davie."  
I took two steps and groped for the horse's bridle rein.  
"Did she tell you why she must refuse you?"  
He help me find the rein for my hand and the stirrup for my foot.  
"There was no 'why' but the one—she does not love me."  
But I say she does, Dick; and I, too, know whereof I speak."  
He flung me into the saddle as a strong man might toss a boy, and I understood how that saying of mine had gone into his blood.

"Then there must be some barrier that I know not of," he said. Whereupon he put hand to head as one who tries to remember. "Stay; did you not say there was a barrier, Jack?—when we were wrestling with death in the Indian trees? Or did I dream it? But you were telling me what she said."  
"Oh, yes; 'twas little enough. She cut me off at the first word as if my speaking were a mortal sin. And when I would have tried again, she gave me a look to make me wish I had broke out crying as if her heart would burst."  
I steadied myself as I could by the saddle horn and waited till he was up and we were moving on. Then I would say: "Truly, there is a barrier, Richard; if I promise you that I am going to Charlotte to remove it once for all, will you trust me and go about your affair with General Gates?"  
"Trust you, Jack? Who am I that I should do aught else? When I am cool and sane, I'm none so cursed selfish; I free hand, could I ever over to you with a free hand, could I but hear her say she loves you as I would have her love me. But when I am mad . . . Ah, God only knows the black blood there is in the heart at such times."  
That, and what came to the bank of the river before we spoke again. But here Dick went back to my warning, saying, whilst we let the horses drink: "Tis patrolled on the other bank, you say?"  
"It was when I passed it a few days ago."  
"Then I will turn back and cross at Beattie's. 'Twill make you a risk you need not take—to have me with you."  
But I thought now that the upper ford might be guarded as well; and if there was a cutting of a road through the enemy's outpost line for Dick, two could do it better and one. So I said:  
"No; we are here now, and if need be I can lend you the weight of a second blade to see you safe through."  
And you with your head humming like a basket of bees, as I make no doubt it will!"

I laughed. "I should be but a sorry soldier and a sorrier friend if I should let a love-pat with the flat of a blade make me fall you at the pinch."  
He roared across the little gap that parted us and grasped my hand over a bar. "By God!" he swore, most feelingly, you are as true as the steel you carry, Jack Ireton!"  
"Nay," said I, in honest shame; "I do confess I was thinking less of my friend than of the importance of the errand he rides on."  
"But if there should be a fight, you will support your chance of coming peacefully to Charlotte and my lord's headquarters."  
"If I am recognized—yes. But the night is dark, and a brush with the outpost need not betray me."  
At this he consented grudgingly, and we pushed on to the crossing. Now since this forced place of Master Macgowan's has marched into our history, you will like to know what the historians do not tell you of the scene below the ford. It was a muddy bottom from the western bank to the bar above an island, a mid stream, and deflecting thence through rocky shallows to a point on the eastern bank which was the narrow neck of the island. 'Twas here that Lord Cornwallis got entangled some months later—but I must not anticipate.

We made the crossing of the main current in safety and were a-splash in the rocky shallows beyond the island when the eighteenth camp-fires of the outpost. To ride straight upon the patrol was to invite disaster, and though Jennifer was for a charging dash, a hurly-burly with the steel, and so on to freedom beyond, he reasoned when I pointed out that our boats were too nearly outworn to charge, and that the noise we must make would rouse the camp and draw the fire of every piece in it long before we could reach the bank and come to blade work.  
"That for it, then?" he asked, impatiently. "My courage is freezing whilst we wait."  
"There is nothing for it but to hold straight on across," I said.  
(Continued Next Week.)

**Fortunes for College Muscle.**  
Collier's Weekly: The impressive totals of university funds invested in athletic equipment during the present year make the outlook for developing the "sound body" rival the endowment of classical chairs and foundations. In several of America's foremost universities the outlay on athletics is more than on the dead languages which two generations ago were held to be the cornerstone of a campus education. The University of Pennsylvania is completing an athletic field and a gymnasium in one magnificent quadrangle at a cost of nearly half a million dollars. Harvard has just thrown open a new field called the "Stadium," at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A movement is under way at the University of Chicago to endow athletics in order to remove certain objectionable features of college honors, and a half million dollars is the amount needed to provide sufficient capital to maintain the varied sporting interests of the institution. Columbia has recently purchased real estate valued at two million dollars, a part of which will be used for an athletic field, according to present plans. Princeton is building a gymnasium which will rival in cost the elaborate equipment any of her collegiate halls. There are several preparatory schools whose gymnasiums and fields added within the last three years represent an outlay of fifty thousand dollars each.

**One Man and One Menace.**  
Washington special: Samuel W. Smith, one of the Michigan representatives, rode jauntily up in the senate chamber.  
"Last June," he observed, "I was in Washington. Then I guessed Cleveland would be the democratic nominee for the presidency in 1904. But I see that Cleveland has withdrawn, and I suppose I must guess again."  
"And who will be the democratic nominee?"  
"My guess is Cleveland," retorted the Michiganander.

# FROM GIRLHOOD TO WOMANHOOD

Mothers Should Watch the Development of Their Daughters—  
Interesting Experiences of Misses Borman and Mills.



Every mother possesses information which is of vital interest to her young daughter.  
Too often this is never imparted or is withheld until serious harm has resulted to the growing girl through her ignorance of nature's mysterious and wonderful laws and penalties.  
Girls' over-sensitiveness and modesty often puzzle their mothers and baffle physicians, as they so often withhold their confidence from their mothers and conceal the symptoms which ought to be told to their physician at this critical period.

When a girl's thoughts become sluggish, with headache, dizziness or a disposition to sleep, pains in back or lower limbs, eyes dim, desire for solitude; when she is a mystery to herself and friends, her mother should come to her aid, and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will, at this time prepare the system for the coming change, and start the menstrual period in a young girl's life without pain or irregularities.  
Hundreds of letters from young girls and from mothers, expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them, have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., at Lynn, Mass.

Miss Mills has written the two following letters to Mrs. Pinkham, which will be read with interest:  
Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— (First Letter.)  
"I am but fifteen years of age, am depressed, have dizzy spells, chills, headache and back-

**Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year.**  
THE FAMILY'S FAVORITE MEDICINE  
**Cascarets**  
CANDY CATHARTIC  
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP  
10c, 25c, 50c. AD  
BEST FOR THE BOWELS

**ANTI-GRIPINE**  
TO CURE THE GRIP IN ONE DAY  
IS GUARANTEED TO CURE GRIP, BAD COLD, HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA.  
I won't tell Anti-Gripine to a dealer who won't guarantee it. Call for your MONEY BACK IF IT DOESN'T CURE.  
F. W. Diemer, M.D., Manufacturer, Springfield, Mo.

**"They Say It Cures Where All Others Fail"**  
—JUDGE & DOLPH DRUG CO.

"From present indications, it won't be very long before Mull's Grape Tonic is the only remedy sold for constipation and stomach trouble. It is the only one now in our store that is selling to amount to anything. Our customers are actually enthusiastic about it."  
"They say that it cures constipation and stomach trouble where all others fail. That it builds up and strengthens the digestive organs and the whole general system. In fact, we hear more good words about this remarkable remedy than anything that we carry in stock."  
"Those who have used Mull's Grape Tonic not only tell us that it is a certain cure for stomach trouble and constipation, but they tell others. We have new customers calling for it constantly who have been sent to the store by those who have been cured."  
JUDGE & DOLPH DRUG CO., 515 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

**MULL'S GRAPE TONIC CURES**  
Constipation and Stomach Trouble  
and all the diseases which they cause. Your own physician will tell you that nearly every case of piles, biliousness, typhoid fever, sick headache, blood and skin diseases, appendicitis, nervous affections and every kind of female trouble are directly caused by indigestion and constipation. By removing the cause and curing the parent disease—MULL'S GRAPE TONIC cures these dangerous complications. It does not shock or weaken the delicate organs and thus make a bad matter worse. It is healing, soothing, strengthening and pleasant to take.  
There is nothing so good for young and old as MULL'S GRAPE TONIC. It builds up and puts the stomach, the bowels, the whole digestive system in perfect condition; it does its natural work. It is indeed nature's own true tonic, made from the purest materials in its own storehouse. It does not shock or weaken the delicate organs and thus make a bad matter worse. It is healing, soothing, strengthening and pleasant to take.  
FREE Upon receipt of your address, your druggist's name and 10c to pay postage we will mail you a sample free. If you have never used Mull's Grape Tonic, and will also send you a certificate good for \$1.00 toward the purchase of more Tonic from your druggist.  
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