

Human Interest.
I don't pretend to know the ways of baseball men. I'm baffled quite by writers who describe the plays in language weirdly erudite. And yet I cheer and cheer again. I love the pastime, truth to tell. Because it gives me, now and then, A chance to get outdoors and yell!

Of politics, alas! my store Of information is but thin. But I'll be there, just as of yore, To cheer when the return come in. To wonder frequently I pause, How many others near me dwell, Who get excited just because They love to get outdoors and yell. —Washington Star.



EASILY REMEDIED.
Physician—Have you any aches or pains this morning?
Patient—Yes, doctor; it hurts me to breathe—in fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath.
Physician—All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that.

CURED ITCHING HUMOR.

Big, Painful Swellings Broke and Did Not Heal—Suffered Three Years—Tortures Yielded to Cuticura.
"Little black swellings were scattered over my face and neck and they would itch so I couldn't keep from scratching them. Larger swellings would appear and my clothes would stick to the sores. I went to a doctor, but the trouble only got worse. By this time it was all over my arms and the upper part of my body in swellings as large as a dollar. It was so painful that I could not bear to lie on my back. The second doctor stopped the swellings, but when they broke the places would not heal. I bought a set of the Cuticura Remedies and in less than a week some of the places were nearly well. I continued until I had used three sets, and now I am sound and well. The disease lasted three years. O. L. Wilson, Puryear, Tenn., Feb. 8, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston.

One Enough for Johnny.
From the Delinquent. The Sunday school lesson was from that scripture which teaches that if your brother strike you on the cheek, you should turn the other also and endure even for 70 times seven. Johnny had listened to his teacher very attentively when she emphasized this fact, and after the lesson the superintendent rose to make a few remarks.
"Now, boys," he said, "how many times ought another boy to strike you before you hit him back?"
"Just about once!" promptly answered Johnny.

LOSE NO SLEEP
Through a nagging cough or irritated throat. Allen's Lungs Balsam will heal the affection quickly and harmlessly. All druggists. See the seal and the bottle.

A High Financier.
From the Delinquent. Little 8-year-old Elmer received a dime for taking a dose of castor oil. The day her big brother Fred asked her to pick up a basket of coals.
"How much will you give me?" she asked.
"A nickel," replied her brother.
"Humph!" said Elmer, "I can make more than that taking castor oil."

All Going Out.

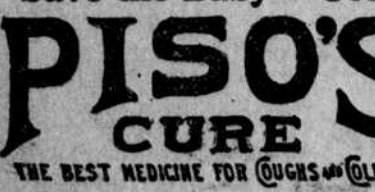
From Puck. Judge (sternly)—Three times in a month! What do you make of this, sir?
Rastus (apologetically)—"Ded I doan't make nuffin." You fellows up here seem to be doin' only ones dat get any 'cunlary profit out of haulin' me up.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.
From the Aerial Highway. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The Aerial Sergeant—You saw the collision, did you?
The Aerial Monoplane Cop—Yep. Other fellow was all to blame. Full of ozone, I fancy.
"Did you get his number?"
"Nope. He flew behind a cloud and hid in a bunch of mist."
"You'd know his flyer if you saw it again?"
"Sure. It's a high gear action with six flippers and a Zephyr exhaust."
"Any passengers?"
"Three buxique blondes and a vaudeville brunette."
"Evidently a borrowed car?"
"Evidently."
"Well, find the owner. I'm going to break up this high speed carelessness if I have to fill the aerial police station full of speeders that they drop out every time the door opens. Get busy."

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W, Notre Dame, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Save the Baby—Use



PISO'S CURE
THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS
Should be given at once when the little one coughs. It heals the delicate throat and protects the lungs from infection—guaranteed safe and very palatable.

All Druggists, 25 cents.

THE WILD GEESE
By Stanley J. Weyman.

(Copyright, 1906, by Stanley J. Weyman.)
CHAPTER IX—Continued.

Uncle Ulrick winced. "Ay, to be sure! To be sure, lad," he answered. But he rubbed his head, like a man in a difficulty.

The Bishop seemed to be going to ask a question. Before he could speak, however, Flavia came tripping down the stairs, a gay song on her lips. Half way down, the song, light and sweet as a bird's, came to a sudden end.
"I am afraid I am late!" she said. And then—as the Colonel supposed—she saw that more than the Bishop and Captain Machin were there also, and the strangers—and, above all, that she was there. She descended the last three stairs silently, but with a heightened color, moved proudly into the middle of the group, and her knees touched the floor.

He gave her his hand to kiss, with a smile and a murmured blessing. She rose with sparkling eyes.
"It is a good morning!" she said, as one who having done her duty could be cheerful.

"It is a very fine morning," the Bishop answered in the same spirit.
"The sun shines on us, as we would have him shine. And after breakfast, with your leave, my daughter, and with your brother's leave, we will hold a little council. What say you, Colonel Sullivan?" he continued, turning to the Colonel. "A family council? Will you join us?"
The McMurrough uttered an exclamation, so unexpected and strident, that the words were not articulate. But the bishop understood them, for, as all turned to him, he said:
"It shall be for the colonel to say. But it's ill arguing with a fasting man," he continued genially, "and by your leave we will return to the matter after breakfast!"
"I am not for argument at all," Captain Machin said. It was the first time he had spoken.

CHAPTER X.
A COUNCIL OF WAR.

The meal had been eaten, stolidly by some, by others with a poor appetite by Colonel John with a thoughtful face. Two men of family, but broken fortunes, old Sir Donny McCarthy of Dingle, and Timothy Burke, of Maamtrasna, had joined the party—under the rose, as it were, and neither giving nor receiving a welcome. Now old Darby kept the door and the bishop the hearth; whence, standing with his back to the glowing peat, he could address his audience with eye and voice. The others, risen from the table, had placed themselves here and there where they pleased. The courtyard, visible through the windows, seethed with an ever-increasing crew of peasants.



"Yes, let him give up his sword," Flavia said.

anry, frizzle-coated or half bare, who whooped and jabbered, now about one of their number, now about another. The Irish air was soft, the hum of voices cheerful; nor could anything less like a secret council less like a meeting of men about to commit themselves to a dark and dangerous enterprise, be well imagined.
But no one was deceived. The courage, the enthusiasm that danced in Flavia's eyes were reflected more darkly and more furtively in a score of faces, within the room and without. To enjoy one hour of triumph, to wreak upon the cursed English a tithe of the wrongs, a tithe of the insults, that their country had suffered, to be the spoke on top, were it but for a day, to die for Ireland if they could not live for her. Could man own Irish blood, and an Irish name, and not rise at the call?
If there were such a man, oh! cowardly, mean, and miserable he seemed to Flavia McMurrough. Much she marvelled at the patience, the consideration, the arguments, which the silver-tongued ecclesiastic brought to bear upon him. She longed to denounce him, to bid him begone, and do his worst. But she was a young plotter, and he who spoke from the middle of the hearth with so much patience and forbearance was an old one, proved by years of peril, and tempered by a score of failures a man long accustomed to play with the lives and fortunes of men. He knew better than she what was at stake to win or lose; nor was it without forethought that he had determined to risk much to save Colonel Sullivan. To his mind, and to Machin's mind, the other men in the room were but tools to be used, puppets to be danced. But this man—for among soldiers of fortune there is a camaraderie, so that they are known to one another by repute from the Baltic to Cadix—was a confidant to be gained. He was one whose experience, joined with an Irish name, might well avail them much.

Colonel John might refuse, he might be obdurate. But in that event the bishop's mind was made up. Flavia supposed that, if the colonel held out he would be dismissed, and so an end. But the speaker made no mistake. He had chosen to grip the nettle danger, and he knew that gentle measures were no longer possible. He must enlist Colonel Sullivan—and he had been said that he was no novice in dealing with the lives of men.

"If it be a question only of the chances," he said, after some beating about the bush, "if I am right in supposing that it is only that which without Colonel Sullivan from joining us."
"I do not say it is," Colonel John replied gravely. "But to deal with it on that basis, while I can admire, reverent sir, the man who is ready to set his life on a desperate hazard, and doing so, something which he sets above that life. I take the case to be different where it is a question of the lives of others. Then I say the chances must be weighed."
"However sacred the cause and high the aim?"
"I think so."
The bishop sighed, his chin sinking on his breast. "I am sorry," he said, "I am sorry."
"That we cannot see alike in a matter so grave? Yes sir; so am I."
"No, that I met you this morning."
"I am not sorry," Colonel John replied stoutly, refusing to see the other's meaning. "For—hear me out, I beg, you and I have seen the world and can weigh the chances. Your friend, too, Captain Machin—he pronounced the name in ad odd tone—"He, too, knows on what he is embarking, and he has his rank and his fortune in foreign parts, and he will be little the worse if the worst befall."
"I? Machin cried, stung out of his tactfulness. "Let me tell you, sir, that I fling back the insinuation. As for the other were not speaking. "You, reverend sir, yourself," he continued, "know well on what you are embarking, its prospects, and the issue for you if it fall. But you are by your profession and choice devoted to a life of danger. You are willing, day by day and hour by hour, to run the risk of death. But these, my cousin there—looking with a kind eye at Flavia—"she—" "Leave me out!" she cried, passionately. And she rose to her feet, her face on fire. "I separate myself from you! I, for my part, ask no better than to suffer for my country."
"She thinks she knows, but she does not know," the colonel continued quietly, unnoted by her words. "She cannot guess what it is to be cast adrift alone, a woman, penniless, in a strange land. And yet that at the best—and the worst may be unspeakably worse—must be her fate if this plot miscarry! For others, the McMurrough and his friends widow"—he indicated the group by the window—"they also are ignorant."
The McMurrough sprang to his feet, spluttering with rage. "Speak for yourself!" he cried.
"They know nothing," the colonel continued, quite unmoved, "of that force against which they are asked to pit themselves, of that stolid power over sea, never more powerful than now."
"The saints will be between us and harm!" the eldest of the O'Beirnes cried, rising in his wrath. "It's speak for yourself I say too!"
"And I!"
"And I!" others of the group roared with gestures of defiance.

those who were not gaped at Cammock.

Soldiers of fortune, of fame and name, were plentiful in those days, but names of equal heat were fewer. And with this man's name the world had lately rung. An Irishman, he had risen high in Queen Anne's service; but at her death, incited by his devotion to the Stuarts, he had made a move for them at a critical moment, but he had been broken, beaten, a notable man, on which he had entered the Spanish marine and been advanced to a position of rank and power. In Ireland his life was forfeit; Great Britain counted him renegade and traitor. So that to find himself recognized though grateful to his vanity, was a shock to his discretion.
"Well, and knowing me?" he replied at last, with the tail of his eyes on the bishop, as if he would gladly gain a hint from his subtlety. "What of me?"
"You have your home, your rank, your relations abroad." Colonel Sullivan answered firmly. "If a descent on the coast be a part of your scheme, then you do not share the peril equally with us. We shall suffer while you sail away."
"I fling that in your teeth!" Cammock cried. "I know you too, sir, and—" "You know no worse of me than of yourself!" Colonel Sullivan retorted. "But if you do indeed know me, you know that I am not one to stand by and see my friends led blindfold to certain ruin. It may suit your plans to make a diversion here. But that diversion is a part of the larger schemes, and the fate of those who make it is little to you."
Cammock's hand flew to his belt, he took a rapier forward, his face suffused with passion. "For half as much I have cut a man down!" he said.
"Peace, peace my friends," the bishop interposed. He laid a warning hand on Cammock's arm. "This gentleman," he continued, "thinks he speaks for our friends outside."
"Let me speak, not for them, but to them!" Colonel Sullivan replied impulsively. "Let me tell them what I think of this scheme, of its chances, of its certain end!"

He moved, whether he thought they would let him or not, toward the window. But he had not taken three steps before he found his progress barred. "What is this?" he exclaimed.
"Needs must go with so impulsive a gentleman," the bishop said. He had not moved, but at a signal from him the McMurrough, the O'Beirnes and two of the other young men had thrust themselves forward. "You must give up your sword, Colonel Sullivan," he continued.

The colonel retreated a pace and evinced more surprise than he felt. "Give up—do you mean that I am a prisoner?" he cried. He had not drawn, but two or three of the young men had done so, and Flavia in the background by the fire, was white as paper, so suddenly had the shadow of violence fallen on the room.
"You must surrender!" the bishop repeated firmly. He too was a trifle pale, but he was used to such scenes and he spoke with decision. "Resistance is vain. I hope that with this lady in the room—" "One moment!" the colonel cried, raising his hand. But as the McMurrough and the others hesitated he whipped out his sword and stepped two paces to one side with an agility no one had foreseen. He now had the table behind him, and Flavia on his left hand. "One moment!" he repeated, raising his hand in deprecation and keeping his point lowered. "Do you consider—?"
"We consider our own safety," Cammock answered grimly. And signing to the men to join Darby at the door, he drew his cut-throat. "You know too much to go free, sir, that is certain."
"Ay, faith, you do," the McMurrough chimed in with a sort of glee. "He was at Tralee yesterday, no less. We'll have the garrison here before the night."
"But by the powers," Uncle Ulrick cried, "ye shall not hurt him. Ye reverence!"—the big man's voice shook—"your reverence, this shall not be! It's not in this house they shall murder him, and him a Sullivan! Flavia! Speak, girl," he continued, the perspiration standing on his brow. "Say ye'll not have it. After all, it's your house! There shall be no Sullivan blood split in it, while I am standing by to prevent it!"

"Then let him give up his sword!" Cammock answered doggedly.
"Yes, let him give up his sword," Flavia said, in a small voice.
"Colonel Sullivan," the bishop interposed, stepping forward, "I hope you'll hear reason. Resistance is vain. Give up your sword and—"
"Aye, give up your sword," Cammock cried, "or take the consequences!" He had edged his way, while the bishop spoke, round Ulrick and round the head of the table. Now, with his foot on the bench, he was ready at a word to spring on the table and take the colonel in the rear. It was clear that he was a man of action. "Down with your sword, sir," he cried flatly.

(Continued Next Week.)

Why She "Set Up" the Candy.
From the New York Sun.
A woman of limited means who had never indulged in luxuries of any kind suddenly took to regaling her callers with candied fruits and confectionery.
"Don't think I am running into criminal extravagance," she explained to an intimate friend. "These things don't cost me a penny. I get them in the queerest way imaginable. One day I found a very valuable diamond brooch. It was advertised for and a private sale was offered for its return. I returned the brooch. It belonged to the wife of a confectioner. She hemmed and hawed about the reward and lamented hard times. Before I had time to decline the reward that had been offered she said: 'How would you like to take out the \$25 in trade—so much candy a week until it is paid off? I think my husband would agree.'"
"Then I changed my mind. I didn't particularly want the candy, but I disliked that woman so heartily that I couldn't stand it to let her off without paying something, so just to spite her I am running my own complexion by trying to cut up that reward."

The Joy That Killed.
From the Washington Star.
Senator Tillman was praising the humor of a republican congressman.
"His humor, however," he concluded, "is rather grim. I told him the other day about a mutual acquaintance who had died, a man he had never liked."
"And his wife is dead, too," I said. "He himself died on Monday. His wife died two days later. The papers didn't say what killed her."
"She was strangled to death, I guess," said the congressman grimly.

President Harrison.
Philadelphia Record: Among the private papers of the late President Harrison his literary executor is said to have a complete history of his presidential administration, with a frank but calm and judicious discussion of all its political incidents, including the action of Mr. Blaine and his friends. It is said this will not be published at present and may not be published at all, though General Harrison's biographer will have the benefit of the information it contains. The document ought to be published while it is of great interest. A century hence it might interest a few historical students and that is all. General Harrison and Mr. Blaine are dead and the former's view of his own administration ought to be published while people who knew him remain alive.

On Senator Hoar.
Senator Dick was telling a story of the late Senator Hoar. A friend and Mr. Hoar were riding to the Capitol on a street car. Mr. Hoar was expressing much surprise at the ease with which some public men acquired wealth.
"I have been in the public service all my life," he explained, "but never was able to get ahead. I have nothing but my salary, and it all goes in living. It is said this will not be published at present and may not be published at all, though General Harrison's biographer will have the benefit of the information it contains. The document ought to be published while it is of great interest. A century hence it might interest a few historical students and that is all. General Harrison and Mr. Blaine are dead and the former's view of his own administration ought to be published while people who knew him remain alive."

HE FELL FROM GRACE.

Washington Star: The usually sedate citizen had, it is true, erred. On election night, that is to say, he fell from the aqua vehicle with quite a thud. Consequently, when he started down town to his office on the following morning, he was filled with misgivings. There was an incident or so of the previous evening that he did not clearly recall. He was certain, however, that this incident or so would be recalled for him; for man that is born of woman dearly loves to relate unto his erring friend the dreary tale of the latter's imbecilities of the night before. This man reflected gloomily, as his car pushed down town, of the harrowing things which he was to hear of himself. He was prepared for the worst.

"Oho! here he is!" exclaimed his first friend when the man who had erred alighted from his car. "Poor old Injun! Narrow shave you had, all right. If I hadn't come up just in the nick of time you'd have been trying to tell Judge Kimball all about it in the police court this beatific, russet morning. How's your top-piece?"
"In what manner was I violating the law?" inquired the citizen who had erred, ignoring the question.
"Huh! The nerve of him! Better ask me what you weren't doing to violate the law! Trying to lick all the hackmen in town, pulling cobs playfully by the ears, standing in front of electric cars, and daring 'em to run over you—well, if I hadn't drifted along you'd have been in a little six-by-six this morning, waiting for the Nubian Marie! What did your wife have to say?"

"Oh, that's coming later," dismally replied the citizen who had erred; and he broke away from friend No. 1 and went to procure some spirits of ammonia, for things and things.
"Well, well—you're alive, hey?" was friend No. 2's greeting as he came up before the citizen who had erred and pounded him heavily on the back. "Feeling punk, eh. Oh, you'll be all right by next Thursday week. I thought sure you'd get into a rough house with that big marine, though."

"What big marine?" inquired the citizen who had erred, huskily.
"Why, don't you remember that huge Mulligan of a marine whose cap you playfully tipped off into the gutter?" asked No. 2. "Took all night the soft-soaping of the bunch of us to keep him off you, especially as you declared that it was your particular graft to bite the arms off of marines, the bigger and Irish the better. Don't you remember that?"

"Yes, I replied the citizen who had erred, huskily, diving into a drug shop to get something to ease his nerves.
"Why, old pal, you really look as if you'd been to bed," was the greeting of friend No. 3, examining the citizen who had erred with a critical eye. "Last thing I saw of you last night, you were standing at the corner of 'teenth street and the avenue, reciting Gray's 'Elegy' to the sky, and swearing between verses that you never intended to go home any more in this or any other life. Changed your mind, hey? Well, did chat that was a great mistake! John McCullough in 'The Gladiator' that you gave the bunch. Could hear you following it two blocks away!"

The citizen who had erred pressed his hand to his fevered brow and moaned on.
"Ha! Here comes the newly revealed singer!" exclaimed friend No. 4, bearing down upon the citizen who had erred. "Say, why the deuce didn't you ever tell us that you were such a much as a singer?"
"Was I singing?" weakly inquired the man who had fallen from the sprinkling cart.

"Well, I should say yes," was the joyous reply. "Don't remember standing on the corner of 'umpty street last night and entertaining a large and enthusiastic crowd, composed chiefly of small boys and drivers of night liners, with 'Down Where the Wurzbürger Flows,' eh? Why, say, chum, it was great. We moved you along, Billy and I, or you'd have been pinched, sure. Better cut that sort of thing out, old chap. You're too much of an Original when you get that way. You've been up the pole now for a couple of years, anyway, haven't you? Well, you'd better climb up again and lash yourself to the mast. Nothing in the mocking bowl, pal, and you ought to know it by this time."

"Oh, I know it," responded the sad souled citizen who had erred, mopping the perspiration from his throbbing brow.
"Why, good morning, old man," said friend No. 5, coming up behind. The citizen who had erred and placing his hand on his shoulder, "I hope you don't feel seedy? You can at least have the consolation of feeling that you know how to behave yourself like a white man in a gang of Indians, such as we were last night, and that's more than any of the rest of us can say."

The fists of the citizen who had erred relaxed.
"Were you with me all the evening?" he asked friend No. 6.
"Took you home in my cab," replied friend No. 6. "Met you about 10 o'clock, and didn't leave you from then on."
The citizen who had erred took friend No. 6 by the lapel of his coat and led him confidentially into a barway.

"Say, look here, old chap," he said to the man who had given him the one word of encouragement he had got since his appearance down town, for which the gratitude welled up in his soul. "You know that note of yours that I hold? I was thinking about that note the other day. I'll let you have a six months' extension on it if you want it."

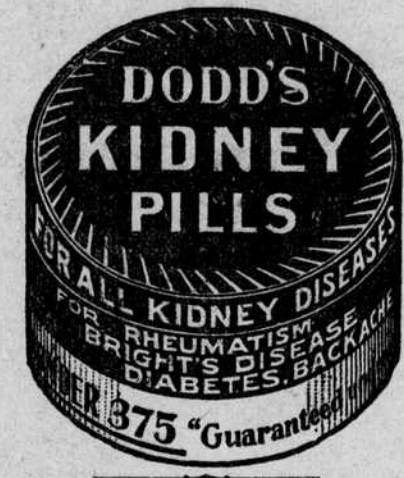
For Lamé Back
An aching back is instantly relieved by an application of Sloan's Liniment.
This liniment takes the place of sticky plasters. It penetrates—without rubbing—through the skin and muscular tissue right to the bone, quickens the blood, relieves congestion, and gives permanent as well as temporary relief.

Here's the Proof.
MR. JAMES C. LEE, of 1109 9th St., S.E., Washington, D.C., writes: "Thirty years ago I fell from a scaffold and seriously injured my back. I suffered terribly at times; from the small of my back all around my stomach was just as if I had been beaten with a club. I used every plaster I could get with no relief. Sloan's Liniment took the pain right out, and I can now do as much ladder work as any man in the shop, thanks to"

Sloan's Liniment
MR. J. P. EVANS, of Mt. Airy, Ga., says: "After being afflicted for three years with rheumatism, I used Sloan's Liniment, and was cured sound and well, and am glad to say I haven't been troubled with rheumatism since. My leg was badly swollen from my hip to the pain and swelling out."
Sloan's Liniment has no equal as a remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia or any pain or stiffness in the muscles or joints.
Price, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00.
Sloan's book on rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc., sent free on receipt of address.
Dr. E. S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.



Browne—Made your debut in comic opera last night? Any encores?
Tennerman—No, mostly apple.



Open Season for Guides.
From Van Norden Magazine.
Every year there go into the wilderness thousands of hunters, with the trapping and accoutrements of slaughter. Some of them come back. Parts of some of them come back. There is great carnage in the woods—not wholly among the wild animals.

It is considered cheap sport to shoot a guide, as his skin is no good. Yet when there is nothing else in sight, what can a hunter do? The usual method of the sportsman is as follows: There is a rustling in the bushes. The hunter levels his rifle at the spot and pours 13 slugs into it. Then he shouts, "Is that you, guide?" There is seldom an answer.



COULD PROVE IT.
"Aw! I don't believe he is a Siberian wolfhound!"
"Ain't he? Well, if we can only find a Siberian wolf for him to hunt I'll show you."

Some people learn by traveling, while others simply take on fat.



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Dr. E. S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

