A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews Author The Perfect Tribute. etc.

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CHAPTER XIV-(Continued).

"When you graduated two years ago at the top of the school, when Pietro left us and went off to his castle in Italy and you came back to me here as fine a young gentleman as any duke's son, I said to myself that I had done well. Somewhere, from that remarkable mother of yours, I believe, you—a peasant—have got the simplicity and peasant—have got the simplicity and the unconsciousness that are the finest touches of the finest breeding. I am very proud of you, Francois. I was proud when, just after you graduated, the leaders of the Bonapartist faction in France came to this chateau for a secret convention and I could present you to them as my adopted child, as my collaborator in the new book, our military history of the Austerlitz campaign

collaborator in the new book, our military history of the Austerlitz campaign—that had a good sound for a lad of 18. And, name-of-a-dog! you held up your end—you could talk to them like a soldier and a statesman. Mon Dieu, yes!

"And then, when they wrote and suggested sending you as ambassador on the secret mission to the Duke of Reichstadt last year, I almost burst with pride to think how well you were fitted for it: fitted to talk with princes, equipped with the knowledge and the statecraft to handle a delicate political situation. It is no easy thing to find such an ambassador, for such a mission—a man not marked or known, yet with the subtle and strong qualities which make a man marked. You, yet with the subtle and strong quali-ties which make a man marked. You, with your youth and peasant name and air of a young noble, filled the difficult want. You did it well and won laurels from critical old diplomatists.

want. You did it well and won laurels from critical old diplomatists.

"I have been worrying a bit since to have kept you here chained to me and the writing of a history, when you ought to be at the job of making history. Yet you are only 20. Time has not pressed, so far. And moreover, I await a revolution when men such as you will be needed; the Bonapartist yeast is working under the surface of all the country; the time will come when a single crashing blow perhaps will shake France and place one of the emperor's name on the emperor's throne. And at that time you, monsieur, must be ready to put your strength into that blow. You and I have faith, my son, in that accolade of the emperor of your infancy; you and I believe that, as he said, you may be one day 'a marshal of France under another Bonaparte.' It is for you to fuifil that prophecy."

The general, his big hands on his big knees.

er Bonaparte.' It is for you to fulfil that prophecy."

The general, his big hands on his big knees, stared at the boy with burning eyes, stirred by his own words into a true French access of enthusiasm. But the boy's eyes did not meet his as usual with the flame of whole-hearted response which he loved; yet the general, carried away by his own generous feelings, was not dissatisfied. This was his boy; what he did was right. He drew in a great breath and let it out in a sigh of contentment.

"I have talked you to extinction, Francois," he growled. "And in all my words I have not managed to tell you what it is that I am talking about." He tapped the letter again which lay under his hand. "Pietro wants you to come to him as his secretary."

Francois' large eyes lifted to the general's face, inquiring, startled, child-like "Pietro!" he said elevit. "It had.

eral's face, inquiring, startled, child-like. "Pietro!" he said, slowly. "I had not thought of that."

"Yet you knew that Pietro was heart and soul in the plots of the Italian pa-

"But you had not thought of going to help him fight?"

"This Italian business will be good practice," said the general, as a man of today might speak of a tennis tournament. "And you and Pietro will be enchanted to be together again."

Francois smiled and something in

the smile wrung the general's heart. "Francois, you are not going to be unhappy about little Alixe?" Quickly Francois threw back, as if

he had not heard the question: "My seigneur, I will go to Pietro; it will be the best thing possible—action and training and good old Pietro for a comrade. My seigneur, may I go tomorrow?" the smalles the smalles "My seigneur, it will be person," sa horse's brid with all the isn't yet.

"Tomorrow" The general startled now, "A thousand blunders, but you are a sudden lad. Yet it will be no harder to give you up tomorrow than it would be next month. Yes, to-morrow, then, let it be."

Francois stood up, slim, young, alert and steady, yet somehow not as the boy who had come in to the general an hour before; more, perhaps, as a man who had been through a battle and come out very tired, with the noise

of the fighting in his ears.

"I will go to the farm tonight, to my mother and my father. And this afternoon I will ride with Alixe, if you do not want me for the book, my seigneur—and if she will go. May I ask you not to tell Alixe of this—to leave it to me to tell her?"

"Yes," agreed the general deaths."

agreed the general doubtfully. "But you will be careful not to-uset

"And—and you will do what you can to help Pietro, will you not, my A quick contraction twisted Fran-

cois' sensitive mouth and was gone, but this time the general saw. "You may trust me, seigneur," the boy said, and moved to the door; but the gen-eral called to him as his hand touched 'Francois!"

"Yes, my seigneur." He faced about, eady and grave, and stood holding

There was a shock of stillness in the old dim library. Through the window
—where the children's shouts had come in 10 years before to the marquis and the general—one heard now in the quiet the sudden staccato of a late The general, breathing anx-

at Francois, Francois standing like a statue. The general repeated his question softly, breathlessly.
"Do you love her, Francois?" the whole face of the boy lighted as if a fire had flamed inside a lantern. He

splashed, brawled down the mountain; the mountain hung over, shadowy; banks of fern held the rampant brook in chains of green. Alixe and Francois, riding slowly in the coolness of the road below, looked up and saw it all, familiar, beautiful, full of old associations.

"One misses Pietro," Francois said.
'He always wanted to ride past the trou du gouverneur.'"

Alixe gazed steadily at the dark murmuring water.

"Yes, one misses him. Is life like that, do you suppose, Francois? One grows up with people, and they get to be as much a part of living as the air, or one's hands—and then, suddenly, one is told that they are going away. And that ends it. One must do without air, without hands. What a world, Francois!"

"We are not meant to like it too much, I believe, Alixe," said Francois sunnily. "It is just eh passant, this world, when you stop to consider. The real business will come, I suppose, when we are moved on a step farther. Friendships and separations will not seem so badly arranged then, probably. This is school, this life, I gather. My mother says it is not very important if one has a good seat in the school-room or a bad; if one sits near one's playmates or is sent to another corner, so long as one is a good child and works heartily at one's lessons. It is playmates or is sent to another corner, belesmontes road; it is only three miles farther, and it is early in the aftermorks heartly at one's lessons. It is only for a day—and then we go home, where all that is made right. Not a bad idea of my mother's is it, Alixe?"
"Your mother is a wonderful woman," Alixe answered thoughtfully. "To the farm!" Alixe looked at him in surprise. "But you were not to go things trouble her, not even when your father lost everything. Did she, Francis

father lost everything. Did she, Fran-cois?" "No "No," said Francois. "She is one of

"No," said Francois. "She is one of the few people who know what the real things are and live in them. It is hard to do that. I can not. I care so bitterly for what I want. It is"—Francois hesitated—"it is very hard for me to give up—what I want." He stumbled over the words; his voice shook so that Alixe shifted in the saddle and looked at him inquiringly.

at him inquiringly.
"Francois! Is anything wrong? Must you give up something?"
Francois laughed then and patted the brown arching neck of Capitaine, successor to Coq. "Everybody must give up things; and renunciation is the measure of strength," he said with 20-year-old generalization, yet with a light in his face which might have been the smiling of an aged saint. "You were talking about Pietro," he went on rapidly "about our separation from him, our good old Pietro! I do miss him. Yet that was inevitable from the

qualities."
"What?" asked Alixe.
"What!" Francois repeated. to ask that! You know as well as I that Pietro is a Bayard—without fear and without reproach. He is unchangit would be a commonplace for Pietro to be killed rather than play false to the smallest trust. He is a fanatic of

"You make him out a slow worth person," said Alixe, and drew up the horse's bridle. "You can respect a man

"You make him out a slow worthy person," said Alixe, and drew up the horse's bridle. "You can respect a man with all those sterling qualities, buthe le isn't very—dashing to be like that he isn't very—dashing that he isn't very—dashing that he isn't very—dashing that he isn't very—dashing that he

"Francois, my son—I have not hurt out one wrong min—not in my thoughts." I abused him to you on purpose. I wanted to see what you would say for him. One does that. If one—really wanted to see what you would say for him. One does that. If one—really cares—for a person, one has the right. It is not disloyalty; I could abuse my father—I could say any horried thing I chose, and not a word, not a shadow of a thought would be disloyal, because I love him so that it would all be nothing compared to that. I know Pietro is brave; I know he has gone into danger—is it so very bad, Francois? But—I am irritated often with Pietro—because you are always the hero. It is always you tated his question softly, breathlessly.
o you love her, Francois?"
With that the great eyes blazed and whole face of the boy lighted as if fire had flamed inside a lantern. He we back his head.
With all my soul," he said. "And ever!"

CHAPTER XV.

tated often with Pietro—because you are always the hero. It is always you who do the brave thing, and it is easy for every one to—to adore you, Francois. You seem only to smile at a person and they—they care for you. And Pietro is just—quiet and reliable. It isn't fair for you to have—everything."
There were tears in her eyes now, and a quiver in her voice, and the last word was punctuated by an indignant sob.

I SAID IT, AND I WILL.

A rushing mountain stream—white-veiled in the falling, black brown in the foam-flecked pools—tumbled, gan uncertainly. "For it is not going less traveled highways."

sob.

"Alixe — dear," — then Francois stopped. "You need not be afraid that I shall have more than Pietro," he began uncertainly. "For it is not going less traveled highways.

to be so. He will have what—what I would give my life for." Then he hurried on. "I see how it is," he said gently, "and you are right to care so loyally for Pietro. He is worth it. And you must never care less, Alixe—never forget him because he has gone away. He will come back." The boy spoke with effort, slowly, but Alixe was too much occupied with her own tumultous thoughts to notice. "He will surely come back and—belong to you more than ever. He will come back distinguished and covered with honors, perhaps, and then—and then—Alixe, do you see the chestnut tree at the corner that turns to the chateau? It is a good bit of soft road—we will race to that tree—shall we? And then I will to that tree—shall we? And then I will tell you something."
The horses sprang into a canter and

the norses sprang into a canter then a gallop, and stretched their legs and flattend down into a sharp run. The girl and the boy were flying side by side through the mellow landscape; by side through the mellow landscape; the gray towers and red roofs of the chateau were in the distance; the little Cheulte lay to the right, its pools like a string of quicksilver beads spotted on the fields; the mountain of the Rose, calm and enormous and dark, lifted out of the country to the left. Many a time in the six years to come Francois saw that picture and felt the vibrating trou du gouverneur."

A Roman legend had given this name to the deep pool of the brook by the road; it was said that the cruel old governor had used it, 2,000 years back, for drowning refractory peasants. Alixe gazed steadily at the dark murmuring water.

"Yes, one misses him. Is life like that, do you suppose, Francois? One that the opper way were with people, and they get to light swincing seat, the delicate hand Alixe sat close to the saddle with the light swinging seat, the delicate hand on the bridle, which were part of her perfect horsemanship, and over and over as he watched her ride Franccis said to himself:

"I will give my happiness for the seigneur's—I said it, and I will. I will be a friend to Pietro always—I said it, and I will."

and I will'

Over and over the horses' flying feet pounded out that self command, and at length the music of the multiplying hoof beats grew slower, and with tight-ening rein they drew in and stopped un-

ening rein they drew in and stopped under the big chestnut. Alixe was laughing, exhilarated, lovely.

"Wasn't it a good race. Didn't they go deliciously?" she threw at him. And then, "We will go around by the Delesmontes road; it is only three miles farther, and it is early in the after.

inde over with you. Have you forgotten?"

"No," said Francois, "I have not forgotten—no, indeed. But I am going away tomorrow, Alixe."

"Going away?" Alixe turned sharply, and her deep blue glance searched his eyes. "What do you mean, Francois?" And then, imperiously: "Don't tease me, Francois! I don't like it."

Francois steadied, hardened his face very carefully, and answered: "I am not teasing you, Alixe. I did not tell you before because—"he stopped, for his voice was going wrong—"because I thought we would have our ride just as usual today. I only knew about it myself this morning. I am going to pietro."

"Going—to Piero!" Alixe was gasping painfully. "Francois—it is a joke—tell me it is a poor joke. Quick!" she ordered. "I won't have you play with

esponse which he loved; yet the gental, carried away by his own generous selings, was not dissatisfied. This was is boy; what he did was right. He rew in a great breath and let it out a sigh of contentment.

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"No, my seigneur."

"This Italian business will be good!

light in his face which might have been aged sabout troe, he went on aged saint. "You meet talking about Pietro," he went on me, torture me!"

"It is not a joke." The boy's eyes if the buckle of the bridle rein lying on the buckle of the br

checking were a physical present fact.

No slightest motion, no shade of inflection missed Francois; still he sat motionless, his eyes on the little brass buckle, his lips set in a line, without a word, without a look toward her. And suddenly Alixe, with another quick blue glance from under the black long laphes. Alixe, but recklass despenlashes—Alixe, hurt, reckless, desper-ate, had struck her horse a sharp blow—and she was in the road before him, galloping away.

(Continued next week.)

Our Handicapped Commerce.

Hospitality Real Coin of Home Life.

Hospitality Real Coin of Home Life.
From "Novel Ways of Entertaining" by
Florence Hull Winterburn, Published by Harpers".
It is the most experienced wordlings, the
people accustomed to all the luxuries,
who like best the novelty of simple little
dinners and teas with the spice of fresh
interest in them. Thackeray tells a nice
tale of old Goldstick going to dine with
his poor friend who served up excellent
mutton chops himself from the stove and
popped them on his plate piping hot, with
an air of bonhomie and good fellowship
that amazed and startled the millionaire,
who, nevertheless, enjoyed himself hugely.
Something less crude will please our
modern taste more, but the spirit is the
same; spontaneous, genuine hospitality is
the real coin of home life, and those who
receive it are more touched than by the
splendors of entertainments that cost the
givers efforts they make with reluctance
and through sacrifice to conventionality.

VISITING PHILOMELA.

By Izola Forrester.

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure News-paper Syndicate.)
"It is a restful, beauteous spot, Geral-

dine," said the bishop in a rebuking tone.

"Geraldine never even turned from the window. Out of doors it was raining—a slow, gray November downpour. Geraldine's heart feit bare and windswept and desolate and there were tears in her blue eyes.

"I hate it, Uncle Ted," she flung back miserably. "I won't stay here.

The bishop smiled at her pleasantly and consulted his time table.

"You'll grow to like it, my child, and your Cousin Philomela is a charming woman when you—er—grow to know her.

"Oh, I know why I'm being planted down here. You needn't try to gloss it over one bit, Uncle Ted." Geraldine turned suddenly and made for the wide flux topped desk. Planting her hands on its glossy surface, she faced the bishop mother of the wide of the compact of the wide of th

came from somewhere out of the west—"
"I came from there, too," put in Gerry, mildly,
"But, dear, he had been a cowboy.
Geraldine's eyes sparkled. Memories of some of the glorious old days at her father's ranch on the old Belle Fourcher river up in Wyoming swept over her.
"I like him," she declared, "and he's coming to see me, and you'd better allow it, Phil, for it's absolutely the only diversion I can see."
Philomela gave in hesitantly; but that afternoon, as the clouds broke over Smoky mountain, Jack Carteret sat before the blazing fire in the long old library drinking tea and telling Gerry that he knew every ranch along the Belle Fourche and had been foreman once and Bill Merritt's XOX outfit above by "y."
"I knew the way you it a you belonged out home," she said joyously. Come often."
He did. Every day they rode together and every afternoon Miss Eilliot played chaperon unwillingly over the tea table

and every afternoon Miss Elliot played chaperon unwillingly over the tea table. And someway Parls faded away into a distant dream to Gerry, and all she longed for was a return to the dear old ranch that had lain idle since the death of her

father, two years ago.

Then came one early morning when the big bay horse reined at the veranda. It was before breakfast and Gerry was out trimming off dead slips from the rose

isnes.
"I'm going back home," he said, withat preliminaries. "The other chap's

"I'm going back home," he said, without preliminaries. "The other chap's turned up."
"What other chap? I don't understand. "Seabury Carteret, my cousin. He went to Japan eight years ago, strolled around the orient, and succeeded in losing himself se well that the report of his death was sent in. Last night I rode down to the postoffice after I left her, and found there was a telegram for me. He's in New York, ready to take this whole thing off my hands, and I'm going back to Wyoming. Will you come along, Gerry?"

It was asked quickly. He swung from the satdle and stood before her, all his heart's love in eyes and voice, and Gerry

the saddle and stood before her, all his heart's love in eyes and voice, and Gerry laughed softly, bappily. She knew every blessed thing that he had meant to tell her, and she answered.

"I'd jove to, Jack."

"Back to the ranch life, dear?"

"Bark to everything, bless it," said Gerry.

This Sympathetic World. This Sympathetic World.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

We are surprised to learn that within a fortnight or so after the Titanic sank only \$100,000 had been subscribed for relief of the survivors. A number of very wealthy and distinguished persons sank with the Titanic. She was a ship on which any well-to-do person might have taken passage. Consequently, when the tragic news was told, almost anybody with money enough to travel abroad might easily have imagined himself as a passenger of the doomed boat; and everybody naturally is sympathetic toward himself. We are surprised that the relief fund was no larger.

We are surprised that the relief fund was no larger.

The wae figures are brought out in connection with a report that appeals for relief of the Volturno survivors brought only \$5.000. The Volturno, you see, was exclusively an immigrant ship. Hardly one of fare passengers could speak English or possessed \$100. Almost all of them wore ridiculous occupations.

Mer sly as a story the burning of the Volturno and the rescue of the survivors was intensely exciting; but the moment a well-drassed, well-to-do world knew the victims wers immigrants its interest for the most part automatically ceased. Over an Astor, a Hays, a Strauss, disappearing beneath the ley water of the Atlantic, its heart thrilled with sympathetic horror because its them it could see itself drowning; but it simply could not imagine itself a passenger in the steerage of an immigrant ship. So what actually happened to persons in that position was nothing but an interesting story. We still think it remarkable that the Titanic subscriptions were offly 32 times as large as the Volturno subscriptions.

He Must Have Been Hard Up.

He Must Have Been Hard Up.
The Managing Editor: "Did you give that fellow a job?"
The City Editor: "I did. He told me the truth about himself."
"What did he say?"
"Said he was broke and needed work."
"Good! I had him sized up wrong. For the moment I thought he was going to tell you he'd been free-lancing for several months, but would accept a position on our staff it it would be any accommodation to us."

Our Statesmen.

Ambrose Bierce, the brilliant satirist, gave, at a dinner in Washington, a few political definitions. "A conservative," said Mr. Bierce,

existing evils, while a radical would replace them with others."

ECZEMA ON HANDS AND ARMS

1321 Douglas St., Omaha, Neb.-"My trouble began from a bad form of ecsema all over my hands, neck and arms. I could get no sleep for the itching and burning. The small pimples looked red and watery and my skin and scalp became dry and itching. The pimples irritated me so that I would scratch until they bled. I could not put my hands in water and I could not stand it. I had to have my hands tied up and gloves on all the time for nearly two months. Sometimes I would scratch the skin off it frritated so and I could do no work

"I tried all kinds of remedies but nothing did any good. Then I saw in the newspaper about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and got some. I was completely healed in five or six weeks. They have not troubled me (Signed) Joe Uhl, Jan. 31, '14.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston."-Adv.

The amateur poet is going some when he earns enough money with his pen to pay for the ink.

Sporting Instinct Aroused. The street-corner orator had gath ered around him a group of urchine. Why they listened so attentively he didn't understand; nor probably did "is a statesman who is enamored of they know themselves. Simply nothing doing. But the orator took full advantage of his opportunity and delivered an improving lecture on the value of kindness to dumb animals. At the end he sought for some illustration to point the moral and adorn the tale. It was there at hand. Across the way walked a lady, leading two little dogs in leash. The one was black and the other white. "Now," exclaimed the tub-thumper, "after what I have said, supposing those two dear little dogs were to start fighting, what would be the first thing you would do?" No answer came at first; but if I once tried it they burned so that one little arab turned to look at the dogs critically and thoughtfully. "Wellguv-nor," he answered, at last, "I fink I'd 'ave tuppence on the little black

A Rough Road.

"My dear sir," said the philosopher, when we look about us and see the troubles that afflict other people, we ought to rejoice that our own paths through life are made smooth."

"Your path may be smooth," sighed the pessimist, "but a thundering big steam roller would have to make a great many trips over mine before the bumps in it were pressed out."

Both Imposed Upon.

Deserted Wife (telling grocer her troubles)-And I trusted him so. Grocer-Confound it! So did I.

Save the Babies.

'un!"

NFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity, they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Cast H. Flitchire

FURNISHED BOND OF AMITY

Discomfited "Good Samaritan" the Unwilling Means of Bringing Rival Humorists Together.

Once upon a time two humorists dwelt in the same small town and both contributed to the Sunday Star. As was but natural, they became wildly jealous of each other, and when one would win a little more prominence than his fellow the other would have seven kinds of fits. "Your Pleasant Valley Items give me a pain!" quoth "Your prose rhymes make me ill!" retorted the other. As they were about to come to blows there appeared on the scene a Good Samaritan and to him they appealed. "Which of us is the funnier?" they asked. "Neither!" was the prompt reply. "You are both as unfunny as wart hogs, and as tiresome as a trip across the Sahara!" Thereat they both set upon the gentleman from Samaria and beat him full sore, and dwelt together in amity forever after.

Moral: From this we should learn that while humorists delight in quarreling among themselves, they frequently resent criticism from outsiders.—Kansas City Star.

That's Settled. Bobble (who has been sent over for the fifth time to find out how Mrs. Brown is)-All right, ma; she's dead.

WRONG BREAKFAST. Change Gave Rugged Health.

Many persons think that for strength, they must begin the day with a breakfast of meat and other heavy foods. This is a mistake as anyone can easily discover for himself.

A W. Va. carpenter's experience may benefit others. He writes:

"I used to be a very heavy breakfast eater but finally indigestion caused me such distress, I became afraid to eat anything.

"My wife suggested a trial of Grape-Nuts and as I had to eat something or starve, I concluded to take her advice. She fixed me up a dish and I remarked at the time that the quality was all right, but the quantity was too small-I wanted a saucerful.

"But she said a small amount of Grape-Nuts went a long way and that I must eat it according to directions. So I started in with Grape-Nuts and cream, two soft boiled eggs and some crisp toast for breakfast.

"I cut out meats and a lot of other stuff I had been used to eating all my life and was gratified to see that I was getting better right along. concluded I had struck the right thing and stuck to it. I had not only been eating improper food, but too much.

"I was working at the carpenter's trade at that time and thought that unless I had a hearty breakfast with plenty of meat, I would play out before dinner. But after a few days of my "new breakfast" I found I could do more work, felt better in every way, and now I am not bothered with

indigestion." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human

For Real Enjoyment. "Going to the theater again? Why,

you saw that piece only the other 'Yes, but not in my new frock."

Defined.

"Pa, what is a theorist?" "A theorist, son, is a person who puts up the talk and expects some body else to put up the money."-Baltimore Sun.

Oh, That Way! "It's such a silly superstition to be

dways picking up pins!" You may call it a superstition if you wish, but I know a chap who makes about \$6 a week by doing it." "How can a fellow gather that

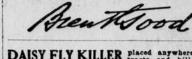
many? "He works in a bowling alley."-Judge.

Marriage Causes False Fire Alarm. Seven minutes of blasts from the whistle of the Passaic Metalware company, in honor of the marriage of the daughter of the superintendent, recently turned out five volunteer fire departments. The fog made the whistle audible in Rutherford, Nutley, Belleville, Garfield and Clifton and the firemen rushed to headquarters at the-

alarm. It took half an hour to determine where the whistling came from. The wedding which caused the commotion united Miss Sallie Karp, 217 Brook avenue, Passaic, to Michael F. Bernan .- New York Mail.

Constipation Vanishes Forever Prompt Relief-Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable - act surely CARTERS but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner dis-

tress-cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes, SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature





HAROLD SOMERS, 180 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, M. E.

SIOUX FALLS SERUM CO. Stock Yards, Sloux Falls, So. Dak.

Branch Office at Live Stock Exchange Building, Sioux City, lower Producers of Anti-Hog Cholera Serum, pre-pared in Government Inspected Laboratory under U. S. Veterinary License No. 11. Phones: Day, 1676; Night, 1809 and 977. It pays to buy the best.

SIOUX CITY PTG. CO., NO. 29-1914.