



20 TH. CENTURY GIRL.

She is plastic and elastic and can trip the light fantastic in a style enthusiastic with abandon that is rare; She is sweetness and pettiness in a bunch of great completeness and she keeps us at her feetness in a manner delectable; She can dally on the alley with ten pins and make a tally, and the boys around her rally when she's out upon the links; And she'll patter 'round and chatter on most any weighty matter, but she's talking through her hat—er little thinner never thins; Oh, she's happy when she's frappe and is throwing bright and snappy bits of Chilkoot Pass at chappy, freeing out the spoony boys; And the measure of her pleasure in her never-ceasing leisure is a little world of treasure in unmitigated joys; She'll abuse you and amuse you and both well and ill she'll use you, and she'll finally refuse you, tho' heart-broken you implore; But don't bother—get another—be content to be her brother, for she likes to see her mother mopping up the kitchen floor.



The Man By the Roadside.

BY WILL S. GIDLEY.
(Copyright, 1921, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
A man suffering from half a dozen gunshot wounds lay dying by a Kentucky roadside—a man grizzled and gaunt, and upon whose lean face was the bronze of fifty summers and many a jagged seam and scar.

A rabbit poked its nose inquiringly through the bushes as he lay there, and then at a sudden movement from the dying man turned and scuttled swiftly away.

Then a big blue-bottle fly came buzzing around the helpless man, weltering in his own life-blood beside the rude mountain trail, and after five minutes of blundering and bumping against his battered features finally settled down on the raw edge of a wound, just below the matted hair on his forehead and began patiently drilling into the sensitive flesh.

The exquisite pain seemed to revive the mortally wounded sufferer and awaken his instinct of self-preservation. His right hand stirred by his side, and then crept slowly but surely—up toward his blood-stained forehead.

Inch by inch it advanced—that gnarled, claw-like hand—until it was on a level with the demon fly probing into his wound; and then with a sudden movement he brought it down, crushing the life out of his tormentor. "Ha, ha! I got yeh, did I?" he chuckled hoarsely. "Wash I could reach out an' mash ole Cy Grandy under my hand same as I did that fly! I e'd die happy then. Yaas, I'd be willin' to go to hell if I e'd send Cy thar fast—the treacherous, cowardly skunk!"

The wounded man rolled over and made an effort to rise to a sitting position, but the attempt was a failure. "The sneakin' ole devil has got me fixed for good an' all this time. I'll be a dead man inside of two hours," he went on, huskily. "Yaas, I'll be a dead man, an' ole Cy Grandy 'll be goin' round braggin' 'bout how he wiped me out. D—him! ef I had my horse an' was able to ride I'd foller him up an' settle matters with him



"Whisky! Whisky!"
yet, but I hain't got the stren'th left to do it. I've got lead enough in me to kill an elephant. Ole Cy meant to make a sure thing of it. That bullet in my back alone would've fixed me. It must've struck the muscle that works my legs, I reckon, 'cus I hain't had no use of 'em since it hit me. But my mind is clear an' my right arm is all right yet, an'—an' I'd give the rest of my life, such as it is, for just one more chance at the man who shot me down an' sung me here in the bushes to die like a dog!"

"Yaas," he resumed after a pause, "to die like a dog an' rot by the roadside; but by the Eternal, I'll get even with him yeh kin bet! He will find that I am more of a snake than a dog. A rattler can strike back even when it is dyin', an' I'll live long enough to give ole Cy Grandy his death-wound yet! Yaas, I'll do it, if it takes a hundred years!"

Another pause longer than before, and then the man by the roadside went on in a hoarse whisper:

"I—I'm pertain' out mighty fast; my stren'th is goin' but I've got jest ez much grit ez ever. Ef I only hed



"Alive Yet, an'—an'—"
suthin' to brace up my physical powers I'd—"

He stretched out his right hand and it came into contact with a smooth, oblong-shaped object lying on the blood-soaked grass by his side.

With an eager cry of joy he clutched it and hugged it to his bosom.

"Whisky! whisky! I'm good for an hour longer now!" he whispered, eagerly. "It dropped from my pocket when I fell here among the bushes an' I thought I had lost it. Thank God, it will give me stren'th an' courage for the job ahead of me!"

Still clasping the flask to his breast he fumbled with nervous, eager fingers at the stopper until it came out, and then pressing the mouth of the flask to his dry lips, he thirstily gulped down the contents.

"Ah! that's the stuff! I feel more like a man now," he muttered thickly as the last drop went trickling down his throat. I like whisky with an edge to it—suthin' the'll put new life in a corpse. I'm with a dozen dead men this mornin', an' I'll down ole Cy Grandy yet or know the reason why. I reckon he'll be sorry he didn't con-fiscate that flask of moonshine when he had the chance. Ef it warn't for that bullet in my back I'd feel 'bout ez chipper ez ever. Bet I kin pull a trigger with the best of 'em yet. Lemme see; whar is my gun?"

Reaching down he drew a heavy six-shooter from his hip pocket and swung it into position for action. His steel-gray eyes gleamed with the baleful glitter seen in the eyes of a wounded snake or a wild beast at bay. There was a smile on his face—the crafty, vindictive smile of a savage lying in wait for his prey or gloating over the suffering of his victim tied to the torture-stake.

A little brown bird alighted on a twig above his head and began cheerily singing, but with a wave of the hand and an impatient oath he frightened it away.

Then a buzzard wheeled lastly overhead, scanning with hungry eye the earth below, and as the wounded man looked up and saw it he broke into sardonic laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Yeh seen ole Cy Grandy out with his gun an' yeh thought he'd left some grub for yeh along the

road behind him, did yeh? Well, yeh got fooled that time. Yeh dinner ain't quite ready for yeh yet, an' 'twon't be till ole Cy gets back!"

He raised his revolver to a level with his right eye and squinted steadily along its shining barrel. For fully a minute he held it thus, and then dropped it to his side with the remark:

"Hand an' nerve ez steady ez ever for the time bein', an' now all I ask of the Lord in His mercy an' goodness is to send Cy Grandy back here to git his deserts—an' send him quick, before the effects of that whisky works off an' my stren'th begins to give out. Got to save it all now for the final clinch."

A half hour passed during which the wounded man neither stirred nor spoke.

His eyes were half closed, but all his senses were on the alert.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the sound of a horse's hoofs clattering on the hard mountain roadway and rapidly approaching the spot where lay the wounded man.

Instantly he was all attention. He turned his face toward the point from which the horse was evidently coming, and all his faculties wrought up to the highest tension were strained to catch the slightest sound.

Nearer and nearer came the approaching footsteps, until finally they halted near the spot where the man and the pistol lay waiting.

"I thought so," gleefully whispered the wounded man to himself. "It's ole Cy Grandy on his way home, an' he wants to make sure I'm dead. Waal, he'll find out I ain't ez dead ez he'll wish I was when he sticks his nose through these bushes."

Slowly, painfully he raised himself on his left elbow. The exertion sent the red life-blood gushing forth afresh from the gaping wound in his back, but he heeded it not. His whole mind was intent upon the movements of his enemy. His right hand firmly grasped the stock of the heavy revolver, with his ready forefinger grimly caressing the trigger; his lips were pressed tightly together; his eyes gleamed brighter, more balefully than ever, and his whole attitude was one of intense, nervous expectancy.

The waiting man heard the horseman spring to the ground with a swag and an oath.

Then heavy footsteps approached the spot where he lay, the bushes parted and a bloated, rough-bearded face with bloodshot eyes appeared in the opening.

"Good God! alive yet, an'—an'—"
For one horror-filled instant the bloodshot optics gazed fascinated into the basilisk-like orbs behind the pistol; then a shot rang out, the owner of the bloated face and bloodshot eyes pitched heavily forward across the body of his adversary, the waiting steed gave a startled snort and galloped riderless away—and two men were left dying by the roadside instead of one.

A PEBBLE FOR EVERY OATH.

An Artistically Profane Golf-Player's Record Turned In.

There is a well-known young man in Omaha, who does several other things better than he plays golf. He is a past master in artistic swearing. In fact, his anger finds expression in such coherent streams of expletives that his reputation as a member of the Country Club is based chiefly on this accomplishment. But to get at the story of a famous bit of golf playing this loquacious young man did last week. His record is 137 or thereabouts and every time he makes the round of the course his score grows worse and he gets more vehement in giving expression to what is uppermost in his mind. Last Wednesday before he started on the course one of the young man's friends jokingly remarked: "Every time you swear put a clod or a chip or a piece of gravel in your pocket." This was early in the afternoon. Just as the sun was sinking in the west a weary young man with bulging pockets staggered into the club house. His friends had forgotten him and supposed he had gone home. As he entered the door he emptied a coat pocket and pebbles rolled all over the reception room floor. "That's the plain d—ns," he exclaimed. From another pocket he dumped 100 pebbles which stood for a stronger number of the purely masculine vocabulary. Other pockets produced still more pebbles and clods which represented other bad words. His friends tried to call a halt, but he persisted in littering up the floor, remarking: "This ain't a circumstance. Just wait till you see the wagonload of oats the caddy and the teamster are bringing." This story is told on the authority of friends of the artistically profane young man.—From the Omaha Bee.

Against Woman Suffrage.

Mrs. Edwin Knowles of Brooklyn, the new president of the Professional Woman's league, does not believe in woman suffrage. Discussing the subject the other day, she said that to her mind the woman suffragist appeared as a ridiculous being. Mrs. Knowles, who enjoys the reputation of knowing what she is talking about, expressed the opinion that nothing was to be gained by enfranchising women. "There are as many ignorant women as men," she says, "and giving woman the right to vote would merely increase the number of voters, while their division on the issues of the day would be about as it is now. The only thing that would be gained would be more trouble for the women." But Mrs. Knowles has a strong belief in club life for her sex. It "broadens" a woman, she says.—New York Times.

King Edward VII. has accepted from Scott Mautagu, M. P., a number of American bronze turkeys taken to England in a wild state. They will be housed at Sandringham.

PRIMITIVE CHINESE MONEY.

How When a Workman Was Paid With a Hatchet.

The little brass cash, the Chinese coins, the lineal descendants, in unbroken order, of the bronze axe of remote Celestial ancestors. From the regular hatchet to the modern coin one can trace a distinct, if somewhat broken, succession, so that it is impossible to say where the one leaves off and the other begins. Here is how this curious pedigree first worked itself out: In early times, before the coin was invented, barter was usually conducted between producer and consumer with metal implements, as it still is in Central Africa at the present day. At first the Chinese in that unsophisticated age were content to use real hatchets for this commercial purpose, but after a time, with the profound mercantile instinct of their race, it occurred to some of them that when a man wanted half a hatchet's worth of goods he might as well pay for them with half a hatchet. Still, as it would be a pity to spoil a good working implement by cutting it in two, the worthy Ah Sin ingeniously compromised the matter by making tin hatchets of the usual size and shape, but far too slender for practical usage. By so doing he invented coin, and, what is more, he invented it far earlier than the claimants to that proud distinction, the Lydians, whose electrum stater was first struck in the seventh century B. C.—Cornhill Magazine.

NICKELS ARE DESPISED.

Street Vendors Who Sell Nothing Less Than a Dime's Worth.

There are many stories in this city where a nickel is not a welcome medium of exchange, because nothing so cheap is sold, but it is hard to believe that there is a street stand which would not welcome a five-cent purchase. If any one is curious in this regard let him go to one of the fruit stands in Cortlandt street, near the Pennsylvania railroad ferry, and try to make such a purchase, says the New York Tribune. "Let me have five cents' worth of cherries," said a man the other day, pointing to a loose pile of the little red fruit. "As much as all that!" exclaimed the street merchant, and not for a single minute did he cease dusting a bunch of bananas. The intending purchaser waited a moment, then crossed the street and repeated his request to another stand. "Well, you're a cheap one!" exclaimed the vendor. "You want to spend a whole nickel do you?" He did not stop sorting oranges. The man who longed for cherries tried a third stand. "We can't sell you less than a dime's worth of anything at these stands," replied the man in charge. "You'll find an Italian up the street who will take the lead money. The 'cheap' man decided he didn't want cherries after all, and, going into a cigar store, bought a whole bunch of cigarettes with the money.

Cheap Meals in London.

"Speaking of cheap restaurants," said a gentleman who has just returned from a visit to London, to a Washington Star writer, "reminds me of a dining saloon in the Whitechapel district of London, where a relishing and fairly substantial meal may be had for half a penny, or one cent in our money. This cheap repast is not served up in the shape of a cut from a joint and two vegetables. It is a big brown pie, very juicy and very hot. The absence of beefsteak is evident when you cut the pie, but you find inside a liberal sprinkling of sheep's liver, onions and turnips, and a plentiful supply of gravy. For a half penny extra two slices of bread and a cup of tea are supplied. Between the hours of twelve and two the poor and hungry from all parts of the east side of the city flock to the dining room. Most of the patrons are shoeblacks, penny-roy men, costermongers, and now and then young clerks whose salaries will not permit them to indulge in a more costly dinner."

Buttons for the Church.

There is far more in the oft-repeated statement that old buttons if useful for no other purpose may serve as an offering to the Lord. It is recorded as a fact that a clergyman's wife was mending clothes for her boys when one of her neighbors called in to have a friendly chat. It was not long before the visitor's eye was attracted by a large basket more than half filled with buttons. The lady could not help remarking that there seemed a very good supply of buttons. Thereupon she began to turn them over and suddenly exclaimed: "Here are two buttons exactly the same as those my husband had on his last winter suit. I should know them anywhere." "Indeed," said the clergyman's wife. "I am surprised to hear it. As all these buttons were found in the collection bag I thought I might as well put them to some use." Before she had finished speaking the visitor hastily arose and said she must be going.

A Pious Hope.

Judge Rice of Novena is perhaps lacking in a sense of humor, but he is the most punctual man in Indiana. When made superintendent of the Sunday school he at once set about to reform in the matter of attendance and punctuality. A few Sundays ago he had the pleasure of making the following statement: "My dear fellow-workers and children, I am able to announce today that out of the entire school only one person is absent—little Maggie Wynn. Let us all hope that she is sick."

MEMBER OF SANDWICH ISLANDS

Cured of Catarrh of the Stomach by Pe-ru-na.



CONGRESSMAN R. W. WILCOX, Delegate to Congress from Hawaii.

Hon. Robert W. Wilcox, Delegate to Congress from Hawaii and the Sandwich Islands, in a recent letter from Washington, D. C., writes:

"I have used *Peruna* for dyspepsia and I cheerfully give you this testimonial. Am satisfied if it is used properly it will be of great benefit to our people. I can conscientiously recommend it to anyone who is suffering with stomach or catarrhal troubles."
—R. W. Wilcox.
All over this country are hundreds of

people who are suffering from catarrh of the stomach who are wasting precious time, and enduring needless suffering. The remedies they try only temporarily palliate the distress, but never effect a cure. Remedies for dyspepsia have multiplied so rapidly that they are becoming as numerous as the leaves of the forest, and yet dyspepsia continues to flourish in spite of them all. This is due to the fact that the cause of dyspepsia is not recognized as catarrh. If there is a remedy in the whole range of medicinal preparations that is in every particular adapted to dyspepsia, that remedy is *Peruna*. This remedy is well nigh invincible in these cases.

Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O., says: "In my large practice and correspondence I have yet to learn of a single case of atonic dyspepsia which has not either been greatly benefited or cured by *Peruna*."

No one suffering with catarrh of the stomach or dyspepsia, however slight, can be well or happy. It is the cause of so many distressing symptoms that it is a most dreaded disease. *Peruna* acts immediately on the seat of the trouble, the inflamed mucous membranes lining the stomach and a lasting cure is effected.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of *Peruna*, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

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