

ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM WILD.



## HIS NERVE FAILED

One Girl's Face Spoiled a Well-Laid Advertising Scheme.

By H. M. EGBERT.

"You'll never dare to pull that off," sneered Chauncey B. Popoff, English manager of the Popoff Linoleum company, to Harry Burnett, as they sat in the company's offices at Earl's Court, England.

"I will dare, and what's more, I'll carry it through to the bitter end," answered Burnett. "You largely exaggerate the difficulties because you don't understand the English psychology," he continued. "How will they know I'm not a duke in disguise? Besides, it always was done in the olden days, and a mere four or five hundred years are not enough to upset an established precedent in this country."

"Well, Burnett, I wish you luck," answered Popoff sceptically. "Of course if you do—well, anyway, the materials are all downstairs in the shipping yard and the men have gone home. The gray truck horse has had a feed and you'd better get busy."

Burnett rose and, accompanied by the other, went down into the deserted yard. Ringed round by the blank walls of high buildings, it afforded a perfect spot in which to practice evolutions unobserved by curious-minded persons. At one end of the yard a huge gray, of the Flanders breed, stood munching at a few oats remaining in the bottom of his crib. Near by was a great packing case, filled with what looked like iron implements.

"Now help me into the armor, Popoff, and stop your confounded sneering," said Burnett, and together, not without difficulty, they took the pieces from the case. There was a steel helmet, with the visor attached, greaves, hauberk, arm-pieces—all the complementary parts of a knight's business suit, and, to complete the outfit, a sectional lance, some 12 feet long, and padded at the point.

"By Barnum's tooth, I'm glad I'm not in your shoes," said Popoff, as he helped the other to don the steel pieces. "You look hot, Burnett. Say, wouldn't Miss Ware throw fits if she could see—"

"See here, Popoff, you cut that out," growled Burnett through the bars of his visor. "Any more talk of that sort and we part company. Understand?"

Popoff subsided sulkily and helped the trussed knight to adjust the leg and arm pieces. When at last this was done he propped him against a wall and proceeded to attire the horse in chest-plate and head armor. As this protection was more for show than for utility, he found it easy to carry and adjust the steel pieces, though the gray showed considerable restlessness during the operation. Finally, with a prodigious effort, he placed Burnett upon the horse's back and, having taken his lance, Burnett passed round the yard at a ponderous canter, from time to time testing the accuracy of his aim against a circle chalked on a wall. After some half hour of this performance the perspiring knight was unharnessed, the armor packed away, and the steed was given a drink of water and a fresh feed.

"Five days later the celebrated tournament was to be held in the Earl's Court grounds, at which the nobility of English and many who were not noble were to participate in a grand revival of the medieval sport. Burnett, who had recently gone to England in the interests of the Popoff firm, had been an authority on the tournament; he had written a thesis on "Medieval Armor" which had attracted some attention among archeologists. When his father, obsessed by the belief that a commercial existence was indispensable for a young man, had given him the alternative between entering the employment of the Popoffs and being stricken out of his will, Burnett had rather sulkily gone to England, as advertising manager, to find the whole country agog over the forthcoming pageant. And the wild idea had come to him of engaging in the tournament.

"I'm a pretty fair rider, Popoff," he argued. "I didn't often get thrown when I was bronco-busting in Wyoming—and I kept my seat on the greased rail at Coney last year, during the carnival, and won a pewter challenge cup. Why shouldn't I enter as an unknown knight and meet the nobility on equal terms?"

"Because the cops will stop you before you can get in," said Popoff.

"We'll see," responded Burnett confidently. "I guess it will take some cops to stop me when I'm in my touring togs."

And so, five mornings later, the workmen having received a special holiday on full pay, to enable Burnett to accouter himself unobserved, the young man mounted the sullen gray and passed through the big gates into the busy Earl's court road, to the amazement of the public.

In the distance he saw a white pavilion set in a meadow; as he rode nearer he perceived a circle of tiers of wooden seats, on which were hundreds of spectators; in a roped-off portion was a group of ladies, and, in the center of these, the Queen of Beauty. On either side of a central wall of planks knights were riding toward each other, thrusting with lances.

"Well, if I can't beat that!" mut-

tered Burnett to himself, as he saw one lightly touch the armor of his antagonist, saw the lance splinter, and heard the herald proclaim the victor amid deafening shouts. He adjusted his visor and shot the gray at an easy lumber toward the knights' pavilion. Again the horse was seized by the bridle. Looking down Burnett perceived that gorgeously clad individual, flanked on each side by a boy bearing a pennant and followed by a trumpeter who looked like the Knave of Hearts, was accosting him.

"Your name, Sir Knight?" demanded this individual, looking a little sheepish. For the question Burnett was prepared.

"Sir, I am a stranger knight," he answered briskly, "and I have ridden hither from overseas to contest for my lady in your tourney and to uphold her name against all comers."

"You cannot contest, Sir, unless your name is on the entrance list," replied the herald, keeping a tight grip of the horse's bridle. "It's against the rules. Get off the grass, you there! Go round and pay your shilling at the entrance if you want to see the tourney."

But Burnett broke short the colloquy by suddenly spurring the gray again and galloping toward the entrance, where he perceived a bevy of knights upon their steeds awaiting their turn at the jousting. The Master-Of-Arms, seeing him approach, came spurring out toward him.

"Your name, Sir Knight?" he demanded. "Are you an entrant in this tourney, and come to do battle for some lady?"

"No, I'm a stranger," answered Burnett briskly. "But I guess from the little I've seen that there won't be much of a battle when I get busy."

The Master-At-Arms frowned angrily. "Nobody who isn't entered can joust, unless some lady has nominated him," he answered.

The Master-At-Arms carried an ugly-looking face, and there seemed a certain finality in his words. Suddenly Burnett, casting his eyes upward, perceived, looking at him, not twenty yards away—Emmeline Ware!

The shock almost unnerved him. He had been thrown much into her society since his arrival two months before, and had reason to believe that she was not wholly indifferent to him. And now, looking at her, he perceived that she had overheard, and distinctly saw her lips frame the word "yes."

"I'm nominated by Miss Ware—Miss Emmeline Ware. She's my nominator—I mean my lady," stammered Burnett; and then somehow the strangeness of the scene caught the imagination of all and the spectators rose and shouted and the Queen of Beauty smiled—and a moment later Burnett was cantering down on his side of the barrier against a knight whose helmet was encircled with ducal strawberry leaves. And two moments later the duke was galloping past clutching his horse's mane, his shivered lance on the ground, while Burnett found himself the victor.

Again a knight rode out at him, and the sullen gray thundered past; and this time the knight was clinging upon the sandied ground, like an overturned turtle, while Burnett rode past and saluted Miss Emmeline and saw her smile on him. Again—again; he felt sure of himself, knew that he could not be overthrown. And it was remarkably like riding on the greased rail at Coney, but not so hard.

Now the champion was bidden to meet him—the Duke of Clydesdale, a wiry, athletic man mounted on a magnificent Norman. He was a splendid figure as he rode down the lists, and the excitement reached its zenith. They stood up, women and men, and shouted and clapped their hands. Burnett thrust, but struck only air, and, reeling in his saddle, he galloped by. At the end of the lists the combatants turned and drew together again. The lances smote true. Each shattered into a dozen fragments. Burnett caught at the bridle and saved himself by the gray's hard-bitten mouth. But when he turned amid the tumultuous acclamations of all, he saw the duke limping out of the sawdust.

The Master-At-Arms was heard above the tumult.

"Unroll your standard, Sir Knight, that the Queen of Beauty may acclaim you victor and crown you with the wreath," he cried. And Burnett, looking up, saw Emmeline Ware's eyes fixed on his and her parted lips, her face, wherein intense emotion strove with dignity. And he knew that if he unrolled his standard he must never see her again.

His scheme had failed, but from that failure something of more worth than success was to spring.

He bent his head, raised his right arm in salutation—and holding the precious standard tightly rolled in his stirrup bucket he galloped off the field. Behind him he heard shouts. Men came running toward him, pulled at his bridle, but he shook them off. Through a nightmare of yells and cries he made his slow way till he reached the gates, passed through, threaded the mazes of the Earl's Court Road, and at last entered the open gates of the factory, which he succeeded in closing fast just as the foremost of his pursuers came up.

"Gee, that was a close shave!" he muttered breathlessly, as he pulled off his helmet and gasped at the fresh air. Then from his stirrup bucket he took the standard and unrolled it. He lit a match and as the flames ate their way through the silken tissues his breath came freely and his heart pulsed quickly with joy. For on the flag were the words:

"USE POPOFF'S LINOLEUMS."

The best-laid advertising schemes go wrong sometimes.

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## A PENALTY OF AGE

The tendency of advancing years to restrict activity and exercise is responsible for the constipated condition of most elderly people. The wear of years impairs the action of the bowels and the digestive organs are more sensitive to the demands upon them and rebel more quickly. Cathartics and purgatives are violent and drastic in their action and should not be used to correct constipation. A mild, yet positively effective remedy, and one that is recommended by physicians as well as by thousands who have used it, is the compound of simple laxative herbs with poppy prescribed by Dr. W. B. Caldwell over thirty years ago and now sold by druggists everywhere under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepson. Dr. Caldwell wants everyone troubled with constipation to try Syrup Pepson and will send a trial bottle, free of charge, to all who write for it. Address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 West St., Monticello, Ill. Adv.

## AN ARTISTIC DEVOTEE.



Dunn—How pale and careworn Mrs. Brown looks!

Gunn—Yes, she has on her Lenten complexion.

## RASH SPREAD TO ARMS

759 Rock Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.—"At first I noticed small eruptions on my face. The trouble began as a rash. It looked like red pimples. In a few days they spread to my arms and back. They itched and burned so badly that I scratched them and of course the result was blood and matter. The eruptions festered, broke, opened and dried up, leaving the skin dry and scaly. I spent many sleepless nights, my back, arms and face burning and itching; sleep was purely and simply out of the question. The trouble also caused disfigurement. My clothing irritated the breaking out."

"By this time I had used several well-known remedies without success. The trouble continued. Then I began to use the sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Within seven or eight days I noticed gratifying results. I purchased a full-sized cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment and in about eighteen or twenty days my cure was complete." (Signed) Miss Katherine McCallister, Apr. 12, 1912.

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

Adv.

## Lot of Money Well Spent.

Arthur Blanchard, who spends much of his time traveling over the country, for the government, was seated behind a bride and groom in a Pullman car one afternoon when the train went through a long tunnel. As it emerged into the light of day the bride was grabbing desperately at her hat and fighting three fast rounds with one or two hairpins which had become loosened.

In order to relieve the situation and inject some harmless conversation into the gap Blanchard remarked:

"This tunnel cost \$12,000,000."

"Well," said the bride judicially, "it was worth it."—Popular Magazine.

## Of Course.

"Women always succeed in civic affairs when they organize a broom brigade."

"Naturally, they make a clean sweep."

## Mixed Up Terms.

"Are you going to show him up?"

"I will, if it comes to a show-down."

The more the trusts want the less the common people get.

## Diana of the Air.

The beautiful and athletic Eleanor Sears, at a luncheon at Sherry's, said of aviation:

"I like the biplane well enough, and the monoplane I am simply head over heels in love with."

To this remark one of Miss Sears' many unsuccessful suitors answered reproachfully:

"Ah, another case of man being sup- planted by machinery!"

## A Tender Point.

"What got you into trouble with this policeman?" demanded the New York judge.

"Just trying to ask him a civil question, your honor," said the visitor.

"Nothing more."

## What was that question?

"I just asked him when the next official murder would be dragged off."

## Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

keeps a pleasant fragrance.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

## His Authority.

"I thought you told me that man was a golden-mouthed speaker."

"Well, I had it from his dentist."

Truth is stranger than fiction, and equally dangerous.

## Faultless Starch Twin Dolls

Miss Lilly White and Miss Phoebe Prince.

If you will use the best starch made here of three different kinds, and every bottle and stick, will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of a stamp.

Send to the Faultless Starch Company, 1000 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

FAULTLESS STARCH CO., Kansas City, Mo.

CO., Kansas City, Mo.

MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

## ROYALTY WELCOMES THE AMERICAN SETTLER

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, WELCOMES AMERICANS TO CANADA.

It was a happy speech, that on that beautiful October day, the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, made at Macleod, Alberta. It was an opportune speech, heartfelt and resonant with good fellowship. And, as it was specially intended for American ears, the audience, comprised largely of so many American settlers in Canada, the time and place could not have been better chosen.

It was in reply to an address of welcome tendered to him at the pretty city of Macleod, with the foothills of the Rockies as a setting, and the great wheat fields between, and in fact all around the place as the foreground, that His Highness, true to the best interests of the country and to those of the Americans who choose to make Canada their home, said in part:

"I am well aware that among those whom I am now addressing, there are a very great proportion who were not born under the British flag. Most of these will have realized by now that residence under that flag implies no disabilities. All we ask is that the laws of Canada should be obeyed.

"With this provision every one is free to come and go, to marry, to live and to die as seems best to him, and as it pleases Providence.

"We bring no pressure to bear on anyone to adopt the Canadian nationality, for we do not value citizenship which is obtained under compulsion.

"Our American cousins are welcome from over the border. Thrice we welcome our Canadian and British brothers, who return to the Union Jack, after living under the Stars and Stripes. "History is repeating itself. For many years hundreds of young Britishers have sought fortune in the western States. Time has brought about a change, and the tide has set in the other direction, bringing across the frontier numbers of our neighbors to whom we are glad to return hospitably.

"One of the chief dispensers of such hospitality in proportion to its population has, as we have said, changed its character from an important cattle town to a thriving wheat producing area.

"What it has lost from the picturesque point of view, it has gained in the material side, and I wish, in conclusion, to express the hope that the prosperity which has evinced itself here for the past ten years, may continue unabated in the future."

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Similarly Minded.

The village tailor only received occasional orders from the vicar for such articles as hats, collars, or handkerchiefs. "You see," remarked the vicar one day, having called with his usual order, "when I want a suit I go to London. They make them there."

Calling again a few days later, the vicar remarked that he had not seen the tailor at church lately.

"No," replied the tailor; "when I want to hear a good sermon I go to London; they preach them there."

—Cure.

Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.</p