

A BIT SHAKEN UP

How Margery Brown Met the Knight of Her Day-Dreams.

By W. DEAN SMITH.

Margery Brown, a blue-check-sunbonnet thrown carelessly on her gold-crowned head, ran lightly down the walk from the modest little cottage where she and her widowed mother lived in frugal comfort. She swung a tin pail gaily in time to a merry song she was humming.

Widow Brown, standing in the doorway, her eyes alight with tender affection, watched the girl as she unlatched the gate and stepped out into the dusty road.

"Be careful of the automobiles, Margery," she warned.

Margery turned and waved the pail. "I'll be careful, mother; don't worry," she called back reassuringly.

"Come back early, dear."

"All right, mother."

As far back as she could remember in the eighteen years of her life, Margery Brown's greatest pleasure was to go picnicking by herself. Carrying a tin pail well stocked with slices of delicious home-made bread with sweet yellow butter, ponderous sugar-cookies and mellow red apples, she would go to her favorite spot in a patch of green woods a half mile from the cottage. There, she would spend the day upon the cool grass; a child of nature, singing undisturbed that flew about her head undis-mayed, and playing with a tiny red squirrel she had tamed. Towards dusk, she would return home, glorying in the beauty of the descending sun, and bubbling over with the sheer joy of living.

Today, she was more quiet and pensive than usual. The dream-light was in her soft blue eyes, and a tender smile upon her lips. A most wonderful book of chance had fallen into her hands, left by a peddler ostensibly as a gift to Margery but in reality as payment for the generous meal for which the kindly and hospitable Widow Brown refused to accept money. It was a most wonderful book, indeed. It told all about the fair ladies and dashing knights of old.

Filled with the romance of those by-gone days; and wishing in her secret heart that a knight in armor upon a mail-clad steed would dash up and carry her off, breathless and affrighted, yet happy, Margery walked slowly along until she reached the woods. She sought out a resting place—a velvety expanse of short-cropped grass beside a tiny brook that sang and gurgled musically. She gave herself up to the quiet spirit of the perfect June day. The drone of bees and the purring of the little stream lulled her into a drowsiness which soon caused her to fall asleep.

She awoke with a start. A furious noise broke the stillness about her. For a moment, half asleep as she was, she thought that the knight of whom she had been dreaming had really come, and that the sound she heard was the clatter of his horse's hoofs. But she soon realized it was not like anything she had ever heard before, and she became frightened.

The sound came from high up in the air—a continuous rattle, sharp and penetrating. Suddenly, it ceased. In the silence that followed, she heard the rush of a mighty object just above her, and the swishing of the foliage as the tree-tops were violently agitated. Then came a crash on the outer edge of the woods.

Margery sprang up and ran to the field beyond. There she saw a tangled mass of wires and sticks and canvas. She hastened to the wreckage, then paused in fright, her face blanched. Underneath what was left of the aeroplane lay a man, a trickle of blood across his forehead. With a gasp of horror, the girl tried to release him; but she could not move the pieces of wire that held him fast. She abandoned the attempt, seeing how useless it was, and ran back to where she had let her lunch. She dumped it onto the ground, and filled the pail with water. Hurrying to the unconscious man, she dashed the water into his face. He stirred uneasily, then opened his eyes.

"Are you hurt badly?" asked Margery anxiously.

"If I am, I'm glad of it," he replied, as he looked with admiring eyes upon the beautiful girl.

"Isn't there any way to get you out?"

"If you'll fuss around in that junk heap and find me a pair of pliers, I'll be free in a jiffy. Thanks," he continued, as Margery tumbled an armful of tools within his reach.

With a few swift cuts, the aviator severed the wires that held him. He drew himself out of the wreck carefully and got to his feet. He was somewhat unsteady, but pulled himself together in a moment or so.

"No bones broken," he announced. "Just a bit shaken up, that's all. Is there a telephone anywhere around?"

"Jim Baker has one; about a mile from here," replied Margery. "But you must come to the house, and let mother fix up the cut on your face."

They walked in silence to the Brown cottage. She saw them coming up the road, and ran anxiously to the gate.

"What has happened?" she cried, as soon as her daughter and the aviator were within hearing distance.

"This gentleman has fallen out of his airship, and he's badly hurt. Hurry, mother, and get your liniments ready," explained Margery.

"I'm afraid your daughter has exaggerated the seriousness of my wounds and bruises," the aviator reassured her.

"But I'll wash off some of the dirt, if you don't mind."

Widow Brown took him into the house and placed the spare room at his disposal. In a few minutes he came into the kitchen where Margery was telling her mother about the accident.

"My name is Durant, Arthur Durant," he said. "I don't know how I can thank you for your kindness and the first-aid-to-the-injured service rendered so promptly by your daughter. Won't you tell me who you are? Some day I may be able to show my appreciation."

The Widow Brown introduced herself and Margery. Mrs. Brown insisted upon having the young man stay at tea; an invitation which he lost at no time in accepting. During the meal, he entertained his hostess and her daughter with thrilling stories of his aeroplane flights. The time flew so rapidly that dusk had fallen before any of them realized the lateness of the hour.

"Really, I must be going," announced Durant. "I fear I have already overstayed my welcome. Besides, my men at the hangar are probably scouring the country to find me, and think I have been killed."

He paused on the steps, and expressed his admiration of the crimson rambler that hid the cottage behind a blazing curtain.

"My I have a rose as a remembrance, Miss Brown?" he asked.

"Would you really care for one?" said Margery.

"Better than anything I know of," he replied.

Margery broke off a tender flower, and with trembling hands placed it in the coat of the young aviator.

"Thank you—very much—and good-bye," said Durant, lifting his cap, and striding away hurriedly.

Margery watched him until his broad shoulders melted into the surrounding dark. There was a new and tender light in her eyes as she slowly entered the cottage.

Three months past, and the whole country rang with the exploits of Arthur Durant, the greatest and most daring aviator that ever guided an aeroplane across the heavens. But he had made a higher and more lasting conquest than that of the air. Not many days passed after that first afternoon in June until he had visited the cottage of the Widow Brown. And on each occasion, with trembling little hands, Margery Brown placed a rose in his coat when he went away. One evening she placed something else in his keeping for all time—her heart. And tomorrow would be the wedding day!

Bright and early Margery was up, fitting here and there about the dear old cottage to say farewell to her girlhood and the simple homely things that had made it so happy. The Widow Brown bravely kept back the tears, and a quiet, motherly smile hid her aching heart.

At high noon a graceful aeroplane swooped swiftly down, and skimmed lightly to rest in a field near the cottage. Arthur Durant stepped out of the plane and caught Margery in his arms as she ran to him eagerly.

"My Crimson Rambler," he murmured, as he kissed her.

And as they sailed away in the aeroplane, upon whose wings was painted in dainty red letters the name of the flower the man and the girl both loved so well, Margery snuggled close to her lover and sighed happily.

"My knight," she said softly. "The knight of my day-dreams."

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Extracting the Principle of Plants.

A new method of obtaining the active principles of plants in the state in which they exist in the fresh plant is used with success by the French scientist, Prof. Perrot. By his means he obtains extracts of a different nature from what are given in the usual processes where dried plants are employed. Such extracts can be used to great advantage, as they contain the active principles of the plants in a more suitable and unaltered form. Thus, by his process, the leading active principles such as alkaloids or glucosides and diastases are preserved in their complex combinations just as they existed in the cells of the plant, and under this form it is found that their action on the human body is identical with that of the fresh plant. Such combinations are preserved stable by treating the sterilized powder of the freshly dried plant by alcohol so as to make an extract. This is then evaporated in vacuo and then freed from fatty matter, wax, or resin, then dried by a cold process. Such extracts are soluble in water.

He'd Quite Forgotten.

The bachelor-about-town, after a night out with some live wires in his set, had managed somehow to find his home. But he could not sleep because of a splitting headache.

He summoned his valet and asked for something to straighten him out. The valet mixed a certain drink, then prescribed a walk of half an hour, with another of the certain drink to follow it.

The bachelor took the prescription, and feeling refreshed, asked his valet what was the biggest tip he had ever received.

After hemming and hawing for a moment the valet, swallowing hard, replied:

"One hundred dollars, sir."

The bachelor thereupon gave him a check for two hundred.

Next morning the bachelor said to his valet:

"By the way, Alphonse, what idiot gave you that hundred dollars?"

"You did, sir," replied the valet.

"When you first came home last night."

COMPROMISE LAWS

A COMPROMISE BILL HAS BEEN BROUGHT OUT.

THE NEBRASKA LAWMAKERS

Brief Mention of the Work Being Done by Nebraska Solons in the Houses of Legislature.

A compromise workman's compensation bill has been evolved by the special subcommittee of the house judiciary, based upon the minority report of the state commission, which spent two years investigating the subject. Instead of specifically exempting farm hands and household employees, the bill now enumerates all other classes of employment, this change being in order to avoid possible constitutional objections. Unless employers specifically state the contrary, they are under the provisions of the act. If they choose not to come under it, they must stand suits for personal damages in the courts with-out the defense of assumption of risk, contributory negligence or fellow-servant negligence. If they choose to work under the proposed law, they agree to a specified compensatory scale, having their choice of liability insurance in a mutual state company, in a private company or for themselves.

State Reformatory Appropriation.

The finance ways and means committee of the house expects to report for passage a state reformatory bill this week. For weeks the committee has had five such bills in its hands, but the reported bill will be house roll No. 247, by Norton, with scarcely a single alteration. It will carry a \$150,000 appropriation.

The bill will provide for the state board of control the location of the institution, providing only that the site shall not have less than one section of arable land available. It may be located where brick or tile may be manufactured, these two things being specifically mentioned in the bill, but not compulsorily designated.

Buildings sufficient to accommodate 200 inmates are to be built by the board. So far as possible convict labor is to be used, the workers to receive 75 cents per day for their dependents, with an extra good time allowance.

The reformatory is open to all convicts sentenced between the ages of 16 and 30 who are serving their first term for a felony. Commitment to the reformatory instead of the penitentiary is at the court's option, but the board of control may transfer a convict from either institution to the other at its own judgment.

Reduction in Freight Rates.

After having had the members of the state railway commission before the bar of the house on invitation of its members that the commission's side of the question of freight rate reduction, such as was contemplated in pending legislation, the house has recommended the Keckley bill for passage viva voce, following the turn-down of a motion to send the bill back to the standing committee for further hearing. The house had spent the major part of two days in debate on the subject, and the members were in a hurry to get it out of the way. The bill that was recommended for passage provides that a 10 per cent reduction in freight rates from the present commodity classification shall be made on those classes affected by the Aldrich law, and that a 20 per cent reduction be made on class rates, which were not affected by the Aldrich freight rate reduction law.

House Kills Bollen Bill.

House Roll No. 108, the Bollen bill, providing that a majority vote on any constitutional amendment may carry it at the regular election, and leaving the form of publication in the hands of succeeding legislatures, was killed in the house Wednesday by a vote of 43 to 53. The Smith bill will now come up for consideration, embodying the same general provisions, but providing for the publication of amendments in the papers in each county.

The state convention of the Nebraska Y. M. C. A. is in session at Lincoln.

At a meeting of the Lincoln socialist party, resolutions were adopted demanding a thorough investigation of an alleged agreement existing between the various laundries of Lincoln. It was also demanded that the proposed investigation, to be carried on by the state labor commissioner, be extended to department stores, factories and other industrial centers where women and girls are employed. Speakers at the meeting said that while the laundries have raised the price of the work done they have failed to raise wages of the employees.

On committee reports in the senate the Stephens bill from the lower house, seeking to prevent the use of any religious organization for advertising purposes, was indefinitely postponed. This measure brought out considerable talk and a deal of fun. The bill was aimed to prohibit the use of "Quaker" in connection with the breakfast oats of that name.

The house concurred in a senate resolution memorializing congress to extend the time of payment for water rights, under the reclamation act, from ten to twenty years.

RUINED PALACE IS REBUILT

Edifice and Garden in Khartum Destroyed During Battle Are Restored by the British.

Khartum.—The palace gardens are vastly different now from that wilderness into which Kitchener and his officers walked the day when the British and Egyptian flags were hoisted once more on the roof that Gordon had paced, searching for help that came too late. Then the Sodom apples ran riot over the beds and lawns, and the palace was a pitiable ruin. Now the rebuilt edifice presents a bland and imposing face, and there is a carpet of sward before it that might be the lawn in front of the club house at Hanelagh. The gardens are brilliant with red and white oleanders in full bloom, scarlet poinsettias, poin-



Kitchener of Khartum.

slanias, yellow tacoma, bougainvillea, and gloriois torrents of soursynvilla; and the sward is shaded by mimosa, acacias, broad leaved fig trees, orange trees and down drooping banyans.

The Sudanese are apt musicians. The regimental bands are brass and play in harmony, and no one in Khartum need ever be ignorant of the latest musical comedy airs—they are played in Khartum as soon as in London.

The bands were to the fore the next morning at the review which took place in the early hours. That was a sight to which I cannot do justice. All Khartum and his wife poured out into the desert beyond the town. Omdurman sent its contingent of scallywags too.

On the road to the parade ground we met dog carts, motors, horsemen and horsewomen, Egyptian ladies peeping out with veiled faces through the curtains of their carts, high officials on donkeys, and rif-raft on the same or on foot; scarcely clad women with naked babies, ragamuffins, functionaries and what not. Above us a cloudless sky and a sun so powerful that the kites wheeling high up in the pure air cast clean cut shadows on the scorched sand.

"WASH SALES" GET A JOLT

New York Stock Exchange Issues Stringent Order Against Them—Violation Means Suspension.

New York.—The New York stock exchange adopted a stringent resolution against "wash sales." It reads: "No member of the stock exchange or anybody connected with a stock exchange execute orders for the purchase or sale of securities which involve no change in ownership."

Punishment for this offense is already set forth in the constitution of the exchange under the head of "fictitious transactions." Any violation of the rule makes a member liable to suspension for a period not exceeding one year.

The rule adopted is broader in that it applies not only to a member of the exchange, but to any one connected with a stock exchange firm.

J. B. Mahon, president of the exchange, said of the action of the governors:

"This resolution has been framed, after much consideration, in the belief and expectation that it will be efficacious in preventing manipulation. The object of the rule is to prohibit the giving of orders which will not result in a change of ownership, or the execution of such orders by brokers with knowledge of the fact that there will be no such change. It is intended to take further action on other matters."

Tells of Future Race.

Chicago.—If you are bald, toothless and have eight toes, you belong to the future, according to Prof. Frederick Star of Chicago, anthropologist, who says that headgear, human hair and teeth, in time, will become curiosities.

Young Boy His Own Stepfather. Roswell, N. M.—Hedrick Armstrong, nineteen years old, is now his own stepfather. He has married his father's widow, Mrs. Margaret Armstrong, who was also his stepmother. She is twenty-two years old, and her first husband had been dead six months.

FRANK GIRL.



"When you proposed to her did she say 'This is so sudden?'"

"No; she was honest and said 'This suspense has been terrible!'"

BURNED AND ITCHED BADLY

639 Lincoln Park Blvd., Chicago, Ill.—"A year ago I received a very severe burn on my left arm. I caught cold in it and it was all sore and ulcerated. The sore was as large as a silver dollar. It was all red and inflamed and had pus running out of it. I suffered terribly from burning pain; could not sleep for two weeks it burned and itched so badly. I applied — Salve. — Salve and a salve my druggist recommended as his own, but got no relief. I then commenced using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I bathed the burned parts with Cuticura Soap and applied the Cuticura Ointment on a linen bandage. I got relief from the first, and my arm healed nicely. I was soon able to be at work again. Had I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment at first I would have avoided lots of suffering." (Signed) Harry Junke, Mar. 9, 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.

Proof Positive.
"How did the new play go?"
"Like a breeze."
"Then somebody raised the wind."

TAKE FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

For Backache Rheumatism Kidneys and Bladder Contains No Habit Forming Drugs

The Army of Constipation

is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature *Warranted*

HARDWARE with the TAG

That Absolutely Insures Quality

THE FORD

Single Lip Bit is practically TWO BITS IN ONE

The NEW SHELBY CHIEF

Door Check and Floor Hinge

Bores Faster Will Not Clog Will Not Splinter the Wood

Bores equally well in wet or dry wood

Made of SPECIALLY TEMPERED STEEL

Especially adapted for Stair Building Cabinet Work

Double GUARANTEED QUALITY HARDWARE

Your name on a postal card will bring you a neat memo book and further information about this Splendid Bit

Manufactured by Ford Auger Bit Co.

Quality Hardware means the best factory brands in the country. Buyer has a right to know the maker's name

Doors between dining room and kitchen equipped with a Shelby Chief double acting door check and floor hinges.

Give lasting satisfaction to every member of the household.

Doors swing both ways and closes without a slam. Easily put on.

Manufactured by Shelby Spring Hinge Co.

When you see this Double Guarantee Tag on an article you know that it is the BEST.

Ask your dealer to show you these goods.

Wright & Wilhelm Co. Wholesale Distributors

Member of the Union. Men who worked under a former city editor on the Washington Post vouch for the truth of this story about him.

The telegraph editor, so the story goes, got a "flash" one night that John La Farge, the painter, was dead. He called the news out to the city editor, who, catching only the name and profession, yelled to a reporter:

"Willoughby! A painter by the name of La Farge is dead. Rush down to the Central Labor Union and see what you can dig up about him!"

Its Nature.
"What's the weather report?"
"Blowing great guns."
"Great report!"

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, three for cathartic. Adv.

Silence is the college yell of the school of experience.

"All In, Down and Out"

It's in the Spring you always feel that way. The system is overloaded with winter impurities, the blood is sluggish and the bowels clogged.

Hostetter's STOMACH BITTERS

is an ideal medicine for all Spring ailments and a trial now will convince you. Be sure it's Hostetter's.

ALBERTA

THE PRICE OF BEEF

IS HIGH AND SO THE PRICE OF WHEAT

For the Province of Alberta (Western Canada) was the Big Ranching Country. Many of these ranches today are immense grass fields and the cattle have given place to the cultivation of wheat, oats, barley and flax. The change has made many thousands of Americans, settled on these plains, wealthy, but it has increased the price of live stock. There is splendid opportunity now to get a

Free Homestead

of 160 acres (and another as a pre-emption) in the better districts and produce either cattle or grain. The crops are always good; the climate is excellent; schools and churches are convenient; markets splendid; in other words, the best of all worlds. Send for literature, the latest information, railway rates, etc., to

W. V. BENNETT, See Building, Ottawa, O., or address Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, O., Canada.