

HARDY.



Mr. Heavyweight—Well, Willie, why do you look so studious? Willie—I was wonderin' if you ever married sis, if I could be able to wear yer cast-off clothes.

The Most Noticeable Change.

"So you have lived in Europe for 25 years? That's a long time for a man to be away from his own country."

"Yes, it is, and I'm mighty glad to be home again."

"I suppose you notice a great many changes?"

"Yes, many."

"What, if I may ask, is the greatest change that has come to your notice?"

"The greatest change, it seems to me, is to be found in the fact that the vice-president of the United States succeeds in getting his name in the paper nearly as often as he might if he were a baseball player or a promising lightweight prizefighter."

DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.

Seventeen Years the Standard. Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.

No Hurry.

"What are you in such a rush about?"

"Promised to meet my wife at three o'clock down at the corner."

"Well, there's no hurry. It isn't four o'clock yet."

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY for Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

So They Say.

Stranger—I say, my lad, what is considered a good score on these links?

Caddy—Well, sir, most of the gents here tries to do it in as few strokes as they can, but it generally takes a few more.—Scottish American.

"SPOHN'S."

This is the name of the greatest of all remedies for Distemper, Pink Eye, Heaves, and the like among all ages of horses. Sold by Druggists, Harness Makers, or sent to the manufacturers, \$2.50 and \$1.00 a bottle. Agents wanted. Send for free book, Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

The Difference.

"I don't see any difference between you and a trained nurse except the uniform," said her sick husband.

"And the salary," she added, thoughtfully.—Harper's Bazar.

WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP Buy Furs and Hides. Send for catalog 105. N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Some politicians are too modest to face the nude truth.

CATARRH OF THE KIDNEYS FULLY RECOVERED



Mrs. Maria Gongoll, Mayer, Minn., writes the following: "I must inform you that I recovered my health after using your valuable medicine, Peruna. "I had suffered with catarrh of the kidneys and bowels, but now I am much better and feel real strong."

Do it Now

Tomorrow A. M. too late. Take a CASCARET at bed time; get up in the morning feeling fine and dandy. No need for sickness from over-eating and drinking. They surely work while you sleep and help nature help you. Millions take them and keep well.

CASCARET is a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

RUBBER STAMPS Realis, Stencils, Metal Trade and Slot Checks, Rubber Type, etc. F. P. HOLLAR & SON Sioux City, Iowa

REMEMBER PISO'S for COUGHS & COLDS

SERIAL STORY

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON Illustrations By RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Tommy Ardmore, New York millionaire and owner of a great estate in North Carolina, reaches Atlanta in search of a pretty girl who winked at him as their trains stood opposite each other two days before. On the depot platform he meets his old friend, Harry Griswold, professor in the University of Virginia, on his way north.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"Not if I endow all the chairs in the university! You've not only got to come, but you're going to be there the day they arrive."

Thomas Ardmore of New York and Ardsley struck his heavy stick—he always carried a heavy stick—smartly on the cement platform in the stress of his feeling. He was much shorter than Griswold, to whom he was deeply attached—for whom he had, indeed, the frank admiration of a small boy for a big brother. He sometimes wondered how fully Griswold entered into the projects of adventure which he, in his supreme idleness, planned and proposed; but he himself had never been quite ready to mount horse or shake out sail, and what Griswold had said about indecision rankled in his heart. He was sorry now that he had told of this new enterprise to which he had pledged himself, but he grew lenient toward Griswold's lack of sympathy as he reflected that the quest of a winking girl was rather beneath the dignity of a gentleman wedded not merely to the law, but to the austere teaching profession as well. In his heart he forgave Griswold, but he was all the more resolved to address himself stubbornly to his pursuit of the deity of the car Alexandra, for only by finding her could he establish himself in Griswold's eyes as a man of action, capable of carrying through a scheme requiring cleverness and tact.

Ardmore was almost painfully rich, but the usual diversions of the wealthy did not appeal to him, and, having exhausted foreign travel, he spent much time on his estate in the North Carolina hills, where he could ride all day on his own land, and where he read prodigiously in a huge library that he had assembled with special reference to works on piracy, a subject that had attracted him from early youth.

It was this hobby that had sealed his friendship with Griswold, who had relinquished the practice of law, after a brilliant start in his native city of Richmond, to accept the associate professorship of admiralty in the law department of the University of Virginia. Marine law had a particular fascination for Griswold from its essentially romantic character. As a law student he had read all the decisions in admiralty that the libraries afforded, and, though faithfully serving the university, he still occasionally accepted retainers in admiralty cases of unusual importance. His lectures were constantly attended by students in other departments of the university for sheer pleasure in Griswold's racy and entertaining exposition of the laws touching the libeling of schooners and the recovery of jettisoned cargoes. Henry Maine Griswold was tall, slender and dark, and he hovered recklessly, as he might have put it, on the brink of thirty. He stroked his thin brown mustache habitually, as though to hide the smile that played about his humorous mouth—a smile that lay even more obscurely in his fine brown eyes. He did violence to the academic traditions by dressing with metropolitan care, gray being his prevailing note, though his scarfs ventured upon bold color schemes that interested his students almost as much as his lectures.

The darkest fact of his life—and one shared with none—was his experiments in verse. From his undergraduate days he had written occasionally a little song, quite for his own pleasure in versifying, and to a little sheaf of these things in manuscript he still added a few verses now and then.

"Don't worry, Ardy," he was saying to his friend as "all aboard" was called, "and don't be reckless. When you get through looking for the winking eye, come up to Charlottesville and we'll plan "The True Life of Capt. Kidd" that is some day going to make us famous."

"I'll wire you later," replied Ardmore, clinging to his friend's hand a moment after the train began to move. Griswold leaned out of the vestibule to wave a last farewell to Ardmore, and something very kind and gentle and good to see shone in the lawyer's eyes. He went into the car smiling, for he called Ardmore his best friend, and he was amused by his last words, which were always Ard-

more's last in their partings, and were followed usually by telegrams about the most preposterous things, or suggestions for romantic adventures, or some new hypothesis touching Capt. Kidd and his buried treasure. Ardmore never wrote letters; he always telegraphed, and he enjoyed filing long, mysterious and expensive messages with telegraph operators in obscure places where a scrupulous ten words was the frugal limit.

Griswold lighted a cigar and opened the afternoon Atlanta papers in the smoking compartment. His eye was caught at once by imperative headlines. It is not too much to say that the eye of the continent was arrested that evening by the amazing disclosure, now tardily reaching the public, that something unusual had occurred at the annual meeting of the Cotton Planters' association at New Orleans on the previous day. Every copy-reader and editor, every paragraph on every newspaper in the land had smiled and reached for a fresh pencil as a preliminary bulletin announced the passing of harsh words between the governor of North Carolina and the governor of South Carolina. It may as well be acknowledged here that just what really happened at the Cotton Planters' convention will never be known, for this particular meeting was held behind closed doors, and as the two governors were honored guests of the association, no member has ever breathed a word touching an incident that all most sincerely deplored. Indeed, no hint of it would ever have reached the public had it not been that both gentlemen hurriedly left the convention hall, refused to keep their appointments to speak at the banquet that followed the business meetings, and were reported to have taken the first trains for their respective capitals. It was whispered by a few persons that the governor of South Carolina had taken a fling at the authenticity of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence; it was rumored in other quarters that the governor of North Carolina was the aggressor, he having—it was said—declared that a people (meaning the freemen of the commonwealth of South Carolina) who were not intelligent enough to raise their own hay, and who, moreover, bought that article in Ohio, were not worth the ground necessary for their decent interment. It is not the purpose of this chronicle either to seek the truth of what passed between the two governors at New Orleans, or to discuss the points of history and agriculture raised in the statements just indicated. As every one knows, the 20th of May (or was it the 31st!), 1775, is solemnly observed in North Carolina as the day on which the patriots of Mecklenburg county severed the relations theretofore existing between them and his majesty, King George the Third. Equally well known is the fact that in South Carolina it is an article of religious faith that on that

and that will be the last of it. The people of North Carolina ought to be proud of Dangerfield; he's one of the best governors they ever had. And Osborne is a first-class man, too, one of the old Palmetto families."

The discussion had begun to bore Griswold, and he went back to his own section, having it in mind to revise a lecture he was preparing on "The Right of Search on the High Seas." It had grown dark, and the car was brilliantly lighted. There were not more than half a dozen other persons in his sleeper, and these were widely scattered. Having taken an inventory of his belongings to be sure they were all at hand, he became conscious of the presence of a young lady in the opposite section. In the seat behind her sat an old colored woman in snowy cap and apron, who was evidently the young lady's servant. Griswold was aware that this dusky duenna bristled and frowned and pursed her lips in the way of her picturesque kind as he glanced at her, as though his presence were an intrusion upon her mistress, who sat withdrawn to the extreme corner of her section, seeking its fullest seclusion, with her head against a pillow, and the tips of her suede shoes showing under her gray traveling skirt on the further half of the section. She twirled idly in her fingers a half-opened white rosebud—a fact unimportant in itself, but destined to linger long in Griswold's memory. The pillow afforded the happiest possible background for her brown head, her cheek bright with color, and a profile clear-cut, and just now—an impression due, perhaps, to the slight quiver of her nostrils and the compression of her lips—seemingly disdainful of the world.

The black woman rose and ministered to her mistress, muttering in kind monotone consolatory phrases from which "chile" and "honey" occasionally reached Griswold's ears. The old mammy produced from a bag several toilet bottles, a fresh handkerchief, a hand mirror and a brush, which she arranged in the empty seat.

"Thank you, Aunt Phoebe, I'm feeling much better. Just let me alone now, please."

The girl put aside the white rose for a moment and breathed deeply of the vinaigrette, whose keen, pungent odor stole across the aisle to Griswold. She bent forward, took up the hand mirror, and brushed the hair away from her forehead with half a dozen light strokes. She touched her handkerchief to the cologne flask, passed it across her eyes, and then took up the rose again and settled back with a little sigh of relief. In her new upright position her gaze rested upon Griswold's newspapers, which he had flung down on the empty half of his section. One of them had fallen open and lay with its outer page starting with the bold grin of display type.

TWO GOVERNORS AT WAR!

What Did the Governor of North Carolina Say to the Governor of South Carolina?

The color deepened in the girl's face; a slight frown gathered in her smooth forehead; then she called the colored woman and a brief colloquy followed between them. In a moment Griswold was addressed in a tone and manner at once condescending and deferential.

"If you please, sub, would you all 'low my mistus t' look at yo' newspapers?"

"Certainly. Take them along." Griswold noted with surprise the girl's immediate absorption in the telegrams from New Orleans relating to the difficulty between the two governors.

As she read she lost, he thought, something of her splendid color, and at one point in her reading her face went white for a moment, and Griswold saw the paper wrinkle under the tightening grasp of her hands. The tidings from New Orleans had undoubtedly aroused her indignation. She seemed to lose account of her surroundings, and several times Griswold was quite sure that he heard her half exclaim: "Preposterous! Infamous!"

When she had finished the New Orleans telegrams she cast the offending newspapers from her, then, recalling herself, summoned the black woman, and returned them to Griswold, the dusky agent expressing the elaborate thanks of her race for his courtesy. The girl had utterly ignored Griswold, and she now pulled down the curtain at her elbow with a snap and turned her face away from him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Exhibition of Maine Heirlooms.

The Maine town fairs are great places to see family heirlooms which have been handed down from generation to generation without suffering wear or change.

Among the curious old pieces shown at Green fair were a blue spread 150 years old, done by an ancestor of Mrs. Mehitable Mower; a towel woven by one of Burgoyne's soldiers while a captive in the revolution, a curious pitchpipe of wood used by Solomon Jackson while chorister in a Winthrop church in 1800, and old iron dishes shown by Mrs. Ann L. Fogg. Then there were Mrs. Fred B. Parker's "pumpkin hood," old-fashioned straw bonnet and home-woven articles and much pewter were belonging to Aunt Polly Sawyer. A bedspread 125 years old, made by Mrs. Dorcas Dearborn, was shown by Augusta Daggett, who also had a hand carved hatchet for combing flax.—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

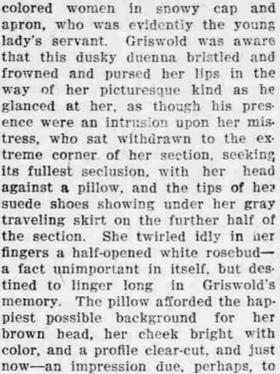
Her Gaming Table.

While men are accorded the gaming table, the horse race, and similar diversions, women must resort to the bargain counter to satisfy their inherent desire to get all they can without a fair return.—Miss Sophronia Breckenridge.

KEEPS THE SPOON IN PLACE

Simple Device Made of Wire Prevents Falling Into or Out of Pot.

When the number of kitchen utensils and helps invented is compared with the number of inventions in other lines, the percentage of the former is nothing short of remarkable. It will not be long before the cook will be eliminated entirely and the dinner will be cooked by a series of wires, weights and pulleys run by the kitchen clock. One of the latest devices to help the cook is the spoon rest, designed by a New York woman. This consists of a single length of wire bent to form vertically arranged



Always There When Needed.

books, which fasten over the side of a pot. A long end with a loop to it extends out from the other side of the pot. In cooking some dishes it is necessary to have a spoon always handy to stir the contents. Heretofore this spoon has shown an annoying habit of falling in or out of the pot at critical moments, but with the rest just described the handle can be placed in the loop and the whole kept in place by the lid of the pot, or even without it.

THE LATEST DIETARY SYSTEM

Enables One to Enjoy All Culinary Luxuries Without Taxing Digestion.

Spreading the menu over the whole day, commencing with fish for breakfast, joint and vegetables for dinner and desserts for supper, is the latest dietary system. The discoverer or adapter of this new regime found that it had a most beneficial effect on his own health, and many of his friends have since become firm disciples of what they call the "one-meal, one-course" system.

"Modern meals are too much of a jumble," said a well-known specialist. "Fish and pork, fruit and cutlets, all taken at one sitting, must be bad for one."

"The time necessary for digestion varies with every different kind of food, and it is certain that the more we mix our foods the further we are straying away from the habits of natural man."

"To take a hearty meal of one special dish is the best possible method of feeding, but we have so got into our four and five course habits, and have become so accustomed to what I may call the pleasant sequence of the menu, that it requires a very strong effort to self-denial to confine ourselves to one dish."

"But under the 'one-meal, one-course' idea the pleasant sequence is not forfeited. It is spread over the whole day, instead of being rushed through in half an hour. One can enjoy all the culinary luxuries without overtaxing the digestion."

To Hem Table Linen.

A housewife who makes her own table linen and towels has hit on a trick to lessen the labor. She adjusts a small hemmer and a fine needle on her sewing machine, removes the thread from the upright and runs the napkin or whatever it is, previously cut by the drawn threads, through the hemmer. This simple method of turning the hem and pricking the stitch holes makes the hand work very easy. Running the cloth through the machine, too, takes out the stiffness.

American Salad Dressing.

One level teaspoon of salt, one-half of a teaspoon of white pepper, one teaspoon of dry mustard, one teaspoon of onion juice, one tablespoon of lemon juice, two tablespoons of white wine vinegar and nine tablespoons of oil.

Mix the dry ingredients and add the lemon juice, then add the vinegar and onion juice; lastly add the oil in the same manner as for French dressing.

An Ironing Hint.

When ironing a flounced petticoat, iron all the part under the flounce on the wrong side. The smooth polish would go for nothing hidden by the flounce, while on the wrong side of the hem it resists the soil somewhat, thus requiring less frequent laundering.

Fig Filling.

For the filling put two cupfuls of chopped figs into a double boiler, add half a cupful of sugar, one-third cupful of boiling water, pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Cook until of consistency to spread.

WHAT HE CONSIDERED FAIR

Mr. Olsen's Offer Must Have Come as Surprise Even to Persuasive Claim Agent

Up in Minnesota Mr. Olsen had a cow killed by a railroad train. In due season the claim agent for the railroad called:

"We understand, of course, that the deceased was a very docile and valuable animal," said the claim agent in his most persuasive claim-agent manner, "and we sympathize with you and your family in your loss. But, Mr. Olsen, you must remember this: Your cow had no business being upon our tracks. These tracks are our private property and when she invaded them she became a trespasser. Technically speaking, you, as her owner, became a trespasser also. But we have no desire to carry the issue into court, and possibly give you trouble. Now, then, what would you regard as a fair settlement between you and the railroad company?"

"Vall," said Mr. Olsen slowly, "Ay haen poor Swede farmer, but Ay shall give you two dollars."—Everybody's.

REST AND PEACE

Fail Upon Distracted Household When Cuticura Enters.

Sleep for skin tortured babies and rest for tired, fretted mothers is found in a hot bath with Cuticura Soap and a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment. This treatment, in the majority of cases, affords immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning, scaly, and crusted humors, eczema, rashes, inflammations, irritations, and chafings, of infancy and childhood, permits rest and sleep to both parent and child, and points to a speedy cure, when other remedies fail. Worn-out and worried parents will find this pure, sweet and economical treatment realizes their highest expectations, and may be applied to the youngest infants as well as children of all ages. The Cuticura Remedies are sold by druggists everywhere. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, Mass., for their free 32-page Cuticura Book on the care and treatment of skin and scalp of infants, children and adults.

The Spots Disappeared.

Mrs. Dolan lived in a district which was not as favorable for the outdoor household experiments recommended by the Ladies' Helper as it might have been. This fact Mrs. Dolan was rapidly assimilating, and in a manner not so uncommon as it might be she blamed the estimable periodical for her difficulties.

"I wish I had a holt' o' that woman that runs the 'Handy Hints' department," she remarked to her husband one morning after an early excursion into the back yard, whence she returned in high dudgeon.

"I tought you tought she was a grand wan," said Mr. Dolan, cautiously testing his cup of tea.

"Well, I've changed me mind, as I've the rights to do," replied his wife. "She said to put sody on thim stains in the tablecloth, and I've it out overnight on the line, an' they'd be gone entirely whin morning come. Sure 'tis the tablecloth that's gone—the de-savving woman that she is!"—Youth's Companion.

She Probably Could.

Senator La Follette, apropos of certain scandals, said at a dinner in Madison: "These things recall the legislator who remarked to his wife, with a look of disgust: 'One of those land lobbyists approached me today with another insulting proposition.'"

"The wife, a young and pretty woman, clapped her hands. 'Oh, good!' she cried. 'Then I can hear that sable stole after all, can't I, dear?'"

It seems as though women's styles change so often merely to keep men's noses down to the grindstone.

When a man dresses like a slouch it's a pretty good sign that he either ought to get married or get divorced.

A stitch today may save a patch tomorrow.

WISE WORDS. A Physician on Food.

A physician, of Portland, Oregon, has views about food. He says:

"I have always believed that the duty of the physician does not cease with treating the sick, but that we owe it to humanity to teach them how to protect their health, especially by hygienic and dietetic laws."

"With such a feeling as to my duty I take great pleasure in saying to the public that in my own experience and also from personal observation I have found no food equal to Grape-Nuts, and that I find there is almost no limit to the great benefits this food will bring when used in all cases of sickness and convalescence."

"It is my experience that no physical condition forbids the use of Grape-Nuts. To persons in health there is nothing so nourishing and acceptable to the stomach, especially at breakfast, to start the machinery of the human system on the day's work."

"In cases of indigestion I know that a complete breakfast can be made of Grape-Nuts and cream and I think it is not advisable to overload the stomach at the morning meal. I also know the great value of Grape-Nuts when the stomach is too weak to digest other food."

"This is written after an experience of more than 20 years, treating all manner of chronic and acute diseases, and the letter is written voluntarily on my part without any request for it." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."