

John Henry's PLUNGE

By GEORGE V. HOBART

Bunch and I had schemed to disguise ourselves and lead Uncle Peter up to our own specially engaged book maker, Ikey Schwartz, at the race track, in order to conserve the coin he was losing by betting on the ponies.

Uncle Peter left Buraldoane quite early on the day of the race and an hour or two later I met Bunch at Zurborg's roadhouse near the track. Bunch had engaged a room and was in there unpacking a trunk when I answered his call.

"What's the deal with the dogs?" I inquired as he handed a lot of fancy comedy clothes out of the trunk and tossed them on the chairs.

"These are for the makup," he answered. "You don't suppose we're going to pull this play off in straight-face, do you?" He into the straight-face, John, and get nervous!" get nervous!"

"Don't be General Jackson at the head of the brigade for sure, and the interest he took in the scheme to save Uncle Peter was astonishing."

"What am I supposed to play in this production?" I asked, as I gave the laughing, frothy look over.

"Well," replied Bunch, "in the old college days you were considered one of our best little snuff-pullers. In those days you were rated high as a comical actor when it came to acting out, so you for the little bunch of Billiards on the chin, and do a Reub!"

"I do a Reub!" I gasped. "Am I supposed to put on the Keokuk coat and the Pilotown pants and chew away around the track all day?"

"Say, is Uncle Peter your relative or mine?" Bunch came back. "Are you going to back pedal now when the show is ready to open? If you want to save this money, filling old Gazzizza you'll have to roll up the sleeves and play ball, I tell you those. How are you going to tout him up to our country so we can get his coin if you don't wear the blinders, huh?"

"And what fat part have you cast yourself for?" I asked, more than half way inclined to let Uncle Peter go the whole distance on the Perdition pike.

"Why I'm going to do a Dago boot-black," Bunch replied. "I've got all the goods right here. Say! This whole scheme hits me just about right. I anticipate nothing up a large bundle of laughs and, besides, doing that fool, ish old man a big favor. Say, John, can you catch me shining old Uncle Peter's shoes and steering him on to a sure thing, eh, what? It's a pipe, that's all it is."

Bunch's enthusiasm soon dispelled all my doubts and in a minute we were into the details of our makup. Presently Ikey Schwartz called as we went over the whole plan. Bunch had enough dough in the overalls to square things in case anybody caught Ikey with a long shot, but the latter promised to make the prices so uninviting to outsiders that there would be nothing doing around the bazaar, except for Uncle Peter.

I looked like a clinch trimmed with feathers.

All we had to do was to coax Uncle Peter up to the receiving teller and hold him there till he had a headache in the bank account. Then we'd lead him out in a vacant lot somewhere, preach him a few lines on the evils of the betting ring, and give him back his faded cash.

In my mind's eye I could see grateful Uncle Peter falling upon our necks and blessing us in seven different languages because through our

unselfish efforts we had pulled him out of the clutches of the Grabbeimer gang, and had saved lovely old Aunt Martha from the distress of having to go to work in a cigar factory in her old age.

"Sure thing! We were two good boys to do this kindly deed. And so a few minutes later there issued from Zurborg's hotel a Dago bootblack and a Long Island Reub—a catchy pair, believe me!"

time for the third race and I mentioned Eppy Grams as being a fancy bit of pipe.

Just about that time I found myself in front of Ikey's come-on camp, so I halted and began to dig for some dough.

"How do you do?" I heard Uncle Peter exclaim as he got a flash of Ikey. "You're the young man I met while I was with Mr. Lawrence, and I promised to do some business with you, didn't I?"

"Ikey spread out a grin and answered, 'Yes, sir, Mr. Grant.' 'What is the name of your choice, Mr. Dodd?' Uncle Peter inquired turning to me.

"Eppy Grams," I answered; "friend of mine down Swampscott way hear'n tell as how that colt is faster'n a streak of home-made lightning, so I reckon I'm about due to peel off ten dollars and plant it what Eppy Grams can make it grow."

I read the lines for Ikey's benefit and I certainly had him on the ropes. The first sentence gave him an attack of cholera morbus and when Uncle Peter asked for the odds it was all they could do to get back in time to answer.

Uncle Peter placed a hundred on Eppy Grams at 3 to 1 and after expressing a desire to see more of me he bade "Mr. Dodd" good-bye and rolled off to watch the race.

Ikey asked me where Bunch was and then it suddenly occurred to me that I hadn't kept the appointment.

I hustled around to locate my companion in the life saving business but not a sign of him anywhere until presently, attracted by a crowd over near the gate, I rubbered through and—

In the center of the crowd stood the sullen Bunch surrounded by six or seven real Dago boot-doctors, all gesticulating and giving my friendless pal the double cross in Italian.

The biggest member and leader of the booting party had worn his tongs down coaxing Bunch to fight it out, but the latter stood there wild-eyed and silent.

Bunch realized that if it came to blows the first crack would change his complexion and he'd probably get pinched as a suspicious character, so he had to stand there and let those Guinea shoe-beaters shower verbal spaghetti all over him.

I knew that if I interfered togged up in the Reub harness I'd only make matters worse, but I was just going to take a chance when a track Cop pushed through the crowd and inquired for particulars.

"Onea beega slob!" the leading man in the Dago troupe yelled; "he make a de cheap shine; beega slob!" "No gotta da Union card!" yelled another native of Palermo.

Oh! oh! I could feel the loud laugh on Bunch creeping to the surface. Delighted with the ingenuity of his disguise he had danced into the arena but no sooner did the regulars in the boot-shining industry get a peep at the luckless Bunch than they held him up as a non-union man and a scab.

Oh! Oh! "Onea beega slob! makea da pinch! makea da pinch!" the Dagos yelled in unison and it was up to Mr. Cop to get busy.

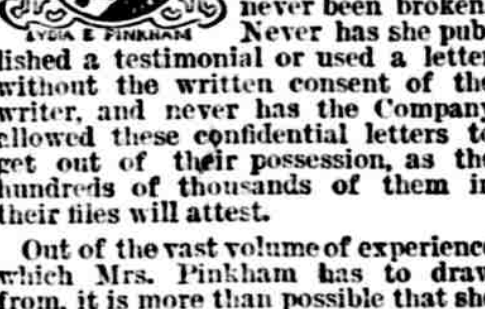
"What d'ye mean by buttin' in here?" the Cop asked, but Bunch didn't dare open his mouth and display his assortment of phony Italian.

"Get out of here, ye cheap skate," the Cop yelled, grabbing Bunch by the shoulder and pushing him over to the gate. "What d'ye mean by cuttin' prices and tryin' to become a Pierpont Morgan at the expense of these regular shines?"

The Dagos yelled with delight, and I ducked so as not to add to Bunch's misery by letting him get a peep at me. But, oh! oh! what a horse on my college chum!

FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN

Women suffering from any form of illness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; this has been established this confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken.



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PISO'S is the name to remember when you need a remedy for COUGHS and COLDS.

Willie to Tell It. The check which the comely young German handed in at the window of a Walnut street savings fund bank the other day was made payable to Gretchen Schmidt, and she had endorsed it simply Gretchen Smith. The man at the receiving teller's window called her back just as she was turning away to rectify the mistake.

"You don't deposit this quite this way," he explained. "See, you have forgotten the H." The young woman looked at her check and blushed a rosy red. "Ach, so I haf," she murmured, and wrote hurriedly: "Age 23."

Dark Days Coming. "Say, Jim, here's a preacher in New York who says men should sew, cook, wash the dishes and get their own breakfast."

"What's the use of rubbing it in? Guess we all know we'll have to pretty soon."

Shortly after her marriage a woman packs her ideals away in moth balls and pays no more attention to them until she becomes a widow.

FRENCH BEAN COFFEE, A HEALTHFUL DRINK

The healthiest ever; you can grow it in your own garden on a small patch 10 by 10, producing 50 pounds or more. Ripens in Wisconsin 90 days. Used in great quantities in France, Germany and all over Europe. Send 15 cents in stamps and we will mail you a package giving full culture directions as also our mammoth seed catalog free, or send 31 cents and get in addition to above 10,000 kernels unsurpassable vegetable and flower seeds—enough for bushels of vegetables and flowers. John A. Salzer Seed Co., 182 S. 8th St., La Crosse, Wis.

Shillalah Still Useful. The shillalah, which showed at Louth that it has not entirely lost its old importance as a factor in deciding elections, is no raw limb of a tree. It is almost as much a work of art as a well balanced cricket bat. The old shillalahs were as carefully looked after by their loving owners as is a rifle in the wilds. Cut from the sturdiest of young blackthorns, and showing as little taper as an ebony ruler, it was weighted with lead or iron at the end nearest the grip, so that its center of gravity was about four-fifths of the way from the hitting end. When properly seasoned by being kept in the neighborhood of the farm oven for a few months, it became a thing of supple steel. And the proper pronunciation of the name of this fearsome weapon is the melodious one of "shill-ally," with the accent on the "all."—London Chronicle.

Keep Watch on the Tuberculous. The Italian government, on account of the number of tuberculosis cases among the Italian emigrants sent back from America, has appointed boards of examiners in the seaports, whose duty it is to report the arrival of tuberculous persons. These are then kept under observation in those places where they settle, to prevent further spread of the disease. The erection of new sanatoria and other tuberculosis institutions is being urged in Italy, and the number of beds for consumptives has been considerably increased in different places.

Doubts. The Stranger—Are you quite sure that that was a marriage license you gave me last month? The Official—Of course! What's the matter? The Stranger—Well, I've lived a dog's life ever since.—Sketch.

The greatest cause of worry on ironing day can be removed by using Defiance Starch, which will not stick to the iron. Sold everywhere, 16 oz. for 10c.

He Was a Judge. Geraldine—I am just twenty-two. Gerald—Verdict set aside.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

Heaven won't seem worth while to some women unless there's an occasional bargain sale.

Even the truth may be told with an intention to deceive. Lewis' Single Binder, extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 8c cigars. Town criers were abolished when women's clubs were organized.

WHEN IT REALLY WAS WARM

Incident Related by Mr. Bings Put an End to the Hot Weather Stories.

"Hot in Brazil!" said the young man who had just returned from a trip to South America, according to the Chicago Daily News. "Well, I should say so. Do you know, for days at a time we couldn't take our after dinner sista on account of the peculiar noises." "What noises?" asked the blonde stenographer, innocently. "Why, the coffee popping on the trees. You see, the sun was so hot the grains just roasted before they were picked. The old traveler yawned. "Rather warm down there, bub," he rejoined, laconically, "but when I was down there you couldn't sleep at night. Every once in a while there would sound the most extraordinary crackling noise that ever fell upon the human ear." "What were the sounds, Mr. Bings?" And Mr. Bings yawned again and replied: "The rubber trees stretching themselves."

Very Vivid. "In descriptive writing," said William Dean Howells, at a dinner at the Authors' club in New York, "a vivid phrase is always better than a half-dozen paragraphs."

The vivid phrase is what every writer should seek. A phrase, I mean, something like that of the baby that shouted to its mother: "Oh, mamma, tum an' see the man a-buttering bricks!"

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Cheerful Anticipation. "Have you seen my 'Descent Into Hell'?" asked a poet. "No," said Curran, warmly; "I should be delighted to see it."—"From Clark's 'Eminent Lawyers.'"

Too Costly. "When I want to flatter a man I ask him for advice." "I take it for granted that you never want to flatter a lawyer."

Whenever there is a tendency to constipation, sick-headache or biliousness, take a cup of Garfield Tea. All druggists.

Actions, looks, words—steps from the alphabet by which you spell character.—Lavater.

FREE SAMPLE OF LAXATIVE CURED THEIR CONSTIPATION

When a person has become discouraged through years of failure to find a cure, and finally, perhaps, gives up trying, it is small wonder that he becomes skeptical. And yet, to all who have constipation, we would say, "Try just one thing more."

We wish you would try Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a laxative tonic that has been used for a generation. Thousands are using it; surely some of your friends among the number. You can buy it of any druggist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle, but better still, send your name and address to Dr. Caldwell for a free sample bottle. He will send you enough to convince you of its merits, and then if you like it you can buy it of your

druggist. Mr. J. J. Petty of Unionville, Mo., Mr. George W. Zimmerman of Harrisburg, Pa., and many others of both sexes, and in all parts of the country first used a sample bottle and now have it regularly in the house.

You will learn to do away with salts, waters and cathartics for these are but temporary reliefs while Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is guaranteed to cure permanently. It will train your stomach and bowel muscles so that they will do their work again naturally without outside aid. (Cast aside your skepticism and try Syrup Pepsin.)

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Colds and Chills Bring Kidney Ills

February, March and April are the backache months, because they are months of colds, chills, grip and pneumonia, with their congesting, weakening influence on the kidneys. Colds, chills, or grip strain the kidneys and start backache, urinary disorders and uric acid troubles. You feel lame, weak and tired and have headache, dizzy feelings, achy muscles and joints; too frequent, painful urinary passages, sediment, etc. Chills hurt the kidneys. Likewise well kidneys often prevent taking cold, by helping to pass off the waste matters of cold congestion. Doan's Kidney Pills are very useful in the raw winter and spring months. They stop backache and urinary disorders, keep the kidneys well and prevent colds from settling on the kidneys. Strong testimony proves it. What better evidence could you ask?

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IN HOSPITAL FOR NINE MONTHS.
Awful Tale of Suffering From Kidney Trouble. Alfred J. O'Brien, No. 2nd St., Sterling Colo., says: "I was in the Baltimore Marine Hospital for nine months. I was emancipated from fever, had a persistent ache in my back and was completely worn out. The urine was in a terrible state, and some days I would pass half a gallon of blood. I left the hospital because they wanted to operate on me. I then went to St. Joseph's Hospital in Omaha and put in three months there without any gain. I was pretty well discharged when I was advised to use Doan's Kidney Pills, but by the time I had used one box the pain in the back left me. I kept right on, and a perfect cure was the result. You may put anyone in communication with me and I will give them proof that this statement is correct."

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.
A Washington Woman's Remarkable Recovery. Mrs. Enos Shearer, Yew St., Centralia, Wash., with one kidney gone, the other badly diseased, and five doctors in consultation, was thought to be in a hopeless state. "My limbs were so swollen," said Mrs. Shearer, "that I could hardly get about. I rapidly grew worse until the doctor said one kidney was entirely gone and the other badly decayed. The end seemed near, and my friends gave me up to die. On my brother's advice I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and after the fourth day I was able to be propped up in bed. Through their use I rapidly improved until at the present time I am active and well, although 65 years old. I can do fully as much work as any woman in Centralia, and enjoy good health."

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