JOHN RAWN PROMINENT CITIZEN

BY EMERSON HOUGH

AUTHOR OF THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE, 54-40 OR FIGHT.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

John Rawn is born in Texas. Early in life he shows signs of masterfulness and inordinate selfishness. He marries Laura Johnson. He is a clerk in a St. Louis railway office when his daughter Grace is born. Years later he hears Grace's lover, a young engineer named Charles Halsey, speak of a scheme to utilize the lost current of electricity. He appropriates the idea as his own and induces Halsey to perfect an experimental machine. He forms a company, with himself as president, at a salary of $10,000 a year, and Halsey as superintendent of the works at a salary of $5,000. Rawn takes charge of the office in Chicago. Virginia Delaware, a beautiful, capable and ambitious young woman, is assigned as his stenographer. She assists in picking the furniture and decoration for the princely mansion Rawn has erected. Mrs. Rawn feels out of place in the new surroundings. Halsey goes to New York with Rawn and Miss Delaware to explain delays in perfecting the new motor to the impatient directors. He gets a message that a deformed daughter has been born to his wife, Grace Rawn. He returns to Chicago.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

They also passed on down the hall, gesticulating, their voices swallowed up with others, arising confusedly. This and that couple or group passed by, also talking, among them many persons obviously of notoriety, importance or distinction, though unknown to their observer. Rawn stood and watched them all. The scene was to his liking. The stir, the confusion, appealed to him. The flowering of the great city's night life was here, such as that is. It was the focus of our country's civilization, such as that is. Men worth millions passed, shoulder to shoulder, a wondrous procession, such as that is.

And here and there, always moving and mingling with those men whose reception or whose raiment announced them as persons of importance, moved women, beautiful women, floating by, brightly, radiantly, rustlingly—women blazing with jewels, women with bright eyes, women whose apparel bespoke them as accepted integers of the city's vast human sum.

Rawn stood studying the procession for a long time, eyeing group after group carefully. A conclusion was forming in his mind. He was learning that when a man has achieved power, success, wealth, notoriety even, he turns with his next thought to some woman; and finds some woman waiting.

And then it occurred to John Rawn with sudden and unpleasing force that, although he was among this throng, he was not of it. Himself a man of power, success, yes, even of wealth, he lacked in certain betokening appurtenances thereto. A not unusual wave of self-pity crept slowly over him. Why should he, a man of his attainments, lack in any degree what others had?

He stood pondering, not wholly happy, until presently he felt, rather than saw, a glance bent upon him by a man who passed, a stately and well-garbed young woman upon his arm. He was a man now in faultless evening dress, indeed, than the dyspeptic dress, yet easily to be recognized by the director who so summarily had been dismissed by John Rawn himself not three hours ago. His dark face became even darker as he saw the victor of that controversy standing serene above. He smiled sardonically. To Rawn it seemed that he smiled because he saw the solitary attitude of a man as good as himself, as fit as himself for all the insignia of power, yet publicly self-confessed as lacking all such insignia. He started, flushed, frowned. He had shown these men, these influential magnates in New York, that he could be their master upon occasion—he had mastered this man passing yonder. Yet now he stood here alone, with no woman to advertise his power to the world; and men laughed at him! No woman wore his silks, displayed his jewels. He was John Rawn, born to the purple; yet he might be taken here for a country merchant on his first trip from home.

He turned to the key-counter. The clerk, with infallible instinct—without his request—handed him the key to his room, not lacking acquaintance with men of Mr. Rawn's acquaintance, and knowing money when he saw it.

Rawn passed down the hall, went up two flights in the elevator, turned into the left-hand corridor, and at length knocked deliberately at a door where a light showed.

"Come!" called a soft voice. He knocked again, a trifle hesitant, and looked down the corridor, each way. The voice repeated, "Come!" He pushed open the door.

Virginia Delaware stood before her dressing-glass, her toilet for evening completed except perhaps for a touch about her coiffure. She turned now, and flushed as she saw her visitor.

"Mr. Rawn!" she exclaimed; "I thought it was the maid! I had just called her."

Rawn turned and shut the door. "Never mind her," he said. "I will be gone in a minute. I just wanted—"

"You must go!" she exclaimed. "You ought not to have come—it is not permitted—It is not right!"

"How stunning you look, Miss Delaware!" was all he said. He had never before seen her arrayed in keeping with these other lilies of the field. Indeed, his life had given him small acquaintance with conventions, or those who practiced them. He had no mental process of analysis as he gazed at her now, or he might have seen that after all the young woman's costume was no more than one of flimy blue, draped over a pure and lustrous white. He could not have named the fashion which drew it so daringly close at hip and hem as to reveal frankly all the lines of a figure which needed not to dread revelation for its own sake, whether or not for other sake. He could not have guessed what skill belonged to the hand that fashioned this raiment, could not have told its cost. To him the young woman was very beautiful; and he was too much confused to be capable of analysis. The corsage of the gown, cut square and daringly deep, displayed neck and shoulders white as those of any woman of any city. Her figure gave lines had her costume not aided. She was beautiful, yes.

And there was something more. Rawn could not tell what. There was some air of excitement, of exaltation, some sense of importance about her, upon her. In her eyes shone something Rawn had never noticed there before. Hastily he made such inventory as he might of unanalyzed charms. He arrived at his conclusion, which was, that Virginia Delaware would do!

"You could travel in fast company, my dear girl," said he approvingly.

"What do you mean?" She turned upon him.

"That you could go quite a considerable pace, my dear girl. You'll do. Let me see your hands!" he demanded. And in spite of her he coolly took up a hand, examining the shapely finger-tips. He sighed. No needle had blackened or roughened them, the typewriter keys had not yet flattened them. He stepped back, looked at her from head to foot, appraising all her graces, valuing her height and roundness of figure. There was small light in his eye other than that of judicial approval. She bore out his theory.

"You surprise me!" was all he said.

"How do you mean, Mr. Rawn?—But you must go, you really must!".

There came a knock at the door. Rawn's negative gesture was positive. After a moment's hesitation the girl stepped to the door and spoke to the maid. "You may return again in a little while, maid," she said. "I'm not quite ready now." In turn she stood with her back against the door, her own color rising.

"Oh, don't be uneasy," said John Rawn smiling. "This is quite considerable of a hotel, taking it as it is. There won't be any scandal over this."

"I don't think I understand you."

"I'm going in just five minutes. But I want to say something to you in the way of a business proposition, Miss Delaware."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean." Her head was high, her color still rising.

"Nothing in the least wrong, my dear girl," said John Rawn. "It's simply a matter of business, as I said. You're here as my assistant, of course. But did it ever occur to you that as you stand there now, and as I stand here, we might pass in that crowd below there and not be known by anyone?"

She stood looking at him, her color high, undecided as to his meaning even now as he went on.

"It would be rather a pleasant experience, perhaps, for you—as it would be for me—just to mingle with that giddy throng—say, for dinner. Would you like to be part of it? It's just a foolish thought that came to me."

She turned to him, her eyes bright, her face eager. "Could we, Mr. Rawn?" she said. "I'm crazy over it!"

"I see," he commented dryly. "You were dressing to go down to dinner?"

"No, no, I couldn't afford to do that, of course. I couldn't go alone, and I had no company. I wasn't going down at all. I just dressed up—to—to—"

"Just to look at yourself in the mirror, isn't it, Miss Delaware?"

"Yes, it's the truth!" She turned to him calmly at last, well in hand again. "I couldn't be one of them—couldn't be like those people down below, so I did the best I could up here—I dressed as much like them as I knew how. I—I—I imagined! I dreamed, Mr. Rawn. I've never known a real evening of that sort in all my life—but it's in my blood. I want to go, I want to dine, and drink, and dance—I'm mad about it, I know, but it's the truth! I want what I can't have. I want to be what I'm not. I don't know what's the reason. It's in the air—maybe it's in the day, in the country!"

"Yes, it's in the country," said John Rawn. "We're all going a swift pace, men and women both. I don't blame you. I understand you. Now I know what you want."

"You want just about what I want."

"But Mr. Rawn—"

"It's the same thing—it's power that you want, just as I do. I feel it in the air when I come near you. You feel the same way when you come near me!"

She nodded rapidly, her eyes narrowing. "Yes, it's true!" she said. "That's true."

"You want to have it within your ability to influence men, just as I do, don't you, Miss Delaware? That's what was in your soul when you stood before your mirror when I came in, wasn't it, Miss Delaware? You want to win, to succeed, to triumph, don't you, Miss Delaware—you've got ambition? Wasn't that your dream—isn't that what you were imagining, as you stood there and looked in your glass?"

"Yes, yes, it's true, I know it!" she admitted panting. "I know it, my God! yes, I can't help it! But what chance have I?"

"All sorts of chances, my dear girl. I don't make mistakes. I told you this is a business proposition. Now, then, tell me, why did you tog out this way?"

"I did because I had to. I told you I couldn't help it. It was in my blood tonight!"

"Any man waiting anywhere, Miss Delaware?"

"On my word, no! I wasn't even going downstairs. But I told you I was mad to be in that crowd, where the rich people are. I wanted to hear the music, I wanted to see them—I wanted to pretend for one night that I was a part of it all!"

"You wanted to win—you coveted power! Is it not true?"

"Yes!" she blazed fiercely. And indeed at that moment the room seemed full of some large influence, moving, throbbing all about them.

"I wanted that," the girl admitted. "All the world does!"

"I suppose you wanted to see some strong man fall on his knees and beg of you?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry, my dear, but I'll not do that. But I understand. So you searched out these glad rags and tried yourself out before the mirror there! Very good! You'll do! Believe me—or ask any man in all this city."

She nodded rapidly. "Yes, you know it, now."

"Now, you're no more mad than I am," said John Rawn. "You're as cool-headed as I am, if I know women at all. We think alike. You're young. I'm young enough. Where'd you get that gown?"

"You Want to Win, to Succeed, to Triumph, Don't You?"

"I had it made—in an alley, in the city back home. It cost as much as I could afford. Thirty dollars!" She flung out the words scornfully.

"It looks three hundred; and I've seen worse below tonight that probably cost three thousand. But it's not yet quite complete—your costume."

"It was the best I had. You ought not to taunt me. I stood here facing myself. I felt disappointed, bitter! Yes, I'll admit that."

"You needn't be," said Rawn calmly. He nodded to her bare and unadorned neck, her hair which lacked brilliants, her fingers left unjeweled. The girl caught his meaning without further speech, and it hurt her yet more.

"What could I do? Why did you bring me here, Mr. Rawn? You've made me unhappy. I've seen it, and I can't be a part of it. It doesn't seem I can go back there to work and be just the same any more, after seeing the city here! I tell you, it's got in my blood, all at once."

"No," he said evenly, "not again just the same. We outgrow ourselves, and can't go back. I'm not the same man I once was." He half-uncomfortably shifted to get a glimpse of himself in the mirror.

"But now, my business proposition is very simple. It holds good for one evening, Miss Delaware. I was just going to propose that we fling all this unhappiness, and do a little pretending for one night, say for one hour or so."

He fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, and drew out something which suddenly flamed into dancing life and rays in the light that fell upon it. She stood motionless while he passed about her neck a tiny thread, delicate as if spun of moonlight. She held out her hand, and he slipped over it a gleaming ring of gems. She bent her head, and he placed a sparkling ornament in her hair. She had seen these jewels before. She turned to the glass now, her bosom heaving as she saw them gleam at her own neck, her own hands, in her own hair. She held out her hands to look at them now, and the gems flashed back challenge to her eyes, sparkling yet more brilliantly.

"It was nothing," said John Rawn tersely. "That's all I can do. You're good as the best now. I've seen no woman in this city that is your equal in beauty. You were born for this life. Now do you understand what I mean? I say, you can carry it off!"

She turned to him, another woman, changing on the instant, something in her eyes he had never seen before. But in his own eyes there was at the time nothing save the original calm and purposefulness.

"As I was saying, then, since we can both carry it off, why not do so for an hour or so? I've read somewhere of masquerades. Why not try it?"

She turned to him, flushed, radiant, but slightly frowning, puzzled, studying him. Rawn met the query of her look, felt also something stirring down in his nature which he grappled at once and was able to suppress. His voice was cool and low as it was before.

"It's a big crowd below, and we'll be lost in it. I've learned already that you can be discreet. We'll drop down in there, where no one knows us. We'll try ourselves out, and see whether we'll do, here where the test is hardest. You're ambitious? So am I. This is the heart of the world—the place of gratified ambitions. What do you say, Miss Delaware? I've been looking around down there, and as nearly as I can see, I'm the only man in this avenue worth a million dollars who at this precise moment of the day isn't talking to some good-looking woman!"

"You flatter me!" commented the girl. He did not endeavor any analysis.

"Not in the least! I simply talk sense and business to you. I covet what you covet, love what you love, want what you want. Things which are equal to the same thing ought to be equal to each other—for just a little, while. Miss Delaware—isn't it true? If it is only play, why, let's play at it."

"I forgot to tell you," he added, "that my son-in-law, Mr. Halsey, has gone back to Chicago. He was summoned by wire. No one else knows us both. There wouldn't be one chance in many of our being seen by anyone here who knew either of us, and if so, what harm? We'll go and dine as well as the best of them, in the main room. What do you say, Miss Delaware?"

She stood facing him now, seeming years older than she had a few moments before. A very skilled observer might possibly have suspected a certain new quality in the calmness of her eye. Beautiful she certainly was; alluring, irresistible in the ancient appeal of woman, she certainly ought to have been, and would have been to any but this particular man who now stood facing her, half smiling; a man of middle age, gray about the temples, of heavy-browed eyes, strongly lined face, of strong and bony frame; not an ill-looking or unmanly man one might have said, though years older than this young woman who stood now threading between her fingers the filmy moonshine chain which suspended the points of flame that rose and fell upon her bosom.

At last she said, hesitating, and holding up the flaming pendant, "I'm not to keep them?"

"No, Miss Delaware!" he smiled. "This particular Papa Faust retains a string on those jewels. They have been seen elsewhere, my dear girl. No, one night's use of them is all this business proposition carries, my dear."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What we can do today depends on what we did yesterday.

Pretty Costume for Club Meeting

FOR the club woman, or one who attends any informal afternoon function, here is a simple and smart costume. It is designed on very conservative lines, but provided with the most popular of the present style-touches to make it acceptable to the most up-to-date wearer.

It is a model especially well adapted to a stout figure. The small coat hangs closer than the majority of those equally smart. Its cut sets the material close to the arm and narrows the shoulders. The sleeves are easy, in straight lines and three-quarter length. There is a deep and rather narrow "V" at the throat, and the basque is long, sloping down toward the back. It is unfinished except for the sewing at the bottom. Thus the long line of the figure is not broken by the separate coat. It is noticeable that all the lines of the coat tend to preserve length of line, in the figure.

The skirt is fuller than the average, with the effect of being a double skirt at the front. It is cut wide enough to allow it to be caught up in plaits at the left knee under a soft rosette of chiffon. A piece is let in at the front, but the split or overlapping breadth is absent and there is worn enough for a comfortable step. At the long "V" at the front a little soft white chiffon is let in and a strand of the ever-present white beads finishes the neck dress.

The jacket laps at the front with fastening concealed by an inverted "V" shaped piece of the material. There is a plaiting of lace about the throat and small ribbon decoration at the right side by way of garniture, a short satin girdle of plaited ribbon fastens with hooks and eyes at the left side under extremely small made ornaments.

The hat is of hatter's plush, with facing of velvet in black. The particular wreath in shaded flame color gives brilliance and distinction to the entire toilette.

It will be noticed that the long gloves are glace kid in black. They make the arms look very slender and reduce the apparent size of all hands remarkably. Very thin women should not wear them. High surfaced black is not for them. The sleeves are finished with a band of satin.

To study this costume is more convincing than describing it to show that it has been carefully thought out as adapted to the full figure.

The narrow drooping brim of the hat makes the most of the length of the neck, since it does not conceal it. The feather swirl is light, following the brim line almost exactly. The shape is extremely graceful.

It is by such careful thinking out and management of line that grace is arrived at. Developed in black or grey or mauve or taupe, this is a good model, but for the purpose of reducing the apparent size of the figure black is the best choice.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

PARISIAN WOMEN OCCUPIED WITH TWO NEW "FADS"

AT the present moment there are two very prominent fashions governing Paris. One of these is white hair. The other is red fox.

Early last spring there was noticed the growing fashion of wearing powdered hair. All through the summer season one saw the most wonderful and often very beautiful, heads of all white hair, such hair as one sees at a fancy dress ball. The powdered hair now so fashionable in Paris is, as a rule, quite dark in parts. It is obviously powdered at the sides and in front.

The great drawback to this fashion is this: Powdered hair makes considerable demands upon one's toilet, and upon one's personality, generally. It seems to silently call for a special style of dress. It cannot be worn, successfully, with "just anything."

In the evening those difficulties disappear entirely, for modern evening gowns are so ornate and elaborate that they seem to harmonize, naturally, with powder.

As to the second "fad," what can be said? Red fox skins have become ubiquitous in Paris. All through last summer, and autumn, the most exclusive Parisian beauties were making sensational successes in white linen and satin sea-side costumes, accompanied by a brilliant red fox skin, in the shape of a flat tie.

Skins or the ordinary red fox looked all right when adopted as an eccentric "fad" by ultra smart women, and in conjunction with fragile summer dresses; they look hopelessly common when adopted as a regular winter fur and worn with handsome tailored suits of cloth and velvet. Nevertheless, the red-fox-rage is apparently in a healthy condition. It seems likely to last all through the winter. And the pity of it is that already the shop windows are filled with imitation red-fox skins, worthless furs which have no meaning and which would make any costume look ordinary. This was, of course, inevitable, but it is nevertheless deplorable.

The newest combs are large and flat, and the correct thing is to wear them at the back of the head, low down, in Greek style. Some of these combs are of rare beauty. The artistic jewelers of Paris are past masters at work of this kind, and the most wonderful things are done with carved jade, inset with precious stones, and with transparent horn incrusted with diamonds and traced over with gold.

Sometimes these beautiful combs are accompanied by an elaborate clasp which is worn at the breast or is used to fasten the wide sash, at one side.

Model of White Souple Satin. Three Tier Tunic of White Lace With Black Maline Bow at Waist.

Philately and History.

An interesting chapter in philatelic history, and in the history of Europe, is closed by the decision to suppress the foreign postal agencies in Crete as the result of the union of that island with Greece. Austria, Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy have all maintained post offices in Crete, as in Turkey, and there is at the moment much speculation in philatelic circles as to whether the Levantine post offices maintained by the powers, among which Germany is also included, will not be closed as well.

WILL PLEASE YOUNG FOLKS

If Plan to Humanize Arithmetic Succeeds Professor Stone Will Be Popular Man.

If John C. Stone, head of the department of mathematics in the State Normal school, Montclair, N. J., gets what he demands, he will be the most popular man in the United States of America with over 20,000,000 small boys and girls.

He wants to "humanize arithmetic," to cut out of common school education such bones of existence to small boys and girls as cube root; all fractions with denominators like elevenths, nineteenths, twenty-thirds and the like; all problems in taxes, customs, insurance, stocks and bonds, foreign exchange, technical arithmetic which deals with bricklaying, carpet laying, plastering, paper hanging and such work, which is governed by trade rules; the measurements of the frustrum of a cone, a pyramid or a sphere; and many other awful things which have kept little curly heads weeping under the lamplight when they should have been sound asleep upon the pillow.

He wants a child to learn arithmetic as it learns to spell and read; to solve the problem by merely looking at it. He asserts that the arithmetic necessary for daily life is enough for any child. He believes in that examinations should test judgment and accuracy, and not memory; and that a child should have the use of the text books while he is being examined.

Many hold Professor Stone to be right. Interest is not computed in banks by calculation, but by referring to tables already prepared by experts. When army officers shoot great cannons at a mark, which they cannot see it is done from tables computed beforehand by men who have nothing else to do; if they had to calculate each shot the enemy would have them blown to pieces.

One poor little kid wept himself to sleep because he couldn't answer this: "If the hands of a clock are together at noon at what time will they be together next?"

TRAPPING IN MAINE PAYS

Foxes and Minks Are Liquidating the Mortgages on Many of the Farms.

It is estimated that 1,500 foxes have been shot and trapped for their hides in Somerset county this season, according to a Skowhegan correspondent. The fur dealers claim that the foxes and mink have never been so plentiful. The fox skins have brought more money per skin than in several years back. It is estimated that the hunters have realized from fox skins alone in the county nearly $15,000.

One of the most unusual things in connection with this industry, one man alone in the county caught in two days time a black fox and a gray one that brought him a check for $2,500 and in a week's time this man trapped ten red foxes.

This is getting to be one of the greatest industries and many farmers are making as much money hunting as they earn on the farm during the rest of the season. Many have earned enough money from catching foxes and skunks to pay the mortgages on their farms. A fox skin on an average this year brings $5.

One farmer this winter let his dog out of doors in the morning and it immediately left for the woods. Along in the middle of the forenoon the man, while sitting in the house, heard a noise in the entry and opened a door and a red fox closely followed by the dog, rushed in.

The kitchen window was open and before the man could stop it the fox had made a leap for it, but when he did he knocked the stick out that held the window up and he was caught by the window as it fell and was then killed.—Lewiston Journal.

Push Cart Fortune.

The proprietor of the finest cafe in Los Angeles formerly sold "hot tamales" from a push cart, and although he is now wealthy, he still preserves this old vehicle. In erecting a business block to house his modern restaurant he built a cupola just large enough to contain the old tamale cart, and it may be plainly seen from the street.

ANOTHER GOOD YEAR IN WESTERN CANADA

MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA HAVE SPLENDID CROPS.

The results of the threshing throughout Western Canada shows a more wonderful yield than usual of wheat, oats, barley and flax, all of which was harvested and threshed in perfect order. Not only was the average yield excellent over the entire country, but the quality was of the highest standard. Without going into figures, it is sufficient to say that wheat graded almost universally very near the top. Reports are to hand showing yields of wheat from many fields which averaged forty bushels per acre, and weighing 65 pounds to the measured bushel. Oats were very heavy, running from fifty to one hundred and fifteen bushels to the acre. Barley also was a very heavy yielder and kept up the reputation of Western Canada as a producer of that cereal. In many parts of the country yield of flax exceeded the earlier expectations, but in other parts, there was some loss on account of winds blowing off the boll. Hundreds of farmers who have only been in the country three or four years, with but little means when they arrived, will, out of the crop of this year, clean up all their indebtedness, and be able to put something aside for further improvements on their farms and homes which are now freed of incumbrances. The writer has just heard of the experience of a man in the Battleford district that is worth repeating. He went to the district seven or eight years ago, with no money, worked for a time, got a team of horses, did some freighting and homesteaded a quarter section of land. He now owns 480 acres of land, clear of all incumbrances, and has wheat, oats, barley and hay, as well as a good number of horses, cattle and hogs, feeding rough grain to the stock. He is a firm believer in mixed farming. The fifty dollars that he first earned in the country has now increased to $25,000. He has never had a crop failure. Instances of this kind could be repeated over and over again.

There is a Dane, named Kyr, east of Saskatoon, whose oats this year went 110 bushels to the acre, and his wheat 40 bushels. He has paid off the mortgage on his farm, and now contemplates a trip to Denmark, to visit his old home. He has no more cares or worries, but is anxious to have more of his people settle in that part. It is not only the farmer with limited means and small area of land who is doing well, and has done wonderfully in Western Canada this year, but the man with means, the man who is able to conduct successful farming on a large scale and many opportunities offer for such in Western Canada, also has increased his bank account handsomely. One farmer in Southern Alberta raised 250,000 bushels of grain in 1913, and made almost a fortune out of it. In Saskatchewan and in Manitoba is to be heard the same story of what has been done by the farmer working a large area, which he is able to do successfully, by the use of improved farm machinery, enabling him to cut hundreds of acres a day, and plow the land immediately with large traction outfits. No better recommendation could be given the country than the fact that during the past year, upwards of 400,000 settlers arrived in Canada, the greater number of whom went to the farm. There are still many thousands of homesteads still available, capable of producing such crops as those illustrating such herds as has made rich men out of the thousands whose experiences could be reproduced were it necessary.—Advertisement.

Some Mover.

Mrs. Howland was of a very quiet, reposeful disposition, while her husband was exactly the opposite; energetic and ambitious.

"Henry," she said complainingly, one afternoon, "I wish you would not be so nervous and forever on the move. Will you never take a rest?"

"I never expect to be able to rest till I get in my grave," he replied, "and then it will be just my luck that the next day will be the resurrection."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Beware of a girl who is a peach; peaches have hearts of stone.

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Well kidneys keep the blood free of uric acid, a deadly poison that is constantly forming inside the body.

Sluggish kidneys allow the uric acid to accumulate, causing rheumatic attacks, headache, dizziness, gravel, urinary troubles, weak eyes, dropsy, and heart disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills restore the normal blood-filtering action of the kidneys. This drives out uric acid and ends uric acid poisoning.

AN ILLINOIS CASE

"Every Picture Tells a Story."

Charles Easter, R. Walnut St., Watseka, Ill., says: "I had rheumatism and kidney trouble for years. The pain started in my back and went to my limbs. I was laid up for months. Doctors said they could not help me. On a friend's advice, I used Doan's Kidney Pills and the first box relieved me. Half a dozen boxes fixed me up in good shape."

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