

# Libby's Selected Pickles

Nature's finest, put up like the home-made kind of all your favorite pickles. This excellent quality is true of Libby's Pickles and Condiments and there is real economy in their use.

## Spanish Olives

Every one from Seville, long famed as the home of the world's best olives. Only the pick of the crop is offered to you under the Libby label. Either the Queen or Manzana variety or Pimento Stuffed.

Insist on Libby's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby  
Chicago

## Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** will put you right in a few days. They do not cost their weight in gold.

Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Chose the Lesser Evil. A gentleman from the north was enjoying the excitement of a bear hunt down in Mississippi. The bear was surrounded in a small cane thicket. The dogs could not get the bear out and the hunter who was at the head of the hunt called to one of the negroes:

"Sam, go in there and get the bear out."

The negro hesitated for a moment and then plunged into the cane. A few moments later the negro, the bear and the dogs were rolling upon the ground outside. After the hunt was over the visitor said to the negro:

"Were you not afraid to go into that thicket with that bear?"

"Cap'n," replied the negro, "it was just die way. I never had met dat bear, but I was personally acquainted wid de old boss, so I just naturally took dat bar."—Montreal Herald.

Buffalo Lacking in Sympathy. An old resident of Holzer, Kan., speaking of the early days on the Kansas plains, writes: "On one trip that we took after buffalo hides, we had with us an Englishman fresh from London. The man here of buffalo had just passed through and as the hunters had been after their hides, everywhere on highland and lowland were the skinned carcasses of buffalo. The Englishman was amazed at the waste of meat. Finally, seeing a small herd of old bulls traveling along, he arose to his feet and, taking off his hat, said: 'Here, this is awful! I should think that the living buffalo would insist to see their comrades lying thus!'"

"Only a Trifle." "Is it true that both your husband and the man who lives next door to you have failed in business?" "Yes, but Nege's failure isn't nearly so bad as Mr. Naylor's. He failed for fifty cents on the dollar, while my husband failed for only ten cents on the dollar."—Boston Transcript.

When a man acquires peak of trouble it looks to him like a bushel and a half.

# The Easy Summer Meal

Has Grape-Nuts as its foundation.

Ideal these hot days because Grape-Nuts food requires no cooking, and is at the same time a perfectly balanced food.

Try a hot weather breakfast of

Fresh fruit,  
Grape-Nuts and cream,  
A soft-boiled egg or two,  
Slice of crisp toast,  
Cup of Instant Postum in place of coffee.

Such a meal starts the day right, keeps the blood cool and the body and brain well nourished.

Compare the cool, contented Grape-Nuts-fed man or woman with your meat-fed neighbor who is sweltering and miserable.

Grape-Nuts is fully cooked at the factory—ready to serve from the package. The cooking is done on scientific principles, so that the starch of the grain is transformed and ready for quick digestion.

"There's a Reason" for

# Grape-Nuts

—the most famous Food in the world.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

## His Farewell Speech.

James H. Wallis, a man on "Boats" has made Idaho the most sanitary and most prosperous state in the Union.

Mr. Wallis, discussing his success with a New York reporter, laughed and said: "I have succeeded in eradication the fly by making all Idaho hats the \$5, even as poor old Dan Carson hated his wife."

"Poor old Dan lay dying. His wife, melted a little for once, said to him: 'You're going, Dan.' 'Dan, his eyes closed, made no answer. His wife then repeated, with a sigh: 'Dan, you're going, but I'll soon follow you.' Upon this Dan's glassy eyes opened, and he said in a hollow voice: 'You stay here as long as you can.'"

## ECZEMA SPREAD OVER BODY

Roxbury, Ohio.—"When my little boy was two weeks old he began breaking out on his cheeks. The eczema began just with pimples and they seemed to itch so badly he would scratch his face and cause a matter to run. Whenever that matter would touch it would cause another pimple until it spread all over his body. It caused great distress while it lasted. He had fifteen places on one arm and his head had several. The deepest places on his cheeks were as large as a silver dollar on each side. He was restless at night we had to put mittens on him to keep him from scratching them with his finger nails. If he got a little so warm at night it seemed to hurt badly.

"We tried a treatment and he didn't get a better. He had the eczema about three weeks when we began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I bathed him at night with the Cuticura Soap and spread the Cuticura Ointment on and the eczema left. (Signed) Mrs. John White, Mar. 19, 1913. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 22-Skin Book. Address postcard 'Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston.'—Adv.

## Black Hand Threat.

Mrs. Collins found the following black hand letter pinned to her door one morning:

"Dear Miss Collins—Unless you put a jar of jam, a hunk of chocolate cake, an apple pie and a bag of candy down by the old well, we will steel your little boy and keep him, unless you pay us a million dollars.—The Black Hand."

The police and the criminals will soon be brought to justice. To date, Mrs. Collins' little boy has been the only one seen in thievery of the kind named.

## Knows Just How the Book Ended.

Mabel and Johnny are nice children, but they love to argue. The other day they got into a heated discussion as to which one had read the more books. Finally Johnny said: "Well, I've read 'Robinson Crusoe' and you haven't."

"Oh, yes I have," returned Mabel, "not to be outdone by a mere boy. Now what does it say at the very last?" he asked.

"The little girl studied for a moment, then her face brightened. 'Why, it says 'The End.''"

## Same Old Story.

Adam (in the suburbs of the Garden of Eden)—Now, Eve, you surely aren't going to clamor for clothes already!

Accomplished Youth. Farmer Hestover—What your nephew that's home from college does? "Sow!"

Farmer Hornback—Notin', and he's got more original ways of accomplishin' it than any feller you ever seen.—Judge.

## Eye (tearfully)—You know very well, Adam, I have had a decent thing since the fall.—Judge.

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## PRICE OF A SOUL

How One Girl Gave All Her Money to Save Another From Ruin.

By JOHN LAWSON.

"Say, Belle, have you heard the news? Miss Harrison's going to leave!"

The girls chattered anxiously at this piece of information. Flora Harrison had been nine years with Kemp and Waggers; she had become in the ordinary course of events, a saleswoman, and only two years before was promoted head of the store.

"Yes, it's true, girls," she said, smiling. "I haven't gotten a better job. Fact is, no more jobs for me. I've got \$500 saved up, and it's the country for Flora Harrison, with boarders and a chicken farm."

"And nobody could imagine how she longed for the country home that she had planned. Five hundred would start her! She had been saving for the whole nine years, and a lucky plunge in stocks had doubled her savings in a single week. Now she was through with Kemp and Waggers forever."

"Her with \$500 and me trying to save ten dollars for an ostrich plume!" said Belle in deep disgust. The words and the evensong look were not missed by Miss Harrison. She knew Belle hated was a flighty, foolish sort of girl—just the sort that was in need of some one to take care of her. She lived alone in a cheap boarding house, and Jones of the blue jeans and a lucky plume had spoken with her several times. Miss Harrison had noted how Mr. Jones pined on the factory, and how foolish little Belle's face lit up when he approached her. And Jones was a married man with two children. But Belle might not know that.

Belle Bates had got her heart on that ten-dollar ostrich plume. And ten dollars was as remote from her as a hundred. Who could save ten dollars to even a week's clothing to be paid for and carfare as well out of her meager balance, which resulted after the laundry had been satisfied? Miss Harrison had thought of giving Belle that plume, but ten dollars would make quite a hole in

her own hard-earned savings. Still, if she did not give it to her, Jones would see Belle, the chatterbox, could not be kept from dropping a secret from the bland and unctuous Jones, and Jones, with his \$30 a week, head of the department, would certainly consider that ostrich plume only a means to an end. Miss Harrison had heard many things about Jones during her nine years.

"Won't Mr. Merrick give you that plume, my dear?" she asked Belle. Everybody knew that Belle was supposed to be engaged to Frank Merrick, one of the best. But out of \$12 a week it is difficult for a man to buy his fiancée an ostrich plume. "I'm not," said Belle, laughing scornfully. "Why, that fellow's just a skate." She looked down at the cheap little ring he had given her. "He can't save no money, Miss Harrison," she continued.

"But I thought you were engaged to him, my dear," said Miss Harrison, Belle laughed derisively.

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## Who are you to tell me who shall marry?

"My dear," said Miss Harrison sadly, unlatching the door, "you can go if you must. But you need a friend more so at this moment than you have ever needed one."

Belle halted, and the ready tears gushed from her eyes. She sank into a chair, and sobbed so miserably, she sobbed.

Miss Harrison knelt beside her. "What me about it, Belle," she said, "it's all right for you, with your \$500," lobbied the girl. "I just set my heart on having a plume, and I can't ever save the money. And you've promised me one if I would just have supper with him—what's the harm?"

"Belle, do you know the history of those ostrich plumes?" Miss Harrison asked. "Well, listen, then. Those fash, long, knotted feathers are tied by poor girls, poorer than you, who say they are going to marry some rich man. But the girls who make them, they know they'd rather toil and labor than wear them and lose their souls and the respect of men and women. It's only silly, thoughtless women who put an ostrich feather above their characters. Belle, dear, you are loved by a better man than I, his love better than Mr. Jones with his false words and flattery."

"I know," cried Belle. "But how can I marry Frank and live like a drudge? It may be all right for some women, Miss Harrison, but I just can't do it. And he will never be anything but an underclass clerk. What is there before us? I tell you, I'd rather have wife's feathers and no character, and be sure to have a poor man's wife."

"If only we had a little money of our own—just something to put heart into us instead of this long round of darning day after day, till we grow old—and then nothing."

"If you had money," said Miss Harrison gently, "what would you do with it?"

"I can get plenty more," the elder woman answered. And she raised the frightened girl to her feet and led her to the door. She put her hand on her car and looked after her till the car was lost in the distance. "I wonder why," she mused, "you can't love and money both at the same time?"

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chasman.)

## HIS START AS A FINANCIER

Dennis Enthusiastic Over Proposition of Saving, But Corrosion, He Had to Live.

While building a hotel in St. Augustine, Fla., the late Mr. Flieger had had in his employ a man who, when sober, was a valuable workman, but who was self-indulgent and pay day resulted after the laundry had been satisfied? Miss Harrison had thought of giving Belle that plume, but ten dollars would make quite a hole in

her own hard-earned savings. Still, if she did not give it to her, Jones would see Belle, the chatterbox, could not be kept from dropping a secret from the bland and unctuous Jones, and Jones, with his \$30 a week, head of the department, would certainly consider that ostrich plume only a means to an end. Miss Harrison had heard many things about Jones during her nine years.

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## CHANGED HER MIND QUICKLY

Girl Really Could Not Find It in Her Heart to Love Man Who Would Do Trick Like That.

The other day Miss Fannie ran across the road to see an intimate friend. As is usual, they had a good deal to tell one another, and in the course of the conversation Fannie said:

"I used to think Gus Simpson was nice young man, but I just hate him now."

"Why, what has he done?"

"He just won't share anything."

"In what way?"

"Why, the other evening, at a party, I said to him, 'Let's play the old game of "Questions." If I say "Yes" or "No" to your questions, I owe you a box of cigars; and if you say "Yes" or "No," you'll give me a box.'"

"Then what?"

"Well, after the party he took me home, and all the way there he talked as sweetly as could be about love, and that man should not live alone and all that, and when we got to the front gate he said: 'Fannie, will you marry me?'"

"And what did he do then?" inquired her listener, eagerly.

"He just chuckled and said: 'You've lost, Fannie. I take No. 9's.' Then laughed with all his might—the 'what he did'."

"No wonder she hated him!"

"Wheels Within Wheels."

Mr. Crawford—I was so glad to find her when I called.

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