The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek, at the foot of a rock from which he has fallen, Sally Milton finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious, and after reviving him, goes for assistance. Samson South and Sally, taking Lescott to Samson's home, are met by Spicer South, head of the family, who tells them that Jesse Purvy has been shot.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"I hain't a-wantin' ter suspicion ye, Samson, but I know how ye feels about yore pap. I feered thet Bud Spicer come by hyar ystiddy plumb full of liquor an' 'lowed he'd seen Jesse an' Jim Asberry a-talkin', ter-gether last afore yore pap was kilt." He broke off abruptly, then added: "Ye went away from hyar last night, an' didn't git in twell after sunup—I just heered the news, an' come ter see."

"Air you all lowin' thet I shot them shoots from the laurel?" inquired Samson, quietly.

"Ef we all hain't lowin' hit, Samson, we're plumb shore thet Jesse Purvy's folks will 'low hit. They're jest a-holdin' yore life like a hostage fer Purvy's, an' how. Ef he dies they'll try ter git ye."

The boy flashed a challenge about the group, which was now drawing rein at Spicer South's yard fence. His eyes were sullen, but he made no answer.

One of the men who had listened in silence now spoke:

"In the fust place, Samson, we hain't a-sayin' ye done hit. In the nex' place, ef ye did do hit we hain't a-blamin' ye—much. But I reckon them dawgs don't lie, an', ef they trails in hyar ye'll need us. Thet's why we've done come."

The boy slipped down from his mule and helped Lescott to dismount. He deliberately unloaded the saddlebags and kit and laid them on the top step of the stile, and, while he did his peace, neither denying nor affirming his kinsmen sat their horses and waited.

Even to Lescott it was palpable that some of them believed the young heir to clan leadership responsible for the shooting of Jesse Purvy, and that others believed him innocent, yet none the less in danger of the enemy's vengeance. But, regardless of divided opinion, all were alike ready to stand at his back and all alike awaited his final utterance.

Then, in the thickening gloom, Samson turned at the foot of the stile and faced the gathering. He stood rigid, and his eyes flashed with deep passion. His hands, hanging at the seams of his jeans trousers, clinched, and his voice came in a slow utterance through which throbbed the tensity of a soul-absorbing bitterness.

"I knowed all 'bout Jesse Purvy's bein' shot. . . . When my pap lay a-dyin' over thar at his house I was a little shaver ten years old . . . Jesse Purvy hired somebody ter kill him . . . an' I promised my pap that I'd find out who thet man was, an' thet I'd git 'em both—some day. So help me, God Almighty, I'm a-goin' ter git 'em both—some day!" The boy paused and lifted one hand as though taking an oath.

"I'm a-tellin' you all the truth . . . But I didn't shoot them shoots this mornin'. I hain't no truce buster. I gives ye my hand on hit. . . . Ef them dawgs cops come hyar they'll find me hyar, an' ef they hain't hyar they'll go right by hyar. I don't 'low ter run away, an' I don't 'low ter hide out, I'm a-goin' ter stay right hyar. Thet's all I've got ter say ter ye."

After a moment there was no reply. Then the older man nodded with a gesture of relieved anxiety.

"Thet's all we wants ter know, Samson," he said, slowly. "Light, men an' come in."

CHAPTER III.

In days when the Indian held the Dark and Bloody Grounds a pioneer, felling oak and poplar logs for the home he meant to establish on the banks of a purling watercourse, let his ax slip, and the cutting edge gashed his ankle. Since to the discovered belongs the christening, that watercourse became Crippleankle, and so it is today set down on atlas pages. A few miles away, as the crow flies, but many weary leagues as a man must travel, a brother settler, racked with rheumatism, gave to his creek the name of Misery. The two pioneers had come together from Virginia, as their ancestors had come before them from Scotland. Together they had found one of the two gaps through the mountain wall, which for more than a hundred miles has no other passable rift. Together, and as comrades, they had made their homes and founded their race. What original grievance had sprung up between their descendants none of the present generation knew—perhaps it was a farm line or disputed title to a pig. The primary incident was lost in the limbo of the past; but for fifty years, with occasional intervals of truce, lives had been snuffed out in the fiercely burning hate of these men whose ancestors had been comrades.

Old Spicer South and his nephew Samson were the direct lineal descendants of the namer of Misery. Their kinsmen dwelt about them—the Souths, the Jaspers, the Spicers, the Wileys, the Millers and McCagers. Other families, related only by marriage and close association, were, in feud alignment, none the less "Southie." All over beyond the ridge, where the springs and brooks flowed the other way—in feud Crippleankle, dwelt the Hollmans, the Purvys, the Asberries, the Hollises and the Daltons—men equally strong in their vindictive fealty to the code of the vendetta.

By mountain standards old Spicer South was rich. His lands had been claimed when tracts could be had for the taking, and, though he had to make his cross mark when there was a contract to be signed, his instinctive mind was shrewd and far seeing. The tinkle of his cowbells was heard for a long distance along the creek bottoms. His hillside fields were the richest and his coves the most fertile in that country. Some day, when a railroad should burrow through his section, bringing the development of coal and timber at the head of the rails, a sleeping fortune would yawn and awake to enrich him. There were black outcroppings along the cliffs, which he knew ran deep in veins of bituminous wealth. But to that time he looked with foreboding, for he had been raised to the standards of his forefathers and saw in the coming of a new regime a curtailment of personal liberty. For new-fangled ideas he held only the aversion of deep-rooted prejudice. He hoped that he might live out his days and pass before the foreigner held his land and the law became a power stronger than the individual or the clan. The law was his enemy, because it said to him, "Thou shalt not," when he sought to take the yellow corn which bruising labor had coaxed from scattered rock-strewn fields to his own mash vat, and still. It meant, also, a tyrannous power usually seized and administered by enemies, which undertook to forbid the personal settlement of personal quarrels. But his eyes, which could not read, print, could read the signs of the times. He foresaw the inevitable coming of that day. Already he had given up the worm and mash vat, and no longer sought to make or sell illicit liquor. That was a concession to the federal power, which could no longer be successfully fought. State power was still largely a weapon in factional hands, and in his country the Hollmans were the office holders. To the Hollmans he could make no concessions. In Samson, born to be the fighting man, reared to be the fighting man, equipped by nature with deep hatreds and tigerish courage, there had cropped out from time to time the restless spirit of the philosopher and a hunger for knowledge. That was a matter in which the old man found his bitterest and most secret apprehension.

It was at this house that George Lescott, distinguished landscape painter of New York and the world at large, arrived in the twilight.

Whatever enemy might have to be met tomorrow, old Spicer South recognized as a more immediate call upon his attention the wounded guest of today. One of the kinsmen proved to have a rude working knowledge of bone setting, and before the half hour had passed Lescott's wrist was in a splint, and his injuries as well tended as possible, which proved to be quite well enough.

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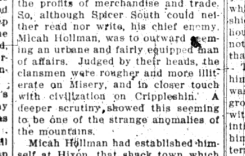
While Spicer South and his cousins had been sustaining themselves or building up competences by tilling their soil the leaders of the other faction were baking larger fortunes on the profits of merchandise and trade. So, although Spicer South could neither read nor write, his chief enemy, Micah Hollman, was to outward seeming an urbane and fairly equipped man of affairs. Judged by their heads, the clansmen were rougher and more illiterate on Misery, and in closer touch with civilization on Crippleshin. A deeper scrutiny showed this seeming to be one of the strange anomalies of the mountains.

Micah Hollman had established himself at Hixon, that shack town which had passed of late years from feudal county seat to the section's one point



"Ef It Hain't Askin' Too Much, Will Ye Let Me See Ye Paint One of Them Things?"

of contact with the outside world; a town where the ancient and modern orders brushed shoulders, where the new was tolerated, but dared not become aggressive. Directly across the street from the courthouse stood an ample frame building, on whose side wall was emblazoned the legend, "Hollman's Mammoth Department Store." That was the secret stronghold of Hollman power. He had always spoken deploringly of that spirit of lawlessness which had given the mountains a bad name.

When the railroad came to Hixon it found in Judge Hollman a "public-spirited citizen." Incidentally, the timber that it hauled and the coal that its flat cars carried down to the Bluegrass went largely to his consignees. He had so astutely anticipated coming events that when the first scouts of capital sought options they found themselves constantly referred to Judge Hollman. No wheel, it seemed, could turn without his nod. It was natural that the genial storekeeper should become the big man of the community and inevitable that the one big man should become the dictator. His inherited place as leader of the Hollmans in the feud he had seemingly passed on as an obsolete prerogative.

Yet, in business matters, he was found to drive a hard bargain, and men came to regard it the part of good policy to meet rather than contest his requirements. It was essential to his purposes that the officers of the law in his country should be in sympathy with him. Sympathy soon became abject subservience. When a South had opposed Jesse Purvy in the primary as candidate for high sheriff he was found one day lying on his face with a bullet-riddled body. It may have been a coincidence which pointed to Jim Asberry, the judge's nephew, as the assassin. At all events, the judge's nephew was a poor boy, and a charitable grand jury declined to indict him.

In the course of five years several South adherents, who had crossed Holman's path, became victims of the usual ambuscade. The theory of coincidence was strained. Slowly the judicial sessions were attended by Judge Hollman, Sheriff Purvy and certain other gentlemen selected by reason of their marksmanship. When one of these victims fell John South had just returned from a law school "down below," wearing "fotched-on" clothing and thinking "fotched-on" thoughts. He had amazed the community by demanding the right to assist in probing and prosecuting the affair. He had then shocked the community into complete paralysis by requesting the grand jury to indict not alone the alleged assassin, but also his employers, whom he named as Judge Hollman and Sheriff Purvy. Then he, too, fell under a bolt from the laurel.

That was the first public accusation against the blind capitalist, and it carried its own prompt warning against repetition. The judge's high sheriff and chief ally retired from office and went abroad only with a bodyguard. Jesse Purvy had built his store at a crossroads 25 miles from the railroad. Judge Hollman, he had said, was reputation for open-handed charity, was liked—and hated. His friends were legion. His enemies were so numerous that he apprehended violence not only from the Souths but also from others with personal grudges in no way related to the line of feud cleavage. The Hollman-Purvy combination had retained enough of its old power to escape the law's retribution and to hold its dictatorship, but the efforts of John South had not been altogether bloodless. He had ripped away two masks, and their erstwhile wearers could no longer hold their old semblance of law-abiding philanthropists. Jesse Purvy's home was the show place of the countryside. Commodious verandas looked out over pleasant orchards, and in the same inclosure stood the two frame buildings of his store—for he, too, combined merchandise with baronial powers. But back of the place rose the mountain side, on which Purvy never looked without dread. Twice its impenetrable thickets had spat at him. Twice he had recovered from wounds that would have taken a less charmed life. And in grisly reminder of the terror which shielded the person of his days stood the eight-foot log stockade at the rear of the place, which the proprietor had built to shield his daily journeys between house and store. But Jesse Purvy was not dreaming of his escape. He knew that he was "marked down."

The years of strain were telling on him. The robust, full-blooded face was showing deep lines; his flesh was growing flaccid; his glance tinged with quick apprehension. He felt the intimation that he realized "they'd get him," yet he sought to prolong his term of escape.

Yesterday morning Jesse Purvy had risen early as usual, and, after a satisfying breakfast, had gone to his store to arrange for the day's business. One or two of his henchmen, seeming loafers, but in reality a body-guard, were lounging within call. A married daughter was chatting with her father while her young baby played among the barrels and cracker boxes.

The daughter went to a rear window and gazed up at the mountain. The cloudless skies were still in hiding behind a curtain of mist. The woman was idly watching the vanishing fog wraiths, and her father came over to her side. Then the baby cried and she stepped back. Purvy himself remained at the window. It was a thing he did not often do. It left him exposed, but the most cautiously guarded life has its moments of relaxed vigilance. He stood there possibly thirty seconds, then a sharp fusillade of clear reports barked out and was shattered by the hills into a long reverberation. With a hand clasped to his chest, Purvy turned, walked to the middle of the floor, and fell.

The henchmen rushed to the open sash. They leaped out and plunged up the mountain, tempting the assassin's fire, but the assassin was satisfied. The mountain was again as quiet as it had been at dawn. Inside, at the middle of the store, Jesse Purvy shrieked his curses against his daughter's knee and said, as one stating an expected event:

"Well, they've got me."

An ordinary mountaineer would have been carried home to die in the feather bed of a dirty and windowless shack. The long-suffering star of Jesse Purvy ordained otherwise. He might go under or he might once more beat his way back and out of the quicksands of death. At all events, he would fight for life to the last gasp.

The thirty miles away in the core of the wilderness, removed from a railroad by a score of semi-perpendicular miles, a fanatic had once decided to found a school.

Now a faculty of ten men taught such as heed to some such things as they cared to learn. Higher up the hillside stood a small, but model hospital, with a modern operating table and a case of surgical instruments, which, it was said, the state could not surpass.

To his haven Jesse Purvy, the murder lord, was borne in a litter carried on the shoulders of his dependents. Here, as his steadfast guardian star decreed, he found two prominent medical visitors, who hurried him to the hospital. Later in the day he was removed to a white bed, with the fine sparkle in his eyes, pleasantly modulated through drawn blinds, and the June rustle and bird chorus in his ears—and his own thoughts in his brain.

Conscious, but in great pain, Purvy beckoned Jim Asberry and Aaron Hollis, his chiefs of bodyguard, to his bedside and waved the nurse back out of hearing.

"If I don't get well," he said feebly, "there's a job for you two boys. I reckon you know what it is?"

They nodded, and Asberry whispered a name:

"Samson South?"

"Yes," Purvy spoke in a whisper; but the old vindictiveness was not smothered. "You got the old man, I reckon you can manage the cub. If you don't he'll get you both one day."

The two henchmen scowled.

"I'll git him tomorrer," growled Asberry. "Thar hain't no sort of use in a-waitin'."

"No!" For an instant Purvy's voice rose out of its weakness to its old stentorian tone of command, a tone which brought obedience. "If I get well I have other plans. Never mind what they are. That's my business. If I don't die, leave him alone, until I give other orders.

"If I get well and Samson South is killed meanwhile I won't live long either. It would be my life for his. Keep close to him. The minute you hear of my death—get him." He paused again, then supplemented, "You two will find something mighty interestin' in my will."

It was afternoon when Purvy reached the hospital, and, at nightfall of the same day, there arrived at his store's entrance, on stumbling, hard-ridden mules, several men, followed by two tawny hounds whose long ears flapped over their lean jaws, and whose eyes were listless and tired, but whose black muzzles wrinkled and sniffed with that sensitive instinct which follows the man scent. The ex-sheriff's family were instituting proceedings independent of the chief's orders. The men mounting this party plunged into the mountain tangle and beat the cover with the bloodhounds in leash.

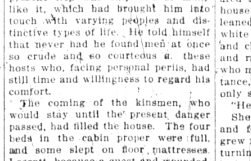
The two gentle-faced dogs picked their way between the flowering rhododendrons, the glistening laurels, the feathery spine sprouts and the moss-covered rocks. They went gingerly, and alertly on ungainly, cushioned feet. Just as their masters were despairing they came to a place directly over the store, where a branch had been bent back and hitched to clear the outlook and where a boot heel had crushed the moss. There one of them raised his nose high into the air, opened his mouth, and let out a long, deep-chested bay of discovery.

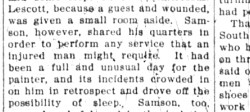
CHAPTER IV.

George Lescott had known hospitality of many brands and degrees. He had been the lionized celebrity in places of fashion. He had been the guest of equally famous brother artists in the cities of two hemispheres, and, since sincere painting had been his sole star, he had gone where his art's wanderlust beckoned. He had followed the lure of transitory beauty to remote sections of the world. The present trip was only one of many like it, which had brought him into touch with varying peoples and distinctive types of life. He told himself that never had he found men at once so crude and so courteous as these hosts who, facing personal perils, had still time and willingness to regard his comfort.

The coming of the kinsmen, who would stay until the present danger passed, had filled the house. The four beds in the cabin proper were full, and some slept on floor mattresses. Lescott, because a guest and wounded, was given a small room aside. Samson, however, shared his quarters in order to perform any service that an injured man might require. It had been a full and unusual day for the painter, and its incidents crowded in on him in rocky relief and drove off the possibility of sleep. Samson, too, seemed wakeful, and in the isolation of the dark room the two men fell into conversation, which almost lasted out the night. Samson went into the confessional. This was the first human being he had ever met to whom he could unburden his soul.

The thirst to taste what knowledge lay beyond the hills; the unnamed





wanderlust that had at times brought him a restlessness so poignant as to be agonizing; the undefined attuning of his heart to the beauty of sky and hill; these matters he had hitherto kept locked in guilty silence.

In a cove or lowland pocket, stretching into the mountain side, lay the small and meager farm of the Widow Miller. The Widow Miller was a "South;" that is to say, she fell, by tie of marriage, under the protection of the clan head. She lived alone with her fourteen-year-old son and her sixteen-year-old daughter. The daughter was Sally.

The sun rose on the morning after Lescott arrived, the mists lifted, and the cabin of the Widow Miller stood revealed. A tousle-headed boy made his way to the barn to feed the cattle, and a red patch of color, as bright and tuneful as a Kentucky cardinal,

"I Couldn't Live Withouten Ye, Samson. I Jest Couldn't Do Hit."

appeared at the door between the morning-glory vines. The red patch of color was Sally.

She made her way, carrying a bucket, to the spring, where she knelt down and gazed at her own image in the water.

Before going home she set down her bucket by the stream, and, with a quick glance toward the house to make sure that she was not observed, climbed through the brush and was out of view. She followed a path that her own feet had made, and after a steep course upward came upon a bald face of rock, which stood out storm battered where a rift went through the backbone of the ridge. This point of vantage commanded the other valley. Down below, across the treetops, were a roof and a chimney from which a thread of smoke rose in an attenuated shaft. That was Spicer South's house and Samson's home. The girl leaned against the gnarled bole of the white oak and waved toward the roof and chimney. She cupped her hands and raised them to her lips like one who means to shout across a great distance, then she whispered so low that only she herself could hear:

"Hello, Samson South!"

She stood for a space looking down, and forgot to laugh, while her eyes grew religiously and softly deep, then, turning, she ran down the slope. She had performed her morning devotions.

That day at the house of Spicer South was an off day. The kinsmen who had stopped for the night stayed on through the morning. Nothing was said of the possibility of trouble. The men talked crops and tossed horse-shoes in the yard; but no one went to work in the fields, and all remained within easy call. Only young Tamarack Spicer, a raw-boned nephew, wore a sullen face and made a great show of cleaning his rifle and pistol.

Shortly after dinner he disappeared, and when the afternoon was well advanced Samson, too, with his rifle on his arm, strolled toward the stile.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRAINING BOYS FOR WARFARE

Youth of Australia, From an Early Age, Undergo a Compulsory Military Service.

Australian lads of twelve years begin a more or less voluntary term of military training. It is an indulgent, happy-go-lucky sort of thing, designed primarily to be of physical advantage. When the lads are fourteen years old, a limited military service is severely compulsory, with penalties for evasion, and fines laid upon employers and parents who interfere, and thus continues, with physical exercises, drill, parades, and rifle practice, for four years, when upon these cadets are passed into the citizen forces. Four whole-day drills are required each year, and 12 half-day drills and 24 night drills. A perfunctory attendance upon these grave obligations—inept, sullen, frivolous behavior—counts for nothing at all. If the cadet fails to be marked efficient by his battalion officers he must perform his service all over again. In Kalgoorlie of western Australia a great dust storm blowing that night—we watched a column of these "little conscripts" march past with rifles and bugles and drums; and they were smart to see—brown uniforms, with tricks of green, and wide-brimmed Australian hats caught up at the side in the Australian way. It is no farcical affair. When we were in Brisbane of Queensland, a score of truant youngsters were packed off to the military barracks for ten days of close confinement and drill; and any they wept, in a big cage wagon, in charge of a sergeant-major, and under escort of some brilliant artillerymen—a melancholy little crew, these truants, then, facing ten days of absence from home, with six hours of drill on the hot parade ground, under a sergeant major, who doubtless knew how to improve the patriotism of small culprits, and would do it with a switch.—Norman Duncan, in Harper's Magazine.

The Bible.

The Bible is not "losing ground." On the other hand its circulation is steadily rising. Since 1850 the British Bible society has published 240,000,000 copies of the Bible, and the American Bible society, since 1816, has published 100,000,000 copies. Total publication for past century equals 500,000,000 volumes.

Friend of the Farmer.

Dr. Marion Dorset, bi-chemist of the federal bureau of animal industry, is the scientist who first isolated the germ responsible for that farm scourge cholera in the hog. That accomplished, he perfected a serum to combat it, protected his processes by patents and then turned them over to the public to be used without charge.

ZEPPELINS MAKE FIRST RAID ON BRITISH TOWNS

Airships Drop Bombs In Yarmouth and Nearby Villages

KING AND QUEEN ARE PLACED IN PERIL BY RAID

Royal Family Had Just Left Sandringham Palace Which Is Menaced By the Bursting Shells.

London—The Germans delivered their first but long-feared Zeppelin airship attack against England Tuesday and in doing so threatened the lives of King George, Queen Mary and other members of the royal family.

A fleet of fast air cruisers swooped across the North sea to the Norfolk county coast, bombarded Yarmouth and Cromer, then sailed inland and dropped bombs on Sheringham, King's Lynn and Sandringham.

At least four persons were struck dead, three at Yarmouth and one at King's Lynn and many are believed to have been injured by the devastating missiles which exploded with terrible force.

Reports One Zeppelin Wrecked.

The first flashes from the Zeppelin search lights were seen at 8:30 p. m. and 10 minutes later the cigar shaped destroyers were speeding toward the sea, the whirring and buzzing of their engines clearly audible.

Not all of them escaped. At least one was brought to earth and captured together with officers and crew at Hunstanton, a few miles from Sandringham. The others apparently regained safe airs and returned across the North sea to the base from which they had come. Just how many Zeppelins the Germans used in their first aerial raid is not yet known, but it is probable that three or four composed the raiding fleet.

The royal family had left Sandringham palace, now used as the Queen Mother Alexandra's country home, only a few hours before bombs rained down near the palace. They arrived in London Tuesday evening.

It is reported from Sandringham that none of the bombs struck the palace, but that several exploded with terrific violence near by.

Attack Aimed at King.

There is every reason to suppose that the Germans were informed of the presence at Sandringham Tuesday of the king and of the royal family, and that this attack upon this small and insignificant town was for the sole purpose of striking the blow that would stun all England.

The night and the weather were favorable to the plans of the air raiders. The night was starless. The air was still. It was slightly cloudy, as mists from the sea hung low and were unstirred by air currents. From aloft the location of Yarmouth must have been clearly visible to the attackers since the lights, although reduced in number and volume, were going plentifully and clearly enough.

BRIEFS FROM THE WIRE

Amsterdam—Official reports state that the prisoners of war in Germany and Austria now number 800,000. The Cologne Gazette compares this figure with 200,000 prisoners which it asserts are held by the allies.

London—The death of Lieut.-Gen. Anatole Mikhailovitch Stoessel, the defender of Port Arthur, is announced in a Petrograd dispatch to Reuter's Telegram Co. Gen. Stoessel had suffered from paralysis for several months.

Geneva, via Paris—Dispatches from northern Italy say that the earthquake shocks were more violent in the Alps than in the valleys. Around Aosta and Courmayeur, some persons were injured. It is reported that on the day of the earthquake, shocks also were felt around Lucerae and in the lower Engadine valley. Avalanches continue in the Swiss Alps.

Chicago—Members of the I. W. W. started a riot Sunday at a meeting called for the unemployed at Hull House. They fought the police when prevented from parading with black banners when they had no permit and after a fight in which a number of policemen were attacked and scores of the paraders injured 22 were arrested.

Hollister, Cal.—L. V. Harkness, 64 years old, an early associate of John D. Rockefeller in the oil business, died Sunday on a ranch. He formerly made his home in New York City. Mr. Harkness was an extensive owner of California lands.

Red Oak, Iowa—Smith McPherson, for 15 years judge of the federal court in the southern Iowa district, died Sunday night at his home. He had been ill for six months, heat exposure superinducing severe indigestion in Kansas last July.

Lansing, Mich.—Warden Simpson, of Jackson prison, has filed his biennial report with the legislature. He advocates the building of a new cell block to accommodate 400 prisoners and shows that the prison has maintained itself by profits from industries conducted at the institution.

With the birth of twin sons to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kreft, of Alpena the number of children born to this couple now totals 20. Of this number 19 are living.

MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give California Syrup of Figs"

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sours.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat, or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Cutting Down the Laughing Stuff.

Yeast—I see a new step-ladder that has six legs and cannot be upset, and clamps to prevent a cow kicking or switching her tail while being milked, has been patented.

Crimsonbeak—If they keep on there'll be nothing left for a fellow to laugh at.

THE PROFESSOR'S STATEMENT.

Prof. Aug. F. W. Schmitz, Thomas, Okla., writes: "I was troubled with Backache for about twenty-five years. When told I had Bright's Disease in its last stages, I tried Doan's Kidney Pills. After using two boxes I was somewhat relieved and I stopped the treatment. In the spring of 1911 I had another attack. I went for Doan's Kidney Pills and they relieved me again. I used three boxes. That is now three years ago and my Backache has not returned in its severity, and by using another two boxes a little later on, the pain left altogether and I have had no trouble since. You may use my statement. I recommend Doan's Kidney Pills when and wherever I can." Doan's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Doan's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

Prof. Schmitz.

Sure Enough.

"I strongly object to antiseptic kisses."

"Why so?"

"How can they possibly express the germ of affection?"

WOMAN REFUSES OPERATION

Tells How She Was Saved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Louisville, Ky.—"I think if more suffering women would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound they would enjoy better health. I suffered from a female trouble, and the doctors decided I had a tumorous growth and would have to be operated upon, but I refused as I do not believe in operations. I had fainting spells, bloated, and could hardly stand the pain in my left side. My husband insisted that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so thankful I did, for I am now a well woman, sleep better, do all my housework and take long walks. I never fail to praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for my good health."—Mrs. J. M. Reach, 1900 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

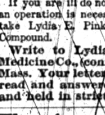
If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered, by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

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

Brentwood

CANCER

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