THE BATTLE CRY

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SYNOPSIS.

Juanita Holland, on her journey into the heart of the Cumberlands, to become a teacher of the mountain children, arrives at the door of Fletch McNash's cabin. She overhears a talk between Bad Ance Havey and one of his henchmen that acquaints her with the Hatfield-McCoy feud. Cal Douglas of the Havey clan is on trial in Peril, for the murder of a McBriar. Juanita and Dawn McNash become friends. Cal Douglas is acquitted. Nash Wyatt is killed by the Haveys. Milt McBriar and Bad Ance declare a truce, under pressure from Good Anse. Juanita thinks she finds that Bad Anse is opposing her efforts to buy land and build a school. Milt McBriar breaks the truce by hanging Fletch McNash murdered. Jeb McNash begs Bad Anse to tell him who killed his father, but is put told. Juanita and Bad Anse further misunderstand each other. Bad Anse tells Juanita he does not fight women and Juanita gets her land and cabin. Jeb refrains from killing Young Milt McBriar, as he is not sure Young Milt is the murderer. Young Milt and Dawn meet several times, resulting in a demand from Bad Anse that Dawn leave Juanita's cabin. Juanita and Good Anse go to see Bad Anse, who again says the school has been started the wrong way. She begins to understand Bad Anse's dream of regeneration for his people. Young Milt and Bad Anse lay aside the feud for the time to prevent the burning of the new schoolhouse. Dawn remains with Juanita. Bad Anse finds himself drifting dangerously near Juanita. Roger Malcolm of Philadelphia comes to woo Juanita and to investigate the mineral possibilities of the district. Bad Anse gives him veiled warning. Young Milt comes openly to see Dawn while she is at Juanita's cabin. The two men set a new precedent by fighting with fists and then shaking hands on a personal truce. Milt McBriar plots to have Bad Anse killed. Juanita's school prospers. Bad Anse agrees to friendship with her though he knows that on his part it is hopeless love.

CHAPTER XIX.

Once, when Anse Havey had been tramping all afternoon through the wintry woods with Juanita, he had pointed out a squirrel that sat erect on a branch high above them with its tail curled up behind it. He had stopped her with a touch on the arm; then, with a smile of amusement, he handed her his rifle with much the same manner that she might have handed him a novel in Russian, and his eyes said banteringly: "See what you can do with that."

But to his surprise she took the gun and leveled it as one accustomed to the use. Bad Anse Havey forgot the squirrel and saw only the slim figure in its loose sweater; only the stray wisps of curling hair and the softness of the cheek that snuggled against the rifle stock. Then, at the report, the squirrel dropped.

She turned with a matter-of-fact nod and handed back the gun.

"I'm rather sorry I killed it," she said, "but you looked so full of scorn that I had to show you. You know, they do have a few rifles outside the Cumberland mountains."

"Where did you learn to shoot?" he demanded, and she answered casually: "I used to shoot a rifle and pistol, too, quite a good bit."

He took the gun back, and unconsciously his hand caressed the spot where her cheek had laid against its lock. He had fallen into a reverie out of which her voice called him. They had crossed the ridge itself and were overlooking his place.

"Why are they clearing that space behind your house? Are you going to put it in corn?"

"No," he laughed shortly. "Corn would be just about as bad as laurel."

He was instantly sorry he had said that. He had not meant to tell her of the plans he was making—plans of defense and, if need be, of offense. He had not intended to mention his precautions to prevent assassination at his own door or window.

But the girl understood, and her voice was heavy with anxiety as she demanded: "Do you think you're in danger, Anse?"

"There's never a day I'm not in danger," he replied casually. "I've got pretty well used to it."

"But some day," she broke out, "they'll get you."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe," he said.

As Juanita's influence grew with Bad Anse Havey, so it was growing at the school. She had to turn away pupils who had come across the mountains on wearisome journeys because as yet she had only limited room and no teachers save herself and Dawn to care for the youngest.

At the front of the hall which led into the main school building was a rack with notches for rifles and pegs for pistols. She told all who entered that she made only one stipulation, and that was that whoever crossed the threshold must leave his armament at the door.

At first some men turned away again, taking their children with them, but as time went on they grudgingly acquiesced, and at last, with a sense of great victory, she persuaded three shaggy fathers, who were coming regularly with their children, to ride back home unarmed.

Disarmament was her idea for the great solution, and when Bad Anse came over—and he came every night now—she led him with almost breathless eagerness to the rack and showed him two modern rifles and one antiquated squirrel gun.

"What's the idea?" he asked with his shaggy smile. He found it very difficult to listen always to talk about the school in which he felt no interest and to regard his vow of silence as to herself, whom he dumbly worshiped.

"Look around you, Anse," she commanded. "Do you see any dirt or dust anywhere? No; we are teaching cleanliness and sanitation, but there is just one place here where the spiders are welcome to come and spin their webs unmolested. It's that rack of guns. Did you ever hear of the shrine at Lourdes?"

"I reckon not," he confessed uneasily. Of late he had become a little ashamed of the things he did not know.

"Well, this is going to be like it, Anse. It is told that when the lame and halt and blind came to Lourdes to pray they went away straight and strong and clear of vision. There hang at the shrine there numberless crutches and canes, discarded because the men who were carried there went away needing them no more. Some day your old order of crippled things here in the mountains is going to become straight and strong, and these guns will be the discarded crutches."

He looked at her, and if no response was elicited to her prophecy, at least he could not contemplate without a stirring of enthusiasm the flushed face and glowing eye with which she spoke. It was all worth while if it could bring that sparkle of delight to her countenance.

"It's right pretty, but it won't hardly work," he said. "These men will leave them guns just so long as they don't need 'em. I'm glad to see ye pleased—but I don't want to see ye disappointed."

* * * * * * *

A little before Christmas old Milt McBriar went to Lexington, and there he met a heavily bearded man in rough clothes who had arrived that morning from the West. They conferred in a cheap eating house which bears a ragged and unwholesome appearance and is kept by an exile from the mountains.

"Now tell me, Milt," suggested Luke Thixton briefly, "what air this thing ye wants me ter do. I'm done with these hyar old flat lands thet they talks so much erbout."

But Milt McBriar's eyes had been vacantly watching the door. It was a glass door, with its lower portion painted red and bearing in black letters the name of the proprietor.

"Damn!" he exclaimed violently, but under his breath.

"What's bitin' ye?" asked his companion, as he bolted his food.

"I jest seed Breck Havey pass by that door," explained the chief. "But I reckon he couldn't hardly recognize you this fur back. I don't want no word of yore comin' ter go ahead of ye."

"What is it I'm a-goin' back ter do?" insisted the exile doggedly.

"Oh," commented Milt McBriar, "we've got ter talk thet over at some length. Ye're a-goin' back ter git Anse Havey, but ye hain't a-goin' jist yit."

One morning as he sat over his breakfast at the kitchen table, Anse's cousin, Breck Havey, rode up in not haste to rouse him out of apathy and remind him that he must not shirk his role as leader of the clan.

The Havey from Peril came quickly to the point while the Havey of the backwoods listened.

"I was down ter Lexin'ton yesterday, an' as I was passin' Jim Freeman's deadfall I happened ter look in. Thar war old Milt McBriar an' Luke Thixton, thar heads as close tergether as a pair of thieves. Luke hes come back from the West, an' I reckon ye kin figer out what thet means."

Anse grew suddenly rigid and his face blackened. So his destiny was crowding him!

"What air ye goin' ter do?" demanded Breck with a tone of anxious and impotent pleading. Anse shook his head.

"I don't know—quite yet," he said. "Let's see, is the high cote in session?"

Breck Havey nodded his head in perplexed assent. He wondered what the court had to do with this exigency.

"All right. Tell Sidering to have the grand jury indict Luke for the McNash murder an' Milt McBriar as accessory."

"Good God, Anse!" burst out the other Havey. "Does ye realize what hell ye turns loose when ye tries ter drag Old Milt ter cote in Peril?"

"Yes, I know that." The answer was calm. "I'll give ye a list of witnesses. Tell Sidering ter keep these true bills secret. I'll ride over and testify myself, an' I'll 'tend ter keepin' the witnesses quiet. I don't know whether we'll ever try these cases, but it's just as well ter be ready along every line."

Breck Havey stood gazing down at the hearth with a troubled frown. At last he hazarded a remonstrance.

"Anse," he said, "I hain't never questioned ye. I've always took yore counsel. Ye're the head of the Haveys, but next to you I'm the man they harkens to most. If any man has got ter dispute yer, I reckon ye'd take it most willin'ly from me."

"What is it, Breck? I'm plumb willin' to listen to your counsel."

"Then I'll talk outspoken. Ter try ter convict these men in cote means ter take a desperate chance. Ye can't hardly succeed, an' if ye fails ye've lost yore hold on the Haveys—ye're plumb, eternally done for."

"I don't aim ter fail."

"No; but ye mought. Anse, no man hain't never questioned yore loyalty till now. I mought as well tell ye straight what talkin's goin' round."

Anse stiffened. "What is it?" he demanded.

"Some folks low that thar Haveys don't mean as much ter ye now as they furrin' schoolteacher. Does. Then folks'll be pretty apt ter think ye ain't tryin' ter please them so much as her—if yer attempts this."

Anse stood for a long minute silent, and his bronzed features grew taut. At last he inquired coolly: "Is thet all?"

"What do you think, Breck?"

"I'd trust ye till hell froze."

"All right. Then do as I tells ye an' if I fails I reckons you'll be head of the Haveys in my place."

Down at the school there was going to be a Christmas tree that year. Never before had the children of the "branch-water folks" heard of a Christmas tree. The season of Christ's birth had always been celebrated with moonshine jug and revolver. It was dreaded in advance and mourned over in retrospect.

Now in many childish hearts large dreams were brewing. Eager anticipations warmed the marvels. The honored young fir tree which was to bear a fruitage of gifts and lights had been singled out and marked to the Anse Havey and Juanita had explored the woods together, bent on its selection. Perhaps Juanita and Dawn were as much excited as the children, but to Dawn it meant more than to anyone else. She was to accompany Juanita to Lexington to buy gifts and deporations and would have her first wondrous glimpse of the lights and crowds of a city.

Milt was there at college and would be returning about the same time, so the mountain girl secretly wrote him of her coming. And even facing so grave a crisis, Anse Havey thought of that tree and hoped that Luke would not come back before Christmas.

That night, while he was sitting with Juanita and the fire was flashing on her cheeks, he said moodily: "I'm afraid ye'll have to start despisin' me all over again."

She looked up in astonishment.

"Why?" she asked.

"I've got to kill a man."

She rose from her chair, her face pallid.

"Kill a man?" she echoed.

"God knows I hate to do it." He rose, too, and stood before the hearth. "But I reckon it had better be me than Jeb."

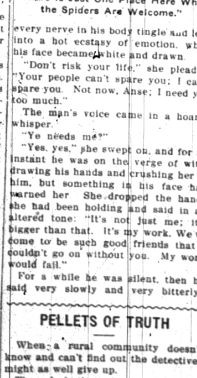
"Do you mean—" she broke off and finished brokenly, "that Fletch's murderer is back?"

"He's comin'. He's comin' to kill somebody else. Most likely me. It's a question of settlin' scores with a murderer that kilt Fletch for a ticket West and a hundred men—or letting young Jeb McNash go crazy an' starvin' the feud all over again. I reckon ye sees thet I ain't no choice."

She came nearer and stood confronting him so close that he felt her breath on his face. She spoke out in a low, tense voice: "Suppose he kills you?"

"He'll have his chance," said Anse Havey shortly. "I ain't lowin' to shoot him down from ambush."

The girl leaned forward and clutched his hands in both her own. Under the tight pressure of her fingers he felt



"There Is Just One Place Here Where the Spiders Are Welcome."

every nerve in his body tingle and leap into a hot ecstasy of emotion, while his face became white and drawn.

"Don't risk your life," she pleaded. "Your people can't spare you; I can't spare you. Not now, Anse; I need you too much."

The man's voice came in a hoarse whisper:

"Ye needs me?"

"Yes, yes," she swept on, and for an instant he was on the verge of withdrawing his hands and crushing her to him, but something in his face had warned her. She dropped the hands she had been holding and said in an altered tone: "It's not just me; it's bigger than that. It's my work. We've come to be such good friends that I couldn't go on without you. My work would fail."

For a while he was silent, then he said very slowly and very bitterly: "Oh, it's just your work that needs me?"

"But, Anse," she argued, "my work is all that's biggest and best in me. You understand, don't you?"

For a moment his voice got away from him and he rose fiercely:

"I don't give a damn for your work! he blazed out. "It's you I'm interested in. That's the sort of friend I am."

She looked up at his gleaming eyes, a little amazed, and he went on, quietly enough now:

"If I falls to hang Luke Thixton I'll be right now what ye prophesied for me twenty years hence—the leader of the wolf-pack that goes down an' gets trod on. I ain't never put no much strain on my influence as this is goin' ter be. I've got ter hold back the Haveys an' the McBriars whilst this court foolishness dawdles along, an' if I falls down Jeb is goin' to kill Luke anyway, I'm doin' this because ye asks it; an' now I'll say good night to ye."

Juanita Holland stood looking at the door he had closed behind him, a wild sense of tumult and uneasiness in her heart.

"That's the sort of friend I am," she repeated to herself.

CHAPTER XX.

There still remained the task of winning young Jeb's assent to his plan, and Anse Havey foresaw a stubborn battle there. Jeb had been reading law that winter, reading by the light of a log fire through long and lonely evenings in a smoke-darkened cabin.

When Anse Havey called from the stile one night, the boy laid a battered lawbook on his thin knee and called out: "Come in, Anse, and pull up a chee!"

Anse had been rehearsing his arguments as he rode through the sleet-lashed hills, and he was deeply troubled.

The man and the boy sat on either side of the fireplace. Penetrating gusts swept in at the broken chinking and up through the warped floor until old Beardog, lying at their feet, shivered as he slept with his forepaws stretched on the hearth and the two men hitched their chairs nearer to the blaze. By the bed still stood the rifle that had been Fletch's; the rifle upon which the boy's eyes always fell and which to him was the symbol of his duty.

As Bad-Anse Havey talked of the future with all the instinctive forcefulness that he could command, the boy's set face relaxed, and into his eyes came a glint of eagerness, because he himself was to play no small part in these affairs.

Into his heart crept the first burning of ambition, the first reaching out after a career. He saw a future opening before him, and his grave eyes were drinking in pictures in the live embers.

Then, when ambition had been kindled, the older man broached the topic which was the crux of his plea.

"The man that can do things for the mountains must be willin' to make a heap of sacrifices, Jeb," he said.

Young Jeb laughed, looking about the bare room of his cabin home.

"Mek sacrifices?" he repeated. "I hain't never knowed nothin' else but that. I reckon I hain't skeered of it."

"I didn't mean that way, Jeb." Anse spoke slowly, holding the boy with his eyes, and something of his meaning sank in so that the lad's lean face again hardened.

"Nothin' kain't stand between me an' what I've got ter do, Anse," he said slowly. He did not speak now with wild passion, but calm finality. "I've done took ther oath."

For a while Anse Havey did not reply. At last he said quietly: "I reckon ye've got rid of the idea that I was aimin' to deceive ye, Jeb. I told ye that when Fletch's assassin came back to the mountains I'd let ye know. I'm goin' to keep my word."

Jeb rose suddenly from his chair and stood with the fire lighting up his ragged trousers and the frayed sleeves of his coat.

"Air he back now?" he demanded.

Anse shook his head.

"Not yet, Jeb; but he's coming." He saw the twitch that went across the tight-closed lips which made no comment.

"Jeb," he continued, "I want ye to help me. I want ye to be big enough to put by things that it's hard to put by."

The boy shook his head.

"Anse," he replied slowly, "ask me ter do anything else in God Almighty's world, but don't ask me thet, 'cause it ye does I've got ter denY ye."

"I ain't askin' ye to let the man go unpunished. I'm only askin' you to let the people him with the law."

Anse's—Jeb's face was still large in every feature of Jeb's face. He stood in the wavering circle of light while the shadows swallowed the corners of the cabin, and wondered if he had heard rightly. At last his voice carried a note of deep disappointment, and he spoke as though unwilling to utter such reasonable words.

"I reckon, Anse," he suggested, "ye wouldn't hardly hev asked a thing like thet afore"—there was a hesitating halt before he went on—"afore a furrin woman changed yore fashion of lookin' at things."

Anse Havey felt his face redden, and an angry retort rose to his lips. But the charge was true.

He went on as though Jeb had not spoken.

"All I ask is that when that man comes ye'll hold your hand until the cote has acted."

"Does ye reckon Milt McBriar aims ter let Sidering try kin of his?" was the next inreredulous question.

Anse Havey's voice broke out of its quiet tones and his eyes woke to a fire that was convincing.

"By heavens, I aims ter have him do it! I ain't askin' leave of Milt McBriar." Then he added: "I aims ter hang the man that kilt your daddy in the jail house yard at Peril, an' if the McBriars get him they've got ter kill me first. Will you hold your hand till I'm through?"

The boy stood there, his fingers slowly clenching and opening. Finally he said: "Milt ain't a-goin' ter satisfy me ter penitentiary thet feller. He's got ter die."

"He's goin' to die. If I fail, then—" the clansman raised his hands in a gesture of concession—"then he's yours. Will you wait?"

"I don't hardly believe," said Jeb McNash with conviction, "any man livin' kin keep Milt's hired assassin in no jail house long enough ter try an' hang him. But I'm willing ter see. I'll hold my hand thet long, Anse, but—"

Once more a spasmodic tautening of muscles convulsed the boy's frame and his voice took on its excited note of shrillness: "But I warns ye, I'm goin' ter be settin' in ther high cote. I hain't never a-goin' ter leave hit, an' if thet jury clars him—or if they jest penitentiaries him—I'm goin' ter kill him as he sets thar in his cheer—so help me God!"

"I've Got to Kill a Man!"

Loyal in their stubborn adherence to feud obedience, the judge and grand jury secretly returned two indictments bearing the names of Luke Thixton as principal and Milton McBriar, Sr., as accessory to the crime of murder "against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth of Kentucky, and contrary to the statute in such case made and provided." Also, they withheld their action from public announcement.

Surreptitiously and guardedly a message traveled up the watercourses to the remotest Havey cabin. Bad-Anse bade his men be ready to rise in instant response to his call, and they made ready to obey.

One day Juanita Holland and Dawn set out for Lexington to do their Christmas shopping.

Anse Havey rode with them across to Peril and waved his hat in farewell as they stood in the vestibule of the rickety passenger coach. It was a very shabby car of worn and faded plush, but to Dawn it seemed a fairy chariot.

As they entered the lobby of the Phoenix hotel, in Lexington, a tall youth rose from a chair and came forward. If the boy was cruder and dark' er and less trim in appearance than his Blue-Grass brethren, he carried his head as high and walked as independently. He came forward with his hat in his hand and said: "I'm mighty glad ter see ye, Dawn."

The girl looked about the place and breathed rather than asked: "Isn't the world wonderful, Milt?"

Two days followed through which Dawn passed in transports of delight. There were the uttermost sights in shop-windows decked for the holiday season, and the crowds on the streets and the gayety and merriment of Christmas everywhere. She had never heard so much laughter before, and she found it infectious, and laughed too.

At last she found herself again in a faded plush car beside Juanita, with Young Milt sitting opposite. Old Milt was on that train, too, but he paused only to nod and disappearing into the shabbier smoking compartment, where he had business to discuss. A man was waiting for him in there whom old acquaintances might have passed by without recognition. It was the hope of Milt McBriar that when they left the train at Peril any acquaintances who might be about would do just this.

While the Christmas shoppers laughed in the day coach, Luke Thixton received final instructions in the empty smoker.

He was to pass as swiftly and unobtrusively as possible through Peril and go direct across the ridge.

He and Milt would leave the train without conversation or anything to mark them as companions. After that Luke knew what he was to do, and no further conference would be necessary.

It was noon when the train rumbled again over the trestle near the town, and all morning a steady, feathery snow had been falling, veiling the sights from the windows and wrapping the mountains in a cloak of swan's-down.

At last the trucks screamed, the old engine came puffing and wheezing to a tired halt, and the two girls, with Young Milt, at their heels, made their way out, burdened with parcels.

On the cinder platform Juanita looked about for Anse Havey, and she saw him standing in a group with Jeb and several other men whom she did not know—but Anse's face was not turned toward her, and it did not wear the look of expectancy that the thought of her usually brought there. Jeb's countenance, too, was white and set, and a breathless tensity seemed to hold the whole group in fixed tautness.

There were several clumps of men standing about, all armed, and every face wore the same expression of waiting sternness.

A gasp of premonition rose to Juanita's lips as she caught the sinister spirit of suspense in the atmosphere. Then Milt McBriar stepped down from the smoker vestibule, followed by another man.

As the two turned in opposite directions on the snow-covered platform, one of the men who had been standing with Bad Anse Havey laid a hand on the shoulder of the Anse-shaven man's rival and said in a clear voice: "Luke Thixton, I want ye fer ther murder of Fletch McNash."

Old Milt McBriar, for once startled out of his case-hardened self-control, wheeled and demanded angrily: "What hell's trick is this?" His eyes were blazing and his face worked with passionate fury.

A deputy answered him: "An' Milt McBriar, I wants you, too, on an indictment fer accessory ter murder."

Juanita felt Dawn's spasmodic fingers clutch her arm as her knees grow suddenly weak. She heard a clatter of parcels as Young Milt dropped them in the snow and leaped forward, his eyes kindling and his right hand frantically clawing at the buttons of overcoat and vest. But before he could draw, Jeb McNash had come to face him, bending forward to a half crouch. The younger McBriar halted and bent back under the glint of the revolver which Jeb was thrusting into his face.

Haveys, armed and grim of visage, now began drawing close about the captives.

Dawn clung with bloodless lips and white cheeks to Juanita as she watched Jeb holding his weapon in the face of the boy whom she suddenly realized she loved more than her brother.

Then the sheriff spoke again.

"Thar hain't no use in makin' no trouble, Milt. Ther grand jury hes done acted, an' I reckon ye'd better let the law take its course."

"Why, don't ye take me, too?" demanded Young Milt in a tense, passionate voice. "I'm a McBriar. That's all ye've got against any of these men."

"The grand jury didn't indict ye, son," responded the sheriff calmly.

Then the elder McBriar became suddenly quiet again and self-possessed. He turned to his son.

"Milt," he said, sternly, "you keep outen this. I'll be home an' tell ye every man that calls hisself a McBriar"—his voice suddenly rose in the defiant crescendo of a trapped lion—"tell every man that calls hisself a McBriar thet ther Haveys hev put ye in ther damned jailhouse—an' ask em if they aims ter let us lay thar!"

Young Milt turned and went at a run toward the livery stable. Over his shoulder as he went he flung back at Jeb, who stood looking after him with lowered pistol: "I'm goin' now, but I'll be back ter reckon with you!"

And Jeb shouted, too: "Ye hain't come back none too soon, Milt. I'll be hyar when ye comes."

Then the group started on their tramp toward the courthouse and the little jail that lay at its side.

Juanita suddenly realized that she and Dawn were standing as if rooted to the spot. The older girl heard an inarticulate moan break from the lips of the younger, and then, as though waking out of sleep, she looked absently down at a litter of berthbound parcels which lay about her feet. That message which Old Milt had flung back to his people on the lips of his son would send tumbling to arms every man who could carry a rifle!

And the Haveys were grimly waiting for them. The Haveys were already there. The two girls could not ride across the ridge now. They could only sit in their room at the wretched hotel and wait, too.

Juanita was glad Dawn could cry. She couldn't. She could only look ahead and see a procession of hideous possibilities.

It had been a few minutes after noon when Young Milt had rushed into the livery stable and ordered his horse. In that one instant all his college influences had dropped away from him, and he was following the fierce single standard clan loyalty.

His father, who had never been any man's captive, was back there in the vermin-infested little jailhouse, a prisoner to the Haveys. And when Young Milt came back, the men Havey he had marked for his own was the Havey older whose pistol muzzle he had been forced to give back—young Jeb McNash.

The stroke had taken the McBriars completely by surprise. The boy must reach his own territory and rally them to their fullest numbers, even from the remotest coves. This battle was to be fought in the enemy's own stronghold and against a force which was ready to the last note of preparedness.

So nothing could happen until tomorrow. Nothing would happen in all likelihood, until the day after that, and meanwhile the two girls in the hotel must sit there thinking.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SNAPSHOTS

Students at Wellesley have decided to eliminate slang from their conversation. They say it gets them in bad with people who are not hep to it.

A woman should start on her vacation trip before the peaches ripen, and she should stay away until the canning season is over.

There are a lot of knotty problems in life. One of them concerns the wisdom of splitting a pair for the purpose of drawing a flush.

Every married woman has a plan to take a roomer and save half the rent.

Mrs Laban Cain, who has been married six years, still is responding to encores from her husband's family. This is particularly noteworthy for the reason that a woman rarely succeeds in gaining the applause of her husband's family.—Jay E. House in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Another objection to marriage is that the guilty parties get no time for good behavior.

PELLETS OF TRUTH

When a rural community doesn't know and can't find out the detectives might as well give up.

The rule is, that when the members of a family are not quarreling with each other they are making fun of relatives.

The fact that a band serenades you is not prima facie evidence that you are a great man. More likely, it means the leader of the band believes you will set up the cigars.

It is possible to be a tireless worker and have nothing to show for it.

A man never is as fierce as he tries to lead his family believe.

The fact that the parsnip is considered a food problem entitles the radish to the same distinction.

Naturally So.

"Did you see where a ship was held up in our ports because it had a cargo of false teeth for Germany?"

"Now, musn't that have made the manufacturers look down in the mouth?"

COUNTRY TOWN SAYINGS

Some salesmen are so anxious to sell as to cause customers to suspect that it is dangerous to buy.

Every woman is a little touchy about it if her husband likes bakers' bread as well as he likes hers.

You can get mighty little done unless you do it yourself; and usually you can't do it yourself very well.

Practically every scholar has been, or has thought of being, a school-teacher.

She Couldn't Stand That.

"Why did she throw over that young man?"

"Seems he was an efficiency expert."

"Wal?"

"And he tried to tell her she didn't know how to kiss."

New Use for Electricity.

A theory has been advanced by a French scientist that electric currents can be made to "take the place of food in sustaining life to a considerable degree."

Glass of Hot Water Before Breakfast a Splendid Habit

Open sluices of the system each morning and wash away the poisonous, stagnant matter.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, lame back, can, instead, look and feel as fresh as a daisy always by washing the poisons and toxins from the body with phosphated hot water each morning.

We should drink, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to flush from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

The action of limestone phosphate and hot water on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast and it is said to be but a little while until the roses begin to appear in the cheeks. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at your druggist or from any store, but is sufficient to make anyone who is bothered with biliousness, constipation, stomach trouble or rheumatism a real enthusiast on the subject of internal sanitation. Try it and you are assured that you will look better and feel better in every way shortly.—Adv.

Left Behind.

"How do you like Chugson?"

"Not at all."

"Why, he speaks well of you."

"Perhaps he does, but he's always disparaging my motor car."

"Aren't you mistaken about that?"

"Certainly I've had to take his dust too many times."

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now.

Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out tonight and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put it another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret tonight straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

Sawed-Off Sermon.

If there is anything more contrary than the average female of the species, it is a right-handed lock on a left-handed door.

Red Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies Murine Your Eyes. Don't tell your age. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Sends Eye Book on request.

New York city has 526 mounted policemen, Philadelphia 425, and Chicago 120.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

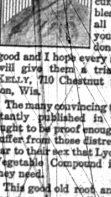
Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. First application gives relief. 60c.

Most tall stories are more or less true.

PAINS IN SIDE AND BACK

How Mrs. Kelly Suffered and How She was Cured.

Burlington, Wis.—"I was very irregular, and had pains in my side and back, but after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets and using two bottles of the Sanative Wash I am fully convinced that I am entirely cured of these troubles, and feel better all over. I know your remedies have done me works of good and I hope every suffering woman will give them a trial."—Mrs. ANNA KELLY, 710 Chestnut Street, Burlington, Wis.



The many convincing testimonials constantly published in the newspapers ought to be proof enough to women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they need.

This good old root and herb remedy has proved unsurpassed for these dreadful ills; it contains what is needed to restore woman's health and strength.

If there is any peculiarity in your case requiring special advice, write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for free advice.