

**CLIFF'S CASCARES**  
Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box.  
Cascarels, immediately cleanse the bowels, remove the sour, indigestible food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the accumulated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.  
A Cascarels to-night will surely frighten you out of morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist gives you clear, stomach sleep, and your liver and bowels regular for months. ADVISE YOUR DRUGGIST.

**Economical**  
Economy was the text of Mr. Jones' discourse one evening after he had been seeking admittance through the door of Mrs. Jones' parlour.  
"I don't want to make you unhappy, daughter," declared the orator, "but really, I've made up my mind to go to the States in the future. For instance, look at the bill for petrol. This motor car is costing me rather too much for the time being."  
"Yes, Henry, dear, agree with Mr. Jones," Mrs. Jones said.  
"But just think what it would be in car fares and bootferry!"

**CARE FOR YOUR HAIR**  
Frequent Shampooing With Cuticura Soap Will Help You. Trial Free.

Precede shampooing by touches of Cuticura Ointment if needed to spots of dandruff, itching and irritation of the scalp. Nothing better for the complexion, hair, hands or skin than these super-emerger cuticulas. Also see preparations for the toilet.

Every sample each by mail with booklet. Address: Postcard, Cuticura, Dept. 5, Boston, Mass. Everywhere—ADVISE.

**Eye to Business**  
The August-1st selling a remarkable combination kitchen utensil. "What's this?" "See this little book?" "Yes." "That's a can opener." "Add this book is an appliance for lifting pans from the fire." "What's this?" "See this little book?" "Yes." "That's a can opener." "Add this book is an appliance for lifting pans from the fire." "What's this?" "See this little book?" "Yes." "That's a can opener."

**LACK OF MONEY**  
Was a Goodness in This Case.  
It is not always that a lack of money is a benefit.  
A lady in Ark. owes her health to the fact that she could not pay for the medicine she demanded for her specialist to treat her for stomach trouble. In telling her case she says: "I had been treated for four different physicians during 10 years of stomach trouble. Later I called on another who told me I could not cure me; that I had a stricture of the stomach. But would have to have his money for nothing for 10 years of stomach trouble. Later I called on another who told me I could not cure me; that I had a stricture of the stomach. But would have to have his money for nothing for 10 years of stomach trouble. Later I called on another who told me I could not cure me; that I had a stricture of the stomach. But would have to have his money for nothing for 10 years of stomach trouble."

**Normal volume at atmospheric pressure.** It is therefore transportable in steel bottles as easily as oil or alcohol. It is a gas, and therefore cannot otherwise be readily supplied. For car heating or lighting, in welding and metal-cutting tools, for the soldering, it is said to be invaluable. It contains more of the same element, although in different proportions, and is usable in place where gas is similarly made, but is without carbon monoxide, and therefore is non-poisonous. Also its chemical inertia is so great as to make it practically non-explosive. Its range of explosion limits is wider than that of any other gas, and is one-third that of ordinary coal gas. It is cheaper to produce than acetylene.

**Daily Thought**  
I should never have made my success in life if I had not bestowed upon the least thing my reverence and care that I have bestowed upon the greatest.—Dickens

**Instant Postum**—A soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage, tenderly, and 50c tin.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup. There's a reason for it. Sold by Grocers.

**BY CHARLES NEVILL BUCK**  
"AUTHOR OF 'THE CALL OF THE CUMBERLANDS'"  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

**SYNOPSIS.**  
Junia Holland, a Philadelphia young woman, wealthy, is in the hands of a man named John McBratton, who is the son of the mountain giant, father of the McBrattons. While resting there she overhears a talk between her father and her mother. She is a girl of 19, and she is very beautiful. She has a great deal of money, and she is very kind. She is very kind to her father and mother. She is very kind to her father and mother. She is very kind to her father and mother.

**CHAPTER XIV—Continued.**  
Again Jeb's face had become ashen and his muscles were twitching. Ane looked at him with a shudder, and the boy jerked away and again confronted his father, while his voice broke from his lips in an excess of passion. "Tell me his name. By God, he don't get me!"

"No, I ain't got to tell you his name just yet, Jeb. Ane calmly answered. "He ain't in these parts now. He's left the mountains, an' it wouldn't do you much good to know his name—yet two days after he leaves he'll tell you all ye wants to know, an' I won't try to hinder ye, ye must let the children stay over there at the school. Jeb's heart set to beating, and he was about to break her heart.

**CHAPTER XV.**  
Ane Haven had been looking ahead. When Old Mill McBratton had said "Then Haven's low that I'd cross her on a rotten plank ter to an injury," she had said close to the mark. Bad Ane knew that the quiet-smiled old murderer would not more free himself from guilt and deceit than the rattler can separate itself from the poison which impregnates its fangs and nature.

**NAPOLION AND LETTER**  
Great Man Had Good Reason to Believe It Played an Important Part in His Life.  
All human nature holds within itself superlatives in some greater or less degree. Perhaps no two persons have ever held the exact same faith in their hearts. With Napoleon, a dread of the poor, harmless letters. He imagined all persons, places, events that came within the scope of

met with splendidly to the rigids and the sunset flamed at his back. Junia never knew what details of the incident came to her. Old Mill only when next the head of the house passed her on the road he spoke with a diminished cordiality, and when she stopped him he merely said "You've a-runnin' a Haven school over there now. Little Mill tells me he warned him often over place."

One afternoon Ane Haven, wandering through the timber on his own side of the ridge, came upon a lone hunter in the woods. He proved to be the young Mill McBratton. "Mornin', Mill," said Haven. "I didn't see 'er over went huntin' over here. The boy told me he'd shot a muskrat was a trespasser, met the scrutiny with a playful glance.

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**CHAPTER XVI.**  
In an office which overlooked the gray stone courthouse in Louisville sat a young man, looking thoughtful and discontented. In the small apartment of his sanctum was a young woman who had been industriously on a typewriter for the last several hours. The girl who called that Mr. Trevor was that. That was because most of those who came before them the unpalatable business of the creditors. Mr. Trevor's list of creditors would have made as long a scroll as his list of business activities.

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