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NO. 22

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of
J. C. Ayer & Co.
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CASTORIA

SLANDER ON GIRLS.

Chicago Tribune Says that the Fair Sex Sows "Wild Oats" as well as the Sterner Sex.

It is all nonsense to say that girls don't sow wild oats, and that they don't reap them, too, with many bitter and vain regrets. Of course it is all delightful while it lasts, but the sowing time is soon over and the later.

For it must be remembered that a girl's temptation don't lie in the direction of poker or high balls. They are nevertheless real in their own way.

At first she sees no earthly reason why Tom should not hold her hand, or Dick kiss her, just for fun. When Harry slips his arm around her waist when the picnic snap shot is being taken she thinks it is the greatest joke in the world.

Her laugh is the gayest of any at the picnic, and when one of the boys suggests playing forfeits she thinks the idea great fun, and throws herself into the game heart and soul.

A little later she takes a stroll with Jack and attempts a tiny whiff from his cigarette. "I never take a dare," she explains to Will, who comes up at that moment. Will is about to reply when they see a couple of girls standing near, who would never have thought that they could have come up so quietly? Then she says a great many things she doesn't mean and remarks "cats" quite loud enough for them to hear. "After all it's only the Jones girls, and who cares what they think anyhow?"

Later she goes out for a walk with Fred, and doesn't take any pains to think how late it is. When they finally get back to the picnic things are all packed and the others are waiting for them. The other girls don't say much, but they look a great deal.

The years slip past and some how other girls get engaged but she is left out. Tom says she is a jolly little girl, he remembers how he used to hold her hand, but he is glad to think of his own special girl up state as being a bit more standoffish.

Dick still kisses her occasionally. He kisses every girl he can. Alec pays her a sigh or two until he sees the photograph in Tom's den, where Harry and Jennie figure in the picnic picture with Harry's arm about her.

The photograph cools his ardor—he knows the sort of chap Harry is. "He wouldn't have him hanging around his sister."

And Will? Will too, has sighed after her vivacity and camaraderie, but he has a horror of the modern girl and he remembers the picture of the cigarette that time with Jack in the woods. So Will falls in love with Polly, who hasn't one-tenth of Jessie's sense, but who has a trick of blushing. Of course she meets other men, but somehow she is popular with the girls—"old cats," she calls them—and this don't look right.

She is reaping her wild oats—she doesn't realize it—she calls it hard luck and does not see that it is her own making.

For there is just the difference between a boy's crop of wild oats and a girl's.

When a boys has sown his crop he is pretty sure to find some woman who will help him reap them—help him with her sympathy and tears, if need be, but when a girl sows her wild oats she reaps them alone.

It Saved His Leg.

"All thought I'd lose my leg," writes J. A. Swenson, of Watertown, Wis. "Ten years of venema, that 15 doctors could not cure, had at last laid me up. Then Bucklen's Arsenic Sulfate cured it, sound and well." Infalible for skin eruptions, Lezema, Salt Rheum, Itch, Fever Sores, Burns, Scalds, Cuts and Piles. 25c. at all druggists.

EFFECTING A CURE.

Physician—Have you any aches or pains this morning? Patient—Yes, doctor, it hurts me to breathe; in fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath. Physician—All right, I'll give you something that will soon stop that.—Good Housekeeping.

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THE SETTING OF THE SUN.

Broad are the fields, and long the road
Where the dust has sought its rest,
And the day's last rays go creeping there
With the shadows from the west;
The old rail fence recedes at ease
With its years of duty done,
And a peaceful song floats through the trees
With the setting of the sun.

Light were the hearts that tramped the road
Or sang in the meadow brown,
Warm was the hand that laid the dust
Or scattered the thistle's down;
Well were the tasks of men performed,
And well was day begun,
That's why there is come the joy of rest
With the setting of the sun.

Ye who are lost in the city's throngs,
And the whirl of the city's life,
Ye who are faint with the toil of years
That has bowed you in the strife,
Pause as the days slip o'er its edge,
And let heart fancies run
Through the olden, golden long ago
With the setting of the sun.

The bloom in the buds that were yours in youth,
And there runs the world away
To the sylvan glades where eye has crept
And the twilight's haze is gray,
There comes the songs from the zephyr land
Where smiles of hope are won,
And the youth that you knew comes back to you
With the setting of the sun.

THE FIDDLER'S FAREWELL.

With my fiddle to my shoulder,
And my hair turning gray,
And my heart growing older
I must shuffle on my way!
Tho' there's not a heart to greet me
I must reap as I have sowed,
And—the sunset shall meet me
At the turn of the road.

O, the whin's a dusky yellow
And the road a rosy white,
And the blackbird's call is mellow
At the falling of the night;
And there's honey in the heather
Where we'll make our last abode,
My tunes and me together
At the turn of the road.

I have fiddled for your city
Through market-place and inn!
I have poured fourth my piny
On your sorrow and your sin!
But your riches are your burden,
And your pleasure is your god!
I've the whin-gold for guerdon
At the turn of the road.

Your village lights'll call me
As the lights of home the dead;
But a black night befall me
Ere your pillows rest my head!
God be praised, tho' like a jewel
Every cottage casement showed,
There's a star that's not so cruel
At the turn of the road.

Nay, beautiful and kindly
Are the faces drawing nigh,
But I gaze upon them blindly
And hasten, hasten by;
For O, no face of wonder
On earth has ever glowed
Like One that waits me yonder
At the turn of the road.

Her face is lit with splendor,
She dwells beyond the skies,
But deep, deep and tender
Are tears in her eyes;
The angels see them glistening
In pity for my load,
And she's waiting there, she's listening,
At the turn of the road.

AN ARTFUL DODGER.

Dr. Miner Lee Bates, president of Hiram College, envinced, in a recent address at Hiram, Ohio, a knotty etymological problem with a story.

"We must not dodge our problem as the boy did," said Dr. Bates.

"A teacher, you see, was having a great deal of difficulty in making clear to a boy the meaning of the word 'recuperate.'"

"Now," said the teacher, "your father is a hard worker, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir, he is," said the lad.

"And when he gets home at night he is dead tired, is he not?"

"Yes, sir, he is."

"Then," pursued the teacher, "since it's night and he's dead tired, and works over, what does he do?"

"Ah!" said the boy, "that's what mother wants to know."—Washington Star.

BETWEEN THE COURSES.

The stranger in the hotel plumped down his bag.

"I want a room," he said.

"No, 37?" rapped the clerk.

"Second floor."

"Is it a good one?" queried the stranger.

"Excellent! The boy will show you the way," replied the clerk.

The stranger took up his bag.

"Right-ho!" he said. "Oh, I say, what's the eatin' hours in this hotel?"

"Breakfast," answered the clerk, "7 to 11; lunch 11 to 3; dinner, 3 to 8; supper, 8 to 12."

The stranger dropped his bag again.

"Great Jerusalem!" he exclaimed. "When am I goin' to git time to see the town?"—Answers.

A Man of Iron Nerve.

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HOME IN OZARK CAVE.

Queer Habitation Fitted Up With Piano, Library and Furniture.

Going directly south two miles from Prairie Grove, Ark., you enter a narrow valley, and travelling westward a few miles you come to the few picturesque cliff of conglomerate and sandstone, with a wall of boards at its base, which forms the only inhabited cliff dwelling in America.

You enter and find yourself in a room 72x40 feet, with a ceiling of wave-marked white sandstone rising as it recedes, from 12 feet at the entrance to 45 feet at the rear wall. Here Elder H. S. Mobley, president of the Boy's Corn Club of Arkansas, and valued attaché of the Department of Agriculture, has lived the last three years with his cultured family, his books and music in contentment, happiness and health.

Three years ago Elder Mobley was a cripple from rheumatism. He then owned the land on which the cliff dwelling now is, and knew that under the projecting rock where he lives it was always dry. There was a seep of chalybeate water east of the cliff and a bubbling spring of clear water west, and so he boarded up the south of the cliff, and there was roof and floor and two sides of a kingly chamber of stone free from insects, always dry, and of nearly uniform temperature. Into it for health and novelty he moved.

His health is restored, and he is a vigorous traveler and worker for agricultural interests. Three years have dulled the edge of novelty, but the comfort of this unique home holds him and family to it yet.

The single stove seen furnishes sufficient heat on the coldest days of winter, and in fact it is not often that the smoke curls from the cliff side where the pipe projects through the stone. Atavism nowhere shows in the house. Piano, library, and all the accessories of modern life are there, and the news of the busy, throbbing world finds daily a pulsing response in this home.

The smooth, dry sandstone stratum forming the floor of the dwelling extends out beyond the roof several feet, hard and white, and then the ground slopes sharply but evenly for 100 feet to the fertile valley.

The dryness of these cliffs is wonderful, and accounts for the fact that toads, lizards, snakes and insects do not infest them. Back of the table are natural shelves, sufficient for all the food and for Mrs. Mobley's culinary utensils. There is water at the door.

Storms, not even the cyclone that sometimes disports over that region, never disturb the dwellers of this twentieth century cliff house. Nature is lavish in sculpture and painting in and around it, and hence Elder Mobley does not object to his neighbor's fence on his roof, for it does not disturb him nor detract him from the unique beauty of his picturesque home.

Contrary to what might be expected, the cave home is nicely lighted by the windows in the front, because the ceilings and walls are white. And not only are ordinary insects not found in this home, but that universal pest, the house fly, does not annoy.—St. Louis Post.

EMPTY TITLES.

William Jennings Bryan once joked about our American fondness for titles.

"You all know of the colonel," he said, "who got his title by inheritance, having married Colonel Brown's widow?" But I once met a general who got his title neither by inheritance, nor by service, nor by anything you could mention.

"General," I said to him, "how do you come by this title of yours, anyway?"

"Why, sir," said he, "I passed my youth in the flour trade and for twenty-seven years was a general miller."

"I know another titled man, Judge Greene."

"Are you, sir," I once asked him, "a United States judge or a circuit court judge?"

"I ain't neither," he replied. "I'm a judge of hoss raisin'."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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ROUND THE CIRCLE.

Chronic Old Growler (whose subject, as usual, is the country, and how quickly it is going to the dogs) "And after all, it's you farmer chaps as is at the root of all the evil. You raise the corn, and the corn raises the whiskey; whiskey raises politicians and politicians raise all the trouble we have in the country."—Detroit Free Press.

SHE GOT AWAY WITH HIM.

Five young men went into a shop recently to buy a hat each. Seeing they were in a joking mood the shopman said:

"Are you married?"

"They each said 'Yes.'"

"Then I'll give a hat to the one who can truthfully say he has not kissed any other woman but his own wife since he was married."

"Hand over the hat," said one of the party. "I have won it."

"When were you married?"

"Yesterday," was the reply, and the hat was handed over.

One of the others was laughing heartily while telling his wife of the joke, but suddenly pulled up when she said:

"I say, John, how was it you didn't bring one home?"

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