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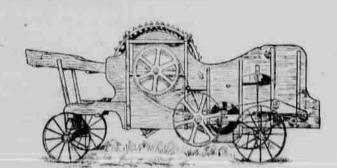
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FOR LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

By EMILY LITHGOW.

Twenty-five summers' suns had Bronson, and still she remained unmarried, to the mystification of her family and friends, for no end of suitors had pleaded their cause with Peggy; but to all she turned a deaf ear, but so tact-fully that they all remained her sworn friends. A rainy day found her in her studio busily engaged in the interesting task of trying to mate the hero and heroine of her latest short story but the situations were dull and lacked the snap that made her stories ready sell-

ers; and seemingly unable to concentrate her mind on her work, she threw aside her pencil and petulantly, for Peggy, ex-claimed: "How can I write love stories when my own is such a puz-zie!" and her brown eyes filled with

Throwing herself in a big easy chair, she sank into a deep reverie and called two men before her mind's

First, there was Craig Bennett, almost old enough to be her father, but a man of the world, cultured, well poised, who knew so well how to pay those flattering little attentions so dear to the womanly heart, and whose brilliant conversation made him a welcome dinner guest at the dinner tables of many lands—a man of parts and money. And then there was blue-eyed Jean Graham, with the good red blood of health and youth staining his browned cheeks and brightening his eye, not prose to ready speech, rough in his manner at times perhaps, judging by the standards of her little world, but honest and true. Only a mechanic, but with a wealth of love and ambition in his heart, a world of romance in his young brain, and ten-derness in his toll-hardener hands-

Which would it be? The door was flung noisily open and her studio mate, Helen Curtis. entered; but the quiet figure in the chair by the window never

"Peg, dear, wake up. We've only time for a cup of tea and a bite of lunch. Such luck! Twe got two tick ets for the matinee to see 'Peg o' My Heart,'" and a vigorous shake brought the dreamer back to earth.

All the afternoon they laughed and cried at the will of the winsome little star, whose delightful Irish brogue only gave her lines added piquancy. Peggy Bronson seemed to drink in her words, and as the play progressed her eyes grew tender and her face

alight with a new happiness.

When the last line had been spoken and the curly-headed star refused to respond to just one more curtain call, it was a happy-faced audience that fled from the theater. Peggy Bron-son was beaming.

"Helen, do you know I agree with the other Peg—there's nothing so

sweet as love's young dream." With a roguish glance at the happy girl beside her, Helen Curtis laughed

and chanted: "Change the name and not the letter, Change for worse and not for better

And Peggy blushed A ray of the setting sun, breaking through the rain-scaked clouds, fell as a benediction on Peggy's dark hair as she spied a workman passing by and joyously called, "Jean, oh Jean," and as his blue eyes met hers in glad surprise she murmured softly, "Jean, I've just awakened to the glory of terest. love's young dream.

Local Anesthesia. claimed to be the greatest since Lister founded antiseptic surgery, has prominent French scientist, and is purpose of the discovery is to render patient locally insensible to the pain of an operation by applying an electric current to the part of the body to be operated upon. Its action is said to be such that even when only a small amount of current is applied needles may be stuck deep into a man's flesh without his feeling any sensation of pain whatever. This lo cal anesthesia consists of a series of electrical impulses to the number of 100 to the second, each shock lasting one-thousandth part of a second These brief and rapid galvante rents coming at regular intervals render the particular part to be operated on quite insensible to pain with out producing any ill effects. current is applied by two metai page covered with weah feather and made wet before the operation and pressed against the flesh. The apparatus works on a voltage of 60 and for ordinary operations a strength of current of two militamperes is considered sufficient.

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St. Louis, Mo.

Philadelphia, Pa.

GROWING OLD.

It seems but yesterday when I Was full of pep and was young and spry I worked all day and danced all night, And I got up feeling out of sight. But now, if I stay out once a week My head feels dull and my joints all speak; I've not changed much in my form or face, But I can't but 'round with the old time grace. The solemn truth is impressed on me, I'm not as young as I used to be-

It seems but yesterday when I Was round and hittin' the spots called high; 'Tis no time since I was a gay young blade, But now I can't somehow make the grade. Let others go out and make the speed, I'd rather sit at home and smoke and read. I do not yearn for the first row seat At the musical shows, but am more discreet. And so, it is very plain to see I'm not as young as I used to be

My hair is thinner by far on top, And now a young buster calls me "pop." And another sign is on hand. Gee whiz, A little touch of the rheumatiz. Now any old color of tie will do, I'm wearing a chest protector, too. I've lost all love for the rowdy-dow, I'm playing cribbage and checkers now. The women's fashions are to me, I'm not as young as I used to be.

QUEER, HOW MOTHERS ARE.

Queer isn't it, how mothers are? Just to sit back, and, day by day, Let others go the joyous way ! Let other people travel far, Help others get their labors done, Ready to comfort any one!

Queer, isn't it, how mothers are? How, when there came an unseen treat. A chance to go somewhere and meet Some clever folk; a front-row seat To see some splendid, world-famed star-How mother simply shook her head, Pretending not to care, and said, 'No, darling, please - you go instead, Queer, isn't it, how mothers are?

Queer, isn't it, how mothers are? Not caring as to what they wear, Although they are so fair, so fair. But how they work, and how they care, And bring some little jeweled bar For daughter's hair! How long they sew To make her dress "just right, you know And fit it, then, with eyes aglow !

Queer, isn't it, how mothers are? Queer, isn't it, how mothers are? How they will soothe and nurse and pet! How sweet they make it to forget! How they can smooth each little fret,

How, in whatever thing they do, The heart of them shines out anew, Forgetting "I" and thinking "You!" Queer, isn't it, how mothers are?

PREACHER GOT THE PURP.

crowd of urchins clustered around a dog of doubtful pedigree.

"What are you doing, my little men?" he asked with fatherly in-

one of the boys. "The feller that Let the boy choose for himself,

DUITD: "Shocking!" exclaimed the minister. "Why, when I was

"You win," chorused the ur-

RETORT COURTEOUS.

"Can you support my daughter, sir, in the way to which she has

"I can, sir, but I'd hate to be

Women Who Get Dizzy

Every woman who is troubled with fainting and dirzy spells, backache, weakness, debility, constipation or hidney troubles should use Electric Bitters They give relief when nothing else will improve the health adding strength and vigor from the first dose. Mrs. Laura Gaines, of Avoca, La., says "Four doctors had given me up and my children and all my friends were looking for me to die, when my son insisted that I use Electric Bitters. I did so, and they have done me a world of good. Just try them 50c. and \$1 by mail. H. E. BUCKLEN & CO., St. Louis, Mo Philadelphia, Pa.

But a man seldom knows wheth-

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S

How peacefully content seem they Let others have the smiles and fun, Queer, isn't it, how mothers are?

Each ugly little care and jar!

HIS FUTURE MAPPED OUT.

A Boston minister noticed a Lawyer.

"Swappin' lies," volunteered be fitted for. The sage was brusque.

A discovery to surgical science, tells the biggest one gets the he said.

your age I never even thought of man, "put him in a room alone telling an untruth." chins. The dog's yours, minis- and see what he plays with. If he hand,

ter of him; if he takes the knife,

been accustomed?"

that mean."

er is marrying a bald-headed wo-

CASTORIA

The Boy Was a Natural Born

The father of a bright young son went to a wise friend for advice as to what profession the youth should

"But," protested the father,

'he's too young." "Well," responded the wise with a book on theology, an apple, a knife and some small change, chooses the book, make a minis-

choose the money, a banker." Much relieved, the father went away, but returned the next day in great distress saying the plan

hadn't worked at all. "Why not?" demanded the

wise man. What did he do." "When I went in," said the father, "he was sitting on the book, with the knife in one hand and the money in his pocket, and was eating the apple."

said the sage, "that's easy. The boy is a natural born lawyer.

TWO GOOD RULES.

Men will never disappoint us if we observe two rules: 1. To find out what they are; 2, to expect them to be just that."

Some men never weary of talk ing about the things they used to

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

CLANCY, THE BAD MAN

By EVERETT FILLMORE.

Paul Mulr found Western life exactly as he had expected to find it. The picturesque cowboys with their chaps and spurs he had always known to be a legend. Nevertheless, a great deal of the wild frontier spirit still survived in this corner of Arizona. For instance, the town boasted a real "bad man"—one Clancy, to wit, whose record of seven deaths and much successful stock rustling had made his cept in the most or nary war, he'd name a by word throughout the state spit him as I'd spit a mad dog. You name a by word throughout the state. Paul had gone West for his health.

He was well now, but the country had grown into his heart and he contemplated settling there. He had bought five hundred acres of irrigated Sometimes, though, the appalling loneliness drove him into Falling Brook, to seek amusement among his fellows The hotel was crowded on this par-

ticular evening and the bar-tender Clancy's in town and that he might tersely explained that the cowboys object to my dancing with you. May were in town and that a dance was to be held. All the girls of the neighborhood had flocked in to attend it, and there would be several weddings as a consequence for matchmaking to trust her future to him, that Clan-is not prolonged when one lives a hun-cy's domination meant less than nothis not prolonged when one lives a hundred miles or so from one's sweet-heart.

Bessie looked up at Paul with a flicker of amusement and then went on polishing the glasses. "I suppose you're looking forward to a good time, Miss Hessie," hazarded

Nobody knew much about pretty Bessie Smith, the hotel-keeper's walt-ress, except that she had come from drawn away as if by instinct. the East, also to regain her health, and, having found it, had fallen in had no sweetheart among the cow-love with the country. But though there was no girl who could begin to compare with her in charm, Beaste

boys. Paul had never known why "I always enjoy myself," Bessie quietly, and went on polishing her glasses.

Later in the evening Paul entered the dance hall. Round the wall stood a double row of chairs, filled, not with girls, but with men, who sat glumly watching the dancers. Since the cow-



Into the Room There Strode a Little

boys outnumbered the women by about two to one, there were necessarily not enough partners for them all. of the men danced together, but most ised by the girls. As for these latter they were enjoying themselves to the full and distributing their favors with

impartial benevolence. But among the groups of waiting men, or rather, a little apart from all seated in her chair and looking list lessly upon the dancers, was pretty Paul strode toward her "May I have the pleasure of a dance

with you?" he asked.

As he stopped in front of her be noticed that all eyes were turned on The dancers almost stood still, even the fiddles and the tinkling plans seemed to falter for an instant. feit an atmosphere of indefinable suspense, as though he had committed ome fearful breach of the social code. Bessie's eyes looked into Paul's. There was unmistakable amusement in them. She seemed to be reading him; then she rose and gave him her

"I think you are the only man among this crowd," she said, and they

swept into the dance. Bessie danced divinely. make him a surgeon; if the apple he'll make a farmer, and if he grown used to loneliness, felt himself becoming intoxicated by the music. Her light form felt like gossamer in his arms. Bessle's eyes were shining. A new and strange feeling crept into Paul's heart. If he could win this giri, who was so different from all the rest! She spoke as a cultured doubt but that they were essentially

He led her back to her chair and

Bessle's eyes grew wide with astontshment. "You don't know??" she stammered. "O, I thought you were so

CASTORIA The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Chart Fletchere

Opinions, like visits, should never be forced upon people.

where Brown stood behind the supper table. But he had no chance to ask. "Young feiler," said Brown, laying his hand heavily on Paul's shoulder, "I admire your grit-if you knew what you was doing. If you didn't, you'd best borrow my mare-mind you send her back-and beat it for Goldmine.

Clancy's in town and he's as like as not to come to the dance."
"I don't know anything about Clancy," said Paul, "or why I should leave town because of him."

"I guessed you didn't," answered Brown. "Now listen while I tell you, and then clear out. Miss Bessie is Clancy's girl, and he's the best shot in Arizona. If he knew any man had danced with her or spoken to her exwouldn't have no chance to draw en him That's Clancy. See That's why them boys don't want to stir up no trouble with Clancy. Now take my advice and git because I runs a respectable hotel and I don't want no trouble here."

"Thanks," said Paul brusquely, and went back to Bessie.
"I know now," he said. "I hear Mr.

I have another dance, Miss Bessie?" The girl rose and something in her eyes answered the plea in his. It meant to Paul, that she was willing ing to her. The music started and they went whirling over the polished

Suddenly the music quavered and stopped. Paul discovered that Bessie and he were dancing alone, and, since the music showed no signs of resum ing, they ceased also. They were quite alone in one corner of the room,

Then into the room there strode a little man, quick-gaited, with the manner acquired by the plainsman. In his belt he wore two revolvers prominent ly displayed, "Hello, Brown!" he said with a fa-

miliar nod. He motioned to the mu steians and the music resumed. walked into the thick of the crowd and touched a girl upon the arm. surrendered herself to him, and he led the dance again. Paul watched him as they circled

round and round The outlaw seemed not to notice him. It was not until the dance was ended that he caught sight of Bessie. "Git out!" he said to Paul, and pull ed the girl toward him. Paul's fist shot out and the man dropped at his feet. As he fell he pulled a revolver from his belt, but before he could aim it the meb of men had fallen upon him

The room became a struggling pan-demonium Paul pulled Bessle through the surging crowd, got her to the door, and led her to where his horse stood tethered. No one was following them, but inside the dance hall pandemonium still held sway. Paul took off his

eyes were open and looking into his. He drew her into his arm.

"Bessie," he said. Tve only seen you five times, but I've counted each one I love you, dear. I am going to take you away with me. I've won you from "O-Clancy!" she said, with a laugh.

"I never saw Clancy in my life before." "But you were engaged to him," Bessie crept closer to him. "Let me tell you about that," she said, "You don't know anything about me, but you trust me and believe in me. I was a

school-teacher in Ohio. I had to come west for my health. I couldn't teach any more for it would have killed me. Somehow, I drifted to Phoenix. There had the opportunity to work as Brown's waitress. I soon found that western men are just'as brave and chivalrous as in the But I was different from the country girls round about here. Everybody wanted to marry me. At dances they neglected the rest for me. The

spitefully. I saw that I would have to leave unless I could discover some way of stopping these attentions. "Then Clancy began to be notorious and I thought of inventing that story about his being my lover. I never saw him in my life before tonight. But it worked like a charm. There wasn't a man among them dared to speak to me, except in a civil way, or to dance

with me until you came.

women were jealous of me and spoke

John laughed and, bending over her, kissed her. "I'm going to take you into Goldmine, sweetheart," he said. "There's preacher there-and then we're go ing home."

"Home," Bessie repeated, and there

were tears in her eyes as their lips

met for the second time (Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.) One of the unusual things I saw on my vacation in northern Indiana was a contented farmer," said Mayor

Shanks' secretary to an Indianapolis Star reporter. took a seat beside her. He noticed on a fishing expedition her to then that the chair on either side was lake, and we stopped to ask a farmer the road. He was sitting in his rard, friendly, I asked him his opinion on

"That's something that don't worry me, the farmer said. 'Why should I "But tell me," he pleaded

"Ask Brown," said Bessie bluntly.
Hrown was the hotel-keeper. Paul left her abruptly and strode over to worker; why should I worry?"

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NOTICE.

Having qualified as Executrix of the last will and testament of F. H. Treacy, deceased, late of Halifax county, N. C. this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said de-