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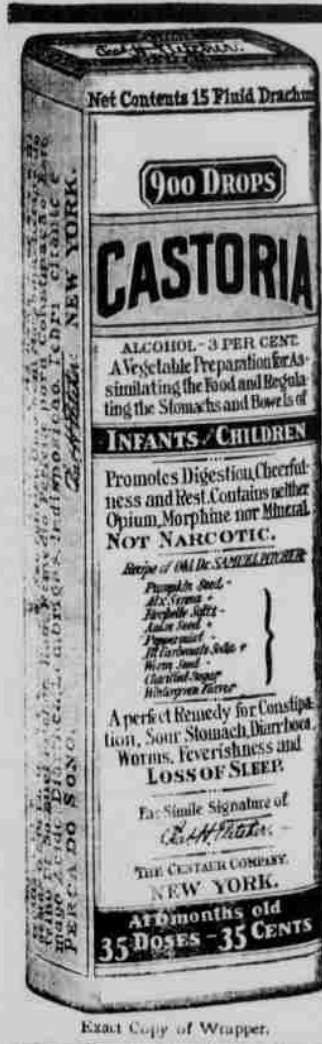
A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO. 19



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

HOW TO BE WEATHER WISE.

If You Want Fine Weather, Look For Fine Weather Signs. Here Are Some of the Most Reliable, For They Are Based Upon Scientific Facts.

When the sun sets in a sea of glory, that is, when the sunset sky is red, you may expect clear weather on the following day.

At night, when the moon is clear and shows clean edges, with no halo or ring around it, there is little danger of rain.

When the wind blows steadily from the west, the weather will continue fair; it very rarely rains in our eastern States with the wind in the west.

Watch the smoke from a chimney or from your campfire—it is a good barometer. If the smoke rises high, it means clear weather. The smoke will also show from which direction the wind is blowing; so will a flag on an upright flagstaff.

A gray early morning, not a heavy, cloudy one, promises a fair day.

A heavy dew at night is seldom followed by rain the next day. Think of it this way: Wet feet, dry head.

Animals are said often to show by their actions what the weather will be, and there is reason for this. Some of them certainly have a knowledge of coming storms. We are told that spiders are especially sensitive to weather changes, and when they make new webs the weather will be fair; if they continue spinning during a shower, it will soon clear off—Adelia B. Beard, in St. Nicholas.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Pat and Mike were walking through a rather wild section when they spied a wild cat up in a tree top. They mistook the wild cat for a rather large domesticated cat, and Mike said: "Begorra, that sure is a foine cat up there. I believe if we could catch him and take him to the next village we could get a lot of money for him."

Accordingly Mike climbed the tree and after considerable effort succeeded in turning the cat loose. It fell almost at Pat's feet, and Pat immediately jumped on it. Mike, judging from the sounds that all was not well with Pat, peered down to behold a rolling, twisting mass on the ground that seemed to be most Pat and wild cat.

"Do ye want me to come down and help ye to hold him?" called Mike.

"No," answered Pat between gasps, "but for the love o' Saint Patrick come down and help me leggo av him."

POTENT LOVE CHARM.

A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love powder. The mystery woman told her:

"Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two and rub the meat on both sides of it. Put on pepper and salt, and toast it on each side, over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley, and get him to eat it."

The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.—Exchange.

A NEW YORK REWARD.

"I've lost a wallet containing \$800," said Mr. Baker to a friend. "How much reward shall I offer for its return?"

"Where did you lose it?" asked the friend.

"In New York city."

"Well, if you want it back," said the friend, "you'll have to offer at least \$700 reward."—New Haven Post.

Your Bowels Should Move Once a Day

A free easy movement of the bowels every day is a sign of good health. Dr. King's New Life Pills will give you a gentle laxative effect without griping and free your system of blood poisons, purify your blood, overcome constipation and have an excellent tonic effect on the entire system. Makes you feel like living. Only 25c. at druggists.

Children Cry For FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE CLOVER.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Some sings of the lily, and daisy and rose,
And the pansies and pinks that the summertime throws
In the green grassy lap of the meadow that lays
Blinkin' up at the skies through the sunshiny days;
But what is the lily and all of the rest
Of the flowers to a man with a heart in his breast
That was dipped brimmin' full of the honey and dew
Of the sweet clover blossoms his babyhood knew?

I never set eyes on a clover field now,
Er fool round a stable, er climb in the mow,
But my childhood comes back jest as clear and as plain
As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again;
And I wonder away in a barefooted dream,
Where I tangle my toes in the blossoms that gleam
With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love
Ere it 'vept o'er the graves that I'm weepin' above.

And so I love clover—it seems like a part
Of the sacredst sorrows and joys of my hart;
And wherever it blossoms, oh, there let me bow
And thank the good God as I'm thankin' Him now:
And I pray to Him still for the stren'th when I die,
To go out in the clover and let it goodbye,
And lovin'ly nestle my face to its bloom
While my soul slips away on a breath of perfume.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Address of Irvin Cobb, a Son of the Confederacy, at the Reunion in Birmingham, Ala., June 16, 1916.

The feature of the evening session of Tuesday was the Re-union address by Irvin Cobb, of Kentucky, the famous war correspondent and leading humorist of America, who is the son of a Confederate soldier as well as otherwise largely connected with the veteran soldiery of the South. As he walked out upon the stage the audience rose as one man and cheered, and following his introduction by General Young the band softly played "My Old Kentucky Home," while the sweet voices of sponsors and maids took up the strain. At the conclusion of his speech the band played "Dixie" amidst thunderous applause and the high notes of the Rebel yell, which proclaimed the thorough appreciation of that patriotic audience. Mr. Cobb's address had the touch of humor for which he is noted, but more largely was the strain of pathos and his references to the veterans of the Confederacy made each one present feel that he was being referred to individually. A part of his address is here given:

"I do not remember the Confederate soldier with the gleam of battle in his eye. I have known him as a man of peace, and to my mind the typical picture of the Southern soldier is not a man in soldier's straps. I picture him as he is pictured as the central character in a little story I shall now relate.

"After the war this man returned to his home in a little country town and began the practice of medicine. Because of his unkept and meager condition, the well-to-do's had small need of his services. But the needy knew and loved him because they realized that behind the garbled hands that fought throughout the war was ability, and that beneath the tousel and twisted head was a skilled brain.

"This doctor, being of small means, could not afford a nice office; so he fixed himself up a little musy stand over a stable, and down below he placed a board on the old hitching post, reading, 'Dr. Brown, upstairs.' But one morning his comrades looked for him in vain. They sought him in his office, and they found that the wrinkled hands had ceased to pick the coverlet, and the head was at rest on the pillow.

"Those who loved him were not wealthy people, but they buried him with honor and searched for funds to build a monument to him. The funds were not to be found among them, however. And then one of them had an inspiration. It was to take the old hitching post from the front of the stable and put it over the grave. This was done, and until the rain obliterated and the sun drew away the letters the monument stood there, 'Dr. Brown, upstairs.' And that is the way I think of every Confederate soldier who has gone before. They're all upstairs.

"And I want to tell you that you were not fighting for a lost cause. When you bared your breasts and marched bravely to war to fight triple and sometimes quadruple your number, were you fighting for a lost cause? When you accepted the conditions forced upon you by the might of numbers and returned to your homes, salted by the bones of your forefathers and sanctified by the tears of your women, to build upon the charred embers a new South, were you fighting for a lost cause?"

"And when up yonder, where the Southern Cross blazes, when the Confederate army files through the alabaster gates, past the Commander in Chief of mankind, your heads held high and bodies erect, as you marched years ago, do you think that as long as the record of the things you did, the things you achieved, the things you endured, and the things you conquered stand burned in everlasting fire on the judgment book the Supreme Arbiter of all earthly affairs is going to put you down as a cause that is lost, or will he write it down as a cause that won?"

"The present war in Europe brought home to me what I know must have happened in our own war. When I saw that great German army, I thought of another army which for four years, outnumbered and outflanked, but never, thank God, outgeneraled, fought for a cause infinitely nobler than that which sent Germany to war. And when I saw little Belgium trying to check the onslaught of that army, I thought of that same little army which fifty years ago set the example to Belgium by its resistance of the hordes of invaders from the North. When I saw war conducted by wireless, by telephone, and by telegraph, I thought of you men, who often hand-to-hand engaged the foe and feared not. When I saw the lines of conscriptionists, and when I heard those bands playing, endeavoring to create a patriotic sentiment, I thanked God that I belong to America and to that part of the country which sent men to war, not because they had to fight, but because they wanted to fight.

"Mind you, I am not trying to glorify you in what I say; pen and tongue are incompetent for that task. The angels in heaven have been attending to that for fifty years. And what I have said goes also to the women, and especially to the women of the Old South.

"And when I saw that war and what may happen to our country kept unprepared, and when I considered the fate of Belgium and realized that under similar conditions our people who would suffer what those people had suffered, it was then that I, who am the son of a soldier and the grandson of a soldier, came home cured of a delusion that war under certain conditions could be beautiful. But I also came home with the firm conviction that America should not remain unprepared. And because I believe that the Providence which has been looking after the affairs of fools, drunkards, idiots and cripples, and the United States of America may not always do so, because I believe that the best insurance for peace is preparedness for the other thing—because of these things I want to see all of my country, and especially the South, equipped with the strongest army, the best navy, and supplied with the best coast defenses money can buy and manhood can command."

LUKE MCCLURE SAYS.

Every Man Admires a Sensible Girl and Marries the Other Kind.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to wear a yard of crepe on his hat?

There was a time when a woman had four or five pots simmering on the stove all the time and the man of the house got three squares a day. But now-a-days if the average housekeeper lost the can-opener her husband would have to go hungry.

A girl is too modest to parade the street wearing a wet bathing suit. But she will wear a thin silk waist that leaves nothing to the imagination and will think nothing of it.

We may believe everything else a man says. But we never believe him when he explains how he got that black eye.

The average conversation is merely a ten-minute space wasted by a listener who has to be courteous to a talker.

Even after a man has let a girl compel him to ask her to marry him, the boob will go around and tell you that there ain't no such animal as Hypnotism.

Somehow or other there were not half as many bill collectors employed in the old days when the average man wore a paper collar.

The reason Woman Suffrage isn't general is because the right sort of women haven't time to bother with politics. You can bet that if the Mothers of this country wanted the vote they would be voting by this time next year.

The average man can't see why he should worry about laying up something for a rainy day as long as he owns a dollar umbrella.

Every time a man asks a fat woman how much she weighs he is deliberately adding to the number of lies recorded in the Big Book.

A LIQUID EVIDENCE.

A publican was prosecuted for selling a bottle of whiskey during prohibited hours. A bottle of whiskey was produced as evidence.

The jury heard the evidence and retired to the jury room. They presently returned.

"My lord," said the foreman, "the jury is quite satisfied as to the sale of the bottle, but they are not sure of its contents. May they have the bottle to satisfy themselves?"

"Certainly," declared the judge. After a brief period the jury fled into the box again.

"Well, gentlemen, have you reached a decision?" asked the judge.

"No case, my lord," said the foreman. "There was not enough evidence to go round."—London Answers.

WANTED GASOLINE.

Sometime ago, before motoring became as popular as it is today, a man was driving a big car through a country section several miles from a town when he suddenly saw a man standing in the middle of the road.

"Hold on there, mister!" cried the man, wildly waving his arms as the car approached. "I want to talk to ye!"

"What's the matter with you country constables?" angrily shouted the autoist, bringing his machine to a standstill. "I wasn't going at the rate of twenty miles an hour!"

"I ain't no country constable, mister," was the man's answer. "My wife's been invited to a wedding, an' I wanted to know if you would let me have a little gasoline to clean her white gloves."

COTTON GIN.

"Say, Alabama is a dry State, isn't it?"

"Sure."

"But when I was there I saw several negroes who were intoxicated."

"Well, of course, they can't stop the sale of that awful cotton gin entirely."

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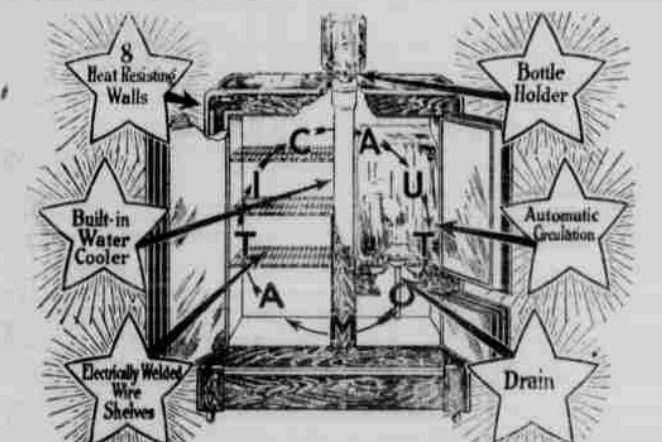
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