

The Fairy Godmother.

By JEROME SPRAGUE.

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Bubbles didn't care whether it was appropriate or not; she wanted it, and she was saving up her money to get it.

Every morning when she went to the store she found the girls talking of their summer hats.

"What kind are you going to have?" they would ask her, and Bubbles would laugh—the gray building hats that had given her her first success.

"Oh, piffle!" one of them said on a certain June morning. "I don't believe you're going to get a hat."

"Wait and see; wait and see," said Bubbles provokingly.

And then after the store was closed she went around the corner and looked at the hat with the white feather.

The price was in plain sight—\$10. Bubbles earned \$4 a week. Out of that she paid her aunt \$2.50 for board.

Fifty cents went for car fare, and the rest she had for herself. Since last summer she had managed to save \$9.50, and the other fifty would add the complete amount necessary to buy the hat with the white feather.

She decided to tell Alice Forbes about it.

Alice was at the ribbon counter, while Bubbles sold notions. Their acquaintance rose from the fact that they walked home in the same direction.

"I can't imagine who sent them." "It must have been a fairy godmother," said Bubbles demurely.

"And now I can be Millie's bridesmaid," cooed Alice when she had exhausted all her conjectures as to the giver. "You won't mind, will you, Bubbles?"

"No," said Bubbles steadily. And as she sold needles and pins and hooks and eyes and whalebones and a hundred and one other things that day she told herself that she did not care. Why should she want to walk beside Jimmie Bryan when he preferred to kiss Alice?

She passed the window with the hat with the white feather that night without a glance, and on Sunday she wore a plain little black sailor with a cheap red rose, and she looked prettier than ever in it.

"Alice thinks you're a fairy godmother," she told Jimmie after service.

"Say, did she like it?" he demanded. "Of course she did," said Bubbles. "Who wouldn't?"

But Jimmie did not answer immediately. He stood looking down at her. "Say, little girl," he said presently, "you look mighty nice in that hat."

"It cost just \$1.98," Bubbles informed him glibly, "marked down from \$2." "I don't care what it cost," Jimmie stated. "You look mighty nice."

Bubbles couldn't resist saying, "But not half as nice as Alice will in that pink robe."

"Bubbles, I believe you're jealous," flushed Jimmie unexpectedly.

Bubbles' cheeks flamed. "Why, Jimmie Bryan?" she faltered.

"Look here," Jimmie demanded, "did you think I was in love with Alice?" Under his keen scrutiny Bubbles was forced to admit, "I couldn't very well help it, could I?"

"I was afraid you would," Jimmie said, "that day when I planned to get her the things, but I had promised. Oh, look here, Bubbles, you come out to the park with me, and I'll tell you about it."

And all the way to the park Bubbles' heart sang, and she seemed to walk on air, and she was glad that she hadn't bought the hat with the white feather. She was glad she hadn't been extravagant, for Jimmie seemed to like her just as well in the black sailor with the red rose.

In the park the beds were full of jonquils and tulips and hyacinths and crocuses, and under the flowering almond tree Jimmie and Bubbles sat down to talk.

"You see," Jimmie explained, "there's Bob Travers, and he's in the navy, and he's away on a three years' cruise, and he made me promise that I'd look after Alice—they've been in love with each other since they were kids—and when Alice's father got sick I tried to help, but they wouldn't let me, and it seemed as if getting her the dress would be what Bob would want me to do, and now he's going to get home in time for the wedding, and I told Millie she'd have to have him for best man."

"Oh!" cried Bubbles, aglow with happiness.

"And then I told her how much I thought of you, and she wants us to be in the wedding party, and—Oh, well, look here, Bubbles," and in the shadow of the flowering almond he held out his arms.

And Bubbles, having wept a little weep of joy on his broad shoulder, sat up and wiped her eyes. "Ain't I glad I didn't spend all my money for that feather, Jimmie?" she said. "I'll get the white net skirt and wear the rose-but ribbon!"

"And a diamond ring," interrupted Jimmie.

"A diamond ring! What for?" demanded Bubbles.

"Because we're engaged," said Jimmie rapturously.

Economy Begins at Home.

"I hear you're teaching your son to play draw poker. Do you think that wise?"

"Certainly. He's bound to learn from some one. If he learns from me it keeps the money in the family."—New York Life.

"Well, I can't get the things we

trinkled about," Bubbles said, "or she would know right away. Do you care how much you spend, Jimmie?"

"No," he told her with the recklessness of the skilled laborer who earns his \$3 a day; "no, I don't."

"Then I'll get a robe dress of pink with a wreath of silver roses. She'll look like a dream, Jimmie."

"I hope she will," Jimmie said, and Bubbles sighed.

"Good-by, Jimmie," she said as she came to the tenement where she lived on the third floor.

He looked at her anxiously. "You're not cut up about not being bridesmaid, are you?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No," she answered bravely.

"Well, you're pretty nice, Bubbles," he said heartily, and then he went on his way.

When Bubbles reached home she took out her hoarded store of money. With what she would add on her next pay day she would have \$10, and she could buy the hat with the white feather.

She fingered the money for a moment, and then she dropped her head on her arm with a sob, for Bubbles had wanted that hat to wear to church on Sunday morning when she sang in the choir with Jimmie Bryan. It had been for Jimmie's admiration that she had craved the pretty hat. And after all, it was Alice that Jimmie cared for.

Two days later Alice came to her counter breathlessly.

"Oh, Bubbles," she said, "such a wonderful thing has happened!"

"What?" asked Bubbles innocently.

THE POISON CURARI.

Mysterious Mixture—Makes Deen Wounded to Death. Bold.

Curari, the vegetable poison with which the Indians of the upper Amazon tip their hunting arrows, remains a mystery in its composition after a hundred years of investigation by scientists. The Indian will sell it for its weight in silver, but will not reveal the plants from which it is derived. Not long ago a professor, in a German university was sent to the Amazon wilderness for the express purpose of discovering the secret, for curari, or urari, as it is otherwise called, is now thought to be of great value in medicine. The professor lived two years in Indian villages, and while he was permitted to witness the boiling of the "witches' broth," which lasted several days, he could not tell what plants went into the brew. Returning from his baffled quest down the Amazon, with a quantity of the poison, the professor was met by another traveler, Dewey Austin Cobb, who had got possession of a native blowgun. The latter tells in the National Geographic Magazine how he put some of the professor's curari on some of his blowgun arrows, which are like toothpicks feathered with cotton, and tried it on a buck deer in the forest.

"After a deliberate aim our hunter fired," says Mr. Cobb, "if I may use such a word for the little puff, scarcely heard by us and entirely inaudible above the rustling corn leaves at the distance of the deer. The animal gave a slight start as it felt the prick of the arrow on its flank and turned partly around, sniffing the air for a scent and looking about as if searching for the insect that had bitten or stung it. Detecting nothing, it stood still and unalarmed. At the end of a minute or a minute and a half at most its head dropped a little, as if it was sleepy."

"We all approached its side, and the hunter laid a hand on its shoulder. It looked up at him, but showed no resentment or fear. Even its breathing seemed easy and natural, which surprised me, as I had heard that death resulted from paralysis of the lungs when caused by urari. At the end of ten minutes, though it opened its eyes when touched, its breath became shorter and slower. Eighteen minutes after it was struck by the arrow it was dead."

The Basking Shark.

The ferocity of sharks is not necessarily in proportion to their size. For example, there is the great basking shark, so called because of its habit of lying motionless at the surface of the water. It often attains a length of nearly forty feet, but its teeth are small comparatively, and it probably never attacks man, depending upon small fishes and crustacea for its diet. Another name for this species is "sailfish," because of its great back fin, which shows out of the water like a sail when it is basking. Although sluggish ordinarily and easily harpooned, it exhibits great activity and enormous strength when struck, diving immediately to the bottom and requiring a great length of rope to hold it. These basking sharks are caught for their livers off the coast of Iceland, and the oil obtained is used to adulterate cod liver oil.

A Household Industry.

The advertisements were the most interesting things in the paper, according to Mr. Hobart's ideas. He read them to his wife as she sat at work on the stockings of their active son.

"No need to spend your time hunting for antiques now," said Mr. Hobart after skimming the cream from a long article, as was his wont. "Here's a man that will undertake and guarantee to make your new furniture look as if it was a hundred years old by a process known only to him."

"I don't see any need of processes for our furniture," remarked Mrs. Hobart as she cast a hopeless stocking to the flames of the Franklin front. "Tommy's feet are all the process we need. Perhaps we could rent him out by the day."—Youth's Companion.

Bad Hand Made Him Money.

When Lord Curzon was at Oxford he wrote an abominable hand. One day he penned two letters, one of them to a relative and one to a chum with whom he always discussed the faults of their respective relations, and accidentally put these letters into the wrong envelopes. He was about to write a profound apology to his relative when he received the following note from him: "Can't read a word of your four pages, but guess you want some money, you young rascal." Inclosed was a Bank of England note for a good amount.

The tender leaves of a harmless but healing mountainous shrub, give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy its marvelous curative properties. Tight, tickling, or distressing cough, quickly yield to the healing, soothing action of his splendid prescription—Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so safe and good for children, as well. Containing no opium, chloroform, or other harmful drugs, mothers should in safety always demand Dr. Shoop's. If other remedies are offered, tell them Not Be your own judge! Sold by F. Reid Pleasants, Louisville; T. C. Joyner, Frankfort.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Charles R. Alford, deceased, of Franklin county, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to the undersigned on or before the 8th day of April 1911, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This 8th day of April, 1910.
Mrs. LOUIE A. BALL, Adm.
of Charles R. Alford.
Wm. H. Huffin, Attorney.

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J. D. HILL

Bargains in Clothing



I have just returned from the northern markets where I succeeded in picking up some rare bargains in Clothing and Gent's Furnishings.

To give you an idea of what I can save you in your purchases I can sell you suits that retail for \$15 for \$10 and \$17 suits for \$12. All others in proportion. I have a big lot of straw hats, and as the season for them is now at hand you will do well to call and get your choice before they are picked over. Prices and quality are the interesting features about our hats.

I have a number of Clergyman coats—the long coat—made of Alpaca, Mohair and Drabade. Prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$6, cannot be duplicated for many times the price.

Call in and look over my stock and you will be convinced that my store is the place to trade.

F. W. WHELESS, Louisburg's Clothier