Here is a circus romance redolent of the fresh sawdust of the ring, vibrant with the incessant clamor of the band, panoramic in its ever moving display of clowns, acrobats, horses and captive wild animals. You will read of Polly, the daughter of the circus, and of Bingo, on

whose broad back she rode; of the "leap of death" girl; of "Muvver Jim," the boss canvasman, and Toby, the clown, who loved the circus orphan and cared for her like father and mother; of Deacon Strong, who hated a circus, and of Rev. John Douglas, who grew to love a circus girl. You will read of gossip that threatened to divide a pastor and his flock, of Ruth and Naomi, of a show girl's renunciation and of Polly's first and last ride on Barbarian, the circus horse.

CHAPTER XI. goin' into de Sunday school room to take off dat 'ere widow's finishin' touches," said Mandy as she came down

"All right!" called Douglas, "Take these with you. Perhaps they may help." He gathered up the garlands which Polly had left on the ground. His eyes were shining. He looked younger than Mandy had ever seen

Polly had turned her back at the sound of Mandy's voice and crossed to piness and trying to control her newly awakened emotions. Douglas felt intuitively that she needed this moment for recovery, so he piled the leaves and garlands high in Mandy's arms, then ran into the house with the light step of a boy.

"I got the set-sit-settln' room all tidied up," said Mandy as she shot a sly glance at Polly

"That's good," Polly answered, facing Mandy at last and dimpling and blushing guiltily

"Mos' de sociable fe'ks will mos likely be hangin' roun' de parsonage tonight, 'stead ob stayin' in de Sunday school room, whar dey belongs. Las time dat 'ere Widow Willoughby done set roun' all ebenin' a-tellin' de parson as how folks could jes' eat off'n her kitchen floor, an' I ups an' tells her as how folks could pick up a good squar' meal off'n Mandy's floor too. Guess she'll be mighty careful what she says afore Mandy tonight." She chuckled as she disappeared down the walk to the Sunday school room.

Polly stood motionless where Mandy had left her. She hardly knew which way to turn. She was happy, yet afraid. She felt like sinking upon her knees and begging God to be good to been so independent, so self reliant, now felt the need of direction from from her, something that would never, never come again. While she hesitated Hasty came through the gate. looking anxiously over his shoulder. "Well, Hasty?" she said, for it was

important on his mind "It's de big one from de circus," he whispered excitedly. "The big one?"

"You know-de one what brung you." "You don't mean"- Polly's question was answered by Jim himself, who had followed Hasty quickly through the gate. Their arms were instantly about each other. Jim forgot Hasty and every one in the world except Polly, and neither of them noticed the horrified Miss Perkins and the Widow Willoughby, who had been crossing the yard on their way from the Sunday school room with Julia.

"You're just as big as ever," said Polly when she could let go of Jim long enough to look at him. "You haven't changed a bit."

"You've changed enough for both of us." He looked at the unfamiliar long skirts and the new way of doing her hair, "You're bigger, Poll, more grownup like.

She glanced admiringly at the new brown suit, the rather startling tie and the neat little posy in Jim's buttonhole.

"The fellows said I'd have to slick up a bit if I was a-comin' to see you, so as not to make you ashamed of me. turned to him anxiously.

Do you like 'em?' he asked, looking pleading for his forgiveness. down approvingly at his new brown

"Very much noticed the unfamiliar manner of her

speech. He began to feel self con-



"You mean that you ain't never comin'

added more slowly, "I suppose every- him you'll save a heap or trouble for thing's different now that Toby is the parson by doin' it quick."

"He'd 'a' liked to seen you afore he nobody was, not even Bingo." "Have you still got Bingo?" she ask-

ed, through her tears. "Yep, we got him," drawled Jim, "but he ain't much good no more. Douglas' troubled look of an hour ago. None of the other riders can get used | She remembered how he had asked if to his gait like you was. There ain't she couldn't go away. It was this that nobody with the show what can touch he meant when he promised not to you ridin'; there never will be. Say, mebbe you think Barker won't let out In an instant she was at the deacon's a yell when he sees you comin' back." side pleading and terrified. "You Jim was jubilant now, and he let out wouldn't get another minister! Oh,



"You'll save a heap of trouble for the parson by doin' it quick."

died that you was never a-comin' back, but I told him I'd change all that once I seen you, an' when Barker sent me over here today to look arter the advertisin' he said he guessed you'd had all you wanted o' church folks. 'Jes' you bring her along to Wakefield,' he said, 'an' tell her that her place is waitin' for her,' an' I will too." He turned upon Polly with sudden decision. "Why, I feel jes' like pickin' you up in my arms an' carryin' you right off now." "Wait, Jim!" She put one tiny hand

on his arm to restrain him "I don't mean-not-today-mebbe, he stammered uncertainly, "but we'll be back here a-showin' next month."

"Don't look at me now," Polly answered as the doglike eyes searched her face, "because I have to say some thing that is going to hurt you, Jim." "You're comin', ain't you, Poll?" The big face was wrinkled and careworn with trouble.

"No, Jim," she replied in a tone so low that he could scarcely hear her. "You mean that you ain't never comin' back?" He tried to realize her own accord." what such a decision might mean to

"No, Jim," she answered tenderly, for she dreaded the pain that she must cause the great, good hearted fellow. "You mustn't care like that," she pleaded, seeing the blank desolation apparent that Hasty had something that had come into his face. "It isn't because I don't love you just the same, and it was good of Barker to keep my

place for me, but I can't go back."

He turned away. She clung to the rough brown sleeve. "Why, Jim, when I lie in my little room up there at night"-she glanced toward the winpeaceful and still I think how it used to be in the old days, the awful noise and the rush of it all, the cheerless wagons, the mob in the tent, the ring with its blazing lights, the whirling round and round on Bingo and the hoops, always the hoops, till my head got dizzy and my eyes all dim, and then the hurry after the show, and the heat and the dust or the mud and the rain, and the rumble of the wheels in the plains at night, and the shrieks of the animals, and then the parade. the awful, awful parade, and I riding through the streets in tights. Jimtights!" She covered her face to shut out the memory. "I couldn't go back to it, Jim! I just couldn't!" She turned away, her face still hidden in

while in silence. "I didn't know how you'd come to for him. feel about it." he said doggedly.

"You aren't angry, Jim?" She turned to him anxiously, her eyes

He shrugged his great shoulders. "It's I never figured on givin' you up, an' when you said you wasn't comin' back roads an' nobody in 'em. But it's all right now, an' I'il just be gettin' along to the wagon."

Douglas," Polly protested, trying to going?" keep him with her until she could think of some way to comfort him. "I'll look in on him comin's back," said Jim, anxious to be alone with his disappointment. He was out of the

gate before she could stop him. "Hurry back, won't you, Jim? I'll be going quickly down the road, his tists thrust into his brown coat pockets and ward the house with a troubled heart. She had reached the lower step when Strong and Elverson approached her

from the direction of the church. "Was that feller here to take you back to the circus?" demanded Strong. She opened her lips to reply, but before she could speak Strong assured her that the congregation wouldn't do scious. A year ago she would have anything to stop her if she wished to

said "You bet!" He looked at her go. He saw the blank look on her awkwardly. She hurried on: "Hasty face. "We ain't tryin' to pry into none told me you were showing in Wake- of your private affairs," he explained,

"The parson!" "You can't blame the congregation cashed in," Jim answered, "but maybe | for not wantin' him to keep you here. it was just as well he didn't. You'd You got sense enough to see how it hardly 'a' knowed him toward the last, looks. He'd see it, too, if he wasn't he got so thin an' peeked like. He tust plain bullheaded. Well, he'd betwasn't the same after we lost you- ter get over his stubbornness right now. If he don't we'll get another minister; that's all."

> "Another minister? You don't mean"-It was clear enough now. She recalled give her up, no matter what happened.

a little yell of his own at the mere please, Deacon Strong, listen to me, thought of her return. He was too listen! You were right about Jim. He excited to notice the look on Polly's did come to get me, and I am going face. "Toby had a notion before he back to the circus-only you won't send Mr. Douglas away, you won't! Say you won't!" She was searching his eyes for mercy. "It wasn't his fault that I kept staying on. He didn't know how to get rid of me. He did try. He tried only today."

"So he's comin' round," sneered "Yes, yes, and you won't blame him any more, will you?" she hurried on anxiously. "You'll let him stay, no matter what he does, if I promise to go away and never, never come back

"I ain't holdin' no grudge agin him," Strong grumbled. "He talks pretty rough sometimes, but he's been a good enough minister. I ain't forgettin' "Oh, thank you, Mr. Strong, thank

you. I'll get my things. It won't take | back! I want to go back!" minute." She was running up the her. She returned quickly to Strong. "We'd better not let him know just yet. You can tell him afterward. Tell him that I ran away. Tell him that"-She was interrupted by Douglas, who came from the house. "Hello, Strong! Back again?" he asked, in some surprise. Polly remained with her eyes fixed upon the deacon, searching for some way of escape. The pastor approached. She burst into nervous laughter. "What's the joke?" Douglas

deacon and I are planning." She tried to control the catch in her voice. "You'll know about it soon, won't he, deacon? Good afternoon, Mr. Strong!" She flew into the house, laughing hys-Douglas followed her to the steps

with a puzzled frown. It was unlike Polly to give way to her moods before others. "Have you gentlemen changed your minds about the little girl staying on?" he asked uneasily. "It's all right now," said Strong,

seating himself with a complacent air. "All right? How so?" questioned Douglas, more and more puzzled by the deacon's evident satisfaction. "Because," said Strong, rising and

facing the pastor-"because your circus ridin' gal is goin' to leave you of "Have you been talking to that

girl?" asked Douglas sternly. "I have," said Strong, holding his "See here, deacon, if you've been

browbeating that child I may forget that I'm a minister." The knuckles on Douglas' large fists grew whiter. "She's goin', I tell you, and it ain't because of what I said either. She's goin' back to the circus."

"I don't believe you." "You would 'a' believed me if you'd seen the fellow that was just a-callin' on her and her a-huggin' and a-kissin' dow above them-"and everything is of him and a-promisin' that she'd be a-waitin' for him here when he come

> "You lie!" cried Douglas, taking a step toward the retreating deacon. "There's the fellow now!" cried Strong as he pointed to the gate. "Suppose you ask him afore you call me a liar.

> Douglas turned quickly and saw Jim approaching. His face lighted up with relief at the sight of the big, lumbering fellow.

> "How are you, Mr. Douglas?" said Jim awkwardly. "You've seen Polly?" asked Douglas. shaking Jim cordially by the hand.

"Yes, I've seen her." "The deacon here has an idea that Polly is going back to the circus with ner hands. He looked at her a long you." He nodded toward Strong, almost laughing at the surprise in store

"Back to the circus?" asked Jim. "Did she say anything to you about it?" He was worried by the bewilderment in Jim's manner.

between them. She wore her coat and just kinder sudden, that's ail. You see, hat and carried a small brown satchel. "Of course I did, didn't 1, Jim?" she said, turning her back upon the pasit kinder seemed as though I couldn't tor and motioning to Jim not to ansee nothin' all my life but long, dusty swer. Douglas gazed at her in astonishment.

"What do you mean?" he asked in a hoarse, strained voice. He glanced at droop. "But, Jim, you haven't seen Mr. the coat and hat. "Where are you

Polly avoided his eyes and continued nervously to Jim:

"What made you come back? Why didn't you wait for me down the sonage that day, for speculation was street? Now you've spoiled every-She pretended to be very vexed with him. The big fellow lookwaiting for you." She watched him ed puzzled. He tried to protest, but she put a warning finger to her lips and pressed the little brown satchel his hat pulled over his eyes. 1.2 did into his hand. "It's no use," she went not look back, as he used to do, to wave on hurriedly. "We might as well tell a parting farewell, and she turned to- them everything now." She turned to Douglas and pretended to laugh. "You have found us out."

The deacons were slightly uneasy. The frown on Douglas' forehead was

"Oh, see how serious he looks!" she teased, with a toss of her head toward the grim visaged pastor. "Is this some trick?" he demanded

sternly. "Don't be angry," she pleaded. "Wish me luck."

She held out one small hand. He did

firm, clear voice, "I am going to run away." Douglas stepped before her and studied her keenly. "Run away?" he exclaimed incredu

lously. "Yes-to the circus with Jim." "You couldn't do such a thing," he answered excitedly. "Why, only a moment ago you told me you would never leave me." "Oh, but that was a moment ago,"

she cried in a strained high voice. "That was before Jim came. You see, I didn't know how I felt until I saw Jim and heard all about my old friends-how Barker is keeping my place for me and how they all want to see me. And I want to see them and to hear the music and the laughter and the clown songs- Oh, the clown songs!" She waltzed about, humming the snatch of melody that Mandy had heard the morning that Polly first woke in the parsonage:

Ting, ling-That's how the bells ring.

Ting, ling, pretty young thing. She paused, her hands clasped befind her head, and gazed at them with a brave little smile. "Oh, it's going to be fine—fine!"

"You don't know what you're doing!" said Douglas. He seized her roughly by the arm. Pain was making him brutal. "I won't let you go! Do you hear me? I won't-not until you've thought it over." "I have thought it over," Polly an-

swered, meeting his eyes and trying to speak lightly. Her lips trembled. She could not bear for him to think her so ungrateful. She remembered his great kindness, the many thoughtful acts that had made the past year so preclous to her. "You've been awfully good to me,

Mr. John." She tried to choke back a sob. "I'll never forget it-never! I'll always feel the same toward you. But you mustn't ask me to stay. I want to get back to them that knew me firstto my own. Circus 'olks aren't cut out for parsons' homes, and I was born in the circus. I love it-I love it!" She felt her strength going and cried out wildly: "I want Bingo! I want to go round and round the ring! I want the lights and the music and the hoops! I want the shricks of the animals and the rumble of the wheels in the plains at night! I want to ride in the big parade! I want to live and die-just die -as circus folks die! I want to go

She put out one trembling hand to steps when a sudden thought stopped | Jim and rushed quickly through the gate, laughing and sobbing hysterically and calling to him to follow.

> CHAPTER XII. ONELY days followed Polly's desertion of the parsonage. Mandy went about her duties

very quietly, feeling that the little comments which once amused the pastor had now become an interruption to thoughts in which she had no part. He would sit for hours with his head in his hands, taking no notice of what passed before him. She tried to think of new dishes to tempt his appetite and

Nothing was said about the pastor's plans for the future or about his continued connection with the church, and the inquisitive sisterhood was on the point of exploding from an overaccumulation of unanswered questions.

He delivered his sarmons conscientiously, called upon his poor, listened to the sorrows, real and fancied, of his parishioners and shut himself up with his books or walked alone on the hill

behind the church. He had been absent all day when Mandy looked out or the circus lot for the dozenth time and saw that the afternoon performance was closing. It had driven her to desperation to learn that Miss Polly was not in the parade that morning and to know that the pastor had made no effort to find out about her. For weeks both she and Hasty had hoped that the return of the circus might bring Polly back to

would? Why had the pastor stayed away on the hills all day? Unanswered questions were always an abomination to Mandy, so finally she drew a quarter from the knotted gingham rag that held her small wad of savings and told Hasty to "go 'long to de show an' find out 'bout Miss

them, but now it was nearly night

Why didn't she come running in to see

them, as Mandy had felt so sure she

and there had been no word from her.

Polly." She was anxiously waiting for him when Deacon Strong knocked at the door for the second time that after-

"Is Mr. Douglas back yet?" he asked. "No, sah, he ain't," said Mandy very shortly. She felt that Strong and Elverson had been "a-tryin' to spy on de parson all day," and she resented their visits more than she usually did.

"What time are you expectin' him?" "I don't nebber spec' Massa Douglas till I sees him.' Strong grunted uncivilly and went down the steps. She saw from the window that he met Elverson in front

of the church. "Dev sure am a-meanin' trouble." she mumbled. The band had stopped playing; the last of the audience had straggled

down the street. She opened the door and stood on the porch; the house seemed to suffocate her. What was keeping Hasty? He came at last, but Mandy could tel! from his gait that he brought un-

weicome knews. "Ain't she dar?" "She's a-trabbelin' wid 'em, Mandy, but she didn't done ride." "See heah, Hasty Jones, is dat ere

"I don' rightly know," said Hasty. 'A great big man, what wored clothes like a gemmen, comed out wid a whip in his hand an' says as how he's 'bliged to 'nounce anudder gal in Miss Polly's place. An' den he says as how de udder gal was jes' as good, an' den ever'body look disappointed like, an' den out comes de udder gal on a hoss an' do tricks, an' I ain't heard no more

'bout Miss Polly." "She's sick, dat's what I says," Man



"OH, SEE HOW SERIOUS HE LOOKS!" SHE TEASED.

shook her head sadly as she bore the | dy declared excitedly, "an' somebody untasted food back to the kitchen. She sometimes found a portfolio of drawings lying open upon his study table. She remembered the zeal with her twenty-five cent investment. which he had planned to remodel the church and parsonage when he first came to them, how his enthusiasm had gradually died for lack of encouragement and how he had at last put his books in a cupboard, where they grew something in his set, faraway look made her afraid to inquire. Thus she she crossed to the window for a sight went on from day to day, growing of the pastor. , more impatient with Hasty and more silent with the pastor.

ionship to oil the wheels of her humdrum life. There was no more laughter in the house, and she began to

Polly had been away from the parsonage a month when the complacency of the village was again upset by the arrival of the "Great American Circus." There were many callers at the parnow at fever heat about the pastor. "Will he try to see her?" "Has he forgotten her?" and "What did he ever find in her?" were a few of the many questions that the women were asking ago." he thought, and old Toby's words each other. Now that the cause of their envy was removed they would gladly have reinstated the pastor as their idol, for, like all truly feminine souls, they could not bear to see a man unhappy without wishing to comfort him, nor happy unless they were the direct cause of his state. "How dare any man be happy without me?" has been the cry of each woman since Eve was created to mate with Adam.

Douglas had held himself more and more aloof from the day of Polly's disappearance. He expressed no opinion

got to do somethin'!' "I done all I knowed," drawled Has-

ty, fearing that Mandy was regretting "Go 'long out an' fix up dat 'ere kitchen fire," was Mandy's impatient reply. "I got to keep dem vittels warm for Massa John."

She wished to be alone, so that she could think of some way to get hold "Angry?" he echoed, almost hittoriv Before Jim could reply Polly, who dusty from long neglect. She mar- of Polly. "Dat baby faced mornin' trict Passenger Agent, Raleigh, N. C., I guess it couldn't ever come to that had reached the steps in time to catch | veled at their reappearance now, but | glory done got Mandy all wobbly 'bout | and chaperoned by Mrs. C. H. GATTIS de heart," she declared to herself as

It was nearly dark when she saw him coming slowly down the path grade and most modern design of sleep-Mandy needed humor and compan- from the hill. She lighted the study lamp, rearranged the cushions and Pullman dining car. tried to make the room look cheery for his entrance. "I's 'fraid yo's mighty tired," she

> "Oh, no," answered Douglas absently. "Mebbe yo'd like Mandy to be sarvin' your supper in here tonight. It's more He crossed to the window and looked out upon the circus lot. The flare of

the torches and the red fire came up to meet his pale, tense face. "How like the picture of thirteen months came back to him-"The show has got to go on." He longed to have done with dreams and speculation, to feel something tan-

gible, warm and real within his grasp. "I can't go on like this!" he cried. "I can't!" He turned from the window and walked hurriedly up and down the room. Indoors or out, he found no dining car service, eating and sleeping in rest. He threw himself in the armchair near the table and sat buried in thought.

Mandy came softly into the room. She was followed by Hasty, who carabout the deacons or their recent dis- ried a tray laden with things that cost of trip, schedule and itinerary. If approval of him. He avoided meeting ought to have tempted any man. She maps, time-tables and booklets of the field. I knew you'd come to see me. "but my daughter saw you and that not take it. She wavered; then she Strong felt so uncomfortable and on the table and then began arranging them oftener than duty required, and motioned for Hasty to put the tray How's Barker and all the boys?" She there feller a-makin' up to each other. felt the eyes of the deacons upon her. tongue tied in his presence that he, too, the dishes. Hasty stole to the window stopped with a catch in her throat and If you're calculatin' to run away with | Courage returned, and she spoke in a was glad to make their talks as few and peeped out at the tempting flare

of red fire.

When Douglas discovered the presence of his two "faithfuls" he was touched with momentary contrition. "Have you had a hard day with the new gravel walk?" he asked Hasty, remembering that he had been laying a fresh path to the Sunday school

"Jes' yo' come eat yo' supper," Mandy called to Douglas. "Don' yo' worry your head 'bout dat lazy husban' ob



She's sick, dat's what I says." mine. He ain't goin' ter work 'nuff to hurt hisself." For an instant she had been tempted to let the pastor know how Hasty had gone to the circus and seen nothing of Polly, but her motherly instinct won the day, and she urged him to eat before disturbing him with her own anxieties. It was no use. He only toyed with his food; he was clearly ill at ease and eager to be alone. She gave up trying to tempt his appetite and began to lead up in

a roundabout way to the things which she wished to ask. "Dar's quite some racket out dar in de lot tonight," she said. Douglas did not answer. After a moment she went on, "Hasty didn't work on no walk today." Douglas looked at her quizzically, while Hasty, convinced that for reasons of her own she was going to get him into trouble, was making frantic motions. "He done gone ter de circus," she blurted out. Douglas' face became suddenly grave. Mandy saw that she had touched an open wound.

"I jes' couldn't stan' it, Massa John. I had ter find out 'bout dat angel chile." There was a pause. She felt that he "She didn't done ride today." He looked up with the eyes of a

dumb, persecuted animal. "And de gemmen in de show didn't tell nobody why-jes' speaked 'bout de udder gal takin' her place." "Why didn't she ride?" cried Doug las, in an agony of suspense. "Dat's what I don' know, sah."

Mandy began to cry. It was the first time in his experience that Douglas had ever known her to give way to any such weakness. Hasty came down from the window and tried to put one arm about Man-

dy's shoulders. "Leab me alone, yo' nigger!" she exclaimed, trying to cover her tears with a show of anger that she did not feel; then she rushed from the room, fol-

lowed by Hasty. The band was playing loudly. The din of the night performance was increasing. Douglas' nerves were strained to the point of breaking. He would not let himself go near the window. He stood by the side of the table, his fists clinched, and tried to beat back the impulse that was pulling him toward the door. Again and again he set his teeth.

It was uncertainty that gnawed at him so. Was she ill? Could she need him? Was she sorry for having left him? Would she be glad if he went for her and brought her back with him? He recalled the hysterical note in her behavior the day that she went away-how she had pleaded, only a few moments before Jim came, never to be separated from him. Had she really cared for Jim and for the old life? Why had she never written? Was she ashamed? Was she sorry for what she had done? What could it mean? He threw his hands above his head with a gesture of despair. A moment later he passed out into the night.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

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shipping and easiest for handling. all goods at or over 1 gallon \$3.50 \$2.50 per gallon. 2 gallons 6.75 Safely packed in 3 gallons 10.00

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

RICHMOND, VA

V.—Getting New Customers And Holding Them

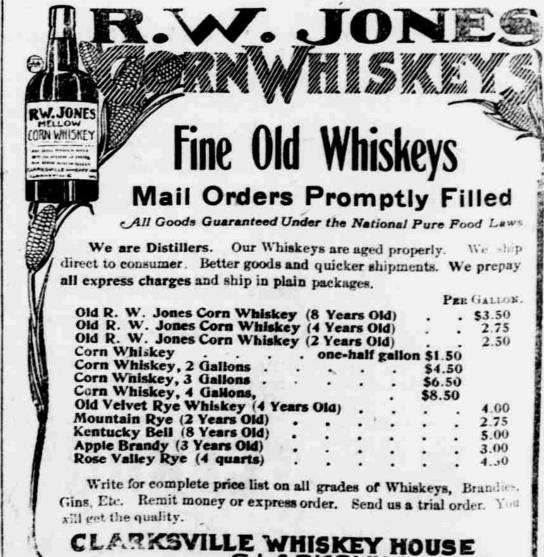
By Henry Herbert Huff

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION "Mr. Business Man, it costs just so much for running expenses-rent, light, fuel, clerk hire-whether you sell ten or a hundred dollars' worth of goods per day, does it not? You call them fixed expenses. Now, the only way to lower fixed expenses is to increase sales. Up to a certain point all excess business brings you an added profit. It pays to lay hold on all you possibly can. Advertising offers the best means for increasing trade New customers are attracted by leaders-merchandise at unusu ally low prices. An instance is told of an old lady who came nine miles to get a spool of cotton thread for 3 cents, but she purchased several dollars' worth of goods before leaving the store. The ad. has accomplished its mission when it gets a prospective patron within the doors. That is the most difficult part. It is then up to the merchant to make the most of the opportunity and win

him for a permanent customer. "The merchant who utilizes newspaper publicity has the whole world to draw trade from. He is confined to no particular neighborhood. He knows no barriers. Wherever he can send his advertising, there he can solicit business. Some of the more ambitious country merchants are drawing business from the big towns! The advertiser's opportunities are unlimited. Through the news paper he can reach people he nevef saw or who perhaps never heard of his store."

"But how about holding them?" "That depends quite as much upon the merchant as the advertising. If customers receive satisfaction, they will continue to come. But nothing HOLDS them like continued bargain offers. Have a few new specials every Saturday. Keep the farmers guessing what will come next."

"What advice can you give to the dealer starting in business?" "What more at variance with good judgment could be imagined than for a merchant to come to town, rent a store, fill the shelves and counters with new goods, arrange attractive displays in the windows, put competent salesmen behind the counters and then-WAIT for business; WAIT for people to come in and buy; WAIT for them to find out what he has to sell; WAIT for the public to learn of his very existence? And yet it is not uncommon for one to do this! Advertising would have carried all such information to prospective buyers. He spares no expense to have stock and fixtures the finest and yet neglects the greatest essential of all. Should you inquire why he spends nothing for publicity he would probably say that pleased patrons and his window displays are sufficient advertising. Word of mouth publicity is the best, but it is too slow. Gossip has wings, but favorable news travels slowly. And as to the window-a newspaper announcement is often necessary to call attention to it."



CLARKSVILLE, VA