

The Castard Cup

Several weeks had passed, and the pink sweater had not been worn. It was, sometimes looked at, reposing in a paper wrapper in the cleanest apple box—Monday morning with high hope, Saturday night with black despair. Once Lettie had picked her way gingerly through five days of behavior that might have been recorded with a gold pen on a pearly page—and then, presto! Humanity! Inup! Cataclysm! Once her impetuous feet had, from the narrow way up to and including Saturday noon. The goal was in sight. Miss Lettie steeled a waltz in premature celebration, caught her ruffled sleeve in the handle of a saucepan on the stove, dragged it over the edge, deluged the kitchen with precious soup stock, soaking indelibly into the rough board floor.

"You've been littered, my dear," he said. "I tell you they littered, and I won't have it. You ain't to meddle on my property—neither you nor your nasty old dog!" Lettie's thin chest lifted, as if a steel hook had poked it upward. Her hands clenched. "He ain't a nasty old dog. He's worth a darned sight more'n you are!" "That's a lie!" "That's a lie. Turn you loose, and you couldn't find a house, say, Pa doggie. Wouldn't nobody have you!" This shot gave Lettie a temporary advantage. Mr. Wopple, willing to subscribe to wellnigh anything for the sake of disagreement, hesitated momentarily before the vivid picture of himself seeking charity from door to door. Possibly some misgiving about the outcome of such a venture checked his rejoinder. Spotted with red, appeared in his sallow cheeks, like spatters of anger. The hand on the broom handle shook visibly. Presently he returned the personality with a "choice" one of his own devising. "You're a sassy tyke. If you was my child—"



Lettie glowered back. The long, rustling leaves, barking at this imagined prey, charging with a force that savaged the more brittle sections and sent them flying. "Why, over the walk, with the side view of Mr. Josiah Wopple, this piece of trespassing was the easier because there was no fence to interfere, the boundaries being marked only by a few old posts." "Remembering from the second trip, Lettie found results well under way. Mr. Wopple, with a highly injured expression, was ostentatiously sweeping matters of corn, tissue, together with a great deal of soil, across the community-wide into Mrs. Penfield's yard. When she saw Lettie, he paused and glowered at her. Lettie stopped short and glowered back. "And she did it well," she glowered was a specialty with her on similar occasions. "You'd better be careful," he said. "I ain't going to have my yard all littered up."

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HEALTH IS WEALTH GET RICH

THE PAW PAW MAN ARRIVES IN TOWN TO URGE EVERYONE TO GET AND KEEP THE BOON OF HEALTH HE TELLS OF 'THE TREE OF LIFE'

"Health is the greatest thing to own," says the Paw Paw man. "It is far dearer than money. For who is really richer—the man with a million dollars, but who is weak, run-down, and sickly—or the man who has no wealth in gold but who has a hale, sound, vigorous body?" The Paw Paw man is indeed an interesting visitor to this city. It would do anyone here good to see him while he is holding his daily demonstrations. His one great wish is that he could talk to every one in Monroe who is sick or run-down. He is certain he can point the way to freedom from much illness and distress by explaining the virtues of Munyon's Paw Paw Tonic. This wonderful vigor-making, brain-

building tonic has brought the boon of health to men and women old and young, all over the world. The main thing in Paw Paw tonic is the amazingly curative juice of the fruit of the Paw Tree (cavea papaya), which is known almost everywhere as "The Tree of Life." The Paw Paw Man will be very glad to discuss this remarkable plant with anyone who comes to see him. Every citizen is invited by the Paw Paw Man to partake generously of this invigorating, health-giving tonic and learn of its refreshing, bracing, pleasing effects. See the Paw Paw Man at Funderburk & Gamble Drug Store on March 30th and 31st.

MUNYON'S PAW PAW TONIC. WHAT IT IS: The principal ingredients in Munyon's Paw Paw Tonic is PAPAINE, a ferment of bleached mucous natural tissue and pancreas juice of the Paw Paw Tree. WHAT IT DOES: Promotes digestion, quickens the gastric juice, tones every organ, soothes the nerves, makes rich red blood, builds the white corpuscles, brings the sleep of childhood, relieves distress after eating, stops dizzy spells, removes stomach gases, sweetens the stomach, prevents heartburn, casts out despondency. It puts the invigorating thrill of perfect health into all parts of the body and lifts man or woman to new heights of mental and physical enjoyment.

Munyon's Paw Paw Tonic costs only \$1 a bottle. If you are not able to go out and get it, write us for a bottle. We will give you prompt service. If you can go out outdoors, don't fail to see the Paw Paw Man at the Funderburk & Gamble Drug Store. He will be there on March 30th and 31st.

MUNYON'S HOMEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY COMPANY, SCRANTON, PENNA.

of neighboring windows, but no one interfered or even spoke. This was not so much due to an ethical attitude in The Custard Cup as to an unwritten law of freedom in speech and act, that no spectator might be deprived of the full performance of any drama that was started. "Now will you let dogs alone?" inquired Lettie pertinently. "Men that pester dogs ain't no good. They'd oughter—"

"Feeling Fine!" "I was pale and thin, hardly able to go," says Mrs. Bessie Bearden, of Central, S. C. "I would suffer when I stood on my feet with bearing-down pains in my sides and the lower part of my body. I did not rest well and didn't want anything to eat. My color was bad and I felt miserable. A friend of mine told me of"

GARDUI The Woman's Tonic and I then remembered my mother used to take it. After the first bottle I was better, I began to fatten up and I regained my strength and good healthy color. I am feeling fine. I took twelve bottles of Gardui and haven't had a bit of trouble since. Thousands of other women have had similar experiences in the use of Gardui, which has brought relief where other medicines had failed. If you suffer from female ailments, take Gardui. It is a woman's medicine. It may be just what you need. At your druggist's or dealer's.

J. C. Richardson, M. D. Surgery and Obstetrics. Office in Bell-Bundy Building. Office Phone 597; Residence 597. Hours 9-11 and 2-4.

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