CORNS

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Lift Off-No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instant-ly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Leaflets on Stalks

The box-elder, or ash-leaved maple, is to be distinguished by its ash-like leaves of three to five leaflets on a single stalk, coarsely toothed and usually deep green, says the American Tree association of Washington, D. C. The bark on the trunk resembles that of the ash, and is light brownish gray, with narrow, shallow furrows. young twigs are a light olive green,-Nature Magazine.



EIGHTY-FOUR---STILL RUNS-FARM

Widow of Veteran, War of 1812, Says That She Has Taken Black-Draught for Twenty Years.

Americus, Ga.—Mrs. Cornelia H. Glopton, who lives near here, is 84 years old, but keeps house for herself and has active charge of the management of her farm. She is the widow of Dr. Thomas Clopton, who fought with the Virginia militia in the War of 1812, and she draws a pension from the government for that reason.

Mrs. Clopton, according to her statement, has had a long experience with Black-Draught.

"I have been taking Black-Draught constantly for the last two years," says Mrs. Clopton, "and I find that it is the best relief for constipation that I can use."

can use.

For over twenty years I have known about this splendid medicine.

A neighbor of mine recommended it to me that long ago and I have taken it when I needed anything of the kind

"For the last two or three years I have been troubled frequently with constipation and . . . complaints and, when these troubles come on, I take Black-Draught. I keep a box of Black-Draught always in the house. We are never without it."

Millions use Black-Draught. If your supply is running low set more from

supply is running low, get more from your druggist today.



FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haarlem oil has been a worldwide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.



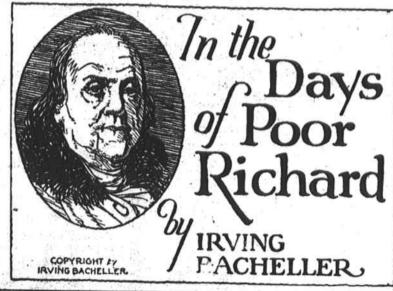
correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL

MADE THE SAME AS THIRTY YEARS AGO

OR 30 years physicians have prescribed Gude's Pepto-Mangan because it contains a form of iron which is readily absorbed, does not upset the stomach or affect teeth, and is a splendid tonic and blood enricher. At your drug-gist's, in both liquid and tablets. Free Trial Tablets To see for yourself the health-building value of Gude's Pepto-Mangan, write today for generous Trial Package of Tablets, Send no money - just name and address to M. J. Breitenbach Co., 53 Warren St., N. Y.



W. N. U., CHARLOTTE, NO. 16-192



"MY BELOVED HERO"

SYNOPSIS. - Solomon Bin!:us, veteran scout and interpreter, and his young companion, Jack Irons, passing through Horse Valley, New York, in September, 1765, to warn settlers of an In-dian uprising, rescue from a band of redskins the wife and daughter of Colonel Hare of England. Jack distinguishes himself in the fight distinguishes himself in the fight and later rescues Margaret Hare from the river. Jack and Margaret fall in love. On reaching Fort Stanwix, Colonel Hare says both are too young to marry. The Hare family sail for England, and the Irons family move to Albany. Unvest grows in the colonies be-cause of the oppressive measures of the English government. Solo-mon and Jack visit Boston.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

Jack and Solomon attended the town meeting that day in the Old South meeting-house. It was a quiet and orderly crowd that listened to the speeches of Josiah Quincy, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, demanding calmly but firmly that the soldiers be forthwith removed from the city. The famous John Hancock cut a great figure in Boston in those days. It is not surprising that Jack was impressed by his grandeur, for he had entered the meeting-house in a scarlet velvet cap and a blue damask gown lined with velvet and strode to the platform with a dignity even above his garments. . As he faced about the boy did not fall to notice and admire the white satin waistcoat and white silk stockings and red morocco slippers. Mr. Quincy made a statement which stuck like a bur in Jack Irons' memory of that day, and perhaps all the faster because he did not quite understand it. The speaker said: "The dragon's teeth have been sown."

The chairman asked if there was any citizen present who had been on the scene at or about the time of the shooting. Solomon Binkus arose and held up his hand and was asked to go to the minister's room and confer with the committee.

Mr. John Adams called at the inn that evening and announced that he was to defend Captain Preston and would require the help of Jack and Solomon as witnesses. For that read son they were detained, some days in Boston and released finally on the promise to return when their services were required.

little house near the King's Arms, where they sat until midnight telling of their adventures. In the midst of it Jack said to his father:

"I heard a speaker say in Boston that the dragon's teeth had been sown. What does that mean?".

"It means that war is coming," said John Irons. "We might as well get ready for it." These words, coming from his fa-

ther, gave him a shock of surprise. He began to think of the effect of war on his own fortunes.

Solomon sent his furs to market and went to work on the farm of John Irons and lived with the family. The boy returned to school. After the hay had been cut and stacked in midsummer, they were summoned to Boston to testify in the trial of Preston. They left in September, taking with them a drove of horses.

"It will be good for Jack," John Irons had said to his wife. "He'll be the better prepared for his work in Philadelphia next fall."

Two important letters had arrived that summer. One from Benjamin Franklin to John Irons, offering Jack a chance to learn the printer's trade in his Philadelphia shop and board and lodging in his home.

The other letter was from Margaret Hare to the boy, in which she had said that they were glad to learn that he and Mr. Binkus were friends of Captain Preston and inclined to help him in his trouble. "Since I read your letter I am more in love with you than ever," she had written. "My father was pleased with it. He thinks that all cause of complaint will be removed. Until it is, I do not ask you to be a

Tory, but only to be patient." Jack and Solomon were the whole day getting their horses across Van Deusen's ferry and headed eastward in the rough road. Mr. Binkus wore his hanger-an old Damascus blade inherited from his father-and carried his long musket and an abundant store of ammunition; Jack wore his two pistols, in the use of which he had become most expert.

They came to wagon roads improving as they approached towns and villages, in the first of which they began selling the drove. When they reached an' readin' books an' gabbin' with Boston, nearly a week later, they had comp'ny," she said. "Men don't know

says that Mr. Adams complimented them when they left the stand.

There is an old letter of Solomon Binkus which briefly describes the journey. He speaks of the "pompy" men who examined them, "They grinned at me all the time an' the ol' big wig jedge in the womern's dress got mad if I tried to crack a joke," he wrote in his letter. "He looked like he had paid too much fer his whistle an' thought I had sold it to him. Thought he were goin' to box my ears. John Addums is erbout as sharp as a razor. Took a likin' to Jack an' me. I tol' him he were smart 'nough to be a trapper."

The two came back in the saddle and reached Albany late in October.

CHAPTER III

The Journey to Philadelphia. The New York Mercury of Novemper 4, 1770, contains this item:

"John Irons, Jr., and Solomon Binkus, the famous scout, arrived Wednesday morning on the schooner Ariel from Albany. Mr. Binkus is on his way to Alexandria, Va., where he is to meet Major Washington and accompany him to the Great Kanawha river in the Far West."

Solomon was soon to meet an officer with whom he was to find the amplest scope for his talents. Jack was on his way to Philadelphia. They had found the ship crowded and Jack and two other hoys "pigged together"-in the expressive phrase of that time-on the cabin floor, through the two nights of their journey. Jack minded not the hardness of the floor, but there was much drinking and arguing and expounding of the common law in the forward end of the cabin, which often interrupted his slumbers.

He took the boat to Amboy as Benfamin Franklin had done, but without mishap, and thence traveled by stage to Burlington. There he met Mr. John Adams of Boston, who was on his way



to Philadelphia. He was a full-faced, ruddy, strong-built man of about thirtyfive years, with thick, wavy dark hair that fell in well-trimmed tufts on either cheek and almost concealed his ears. It was beginning to show gray. He had a prominent forehead, large blue and expressive eyes and a voice clear and resonant. He was handsomely dressed

Mr. Adams greeted the boy warmly and told him that the testimony which he and Solomon Binkus gave had saved the life of Captain Preston. The great lawyer took much interest in the boy and accompanied him to the top of the stage, the weather being clear and warm.

When Jack was taking leave of Mr. Adams at the Black Horse tavern in Philadelphia the latter invited the boy to visit him in Boston if his way should lead him there.

Jack went to the house of the printer, where he did not receive the warm welcome he had expected. Deborah Franklin was a fat, hard-working, illiterate, economical housewife. She had a great pride in her husband, but had fallen hopelessly behind him. She regarded with awe and slight understanding the accomplishments of his virile, relentless, onpushing intellect. She did not know how to enjoy the prosperity that had come to them. It was a neat and cleanly home, but, as of old, Deborah was doing most of the work herself. She would not have had it otherwise.

"Ben thinks we ortn't to be doin" nothin' but settin' eroun' in silk dresses. only the two horses which they rode, how hard 'tis to git help that cleans The trial had just begun. Being ar | good an | cooks decent. Everybody feels dent Whigs, their testimony made an so kind o' big an' inderpendent they impression. Jack's letter to his father won't stan it to be found fault with."

Her daughter, Mrs. Bache, and the latter's children were there. Suddenly confronted by the problem of a strange lad coming into the house to live with them, they were a bit dismayed. But presently their motherly hearts were touched by the look of the big, gentlefaced, homesick boy. They made a room ready for him on the top floor and showed him the wonders of the big house—the library, the electrical apparatus, the rocking chair with its fan swayed by the movement of the chair, the new stove and grate which the doctor had invented. That evening, after an excellent supper, Jack suggested that he would like to have a part of the work to do.

"I can sweep and clean as well as anyone," he said. "My mother taught me how to do that. You must call on me for any help you need."

"Now I wouldn't wonder but what we'll git erlong real happy," said Mrs. Franklin. "If you'll git up 'arly an' dust the main floor an' do the broom work an' fill the wood boxes an' fetch water, I'll see ye don't go hungry."

Jack went to the shop and was put to work next morning. He had to carry beer and suffer a lot of humiliating imposition from older boys in the big shop, but he bore it patiently and made friends and good progress. That winter he took dancing lessons from the famous John Trotter of New York and practiced fencing with the well-known Master Brissac. He also took a course in geometry and trigonometry at the academy and wrote an article describing his trip to Boston for the Gazette. The latter was warmly praised by the editor and reprinted in New York and Boston journals. He joined the company for home defense and excelled in the games, on training day, especially at the running, wrestling, boxing and target shooting. There were many shooting galleries in Philadelphia wherein Jack had shown a knack of shooting with the rife and pistol, which had won for him the Franklin medal for marksmanship. In the back country the favorite amusement of himself and father had been

shooting at a mark. Jack forged ahead, not only in the printer's art, but on toward the fullness of his strength. Under the stimulation of city life and continuous study, his talents grew like wheat in black soil. In the summer of 'seventythree he began to contribute to the columns of the Gazette. Certain of his articles brought him compliments from the best people for their wit. penetration and good humor. He had entered upon a career of great promise when the current of his life quickened like that of a river come to a steeper grade. It began with a letter from Margaret Hare, dated July 14, 1778. In it she writes:

"When you get this please sit down and count up the years that have passed since we parted. Then think how our plans have gone awry. You must also think of me waiting here for you in the midst of a marrying world. All my friends have taken their mates and passed on. I went to Doctor Franklin today and told him that I was an old lady well past nineteen and accused him of having a heart of stone. He said that he had not sent for you because you were making such handsome progress in your work. I said: 'You do not think of the rapid progress I am making toward old age. You forget, too, that I need a husband as badly as the Gazette needs a phile opher. I rebel. You have made me an American-you and Jack. I will not longer consent to taxation without representation. Year by year I am giving up some of my youth and I am not being consulted about it." "Said he: 'I would demand justice

of the king. I suppose he thinks that his country cannot yet afford a queen. I shall tell him that he is imitating George the Third and that he had better listen to the voice of the people.'

"Now, my beloved hero, the English girl who is not married at nineteen is thought to be hopeless. There are fine lads who have asked my father for the right to court me and still I am waiting for my brave deliverer and he comes not. I cannot forget the thrush's song and the enchanted woods. They hold me. If they have not held you-if for any reason your heart has changed -you will not fall to tell me, will you? Is it necessary that you should be great and wise and rich and learned before you come to me? Little by little, after many talks with the venerable Franklin, I have got the American notion that I would like to go away with you and help you to accomplish these things and enjoy the happiness which was ours, for a little time, and of which you speak in your letters. Surely there was something very great in those moments. It does not fade and has it not kept us true to our promise? But, Jack, how long am I to wait? You must tell me."

"The letter to Dr. Franklin was in his pocket."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Comforts of Science "I hear you have taken up psychoanalysis."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "It is so soothing to be able to say you have a complex instead of a dreadful disposition.

For His Own Use

Mrs. Chatterton-I said something that offended your wife, so she didn't speak to me for a week.

Mr. Longsuffer-Would you mind telling me what it was you said?

A woman's favorite doctor has a sympathetic eye and a tender voica

STRANGE WILL OF ENGLISH ENGINEER

Directed That All of His Books Be Burned.

The British courts have been occupled of late with a curious case, which turns on the right of a person to provide by will for the destruction of his property. The will in question is the testament of a retired engineer who had-passed his active life in India, and who went back to England to shut himself up in a room in a London hotel and devote his days and nights to the study of English authors of the Shakespearean period. He collected a library that contains many rare and valuable follos and quartos and kept it in storage, bringing books to his hotel as he wanted them to study or annotate. When he died he left a will hastily scribbled on a scrap of paper in which he directed that all his books be burned, in order that other scholars might not see and use his marginal notes.

Of course the singularity of the will rrested public attention, and bookovers who knew the value of the colection quite apart from-perhaps in spite of-the engineer's scribbled comments took action to postpone the execution of the will until it could be determined whether there was not some way of saving the books.

We have not learned what decision, f any, the courts have made, but it eems that legal ingenuity should be able to find some way of preserving the venerable volumes. Certainly common sense, if it were allowed to control, would set the will aside. The state has long had the power to determine, if it pleases, how much of a man's property he shall devise, and it has also asserted its authority to limit his right to distribute what he leaves. Way, then, should it lack the power to nullify his order to destroy it?

Conceivably a man might direct his executors to burn down a house to which he was attached, in order that no one else should ever enjoy it; or a woman might order her jewels to be destroyed in order that no one else might ever wear them. Would not a court be justified in setting aside such wills as those on the ground that the testators were of unsound mind-on one point at least? How valuable the engineer's library is we do not know; but it is incredible that the courts would permit such a library, for exumple, as that of Mr. Henry E. Huntington in this country to be destroyed. Mr. Huntington himself would, of course, be more berrifted than any one else at the idea of burning the books hat he has so lovingly collected, but vould not any one of sound mind

shrink from such an act of vandalism? Perhaps the courts may direct that the laborious notes of the retired engineer be erased, and that the volumes. hus purged of his scholarship, be preserved. The world can probably get along very well without his comments we have not heard of any unseemly competition among English scholars for the chance to examine them-but the old folios, we hope, will survive for many another bookworm to possess and enjoy .- Youth's Companion,

Little Known Animals

The open savannah forests of the Transvaal low veldt, in South Africa. harbors a wealth of game unheard of in most parts of the globe, writes Nils B. Eckbo, in American Forests and Forest Life. There is the blue wildebeest in herds of 50 or more, roaming the veldt like the buffalo in the United States years ago. The sable and roan are antelopes of grest size and wonderful fighters. The waterbuck is a more peaceful animal, resembling somewhat the elks of Jackson Hole, Wyo., with the exception of the horns, The impala, a small antelope, is considered the prettiest of them all. The artebeest is unattractive, while the kudu is a stately unima! which I have not had the good tortune to meet. The zebra is common but is not. killed for its meat, and the ostrich is protected. Crocodiles are plentiful along the rivers, and snakes, leopards, and lions are not uncommon.

Had Good Excuse

The office boy had evolved many excuses, some of them so weird as to indicate that he had been taking his cue from the news of the day The boss was getting peevish and the manager had instructions that the next excuse would have to be good nough to stand rigid investigation. The occasion soon arrived, but again the boy had the best of it. Meeting the manager in the corridor, the boss demanded: "Where was the office boy yesterday?"

"He pleads loss of memory."

Wise Judge

"I hear you were judge at a baby show," said Hoffy's friend Cuthbert. "I was," admitted Hoffy,

"If I have heard you say one, I have eard you say fifty times that all the onbles look alike to you," said Cuth-

"They do." "Then how could you tell the pret-

test baby ?" Hoffy answered: " Judged by the nothers "-Minneapol's Tribune

Madam, What Size?

Select twelve men whose wives are resent Ask them to t move their collars, ties and collar buttons. Place the toberdashery time collected on to speaker's table. Then, I a given signal, have the twelve wires try to tok their respective husband's belong The Kahlegrap.



Who Comes After Her?

Young Man-So Ethel is your oldest sister? Who comes after her? Small Boy-Nobody ain't come yet; out pa says the first fellow that comes can have her.—Everybody's Magazine.

WOMEN CAN DYE ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY

Tint Worn, Faded Things New for 15 Cents.



Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes" even if you have never dyed before. Druggists have all colors; Directions in each package.-Adver-

Salts in Human Blood

Human blood contains the same salts in similar proportions as are found in

A FEELING OF SECURITY WHEN YOU USE SWAMP-ROOT

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit-producing drugs. Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-

Root, kidney, liver and bladder medicine. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from regetable herbs. It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything. It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great preparation, send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a When writing, be sur and mention this paper.-Advertisement.

Often a whole generation of imposition can be put over before there is a revolution.

Cuticura Soothes Itching Scalp. On retiring gently rub spots of dan-druff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make them your everyday tollet preparations and have a clear skin and soft, white hands.-Advertisement.

No man is "disgusted with his job" f he has just had to hunt for it several months.

Many people imagine that Worms or Tapeworm cannot be expelled entirely. A single dose of "Dead Shot" proves that they can. 272 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Never judge a man by the talk he lets out in his own behalf.

Our idea of a plucky man is one who refuses to be plucked.



