MY LADY OF THE NORTH

The Love Story of A Gray Jacket

by RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR T. WILLIAMSON

COPYRIGHT BY A. C. McCLURG & CO. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. General Lee imparts to Capt. Wayne an important message to Longstreet. Accompanied by Sergt. Craig, an old army scout, Wayne starts on his mission. The two, after a wild ride, get within the lines of the enemy. In the darkness, Wayne is taken for a Federal officer who came to keep an appointment, and a young lady on horseback is given in his charge. She is a northern girl and attempts to escape but fails. One of the horses succumbs and Craig goes through with the dispatches, while Wayne and My Lady of the North are left alone. They seek shelter in a hut and entering it in the dark a huge mastiff attacks Wayne. The girl shoots the brute just in time. The owner of the hut, one Jed Bungay, and his wife appear and soon a party of horsemen approach. They are led by a man claiming to be Red Lowrie, but Mrs. Bungay discovers him to be a disguised impostor, who proves to be Maj. Brennan, a Federal officer whom the Union girl recognizes. He orders the arrest of Wayne as a spy.

CHAPTER X.

A Woman's Tenderness

Youth is never largely given to reflection, which is the gift of years; and although my life had in a measure rendered me more thoughtful than I might have proven under ordinary conditions, yet it is to be frankly confessed, by one desirous of writing merely the truth, that I generally acted more upon impulse than reason. As I stood forth in the sunlight of that lonely mountain road, my hands securely bound behind my back, the end of the rope held by one of my captors, while his fellow leaned lazily upon his gun and watched us, I thought somewhat deeply over the situation and those peculiar circumstances leading up to it.

Under other conditions I might have felt tempted to enter into conversation with my guards, who, as I now perceived, were far from being the rough banditti I had at first imagined. Judging from their faces and language they were intelligent enough young fellows, such as I had often found in the ranks of the Federal army. But I realized they could aid me little, if any, in the one thing I most desired to know, and even if they could, a sense of delicacy would have caused me to hesitate in asking those personal questions that burned upon my lips. My deep and abiding respect for this woman whom I had so strangely met, and with whom I had attained some degree of intimacy, would never permit of my discussing her, even indirectly, with private soldiers behind the back of their officer. Every sense of honor revolted at such a thought. Not through any curiosity of mine, however justified by the depth of my own feeling, should she be made the subject of idle gossip about the campfire.

For, in truth, at this time, unhappy as my own situation undeniably was,—and as a soldier I realized all its dangers,—I gave it but little consideration. Usually quick of wit, fertile in expedients, ever ready to take advantage of each opportunity, I had taken stock of all my surroundings, yet discovered nowhere the slightest opening for escape. The vigilance of the guard, as well as the thorough manner in which I was bound, rendered any such attempt the merest madness. Realizing this, with the fatalism of a veteran I resigned myself in all patience to what must be.

Then it was that other thoughts came surging upon me in a series of interrogatories, which no knowledge I possessed could possibly answer. Who was this proud, womanly woman who called herself Edith Brennan? She had been at some pains to inform me that she was married, yet there was that about her—her bearing, her manner—which I could not in the least reconcile with that thought. Her extreme youthfulness made me feel it improbable, and the impression remained with me that she intended to make some explanation of her words, when the coming of Bungay interrupted us. How they might be explained I could not imagine; I merely struggled against accepting what I longed to believe untrue. And this man? this Federal major, bearing the same name, whom she called Frank, who was he? What manner of relationship existed between them? In their meeting and short intercourse I had noted several things which told me much—that she feared, respected, valued him, and that he was not only swayed by, but intensely jealous of any rival in, her good opinion. Yet their unexpected meeting was scarcely that of husband and wife. Was he the one she sought in her night ride from one Federal camp to another? If so, was he brother, friend, or husband? What was the bond of union existing between these two? Every word spoken made me fear the last must be the true solution.

Such were some of the queries I silently struggled with, and they were rendered more acute by that deepening interest which I now confessed to myself I was feeling toward her who inspired them. It may be fashionable nowadays to sneer at love, yet certain it is, the rare personality of this Edith Brennan had reached and influenced me in those few hours we had been thrown together as that of no other woman had ever done. Possibly this was so because the long years in camp and field had kept me isolated from all cultured and refined womanhood. This may, indeed, have caused me to be peculiarly susceptible to the beauty and purity of this one. facts, and leave philosophy to others. My life has ever been one of action, of I know not; I am content to give intense feeling; and there in the road that day, standing bareheaded in the sun, I was clearly conscious of but one changeless fact, that I loved Edith Brennan with every throb of my heart, and that there was enmity, bitter and unforgiving, between me and the man within who bore her name. Whatever he might be to her I rejoiced to know that he hated me with all the unreasoning hatred of jealousy. I had read it in his eyes, in his words, in his manner; and the memory of its open manifestation caused me to smile, as I hoped for an hour when we should meet alone and face to face. How she regarded him I was unable as yet to tell, but his love for her was plainly apparent in every glance and word.

As I was thus thinking, half in despair and half in hope, the two came out from the house together; and it pleased me to note how immediately her eyes sought for me, and how she lifted her hand to shade them from the glare of the sun, so that she might see more clearly. Her companion appeared to ignore my presence utterly, and gazed anxiously up and down the road as though searching for something.

"Peters," he asked sharply of the fellow on guard, "where are Sergeant Steele and the rest of the squad?"

The soldier addressed saluted in a manner that convinced me he was of the regular service.

"They are resting out of the sun in that clump of bushes down the hill, sir."

Brennan glanced in the direction indicated.

"Very well," he said. "Take your prisoner down there, and tell the Sergeant to press on at once toward the lower road. We shall follow you, and the lady will ride his horse."

"I Desire to Place This Hat on the Head of Your Prisoner."

The man turned, and with peremptory gesture ordered me forward. As I drew closer to where the two waited beside the open door, I lifted my head proudly, determined that neither should perceive how deeply I felt the humiliation of my position. As I thus passed them, my eyes fixed upon the shining road ahead, my ears caught a word or two of indignant expostulation from her lips.

"But, Frank, it is positively shameful in this sun."

He laughed lightly, yet his answer came to me in all clearness of utterance. I believed he wished me to overhear the words. "Oh, it will only prove of benefit to his brains, if by rare chance he possesses any".

I glanced aside, and saw her turn instantly and face him, her eyes aflame with indignation. "Then I will!"

As she spoke, her voice fairly trembling with intense feeling, she stepped backward out of sight into the house.

Another instant and she reappeared, sweeping past him without so much as a word, and bearing in her hand my old campaign hat, came directly up to us.

"Sentry," she said in her old imperious manner, "I desire to place this hat on the head of your prisoner."

The fellow glanced uneasily over his shoulder at the seemingly unconscious officer, not knowing whether it were better to permit the act or not, but she waited for no permission.

"Captain Wayne," she said, her voice grown kindly in a moment, and her eyes frankly meeting mine, "you will pardon such liberty, I am sure, but it is not right that you should be compelled to march uncovered in this sun."

She placed the hat in position, asking as she did so:

"Does that feel comfortable?"

"The memory of your thoughtfulness" I replied warmly, bowing as best I might, "will make the march pleasant, no matter what its end may mean to me."

Her eyes darkened with sudden emotion.

"Do not deem me wholly ungrateful," she said quickly and in a low tone. "The conditions are such that I am utterly helpless now to aid you. Major Brennan is a man not to be lightly disobeyed, but I shall tell my story to General Sheridan so soon as we reach his camp."

I would have spoken again, but at this moment Brennan came striding toward us.

"Come, Edith," he cried, almost roughly, "this foolishness has surely gone far enough. Peters, what are you waiting here for? I told you to take your prisoner down the road."

A few moments later, the centre of a little squad of heavily armed men, I was tramping along the rocky pathway, and when once I attempted to glance back to discover if the others followed us, the sergeant advised me, with an oath, to keep my eyes to the front. I obeyed him.

It must have been nearly the end of the afternoon. We had certainly traversed several miles, and were then moving almost directly south upon a well-defined pike, the name of which I never knew. All the party were traveling close together, when the scout, who throughout the day had been kept a few hundred yards in advance, came back toward us on a run, his hand flung up in an urgent warning to halt.

"What is it, Steele?" Brennan questioned, spurring forward to meet him. "Come, speak up, man!"

"A squad of cavalry has just swung onto the pike, sir, from the dirt road that leads toward the White Briar," was the soldier's panting reply. "And I could get a glimpse through the trees down the valley, and there's a heavy infantry column just behind them. They're Rebs, sir, or I don't know them."

"Rebs?" with an incredulous laugh. "Why, man, we've got the only Reb here who is east of the Briar."

"Well,' returned the scout, sullenly, "they're coming from the west, and I know they ain't our fellows."

He was too old a soldier to have his judgment doubted, and he was evidently convinced. Brennan glanced quickly about. However he may have sneered at the report, he was not rash enough to chance so grave a mistake.

"Get back into those rocks there on the right," he commanded sharply. "Hustle your prisoner along lively, men, and one of you stand over him with a cocked gun if he so much as opens his mouth, let him have it."

Rapidly as we moved, we were scarcely all under cover before the advance cavalry guard came in sight, the light fringe of troopers, dust-begrimed and weary, resting heavily in their saddles, and apparently thoughtless as to any possibility of meeting with the enemy. There were not more than a troop of them all told, yet their short gray jackets and wide-brimmed light hats instantly told the story of their service. Their rear rank was yet in sight when we heard the heavy tread of the approaching column, together with the dull tinkle of steel which always accompanies marching troops. Peering forth as much as I dared from behind the thick brush where I had been roughly thrown face downward, I saw the head of that solid, sturdy column swing around the sharp bend in the road, and in double front, spreading from rock to rock, come sweeping down toward us.

File upon file, company after company, regiment following regiment, they swung sternly by. Scarcely so much as a word reached us, excepting now and then some briefly muttered command to close up, or a half inaudible oath as a shuffling foot stumbled. I could distinguish no badge, no insignia of either corps or division; the circling dust enveloped them in a choking, disfiguring cloud. But they were Confederates! I marked them well; here and there along the toiling ranks I even noted a familiar face, and there could be no mistaking the gaunt North Carolina mountaineer, the sallow Georgian, or the jaunty Louisiana creole. They were Confederates—Packer's Division of Hill's corps, I could have almost sworn—east-bound on forced march, and I doubted not that each cross-road to left and right of us would likewise show its hurrying gray column, sturdily pressing forward. The veteran fighting men of the left wing of the Army of Northern Virginia were boldly pushing eastward to keep their tryst with Lee. The despatch intrusted to my care had been borne safely to Longstreet.

The keen joy of it lighted up my face, and Brennan turning toward me as the last limping straggler disappeared over the ridge, saw it, and grew white with anger.

"You Rebel cur!" he cried fiercely, in his sudden outburst of passion, "what does all this mean? Where is that division bound?"

"Some change in Longstreet's front, I should judge," I answered coolly, too happy even to note his slur.

"You know better," he retorted hotly. "The way those fellows march tells plainly enough that they have covered all of fifteen miles since daybreak. It is a general movement, and, by Heaven! you shall answer Sheridan, even if you won't me."

CHAPTER XI.

In the Presence of Sheridan.

It had been dark for nearly an hour before we entered what was from all appearances a large and populous camp. No sooner was I thrust into the unknown darkness of a hut by the not unkindly sergeant, than I threw myself prone on the floor, and was sound asleep before the door had fairly closed behind him.

My rest was not destined to be a long one. It seemed I had barely closed my eyes when a rough hand shook me again into consciousness. The flaming glare of an uplifted pine-knot flung its radiance over half-a-dozen figures grouped in the open doorway. A corporal, with a white chin beard, was bending over me.

"Come, Johnny," he said tersely, "get up— you're wanted."

The instinct of soldierly obedience in which I had been so long trained caused me to grope my way to my feet.

"What time is it, Corporal?" I asked sleepily.

"After midnight."

"Who wishes me?"

"Headquarters," he returned brusquely. "Come, move on. Fall in, men."

Our march was a short one, and we soon turned abruptly in at a wide-open gateway. High pillars of brick stood upon either hand, and the passage was well lighted by a brightly blazing fire of logs. Two sentries stood there, and our party passed between them without uttering a word. As we moved beyond the radiance I noted a little knot of cavalrymen silently sitting their horses in the shadow of the high wall. A wide gravelled walk, bordered, I thought, with flowers, led toward the front door of a commodious house built after the colonial type. The lower story seemed fairly ablaze with lights, and at the head of the steps as we ascended a young officer came quickly forward.

"Is this the prisoner brought in tonight?"

The corporal pushed me forward.

"This is the man, sir."

"Very well; hold your command here until I send other orders."

He rested one hand, not unkindly, upon my arm, and his tone instantly changed from that of command to generous courtesy.

"You will accompany me, and permit me to advise you, for your own sake, to be as civil as possible in your answers tonight, for the 'old man' is in one of his tantrums."

We crossed the rather dimly lighted hall, which had a sentry posted at either end of it, and then my conductor threw open a side door, and silently motioned for me to enter in advance of him. It was as spacious room, elegant in all its appointments, but my hasty glance revealed only three occupants. Sitting at a handsomely polished mahogany writing-table near the centre of the apartment was a short, stoutly built man, with straggly beard and fierce, stern eyes. I recognized him at once, although he wore neither uniform nor other insignia of rank. Close beside him stood a colonel of engineers, possibly his chief of staff, while to the right, leaning negligently with one arm on the mantel-shelf above the fireplace, and smiling insolently at me, was Brennan.

"Come Johnny," He Said Tersely, "Get Up—You're Wanted."

The sight of him stiffened me like a drink of brandy, and as the young aide closed the door in my rear, I stepped instantly forward to the table, facing him who I knew must be in command, and removing my hat, saluted.

"This is the prisoner you sent for, sir," announced the aide.

The officer, who remained seated, looked at me intently.

"Have I ever met you before?" he questioned, as though doubting his memory.

"You have, General Sheridan," I replied. "I was with General Early during your conference at White Horse Tavern. I also bore a flag to you after the cavalry skirmish at Wilson's Ford."

"I remember," shortly, and as he spoke he wheeled in his chair to face Brennan.

"I thought you reported this officer as a spy?" he said sternly. "He is in uniform, and doubtless told you his name and rank."

"I certainly had every reason to believe he penetrated our lines in disguise," was the instant reply. "This cavalry cloak was found with him, and consequently I naturally supposed his claim of rank to be false."

Sheridan looked annoyed, yet turned back to me without administering the sharp rebuke which seemed burning upon his lips.

"Were you wearing that cavalry cloak within our lines?" he questioned sternly.

"I was not, sir; it was indeed lying upon the floor of the hut when Major Brennan entered, but I had nothing to do with it."

He gazed at me searchingly for a moment in silence.

"I regret we have treated you with so little consideration," he said apologetically, "but you were supposed to be merely a spy. May I ask your name and rank?"

"Captain Wayne, —th Virginia Cavalry."

"Why were you within our lines?"

"I was passing through them with despatches."

"For whom?"

"You certainly realize that I must decline to answer."

"Major Brennan," he asked, turning aside again, "was this officer searched by your party?"

"He was, sir, but no papers were found. He stated to me later that his despatch was verbal."

"Had it been delivered?"

"I so understood him."

"Well, how did he account to you for being where he was found?"

Brennan hesitated, and glanced uneasily toward me. Like a flash the thought came that the man was striving to keep her name entirely out of sight; he did not wish her presence mentioned.

"There was no explanation attempted," he said finally. "He seemed simply to be hiding there."

"Alone?"

Again I caught his eyes, and it almost seemed that I read entreaty in them.

"Excepting the wife of the mountaineer," he answered hoarsely.

"Is this true?" asked Sheridan, his stern face fronting me.

I made my decision instantly. There might be some reason, possibly her own request, whereby her being alone with me that night should remain untold. Very well, it would never be borne to other ears through any failure of my lips to guard the secret. She had voluntarily pledged herself to go to Sheridan in my defense; until she did so, her secret, if secret indeed it was, should remain safe with me. I could do no less in honor.

"It is not altogether true," I said firmly, "and no one knows this better than Major Brennan. I was there, as I told him, wholly because of an accident upon the road, but as to its particulars I must most respectfully decline to answer."

"You realize what such a refusal may mean to you?"

"I understand fully the construction which may unjustly be placed upon it by those who desire to condemn me, but at present I can make no more definite reply. I have reason to believe the full facts will be presented to you by one in whose word you will have confidence."

Sheridan straightened in his chair, and looked across the table at me almost angrily.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Insuring His Safety.

Judging by a conversation overheard on a Staten Island ferryboat, untidiness as well as neatness has its rewards, says the New York Times. A literary man, so it was reported by one speaker, had married the women he did because he happened one day to peep at her top bureau drawer.

"That can hardly be possible," said the other woman. "I have seen that drawer myself, and since top bureau drawers were invented there never was such a topsy-turvy drawer as she kept."

"Yes, but that is just why he married her," said the other. "He felt convinced that a woman who kept her own things in such a glorious confusion would not make his life miserable by trying to straighten up his desk."

Commemorates Women's Victory.

The plans for the erection of an institute at Cradley Heath, England, to commemorate the victory won by the women chainmakers in their agitation for a living wage, has been passed, and building operations will, we hear, shortly be commenced. It is intended that the institute, which will include an assembly room to accommodate 600 persons, shall be a center of social activity in the black country.

Spirit of Sympathy.

Beware of that bane of social life, evil speaking. Seek for the spirit of love which is the spirit of truth—for you can never know anyone without sympathy or love—and take care now to speak of those who have not yet learned to love. Never talk of other's faults without necessity and avoid those who do.—Ruskin.

FIGHT ON INCREASE

Higher Rates on Second-Class Mail Opposed.

BULLETIN FROM PUBLISHERS

Postal Committee of the A. N. P. A. Calls the Post Office a Badly Managed Business.

Washington.—The protest of the publishers against the proposition to increase second-class mail rates as the congressional post office commission desires is growing stronger daily. The Illinois Daily Newspaper Publishers' association registered its objections recently, and now the American Newspaper Publishers' association's postal committee, of which the chairman is Don C. Seitz of the New York World, has issued the following bulletin:

"The extent to which the post office department does not carry second-class matter is well revealed in the following abstract of inquiry of publishers conducted by house committee on expenditures in the post office department (William A. Ashbrook, chairman) concerning the volume, weight and handling of the output of publications entered as mail matter of the second-class for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911:

"'Inquiry was made of all publishers, approximating thirty thousand, of which nearly seventeen thousand are weekly publications.

"'More than ten thousand returns were received, embracing sixty-six plus per cent. of all tonnage of publications.

"'The publications reporting represent an annual output of more than six and one-half billion copies, the weight of which was one and three-quarter billion pounds.

"'These publications delivered by mail in such period weighed 633,012,902 pounds.

"'They delivered by their own carriers, newsboys, and news companies 840,466,574 pounds, of which an unascertained percentage was carried to destination by express and other rail shipments outside the mail. They delivered by express, 202,729,510 pounds, and by other rail shipments 121,491,748 pounds. The rate by express and rail varies from ¼ to 1 cent per pound, but the bulk of these shipments went at a rate of ¼ to ½ cent per pound.

"'The post office for the year ending June 30, 1911, handled 951,001,669, and excluding one-half million pounds free in county matter, it received one cent per pound.'

"All this goes to add to the absurdity of the proposed Hitchcock legislation doubling the second-class rate from one to two cents per pound, and limiting the 'privilege' to publications that carry as much reading matter as they do advertising.

"The proposition was stupid enough when the postal deficit reached $17,000,000 two years ago. It becomes preposterous in face of a surplus.

"What business has a transportation corporation, which is all the post office is, to prescribe how a business shall be conducted?

"Newspapers cannot afford to expand their columns beyond the call of the day's news, nor can they be expected to control the requirements of their advertisers who have a right to reach the public as copiously as they care to.

"It cannot be assumed that such legislation will ever get by congress. But publishers are requested to fight the theory that the right to send their output by mail is a "privilege." The figures show it is not.

"The post office is a badly managed business. That is all. We should fight its dictation, its censorship and its inefficiency."

Brigand Also a Patriot.

Gravely, solemnly, with enthusiasm and a large mixture of national pride, the Turkish newspapers publish the following remarkable piece of news (says the London Globe). A brigand chief, one Salin, who has been carrying on operations for some time in the mountains of Gambiek, in Bithynia, not a great distance from Constantinople, and for whom the Turkish gendarmerie have for long sought in vain, alive or dead, has placed his talents and services at the disposition of the Turkish authorities. The brigand's letter is a curious document. He says it is against the wishes of his heart to give up his calling, but "the audacity of these Italian brigands"—an expression which frequently occurs in the letter—in waging war upon the Ottoman empire and brutally seizing an Islamic province, impel him to offer his services, with those of his band, consisting of a hundred men, to avenge the national honor and to chastise these infidel brigands.

Altered the Case.

Mrs. de Mover—"Good gracious! This is the noisiest neighborhood I ever got into. Just hear those children screech!" Maid—"They're your own childers, mum." Mrs. de Mover—"Are they? How the little darling are enjoying themselves!"—Tit-Bits.

Called.

"I asked the audience to lend me their ears," said the verbose speaker. "But in three-quarters of an hour they were dozing." "I see," replied the financier. "They called the loan."

To Him Who Learns.

Perennial youth and health of mind and body is only for him whose mind is growing daily through the absorption of those thoughts that quicken every faculty and thrill every feeling with a sense of unlimited life.—Walter De Foe.

Method in Her Madness.

A woman withdrew her divorce suit against her husband and bought him an aeroplane. Evidently undertakers are cheaper than lawyers in her town.—Baltimore Sun.

HOW TO SUCCEED

During the last few years, conditions in all lines of business, even professional life, have changed so completely that every man is waking up to the fact that in order to win success he must specialize and learn to do some one thing and do it well.

So it is with any article that is sold to the people. It must have genuine merit or no amount of advertising will maintain the demand for the article.

For many years we have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy. From the very beginning the proprietors had so much confidence in it that they invited every one to test it, free of cost, before purchasing.

It is a physician's prescription.

They have on file thousands of letters received from former sufferers who are now enjoying good health as a result of its use.

However, if you wish first to try a sample bottle, address Dr Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and mention this paper. They will gladly forward you a sample bottle by mail, absolutely free.

Regular sizes for sale at all druggists—fifty cents and one-dollar.

A HOT ONE.

Mrs. Justwed—I made this pudding myself. Shall I put the sauce on it for you?

Mr. Justwed—Yes; and then telephone for the doctor.

PITIFUL SIGHT WITH ECZEMA

"A few days after birth we noticed an inflamed spot on our baby's hip which soon began spreading until baby was completely covered even in his eyes, ears and scalp. For eight weeks he was bandaged from head to foot. He could not have a stitch of clothing on. Our regular physician pronounced it chronic eczema. He is a very able physician and ranks with the best in this locality, nevertheless, the disease began spreading until baby was completely covered. He was losing flesh so rapidly that we became alarmed and decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

"Not until I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment could we tell what he looked like, as we dared not wash him, and I had been putting one application after another on him. On removing the scale from his head the hair came off, and left him entirely bald, but since we have been using Cuticura Soap and Ointment he has as much hair as ever. Four weeks after we began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment he was entirely cured. I don't believe anyone could have eczema worse than our baby.

"Before we used the Cuticura Remedies we could hardly look at him, he was such a pitiful sight. He would fuss until I would treat him, they semed to relieve him so much. Cuticura Soap and Ointment stand by themselves and the result they quickly and surely bring is their own recommendation." (Signed) Mrs. T. B. Rosser, Mill Hall, Pa., Feb. 20, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 29 K, Boston.

Cornered.

Lord Guilford tells a story of a young lady's resources at a bazaar. Business was in full swing when a young man strolled around the various stalls, with no intention of purchasing anything. As he passed a large, beautifully decorated stall the young lady sellers detained him. "Won't you buy a cigarette holder, sir?" she asked. "No, thank you, I don't smoke," was the curt reply. "Or a pen wiper worked with my own hands?" "I don't write." "Then do have this nice box of chocolates." "I don't eat sweets." The young lady's patience was exhausted. "Sir," she said grimly, "will you buy this box of soap?"

The young man paid up.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 25c. and 50c. per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c.

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Their Limit.

"There is one queer thing about fish stories."

"What is that?"

"Fishermen, in telling of their catches, never seem able to draw the line."

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form, and the most effective form. For grown people and children, 50 cents.

A silly man is easily convinced that he possesses more wisdom in one day than the late Mr. Solomon did in all his years.

For HEADACHE—Hicks' CAPUDINE. Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or Nervous Troubles, Capudine will relieve you. It's liquid—pleasant to take—acts immediately. Try it. 10c., 25c., and 50 cents at drug stores.

If a woman still has faith in her husband after reading what the opposition says of him when running for office, her loyalty is the real thing.

A man knows more at twenty-one than he may be able to forget at fifty.