

# A Shotgun Heroine

By Lawrence Alfred Clay

When Colonel Gilder had been called to town that morning on business, leaving his daughter Floy and the cook to care for the house, he had said to the girl before leaving:

"Daughter, remember what I have told you many times over. A tramp may appear during my absence. You will be sitting here on the veranda. He will gruffly demand food or money. You will order him away in your sternest tones."

"But he won't go," she said.

"He may or he may not. If he doesn't—if he shows a disposition to hold his ground or attack, you are to retire within your fortifications. I refer to the house. You will find my loaded shotgun in the sitting room. The tramp will probably attack by the side door, as that cannot be seen from the highway. Face the door with the gun at your shoulder. If he appears in the doorway give him warning. If he does not heed the warning—"

"Shoot him on the spot, papa," finished the daughter.

"Exactly. That is, pepper his legs with the birdshot. That will demoralize him and result in a retreat. Do not pursue him, but hold your ground until reinforcements arrive. I will be the reinforcements. Do you clearly understand?"

"I do, father."

An hour later, as Miss Floy reclined in a rocker on the veranda, a burly big tramp turned in at the gate. He had a swagger to his shoulders and a bad face. As a first military movement, the girl stood up. As a second, she assumed a very stern and uncompromising expression.

"Missy, could I get a bite to eat at the kitchen?" was gruffly asked.

"No, sir. No tramps fed here."

The man shrugged his shoulders and looked around in a leering way. He was about to observe that the rich were growing richer and the poor poorer, and that there was no longer a show for a hard working man, when Miss Floy retired within the fortifications to secure the first advantage. The tramp took it that she had gone to call a man of some



"No, Sir. No Tramps Fed Here!"

sort, or a female who could handle a broomstick with deftness and vigor, and he retreated on his reserves. As he reached the highway an auto came up and stopped and a young man alighted and opened the gate without giving him more than a passing glance.

Meanwhile, within the fortifications, the girl had armed herself with the gun. She thought the attitude of the tramp defiant. Yes, he was ascending the front steps; now he was ringing the bell; now he was shuffling his feet; now he was retreating to come around to the side door.

"Halt! Halt!"

For a moment he halted, and then his form showed in the door. The gun was fairly pointed and then discharged, and a fall and a shout followed. Then the cook came rushing

In to find the girl cowering on the floor and to exclaim:

"For mercy's sake, but has the dear girl went and committed the suicide?"

"Out there! Out there!" gasped the shooter, as she pointed to the open door.

"And what's out there? Oh, missy, but here's a dead man! Was it you that went and killed him?"

"It's a tramp that attacked the house. Papa told me to retire within the fortifications and defend them."

"Tramp! If he's a tramp then I'm a lady! It's a young man, missy—a young man and well dressed, and upon my soul there's an otobomiley at the gate!"

The colonel had not instructed his daughter what to do with any dead the retreating enemy might leave behind him, and for a moment the girl could only stand and wring her hands. She had made a mistake in her quarry. She braced up after a moment and ran through the house and down the path to the gate and cried to the chauffeur, who was nodding in drowsiness:

"Quick—quick! Half a mile down the road—a doctor! I have shot your master!"

"Shot him! What for?"

"I don't know, but hurry—hurry—hurry! Maybe there's a chance to save his life."

The auto whizzed away and Miss Floy returned to the house. The cook had straightened the legs of the victim, put a pillow under his head and was sprinkling water in his face.

"Is he—is he dead?" was tearfully asked.

"Dunno, missy, thought I saw a leg twitch a minit ago."

"If he's dead, then I'll be electrocuted!"

"For sure! You see he's a beautiful young man and an innocent young man, and I'll be cold-blooded murder. Yes, you'll be electrocuted, but I'll be there to hold your hand and cheer you to the last."

At that moment the young man aighed. Then he opened his eyes. Then he rose up on his elbow.

"Praise the saints!" piously observed the cook.

"I'm so glad!" whispered Miss Floy. "Can you tell me what has happened?" asked the young man as he raised himself still higher with a little assistance.

"Yes; I shot you. I thought you were a tramp. I have sent your auto after a doctor, and we will have you in bed soon. I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am."

"You peppered my legs, and the nervous shock did the rest. Don't worry about it. This is Miss Gilder, I take it! I am Mr. Trainor. I was here to see your father. First time I was ever taken for a tramp or shot in the legs, but don't mention it."

The doctor arrived, and with the aid of the cook and chauffeur, the victim was carried to the guest chamber. About 20 bird-shot had peppered his legs. The job of picking them out lasted about two hours. During this operation the medic was gruff and uncommunicative, but when the last pellet had been laid on the stand he said:

"Young man, you could get up and ride away tomorrow, but you won't do it."

"No?"

"You'll stay here for a couple of weeks. You'll be up in two or three days, but don't forget to hobble to the last day."

"Why hobble?"

"To make a case of remorse for that girl. Remorse—admiration—love! If you are already engaged throw the girl overboard; if you are not then you will be inside of three months. What are a few bird-shot in the legs compared to a girl like Miss Gilder?"

This was a question Mr. Trainor had asked himself half a dozen times within the next two hours, and he was quite content to be a patient. Colonel Gilder heard of the shooting before reaching home, and he came rushing into the house to exclaim:

"Egad, but there's nothing to beat military tactics! The enemy appeared in force; you retired within your fortifications; he advanced to storm them; you drove him back and then sallied out and took him prisoner. All perfectly regular, daughter, and your father is proud of you. Where's the prisoner?"

Three days later as Miss Floy happened to be alone on the veranda for a moment the same old tramp reappeared. There was a grin on his face and nothing vicious about it this time.

"And how about a bite to eat under the present circumstances?"

"What circumstances?"

"Young man—shot in the legs—shot by a girl—lying upstairs—girl sorry—young man glad—moonlight—turtle doves—bless you, my children—bless you!"

"You can go to the kitchen and ask the cook!" replied the blushing young lady, "but let me tell you that you are a very impudent fellow!"

And yet the tramp knew human nature.

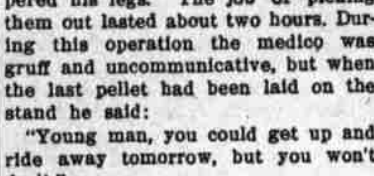
QUAINT CUSTOM OF DUTCH

Originated in 1622, When a Boy Discovered a Plot to E-zw Up the Stock Exchange.

Amsterdam, Holland.—Of the many quaint and curious customs, traditions and privileges prevailing in Holland none is more extraordinary than a certain privilege that has been enjoyed by the boys of Amsterdam for nearly three hundred years.

At a fixed time each summer these boys gather by the hundreds in the great square called the Dam, situated in the center of the city. Each boy has a drum slung over his shoulder.

Facing this square is the Stock Exchange, and, on the occasion in ques-



The Typical Holland Costume.

tion, just as soon as the day's business is over, as many of the boys as can crowd into the building. They proceed to the floor of the exchange, where pursuant to this odd custom they are permitted to march about, stinging and beating upon their drums.

The origin of this custom, it is said, is as follows:

One afternoon in the year 1622 a crowd of boys playing in the Dam lost a ball in the canal that in those days skirted one side of the square. One of the lads, while climbing in among the piles on which the building stood, found instead of his ball a boat moored in a dark corner and loaded with boxes of gunpowder. This showed clearly enough what was afterward ascertained with certainty, the intention of the Spanish conspirators to blow up the Stock Exchange while it was crowded, as it was every day, with the leading citizens of the city.

The boy who stumbled upon the gunpowder at once hurried to the town authorities with his news. The boatload of explosives was quietly sunk in the canal and the Spanish plot thus frustrated.

When the burgesses asked the boy what reward he desired for the service he had rendered the town he replied that so long as there was a Stock Exchange in Amsterdam that boys of the town would like to be permitted to make the floor of the exchange their playground during a certain part of the year. The request was granted and so the custom survives.

## FIND TREASURES IN IRELAND

Many Art Articles May Be Picked Up in Out of the Way Places.

Dublin.—Many collectors whose purses are not large take delight in picking up simple treasures, such little bits of loot as are sometimes found in out-of-the-way highways and byways in Ireland, that sentiment of other days exists, amongst a peasantry noted for their feeling of romance and devotion, and, above all, for their sense of beauty.

They love still the Toby jugs and spotted dogs, the colored china cats and dogs, smiling swains and woolly sheep, which adorned their grandfathers' farmstead chimney pieces and dressers.

You may find them for the seeking in Irish cottages, along with skillets and copper warming-pans, "punch mudders" (sugar crushers), in Sheffield plate and the "sugar nippers," which call to your mind the time when sugar-loaf, an expensive luxury, was cut up by the housekeeper and stored away against a feast day.

Old brass door knockers, fast vanishing in these days of electric bells, from "dogs," copper measures, even the brass amulets to avert the evil eye, which bedeck the carter's team, are reminders of a less prosaic age—you may happen upon them in Irish homes, and bring them away if you know just how to coax an Irish man or woman into parting with their treasures.

Needlework pictures, samplers, stray bits of lustrous ware, above all the perfect Irish paste buckles and other ornaments are not less costly than in England, but you may get bargains in such things as "brand tongs" for picking up live bits of coal to light the pipe, wooden "pigpens" for drinking milk out of or measuring butter, pewter dishes, spinning wheels, bellows, wooden coffee-mills and platters.

Besides, you may happen on knife and salt boxes, quaint glass tavern mugs, china cottages for pastilles, night-light shelters, or saving banks.

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

### LESSON FOR JULY 14.

#### THE SEED IN FOUR KINDS OF SOIL.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 4:1-21. GOLDEN TEXT—"Receive with meekness the implanted word, which is able to save your souls." James 1:21.

Jesus tells us plainly why he taught so much by means of parables (Matt. 13:10-13) viz., to teach the truth to those who sought it, and to hide it from those who refused to receive it. The truth had to be taught, hence the parable, that those to whom it was given to know the mysteries of the kingdom might know and understand but that to the others it might be hidden (Mark 4:11-12). We have in this lesson one of the best known of the master's many parables. Like all the rest Jesus draws his picture from the common experiences of life. Jesus uses the fields, the home, etc., while Paul in his preaching and teaching draws from the city, the army, the markets, etc. We have in this picture the seed, the sower and the soil. We must turn to the parable account in Luke and Matthew to get the full and the complete picture.

What is the seed? Luke records that Jesus told the disciples that the seed is the word of God (Luke 8:11). Mark also tells us practically the same thing in v. 14 of the lesson. A great deal is being made today of seed selection and some wonderful results have been obtained. How much more important for us who deal with immortal souls that we select the best, viz., the word of God.

Sought Not Adulation.

Next the sower (v. 4). Notice he went forth not to S-O-A-R, nor is it recorded that he was S-O-R-E. He did not have a grinch nor did he enter into his work that he might receive the adulation of men (Matt. 6:2).

It is however the soil that seems to be most emphasized in this lesson, both in the direct teaching and also in the explanation of the parable. There are four kinds of soil and it is also very significant in the manner by which the seed came into contact with each kind of soil. "Some fell by the wayside." The path was well trodden, the ground was preoccupied, e. g., used for other purposes rather than to yield a harvest. It was hard to be broken and hence it was an easy matter for the birds of the air (Satan v. 15) soon to pluck it away. We need to remember that if men receive with meekness the implanted word there will be of course no such opportunity for the evil one. The trouble is in this case the word was not implanted. Thus it is that one-fourth of the seed is lost. That the result is a deplorable one is shown in Heb. 2:1-4.

The seed in this case fell "by" the wayside, in the next it fell "on" the rocky ground. The first is the picture of the heedless, the second is the picture of the superficial ones. Oh for a time they did run well, they even received the word with gladness (v. 16) but they had no stability; they lacked the element of persistence; their surroundings were superficial; there was no chance for the seed to get a real grip upon their lives. Luke tells us what the master taught about the man who, before building a tower set down to consider the cost. We cannot build except upon a rock if the structure is to be a stable one. We must not play at our religion, 'tis a grim reality, a glorious abandonment. It must reach the bottomless depths of our souls. All else must be eliminated.

#### Three Fourths Lost.

In the third place Jesus speaks of seed that fell "among" the thorns. Here in this worldly soil it is not so much the character of the soil as the character of the seed which already occupied the soil. The cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches and "other things" (v. 19) had so entered in that the good seed never had a real chance in the soil of that human heart, hence it was choked and yielded no fruit. There was no real grip of the will, no whole-hearted surrender. How often these thorns, "the cares of life," keep the housewife, or the business man away from the word. How often the "deceitfulness of riches" snare men so as to choke the word that at one time gave such promise in their lives. And then the "lusts and other things" which the evil one so well knows how to use that he may keep us from the word, for he knows that by it we may be saved (Luke 8:12).

We have just seen three-fourths of the word lost. Of the remaining fourth which fell "into" (R. V.) the good soil, not all yielded the same return. It all brought forth (v. 7) it all yielded, it all sprang up, but not all in the same ratio. We ought to remember at this point that this parable plainly teaches us that we who receive the implanted seed, we who receive and obey shall in turn become the seed of the kingdom. If, as Luke records, we receive the word in good and honest hearts, if we hear it, hold it fast, it will bring forth fruit. The process will not necessarily be rapid, we will bring it forth with patience (Luke 8:15). God speaking by the mouth of Moses exclaimed: "Oh that there were such an heart in them, that they would fear me and keep all of my commandments always that it might be well with them and their children forever." (Deut. 5:29).

#### JURY'S RULING ON WIDOW

Pittsburg Panel Declares Husband's 27 Year Absence Frees Wife From Matrimonial Bonds.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Whether a woman who has not seen her husband for 27 years can consider herself a widow has been decided by a jury here. She can.

Anna Duclanery was charged with perjury and bigamy. She had obtained a marriage license to wed Joseph Gieslowski and said she was a widow. Marriage life was not smooth and the husband brought charges against his wife.

At the trial it developed that the woman had been deserted by her first husband 21 years before she came to America from Austria and she has been here six years.

## Success in Soul Winning

By Rev. W. H. Pope, Superintendent of Men of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

### Three Things to Remember.

I. Remember that the Son of man came to seek and save that which was lost. It was no found a church or to establish a creed, or to teach good morals. He came to die for men's sins in order that they might be saved. Furthermore men are just as completely lost now as they were then. Civilization has done away with some of the cruelty and barbarism in the world, but human nature is precisely the same today as it was 2,000 years ago. It is thoroughly selfish and sinful, and nothing but the grace of God can make it otherwise. (John 3:18, 19; 1 Cor. 2:14; Eph. 4:18).

No matter how amiable and honorable and public-spirited a man may be, without Christ he is lost and needs to be saved. "He that hath the Son of God hath not life;" that is, he is spiritually dead.

II. Remember that the Lord Jesus will save some souls through you if you will co-operate with him. You have some gifts and more or less influence. If you will consecrate your gifts and influence to the service of Christ, he will certainly use them to win some of your friends to himself. While Jesus was in the world he was the light of the world, but now that he has gone, "Ye are the light of the world," and your mission is to shine as to guide others out of darkness into the marvelous light of God.

III. Remember that Jesus will furnish all the equipment you need. Do you lack wisdom? "I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay or resist." Do you lack courage? "Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." (Josh. 1:8). Do you lack power? "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth." (Matt. 28:18). Do you lack faith? "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." Jeremiah said, "Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak; for I am a child." But the Lord said unto him, "Say not, I am a child, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak." Remember that all your inexperience and inability amount to nothing in the face of the Master's express command, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

#### Three Things to Do.

I. Set the winning of souls before you as a definite aim in life.

An aimless life is generally a useless life. The people who succeed are usually those who set a definite object before them and say, "This one thing I will do, whatever the cost may be." The men who accumulate fortunes, who secure political appointments, as a rule, are people who have been bending all their energies in one direction for many years. Why should not Christians set the winning of souls before them as a definite purpose in life? And who is there who could not succeed if he would put the same amount of thought and interest into it that he does into his business? No one expects to succeed in business without toil and patience and sacrifice.

II. Cultivate a passion for souls. David Brainerd, whose biography ought to be read often by every Christian worker, used to say: "I care not where I go, nor what hardships I endure, all I think of by day and dream of by night is the conversion of men." Often he would go out into the forest in mid-winter and kneel down in the snow and wrestle in prayer until his clothing was wet with perspiration. Many a time he spent the whole night in prayer for the poor Indians among whom he labored, and in almost every such instance, one will find in his diary two or three days after some success as this: "Today as I preached the word, the power of God came down upon those stolid, immovable Indians, and melted and broke their hearts, and swept them into the kingdom by scores."

If any one says: "I have not the passion for souls. I am cold and unemotional," let me say for your comfort that it is not a question of what you are by nature, but of what you may become by grace. The Lord Jesus was tender and sympathetic, was he not? Well, it is the mission of the Holy Spirit to reproduce in you the life of the Lord Jesus in all its fullness, not only his principles, but the veritable feelings of Jesus, his tender compassion, and boundless love, and heaven-moving faith. All this is your birthright.

#### Explanation.

Little—How dare you ask Mrs. Bullion to a one-course luncheon? Fletch—She won't know it. She's a Fletcherite, and by the time she has finished she'll have to move on to some five o'clock tea.—Harper's Bazar.

Mr. Collier Down—Intelligence has just reached me. Mrs. Collier Down—Thank heavens, it has come at last.

## Ship Us Your Wool

We pay the highest market value in cash, or will give you full exchange value in woolen blankets, white, gray, tan or plaid.

Send good size sample and we will immediately advise you the highest cash value delivered to Spray, North Carolina.

### THE THREAD MILLS COMPANY

SPRAY WOOLEN MILL, Spray, N. C.

Buy unlimited life scholarship now and save from \$10.00 to \$75.00. Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting and English Courses. We train for Business Employment and Success. Send for the College Journal and full information. Address KING'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Raleigh, N. C. or Charlotte, N. C.

The manufacturer of artificial feet is responsible for many a false step.

Love may find the way—but it isn't always able to pay the freight.

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The detective says his after thoughts are the best.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletch* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

After they reach the age of 40 women laugh only when they feel like it.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM. Take the 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 palatable form, and the most effective form for grown people and children. 10 cents.

Two Indispensable Supports. Of all the dispositions and habits that lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports.—George Washington.

To keep artificial teeth and bridge-work antiseptically clean and free from odors and disease germs, Farnine Antiseptic is unequalled. At druggists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Strictly Up to Date. Alice—How oddly some men propose. Kate—I should say so. A gentleman asked me last week if I felt favorably disposed to a unification of interests.

A Confession. Startled by convincing evidence that they were the victims of serious kidney and bladder trouble, numbers of prominent people confess they have found relief by using KURIN Kidney and Bladder Pills. For sale by all medicine dealers at 25c. Burwell & Dunn Co., Mfrs., Charlotte, N. C.

Modern Miracle. "Do you believe in miracles?" asked Dobkins. "You bet I do," said Snobkins. "Why, only the other day my wife bought me a box of cigars, and by George, Dobky, I could smoke 'em."—Harper's Weekly.

For SUMMER HEADACHES. HICKS' CAPSIDINE is the best remedy—no matter what causes them—whether from the heat, sitting in draughts, feverish condition, etc. 50c, 75c, and \$1.00 per bottle at medicine stores.

With the Lid Off. "Mother," asked Bob, with a hopeful eye on the pepperin'-jar, "have I been a good boy this afternoon?" "M-m-yes," answered mother dubiously, recalling a certain little rift within the lute. The four-year-old diplomat looked anxious.

"Please," he begged, "say a wide-open yes!"—Harper's Bazar.

And So True, Too. Father was walking to Sunday-school with little Johnny, and endeavoring to improve the time by teaching Johnny his Golden Text, the words of which were: "Whosoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Johnny repeated it after his father several times, and seemed to have mastered the correct wording.

As they drew near the Sunday school the father gave Johnny his last rehearsal. "Now, son," he said, "let's have the Golden Text once more without any help from me."

This is what he got from Johnny: "Whosoever a man sews always ripe."—Harper's Bazar.

#### A WELCOME ARRIVAL.

Willing to Oblige. A story comes from a town where firms advertise to sell fish direct to small purchasers. The glowing advertisements asked for the sending of half a dollar with a list of the varieties of fish preferred. One letter read:

"I want two salmon, a dozen whiting, a dozen fresh herring, some flounders, and if you have them you can add a lobster."

The next day the lady received a letter, which ran:

"Dear Madam: Please send another dime and we will forward the fisherman."—Dallas News.

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If there ever is a time when you are justified in cussing. It is when the summer weather sets your appetite to fusing; But there isn't any need to sink your soul and shock the neighbors—Tempt your appetite with Toasties and go singing to your labors.

Written by W. J. MURPHY, Spruce, Ariz.

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One of the 50 Jingles for which the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., paid \$100.00 in May.