

It's In The Daily Intelligencer

TODAY!

Have You Seen It? Ten Cents a Week. Served at Your Home Every Morning in Time for Breakfast

O. HENRY'S STORIES

VII.—Transformation of Martin Burney

By O. HENRY

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In behalf of Sir Walter's soothing plant let us look into the case of Martin Burney.

They were constructing the roadway along the west bank of the Harlem river. The grub boat of Dennis Corrigan, subcontractor, was moored to a tree on the bank. Twenty-two men belonging to the little green island tolled there at the slow cracking labor. One among them, who wrought in the lichen of the grub boat, was of the race of the Goths. Over them all stood the exorbitant Corrigan, looking like the captain of a galley crew. He paid them so little that most of the gang, work as they might, earned little more than food and tobacco; many of them were in debt to him. Corrigan boarded them all in the grub boat and gave them good grub, for he got it back in work.

Martin Burney was furthest behind of all. He was a little man, all muscles and hands and feet, with a gray red, stubble beard. He was too light for the work, which would have taxed the capacity of a steam shovel.

After the sundown supper the men would huddle together on the riverbank



"I have no tobacco to smoke in my pipe, Mr. Corrigan."

and send the mosquitoes whining eddying back from the malign glare of twenty-three reeking pipes.

Each week Burney grew deeper in debt. Corrigan kept a small stock of goods on the boat, which he sold to the men at prices that brought him no loss. Burney was a good customer at the tobacco counter and was not discontented. He had plenty to eat, plenty of tobacco and a tyrant to curse, so why should not he, an Irishman, be well satisfied?

One morning as he was starting with the others for work he stopped at the drug counter for his usual sack of tobacco.

"There's no more for ye," said the druggist. "Your account's closed. Ye owe a losing investment. No, not even tobacco for ye. No more tobacco on account. If ye want to work on and eat do so, but the stocks of ye are all gone now." "Is my advice that ye quit a now?"

"I have no tobacco to smoke in my pipe today, Mr. Corrigan," said Burney, a little understanding that such a thing would happen to him.

"Burney, 143 Corrigan," said the druggist. "Burney stayed on. He knew of no other job. At first he did not realize that he had not got to be a father and mother, his customer and creditor, and wife and child.

For three days he managed to fill his pipe with the drug store's tobacco, and then the druggist's wife and all the other women of the island took their turn at the pipe. The druggist's wife and all the other women of the island took their turn at the pipe. The druggist's wife and all the other women of the island took their turn at the pipe.

upon the store or a comrade in pressed with great danger to friendship.

Then the blackness of the pit arose and filled the heart of Burney. Sucking the corpse of his deceased duress, he staggered through his duties with his harrowed face and dim, feeling for the first time that the curse of Adam was upon him! Other men benefit of a pleasure might have recourse to two comforts in life. One was the pipe, the other was an ecstatic hope that there would be no speedways to build on the other side of Jordan.

Once Burney sneaked down the riverbank and filled his pipe with dead willow leaves. At the first whiff of the smoke he put in the direction of the boat and put the finest curse he knew on Corrigan, one that began with the first Corrigan born on earth and ended with the Corrigan that shall hear the trumpet of Gabriel blow. He began to hate Corrigan with all his shaking nerves and soul. Even murder occurred to him in a vague sort of way. Five days he went without the taste of tobacco, he who had smoked all day and thought the night mispent in which he had not awakened for a pipeful or two under the bedclothes.

One day a man stopped at the boat to say that there was work to be had in the Bronx park, where a large number of laborers were required in making some improvements.

After dinner Burney walked thirty yards down the river bank away from the manufactory men of the others' pipes. He sat down upon a stone. He was thinking he would set out for the Bronx. At least he could turn tobacco there.

Softly stepping among the cloaks came Tony, his of the race of Goths, who worked in the kitchen. He stopped at Burney's elbow and that unhappy man, full of vice, misery and holding urbanity to contempt, growled at him. "What d'ye want, ye dog?"

Tony also contained a grievance, and a plot. He, too, was a Corrigan hater and had been pricked to see it in others.

"How you like a Mr. Corrigan?" he asked. "You think a him a nice man?"

"To be with 'm," said Burney. "May his liver turn to water and the bones of him crack in the cold of his heart. May dog feunel grow upon his ancestors' graves and the randomness of his children be born without eyes. May whisky turn to clabber in his mouth and every time he sneezes may he dilate the sides of his feet. And the smoke of his pipe—may it make his eyes water and the drops fall on the grass that his cows eat and poison the butter that he spreads on his bread."

Though Tony remained a stranger to the habits of the druggist, he gathered from Burney's words that it was a grievance against Corrigan in its tendency to the confidence of a man who was a druggist, he sat by Burney and the stone and unfolded his plot.

It was very simple in design. Every day after dinner it was Corrigan's habit to sleep for an hour in his bunk. At such times it was the duty of the cook and his helper, Tony, to leave the boat so that no noise might disturb the sleeper. The cook always spent this hour in walking stables. Tony's plan was this: After Corrigan should be asleep he (Tony) and Burney would cut the mooring ropes that held the boat to the shore. Tony took all the ropes in his hands and the boat would swing out into a swift current and surely overturn against a rock there was below.

"Come on and do it," said Burney. "If the back of ye aches from the lack of tobacco ye can get me tobacco for ye. No more tobacco on account. If ye want to work on and eat do so, but the stocks of ye are all gone now."

"All right," said Tony. "But ye must be quick. The druggist's wife and all the other women of the island took their turn at the pipe. The druggist's wife and all the other women of the island took their turn at the pipe. The druggist's wife and all the other women of the island took their turn at the pipe."

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FALL HAT DERBY

TODAY! Or "Any Old Day" Between Circus Day

Because We're Giving a Ticket FREE to the Circus With Every Fall Hat Selling for Two Dollars or More, Simply As An Advertising Proposition

Stetsons Are Excluded, and the Transaction Must Be CASH

Bring The COUPON With You

This coupon when filled out and properly signed will be exchanged FREE for a ticket to Ringling Bros. Circus, October 8, 1914.

See Ringling's Circus At Our Expense

T. L. CELLY COMPANY

Next Door to Evans' Pharmacy No. 1

POULTRY GOSSIP.

Poulterers should realize that it is easier and wiser to watch for the first symptoms of disease than it is to check or cure it when it has come.

The toe of the fowl is the insect-like and mites. A very minute drop of oil of any kind acts as an everlasting stopper on these small but tormenting creatures. Use a spray pump and spray the henhouse thoroughly.

At this time of year the chickens look ragged and dilapidated and are in full moult. They are often totally neglected at this trying period when they ought to have the most careful attention.

It is always in order to clean out the poultry house. It can never be done too often or too thoroughly.

Keep all the early hatched pullets and get them started to laying as early as possible.

Users say it is the ideal, perfect laxative drink. M. J. Perkins, Green Bay, Wis., says "I have used pills, oils, salts, etc., but were all disagreeable and unsatisfactory. In Citrolax I have found the ideal laxative drink."

For sick headache, sour stomach, lazy liver, congested bowels—it is the perfect laxative and gives a thorough flush. Sensitive, delicate people, invalids and children find it easy to take and pleasant in action. Results thoroughly satisfactory. Evans' Pharmacy, agents.

MAKING A MOUNTAIN OUT OF A MOLE HILL.

The alarming stories which had been circulated relative to the alleged injurious ingredients of coca cola received their death knell when the U. S. Government made its searching investigation of the popular soda fountain drink. At a cost estimated in the neighborhood of 100,000.00 the government brought together the most distinguished array of medical, scientific and legal experts that ever investigated a food product.

Professors of chemistry from the big universities, lecturers from the leading medical colleges of America, experts in analytical chemistry and pharmacology, scientists of national and international reputation and Government experts from the Bureau of Chemistry in that Department of Agriculture, labored with the brightest legal minds of America to find something wrong with Coca-Cola.

After years of investigation and nearly four weeks of joint discussion the court found that Coca-Cola was neither misbranded nor adulterated. The manufacturers' statement of the ingredients of the beverage was correct. No alcohol, cocaine or other narcotic drug could be found. Sugar, caramel, fruit flavors and caffeine (the active principle of tea and coffee) were found to be the essential ingredients. Even the caffeine was found to be present in only about one-half the quantity found in tea and coffee. The mountain turned out to be a mole hill. Adv.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Lucinda Martin Price. Townville, Sept. 29.—Mrs. Lucinda Martin Price, wife of James Harrison Price, aged 68, died this morning at 5 o'clock at her home here, after only a few days illness. Mrs. Price is a member of a very prominent family of this section. She has surviving her husband, two sons, James and Robert, of this place.

Mrs. Price was an affectionate wife and devoted mother. Her children will "rise up and call her blessed." She had been a Christian since early childhood and joined the church at an early age. Her faithfulness to church duties were marked with energy and success.

Amid a large concourse of relatives and friends this afternoon the funeral and interment were from the Baptist church, conducted by her pastor, Rev. W. B. Hawkins, and Rev. W. S. Myers, Methodist pastor, and Revs. T. G. Ligon and W. T. Hollingsworth, Presbyterian pastor. A beautiful floral tribute also showed the popularity of Mrs. Price.

Miss Margarette Ann Bruce. Townville, Sept. 29.—Miss Margarette Ann Bruce, who lives near here, died Saturday afternoon, after an illness of sometime. Miss Bruce had lived all of her life at the old home with her brother, James. She leaves to mourn her departure four brothers, L. O. and J. R., of Townville, W. N., of Oakway and Dr. S. C., of Anderson, and four sisters, Mesdames Mary and Amanda Campbell, Jane E. Spears, of Townville and Mrs. Sallie Cleveland, of Trio, Texas.

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Miss Bruce was 68 years old. She became a Christian early in life and it was her delight to serve her Master in the faithful discharge of church duties. She was a teacher in the public schools for a number of years.

Funeral services were from the Baptist church Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, conducted by her pastor, Rev. W. B. Hawkins. Interment took place in the Baptist cemetery.

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