The Call of the **Cumberlands** By Charles Neville Buck With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

ter to a parched throat.

heart-warming sympathy.

. . . . .

"It's very kind of you to warn me,"

"Your family has always been con-

phy.

York.'

table.

client.

in his own silk socks.

he said, quietly.

changed you?"

clothes forever, you know."

couldn't you stay put?"

put-watch me."

itself for a moment as he added:

to be chronically insurgent?"

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## SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, un-conscious. Jesse Purvy of the Hollman chan has been shot and Samson is sus-pected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting breaks the truce in the Hollman South fend. Jim Hollman hunts with Modifounds the may who shot Pur-

Holiman-South's dearks the truce in the Holiman-South's feud. Jim Holiman hunts with bloodhounds the man who shot Pur-vy. The bloodhounds lose the trail at Speer South's door, Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. While sketch-ing with Lescott on the mountain, Tama-rack discovers Samson to a jeering crowd at nountaineers. Samson thrashes him and Genounces him as the "truce-bus-ter" who shot Puryy. At Wile Mo-Casers dance Samson tells the South class that he is going to leave the mountaine. Lescott goes home to New York, Samson bids Spicer and Sally forewell and follows. In New York Sam-son andies art and learns much of city ways. Drennie Lescott persuades Wil-fred Horton, her dilettante lover, to do a man's work in the world.

### CHAPTER IX.

Christmas came to Misery wrapped in a drab mantle of desolation. At the cabin of the Widow Miller Sally was sitting slone before the logs. She laid down the slate and spelling book. over which her forehead had been strenuously puckered, and gazed somewhat mournfully into the blaze. Sally based on a faint hope. If Samson should come back to Misery he would he back full of new notions. No

man had ever yet returned from that de world unaltered. No man ever sould. A terrible premonition said he fould. A ferrible premonition be didif he did-she must know how to read and write . Maybe, when she had rned a little more, she might even

te school for a term or two. The cramped and distorted chirography on the slate was discouraging. It was all proving very hard work. The girl gazed for a time at something she saw in the embers, and then a faint mile came to her lips. By next Christans she would surprise Samson with a for. It should be well written, and "hain't" should be an "isn't." 

The normal human mind is a resfoir which fills at a rate of speed lated by the number and caliber d its feed pipes. Samson's mind had g been almost empty, and now from many sources the waters of new is were rushing in upon it that ader their pressure it must fill fast, regulate a number of matters from or give away.

He was saved from hopeless comwithout dications of thought by a sanity which was willing to assimilate withat too much effort to analyze. The grumbled the corporation lawyer. "It's Misery was presently less less dangerous to the public than

the more so for yourself. You are re-garded as a dangerous agitator, a marover the end and aim of plot! I tell you, Winfred, aside from

dogs."

ing.

life class.

world.

Chianti.

confessed, as he drifted into reminis- | Starr. Having come, as they explained, cence, which to Samson was like wa- direct from the theater where Miss Starr danced in the first row, they When they left the cafe the boy were in evening dress. Samson mentally acknowledged, though with infelt as though he were taking leave stinctive disfavor for the pair, that of an old and tried friend. By homely methods, this unerring diagnostician both were, in a way, handsome. Colof the human soul had been reading lasso drew him aside to whisper imhim, liking him, and making him feel a portantly:

"Make yourself agreeable to Farbish. It was not until much later that He is received in the most exclusive society, and is a connoisseur of art. Samson realized how these two really great men had adopted him as their If he takes a fancy to you, he will "little brother" that he might have put you up .t the best clubs. I think I shall sell him a landscape."

their shoulder-touch to march by. And The girl was talking rapidly and it was without his realization, too, that they laid upon him the imprint loudly. She had at once taken the center of the room, and her laughter of their own characters and philosorang in free and egotistical peals above the other voices.

"Come, said the host, "I shall pre-"I have come, not to quarrel with you, but to try to dissuade you." The Hon. sent you." The boy shook hands, gazing with

his usual directness into the show-Farbish, standing at one side with with an air of slightly bored detach ment

His dress, his mannerisms, his bear swivel chair and put his feet up on his ing, were all those of the man who has desk. For a while he seemed interested overstudied his part. They were too perfect, too obviously rehearsed through years of social climbing, but that was a defect Samson was not The Hon. Mr, Wickliffe rose in ex- yet prepared to recognize. Someone had naively complimented

asperation and paced the floor. The smoke from his black cigar went be- Miss Starr on the leopard-skin cloak fore him in vicious puffs. Finally he she had just thrown from her shapely stopped and leaned glaring on the shoulders, and she turned promptly and vivaciously to the flatterer.

"It is nice, isn't it?" she prattled. servative. When you succeeded to the "It may look a little up-stage for a girl fortune you showed no symptoms of who hasn't got a line to read into this mania. In God's name, what has the piece, but these days one must get the spot-light, or be a dead one. "I hope I have grown up," explained It reminds me of a little run-in I had the young man, with an unruffied with Graddy-he's our stage-director, smile. "One can't wear swaddling you know." She paused, awaiting the invitation to proceed, and, having received it, went gayly forward. "I was his manner as he looked into the ten minutes late, one day, for rehearshad a secret. It was a secret which she straight-gazing, unafraid eyes of his al, and Graddy came up with that sarcastic manner of his, and said: 'Miss Starr. I don't doubt you are a perfectly nice girl, and all that, but it rather you were born. You have, by the gets my goat to figure out how, on chance of birth, come into the control a salary of fifteen dollars a week, of great wealth. The world of finance you come to rehearsals in a million dollars' worth of clothes, riding in a certain directorates may throw the limousine-and ten minutes late!" She broke off with the eager little

laugh, after all."

looking puzzled. "A penny for your thoughts, Mr. "They weren't the right things. South, from down South," she chal-They were, as you say, toys." The smile faded and Horion's chin set

dy," said the boy, slowly. "I was just wondering how you do do it."

and, after a moment, the girl broke into prolonged peal of laughter. waked up, spoke slowly-"I am read-

like that, believe me, 1'd make some kissed him lightly on the cheek. That's for a droll boy!" she said.

the aboulder.

As he accused himself. Samson was ! effect repairs, so the gir!, explaining looking at her with unblinking direct- to the boy that this event gave the ness; and she met his glance with affair the aspec. of accenture, turned seyes that twinkled.

"Mr. South," she said. "I know all about manners, and you know all teaching each other?"

Samson's face lighted with the revolutionizing effect that a smile can bring only to features customarily solemn

"Miss Lescott," he said, "let's call that a trade-but you're gettin' all the worst of it. 'To start with, you might give me a lesson right new in how a feller ought to act, when he's talkin' to a lady-how I ought to act with you!"

Her laugh made the situation as easy an an old shoe.

Ten minutes later, Lescott envered. "Well," he said, with a smile, "shall introduce you people, or have you already done it for yourselves?" "Oh," Adrienne assured him, "Mr.

South and I are old friends." As she left the room, she turned and added: "The second lesson had better be at my house. If I telephone you some day when we can have the school-room to ourselves, will you come up?" Samion grinned and forgot to b bashful as he replied:

CHAPTER X.

Early that year, the touch of autumn came to the air. Often, returning at sundown from the afternoon life class; Samson felt the lure of its melancholy sweetness, and paused on one of the Washington Square benches, with many vague things stirring in his mind. He felt with a stronger throb the surety of young, but quickening, abilities within hinself. Partly, it was the charm of Indian summer, partly

a sense of growing with the days, but also, though he had not as yet realized that, it, was the new friendship into which Adrienne had admitted him, and the new experience of frank camaraderie with a woman not as a member of an inferior sex, but as an equal companion of brain and soul. He had seen her often, and usually alone, because he shunned meetings with strangers. Until his education had advanced further, he wished to avoid social embarrassments. He knew that she liked him, and realized that it was because he was a new and virile type, and for that reason a diversionsort of human novelty. She liked him, too, because it was rare for a man to offer her friendship without making love, and she was certain he would not make love. He liked her for the same reasons that every one

else did-because she was herself. Of late, too, he had met a number of men at 'Lescott's club. Ile was modestly surprised to find that; though

his attitude on these occasions was always that of one sitting in the background, the men seemed to like him, and, when they said, "See you again," at parting, it was with the convincing manner of real friendliness.

One wonderful afternoon in Octo-ber, when the distances were misthung, and the skies very clear, Samson sat'across the table from Adrienne Lescott at a road house on the Sound. The sun had set through great cloud battalions massed against the west,

he said, genially. "I've rather a hess through a have like ash of roses. "Then," went on Samson, his face She had picked him up on the Aveslowly drawing with pain, nue, and taken him into her car for My thinking of my own people. a short spin but the afternoon had mother was about forty when she beguiled them, luring them on a little died. She was an old woman. My father was forty-three. He was an old farther, and still a little farther. When man. I was thinking how they withthey were a score of miles from Manhattan, the car had suddenly broken ered under their drudgery-and ot the monstrous injustice of it all." down. It would, the chauffeur told them, be the matter of an hour to (TO BE CONTINUED.) they return to Samuel's home, where Saul is conducted to a couch upon' the flat housetop (Acts 10:9). Here Samuel had private converse with Saul (v. 25 R. V.). What that converse may have been we know not, but we are reminded of one such nocturnal conversation which gave to the world God's most precious summary of his

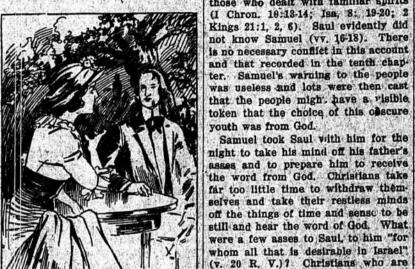
and led the way, on foot, to the nearest road house.

"We will telephone that we shall about a hundred real things that I by late, and then have dinner." she want to know. Suppose we begin laughed. "And for me to have dinner with you alone, unchaperoned at a country inn, is by New York standards delightfully unconventional. It borders on wickedness." Then, since their attitude toward each other was so friendly and innocent, they both laughed. They had dined under the trees of an old manor house, built a century ago, and now converted into an inn, and they had enjoyed themselves because it seemed to them pleasingly paradoxical that they should find in a place seemingly so shabbygenteel a cuisine and service of such excellence. Neither of them had ever been there before, and neither of them knew that the reputation of this establishment was in its own way wideand unsavory.

The repairs did not go as smoothly as the chauffeur had expected, and, when he had finished, he was hungry So, eleven o'clock found them still chatting at their table on the lighted lawn. After awhile, they fell silent, and Adrienne noticed that her companion's face had become deeply, almost painfully set, and that his gaze was tensely focused on herself. "What is it, Mr. South?" she de manded.

gestion for us all. This experience The young man began to speak in a steady, self-accusing voice. light. The word "seer" indicates "one

"I was sitting here, looking at you, he said, bluntly. "I was thinking how fine you are in every way; how there is as much difference in the terture of men and women as there is in the texture of clothes. From that automobile cap you wear to your slip-They are rather the successors of the pers and stockings, you are clad in sillt. From your brain to the tone of



"I Was Thinking of My People."

your voice, you are woven of human silk I've learned lately that silk isn't weak, but strong. They make the best balloons of it." He paused and laughed, but his face again became ober. "I was thinking, too, of your mother. She must be sixty, but she's a young woman. Her face is smooth and unwrinkled, and her heart is still in bloom. At the same age, George won't be much older than he is now.

The compliment was so obviously not intended as compliment at all Saul was then led into the guest chamthat the girl flushed with pleasure.



Because of the acts of Samuel the

people petitioned for a king (ch. 8:5).

They are told plainly what to expect

if a king is set in authority (ch. 8:19).

God, however, granted their petition

and spoke "in the ear" of Samuel, say-

ing, "I will send thee a man," telling him of the work which this man is to

I. "Samuel Saw Saul" vv. 17-21. Saul

was a man to gaze at and to admire

(ch. 9:2). His fruitless search for his father's asses leads him to the city

wherein Samuel was residing. There

'he is advised to consult the "man of

God" about his difficulty-a good sug-

(ch. 9:6-14) exhibits Samuel in a new

who sees," one who sees the things

God makes manifest in dreams (Num.

24:4-16). While the word is similar to

the modern term "clairvoyant" yet the

latter are not the successors of these

Old Testament "seers" or "prophets."

Samuel took Saul with him for the

heirs to the heavenly kingdom ought

not to set their affections on the poor

possessions of earth (Col. 3:1, 2: 2 Cor.

4:18). In response to Samuel's infor-

mation, Saul disclaims any greatness;

indeed, is he not from one of the least

of the families of one of the smallest

of the tribes (v. 21). Such humility

gave great promise for Saul's future.

usefulness. Such was the mental and

spiritual attitude of the man whom

God chose to be king (ch. 15:17). It

was later, when pride and power had

puffed him up, that the kingdom was

taken away from him (ch. 15:23; 16:1;

love (John 3:1-16). Such rare experi-

'spring of the day," i. e., about dawn,

the usual time of departure in that hot

country. Our summons is to those

duties which lie between us and our

promised crown. There are times for

are also times when we should hear

the command "stand thou still awhile,

that I may show thee the word of

God" (v. 27). Many fail to hear God

speak because they are ever so busy.

Samuel poured oil upon Saul's head.

Prophets, priests, kings and cleansed

lepers were so anointed, a type of the

anointing by the holy spirit (I Kings

19:15, 16; Lev. 8:12, 14:2, 16-18; Isa.

61:1: I\* John 2:20 R. V.). This act

was also a symbol of entire consecra-

tion to God, and pointed forward to

the coming king (Messiah, Anointed

One) whom God himself would anoint

Saul was anointed to be "a prince"

and to save God's people (ch. 9:16;

Acts 5:31). His ear is always open

to the cry of his people. Even though

they had sinned, and their sorrow was

because of their own disobedience, yet

God regarded their affliction (Ps.

106:43, 44). Only God's anointed ones

Saul's selected task was to save

Israel out of the hands of the Philis-

tines (See Luke 1:69-71). God's eye

sees the oppression of mankind and

his ear is always open to the cry of

the poor and needy; of innocent chil-

dren suffering because of the sins of

parents; of men defrauded of justice;

of Europe, because of blood-lust, and

the struggle for commercial su-

premacy. These cries will surely come

But the delivering remedy will not

pught by any earthly king. Man-

ay orving for a king (some-

up before a just and righteous God.

can save (Isa. 61:1-3).

himself heard.

(Ps. 45:7).

Luke 14:11; Heb. 18:1).

II. "Samuel Took Saul" vv.

undertake (ch. 9:15, 16).

have no bitter taste in my mouth. I am glad to say I do not need Peruna any longer, I am perfectly well. I have Peruna in the house all the time. When I have a cold or when I do not feel well I take Peruna. We were all sick with the grip last winter. We took Peru-na and it helped us. Peruna is the best medicine for grip or colds."

Nrs. Gun. H. Carlson, Ben 301, 10

Safety First. In a certain village down South there was a physician noted for his reckless automobile driving. One day when he answered the telephons, a woman's voice asked him if he were going out driving that afternoon.

"No; I hardly think I will have time false prophets (Jer. 17:14), and of this afternoon," replied the docto those who dealt with familiar spirits "But why do you ask?" (I Chron. 10:13-14; Isa, 8: 19-20; 2

tioner, "I want to send my little danghter downtewn for some thread if you are not."

SICK "CASCARE IS

Gently cleanse your liver and

Sick headache, biliounness, dizzi-ness; coated tongue foul tasts and tonk breath—always trace them to torpid liver: delayed, fermenting food in the bowels of sour, casey stomach bowels or sour, gassy stomach. Poisonons matter clogged in the in testines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this polson reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes gestion and that dull, throbbing, sick

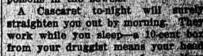
stomach, remove the sour, undige food and foul gases, take the exc bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep-s 10-cent box

Quite So.

the word from God. Christians take far too little time to withdraw themsluggish bowels while selves and take their restless minds you sleep. off the things of time and sense to be still and hear the word of God. What. Get a 10-cent box. were a few asses to Saul, to him "for

ening beadache. Cascareta immediately cleanse the



"T'll come a-kitin'!"

expression of awaiting applause, and,

having been satisfied, she added: "I was afraid that wasn't going to get a She glanced inquiringly at Samson,

"I guess I'm sort of like Mr. Grad-"If you don't think I'm going to stay

He spoke with perfect seriousness, "Why do you have to make war-"Because"-the young man, who had

"Oh, you are delicious!" she exclaimed. "If I could do the ingenue hit." She came over, and, laying a hand on each of the boy's shoulder's

Farbish was smiling in quiet amuse ment. He tapped the mountaineer on

The attorney for an instant softened "I've known you from your babyhood. I advised your father before

is of delicate balance. Squabbles in Street into panic. Suddenly you emerge from decent quiet and run amuck in the china shop, bellowing and tossing your horns. You make

war on those whose interests are your own. You seem bent on harf-karl who had not smiled, and who stood You have toys enough to amuse. Why

lenged.

ing a certain writing on the wall. The time is not far off when, unless we within we shall be regulated from "Take for instance this newspaper

war you've inaugurated on the police,' lately."

"I've heard George Lescott speak of and the horizon was fading into dark-

"That's the best line I've heard pulled

Mr. Wickliffe bit savagely at his cigar and gave a despairing spread to his well-manicured hands. "You stand in girl's large and deeply-penciled eyes. danger of becoming the most cordially hated man in New York-hated by the his hands in his pockets, looked on most powerful combinations in New Wilfred Horton leaned back in a

Art, which they spelled with a capl- all other considerations the thing is tal A-and, for the most part, knew thing of. He retained, except within a small circle of intimates, a silence that passed for taciturnity, and a

mity of visage that was often construed into surly egotism. He still wore his hair long, and,

though his conversation gradually sloughed off much of its idiom and valgarism, enough of the mountaineer stood out fo lend to his personality a savor of the crudely picturesque. Meanwhile he drew and read and udied and walked, and every day's advancement was a forced march. tremendously interested in his experiment, began to fear that the boy's too great somberness of disposition would defeat the very earnestness from which it sprang. So one morning the landscape-maker called on a friend whom he rightly believed to be the wisest man, and the great est humorist in New York,

"I want your help," said Lescott. "I want you to meet a friend of mine and take him under your wing in a fashion. He needs you."

The stort man's face clouded. A few muscripts with the heart-sickness of ful middle age. Today men mied his name with those of Kip r and De Manpassant. One of his antipathies was meeting people who sought to lionize him. Lescott read the expression, and, before his host had time to object, swept into his recital.

At the end he summarized:

"The artist is much like the setter pup. If it's in him, it's as instinctive as a dog's nose. But to become eff. cient he must go a field with a steady veteran of his own breed."

"I know!" The great man, who was also the simple man, smiled reminiscently. "They tried to teach me to herd sheep when my nose was itching for bird country. Bring on your man; I want to know him."

Samson was told nothing of the benevolent conspiracy, but one evening shortly later he found himself sitting at a cafe table with his sponsor and a stout man, almost as silent as bimself. The stout man responded with something like churlish tacituraity to the half-dozen men and womer who came over with flatteries. But later. when the trio was left alone, his face brightened, and he turned to the boy from Misery.

"Does Billy Conrad still keep store at Stagbone?"

Samson started and his gaze fell in amazement. At the mention of the name he saw a cross-roads store with rough mules hitched to fen It was a picture of home, and a man who had been ther glowing eyes the boy drop sciously back into the v the bills. "Hvr ye best war,

fancy for being among the discoverers of men of talent. We must see perilous to yourself. You are riding more of eacu other." for a fall. These men whom you are Samson left the party early, and whipping out of public life will turn with a sense of disgust.

on you." Several days later, Samson was "So I hear. Here's a letter I got this alone in Lescott's studio. It was nearmorning-unsigned. That is, I thought ing twilight, and he had laid aside a it was here. Well, no matter. It volume of De Maupassant, whose simwarns me that I have less than three ple power had beguiled 1im. The door months to live unless I call off my opened, and he saw the figure of a woman on the threshold. 'The bey It is said that the new convert is

rect evidence of guilt was being gath-

ered. For Wilfred Horton, who was

demanding a day of reckoning and

spending great sums of money to get

it, there was a prospect of things do-

Tony Collasso was an Italian illus

trater who 'odged and painted in

Square, South. His companions were

group of those pygmy celebrities of

chance he meets them, and of whom

sit for an hour, chiefly as a listener,

while the man from Sorrento bewailed

But tonight he entered the door to

find himself in the midst of a gay and

boisterous party. The room was al-

a dozen men and women, singing

Washington

studio-apartments in

rose somewhat shyly from his seat, ever the most extreme fanatic. Wiland stood looking at her. She was as fred Horton had promised to put on richly dressed as Miss Starr had been, his working clothes, and he had done but there was the same difference as it with reckless disregard for conse between the colors of the sunset sky quences. At first; he was simply obeyand the exaggerated daubs of Collasing Adrienne's orders; but soon he so's landscape. She stood at the door found himself playing the game for a moment, and then came forward the game's sake. Political overlords, with her hand outstretched. assailed as unfaithful servants, showed "This is Mr. South, isn't it?" she their teeth. From some hidden, but asked, with a frank friendliness in unfailing, source terribly sure and di-

her voice. "Yes, ma'am, that's my name." "I'm Adrienne Lescott," said the girl. "I thought Id find my brother here. I stopped by to drive him uptown.'

Samson had besitatingly taken the Adrienne Lescott was in Europe gloved hand, and its grasp was firm Soon she would return and Horton and strong despite its .ridiculous meant to show that he had not buried smallness. "I reckon he'll be back presently."

his talent. The boy was in doubt as to the proper For eight months Samson's life had procedure. This was Lescott's studio. ran in the steady ascent of gradual and he was not certain whether or not climbing, but in the four months from it lay in his province to invite Lesthe first of August to the first of Decott's sister to take possession of it. cember, the pace of his existence sud-Possibly, he ought to withdraw. is denly quickened. He left off drawing ideas of social usages were very vague. from plaster casts and went into a "Then, I think I'll wait," announced the girl. She threw off her fur coat, In this period Samson had his first

acquaintanceship with women, except and took a seat before the open grate. The chair was large, and swallowed those he had known from childhoodand his first acquaintance with the her up. Samson wanted to look at her, and men who were not of his own art

was afraid that this would be impolite. He realized that he had seen no real ladies, except on the street, and now he had the opportunity.

"I'm glad of this chance to meet you, Mr. South," said the girl with a various, numbering among them a smile that found its way to the boy's whom one has never heard until by heart. After all, there was sincerity in "foreign" women. "George talks of their intimates speak as of immortals. you so much that I feel as if I'd known To Collasso's studio Samson was you all the while. Don't you think I called one night by telephone. He might claim friendship with George's 'had sometimes gone there' before to friends?"

Samson had no answer. He wished to say something equally cordial, but of Christ. The evidence of this is infate with his coterie, and denounced the old instinct against effusiveness all forms of government over insipid tied his tongue. "I owe right smart to George Les-

cott," he told her, gravely. "That's not answering my question,' she laughed. "Do you consent to be-

ready thickly fogged with smoke, and ing friends with me?" "Miss-" began the boy. Then, realsnatches of current airs, were inter- izing that in New York this form of pair of tame llamas that carry pas-

address is hardly complete, he hast- sengers about the grounds. They are esting themselves over a chafing dish. The crowd was typical. A few very ened to add: "Miss Lescott, I've been here over nine months now, and I'm their, and several women who had just beginning to realize what a rube trained for this butpose bring parts in current Broadway I am. I haven't no-" Again he broke mult draw a light units functions "". Leteran alsoch the subtline bones I haven't wardles of proper many recent test. I was shown for writers and artists; a model or

OLD CRAFT OF ODD DESIGN | MUCH LIKE THE PRESENT DAY

Walpole Complained Many Years Ago Mesopotamia Boat, Known as Kufa, Known to Have Been in Use Be-That Rulers Abrogated Law fore Christian Era.

craft are clearly represented.

Llamas in Harness

An interesting attraction in one of

the European zoological gardens is a

declared to be the only creatures of

kind in Europe that have been

The Kufa, a curious circular boat In a letter to Hon. Henry Seymour Conway, from Strawberry Hill, of made of basketwork, and seen no-July 8, 1788, Horace Walpole made a where else in the world, is a comnumber of observations in regard to mon sight in Mesopotamia. The ferrymen charge only a cent each pasthe European situation of that day senger. There is one good point about which are amazingly; curiously appothese strange craft-they are not eassite to the existing situation.

of Nations.

"The invasion of Portugal by Spain ily upset. Their carrying capacity also is great, and the kufa men pack in in the last war, and the partition of their passengers like herrings in a bar-Poland, have abrogated the law of rel. I had the good luck to take a phonations," writes Walpole. "Kings have tograph of the actual building of a left no ties between one another. kufa on the banks of the Tigris river, He is a good king that pre says a writer in the Wide World. They serves his people; and if temporizing are made of date palm branches answers that end, is it not justifiable? "Dr. Joseph (the emperor of Auswoven together with rope made out of leaves of the same palm, thickly plastria) and Dr. Frederick (Frederick the Great of Prussia) with 400,000 tered on the outside with bitumen. commentators are reading new lec-They range from four to twelve feet in diameter. Nowhere but on the tures-and I should say, thank God. Tigris and lower Euphrates rivers can to one another, if the 400,000 comone see these curious craft, which mentators were not in worse danger serve principally for the transport of than they. Louis XIV is grown a passengers, country produce and casuist compared with those partibeasts of burden across the river.

tioners. About three men are required to make "Well, let us simple individuals keep a kufa of respectable size, and it our honesty, and bless our stars that takes them some twenty days to build we have not armies at our command, it. Like the kelek, the kufa is of lest we should divide kingdoms that great antiquity, for both these strange are at our bienseance! What a dreadcraft were in use long before the time ful thing it is for such a wicked little imp as a man to have absolute disputable, for on the bas-reliefs taken power!' from the palace of Sennacherib both

Depends on the Well. "Truth lies at the bottom of a well," quoted the Sage. "Not if "t happens to be an oil well," corrected the fool.

Warmed By Snow. The earth, under a thick coating of mow, is ten degrees warmer than the mir immediately above the snow.

ber and placed in the chief seat. Read our Lord's parable found in Luke clear, stomach sweet and your 14:7-11. Samuel then bade the cook and bowels regular for months. Adv. bring the thigh, which was a choice piece of meat especially reserved for those thus honored (Ezek. 24:4). Such

29.24

"Now they are advertising dre a portion belonged to the priest (Lev. naught gray. They ought not to drag 7:32). That which did not belong upthe various colors into this imbroglio. on the altar Saul was to eat (v. 24). What do you mpan?" Samuel and Saul may have had the "Gray has always been conside preference and eaten before the other neutral tint."-Kansas City Journal. guests (v. 13), and Saul is made acquainted with the special honor con-**GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA** ferred upon him. Following the feast,

# TO DARKEN HER GRAY HAIR

She Made Up a Mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to Bring Back Color, Gloss, Thickness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, stres or gray; also ends dandruff, itching ences are of short duration and the scalp and stops falling hair. Tears summons to be off came to Saul at the ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is mussy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of the famous us to be up and away (v. 26), but there old recipe for about 50 cents. Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or

soft brush with it and draw this the noise of the rattling of things through your hair, taking one small drowns out God's voice from their ears. Even in some prayers we rattle strand at a time, by morning the gray along perhaps charmed by the sound hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes of our own voices, or admiring our beautifully dark, thick and glossy own sentences, and God cannot make Adv.

Same Old Story.

Green-Do you remember that stock bought in a gold mine last summer? Brown-Yes. How did you come out?

Green-Minus.

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