PILES

"I have suffered with piles for thirty-six years. One year ago last April I began taking Cascarets for constipation. In the course of a week I noticed the piles began to disappear and at the end of six weeks they did not trouble me at all. Cascarets have done wonders for me. I am entirely cured and feel like a new man." George Kryder, Napoleon, O.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 920

WANTED TO BE AGREEABLE

Farmer's Rather Humorous Explanation for Telling Exceedingly "Tall" Story.

Irving Batcheller once told a story of a farmer on the Connecticut hills.

"Pretty steep land for planting, isn't it?" a visitor asked the tiller of the soil.

"Pretty steep," the farmer assented.

"I suppose it's quite difficult to plant your corn?"

"Quite difficult," came the echo.

The visitor was interested, and would not be put off with short replies.

"Eh—how do you manage to plant on this hill?" he persisted.

The farmer gazed at him pityingly.

"We have to shoot it all into the earth with shotguns, stranger," he assured his guest.

The visitor gasped. "Really?" he ejaculated. "Really now? Is that actually true?"

The farmer sighed and turned upon his guest a look of withering scorn.

"No, that isn't true," he answered. "I'm trying to make conversation."

Denominational Puzzle.

The wife of a prominent Unitarian clergyman is still wondering what her cook meant. She was a new cook, and there was every reason to believe she was a good cook. At any rate, she had unquestionably served in good families, and she brought the best of references. Nevertheless, her new mistress did not hesitate to give her a few instructions.

"One thing I want you to remember, Nellie," said she, "is the way we like our oatmeal. Don't leave it watery. But we don't like it hard and dry, either."

"Trust me, mum," responded the cook, confidently. "I'll get it right, never fear. I've worked in Unitarian families before."

That Awful Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Smith—She is so unobserving!

Mrs. Brown—And always complaining. The other day, while ballooning near a storm center, she collided with a rain cloud and reported to the authorities that the driver of an aeroplane sprinkler had splashed water all over her best gown!—Widow.

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 *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Violation of Rules.

"They have expelled my favorite waiter from his brotherhood," said one hotel patron.

"Yes," replied the other, "he accidentally smiled and said 'Thank you,' a dollar's worth for a 50-cent tip."

Consulted Him Often.

Mrs. Benham—Health is wealth.

Benham—At the rate you have the doctor you ought to "get rich quick."

Between Octogenarians.

"I understand they sentenced him to life imprisonment?"

"Well, no; it wasn't as bad as that. He got only 99 years!"—Puck.

It is possible to have too much of a good thing. The dog with the shortest tail runs the least danger of having tin cans tied to it.

COLDS

Munyon's Cold Remedy Relieves the head, throat and lungs almost immediately. Checks Fevers, stops Discharges of the nose, takes away all aches and pains caused by colds. It cures Grip and obstinate Coughs and prevents Pneumonia. Write Prof. Munyon, 53rd and Jefferson Sts., Phila., Pa., for medical advice absolutely free.

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Clover and Grass Seeds

best qualities obtainable.

Sow Clover and Grass seeds in March on your fall-sown Wheat or other grain crops.

"Wood's Crop Special" tells the advantages of these seedings, and gives prices and seasonable information each month about all Farm seeds.

"Wood's Crop Special" and Descriptive Seed Catalog mailed free on request.

T. W. WOOD & SONS
Seedsmen, - Richmond, Va.

ARCHIBALD'S AGATHA

By EDITH HUNTINGTON MASON
Author of "THE REAL AGATHA"

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9

SYNOPSIS.

Archibald Terhune, a popular and indolent young bachelor of London, receives news that he has been made heir to the estate of his Aunt Georgiana, with an income of $20,000 a year, on condition that he becomes engaged to be married within ten days. Failing to do so the legacy will go to a third cousin in America. The story opens at Castle Wyckoff, where Lord Vincent and his wife, friends of Terhune, are discussing plans to find him a wife within the prescribed time. It seems that Lady Vincent is one of seven persons named Agatha, all close girlhood chums. She decides to invite two of them to the castle and have Archie there as one of the guests. Agatha Sixth strikes Archie as a handpainted beauty. Agatha First is a breezy American girl. Lady Vincent tells her husband that Agatha Sixth already cares for Archie. He gains from Agatha Sixth the admission that she cares for him, but will require a month's time fully to make up her mind. Agatha First, neglected by Terhune, receives attentions from Leslie Freer. Four days of the precious time have passed when Terhune is called to London on business. Agatha First, on the plea of sickness, excuses herself from a motor trip planned by the Vincents. Later they see Agatha First picking flowers with a strange man. The Vincents discuss Agatha's seeming duplicity. The following day the party visits the ruins of an old convent. Terhune continues his attentions to Agatha Sixth. Then suddenly he transfers his attentions to Agatha First. Vincent scores him for his apparent fickleness. The last evening of the time alloted in which to become engaged arrives.

(CHAPTER IX.—Continued.)

The conclusion was obvious and we fell away from our point of vantage at the door and looked at each other with scared and troubled faces. Our attempts to make a match for Agatha Sixth and win Terhune a fortune were certainly going wrong with a vengeance.

But the worse was not yet. Before we had time to more than breathe a new complication presented itself in the shape of the sudden appearance of Agatha Sixth upon the scene.

We met her at the foot of the stairs just as we were going up, wrapper-clad and with long black braids hanging over her shoulders. I felt myself grown quite cat-like in regard to seeing in the dark, and had perceived who she was and the vital necessity of keeping our discovery a secret from her, before my wife had time to more than gasp a greeting.

"Is that you, Agatha Lawrence?" she inquired.

"Yes. What is it?" whispered back Agatha Sixth, peering at us from the stairs, and by Jove, I felt so sorry for the poor girl if she should see what we had just seen that I rather lost my head.

"Dogs," I said, my voice quite hoarse with whispering, "one of 'em's got shut in the drawing-room some way, and he's knocked over a vase!"

"Did he also light the lamp?" demanded Miss Lawrence suspiciously, as she came and stood beside us. And I cursed myself for a blunderer as she said it. Then Dearest had a go at the situation, and I felt that if this attempt failed we could do nothing more to save the girl from the certain misery she seemed so eager to bring upon herself.

"I lit the lamp, darling," she said, standing directly in front of the doors so that Agatha Sixth's view was cut off, "to see if there was much damage done. We forgot to turn it out, but Wilfred will do it now if you'll come along upstairs with me and not bother." But the girl was not to be turned from her purpose so easily. Some instinct seemed to tell her that what lay behind those closed doors concerned her nearly.

"Let me look—Dearest," she said, using my name for my wife for the first time, as she's usually a cold little thing, and Dearest, as if convinced that it was for the best after all, stepped aside.

It didn't take long, the delivery of the blow, and Agatha Sixth took it like a martyr. One glimpse was enough. Then she turned and silently led the way to the stairs.

At the door of our guest's room which we passed before reaching our own suite, my wife stopped.

"Good night, Wilfred," she said. "Agatha, dear," to the girl, and taking her hand, "you must let me spend the rest of the night with you." And as I stumbled on to my own room I couldn't help thinking that if anything in the world could comfort her, if consolation was to be found, Agatha Sixth would find it in those dear arms.

PART THREE.

CHAPTER X.

The following morning dawned upon the Castle Wyckhoff house party clear and balmy and typically June. For all the world as if the day it heralded was not a critical one for one of its members, and an axious one for his two friends, Dearest and myself, who had invited Terhune to the castle solely to further his interests and welfare. At least that was the way I felt about it. Dearest may have had some other object in view. I hadn't seen her since last night, by the way, and I own I felt alarmed for the success of our plans when I thought of the events of that evening and the shocking disclosure of Terhune's inconstancy, to the very one of all others from whom it should have been hidden.

"Poor old Arch!" I said to myself as I sat down at the breakfast table and began to read the paper until the others should join me. "I'm afraid he's gone and done it now! He's made a bally mess of it this time, as sure as eggs!" And yet even in spite of appearances, secretly I hoped, if Agatha Sixth were really as daffy about him as my wife had seemed to think—But the entrance of both the young persons my thoughts had just named interrupted my meditations and I rose as they seated themselves and with an amazing calm began a commonplace little chatter about unimportant things, just as if nothing had happened at all. Nor did the appearance of Agatha First and Terhune one after the other at all disturb their beautiful serenity.

Strange to say, Terhune gave no evidence of any inward disquiet or cause for alarm. He showed not the faintest symptoms of a guilty conscience, but laughed and chatted with his customary sociability. If it had not been for his persistent avoidance of conversation with Agatha First I should have been convinced in spite of the evidence of my own eyes that he was not the traitor and double-dealer we had every reason to think him, but an upright and innocent gentleman deeply in love with Agatha Sixth and Agatha Sixth only, his straying toward Agatha First having been but a temporary swerving from the path of loyalty, born only of his conceit and thirst for flattery. I'm bound to concede, however, that he made no sort of headway with Miss Lawrence, who met his advances with unfailing courtesy, it is true, but a pillar of ice could scarcely have been more unyielding and the look on her little white pansy face was rather pitifully hard. Dearest was only a little more cordial herself, and I pitied the poor old boy as I saw an expression that I could almost have sworn was hurt and bewildered growing upon his face.

But I didn't get a chance to observe them much longer than a first glance before I plunged myself into the duty of entertaining Agatha First, which naturally devolved upon me. The poor girl wasn't game for much conversation, though, I could see that. And by Jove, if Agatha Sixth looked badly, Agatha First looked worse. Never saw such a hopeless wretched looking young woman in my life. If it hadn't been for the presence of the footman, who was in the room, I believe she would have given way to

"What Do You Want to Know For?"

tears at any moment. She certainly looked as if she'd cried all night as it was, and there was hardly a trace of her splendid color left.

Gad! If ever a girl had the appearance of having been run through a wringer, she had. I began to feel more sorry for her than I did for Agatha Sixth, even though her conduct had been more open to criticism.

After all, I soliloquized, the poor thing had as much right to be in love with Terhune as Agatha Sixth did, and perhaps it wasn't quite fair of Dearest to side so entirely with the latter. Of course it was true, as Dearest had explained to me often enough, that Agatha Sixth had cared for him months before Agatha First had ever thought of such a thing, and I suppose had therefore a sort of first claim upon him. And of course the point that she should have seen how things were from the beginning and not allowed herself to get interested, was good, though I didn't argue with them, that she had deliberately tried to alienate Terhune from his acknowledged preference for Agatha Sixth. The girl had never seemed to me to be aware of such a state of things in regard to Terhune and Miss Lawrence and had always gone about her business with the air of a sleep-walker, or as if her mind were on other things.

However, whether that was true or not, I must confess I made rather a mess of my efforts to converse with her and frankly abandoned them for an attempt to get her to eat, but failed also in that. She steadfastly refused everything, even though Dearest, who can't bear anyone to go hungry, however displeased she may be with them, urged her with the utmost cordiality. Dearest makes the prettiest hostess imaginable, and it's only recently that I've been half able to eat for looking at her. Today in honor of its importance I suppose, she had put on my favorite white linen dress with a lot of lace or crochet or something of that sort let in, and I tell you she looked wonderful good. Gad! It's nice to have a wife!

But as I was saying, we were all of us under a rather unusual strain of excitement. I could see as we left the breakfast table that old Arch had begun to have misgivings as to the success of his suit, and was looking very serious as the realization began to dawn upon him that between breakfast and one o'clock he would have to put the decisive question. When he had confided to me last evening that he intended to ask Agatha Sixth today, he had also told me that he meant to wait until the last possible minute to try his fate, in order to humor Agatha Sixth's coquettish desire to keep him waiting for his answer. But he spoke then with a good deal of confidence as to the favorable nature of that answer, while now doubt and anxiety seemed to be his only allies. I was sorry for him, though I couldn't help wondering if his flirtation and disloyal conduct in regard to Agatha First did not make his refusal a just punishment, and I surmised that he had begun to wonder himself if the crowning offense of last night had not become known. In any event, troubled was no word for his expression as we separated in the breakfast room, each to his own pursuits. However deserved his refusal might be, I couldn't help wishing that such a calamity would not overtake him. I think the world of the old boy and I want to see him as happily married as I am—though of course that's not literally possible, as there's only one Dearest in the world.

For myself, I followed my wife out upon the veranda and began to tell her my apprehensions for my friend.

"Look here, Agatha," I said, "I want to know what Terhune's prospects are. What chance has he with Agatha Sixth now? Any at all?" As I have said, I had not yet had an opportunity of speaking privately with her, and she had been with Agatha Sixth all night and was of course in her confidence. I expected to hear how matters stood with Miss Lawrence that moment and with the fullest detail. I was therefore as disagreeably surprised as I've ever been in my life, by Jove, when my darling eyed me coldly and impersonally and remarked, "What do you want to know for?"

"Why, because I'm interested in Terhune!" I cried, a little injured. "I want him to succeed in inheriting his aunt's property of course! What else?"

"What else indeed?" retorted my wife scornfully. "If you don't know what else," emphasizing the word "know," "I can't waste any more time talking to you!" Then, as she caught my look of utter astonishment, "O, you men! You men!" she added, shaking her head at me, "you're all alike, after all! But I thought better of you, Wilfred!"

"Thought better of me? But what about?" I queried.

"Have you forgotten?" she asked me, without answering my question. "Have you forgotten last summer, not quite a year ago, when you and Mr. Terhune first came through the fields of Wye and stayed at Castle Wyckhoff with us all—my aunt Mrs. Armistead and the six other Agathas?"

"Rather not!" I exclaimed. "But what's that got to do with the present case? What do you mean, dear?"

"Don't you remember," she persisted, still ignoring my question, her voice thrilling with tears, "how you yourself behaved at that time? Have you forgotten why it was that you wanted to marry me?"

"Because I loved you!" I burst out, as vehemently as if it were indeed that wonderfull self-same moment when I first had asked her. "What else?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Grey" and "Gray."

What is the difference, if any, between "grey" and "gray," aside from the matter of spelling?

The editor of the Oxford Dictionary some years ago made extended inquiry as to usage, and found that opinions in London varied. Replies to his questions showed that in Great Britain the form grey is the more frequent in use, despite the authority of Dr. Johnson and later lexicographers, who give the preference to gray. Many correspondents said that they used the two forms with a difference of meaning, or application, the distinction most generally recognized being that grey donates a more delicate or lighter tint than gray. Others considered the difference to be that gray is a warmer color, or that it has a mixture of red or brown. Another group held that grey has more of sentiment, gray more of color, which may mean that grey is a suggestion rather than a positive outline.

A little whitewash now and then is relished by the richest men.

CUT OF A JOB.

Friend (consolingly)—So you've lost your job, eh? Well, don't worry about it. I reckon you was only wastin' yer time in a place like that.

Young Bill (sadly)—Yes, that's what the boss told me when 'e fired me.

COULD NOT STAND SUFFERING FROM SKIN ERUPTION

"I have been using Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment for the past three months and I am glad to say that they cured me of a most annoying skin eruption. It began by my noticing red blotches appearing on my face and scalp. Although they were rather disfiguring, I did not think anything of them until they began to get scaly and dry and to itch and burn until I could not stand the suffering. Then I began to use a different soap, thinking that my old kind might be hurting me, but that didn't seem to do any good. I went to two different doctors but neither seemed to relieve me any. I lost many nights' sleep in continual scratching, sometimes scratching till I drew the blood on my face and head. Then I started in to use the Cuticura Remedies and in two months I was entirely relieved of that awful pest. I am so delighted over my cure by Cuticura Remedies that I shall be glad to tell anybody about it." (Signed) G. M. Macfarland, 221 West 115th St., New York City, Oct. 5, 1910.

Cuticura Soap (25c) and Cuticura Ointment (50c) are sold throughout the world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., 135 Columbus Ave., Boston, for free book on skin and scalp diseases and their treatment.

Ellen Terry's Joke.

When Ellen Terry was presented with a Founders' gold medal at the New theater, New York, recently—an honor conferred in recognition of her great services to dramatic art—she was called upon to make a speech of acceptance. It so happened that the actress was exceedingly hoarse and [illegible] therefore forced to cut her [illegible] know it can't, but it's a devil [illegible] think."

Advantages.

"You must have found the arctic circle very unpleasant."

"Yes," replied the arctic explorer; "but it has its advantages. The climate is disagreeable, but the people aren't always worrying you about proofs."

Garfield Tea purifies the blood, cleanses the system, clears the complexion, eradicates disease and promotes Good Health.

A woman always fears she won't be in time for the bargain sale.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

A girl is always sure her latest love is the real thing.

Garfield Tea is the best remedy for constipation. Take a cup before retiring.

Dwellers in glass houses should keep out of politics.

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Impure Blood is common in the spring, because of the unhealthful modes of living during the winter, and it is the cause of the loss of appetite and that tired feeling as well as the sores and eruptions that occur at this time.

Be sure to take Hood's this spring.

Roots, Barks and Herbs—Hood's Sarsaparilla so combines the great curative principles of roots, barks and herbs as to raise them to their highest efficiency for the cure of all spring humors, all blood diseases, and run-down conditions.

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In a letter from Johnson City, Tenn., Mrs. S. H. Blair writes: "I had suffered from womanly troubles for 16 months, before I tried Cardui. I had four doctors attending my case, but they did not help me, and I endured great suffering until I began to take your great medicine. After I had taken two bottles, I was greatly relieved, so I continued until I had used eight bottles, and now I feel about well. I cannot say enough in favor of Cardui."

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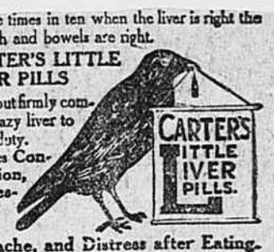

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