R. C. Brockington

continues and the second of th

LOWE BOT

### Humorous Department.

Short of Flags .- A certain admiral tells an amusing story of an explosive old seaman under whom he served many years ago.

During some tactical operations one of the ships of the squadron had made some blunders and at last the admiral lost his temper. He stormed about the quarter-deck and informed his hearers of his opinion of the officer in command of the erring ship.

When he paused at last for want of breath he turned to the signal and said: "And you can tell him that, sir." "I beg your pardon, sir," he ven-"but I don't think we have enough flags for your message,"

Benefit Performance.—For some time the benign old gentleman sat watching the novice in his vain attempts to land a fish. Finally the angler was reduced to his last worm and still no catch. "Cheer up, son," said the old gentleman. "They're biting well for you at any rate."

"No, they ain't," retorted the other aggrievedly. "They're bitin' for their own personal benefit, that's what they

A Natural Error.-"How did it come about," a friend of the family asked, "that old Goldbug's daughter refused Lord

"Well, you see," another friend of the family answered, "Jane Goldbug is slightly deaf, and when the Earl proposed to her she thought he was soliciting for the Red Cross, and so she told him she was very sorry, but she had promised her money in another direction."-London Evening News.

Force of Habit .- 'My new cook is simply awful," mourned Mrs. West. "At breakfast this morning she put sugar on the eggs, pepper on the oranges and salt in the coffee."

"My dear, she must have had her training as a telephone operator," sympathized Mrs. North.

A Secret .- "I was told something today that I promised never to repeat to a living soul," Mrs. Bings remarked impressively.

"All right," Mr. Bings responded patiently, putting down his paper. "All right, I'm listening. Go ahead."

Correct .- School teacher (to little boy)-"If a farmer raises 3.700 bushels of wheat and sells it for \$2.50 per bushel, what will he get?"

Little Boy -"An automobile."-Western Christian Advocate (Cincin-

His. Way .- "When a friend calls your attention to a fault you at once strive to get rid of it, do you not?" questioned Professor Pate, preparatory to uttering a platitude.

"No," replied J. Fuller Gloom. "I strive to get rid of that friend."

Convalescing .- "How is the bean soup today?" asked the regular customer of the Rapid Fire Restaurant.

"Better than it was yesterday," replied Heloise, the waitress. "The chef dropped another bean into it this

The Saving Instinct .- "What gives you the impression Dobson is engaged to Dolly Spendum?"

"Well, I notice that lately he's been carefully tucking away the tobacco coupon every time he buys a cigar."

Anything to Oblige.- "Are you sure you can prove my client is crazy?" "Why, certainly,' replied the eminent alienist. "And what is more, if

you are ever in trouble and need my services I'll do the same thing for you."-Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Stagger Toddle.-Algy-"Parker, I'm ruined socially! Last night at the ball I drank too much and staggered into everybody." Valet-"Scarcely that, sir. Every

one's talking of you as inventing a

new dance."-Passing Show (London). The Latest Alibi .- The Boss: "Well,

what excuse this time? Grandmother dead again, I suppose?"

The O. B.: "No, sir! Grandmother wants me to take her to the game and point out all the best-known players."

Her One Opportunity.-Mrs. Myles -"Ever catch your husband flirting?" Mrs. Styles-"Yes; once."

Mrs. Myles-"What did you do to him?"

Mrs. Styles - "Married him."-Yonkers Statesman.

Good Cause for "Nerves."-"You don't know how nervous I was when I

proposed to you. "You don't know how nervous I was until you did."-The American Legion Weekly.

Another Chance.-Professor (in the middle of a joke)-"Have I ever told the class this one before?"

Class (in a chorus)-"Yes." Professor (proceeding)-"Good! You will probably understand it this time." -New York Sun.

The Jilt .- Charlotte-"Saw Joe at the movies with Mabel Saturday right. Aren't you keeping company

with him now?" Gladys-"No. I asked him if he liked her better than me, and he said

yes-so I threw him over."-Life. But Not Rattled .- Bessie: "Did you

notice that Russell came to the ball grounds in his flivver today?" Percy: "That accounts for his pitch-

ing such a rattling good game."



Their surprise seemed genuine.

Dale pressed the subject further and

learned only that if they knew any-

thing concerning the disappearance

of the pool above the blown-down syc-

There was a chance that Ben Little-

ford's daughter would be there fishing,

Dale told himself, and it was barely

possible that she could throw some

He crossed the river by means of

the prostrate tree. Babe was there;

she sat on the stone on which she had

been sitting the morning before; her

back was to him, and her bare feet

were in the water to her ankles. Dale

went up close, stopped and gathered

a handful of violets and dropped them

"Nothin'. I don't much want to

ketch anything," she said slowly, a

spirit of sadness in her musical voice.

'I-I jest come off down here to be

whar it's quiet. You ought to hear the

noise 'at pap and the rest of 'em is

Dale narrowed his eyes. "Are they-

er, making a noise? And what about?"

think so ef ye could hear 'em! Y'ought

to hear pap cuss John Moreland!"

She shrugged her pretty shoulders,

lifted the small end of her rod to its

proper place, and went on, "I never

did see pap half as mad as he was

when he got home, last night from

"No; but he would ha' been ef he

hadn't ha' had all his madness turned

ag'in them Morelands. You knowed

about pap's trouble on yan side o' the

"Yes, I knew about that," Dale an-

swered slowly. "But John Moreland

thought your father was my antago-

inquiringly. "What's that?"

"I mean Adam Ball, y'know."

"An-antagonist?" Babe muttered

"Oh. That's what I told pap. But

pap he wouldn't believe it, and he

won't never believe it-'cause he don't

want to believe it. I told him 'at John

Moreland wasn't a-shootin' to hit, and

he wouldn't believe that, neither. Pap's

as hard-headed as a brindle cow, when

he gits a fool notion on him. What-

what did them Morelands say abou

"Don't matter how!" She smiled

almost saucily. "I knowed about 1

afore you did, Mr. Bill Dale. Don't

you think whoever done it done a kim

"To disarm the Morelands so that

when the enemy comes they will have

nothing with which to defend them

about these hill feuds. "No. Miss Lit-

tleford, I can't say that I think it was

Date. Her cheeks were flushed.

what're you a-kickin' about?"

Miss Littleford arose and faced

"Has the inemy come?" she de

in sharply. "If the inemy hain't come

Her brown eyes were full of fire

They debed, and they withered, and

Bill Lale suddenly felt that he was

smaller and of less account in the

scheme of things than that uneducat-

ed, wildly superb creature that stood

didn't mean to offend, y'know."

"I beg pardon," Dale said evenly. "1

His quick contrition struck the girl.

Her mouth quivered. She dropped

her fishing-rod, and began to toy ab-

sently with the end of her long, thick

Dale didn't know much

"How did you find that out?"

their guns a-bein' gone?"

Dale straightened.

a kind thing to do."

manded icily.

before hlm. .

plait of brown hair.

"No. but-

"Mad at you?" asked Dale.

n-fo!lerin' me."

river last night?"

nist of yesteray."

"My goodness gracious alive! You'd

over her shoulder and into her lap.

Babe looked around and smiled.

"What luck, Miss Littleford?"

light on the mystery of the rifles.

CHAPTER IV

The Mystery of the Rifles. An hour after John Moreland had sent his ten rifle bullets whining over the head of Ben Littleford, every Moreland and every Littleford in the valley knew of the declaration of war. And each man of them olled his weapons and put them in better weeking

When Dale went to hed, there was too much on his mind to render sleeping easy for him. Tomorrow he would have to help in the fight against the Littlefords, kinsmen of the young woman who had saved him, without doubt, from death by the murderous rifle of the mountaineer Gollath-or break his word flatly. It was a poor return for such a favor! The longer he thought over the dilemma, the more perplexed

He thought, too, of the everlasting wonder, the tail of John Moreland's bedtime prayer. How a man could go down on his knees and ask the blessings of the Almighty upon men whom he mednt to fight the next day was a thing that Bill Dale could not under-

It was after midnight before he slept. He woke at the break of day, arose and dressed himself, and went out. Going toward the flower-filled front yard, he found himself fucing a very angry John Moreland.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Matter enough," clipped the mountaineer. "Bill Dale, I'm a-goin' to ax you a question, and I want the truth.

Will I git it?"

"You'll get the truth if you get any thing. Shoot the question." "All right. What do you know about

"About as much as you know of the

left hind wheel of Ben Hur's chariot. What's wrong with It?" Moreland's eyes were steady and

cold. He thrust his hands into the pockets of his corduroy trousers. Then his face softened a trifle. "I reckon I ought to ax yore par-

don," he said in a low voice. "Ye see. my gun's plumb gone!" "You had it only last night," Dale

said. "Did it disappear-" "Whilst I slept," cut in the hillman. "Both o' my guns is gone. And Luke's repeater is gone, and so is Cale's, and we hain't got nothin' at all to fight them d-d Littlefords with!"

"Gone!" Dale exclaimed wondering ly and-it seemed to him-asininely.

"It must ha' been the Littlefords, I guess," frowned Moreland. "Fo' because who else would ha' done it? But to save the life o' me I cain't see how they got in and took my rifle without wakin' me up, Bill Dale. I slept twicet as light as a sick mouse."

Within ten more minutes, every man of the Morelands was gathered there at the house of their chief-and every man of them had lost their weapons during the night!

John Moreland called Dale aside and said to him:

"You're high on the good side o' them thar triffin' Hecks, and, so fer as they know, you ain't int'rested in the feud. I wisht you'd go down that and see By and his mother, and see ef ye can find out whar our rifles went."

When Dale had gone off down the dusty oxwagon road, Caleb Moreland climbed a tall ash that grew behind his father's cabin and kept a watch toward the Littleford side of the river He saw a group of men standing in Ben Littleford's cabin yard, and noth

A little more than a quarter of an hour after Dale left John Moreland he entered by the gateless gateway at the cubin of the Hecks. It was a al lapidated place, and it stood not far from the river. By sat in the front doorway; he was lazlly cutting a new midday sun mark in the place of the worn old one. Behind him sat his mother, who was busily knitting a

gray yarn stocking. The moonshiner looked up and start-

ed quickly to his feet. "Hi, thar, Bill, old boy !" he greeted cordially. "My gosh, but ye've come at the right time, shore. We're a-goin' to have young squirrels fo' dinner, and a b'iled hamshank with string beans, and cawnbread made with the yeller o' hen aigs. Live whilst ye do live, says I. Come right in, Bill, old boy." "La, la, la!" cried Granny Heck, looking over the brass rims of her spectacles. "How glad I am to see ye, Mr. Bill! Come right in and tell us

the news." Bill Dale crossed the threshold and accepted a creaking chair. His eyes took in at a sweeping glance the homemade dining table with its cover of red oilcloth, the broken cast-iron stove, the strings of dried peppers hanging on the log walls, the broken stillworm lying in the corner.

"The Littlefords," said Dale, "have declared war." "Sakes I" laughed the old woman, "We knowed that last night when we

heered them ten shots." "And all the Moreland rifles are missing." Dale watched the effect of

"What!" the Hecks cried in one

STUDIES IN

By JAMES HENRY RICE, Jr.

THE MEADOW LARK.

Order-Passeres; Genus, Sturnella Family, Icteridae; Species, Magna. The Meadow Lark, or Field Lark, as he is known, is not a Lark at all, but a Starling. The generic name, Sturnella, means Litt'e Starling. Magna is atin for great.

By nature an insect eater, the Lark is at times a destructive bird. The damage done to small corn fields is often 100 per cent. But for the entire year the Lark's diet is more than 80 per cent animal matter, chiefly insects. As a rule oat fields are not injured to an appreciable extent, and the damage is worse in spring oats.

Lark a Problem. How to deal with the Lark is a prob-

lem. One thing and another has been tried. The remedy used in some quarof the rifles they were not going to tell. Then he started homeward by way ters for preventing injury to corn is to tar the grains, then rub in graphite, so

He gen'ally stays with us when he's here. You go easy with John Moreland! But when ye git him, ye'll have 'em all. I'll work on pap. The' ain't no danger o' trouble right now, anyways. Goodby, Bill Dale!"

"One moment, Miss Littleford," and he took a step after her. "Are you sure there's no danger right now?" Babe halted, faced about nervously, and smiled a little.

"Don't call me 'Miss' ne more," sald she. "It makes me feel old. Call me what everybody else calls me, ef ye don't mind. Why, every one o' the Littlefords lost their rifles last night the same as the Morelands did! Meet me here at sundown, and I'll tell ye about it. Goodby, Bill Dale!" "Goodby, Babe!" he smiled.

(To be Continued.)

hat it will go through a corn planter The secretary of agriculture last year gave permission to shoot the birds; but this often fails, for the birds are very persistent.

In a community where a great deal of corn is planted, the injury is often not noticed for depredations are scaltered over a wide area. Where fields are small and surrounded by woods Larks do most damage. There is no use to deny the plain facts of the case.

Careful About Nests.

There are two things the young observer may note about the Lark. First, the bird walks and does not hop. This shows it to be a ground bird, for treedwellers usually hop, for the simple reason that their legs are joined fast with a tendon and must be moved to-

both feet. Adds to Beauty of Fields.

Lark has enlargement of the gullet, or weed seeds, have a crop.

the beauty of nature; but a wise care will see that he keeps out of mischief The bird is too well known to require description. The sexes are colored alike, except that the female is a shade

thousand wives and was the wisest man on earth." Dub: "He needed to be."

LaGrippe, or money refunded.

With this exception the Lark is one of the most useful of all birds. Their usefulness is of a special character on account of their habit of boring into the ground, thereby getting at pests that most other birds cannot reach. The range of the birds is the United States, east of the Great Plains, where its place is taken by the Western Meadow Lark (Sturnella Magna Neglecta). They breed throughout their

The nest, with its speckled eggs, is a model, being arched over and conceal-ed with utmost care.

ROCK HILL, - - S. C. gether. The Blue Jay, for example, jumps into the air and scratches with

The second point to note is that the craw, (or crop), as it is called. This shows it to be an insect eater by nature; for birds whose food is grain or

The fields would not be the same without the Meadow Lark. He adds to

A Necessity .- Rub: "Solomon had a

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"I've seed so much o' this fightin'," she murmured tremulously, "that it OIL from US and makes me go to pieces. I ought to beg yore pardon, mebbe, and I d.do. . . SAVE MONEY. I've seed a good many fine, strong men brought home dead or a-dyin' from the Moreland bullets. And the Littlefords has killed Morelands, too. H. CARROLI One side about as many as t'other, I

"I'll help you, if I can," Dale told her. "Perhaps we can make friends of the Morelands and your people."

"You don't know what a hard thing it'd be," she replied tearfully. "The two sets has hated each other ever sence I can rickollect. And you won't be here very long, I reckon." "I may be here for the rest of my

reckon. I'd be glad to give my life

life," said Dale. "Is it the coal?" Inquired Babe. "Partly-yes, it's the coal. I'm gong to develop it for the Morelands." Babe looked at him with a tiny herald of hope in her eyes. Before she could speak again there came from somewhere back in the meadow the

sound of her father's voice-

"Babe! O-oh, Babe!" "Comin' !" cried the girl, half turning. "We'll try to make 'em friends; we'll try. Old Major Bradley, he'll be up here afore long to spend the summer, and he'll help us. He's a mighty good man; you're shore to like him.

## THE BRIDGE

You probably remember the incident, It happened a few months ago. A bridge in the middle west collapsed. And down went a passenger train, carrying with it death and destruction

into the water below.

The investigation which followed showed that the bridge, from an engineering standpoint, was constructed along the right lines. The wreck was due to a defective cable-poor quality of material.

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No. 217. J. D. McDOWELL, M. D.
53

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