Dumorous Department.

Doctor First .- A motor car was careering down a beautiful truly rural country lane, with millions of twists and turns, when, sudden'y swinging around one of the corners, the driver found a hay wagon about two yards ahead of him.

As the car was traveling at thirty miles an hour and the wagon at three miles an hour, the odds seemed on a collision. Before an honest man had time to place the bet with a bookmaker, the collision occurred.

The driver on the hay wagon was thrown into the road on his head and lay there in a semi-conscious condition until the two occupants of the motor car lifted him to the side of the lane.

Another rustic came up at that momoment and upon inquiries the motorists discovered that the nearest houses were an undertaker's shop, two miles in one direction, and a doctor's house, which they had passed, one mile and three-quarters behind them on the road they had just come along.

"Shall we take him to the undertaker's shop or back to the doctor's?" asked the first of the motorists.'

The victim of the accident raised his head and cried:

"Take me to the doctor's first, you fools!"

Confidential,-"Once a very charming young woman presented a small check at my window," said the speaker at a recent bankers' convention. "She was transparently honest, but had no acquaintance in the bank nor any letters or other papers with her. I asked her if she had a handkerchief or some article of jewelry marked with her name or initials. After a moment's deep thought her face brightened and she asked: 'Would an initialed garfer buckle do?

"Did she get the money?" asked a voice in a tone of detached scientific inquiry from the back of the room.

"I must remind you," said the speaker, judicially, "that a bank's relations with its clients often are highly confidential."

and ambitious and had studied the it?" matrimonial problem to a nicety.

"Yes, I suppose I shall wed eventually," she said, "but the only kind of masculine nuisance that will suit me must be tall and dark, with classical features. He must be brave and yet gentle, withal he must be strong-a lion among men but a knight among you set me free?" women."

That evening a bowlegged, lathframed youth wearing checked trousers and smoking a cigarette rattled the door knob and the girl knocked four tumblers and a cut glass fruit dish off the sideboard in her haste to get to him.-Houston Post.

Delightful Flavor,-An inexperienced golfer appeared on a suburban golf course and soon showed his prowess in scattering turf.

His partner, a complacent person, stood it for a long time in silence. Presently the beginner made a magnificent drive, his ball flew over the horizon, and several pecks of soil were driven into his partner's mouth. "Fine links," said he.

"Fine!" agreed his polite partner, as he wiped the soil from his lips. "The best I ever tasted."-Edinburgh Scotsman.

Big as a Porfitcer's Heart.-From giants the conversation had turned to dwarfs and then the city prevaricator spoke.

"All those dwarfs you've mentioned may have been very small," he declared, airily, "but none of them can compare with a stunted specimen I once came across. He was so short that every time his corns hurt him---"

"Well," asked the only listener who had remained to hear the story.

"Every time his corns hurt him," said the narrator, "he imagined he had a headache."-Houston Post,

A Good Joke, However .- An argument as to the origin of bagpipes had waxed loud and long between a Scotchman and an Irishman, each of whom claimed that his own country had produced the instrument.

Finally the Irishman clinched matters by remarking:

"Well, the truth is, the Irish invented the poipes and made a prisent av them to the Scots. And the Scots haven't seen the joke yet!"-Houston Post.

Time to Move,-An Irishman visiting a friend in the hespital began to take an interest in the other patients, "What are you in here for?" he asked one. "I've got tonsilitis, and I've got to have my tonsils cut out," was the answer, "And you?" she asked another. "I've got bloodpoisoning in the arm, and they're going to cut it off," was the reply, "Heavens!" said Pat, in honhor, "this ain't no place for me. I've got a cold in my head. I guess I'll be going."

Wrong!-On returning home from school one day Jackie at once proceeded to the rabbit hut. From inside the house his mother could hear him questioning the rabbits thus: "Twice | in danger o' bein' laywayed by some two?" no answer. Again, "Twice two?" Still no answer. "Why on earth are you talking to the rabbits in that fashion, Jackie?" she asked. "Well, mother, teacher told us this morning that rabbits multiply very quickly, but I thought all along she was wrong."

No Symptoms.-'Who is the mysterious stranger?"

"Some kind of an investigator." "Working for the government?"

"I doubt it. He keeps pretty busy," -Detroit Free Press.



The night passed, and another bright summer day dawned, and in the Cartersville jall there was one prisoner who had not slept at all. Each of those long and heavy black hours had been an age to this prisoner to whom iail was so new.

At noon a furious windstorm, accompanied by much vivid lightning and blinding rain, sprang out of the west and began to sweep the country side and out of the lowering wet gloom there came one to deliver Bill Dale. He was a mountaineer, young and stalwart and strong, and about him there was much of that certain English fine ness that was so striking in his father

He entered the low, square building of brick and stone and stopped in the center ef the corridor, where he stood while water ran from his wet clothing and gathered in little pools at his feet and looked to his right and to his left. Dale saw him, and cried out in surprise: •

"Caleb!" Caleb Moreland walked straight, his head up and his shoulders back, a splendid picture of virile young manhood, to the end of the corridor. He gripped two of the door's hated bars, bars that had long been worn smooth by other human hands; he pressed his smoothly shaven, sunburned face against the iron, and smiled.

"How are ye a-feelin' by this time, Fancy and Fact.-She was pretty Bill? It's some h-l of a place, ain't

> Dale took a step toward him. "Well, a queen's boudoir is nicer. What are you doing here, Cale?"

> "I've come to set you free," said Caleb Moreland. Dale stared unbelievingly. "But

that is impossible, Cale. How could "Call Tom Flowers, and I'll sight

Dale called, and the officer came immediately. Caleb Moreland turned from the cell door and faced him. "I've come here to own up to the



"I've Come Here to Own Up to the Killin' o' Black Adam Ball," Began the Young Hillman.

killin' o' Black Adam Ball," began the young hillman.

He swallowed, went a trifle pale under his tan, and continued bravely:

"Bill Dale than, he never done it. I am the one 'at done it. Bill he shot at Adam, but he missed-Adam had done shot at Bill fust, y'onderstand, Tom. But I dian't miss. I don't never miss. I'm a plumb tombstone shot. They allus rules me out at any shootin' match. I'd ha' owned up to it yeste'day, but the thought o' jail had me skeered bad. I jest cain't let as good a man as Bill Dale thar suffer fo' a thing I done myself. So you let him

out, Tom, and put the right man in Flowers had a good heart, and this touched it. But he was not very much

surprised. "Tell us about it, Caleb," he re

quested. Caleb looked toward Dale, then he faced the lord of Cartersville's little

prison again, "Well, shuriff, when I seed Bill Date go off toward the trustle by hisself and alone, I knowed right then he was o' them thar lowdown Balls and Cherokee Torreys. So I decides to foller atter him and gyard him, without him a-knowin' anything about it, which same I done. When he met Adam Ball-"

He broke off abruptly. "Go on," urged Flowers.

"I reckon I won't," smiled Caleb, and his eyes were still twinkling. "I reckon I won't do no more talkin' jest now. Yes, I reckon the proper place 'fo' me to do my big talkin' is in the cottehouse at my trial. Lock me up

"We'll see," said Flowers. Forthwith he dispatched a deputy for Judge Carter and Major Bradley, who hastened to the fall.

An hour later Caleb Moreland was the occupant of the cell at the end of the whitewashed corridor, and Dale was mounting his bay horse Fox to ride back into the heart of the everlasting hills. He arrived two hours after nightfall. The Morelands were glad to see him, and the Littlefords were glad to see him. There was re joicing there in the broad valley that lies between David Moreland's moun tain and the Big Pine. Everybody had been expecting him, and many were the pairs of eyes that had been watch ing for him. He found himself sud denly wishing, with a tightening at his throat, that his father could know how much bigger and how much bet ter it was to be thus esteemed than to be wealthy.

Luke took charge of his tired horse and led it away to the old log barr and to some fifteen ears of yellow corn. Luke's father escorted him proudly, the guest of honor, in to one of Addie Moreland's incomparable old fashioned suppers, which was nonthe worse for being late. Severa Littlefords sat at the long, home made table.

John Moreland turned up the light a little, and cracked a worn but time ly joke; then he looked toward one of the men whom he had fought throughout many years, and muttered into his thick brown beard:

"Saul, friend, will ye do us the favor o' axin' the blessin', ef ye please?" "Shore, John, o' course."

Saul Littleford, the very illiterate, his plate, bent his head, and told the good Almighty that they were all very much obliged to Him for the fine supper they had before them, for Addie Moreland who had cooked it, for peace, and for Bill Dale. . . .

visitors left. They had been sitting front porch and in the cabin yard. At last Bill Dale and John Moreland were left together on the porch. "There's a thing that has puzzled

me since the moment I got here this such woman. Caleb's being in jail?

most sharply: "No Moreland ever grieved over a sacrifyce, Bill." Dale sat up straight. "A sacrifice! What do you mean?"

This time the big hillman's answer came slowly. "I mean 'at Cale he's a-takin' all o' the load off o' yore shoulders 'at he can. Cale he's a-takin' yore place in jail ontel the trial comes off, which'll be at the October term o' co'te. He trusts you to come back and set him free on the day o' the trial. O' course you'll do it; we hain't never doubted that fo' one little minute, Bill. But it wasn't all done fo' yore sake. You're the hope o' the Morelands, and you can do a heap

more here 'an Caleb can." He leaned toward Bill Dale and

went on in a confidential tone; "And I can tell ye this here, ef you're found guilty o' killin' Adam Ball, and sentenced fo' even one year, turn ye loose with a good, long start on the law."

"Wouldn't that be rather-" Dale broke off because he had seen

he spoke. "Hello, John Moreland!"

terruption. Heck advanced, carrying his rifle better authority than his. by its muzzle. He halted with one

foot on the stone step. "I've got news fo' ye, Bill," he said, recognizing Dale even in the darkat old Ball's house, and I had to choke sentative of American womanhood." about ten dawgs to do it, Bill, old boy, them Balls has done swore by everything on earth and in Heaven

and in Torment 'at they'll kill you ef

the law don't. Igod, ye'd better watch out, Bifl." John Moreland ross from his chair. "Much obleeged to ye, By. And goodnight to ye. Le's yo into the house. Bill. I didn't think them d-d pole ents had that much narve-and I don't hardly believe it yit. It might ha' been white licker a-talkin. Their kind o'white licker ain't hawnest, like By Heck's is, though his'n is bad enough Their kind'il make a man resurrect his dead inemies out o' the graveyard and shoot 'em up all over again. It ain't a-goin' to do a great deal o' harm

Bill, ef ye don't light no lamp when ye go to bed. A man cain't never tell jest what's a-goin' to happen."

you, they're every one purty durned apt to die with what is knowed gen'alease."

Sheriff Tom Flowers and four able deputies rode out of Cartersville very early on the following morning. They went to the Big Pine mountain country, and, by a scheme that entailed some shrewdness on the part of the chief officer, arrested two Balls and two Torreys on suspicion and took them away without trouble.

CHAPTER XIII

Sentenced to Hang.

The two Balls and the two Torreys were lodged in the Cartersville jail and offered their liberty and exoneration from all blame in the dynamiting affair if they would give the names of the other guilty parties and appear against them. The mountaineers de clared stoutly that they knew nothing whatever of the matter, and wher pressure was applied they grew suller and refused to talk at all.

It was plain to Flowers that they did know something about it, and he finally ordered that they be kept in a cell on a diet of bread and water unti their tongues loosened. At which the Balls and Torreys swore loudly and swore that they would rot in jai first-unless their kinsmen came and shot up the town and liberated then by force!

"To me that is proof that you four are guilty," grimly smiled the sheriff "And if your folks want to try storm ing the jail, let them. A full com pany of militia can be rushed here within an hour, at any time, and we'l give your folks all the fun they want.' It may be recorded that the four hillmen never confessed.

(To be Continued.) MISS ROBERTSON TALKS

Corrects Impression Given Out by Press of the Country.

Miss Alice M. Robertson, Congresswoman from Oklahoma, made the following statement recently:

"The newspapers announced that a delegation of women were to urge from courthouse. the president to appoint a woman member of the Disarmament Commisexecutive office and filed a letter rec-Maine, for such appointment. A reporter stopped me in the lobby to lot adjoining 90,000 feet. That all thought of GLIDDEN'S, said: ask what I had seen the President about to which I replied I had merely filed a letter. He asked if my fletter was as to a woman on the commission. I did not wish to give him a direct answer, so I answered with a question. "Do you know of a woman who is qualified?" "Qualified! laced his big fingers together across | What do you mean by 'qualified'?" I said "She must be American born; educated; of an environment which has given her an insight in diplomacy and a corresponding knowledge of of French; social prestige; a woman It was almost midnight when the of affairs who has had business experience; to all of which should be outside, on the honeysuckle-scented added tact, discretion and ability to ment developments on either tract. listen much and talk little." And then I added "Show me the woman," ville Graded chool. "By an unfortunate mistake I was Residence Phone 111 and Office Phone 74. misquoted as saying there was not

evening," said Dale. "Why is it that | I admit I was an anti-suffragist, but nobody seems to be grieving over with the Nineteenth amendment I acepted the equal suffrage it made my The big hillman's answer came al- duty. I cannot accept equality and demand special privilege as a woman. I therefore oppose all organizations of women as women voters, instead of American citizens-such organizations tending to the most dangerous of class legislation, that of sex. This attitude causes many good ladies to decry all words or acts of mine and is responsible for the 'tempest in a teapot' which has amused without harming me.

"In my judgment very few men in America are qualified to serve successfully on the commission. The appointments so far announced seem to be admitted to be "all right." Probably it may be thought well to call as aids experts from our army and navy to aid in a fair basis of settlement I should hardly suppose that as the Gospel stands for peace there should be the embarrassment of scleeting some distinguished clergyman as an expert, or at the other extreme some a-goln' to take ye from the officers and representative of war munitions manufacturers whose business interests might be involved.

"I do not think that any woman will be appointed. A leading memthe tall figure of a man appear in the ber of congress than whom women open gateway. It was By Heck, and in politics have no stronger champion, told me he thought such action would be a mistake as a seeming act of "Hello yeself!" growled Moreland, international discourtery to delegates who was not at all pleased at the in from countries less progressive than the United States. There could be no

"The president wrote me: "I must compliment you on your extreme good sense and your wisdom in discernment. Mrs. Hale is a very "I've been a-eavesdrappin' up remarkable and highly typical repre-

> This World First.-There is an English church where a box hangs in the porch. It is used for communications for the pastor. Cranks put their notes in it, but occasionally it does fulfill its purpose. Recently the minister preached, by request, a sermon on *Recogniion of Friends in Heaven," and durng the week the following note was found in the box: "Dear Sir-I should be much obliged if you could make it convenient to preach to your congregation on "The Recognition of Friends on Earth,' as I have been coming to your church for nearly six months, and nobody has taken any notice of me yet."-Christian Register.

- A brewing company at Port Washington, Wis., recently offered 1,000 Steele. Have a few Shop Forges. "And the Ball-Torrey outfit-" Dale barrels of beer to the United States began, when the Moreland chief cut in: Public Health Service, for use medi-"Ef the Ball-Torrey outfit pesters cally in military hospitals and homes Seed. Let us supply you. for disabled soldiers. The beer is sealed in the vats of the brewery, ly in this section as the rifle-bullet dis which were closed for one year by the federal court,

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