

TO THE DRAFTED:

FROM YOUTH'S COMPANION

To you fortunate ones who are about to go forward to that long battle line where the armies of autocracy and oppression are facing the armies of the free, congratulations and Godspeed!

You go, not as reluctant victims of misfortune or a fatal chance, but rather as our chosen ones; the pick and flower of our manhood, whole of body, sound in mind and spirit—what all of us should like to be. And we who are too old or too weak, or in some other respect unfitted to go in body, shall go with you in spirit. We know that we ask much of you, and we expect much, for we expect things in keeping with our great traditions—things born of the spirit of Nathan Hale; but we know that we shall not be disappointed.

In imagination and in sympathy we shall be there with you on the firing line, and at home we shall do all that we can to make you comfortable and content. We shall pray that you may return in safety, but even more fervently we shall pray that your courage may not flag or the edge of your determination be dulled.

You are to fight in the noblest cause in which man ever took up arms, and for a nation the most generous in all the world to her soldier sons. You go with her blessing, for she trusts you; and be sure that whether you return or not she will hold your names in honor and grateful memory until the end of time.

HOGWALLOW NEWS

DUNK BOTTS, Editor.



One of the most important news items we have been compelled to chronicle in some time is the announcement that Cricket Hick has decided to roach his hair on the left side this summer. He does this to hide the place where a calf kicked him.

A swarm of bees got after Atlas Peck the other day and chased him nearly to the still-house. The bees showed very poor judgment in their selection of a place to settle.

Flim Dillard, who has been driving a young steer to his cart for sometime past, has succumbed to the rapid advances of civilization and will hereafter drive a mule.

Slim Flinders thinks times are now about normal as the fish are biting good and the prospects are good for a big blackberry crop.

Rats entered Poke Eazley's corn crib a few nights ago and carried away a lot of corn. Rats look so much alike it will be hard for him to find the guilty ones.

A hog grunts around a who's lot but you never heard of one taking patent medicine.

The Old Miser of Musket Ridge who buried a few dollars in the garden one night last week went out to count it yesterday and found it gone. Tobe Moseley thinks he probably planted it in the light nights, and Tobe is a strong advocate of planting in the dark nights.

Claud Hester thinks protracted meetings should be held oftener, both for the benefit of the sinners and the preacher.

An all-day singing with dinner on the ground, was given at Dog Hill church Sunday. Raz Barlow was present and conducted himself very well with the exception that he made several ugly tracks on the table cloths by stepping on them in reaching after the best things to eat.

The threatened order of having distillers cut out the manufacture of Likker to conserve grain will not affect the Hog Ford Moonshine still. If that war order is made this institution may have to run some in daytime also.

The Methodists are preparing to give a picnic at Hog Ford next week. Everybody in that section is expected to be present except the Potlocks family. They are Baptists.

Last week while Byrd Carey and Bennett Powers were seining in Gimlet creek they brought out a bottle of whiskey and a deck of cards from the bottom of the stream. Byrd believes they were thrown in there by a stranger, as he says nobody around there has reformed.

JANE'S REDISCOVERY

By CATHARINE CRAIMER.

If Jane Wilson's married sister had not come home for a visit just at the time Leonard Mills was leaving Springfield to take up practice with a leading law firm in Chicago there is every probability that Jane would have become engaged to Leonard before he left. A proposal had been on the end of Leonard's tongue more than once, as Jane well knew, but until he had prospects more encouraging than his scattering civil cases in the circuit court gave him it wasn't exactly prudent to become engaged. While prudence is not always the guiding influence in the timing of engagements, it had to play its part in this case, for Jane had a snug little income of her own and Leonard's last penny had gone for his legal education.

The day before Leonard got the offer from the Chicago law firm Jane's married sister came home, and, as she opened her traveling bag, she threw a new magazine over on the bed. The cover attracted Jane, and while her sister took a nap Jane took the magazine out in the yard by the lilac bushes and, turning idly through it, she noticed a story entitled, "Propinquity and Perspective."

The title sounded almost as heavy to Jane as some of the legal terms Leonard sometimes let slip in his conversation. She frowned as she began to read, but gradually she became fascinated as she found it to be the story of a girl who had thought herself in love with her boyhood sweetheart until she lived for a time away from him among men of the world. When she returned, with many new interests in life, she found that her boyhood sweetheart was still interested only in the local happenings. He listened with only moderate patience and no interest to her enthusiastic accounts of the phases of life she had glimpsed while in the city, where her aunt's home was a center for people who were "doing things" in various professions. As the title of the story suggested, perspective revealed so much about her sweetheart that propinquity had concealed that the girl shrank from him and accepted with eagerness her aunt's invitation to return to the city to make her permanent home.

Jane discovered that the story was in two parts, and to be concluded in the next issue of the magazine, but part one had set her thinking in a direction that led to her refusal to enter into an engagement with Leonard Mills when he called for that specific purpose the night before he left for Chicago.

"But Jane," protested Leonard, "it's been tentatively understood all along that we'd marry some day."

"And, Leonard, that is the very reason why neither of us has got far enough away from the idea to see whether it really appeals to us from choice or just from habit. We've been set aside for each other by our families and our friends until it all seems a matter of course that we should marry." Jane looked straight ahead of her at an old engraving of a pair of lovers in its quaint gilt frame on the wall.

"Jane, is there somebody else?" asked Leonard.

"No, Leonard; but neither you nor I know enough of others to know whether we really want to marry each other."

"I don't have to know others to know that I want to marry you. Why, Jane, it wasn't like you to be talking like this. Don't you love me the least little bit?"

"I like you sincerely, Leonard; but whether I love you as I ought to love the man I promise to marry, I frankly do not know. You are going into a life entirely different from what you've known," she continued. "Your ideas will change and you yourself will unconsciously change. If I remain here I shall not change, and you might find me very uninteresting from your broadened viewpoint when you return in later years. Your sense of chivalry wouldn't let you tell me so, and it would mean misery for both of us eventually when we had time to see the mistake we had made."

"Don't talk nonsense, dear; that could never happen," pleaded Leonard.

"Oh, yes it could, but it won't, because I'm going away also, where I'll get a new outlook on life, and then when we meet on a plane where we can get a perspective of each other we'll know whether we really look good to each other." The slangy termination of Jane's high-flown speech was accompanied by a nervous little laugh.

"Where on earth are you going, Jane?"

"I'm going to New York to study artistic designing and decorating."

"Sounds vague to me," said Leonard. "Why can't you learn that sort of thing in Chicago?"

"Oh, I'm going to New York to be properly chaperoned by Aunt Amy; she has a charming studio there, and gets big contracts for furnishing and decorating suites and whole houses, and she has loads of interesting friends."

"Well, I've nothing to offer you to take the place of all that; but there seems little left for me to work for now. I'd hoped you would spend the next year making plans for your own home with me, but—" Leonard's voice broke.

"Dear Len, please don't feel that I'm trying to hurt you; it's as much for your sake as my own. Besides,

not having the impending burden of a wife will make it easier for you to give your whole mind to your professional work the first years."

"Years? How long is this notion of yours going to keep us apart, I'd like to know?" Leonard was not yet convinced of the wisdom of the plan, but all his arguments failed to shake Jane's faith in it, and so they said good-by as friends only.

Jane was taking a final survey of the apartment she had decorated and furnished for Mrs. Delafield, who had left the selection of materials and colors so largely to her that the result was the most satisfactory of the many similar apartments she had decorated during her two years with her Aunt Amy.

Outside it was a drizzly November day, but within the apartment there were color and comfort and cheeriness. Jane dropped down in a tapestried armchair by the living room window which overlooked the Hudson. As she looked about her cozy, home-like room she sighed heavily as she thought she must leave it all now and see it no more. She felt homesick for just such a home of her own. As the rain trickled down the window glass a tear trickled down Jane's cheek.

Then her mind went back to the old home in Springfield, where she had been but twice since she took up her busy life in New York. The last time was to her brother's wedding, a year ago. She could imagine them all as they would be at this hour—her mother sitting by the wood fire, her brother's wife crooning a song to the wee baby, and watching the clock for the time when her husband would hurry home from his noisy flouring mill to the quiet fireside. Jane thought also of Leonard Mills, who was reported doing wonders professionally, but whose occasional letters to her gave scant personal history. Through the villagers she had heard when at home last that he had received a considerable legacy from an aunt, who died in California. The sound of Mrs. Delafield's voice coming out of the elevator broke Jane's reverie.

"It's a regular dream, I tell you; and isn't it just the worst luck that we can't enjoy it, after all?" she was saying. "But if you want to send that telegram you'd better go back down to the office, for my telephone is not in, and it will be an hour before I'm ready to go. I've ordered tea sent up from the cafe. Come on up when you're ready."

She came on into the living room as she concluded the last remark over her shoulder, and Jane heard a faint response in a man's voice as she rose to greet her patron.

"I could hardly resist making believe it was all mine," said Jane smiling as she waved her hands to indicate the cozy apartment.

"And I can hardly resist tears when I think it can't be mine after all. The doctors have ordered my husband to southern California, and we're going to start next week."

"Oh, I'm so sorry you must go, and so sorry your husband hasn't improved."

"It is because he refused to go when the doctors advised it; now they order it." After a walk through the apartment Mrs. Delafield returned to the living room. "I was just telling my cousin, who is locating in New York," she added, "that he would have to find a wife and take this apartment off my hands. Here he is now. Come in, Len. Miss Wilson, let me present my cousin, Mr. Mills."

The words were the only things commonplace about the introduction. Mrs. Delafield stood astonished as Leonard grabbed both of Jane's hands and Jane looked pleased to have him do so. She read enough between the lines of their partial explanation to think it advisable to leave them alone. So she went for a final look at the tiled kitchen and bath, whose perfect equipment had been her especial pride. When she returned, only fifteen minutes later, Leonard led Jane to her, and, with a sweeping bow, presented her as the future Mrs. Mills. A flash of pleased surprise passed over Mrs. Delafield's face.

"Oh, then you will take the apartment, won't you?" she exclaimed. And they took it immediately.

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Lingua Americana.

American slang was never more easily studied in London than today, what with "crook" plays at the theaters and screen legends at the cinema. It was at a picture show the other evening that I sat up a fraction of an inch on seeing these words dazzle before me:

"Keep the soft pedal on your natural instincts, or you will slip your mitt."

It seems excellent advice, though I should not know quite how to paraphrase it. Other cinema legends seen just now are:

"I am going the route."

"It requires only about ten minutes for women to learn to slather it."

"When she wanted him to show her the bright lights he began to act like a quitter."—T. P.'s London Weekly.

A Call Down.

Mr. Bragg—I object to being called a "ray lothario." Of course, I am not engaged to any particular girl, but— Miss Snapper—Of course, you're not. If she were particular you couldn't be.

Saw the Sign.

"I thought you told me you were going around to that china decorator's to look for a job?"

"I did. But there was a sign outside, 'Firing Party.'"—Judge.

Doctor Says Nuxated Iron Will Increase Strength of Delicate People 100% in Ten Days

In many instances—Persons have suffered untold agony for years doctoring for nervous weakness, stomach, liver or kidney disease or some other ailment when their real trouble was lack of iron in the blood.—How to tell.

New York, N. Y.—In a recent discourse Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied widely both in this country and in great European medical institutions, said: "If you were to make an actual blood test on all people who are ill you would probably be greatly astonished at the exceedingly large number who lack iron and who are ill for no other reason than the lack of iron. The moment iron is supplied all their multitudinous symptoms disappear. Without iron the blood at once loses the power to change food into living tissue, and therefore nothing you eat does you any good; you don't get the strength out of it. Your food merely passes through your system like corn through a mill with the rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind. As a result of this continuous blood and nerve starvation, people become generally weakened, nervous, and all run down and frequently develop all sorts of conditions. One is too thin; another is burdened with unhealthy fat; some are so weak they can hardly walk; some think they have dyspepsia, indigestion or liver trouble; some can't sleep at night; others are always tired all day; some fussy and irritable; some skinny and bloodless, but all lack physical power and endurance. In such cases it is worse than foolishness to take stimulating medicines or narcotics, which only whip up your flagging vital powers for the moment, maybe at the expense of your life later on. No matter what any one tells you, if you are not strong and well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See

how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were all the time double, and even triple, their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of their symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form, and thus, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. You can talk as you please about all the wonders wrought by new remedies, but when you come down to hard facts there is nothing like good old iron to put color in your cheeks and good sound, healthy flesh on your bones. It is also a great nerve and stomach strengthener and the best blood builder in the world. The only trouble was that the old forms of inorganic iron, like tincture of iron, acetate, etc., often ruined people's teeth, upset their stomachs, and were not as assimilated, and for these reasons they frequently did us more harm than good. But with the discovery of the new form of organic iron from all this has been overcome. Nuxated Iron, for example, is pleasant to take, does not injure the teeth and is almost immediately beneficial.

NOTE: The manufacturers of Nuxated Iron have such unbounded confidence in its efficacy that they guarantee to refund your money if they cannot take any man or woman under sixty who has iron and increase their strength 100 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. Also they will refund your money in any case in which Nuxated Iron does not at least double your strength in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.

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THE new Fisk Cementless Patch for auto tires has the strength where you want it. It's thick in the center. Covers a larger cut, but because all waste rubber is eliminated costs less. Most efficient and best value tire patch on the market—the best insurance you'll get home. This patch is one of the many standard value

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