



THE BROWN MOUSE

By HERBERT QUICK

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A MAN OF INTEGRITY

A physician who reaches out to benefit humanity leaves a record behind him that is worth while. Such a man was Dr. B. V. Pierce, founder of the Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y. He was an eminent physician, a leader and honored citizen, known for his honesty and executive ability. His study along medical lines, and his knowledge of the remedial qualities of herbs and plants led to the discovery of his wonderful herbal remedy, Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the woman's tonic which has had the greatest number of supporters for the past fifty years. It is just the herbal tonic required if a woman is borne down by pain and suffering at regular or irregular intervals, by nervousness or dizzy spells, headache or backache. Favorite Prescription can now be had in tablet form as well as liquid at most drug stores.

Send 10c for trial sample to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y.

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

Alays irritation, soothes and breaks throat and lung inflammation. The constant use of a cough keeps the delicate mucous membrane of the throat and lungs in a weakened condition, which Boschée's Syrup quickly and easily breaks. It has been a favorite household remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis and especially for lung trouble in millions of homes all over the world for half a century, enabling the patient to obtain a good night's rest, free from coughing with easy expectation in the morning. You can buy Boschée's Syrup wherever medicines are sold.

Raw Furs Wanted

Best market prices paid. Send for free price list. Furrier & Steinhilber, 111 W. 24th St., New York

Would Make It Clearer—Perhaps. By Professor Wile recommended to the Einstein's "The Theory of Relativity" as being a very interesting book.

Bernie—And have you read it? By—No, I'm waiting for it to appear in the movies first.

GIRLS! A GLEAMY MASS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

35-Cent "Danderine" So Improves Lifeless, Neglected Hair.

An abundance of luxuriant hair full of gloss, gleams and life shortly follows a regular toning up of neglected scalp with dependable "Danderine."

Falling hair, itching scalp and the dandruff is corrected immediately. Thin, dry, wiry or falling hair is quickly invigorated, taking on new strength, color and youthful beauty. "Danderine" is delightful on the hair; a refreshing, stimulating tonic—not sticky or greasy! Any drug store.—Advertisement.

Foolish Thought.

Mrs. Jungerbride—Somehow I can't help suspecting that you're leading a double life.

Her Husband—Nonsense! Only a single man can afford a double life.

WOMEN! DYE FADED THINGS NEW AGAIN

Dye or Tint Any Worn, Shabby Garment with or without Wraps.

Diamond Dyes

Each 15-cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint any old, worn, faded thing new, even if she has never dyed before. Choose any color at drug store.—Advertisement.

Common sense can have a real good time humoring some one else's temperament.

A cold reading room proves which are the real scholars.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

KEMP'S BALSAM

Don't let the children cough and cough.

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

"Sure!" said Pete. "We hadn't more sense than to let any one in, Clumb. Come in, the water's fine. We ain't proud!"

"Well," said Clumb, "if this fellow is going to do school work of this kind, I want him in the district, too."

"We'll come to that one of these days," said Jim. "The district is too small."

Wilbur Smythe's car stopped at the district gate and hooked for him—a signal which broke up the party. Hank Peterson passed the word to the colonel and Mr. Bronson for a board meeting the next evening. The picnic broke up in a dispersion of state married couples to their homes, and young folks to town buggies to dances and displays of fireworks in the surrounding villages.

Jim walked across the fields to his home—neither old nor young, having neither sweetheart with whom to dance nor farm to demand labor in its inexorable chores. He turned after the dinner through the wire fence and looked longingly at Jennie as she was suavely assisted into the car by the frock-coated lawyer.

"You saw what he did!" said the colonel interrogatively, as he and his daughter sat on the wagonful veranda that evening. "Who taught him the supreme wisdom of holding back his troops when they grew too wild for attack?"

"He may lose them," said Jennie. "Not so," said the colonel. "Individuals of the Brown Mouse type always succeed when they find their environment. And I believe Jim has found his."

"Well," said Jennie, "I wish his environment would find him some clothes. It's a shame the way he has to go looking. He'd be nice-appearing if he was dressed anyway."

"Oh, then you haven't heard the news," said the colonel. "Jim's going to have his first made-to-measure suit for Ames. It's all fixed."

"Who's making it?" asked Jennie. "Gustaf Paulsen, the Dane that's just opened a shop in town."

"A Dane?" queried Jennie. "Isn't he Bettina's uncle?"

"Rather," said the colonel jocularly, "seeing as how Bettina's Mrs. Hanson's daughter."

Clothes are rather important, but the difference between a suit made by Gustaf Paulsen, the new Danish craftsman, could not be supposed to be crucially important, even when designed for a very dear friend. And Jim was scarcely that—of course not! Why, then, did the county superintendent hastily run by his room and cry, "Why did she say in herself that the Hansons were very good people, and well-to-do, and it would be a fine thing for Jim and his mother—and then cry more?"

CHAPTER XVI

Jim Goes to Ames.

Jim had never felt more the upstart uneducated farmhand than when he was introduced to that audience at Ames by Professor Withers, nor more completely disgraced than when he concluded his remarks, "I regret to say, it was to him a kindly effort on the part of the audience to comfort him in his failure. His only goal was the look in Jennie's eyes."

"Young man," said an old farmer who wore thick glasses and looked like a Dutch burgomaster, "I want to have a little talk with you."

"This is Mr. Hofmeyer of Pottawatomie county," said the dean of the college.

"I'm glad to meet you," said Jim. "I can talk to you now."

"No," said Jennie. "I know Mr. Hofmeyer will excuse you until after dinner. We have a little party for Mr. Hofmeyer, and we shall be late if we don't hurry."

"Where can I see you after supper?" asked Mr. Hofmeyer.

"Easy it was to satisfy Mr. Hofmeyer; and Jim was hurried off to a dinner given by Count Superior and Jennie to Jim, the dean, Professor Withers, and one or two others—and a wonderfully select and distinguished company it seemed to Jim. Jennie seized a moment's opportunity to say, "You did beautifully, Jim; everybody says so."

"I failed!" said Jim. "You know I failed. I couldn't remember my speech. I was all over the place. I want to get out in the now."

"You made the best address of the meeting; and you did it because you forgot your speech," insisted Jennie.

"Does anyone else think so?" asked Jim. "You must learn to be here in what you have done. Even Count Superior says it was the best. He says he didn't think you had it in you!"

"This advice from her to 'believe in what you have done'—wasn't there something new in Jennie's attitude here? Wasn't his belief in what he was doing precisely the thing which had made him such a success to the county superintendent? However, Jim couldn't stop to answer the question which popped up in his mind.

"What does Professor Withers say?" he asked.

"He's delighted—silly!"

"Silly?" How wonderful it was to be called "silly"—in that tone.

"I shouldn't have forgotten the speech if it hadn't been for this darned boiled shirt and collar, and for wearing a cravat," urged Jim in explanation.

"You ought to've worn them around the house for a week before coming," said Jennie. "Why didn't you ask my advice?"

"I will, next time, Jennie," said Jim. "I didn't suppose I needed a blushing—but I guess I did!"

Jennie ran away then to ask Mrs. Hanson and Bettina to join their dinner party. She had a sudden access of friendliness for the Hansens. Mrs. Hanson refused because he was going out to see the college horse fair, but at Jennie's urgent request, reinforced by pats and hugs, Bettina consented. Jennie was very happy, and proved herself a beaming hostess. The dead devoted himself to Bettina and Jim found out afterward that this inquiring gentleman was getting at the mental processes of a specimen pupil in one of the new kind of rural schools, in which he was only half inclined to believe. He thanked Jim for his speech, and said it was "most suggestive and thought-provoking," and as the party broke up slipped into Jim's hand a check for the honorarium. He was not until then that Jim felt quite sure that he was actually to be paid.

Mr. Hofmeyer was waiting to give Jim the final convincing proof that he had produced an effect with his speech.

"Do you teach the kind of school you lay out in your talk?" he asked.

"I try to," said Jim, "and I believe I do."

"Well," said Mr. Hofmeyer, "that's the kind of education I believe in. I think of it."

"What?"

"I don't see why you want me," Jim went on.

"Why?" asked Mr. Hofmeyer. "I had not supposed," said Jim, "that she had a very high opinion of my work."

"Did you talk with her about my work?" inquired Jim, suddenly very curious.

"Mhm."

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—say German. What'd'ye say to comin' down and teachin' school? We've got two-room affair, and it was made a committee of one to find a teacher."

"I don't see how," Jim stammered, all taken aback by this new breeze of recognition.

"We can't say much," said Hofmeyer. "You have charge of the discipline in the whole school, and teach in Number Two room. Seventy-five dollars a month. Does it appeal to you?"

Appeal to him! And yet, how about the Simmes, Colonel Woodruff, the Hansens and Newton Bronson, now just getting a firm start on the upward path to usefulness and respectability? How could he leave the little, crude, puny structure on which he had been merely preening—for a year, and remove to the new field?

"I'm afraid I can't," said Jim Irwin, "but—"

"If you're only 'traid you can't,' said Mr. Hofmeyer, "think it over. I've got your post office address on this program, and we'll write you a formal offer. We may spring them figures a little. Think it over."

"We've done all the things I mentioned in my talk, or that I haven't made any mistakes or failures."

"Your county superintendent didn't mention any failures," said Mr. Hofmeyer.

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