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WILL Drive Your Old and New Bowels Back to Normal  
WILL Drive Your Old and New Bowels Back to Normal

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The New York Nursery and Child's Hospital has devised a plan for welcoming the sick on the installment plan. Prospective mothers register in advance for reservations and pay \$7 or \$10 per month for seven months, according to whether a ward or private room is required. At the time of baby's arrival all is paid so that the family exchequer is not overtaxed at all once.

**Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION**  
BELLANS  
6 BELLANS Hot Water Sure Relief  
25c and 75c PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

And Warm the Mattress.  
"I have only one request to make," groaned the college man, who had come to participate in the harvest.  
"What is that, Mr. Smart?" returned the farmer.  
"Please let me stay in bed long enough for the lamp chimney to cool off."

"Traveling Plant."  
One of the most extraordinary plants known is the "traveling plant," which has a root formed of kumbe, by which it annually advances about an inch from the place where it was first rooted.

Chas. E. Backus



**Health is the Most Valuable Asset You Have**

Newage, Mich.—"Some years ago I was troubled with dizziness, palpitation, loss of appetite and sore and painful stomach. I tried the best physicians I could hear of, and also several put-up medicines, but nothing did me any good. Some physicians said it was my heart; some said it was my stomach; while others said it was my nerves. I got so bad I could not work very steadily, when a friend came to see me and insisted upon my trying Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I was discouraged, but tried it anyway, and after taking the second bottle I felt much better. I then bought six bottles and believe the 'Discovery' saved my life. It was rightfully named 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I would recommend it to all who need such a medicine.—Chas. E. Backus.  
All druggists, tablets or liquid; or send to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial package."

W. N. U., DETROIT, MO. 3-1924.

## The Brown Mouse

By HERBERT QUICK

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"What kind of a proposition did that fellow make?" asked Jim. "He asked me about you, and I told him you're a crackerjack."  
"I'm much obliged," replied Jim.  
"No use in back-capping a fellow that's trying to make something of himself," said Bonner. "What ain't good politics, nor good sense. Anything to him?"  
"He offered me a salary of seventy-five dollars a month to take charge of his school," said Jim.  
"Well," said Bonner, "we'll be sorry to lose you, but you can't turn down anything like that."  
"I don't know," said Jim. "I haven't decided."

Bonner scrutinized his face sharply, as if to find out what sort of game he was playing.  
"Well," said he, at last, "I hope you see that with an offer of this kind, and I never asked. If the risk of the district can stand your kind of thrills, I can. And say, Jim—here he grew still more mysterious—"If you do stay, some of these fellows like to have you be a member of a Democrat to go into the next convention for county superintendent."

"Why," replied Jim, "I never thought of such a thing."  
"Well, think of it," said Bonner. "The county's close, and with a popular young educator—an farmer, too, it might be done. Think of it."

Jim was almost dazed at the number of "propositions" of which he was now required to "think"—and Bonner's did not at first impress him as having anything back of it all but blarney. He was to find out later, however, that the ambition of Jim to serve the rural schools in a larger sphere might be used for the purpose of bringing to the front the ambitions of the Woodruff family. To split the forces which had defeated Mr. Bonner in his own school district, with the very instrument used by the colonel at the last school election, to Mr. Bonner, would be a fine thing.

Jim had scarcely taken his seat in the car, facing Jennie Woodruff and Bettina Hansen in the Pullman, when Columbus Brown, pathmaster of the road district and only across the way from residence in the school district, came down the aisle and called Jim to the smoking-room.

"Did an old fellow named Hoffman from Portawattaw come and ask you to leave us and take his school?" he asked.

"Mr. Hoffman," said Jim, "—yes, he did."  
"Well," said Columbus, "I don't want to ask you to stand in your own light, but I hope you won't let him tell you off there among strangers. We're proud of you, Jim. We don't want to lose you."  
"I don't know," said Jim. "I don't want to ask you to stand in your own light, but I hope you won't let him tell you off there among strangers. We're proud of you, Jim. We don't want to lose you."

"The fact is," said Columbus, "I know that Woodruff district job ain't big enough for you. You can't make it. You can make it bigger. If you'll stay, I believe we can pull off a deal to consolidate some of them districts, and make you boss of the whole shooting match."

"I appreciate this, Chum," said Jim, "but I don't believe you can do it."  
"Well, think of it," said Columbus. "And don't say anything till you talk with me and a few of the other boys."  
"Think of it!" again!

A fine home-coming it was for Jim, with the colonel waiting at the station with a double sleigh, and the chance to ride into the snowy country in the same seat with Jennie—a chance which was blighted by the colonel's placing Bettina and Nils Hansen in the broad rear seat, and Jim in front with himself. The colonel would not allow him to get out and walk when he could really have reached home more quickly by doing so; no, he set the Hansens down at their door, took Jennie home, and then drove the schoolmaster, with merrily to the humble cabin of the rather excited young schoolmaster.

"Did you make any deal with those people down in the western part of the state?" asked the colonel. "Jennie wrote me that you've got an offer."  
"No," said Jim, and he told the colonel about the proposal of Mr. Hoffman.

"Well," said the colonel, "in my capacity of wide-eyed reformer, I've made up my mind that the first four miles in the trip is to make the rural teacher's job a bigger job. It's got to be a main's job, woman's size job, or we can't get real work and real women to stay in the work."

"I think that's a statesmanlike formulation of it," said Jim.  
"Well," said the colonel, "don't turn down this business school district job until we have a chance to learn what we can do. I'll get some kind of a meeting together, and what I want you to do is to use this offer as a club over this business school district. What we need is to be held up. Do the Jesse James act, Jim!"

"Yes, you can, too. Will you try it?" asked Jim.  
"Yes, Jim," including Mr. Hoffman. "I don't know what to do, hardly."  
"Well, I'll get the meeting together," said the colonel, "and in the meantime, think of what he said."

As the schoolmaster, Jim rushed into the house and surprised his mother, who had expected him to arrive after a slow walk from town through the snow. Jim caught her in his arms, from which she was released a moment later, quite dustered and blushing.

"My boy," said she, "you seem excited. What's happened?"  
"Nothing, mother," he replied, "except that I believe there's just a possibility of my being a success in the world."  
"My boy," said she, "I'm laying her hand on his arm. If you were to die tonight, you'd die the greatest success any boy ever was—if your mother is any judge."  
Jim kissed her, and went up to his attic to change his clothes. Inside the maltroom was a worn envelope, which he carefully opened, and took from it a letter much creased from many foldings. It was the old letter from Jennie, written when the colonial mistake had been made of making him the teacher of the Woodruff school. He read only the sentence in which she told of her father's interest in Jim's success, ending with the underscored words, "I'm for you, too."

"I wonder," said Jim, as he went out to do the evening's task, "I wonder if she be for me?"

### CHAPTER XVIII

Old Man Simms Speaks.  
Young McGeehan was uttering along the snowy way to the schoolhouse bearing a brightly scoured tin pail two-thirds full of water. He had been allowed to act as water superintendant of the Woodruff school as a reward of merit—said merit being an essay on which he received credit in both language and geography on "Harvesting Wheat in the Tennessee Mountains." This had been of vast interest to the school, in view of the fact that the Simmses were the only pupils in the school who had ever seen in use that supposedly obsolete harvesting implement, the cradle. Buddy's essay had been passed over by the class in United States history as the



"We're Proud of You, Jim."

evidence of an eyewitness concerning farming conditions in our grandfathers' time.

The surmises Pete, Colonel Woodruff's hired man, halted Buddy at the door.  
"Mr. Simms," he believed, he said.  
"I reckon you must be looking for my brother, Raymond, son," said Buddy.

"I am a-lookin'," said Pete impressively, "for Mr. McGeehan Simms."  
"That's me," said Buddy, "but I haven't been doing 'nuthin' wrong, nuthin' but a message here," said Pete.  
"For Professor James E. Irwin. He's what he within, there, ain't he?"

"He's inside, I reckon," said Buddy. "Then will you be so kind and condescend" act to stoop so far as to jump so high as to give him this letter?" asked Pete.

Buddy took the letter and was considering of his reply to this remarkable speech, when Pete, gravenly impassioned, rather congratulating himself on having staged a very good burlesque of the dignified manners of these queer mountaineers, the Simmses. The note was sent from the colonel:

"Please come to the meeting tonight, and when you come, come prepared to hold the district up. If we can't meet the Portawattaw county standard of wages, we ought to lose you. Every body in the district will be there. Come late, so you won't hear yourself talked about—I should recommend nine-thirty and war-paint."

It was a crisis, no doubt of that; and the responsibility of the situation rested, sickened Jim of the task of teaching. Only one thing kept him from dodging the whole issue and remaining at home—the colonel's matter-of-fact assumption that Jim had become master of the situation. How could he flee, when this old soldier was fighting so valiantly for him in the trenches? So Jim went to the meeting.

How could he impose conditions on the whole school district? How could the colonel expect such a thing of him? And how could anyone look for anything but scorn for the student's hand from these men who had for so many years made him the butt of their good-natured but none the less contemptuous ridicule? Who was he, anyway, to lay down rules for these substantial and successful men—men who had been for all the years of his life at their command, subservient to their demands for labor—their underlings?

The session was nearing spring, and it was a mild thaw night. The windows of the schoolhouse were filled with heads, evidencing the presence of a crowd of almost unprecedented size, and the school had been thrown up for ventilation and coolness. As Jim climbed the back fence of the

schoolyard, he heard a burst of applause, from which he judged that some speaker had just finished his remarks. There was silence when he came alongside the window at the right of the chairman's desk, a silence broken by the voice of Old Man Simms, saying "Mistah Chairman!"

"The chair," said the voice of Ezra Bronson, "recognizes Mr. Simms." Jim halted in indecision. He was not expected while the debate was in progress. There is no rule of manners or morals, however, forbidding eavesdropping during the proceedings of a public meeting. Therefore he listened to the first and last public speech of Old Man Simms.

"Ah ain't no speaker," said Old Man Simms, "but Ah can't set here and be quiet an' go home an' face my ole woman an' my boys an' girls without sayin' a word for the best friend any family evah had, Mr. Jim Irwin." (Applause.) Maybe Ah'll be thought forrard to speak hyah, bet' as Ah ain't no learner an' some may think Ah don't pay no taxes; but seein' as how we've took the Blanchard farm, a hundred an' sixty acres, for five yehs, an' move in a week from Sat'day, we pay taxes in our own Ah reckon, an' howsoever that may be, Ah've come to feel that you-all won't think hard of me if Ah speak what we-us feel so strong about Mr. Jim Irwin?"

Old Man Simms finished this exordium with the rising inflection, which denoted a direct question as to his status in the meeting. "Go on!" "You've got as good a right as any one!" "You're all right, old man!" Such exclamations as these came to Jim's ears with scarcely less gratefulness than to those of Old Man Simms—who stammered and went on.

"Ah thank you all kindly, Gentlemen an' ladies, when Mr. Jim Irwin found us, we was scandalous poor, an' we was wuss'n pore—was we low-down?" (Cries of "No-No!") "Yes, we beezus when a man gets in a new place, he's got to lift himself up to what folks does where he's come to, or he'll make a place for himself lower'n anybody else. In the mountings we was good people, beezus we done the best we could an' the best any one done, but hyah, we was low-down people beezus we hinted the people that had no' learnin', no' land, no' money, an' no' friends than what we had. Mr. Irwin evah was a respectable in their clothes. My children was lergent, an' triffin', but I was the most triffin' of all. Ah'll leave it to Colonel Woodruff if I was good at the art of crackerbox, or a bakin' of flour at any sto' in the country. Was I Colonel? Wasn't I perfectly wuthless an' triffin'?"

There was a ripple of laughter, in the midst of which the colonel's voice was heard saying, "I guess you're right, Mr. Simms. I guess you were, but—"  
"Thankee," said Old Man Simms, as if the colonel had given a really valuable testimonial to his character. "I shet was! Thankee kindly! It is very kind what am I good fer? Can't I get anything I want at the stores? Can't I get a little money at the bank, if I got to have it?"

"You're just as good as any man in the district," said the colonel. "You don't ask for more than you can pay, and you can get all you ask."

"Thankee," said Mr. Simms gravely. "What Ah tell you is right, ladies and gentlemen. An' I guess you're right the change in we-us, ladies and gentlemen. It's the work of Mr. Jim Irwin with my boy Raymond, the best boy any man evah had, and my gyuhl, Calista, an' Buddy, an' Jimmie, an' with me an' my ole woman."

"He showed us how to get a toe-halt into this new kentry. He teachied the children what orto be done by a rentin' farmer in Iowa. He done lifted us up, an' made people of us. He done showed us that you-all is good people, an' not what we thought you was. Outen what he learned in school, my boy Raymond an' me made as good crops as we could last summer, an' done right much work outside. We got the name of bel'n' good farmers an' good wulkers, an' when Mr. Blanchard moved to town, he was glad to give us his first farm for one year."

"Now, see what Mr. Jim Irwin has done for a pack of outlaws and outcasts. Instid o' hidin' out from the Hobdabs that was layin' in us in the mountings, we'll be livin' in a house with two chimneys an' a swimmin' tub made outen crotch-rwarr. We'll be in debt a whole lot—an' we owe it to Mr. Jim Irwin that we got the credit to get in debt with, an' the contrage to go on and get out on!" (Applause.)

"Ah could a'ford to pay Mr. Jim Irwin's salary myself, if Ah could. An' there's enough men hyah tonight that say they've been money-helped by his teachin' the school, to make up mo' than his wages. Let's not let Mr. Jim Irwin go, neighbors! Let's not let him go!"

Jim's heart warmed. "There isn't a man in that meeting," said he to himself, as he walked to the schoolhouse door, "poessed of the greatness of spirit of Old Man Simms. If he's a fair sample of the people of the mountains, they are of the stuff of which great nations are made—if they only are giv'n a chance."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Modern Destruction.  
"If there should be another war," remarked the military expert, "I won't last long."  
"No," rejoined Senator Sorghum. "Neither will you, nor anybody else."—Washington Star.

Can You Do It?

Fame is fleeting. Just how fleeting is shown by the fact that for the life of us we can't remember what half the men did to get cigars named after them.

The foundation of Justice is good faith. Indigence is opulence worn threadbare.

Cuticura Soothes Itching Scalp. On retiring gently rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make these your everyday toilet preparations and have a clear skin and soft, white, hands.—Advertisement.

Abstinence from anything desired may not be enjoyable, but it is sometimes gratifying.

A Staphard for 50 Years. As a laxative and blood purifier there is nothing better than Brandreth Pills. In use throughout the world.—Adv.

Collaborators Give Opinions on Own Play

Disciple of Bossuet and Moliere, dramatic author and theologian—a rare enough combination—David Augustin Bruyas, who died 200 years ago, November 26, 1723, collaborated long and consistently with his friend, Palaprat, says a translation from Le Petit Parisien of Paris, France.

For a play of characters, others say, a group of them fellows, others say, successes, among which was a little masterpiece called "Grondeur," which is still playing.

Speaking of this play, Bruyas once remarked: "The first act is entirely mine. It is excellent. The second has been marred by a few scenes by Palaprat. It is mediocre. The third is wholly Palaprat's. It is very bad." Palaprat considered the play otherwise—exactly otherwise.

That is how collaboration was understood 200 years ago and how, without doubt, it is understood today.—Kansas City Star.

New Variety of Barley. A new variety of barley now being distributed to American farmers originated from a single plant raised from a stock of seed imported from the southern border of the Black sea.

## Why Doctors Warn Against Coffee or Tea for Children

THE reason is simple. Coffee and tea contain drugs which tend to irritate the delicate nervous system of children, and so upset health.

The Federal Bureau of Education includes in its rules to promote health among growing school children, the warning that "children should not drink tea or coffee at all."

Why confine the warning to children?

You are careful to protect the health of your children; why, then, take chances with your own health, when a change from coffee or tea is made so easy by Postum.

Postum is a delicious, pure cereal beverage—ideal for children and satisfying to adults.

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Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum (in tin) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in package) for those who prefer the flavor brought out by boiling fully 20 minutes. The one of these forms is about one-half cent a cup.

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