

Miss Florence Benn



If You Have A Cough, Take This Advice

Farma, Mich.—"I am perfectly willing to state my opinion of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. About seven or eight years ago I caught a bad cold which left me with a severe cough. I tried other remedies but none seemed to do me any good, so mother bought one bottle of the Golden Medical Discovery, and by the time I had one-half the bottle taken my cough was better, and I have not been bothered with a cough since."—Miss Florence Benn, Irbite 2.

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The remedy with a record of fifty-seven years of surpassing excellence. All who suffer with nervous dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation, indigestion, torpid liver, dizziness, headaches, coming-up-of food wind on stomach, palpitation and other indications of digestive disorder, will find GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER an effective and efficient remedy. For fifty-seven years this medicine has been successfully used in millions of households all over the civilized world. Because of its merit and popularity GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER can be found today wherever medicines are sold. 30 and 90 cent bottles.

Even Exchange Young Writer (excitedly)—"See will-kens, I wrote a poem advertising a new insect powder, and now, ye gods! They send me ten boxes of the powder in payment."

WOMEN! BEWARE! REFUSE IMITATIONS

Warning! Not All Package Dyes Are "Diamond Dyes."

Diamond Dyes

Always ask for "Diamond Dyes" and if you don't see the name "Diamond Dyes" on the package—refuse it—hand it back!

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Used as a Strainer Only

She—It must be awkward to eat soup with a mustache. He—I should think so. I invariably use a spoon.—Boston Transcript.

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 23 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Advt.

Then She Kissed Him

"Who would you rather be if you were not yourself?" "The man my wife was going to marry if she hadn't married me."

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

claim for it—its power system of Catarrh or Discharges cured by Catarrh. Sold by druggists for over 40 years. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

Advertisement for Vaseline Petroleum Jelly, featuring the brand name and product benefits.

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

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"I LOVE YOU"

SYNOPSIS—Solomon Binkus, veteran scout and interpreter, and his young companion, Jack Irons, passing the Mexican border, Valley, New York, in September, 1762, are saved settlers of an Indian uprising from a band of redskins the wife and daughter of Colonel Hare of England. There are two men which Jack distinguishes himself.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"We didn't have no more trouble with them. I put one o' Binkus' boys on horse back and set up the rifle for her. The women captives was bewell. I got 'em to straighten out their faces an' go with Jack an' his father down to Fort Stanwix. They were kind o' figger werry an' excited, but they hadn't been hurt yet. An' other day er two wallo' 'axed 'em: Jack an' his father an' mother tick 'em back to the nastur, an' Jack ran up to the barn-fer ropes an' 'drilbs in a little while, but got some hoofs under 'em an' picked up the children an' toddled off. I went out in the bush to find Buckeye an' he were dead as the whale that swattered Jonah."

So ends the letter of Solomon Binkus.

Jack Irons and his family and that of Peter Bones—the boys and girls riding two on a horse—with the captives tied down the Mohawk trail. It was a considerable cavalcade of twenty-one people and twenty-four horses and colts, the letter following.

Solomon Binkus and Peter Bones and his son Israel stood on guard until the boy John Bones returned with help from the valley. A dozen men and boys completed the disarming of the band and that evening set out with them on the south trail.

It is doubtful if this history would have been written but for an accidental and highly interesting circumstance. In the first party young Jack Irons rode a colt, just broken, with the girl captive, now happily released.

The boy had helped everyone get away, but there seemed to be no reliable horse for him. He walked, for a distance by the stranger's mount as the latter was wild. The girl was silent for a time after the colt had settled down, and she and the winner were from her eyes. By and by she asked:

"May I lead the colt while you ride?" "Oh, no, I am not tired," was his answer.

"I want to do something for you." "Why?" "I am so grateful. I feel like the king's cat. I am trying to express my feelings. I think I know, now, why the Indian women rode the drudgery."

As she looked at him her dark eyes were very serious.

"I have done little," said he. "It is Mr. Binkus who rescued you. We live in a wild country among savages and the white folks have to protect each other. We're used to it."

"I never saw or expected to see men like you," she went on. "I have read of them in books, but I never hoped to see them and talk to them. You are like a man. And she and the winner were from her eyes. By and by she asked:

"Then I shall say that you are like the fair lady for whom they fought." "I will not ride and see you walking."

"Then sit forward as far as you can and I will ride with you," he answered. In a moment he was on the colt's back behind her. She was a comely maiden. An authority no less respectable than Major Dunbar has written that she was a tall, well-proportioned, loving girl a little past sixteen and good to look upon, with dark eyes and auburn hair, the latter long and heavy and in the sunlight richly colored, that she had slender fingers and a beautiful skin, all showing that she had been delicately bred. He added that he envied the boy who had ridden before and behind her half the length of Tryon county.

"It was a close association and Jack found it so agreeable that he often referred to that ride as the most exciting adventure of his life. "What is your name?" he asked. "Margaret," she answered. "How did they catch you?" "Oh, they came suddenly and stealthily, as they do in the story books, when we were alone in camp. My father and the guides had gone out to hunt."

"Did they treat you well?" "The Indians let us alone, but the two white men annoyed and frightened us. The old chief kept us near him. The old chief knew better than to let any harm come to you until they were sure of getting away with their plunder."

"We were in the valley of death and you have led us out of it. I am sure that I do not look as if I were worth saving," said an opponent that must have turned into a good woman. In my "white" "No. You are the best-looking girl I ever saw," he declared with rustic frankness.

"I never had a compliment that pleased me so much?" she answered, as her elbows tightened a little on his hands, which were clinging to her coat. "I almost loved you for what you did to the old woman. I saw blood on the side of your head. I fear he hurt you?"

"He jabbed me once. It is nothing. "How brave you were!" "I think I am more scared now than I was then," said Jack.

"Scared? Why?"

"I am not used to girls except my sisters."

She laughed and answered: "And I am, not used to heroes. I am sure you cannot be so scared as I am, but I rather enjoy it. I like to be scared—a jittle. This is so different."

"I like you," he declared with a laugh. "I feared you would not like an English girl. So many North Americans hate Englishmen have heard on us."

"What do you mean?" "They send us governors whom we do not like; they make laws for us which we have to obey; they impose hard taxes which are not just and they will not let us have a word to say about it."

"I think it is wrong and I'm going to stand up for you," the girl answered. "Where do you live?" he asked.

"In London. I am an English girl, but please do not hate me for that. I want to do what is right and I shall never let anyone say a word against Americans without taking their part."

"That's good," the boy answered. "I'd love to go to London." "Well, why don't you?" "It's a long way off."

"Do you like good-looking girls?" "I'd rather look at them than eat." "Well, there are many in London." "One is enough," said Jack. "I'd love to show them a real hero."

"Don't call me that. If you would just call me Jack Irons I'd like it better. But first you'd want to know how I behave. I am not a fighter."

"I am sure that your character is as good as your face."

"Gosh! I hope it ain't so dark colored," said Jack. "I knew all about you when you took my hand and helped me on the pony—or nearly all. You are a gentleman."

"I hope so." "Are you a Presbyterian?" "No—Church of England."

"I was sure of that. I have seen Indians and Shakers, but I have never seen a Presbyterian. When the sun was low and the company ahead were stopping to make a camp for the night, the boy and girl dismounted. She turned facing him and asked:

"You didn't mean it when you said that I was good-looking—did you?" The bashful youth had imagination and, like many lads of his time, a romantic temperament and the love of poetry. There were many books in his father's home and the boy had lived his leisure in them. He thought a moment and answered:

"Yes, I think you are as beautiful as a young doe playing in the water lilies."

"And you look as if you believed yourself," said she. "I am sure you would like me better if I were fixed up a jittle."

"I do not think so." "How much better a boy's head looks with his hair cut close like yours. Our boys have long hair. They do not look so much like men."

"Long hair is not for rough work in the bush," the boy remarked. "You really look brave and strong. One would know that you could do things."

"I've always had to do things." "They came up to the party, who had stopped to camp for the night. It was a clear, warm evening. After they had hobbled the horses, in a near meadow flat, Jack and his father made a lean-to for the women and children and pitched it with bark. They cut wood and built a fire and gathered boughs for bedding. Later, tea was made and breakfast and bacon grilled on spits of green birch, the dripping fat being caught on slices of toasting bread between the meat, was presently served.

The masterful power with which the stalwart youth and his father swung the ax and the cunning craftsmanship which impressed the English woman and her daughter and were soon to be the topic of many a London tea party. Mrs. Hare spoke of it as she was entering her supper.

"It may surprise you further to learn that the boy is fairly familiar with the Aeneid and the Odes of Horace and the history of France and England," said John Irons.

"That is the most astonishing thing I have ever heard!" she exclaimed. "How has he done it?" "The minister was his master until we went into the bush. Then I had to be farmer and school-teacher. There is a great thirst for learning in this New World."

"How do you find time for it?" "Oh, you will be asking here—more than you have. In England great young wealthy young men are overworked. They dine out and play cards until three in the morning and sleep until midday. Then luncheon and the cockade and tea and parliament! The best of us have only three steady habits. We work and study and sleep."

"And fight savages," said the woman. "We do that, sometimes, but it is not often necessary. Some were not for white savages, there would be no red ones. You would find America a good country to live in."

"At least I hope it will be good to sleep in this night," the woman answered, yawning. "Dreamland is now the only country I care for."

The ladies and children, being spent by the day's travel and excitement, turned in soon after supper. The men slept on their blankets, by the fire, and were up before daylight for a dip in the creek near by. While they were getting breakfast, the women and children had their turn at the crossroads.

That day the released captives were in better spirits. Soon after noon the company came to a swollen river, where the horses had some swimming to do. The older animals and the following carts were all right, but the young stallion which Jack and Margaret were riding began to rear and plunge. The girl in her fright jumped off his back in swift water and was sent into the rapids and tumbled about and put in some danger before Jack could dismount and bring her ashore.

"You have increased my debt to you," she said, when at last they were mounted again. "What a story this is! It is terribly exciting."

They rode on in silence, feeling now the beauty of the green woods. It had become a magic garden full of new and wonderful things. Some never had entered them and opened their eyes. The thrush's song grew fainter in the distance. The boy was first to speak.

"I think that bird must have had a long flight sometime," he said. "Why?" "I am sure that he has heard the music of Paradise. I wonder if you are as happy as I am."

"I was never so happy," she answered. "What a beautiful country we are in! I have forgotten all about the danger and the hardship and the evil men. I have you ever seen any place like it?"

"Yes. For a time we have been riding in fairyland." "I know why," said the boy. "Why?" "It is because we are riding together. It is because I see you."

"Oh, don't like to see you. Let us get out of land walk," she proposed. They dismounted.

"Did you mean that honestly?" "Honestly," he answered. She looked up at him and put her hand over her mouth.

"I was going to say something. It would have been most unmaidenly," she remarked.

"There's something in me that will not stay unless I love you," he declared.

She held up her hand with a serious look in her eyes. Then, for a moment, the boy returned to the world of reality.

"I am sorry. Forgive me. I ought not to have said it," he stammered. "But didn't you really mean it?" she asked with troubled eyes.

"I mean that and more, but I ought not to have said it. It isn't fair. You have just escaped from a great danger and have got a notion that you are in debt to me and you don't know much about me anyhow."

She stood in his path looking up at him. "Jack," she whispered. "Please say it again."

No, it was not gone. They were still in the magic garden. "I love you and I wish this journey could go on forever," he said.

"Oh, too, will wait," he answered, "and as long as I have to."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Expensively Good A matter-of-fact father of an embryo poet had done some of the lad's efforts to a distinguished author or verse, and asked for his opinion.

"Well, what's the answer?" queried the successful stockman.

"Alas!" sighed the real poet, "those things are so good. If you give you'll have to support Henry the rest of his life."—Writer's Monthly.

Relative Term Prof.—You should think of the future.

YOUTH—I can't. It's my girl's birth day and I have to think of the present.

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