SERIAL STORY

# When a Man Marries

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

*Author of The Circular Staircase, The Man in Lower Ten, Etc.*

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## SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or Jimmy as he is called by his friends. Jimmy was raised and looked shorter than he really was. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people steadily refused to do so, his art is considered a huge joke, except to himself, if he asked people to dinner everyone expected a frolic. Jimmy marries Bella Knowles, they live together a year and are divorced. Jimmy's friends arrange to celebrate the first anniversary of his divorce.

## CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

"My dear," she said over the telephone, when I invited her, "I want you to know him. He'll be crazy about you. That type of man, big and deadly earnest, always falls in love with your type of girl, the appealing sort, you know. And he has been too busy, up to now, to know what love is. But mind, don't hurt him: he's a dear boy. I'm half in love with him myself, and Dallas trots around at his heels like a poodle."

But all Anne's geese are swans, so I thought little of the Harbison man except to hope that he played respectable bridge, and wouldn't mark the cards with a steel spring under his ringer nail, as one of her "finds" had done.

We all arrived about the same time, and Anne and I went upstairs together to take off our wraps in what had been Bella's dressing room. It was Anne who noticed the violets.

"Look at that!" she nudged me, when the maid was examining her wrap before she laid it down. "What did I tell you, Kit? He's still quite mad about her."

Jim had painted Bella's portrait while they were going up the Nile on their wedding trip. It looked quite like her, if you stood well off in the middle of the room and if the light came from the right. And just beneath it, in a silver case, was a bunch of violets. It was really touching, and violets were fabulous. It made me want to cry, and to shake Bella soundly, and to go down and pat Jim on his generous shoulder, and tell him what a good fellow I thought him, and that Bella wasn't worth the dust under his feet. I don't know much about psychology, but it would be interesting to know just what effect those violets and my sympathy for Jim had in influencing my decision to Jim four later. It is not surprising, under the circumstances, that for some time after the odor of violets made me ill.

We all met downstairs in the living room, quite informally, and Dallas was banging away at the pianola, tramping the pedals with the delicacy and feeling of a football center-rush kicking a goal. Mr. Harbison was standing near the fire, a little away from the others, and he was all that Anne had said and more in appearance. He was tall—not too tall, and very straight. And after one got past the oddity of his face being bronze-colored above his white collar, and of his brown hair being sun-bleached on top until it was almost yellow, one realized that he was very handsome. He had what one might call a resolute nose and chin, and a pleasant, rather humorous, mouth. And he had blue eyes that were, at that moment, wandering with interest over the lot of us. Somebody shouted his name to me above the Tristan and Isolde music, and I held out my hand.

Instantly I had the feeling one sometimes has, of having done just that same thing, with the same surroundings, in the same place, years before. I was looking up at him, and he was staring down at me and holding my hand. And then the music stopped, and he was saying:

"Where was it?"

"Where was what?" I asked. The feeling was stronger than ever with his voice.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and let my hand drop. "Just for a second I had an idea that we had met before somewhere, a long time ago. I suppose—no, it couldn't have happened, or I should remember." He was smiling, half at himself.

"No," I smiled back at him. "It didn't happen, I'm afraid—unless we dreamed it."

"We?"

"I felt that way, too, for a moment."

"The Brushwood Boy!" he said with conviction. "Perhaps we will find a common dream life, where we know each other. You remember the Brushwood Boy loved the girl for years before they really met." But this was a little too rapid, even for me.

"Nothing so romantic, I'm afraid," I retorted. "I have had exactly the same sensation sometimes when I have needed."

Betty Mercer captured him then and took him off to see Jim's newest picture. Anne pounced on me at once.

"Isn't it delicious?" she demanded. "Did you ever see such shoulders? And such a nose? And he thinks we are parasites, cumbers of the earth, heaven knows what. He says every woman ought to know how to earn her living, in case of necessity!" I said I could make enough at bridge, and he thought I was joking! He's a dear!" Anne was enthusiastic.

I looked after him. Oddly enough the feeling that we had met before struck me. Which was ridiculous, of course, for we learned afterward that the nearest we ever came to meeting was that our mothers had been school friends! Just then I saw Jim beckoning to me crazily from the den. He looked quite yellow, and he had been running his fingers through his hair.

"For heaven's sake, come in, Kit!" he said. "I need a cool head. Didn't I tell you this is my calamity day?"

"Cook gone?" I asked with interest. I was starving.

He closed the door and took up a tragic attitude in front of the fire. "Did you ever hear of Aunt Selina?" he demanded.

"I knew there was one." I ventured, mindful of certain gossip as to whence Jimmy derived the Wilson income.

Jim himself was too worried to be cautious. He waved a brazen hand over the snug room, at the Japanese prints on the walls, at the rugs, at the teakwood cabinets and the screen inlaid with pearl and ivory.

"All this," he said comprehensively, "every bite I eat, clothes I wear, drinks I drink—you needn't look like that; I don't drink so darned much—everything comes from Aunt Selina—buttons." he finished with a groan.

"Selina Buttons," I said reflectively. "I don't remember ever having known any one named Buttons, although I had a cat once—"

"Damn the cat!" he said rudely. "Her name isn't Buttons. Her name is Caruthers, my Aunt Selina Caruthers, and the money comes from buttons."



"It's Like This, He Went on Hurriedly."

"Oh, feebly.

"It's an old business," he went on, with something of proprietary pride. "My grandfather founded it in 1775. Made buttons for the Continental army."

"Oh, yes," I said. "They melted the buttons to make bullets, didn't they? Or they melted bullets to make buttons? Which was it?"

But again he interrupted.

"It's like this," he went on, hurriedly. "Aunt Selina believes in me. She likes pictures, and she wanted me to paint, if I could. I'd have given up long ago—oh, I know what you think of my work—but for Aunt Selina. She has encouraged me, and she's done more than that: she's paid the bills."

"Dear Aunt Selina," I breathed.

"When I got married," Jim persisted, "Aunt Selina doubled my allowance. I always expected to sell something, and begin to make money, and in the meantime what she advanced I considered as a loan." He was eying me defiantly, but I was growing serious. It was evident from the preamble that something was coming.

"To understand, Kit," he went on dubiously, "you would have to know her. She won't stand for divorce. She thinks it is a crime."

"What!" I sat up. I have always regarded divorce as essentially disagreeable, like castor oil, but necessary.

"Oh, you know well enough what I'm driving at," he burst out savagely. "She doesn't know Bella has gone. She thinks I am living in a little domestic heaven, and—she is coming tonight to hear me flap my wings."

"Tonight!"

I don't think Jimmy had known that Dallas Brown had come in and was listening. I am sure I had not. Hearing his chuckle at the doorway brought us up with a jerk.

"Where has Aunt Selina been for the last two or three years?" he asked easily.

Jim turned, and his face brightened.

"Europe. Look here, Dal, you're a smart chap. She'll only be here about four hours. Can't you think of some way to get me out of this? I want to let her down easy, too—I'm mighty fond of Aunt Selina. Can't we—can't I say Bella has a headache?"

"Rotten!" laconically.

"Gone out of town?" Jim was desperate.

"And you with a houseful of dinner guests! Try again, Jim."

"I have it," Jim said suddenly. "Dallas, ask Anne if she won't play bridge for tonight. Be Mrs. Wilson protem. Anne would love it. Aunt Selina never saw Bella. Then, afterward, next year, when I'm hung in the Academy and can stand on my feet"—("Not if you're hung," Dallas interjected.)—"I'll break the truth to her."

But Dallas was not enthusiastic.

"Anne wouldn't do at all," he declared. "She'd be talking about the kids before she knew it, and patting me on the head." He said it complacently; Anne flirts, but they are really devoted.

"One of the Mercer girls?" I suggested, but Jimmy raised a horrified hand.

"You don't know Aunt Selina," he protested. "I couldn't offer Lelia in the gown she's got on, unless she wore a shawl and Betty is too fair."

Anne came in just then, and the whole story had to be told again to her. She was ecstatic. She said it was good enough for a play, and that of course she would be Mrs. Jimmy for that length of time.

"You know," she finished, "if it were not for Dal, I would be Mrs. Jimmy for any length of time. I have been devoted to you for years, Billiken."

But Dallas refused peremptorily.

"I'm not jealous," he explained, straightening and throwing out his chest, "but—well, you don't look the part, Anne. You're—you are growing matronly, not but what you suit me all right. And then I'd forget and call you 'mammy,' which would require explanation. I think it's up to you, Kit."

"I shall do nothing of the sort!" I snapped. "It's ridiculous!"

"I dare you!" said Dallas.

I refused. I stood like a rock while the storm surged around me and beat over me. I must say for Jim that he was merely pathetic. He said that my happiness was first; that he would not give me an uncomfortable minute for anything on earth; and that Bella had been perfectly right to leave him, because he was a sinking ship, and deserved to be turned out penniless into the world. After which mixed figure, he poured himself something to drink, and his hands were shaking.

Dal and Anne stood on each side of him and patted him on the shoulders, and glared across at me. I felt that if I was a rock, Jim's ship had struck on me and was sinking, as he said, because of me. I began to crumble.

"What—what time does she leave?" I asked, wavering.

"Ten: nine; Kit, are you going to do it?"

"No!" I gave a last clutch at my resolution. "People who do that kind of thing always get into trouble. She might miss her train. She's almost certain to miss her train."

"You're temporizing," Dallas said sternly. "We won't let her miss her train; you can be sure of that."

"Jim," Anne broke in suddenly, "hasn't she a picture of Bella. There's not the faintest resemblance between Bella and Kit."

Jim became downcast again. "I sent her a miniature of Bella a couple of years ago," he said despondently. "Did it myself."

But Dal said he remembered the miniature, and it looked more like me than Bella, anyhow. So we were just where we started. And down inside of me I had a premonition that I was going to do just what they wanted me to do, and get into all sorts of trouble, and not be thanked for it after all. Which was entirely correct. And then Lelia Mercer came and banged at the door and said that dinner had been announced ages ago and that everybody was famishing. With the hurry and stress, and poor Jim's distracted face, I weakened.

"I feel like a cross between an idiot and a criminal," I said shortly, "and I don't know particularly why every one thinks I should be the victim for the sacrifice. But if you will promise to get her off early to her train, and if you will stand by me and not leave me alone with her, I—I might try it."

"Of course, we'll stand by you!" they said in chorus. "We won't let you stick!" And Dal said, "You're the right sort of girl, Kit. And after it's all over, you'll realize that it's the biggest kind of lark. Think how you are saving the old lady's feelings! When you are an elderly person yourself, Kit, you will appreciate what you are doing tonight."

Yes, they said they would stand by me, and that I was a heroine and the only person there clever enough to act the part, and that they wouldn't let me stick! I am not bitter now, but that is what they promised. Oh, I am not defending myself; I suppose I deserved everything that happened. But they told me that she would be there only between trains, and that she was deaf, and that I had an opportunity to save a fellow-being from ruin. So in the end I capitulated.

When they opened the door into the living room, Mrs. Reed had arrived and was helping to hide a decanter and glasses, and somebody said aloud was at the door.

And that was the way it began!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## LIFE IN A GREAT CITY.

The crowd blocked the sidewalk and spread out half way across the street.

Men struggled and almost fought to force their way through, to find out what was going on.

"What's the trouble?" asked a dozen voices.

The answers were unsatisfactory. It was a man in a fit. Somebody had fainted. Two newsboys were fighting. A woman had been run over by a delivery wagon. A pickpocket had been caught in the act.

"Aw, g'wap, here! Move ahn!" vociferated a policeman, who was the last to arrive.

The crowd melted away.

Then the cause of the excitement was revealed:

It was a janitor trying to break off half an inch from the bottom of a large pane of white glass.

# SAYS OSBORN'S RATE IS TOO HIGH

## O. W. ROBINSON DECLARES ROADS THEMSELVES SHOW 2-CENT RATE, FEASIBLE.

### REFERS TO UPPER PENINSULA WHICH GOVERNOR WOULD HAVE 2 1-2 CENTS A MILE.

### Claims Sworn Statements of U. P. Railroad Officials Prove 2-cent Fare Feasible.

O. W. Robinson, former lieutenant-governor of Michigan, is a staunch advocate of two-cent passenger fares for the people of the upper peninsula. In this connection he takes issue with Gov. Osborn.

"It may be the governor is deceived or misinformed as to the cost of operating railroads in the upper peninsula," he says. "If so a careful study of the railroad commissioners' reports (including his own as railroad commissioner) for the past 16 years will show that the average percentage of expenses to earnings of the upper peninsula roads is less than the average of lower peninsula roads. I have repeatedly given the figures showing this fact to the public during the past 15 years and as yet have never seen a denial from the railroad commissioner or any railroad official, and they cannot deny them for the simple fact that they are the sworn statements of the officials of the roads reported annually to the commissioner. The report of 1909, just issued, shows the same results. With these facts available to the governor and every member of the legislature, can there be any good reason why the citizens of the upper peninsula should longer be discriminated against under our state railroad law?

"Under the present law the discrimination against the upper peninsula citizens on local passenger traffic is 50 per cent, on trip tickets, and 25 on thousand-mile books. The only reason ever offered was that it costs more to operate roads in the upper peninsula by reason of 'sparse population' and the 'deep snow,' which upon its face seems plausible, but is absolutely denied by the sworn statements of the officials of the roads operating in the upper peninsula. Is it not time to set aside these statements thrown broadcast by paid lobbyists of the railroad companies and investigate the facts by a careful perusal of the railroad commissioners' reports?

"This is the only investigation needed to cover the question involved, viz.: Does it cost more to operate railroads north of the straits of Mackinac than it does south of them? The percentage of expenses to earnings on the different roads shows the facts beyond a doubt. The items of 'sparse population,' 'long hauls' and 'snow shoveling' are all included in the total operating expenses, and no one knows this better than the railroad officials."

## MRS. EDDY'S WILL IS VOID

### Lawyers Say $2,000,000 Gift to Church Is Illegal.

That Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy's residuary gift of $2,000,000 to the First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, known as the "Mother Church," is void is the opinion of United States Senator Wm. Chandler, Hannis Taylor, of Washington, D. C., professor of constitutional and international law at George Washington university, and other authorities.

A statute of New Hampshire prohibiting a bequest to a church of more than $6,000 annually is the basis of the opinion, which was written by Prof. Taylor.

### 18 Rebels "Hold the Fort."

More than 20 men were killed in a desperate battle between the Mexican federal soldiers and a small party of insurrectos on the bank of the Rio Grande, opposite Comstock, Tex.

The insurrectos had only 18 men and for three hours they held at bay about 75 rurales and about 100 infantry soldiers. When darkness ended the battle the insurrectos held the field and the federal troops had withdrawn two miles and entrenched. The insurrectos left a few hours later for their mountain headquarters, 50 miles away, carrying their wounded with them.

### U. S. and Nicaragua Resume Relations

After the lapse of more than a year since the American government severed relations with Nicaragua, the president received Dr. Salvador Castrillo as the accredited minister of the Central American republic in this country. Dr. Castrillo was presented to Mr. Taft by Chandler Hale, third assistant secretary of state. The new minister presented a letter from President Estrada, as credentials as minister to the United States.

### Three Negroes Killed by Mob.

Fifty masked men early Sunday morning stormed the Shelby county jail, at Shelbyville, Ky., seized and lynched three negroes, two of whom were charged with attacking white women, while the third was sentenced to hang for killing a negress.

The state department has been advised that the Panama congress has authorized the expenditure of $10,000,000 in the Panama-Davis railway. The road will be narrow gauge.

The old Brooklyn home of Dr. Frederick A. Cook has been sold to a New York real estate speculator and will shortly be torn down to make room for a modern apartment house. At the time of Dr. Cook's triumphal return from the north a year ago, some of the explorer's enthusiastic admirers proposed to buy the house and convert it into a Cook Polar Museum in his honor.

## U. P. HAS IDEAL SOIL.

### None Better for Fruit Growing, Says U. S. Geologist, Leverett.

United States Geologist Frank Leverett is in Lansing conferring with State Geologist Allen in regard to the publication of the surface and geological map of the upper peninsula of Michigan, which he has been preparing for the last three years. The map will show not only the geological formation of the territory, but by a system of color variation the kind of soil to be found in each township of the upper peninsula and its adaptability to the various branches of agriculture and horticulture.

According to the government geologist fully 75 per cent of the upper peninsula area is adapted to some branch of agricultural pursuits, much of the land being superior to that now available in the lower peninsula. Along the coast line of Lake Superior there is a strip, which is now absolutely uninhabited, that is simply ideal from the standpoint of horticulture. The seasons are long and remarkably free from frosts during the growing season, owing to the influence of the lake breezes, and this matter will be fully set out in detail in the publication, which the state survey will issue as soon as the maps are engraved.

### Rear-Admiral Barry Quits.

Rear-Admiral Chauncey M. Thomas, commander of the second squadron of the Pacific fleet, arrived after rush orders at Santa Barbara, to go to San Francisco with his flagship, the California, to succeed Rear-Admiral Edward M. Barry, pending action in Admiral Barry's request for retirement.

The cause of Admiral Barry's sudden desire to leave the service after having held the post of fleet commander for only a few months, is the subject of much gossip and speculation in naval and club circles. Stories reflecting seriously on the character of the retiring admiral are being circulated, and naval officers in port have taken cognizance of them. There is an intimation in these stories that the admiral has been forced to retire.

### Pension Building Fire.

Thousands of records and documents in pension cases were destroyed in a fire which originated in the office of the United States pension agency in the pension building in Washington.

The damage was mostly done by smoke and water.

A number of old records bound in book form and running as far back as the Revolutionary war were destroyed. Duplicates of these records, however, are on file in the pension office. The late records from 1906 onward were not destroyed. They are in steel filing cases.

The loss is about $6,000.

### Collision Kills Five.

Five men were killed, two were probably fatally injured and a score were hurt in the wreck of the Western express and the Niagara and Buffalo special, both westbound, on the New York Central railroad near Batavia.

The Buffalo and Boston special was standing in the station yards and it is alleged Engineer Lydell of the Western Express ran past cautionary signals and dashed into the rear of the standing train. The signals, Superintendent Everett declares, were in excellent working order.

One man was killed and several injured in a mine explosion in Shady Point, Okla.

## THE MARKETS.

Detroit—Cattle—Market steady at last week's prices. We quote: good steers and heifers, $6 good to choice butcher steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200 pounds, $5.50@5.75; fair to good but of steers and heifers, 700 to 900 pounds, $4.50@5.25; mixed butcher fat cows, $3.50@4.75; canners, $2.75@3; common bulls, $4@4.50; good shippers' bulls, $4.75; common feeders, $4@4.50; good well-bred common feeders, $4.50@4.85; light stockers, $4@4.50.

Veal calves—Market steady; best grades, $9@9.50; mediums, $7.50@8.50; culls, $4.50@6.50; milch cows and springers, $25@60.

Sheep and lambs—Market steady at Wednesday's prices; best lambs, $6; fair to good lambs, $5.50@5.75; light to common lambs, $4.50@5.25; fair to good butcher sheep, $3.50@4.10; culls and common, $2.50@3.

Hogs—Market 20c below last week's prices. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, $6 pigs, $6; light yorkers, $6; stags, one-third off.

East Buffalo, N. Y.—Cattle—Steady. Hogs—Slow; heavy, $8.05@8.10; yorkers, $8.10@8.15; pigs, $8.40@8.50. Sheep—Slow; top lambs, $6.40@6.50; heavy, $5.25@5.75; yearlings, $5.25@5.50; wethers, $4.75@4.85; ewes, $4@4.10. Calves—$5@11.

### Grain, Etc.

Detroit—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, 89c; May opened without change at $1.04 1-4, touched $1.04, gained 1-2c and declined to $1.02 3-4. July opened at 99 1-2c, lost 1-4c, advanced 1-2c and declined to 99c. No. 1 white, 89c.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 48c. No. 3 yellow, 2 cars at 49c, No. 4 yellow, 1 car at 47c, 2 at 46 1-2c, sample, 1 car at 45 1-2c, 2 at 45c.

Oats—Standard, 2 cars at 35 1-2c; No. 3 white, 35c.

Rye—Cash No. 1, $4 1-2c; No. 2, $3 1-2c.

Beans—Cash, $2.05; March, $2.10.

Cloverseed—Prime spot, $9.10; March, $9.15; sample bags at $8.50, 20 at $8, 15 at $7.75; 25 at $7.50, 9 at $7.25, 5 at $6.75; prime alsike, $9.10; sample alsike, 7 bags at $8.

Timothy seed—Prime spot, 10 bags at $4.30.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, $25; coarse middlings, $26; fine middlings, $28; cracked corn and coarse cornmeal, $29; corn and oat chop, $27 per ton.

Flour—Best Michigan patent, $5.20; ordinary patent, $4.75; straight, $4.60; clear, $4.65; pure rye, $4.50; spring patent, $5.75 per bbl in wood.

The Emperor William Scientific Foundation, made possible by gifts solicited by him and totaling $2,500,000, was formally inaugurated at the University of Berlin. Leading scientists, educators and members of the ministry were present.

Canada's answer to the statements that American settlers are leaving Canada shows that during the first six months of the present fiscal year the number of immigrants from the United States was 76,445, as compared with 56,465 during the same months the previous year, an increase of 34 per cent.


Are You Weak, All Run Down?

This condition is directly caused by bad blood. When the blood is made rich and pure by Hood's Sarsaparilla, you will feel strong and cheerful; it will put new life into your veins, new vigor into your muscles; give you a sharper appetite and good digestion; make you look better, sleep better and feel better; will make the hardest work lighter and the darkest day brighter. Facts! Thousands confirm them. Get Hood's today.

Nothing Like

them in the world. CASCARETS the biggest seller—why? Because it's the *best* medicine for the liver and bowels. It's what they will *do for you*—not what *we say* they *will do*—that makes CASCARETS famous. Millions use CASCARETS and it is all the medicine that they ever need to take. 604

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

SMOKE A Stadium 5¢ CIGAR AND BE HAPPY.


### HOW A-MUSE-ING.

Philomena — How Poe-etical the woods are in autumn!

Jack—Yes; even the leaves are Browning.


SKIN TORTURED BABIES SLEEP AND MOTHERS REST

A warm bath with Cuticura Soap, followed by a gentle anointing with Cuticura ointment, is generally sufficient to afford immediate comfort in the most distressing forms of itching, burning and scaly eczemas, rashes, irritations and inflammations of infants and children, permit sleep for child and rest for parent, and point to permanent relief, when other methods fail. Peace falls upon distracted households when these pure, sweet and gentle emollients enter. No other treatment costs so little and does so much for skin sufferers, from infancy to age. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp. Boston, for free 32-page book on the care and treatment of skin and scalp troubles.


### Just Shopping.

A fashionably dressed young woman entered the post office in a large western city, hesitated a moment, and stepped up to the stamp window. The stamp clerk looked up expectantly, and she asked, "Do you sell stamps here?"

The clerk politely answered, "Yes."

"I would like to see some, please," was the unusual request.

The clerk dazedly handed out a large sheet of the two-cent variety, which the young woman carefully examined. Pointing to one near the center, she said, "I will take this one, please."—Everybody's.

### Doesn't Seem Natural.

"Here's a new kind of magazine story."

"In what way?"

"A village storekeeper is introduced who doesn't say, 'Dog my cats!'"

### Placed.

Mrs. B.—Is she a Mary of the vine-clad cottage?

Mrs. M.—No, a Martha of the rubber-plant flat.—Harper's Bazar.


Pettit's Eye Salve For Over 100 Years has been used for congested and inflamed eyes, removes film or scum over the eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.


### False.

Clerk—This is an eight-day clock.

Murphy—G'wan! It's a lot; ther's only sivin days in the wake!—Puck.


PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.


The greatest glory of a free form of government is the right to educate their children.—Harvard.


Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy.


He is a dangerous man who spends much time drawing fine lines between shrewdness and sin.


Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.


Every thread of gold is valuable, and so is every moment of time.—Mason.