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"Fruit-a-tives" Cleans, Purifies, Enriches

Fruit juice is Nature's own remedy. "FRUIT-A-TIVES," the famous fruit medicine, keeps the blood pure and rich because it keeps the whole system free of impurities.

"Fruit-a-tives" improves the Skin Action; enables the stomach to digest food properly; makes the bowels move regularly; and relieves the strain on the kidneys.

By its cleaning, healing powers on the eliminating organs, "Fruit-a-tives" aids the system of all waste matter and thus insures a pure blood supply.

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GOOD WORK
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REASONABLE PRICES
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
ESTIMATES FURNISHED

RESIDENCE - ST. CLAIR STREET

GOOD INTENTIONS

Fate Turned Them Away.

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

What a difference between that which is behind and that before us! We move on from day to day in grooves that it would seem will be everlasting. Then suddenly we make a sharp turn. There is a saying, "It is the unexpected that happens." The reason for the adage is that now and again the unexpected does happen and is noticeable.

The unexpected happened with me one summer, and it was the most important event for me between birth and death. It was not only unexpected, but unintentional. It was not only unintentional, but contrary to my determination. Fate, ignoring my resolutions, led me into a trap, and before I was aware of it, presto, changed I was not the same man I had been before.

In the first place, I did not wish to go for a summer outing. I was much interested in a business scheme, and it required not only a doctor, but my mother, to drive me away from it. In the second place, I had repeatedly told my mother that my home would be with her and her alone so long as she lived. No third person, especially a woman, should come into the house to usurp her place as its manager. In the third place, if I must go away for a rest I proposed to get a rest and would go where no one would interfere with my quiet. Now, mark you how these intentions went awry!

I chose a summer hotel in the mountains in which I understood there were to be a medium number of guests. I did not wish too small a number, for a few persons under one roof are liable to wrangle. I did not wish too large a number because in that case one cannot be quiet. I was driven from the station to the Chuchiboochee Inn, alighted from the cab on to the steps leading up to the porch, handed a small satchel to a hotel attendant, paid the cabman and turned to go up on to the porch.

A pair of feminine arms was thrown around my neck, and a pair of lips pressed to mine.

Taken by surprise, I acted as nature prompted. My embracer was too close to me for me to determine whether she was beautiful, but the impulse of her act indicated that she was young. The lips, too, were not within my vision, and their sweetness might have been due to imagination. But what mattered the cause since they were sweet? Nor did I meditate upon what person the lady might be, whether cousin or intimate friend. But what mattered the cause since they were sweet? Nor did I meditate upon what person the lady might be, whether cousin or intimate friend. But what mattered the cause since they were sweet?

"Oh, Tom," she exclaimed, "what a joyful meeting after so many years' separation!"

"Delightful!" I stammered, unwilling to seem irresponsible till I could come to a better understanding of the matter.

"If it hadn't been something about your figure and the way you carry yourself, I doubt if I should have known you."

"You, too, have changed; much improved."

"I'm so glad you think so! I feared you would be disappointed in me."

This brief dialogue occurred while we were pausing up on the porch. Had it not been for a disinclination to dash cold water upon the girl's happiness, to turn it into mortification, I might have told her that she must surely have mistaken me for some one else. This is the reason I give for not having done so, but there was another more powerful reason that I will not put in words. Nevertheless, I will say this: I defy any man who has tasted a pair of sweet lips of a girl who has made a mistake in his identity to turn upon her immediately and announce the fact.

I took a seat beside the young lady on the porch, but when she began to ask questions which would undoubtedly betray me I beat a retreat, telling her that as soon as I had got some of the dust of travel off me I would return to her. Entering the house, I was shown to a room on the second floor overlooking the porch.

I was performing my ablutions near a window when I saw a cab enter the grounds and stop at the steps below. A young man alighted as I had alighted a few minutes before, and I witnessed a scene that chilled the very marrow in my bones. Leaning out of the window that I might extend the range of my vision, I saw him approach the young lady I had recently left.

"Aren't you Belle Lawrence?" he asked.

"Why, yes," doubtfully.

"I'm Tom, Tom Underwood. Don't you know me?"

"Certainly. You received my telegram, didn't you?"

"Your telegram? Yes, I received your telegram, but—"

"But what?"

The girl stood as if bewildered, then led the way into the house, and I saw and heard no more.

To tell the truth, I was relieved that I would not have to explain to the girl that she had made a mistake and that—well, that I had not at once dis-

missed her of it. Nature is very strong, and I confess that the ascending of the stairs was antagonistic to the fellow who was doubtless receiving a duplicate of the kiss given me. At the same time I felt that I occupied an equivocal position. I did not like the idea of meeting the girl again. How would she regard me? Doubtless as an impostor. If I passed her on the porch or elsewhere about the house or grounds she would cut me with one contemptuous glance.

And now I must make a confession. A confession of cowardice. There is something of the coward about one who has wronged another, and I felt that I should cringe before this girl I had permitted to think I was her lover. True, I did not kiss her. She kissed me, and so quickly that I could not prevent her doing so. But I acknowledged to myself that I would not have prevented her if I had had no end of time.

I did not dare go downstairs to supper, but ordered a meal served in my room. Contemptible creature that I was, I did not dare go out of it, intending to get away by an early train the next morning.

About 9 o'clock there came a knock at my door, and in walked the man I had persecuted. He resembled me, but it seemed to me there was considerable difference in our appearance. There was a thundercloud on his brow. "I'm in for it," I said to myself; "but, thank heaven, it's not the girl I have to face!"

For a few minutes I listened to a tongue lashing such as I have never heard before or since. At first I howled before the storm, but presently my anger began to rise. Not one word did I speak during that tempestuous interview, the hurricane blowing all one way, till, like a thunderbolt, I fell upon my visitor and sent him sprawling on the floor.

He rose with blood in his eye and was coming for me when he suddenly restrained himself. "This is no place and no way to settle so important a matter. You will hear from me presently."

With that he went out, slamming the door, and I heard him stamping down the corridor. It was 11 o'clock when a young man who gave his name as McCabe came to my room with a challenge. I was expected to meet Mr. Thomas Underwood the next morning at sunrise at such place as I might designate. Not seeing how I could refuse, I consented to do so, provided Mr. McCabe would act as my second as well as that of my opponent. I also wrote a note to be given the young lady at such time as McCabe thought proper, apologizing for not having made her instantly aware of her mistake. Having settled these matters with my visitor, he departed. I sent word to the office that I should be called at an early hour in the morning, then turned in, and my mind having been relieved by my apology to the lady and punching her lover, I fell into a comfortable slumber.

The next morning as I went out on to the porch who should be waiting for me but the young lady whose blunder had made all the trouble. She advanced toward me.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To leave by train," I replied, bravely lying.

"No, you're not. You are going out to fight Mr. Underwood."

"Did he tell you that?"

"No, but I suspected it. I have lain in wait for you to stop this nonsense. I couldn't do anything with him. I'm going to see if you have better sense."

I wondered for a moment, then told her I owed Mr. Underwood satisfaction for knocking him down and felt obliged to give it to him.



Every 10c Packet of
WILSON'S FLY PADS
WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN
\$8.00 WORTH OF ANY
STICKY FLY CATCHER

proach the young lady I had recently left.

"I never saw Mr. Underwood again, but I saw a great deal of Miss Lawrence. Indeed, instead of spending my outing alone I spent it with her constant companionship. When I returned to the city I informed my mother that I had gone back on my volunteered promise to live with her alone so long as she lived. Fortunately she had the good sense to resign her position as head of my house and cheerfully turned it over to my wife.

Napoleon Bonaparte said, "I will control circumstances." Since he failed in doing so I feel excusable for failing back on my resolutions.

A Mild Pill for Delicate Women.—The most delicate woman can undergo a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills without fear of unpleasant consequences. Their action, while wholly effective, is mild and agreeable. No violent pains or purgings follow their use, as thousands of women who have used them can testify. They are, therefore, strongly recommended to women, who are more prone to disorders of the digestive organs than men.

THE VELVET TAM.

The velvet tam has made its appearance in a model in which one side is shown elevated at a piquant angle, while the other is drawn down and tucked beneath a pink or white gardenia. Another use to which the tam is put is expressed in a hat of black milan, whose brim is extended by a two inch band of maline. Black velvet is arranged in a puff suggestion to encircle the crown and to flap over on the brim at the right side. The left is elevated so that there is a double decker effect. A bunch of white cambric raisins with white leaves balances the low side.

On account of the entrance of Italy into the European war it is anticipated that Paris will favor the intense green which is the predominating color of the Italian flag. It is a color that contrasts well with almost any dull tone, such as is naturally used for the main composition of a fall hat, and also it lends itself very readily to the development of entire chapeaux intended for gala occasions. Already Italian coque has been used by French milliners to deck summer models.

An Eye Experiment.

The two eyes really see two objects. If the two forefingers be held, one at the distance of one foot and the other two feet, in front of the eyes and the former be looked at two phantoms of the latter will be observed, one on each side. If the latter figure be regarded two phantoms of the nearest finger will be observed mounting guard, one on either side.

Forfeited Citizenship.

The law upon the subject of forfeited citizenship reads as follows: "When any naturalized citizen shall have resided two years in the foreign state from which he came or five years in any other foreign state it shall be presumed that he has ceased to be an American citizen, and his place of abode shall be deemed his place of residence."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"Very well," she replied. "I'll go with you."

At that moment Mr. McCabe appeared. He seemed much surprised to see Miss Lawrence and was not averse to her going with us to the grounds with a view to stopping what he considered an unfortunate affair. We walked half a mile, then turned off the road and, passing into an open space behind some trees, found my enemy waiting for me. Underwood, on seeing Miss Lawrence, looked thunderstruck.

"Tom," she said, "you are about to act very unjustly on account of what was not this gentleman's fault, but mine. You are going to punish me through him. I wish you to apologize to him for having said anything to him about a matter which was mine, not yours."

"I'll do no such thing," said Underwood savagely. "If you prefer him to me say so and have done with it."

"I certainly prefer the way he is acting to the stand you take."

"Then you choose between us and choose him."

"I certainly don't choose you unless you come to your senses."

"If I can't fight him here I'll fight him elsewhere."

"If you fight him at all you may consider all off between us."

"So let it be." And, turning his back on us, he strode away bristling with anger.

Because the rich man fits up a playroom with every expensive mechanical toy that ingenuity can devise or talent invent there is no reason why, for lack of these luxuries, there should be no playrooms at all in the home of the average breadwinner, a place which can be in every sense the children's own special domain.

Very little money will go a long way in fitting up a playroom that will adequately answer all of the reasonable demands of the children.

The first thing to be considered is plenty of light. A room with a southern exposure is, of course, preferable, but not essential.

The walls should be a plain, restful color with a few attractive pictures, hung rather low, showing harvest scenes, country fairs, dogs, horses, sheep and rabbits.

Some attractive playrooms have dozens of Kate Greenaway pictures, with the upper walls plain. Besides these, there are also charming playroom wall papers illustrating Mother Goose, times and fairy tales.

The stained floor should have its rug tacked to prevent tripping and falling; over turned edges. New furniture is an abomination to the children's sanctum, and by a little effort of the imagination they convert an old sofa into an automobile, a steam engine or whatever the moment demands of it.

A cheap pine table of the kitchen variety should have the legs sawed off five or six inches and the chair legs reduced to conform to it. Having these of a comfortable height is most restful and satisfactory to the little ones. The table should be placed against the side wall and its drawers contain slate, drawing book, colored pencils and a box of paints. Keep some back number magazines and weeklies here and offer the children a prize of bat and ball or doll for the most artistically colored print, the contest to last a month. The time spent in coloring the pictures saves the grownups many an hour of nagging.

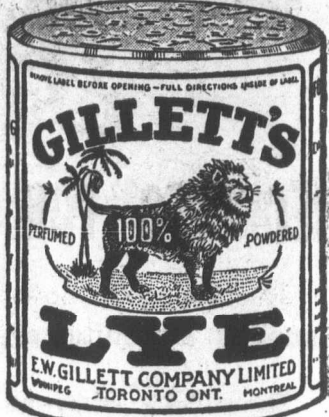
Even the cheap and commonplace clothespin may be converted into an absorbing playroom diversion for very little children. With a pen and ink features may be drawn on their wooden heads, movable pasteboard arms fastened on with pins, and with bodies clothed in colored tissue paper, assisted by the paste pot, they evolve into bearded maidens or brave looking soldiers.

A kaleidoscope costing a quarter is a never ending source of wonder and entertainment, and the playroom should also have a checkerboard. Each child may have his own postcard album for 10 cents, and a soap bubble pipe costs but a penny.

But of all inexpensive playroom treasures the lump of modeling clay is the most fascinating and holds the attention of the players longest. The possibilities of the clay as a means of amusement are almost infinite. Even the tiniest child may be pacified and kept spellbound with interest if he may "make something" out of the plastic material. It is a delight to children to illustrate a familiar fairy tale or nursery rhyme by modeling the characters and grouping them on the table as if enacting the scene. They will consume hours in shaping the forms of Little Red Riding Hood, her old grandmother and the hungry wolf, and in this way many of the better stories, like "Beauty and the Beast," "Snow White" and "The Ugly Duckling," may be indelibly impressed upon the memory.

Inscriptions also serve a good purpose in the playroom. Cut large capital letters from a publication and paste them on the playroom door in the form of this inscription: "Who slams me hurts everybody." You should paint these letters red—no, vermilion—so that he who runs may read.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



Playroom for the Kiddies

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Constipation—
the base of old age
is not to be cured
by harsh purgatives; they rather
aggravate the
trouble. For a gentle,
but sure laxative, use
Chamberlain's Stomach
and Liver Tablets. They
stimulate the liver, tone the
nerves and freshen the
stomach and bowels just
like an internal bath.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

Woman's best friend.
From girlhood to old age,
these little red tablets
are an unfailing
guide to active living and
a clean, healthy, normal
stomach. Take a
Chamberlain's Stomach
Tablet at night and the
sour stomach and fermentation,
and the
headache, have all
gone by morning.
All druggists, 25c.,
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A. L. & MATHIEWS, Span of Driv
coming greatest distance to the fair, \$2
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Water Melon, \$1.00. Melon to be the
For the best Single Roadster, dri
by a lady, Lap Rug, valued at \$4.00.
For the best Heavy Draught Suck
Colt, \$2.00.

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Driver, trotters only. Contestants
hitch horse to buggy, drive once aro
the track and untouch in front of gr
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prize \$4.00, given by J. F. Elliot.
prize, whip, value \$1.50, given by
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Single Driver, \$1.50. whip. (See
Brock & Son's special.)

ALEX. CAMERON—Best barrel of Gr
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