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RADLEY'S DRUG STORE

HIS OWN HEART

By Oliver L. Mitche.l

Phil Trenton was something of a matchmaker. He wanted his friend Howbridge in the family and was pleased to introduce him to his only sister, Joanna.

"He's all right, Jo," Phil said, "and I hope you won't break his heart badly enough to keep him from finishing the story I'm to illustrate—if you'll pose for me."

Joanna's blue eyes danced-then, and a little later when Phil made an in-sufficient excuse and left them alone. Howbridge felt as if he had been told to play with a strange little girl. Joanna was quite at ease. The mischievous freedom of her glance contradicted the reserve of her bearing. Howbridge decided that she was fit to be the heroine of an unusual story. She was blond and beautiful and magnificently tall. "Are you waiting for me to say I en-

joyed your last book?" she questioned "Follow your conscience, Miss Trenton. But did Phil make you read it?

I wouldn't mind knowing whether you cried at the right places. Did you?" He leaned toward her. His strong face was clean shaven. His y eyes were mmittal. He had the sad mouth and gentle manners of a humorist. "Oh, I didn't read it," she said. "Why not?"

"Because I did read your first book. I don't like your women. I'd like to be polite, but you mentioned my con-

"Don't mind my feelings and tell me what is wrong with the women in my

"They are all right. It's you. You make them do what they never would do of their own free will. Now, you married Fauny to that Burson. He wasn't even interesting." He waited for her to continue, his fertile fancy fitting literary situations about her per-

"You can't know women very well, You're too"- she paused roguishly.

"Too young?" he hazarded.
"I don't know how old you feel, but it's not age that gives insight, is it? By the way, Mr. Howbridge, where do you get your material? For your new story, for instance, that's announced for September? The title—isn't it weak? And how do you know 'What Life Is Made Of?'"

"Suppose I came down here just to find out?" he said mysteriously. "Perhaps you can show me? They say that women know. The story is hard-ly begun. Can't you find me a model for a heroine? It would be a charity to the reading public." Joanna mused

"There aren't ten interesting women in this neighborhood, not even counting my sister-in-law"-"And you."

"Thank you, since I couldn't say it

Their conversation was cut short by the abrupt entrance of Phil and his wife, who liked her husband's friends and had invited Howbridge to spend his six weeks' vacation and write his story at "The Place Apart," as they called their summer home, which was near. Phil was an illustrator, and between him and Mrs. Phil, who had been an interior decorator, the cottage was a thing to dream about artistically. They had a keen sense of what not to put into a house, Joanna, who was practical, lived with the housekeeping, which she loved, posed for her brother and roamed the

woods with her big St. Bernard dog.

Howbridge was given a room, absolute disposal of his time and potluck in a family that had all the charms and none of the discomforts of camping. Joanna treated him like an amusing playmate, teased him about his literary abstractions and his writing and pretended to search for a mod-el for his heroine. She knew little of books, but could caricature effective ly, sing like a thrush and play the plane with musicianly instinct. She was twenty-two and had always lived. He was thirty-three and had always

written—with moderate success.

Howbridge studied Joanna impersonally, as he had studied all girls since his betrothed married another man while Howbridge was at college dreaming and writing her sentimental love letters. The other man had al-ways wanted her, so he stayed on the spok saw her every day and did things till he got her—which taught Howbridge a lesson. He woke up, and after that his characters were more real—not like those in his first

Joanna had no heart history. Men Joanna had no heart history. Men who saw much of her did. They, always to her surprise, fell in love with her and to their own surprise married other women and sighingly remembered her as a lost love when they had indigestion or lost out in some project. Joanna liked men in a comradely way and never firted, for she was very sincere and hated to hurt any-thing. Besides, she wanted to keep her heart all in one piece.

her heart all in one piece.

She and Oliver walked and drave and canced together and talked much about nothing in particular and said a lot that they did not mean, which was a sure method of learning each other's tastes. She ridiculed his commonplace title and began posing to Phil for the illustrations.

Howbridge tried to get down to work on his story, which was to be of no great length and which ordinarily he could have written in a few days, but

"The senator is very kind," said the druggist, beaming with gratification, "If you want to do a good day's weakily use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"Well—er—this morning?"

"Well—er—this morning, as it happens," said the stranger, with a shade less of briskness, "this morning I should like, if you will allow me, to consult your directory."

"Certainly," said the druggist. "We will allow me, to consult your directory."

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he made no headway. He could not suit himself, he made a jumble of it, and each morning's installment was written in a different mood. At last he destroyed it and began over again, wondering what was the matter with

He soon found out. Meanwhile he found himself at an inexplicable stand-still in his acquaintance with Joanna, who seemed to avoid him. One day he entered the studio while she was posing, and her eyes met his with a question new to them. The same day she broke off in the midst of a song to ask:

"To compose a heart breaking thing like that did he have to have the experience himself?"

"Not necessarily. If he had suffi-cient artistic imagination he would get a better perspective of the suffer-

She struck up a gay melody, but her face was thoughtful. Then her mood changed, and he could not keep up with her brilliant sallies. She teased and dared him, half bewildered and wholls charmed him. wholly charmed him. He decided that she could flirt most gloriously and was ready for her, but by evening she was again unapproachable.

The next morning he was called to the studio, where he found Joanna posing listlessly. Phil was irritated and

"She can't get it. Help her, Howbridge. There has to be a man anyway. You know how the scene ought to "I may do for attitude," he said

calmly, "but keep my face out—the dear public knows it. Ready? Tell the pose is not right." But he knew it was. He walked to her side and drew her into his arms with his face against her hair and her hands in his. He quivered, knowing his touch meant nothing to her-that

she was only posing.

When it was over he thought it ou in his room. And nearly all night he wrote his own story-and Joanna'sjust as it was—how he had met and came to love her. He put into it his heart and soul, going beyond fact only in making her finally yield to his plea for her love. It was morning when he finished.

After breakfast he told Phil to le the pictures go for awhile, got the sketches of Joanna, locked them up and went to touching up his work of the night preceding. Surely it would move her-it would tell her better than spoken words.

After luncheon he slipped the manuscript under the door and waited. He heard her enter the room. He walked the floor, but all affernoon she made

At dinner her head was high, her cheeks pink and her eyes very bright, and later she asked Howbridge to go up the river. They walked silently to the canoe. Joanna took the paddle, and bade Howbridge not to talk. He did not wish to. It was enough to look at her and wait till she let him ask her about their story. As they glided mear the shore in blurring tree shadows she

"That is a good story. I congratulate you on your success." Could she be joking? "The plot is clever, the char Could she be acters are true to life and it is full of feeling." Her tone was cutting. "Joanna! Don't you understand? Don't"-

"I understand perfectly. You came for material, and you got it. Phil says you are going to see your publishers tomorrow. Well, you needn't return. I despise you. You not only made me care, but you dared to show me to what advantage you use my love. I shall get over it." "Joanna!" Her eyes blazed.

"And you dared to touch me when my brother's presence made me powerless to resent it, and you knew what it meant to me? Oliver Howbridge, you"- but he stopped her.

"It's my turn now. I love you. The story was written for you alone—no one else will see it. It is the story of my heart, dear. I thought you would anderstand. It was my way of telling you that life is made of wanting you. Don't you see? Can't you love me, Jo?" Her anger died away. Tears stood in her eyes, but her laugh was saucy, pro-

"Yes, Oliver, but not enough to die with you just yet."

"Yes. We will, if you don't stay where you are and stop tipping the canoe." She was her old teasing self. It was shamefully late before she would land and let her lover take her love. into his arms, and into his heart for all time.

A Promising Customer. The brisk, well dressed stranger



The case of Miss Frankie Orser, of Boston, Mass., is interesting to all women.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:— I suffered misery for several years. My back ached and I had bearing-down pains, and frequent headaches. I would often wake from a restful sleep in such pain and misery that it would be hours before I could close my eyes again. I dreaded the long nights and weary days. I could do no work. I consulted different physicians hoping to get relief, but, finding that their medicines did not cure me, I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it was highly recommended to me. I am glad that I did so, for I soon found that it was the medicine for my case. Very soon I was rid of every ache and pain and restored to perfect health. I feel splendid, have a fine appetite, and have gained in weight a lot."—Miss Frankie Orser. 14 Warrenton St. Boston, Mass. \$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced. "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - I suffered

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, sick and discouraged, and exhausted with each day's work. Some derangement of the feminine organs is responsible for this exhaustion, following any kind of work or effort. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as it has thousands of other women.

WHAT MEXICANS EAT.

Grease Plays sa Important Part Ir

The farther south one goes the more important part meat seems to play in the diet. In old Mexico the people of the upper class have highly seasoned roasts and steaks and game three times every day. The roasts are stuffed with raisins, and a rich brown gravy is poured over them. Grease seems more indispensable to them than to the fur enveloped Eskimos. There are no broiled steaks, but in their place one is served with a half raw piece of tenderloin reeking with grease and peculiarly flavored herbs. In that balmy clime, where the system would be so much better off without any meats, thousands of steaks are sold daily at 45 and 50 cents pound. The poorer classes are forced to abstain from such and live on the coarse frijole beans and cold clammy tortillas, which are thin white corn cakes made from rye hominy crushed to a pulp. This forms their unvaried diet. On the aristocrats' tables are the most delicious fruits, chiramoyas, zipotes, mangoes and others which Americans have never tasted. The popular aguacate is a cross between a fruit and a nut. It is a dark green and the fiesh is about the consistency of ointment. It grows on a tree of unparalleled dark green foliage and is used often in the place of butter or

is made into a toothsome salad. Rich soups, with bananas chopped in them, are served every day, and vegetables dressed with goat's cream are on their tables. At every meal during the year they eat the frijole beans, which have been dipped into a brown pottery bowl of boiling lard before they are brought to the table. The they are brought to the table. The Mexicans eat enough lard to undermine the digestion of the stoutest being. Sirup is a great delicacy and very expensive. It is served as a sort of dessert in little china saucers and is eaten from spoons. Little bits of native candies are also served in separate plates. Form and Banch. rate plates.—Farm and Ranch.

THOSE WHO THINK MUST ALSO BAT

And What they Eat Must be Digest-ed — Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets What They Need.

The brisk, well dressed stranger stepped into the corner drug store and passing by the boy who usually nttended to casual customers, approached the proprietor, who, with his back turned, was rearranging some goods on a showcase.

"Mr. Sawyer, I presume," he said pleasantly, and the druggis; turned and bowed gravely.

"I have heard my friend, Senator Brown, speak of you often," said the brisk man. "He told me if ever I needed anything in this line to come to you. He spoke of you as a man on whom one could rely with perfect confidence, who carried only the best of every thing, and with whom it was always a pleasure to deal."

"The senator is very kind," said the druggist, beaming with gratification, "He is one of my best customers. What can I do for you this morning?"

"Well—er—this morning, as it hap-



A PUZZLER FOR HIM.

experiencing one of his periodical spasms of reform, "Hereafter-I want you to consult me about all your little troubles and affairs. I wish to take an Come to me with your doubts. Connille .n me."

"Cl. Henry, how sweet of you!" ex-dainted Mrs. Mudley. "I have always wished that we were nearer together that I could consult you and lean upon you, as it were."

"Well, hereafter always come to me. benignly enjoined Mr. Mudley as he opened the evening paper.

A few moments later Mrs. Mudley ventured. "Henry, dear."

"Yes, my love." "May I ask your opinion about some-

"What is it, my love?" "Would you make this waist of maize peau de cygne, with the bertha of point d'esprit, trimmed with ruches of taffeta, or would you have the yoke cut gules on the bias, with cuffs of

"I believe I'd have it the first way. Matida," gasped Mr. Mudley as he looked about for his hat. "Guess I'll go down to the club for awhile."

One Sunday recently a lady went into a church in a town to which she was a stranger and asked to be shown to a seat. The sidesman conducted her to a back seat in the gallery, the only other occupant at the time being an old gentleman, who rose to let her pass. It was somewhat dark, and the lady as she shook her skirts and settled down had a horrible suspicion that she was sitting on something besides the cushion. She put out her hand and drew forth the sad remains of a silk hat.

"Oh," she said to the old gentleman. 'I beg your pardon. I'm so sorry." The old gentleman looked melancholy ruin and replied that it

could not be helped. "Oh, it's truly generous of you to say said the lady, "but I'm afraid

tleman, straightening out the hat and placing it under the seat." You see. it's not my hat. It belongs to Mr. who showed you in!"-Tit-Bits.

Miss Knox-I'm told your husband, under the influence of the wine at that dinner the other night, declared he had 'married beauty and brains."

Mrs. Bridey—Well, well! How nice!

mist.-Philadelphia Press

As it Usually Happens.

Earnes - They say that Widow Oueeds' husband wasn't much of a Howes-No, I don't think he was, but

Considerate.
"I see that you have the villain hissing defiance every two or three pages,"

on the audience."-Washington Star.

"don't you know you will get people all mixed up about me? I'm no we It Was Not His Fault.



Successful In a Way. Blinker-You say he is a successful usiness man, yet he doesn't support

Thinker-Of course, he makes her fa ther do it.-Yonkers Herald.

Episode In the Domestic Life of

Mr. and Mrs. Mudley. Matilda," said Mr. Mudley, who was interest in everything that interests

"Why certainly, my dear," said Mr. Mudley, sitting up straight and assuming a judicial cast of countenance.

cream venetian over white mousse

Philadelphia Bulletin.

Took It Calmly.

you're angry."
"Not in the least," said the old gen

Important if True.

Miss Knox-Nice? Aren't you going to investigate? Evidently he's a biga-

he'll get a splendid character from Mrs. Oueeds when she marries his successor-Boston Transcript.

and the stage manager.

"Yes," answered the playwright wearily. "When it comes to hissing I want the villain to have a good stars

Reflection on Him.

The author of the remark, "Time wil tell," was confronted by Time himself.
"Look here," said the old gentleman,



"See here. Your teacher says you're at the foot of your class."
"But, ma, mebbe she counts from the wrong end."—San Francisco Examiner.

DOUGLASS GLASS. Manager Chatham Branch.

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