



THE SANDMAN STORY FOR TO-NIGHT

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Mrs. Squirrel was sitting outside her door one morning knitting socks for her little ones to keep their toes warm the coming winter when Mr. Fox came along.

"Good morning, Mrs. Squirrel," said he. "How are you this fine morning?"

Mrs. Squirrel told him she was well and hoped he was the same. "Won't you sit down awhile, Mr. Fox?"

Mr. Fox said he would be pleased to do so, and then he began to speak about Mrs. Rabbit, who lived down the path. "She is not much like you, Mrs. Squirrel," said Mr. Fox. "She does nothing all day long but sit in a chair and read."

"How her husband can let her be so idle, I cannot understand," said Mr. Fox. "Why, she never even mends his clothes I am sure, for I met him this morning going over the with an old coat, on that needed patching read."

"Perhaps he was going hunting," suggested Mrs. Squirrel. "One cannot wear good clothes hunting. I am sure."

"Oh, that is all very well for you to make excuses for Mrs. Rabbit, but he is not only neglectful of her family, but of her house as well. Why, just looked in her back windows as I passed. You know I told you she



was sitting in front of her house, so she did not see me, and if you believe me her beds were not made. I doubt very much if Rabbit's dinner is ready when he returns this noon. Oh, it is just awful the way some people waste their time. Now, when I have anything to do, I start right off and do it, and I am sure you do, too, Mrs. Squirrel, don't you?"

Mrs. Squirrel answered very quietly that she sometimes had to put off doing things just as every one did at times.

"Well, I never do," began Mr. Fox again. "No, Mrs. Squirrel, I never put off until tomorrow what can be done today. I wish more people in the world were like me. The world would go much smoother, Mrs. Squirrel, much smoother."

Mrs. Squirrel did not reply. She knitted faster than she had been, and Mr. Fox began again.

"Now, Mrs. Squirrel, I hold that Mrs. Rabbit is wasting her time willfully wasting her time, when she should be working to help her husband."

"She may have a good reason for not working this morning," said Mrs. Squirrel, "and as for helping her husband, I know she does help him a great deal, and I think there are some husbands who help their wives but there are also some who do not. You have talked a great deal of the faults of Mrs. Rabbit and she is not present to defend herself," said Mrs. Squirrel, stopping her knitting a minute and looking hard at Mr. Fox, "but how about yourself—have you none of the faults with which you charge my friend?"

"Why, Mrs. Squirrel, how can you ask such a thing? I have just told you I never waste time. I always do what I start out to do," said Mr. Fox in an injured tone.

"Well, be that as it may," said Mrs. Squirrel, beginning to knit again, "all I have to say is this, it is time enough

Breaks a Cold In a Few Hours

First Dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" Relieves All Grippe Misery

Don't stay snuffed-up! Quit blowing and sniffing! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken will end grippe misery and break up a severe cold either in the head, chest, body or limbs.

It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages; stops nasty discharge or nose running; relieves sick headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only 25 cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, and causes no inconvenience. Don't accept a substitute.—Adv.

"ZOE" The Story of a Great Love

A Thrilling Serial of Devotion and Mystery

A very unsatisfactory chat in the palatial smoking room—unsatisfactory from Lemonvale's point of view, and an exchange of whiskies-and-sodas completed the evening. Brooke, looking at his watch for about the twelfth time, took the plunge.

"Awfully sorry," he said. "I'm afraid I must be off."

"Oh, but not so soon. It's only half-past ten."

Brooke apologized cheerily.

"Correspondence," he said vaguely. "Supper engagement. I ordered my car to be round at ten."

Five minutes afterwards Godfrey Brooke was driving himself down Pall Mall, the drenched chauffeur sitting gloomily by his side.

"Bad storm—eh?" remarked Brooke.

"Awful, sir," said the man. "Lightning struck Doulton's chimney, I hear. Very bad down Chelsea way."

"Pshaw!" grunted Brooke. "You don't know what a storm is in this little country."

An evening paper contents bill informed the world that a woman had been struck dead by lightning in South Lambeth and that Westminster Abbey was reported damaged.

"Humph!" remarked Brooke.

"What's one woman in great city?"

"Yes, sir," said the chauffeur, deferentially, "of course, sir. Still, one life may mean a lot to someone, you know, sir."

"Bosh!" said Brooke. "Sentimental bosh! I'm not taking personal considerations in the argument. One can't think of sons and daughters when one talks of thunder storms. Snooks."

"No, sir; of course not; nor wives, neither."

"As you say, 'nor wives neither.' But here we are."

They swung slowly into the Savoy courtyard, and Brooke felt his heart beat faster. In another minute or two his wife, his little D. I. would be in his arms.

What a wonderful thing was love!

"Her ladyship," said a gorgeously arrayed hall porter to Brooke as he alighted from his huge motor car, "was called away unexpectedly, and she asked me to tell you that she would not be back till very late."

Brooke's disappointment was plainly shown on his face.

Sore Throat Wisdom.

To relieve Sore Throat you must get at the seat of the disease, removing the cause. Nothing else does that so quickly, safely and surely as TONSILINE. A dose of TONSILINE taken upon the first appearance of Sore Throat may save long days of sickness. Use a little Sore Throat wisdom and buy a bottle of TONSILINE today. You may need it tomorrow. TONSILINE is the standard Sore Throat remedy—best known and most effective and most used. Look for the long necked fellow on the bottle when you go to the drug store to get it. 25c and 50c. Hospital Size \$1.00. All Druggists.

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ECONOMY REPORTS FIRST CHICKENS

ECONOMY, Ind., March 31.—Mrs. Emma Clark well known all over Wayne county as a chicken raiser has 200 little chickens out scratching like good old summer time was here. She does not use an incubator but trusts the work of hatching to the hens. There next is Mrs. Edna Repligie who relies on the incubator to bring forth the little "peeps." She took off 100 at the first hatch. Mrs. Essie Weyl has "early" chicks that are big as quails.

FIGHT HALL RAZED

COLUMBUS, Ind., March 31.—The Schinnerer, where Kid McCoy fought his first ring battle, is being torn down.

"Don't bother. There's no letter from her ladyship?"

"None, sir." "Good! Then say, when her ladyship returns, that I have gone round to have a chat with Mr. Crawley. I shall be back very soon."

Brooke Goes Round
To Call on Crawley.

And so Collier returned to his study bad job," he said disgustedly. "Hang it all, my luck is out tonight, with a vengeance."

dows; while here a light shone through the faint light over the front door.

"What on earth is he up to?" muttered Brooke, stepping back and regarding the closed door with quizzical curiosity. "Run chap, Crawley! He's always up to some mysterious game!" He shrugged his massive shoulders. "Suppose I'd better give it up as a

headache, Sick
Or Constipated

"It was just then about 11 o'clock. He went outside and spoke to his chauffeur.

"I'm going to drive round to Mr. Crawley," he said. "I won't keep you. I'll leave the car here afterward. I shall want you at 11 tomorrow."

Snooks was relieved, thought he answered deferentially enough that he would accompany his master if he wished it and that time was of no account to him; but Brooke had the mind to drive by himself tonight.

He was disappointed at finding

Diana out. For the moment it upset

his plans; and perhaps, if the truth

were known, he felt not a little annoyed.

At any rate, he would go

round to Crawley's studio and vent

his annoyance on his old friend.

It was his privilege, and it would do him good. Moreover, there were several things he wanted to discuss with him, and the present was surely the most fitting opportunity.

He bade Snooks good-night, and

drove the car down the hill on the

embankment, then, at rather a reck-

less pace, to Grosvenor road.

Lights gleamed from Crawley's

windows. Brooke observed them with a certain sense of satisfaction. He

would have been very annoyed to

have been disappointed a second time

tonight. Moreover, he was begin-

ning to feel a very keen desire for a little

social intercourse over a whiskey-and-

soda. He quite looked forward to seeing Noel Crawley.

He stopped his engines, threw a

waterproof rug over the seat, and

scorning the aid of the lift, ran up

flight after flight of steps to Crawley's front door, on which he gave a

resounding tattoo of knuckle raps and

then rang the bell.

There was no answer. He waited

fully two minutes. Still no answer.

He repeated the tattoo, and kept his

thumb on the ivory button of the elec-

tric bell for half a minute, but still

without result. Yet outside he had

seen lights in the great bow window

of the studio and from the other win-

ows.

He was received from W. C.

Coats of West Milton, O., who was

visiting here last week and was by

a collie dog at the left leg, stating his

leg was very sore and inflamed. He

will probably take the Pasteur treat-

ment in Cincinnati.... The M. E.

Ladies Aid are making plans to have a

big meeting next week at the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Underhill of

Greensboro, were Wednesday visitors

of Oliver Hiatt and wife.

Events in Economy

By N. H. Edwards.

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There's a reason why nearly every

body freckles in March, but happily

there is also a remedy for these ugly

blemishes, and not one need stay

freckled.

Simply get an ounce of ointme-

nt, double strength, from your druggist

and apply a little of it night and morn-

ing, and in a few days you should see

that even the worst freckles have be-

gun to disappear, while the light ones

have vanished entirely. Now is the

time to rid yourself of freckles, for if

not removed now they may stay all

Summer, and spoil an otherwise beau-

tiful complexion. Your money back if

ointme-

nt fails.

Mothers should give a whole Cas-

caract to any time to cross, sick, bilious or

feverish children because it will act

thoroughly and can not injure—adv.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets