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### An Irish Patriot

Story For St. Patrick's Day.

By NORA O'NEILL

There are two characters in Irish history who are the very antipodes of each other. The one is St. Patrick, whose memory is revered and beloved by Irishmen; the other Dermot, who is looked upon with hatred and contempt. Dermot was one of the early kings of those sections into which the Emerald Isle was formerly cut up. The prayer of the Thurs, "Alah, prevent the coming of the Barons" might have been spoken by the English of that faraway period with reference to the Irish. There was constant warfare between those Irish sovereigns, and finally Dermot, who had pressed by his enemy, invited the English to come across the channel and help him. The English, once having obtained a foothold in Ireland, did not stop till they had dominated the island. So, while blessings are to this day showered upon St. Patrick, who converted Ireland to Christianity, there is execration for Dermot, for that constant discontent of the Irish people under British rule dates from his giving Britons the first opportunity.

what have since become counties of Ireland was beheaded by order of the English king. He was called the O'Donohue, the O being a prefix to the name of the ruler to denote his sovereignty. His son, a boy of seven at the time of his father's death, made a vow that when he grew to manhood he would spend his life in attempting to drive the English from Ireland. It might be expected that a resolution formed at such an early age would not be kept. A child of seven losing a father is not likely to remember him



KATHLEEN SEEMED BROKEN WITH GRIEF, on coming to manhood. But little Tommy O'Donohue grew up among the strifes with his hereditary enemies, and when he came of age he came also to the leadership of his people, who were oppressed by those enemies. He was bound not only by the oath of his childhood, but by the indignities and exactions heaped upon his subjects, to make an effort to get rid of the hated stranger whom Dermot foisted upon Ireland. Before he was ready to strike a blow he wooed and won the daughter of a neighboring sovereign, the O'Grady. Kathleen O'Grady worshiped her young husband and sympathized with him in his resolution to rid the country of their oppressors. But it was hard for her to consent that he should enter upon so dangerous a struggle. Every year the conquerors were obtaining a stronger foothold both by conquest and settlement. Since the father of her husband had been executed Charles I. had lost his own head, and Oliver Cromwell, one of the world's greatest fighters, had assumed the government. Cromwell was of the Protestant faith and spared no pains to plant it in Ireland. To resist Cromwell was a more difficult and dangerous undertaking for the son than for the father to have resisted Charles I. Nevertheless the young O'Donohue had no sooner been married than he formed an alliance with a neighboring ruler and entered upon a rebellion

against the English. For a time they were successful, and O'Donohue's heart was beating with high hope when suddenly his colleague treacherously left him in the lurch by making peace with the enemy. This enabled the English to turn all their forces against the O'Donohue, and they administered to him a crushing defeat. The flight, the wanderings, the hidings, the constant escapes of the young patriot, form one of the most romantic episodes of Irish history. For a long while he succeeded in concealing himself from his pursuers, but at last was captured in a starving condition. Then followed his trial for treason against a power that had no right whatever in Ireland, his conviction, and he was sentenced to the same fate his father had met to be beheaded. The bride, who had consented that her husband embark on so hazardous an undertaking, was at first paralyzed at the calamity that had befallen him and her. But out of her despair came a wonderful concentration of will power that developed in cunning. While there was life there was hope. She determined to make a desperate effort to save her husband. Two things were necessary. She must assist him to effect an escape, and she must have the means at hand to get him out of the country in case he regained his liberty, for if he remained in Ireland he would be hunted and doubtless captured as he had been captured before. The latter part of the plan must be attended to first. France was in those days a refuge for both English and Irish persons who were hunted to be punished for treason, which meant usually an attempt to throw off an oppressor. O'Donohue was worshipped by his people, and his young wife had no difficulty in finding those who would provide a ship to take him to the French coast. A vessel was procured and stood ready at the nearest practicable point to the jail where the prisoner was confined. Kathleen, having seen this arrangement perfected the day before her husband was to be executed, went to the officer who had captured him and begged that she might be permitted to spend a short time with the condemned man that night, the last that he would spend on earth. The conqueror could not withstand the pleadings, the tears, of a young and beautiful bride who was about to be forever parted from her bridegroom. He gave an order that her request be granted. After darkness had fallen Kathleen, with her sister, was carried in a "chair" to the prison, and both were admitted to the prisoner's cell. They remained with him half an hour, when they emerged, the young wife leaning upon and almost carried by her sister. Kathleen seemed broken with grief. Her sobs were heartrending as her sister tried vainly to comfort her. The guards could not but sympathize with one who so soon to be bereaved had just bidden farewell with the one she loved. The women went to the chair in which they had come and entered it amid the sympathetic silence of their observers. Not far from the prison was a wood, and as soon as the mourning party were concealed in it the door of the cabin was thrown open and the figure that had appeared to be Kathleen, but

was really her husband, jumped out, throwing off his woman's garments. A horse stood ready, and, mounting it, he dashed off into the forest. Meanwhile nothing was suspected at the jail. At the hour when the last visit to the prisoner was made for the night the jailer went into his cell. The man who was to die on the morrow knelt beside his cot with his face buried on it. The jailer, supposing him to be engaged in prayer, waited awhile till he should have finished. But the prisoner showing no signs of bringing his devotions to an end, the other addressed him, asking him if there was anything he could do for him. The figure remained silent, his face still buried in the bedclothes. Now, the O'Donohue was a tall man and his wife a small woman. This disparity in size had seemed sure to block the plan adopted. To reduce his height O'Donohue, in leaving the prison as Kathleen had feigned to be so paralyzed with grief as to be obliged to cling rather than walk with the sister. This enabled him to appear shorter by bending his knees. But Kathleen, who was desirous of concealing her identity in order to give her husband time to get as far in his flight as possible, had no means of making herself larger than she was. The jailer stood looking at the diminutive form and was puzzled. Then it came over him that something was wrong. He called again upon the prisoner to speak, and the latter still remaining silent, he went to him and lifted him from the cot. He saw at once a woman's face and knew that O'Donohue had gone out in his wife's clothes. The jailer was springing away to give the alarm when Kathleen seized him with a view to delaying him. But she was no match in strength for him, and, freeing himself from her grasp, he rushed from the cell, and in a few minutes men were hurrying to recapture the escaped man. The O'Donohue had been furnished with the fleetest horse that could be obtained, and he knew every road by path, bog and tangled forest in the region. The pursuers, surmising that he would make for the coast, followed in his wake, but while he was helped by those on the road they were retarded by obstacles and thrown off their course by incorrect information. In the morning the ship in which the O'Donohue was to sail was riding at anchor in the offing, when he appeared on a dune above the beach and waved to them. In a jiffy a boat was sent ashore, he was taken aboard, the anchor was raised, and the wind filling the sails, the vessel started on her voyage to France. The wily Cromwell was much annoyed at the escape. O'Donohue was so well beloved in Ireland that the protector knew he would be a constant thorn in his side and dreaded lest the young patriot should return and head another rebellion. So the protector sent Kathleen to France with a message to her husband, offering him a pardon and the restoration of his estate if he would swear allegiance to the English government. By this time the O'Donohue had become convinced that the cause of independent Ireland was hopeless, and, yielding to the so-

litations of the wife, who had saved his life, he consented. He therefore returned to his native island with his wife, where they enjoyed a life thereafter of peace.

### Heart to Heart Talks

By JAMES A. EDGERTON

**A YOUNG PATRIOT.**  
Dear Mr. President Taft—I am the little boy who you waved at when you were in Marshall, Tex., and I waved back at you. I never will forget how you looked. You are the only president I have ever seen. I am seven years old. I live with my grandma. My little mother went to heaven when I was fifteen days old. I have no brothers nor sisters. I would like to get a letter from you written with your own dear hand. I hope that you will not disappoint me. I know the names of all the presidents and the year in which they served our country. With best wishes for your future, I am sincerely yours,  
GEORGE LANE CORELY,  
Honey Grove, Tex.

The above touching letter was received by Mr. Taft at the White House only a few weeks before he was scheduled to leave office. Needless to say, the lad had his wish, for he received not only a letter written by the president's own hand, but an autographed photo. The boy's letter will be kept among the Taft mementos.

There is one thing in the childish missive that should be taken to heart by every boy in the land. Although but seven, he knows the names of all our presidents and the years of their inauguration. Probably he also knows other things about them.

There could be no more helpful or inspiring study to any boy than that of the lives of our presidents.

In nearly every case these presidents were themselves poor boys who won their way to our highest office by sheer merit—ability, honor, service to their country.

They were all good men. After the clouds of partisan passion have cleared away we can see this. No country in history ever had a line of executives whose character was so uniformly high and unblemished.

Moreover, some of them were very great men.

Washington and Lincoln compare favorably with the greatest figures of any time or clime.

There are others of the second rank, but little behind these—Jefferson and Jackson, Grant, Cleveland, McKinley and others. Of those yet living there is too much difference of opinion and partisan heat for them now to be given their true rank. But history will assign them their places.

Of all the twenty-six who have held this lofty post one thing can be said that should give us infinite pride: There has never been a stain on their personal honor.

Their home lives have been clean. They have been free from scandal. If you would learn patriotism, if you would discover the road to success, study the lives of our presidents.

**Pomp of English Mayors.**  
Considerable pomp attends the office of mayor in English cities. Chichester arris its chief magistrate with a gold mounted malacca cane of office, while the mayor of Guildford carries the stick presented to the borough by her majesty Queen Elizabeth. At York both the lord mayor and lady mayor are equipped with the silver mounted oak staves which have marked their authority for centuries. Among the official retainers of the mayor of Ripon is the municipal horn blower, who every night at 9 o'clock gives three blasts upon this aged musical instrument before the mayor's residence and again at the marked cross.—London Standard.

**Our Universe of Stars.**  
The particular universe of stars in which we dwell is half again as large in size as the world has been supposing. Our own sun is still youthful and keeps traveling northwardly through space at the comparatively leisurely pace of twelve miles per second, or only two-thirds the average speed of stars of its own class. The north star is not really a single star, but triple, consisting of three suns revolving about a common center. These are some of the recent discoveries of the Lick observatory, the famous graduate astronomical department of the University of California.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**Something Wrong.**  
"What makes you think the new soprano won't do? At first you said her voice was good."  
"I know I did, but none of the other sopranos seem to be jealous of her."  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Two Turns.**  
When we are happy we seek those we love. In sorrow we turn to those who love us.—Cecil Raleigh.

**Poetry Defined.**  
George P. Morris, the author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree," was a general of the New York militia and a favorite with all who knew him. Mrs. Sherwood in her reminiscences tells how another poet associated the general with a definition of poetry.

Once Fitz-Greene Halleck, the author of "Marco Bozzaris," called upon her in New York in his old age, and she asked him to define for her what was poetry and what was prose.

He replied: "When General Morris commands his brigade and says, 'Soldiers, draw your swords,' he talks prose. When he says 'Soldiers, draw your willing swords,' he talks poetry."

**The Quality of Mercy.**  
A notorious mountain moonshiner, familiarly known as Wild Bill, was tried before a federal court in Georgia and was adjudged guilty. Before pronouncing sentence the judge lectured the prisoner on his long criminal record and at last, informing him that the court entertained no feeling of anger toward him, but felt only unmix'd pity, sentenced him to spend six years in the federal prison at Atlanta.

Bill stolidly shifted the quid of tobacco in his mouth and turned to leave the courtroom with the marshal. Once outside the only thing he said was this: "Well, I snub am glad he wa'n't mad at me!"

**Struck Her High Notes.**  
"Have you heard that prima donna sing? I understand she made her manager shed tears as he listened."  
"She wasn't singing then. She was telling him things about her salary expectations."  
—Washington Star.

**To Catch the Train.**  
A physician says early rising is an error. More frequently it is a necessity.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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