

REVIVED SPRINGHILL

Rickard's New Drug Store Made the Town a Busy and Prosperous One.

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY.

When one of the merchants of Springhill added a stock of drugs to that of his hardware folks said the town was looking up, but at the end of two years nobody had been sick and the sales had not amounted to \$5. For the next five years Springhill was known as being such a healthy place that a doctor could not earn enough to pay for oats for his horse. There was no further call for a drug store and none was established.

One night, to the amazement of Springhill and the surrounding countries, Jonas Behee, a farmer, living about two miles out of town, was taken with a serious case of bilious colic and had to send seven miles for a remedy.

"Begosh! but this won't happen again!" exclaimed Jonas when he was able to get out.

Two weeks later he had sold his farm and had blossomed out as a druggist in Springhill. He didn't know anything about prescriptions, but he didn't realize this necessity.

The novelty of a farmer, fresh from the plow, turning druggist, brought considerable trade for a year or two. Then several citizens had a narrow escape for their lives, trade began to slacken up, and for several years it was confined mostly to the sales of coppers and hair dyes.

Behee's drug store became the idling place of farmers and villagers. And every evening except Sundays there was a crowd of a dozen or twenty men talking politics or playing checkers. Jonas was not selling fifty cents' worth of drugs a week.

"Jonas," asked a farmer one night as he entered the store, "have you got any porous plasters? I fell off the fence today and wrenched my old back."

"Why, yes," said Jonas, "I've got three of them, but they are on my own back! A feller can't bend over a checker board as much as I do without some support for his spine."

"Why don't you give up your god-damned business?" asked the farmer as he turned away.

"Can't do it, Joptha, can't do it, I'd have to go back to farm work if I did."

A stranger—a young man—had arrived in town about two hours before, and he entered the drug store at the same time as the man in search of porous plasters and heard what was said. He took a general look around and then went out without saying anything to anybody.

At ten o'clock the next morning the stranger called and found Jonas sitting on the steps of the store lazily whittling at a pine shingle.

"Are you the owner of this drug store?"

"The sole and only owner," Jonas replied.

"Your stock seems to have got pretty low."

"Well, I believe I have got some logwood left, and I don't know but what I could scare up a bottle of vaseline."

"Want to sell 'out?" inquired the stranger.

"I dunno whether I do or not. Sometimes I've thought I would accept a fair offer and then again I thought how lonesome I would be without this place."

"Do you fill prescriptions?"

"Not for my doctor, but when anyone tells me what ails him I give him whatever I think will cure him."

The young man turned away to smile.

"Supposing you wanted to sell? What would be your price?"

"A regular druggist, eh?"

"Yes, I am looking for a location. I want to buy the building itself."

"Well, young man, I will be honest enough to tell you that if you are thinking of starting out of here as a regular druggist you will last about two weeks. This is the healthiest town for a hundred miles around. There has been only one case of sickness in the last five years, and they cured that with hot vinegar and red pepper without coming to me."

"Of course, I will take my chances," replied the young man. "Give me your lowest cash price."

Jonas got up and walked up and down the sidewalk for five minutes. At last he stopped. "Will you let the crowd continue to come here evenings?"

Seven days after the new store opened an epidemic of measles swept through the town. Almost all the old people had them as well as the young, and the druggist was prepared to do his share of the business. The measles were followed by the whooping cough, and then by a number of cases of malaria. Some folks thought the new druggist was working "a spell," but the doctors who were called in assured them that it just happened so.

Young Rickard proved himself to be a hustler of the first order in more directions than one. He dashed out of the store one day and saved old Mrs. Goodnow from death under the feet of runaway horses.

The newcomer contributed \$25 toward the steeple of the Methodist church, chipped in \$10 for street improvements, handed the Widow Somers \$5 when she lost her cow, and bought Parson Smiley a new plug hat, the first he had had in seven years.

He showed his heroism in various other ways, and inside of three months people were driving ten miles to trade with him.

Miss Cliff Dane, the only daughter of one of the richest men of the town, who had been away to school, returned home. She was told about the new drug store and even walked past it and peeped in. Twelve hours later there came to Mr. Rickard a telephone message.

"I have been bitten by a kissing bug and my nose is a horrible object. Hurry up with some remedy."

And the druggist, who was mixing up a pitch plaster for old Mrs. Welcome's lame side, dropped everything and hurried to the house of desolation. He didn't take time to put on his hat, but ran through the streets bareheaded.

"Get a rag and keep it on your nose all day," he ordered.

Of course, she thought him a hustling young man and somewhat brusque, but she was somewhat on that order herself.

The kissing bug's bite was soon cured, and an introduction came about.

The next time young Mr. Rickard hustled it was for her again. Her uncle had presented her with a saddle pony, and the first time she mounted him he made a bolt and ran through the main street of the town. Opposite the drug store he kicked his heels and she went flying into a bed of burdocks in a vacant lot. The druggist witnessed the accident. He took time to seize the camphor bottle, and then, hastening across the street, he was the first hero to ascertain that neither her neck nor any of her limbs was broken.

Mr. Dane, her father, was thinking of buying an auto. A car was sent to him to try and instead of his doing so himself Miss Cliff was the first one to take it in hand. As she had never been in one before, the result was a foregone conclusion. By the greatest good fortune she managed to progress half a mile or so in safety. That machine was no slow-poke, and, becoming tired of the crawling pace, it started off at a gallop of thirty miles an hour. In going down the main street of the town it ran from side to side, tipping over barrels, knocking over boxes and scaring numerous people half to death. It was continuing its wild career when the heroic Mr. Rickard leaped in and took charge.

The doings of the druggist and his store were talked about by the whole county, and there was a rise of at least ten per cent in price of real estate in the town. Things were going along at a fine pace when it became known that a druggist from Boston wanted to buy Mr. Rickard out. The town was both surprised and indignant.

"We cannot let him go," said one to another. "Good lands, we can spare half the town better than he. He has given us such a start as we could never have got without him!"

A public meeting was called, a hot discussion took place, and a delegation was sent to the house of Mr. Dane to ask of Miss Cliff: "Are you a patriot and have you not the welfare of this town at heart?"

She replied that she had. And they soon convinced her that it rested all with her whether the community dropped back into its old-time slothfulness or went ahead with new ardor. This was her excuse for sending for the druggist.

"Are you thinking of leaving us? Because if so, is there anything I can do to keep you here?" she asked timidly.

He blushed and she blushed, and he didn't sell out.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

First Aid.
"Dear me," said the girl, "I've bruised my lip. My mother used always to kiss a hurt place to make it well."

"And did that treatment make it well?"

"I don't remember. But those old-fashioned remedies were often very good."

And then he got busy.

Her Time Coming.
"I want to marry your daughter," said the young man.

"Oh, you do?" replied the father.

"Yes, sir."

"And what does she say?"

"Oh, she'll say enough after I marry her, I reckon."

Those Lovely Girls.
Edyth—I dearly love to take long walks. Only yesterday I covered a mile in less than ten minutes.

Mayme—With your feet, dear, I should think you might cover half that distance while standing still.

MADE THE BELLBOY GASP

Senator Sherman's Response to Impertinent Imp Something New to Him.

Senator Lawrence Y. Sherman of Illinois never gives tips. In refusing to do so he is not prompted by a sense of economy so much as the idea that one should have the courage of one's convictions. He knows of no reason why a man should pay the highest price for hotel food and then bribe a hotel employee to fetch it to him. Likewise he sees no logic in paying a bellboy to hover about in one's way performing useless service.

As a rule Sherman eats in old-fashioned restaurants where he can sit on a neat little revolving stool, and he stays at the medium-priced hotels, simply because he dislikes the pomp and glitter of the more pretentious places. A little while ago, however, Sherman went to New York to make a speech, and a reception committee escorted him to one of the big hotels, where a bellboy carries up one's grip, asks if the guest desires any ice water, takes a tip, goes, and sends the ice water by still another bellboy, who also expects a tip.

The boy who carried Sherman's modest little satchel to his room bustled about, turning on electric lights, raising window shades, lowering window shades, messing with the lace curtains, changing the key from the outside to the inside of the door, and by divers other methods making himself generally obnoxious. After he had exhausted his entire repertoire of ways and means to annoy a guest, he asked Sherman if he wanted any ice water. Sherman said he did not. Then the boy inquired if there was anything else he could do, and Sherman shook his head.

Still the boy hung about, as if waiting for something.

"I think that'll be all," remarked Sherman, becoming rather annoyed.

"Thank you, sir," replied the boy, with much overpoliteness, backing out of the door, "thank you, thank you." A bellboy, of course, always says thank you three times when he has received no tip, but only once when he has. Sherman noted the three thank yous, all in a row, and savagely he responded somewhat as follows:

"You're welcome, goldarn you, goldarn you, goldarn you!"—Kansas City Star.

Boy Scouts as Coast Guards.
The British Boy Scouts have proved their value since the outbreak of war. Four hours after the call came thousands of boys were at the disposal of their country. One morning a telegram reached a British commissioner asking for a thousand scouts. The same evening he had four thousand standing by waiting for orders.

Many an adult warrior in the British Isles first knew he was wanted when a scout brought him a letter telling him where to report himself. The emergency substitution work of the lads was wonderful.

The suddenness of the war meant that many coast guards had to return immediately to the navy. Yet their work was more necessary than ever. Hundreds of scouts took their places and had the time of their lives staying out all night or watching all day through big telescopes for the enemies' ships.

It was a hardened journalist who confessed that a lump came into his throat when late one night he met a small group of scouts dragging their trek cart, laden with bivouac gear, and moving quietly through the dark to their vigil on the cliffs.

Ruling Passion Strong.
The German paper Boersenblatt culls from a Leipzig daily an amusing little anecdote of the war from the point of view of the lover of books and learning. The story runs thus:

A certain sergeant of reserves whose occupation in private life was that of professor of romance philology, was one of a company escorting a troop of French prisoners from Mauthausen into Germany. The lieutenant in charge was alarmed by hearing sounds of quarreling behind him. He turned and saw the sergeant in violent altercation with one of the prisoners. The Frenchman gesticulated wildly, and the sergeant's blue eyes blazed angrily behind his steel-rimmed spectacles. The officer flew to separate them, but burst into hearty laughter when the cause of the dispute was explained to him by his excited comrade.

The Frenchman, whose ragged boots were bound up with string, was a professor of the Sorbonne, and the two had almost come to blows over a difference of opinion concerning the use of the subjunctive in old Provencal love songs!

Dress Reform for Women.
Boston, father of reforms, mother of movements, cradle of progress, has undertaken its biggest task. Boston is to reform the dress of women.

Don't fling the ready gibe at the ambitious effort that is domiciled in civil service house, but wish these Boston women joy and success.

Their aim ought to enlist all woman-kind—but it won't. They seek to make woman's garments comfortable as well as pretty, to read sense as synonymous with style, and to have utility pass as chic.

It might be done, of course. It is not for us to throw the cold water of doubt on the idea. But women are altogether likely to go on wearing these extraordinary devices which they call clothes and to blame the men for them, hugging to themselves the delusion that the men want them thus arrayed.

EXCLUSIVENESS AT NEWPORT

Bottle of Burgundy Was Served Lying on Its Side in Basket Because It Was So Young.

William Dean Howells, the novelist, said at a dinner, apropos of a declaration that Newport was no longer sufficiently exclusive for the American aristocrat:

"After all, the American aristocrat is very young, isn't he? Only a generation or so ago he was peddling clocks or hoeing corn, eh? The American aristocrat makes me smile."

"He reminds me, rather of the bottle of burgundy at the half dollar table d'hote."

"Two men, you know, were dining at this table d'hote and, to round out their dinner, they ordered a bottle of burgundy. It came, like all wines that throw off a sediment, lying on its side in a wicker basket, or cradle."

"The first man said, as the waiter carefully filled their glasses: 'Why is this served in a cradle, do you know?'"

"The second man took a sip of the burgundy, shuddered slightly and answered: 'Because it is so young.'"

LOOKING AHEAD.



She—Yes, this is the first time I have been in love, but—

He—But what?

She—It's so nice that I hope it won't be the last.

Explained.
"I don't understand this picture, Mr. Dauber," said Mr. Hibrow. "There is nothing to it but a man wearing a blue suit and a cap, and you have named the picture 'Friendless.' Who is this man, and why is the picture named 'Friendless?'"

"That," replied the artist, "represents an umpire after the home team has lost a close game."

Heartless Hoax.
"My wife gave a reception yesterday."

"Did you attend?"

"Yes, I played a practical joke on her. I got in line where she was receiving and before she knew it she was smiling and saying she was glad to see me—for the first time in three years."

His Counter-Thrust.
The Other Side's Counsel, fiercely—I suppose you were brought up to tell the truth?

The Goaded Witness—No, I wasn't.

The Lawyer—Not brought up to tell the truth? What do you mean by that?

The Witness—My folks intended me for a lawyer.

Right in His Line.
Tramp—Please, mum, d'ye want me to buy anything in my line?

Housekeeper—Your line, eh? You don't mean to say you are trying to earn a honest living at last?

"Yes'm."

"Well, I declare! What are you selling?"

"Dog chains, mum."

Money Spirited Away.
"How did Jones come to lose his money?" asked the Old Fogey.

"It was spirited away," replied the Grouch.

"What do you mean?" asked the Old Fogey.

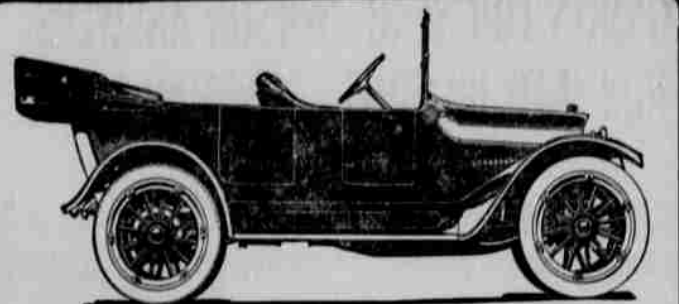
"He spent it on booze," replied the Grouch.

Homes and Clubs.
"Men should not go to clubs and spend their time in political discussions," said the energetic woman.

"Is that what men go to clubs for?" exclaimed the observant girl. "I thought it was to be able to avoid hearing discussion of the latest political topics at home."

Before and After.
"Jack" said the young wife after she had just danced with her husband, "you've certainly improved wonderfully in your dancing. Don't you remember how frightfully you used to tear my dresses?"

"Yes," replied Jack, "I wasn't buying them then."



Through city streets—along country lanes

DRIVE A 1915 REO

"The Car of Comfort"

Reo Cars are in greater demand than ever this year. To insure getting your car place your order early.

Reo financial ability and engineering skill have produced a superior car at a moderate price. Every Farm or Orchard should own a Reo. Let the nearest Reo Dealer show you the merits of this wonderful Car; write us for Free Booklets.

The Reo Four \$1050. The Reo Six \$1385

F. O. B. Factory.

Reo Service extends from the Canadian border to the Gulf of California. LIMITED TERRITORY OPEN TO AGENTS.

NORTHWEST AUTO CO.,

Distributors for Pacific Northwest. F. W. VOGLER, President

Broadway at Couch St., Portland, Oregon.

LEARN AUTOMOBILE REPAIRING AND DRIVING at the best equipped, most up-to-date and only practical Automobile School in the Northwest. DR. A. W. KEENE, 359 Madison Ave., Portland, Or.

MOTORCYCLES AND BICYCLES New and Second-hand Agents for Thor and Excelsior. Write for Catalogues and Second-hand price Lists. ALEX BICYCLE CO., 124-126 12th St., Portland, Oregon

SAVE YOUR TEETH Come in and have your mouth examined. I use the very latest scientific painless methods. DR. A. W. KEENE, 351 1/2 Washington St., Portland.

PORTLAND BARBER COLLEGE Teaches the Trade 8 Weeks. Scalp. Face Massage a Specialty. Tools Free. Positions Guaranteed. PAY WHILE LEARNING. 203 Madison St., Portland, Oregon.

RUPTURED The WILSON WAY gives absolute comfort and many cures; payments \$1 week, with money-back guarantee. Write for FREE book. Jay W. Wilson, 322 Commercial Club Building, Portland, Oregon.

HOTEL CARLTON 14th and Washington Sts., Portland, Ore. Rooms with bath, \$1.50 per day. Rooms without bath, \$1.00 per day.

All Outside Rooms—Fireproof Construction Special Rates for permanent guests. Ross Finnegan, Mgr. Victor Brandt, Prop.

BICYCLE BARGAINS ALL MAKES The only strictly Bicycle Salesroom and Repair Shop in Portland. Price list on application. Write 108 1/2 13th St., Corner Washington.

SCOVILL'S CYCLERY LIST YOUR REAL ESTATE AND Business Opportunities with me, 29 active salesmen hunting for customers all the time. Real Estate and Building Magazine Contains 200 descriptions of city properties, farms, stock ranches, timber and business opportunities for sale and exchange. Perhaps it contains just what you are looking for. Send for it. Ten cents, 1 cent stamps.

G. W. McVOY, Largest Realty Advertiser, 332 Chamber of Commerce, Portland, Or.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS \$9,000 offered for certain inventions. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journals.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attys., 1st 10 Years 1034 F. St., Washington, D. C.

Worse Than Work. "After a man has loafed awhile," said Uncle Eben, "he generally decides dat he'd rather go to work dan be so lonesome."

P. N. U. No. 17, 1915

WHEN writing to advertisers, please mention this paper.

Happiness. Happiness lies in the consciousness we have of it, and by no means in the way the future keeps its promise.—George Sand.

Resourceful Sailors. A tale from the Pacific relates that a steamer whose rudder unexpectedly broke was steered for several days by packing boxes hung over the sides.

Daily Thought. No man at bottom means injustice; it is always for some obscure distorted image of a right that he contends.—Carlyle.

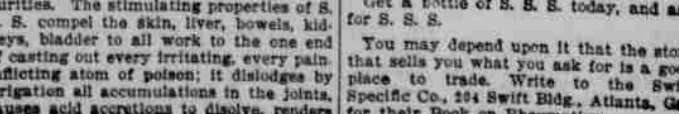
A Definition. William—"Pop, what's a paradox?" Father—"A paradox, my son, is a woman who wears silk stockings and tries to keep it a secret."—Puck.

Chase the Mice Away. Mice will not reopen a hole which has been filled with any mixture containing lye. Flour and lye make a good paste for the purpose.

Photography and Tact. A photographer has to be a man of rare tact in order to get his subject to look pleasant instead of laughing himself.

Gets Right Twist On Rheumatism

Makes Short Work of Cleaning Out Your Entire System—Aches and Pains Go Fast.



In S. S. S. You Get a Twist on Rheumatism that Settles It.

Many a rheumatic sufferer has been to the drug store for a bottle of S. S. S. and been handed something claimed to be "just as good." Truly, to ask for bread and be given a stone is still in practice. If you are troubled with rheumatism in any form be sure to use S. S. S. and note its wonderful influence.

S. S. S. has the peculiar action of seeping through the linings directly into the blood. In five minutes its influence is at work in every artery, vein and tiny capillary. Every membrane, every organ of the body, every emunctory becomes in effect a filter to strain the blood of impurities. The stimulating properties of S. S. S. compel the skin, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder to all work to the one end of casting out every irritating, every pain-inflicting atom of poison; it dislodges by irrigation all accumulations in the joints, causes acid accretions to dissolve, renders them neutral and scatters those peculiar formations in the nerve centers that cause such mystifying and often baffling rheumatic pains.

And best of all this remarkable remedy is welcome to the weakest stomach. If you have dragged yourself until you are nearly paralyzed, you will be astonished to find that S. S. S. gives no sensation but goes right to work. This is because it is a pure vegetable infusion, is taken naturally into your blood just as pure air is inhaled naturally into your lungs.

Get a bottle of S. S. S. today, and ask for S. S. S.

You may depend upon it that the store that sells you what you ask for is a good place to trade. Write to the Swift Specific Co., 204 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their Book on Rheumatism.