In the galaxy of grocery-store liars, "Hes" Davis easily occupied the soapbox throne. He was a sort of living refutation of the claim that truth is mighty and will prevail. In fact, Hezekiah Davis was a most marvelous and conscientious prevaricator. None believed him capable of telling the truth, hence no one expected him to speak aught but falsehood—except on one occasion, and even then repentance followed quickly.

Re gracefully, tenaciously and piously did "Hes" Davis lie, that away back in the fabulous state of Tinn, he had been dubbed "Lying Deacon Davis." The "Deacon" portion of the appellation was applied because of his strict attendance upon church services; and the wonderful religious lies associated with his ecclesiastical wool-gathering of a night, when Morpheus and Morphetic were playing him, tricks and fashioning for his imaginings strange visions, were little short of miracles as related to a news-famished community next morning.

Then, too, "Hes" occasionally acted as grave digger for the village dead; this, and lying, being about as much as one able-bodied man in a quiet rural community could be expected to attend to well.

But, after a time, as "Hes's" lying became more chronic, and his grave digging less pronounced, the "Deacon" joint in the cognomen of his name was dropped, and he approached the zenet of life with the short and undeniable significance of "Lying Davis."

As such was he known on a bluestring, winter night two days before Christmas, 1902, as he shambled into the "Corner Grocery" and took his accustomed place among the members of the town "Strategy Board."

The accustomed grin of quadrupedancy, tinged with a cast of disdain which pity and jealousy were strangely mingled, proved his entry into the liars circle about the cavernous stove that glowed and dushed, as if fretting and blushing for the outrageous falsehoods that nightly held their rampant sway about its metal sides.

As he adjusted his coat tails carefully behind the sway box on which he sat, "Hes" surveyed the group critically.

"Got a spade I kin borrer to-morrow morrin', Bill," addressing Compton, the grocer. "I broke th' handle of mine yistaday pryin' up a hoss-radish root."

"Goin' inter gardenin'?" inquired Alf Flakin, sly nudging Hank Somers alongside him on a sugar barrel.

"Cal, t' be yer bed no revelations o' late, 'Hes.' Are yo goin' t' turn farmer for a livin' and give up lyin'?" interjected Roger Craig, taking a limmeekly toward the soft-pine floor and sighed.

"Taint no time t' laugh an' be gay with one o' our best country residents dead o' heart disease!"

He paused in solemn mien, his head low, his hands clasped between his knees.

Wary glances were exchanged between the grategists. None cared to make a reply.

"Died an hour ago. Snuffed out like the candle in a draught. Fell cold upon the milk-house floor," resumed "Hes" sadly, softly, much affected.

"Who's dead?" ventured Andrew Shrader, aiming for a knot-hole in the floor with a kernel of corn and missing it. "Who's dead?"

"Lying Davis" took a long, deep breath, and looking up suddenly, demanded:

"What's th' matter with you fellers? Don't yer know that Hiram Squires is no more? It aint no subject for pokin' at fittingly; ye know he's dead as well as I do—and a mighty sad Christmas it'll be for his poor wife and children, left with a big farm on their hands and none on yem able t' take keer of it."

You don't mean to say that Hiram Squires is dead, 'Hes?' interrupted Horace Grant, editor of the Weekly Clarion, who had entered at this juncture to get the copy for his Christmas advertisement of the "Corner Grocery."

"Died less'n an hour ago," replied the lodestone Davis, illy concealing the gratification he felt at being interviewed by the intellectual head of the leading village paper.

"Wan't feelin' well for a day or two, although I do believe he was in town yistaday—wan't he, Compton?" turning questioningly toward the grocer who was busily engaged in tying up a decent package of sight brown sugar for a customer.

"Hiram Squires? Yes, he was in early yesterday morning. Came to town with a load of hogs. Stopped here on his way back from the depot to buy a calico dress for Mandy. Must a bin mighty sudden."

"So I heerd," acquiesced "Lying Davis," surreptitiously reaching for a saucer from the tail of a cod-fish that protruded from a near-by box. "He wan't feelin' overly scrumptious though yesterday, I heerd his darter say so as I passed by there just now from assegaiin' up in Dry Run. Been complainin' of a pain in his spoonils and had a cold sweat an' a bad dream t'other night that wan't particularly gratifyin' fer a man o' his caliber. I'll be was standin' by the milk-house churn, scoopin' over thick, like cream, or something—and all to once he entered a faint groan and fell right where he

"God durn yer blankety blank picture!"

day after termorrer from the house—2 o'clock."

Armed with the spade, "Lying Davis" shuffled out of the grocery, followed by the editor best upon learning more of the details for his paper, already being "made up" by the fore man that an early start might be secured for press day.

The Weekly Clarion was in the postoffice by 10 next morning, and sixteen was the number sent for Hiram Squires. The merchants, possessed of that human sympathy always uppermost in a rural community, laid aside their business prejudices and decided to attend the funeral in a body. Despite the fact that the evening of the day of the funeral was Christmas Eve and many were the Christmas trees to be in churches and homes were still unpurchased, they set out distributing toward the home of the deceased, six miles west on the Pike road. There were something more than a dozen vehicles in all and the procession was a solemn one.

As they rode along through the crunching snow, facing a biting December wind, they spoke softly of the virtues of Hiram Squires. Even his one failing, an habitual use of qualifying adjectives, frequently significant of blasphemy, was forgotten. He was a good man and God rest him! This was the sentiment of brotherly expression voiced by those who had known him best.

Scares and scarer they drew to the snug farm residence where grief, like Niobe, all tears, was domiciled, and where Black Cassie had let in knell at the gate in mute distress!

Meanwhile Brown-eyed and Jack Frost were ripping and biting at the noses and the toes of the mourners as they

"A Mighty fine man was Hiram Squires."

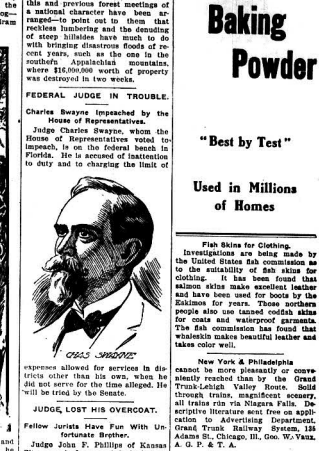
ural bite off a slice of black plug and smacking his lips.

A suppressed titter rippled about the grocery stove at the prode administered in an evident effort to awaken the frequently dormant sense of lying that, half-comatose, had its home within the graying head of "Lying Davis."

But "Hes," refusing to accept the challenge, merely shook his head sadly.

"Pfsin ain't no time to be tellin' lies, boys."

Here the town liar cast his eyes



urged the horses on over the last mile of the wind-swept way. Slowly they turned in at the gate and led to the farm home, Editor Grant and family in the lead. One by one they reined their horses into the farmyard and stopped.

The editor was preparing to leap to the ground and Grocer Compton had dismounted when the rear flash-board to liberate his legs, when there arose from behind the barn a series of blaring yells:

"Hi there! Gol durn yer blankety blank picture, yer got inside that pen, wi' yer? Whoop! Here, you gol darn ignoramus, what th' great horn spoons be 'e a doin' there? Spot! Here, Spot, sic 'em! Take 'em! Hi! Hi! Whoop!" Suddenly there burst into view from around the barn a contrary boar, dashing at full speed for the open, followed by a Scotch collie dog—and—yes it was!—it was—Hiram Squires himself!

TEACH VALUE OF FORESTS

Practical Lesson Coming Congress Is Meant to Inculcate.

It is the greatest single effort yet planned in this country to instill in our people the lesson that certain European nations took to heart several centuries ago in connection with their forests, which they turned from threatened destruction into a national asset, while still older countries failed to heed a like warning of disappearing forests and became arid and fruitless, writes H. M. Suter in the Review of Reviews concerning an American forestry congress.

It is to teach the people to take some to themselves the great lesson the forest plays in their daily lives that this and previous forest congresses and a national character have been arranged—to point out to them that reckless lumbering and the stripping of steep hillsides have much to do with bringing disastrous floods of recent years, such as the one in the southern Appalachian mountains, where $16,000,000 worth of property was destroyed in two weeks.

FEDERAL JUDGE IN TROUBLE.

Charles Swayne Impeached by the House of Representatives.

Judge Charles Swayne, whom the House of Representatives voted to impeach, is on the federal bench in Florida. He is accused of institution to duty and to charging the limit of

expenses allowed for services in districts other than his own, when he did not serve for the time alleged. He will be tried by the Senate.

JUDGE LOST HIS OVERCOAT.

Fellow Jurists Have Fun With Unfortunate Brother.

Judge John F. Phillips of Kansas City came in for a good deal of chaffing in St. Louis recently attending the court of appeals there recently. Somebody stole his handsome new overcoat from an outer room. Other legal dignitaries joked immerrcifully at his expense and even suggested that the bat he passed to make up $75 which the stolen garment had cost. It was suggested that from the judicial standpoint it might appear that a man who has no overcoat and feels pressed to take another man's would better be provided for in a place where he will be kept comfortably warm for six months without one. The judge remarked good-naturedly that judicial ermine was a poor substitute for the missing article, and thought that perhaps the thief would feel just as comfortable in the stolen coat as the rightful owner.

Trend Toward Arbitration.

The old monarchies are not disbanding the armies of Europe, though they groan under the burden of them. Nations are not dismantling battle ships, but building more of them. Nevertheless, enlightened opinion and the aim from which civilization refuses to be diverted is kept forever in sight. The dream of the poet is ever in view. The powder is kept dry, but the effort to use it as seldom as possible is unabated. Members of the family of nations have fallen over one another in their eager haste to help the cause of arbitration by making treaties for the peaceable settlement of controversies. Not only this, but they have hailed with delight the opportunity to share another peace congress in the making of resolutions governing belligerents and neutrals in warfare.—Omaha Bee.

New Head of British Fleet.

Sir Edward H. Seymour who has been appointed admiral of the fleet to succeed Admiral Salmon on the list of retirement in February, is of Irish descent and comes of a family which has contributed several noted fighters to the British navy. It was Sir Edward who led the gallant force in their unsuccessful attempt to reach Pekin in time to relieve the legation there a few years ago. He is 64 years old and has been in the navy for over half a century. He served with distinction in the Crimean war, in the China war, 1857-60, was present at the opening of Canton in 1857, was wounded on the coast of Africa in 1870, commanded the Isis in the Egyptian war, receiving a medal, was superintendent of the naval reserves in 1894-97.

Historical Society Passes Century.

The New York Historical society was 100 years old on Nov. 20, and an anonymous gift of $200,000, just received, places it in a position where it can progress in its work in a more satisfactory manner than before. Few people know that this society possesses one of the finest art gallaries in the country, containing Egyptian antiquities which Miss Amelia B. Edwards pronounced as the finest outside of Egypt and surpasses ing them in some lines.

For Health and Economy use

Calumet Baking Powder

"Best by Test"

Used in Millions of Homes

Fish Skins for Clothing.

Investigations recently made by the United States fish commission go to show suitability of fish skins for clothing. It has been found that salmon skins make excellent leather and are used for boots by the Eskimos for years. Those northern people also use tanned codfish skins for coats and waterproof garments. The fish commission has found that salmon skins make beautiful leather and takes color well.

New York & Philadelphia

cannot be more pleasantly or conveniently reached than by the Lehigh Trunk-Lehigh Valley Route. Solid through trains, magnificent scenery, Grand Trunk Railway System, 135 Adams St., Chicago, Ill., Geo. W. Vaux, A. G. P. & T. A.

To Build National Opera House.

The intention is attributed to Mr Alfred Sutro, a framework of building a national opera house in London at a cost of $1,250,000. England is one of the few European nations lacking such an institution. King Edward makes no secret of his personal view that the millionaire who supplies this want will be conferring a great benefit upon his country.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Bad, Yet Good.

A Russian officer, who with six others broke his parole and escaped from the interned cruiser Diana at Newport News, was recaptured when he arrived at St. Petersburg for breaking his parole and then congratulated on behaving like a sailor. The seven officers have asked to be sent back to the far East.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Still Smart Enough.

Kerwin—I guess my wife thinks I'm a pretty smart man.

Merritt—What's the explanation? Kerwin—Well, she says that I am half as smart as she thought I was the day we were married.

Try One Package.

If "Defiance" Starch does not please you, return it to your dealer. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Try same money. It will give you satisfaction, and will not stick to the iron.

Scorn, Not Silence.

Attorney for Plaintiff—Did your wife treat you with silent scorn?

Witness—Yes, sir; she was such luck—she treated me with scorn.

Many a man who wouldn't think of telling a lie is an adept at side-stepping the truth.

When You Buy Starch

buy Defiance and get the best, 16 oz. for 10 cents. Once used, always used.

It is fortunate for the wise guys that the fool and his money refuse to stand pat.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding and Protruding Piles. Druggists will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50 cts.

You can fool some of the Chile tankers some of the time anyway.

FREE BY MAIL 1 BOTTLE ROYAL ARCH WHITE HORSE SCOTCH WHISKY. Address, ROYAL ARCH WHISKY, Chicago, Ill.