

You Can't Cure Catarrh By Swallowing Drugs

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To cure an ailment in the throat or chest, to rout out Catarrh or asthma, it is essential that the medicine be conveyed direct to the affected parts. This is why no other remedy has achieved such world-wide success as Catarrhoxone, which alone can be breathed in one second to every air cell in the breathing organs. The healing vapors of Catarrhoxone mix with the breath and descend through the throat, down the bronchial tubes, to the deepest air cells in the lungs—all parts are saturated with the rich piney essences that ease, heal and cure.

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Pictou, April 22nd, 1912. 4-24411

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LEM BOSKINS' INVENTORY

He Finally Settled It to His Satisfaction

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"I've sold the store, Luetta," announced Lem Boskins to his clerk one dark November morning. Lem peeled off his overcoat and hung it on a peg near his desk, hung his cap on top of it and rubbed his hands with a grateful air.

Luetta Wilson was a tall, pale, pretty girl who was nearing thirty years and never had had a declared admirer. There was something very shy and reserved about Luetta that made the village young men stand aloof even though they might admire her pale prettiness. Ever since she had left school she had clerked in Lem Boskins' dry goods store—twelve years in all—and people said she was a fixture. In the last month, Lem had announced his business for sale. He was going to sell out and go to New Mexico, where he had an interest in a mine that was paying well.

So this morning as he hung up his hat and overcoat he repeated to Luetta, "I've sold the store, Luetta!" "You have?" Luetta's voice was quite trembly, but Lem did not notice it. He did not sell his store every day, and that was exciting enough.

"Yes, You can't guess who to."

"No, Federman?" she hazarded, busy with her dusting.

"No, You'll never guess, Luetta. George Hine has bought it."

"George Hine!" echoed Luetta, coloring faintly and turning her back so that Lem might not discover her agitation.

"Yes, sir; gave me my price, too, and says you can keep your job. I told him that he couldn't keep store in Traskville without you to keep things straight, and he said he guessed I was right."

"That makes it nice for you, Lem," said Luetta, with a smile. "I suppose you will soon be going out to New Mexico."

"Just as soon as I can take inventory and turn the place over to him. Luetta, we've got to take inventory of all the stock and fixtures and give him a list. If you want any help I dare say I can find some girls to help you out."

But Luetta wouldn't accept any help. She had been in the store so long it was a second home to her, and she felt on familiar terms with everything within its shabby interior, and she determined that no other hands save her own should touch a thing.

So Lem's handsome head was bent above his books all day, and Luetta's pale gold hair shone against the dark shelves as she painstakingly took inventory of all the thousand and one articles of women's wear that cluttered the shelves.

There was never anything personal in their relations. To Lem Boskins Luetta was always the grownup little girl whom he had often dragged to school on his sled and who later on proved to be the best clerk he ever had. Lem was ten years older than Luetta, and he said he was a settled bachelor. He was good looking, too, in a big bluff way, and the gray hair at his temples only added to his fine appearance.

Day after day passed, while Luetta patiently waited on customers and Lem pored over papers and ran around the village, making distracted preparations to go away.

One afternoon it rained, and he stayed indoors and offered to help Luetta, who was sorting notions.

"I'll write down the items and you call 'em off," he suggested. "I'd like to get through this week, so's I can go."

"You needn't be in such a hurry, Lem," said Luetta quietly. "You'll be there a good while after you get there."

"So I will!" laughed Lem. "Do you know, Luetta, I never think how it will be after I get there. All I can

seem to think about are the going and the excitement. I suppose it's because I've never been away from home much. It's a good thing I didn't decide to go till after all my folks had passed on. There isn't anybody to mind my going."

"That's so," said Luetta, with unexpected crispness.

At noon Luetta went home to dinner, and while Lem sat there alone consulting his time tables he came George Hine, who had bought the store. He was a tall, thin, dark man with a scanty black beard worn in a point.

George Hine placed his umbrella carefully in the stand near the door and walked down the store to the back part where Lem was sitting.

"Take a chair," said Lem, tossing his time tables aside. "Come to have a look around?"

"Yes. Have you got the inventory ready?"

"No. We're working on it now. Luetta wouldn't have any help. She made up her mind she would do it all herself. It takes longer, but she knows what she's about."

"Luetta's a pretty good clerk," observed George Hine.

"There ain't a better one in the world."

"I suppose it would be hard work to find anybody to take her place," went on George Hine, more as if he was speaking to himself.

"You ain't thinking of turning Luetta Wilson off, George?" Lem's eyes flashed strangely.

"What if I am?" asked the other lazily.

"Nothing, only I'll call the deal off. Luetta's worked in this store too many years to be turned off now. I'll keep the store and let her run it for me before I'll see her turned off," said Lem hotly.

George Hine smiled tolerantly. "Don't get excited, Lem. You won't be called upon to do anything as sensational as all that. Just the same I may discharge Luetta Wilson as soon I take over the store."

"Oh, you will, will you?" sneered Lem.

"Yes. Don't get so hot, Lem. Wait until you hear the rest of it," soothed the other man good naturedly. "If Luetta Wilson leaves this store it will be because she's going to marry me."

"Oh!" said Lem, very much as if he had received an unexpected slap in the face. "I didn't know."

The door opened, a customer entered, and George Hine sauntered out. Later Luetta saw Luetta. Lem felt strangely savage about the whole thing and slammed dry goods around the store until Luetta flattered back to her place behind the counter.

"I suppose you enjoy getting up this inventory for George Hine," said Lem tactlessly.

"I don't know what you mean," said Luetta calmly, though a little color flickered in her cheeks.

"Of course I can't expect anybody to care much because I'm going away," went on Lem, foolishly reckless and suddenly fiercely jealous.

"Of course not," said Luetta, with unexpected spirit.

"Why not?"

"Because you haven't acted as if you cared whether you were leaving anybody behind or not," said Luetta vaguely. "Here's some more shell hairpins, Lem. Put those down on the inventory."

So Lem Boskins wrote down the shell hairpins, and papers of needles and darners, and spools of thread, and tape measures, and papers of pins, and shoestrings, and hair nets and "rats" and not once did his lips part to utter the little jokes that usually came readily to him as he worked. Lem was looking worried and harassed and not at all happy. He was sorely pained in a big boy sort of way, and he was trying to work it out in his mind to his own satisfaction.

At 5 o'clock Luetta brought him the last sheet of foolscap paper and said, "The inventory's finished, Lem."

He glanced at it carelessly, and then his eyes sought her blue ones and held them in a long, close look.

"You got everything in, Luetta?"

"Everything, I'm sure."

"How about yourself, Luetta?"

"Me?" she faltered and then blushed hotly. "Lem Boskins, are you laughing at me?"

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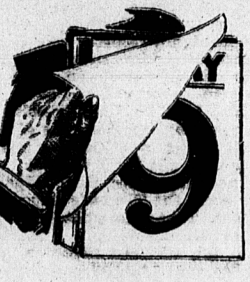
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