



What a man attains to seems for a little time to be the highest rung in the ladder, and during that brief period he may be content, but when he discovers that there are other rungs, still higher up, ambition gives birth to discontent, and he begins once more to climb. To climb is really man's chief end. It isn't in attainment, but in work that man finds his real happiness, consequently it is not strange that we find men working until they break down when there is no real necessity for it.

If men only knew it, they could work to almost any extent on through middle life and into old age, if they would only take a little common sense care of their health. The trouble is that they do not take the little stitches here and there that are necessary to preserve health. They pay no attention to the signs of on-coming ill-health. A little biliousness, a little indigestion, a little loss of sleep and appetite, a little nervousness, a little headache, a little shakiness in the morning, and a little dullness all day, a little this and a little that—all these little things they neglect. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the appetite keen, digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and the nerves steady. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It is the great liver invigorator and nerve tonic. It fits a man to work and work and work. Medicine dealers sell it and have nothing else "just as good."

"I was a sufferer five or six years from indigestion," writes B. F. Holmes, of Gaffney, Spartanburg Co., S. C., "also from sore stomach and constant headache. I then used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets,' which in a few days gave me permanent relief."

A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. All medicine dealers sell them.

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**NECK OR NOTHING.**  
A SOUTHERN STORY OF ANTE BELLUM DAYS,  
BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

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**CHAPTER VII.**  
"Howdy, Mars Adrien! I is mouty glad to see you ag'in."

Furtively he was rubbing his begrimed right hand along the leg of his ragged trousers. If Mr. Adrien should vouchsafe a handshake, he wanted to be found in complete readiness.

But Adrien's ivory white hands, with their carefully pruned pink nails, were clasped about the stock and the muzzle of the gun at rest across his shoulders. He flung a nod and a smile at the boy. The smile was bright and the nod friendly. Sandy, the uncritical starveling, appropriated them gratefully and grew bold.

"I is got a pup for you, Mars Adrien—a rare setter pup. She ready fur to be trained right now. I ben savin her fur you. A setter pup, he is."

"A setter? The very thing! I am going to look for some birds this morning. Sandy, and there isn't a dog but Martin's old collie up at the house. I can give her her first lesson this morning."

Sandy waxed descriptive under this genial warmth of appreciation.

"Her is ole Dido's pup an Hero is her's daddy. When you went away to school, ole mars sent ole Dido down to mammy's house an tole me to tek keer er her, an us did, but her die all the same. Her die six months ago. Her was wore out, mammy say, but her lef a passel er pups, an mammy she drown 'em all but one, an she say I mus' raise hit fur you. Us name her Sa'y Jane, an her is got three white foots, jis lak ole Hero. Her is mighty smart, Mars Adrien, but her don't know nothin'—nothin' tall."

"Well, then, it is time I was teachin her something. Go fetch her, Sandy. I've ben wonderin all morning where I could find a bird dog."

Dolbear's jealous disapproval found vent in a snort of contempt as Sandy leaped nimbly past him and disappeared at a full run in the direction of the quarters.

"Son, don't you be turnin that fool boy's head. He's mouty easy sot up, an don't you be raisin no great 'spectashuns on that pup. Sandy is some on the brag, I tell you."

Adrien laughed absently and walking to the end of the harness room looked through its one broad, unglazed window into the paddock beyond.

"I have changed my mind about riding over to the Chamblisses this morning, Uncle Dol. I think I will take a long tramp instead. I hadn't thought much about the partridges until Sandy mentioned Sarah Jane. Where will I be most likely to find Bob White?"

No one ever questioned Adrien's moods. Dolbear laid the drag harness down regretfully. But "white folks" most generally were "notionate," according to his observation.

"You oughter fin partridges mos' anywhar jus' now, but they principally feeds up 'bout the buryin ground. The peafields lays all 'bout the buryin ground, an the birds ain't ben pestered much uv late. Ole mars giv' orders nobody was to shoot the partridges. He's ben savin 'em fur you. Den you don't want the mar's put in the drag?"

"Not until I give further orders. I wonder if one of the Martin boys would not like to tramp with me?"

Dolbear waved a superb negation with hand and head.

"Let the Martin boys 'lone, son; they is got work to do. Let 'em 'lone. It all done ve'y well w'en you was a passel uv little boys together, runnin ba'foot an climbin pussimmon trees an not knowin b from bull's foot, but you ain't a little ba'foot boy now; you is got the fam'ly name to take keer of. The Martin boys is got to work out they own salvation. Let 'em 'lone, son. Birds uv a feather is 'bleeged to flock together. The Martin boys ain't no born gentlemen."

In less questionable English, but with similar impressiveness, Adrien had already received this advice twice over.

With gentle vagueness, as one who would temper justice with mercy, his mother had said:

"The Martin boys are worthy, excellent people in their places, my son, and when you were all children together, subject to my surveillance, the intimacy was not objectionable, but of course everything is different now."

Liza especially, she might have added, but she did not.

His grandfather took the unequivocal stand of the plutocratic old aristocrat he avowedly was.

"We must draw the line somewhere, Adrien. Eben Martin is as good and useful man in his sphere as can be found. So is that boy Seth. Invaluable on the place, both of them. Charlie is nothing but a crude youngster yet. And as for the women, Martin's wife is just what an overseer's wife ought to be, healthy, vigorous, ignorant, good natured. The girl, I am afraid, has been spoiled between them all. Your mother there did her share. She is an uppish

little minx, as full of independence and pride as an egg is of meat. Educated out of all conception of her true sphere in life, I fear. Your mother there says the girl is absolutely strong minded; talks of going north to study medicine. Revolting."

"The world moves, grandpa," Adrien laughed at the antiquated horror in the governor's eyes. "How about Strong? He was rather a favorite of yours at one time."

"Yes. That is, Eben had bestowed my name on the chap and I desired him to do credit to it. I thought he was in a fair way to do so, too, from all I heard. But"—the governor's long blue veined hand went up to his velvet skull-cap and set it slowly rotating—"I am glad you've brought his name up, Adrien. It convinces me that you have not avoided it purposely."

(To be Continued.)



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