KEZIAH COFFIN

by

Joseph C. Lincoln

Author of
Cy Whittaker's Place
Cap'n Eri, Etc.

Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young

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SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Keziah Coffin, supposed widow, is arranging to move from Trumet to Boston, following the death of her brother, for whom she had kept house. Kyan Pepper, widower, offers marriage, and is indignantly refused. Capt. Elkanah Daniels, leader of the Regular church offers Keziah a place as housekeeper for the new minister, and she decides to remain in Trumet. Keziah takes charge of Rev. John Ellery, the new minister, and gives him advice as to his conduct toward members of the parish. Ellery causes a sensation by attending a "Come-outer" meeting. Ellery's presence is bitterly resented by Eben Hammond, leader of the meeting. Grace apologizes for her guardian and Ellery escorts her home in the rain. Capt. Nat Hammond, Eben's son, becomes a hero by bringing the packet into port safely through fog and storm. Ellery finds Keziah writing a letter to some one, inclosing money in response to a demand. She curiously startled when informed of the arrival of Nat. Nat calls on Keziah, and it develops that they have been lovers since youth. Daniels remonstrates with Ellery for attending "Come-outer" meeting. Ellery is caught by the tide and is rescued by Nat. They become friends.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Sure enough; one of the windows on this side of the house was raised about six inches at the bottom, the shade was up, and peering beneath the sash the minister discerned the expressive features of Abishai Pepper—or as much of those features as the size of the opening permitted to be seen.

"Oh!" exclaimed the visitor, "is that you, Mr. Pepper? Well, I'm glad to see you, at last. You are rather hard to see, even now."

"Er—er—come to call, did you?"

"Why, yes, that was my intention."

"Hum! Er—er—Laviny, she's gone over to Thankful Payne's. She heard that Thankful's cousin up to Middleboro had died—passed away, I mean—and she thought she'd run over and find out if Thankful was willed anything. She said she'd be back pretty soon."

"Very well. Then, as she won't be gone long, perhaps I'll come in and wait."

"You see, Mr. Ellery," stammered Kyan, "I—I'd like to have you come in fust rate, but—er—Laviny she's got the key. She—she— Oh, consarn it all, Mr. Ellery, she's locked me in this room a-purpose, so's I won't get out and go somewheres without her knowin' it.

"She done it a-purpose," continued Kyan, in a burst of confidence. "She had me put one of them new-fangled spring locks on the door of this room t'other day, 'cause she said she was afraid of tramps and wanted some place to shut herself up in if one of 'em come. And—and after dinner today she sent me in here for somethin' and then slammed the door on me. Said she cal'lated I'd stay put till she got back from Thankful's. She knew mighty well I couldn't get out of the window, 'cause it won't open no farther'n 'tis now. I wa'n't never so provoked in my life. 'Tain't no way to treat your own brother, lockin' him up like a young one; now, is it?"

"I don't know. You're of age, Mr. Pepper, and you must decide for yourself. I think I should declare my independence. Really, I must go. I—"

"Stop your foolishness! Oh!—I—I ask your pardon, Mr. Ellery. That ain't no way to talk to a minister. But I'm goin' to go out when I want to if I bust a hole through the clapboards. I ain't fascinatin'. You ask any woman—except her—if I be, and see what they say. What'll I do?"

"Ha, ha! I don't know, I'm sure. You might lock her up, I suppose, just for a change."

"Hey!" There was a sound from behind the pane as if the imprisoned one had slapped his knee. "By gum! I never thought of that. Would you now, Mr. Ellery? Would you? Sshh! sshh! somebody's comin'. Maybe it's her. Run around to the door, Mr. Ellery, quick. And don't tell her I've seen you, for mercy sakes! Don't now, will ye? Please! Run!"

The minister did not run, but he walked briskly around the corner. Sure enough, Lavinia was there, just unlocking the door. She expressed herself as very glad to see the caller, ushered him into the sitting room and disappeared, returning in another moment with her brother, whom she unblushingly said had been taking a nap. Abishai did not contradict her; instead, he merely looked apprehensively at the minister.

The call was a short one. Lavinia did seven-eighths of the talking and Ellery the rest. Kyan was silent.

He told no one of Kyan's confidential disclosure, and, after some speculation as to whether or not there might be a sequel, put the whole ludicrous affair out of his mind. A week from the following Sunday he dined in state at the Daniels' table. Captain Elkanah was gracious and condescending. Annabel was more than that. She was dressed in her newest gown and was so very gushing and affable that the minister felt rather embarrassed. When, after the meal was over, Captain Elkanah excused himself and went upstairs for his Sabbath nap, the embarrassment redoubled. Miss Annabel spoke very confidentially of her loneliness without "congenial society," of how very much she did enjoy Mr. Ellery's intellectual sermons, and especially what a treat it had been to have him as a guest.

He left the big house as soon as he could without giving offense, and started back toward the parsonage. But the afternoon was so fine and the early summer air so delightful that he changed his mind and, jumping the fence at the foot of Cannon Hill, set off across the fields toward the bluffs and the bay shore.

The sun was low in the west as he entered the grove of pines on the bluff. The red light between the boughs made brilliant carpet patterns on the thick pine needles and the smell was balsamy and sweet. Between the tree trunks he caught glimpses of the flats, now partially covered, and they reminded him of his narrow escape and of Nat Hammond, his rescuer.

Thinking of the Hammond family reminded him of another member of it. Not that he needed to be reminded; he had thought of her often enough since she ran away from him in the rain that night. And then he saw her. She was standing just at the outer edge of the grove, leaning against a tree and looking toward the sunset. She wore a simple white dress and her hat hung upon her shoulders by its ribbons. The rosy light edged the white gown with pink and the fringes of her dark hair were crinkly lines of fire. Her face was grave, almost sad.

John Ellery stood still, with one foot uplifted for a step. The girl looked out over the water and he looked at her. Then a crow, one of several whirling above the pines, spied the intruder and screamed a warning. The minister was startled and stepped back. A dead limb beneath his foot cracked sharply. Grace turned and saw him.

"Oh!" she cried. "Who is it?"

Ellery emerged from the shadow.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Van Horne," he said. "It is—er—I."

"You came to see the sunset, I suppose?" she said hurriedly, as if to head off a question. "So did I. It is a beautiful evening for a walk, isn't it?"

She had said precisely the same thing on that other evening, when they stood in the middle of "Hammond's Turn-off" in the driving rain. He remembered it, and so, evidently, did she, for she colored slightly and smiled.

"I mean it this time," she said. "I'm glad you didn't get cold from your wetting the other day."

"Oh! I wasn't very wet. You wouldn't let me lend you the umbrella, so I had that to protect me on the way home."

"Not then; I meant the other morning when Nat—Cap'n Hammond—met you on the flats. He said you were wading the main channel and it was over your boots."

"It was worse than that, a good deal worse. It might have been my last cruise. I'm pretty certain that I owe the captain my life. That part of the channel I proposed swimming was exactly where two men have been drowned, so people say. I'm not a very strong swimmer, and they were. So, you see."

Grace cried out in astonishment.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. Then pointing toward the bay, she asked: "Out there, by the end of that leader, was it?"

"Yes, that was it."

She drew a long breath. Then, after a moment:

"And Nat spoke as if it was all a joke," she said.

"No doubt he did. From what I hear of your brother, he generally refers to his own plucky, capable actions as jokes. Other people call them something else."

"He isn't my brother," she interrupted absently. "I wish he was."

She sighed as she uttered the last sentence.

"No, of course he isn't your real brother; I forgot. But he must seem like one."

"Yes," rather doubtfully.

"You must be proud of him."

"I am." there was nothing doubtful this time.

"Miss Van Horne! What did your uncle say about Cap'n Nat's meeting me the other day?"

"Uncle Eben doesn't know. Nat didn't tell anyone but me. He doesn't boast. And uncle would be glad he helped you. As I told you before, Mr. Ellery, I'm not ashamed of my uncle. He has been so good to me that I never can repay him, never! When my own father was drowned he took me in, a little orphan that would probably have been sent to a home. When he needed money most he said nothing to me, but insisted that I should be educated. I didn't know until afterwards of the self-sacrifice my four years at the Middleboro Academy meant to him."

"So you went away to school?" he mused. "This is why—"

"That is why I don't say 'never done nothin'' and 'be you' and 'hain't neither.' Yes, thank you, that's why. I don't wonder you were surprised."

She was going, but the minister had something to say. He stepped forward and walked beside her.

"Just a minute, please," he urged. "Miss Van Horne, I do understand. I do respect your uncle. We have a mutual friend, you and I, and through her I have come to understand many things."

Grace turned and looked at him.

"A mutual friend?" she repeated. "Oh, I know. Mrs. Coffin?"

"Yes; Mrs. Coffin. She's a good woman and a wise one."

"I know. I feel the same way about her. She means so much to me. I love her more than anyone else in the world, except uncle, of course—and Nat. I miss her very much since—since—"

"Since I came, you mean. I'm sorry. I wish—I hate to think I am the cause which separates you two. It isn't my fault, as you know."

"Oh! I know that."

"Yes, and I object to having others choose my friends for me, people who, because of a fanatical prejudice, stand in the way of— If it wasn't for that, you might call and see Mrs. Coffin, just as you used to do."

"But it's impossible. Uncle respects and is fond of Aunt Keziah, but he wouldn't hear of my visiting the parsonage."

She was close to the overhanging edge of the bluff and the sod upon which she stood was bending beneath her feet. He sprang forward, caught her about the waist, and pulled her back. The sod broke and rattled down the sandy slope. She would have had a slight tumble, nothing worse, had she gone with it. There was no danger; and yet the minister was very white as he released her.

She, too, was pale for a moment, and then crimson.

"Thank you," she gasped. "I—I must go. It is late. I didn't realize how late it was. I—I must go. I—I think the sunsets from this point are the finest I have ever seen. I come here every Sunday afternoon to see them."

This remark was given merely to cover embarrassment, but it had an unexpected effect.

"You do?" cried the minister. The next moment he was alone. Grace Van Horne had vanished in the gloom of the pine thickets.

It was a strange John Ellery who walked slowly back along the path. He saw nothing real, and heard nothing, not even the excited person who, hidden behind the bayberry bush, hailed him as he passed. It was not until this person rushed forth and seized him by the arm that he came back to the unimportant affairs of this material earth.

"Why! Why, Mr. Pepper!" he gasped. "Are you here? What do you want?"

"Am I here?" panted Kyan. "Ain't I been here for the last twenty minutes waitin' to get a chance at you? Ain't I been chasin' you from Dan to Beersheby all this dummed—excuse me—afternoon? Oh, my godfreys mighty!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"You—you made me do it," guarded Kyan. "Yes, sir, 'twas you put me up to it. When you was at our house t'other day, after Laviny locked me up, you told me the way to get square was to lock her up, too. And I done it! Yes, sir, I done it when she got back from meetin' this noon. I run off and left her locked in. And—and" —he wailed, wringing his hands— "I —I ain't dast to go home sence. What'll I do?"

CHAPTER VIII.

In Which Miss Daniels Determines to Find Out.

The hysterical Mr. Pepper doubtless expected his clergyman to be almost as much upset as he was by the news of his action. But John Ellery was provokingly calm.

"Hush! Hush!" he commanded. "Wait a minute. Let me understand this thing. Some one is locked up, you say. Who is it? Where—"

"Who is it? Ain't I tellin' you. It's Laviny. She went into that spare room where I was t'other day and I slammed the spring lock to on her. Then I grabbed the key and run. That was afore three this afternoon; now it's 'most night and I ain't dast to go home. What'll she say when I let her out? I got to let her out, ain't I? She can't starve to death in there, can she? And you told me to do it! You did! Oh—"

"Well, then, I don't see why you can't go home and—hum—I don't like to advise your telling a lie, but you might let her infer that it was an accident. Or, if you really mean to be your own master, you can tell her you did it purposely and will do it again if she ever tries the trick on you."

"I tell her that! I tell her! O Mr. Ellery, don't talk so. You don't know Laviny; she ain't like most women.

He Sprang Forward and Caught Her About the Waist.

If I should tell her that she'd—I don't know's she wouldn't take and horsewhip me. Or commit suicide. She's said she would afore now if—if—"

"Nonsense! She won't do that, you needn't worry." He burst into another laugh, but checked himself, as he saw the look of absolute distress on poor Kyan's face.

"Never mind, Mr. Pepper," he said. "We'll think of some plan to smooth matters over. I'll go home with you now and we'll let her out together."

The little house was dark and still as they approached it.

They entered. The dining room was dark and quiet. So was the sitting room. The clock ticked, solemn and slow. Kyan's trembling knees managed to carry him to the little hall leading from the sitting room toward the ell at the side of the house. This hall was almost pitch black.

"Here—here, 'tis," panted Kyan. "Here's the door. I don't hear nothin', do you? Listen!"

They listened. Not a sound, save the dismal tick of the clock in the room they had left. Ellery knocked on the door.

"Miss Pepper," he said; "Miss Pepper, are you there?"

Silence, absolute. Abishai could stand it no longer. He groaned and collapsed on his knees.

"She has!" he moaned. "The done it and there ain't nothin' in there but her remains. Oh, my soul!"

Ellery, now rather frightened himself, shook him violently.

"Be quiet, you idiot!" he commanded. "We must go in. Give me the key."

After repeated orders and accompanying shakings, Kyan produced a key. The minister snatched it from his trembling fingers, felt for the keyhole and threw the door open. The little room was almost as dark as the hall and quite as still. There was a distinct smell of old clothes and camphor. The minister was going after a match, and said so. In a moment he returned with several. One of these he lit. The brimstone sputtered, burned blue and fragrant, then burst into a yellow flame.

The little room was empty.

John Ellery drew a breath of relief. Then he laughed.

"Humph!" he exclaimed. "She's gone. Come into the sitting room, light a lamp, and let's talk it over."

The lamp was found and lighted at last. It's radiance brightened the dingy sitting room. The sound of wheels was heard in the lane by the front gate. A vehicle stopped. Then some one called a hurried good night. Mr. Pepper's fear returned.

"It's her!" he cried. "She's been ahuntin' for me. Now I'll get it! You stand by me, Mr. Ellery. You got to. You said you would. But how on earth did she get out—"

His sister appeared on the threshold. She was dressed in her Sunday best, flowered poke bonnet, mitts, imitation India shawl, rustling black bombazine gown. She looked at Mr. Pepper, then at the minister.

"O Mr. Ellery!" she exclaimed, "be you here?"

The Reverend John admitted his presence. Miss Pepper's demeanor surprised him. She did not seem angry; indeed, she acted embarrassed and confused, as if she, and not her brother, were the guilty party.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Ellery," gushed Lavinia, removing the bonnet. "You see, I was invited out to ride this afternoon and—and—I went."

She glanced at her brother, reddened—yes, almost blushed—and continued.

"You know, 'Bishy," she said. "Thankful Payne's cousin's home visitin' her. He come about that cousin's will—the other cousin that's just died. He's a real nice man—her live cousin is—keeps a shoe store up to Sandwich, and I used to know him years ago. When I was over to Thankful's t'other day, him and me had quite a talk. We got speakin' of what nice drives there was around Trumet and—and—er—well, he asked me if I wouldn't like to go to ride next Sunday afternoon—that's today. And a ride bein' a good deal of a treat to me, I said I would. Thankful was goin' too, but—er—er—she couldn't very well. So Caleb—that's his name, you remember, 'Bishy—he come round with his horse and team about ha'f past three and we started. But I'd no idee 'twas so late. I—I—meant to tell you I was goin' 'Bish, but I forgot.

"I'm so sorry I kept you waitin' supper," gushed Lavinia. "I'll get you a good one now. Oh, well, deary me! I must be gettin' absent-minded. I ain't asked you where you've been all the afternoon."

Abishai's eyes turned beseechingly toward his promised backer. Ellery could not resist that mute appeal.

"Your brother has been with me for some time, Miss Pepper," he volunteered.

"Oh, has he? Ain't that nice! He couldn't have been in better comp'ny, I'm sure. But, I say, 'Bishy! I ain't told you how I come to not get tin' out at all. Just afore Mr. Payne come, I was in that spare room and—you remember I put a spring lock on that door? Well, when I was in there this afternoon the wind blew the door shut, the lock clicked, and there I was. If I hadn't had the other key in my pocket I don't know's I wouldn't have been in there yet. That would have been a pretty mess, wouldn't it! He! he! he!"

The Reverend John did not answer. He could not trust himself to speak just then. When he did it was to announce that he must be getting toward home. No, he couldn't stay for supper.

Miss Pepper went into the kitchen, and Abishai saw the visitor to the door. Ellery extended his hand and Kyan shook it with enthusiasm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Vivid Picture.

Of all "aptitudes," the mechanical is least likely to manifest itself in a feminine brain. The young woman whose visit to a locomotive works is described in Young's Magazine, was doubtless interested in what she saw, but her account of the processes observed leaves the reader to doubt her entire understanding of them.

"You pour," she told a friend, "a lot of sand into a lot of boxes, and you throw old stove-lids and things into a furnace, and then you turn the red-hot stream into a hole in the sand, and everybody yells and shouts.

"Then you pour it out, let it cool and pound it, and then you put in it a thing that bores holes in it. Then you screw it together, and paint it, and put steam in it, and it goes splendidly, and they take it to a drafting-room and make a blue-print of it.

"But one thing I forgot—They have to make a boiler. One man gets inside and one gets outside, and they pound frightfully, and then they tie it to the other thing, and you ought to see it go!"—Youth's Companion.

Finding the Drowned.

Occasionally one reads that, when human bodies are thought to be in rivers and cannot be found, "a loaf of bread has been floated down the stream." But very few people have the least idea what connection there is between bread and the finding of bodies. When the river has been dragged without result, a loaf of bread is cut in two, a place hollowed out in the middle, and a quantity of quicksilver inserted. The two halves of the loaf are then fastened together again, and the bread is thrown into the water in the place where the body is supposed to be. Without fail the loaf floats along until it reaches the vicinity of the body, and then revolves quickly, hovering over the spot.

When Disraeli Faltered.

Disraeli was speaking in support of Lord Lytton's motion condemning the evacuation of Kandahar. "My lords," he said, "the key of India is not Merv, or Herat, or"—here came a long pause, and rather painful anxiety in the audience, and then the quiet resumption of the thread—"It is not the place of which I cannot recall the name—the key of India is London."—One Look Back, by the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

TRY TO DO TOO MUCH

ERROR MOST WOMEN MAKE WHEN HOUSE CLEANING.

To Lay Out a System and Do the Work One Room at a Time Is Better Than Upsetting the Whole House.

Winter, with its attendant duties in household affairs, means that the woman who has system in her plans will accomplish more work and have more satisfactory results than the erratic, makeshift, housekeeper, who cleans because she is expected to do so, and whose work speaks for her incompetence.

House cleaning should not be a matter to be feared, and it decidedly should not disrupt the home and verify the "eating from the mantelpiece" joke.

The first rule is to plan the time to be given to the work and to do one room at a time. This will insure thoroughness, and will allow a part of the day for rest, so that a wreck of a woman need not greet the homecomers at night. Most women are enthusiastic, and when one room is cleaned feel that they might as well go through the suite. This is the error for which they pay later on.

The easiest way when cleaning the furniture which has been covered is to remove the linen coverings and place in a tub of water to which naphtha or borax has been added. While these additions are doing the washing for you the furniture should be taken out of doors and thoroughly brushed with a stiff brush. If the covering be durable, a beating with a rattan beater should be given.

The woodwork should be wiped off with warm water and a chamois.

Paints should be cleaned, and you have no idea what an extra coat of enamel on white paint or varnish on other wood will do.

Wallpaper can be cleaned by wiping it with breadcrumbs. Art gum or kneaded rubber will do this work, as also will bread dough that has not much lard in it.

Carpets or rugs after a thorough cleaning can be brightened by wiping over the surface with water to which ammonia has been added.

Gas globes are also brightened by a bath in soapsuds and ammonia.

The curtains and other hangings are easily cleaned, and the furniture moved back. Just a hint: Change the arrangement of the chairs, and the room will seem to take a new life and an added attraction.

Then rest! One room at a time, remember. Perhaps 't will take two weeks. What of it? Does not a good temper, a rested body, the knowledge of work well and thoroughly done warrant "making haste slowly?"

Try the slow and sure method this year.

Cheese Puffs.

This is a good way to use up odd pieces of pastry and stale scraps of cheese. One egg and one extra yolk, two ounces of butter, three ounces of grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste and a quarter of a pound of pastry. Break the egg and extra yolk into a basin and beat them well. Melt the butter and add it slowly to the eggs, also the grated cheese and a pinch of salt and pepper. Roll out the pastry very thin, then stamp it with a cutter the size of a wine glass top. Spread a little of the cheese mixture over one round, leaving a narrow border of pastry around; brush the edge of a second round with a beaten egg or water, lay it over the mixture and press the edges together. Lay on a slightly greased baking tin, bake in a quick oven about ten minutes. Sprinkle them over with grated cheese and serve.

For Curtain Stretchers.

Any woman who is in need of curtain stretchers and has a set of quilting frames on hand, can make them in the following way: Buy some fine wire nails one-inch size, and put a row of them along one edge of your frames as far apart as the scallops of your curtains. Then secure your frames at the corners and stretch your curtains on the small nails. After all your curtains are done, remove the nails, as they are liable to rust if left in, and it is very easy to tack nails in the old holes when next you want to use them.

Pie Stand.

A very convenient receptacle for cakes and pies is made from a box. Stand the box on end and place strips at equal distances along each side inside the box. Let these support light pieces or strips of boards. This allows for the placing of a number of pies one above another and saves space. By removing one or more shelves cakes may be placed in it. This can be easily moved from room to room, or even taken on an outing. The front may be closed by either a screen or solid door as used on a cupboard.

To Freshen Curtains.

Take several newspapers and paste the edges together, then stretch the curtains to be cleaned upon them, putting a good amount of flour between each curtain, roll up in a tight bundle, tie and lay away for a week or so. Then shake out well and hang out on the line while you dust out all flour with a clean whisk-broom.

Homely Hint.

Wax candles which have become dusty or soiled can be made perfectly white by rubbing them with a clean piece of flannel dipped in spirits of wine.

Appetizer Clareridge.

Heat thin slices of smoked sturgeon in butter, in skillet. Serve on small slices of buttered toast.

Camphor for Silver.

A lump of camphor kept near silver when not in use will prevent it tarnishing.

When.

When a doctor's bill is smaller than it was expected to be the man who gets it begins to feel that there is some joy in living after all.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy. Adv.

Marriage.

The couple were being married by an out-of-town justice of the peace.

"Until death do you part?" the magistrate asked, in the usual form.

The man hesitated. "See here, judge, can't you make it an indeterminate sentence?" quoth he, after thinking a moment.—Puck.

Muff.

Senator Borah was talking about a disgruntled political opponent.

"His attitude," said the eloquent senator, "reminds me of a young lady at the seashore.

"Discussing this young lady and a Chicago millionaire, a girl remarked:

"'She says he's not a very good catch, after all.'

"Another girl, tossing her head, then made the comment:

"'She says, that, does she? Then he must have dropped her.'"

Frontier Medical List.

In good old frontier days castor oil was the principal medical beverage—good full measures, too. Only the biggest person could hold a whole dose—one-half a dipperful, with half a dipperful of New Orleans molasses added to help slick it down and make it taste good, only it didn't taste good. In those historic days every old woman was a doctor and gathered her own "yarbs" in the woods and knew how to mix up medical messes that would stir the vitals of a brass monkey or a cast iron dog. All backwoodsmen believed in "yarb" doctors. Something in "yarbs," at that.

A DIFFERENCE.

Mr. Hall Roome—Billboards are very annoying.

Landlady—They don't worry some people I know, half as much as board bills.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE

Something Worth Listening To.

A young Nebr. man was advised by a friend to eat Grape-Nuts because he was all run down from a spell of fever. He tells the story:

"Last spring I had an attack of fever that left me in a very weak condition. I had to quit work; had no appetite, was nervous and discouraged.

"A friend advised me to eat Grape-Nuts, but I paid no attention to him and kept getting worse as time went by.

"I took many kinds of medicine but none of them seemed to help me. My system was completely run down, my blood got out of order from want of proper food, and several very large boils broke out on my neck. I was so weak I could hardly walk.

"One day mother ordered some Grape-Nuts and induced me to eat some. I felt better and that night rested fine. As I continued to use the food every day, I grew stronger steadily and now have regained my former good health. I would not be without Grape-Nuts, as I believe it is the most health-giving food in the world." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

Rheumatism Neuralgia Sprains

Miss C. Mahoney, of 2708 K. St., W. Washington, D. C. writes: "I suffered with rheumatism for five years and I have just got hold of your Liniment, and it has done me so much good. My knees do not pain and the swelling has gone."

Quiets the Nerves

Mrs. A. Weidman, of 403 Thompson St., Maryville, Mo., writes: "The nerve in my leg was destroyed five years ago and left me with a jerking at night so that I could not sleep. A friend told me to try your Liniment and now I could not do without it. I find after its use I can sleep."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

"Is a good Liniment. I keep it on hand all the time. My daughter sprained her wrist and used your Liniment, and it has not hurt her since."

Joseph Hatcher, of Selma, N. C. R.F.D., No. 6.

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MACHINE, NOT A GIRL

Rosy Hears That Her Sweetheart Is Crazy About a Typewriter.

By MILDRED HOUSTON HEMINGWAY.

"Then you do love me," he whispered, as he held her in his arms and tried to reach her lips with his.

Rosy made no audible reply, but gave a little sigh of satisfaction and cuddled closer in the encircling arms.

"You'll never let anything come between us?" he pleaded, this time succeeding in turning the pretty face to his, and preventing any reply by covering the little mouth. At last, however, Hugh managed to gain from the bashful young girl her confession of love, and then the two began planning for an early marriage. This was Tuesday night.

Wednesday morning a cloud arose on the horizon of their love. Rosy was singing at her work around the house, when Kathryn Steward ran up the steps. Kathryn had been married three months, and Rosy was extremely anxious to confide her engagement to her friend, so she ran to open the door. Before their greetings were fairly over she began to pave the way for her confession.

"Hugh was here last night," she smiled.

"Hugh who?" Kathryn asked, although she knew as well as Rosy.

"Hugh Howard."

"Well, what of it?" Kathryn asked, going over to the mantel and arranging her hair before the glass.

"Why, I—well—he was here," Rosy faltered.

Kathryn turned. "You don't mean to say that you are interested in him?" she said. There was real concern in her voice.

"What makes you say that?" Rosy cried, her eyes filling with tears.

Kathryn forgot her hair, and took her friend in her arms. "I'll tell you," she said, softly.

"Rich knows Hugh very well indeed, and he told me the other night that he was crazy about a typewriter. Those were his very words. Said he could talk of nothing but that typewriter, and you aren't a typewriter, are you?" and Kathryn kissed her little friend.

Poor little Rosy began to cry. Perhaps, if left to herself, she might have sent for Hugh and asked for an ex-

"Well, What of It?" Kathryn Asked.

planation, but under Kathryn's persuasive direction she wrote him the following note:

"I am going to ask you to forget what happened last night, to treat it as though it never occurred. Do not try to see me, for I never want to meet you again. Rose Parsons."

"And now you are coming to our summer cottage with me," Kathryn said decidedly, and before Rosy recovered her breath, Kathryn had explained to Mrs. Parsons, packed Rosy's suit case, and borne her away.

As the cruel letter slipped from her fingers into the mail box Rosy gave a little sob, and might have written another to recall it, if she had not accidentally come across Hugh on the way to the depot. He did not see her as he was walking beside a remarkably pretty girl, and the two were laughing and talking in an animated manner, although there was nothing loverlike in their attitude. Still, to Rosy, this was proof positive of his perfidy.

Just as Hugh was thinking with joyful anticipation of the evening, he received Rosy's letter, and could scarcely believe his eyes as he read the few words her epistle contained.

"Well, of all things!" he said at last, drawing a deep breath.

If he had been like some men, he might have retired into a sulky silence, and pride would have reared a wall as high as heaven between the two, but Hugh was made of different material. Instead of visiting Rosy, he went out to see her mother, and after a little time convinced Mrs. Parsons that he really did love her daughter.

"I can't tell what the matter was," Mrs. Parsons confessed, "but Kathryn was back of it, and took Rosy up to the lake with her."

"Why, I thought Kathryn was my friend," Hugh cried, more bewildered than ever.

"It was something she told Rosy," Mrs. Parsons insisted, and Hugh left the house trying to puzzle out what the trouble could be.

Then he went to Richard Steward, and asked him if he knew anything about the matter.

"I haven't the remotest idea," that young gentleman returned, and then added:

"Come up with me Saturday, and ask Rosy for yourself. We'll say nothing to the girls about your coming, and take them by surprise."

In the meanwhile Rosy was anything but a pleasant companion to her hostess, for if the truth be told, she sulked and cried nearly all the time, and Kathryn began to wish she had left her friend in ignorance of what she had found out.

On Saturday the two went over to the station to met Richard, and Rosy felt her rebellious heart give a throb of joy when she saw Hugh with her host, although she pretended to be very angry, and would not speak to him.

They all climbed into the boat which was to take them to the Stewart cottage, and then Hugh asked quietly:

"What did you tell Rosy about me, Kathryn?"

Kathryn's face grew a little redder than it had been since she first saw Hugh with her husband, but she said stoutly:

"I just told her you were crazy about a typewriter. I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Hugh."

Hugh and Richard looked at each other, and then burst into a roar of laughter, while the two girls looked furious.

"So I am," Hugh said at last, "but it is a machine, not a girl. I'm going to have the agency for it, and that is one reason I can think of getting married at this time."

Richard and Kathryn effaced themselves as soon as their guests reached land, and Rosy made up for her willingness to believe evil, although she did ask meekly after a time:

"Who was that I saw you with the other day when we were coming to the depot?"

"Why, the girl who gives demonstrations on the typewriter. She taught me how to get a high rate of speed from the machines so I could show them to better advantage."

Rosy looked up at him with a little shame-faced smile, and then buried her face tearfully but happily on his shoulder.

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

FIRST SHOTS AT A CARIBOU

J. T. Studley Fired Seven Times in Vain Because He Had "Buck Ague."

What the "buck ague" is like is described in "The Journal of a Sporting Nomad," by J. T. Studley. The author's first attempt against the caribou resulted in humiliation. He tells that Johnny, his Indian guide, suddenly dropped like a stone into the wet grass and muttered "Stag," and there, sure enough, strolling along the front, was a fine caribou. "I sat down, resting my elbow on my knee, waiting until he should put in an appearance on my side of the rock. I had the rifle to my shoulder and at last the grand beast walked into view, not more than 100 yards away. He stopped, looking about him, and I drew a bead on his shoulder. Useless! The rifle wabbled all over the place, and for the life of me I could not keep it still, nor hold my breath. My heart was in my mouth and all the time the rifle trembled and shook. The caribou moved on a few paces and I determined that if I meant to shoot at all I must obtain better control of my nerves. I still covered him with the sights, or thought I was doing so, as I pulled the trigger on the beast that was standing broadside on, with his head turned from me.

"I was using a 500 Winchester Express, and it was the work of an instant to pump another cartridge into the chamber and fire again. Still no move on the part of my target. He faced the other way nonchalantly, listening with interest to the echo of the rifle in the distant canyons. I was getting desperate now and could hear the Micmac muttering all sorts of imprecations behind my back, which only made things worse. I fired five more shots at that caribou as he stood as though carved in wood, persevering until he turned off calmly into a belt of timber.

"This story is an absolute fact. I would not have credited it had I not been the one to make such a fool of myself. My feelings can be more readily imagined than described—I could have cried with vexation and shame. Johnny took the rifle, looked it over, patted it as though he would demand of it whether the fault lay with it or the user, and I tried to make excuses to myself for myself."

Danger of Lying in Bed.

Lack of muscular exercise is the first result of lying in bed. As a result the appetite is weakened, the digestive action slows down, and the muscles of the stomach and abdomen cease to act upon the intestinal mass. When the body is in a recumbent position the heart works with the least expenditure of effort and the least fatigue, and the circulation and the functional activity are decreased.

But unless the subject is exceptionally vigorous all the benefits are counterbalanced by dangers. In bed, the subject is shut away from fresh air and sunlight. The result of that deprivation is a condition similar to anemia. But the supreme menace to the weak or the aged confined to bed is the clogging of the pulmonary circulation, an action which frequently results in passive congestion of both sides of the lungs. For this reason the simple fracture of a bone may be the cause of death, because when the patient lies in bed there is no movement of the muscles to act as an incentive to deep breathing.—Harper's Weekly.

Generous Breeze.

Apropos of the bumper crops of 1912 Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture said in Washington:

"I heard a story the other day about a long-headed farmer. An auctioneer was to auction off his fields of standing grain and the farmer said to him:

"'I hope to goodness we have a good stiff breeze the day of the auction.'

"'A good stiff breeze? What use will that be?' asked the auctioneer.

"'You must be green, young fellow,' said the farmer. 'Don't you know that when grain's waving in the breeze it looks a lot thicker—you see the same heads two and three times over.'"

ANOTHER DESTRUCTIVE INSECT PEST HAS MADE ITS WAY INTO THIS COUNTRY

Geoffroy, Injurious Insect Little Known Here, but Well Known in Europe, Causing Serious Damage to Elms in Various Parts of the United States.

(By F. B. HILLMAN.)

Geoffroy, an insect little known in this country, but well known in Europe, where it is a serious enemy of the elms in France, is causing considerable damage in various parts of the United States. The first locality in our country in which this insect was found was Westchester county, N. Y., in 1884, where it was found on nursery stock in great numbers.

In 1887 it was wound on the slippery elm at Cambridge, Mass. It had been observed in New York city the previous year. In 1888 it was found on

Section of Branch of Cork Elm, Showing Female Insects Between the Plates of Cork.

elms on the grounds of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, and soon after on trees in the streets of the same city. Up to this time the insect remained unidentified in the American entomological collections, but in 1889 more complete material was received by the Division of Entomology of the department of agriculture, from which the insect was determined to be identical with the elm pest of Europe (Gossyparia ulmi) Geoffroy.

So far as is known, the insect confines its attacks in this country to the elms, but presents some variability in its preferences for the various species of elms in different localities. In Europe, however, it has been found on the alder.

According to the reports of the observers at the above mentioned localities, the insect attacks the American elms more vigorously than the introduced European species, and thus it is added to the already long list of immigrant animals and plants that have found in this country conditions more congenial than those of their foreign home.

One is most apt to first notice the presence of this insect by seeing great numbers of circular whitish rings surrounding a dark center clustered along the under side of the lower limbs and branches. If the bark is cracked, rows of the insects will be found to cover the cracks and so be arranged longitudinally to the branch. These light margined objects are the bodies of old female lice and may be one, two or three years' standing. A closer examination will reveal the fact that many of the central darker parts, which are the bodies proper of the lice, are absent, these having fallen away with age.

The white marginal ring surrounding the body of the insect, consists of a somewhat fibrous, waxy material, secreted by the developing insect. It becomes firmly attached to the bark and curled inward, where its edge is somewhat fringed. The body becomes with age dark brown, smooth, convex longitudinally, the segmentation usually remaining distinct.

The preceding description applies to the female only. The male insect assumes a very different form. As the males do not take food, they may be found at any point on the bark, usually, however, in more or less protecting spots. On nearing maturity, the males secrete a minute pocket-like case, or cocoon, within which they cast their larval skin, and acquire a single pair of wings. They then emerge from the cocoon, and mating with the females, disappear. The empty cocoons remain attached to the bark. They occur singly, but usually in clusters, each a minute white object less than a twelfth of an inch long. Where the plates of cork are numerous on the branches of the cork elm, the female lice become fixed to the narrow strips of living bark between the plates of cork, while the male cocoons may be found in the narrow crevices in the cork.

The young lice, as they appear at this season, can be seen with the unaided eye only on close examination. Under a strong lens, a cluster of them presents a dull grayish appearance. Individually they are somewhat oval in shape, and are covered with minute whitish spines. Most of them are quiet in their place of hibernation, but on being disturbed many will leave their positions, moving sluggishly.

The destruction of this insect should not be attended with the difficulty that has characterized efforts in this direction against the San Jose and other scale insects. The latter are protected by a roof-like scale which protects the tender parts of the body and enables the insects to very effectually resist the remedies ordinarily employed. In the case of the elm insect, the body remains exposed and thus is more likely to yield to the action of corrosive washes.

Kerosene emulsion and whale-oil soap seem to be effectual remedies when the insects are reached by them. Spraying will have to be done at different periods and may be found to be most effectual when the insects are most active.

The fumes of hydro-cyanic acid gas effectually destroy the lice, but the use of the remedy necessitates the employment of a tent to cover the tree and confine the gas sufficiently long to kill the insects.

Section of Branch Showing the Usual Appearance of the Insects; (a) Females Over a Crack in the Bark. (Two Small Groups are Seen in the Upper Part of the Figure.) (c) a Cluster of Small Cocoons.

A careful study of the insect's habits, extending through an entire year at least, will be necessary to determine the most vulnerable period in the insect's life-history.

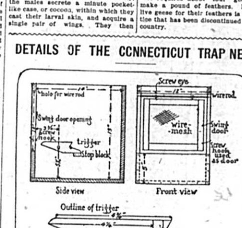
Grow Tomatoes.

If you grow only an acre or two of tomatoes, the fruits saved from one large, vigorous plant will produce more than enough seed for your whole plantation next year. Is it not worth while, therefore, to consider this matter? Have you not found one or more plants in your field which are especially valuable because of their large production of fine tomatoes? Try this plan of saving your own seed and note results.

Geese and Their Feathers.

It requires about four geese to make a pound of feathers. Picking live geese for their feathers is a practice that has been discontinued in this country.

DETAILS OF THE CONNECTICUT TRAP NEST



The Connecticut trap nest perfected by Prof. F. H. Stoneburn of the agricultural college is a simple and easily made device, and is said to work every time a hen enters it. Any box of about 15 inches square will answer the purpose, orange boxes being available. The dimensions shown in the cut can be varied, except for the trigger. The advantage of having a wire-covered door is that the hen will stay in front of the box after she has laid. These nests can be built in pairs or tiers, as liberating the hen, gathering the egg, and setting the trigger are all done from the front end.

A Satisfactory Dip for Hogs.

The Oklahoma experiment station has found that a most effective and inexpensive dipping device was found in a wallowing vat placed so as to be constantly accessible to the hogs. This vat had a depth of about 14 inches and was kept constantly filled with water, being cleaned occasionally and carrying on the surface a gallon or more of crude oil. It was found that the hogs kept themselves free from lice by voluntary immersion in this vat.

Cold-Storage Eggs.

The cold-storage egg will no longer masquerade as "strictly fresh" in New York state grocery stores. The legislature has passed a law compelling the grocers to post a sign in full view, ten inches long and six inches high, on every box or basket of cold-storage poultry, fish and eggs, the sign containing these words: "Cold Storage." The letters must not be less than two inches in height. This law will help the producer and seller of fresh eggs and poultry.

NEW KIND OF AN IRISHMAN

Definition That by His Own Confession Was Very Little Far From the Truth.

Apropos of the very telling retorts that Sam Schepps made to Cross-Examiner McIntyre in the Becker case, Jerome S. McWade, the Duluth connoisseur, said:

"I like to see anyone get back at an impudent lawyer. I got back at a lawyer myself the other day.

"The man was my counsel in a customs dispute over some Gobelin tapestries that I'd imported. His name had, like my own, a 'Mick' in it, and I said to him, as I settled his very large bill:

"'Are you an Irishman, sir?'

"'No,' he answered, with a pompous laugh, 'but I've made a lot of money out of Irishmen in my time.'

"'Oh, I see,' said I. 'I suppose we might call you an Irishman by extraction, then.'"

HANDS BURNING, ITCHING

905 Lowell Place, Chicago, Ill.—"The trouble began by my hands burning and itching and I rubbed and scratched them till one day I saw little red sores coming out. My hands were disfigured and swollen, and troubled me so that I could not sleep. They were cracked and when the small sores broke a white matter would come out. I could not do any hard work; if I did the sores would come out worse. For two years nobody could cure my eczema, until one day I thought I would try the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used warm water with the Cuticura Soap and after that I put the Cuticura Ointment on my hands twice a day for about five or six months when I was cured. (Signed) Sam Marcus, Nov. 28, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Usual Kind of Office Seekers.

"Well, how's every little thing, now that election is over?" asked the recently arrived washing machine agent.

"'Bout as they are every place else, I reckon," a bit pessimistically replied the landlord of the Turgidtown tavern. "The banker, the storekeepers, the lumber yard man, the doctor, the stock buyer, the blacksmith and all the rest of the business men who have always 'peared to be capable of managing their various sized affairs successfully, are going on calmly and carefully attending to 'em, while all the triflin', one-gallused incompetents that have never had any affairs of their own to attend to and wouldn't be capable of conducting 'em properly if they had any, are out hotfoot and hell-bent to get and manage the postoffice for the rest of us!"

Poor Girl.

"How long have you been married?"

"It will be six months next Thursday."

"And do you still regard your husband as the most wonderful man who ever was born?"

Then the poor girl broke down, says the San Francisco Star, and sobbed piteously. When she could trust herself to speak again she said:

"No. Charles has disappointed me terribly. I'm af-fraid I have, wrecked my li-life. Last night when I asked him to get up and see if there wasn't a burglar in our room he bumped his nose against the edge of the open door and he said three simply awful words just as if they came natural to him."

Suiting Himself.

The modern small boy is painfully cautious.

"Would you like to come to our bonfire on the 5th of November?" one was asked.

Back came an answer worthy of a cabinet minister: "Well, if I haven't a bonfire of my own, and if my father doesn't take me to Belle Vue, and if I'm not asked to a better bonfire, I'll be awfully glad to come."—Manchester Guardian.

Society.

Mrs. Wayupp—No wonder I look worried, my dear. My husband has just gone out, and if he is discovered it will probably cost us our social position.

Mrs. Blase—Goodness! Where is he?

Mrs. Wayupp—He has gone out incog, to pay a bill.—Puck.

To love a woman is human; to keep on telling her so is superhuman.—Houston Post.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels, and Destroy Worms. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers for 22 years. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. Adv.

Limit.

"Here's your portrait, sir."

"That my portrait? Well, I may have sat for it, but I won't stand for it."

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best bluing value in the whole world, makes the laundress smile. Adv.

A girl of ten hates to be kissed almost as much as a girl of twenty doesn't.

If you make a remark don't you enjoy having some one say, "Is that so?"

"Thank Duke's Mixture for Them"

Every member of your family will appreciate the many handsome, useful presents you can get free with the coupons now packed in

Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture

Duke's Mixture is one of the big favorite brands for both pipe and cigarettes. Men everywhere prefer it because of its true natural tobacco taste. Duke's Mixture is simply the choice leaves of fine Virginia and North Carolina bright leaf—thoroughly aged, stemmed and crumbled. It's impossible to get a purer smoke or a more likeable one than this mild, rich, fragrant Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture.

One and a half ounces of this choice granulated tobacco cost only 5c—and with each sack you get a book of cigarette papers FREE.

The Presents are FREE

They do not cost you one penny. In each 5c sack of Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture we now pack a free present coupon. With these coupons you can get any article described in our new illustrated catalogue of presents. As a special offer, good during December and January only, we will give you this catalog absolutely FREE. Simply send us your name and address.

Coupons from DUKE'S MIXTURE may be assorted with Tags from HORSE SHOE, J. T., TINSLEY'S NATURAL LEAF, GRANGER TWIST and coupons from FOUR ROSES (10c-tin double coupon), PICK PLUG CUT, PIEDMONT CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, and other tags and coupons issued by us.

Premium Dept. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. ST. LOUIS, MO.

A MOLLYCODDLE.

He—Why, darling, I'd be your slave.
She—I'd want a stronger one.

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

Unlucky.

"Pa, what is the Bridge of Sighs?"

"That's the bridge your mother plays, my son."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle. Adv.

Providing.

"Is it really easy taking candy from a baby?"

"Not if the baby takes the place."

Chance.

"I always embrace an opportunity."

"But, then, you must be careful you are not hugging a delusion."

ALBERTA

THE PRICE OF BEEF IS HIGH AND SO ...

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Free Homestead

W. S. NETHERY, 413 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, Ohio or address Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

MONEY IN TRAPPING FURS

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 48-1912.

The Cheerful Life

It is the right of everyone to live and enjoy the cheerful life. We owe it to ourselves and those who live with us to live the cheerful life. We cannot do so if ill health takes hold of us.

The wife, mother and daughter suffering from hot flashes, nervousness, headache, backache, dragging-down feeling, or any other weakness due to disorders or irregularities of the delicate female organs—is not only a burden to herself, but to her loved ones.

There is a remedy. Forty years experience has proven unmistakably that

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

will restore health to weakened womankind. For 40 years it has survived prejudice, envy and malice. Sold by dealers in medicine in liquid or tablet form. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription Tablets can be had of druggist or mailed on receipt of one-cent stamps—for $1.00 or 50c size. Address R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS For Backache, Rheumatism, Kidneys and Bladder BECAUSE THEY ARE RICHEST IN CURATIVE QUALITIES CONTAIN NO HABIT FORMING DRUGS ARE SAFE, SURE, AND SAVE YOU MONEY

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. High-est references. Best results.

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CHEW SMOKE MAIL POUCH 5 Cts IT'S WORTH YOUR WHILE—TO GIVE IT A TRIAL