KEZIAH COFFIN

by
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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 arranged 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 is 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. Ellery meets Grace while walking in the fields, and learns that she walks there every Sunday. The clergyman takes dinner Sundays with the Daniels. Annabel, the captain's daughter, exerts herself to make an impression on him. She notices with vexation his desire to get away every Sunday at a certain time. She watches him through a spy glass. Nat again importunes Keziah to marry him. He says he has had a quarrel with his father, who wants him to marry Grace. Ellery asks Grace to marry him. She confesses that she loves him, but says she fears to displease her guardian. Elkanah Daniels tells Eben about the meetings between Ellery and Grace. Eben declares he will make Grace choose between him and the preacher. Grace finds him in a faint, following the excitement of Elkanah's visit.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Well, doctor?" she asked anxiously.

The stout, gray-haired old physician—he had practiced in Trumet for nearly thirty years—shook his head.

"Not a single chance," he whispered. "He may possibly live till morning, but I doubt if he lasts an hour. It's his heart. I've expected it at any time."

Captain Nat was standing at the door of the bedroom. His face was drawn and he had seemingly grown years older since noon.

"He's come to himself, doc," he whispered. "He don't remember how it happened or anything. And he wants us all. Why! why, Keziah! are you here? You can come in, too. I know dad likes you and I guess—Wait a minute; I'll ask him." He stepped back into the bedroom. "Yes," he nodded, returning, "you come, too. He wants you."

The little room, Captain Eben's own, was more like a skipper's cabin than a chamber on land. In the corner stood the captain's big boots and his oilskins hung about them. His Sunday cane was there also. And on the bureau was a worn, heavy Bible.

Dr. Parker brushed by the others and bent over the bed.

"Well, cap'n," he said cheerily, "how's she headed? How are you feeling now?"

The old face on the pillow smiled feebly.

"She's headed for home, I guess, doc," said Captain Eben. "Bound for home, and the harbor light broad abeam, I cal'late."

"Oh, no! you'll make a good many voyages yet."

"Not in this hulk, I won't, doctor. I hope I'll have a new command pretty soon. I'm trustin' in my owners and I guess they'll do the fair thing by me. Halloo, Gracie, girl! Well, your old uncle's on his beam ends, ain't he?"

Grace glanced fearfully at his face. When he spoke her name she shrank back, as if she feared what he might say. But he only smiled as, with the tears streaming down her face, she bent over and kissed him.

"There! there!" he protested. "You mustn't cry. What are you cryin' about me for? I'm fit and ready for the sea I'm goin' to sail." His eyes wandered from his son to Mrs. Coffin. For an instant he seemed puzzled. Then he said:

"'Evenin', Keziah. I don't know why you're here, but—"

"I heard that Grace was alone and that you was sick, Eben. So I come right down, to help if I could."

"Thank ye. You're a good-hearted woman, Keziah, even though you ain't seen the true light yet. And you're housekeeper for that hired priest—a—a—" He paused, and a troubled look came over his face.

"What is it, dad?" asked Nat.

"I—I— Where's Gracie? She's here, ain't she?"

"Yes, uncle, I'm here. Here I am," said the girl. His fingers groped for her hand and seized it.

"Yes, yes, you're here," murmured Captain Eben. "I—I—for a minute or so, I—I had an awful dream about you, Gracie. I dreamed— Never mind. Now, answer me this now, true and honest, man to man: Can you keep me here for just a little spell longer? Can you? Try! Ten minutes, say. Can you?"

"Of course I can. Cap'n Hammond, what are you—"

"Belay, I tell you. Yes, I guess 'twas a dream. It had to be, but 'twas so sort of real that I— How long have I been this way?"

"Oh, a little while. Now just—"

"Hush! Don't pull your hand away, Gracie. Nat, give me yours. That's it. Now I put them two hands together. See, doctor? See, Keziah?"

"Don't, uncle, don't!" pleaded Grace. "Don't worry about me. Think of yourself, please."

"[illegible]! Don't put me off. Just listen. I want you to marry my boy, after I'm gone. I want you to say you will—say it here, so's I can hear it. Will you, Gracie?"

Grace would have withdrawn her hand, but he would not let her. He clung to it and to that of his son with all his failing strength.

I've tried to be sort of good to you, in my way, and—"

"Don't, don't!" she sobbed. "Let me think a minute, uncle, dear. Oh, do let me think!"

"Won't you say it for me, Gracie?" pleaded Captain Eben. She hesitated no longer.

"Yes, uncle," she answered through tears, "if Nat wants me he can have me."

Keziah clasped her hands. Captain Eben's face lit up with a great joy.

"Thank the Almighty!" he exclaimed. "Lord, I do thank you. Nat, boy, you're consider'ble older than she is and you'll have to plan for her. You be a good husband to her all her days, won't ye? Why, what are you waitin' for? Why don't you answer me?"

Nat groaned aloud.

"A minute dad," he stammered. "Just give me a minute, for Heaven sakes! Keziah—"

"Keziah!" repeated Eben. "Keziah? What are you talkin' to her for? She knows there couldn't be no better match in the world. You do know it, don't ye, Keziah?"

"Yes," said Keziah slowly. "I guess—I guess you're right, Eben."

"Keziah Coffin," cried Nat Hammond, "do you tell me to marry Grace?"

"Yes, Nat, I—I think your father's right."

"Then—then—what difference does— All right, dad. Just as Grace says."

"Thank God!" cried Captain Eben. "Doctor, you and Mrs. Coffin are witnesses to this. There! now my decks are clear and I'd better get ready to land. Gracie, girl, the Good Book's over there on the bureau. Read me a chapter, won't you?"

An hour later Keziah sat alone in the dining room. She had stolen away when the reading began. Dr. Parker, walking very softly, came to her and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"He's gone," he said simply.

CHAPTER XII.

In Which Keziah Breaks the News.

It was nearly five o'clock, gray dawn of what was to be a clear, beautiful summer morning, when Keziah softly lifted the latch and entered the parsonage. All night she had been busy at the Hammond tavern. Busy with the doctor and the undertaker, who had been called from his bed by young Higgins; busy with Grace, soothing her, comforting her as best she could, and petting her as a mother might pet a stricken child. The poor girl was on the verge of prostration, and from hysterical spasms of sobs and weeping passed to stretches of silent, dry-eyed agony which were harder to witness and much more to be feared.

"It is all my fault," she repeated over and over again. "All my fault! I killed him! I killed him, Aunt Keziah! What shall I do? Oh, why couldn't I have died instead? It would have been so much better, better for everybody."

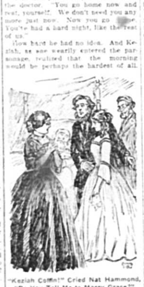
Dr. Parker was very anxious.

"She must rest," he told Mrs. Coffin. "She must, or her brain will give way. I'm going to give her something to make her sleep and you must get her to take it."

So Keziah tried and, at last, Grace did take the drug. In a little while she was sleeping, uneasily and with moans and sobbings, but sleeping, nevertheless.

"Now it's your turn, Keziah," said the doctor. "You go home now and rest, yourself. We don't need you any more just now. Now you go home. You've had a hard night, like the rest of us."

How hard he had no idea. And Keziah, as she wearily entered the parsonage, realized that the morning would be perhaps the hardest of all.



"Keziah Coffin!" Cried Nat Hammond, "Do You Tell Me to Marry Grace?"

For upon her rested the responsibility of seeing that the minister's secret was kept. And she, and no other, must break the news to him.

The dining room was dark and gloomy. She lighted the lamp. Then she heard a door open and Ellery's voice, as he called down the stairs.

"Who is it?" he demanded. "Mrs. Coffin?"

She was startled. "Yes," she said softly, after a moment. "Yes, Mr. Ellery, it's me."

"It's morning," said the minister. "Are you sick? Has anything happened?"

"Yes," she answered slowly, "somethin' has happened. Are you dressed? Could you come down?"

He replied that he would be down in a moment. When he came he found her standing by the table waiting for him.

"Why, Mrs. Coffin!" he exclaimed. "What is it? You look as if you had been through some dreadful experience."

Her heart went out to him. She held out both her hands.

"You poor boy," she cried, "I'm trying to tell you one of the hardest things a body can tell. Yes, some one is dead, but that ain't all. Eben Hammond, poor soul, is out of his troubles and gone."

"Eben Hammond! Captain Eben? Dead! Why, why—"

"Yes, Eben's gone. He was took down sudden and died about ten o'clock last night. I was there and—"

"Captain Eben dead! Why, he was as well as—as— She said— Oh, I must go! I must go at once!"

He was on his way to the door, but she held it shut.

"No," she said gravely, "you mustn't go. John—you won't mind me callin' you John. I'm old enough, pretty nigh, to be your mother, and I've come to feel almost as if I was. John, you've got to stay here with me. You can't go to that house. You can't go to her."

"Mrs. Coffin, what are you saying? Do you know— Have you—"

"Yes, I know all about it. I know about the meetin's in the pines and all. Oh, why didn't you trust me and tell me? If you had, all would have been so much better!"

He looked at her in utter amazement. The blood rushed to his face.

"You know that?" he whispered.

"Yes, I know."

"Did she tell—"

"No, nobody told. That is, only a little. I got a hint and I suspicioned somethin' afore. The rest I saw with my own eyes."

He was now white, but his jaw shot forward and his teeth closed.

"If you do know," he said, "you must realize that my place is with her. Now, when she is in trouble—"

"It ain't the congregation, John," she said. "Nor Trumet, nor your ministry. That means more'n you think it does, now; but it ain't that. You mustn't go to her because—well, because she don't want you to."

"Doesn't want me? I know better." He laughed in supreme scorn.

"She doesn't want you, John. She wouldn't see you if you went. She would send you away again, sure, sartin sure. She would. And if you didn't go when she sent you, you wouldn't be the man I hope you are. John, you mustn't see Grace again. She ain't yours. She belongs to some one else.

"John, Grace Van Horne is goin' to marry Cap'n Nat Hammond. There! that's the livin' truth."

She led him over to the rocking-chair and gently forced him into it. He obeyed, although with no apparent realization of what he was doing. Still with her hand on his shoulder she went on speaking. She told him of her visit to the Hammond tavern, saying nothing of Mr. Pepper's call nor of her own experience in the grove. She told of Captain Eben's seizure, of what the doctor said, and of the old Come-Outer's return to consciousness. Then she described the scene in the sick room and how Nat and Grace had plighted troth. He listened, at first stunned and stolid, then with growing impatience.

"So you see," she said. "It's settled; they're engaged, and Dr. Parker will tell everybody of the engagement this very mornin'. It wan't any great surprise to me. Those who have been brought up together; 'twas the natural thing that was almost bound to happen. Eben's heart was set on it for years. And she'll have a good husband, John, that I know. And she'll do her best to make him happy. He's a good man and—"

"But I know—"

"Do you suppose she would come to you if she knew it would be your ruin?"

He hesitated. The last time they met, ages before—no, only the previous afternoon—she had told him it was his happiness and his future only that she thought of. He choked and drew his hand across his eyes.

"Mrs. Coffin," he said, "you tell me it will be her ruin. You tell me so. You say she doesn't want me. I tell you that the only thing that will keep me from her is hearing that from her own lips. When she tells me to leave her I will, and not before."

"She'll tell you, John; she'll tell you. And I know Grace. She's made up her mind and won't change it. But I do ask you this: I ask you not to go now. Wait a little while, do. I left her asleep, worn out by what she's been through and under the effects of the doctor's sleepin' medicine. He said she must rest or he was afraid her brain would give out. For her sake, then, wait a little. Then, if you don't hear from her, maybe I can arrange a meetin' place where you can see her without anyone's knowin' it. I'll try. But do wait a little while, for her sake, won't you?"

At last he was listening and hesitating.

"Won't you?" begged Keziah.

"Yes," he answered slowly. "I'll wait. I'll wait until noon, somehow, if I can. I'll try. But not a minute later. Not one. You don't know what you're talking about, Mrs. Coffin."

"Yes, I do. I know well. And I thank you for her sake."

But he did not have to wait until noon. At six o'clock, through the dew-soaked grass of the yard, came the Higgins boy. For the first time in his short life he had been awake all night and he moved slowly.

The housekeeper opened the door. He held up an envelope, clutched in a grimy hand.

"It's for you, Mrs. Keziah," he said. "Gracie she sent it. There ain't no answer."

Mrs. Coffin closed the door and tore open the envelope. Within was another addressed, in Grace's handwriting, to Mr. Ellery. The housekeeper entered the study, handed it to him and turned away.

"Dear John," wrote Grace. "I presume Aunt Keziah has told you of uncle's death and of my promise to Nat. It is true. I am going to marry him. I am sure this is right and for the best. Our friendship was a mistake and you must not see me again. Please don't try.

"GRACE VAN HORNE."

Beneath was another paragraph. "Don't worry about me. I shall be happy. I am sure. And I shall hope that you may be. I shall pray for that."

The note fell to the floor with a rustle that sounded loud in the stillness. Then Keziah heard the minister's step. She turned. He was moving slowly across the room.

"John, what are you goin' to do?"

He shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "Go away somewhere, first of all, I guess. Go somewhere and—and try to live it down. I can't, of course, but I must try."

She put out her hand. "I know it'll be hard," she said, "stayin' here, I mean. But your duty to others—"

"Don't you think we've heard enough about duty to others? How about my duty to myself?"

"I guess that's the last thing we ought to think about in the world, if we do try to be fair and square. Your church thinks a heap of you, John. They build on you. You've done more in the little while you've been here than Mr. Langley did in his last fifteen years."

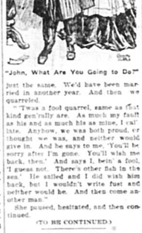
"You've never been asked to sit quietly by and see the one you love more than all the world marry some one else."

"How do you know I ain't? How do you know I ain't doin' just that now?"

"Mrs. Coffin!"

"John Ellery, you listen to me. You think I'm a homely old woman, probably, set in my ways as an eight-day clock. I guess I look like it and act like it. But I ain't so awful old—on the edge of forty, that's all. And when I was your age I wa'n't so awful homely, either. I had fellers aplenty hangin' round and I could have married any one of a dozen. This ain't boastin'; land knows I'm fur from that. I was brought up in this town and even when I was a girl at school there was only one boy I cared two straws about. He and I went to picnics together and to parties and everywhere. Folks used to laugh and say we was keepin' comp'ny, even then.

"Well, when I was eighteen, after father died, I went up to New Bedford to work in a store there. Wanted to earn my own way. And this young feller I'm tellin' you about went away to sea, but every time he come home from a voyage he come to see me and things went on that way till we was promised to each other. The engagement wa'n't announced, but 'twas so,



"John, What Are You Going to Do?"

just the same. We'd have been married in another year. And then we quarreled.

"'Twas a fool quarrel, same as that kind gen'rally are. As much my fault as his and as much his as mine, I cal'late. Anyhow, we was both proud, or thought we was, and neither would give in. And he says to me, 'You'll be sorry after I'm gone. You'll wish me back, then.' And says I, bein' a fool, 'I guess not. There's other fish in the sea.' He sailed and I did wish him back, but I wouldn't write fust and neither would he. And then come another man."

She paused, hesitated, and then continued.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Choose Neighbors With Home.

"The subject of neighbors is one on which we are sensitive," writes Agnes Athol in an article on "Some Things That We Learned by Renting a House in the Suburbs," in which she advocates renting a house before you buy one in Suburban Life Magazine. "It is true that the people directly in our rear are charming in the social sense, but unfortunately, they spend but six months' time at home. On one side of us are some poor but honest neighbors, whose children have taught mine innumerable little phrases with which they startle us from time to time. 'My God!' and 'I ain't got no—,' and 'Come on, kids!' do not exactly appeal to me. Perhaps I am undemocratic. But even the most altruistic would have to draw the line at a family of seven diagonally across, who never miss a chance to knock the baby down or make off with unwatched toys. Our resolution to surround our own back yard (when we shall own one) with a hedge offers some remedy; but what shall we do about the neighbor on the other corner, who has a rebellious cesspool?"

Thoughtful John Chinaman.

"The virtues of a Chinese laundryman never have been half told," said the woman. "Not of my laundryman, anyhow. He is such a motherly old soul. The other day he brought my handkerchiefs home folded in two different ways, some squared, some catacornered."

"Why the different styles in ironing?" I asked.

"John pointed to the stack of catacornered handkerchiefs. 'These holey,' he said. Then to the square pile. 'These good. In big hully, not gettee mix and go out with holey hankchef.'

"Kind old John. His idea was all right, but doesn't keep me from getting mixed, for I can never remember which shape means holey and which means whole, so I am likely to disgrace myself with a holey handkerchief after all."

To Pack a Trunk.

Take a couple of horses the height of a chair; they take up little space in a storeroom. Use them to set a trunk on when packing it. It will save your wife many a backache and save you or whoever removes it after it is packed, from lifting it up from the floor.

HE CAUGHT THE CAT

By EDITH COHEN.

"Did you know there were thirty-six flats in this building?" Althea Simpson inquired casually, as they stood at the back door of the Simpson flat.

Young Dewberry was cracking ice on the stone doorstep by way of helping Althea make lemonade for the rest of the callers in the living room. He had attained this privilege by sheer force, inasmuch as three other young men had sprung to their feet when Althea had murmured something about making the lemonade. Young Dewberry had simply hewn a path through their ranks as he headed for the icebox and a bit of solitude with Althea.

"Is that so?" he remarked in response to her remark about the thirty-six flats. He looked down into the huge curved court, which nearly bisected the long building. It was a canyon with walls showing spidery staircases and narrow little porches and it ended in a cement well at the ground, with an exit through the basement to the street.

"Oh!" Althea cried at that moment. For something lithe and gray leaped over young Dewberry to the porch and vanished. "There goes my cat! I never allow him out at night! Catch him, quick!"

Dropping the ice, young Derberry made a leap after the cat. It glided down the narrow staircases like a ghost. Breathless, its pursuer reached the bottom and chased the elusive feline around the cement court. At last he grabbed its tail and hung on. The cat, scratching furiously, was gathered to his manly chest and furtively choked.

"Now I've got you!" young Dewberry muttered viciously. "Consarn you! Why should she waste affection on you?"

He looked up at the canyon wall and was impressed by its unvaried monotony. Then, seeing a staircase near, he started up. Mechanically after a while he stopped. All the back doors on that floor were closed. All loked alike. It suddenly dawned on young Dewberry that he was confronted by thirty-six back doors and that his chance of finding the right one was rather slim.

Peering over the rail, he counted up from the ground and found that he was on the third floor. He began considering doors. Most of them had names on them and none of the names was Simpson. He had not realized before how very many other names there were in the world. Finally he came to a nameless door and took a sight out over the court. This must be the one, for the angle was similar to that he had seen when Althea had called his attention to the size of the court. He tapped gently.

The door flew open with disquieting suddenness and a fist was shaken under young Dewberry's nose.

"You clear out!" said the voice that went with the fist. "I've been waiting for you—and let me tell you, if you come around again bothering my cook I'll have the law on you! A loafing, drunken husband and she a hard-working wo——" Then the door was slammed in young Dewberry's face.

Walking very rapidly and very straight, young Dewberry headed for the end of that row of porches. He was lost and must go at it sensibly. Selecting a door, he knocked. After a while he found the bell and rang. Presently it opened and a woman peered out over the chain.

"Excuse me, madam," Dewberry began in his politest tones. "I have—"

"Good gracious!" the woman cried. "An agent at this time of night!" It's perfectly disgraceful disturbing people who don't want to buy anything." She slammed the door shut and rattled the chain pointedly.

Young Dewberry leaned against a post and gazed at the cold, twinkling stars. He and the cat were very much alone. It occurred to him that all this trouble could have been averted had Althea remained on her back porch and watched his progress. He began to feel bitter toward Althea.

Suddenly he realized that he was not on the third floor, but the second—he had counted the back stairs up from the cement basement where he had caught the cat!

Hastily ascending another flight, he renewed his scrutiny of doors. The name of Simpson was not on any of them. So, still clutching the disgusted cat, he went downstairs once more and ascended the flights on the opposite side of the canyon.

Presently he paused before a door. There were bits of ice on the doorstep! Thus encouraged, Dewberry turned the knob and entered.

"Why, where on earth have you been?" asked Althea in some confusion. She was at the icebox and young Spriggs, who was with her, moved aside quickly. "You've been gone ages! They've drunk up all the lemonade and eaten everything! I don't think it was nice of you!"

"Oh," said young Dewberry, grimly, "kitty and I have been taking a little stroll in the rose garden and sitting by the fountain! I don't mind your haste with the lemonade. But you'd better brush the powder off Spriggs' shoulder!"

"I think you are perfectly horrid!" said Althea. "It's your own fault that you missed the lemonade. All you had to do was go down stairs and come up again."

"Well, I did it," returned young Dewberry.

Hints for Housewives.

If your husband decides to raise a mustache you will need at least two dozen more table napkins.

When the baby begins to walk you will find it necessary to move everything of a breakable nature about a foot higher.

Be hospitable enough to build a little house for homeless pigeons somewhere on your premises. These gentle birds will occupy it and raise large families there—and pigeon potpie is not bad.

Never allow the kitchen maid to call you by your first name when strangers are present.

Their Method.

"How do needle-guns work?"
"Just sewer."

POULTRY

TREAT FOWLS FOR CHOLERA

Sharp Axe Is Advocated Where Disease Has Reached Advanced Stage —Use Good Common Sense.

The best treatement for fowls in an advanced stage of cholera is the instant use of a sharp axe and the complete burning of the carcass, says the Farm and Fireside. Those mildly affected should be at once removed to remote quarters and there treated. The following will prevent cholera among fowls, but plain, common sense must also be used, and plenty of it at all times:

After the coop or house has been thoroughly sprayed with a solution of one part crude carbolic acid to one part gasoline and three parts hot water and allowed to dry, spray or brush all the interior, nestracks, roosts, etc., with hot whitewash. Place clean straw chaff for a litter, and after a thorough cleaning of the water dishes or fountains, refill with pure cold water, to which is added to each gallon two ounces of well-dissolved sulphate (not sulphite) of soda. Allow no other liquid or drink for three weeks or a month. Disinfect all runs, etc., where cholera-infected fowls have been, with the acid formula. Feed lightly or not at all on mash feeds, substituting cracked, mixed, dry grains in place, and the cholera will leave. Thoroughness in all particulars should be observed.

VALUE OF ORPINGTON FOWL

One of Most Popular Variety of Chickens, Not Only for Eggs but Also for Its Meat.

The Orpington is one of the most popular, if not the most popular fowl. England deserves the credit of having originated them and to a great measure for bringing them to their present state of perfection, although we have in this country at this time breeders who are producing thousands of prime specimens and gradually improving them, especially in color points from year to year.

The Orpington is a fowl of value not only for egg production, in which they are hard to beat, but a most valuable body, it being of good length, broad, deep and well rounded, making a carcass when dressed that is at once attractive and hard to equal. They are rather short in legs, which

White Orpington Pair.

stand rather well apart, which of course is largely due to the breadth and depth of the body. The flesh is white and clean looking, a point that the English prize highly.

They began to import them into this country some fifteen years ago, and they have been gradually on the increase until, as I said, they lead the list in popularity. They have been bred in many different colors in England, but this country recognizes but the three varieties—Buff, White and Black—which seems to sufficiently represent the breed. In type they are supposed to be identical, in fact should be. Breeders of blacks, however, are inclined to claim that this variety more nearly represents the ideal Orpington shape in its full heavy body, etc.

POULTRY NOTES

Desirable eggs are said to weigh about 24 ounces to the dozen.

A good, lively rat terrier will earn his keep wherever chickens are kept.

Hot lye water is very effective in cleaning an old poultry house or nest boxes.

Decaying matter of any kind may harbor the germs that cause limberneck.

What is your opinion of the commercial egg foods? Does it pay to buy them?

Don't let your fowls deteriorate. Inferior roosters lose money for you; get good ones.

Do you know that turkeys intended for breeding should be well developed and non-related?

The widewake, ever watchful poultryman is seldom troubled with sickness among his fowls.

The hardest part of the hen business is marketing the eggs. A good place to build for success is at the marketplace.

The fowls need clean, dry, comfortable quarters during wet or cold weather. They will pay for that kind, but no others.

At this season a good many farm flocks are getting too much new corn to make them do their best in laying. New corn is very fattening.

If you want to keep track of the eggs laid by the flock this winter, the only satisfactory means of doing it will be through the leg band and trap nest system.

Charred corn is excellent to feed to hens in order to increase their egg-laying capacity. It is not desirable to feed it as their general food, but a portion of it every day will be found beneficial.

The light that lies in a woman's eyes may tell the truth.

Mrs. Austin's Bag Pancake, delicious light cakes for breakfast, all grocers. Adv.

Liberal.

He—I haven't the heart to kiss you.
She—Well, take mine.—Ulk.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Relieve Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by mothers for 22 years. They are so pleasant to take children like them. They never fail. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. Adv.

Wives Who Pay Alimony.

Are there abused husbands in these United States? Here is the answer: In this state more than 500 divorced wives are paying alimony to weary ex-mates; in Indiana, 450; in Ohio, 673; in Wisconsin, 566. Pennsylvania, though the second state in population, has only sixty such wives.—Chicago Examiner.

RINGWORM ON CHILD'S FACE

Stratford, Iowa.—"Three years ago this winter my seven-year-old son had ringworm on the face. First it was in small red spots which had a rough crust on the top. When they started they looked like little red dots and then they got bigger, about the size of a bird's egg. They had a white rough ring around them, and grew continually worse and soon spread over his face and legs. The child suffered terrible itching and burning, so that he could not sleep nights. He scratched them and they looked fearful. He was cross when he had them. We used several bottles of liniment, but nothing helped.

"I saw where a child had a rash on the face and was cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I decided to use them. I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment about one month, and they cured my child completely." (Signed) Mrs. Barbara Prim, Jan. 30, 1912.

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.

This Is a Bird of a Story.

The pigeons of the Stock Exchange are very much disturbed these days while workmen are removing a coat of gloom from the famous frieze near their residence. Much of their time they spend flying to the windows of J. P. Morgan's office across the street. Yesterday at noon James J. Hill and A. Barton Hepburn noticed them.

"Pigeons are active today," said Mr. Hepburn.

"Pigeons!" said Hill. "They're not pigeons, they're ravens bringing Morgan his dinner."—New York World.

Lover's Unique Devotion.

An unusual manner in which a lover's devotion was shown occurred at Zurich, Switzerland, recently. A cobbler, whose sweetheart died, apprenticed himself to a stone-cutter in order to execute a fitting tribute to her memory, and after fourteen months he was able to carve a beautiful rose on a marble slab and write beneath: "Such was she." After it had been erected over her grave he returned to his first trade, and now repairs shoes as before.

Free View of the Lake.

"Finest and viewfulest place. Baths and toilets on modernist principles. The hotel not being adapted for health resort of ills, is only preserved for the sojourn of passengers, tourists and sportsmen.

"Reputed excellent cooking. Noble, real, well-lain wines, different beers. The magnificent outlook is grandious. Daily six trains to all parts of the globe. Free view at the lively lake." —From a foreign hotel guide.

Treasure.

"My wife is the most economical woman in the world," said Dubkins, proudly. "Why, do you know, she's even found a use for the smell of my motor-car."

"Great heavens—you don't mean it!" said Harkaway.

"Yes," said Dubkins. "She hangs cheesecloth over the gasoline exhaust and packs her furs in it to keep the moths out during the summer."

Neither Acceptable.

Pretty Daughter—So you don't like Jim?
Her Father—No; he appears to be capable of nothing.
Pretty Daughter—But what objection have you to George?
Her Father—Oh, he's worse than Jim. He strikes me as being capable of anything.—Stray Stories.

Locating the Fool.

A stout old gentleman was having trouble with the telephone. He could hear nothing but a confused jumble of sounds, and finally he became so exasperated that he shouted into the transmitter:

"Who's the blithering fool at the end of this line?"

"He's not at this end," answered a cool, feminine voice.

Mrs. Austin's Bag Pancake, delicious light cakes for breakfast, all grocers. Adv.

Identified.

Doctor—Are you anemic, Pat?
Pat—No, doctor—Irish.—Life.

It's the easiest thing in the world to go from bad to worse.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
Are Richest in Curative Qualities
FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

The Army of Constipation
Is Growing Smaller Every Day.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.
Genuine must bear Signature
Brent Good

AT THE YEAR'S END.

WHAT fixed the time for the ending of one year and the beginning of another? More light. In the countries where winter is cold and dark and grim the severest weather comes after the old year goes. It was in less biting air, but in increasing light, that the proof was found of the "turn o' the year."

The dead year is often buried to the dirge of winter's most bitter winds. The frost is going deeper, when the season is normal. Nature's sleep is most profound. There is only one sign that the sun has turned and is coming back. That evidence is a little more daylight, a little less of the darkness of night.

But more light is enough. It makes the change a time of joy, of new hopes and more confident turning to the future. There is the promise of spring in the added light of the day and the promise of growing good and retreating evil in the coming of the new year.

It means that mankind has another chance for better things. It gives hope of a new foothold and endeavor to a fresh start. The world is invited to turn its back on the mistakes and sins and troubles of the past and look to the ever-wonderful possibilities of the unknown time to come.

There is the charm and joy of New Year's. In that revival of drooping confidence, in that lure of the infinite, lies the appeal of the day which is always greeted with enthusiasm, no matter how many generations have seen the hopes of the year's birth wither before its death. After many failures success may come. Who knows?

That is the magic question—"Who knows?" The world gains from year to year in a thousand little things, and sometimes a great evil long endured goes crashing down. Who can say what the limit of triumph may be in the better times to come?

For the world, like every young year, is getting more light. It has more of the sunshine of truth, more of the life-giving rays of knowledge. If they seem cold and sterile, at times, it is because humanity's year is still young. "We are ancients of the earth, and in the morning of the times."

This increasing light of knowledge, this brighter beacon to guide the steps of mankind, must flower and fruit in richer gains than humanity has yet won. It is an accumulating force, like the warmth which the sun gives the earth in spring.

The thinkers and dreamers of the world know that this is so. They are inspired by the consciousness that with growing knowledge there must come increased power and higher wisdom to direct and control it for the help and uplifting of mankind.

The faith sees the life and growth, the color and warmth of spring, in the lengthening days of winter. They perceive that the world of men and women, and of the children, too, though still far from the full tide of its summer, is already well into the long new year of the human family. They are as certain of the spring for all mankind as they are that January will pass and May will come.

It is a mistake to reflect too much upon the past. It has its lessons, but the learning of them should not so absorb our attention as to preclude us from incorporating them into our daily life, transmuting the memory and experience into the gold of useful practicability and ready work that yields results.

Introspection was getting so insistently a habit of the New Year that we are beginning to forget it was but a means to an end—the reflective porch to the large and spacious chamber of lofty resolve and accomplishment. We fancy sometimes that a faint suggestion of maudlin sentiment crept into the self-analysis, converting what should have proved a stepping stone to higher planes of activity into a more purgatory of self-abnegation ending in a cul-de-sac. We want to make our reflection an avenue that leads through paths of earnest thought to the high tablelands of glorious endeavor and achievement. The soul itself must be utilitarian and not waste itself in unprofitable penance.

What has the year accomplished for womanhood? There has unquestionably been a remarkable renaissance of the feminine. Woman has broadened her outlook, established her claim to wider recognition of her talents, impressed public life with her power for good, and raised her physical and mental scale of the sex. Thank God, among the general advancement there is one that is inspiringly reactionary—a reversion to the old veneration for the sanctity of motherhood—the holiest and divinest calling of all, a calling involving great sacrifice, great sorrows, but bringing with it, on the other hand, untold compensating joys.

In the medical profession woman has done well, while in the humbler ranks of nursing our efficient hospitals tell their own eloquent tale of the labor done by those who "watch the stars out by the bed of pain."

For the large masses of the girlhood and womanhood the arena of commercial life has widened its doors, and evidence is seen on all hands of the efficiency of the new female recruits to the business ranks. Their presence in this great army of strenuous endeavor will tend to purify and strengthen it, and make it worthier than it has ever been before. The prizes are many, but those who do not gain them must not be disheartened. The very striving after them stiffens the fiber. "The athlete matured for the Olympian game gains strength at [illegible] for life."

While I [illegible] dwelt in this short review of [illegible] progress on the more expert [illegible] of her career, it must be [illegible] that ability is not the be-all and the end-all of woman's existence. It is the great lever that moves things, but another quality is required for the settling down.

Greater than all her accomplishments is her capacity for shedding around her wherever she goes the fragrance of a sweet and beautiful life, and smoothing out the raveled sleeve of care. It is in the belief that she is fully capable of this mission that one looks forward in confidence to the immediate future—a future in which the pulse of vibrant life will throb sympathetically and intellectually to the ultimate benefit of the whole of the community.

Thoughts for New Year

"Resolve and resolve and still go on the same!" Nay! Nay! not so; but rather resolve and with a steadfast purpose without equivocation or mental reservation, harness the firm resolution, the will of your intent to the wagon of your purpose loaded with the dutiful obligations of your everyday life. Obligations to home, to business relations, to the proper demand of your church and social environment, to civic and patriotic responsibilities.

Duties never clash; something is paramount, something worth while. Do that! Be true to thyself, to that conception of that self which raises within you a real sense of self-respect; that self which you admire, to which you aspire; that manhood to which you would attain and toward which energies of mind and will bend, never loosing the call of the vision. Before all men honorable—a high sense of honor is a well spring of conscious joy and a reservoir of power to the possessor.

—

The looking-glass of yourself often may discourage you, but it is the consciousness of what you ought to be, and the desire to attain, laying aside every weight or hindrance and running with patience the race you have set before you. Never stop the cry of your soul, your real self, to the call of the unreached goal.

The poets with their wide and deep discernment ofttimes sing truly of the soul cry and its evolution into an abundant life.

Lowell:

Of all the myriad words of mind
That through the soul come thronging
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind
So beautiful as longing?
The thing we long for that we are
For one transcendent moment
Before the present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Tennyson:

O for a man to rise in me
That the man that I am
May cease to be.

Holmes:

Build thee more stately mansions O my soul
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free.
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

—

With every business item and relation be honest, and fundamentally, by word of mouth, truthful. "Ah what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive." A lie seldom travels alone. It weaves a web, in the meshes thereof sooner or later we are humiliated. The truth alone is courageous, and courage is a manly virtue. A lying tongue is the curse of a habit grafted on a cowardly nature. An individual is not honest with himself or honorable in his dealings with his fellow because he is not willing to face the unvarnished fact or bear the brunt and burden which justly is his; a responsibility only made irksome by his cowardly lie whereby he would shift the burden and stand behind the veneer of an assumption or false position. Fear not, the man within you will work out if you will it so; undiscouraged, undismayed, pressing on, you become conscious that, having done your part, it is due to arrive.

—

Be not discouraged, fellow wayfarer. Yield to that man within you, whose insatiable longing is the inspiration that shall bring the nobler self to being; the self that now chafes at limitations; that opens the windows through which you see the visions of your undying hope, though distant yet existent, and yours to obtain if you will but hold your straight-way course.

Laugh at Your Burden.

Most of us are bending under the burden of some great load. It may be care, it may be disappointment, it may be injustice, it may be physical pain or spiritual discouragement, but it is heavy. Often it seems heavier than we can bear and we cry out and protest. These burdens are very real, but really they are not half as big and heavy as we make them, declares a writer in the Universalist Leader. We have had them upon our shoulders, entirely out of our sight, so long that they have been magnified by imagination or weariness or impatience, until they seem unbearable. Now, then, whatever your burden may be, however long you have been carrying it, and however proud you may have become of your self-imposed martydom just take your burden down and look at it honestly, and you will be surprised how it has dwindled away while you have been magnifying it in your mind. Look at it frankly and fearlessly and in nine cases out of ten will your tears be turned to laughter and your sighing into song.

Most Famous City in History.

The one spot which more than any other has controlled the history of Europe lies, strangely enough, not in Europe itself, but in Asia. For the possession of the site where Christ "suffered, was buried and rose again," more blood has been shed than for any other. An immense number of lives were laid down during the Crusades; and for 600 years before the Crusades, and even to the present time, a constant stream of pilgrims has poured into Jerusalem to worship at the spot made sacred by the crucifixion of Christ. From the fourth century after Christ until 50 years ago this site was generally conceded to be within the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Now two sites dispute the claim of being the actual Golgotha. This latter claimant is known as "Gordon's Calvary," though to an American, Dr. Harlan P. Beach, of Yale university, is due the actual discovery of it, General Gordon, the hero of Khartoum, having first secured for it general recognition.—Christian Herald.

Too Strenuous Plan of Teaching.

"Once upon a time, many years ago," says the Western School Journal, "this editor visited a school in which the teacher in the grammar class tried to illustrate every verb by appropriate actions. Thus the verb run was pictured in a scamper around the schoolroom; the verb strike took form on a boy's back. 'But,' remarked the visitor, 'what are you going to do with the verb lie (to tell an untruth)? You surely wouldn't ask the children to lie, and when the verb howl is in the lesson would you bid them howl?' She had never thought of that, but the absurdity of her method seemed visible to her. We hope so."

MERCY OF THE COURTS

The justice of the peace was in the south and a marked state of ignorance. He was approached by a man desiring a divorce, and he did not know what to do. Calling a friend to his side, he whispered:

"What's the law on this p'int?"

"You can't do it," was the reply. "It's out of your jurisdiction."

The husband, observing the consultation, and feeling keenly his desire to escape from his matrimonial woe, explained:

"I'm willin' to pay well; got the money right here in this sock."

At this the justice assumed his gravest judicial air. Obviously he was deeply pained. Never before in all his life had he been so bowed down by grief.

"You knew before you came here," he said sadly, "that it wasn't for me to separate husband and wife, and yet you not only take up the valuable time of this court by talking, but you actually propose to bribe me with money. Now, how much have you got in that sock?"

"About six dollars and a half, your honor."

"Is that so? Then I fine you five dollars for bribery and a dollar and a half for taking up my time with a case out of my jurisdiction; and may the lord have mercy on your soul!"—The Popular Magazine.

War Balloon Destroyed.

The German paper Schuss and Waffe describes a bullet named for its inventor, Lentz, for which great things are claimed in the way of destroying dirigible balloons, which will undoubtedly appear in the next war between nations of the first rank.

Instead of being a shell fired from a howitzer, like other projectiles of this sort, this bullet can be made up into cartridges for the ordinary rifle. Two prongs are held in slots in the bullet while it is in the barrel of the rifle, but fly out when it is in the air. When it enters a balloon casing, the strain on these prongs releases a spring, which explodes a primer, setting the gas on fire.

While a dirigible might escape the few shells fired at it by a cannon, it would hardly hope to pass unhit through the hail of bullets fired by a regiment; and one such bullet exploding within its envelope would destroy the balloon, as the unfortunate Wellman balloon exploded last sum-

Dairy Cow at the Head.

The dairy cow owes a salute to the Country Gentleman for the compliment paid her in saying that "civilization and the dairy cow are closely associated." As a food producer, says the Country Gentleman, the cow returns eighteen pounds for every hundred pounds of feed given her, while her nearest competitor, the hog, returns only fifteen pounds, and the hen, with all her cackling, gives the owner but a scant ten pounds of food in return for his investment of a hundred

GRACE'S SACRIFICE

Girl Cashier Starts Misguided Office Boy on Street Called Straight.

BY FRANK FILSON.

Fifty dollars missing! Grace Boyce, cashier and secretary of the downtown office of the Allen Manufacturing company, stood staring in a dazed way into the money drawer of the high screened desk that was her post of duty.

All her pride and esteem went down in a kind of a crash at this, the first blow in her pleasant business career. Never before during her two years' service with the company had her cash been short. The mysterious thing about it was that she could not explain the circumstance.

She had tallied off her cash balance at noon the day previous. Then she had gone to the bank. She had returned and filled the pay envelopes for the factory hands. At four o'clock, as was usual, young Alden Morris, son of the president of the company, had arrived to take the pay roll to the factory in his automobile.

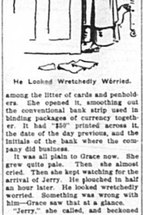
Grace very distinctly remembered that incident. A slight flush tinged her fair cheeks as she thought of it. Whenever the young man visited the office life seemed to brighten up. Then after the day's work Grace had placed the cash box in the safe and had gone over the books.

"I never let the handbag out of my sight from the bank to the office," she reflected. "Then I placed it for a moment on Jerry's desk while I put my wraps away. Oh, yes, I remember—the bag snapped open. But it was only a minute, and I gathered it up and took it into the cage with me."

Because of the minute she tabulated Grace mechanically walked over to the little desk that was the post of the office boy, Jerry Lang. She stood racking her brain anew, trying to figure things out. Suddenly she gave a start, leaned over, and from the tiny ink tray on the desk took up a long, thick pin.

"A bank pin!" she fluttered—"not another in the tray like it, and—oh, dear, I'm afraid I see it all!"

Grace made a spasmodic dive for a crumpled-up wad of paper lying



He Looked Wretchedly Worried.

among the litter of cards and penholders. She opened it, smoothing out the conventional bank strip used in binding packages of currency together. It had "$50" printed across it, the date of the day previous, and the initials of the bank where the company did business.

It was all plain to Grace now. She grew quite pale. Then she almost cried. Then she kept watching for the arrival of Jerry. He slouched in half an hour later. He looked wretchedly worried. Something was wrong with him—Grace saw that at a glance.

"Jerry," she called, and beckoned him past the doorway of one of the inner offices. He darted a frightened glance at her, but obeyed her call. "Sit down," she said, closing the door. "I have something to say to you."

"I can't do any errands," blurted out Jerry. "I—I'm going to leave, Miss Boyce. You see—"

"No, Jerry," interrupted Grace, "you are not going to leave until you tell me all about the fifty dollars you took out of my handbag yesterday."

Jerry tried to face his accuser defiantly. Then he broke down. He gulped, writhed and sobbed.

"I didn't take it out of your handbag," he declared. "It rolled out on the floor. Oh! I wish I was dead. I don't know what I did it for."

"What did you do with the money?" inquired Grace.

"I met some fellows. I went with them to a pool room. I lost it all, and —don't send me to jail!" he pleaded, falling to his knees. "Don't tell my mother—it will kill her! Give me a chance. I'll slave, dig, work nights to pay it back—"

"Not here, Jerry," said Grace softly, but sternly. "You cannot be trusted where there is money around. Jerry, I have thought out what I am going to do for you. I shall get you another place. I shall have to pay that fifty dollars out of my own little savings. What will you promise if I make this sacrifice for you?"

Jerry moaned and bawled. Here and there amid his incoherent sobbings a streak of the real Jerry came out, and Grace ended up the interview in a brief talk. At the end of it the contrite office boy declared she had saved him from an abyss and he would be "true blue!"

Jerry went back to his desk. Grace with a sigh drew a check against her little savings account, thought of poor Mrs. Lang, and hoped she was acting for the best. She was a little surprised when young Mr. Morris entered the office a few minutes later. They chatted for awhile. Then Grace asked him to give Jerry a place at the factory.

Two months went by. Every Saturday evening Jerry called upon Grace at her boarding house. On one occasion he had humbly offered her a dollar of his salary, which she declined to take.

"You will soon be better able to spare me something if you keep on as finely as you have started," she encouraged him.

"How do you know that I am, Miss Boyce?" he asked.

"Mr. Morris tells me about you whenever he comes to the office," explained Grace.

"He's good as gold, he is," stated Jerry enthusiastically. "He seems just glad to advise me and show me how to do things. He advanced me last week. And he always speaks of you, Miss Boyce, as gentle like and interested," and Grace had to turn away her head to hide the hot, quick blushes that came to her face.

The last day of the fiscal year a letter was handed to Grace by the office manager. It was from the president of the company, and it inclosed a check for two hundred dollars—"for faithful services," the letter read, "the amount to be duplicated as an advance in salary for the coming year."

Grace was regarding it, dreaming over what the unexpected windfall would mean to her, when a smiling face pressed close to the netted wire.

"I heard about that," spoke Alden Morris. "You deserve it, Miss Boyce."

"What will I ever do with so much money?" inquired Grace in pretty, affected dismay.

"Will you let me advise you?" asked young Morris, quite earnestly, and stepping into the cage.

"I—I should be glad—why, yes," stammered Grace, something in the impressive manner of the speaker setting her heart in a strange flutter.

"Then," said Alden, lowering his voice to a tender whisper, "buy yourself a wedding outfit."

"A wedding outfit?" repeated Grace in a gasp.

"That is," smiled Alden, "if you will have me for a husband. Listen, Miss Boyce—Grace. You and I have been sharing some work together. I mean Jerry, you know. I was in the inner office the day you so nobly sacrificed your little earnings to save the boy. I have been cooperating with you ever since. He is going to be a credit to both of us. Won't you continue the delightful partnership, dear?"

Grace could not say him nay, and the guest at the wedding who congratulated them with honest tears in his eyes, was the misguided boy they had started on the street called Straight.

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

THOUGHT HIS TIME HAD COME

Visitor Could Scarcely Be Blamed for Hastening From a Treat Like That.

Clayton B. Templer, one of the oldest members of the Delaware County Bar association, had the scare of his life recently. Mr. Templer owns a number of tenant houses in Muncie. He was seeking John Proctor, stage carpenter for a local theater, to hire him to do some repair work on one of the houses.

"Just go to the stage door in the alley, pull it back and go inside. He is in there," Templer was told when he inquired at the theater for Proctor.

Templer, following instructions, opened the stage door to enter. A black mustached man, swarthy of feature and glistening of teeth, met him, shouting: "Villain, you shall pay dearly for this! Die the death of a dog, you hound!"

"Not me!" Templer exclaimed, as he ran at jack rabbit speed down the alley to the nearest policeman.

The policeman investigated and found that just as Templer entered the stage door a "ten-twent'-thirt'" melodrama was being rehearsed for that evening's performance and that the lawyer "butted in" on the performance just as the villain was in the act of strangling the hero to death.—Indianapolis News.

Could Read Faces.

"Yes, sir," went on Professor X—— to a gentleman to whom he had recently been introduced, "I have given some attention to the study of human nature, and I rarely fail to read a face correctly. Now, there is a lady," he continued, pointing across the room, "the lines of whose countenance are as clear to me as type. The chin shows firmness of disposition amounting to obstinacy, the sharp pointed nose a vicious temperament; the large mouth, volubility; the eyes, a dryness of soul; the——"

Wonderful, professor—wonderful!"

"You know something of the lady, then?" said the professor, complacently.

"Yes, a little. She's my wife."—Tit-Bits.

Lace Designs from Spider Webs.

Missionaries in Paraguay, South America, more than two hundred years ago taught the native Indians to make lace by hand. Since that day the art has greatly developed, and in certain of the towns lace making is the chief occupation. Almost all the women, many children and not a few men are engaged in this industry. A curious fact with reference to the Paraguayan laces is that the designs were borrowed from the strange webs woven by the semi-tropical spiders that abound in that country. Accordingly this lace is by the natives called nanduti, which means "spider web."

Never to Be Supplanted.

Thomas A. Edison's abhorrence of stock speculation and market-rigging is well known. Mr. Edison voiced this abhorrence wittily in a recent interview on electricity.

"Yes," he said, "it is true that an electrical machine has been invented that will rid cheese of its mites. I doubt, though, if any mechanism as efficacious as the promoter will ever be invented for ridding widows of theirs."

Hard Knock.

"I'm afraid Tewksly doesn't think very highly of you, Primson."

"What has he been saying about me now?"

"When I told him you had political aspirations he laughed and said you couldn't qualify as a delegate to a hobo convention."

"Father, I'm Glad You Smoke Duke's Mixture"

Before we tell you about the boy and his air rifle, we want you to hear about Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture—the tobacco that thousands of men find "just right" for a pipe—the tobacco that makes "rolling" popular.

Liggett & Myers
Duke's Mixture

This favorite tobacco is fine old Virginia and North Carolina bright leaf that has been thoroughly aged, stemmed—and then granulated. It has the true tobacco taste, for the very simple reason that it is pure tobacco.

Pay what you will—it is impossible to get a purer or more likeable smoke than Duke's Mixture. It is now a Liggett & Myers leader, and is unsurpassed in quality.

In every 5c sack there is one and a half ounces of splendid tobacco—and with each sack you get a book of cigarette papers FREE.

How the Boy Got His Air Rifle

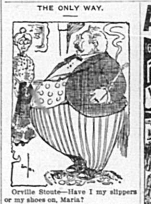
In every sack of the Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture we now pack a Free Present Coupon. These Coupons are good for all kinds of useful articles—something to please every member of the family. There are skates, sleds, balls and bats, cameras, umbrellas, watches, fountain pens, pipes, opera glasses, etc., etc.

As a special offer, during January and February only, we will send you our new illustrated catalogue of presents, FREE. Just send us your name and address on a postal.

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

Premium Dept.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

THE ONLY WAY.



Orville Stoute—Have I my slippers or my shoes on, Maria?
Mrs. Stoute—Take 'em off and see for yourself.

Neat Knock.

Hobey Baker, the football star, was lunching in his native Philadelphia.

A young girl, over her queer alligator pear salad, mentioned the name of a Princeton sophomore who had played rather badly on his class team.

"He is an awfully nice boy," she said. "What was it he played on the eleven, Mr. Baker—halfback, quarterback, fullback?"

The handsome and herculean "Hobey" smiled.

"I think he played drawback," he said.

He Was Calling.

Friend—What was the title of your poem?
Poet—"Oh, Give Me Back My Dreams!"
Friend—And what did the editor write to you?
Poet—"Take 'em!"—McCall's Magazine.

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 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Best Way to Find Out.

He—What would you say if I should kiss you?
She—Why ask for a mere guess when you can so easily get the exact facts?—Stray Stories.

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

Way of Some Ministers.

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