WHERE THERE'S A WILL

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF The CIRCULAR STAIRCASE, The MAN in LOWER TEN, WHEN A MAN MARRIES

ILLUSTRATED by EDGAR BERT SMITH

COPYRIGHT 1912 by BOBBS MERRILL CO.

CHAPTER I.

When it was all over Mr. Sam came out to the spring-house to say good-by to me before he and Mrs. Sam left. I hated to see him go, after all we had been through together, and I suppose he saw it in my face, for he came over close and stood looking down at me, and smiling. "You saved us, Minnie," he said, "and I needn't tell you we're grateful; but do you know what I think?" he asked, pointing his long forefinger at me. "I think you've enjoyed it even when you were suffering most. Red-haired women are born to intrigue, as the sparks fly upward."

"Enjoyed it!" I snapped. "I'm an old woman before my time, Mr. Sam. What with trailing back and forward through the snow to the shelter-house, and not getting to bed at all some nights, and my heart going by fits and starts, as you may say, and half the time my spinal marrow fairly chilled, not to mention putting on my overshoes every morning from force of habit and having to take them off again, I'm about all in."

"It's been the making of you, Minnie," he said, eyeing me, with his hands in his pockets. "Look at your cheeks! Look at your disposition! I don't believe you'd stab anybody in the back now!"

(Which was a joke, of course; I never stabbed anybody in the back.)

He opened the door and a blast of February wind rattled the window-frames. Mr. Sam threw out his chest under his sweater and waved me another good-by.

"Well, I'm off, Minnie," he said. "Take care of yourself and don't sit too tight on the job; learn to rise a bit in the saddle."

"Good-by, Mr. Sam!" I called, putting down Miss Patty's doily and following him to the door; "good-by; better have something before you start to keep you warm."

He turned at the corner of the path and grinned back at me.

"All right," he called. "I'll go down to the bar and get a lettuce sandwich!"

Then he was gone, and happy as I was, I knew I would miss him terribly.

* * * * * * * *

It began when the old doctor died. I suppose you have heard of Hope Sanatorium and the mineral spring that made it famous.

[...]

pens to me, Minnie, I'm counting on you to do what you can for the old place. You've been here a good many years, Minnie."

"Fourteen years I have been ladling out water at this spring," I said, trying to keep my lips from trembling. "I wouldn't be at home any place else, unless it would be in an aquarium. But don't ask me to stay here and help Mr. Dick sell the old place for a summer hotel. For that's what he'll do."

"He won't sell it," declared the old doctor grimly. "All I want is for you to promise to stay."

"Oh, I'll stay," I said. "I won't promise to be agreeable, but I'll stay. Somebody'll have to look after the spring; I reckon Mr. Dick thinks it comes out of the earth just as we see it, with the whole pharmacopoeia in it."

Well, it made the old doctor happier, and I'm not sorry I promised, but I've got a joint on my right foot that throbs when it is going to rain or I am going to have bad luck, and it gave a jump then. I might have known there was trouble ahead.

It was pretty quiet in the spring-house that day after the old doctor left. I drew a chair in front of the fire and wondered what I would do if the old doctor died, and what a fool I'd been not to be a school-teacher, which is what I studied for. I was thinking to myself bitterly that all that my experience in the spring fitted me for was to be a mermaid, when I heard something running down the path, and it turned out to be Tillie, the diet cook.

She slammed the door behind her and threw the Finleyville evening paper at me.

"There!" she said, "I've won a cake of toilet soap from Bath-house Mike. The emperor's consented."

"Nonsense!" I snapped, and snatched the paper. Tillie was right; the emperor had! I sat down and read it through, and there was Miss Patty's picture in an oval and the prince's in another, with a turned-up mustache and his hand on the handle of his sword, and between them both was the Austrian emperor.

Well, I sat there and thought it over, Miss Patty, or Miss Patricia, being, so to speak, a friend of mine. They'd come to the Springs every winter for years.

In my wash-stand drawer I'd kept [...]

"What's Mr. Dick Been Up to Now?"

"You're Getting Careless, Minnie," He Said, Squeezing It.

[...]

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BABIES INJURED BY ROCKING

English Mothers Are Being Told That They Should Stop This Time-Honored Practice.

[...]

Lameness

Sloan's Liniment is a speedy, reliable remedy for lameness in horses and farm stock. Here's proof.

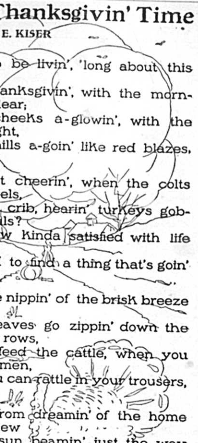
[...]

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

[...]

35 Bushels Per Acre

[...]



'Long About Thanksgivin' Time

S. E. KISER

Ain't it splendid to be livin', 'long about this time of year,
Just around about Thanksgivin', with the mornings crisp and clear;
With the children's cheeks a-glowin', with the future lookin' bright,
And the shops and mills a-goin' like red blazes, day and night!

Ain't it bracin', ain't it cheerin', when the colts kick up their heels,
To approach the corn crib, hearin' turkeys gobblin' for their meals?
Don't it make a fellow kinda satisfied with life and glad,
When it's got so hard to find a thing that's goin' to the bad?

Ain't it fine to feel the nippin' of the brisk breeze at your nose
When the old dead leaves go zippin' down the lanes in scraggly rows,
When you've hay to feed the cattle, when you love your fellow men,
And you've money you can rattle in your trousers, now and then!

Ain't it fine to wake from dreamin' of the home your boyhood knew
And to find the glad sun beamin' just the way it used to do,
Long ago, about Thanksgivin', when you'd energy to spare,
When your pa and ma were livin' and the days were always fair!

TURKEY FOR TEN

"THANKSGIVING ain't different from any other day," snapped Mellicent, making the most of the creak in her rocker. "What's the use of having a turkey when you've got only a reed-bird appetite!"

"It ain't just the turkey itself," replied Mrs. Delia Wyatt, with a knowing shake of her head, "though it's surprising how plumb crazy the kiddies are after drumsticks. Land of love, if Mr. Burbank could only produce centipede gobblers! But it's what the turkey stands for, Mellicent."

There was a moment's silence, then the creak reasserted itself. "Maybe there is—when you've got sons and daughters and grandchildren to sit round the table and look for it," snapped Millicent; "but I'd like to know what's backing up a Thanksgiving turkey when you ain't got any folks to reunite for a family dinner?"

Mrs. Wyatt put her knitting into her work bag, with a sigh. "I've got to stop in at Johnson's to buy some chestnuts for the stuffing," she explained, in apology for her glance at the clock and abrupt leave-taking. "What did I do with my hat? Oh, here it is on the chair. Mellicent, do you remember Angelina Snow?"

Mellicent nodded, her mouth bristling with five hat pins, as she stood with Mrs. Wyatt's jacket held out in both hands toward the open fire.

"You made me think of something she told me once—my left sleeve's caught there, Mellicent. Angelina had the blues terrible bad one morning," continued Mrs. Wyatt, sticking in the hatpins one by one as she talked, "but 'stead of sitting down and making company of them she trotted them right out for a walk. And what do you sup-[...]

[...]

"You bought one, after all? But, Mellicent, it will be so lonesome eating it without any of your own folks here."

"I'm to have some of my own folks—ten of them!"

"Why, Mellicent, only yesterday you told me that there wasn't a living soul related to you this side the Rockies, and—"

"That was before you taught me how to find them, Delia. There, don't be frightened. I've not lost my mind. You remember about Angelina Snow? I got to thinking of the uglier lives than mine, Delia. Of the two dear Misses Prescott worrying over money matters ever since they lost so much in that mining venture; of my little dressmaker, who was the petted darling in her home back east and has to work for her living among strangers out here, because her lungs are weak and she can't live anywhere else; of poor, fastidious Mrs. Adams, who can only afford a third-class boarding house; of—I won't go on, but they're all invited, and they've all accepted."

She rose, and as she turned toward Mrs. Wyatt the firelight revealed a face radiant with happiness. "I can't talk things out the way you can, Delia," she concluded, with a gay little laugh, "but just you come into the kitchen with me and see my Thanksgiving turkey!"—May C. Ringwalt, in Los Angeles Times.

Always Cause for Gratitude.

If you seek, you will find cause for gratitude. If you find your heart callous, stony and rebellious, beware! It is a pitiable stage at which to arrive. It practically marks the end of your journey along the road to tomorrow.

Remember that to give thanks is a good thing. Never fail to appreciate the natural beauties and joys around you, and from the grateful attitude of mind and soul you will receive reflect-[...]

Vegetarian's Thanksgiving

I'm thankful for the celery,
The canned pears and the onion stew;
I'm thankful for the beans; to me
The turnips look inviting, too;
The sweet potatoes give me glee,
The parsnips gladly I assail,
But best of all things is the rich
Aroma of the turkey which
I am permitted to inhale.

With proper thanks I break the crust
That Fortune lays beside my plate;
I shun the oysters, for I must
Not carelessly be tempting Fate;
The giblets all aside I thrust,
To me they are of no avail;
I prove my strength while gazing at
The rich and juicy mince pie that
I must not eat, but may inhale.

—S. E. Kiser

Why We Give Thanks.

Thanksgiving to God is fitting, because we have countless reasons for it. God is our father, and he fills all our days with blessings. There is never a moment when we have not something new for which to praise him. There is blessing in everything he does for us and sends to us. We should be most ungrateful if we did not give thanks unto God. Prayer should not be all clamor for new favors, it should be full of recognition of mercies and good things. It is good, also, to give thanks, because it makes our own lives sweeter, truer and more beautiful. Joy is beauty. Praise is comedy. One who does not give thanks lacks the highest element of loveliness. Ingratitude is dark and somber; praise is light and [...]

RIBBON FLOWERS ARE DAINTIEST OF GIFTS

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

[...]

ANOTHER GOOD YEAR IN WESTERN CANADA

MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA HAVE SPLENDID CROPS.

[...]

FACE ITCHED AND BURNED

[...]

Is Your Body Poisoned?

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

[...]

WORMS.

[...]

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

[...]

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

[...]

HIGHEST PRICES FOR FURS

THERAPION

Good Men Wanted

Pain in Back and Rheumatism

Keep Your Horse Sound and Well

Tuttle's Elixir

[...]

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

[...]