The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

by HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN STOUT

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SYNOPSIS.

John Valiant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Valiant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an auburn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristow exchange reminiscences during which it is revealed that the major, Valiant's father, and a man named Sassoon were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Sassoon and Valiant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Valiant finds Damory court overgrown with weeds and creepers and the buildings in a very much neglected condition. Valiant explores his ancestral home. He is surprised by a fox hunting party which invades his estate. He recognizes Shirley at the head of the party. He gives sanctuary to the cornered fox.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"Wonders will never cease!" said the young man easily, shrugging. "Well, our quarry is here somewhere. From the way the dogs act I should say he's bolted into the house. With your permission I'll take one of them in and see." He stooped and snapped a leash on a dog-collar.

"I'm really very sorry," said Valiant, "but I'm living in it at present."

The edge of a smile lifted the carefully trained mustache over the other's white teeth. It had the perfectly courteous air of saying, "Of course, if you say so. But—"

Valiant turned, with a gesture that included all. "If you care to dismount and rest," he said, "I shall be honored, though I'm afraid I can't offer you such hospitality as I should wish."

The judge raised his broad soft hat. "Thank you, sir," he said, with a soft accent that delightfully disdained the letter "r." "But we mustn't intrude any further. As you know, of course, the place has been uninhabited for any number of years, and we had no idea it was to acquire a tenant. You will overlook our riding through, I hope. I'm afraid the neighborhood has got used to considering this a sort of no-man's land. It's a pleasure to know that the Court is to be reclaimed, sir. Come along, Chilly," he added. "Our fox has a burrow under the house, I reckon—hang the cunning little devil!"

He waved his hat at the porch and turned his horse down the path, side by side with the golden chestnut. After them trooped the others, horses walking wearily, riders talking in low voices, the girls turning often to send swift bird-like glances behind them to where the straight masculine figure still stood with the yellow sunshine on his face. They did not leap the wall this time, but filed decorously through the swinging gate to the Red Road. Then, as they passed from view behind the hedges, John Valiant heard the younger voices break out together like the sound of a bomb thrown into a poultry-yard.

John Valiant stood watching till the last rider was out of sight. There was a warm flush of color in his face. At length he turned with a ghost of a sigh, opened the hall door wide and stalking a hundred yards away, sat down on the shady grass and began to whistle, with his eyes on the door.

Presently he was rewarded. On a sudden, around the edge of the sill peered a sharp, suspicious little muzzle. Then, like a flash of tawny light, the fox broke sanctuary and shot for the thicket.

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The brown ivied house in the village was big and square and faced the sleepy street. A one-storied wing contained a small door with a doctor's brass plate on the clapboarding beside it. Doctor Southall was one of Mrs. Merryweather Mason's paying guests—for she would have deemed the word boarder a gratuitous insult, no less to them than to her. Another was the major, who for a decade had occupied the big old-fashioned corner-room on the second floor, companioned by a monstrous gray cat and waited on by an ancient negro named Jereboam, who had been a slave of his father's.

The doctor was a sallow taciturn man with a saturnine face, eyebrows like frosted thistles, a mouth as if made with one quick knife-slash and a head nearly bald, set on a neck that would not have disqualified a yearling ox.

On this particular morning neither the major nor the doctor was in evidence, the former having gone out early, and the latter being at the moment in his office, as the brassy buzz of a telephone from time to time announced. Two of the green wicker rocking-chairs on the porch, however, were in agitant commotion. Mrs. Mason was receiving a caller in the person of Mrs. Napoleon Gifford.

"After all these years!" the visitor was saying in her customary italics. (The broad "a" which lent a dulcet softness to the speech of her hostess was scorned by Mrs. Poly, her own "a's" being as narrow as the needle through which the rich man reaches heaven.) "We came here from Richmond when I was a bride—that's twenty-one years ago—and Damory Court was forsaken then. And think what a condition the house must be in now! Cared for by an agent who comes every other season from New York. Trust a man to do work like that!"

"I'm glad a Valiant is to occupy it," remarked Mrs. Mason in her sweet flute-like voice. "It would be sad to see any one else there. For after all, the Valiants were gentlemen."

Mrs. Gifford sniffed. "Would you have called Devil-John Valiant a gentleman? Why, he earned the name by the dreadful things he did. My grandfather used to say that when his wife lay sick—he hated her, you know—he would gallop his horse with all his hounds full-cry after him under her windows. Then that ghastly story of the slave he pressed to death in the hogshead of tobacco."

"I know," acquiesced Mrs. Mason. "He was a cruel man and wicked, too. Yet of course he was a gentleman. In the South the test of a gentleman has never been what he does, but who he is. But his grandson, Beauty Valiant, who lived at Damory Court thirty years ago, wasn't his type at all. He was only twenty-five when the duel occurred."

"He must have been brilliant," said the visitor, "to have founded that great corporation. It's a pity the son didn't take after him. Have you seen the papers lately? It seems that though he was to blame for the wrecking of the concern they can't do anything to him. Some technicality in the law, I suppose. But if a man is only rich enough they can't convict him of anything. Why he should suddenly make up his mind to come down here I can't see. With that old affair of his father's behind him, I should think he'd prefer Patagonia."

"I take it, then, madam," Doctor Southall's forbidding voice rose from the doorway, "that you are familiar with the circumstances of that old affair, as you term it?"

The lady bridled. Her passages at arms with the doctor did not invariably tend to sweeten her disposition. "I'm sure I only know what people say," she said.

"'People!'" snorted the doctor irascibly. "Just another name for a community that's a perfect sink of meanness and malice. If one believed all he heard here he'd quit speaking to his own grandmother."

"You will admit, I suppose," said Mrs. Gifford with some spirit, "that the name Valiant isn't what it used to be in this neighborhood?"

"I will, madam," responded the doctor. "When Valiant left this place (a mark of good taste, I've always considered it) he left it the worse, if possible, for his departure. Your remark, however, would seem to imply demerit on his part. Was he the only man who ever happened to be at the lucky end of a dueling-ground?"

"With Your Permission I'll Take One of Them in and See."

"Then it isn't true that Valiant was a dead shot and Sassoon intoxicated?"

"Madam," said the doctor, "I have no wish to discuss the details of that unhappy incident with you or anybody else. I was one of those present, but the circumstances you mention have never been descanted upon by me."

"I see by the papers," said Mrs. Gifford, with an air of resignedly changing the subject, "they've been investigating the failure of the Valiant Corporation. The son seems to be getting the sharp end of the stick. Perhaps he's coming down here because they've made it so hot for him in New York. Well, I'm afraid he'll find this county disappointing."

"He will that!" agreed the doctor savagely. "No doubt he imagines he's coming to a kindly countryside of gentle-born people with souls and imaginations; he'll find he's lit in a section that's entirely too ready to hack at his father's name and prepared in advance to call him Northern scum and turn up its nose at his accent—a community so full of dyed-in-the-wool snobbery that it would make Boston look like a poor-white barbecue. I'm sorry for him!"

Just then from the rear of the house came a strident voice:

"Yo', Raph'el! Take yo' han's outer dem cherries! Don' yo' know ef yo' swallahs dem ar pits, yo' gwineter hab 'pendegeetus en lump up en die?"

The sound of a slap and shrill yelp followed, and around the porch dashed an infantile darkey, as nude as a black Puck, with his hands full of cherries, who came to a sudden demoralized stop in the embarrassing foreground.

"Raph!" thundered the doctor. "Didn't I tell you to go back to that kitchen?"

"Yes, suh," responded the imp. "But yo' didn' tell me ter stay dar!"

"If I see you out here again," roared the doctor, "I'll tie your ears back—and grease you—and SWALLOW you!" At which grisly threat, the apparition, with a shrill shriek, turned and ran desperately for the corner of the house.

"I hear," said the doctor, resuming, "that the young man who came to fix the place up has hired Uncle Jefferson and his wife to help him. Who's responsible for that interesting information?"

"Rickey Snyder," said Mrs. Mason. "She's got a spy-glass rigged up in a sugar-tree at Miss Mattie Sue's and she saw them pottering around there this morning."

"Little Limb!" exclaimed Mrs. Gifford, with emphasis. "She's as cheeky as a town-hog. I can't imagine what Shirley Dandridge was thinking of when she brought that low-born child out of her sphere."

Something like a growl came from the doctor as he struck open the screen-door. "'Limb!' I'll bet ten dollars she's an angel in a cedar-tree at a church fair compared with some better-born young ones I know of who are only fit to live when they've got the scarlet-fever and who ought to be in the reformatory long ago. And as for Shirley Dandridge, it's my opinion she and her mother and a few others like her have got about the only drops of the milk of human kindness in this whole abandoned community!"

"Dreadful man!" said Mrs. Gifford, sotto voce, as the door banged viciously. "To think of his being born a Southall! Sometimes I can't believe it!"

Mrs. Mason shook her head and smiled. "Ah, but that isn't the real Doctor Southall," she said. "That's only his shell."

"I've heard that he has another side," responded the other with guarded grimness, "but if he has, I wish he'd manage to show it sometimes."

Mrs. Mason took off her glasses and wiped them carefully. "I saw it when my husband died," she said softly. "That was before you came. They were old friends, you know. He was sick almost a year, and the doctor used to carry him out here on the porch every day in his arms, like a child. And then, when the typhus came that summer among the negroes, he quarantined himself with them—the only white man there—and treated and nursed them and buried the dead with his own hands, till it was stamped out. That's the real Doctor Southall."

The rockers vibrated in silence for a moment. Then Mrs. Gifford said: "I never knew before that he had anything to do with that duel. Was he one of Valiant's seconds?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Mason; "and the major was the other. I was a little girl when it happened. I can barely remember it, but it made a big sensation."

"And over a love-affair!" exclaimed Mrs. Gifford in the tone of one to whom romance was daily bread.

"I suppose it was."

For a time the conversation languished. Then Mrs. Gifford asked suddenly: "Who do you suppose she could have been?—the girl behind that old Valiant affair."

Mrs. Mason shook her head. "No one knows for certain—unless, of course, the major or the doctor, and I wouldn't question either of them for worlds. You see, people had stopped gossiping about it before I was out of school. There's Major Bristow at the gate now. And the doctor's just coming out again."

The major wore a suit of white linen, with a broad-brimmed straw hat, and a pink was in his buttonhole, but to the observing, his step might have seemed to lack an accustomed jauntiness. As he came up the path the doctor opened his office. "How do you feel this morning, Major?"

"Feel?" rumbled the major; "the way any gentleman ought to feel this time of the morning, sah. Like hell, sah."

The doctor bent his gaze on the hilarious blossom in the other's lapel. "If I were you, Bristow," he said scathingly, "I reckon I'd quit gallivanting around to bridge-fights with perfumery on my handkerchief every evening. It's the devil of an example to the young."

The rocking-chairs behind the screening vines became motionless, and the ladies exchanged surreptitious smiles. If the two gentlemen were aware of each other's sterling qualities, their mutual appreciation was in inverse ratio to its expression, and, as the Eleusinian mysteries, cloaked before the world. In public the doctor was wont to remark that the major talked like a Caesar, looked like a piano-tuner and was the only man he had ever seen who could strut sitting down. Never were his gibes so barbed as when launched against the major's white-waistcoated and patrician calm, and conversely, never did the major's bland suavity so nearly approach an undignified irritation as when receiving the envenomed darts of that accomplished cynic.

The major settled his black tie. "A little wholesome exercise wouldn't be a bad thing for you, Doctor," he said succinctly. "You're looking a shade pasty today."

"Exercise!" snapped the other viciously, as he pounded down the steps. "Ha, ha! I suppose you exercise—lazying out to the Dandridges once a week for a julep, and the rest of the time wearing out good cane-bottoms and palm-leaf fans and cussing at the heat. You'll go off with apoplexy one of these days."

"I shall if they're scared enough to call you," the major shot after him, nettled. But the doctor did not pause. He went on down the street without turning his head.

The major lifted his hat gallantly to the ladies, whose presence he had just observed.

"Do sit down, Major," said Mrs. Gifford. "There's a question I'm just dying to ask you. We've had such an interesting conversation. You've heard the news, of course, that young Mr. Valiant is coming to Damory Court?"

The major sat down heavily. In the bright light his face seemed suddenly pale and old.

"No?" the lady's tone was arch. "Have all the rest of us really got ahead of you for once? Yes, it's true. There's some one there getting it to rights. Now here's the question. There was a woman, of course, at the bottom of the Valiant duel. I'd never dream of asking you who she was. But which was it she loved, Valiant or Sassoon?"

CHAPTER XII.

The Echo.

When the major entered his room, Jereboam, his ancient body-servant, was dawdling about putting things to rights, his seamed visage under his white wool suggesting a charred stump beneath a crisp powdering of snow. "Jedge Chalmahs done tellyfoam ter ax yo' ovah ter Glahden Hall ter suppah ter-night, suh," he said.

"Tell him not tonight, Jerry," said the other wearily. "Some other time."

The old darky ruminated as he plodded down to the doctor's telephone. "Whut de mattah now? He got dat ar way-off-yondah look ergen." He shook his head forebodingly.

The major had, indeed, a far-away look as he sat there, a heavy lonely figure, that bright morning. It had slipped to his face with the news of the arrival at Damory Court. He told himself that he felt queer.

Suddenly he seemed to hear elfin voices close to his ear:

"Which was it she loved? Valiant or Sassoon?"

It was so distinct that he started, vexed and disturbed. Really, it was absurd. He would be seeing things next! "Southall may be right about that exercise," he muttered; "I'll walk more." He began the projected reform without delay, striding up and down the room. But the little voices presently sounded again, shouting like gnomes inside a hill:

"Which was it? Valiant or Sassoon?"

"I wish to God I knew!" said the major roughly, standing still. It silenced them, but the sound of his own voice, as though it had been a preconcerted signal, drew together a hundred inchoate images of other days. There was the well-ordered garden of Damory Court—it rose up, gloomy with night shadows, across his great clothes-press against the wall—with himself sitting on a rustic-bench smoking and behind him the candle-lighted library window with Beauty Valiant pacing up and down, waiting for daylight. There was a sun-lighted stretch between two hemlocks, with Southall and he measuring the ground—the grass all dewy sparkles and an early robin teetering on a thorn bush. Eight — nine — ten — he caught himself counting the paces.

He wiped his forehead. Between the hemlocks now were two figures facing each other, one twitching uncertainly, the other palely rigid; and at one side, held screen-wise, a raised umbrella. In some ghostly way he could see right through the latter—see the doctor's hand gripping the handle, his own, outstretched beyond its edge, holding a handkerchief ready to flutter down. A silly subterfuge those umbrellas, but there must be no actual witnesses to the final act of a "gentlemen's meeting"! A silly code the whole of it, now happily outgrown! The scene blurred into a single figure huddling down—huddling down—

"Which did she love?" The major shook his head helplessly. It was, after all, only the echo, become all at once audible on a shallow woman's lips, of a question that had always haunted him. It had first come to him on the heels of that duel, when he had stood, somewhat later that hateful morning, holding a saddled horse before the big pillared porch. It had whispered itself then from every moving leaf. "Sassoon or Valiant?" If she had loved Sassoon, of what use the letter Valiant was so long penning in the library? But—if it were Valiant she loved? The man who, having sworn not to lift his hand against the other, had broken his sacred word to her! Who had stained the unwritten code by facing an opponent maddened with liquor! Yet, what was there a woman might not condone in the one man? Would she read, forgive and send for him?

The major laughed out suddenly, harshly, in the quiet room, and looked down as if he expected to see that letter still lying in his hand. But the laugh could not still a regular pulsing sound that was in his ears—elfin like the voices, but as distinct—the sound of a horse's hoofs going from Damory Court.

"There's Major Bristow at the Gate Now."

He had heard those hoof-beats echo in his brain for thirty years!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Of every 200 persons who live to be forty years of age, 125 are married.

FOR AND AGAINST THE BEARD

Controversy Is an Old One and Has Been Waged With Considerable Bitterness.

We need not go back so far as the eighteenth century to find Englishmen who held that shaving was "agen God an nature." In the nineteenth, James Ward, R. A., in a "Defense of the Beard," set forth eighteen reasons for retaining it, mainly Scriptural, re-enforced by artistic considerations. "What would a Jupiter be without a beard?" As late as 1860 Theologos published a treatise entitled "Shaving—A Breach of the Sabbath and a Hindrance to the Spread of the Gospel." One of his points was that "Providence had manifestly designed the beard as a protection for the throat and chest." But what about the woman's throat?

Nowhere was there more prejudice centuries ago against beards than at the inns of court. The "black books" of the inns tell us how offenders were fined for wearing beards, and sometimes were compulsorily shaved by order of court. And the prejudice against the bearded barrister still lingers. Vice Chancellor Bacon carried his dislike to bearded or mustached barristers so far that he always refused to hear them. Even now there are very few leading counsel with beards, and I can remember only one unshaved barrister of great eminence, the late Judah Philip Benjamin, Q. C.—silver tongued Benjamin, who wore a mustache and a goatee.—London Chronicle.

Quinine in India.

"It is estimated that one-sixth of the world's supply of quinine is used in India," said a well known Chicago doctor at the Hotel Safford.

"Java now gives the world more quinine than any other country. At one time India tried to lead the world in the supply of quinine, and if that country should at present take steps to extend the culture of cinchona it may not only protect its own interest, but perform a world-wide service.

"In 1886, 15,000,000 pounds of bark were exported from Ceylon; but in 1910 the exports had fallen to 50,000 pounds. For a number of years quinine has stood at such a low price that bark producers have had only a small margin of profit. Under these circumstances it is hardly likely that they have continued to plant largely, and there is a great risk, therefore, that a rapid advance in price may take place at any time. Although at present there are some thousands of acres in India planted with cinchona trees, yet in order to minimize the risk of a great enhancement in the price of quinine in the early future it would be well if the acreage under cinchona were largely extended."

Finger Prints of Babies.

At Spokane, the finger prints of all newly-born children are taken upon the certificate of birth. By this means, the identity of a citizen can be traced from the cradle to the grave. If that method were resorted to at foundling asylums, when unfortunate mothers leave their babies, there would always remain a means of identification. A recent case has called attention to this class of human griefs.

CLIPPING FILE WORTH MUCH

Man in Responsible Position Goes So Far as to Consider It Invaluable in His Work.

"The man who isn't constantly studying the methods in his particular line seldom rises high in this world" says the chief mechanic of a division of a railroad entering New York. "And above all, the man who studies must have the faculty of storing away the important facts for future reference.

"I make it a point to read all the important periodicals published concerning mechanics and some that relate but remotely to my line of work. I don't pretend to memorize all that I read, but I have a system that I have followed for the last twenty years, and I have found it to be invaluable. I maintain a private clipping file.

"My clipping file has saved me endless work and worry at various times in the last twenty years. I make a practice, when reading periodicals, to clip and file away, carefully indexed, anything that I consider might at some time be of value to me. Then when I have use for it, I know where to find it.

"And another thing, I make reading a business, and keep constantly at it."

Try, Try Again.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," sounds like childish philosophy, but we grown-ups will do well to apply it to our own lines. Because we cannot be a failure until we admit it ourselves.

Many prominent men who have succeeded will tell you that they have failed in several lines of activity, and they succeeded in something that they were unconscious of any ability in.

You may long to be a famous actor or brilliant writer, but if your ability lies in painting roofs stick to it and become a connoisseur in your line of business, and you will be as great as the persons who are acknowledged by the world as successes.

We would all be failures in some lines, but when we find our places then it is up to us to strive for the best and eventually we will be crowned with success.

GOOD ROADS

RELOCATING THE OLD ROADS

Average Life of Horses and Automobiles May Be Increased and the Cost of Hauling Reduced.

The average life of horses and automobiles may be increased and the cost of hauling reduced, according to the office of roads, department of agriculture, by relocating many old roads and the more scientific laying out of new ones. The natural tendency in road building is to build a straight road whether it goes over steep grades or hills or not, and pulling over these grades naturally adds to the wear and tear on horses and vehicles. The doctrine of the office of roads is that the longest way around may often be the shortest and most economical way home, and that frequently by building a highway around a hill or grade but little appreciable distance is added and this is more than offset by the reduced strain of hauling.

The chief drawback from the farm owner's point of view is that the laying out of road on this principle of avoiding grades necessitates in some cases running the road through good farm land or orchards of pastures instead of going around the farm line and building the road through old worn out fields and over rocky knolls. This of course must raise a question in the mind of the individual landowner as to whether the cutting up of his property by a road yields him individual advantages and so benefits his community as to offset the use of such land for a road or to overcome the inconvenience of having his land divided. In this connection the office of roads points out that the running of a road and the resulting traffic through a good farm where there are good cattle, horses, sheep, grain, fruit or vegetables has a certain advertising value and in many instances makes the land more valuable. In other cases the importance of such a level road to the community is so great that it will repay those using the road to give the farmer the equivalent in land equally good in place of what he has sacrificed to the common welfare.

Five-Ton Tandem Road Roller in Action.

At any rate the office of roads is now taking special pains to make clear the economic advantage of avoiding steep grades in their roads, even at some sacrifice of better land. Investigations shows that the laying of such roads over hills has resulted more from the attention to the preservation of farm lines than from scientific attention to the problem of road building. According to the testimony of farmers consulted where a horse might be able to pull 4,000 pounds on a level road it would have difficulty in pulling 2,000 pounds up a steep hill. The size of the load therefore tends to be measured by the grade of the largest hill on the road to market. In a number of cases of actual experiment shows that the relocating of roads around hills has been accomplished either with no addition in road length in some instances, and with the adding of only a few feet to the highway in others. The office knows of no case where a properly relocated road which has cut out grades has led to any question as to its material reduction of hauling costs.

Future Good Roads.

Good roads in the future should be built on the zigzag plan for the avoidance of hills and steep grades, the federal officer of good roads announced in declaring that the lives of horses and automobiles could be lengthened thereby and the cost of hauling reduced materially. The experts contend that the "longest way around often may be the most economical and shortest way home," and decry the national tendency to build straight roads whenever they must risk heavy grades.

Get Busy With Road Drag.

There never was a better time than right now to use the road drag. Try to get the neighbors to join you if you can, but if they will not, a couple of days spent improving the road from your farm to town will pay big when the bad weather comes on. Of course, it goes a bit against the grain to make good roads for people who are too lazy to help, but who use them just the same. However, it is better to do that than to suffer the inconvenience and loss of good marketing through bottomless roads.

Fleas One Would Avoid.

The most injurious flea is the Chigoe, or sand flea, which comes from the Kerguelen islands, in the Indian ocean. There is also one with claws like those of a lobster, which is found on a small bird in South America.

Nut Custard.

To make a nut custard make the custard in the usual way and add chopped nuts, any of your favorites, and when you serve the custard add tidbits and you will say it is good.

—solved once for all by Calumet. For daily use in millions of kitchens has proved that Calumet is highest not only in quality but in leavening power as well—unfailing in results—pure to the extreme—and wonderfully economical in use. Ask your grocer. And try Calumet next bake day.

Received Highest Awards

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

STOMACH HAS LONG MEMORY

But Here Is Proof That There Are Other Things Which Some People Consider of Moment.

It's the full dinner plate and the glad hand that makes the assimilation of the foreigner a hasty matter in America, according to Prof. E. A. Steiner.

"The stomach has a long memory," said he. "Given a condition in which three squares a day are furnished and the assimilation problem is nine-tenths solved."

But it isn't all a matter of appetite and supply, Steiner says. The other tenth of the solution lies in America's manners.

"I saw some immigrants on a pier in Italy waiting to take the steamer for this country," said he. "They had been here before. That was evident at a glance. So I asked the man why he was going back?

"'In Pittsburgh,' said he, 'de boss he knocka me on da should'.

"'"Hello, Mike," he say, "how's Misses Mike and all da littla Mikes, hey?"'

"'Now I gotta gooda home here. But no one he knocka me on he should' and ask about my wife and da kids. So I go back to Pittsburgh.'"

Motes and Beams.

George Ade, over a cup of afternoon tea with a group of cynical bachelors at the Chicago Athletic club, said:

"Married men declare that their wives can't keep a secret, but these men themselves are just as bad.

"A married man buttonholed me in the billiard room an hour ago and told me a frightful scandal.

"'Don't let this go any further, George,' he ended.

"'No, certainly not,' said I. 'But how did you happen to hear it?'

"'Oh, the wife, of course,' he answered. 'She's just like all women—can't keep a secret.'"

Untouched Subject.

In L'Esprit des Francais is an instance of the sharp, biting wit for which Alexis Piron, the French epigrammatist, was famous.

A young author whose ability was by means equal to his conceit was discoursing at length upon the merits of his work.

"I am tired of writing of that which others write of," he said. "I want to create an original work, something that no one has ever written about or ever will write about."

Piron turned quickly to the speaker. "Why not write your own eulogy?" he said.—Youth's Companion.

Towed Home.

Redd—Do you use a motor car or a horse-drawn vehicle?

Greene—Some days I use both.

They Certainly Are.

Patience—After the tango, what?

Patrice—Why, the critics; they're after it, all right.

THE CARLISLE MERCURY

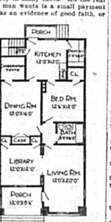
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

America is a nation of home builders. It has come to the point that a man's standing in a community is measured by his home. It is distasteful to most people to pay rent. The normal man desires to have a home of his own for his children; and these children have a right to a home of their own. It goes without question, that a man's work is made lighter as he thinks during the day that his wife and his children are under their own roof. It is true that not all men are able to have a home of their own. They are tied down by conditions that prevent them entering upon so worthy an enterprise. But the desire is there just the same.

In nearly every town of any size, the real estate men and property owners are anxious to offer inducements to home building, and in many instances it is as easy to pay for a home as it is to pay rent. The payments are arranged so that they amount to the same as rent; and as they include the interest each month, there is no difference, really, except that the buyer must pay the insurance, which is a small matter.

When you come to think of it, there is really no excuse for any man paying rent when he can get a home on these terms. He cannot lose anything, for the reason that if he should ever fail in his payments he has an equity that has a cash value—something he could not have if he paid rent. The sense of satisfaction in undertaking an enterprise like this is tremendous, for the occupant feels that he owns the place the minute he gets into it, and the pleasure of making little improvements and adding to the attractiveness of the place is delightful.

There are thousands and tens of thousands of families in the country living in their own homes today, independent of landlords, who never would have possessed anything but for this system of monthly payments. It is not necessary to have a large amount of money in many cases. All the real estate man wants is a small payment down as an evidence of good faith, or an earnest that the buyer means business and will not move in a month or two.



Floor Plan.

The house we show here is one of the type being sold in many localities. Do you not think you would be happier living in a house like this than paying rent? You will have something to live for, and it will be the ambition of your wife and yourself to get the home paid for as soon as possible. And you have no idea how easy it will be.

This house is arranged with a view to convenience in housekeeping. There are no stairs to climb. And you will notice that the front porch is included under the roof. The house is 26 feet wide and 53 feet long. This house ought to be built on a wide lot that will allow plenty of shrubbery and trees to enhance the beauty. These things are requirements that should not be lost sight of in selecting the location. Entrance is had to a large living room off the front porch. This room is 12 feet by 20 feet in size. To the left is the library, which can be used as a parlor if desired. But the day of the parlor has passed. It is the vogue now to live all over the house. No longer do we see the parlor which is kept closed, and not "profaned" except when the minister calls or sister gets married. In the center of the house is the bathroom, and, back of this, is a bedroom. The dining room is of good size and it will be noticed that ample light is provided for. In fact, throughout the house there are plenty of windows. The kitchen is 12 feet square.

It ought to be mentioned that if any person selects this design and wants to build, the best method is to consult a real estate man, if the intending builder does not already own a lot, and arrange to have the house built on the monthly payment plan. Of course, it is preferable to pay cash if possible; but, as has been said before, it is not necessary. The main requirement at the outset is the desire to build; and when a man or woman once has such a resolve, there is always a way to realize the wish.

GLASS-MAKING BY MACHINERY

Inventors Were Long in Perfecting Process, But Their Persistency Has Overcome All Obstacles.

It was only within recent years that the art of making window glass by machinery was mastered, the old crude hand methods which had been the only means known for hundreds of years dying hard and slowly. Inventors and skilled mechanics found all their efforts resisted, not so much because of any particular opposition on the part of the hand-workers, but because they were unable to perfect the correct form of machinery for their purpose. Even now a considerable quantity of window glass is still hand made, but machinery is everywhere displacing the process. Until about twenty years ago a man with a blowpipe represented the only method of producing window glass, and the sheets were limited to about two feet by three feet, even then containing defects which could not be avoided. By the perfecting of the cylinder and sheet-drawing process it has recently become possible to manufacture glass of good quality and beautiful clarity in about the same manner that paper is made—that is, in a continuous sheet. Machinery does everything, taking the glass from the molten mass in the furnace, handling it automatically through all its changes until it is delivered on a table, ready to be washed, cut and boxed for shipment. These machine-made sheets have already been made as large as five feet wide by ten feet long, and apparently the size is limited only by the size of the machine. The first commercial factory for making continuous sheet drawn window glass was built in Pennsylvania in 1907.

Promoting the Janitor.

They were joint owners of an apartment house, and one day the junior partner sought his colleague in some trepidation.

"The janitor wants $10 more per month or he'll leave. I hate to give up the money, but we can't spare him."

The senior partner disappeared and returned in a few moments.

"It's all right," said he. "I've satisfied him, and it didn't cost us anything."

"How's that?"

"The janitor is now the superintendent."

"Good work," declared the junior partner. "But why didn't you make him superintendent in the first place?"

"Because," answered the senior member, "I knew he'd want a promotion eventually. Every man wants a promotion some time, and, to my mind, a good man deserves one."—Judge.

Lovers.

Is there a more beautiful relationship in human life than the tenderness and sympathy, the kindly devotion and happiness, of two who are lovers throughout their lifetime? Such love must endure many tests, and comes in its fullness only when the dross has been burned away. It requires the wisdom of two earnest souls whose lives are inspired by a pure ideal those who know that the instinct commonly called love is but the promptings of a soul which longs for freedom and seeks the spiritual fellowship of its mate. . . . He who would know the soul's love must be unselfish, whether in friendship or in marriage.—Horatio Dresser.

Adding a Postscript.

"I mailed a bulldog yesterday by parcel post, but I clean forgot the critter had to eat."

"Better send along a chunk of liver as a postscript."

SCHEME FOR CARRYING EGGS

Layers With Compartments Fit Over One Another—Each Egg Has Cell Made Just Large Enough.

Since the parcel post has been in effect, inventors have been busy turning out all sorts of carrying devices. An Iowa woman has planned the egg case shown in the illustration, and if it carries eggs as safely as she claims there will be plenty of use for it. Each side of this case is a different height and to each side is hinged a flat box that is divided into numerous cells, each just large enough to hold an egg. One side for example, is the full depth of the case, while the others are respectively three-fourths, one-half and one-fourth of the depth. So that when the different boxes are filled and their lids fastened down they are turned into the central space and form four separate layers, each containing a certain number of eggs and with each egg in a separate cell.

Egg Carrying Case.

HABIT OF EXCHANGING EGGS

When Possible Poultry Products Should Be Sold Direct to Consumer—Co-operate With Neighbors.

There is no satisfaction and but very little money in exchanging eggs for groceries or grain. By being careful in gathering eggs, so that they won't become chilled in winter and so the hens won't sit on them over night and using a little care in sizing and selecting, quite an advance over the common prices may be obtained.

When possible sell your eggs direct to the consumer. If not possible, get a market in your nearest city with some grocer who deals in strictly fancy groceries and provisions. Agree to furnish him only strictly fresh eggs, and then, for your own sake, live up to the agreement. Carefully clean all the eggs; don't send small, misshapen or large ones. Stamp each egg with a rubber stamp, using your initials or the name of your farm, and in a short time you will have created a demand for your eggs, and when you have created such a demand your eggs will bring the highest prices, considerably more than your storekeeper would pay.

Several neighbors should send their eggs together, paying a cent or two per dozen to one of their number for doing the business, and in this way all would gain a little.

CAREFULLY CULL ALL RUNTS

Best Way Is to Kill Them Off as Soon as Birds Show Pronounced Symptoms—Feed Is Wasted.

There are sure to be a few runts in every flock, no matter how hard the breeder may strive to guard against them. Usually these runts may be told from the time the little chicks are five weeks old. The manner in which they carry themselves when moving around shows that they can be nothing but runts when grown up. No matter how hard you try or how much feed you put into them, they will be nothing but runts. The feed and time taken to make their growth will be practically wasted, as the birds will never sell for one-tenth what it cost to raise them.

Usually the best way is to kill them as soon as they show pronounced symptoms of being runts. It may appear cruel, but it is better for the birds and certainly better for the grower. Removing them puts them out of their misery and insures that the other birds will be healthier. Runts invariably contract every disease which is prevalent and carry it to the healthier birds in the flock.

SOME DISEASES OF POULTRY

Unsanitary Surroundings, Spoiled Feed, Impure Water and Poor Ventilation Are Among Causes.

Poultry diseases, just like other diseases, are favored by unsanitary surroundings, spoiled food, style and dirty drinking water, and poorly ventilated and insufficiently lighted coops.

Sick birds should be removed from the flock, and dead ones burned, in an outbreak of any disease.

White diarrhea of chicks is caused by a germ which is often passed from the hen to the chick through the egg.

Vessels and troughs in which feed is placed should be frequently scalded, or disinfected with a five per cent. solution of carbolic acid.

Be careful in introducing new birds into your flock to see that they are perfectly healthy, and not likely to bring disease with them.

Hens in Orchards.

One hundred laying hens can be kept on each acre of a full grown orchard without interfering with the regular operations. Four hundred laying hens can be kept on each acre of a newly set orchard.

Necessary Green Food.

Second quality cabbage, mangel beets, specked apples or steamed green cured clover or alfalfa are necessary to furnish green food to the flock during the winter.

Cull Undesirable Fowls.

All the undesirable fowls should be culled out and disposed of so that the flock will contain high-class producers only.

Cull the Male Birds.

Don't keep a lot of young or old male birds in the flock to worry the rest of the birds and to eat expensive grain.

Grade and Candle Eggs.

Do you know how to grade and candle eggs? Do you do it before sending them to market?

Sealed!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

is now electrically sealed with a "SEAL OF PURITY" so absolute that it is damp-proof, dust proof, impurity-proof—even air-proof!

Give regular aid to teeth, breath, appetite and digestion. It's the safe besides delicious and beneficial confection!

BUY IT BY THE BOX

for 85 cents—at most dealers. Each box contains twenty 5 cent packages. They stay fresh until used.

It's clean, pure, healthful if it's WRIGLEY'S.

Look for the spear

CHEW IT AFTER EVERY MEAL

Couldn't Think.

There had been a slight earthquake which had been plainly felt by the inhabitants. Pat and Mike met the following morning.

"Pat," said Mike, solemnly, "what did ye think whin first th' ground began to trimble?"

"Think!" cried Mike, scornfully. "What mon that had th' use of his legs to run and his loongs to roar would waste his toime thinkin'? Tell he thot!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

WATERY BLISTERS ON FACE

Smithville, Ind.—"Six months ago our baby girl, one year old, had a few red pimples come on her face which gradually spread causing her face to become very irritated and a fiery red color. The pimples on the child's face were at first small watery blisters, just a small blotch on the skin. She kept scratching at this until in a few days her whole cheeks were fiery red color and instead of the little blisters the skin was cracked and scaly looking and seemed to itch and burn very much.

"We used a number of remedies which seemed to give relief for a short time then leave her face worse than ever. Finally we got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. I washed the child's face with very warm water and Cuticura Soap, then applied the Cuticura Ointment very lightly. After doing this about three times a day the itching and burning seemed entirely gone in two days' time. Inside of two weeks' time her face seemed well. That was eight months ago and there has been no return of the trouble." (Signed) Mrs. A. K. Wooden, Nov. 4, 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.

Couldn't Help It.

A little girl had just been dressed in clean clothes, and went out to play. In a short time she came back covered with dirt. Her mother was much put out, and asked her how she came to be so dirty.

"Well, mother," she said, "isn't I made of dirt?"

"Yes, dear, but what has that to do with it?"

"Well you know, mother, it will keep working out."

Blank, All Right.

He—Oh, yes, I have a book y'know that I put down my thoughts in every night.

She—I see. Sort of blank book, I suppose.

THINK OF THE MILLIONS

that have been relieved in the past 75 years by Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills and decide whether they are not worth a trial. They regulate the bowels, stimulate the liver and purify the blood. Adv.

Cruel.

"I don't know whether to be a suffragist or an anti. I guess there's much to be said on both sides."

"Naturally. There are women on both sides, aren't there?"

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Its Definition.

"What's a stage wait, pa?"

"I don't know exactly, son, but I guess it's the heavy man."

No legacy is so rich as honesty.—Shakespeare.

Talked Enough in Life.

An agent called on Mr. Hoolihan one morning and asked for a photograph of the lately departed Mrs. Hoolihan.

"You just let me have that photograph about two weeks," said the agent, "and I'll send you a life-size portrait of Mrs. Hoolihan that'll be a speaking likeness."

An expression of considerable apprehension appeared in Mr. Hoolihan's dim blue eyes, and he passed his hand twice across his mouth with a nervous gesture.

"Well, how, Oi don't know as that'd be annyways nicessary," he replied, in a whisper, "Oi'll jist have a pictur that shows her looks, widout anny mechanical contrivance to reprojuce her v'ice."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Lacked Tact.

"A fellow told me today," confided Mr. D'Ippie, "that I didn't know enough to pound sand. He said that I was the blamedest idiot he ever saw. Now what do you think of that?"

"I think it was dreadfully tactless of him," exclaimed Miss Keene, indignantly.

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

Not at Home.

Jailer (to debtor in prison)—One of our creditors wants to speak to you.

Debtor—Tell him I'm out.—Pele Mele.

A word to the wife is sufficient—to start a rough house.

No man is so fast that trouble cannot overtake him.

Necessary Hours of Sleep.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, who attained the age of eighty-eight and who could command sleep on horseback, says, in some curious remarks which he has left upon sleep, that no one measure will do for all, nor will the same amount of sleep even suffice for the same person at all times. More sleep is necessary when the strength and spirits are exhausted by illness, hard labor or severe mental efforts. Whatever may be the case with some few persons of a peculiar constitution, it is evident that health and vigor can scarcely be hours' sleep in the four-and-twenty.

Left Mr. Brown Thinking.

Bobby—I think I like you better than any of the fellows who come to see my sister, Mr. Brown.

Mr. Brown—That's good hearing, Bobby. Why do you like me the best?

Bobby—Because Sis always lets me stay around and hear what you say.

Your family Doctor can't do more for your cough than Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops; "they cure"—5c at Druggists.

The Limit.

"They say he is extremely stingy."

"Yes; he wouldn't even entertain other people's opinions."—Town Topics.

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue. Adv.

Cruel Hint.

He (loftily)—My mind is a book of many thoughts.

She (innocently)—Bound in calf?

Anybody can dye successfully with Putnam Fadeless Dyes. Adv.

One-half the world knows what the other half is doing because they are neighbors.

By searching the old learn the new.—Japanese.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable — act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature Brent Good

W. S. NETHERY, Interurban Bldg., Columbus, Ohio

Canadian Government Agent

Banish the "Blues!"

If you have that depressed feeling it's more than likely that your blood is out of order—impoverished or poisoned.

There is only one thing that will alter your present condition—that's to restore your stomach to normal health and strength. For a weak or diseased stomach cannot make good blood. If your digestion is bad your food will not make the good blood which nourishes body, brain, heart and nerve.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

helps the stomach to do its work naturally and properly. Stimulates the liver. The system is freed from poison. The blood is purified. Every organ is rejuvenated. Instead of the "Blues," you feel fit and strong, equal to any task or up to any pleasure.

This great remedy has proved its worth year after year for over forty years. Let it prove its worth to you. Sold by medicine dealers in tablet or liquid form or send 50c for trial box by mail.

Send 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing only on a free copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, cloth-bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo.

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116 W. 34th St., New York City

Any Man or Woman

Can earn $5 to $6 a day and more

Reform in Tobacco, No Mysterious Compounds to Chew

MAIL POUCH TOBACCO

is manufactured of a combination of highest grades of Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Kentucky tobaccos, and prepared by our own original and exclusive process, neutralizing the nicotine without chemicals, which guarantees to the consumer a standard of unequaled excellence, and the only anti-nervous, anti-dyspeptic tobacco in the market.

Mail Pouch Tobacco is always reliable and uniform in quality, does not cause heartburn or indigestion, is free from grit, noxious flavorings, and adulterations, making

A Clean, Lasting Chew

A Cool, Sweet Smoke

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25 CTS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.

Pettit's Eye Salve FOR EYE DISEASES

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