Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.
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"Call the dog, just the same," repeated Amanda Parlow. "Prince will hear you and bark."

"God bless you! So he will," cried Mr. Stagg. "You've got more sense than any of us, Mandy."

"And I'll have the chapel bell rung," she said.

"Huh! what's that for?"

"The wind will carry the sound out across the cove. The boy, Chet, will recognize the sound of the bell and it will give him an idea of where home is."

"You do beat all!" exclaimed Joseph Stagg, starting to leave the house.

"Find a cap of Chet's, Mrs. Gormley," she commanded. "Don't you see Mr. Stagg has no hat? He'll catch his death of cold."

"Why, I never thought!" He turned to speak directly to Miss Amanda, but she had gone back into the room and was putting on her outer wraps. Mrs. Gormley, red-eyed and weeping, brought the cap.

Mr. Stagg plunged down the steps and kept on down the hill to the water front. There was an eating-place here where the waterside characters congregated, and Mr. Stagg put his head in at the door.

"Some of you fellers come out with me on the ice and look for a little girl—and a boy and a dog," said Mr. Stagg. "Like enough, they're lost in this storm. And the ice is going out."

They all rushed out of the eating-house and down to the nearest dock. Even the cook went, for he chanced to know Carolyn May.

"And let me tell you, she's one rare little kid," he declared, out of Mr. Stagg's hearing. "How she come to be related to that hard-as-nails Joe Stagg is a puzzler."

The hardware dealer might deserve this title in ordinary times, but this was one occasion when he plainly displayed emotion.

Hannah's Car'lyn, the little child he had learned to love, was somewhere on the ice in the driving storm. He would have rushed blindly out on the rotten ice, barehanded and alone, had the others not halted him.

Joseph Stagg stood on the dock and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Prince! Prince! Prince!"

The wind must have carried his voice a long way out across the cove, but there was no reply.

Then, suddenly, the clear silver tone of a bell rang out. Its pitch carried through the storm startlingly clear.

There was a movement out in the cove. One field of ice crashed against another. Mr. Stagg stifled a moan and was one of the first to climb down to the level of the ice.

"Have a care, Joe," somebody warned him. "This snow on the ice will mask the holes and fissures something scandalous."

But Joe Stagg was reckless of his own safety. He started out into the snow, shouting again:

"Prince! Prince! Here, boy! Here, boy!"

There was no answering bark.

The clanging of the chapel bell was a comforting sound. Joseph Stagg did not know that, unable to find the sexton, Amanda Parlow had forced the church door and was tugging at the rough rope herself.

Back and forth she rang the iron clapper, and it was no uncertain note that clanged across the storm-driven cove that afternoon. It was not work to which Carolyn May's "pretty lady" was used. Her shoulders soon ached and the palms of her hands were raw and bleeding. But she continued to toll the bell without a moment's surcease—on and on, till her brain swam and her breath came chokingly from her lungs.

"Joe! Joe!" she muttered each time that she bore down on the bell rope, and the iron tongue shouted the word for her, far across the snow-blotted cove.

Carolyn May was not the first of the trio caught out on the moving ice to be frightened. Perhaps because she had such unbounded faith in the good intentions of everybody toward her, the child could not imagine anything really hurting her.

"Oh, isn't this fun!" she crowed, bending her head before the beating of the storm. "Do hang on, Princey."

But Prince could not hang on so well, now that they faced the wind. He slipped off the sled twice, and that delayed them. Under his skates, Chet could feel the ice heave, while the resonant cracks followed each other like a fire of musketry.

"Goodness me!" gasped Carolyn May, "the ice seems to be going all to pieces, Chet. I hope it won't till we get back to the shore."

"I'm hopin' that, too," returned the boy.

He had quickly realized that they were in peril, but he would not let Carolyn May see that he was frightened—no, indeed!

The boy unstrapped the skates swiftly. He had a very good reason for removing them. If the ice was breaking up into floes, he might skate right off into the water, being unable to halt quickly enough, if on the steel runners.

He now plodded on, head down, dragging the sled and the child, with Prince slipping and scratching along beside them.

Suddenly he came to open water. It was so broad a channel that he could not hope to leap it; and, of course, he could not get the sled and the little girl across.

"My!" cried Carolyn May, "that place wasn't here when we came out, was it, Chet? It must have just come here."

"I don't think it was here before," admitted the boy.

Suddenly a sound reached their ears that startled both; it even made Prince prick up his ears and listen. Then the dog sat up on his haunches and began to howl.

"Oh, don't Prince!" gasped Carolyn May. "Who ever told you you could sing, just because you hear a church bell ringing?"

"That's the chapel bell!" cried Chet Gormley. "Now I'm sure I'm right. But we must get around this open patch in the water."

He set off along the edge of the open water, which looked black and angry. The ice groaned and cracked in a threatening way. He was not sure whether the floe they were on had completely broken away from the great mass of ice in the cove and was already drifting out into the lake or not.

Haste, however, he knew was imperative. The tolling of the chapel bell coming faintly down the wind, Chet drew the sled swiftly along the edge of the opening, the dog trotting along beside them, whining. Prince plainly did not approve of this.

"Here it is!" shouted the boy in sudden joy. "Now we'll be all right, Car'lyn May!"

"Oh, I'm so glad, Chet," said the little girl. "For I'm getting real cold, and this snow makes me all wet."

"Keep up your heart, Car'lyn May," he begged. "I guess we'll get through all right now."

"Oh, I'm not really afraid," the little girl answered. "Only I'd really like to be on shore."

Chet hastened on toward the sound of the tolling bell, sharply on the watch for other breaks in the ice.

Here was another—a wide-spreading crevasse filled with black water. Chet had no idea to which direction he should turn. And, indeed, it seemed to him as though the opening was growing wider each moment. The ice on which they stood must be completely severed from that further up in the inlet!

The boy had become frightened. Carolyn May had little idea of their danger. Prince sat up and howled. It seemed to the boy as though they were in desperate straits, indeed.

"You've got to be a brave girl, Car'lyn May," he said. "I'm goin' to

He Turned a Bright Face on Her as He Struck Out for the Edge of the Other Ice Floe.

swim across this place and then drag you over. You stick to the sled and you won't scarcely get wet even."

"Oh, Chet, don't you dare get drownded!" begged Carolyn May, terrified now by the situation.

He turned a bright face on her as he struck out for the edge of the other ice floe. Chet might not have been the wisest boy who ever lived, but he was brave, in the very best sense of the word.

"Don't worry about me, Car'lyn May," he chattered.

The desperate chill of the water almost stopped the boy's heart.

Three strokes took him across the patch of open water.

"We'll be all right in a minute, Car'lyn May!" he called, climbing to his feet.

And then he discovered something that almost stunned him. The line he had looped around his wrist had slipped off! He had no way of reaching the rope attached to the sled save by crossing back through the water.

Chet felt that he could not do it.

"Oh, Chet! Chet!" wailed Carolyn May, "you've dropped my rope!"

What he should do, poor Chet could not think. His brain seemed completely clouded.

But what was the little girl doing? He saw her hauling in on the wet rope and she seemed to be speaking to Prince, for he stood directly before her, his ears erect, his tail agitated. By and by he barked sharply.

"Now, Princey!" Chet heard her cry.

She thrust the end of the rope into the dog's jaws and waved her mittened hand towards the open water and the unhappy Chet beyond it.

Prince sprang around, faced the strait of black water, shaking the end of the rope vigorously. Chet saw what she meant and he shrieked to the dog:

"Come on, Prince! Come on, good dog! Here, sir!"

Prince could not bark his reply with the rope in his jaws, but he sprang into the water and swam sturdily toward Chet.

He stooped and seized the dog's forelegs when he came near and helped him scramble out on the ice. The end of the rope was safely in his grasp again.

"My goodness! My goodness! I could sing a hallelujah!" declared Chet, his eyes streaming now. "Hold on, now, Car'lyn May! I'm goin' to drag you across. You hang right on to that sled."

"Oh, I'll cling to it, Chet," declared the little girl. "And do take me off this ice, quick, for I think it's floating out with me."

Chet drew on the rope, the sled moved forward and plunged, with just a little splash, into the pool.

In a few seconds he had "snaked" the sled to the edge of the ice floe on which he stood. He picked the sobbing Carolyn May off the sled and then lifted that up too. The little girl was wet below her waist.

"I'm—I'm just as co-old as I—I can be," she chattered. "Oh, Chet! take me home, please!"

"I'm a-going to," chattered the lad in return.

He dragged off his coat now, wrung it as dry as he could and wrapped it around Carolyn May's legs before he seated her on the sled again. Then he seized the rope once more and started toward the sound of the chapel bell.

Prince began to bark. He could not move forward much faster than Chet did, but he faced the wind and began to bark with persistence.

"There—there's something over there, Chet," murmured Carolyn May. She was all but breathless herself.

Then, through the wind and storm, came a faint hail. Prince eagerly pursued his barking. Chet tried to reply to the hail, but his voice was only a hoarse croak.

"We've got to keep on—we've got to keep on," muttered the lad, dragging the sled slowly.

The dog had disappeared. Carolyn May was weeping frankly. Chet Gormley was pushing slowly through the storm, staggering at each step, scarcely aware in what direction he was heading.

CHAPTER XIV.

How to Write a Sermon.

Joseph Stagg heard the dog bark first of all.

The men with Mr. Stagg having spread out on the ice like a skirmishing party, now closed in toward the point from which sounded the dog's barking. The hardware dealer shouted as he ran. He was the most reckless of them all and on several occasions came near falling.

Suddenly an object appeared in the smother of falling snow. Hoarsely the dog barked again. Mr. Stagg shouted:

"Hey, Prince! Prince! Here we are!"

The mongrel made for the hardware merchant and almost knocked him over. He was mad with joy.

"Show 'em to us, good dog!" cried Uncle Joe. "Take us to 'em! Where's Hannah's Car'lyn? Show us, boy!"

Prince lapped Mr. Stagg's face and then ran off through the falling snow, barking and leaping. The men hurried after him. Twice or thrice the dog was back, to make sure that he was followed. Then the men saw something outlined in the driving snow.

"Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe!"

The child's shrill voice reached the hardware merchant. There was poor Chet, staggering on, leaning against the wind, and pulling the sled behind him.

"Well, you silly chump!" growled Joseph Stagg. "Where're you going, anyway?"

"Oh, Uncle Joe!" wailed Carolyn May, "he isn't anything like that at all! He's just the bravest boy; And he's all wet and cold."

At the conclusion of this declaration poor Chet fell to his knees and then slipped quietly forward on his face.

"I vum!" grunted the hardware dealer. "I guess the boy is all in."

But Chet did not lose consciousness. He raised a faint murmur which reached Mr. Stagg's ears.

"I—I did the best I could, Mr. Stagg. Take—take her right up to mother. She'll fix Car'lyn up, all right."

"Say, kid!" exclaimed the cook, "I guess you need a bit of fixin' up yourself. Why, see here, boys, this chap's been in the water and his clothes is froze stiff."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ROAD MUCH LIKE CORKSCREW

Railway in India Makes Complete Double Loop on Its Way to the Top of Mountain.

One of the most interesting railroad lines, the construction of which meant the solution of difficult engineering problems, is the narrow-gauge railway which winds its way up the steep slopes of the Darjeeling range of the Himalayas to Darjeeling.

Darjeeling is a noted health resort of the British rulers of India and the summer seat of the Bengal government. It is 7,400 feet above sea level. Its delightful climate and the magnificent scenery surrounding it, including a panorama of the highest peaks of the Himalayas, make it one of the most desirable places in India during the hot season. One of the remarkable features of the mountain railway is the Chimbatti loop, probably the only example of its kind in the world. The tracks, rising at a steep grade, make a complete double loop to reach the station on the mountain top.—Popular Science Monthly.

Oxide of Iron.

Oxide of iron, explained in simplest terms, is a combination of iron and the gas, oxygen. The rust that gathers on a piece of iron exposed for a length of time to the air is a form of oxide of iron. Iron is seldom found in a pure state. The iron ores taken from mines are ferrous compounds, that is, iron combined with other elements—with oxygen, sulphur, phosphorus, etc. In the manufacture of iron from the ore, these substances have to be got rid of. If iron ore contains a high percentage of iron, it is valuable.

MATTER NOT LEFT TO TURK

Higher Power Took From His Unworthy Hands the Christian Church He Had Desecrated.

Can there be a prophecy in stone? Perhaps. Many years ago Dr. William P. Thompson, an American, the author of that excellent work, "The Land and the Book," visited the mosque of St. John in Damascus, which was the ancient church of St. John the Baptist, built by the early Christians on the site of a pagan temple. For a brief period after their conquest of the city the Moslems had permitted the Christians to use a part of this church for their worship. Not long afterward they were turned out, forbidden to enter the edifice, and, as the Arabs supposed, every mark of Christian occupancy was obliterated. But Doctor Thompson, examining the walls with sharp eyes, caught sight of what seemed to him to be the traces of a Greek inscription high up on one of the dusty stones. He procured a ladder and climbed up to it, and there, carved on one of the stones, he deciphered these words in Greek: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." There this inscription remains to this day, where the early Christians set it high above the lintel of the door. Probably the Moslem did not intend to spare it. Neither did he intend that the kingdom of Christ should once more be set up in Damascus.

GRASSHOPPERS CAN BE MADE TO HELP FOOD SUPPLIES OF THE UNITED STATES

A Combination of Three Small Hopperdozers Attached to Wheels in a Manner to Be Pushed by Horses Instead of Drawn by Them.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

There are going to be lots of grasshoppers during the summer of 1919 in Indiana and other states in the grasshopper belt, according to indications found by entomologists of the department of agriculture and the state agricultural colleges. Farmers are urged to start a cleanup campaign against them right away. Plowing to a depth of six inches and subsequent harrowing during the winter, at any event not later than April 10, will cover the eggs so deep that the young will not be able to escape. When grasshoppers make their appearance they can be destroyed by the common poisoned bait method.

But there is another way of getting rid of grasshoppers that makes the pests pay for the trouble of killing or catching them. This method consists of driving a grasshopper catcher through an infested field, catching all the grasshoppers that hop, and then feeding the insects to chickens. They can be dumped into sacks and hung up to dry and fed as dry grasshoppers, or if it is preferred to feed the grasshoppers alive, the machine can be hauled to the poultry yard and placed so that the front will face the light. The insects will find their way out, but not too fast for an ordinary flock of chickens. Thus the grasshopper catcher becomes a poultry self-feeder.

An analysis of grasshoppers shows them to be high in protein, and therefore good chicken feed. It is known that chickens are more productive when insects are a part of their ration and grasshoppers when dried can be used with other feeds during the winter.

How to Make Grasshopper Catcher.

The grasshopper catcher, which has an advantage over the old style hopperdozer, in that the insects can be utilized for chicken feed, is about 16 feet long with an upright but curved piece of tin in front and so arranged that the grasshoppers will strike it as they hop up, falling to the bottom and back through a narrow trap opening into a box behind. The tin front does not extend quite to the bottom, where, just in front of the tin shield, is a strip of tin placed so that there is an opening about 1½ or 2 inches wide. This front strip or lip may be made by using a 16-foot length of gutter, one side of which is flattened outward. The back and top of the box in the rear is covered with wire screen and the top should be so hinged that it can easily be opened and the accumulated grasshoppers shoveled out as needed.

Horses are hitched to the extended beam, one at each end, and the catcher dragged through the infested area, beginning at the sides and working toward the center of the field. Two boys, each riding a horse, can handle the machine nicely. A heavy rope attached to the hames, so that it drags a few feet in front of the shield, is an advantage in that it stirs up, just before the catcher passes, the hoppers not otherwise disturbed.

Plowing Infested Fields.

Where it is not practical to plow infested fields, such as ground in clover or alfalfa, they should be thoroughly disked in the fall or winter and harrowed early in March of the following year. In Indiana clover and alfalfa fields are among the best breeding places for grasshoppers.

The poisoned bait recommended consists of bran or sawdust made tasty and attractive by the addition of molasses and fruit and treated with an arsenical poison. The following formula is recommended:

Bran (half-and-half bran and hardwood sawdust, or sawdust alone), 25 pounds; paris green or crude arsenious oxide, one pound, or white arsenic, 1½ pounds; molasses (cheap feeding grade), two quarts; lemons, bananas or oranges, six fruits, or one ounce of cheap lemon extract; water, about two to four gallons.

The poison should be thoroughly mixed with the bran. The water, molasses and finely chopped fruit or extract are then mixed and added. The mixture should be wet so that it molds in the hands, but is not "soppy." The bait should be scattered broadcast at the rate of seven to ten pounds to the acre, applications being made in the early morning.

In clover or alfalfa much material and labor can be saved by first cutting around the field until there remains a small central uncut area where the grasshoppers will have gathered and may be quickly and cheaply destroyed by the poisoned bait. If the grasshoppers are feeding in corn or young trees, more water, or, better, more molasses and water, should be added and the mixture thrown forcefully so that the particles will adhere to the crops to be protected.

Front View of Hopperdozer for Destruction of Leaf Hoppers as It Is Being Drawn Through an Alfalfa Field.

ISSUANCE OF CROP REPORTS

United States Figures Telegraphed to Each Field Agent—Estimates Given to Papers.

(Prepared by United States Department of Agriculture.)

Each field agent of the bureau of crop estimates, United States department of agriculture, now publishes a crop report from his own territory. Immediately upon the issuance of a crop report in Washington the United States figures are telegraphed to each agent, together with figures for his particular territory. The agent at once issues a mimeograph report with comments on crop and weather conditions in his state, copies of which are furnished to the press and to crop reporters and published in full in many dailies. In some of the states agents now are issuing reports on a county basis. The service is winning warm appreciation.

For this service in securing quickly reliable reports along special lines decided improvements have been made in the organization of this bureau. Field agents of demonstrated ability have been employed; their offices supplied with clerks, telephones and other time-saving equipment; and every field agent has a mimeograph and an addressing machine. The field man now is able promptly to make both general and restricted special investigations, either upon his own initiative or upon telegraphic request from Washington.

HORSE FEED DURING WINTER

Not Advisable to Give Liberally of Grain While Animals Are Confined in Barn.

Horses should not be confined to the barn during the winter on a liberal supply of grain. It is far better to "rough" them through the cold months. They should be given the run of the yard or lot during the day. This should be provided with a protected shed, dry and well provided with bedding.

WET LANDS ARE PRODUCTIVE

Most Fertile When Soil Moisture Is Properly Controlled—Drainage Is Recommended.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Wet areas in cultivated farm lands usually are the most fertile when the soil moisture is properly controlled, because generally they are depressions in which more or less of the richest soil from surrounding fields has been washed. Farm drainage transfers these unproductive places into highly productive land, thus increasing the profitable area and the acre yield, while removing obstacles that increase the time and effort required for farm operations.

Recognizing the importance of this possible conservation of man power, the drainage division of the bureau of public roads recently has given first consideration to projects looking to the improvement of lands already under some degree of cultivation or needing only drainage to prepare them for the plow.

Feeding Lambs.

Every shepherd knows that there are many difficulties in feeding and taking care of orphan lambs. There is sometimes considerable loss, especially in large herds, from orphan lambs. At present values of sheep and lambs these losses are well worth striving to save.

Age for Breeding Heifers.

If heifers are bred to calve when very young, they remain undersized cows and can never give as great a milk yield as they might otherwise, because they have not the capacity to handle the feed necessary for high production.

Missing Trees in Orchards.

The reason that apple trees die out here and there in the orchard is due to root rot, according to Prof. H. H. Wetzel of Cornell university.

Making Americans.

If we will plant the children of our immigrants in American soil, give them American companions, teach them in the American language, let them breathe American literature, discipline them in the American art of self-government, warm their hearts in the sunshine of American tenderness, sympathy and good fellowship, and always respect the nature which God has given them however it may differ from ours, they will grow up loyal, patriotic, devoted Americans.—Lyman Abbott.

Fault-Finding.

Why should we denounce fault-finding because it is not constructive? All of us are continuously finding fault, more or less, and on our success in finding the fault and destroying it depends mostly our successful development. So in the end it appears that fault-finding is essentially one of our most constructive activities. One of our worst faults is the hypocritical practice of finding fault with fault-finding.—F. H. Young in Providence Journal.

The Plain Kind

By R. RAY BAKER

(Copyright, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

There was no question about it, Martha Bain was not beautiful. Freckles are not necessarily rocks on the road of romance. Neither is a pug nose, nor stringy hair of a rusty hue. But Martha had them all, and was not given a part in Cupid's drama. That is, she had no part in it until—well, this was the way of it:

Perched behind the desk in Eagle Heights hotel Martha watched the summer lads woo the summer lassies, and her little heart, which really was very big, thumped away unnoticed and neglected. Perhaps if she had obtained a polished personality at a finishing school she might have made herself interesting to the knights from the big town; but Martha's father considered a high school education sufficient for his hotel clerk, specially since people went there in quest of the rustic.

Nevertheless, Martha often dreamed when she sat at the edge of Walloon lake in the light of the moon, that she had a knight of her own—sometimes two of them.

Harold Kingsley came to Eagle Heights for a month's recreation from his literary labors. He was tall and slim, almost to the point of lankiness, and he had black hair and deep brown eyes from which a soul seemed to shine.

When he came along the beach Martha was throwing sticks into the water for a white fox terrier to chase. Harold stopped and watched, standing some distance behind the girl, so she did not become aware of his presence.

"Come on, Knight," she admonished, and the dog emerged from the water holding a jagged stick, which he dropped at the girl's feet. Then Knight spied Harold and went to him just as a shaking spell seized him.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Martha exclaimed, when she turned and saw Harold brushing drops of water from his clothes. "That is, Knight begs your pardon."

Harold laughed lightly and reaching down, patted the terrier regardless of the latter's dripping skin.

"Don't bother about the apologies," he remonstrated. "I can dry out again. Besides, this is not my best suit. I have another—honest."

From that time they were friends, the three of them. Nearly every evening they were together, walking along the tanbark paths in the woods or seated in a secluded nook on the lake shore.

Sometimes he talked to her of the big town and the sights he had seen on his travels; at other times he read or recited poetry.

As the days rolled past their relations became more intimate, and frequently they talked of personal things. The man proved fascinating beyond her most imaginative dreams of knights, and she held an attraction for him to which none of the patrons of the hotel, who were bound to notice what went on, could reconcile themselves, especially the feminine element, which was in the majority.

One night Harold grasped Martha's hand and told her:

"Martha, somehow, I've come to care for you a lot."

"Why?" she wanted to know. "Why do you like me? I know I am not good looking, and I have just loads of freckles."

He was silent, while he watched a star blink from afar and wondered whether people lived on it.

"Because you are so natural," he finally said. "You're not the least bit artificial, like most girls I know. You are not tainted from contact with the world. You are just yourself, and you don't try to be anything else. And do you know, I'm rather fond of freckles, particularly that one on the end of your nose."

The next night—it was nearly a month since his first appearance at Eagle Heights—his manner was entirely different. He answered her in monosyllables and appeared wrapped in thought.

"Why are you so very different tonight?" she asked. They walked on and came to the steps of the hotel veranda before he answered:

"I'll tell you. Today I received word that Elizabeth Ross, the girl I am engaged to marry, is coming here tomorrow. She expects to stay several days, and then I am to go back with her. I hated to tell you."

She left him there on the steps and went to her bed, where soon she was sobbing herself to sleep. He went out on the dock and found a bench and sat smoking his pipe for a full hour, thinking.

Elizabeth Ross took the place by storm. Attired in clothes that were the last word in style, she swept into the hotel, greeted Harold with an embrace and a kiss, and complained because the best room already was occupied and she had to put up with the second best.

She was a pronounced blonde, with a clear, olive complexion and dreamy gray eyes. She was nearly as tall as Harold, and, if anything, slimmer.

Watching from behind her desk, the lady clerk had all she could do to keep the tears away when the newcomer assumed possession of Harold.

"I hate that girl!" said Martha, and she meant it so much she broke the point of the pen when she jabbed it into the potato that served as a holder.

Martha's feelings toward Elizabeth Ross were not improved by an incident which took place the day after the latter's arrival. Knight, the terrier, liked to be friendly with all the guests, and he tried to be with Miss Ross when the latter ascended the steps to the veranda after a walk with Harold along the shore.

Did Miss Ross stoop and pat Knight as he frisked about her? Decidedly she did not. Instead, she kicked him with her dainty foot, and Knight went away with his tail between his legs, surprised and mortified.

Came the day when Harold and his bride-to-be were to leave. Martha had her eyes open for a last glimpse of him, and she finally spied him through a window, coming toward the hotel, in company with Miss Ross. They were talking earnestly—at least, the girl was—and Martha rejoiced that there might be some kind of a dispute.

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Slowly the sun crept out of sight behind the rim of Walloon lake, leaving a streaked blaze of blended red, gold and blue. In a secluded dell, fringed with faintly rustling maples, stood a freckled-faced, pug-nosed girl, one arm against a tree, her gaze following a little steamboat that was lazily puffing a path through the placid water.

A shrill scream pierced the sky as a seagull, circling overhead, spied a dinner and swept down to snatch it from the blue. The little boat plugged steadily onward, the sound of its exhaust carried distinctly on the clear air. The waves lapped against the shore at the girl's feet. From the hotel came the phonographic notes of a jazz band melody.

The girl stooped and patted the head of the white dog, which stopped snapping at a fly long enough to caress the hand with his tongue.

"He's gone, Knight," she said. "He's on that boat, see?" And she turned the animal's head toward the ferry, which just then uttered a hoarse blast and glided behind a point that shut it from the view of the watchers. Tears could not be kept from Martha's eyes, and Knight sniffed as though he were crying, too.

"Now you're my only Knight," she told the dog.

Something rustled behind them and the dog growled as he sprang toward the sound; but the growl was smothered in his throat and his tail began to wag furiously.

Martha looked and her eyes met those of Harold Kingsley, standing with his hands in his coat pockets, a queer little smile curving his mouth.

For a moment Martha was too astonished for words.

"Why, why—I thought you and Miss Ross left on—left on that boat," she finally managed to stammer.

He reached and picked a leaf from a tree, and crumpled it in his hand.

"You thought right, partly," he said. "Miss Ross is on that boat, but we—well, we had a disagreement after she made a show—after she kicked this little dog, and so things are not—they are different now. You see, she's one of the artificial kind; and I rather prefer girls like—well, the natural, the plain—yes, the freckled kind."

First Fresh Air Crank.

Methuselah was the first real fresh-air crank, according to the version presented by Dr. Vincent Y. Bowditch of Boston. The reason why Methuselah lived so long, he said, was that he knew enough to get all the fresh air that he could and to live out of doors day and night. Hippocrates, the famous early Greek physician, recommended fresh air as a cure for many diseases, and a number of ancient and medieval writers in medicine follow his suggestion.

Benjamin Franklin, in an article written in 1776, extolled the virtue of fresh air and emphasized how easy it was to prolong one's life by living in the open.

Fought Unnecessary Battle.

Very dramatic was the conclusion of the Peninsular war. Wellington had just won his triumph at Toulouse, the casualties on both sides numbering some 15,000, and the armies were rejoicing or sorrowing, when a tired courier rode up to announce that Napoleon had abdicated five days before, and the war was over.

"BUCK UP" AND KEEP GOING

World Has Little Use for Man Who Wastes His Time and Theirs Talking Hard Luck.

"Bad luck never comes singly," is an old proverb and an untrue one. Its fallacy lies in the word luck. A man invites most of his misfortunes. Let fate hand him one body blow and he proclaims the fact that something has gone wrong. Men are so busy at their own affairs in the world, so engrossed in the struggle of accomplishing what they have set out to do, that a hanging head and a dismal countenance as a rule only serve to send them on faster about their business. They have no time to stop and ask what is wrong. They are apt unwittingly to jostle anyone who stumbles in their path. But let the man who has incurred one body blow at the hands of fate remain indomitable, let him continue his course aggressively, and he will find that those about him are as ready as ever to greet him. He will not be jostled because he is not in the way. How many college football players have been badly bruised when they were holding off because they felt a bit tired? And how seldom is one injured when he hurls himself full tilt into the opposition interference? The same rule applies to life.

Be a Good Loser.

Don't be afraid of being on the losing side. Defeat in a good cause is infinitely better than helping to win a victory for a cause in which you do not believe. Stand by your convictions. One who surrenders them in order to win is really on the losing side.

Ancient Union.

The Cutlers' company of Sheffield, England, was incorporated by act of parliament in 1624 and invested with powers "for the good order and government of makers of knives, scissors, shears, sickles and other cutlery wares."

Starfish.

Starfishes have a considerable power of reproducing lost parts, a single arm having been known to grow up into a new starfish.

Muffs Small, Cuffs Big.

The newest muffs are as small as a child's, this characteristic being due to the enormous fur cuffs appearing on many coats and dresses. The little muffs are not always made entirely of fur, but sometimes chiffon or velvet is combined with the pelts. Often a mere fur strip is banded with frills of the other materials forming the ends. Along with this sort of muff some smart neckpieces are being shown, made also of fur and the other fabric. A favored model seems to be a cape-like collar fastening at one side, and finished with satin bows ending in a fur ball or pompon to tie the two sides together.

Squirrel Popular.

Beaver and nutria have been for a long time the fur for children's garments. Now light gray squirrel is used almost as much. Imitation furs, like beaver plush, are used on the less expensive coats. The newer children's coats nearly all have a collar of fur and perhaps a band on the cuffs.

MUST PROVIDE FOOD

Duty Devolving on Farmers of This Continent.

Western Canada Well Prepared to Meet the Needs of the Old World—"The Earth Is a Machine Which Yields Almost Gratuitous Service to Every Application of Intellect"—Emerson.

Speaking with one of the commissioners appointed to make a survey of the food situation in the battle-torn countries of Europe the writer was told that the depletion and shortage of food was far greater than anybody had expected. With the investigation, which at that time had merely started, much had been brought to light that had only been surmised. Herds of live stock were completely wiped out, fields that had been prolific yielders of grain, roots and vegetables were terraced and hummocked by bombs and shells, many of them still lying unexploded and dangerous. Until this land can be gone over and cleaned nothing in the way of cultivation can be carried on, and even where that is done the work of leveling and getting under cultivation will take a long time.

Much more devolves upon the farmer on this side of the Atlantic than was at first supposed. Herds of live stock will have to be replenished, and this will take years; the provisioning of the people in the meantime is the task the farmers here will be asked to undertake. Producing countries will be taxed to their utmost to meet this demand; all that can be provided will be needed. This need will continue for some time, and during this period prices will be high. The opinion of those who have given the question most careful thought and study is that food scarcity will be greater than ever before. The Allies will have to feed Germany, Austria, Turkey and Russia and this in addition to the requirements of European neutrals for increased supplies now that there is no submarine menace.

To the Canadian and American farmer this means a demand for his grain fully as great as at any time in the past. Wheat will be needed, meat will be required. The slogan "don't stop saving food" is as necessary today as ever. The purpose of this article is to direct attention to the fact that hundreds of thousands of acres of land in Western Canada are still unoccupied, and this land is capable of producing enough to supply all needs. On its rich grasses are easily raised—and cheaply too—the cattle that will be sought; in its soil lies the nutriment that makes easy the production of the grain that will be needed, and in both the farmer will be assured of a good profit on his investment. The land can be purchased at low prices, on easy terms, and with the abundance of returns that it will give, it does not mean a matter of speculation. The facts as set out are known, and certainly are guaranteed.

These facts, the low cost of the land, and its great productivity, combined with the admirable marketing and transport facilities at the disposal of the farmer make farming in Western Canada an attractive proposition.—Advertisement.

Things That Passed.

There had been a disturbance, and the case had come before the police court.

"Now, tell us," said the magistrate to the defendant, "what passed between yourself and complainant?"

Defendant—Well, your honor, there was two pairs of fists, one turnip, seven bricks, a lump of coal and uncountable napes.

An Attack of Influenza Often Leaves Kidneys in Weakened Condition

Doctors in all parts of the country have been kept busy with the epidemic of influenza which has visited so many homes. The symptoms of this disease are very distressing and leave the system in a run down condition. Almost every victim complains of lame back and urinary troubles which should not be neglected, as these danger signals often lead to dangerous kidney troubles. Druggists report a large sale on Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root which so many people say soon heals and strengthens the kidneys after an attack of grip. Swamp-Root, being an herbal compound, has a gentle healing effect on the kidneys, which is almost immediately noticed in most cases by those who try it. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., offer to send a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root, on receipt of ten cents, to every sufferer who requests it. A trial will convince any one who may be in need of it. Regular medium and large size bottles, for sale at all druggists. Be sure to mention this paper.—Adv.

Tony Seeks Escape.

Officer (at medical inspection)—"Say a-a-a-ah!" Tony—"No speak-a de English!"—Corp. T. W. Cullen in Judge.

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies when Boschee's Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles? It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Made in America and sold for more than half a century.—Adv.

Some men seem to think their ability to dodge the consequences is even better policy than honesty.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

No man is so good but what he could be better and a few men are so bad but what they might be worse.

Your Eyes — Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Memories of Marie Antoinette Haunt Peace Palace

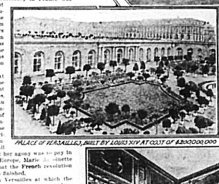
World Autocracy to Get Death Blow on Spot Where French Despotism Fell 125 Years Ago.

ODD, indeed, is the turn of fate which has decided that the greatest peace conference in history shall meet in the section of Versailles once occupied by Marie Antoinette. Surely the news must wake a dim rustle of ghostly satins, a faint murmuring of long-dead events in those halls which once heard the terrified flutterings of the royal butterfly caught in the steel net of the French revolution.

For Marie Antoinette, guiltless in large measure of the sins for which she suffered, was sacrificed as the symbol of tyranny on the altar of that democracy which has now triumphed. Striking out somewhat blindly in the throes of the birth of liberty, France thrust the young queen to her death in an outburst against oppression that should have been a warning to William of the Hohenzollerns.

Those rooms which saw the defeat of the last struggle of divine-right autocracy in France will see the defeat of the last struggle of divine-right autocracy in the world. The fall of French despotism was the signal 125 years ago for the fall of German despotism today. Across the turrets of Potsdam the shadow of Versailles has lain for all who had vision to see.

HALL OF MIRRORS, IN WHICH FINAL MEETINGS OF PEACE CONFERENCE PROBABLY WILL BE HELD



PALACE OF VERSAILLES, BUILT BY LOUIS XIV AT COST OF $200,000,000

It was Versailles that stood at one end of the road leading straight through Ypres and Mons, Verdun and Chateau Thierry, to the very center and stronghold of kaiserism in Berlin. Unwilling victim though she was, innocent and vicarious sacrifice for the ancient crimes of kings, all ignorant of the high part her agony was to pay in the upward struggle of Europe, Marie Antoinette did not die in vain. What the French revolution began the world war has finished.

There is a corridor in Versailles at which the Hun envoys can look with bitterness only—a corridor and a gorgeous chamber. The chamber is that in which Bismarck explained to the French plenipotentiaries, Jules Favre and Louis Thiers, the crushing and humiliating terms imposed by Germany after the defeat of France 47 years ago. Roles are somewhat reversed in this year of grace, 1919. Near the chamber is that sumptuous corridor known as the Hall of Mirrors, where once the French monarchs strolled and chatted with their courts. It is the spot in which William I proclaimed the German empire, and it is the spot where the peace treaty that shatters his empire will doubtless be signed.

Strange, musty memories haunt every corner of this gorgeous palace outside the Paris walls, thrown open now to the clean, sweet winds of freedom. De Pompadour, Du Barry and the train of lesser lovely harpies—their intrigues and their wicked beauty still lend a dark gleam of romance to the exquisite tapestries against which in the yesterday of history their brocades stood out in glistening relief. Here is the mirror that reflected the cynic, appraising smile of Louis XV. There is the marble balustrade so lately touched by the jeweled fingers of the Duchess d'Orleans. In that corner flamed the scarlet robe of the Cardinal de Rohan.

CHAMBER OF LOUIS XIV IN THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES

But because of her innocence and her dramatic fate, it is Marie Antoinette most of all whose presence pervades the wide, painted rooms. Over these glassy floors her irresponsible feet danced. In the Petit Trianon across the way she played at milkmaid. And the gardens still hold a faint sigh of her laugh, ringing out carefree as a peasant girl's when the whole court joined in blind man's buff. Such a blind king and court, eyes closed against the dreadful game impending. They were children, the two sovereigns—children in years and in outlook during those first holiday seasons when the court played and Paris starved and the first remote stirrings came which led by long and bloody roads to the Versailles peace conference of the year 1919.

Marie Antoinette was only fourteen years old when they arranged her betrothal to the fifteen-year-old dauphin. She was married at the age of sixteen. At the age of twenty she was queen of France. Just before her fortieth birthday she was guillotined.

For three years the king and queen had been virtually prisoners in the Tuileries palace, whither they were returned after one vain attempt at flight. At last the revolutionary fury broke. On the tenth of August, in 1792, the steps of the Tuileries ran crimson with the blood of the faithful Swiss guard. Escaping to the national assembly, the king and queen, with their two children, were lodged in the Temple, a prison fortress.

Blow after blow fell thereafter on the defenseless heads of the royal family. The king was taken away, tried, and sent back for an agonizing scene of farewell. Standing rigid as a statue in her cell, Marie Antoinette heard the guns boom forth the tidings of his execution.

A little later she was separated from her children, subjected to revolting indignities during a farcical trial, and ten months after the execution of her husband was herself condemned to die. The fortitude which Maria Theresa bequeathed to her daughter had been shining with a pure and steady light these many months. Marie Antoinette heard her death sentence with a smile.

On a cold and windy morning in October they summoned forth this daughter of an empress on whom all shame had been heaped. Her brown hair had turned silver; her body was bent; her voice had grown low and tremulous. Not for years had any man heard the gay laugh that once challenged court etiquette at Versailles. A weary woman in a white gown and a white cap with a black ribbon fluttering against her pale cheek—this was the brilliant butterfly whose wings had been shattered on the dagger-points of life. With a face of stone she accepted the ribald jeers of a frenzied crowd. Slowly, slowly they took her to the spot where ten months ago her husband had been beheaded.

They reached the Place Louis Quinze. There was no prophet to show Marie Antoinette the vision behind the grim guillotine, the vision of Versailles and its peace conference and the incredible year of 1919.

She saw only the Temple, where her children were confined. Toward that fortress she cast a glance of anguish. And then, against the cold sky, she saw the glitter of a knife poised for swift descent. She climbed upward to it, eagerly.

When Louis XIV chose Versailles as the site for his new palace and park it had little to commend it, being a low, swampy area and distant from an adequate water supply. A chateau of Louis XIII, however, was situated there. The "grand monarch" lavished vast sums in laying out, completing and maintaining this magnificent royal seat. The court came here permanently about 1682, and from that time for more than 100 years Versailles figured prominently in history. Louis XV dwelt here and Madame de Pompadour and Madame du Barry reigned over this vast pleasure establishment. Here, too, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette resided. In the palace was signed the treaty of 1783 between England, France and Spain, on the same day on which the definite treaty of peace in which England recognized the independence of the United States was signed in Paris. The meeting of the states-general, the opening act of the French revolution, took place here on May 4, 1789. Since then it has never been used as a residence. During the siege of Paris in 1870-71, King William I of Prussia made his headquarters here, and here he was crowned German emperor January 18, 1871. When the Germans departed, the French government established itself at Versailles and carried on war against the Paris commune. It remained here until 1879, when Paris was once more made the political capital.

The palace is composed of a central square, two wings at the right and left of it, and a third wing backing on the square and extending into the park. The imposing facade is one fourth of a mile long. The Court d'Honneur is entered from the palace, large pillars marking the entrance and symbolizing national victories under Louis XIV. Most of the great French painters, notably David, Delacroix and Horace Vernet, are represented here, and all the history of France, with its great battles and ceremonies, is spread on canvas before the visitor. There are also countless portraits and statues.

The royal chapel is sumptuously adorned, and has good ceiling pictures by Coypel. At the north end of this wing is the theater, built by Louis XV, and used by the national assembly after the Franco-Prussian war, and later by the senate. The Rooms of the Crusades are resplendent and covered with large paintings. The impressive Galerie de Constantine holds some of the finest battle pictures of Vernet. The Grands apartments of Louis XIV overlook the park and contain noteworthy paintings. Adjoining is the famous Galerie des Glaces—an immense and sumptuous room facing the center of the gardens. Its paintings are by Louis Lebrun. William I was crowned emperor of Germany in this room in 1871. The bed chamber of Louis XIV is imposing, and contains the magnificent bed on which he breathed his last. His Petits apartments are continuous and include the bedchamber of Louis XV, where he died. The Grands apartments of the queen are beautifully decorated. In the immense and gorgeous Galerie des Batailles—over 130 yards long—are many grand battle pictures by modern French artists. The Galerie de l'Empire contains paintings representing the career of Napoleon Bonaparte, the first emperor.

The park, with its decorative ponds and vast fountains, was first laid out by the celebrated Le Notre. It is imposing, but stiff and artificial, and has served as a famous type of Renaissance garden. Terraces, large ornamental basins, huge vases overflowing with flowers, countless marble groups and busts, statues—especially reflecting the appropriate art of Coysevox-quincunxes, bosquets and geometrically trimmed trees, here mock nature and the natural. An immense pond stretches away in the shape of a cross in front of the palace. The playing of the grand fountains, enlivened by colored lights, is one of the great sights in and about Paris. Two immense flights of marble steps descend on the opposite side of the palace to the famous orangery, beyond which extends a vast pond which was dug by the Swiss guard of Louis XIV. In the northern section of the park are the charming Grand and Petit Trianon. Near by are the carriage houses, with many vehicles of state, including some of the magnificent equipages used by Napoleon.

ONE ROUND OF HAPPINESS

Poet's Envy of the Life of a Goldfish Likely to Find an Echo in Many Hearts.

In days when lightest garments stick adhesively and gall, and in the sky the sun looks like a redhot brazen ball, it's then we think how gratefully our fortune we would thank if we could just change places with a goldfish in his tank. The goldfish has no work to do, the goldfish wears no clothes. The goldfish spends the livelong day in one grand, lazy doze. There's nothing that can worry him, there's not a thing to fret, and all day long he loafs around in water, cool and wet.

A goldfish never had an engine cinder in his eye; he never had to walk eight miles beneath a summer sky. He never had to ride home in a closed and stuffy car, nor sit upon a city porch where flies and beetles are. He never got a sunburn on a sore and tender neck, nor yet has spent a day on an excursion boat's hot deck. The goldfish should possess a gay, a glad, contented soul, with naught to do but swim inside a cool, transparent bowl. When summer days are hot and muggy, how we envy him, with nothing in the world to do but eat and sleep and swim.—Newark News.

Treves' Unenviable Distinction.

To Treves belongs an infamous distinction. "There," says Mr. Freeman, "Christian blood was first shed at a Christian bidding, as punishment of alleged error in religion." Bishop Priscillian and divers holders of his tenets appealed from the Bordeaux synod which had condemned them, to the Emperor Maximus. St. Martin, then at Treves, said that heresy should be punished with excommunication, not death. Maximus promised that the lives of the accused should be spared, and broke his promise after the saint went away. That was the last Roman emperor at Treves.

A brick is capable of absorbing about one pint of water.

England's First Typewriter.

So long ago as 1714 a patent for a typewriter was taken out in England by Henry Mill; it was called a "machine for impressing letters singly and progressively as in writing, whereby all writings may be engrossed in paper so exact as not to be distinguished from print." His machine was very clumsy, and it was not until more than a century later (1829) that anything further was attempted. Then the first American typewriter, "called a typographer," was patented by W. A. Burt.

"What Matters the Road?"

Now and then in Brittany one sees an East Indian, lithe as a panther, peering in at the open door of a cathedral with wistful interest. As Krishna said many hundreds of years ago: "What matters the road if it leads to God?"—Nina Larrey Duryea in Harper's Magazine.

And His Needs Are Numerous.

A politician thinks he is entitled to as many kinds of opinions as he may need in his business.

Mender on the Mend.

"I understood you to say the other day that your wife was ill, but I suppose she is better. I saw her this morning sitting by the window sewing," said one man to another. "Quite right!" replied the other. "As you observed, today she is on the mend!"

Silk-Producing Insects.

The number of species of silk-producing insects is very large, probably more than 200, very few of which are of any practical value to mankind.

Mangroves Destroying Island.

The island of Aldabra, near Madagascar, is being wiped off the map by the action of the mangroves that grow along the foot of the cliff. They eat their way into the rock in all directions, and into the gaps thus formed the waves force their way.

Reason for Mirth.

"Did you notice how your wife laughs at all my jokes. She's got a keen sense of humor." "No, she's got a dimple."—Judge.

BROUGHT BOY TO HIS DAD

Red Cross Workers Set Out to Find the Young Soldier and of Course They Succeeded.

Dad was from some little town near Cincinnati. He had come all the way to Indianapolis to see his boy, his only son who had been away from home for four years. The boy was in the army and was being transferred. He was to be in Indianapolis on Sunday and wired his father to meet him. Somehow, father and son missed connection in the union station. Dad decided to appeal to the women of the Red Cross canteen booth.

"I was to meet him here," dad said. "He hasn't shown up. I know he's in Indianapolis somewhere."

The canteeners got busy. Dad and his boy had to be brought together. First the canteeners summoned the military police. They got a description of son. The M. P.'s started out to find him. The canteeners also started scouts. They visited every downtown corner and haunt of the soldiers. An hour later the canteeners looked up toward the station door. In came dad and his boy—arm in arm.

"I did just as you told me," the father said. "You told me to go uptown and stand on that corner. You said he'd pass there, and pretty soon he did. The military police kept coming by to ask if I had a trail of him. And then he came. My, but he was glad to see me!"

Of course he was glad to see him. The boy's smile told how glad he was to see his dad.—Indianapolis News.

BACK TO HIS OLD FREEDOM

Stormy Petrel, After Brief Stay With Tame Birds, Returns to His Accustomed Place.

"The stormy petrel has left us," said Sergeant McGee of the park police. "He appeared to be getting along with the mudhens like a house on fire, but on Monday or Tuesday last he just faded away, and now he is back on his ocean wave or wherever else petrels go when they get tired of the company of mudhens.

"But a successor has come from the briny deep to keep up the traditions of the blue-water birds on Stow lake. He is only a seagull, and a seagull is not such a rara avis on terra as our lost friend, the stormy petrel. Nevertheless he is the first wild one of his kind that has ever tarried with us for two weeks, and seemed to keep comfortable.

"He has no use for either the ducks or the mudhens. That is to say, he does not mix with them. But he has struck up a friendship with Anthony and Cleopatra, the two pelicans of the Nile, and there is no driving him away from them. Maybe he thinks they will protect him from the mudhens, maybe it is a case of 'the desire of the moth for the star,' and he is in love with one of them. If so, it is only a matter of time when one or the other of them will get jealous and gobble him up in one gulp."—San Francisco Bulletin.

Chip of the Old Block.

It is curious how episodes of the Boer war are recalled by the world conflict, says a writer in the Yorkshire Post. In our issue for May 16, 1900, for instance, we published an account of the bravery in the field of Private E. Wischusen, who threw a live shell over a cliff during an engagement.

Now his son, Private Eric Wischusen, duke of Cambridge's Middlesex regiment, has proved himself to be no less brave. As a parchment certificate from his commanding officer shows, in a raid near Voormezeele, on June 19-20, he was "conspicuous for his determination and bravery." Despite a heavy artillery and machine-gun barrage, he reached the enemy trenches, cleared them, and finally covered the raiders' withdrawal, "showing complete disregard to his own safety."

Private Wischusen, who is only twenty, is now in hospital at Lowestoft with a shot wound in his leg. His home is in Hornsey.

Oil Near Old Indian Cemeteries.

Geologists are unable to explain the fact, proven in Osage county, that oil wells drilled adjacent to Indian cemeteries are good producers. Many such burial sites have been invaded by drillers and in more instances than one riches in crude oil have spouted forth. The largest producer in the vicinity of Pawhuska was drilled beside an Indian graveyard. It is on the summit of a high, rocky hill that overlooks the town.—From the Oklahoman.

Records Seeds' Value.

In a patented seed tester of A. F. Esslinger, a Michigan inventor, a strip of cloth or other material is folded over a pad and then stitched across and lengthwise so as to form little square sections. The seeds to be tested are placed in these squares. The pad retains moisture for a considerable time, long enough to produce germination of the good seeds, and numbers on the squares give a means of record and identification.

More Uses for Electricity.

As might be expected, the use of wire resistances in fabrics to give electric heating has suggested a great variety of applications. Besides the electric pad as a substitute for the hot water bottle these devices include electrically heated bath robes, sweating robes, heating bags, rugs, foot warmers, ear warmers, motorman's gloves and even an electric blanket for the old and rheumatic horse. Electric current may be taken from lighting circuits or special batteries.

New Industry.

A new and important industry has made its appearance in southern California. Twine is being manufactured from the leaves of the yucca tree, a desert plant. Heretofore twine has been made from sisal, a plant grown principally in Yucatan.

Cruel Advice.

"They say men of brains live longer than others."

"Well, don't get despondent about it. There are exceptions, you know, to every rule."

Cut Out the Grace.

"Mamma," said little Dorothy, who was giving a dinner party to some of her little playmates, "shall we say grace?" "No, dear," replied her mother; "it will be an informal dinner, so you may omit it." Later Dorothy explained to her guests that as it was an informal dinner they would "cut out the grace."

"I will fix this nutmeg flavoring for you, if you like."

"Indeed, then, I would take it as a grate favor."

WILL OUTSPEED THE OTHERS.

I noticed a boy coming downtown on a car and he was deep in a magazine.

It told him not of the tangles of Neaera's hair, but of the coils of the dynamo, of the wave lengths of the wireless, of the mysteries of the third rail and the telephonic circuit.

When he had satisfied himself as to the latest progress in airships and seaplanes, he turned to the advertisements and read them as if he were listening to music.

"That boy," I whispered to myself, "is on the way to the place in the world that comes by patient research and concentrated study."

The lad with the patent office in his mind will soon outspeed the lad with patent leather on his feet.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

RED FOR JACK.

Mary—Why do you always buy two kinds of notepaper?

Jane—Well, when I write to Jack I use red paper—that means love; and when I write to George I use blue paper—which means faithful and true.—London Tit-Bits.

HANDICAPPED.

"It's tough when a grand opera prima donna begins to lose her voice."

"It is so. They might go into vaudeville, but they're mostly too fat to turn flip-flaps."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The KITCHEN CABINET

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
—Tennyson.

MORE SWEETS.

We are so hungry for sweets that at this season when sugar is again plentiful the desire to make home-made candies must be gratified.

Maple Creams.—Take four cupfuls of maple sugar, one cupful of water, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, added when the mixture begins to boil. Stir until the sugar is dissolved then remove the spoon and let it boil without stirring. If grains form on the sides of the kettle push them down with a bit of cloth on a fork, or just covering the kettle tightly for a minute or two will keep them dissolved. Test in cold water, and when the soft ball stage is reached pour onto a marble slab or lightly-buttered platter. Let cool until the finger can dent it; then stir from the outside to the center, working and kneading it until smooth and creamy. Put into a bowl, cover with a damp cloth and let stand for a day or two to ripen. When ready to be used, mold into small balls, flavor with mapleine if desired and press a nut on top of each.

Honey Caramels.—Take two cupfuls of strained honey and one square of chocolate; boil until it makes a firm ball when dropped into cold water. Take from the fire and stir until it begins to thicken, then add vanilla and chopped nuts. Pour into a shallow pan and mark off in squares when cool.

Nut Maple Roll.—Roll fondant into long rolls an inch in diameter and cover with nuts. Cut in slices and wrap in waxed paper. A most delicious roll is first dipped in a caramel, then rolled in chopped nuts.

Parisian Sweets.—Take a pound each of dates and figs, a cupful of walnuts and a cupful of raisins. Put the fruit through the meat chopper and cut the nuts fine with a knife; mix into a roll; add a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and wrap each roll in waxed paper. These may be dipped in melted fondant, then in chocolate, making a very elegant confection.

Orange marmalade mixed with a little confectioner's sugar to stiffen, then dipped in white sugar fondant flavored with orange or with orange juice makes another tasty tid-bit.

There is no duty we so much underrate as being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves.—R. L. Stevenson.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S PROBLEMS.

We hear much of the servant problem these days and it is truly a hard one to solve; the mistress problem is just as difficult. It is worthy of note that a good mistress usually finds a good servant; they stick, as does the bar of steel to the magnet which attracts it.

Fully 80 per cent, and some statistics say 90 per cent, of the homes of America are servantless, and the housewife is more exercised as to how to make ends meet than to worry over a servant that she cannot afford to keep. Let the fortunate 10 to 20 per cent attend to the servant problem and the rest learn better how to work without one.

There can be no business on earth more important or more elevating than that of making a good comfortable home with what one can afford of time, strength and money. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." Do you feel it, sing it and speak of it even after the shortest absence? If not there is something the matter with you or with the home.

Everything worth while is sometimes hard, and even the artist, sculptor, musician or writer feels that his work is drudgery at times, so the housewife has no monopoly on hard work. Emerson says: "It is the office and right of the intellect to make, and not take its estimates." So if there lack sweetness and joy in the daily tasks it is largely our own estimate, and we have only to change our viewpoint to see the pleasure we are missing. To feed a family with intelligence in these days (not to consider economy, which is of itself a problem) is surely a task worthy the best effort of mind and hand.

In the accomplishment of daily work the best results are obtained by the women with system; not but that systems must be suspended at times to attend to more important things, but work may be turned off much quicker if a certain order is followed. We must be managers of our work, not let our work manage us. The woman who will wash on Monday, though the heavens fall, is letting her work manage her.

So far there is no practical or painless dishwasher that has been found useful in the ordinary home, so this task so distasteful to many will still be found necessary as long as we continue to use dishes not made of paper. Here Emerson may come to our aid and with the right thought make "drudgery divine."

Nellie Maxwell

The London Times.

The London Times was founded on January 1, 1785, by John Walter, who started a small newspaper, originally called The Daily Universal Register, the first number of which was issued on January 1, 1785. This was really, though not in name, the first number of The Times. The 940th number, which appeared on January 1, 1788, was for the first time entitled The Times, or Daily Universal Register, but the second title was dropped on March 15 of that year, since which the paper has been known as The Times.

Cotton Gears.

Cotton which has been put under hydraulic pressure of from 6,000 to 8,000 pounds and made into gears, produces an article superior to that made of steel. Softer than steel, the cotton gear yields where the steel gear wears under friction.

Chinese and Telephones.

In spite of the fact that the average Chinese is fond of using the telephone it has been found difficult to obtain enough subscribers to support lines in that country.

DISTEMPER

or Strangles in stallions, brood mares, colts and all others is most destructive. The germ causing disease must be removed from the body of the animal. To prevent the trouble the same must be done. SPOHN'S COMPOUND will do both—cure the sick and prevent those "exposed" from having the disease. Sold by your druggist or the manufacturers. Spohn Medical Co., Mfrs., Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

Dissipating.

Crossroads Merchant—My wife is a-visitin' relations in the city.

Traveling Salesman (with a wink)—Having a good time during her absence, I suppose?

Crossroads Merchant—Well, to tell the truth, it was darn close to eight o'clock before I got the store opened this mornin'.—Buffalo Express.

Keep clean inside as well as outside by taking a gentle laxative at least once a week, such as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.—Adv.

No Worst Sellers for Her.

Publisher—My dear young lady, do you know that only two novels out of twenty pay for publishing?

The Girl—Oh, very well, then, I'll write only two.

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin. Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Adv.

Age Makes a Difference.

Small Son—"Mamma, is 'darn it all' swearing?" Mother—"Yes; for a child of your age it is."

Take care of your health and wealth will take care of you. Garfield Tea promotes health.—Adv.

One burlesque show will keep some men awake longer than a dozen sermons.

Nothing can be done for the man who has made up his mind that he won't be happy.

Queer American.

"There's something suspicious about him."

"What's the matter?"

"He claims to be a loyal American."

"He is. He was born here. He has sons in the army and navy and has bought more bonds and stamps than he really could afford."

"I know that, but he lacks one distinguishing characteristic of a real American."

"He does? What is that?"

"He says he doesn't like pumpkin pie."

A torpid liver prevents proper food assimilation. Tone up your liver with Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. They act gently.—Adv.

Mournful Numbers.

"What did the poet mean by 'Tell me not in mournful numbers'?"

"Maybe he was figuring on a bill the restaurant waiter had handed him."

Spanish Influenza can be prevented easier than it can be cured. At the first sign of a shiver or sneeze, take

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

GOOD-BYE BACKACHE, KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES

For centuries all over the world GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has afforded relief in thousands upon thousands of cases of lame back, lumbago, sciatica, rheumatism, gallstones, gravel and all other affections of the kidneys, liver, stomach, bladder and allied organs. It acts quickly. It does the work. It cleanses your kidneys and purifies the blood. It makes a new man, a new woman, of you. It frequently wards off attacks of the dread and fatal diseases of the kidneys. It often completely cures the distressing diseases of the organs of the body allied with the bladder and kidneys. Bloody or cloudy urine, sediment, or "brickdust" indicate an unhealthy condition.

Do not delay a minute if your back aches or you are sore across the loins or have difficulty when urinating. Go to your druggist at once and get a box of imported GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They are pleasant and easy to take. Each capsule contains about one dose of five drops. Take them just like you would any pill. Take a small swallow of water if you want to. They dissolve in the stomach, and the kidneys soak up the oil like a sponge does water. They thoroughly cleanse and wash out the bladder and kidneys and throw off the inflammation which is the cause of the trouble. They will quickly relieve those stiffened joints, that backache, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gallstones, gravel, "brickdust," etc. They are an effective remedy for all diseases of the bladder, kidney, liver, stomach and allied organs. Your druggist will cheerfully refund your money if you are not satisfied after a few days' use. Accept only the pure, original GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. None other genuine.—Adv.