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THE BLUE MOON.

Synopsis.—Never having known his father, and living with his mother on a houseboat on the Wabash river, Pearlhunter—the only name he has—learns from her a part of the story of her sad life. The recital is interrupted by a fearful fit of coughing and he hurries ashore to seek a root that affords relief. He meets a girl whom he mentally christens the Wild Rose. She eludes him before he can make her acquaintance. A vacant cabin on the shore has attracted the attention of the ailing woman, and they move into it. Their first meal is interrupted by a stranger who resents their presence.

CHAPTER II—Continued.
—3—

A sudden impulse seemed to sweep the man. Involuntarily his hand felt for the pistol at his hip; he whirled toward the door. The woman clutched his arm. He caught the appeal in her eyes; bowed his head; turned back to the table.

A tense bit of pantomime it had been, full enough of meaning, of human interest, to anyone able to trace back through the years the snarled life-threads of the actors: the two river waifs staring down at the mask; the hard man striding away up the river road.

The woman went back to her chair and resumed her quick, nervous rocking.

"And so he has come to this!" she muttered. "My poor, poor cousin! What must have been her fate?"

She leant forward and sat still and thoughtful, her face propped in her palm. The man stood by the table, fingering the bit of cloth, his eyes, stern and severe, still irresistibly drawn in the direction the intruder had gone.

A hail came up from the houseboat. The sudden cry half startled them both, coming so close as it did on the heels of that tense moment barely gone.

"It's the Boss. I promised to go spearing with him tonight."

Stepping to the door, he opened it and answered the hail; came back; slid the teakettle off the fire; closed the damper of the stove; and snuffed the candle.

"Now, mother, don't attempt to clear away the dishes. Leave them till I get back. I'll only be gone a little while."

The woman made no answer. The red mask still lying upon the table caught his eye. Rolling it up, he hid it under a loosened chink in the cabin wall, picked up his hat and started for the door; hesitated; came back to the rocking chair.

"You won't be—afraid—?"

She looked up at him in quick surprise. A half frown clouded the luster of her eyes.

"What a question!"

He turned and left the cabin; closed the door after him and strode down the slope to the houseboat.

The men who hunted the river mussel along the Wabash before the days of the button industry hunted it for the pearl sometimes found imbedded between its flesh and shell. Straggling up and down the streams, often singly, sometimes in crews, they were a shiftless, fiery, reckless breed—of a feather with the buccaneers of other days and led on by the same lure; a chance fling at fortune. A pearl of great value was sometimes found—even running well up into the thousands. But the chance of finding such a pearl was small. Still there was the chance, and it is surprising what a certain type of men will endure for such a chance, when the same ends might be attained, certain and sure, by patient industry.

A grizzled old river man sat with the nose of his skiff jammed up on the gravel by the bow of the houseboat when the Pearlhunter came down the slope. The Boss they called him, the river men, because in his long years in the industry he had managed to scrape together an "outfit" and work a crew of "clammers" too poor to hunt alone. His hands were still upon the oars. The Pearlhunter pushed the boat off and sprang in, directing the Boss to row around by the stern of the houseboat after the fish spear he had been filing that afternoon.

"See y'u've moved," the Boss observed as the skiff slipped out into the stream.

"Mother's cough," was the answer. "She thought it would help her to get up there under the trees."

"That cough—it'll git away with 'er, if she hain't keerful. She oughta have medicine."

"I told her so, but she won't have it."

The Boss did not pursue the point. A woman's will was something he never took the trouble to question. Having rowed out into the current, after the Pearlhunter secured his spear, he turned the nose of the skiff down stream and shipped his oars long enough to light his pipe.

"Mother hung back a little right at the last," the young man said, his mind doubtless dwelling on the unusual experience, the first experience in his life, of actually living upon land. "She was afraid somebody might not like us to move into the cabin. But I told her they couldn't do more than make us move out."

"Afear'd of th' Wild Man, wus she?"

The younger man looked up.

"Say, tell me about that Wild Man. She did mention him this afternoon."

The Boss took the pipe from his lips and blew away the smoke in a slow cloud, as if wishing to prolong the feel of it upon his tongue.

"The Wild Man," he pondered, "a harmless ol' cuss, an' pitiful to see. Seven year he's been in these Flatwoods. Hit ain't often a body gits a glimpse uv 'im. I did once—a tall ol' ghost of a man—tall as you' a'most—but a face on 'im the pitifulest you ever see. An' like a ghost he comes; and like a ghost he goes—nobody knows where to. They say he's got a daughter somewhere's up in the hills thar, but I never see'd her."

The Boss went back to his pipe. The other sat pondering what he had just heard.

"No, it wasn't on account of the Wild Man," he resumed, as if in answer to the Boss' first question. "She was afraid somebody might make us leave."

"An' that'll be a long while a-doin'," the Boss answered. "They ain't nobody in this quarter o' th' world has got th' right t' do that. That lan' b'longs t' Colonel Warbritton. Ever hear tell of him?"

"I never did."

"He owns hundreds and hundreds of acres—five or six sections, I guess—layin' in a square right along the river here, th' very heart and flower us th' Flatwoods. That's his east line back thar where the River road bends north. It'll be many a long day b'fore he orders anybody off. He's got so much b'sides I don't s'pose he hardly knows he's got this. I doubt if he ever seen it."

The Boss let the oars drift while he turned his head and sat a moment sweeping his eyes up and down the dim forest-bound shore line.

"Them Warbrittons is a remarkable race," he resumed. "Fire eaters every one. Soldiers an' fighters sence th' Lord knows when. In times long ago they wus a clan. They had a flag with a gray wolf on it, an' they called theirselves the Gray Wolf clan. They say every man in the clan wus brave, an' every woman virtuous. An' that's what they prided theirselves on special partic'lar. They wus all big men. They wus five of 'em in the Revolution; two with Clark; an' four in the war of '12."

The Pearlhunter bent forward and hung upon the words. Somehow they strangely stirred him.

"I fit th' Injuns under this Colonel Warbritton. Th' soldiers use' t' talk about 'im a lot around th' campfire. That's how I come t' know s' much about 'im. Hit wus me that saved his scalp at Horseshoe Bend." A tang of pride crept into the hard tones of the grizzled old river man. "His hoss got shot through th' brains an' fell a-quick he caught th' colonel's foot, an' I stood over 'im with th' bayonet whilst he got loose. We sent seven screechin' heathens t' hell that day b'fore help come. That's how I got t' be a sergeant. Hit wus th' best he could do fer a man that hadn't no learnin'. No, No. You needn't be afear'd of gittin' driv' out o' th' cabin. If the colonel wus here, he wouldn't."

He clutched the oars in earnest. A few lusty strokes drove the boat down to where the glare from the campfire of the Boss crew of "clammers" flared out across the water. There he turned in to get the jack light.

A dirtier bunch of men than the five lounging about that campfire couldn't be found anywhere else in the world except in another "clammer's" camp. The practice of the early pearl fishers was to put the clams in vats and allow them to die there and rot. This muck was afterward carefully "handled" for whatever pearls it might contain.

The ordinary jack light is simply an oil burner—in early days a candle, or fire of pine knots—arranged with a reflector—on the bow of the boat in such a way as to throw the full brilliancy of the light down upon the water, leaving the fisherman himself in darkness. Such a light, if the night be dark and the water quiet and clear, renders objects beneath the surface perfectly plain to a considerable depth.

While the Boss was fastening the jack light to the bow of the boat the Pearlhunter stepped ashore to blacken the points of the freshly sharpened spear in the blaze of the campfire, for all fishermen know it is never advisable to strike with a spear that glitters. He knew every man of them around the fire. But a toss of his hand, a toss of five hands in response, was all that passed between them—men that would have carried a comrade for miles at need; that would share the last bite with him; that would knife him just as readily at a fancied grievance. Such were the river men; a law unto themselves—a simple code, warped fantastically—with knife and pistol for judge and jury; a leftover product of other days when clansmen followed their chief and asked no questions; a by-product of the border who found it hard to disarm when civilization came in.

The Boss slipped an oar into the water and laid the boat more toward the south shore, over the deepest part of the bar. Hardly had he done so when the Pearlhunter lowered the point of his spear. The outline of an immense black bass took shape under the glare of the jack light, half hidden among the swaying verdure, as if lying in wait for his prey, which in all likelihood he was, a scaly tiger of the stream in ambush. The spear slid into the water and stole toward him. All unalarmed he lay, his fins idly fanning the fern-like moss in which he lurked, little suspecting the five-pronged death creeping upon him. The points were within three feet of the glossing scales when the Pearlhunter struck. There followed a moment of fierce flurry among the waving ferns; a little shower of spray broke the surface of the water, and all was over. A fish does not struggle long when the spear goes home.

"Six-pounder, if he's an ounce," chuckled the Boss when the fish lay in the bottom of the boat. The Pearlhunter rested his spear upon the gunwale and bent above the jack light. The boat drifted on.

It was perhaps half an hour later when, in the leisurely manner of men returning from a season of successful sport, the two fishermen, with the pick of all they had floated over in the bottom of the boat, rowed up the stream. The glare of the campfire was beginning to slither upon the dripping oar blades and the ripples they raised when the Boss laid the boat nearer the south shore with the remark:

"Here's where we're expectin' t' h'ist th' shiners tomorrow—all along here. Jist look at th' tracks. Make a right smart track, don't they, fer a beast without no feet?"

The Pearlhunter made no answer. Crouched down by the jack light well toward the bow of the boat, he had been for some time watching the unusually thick tangle of winding marks upon the slimy bottom, plowed there by the mussels or clams while feeding, dozens and hundreds of the creeping bivalves, half buried in the ooze, at that very moment dotting the river bed.

The Boss was in the very act of turning the boat across the river to the camp when he was startled by an excited exclamation from his companion, who had suddenly leant low and dangerously far out over the water. He was up on the instant and had flashed the jack light around the boat. In his dripping hand there was an immense river mussel.

The old Boss had no sooner caught the bluish-purple glitter shedding from the hinge knobs of the giant bivalve than he uttered a shout that waked the echoes up and down the river shore, and brought the five men at the camp running down to the water's edge.

"A Blue Moon!" he yelled. "By the gods, a Blue Moon!"

He snatched it from the hand of his companion and held it under the full glare of the jack light. Next moment he had handed it back and was driving the boat to shore, where the first glance at the peculiar markings of the mussel instantly threw the whole camp into the wildest excitement.

They spread down by the light of the fire the whitest cloth the camp afforded, and the Boss cut the mussel open. One pearl, large, lustrous, dropped out upon the cloth and lay twinkling up into their faces like a fallen star. It passed from hand to hand, the pearl fishers struggling with each other for the privilege of holding it.

"I never see'd a one b'fore," cried the oldest "clammer" present, "but I knowed hit were a Blue Moon th' minute I lamped th' shell."

The pearl, passing from hand to hand, had come round to the Boss again, who, stooping close to the firelight, examined it through a small hand lens such as most pearl fishers carry. "Pearlhunter," he said, turning to the young man, "you shorely air lucky! You've found y'ur pearl—an' a fortune it were!"

"Then it's you that's lucky," was the slow answer. "It's not mine."

Had the others not been too excited, they might have noticed that his lips were drawn; his voice strained.

The grizzled old river Boss gripped his calloused hand shut upon the pearl; his seamy old face hardened, and there sprang up in his deep-set eyes an expression not unlike the expression in the eyes of a hawk when title to the prey in his claws is disputed. But the expression passed. He thrust the pearl back into the young man's hand as though half afraid of it.

"Say," he growled, "what do you think I am?"

"It was taken from your boat, in waters you expected to fish tomorrow. You'd have found it anyway."

The hawkish glower left the blue eyes of the older man, leaving him the frank-faced old Boss again. He studied his young friend curiously.

"Well, I'll be damn'd!" he chuckled good-naturedly to himself, still studying the other from under the edges of his eyes. "Say," he continued, looking up frankly, "I hain't got a dern bit more claim to it than I got to the Bank of Ingland. If you fancy I have got claims, I hereby gives an' conveys 'em t' you—an' if that hain't good law, it's square dealin' b'twixt man an' man; an' that's better'n law any day."

"You mean it?"

The younger man fingered the pearl as if it had suddenly assumed a new value.

"If you wan' t' insult me, jist let on like y'u think I don't."

Hero-worshipers all, after the manner of their kind, the other pearl fishers, as if by common impulse, turned their attention from the pearl to the man that found it. He had become an object of wonder and curious admiration. No other achievement in the world could possibly have so distinguished him in their eyes. Suddenly one of their number snatched off his battered hat and yelled:

"Hooray fer th' Pearlhunter!"

The bluffs caught up the cheer that followed and flung it back in multiplied echoes, clear and far up and down the night-bound shore. The Boss, still hungry for the feel of the jewel, reached forth a grimy finger and meditatively stirred the pearl where it lay in the finder's palm.

"This one's rounder than them other two. An' it's got a shinier sheen. Course I cayn't say p'intedly, but I putt it at not less'n five thousan'."

The Pearlhunter was restless. There was a frail woman back in the cabin at Fallen Rock to whom the finding of the pearl would mean more than to anybody else in the world. It would mean—the man's heart warmed with the thought, as his mind reverted to the story of the afternoon—back to the house on a hill that overlooked the river—and good-by to the cough forever.

But it was some time before the first flush of excitement died down. It is not one camp in a thousand that ever sees a Blue Moon. The value of it was still under discussion when the Boss happened to remember the fish still lying in the boat.

"Th' fish!" he exclaimed. "Th' flies'll be at 'em."

"And I must be getting home." The Pearlhunter was quick to seize the chance.

Followed by the others, the Boss went down to the boat—not, however, until the Pearlhunter had torn a corner out of the cloth spread down by the fire, wrapped the pearl up in it, and put it carefully away in his pocket.

Insisting on relieving the Boss from rowing on the way back, he took his place at the oars and waited for the boat to be pushed off into the stream. But the Boss, with his hand upon the bow, stood hesitatingly before giving the final shove.

"Shorty," he called to the man who had danced the hornpipe, and who was now gone back to the fire, "bring me my ol' shotgun an' coat. I reckon I'll camp at Fallen Rock t'night."

The Pearlhunter protested against his going to such trouble; but the Boss had his way.

"You Needn't Be Afear'd of Gittin' Driv' Out o' th' Cabin."

"The Iron Gray Woman was dead."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MODERN MAN OF BUSINESS

Wins Success With Ideas That Would Shock the Very Soul of His Grandfather.

A business man tells, in People's Magazine how he commits suicide at stated intervals.

"I die every little while, he says. I pretend that the end has come and I ask myself what I am doing that some one else could not do just as well—or better. Since I contracted the habit of killing myself off, I have dropped one kind of work after another. Keeping in mind that I may drop off any minute, I have understudies ready not only for myself but for the other important men. We are all unnecessary. The result is our business never was better. We are all principals. Every one of our men carries a marshal's baton in his haversack. The men under me seem to keep on saying every little while, 'Here, you, get out of the way.' And, in self protection, I scramble up to a higher place and all the rest of the men move forward at the same time.

"Not only do I share authority, but I share profits. The 'I' idea of business went out of our place years ago. Now it is always 'We.' It hurts me every time I hear one of our men say 'I will do this or that' when speaking with a customer. He is supposed to say 'We will do that.' The 'We' spirit is what we have cultivated because we have realized that 'I' is a pretty small individual.

"So, my advice to my fellow business man is to commit suicide every little while. If they do the job honestly and in a workmanlike manner, they will find themselves constructing the ladder that will land them in heaven, not after they are in the grave, but right here on this good old earth of ours."

Home vs. House.

Home cannot be given us. We may be given a house, a place to eat and sleep. This is not a home, says the Western Methodist. A home is a place of love and rest and peace. Love and rest and peace must be deserved, must be earned. Nobody can hand them to you as so many packages. They are matters of reciprocity. If you have none to give there will be but little for you to receive.

"Crooked Usage."

This curious name for a London street possibly arose from the fact that the word "usage" in former times was applied to the strips of common land, or paths, between private plots of cultivated land. London's "Crooked Usage" street was probably one of these paths.

Woman a Pioneer Geographer.

Miss H. Pullen-Burry was the first geographer to visit some of the unknown parts of the Bismarck archipelago.

Lines to Be Remembered.

Thought takes man out of servitude into freedom.—Emerson.

FEEL NEED OF GRUMBLING

Complaints Absolutely a Source of Enjoyment to Great Mass of Human Beings.

One is as likely to grumble against the people one injures as against the set of people who injure one. One has to grumble at something or other. A complete man who can find nothing to complain of simply does not know how to enjoy himself, the New Statesman (London) observes.

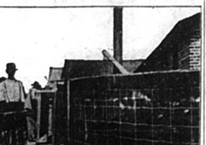
Now wouldn't your life be exceedingly flat
With nothing whatever to grumble at?

That is why people like to read letters in the paper, and also helps to explain the huge circulation of one of the notorious weekly papers. The editor was clever enough to see that most people dearly love their grievances, and that if you give them a platform for their grievances you will sell more copies than if you give them only a platform for your own ideals.

We do not mean to say that the mass of human beings are devoid of ideals, but we fear that on ordinary occasions they are a great deal more interested in their complaints. It is just the same with regard to their health. They are much less likely to boast how well they are feeling than how ill they are feeling. A liver complaint means far more to a man than the best digestion. If you allow him he will describe his symptoms—the taste in his mouth, the sudden loss of vision, and what happens if he eats stewed plums. And he tells you all this not in humility but with the vanity of a peacock.

The vanity of an invalid far surpasses any vanity known in healthy men and women. This is, perhaps, one of the compensations of ill health. It gives one something to complain about.

MOST IMPORTANT THAT GREATER USE BE MADE OF CHEAPER FEEDS



Ordinary Wire Fencing Used to Reinforce Concrete Construction of a Silo.

To assist farmers and stockmen in feeding beef cattle economically during the coming winter, specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture point out the need for a liberal use of roughage. The meat situation in the United States requires a maximum of efficiency in feeding if production is to be maintained in the face of high costs for feed and labor. Recommendations of the department follow:

Economy should be the keynote in production. However, discretion must be used so that economy will be consistent with good gains. A ration might be so economical as to merely maintain the animal, but this would not be economy, when gain in weight was the object sought.

Greater Use of Cheaper Feeds.

At the present time, when grain and concentrates are so expensive, it is all the more important that a greater use be made of cheaper feeds. The cheaper feeds are those raised on the farm and consist primarily of roughages. Then, greater economy will depend upon a greater use of roughages, properly balanced with some grain or protein concentrate.

It should be borne in mind that a balanced ration is not necessarily the most economical. A ration having a nutritive ration of 1:6 might produce the greatest daily gains on a two-year-old steer, yet, it might show better judgment and more profit to feed a ration with a ratio of 1:8, produced by utilization of a greater amount of cheaper roughages, and a lesser amount of high-priced concentrates.

The practice of feeding high-priced feeds, and not making a full use of roughages, is quite general throughout the corn belt. In some of the middle western states, very little straw is used for feed, but practically all for bedding. Quite often the cattle are allowed to run around the straw stack, resulting in a waste of at least 50 per cent of the straw. Straw, as dry roughage, forms a very prominent place in a ration for cattle, either in the fattening lot or when fed to stockers and feeders.

In some sections of Indiana oat and wheat straw make up the entire dry roughage for the greater part of the feeding period. In certain parts of Nebraska, where alfalfa is produced abundantly, the straw is used only for bedding. Even where alfalfa hay is fed, cattle will eat more or less of good straw, if they have access to it. It is a good idea to keep some straw before them. Let the cattle pick it over and use what is left for bedding.

Waste No Straw.

Now is a good time to look at your straw stack. Trim up the stack by raking down the sides and properly topping so as to shed the fall rains. By spending a day on your straw stacks now you will save many a ton of straw which can be used in replacing considerable expensive hay next winter.

In some states most of the corn is cut, shocked, and husked out by hand later in the season. Why not let a shredder do the husking and have a roughage left, the greater part of which will be relished by the cattle? The shredded fodder, which is refused by the cattle, makes one of the very best bedding materials.

Corn fodder, while it is a good roughage, is not an economical one. There is a very large waste in handling. A large percentage of the leaves are lost, and the corn itself is about all the cattle get from the entire corn plant. Run your fodder through a shredder, feed the ear corn separately, and the greater part of the corn plant will be utilized. Corn fodder, however, can be used advantageously at the beginning of the feeding period in the fall or early winter. Range cattle that have never seen corn or grain of any kind can be put on feed more rapidly by starting on green or cured corn fodder. This kind of cattle will begin nibbling at the leaves and gradually get to eating the corn. On the other hand, if ear corn was placed before them it would be days before they would begin to eat it.

The use of legume hays, where grown on the farm, will obviate the use of high-priced protein concentrates. Good hay, however, is high priced and should be fed in such a way as to avoid any waste.

Corn stalks in the field, after the corn has been removed, should be utilized by turning a sufficient number of cattle on them to clear them up completely before severe winter and snows come.

Protect Contents of Silo.

The most important roughage, so far as economical beef production is concerned, is yet to be mentioned, and that is silage. Silage is no longer a cheap feed, but in the strictest sense of the word there is no cheap feed. Silage is worth at the present time from $10 to $13 a ton, depending upon local labor conditions and upon the quality and yield of corn. Even at these prices it makes one of the most economical cattle feeds. More cattle can be handled on a given farm area where the silo furnishes the bulk of the roughage. More feed can be stored per cubic foot of space than by any other means. Cattle can be fattened on silage, supplemented with a small amount of a highly concentrated protein feed, such as cottonseed or linseed meal, and a little dry roughage, such as oat straw. Stockers and feeders can be wintered on silage alone.

LARGE VALUE OF OAT STRAW

Superior to Timothy Hay for Feeding Dairy Cows Because of Larger Amount of Protein.

According to average analyses, 100 pounds of oat hay will contain the following digestible nutrients: 4.3 pounds of protein, 38.1 pounds of carbohydrates, and 1.7 pounds of fat; or a total of 46.4 pounds of digestible nutrients. This hay will be superior to timothy for feeding dairy cows because it contains over one-third more protein. This will hold particularly true where protein feeds are high in price and difficult to secure. Ordinarily carbohydrate feeds, such as corn and barley, are relatively cheaper in price than protein feeds, such as gluten and oil meal, which are necessary to supplement rations of corn silage and timothy hay.

Clover and alfalfa hay are superior to oat hay, but mixed timothy and clover is practically the same in feeding value as oat hay.

To obtain the best quality of hay, the oats should be cut when in the flower or when the grain is in the early milk stage. If left until a later stage, the stems and leaves become somewhat more indigestible and are less palatable. Also the protein content is somewhat less where the grain is allowed to practically reach maturity.

SUCCESS WITH SUDAN GRASS

Crop Can Be Grown in Nearly All Sections of Country—It Is Important as Catch Crop.

Sudan grass is being successfully grown in nearly all parts of the United States. It does not serve well either as a "money crop" or a soil improver, hence it may never find a permanent place in regular crop rotations. It has, nevertheless, a very important place in the farmer's second line of defense as a catch crop which can be planted to give satisfactory returns when conditions have brought failure to other hay crops.

Sudan grass is replacing millet as the premier catch crop in many localities because of its ability to produce a fair yield and a high quality of hay under conditions of low rainfall, its rather short growing season, and its ability to thrive on a wide range of soil types. Large yields of Sudan grass are obtained only on good soils, but the grass fails completely only on cold, poorly drained land.

BIG CROP OF POTATOES

To grow big crop of potatoes—
1. Have well-drained, fertile soil.
2. Prepare a deep seedbed.
3. Plant seed free from disease.
4. Plant seed improved by selection.
5. Keep seed from sprouting until planted.
6. Treat all seed for disease.
7. Cultivate thoroughly.
8. Spray for bugs and blight.
9. Rotate crops with legumes.

Don't plant potatoes after potatoes.

RIGHT ATTENTION TO HORSES

No Grain Is Needed During Idle Months of Winter If Forage Is of Good Quality.

Idle work horses may be carried over the winter with no grain whatever, provided the forage is of good quality and abundant. See that the horses have protection from wind and storms, yet are not too closely confined. In the spring a good while before hard work begins start feeding some grain gradually and work the horses a little to harden them for the heavier work later on.

Sudan Grass for Feed.

Sudan grass seems to have a feeding value quite similar to timothy, although for cattle it seems to be somewhat superior to timothy.

Cause of Leg Weakness.

Leg weakness in growing chickens is often due to confinement in a brooder house on a dry wood or cement floor.

Recalls Red Bandanna.

A close relation to the red bandanna is seen in some new handkerchiefs of scarlet linen bordered with a white stripe. Navy blue handkerchiefs are also among this season's novelties. They have very narrow hems, sewn by hand. In the corners a design is embroidered in threads of a bright contrasting color.

Jade Green for Weddings.

Jade green for weddings seems to have taken a hold on feminine fancies. A row of jade green taffeta frocks bouffant and lace trimmed followed a recent bride down the aisle while an English bride of note recently smashed tradition by having her wedding gown trimmed with green in a light shade known as eau de Nile.

Sashes on Fall Models.

Sashes appear on many of the fall models, both in silks and wool fabrics, and swinging them in the center front seems to be the latest fancy.

Another Royal Suggestion
Griddle Cakes and Waffles
From the NEW ROYAL COOK BOOK

THERE is an art in making flapjack pancakes, griddle cakes or wheats, call them what you will. But it is an art very easily and quickly acquired if you follow the right recipes. The secret, of course, is Royal Baking Powder.

Griddle Cakes
1½ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 eggs
1¼ cups milk
1 tablespoon shortening
Mix and sift dry ingredients; add beaten eggs, milk and melted shortening; mix well. Bake immediately on hot griddle.

Waffles
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
1½ cups milk
2 eggs
1 tablespoon melted shortening
Sift flour, baking powder and salt together; add milk to yolks of eggs; mix thoroughly and add to dry ingredients; add melted shortening and mix in beaten whites of eggs. Bake in well-greased hot waffle iron until brown. Serve hot with maple syrup. It should take about 1½ minutes to bake each waffle.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes.

FREE
New Royal Cook Book containing these and scores of other delightful recipes. Write for it to-day.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 115 Fulton Street, New York City.

His Experience.

Billicus—I am thoroughly convinced that all women are the same.

Cynicus—Don't you believe it. Even one woman isn't the same for any considerable length of time.

"A few minutes more, Peggy dear, and Daddy will be back with the Kemp's Balsam. Then you can go to sleep and forget that horrid old cough."
KEMP'S BALSAM
Will Stop That Cough

When people engage in teamwork they nearly always succeed.

USE "DIAMOND DYES"

Dye right! Don't risk your material in a poor dye. Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into old garments, draperies, coverings, everything, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

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It's the little things that count.

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HONORED AS GREAT TEACHER

Works of Euclid, Ancient Mathematician, the Foundation of the Science of Geometry.

Euclid was an ancient mathematician, who is said by some to have flourished in the third century before the Christian era. It is generally held that he was a Greek, but the date and place of his birth are unknown. It is generally held that much of his work was done at Alexandria, Egypt, which in those ancient times was a famous seat of learning and the center of extensive commerce. The most famous work of Euclid that has come down to us is the Elements of Geometry in 13 books. The first six are the most valuable. They contain the foundation of geometry, on which is based several branches of higher mathematics. These books are still used in schools and colleges. The next three books deal with the properties of numbers but they are superseded by modern arithmetic. Euclid also left other works, such as treatises on harmony and optics.

Dreaming of Skating.

To dream of skating denotes that your success is very uncertain and depends largely upon your efforts. To see others skate denotes a pleasant time. To buy them, honor.

AS THEY CAME ON THE MENU

Little Willie Had His Own Idea as to Dishes That Met With His Particular Favor.

Gooseberry tart and currant pudding reposed in all their luscious temptingness on the table in front of him. Willie liked both. He was torn with conflicting emotions.

"Which will you have, Willie?" asked his mother.

"Gooseberry tart," gasped Willie, after a long and patient struggle.

"Tart what?" asked Willie's parent wishing him to add "please."

Willie didn't understand.

"Tart what?" she repeated sharply.

Then Willie had an idea which seemed to solve his difficulties and make the world bright once more.

"Tart, first," he answered happily.

True Efficiency.

Efficiency is a matter of the head as well as the hands. It can never be a purely mechanical virtue, for true efficiency has its origin in careful thought. The man who forms the habit of using his brain is never in danger of becoming a mere machine.

His Business.

"That man is such a pushing sort."

"He has to be. He manufactures electric buttons."

A Healthful Drink With No After Regrets
You are sure of satisfaction when you make your table beverage
INSTANT POSTUM
Coffee drinkers delight in the change because of greater comfort, and the price is attractive because so moderate. All the family will like the flavor of Postum
At Grocers Everywhere
Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

A Prominent Nurse Testifies

DAYTON, OHIO.—"During expectancy I had a severe nervous breakdown. My back ached and I suffered with nausea and bowel trouble. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it completely restored me to health. I had comparatively no suffering, and my baby was very strong and healthy. I can recommend 'Favorite Prescription' as being the best medicine the expectant mother can take to keep her strong and healthy at this time. I always advise its use."—MRS. ANNA WEIDENHEFT, R. R. 8.

When a woman becomes a mother health and strength are needed to withstand the pain and distress.

At this critical time women are best fortified by the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, an old remedy of proved worth, which contains no alcohol, no narcotic. All druggists. Liquid or tablets. Send Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., 10 cents for trial package of tablets.

VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for these disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

SAYS PILES ALL GONE AND NO MORE ECZEMA

"I had eczema for many years on my head and could not get anything to stop the agony. I saw your ad and got one box of Peterson's Ointment and I owe you many thanks for the good it has done me. There isn't a blotch on my head now and I couldn't help but thank Peterson, for the cure is great." Miss Mary Hill, 420 Third avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"I have had itching piles for 15 years and Peterson's is the only ointment that relieves me, besides the piles seem to have gone." A. B. Ruger, 1127 Washington avenue, Racine, Wis.

Use Peterson's Ointment for old sores, salt rheum, chafing and all skin diseases. 35 cents. Druggists recommend it. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Awful Sick With Gas
Eatonic Brings Relief

"I have been awful sick with gas," writes Mrs. W. H. Person, "and Eatonic is all I can get to give me relief."

Acidity and gas on the stomach quickly taken up and carried out by Eatonic, then appetite and strength come back. And many other bodily miseries disappear when the stomach is right. Don't let sourness, belching, bloating, indigestion and other stomach ills go on. Take Eatonic tablets after you eat—see how much better you feel. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

DON'T CUT OUT A Shoe Boil, Capped Hock or Bursitis FOR ABSORBINE

will reduce them and leave no blemishes. Stops lameness promptly. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. $2.50 a bottle delivered. Book 6 R free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, the antiseptic liniment for Boils, Bruises, Sores, Swellings, Varicose Veins. Allays Pain and Inflammation. Price $1.25 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Will tell you more if you write.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Banner Lye is easy to use

No other lye is packed so safely and conveniently, or is so economical—not a bit wasted.

No other lye or soap cleans and disinfects so easily and thoroughly as Banner Lye. It is not old-style lye. Odorless and colorless; the greatest cleanser and disinfectant the world has ever known. Use it for cleaning your kitchen, cellar, sinks, dairy, milk pans and bottles, for softening water, and the labor of washing and cleaning will be cut in half. MAKES PURE SOAP and saves money besides. A can of Banner Lye, 4½ pounds of kitchen grease, ten minutes' easy work (no boiling or large kettles), and you have 10 pounds of best hard soap or 20 gallons of soft soap.

Banner Lye is sold by your grocer or druggist. Write to us for free booklet, "Uses of Banner Lye."

The Penn Chemical Works Philadelphia USA

WHITE CAPS FOR NEURALGIA
Have You Tried Them?
Ask Your Druggist or Dealer
Trial Size 10 cts.—Regular Size 25 cts.
GILBERT BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

E-Z Dustless-Ebony Stove Polish
E-Z Iron Enamel for the Pipe
E-Z Metal Polish for the Nickel
E-Z Shoe Polish Saves Shoes
All Dealers—Money Back Guarantee
U TRY E-Z

FRECKLES

Persistent Coughs are dangerous. Get prompt relief from Piso's. Stops irritation; soothing. Effective and safe for young and old. No opiates in Piso's.

PISO'S

TURKEY for Thanksgiving! Well, rather. Why, otherwise it wouldn't seem like a Thanksgiving dinner. And don't let's have too much else—and mighty little ahead of it. Just a simple dinner, you know—turkey with dressing and gravy, mashed potatoes, cranberries, pumpkin or mince pie with Herkimer county cheese and cider. Let it go at that. Enough is as good as a feast.

Which reminds us that no king or haughty potentate of any kind, even in prewar days when they were many, could by any human possibility have a more toothsome feast. They aren't made, you know.

Which also reminds us that the turkey is America's gift to the world.

The turkey is truly an American bird. It existed on the continent with the Indians before Columbus landed. Only a few years ago among the caves of Arizona the mummified remains of a turkey were found. Practically every cave once occupied by the cliff dwellers of that region contained the bones or feathers of the turkey, but this specimen is intact. Its age is a matter of speculation among the scientists of the National museum, where the specimen is on exhibition.

Another interesting fact in this same connection resulted from a scientific expedition which Dr. C. Hart Merriman made among the mountains of Arizona; he came across a living species of bird identical with the one found mummified and which is known to the scientific world by his name.

Another recent discovery in connection with the turkey was a Maya hieroglyphic. This piece of parchment shows a grocer's account in which is mentioned, with other things, ten turkey hens and five turkey cocks. The distinction between the two is quite apparent in the crude drawings. This is thought to be the first record of the turkey in this country and antedates the expedition of Cortes to Mexico in 1519.

But the turkey goes back further among the Indians than even the probable date at which the specimen found in the cave existed. Among the Zunis, for instance, there exist many legends handed down from time immemorial, which have for their subject the turkey.

Perhaps none is more interesting than the one which tells why his tail feathers are dark, showing, as it does, not only the place he held in the estimation of the Indians, but also a noticeable similarity to the flood story from our Bible.

Once upon a time, so the legend runs, there was a flood and the face of the world was covered with water. And the turkey, weary of continually flying, decided to seek some spot on which he might light and rest. But the other birds and animals advised him not to; and the very gods themselves warned him.

He refused, however, to heed either advice or warnings and set out in search of land. After much effort he discovered a single spot not covered by water and alighted. But he found it only deep mud. So he decided to hunt farther for some dry place on which to rest. But, alas, when he came to fly, he found his tail feathers stuck fast in the mud.

He pulled and pulled, but could not get them loose. Finally, however, after a gigantic tug, he managed to free himself. But bits of mud stuck to the end of the tail feathers. And to this day turkeys have dark spots there—a sign of their disobedience to divine command.

The turkey plays a more important part in the life of the Indian than in his legends alone. Not only is it regarded as a choice article of food, but in many tribes it is held sacred. In the parts of the country where curious devotion to animals characterizes different stages in the development of civilization—it was never eaten except when other food was unobtainable.

Turkey feathers rank next in importance to those of the eagle with all tribes, while the Apaches, the Pamunkeys and Cheyennes chose the turkey's feathers for all ceremonial headdresses and ornaments. The Pamunkey tribe also used turkey feathers for ornamental purposes on their clothing, as well as for their headgears. To this day, when they don their native costumes, the turkey feather is preferred as ornament.

If Benjamin Franklin's words had been heeded, the turkey would have been the national bird of the United States. The eagle is a first cousin to the species known of old in the eastern hemisphere. Furthermore, it has appeared upon the banners of many nations. It was a symbol of the Roman empire. It was known in China for ages, and today it appears upon the banners of Russia, Germany and several other nations.

The turkey, however, is indigenous to America. When the early European adventurers and settlers arrived they beheld great flocks of turkeys, and it soon became known that they were a favorite food among the Indians. After a while turkeys were proudly sent home as trophies of the chase. In this way the turkey became practically a world-favorite as a food.

When Cortes in 1519 ascended to the plateau of Mexico he found a social life developed to a high degree of refinement. He was entertained with oriental magnificence. All the delicacies to be found within the empire were set before him, and though game was abundant, the turkey held the place of honor among the fowl. This was the first time that the Spaniards had eaten turkey.

North of the Rio Grande the turkey was equally well known and treasured. The celebrated expedition of Coronado, between 1527 and 1547, penetrated this unexplored region west of the Mississippi. His explorations were chiefly in what is today Texas, Arizona and New Mexico. In all the Indian villages, according to those early explorers, turkeys were to be found, both wild and domesticated.

Cortes, in one of his famous letters written about 1518, mentions the turkey. He carried specimens of the bird to Spain in 1520, where they came into immediate popularity, and the breeding of turkeys soon became established. It was then that the turkey became known as "pavos," on account of his relationship to the peacock, which was then called "pavo real"—the fowl of kings.

It was a long time before the turkey reached France, as far as can be learned from history, for the first turkey eaten there was at the wedding of Charles IX and Elizabeth of Austria, June 27, 1570, or 50 years after Spain had first tasted the bird. The turkey supplied for the wedding came from "somewhere in the American wilderness."

Its introduction into England seems to have been in 1524. But, whenever it was, it soon came into popular favor and was given such local names as Black Norfolk and Large Cambridge.

It is an interesting fact that these descendants of the parent stock were carried back again across the Atlantic ocean to New England, where, crossed with the original turkey already there, they began the breed that has spread from one end of the country to the other.

Many have been the explanations made as to how the bird now so popular at Thanksgiving came to be called the turkey, most of which, to the true scientist, are nothing but fanciful. The bird was called turkey because it was supposed to come from Turkey, where it was known as an Egyptian hen. The markets of north Europe received this fowl as coming from south Europe, directly or indirectly from Turkey. In France, however, the bird was called "dindon," or in the feminine "dinde," as though it were the fowl d'Inde—from India.

But whatever dispute has arisen as to the name of the turkey, the fact yet remains that the turkey is indigenous to America. Although scientists believe it is possible that there was a species, the original of the present turkey, indigenous to the West India islands, it is generally conceded that all turkeys have descended in some way or other from the three forms known today as the North American, the Mexican and the Honduras, the ocellated variety.

The Mexican turkey is found wild throughout the republic. It appears to be the species first taken to Spain and other European countries. It is thought that the white markings of the variety of domestic turkey known today as the Narragansett come from this species.

Whatever the turkey may have missed through failing to secure that place of honor suggested for it by Benjamin Franklin—as the national bird—it has nevertheless found a place in the regard of the American people which is held by no other fowl—at least at Thanksgiving.

Is Nature's Acrobat

Performs Stunts While Gradually Drawing Within Striking Distance of Its Prey.

The weasel has been called the acrobat of nature. It performs every kind of acrobatic feat. It does not, however, perform merely for the pleasure to be obtained from the performance, not yet to give pleasure to others. There is a far more deadly purpose behind its somersaults, explains London Answers.

The weasel adopts this method of approaching its victims with a view to attacking them. It does not attempt to hide itself from its prey, but gradually, performing all the time, approaches nearer until within striking distance of its unsuspecting prey.

The blood-thirsty little villain is by no means a coward. It will attack human beings; and cows that trespass for the purpose of feeding on grass within the vicinity of the home of one of these little creatures do not escape.

The weasel can climb as easily as run along the road and it is equally at home on any surface. The top of a hedge presents no difficulties to the weasel; it will travel along this as quickly and easily as along the smoothest pathway.

Sandpapering Paint.

In removing old paint dampen the sandpaper with benzine and the work can be accomplished in half the time.

Intelligent Parrot.

Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" refers to a parrot which had the faculty for answering questions sensibly. When the governor of Brazil was introduced to it he asked the bird: "What do you do here?" "I look after chickens," was the ready reply. "You look after chickens?" roared the governor, with a burst of laughter. "Yes," retorted the bird, "and I know how to do it," at the same time clucking like a brood hen.

Pray for the Tenant

Prayers for the "softening of an extortionate landlord's heart" were offered up the other day at the Episcopal healing mission at Christ Church cathedral.

The request for the prayers came from a woman, and it was read aloud to about 300 persons who had gathered for the healing, which was under the direction of Rev. Rufus D. S. Pitney. At the conclusion of the reading of the letter, time was allowed for silent prayer for the woman with a hard-hearted landlord.

In the letter the woman said her rent had been advanced and she was about to be evicted because she could not afford to pay the advance. "Pray that my landlord's heart may be softened," she wrote.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Meteorological Note.

A man's calm often causes a woman's storm.—Boston Transcript.

NEW ORCHID IS PRODUCED

English Grower Proud of Unique Bloom, and Values It at $2,000.

London.—An English grower named Armstrong is proudly enjoying the credit of having produced a new form of orchid which is declared to be the only bloom of its kind in the world. It is of the cypripedium species and is apparently a hybrid offshoot of other varieties of orchid grown in the same conservatory, the process having been abetted by the grower's skill. He believes he can reproduce and perpetuate the new variety endlessly.

Mr. Armstrong rears flowers for the pleasure of it rather than commercially. He is one of the many English lovers of rare growths in plants, whose fancy has turned to orchids and whose experiments with them have proved a valuable pastime. Since glass houses became cheap and modern methods of heating suitable for orchid cultivation, the flower has been grown in many private houses and the display in the chief floral exhibitions in London and the provinces has become largely of nonprofessional origin.

Mr. Armstrong has named this new specimen the "Florence Spencer." He values it at $2,000. Smaller hybrid blooms, which he has grown, have an estimated collective value of $3,000.

The largest lake in Japan—Lake Biwa—is only 36 miles long.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

LITTLE WOMEN

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT

Condensation by Miss Carolyn Wells

Louisa May Alcott was born in 1832 and died in 1888. She was the daughter of A. Bronson Alcott, the "Sage of Concord." Her early surroundings were of a highly intellectual and literary character and she naturally took to writing while still very young.

In her sketch, "Transcendental Oats," she describes in an amusing way the experience of a year at Fruitlands, where an attempt was made to establish an ideal community. Miss Alcott was obliged to be a wage earner to help out the family income, and so taught school, served as a governess and at times worked as a seamstress. Wearying of this, she wrote for the papers stories of a sensational nature, which were remunerative financially but unsatisfactory to her as a literary pursuit, and she abandoned this style of writing.

In a Washington hospital she served as a nurse for a time, but the work was so hard that she failed in health, and when she recovered she had to find new fields of work; then she traveled as attendant to an invalid, and with her visited Europe.

After several attempts at literature Miss Alcott wrote "Little Women," which was an immediate success, reaching a sale of 87,000 copies in three years. She wrote from the heart, and wove into the story incidents from the lives of herself and her three sisters at Concord. She afterward wrote "An Old Fashioned Girl," "Little Men," "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag," "The Eight Cousins" and "Rose in Bloom," besides other stories and sketches.

Miss Alcott had ambition and ability for a high grade of literary work; she made her success as a writer of children's stories. While her receipts from some later work were large for those times, she declared that she was more proud of the first $32 she received than of the larger amounts later.

One generation after another of young readers finds pleasure in Miss Alcott's cheery, healthful stories, and their vitality is indicated by their appearance on the movie screen.

IN their old-fashioned New England home the little women lived with Mrs. March, their brisk and cheery mother, who always had a "can-I-help you" look about her, and whom her four girls lovingly called "Marmee."

Pretty Meg, the oldest, was sixteen, and already showed domestic tastes and talents, though she detested the drudgery of household work; and, a little vain of her white hands, longed at heart to be a fine lady. Jo, fifteen, was tall, thin and coltish, and gloried in an unconcealed scorn of polite conventions. Beth, thirteen, was a lovable little thing, shy, fond of her dolls and devoted to music, which she tried hopefully to produce from the old, jingling tinpan of a piano. Amy, twelve, considered herself the flower of the family. An adorable blonde, she admitted that the trial of her life was her nose. For, when she was a baby, Jo had accidentally dropped her into the coal-hod and permanently flattened that feature, and though poor Amy slept with a patent clothespin pinching it, she couldn't attain the Grecian effect she so much desired.

Father March was an army chaplain in the Civil war, and in his absence Jo declared herself to be the man of the family. To add to their slender income, she went every day to read to Aunt March, a peppery old lady; and Meg, too, earned a small salary as daily nursery governess to a neighbor's children.

In the big house next door to the Marches lived a rich old gentleman, Mr. Laurence, and his grandson, a jolly chummy boy called Laurie. Though awe-inspiring at first, Mr. Laurence proved both kindly and generous, and even timid Beth mustered up courage to go over to the "Palace Beautiful" at twilight and play softly on the grand piano there. But, as she confessed to her mother, when she began she was so frightened her feet chattered on the floor.

The night Laurie took the two older girls to the theater, Amy, though not invited, insisted on going, too. Jo crossly declared she wouldn't go if Amy did, and furiously scolding her little sister, she slammed the door and went off, as Amy called out: "You'll be sorry for this, Jo March! See if you ain't!" The child made good her threat by burning up the manuscript of a precious book which Jo had written and on which she had spent three years of hard work. There was a terrible fracas, and, though at her mother's bidding Amy made contrite apology, Jo refused to be pacified. It was only when poor little Amy was nearly drowned by falling through the ice that conscience-stricken Jo forgave her sister and learned a much-needed lesson of self-control.

Meg, too, learned a salutary lesson, when she went to visit some fashionable friends and had her first taste of "Vanity Fair." Her sisters gladly lent her all their best things, and, as she said to Jo: "You're a dear to lend me your gloves! I feel so rich and elegant with two new pairs and the old ones cleaned up for common!" Yet she soon saw that her wardrobe was sadly inadequate to the environment in which she found herself. Whereupon the rich friends lent her some of their own finery; and, after laughingly applying paint and powder, they laced her into a sky-blue silk dress, so low that modest Meg blushed at herself in the mirror, and Laurie, who was at the party, openly expressed his surprised disapproval. Chagrin and remorse followed, and it was not until after full confession to Marmee, that Meg realized the trumpery value of fashionable rivalry and the real worth of simplicity and contentment.

All four of the girls had leanings toward a life of luxury and ease, and when Mrs. March smilingly proposed that they try a whole week of "all play and no work," they agreed eagerly. But the experiment was a miserable failure; and after mortifying scenes at a company luncheon, a canary bird dead from neglect, several slight illnesses and lost tempers, the girls decided that lounging and larking didn't pay.

Now John Brooke, the tutor of Laurie, was a secret admirer of pretty Meg. Discovering this, the mischievous boy wrote Meg a passionate love letter, purporting to be from Brooke. This prank caused a terrible upset in both houses, but later on Brooke put the momentous question, and Meg meekly whispered, "Yes, John," and hid her face on his waistcoat. Jo, blundering in, was transfixed with astonishment and dismay, and exclaimed, "Oh, do somebody come quick! John Brooke is acting dreadfully, and Meg likes it!"

At Christmas, father March came home from the war, and great celebration was made. The neighbors from the Laurence house were invited, and there never was such a Christmas dinner as they had that day!

Later came the first break in their restored home circle. The Dovecote was the name of the little brown house that John Brooke had prepared for his bride, and it was a tiny affair with a lawn in front about as big as a handkerchief! The wedding, beneath the June roses was a simple homey one, and the bridal journey was only the walk from the March home to the dear little new house. "I'm too happy to care what anyone says—I'm going to have my wedding just as I want it!" Meg had declared; and so, leaning on her husband's arm, her hands full of flowers, she went away, saying, "Thank you all for my happy wedding day. Good-by, good by!"

Jo developed into a writer of sensational stories. This, however, was because she found a profitable market for such work and she wanted the money for herself and the others. For little Beth was ailing, and a summer stay at the seashore might, they all hoped, bring back the roses to her cheeks. But it didn't, and after a time the dark days came when gentle Beth, like a tired but trustful child, clung to the hands that had led her all through life, as her father and mother guided her tenderly through the valley of the shadow and gave her up to God.

Then came a day when Laurie was invited to the Dovecote to see Meg's new baby. Jo appeared, a proud aunt, bearing a bundle on a pillow. "Shut your eyes and hold out your arms," she ordered, and Laurie, obeying, opened his eyes again, to see—two babies! "Twins, by Jupiter!" he cried; "take 'em, quick, somebody! I'm going to laugh, and I shall drop 'em!"

Laurie had loved Jo for years, but Jo, though truly sorry, couldn't respond. As she said, "It's impossible for people to make themselves love other people if they don't!" And so, after a time, Laurie decided that Amy was the only woman in the world who could fill Jo's place and make him happy. And the two were very happy together, Amy taking great pride in her handsome husband. "Don't laugh," she said to him, "but your nose is such a comfort to me!" and she caressed the well-cut feature with artistic satisfaction.

Jo found her fate in an elderly professor, wise and kind, but too poor to think of marriage. For a year the pair worked and waited and hoped and loved, and then Aunt March died and left Jo her fine old country place. Here Jo and her professor set up their home, and established a boys' school, which became a great success. Jo lived a very happy life, and as the years went on, two little lads of her own came to increase her happiness. Amy, too, had a dear child named Beth, but she was a frail little creature and the dread of losing her was the shadow over Amy's sunshine.

But the little women and all their dear ones formed a happy, united family, of whom Jo truly wrote:
Lives whose brave music long shall ring
Like a spirit-stirring strain.

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Sensitive Spot.

A couple of boys were casting about to devise some new form of amusement, when one suggested:

"Let's go into your back yard and play in the woodshed."

"We haven't any woodshed," said the other youngster. "Have you one in your back yard?"

"Yes."

"Keep wood in it?"

"No."

"What's it used for?"

"None of your business."

BITS OF INFORMATION

The island of Corfu has an area of 712 square kilometers and a present population in excess of 100,000. The population, according to the census of 1907, was 94,450. There are two cities on the island, namely, Corfu and Lenkimo, having a population of more than 3,000 each.

Consul Addison E. Southard of Aden, Arabia, reports that in all the Red Sea commercial district there are only two American business men.

Galicia possesses at Kalusz the only potassium salt mines, besides those at Stassfurt, Germany, and a company has recently been formed to exploit this deposit. These Kalusz salts are composed chiefly of kainite and sylvite.

An inventor has patented a mirror to be so mounted in clothing store windows as to enable men to see just how they would look if they were wearing garments displayed.

A single pound of the finest spider webs would reach round the world.

SHOWS BLOOD CIRCULATING.

By fitting a powerful microscope to a motion-picture camera a Michigan physician has succeeded in throwing on the screen detailed pictures of the circulation of the blood. The complete film presents a view of a chicken's heart in action, demonstrates the reaction, depicts the causes and results of obstructed flow, and makes clear the operation of the electrocardiograph in the study of the heart and its functions.

The Universal Color.

The professional mixer of paints knows that fierce color discord can easily be created by a misplacing of green. But Nature never misplaces it. Even blue stands without tying, cheek by cheek with Nature's greens. Larkspurs and lobelias go quietly arm in arm with their respective foliage. Any rose of any tint or color is best set off by a green rose leaf. Every spring or fall color, pale or florid, will shade pleasantly into green on the very same leaf.

Thousands of Happy Housewives in WESTERN CANADA

are helping their husbands to prosper—are glad they encouraged them to go where they could make a home of their own—save paying rent and reduce cost of living—where they could reach prosperity and independence by buying on easy terms.

Fertile Land at $15 to $30 an Acre

—land similar to that which through many years has yielded from 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Hundreds of farmers in Western Canada have raised crops in a single season worth more than the whole cost of their land. With such crops come prosperity, independence, good homes, and all the comforts and conveniences which make for happy living.

Farm Gardens—Poultry—Dairying

are sources of income second only to grain growing and stock raising. Good climate, good neighbors, churches, schools, rural telephone, etc., give you the opportunities of a new land with the conveniences of old settled districts.

For illustrated literature, maps, description of farm opportunities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, reduced railway rates, etc., write Department of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or

W. S. NETHERY, Room 82, Interurban Station Bldg., Columbus, O.
Canadian Government Agent

WESTERN CANADA Farm Lands Low Prices

Most women prefer unruled letter paper and well-ruled husbands.

We All Do.

"This tailor advertises suits of a stylish cut." "I wish somebody would announce a price cut."

ASPIRIN
Name "Bayer" on Genuine
BAYER

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

Only the fear of endless torture causes some sinners to repent.

For speedy and effective action Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" has no equal. One dose only will clean out Worms or Tapeworm.—Adv.

No accomplishment is impossible when people work together.

Catarrh

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The purified and refined calomel tablets that are nausealess, safe and sure.
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