A SUMMONS HOME

Everything Else She Tried and Failed—But Her Last Trick Won Success.

By ELEANOR PORTER

Author of "Pollyanna," "Just David," Etc.

Copyright by Eleanor H. Porter.

MRS. THADDEUS CLAYTON entered softly into the room and looked with apprehensive eyes upon the little old man in the rocking chair.

"How he ye, dearie? Ter't mornin' wasted for nothin', now, have ye?" she asked.

"Not a thing, Harriet," he returned cheerily. "I'm feelin' real pert, too. Was there lots there? An' did Perkins *frow* any a heap of fine things?"

Mrs. Clayton dropped into a chair and pulled listlessly at the black strings of her bonnet.

"Twas a beautiful fun'ral. Thaddeus—a beautiful fun'ral. I—I most wished it was mine."

"Harriet!"

She gave a shamed-faced laugh.

"Well, I did—then Jobiel and Hannah Jane would 'a' come, an' I would 'a' seen 'em."

The horrified look on the old man's face gave way to a broad smile.

"Oh-h, Harriet—Harriet!" he chuckled. "How could ye seen 'em if you was dead?"

"Huh! Well, I—Thaddeus"—her voice rose shrilly in the silent room—"every single one of them Perkins boys was there. I—I couldn't help but think what your Mis' Perkins would 'a' given for some one she would like to see. But they wouldn't, Thaddeus, not just as everybody does, 'cept to be glad."

"But, Harriet," demurred the old man mildly, "we've heard o' folks that come ter their own mother's funerals."

"Cluse! I do, an' I've seen 'em," Thaddeus. "Cry an' take on over her, and stretched out two good hours long—Thaddeus, I got so hungry sometimes I could 'a' et!—an' Sarah Jane, seems as though I just couldn't stand it!"

"I know—I know, dearie," quavered the old man, reproving, polishing his glasses.

"Fifty years ago my first baby came," resumed the woman in tremulous tones; "three another came, and another, till I'd six. I loved 'em an' tended 'em, an' cared for 'em, an' didn't have a thought but was for them babies. Four died—two grew, an' then went on with renewed strength—but I've got Jobiel and Hannah Jane left; at least, I've got two bits of paper that comes nothin' more a month, by one of 'em's signed 'your dutiful son,' an' the other, 'From your loving daughter, Hannah Jane.'"

"Harriet," began the old man, "you're good ter write letter," ventured Mr. Clayton.

"Letter!" wailed his wife. "I can't beg an' like letters, Thaddeus. I've told you sometimes."

"Well, well, wife, nothin' they'll come now they'll come this summer, who knows?"

She shook her head dismally.

"You've said that ev'ry year for the last fifteen summers, an' they hain't come yet, Jobiel went West twenty-two years ago, an' he's never been home since. Why, Thaddeus, we've got a grandson most eighteen that we hain't even seen! Hannah Jane's been home just once since she was married, but that was nigh on ter sixteen years ago. She's always writin' of her Sammy and Nellie, but—I want ter see 'em, Thaddeus; I want ter see 'em!"

"Yes, yes; well, we'll ask 'em. Harriet, maybe—we'll ask 'em real urgent like, an' mebbe that'll fetch 'em," comforted the old man. "I'll write an' ax 'em ter be here the Fourth; that's eight weeks off yet, an' I shall be real ready by then."

The letters that were certainly "urgent-like" left the New England farmhouse the next morning. One was addressed to a thriving western city, the other to Chicago, Illinois.

In course of time the answers came. Harriet Clayton's appeared first, and was opened with shaking fingers.

> Dear Mother (read her letters aloud. Your letter came two or three days ago, but I've been so busy I haven't had time. I've seemed to be so anxious to hear from you, I thought I'd write. You can get away this summer, can't you? A real busy at the store, and, some way, I don't seem to get ahead very fast. I've had some trouble with children in taken them so far. Tonsilitis, I think the doctor called it. Anyway, it kept them the visit very much, but I guess we can't help that. Sammy is getting to be a big boy now, and Nellie is a little beauty. I don't know what they would be different, but I know I'm glad they're mine, and I'm thankful he is with us still.
>
> Nathan is well, but business has been pretty tame, and he is getting stouter and bald. As long as he's making money, I suppose it's all right, but I'm not hardly real glad. Some days I wish we were one size to the things he does. I'm sorry I can't go East this summer, but I've got a good head for figures, Nellie loves her music, and I'm a little girl at present.
>
> Much time now. We all send love. Write us real soon. Hope you're well and happy. Was glad to hear father was among the living.
>
> Your loving daughter,
> HANNAH JANE.

The letter dropped from Mrs. Clayton's hands and lay unheeded on the floor. The woman covered her face with her hands and began to cry softly.

"There, there, dearie," soothed the old man briskly; "mebbe Jobiel's will be better. Shall I read it? Shall I read on so, Harriet? Don't! I just know Jobiel's come."

WORE "SPECS" AS ORNAMENTS

In the days when spectacles were new, they became a fashionable trait people did not wait until necessity compelled them to wear glasses. Whether their eyesight was bad or good, those who would be stylish wore spectacles. In Spain they formed part

Easy.

"George, you should get married," advised the married man. "It is wonderful to have a home waiting for you when you return at night. There is ecstacy in caring for a garden and a lawn; you can raise a day from a pup, children are adorable and a source of trouble at all, a wife is an inspiration, and even if she does get nagging, you can always talk her out of it."

"Perhaps so; I could be like you," said the bachelor, thoughtfully. —Wyville Tales.

USE FOR FISH SCALES

Nothing hitherto I been deemed more worthless than fish scales, yet the commercial fishermen now find a demand for them in the manufacture of pearl essence, which is the material employed for lining the glass globules commonly used as imitation pearls. It is beautifully iridescent substance, and, separated from the scales by chemical means, is utilized by the form of a slightly milky fluid which is put in shot with all the hue of the rainbow.

PROTECTION FOR WILD BIRDS

Sanctuaries Recently Established in Lower Gulf Coast Region of Texas—Much Good Will Result.

Three wild-bird sanctuaries have just been established in the lower Gulf Coast region of Texas, under the direction of T. Gilbert Pearson, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, who has been conducting a campaign for the protection of the birds along the coast. The sanctuaries are known as the Bird Island Reservation, the Second Bird Island Reservation and the Pelican Island Reservation. Each of the lower Bird Island. These islands already are populated by many birds, some of which are to be found in no other part of the United States or even in other parts of the lower Texas border region. Mr. Pearson has discovered several species of birds which are known to exist nowhere else in the United States, and which will probably disappear from the wilderness alive with other species of wild animal life. He was especially interested in the colored percury, which is found in this region in such numbers, and which formerly was killed by the thousands. Mr. Pearson said: "The percury is the game and most dangerous wild animal in the United States. It is found in the southern part of the country almost where the sportsmen in the north are driven over by Roosevelt-like automobile parties. The percury will soon be extinct unless protected by law. Two years ago there were hundreds of them in the region where I have been lately. Now there are only a few. They are targets and fall of sell, when anything disturbs their mouths they burst, driving the oil out in a fine spray. The light fall brightly on the collar and notice their smooth, green waists. Only insects and parasitic plague that had been evolved to go

Seldom Travel; Often Migrate

Mennonites Ever Seeking Haven Where They Can Follow Religious Beliefs.

MEXICO NOW 'PROMISED LAND'

Interest in the Sect Aroused by Their Exodus From Canada to Mexico, Taking With Them $15,000,000 in Goods and Cash.

Washington.—Invited to Russia and emancipated from taxes and military service because they could not bear arms, lured by a promise some of them established a communistic colony; adopting to take part in any form of combat, but refusing to take part in any form of combat, but refusing to take part in any form of combat, but refusing