LIES IN NEGLECTED GRAVE

American Nation Has Been Ungrateful to Martinsville Lewis, One of Its Noblest Sons.

Hohenwald, Tenn.—Several miles from this city, in a neglected spot in the woods, off the beaten highways, lies the body of Martinsville Lewis, notable historical character of the early days of Tennessee, but whose chief fame is due to the fact that he participated in the Lewis and Clark expedition.

Historians believe Lewis was killed by robbers.

Concerning the monument are the remains of an iron fence, for which the Tennessee legislature appropriated $500 in 1848. Local tradition says that during the war between the states soldiers tore away some of the picket for the purpose of manufacturing horseshoe nails.

The Tennessee Historical commission plans to ask the legislature to appropriate $1,000 for preservation of the Lewis monument.

ENGRAVER SETS NEW RECORD

Washington Man Has Carved Picture of the National Capitol on a Pinhead.

The famous pinhead with the Lord's prayer thereon must now bow down before two works of engraving made by a Washington man, who has inscribed on two ordinary pinheads the United States capitol and a profile of President Harding, with the name, "Warren G. Harding."

SIMPLE STATEMENT OF FACT

Explanation Showed That Both Manager and His Assistant Had Told the Truth.

With a firm tread and a masterful air the woman stepped into the office of the manager.

"After getting about four acres of somebody else's property," she began in an authoritative tone.

The assistant approached with deference.

"Will it grow well in the mountains?" she inquired.

"Yes, madam."

"What'll it sell for if it won't?" she snapped. "If it does well in the sun, will the shade hurt it?"

"Oh, no, madam."

"What?" she exclaimed. "You tell me it will thrive equally well in sunshine or shade? Young man, you don't know your business. Fetch the manager."

The manager was summoned. Even he quailed before her, but, at the death than the man.

August C. Hahnfeld is the creator of these two minute pieces of art, and, what is more, he has just completed the construction of a machine and die that will transfer the portrait of the President onto the heads of an unlimited number of pins.

Mr. Hahnfeld is a former engraver at the bureau of engraving and printing in Berlin, 1921, when he came to the United States, he brought the work of cutting a portrait on a pinhead right into the bureau, he worked at nights at his home under a powerful light and a microscope, and used the regular engraving tools, but those of the most delicate type.

Treatment Idea.

"This car has all the latest attachments, eh?" said the salesman. "Some have bobber, dome lights, spot lights, foot warmers—"

"Well and good," broke in Mr. Crane, "but I want a car with an attachment on the bumper that releases a bouquet of flowers when it comes in contact with a pedestrian."

The Custard Cup

By Florence Bingham Livingston

Copyright by Florence Bingham Livingston

CHAPTER IV

Uncle Jerry.

Many times Mrs. Penfield had speculated about the identity of the man who had been searching for her—who had even trained her to The Custard Cup and then failed to find her. Several days had passed since Thalia received the letter, and she had answered it, but not another word had been received from which she had supposed that the man from whom she had separated herself so long ago had given up all claim for her. That past was filled with painful memories.

It was not an unasked joy to know that he had not forgotten her, and that he had not at any moment abandoned the search, but the sufferings of those years were not to be forgotten in a moment. The very sound of his name had stirred bitter, long-forgotten recollections into renewed life, and she had not yet progressed out of agony through the commonplaces of daily routine.

Inevitably, since imagination is a more vivid artist than truth, there was an exaggerated the possibilities of the approaching meeting, and the dread which she was far from feeling was the dread of disappointment. She had built up in fancy a heroic figure of the hell with the serene conviction that a neighbor would be coming.

"Good morning," she called bright-ly, as the door was flung open.

A man stood on the warped board that was the place of front porch. He was about fifty years old, rugged, with a shock of iron-gray hair, a week of out-of-doors and hard work, brown as a berry.

"Good morning, ma'am," he replied. Mrs. Penfield with a smile of disappointment and relief, which somehow checked the rest of her glad greeting at the point where it began. Her brown eyes looked a question.

"Am I supposed to know you?" she asked, at last.

"I was hoping you'd guess me," he said, and at the sound of his voice the narrow alley fell away.

Mrs. Penfield shook her head.

"Then I'll tell you," he said, in a voice that was not without a tremor of disappointment. "I'm your Uncle Jerry."

"My Uncle Jerry! I didn't know I had one."

He laughed. "Wasn't James Winston your father?"

"Yes." Her eyes widened.

"Then I'm your uncle," said John Jerome Winston.

Mrs. Penfield extended her hands. "Come right in," she said. "I'm glad to see a relative in the world. I'm lonely."

Jerry Winston entered, walking with a limp that he had acquired when his hand against his side with a gesture of pain. "Not much on me," he explained presently. "Lumber rang me. Fell on a log. Broke my left hand of life, but I was lucky to get off so easy."

They sat in the parlor for several hours, and were absorbed in thoughts that were not of the present, and had not roused. It was the first time since his boyhood that Jerry Winston had been face to face with a member of his own family, and he had forgotten himself voluntarily, called by the free life of the mountains, and those with whom he had associated for years. He was only at rare intervals, and all wanderers and outcasts are drawn to the fireside of a settled existence.

Jerry Winston viewed his threat-ened injury more I got to tell you, but myself," he began. "Lor', it's good to see a human face and hear a live fire had to give up. Seems like I've been a stranger in my country. I could send you when I was a young man, but I'm afraid you wouldn't care any longer. That's why I was afraid to write. Thought I didn't keep in touch. I'd be added quickly, and you don't want 'cause the family didn't forgive me. I'm a rolling stone, always going into the storm, as they'd planned, and I'm getting old. I'm thinking of settling down a bit."

"And your living from it?" asked Mrs. Penfield, with a little regretful sigh.

He hesitated. "Yes, a few blocks of timber, nothing regular," he said, whether I shall hang 'round or move on presently."

"Then you mean you can't find work?"

"No. You mean you can't find work?"

"I'm trying out one or two things," he said, evasively.

Mrs. Penfield looked at him. At this time the evasion was unnoticed. Her own affairs were in such a tangle that she had pressed the matter. "I do hope you'll stay," she said, with a little quiver. "There ain't nobody left—nobody!"

"Nobody!" he repeated.

"Nobody but me," she said. "Neither of my family nor—I had a few years of happiness with a man that I'll tell you about some time, but he died, and left me in poverty.

"Poverty's a pretty tough," he put in awkwardly. "Looks like your old man had been pretty well fixed for a time. But I guess he wasn't really to blame. I've been a rolling stone myself, for years, and, in front of a fire, I'm a rolling stone still. Maybe a small piece of timber, and a hatful of nails—" signaled Mrs. Penfield.

"And mind," she said, "you know God can't forgive you unless you do."

Then the mixed chorus said slowly: "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name."

Lettie forgot her bumper momentarily, and whispered to her little wife. "That beats me," she commented. "I've been down there that way myself, and I've been in the Salvation Army."

"Sh-sh-sh!" signaled Mrs. Penfield.

"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven