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H. H. Benneman, of Millington, has a big stock of all kinds of Christmas goods. Call and see his stock.

That Speech of Barney's

By Ina Wright Hanson

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Had Irinda been beautiful or had she known that there were times when she was very charming indeed it never would have happened.

Irinda's worst fault was morbidness when she remembered that she was sallow and pale eyed and had sandy hair when she would have preferred pink and white complexion, dark eyes and golden hair. She would have added dimples and beautifully arched eyebrows, too, if she could have had her way about it. As a matter of fact, it was only when she was remembering her ugliness that she really was ugly. Her face in her times of forgetting pictured quite pleasantly her pure spirit and loving heart.

Irinda and a jolly lot of other music lovers were on a train bound for San

HER EYES WANDERED TO THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE CAR.

Francisco and a week of grand opera. Jim, her satellite, was along, not because he appreciated grand opera, but because he appreciated Irinda.

So much for the hero and heroine. Next the villain, to whom his Celtic mother had given a ravishing pair of blue eyes and a tongue tuned to soft words. Barney was not a villainous villain at all—just a warm hearted boy who loved everybody and wanted to be loved by everybody in turn. He must have the villain's part because there cannot be a second hero and because—But you shall see.

As the train sped along Jim went to the smoker—not to smoke, for he had never learned how, but because he feared Irinda might be tiring of him. Barney immediately took his place.

Soon after a lady and gentleman boarded the train. As Irinda's seat had been turned so that her back was toward the engine, the newcomers were in full view of her. The lady bent her head, and some rice fell from her smart brown turban. The gentleman smiled, and the lady's cheeks went red as roses. Then she opened her magazine and tried to look unconscious.

"Oh, Barney," breathed Irinda, "isn't the bride lovely? Do look at that butterfly in her veil just at the corner of her sweet red mouth! See that perfect curve from her forehead to her chin as she looks out the window. Now, quick, Barney, she is turning to her husband. See her beautiful eyes. They're as brown as her dainty hat."

Barney's ravishing eyes glanced at the beautiful lady, Barney's quick mind took in the situation, and Barney's warm heart rose to the occasion. Smilingly he turned to Irinda.

"Why, I never think of a woman's looks, whether she has a pretty face or not. That doesn't appeal to me. When I know a woman she attracts me or not according to whether or not she has magnetism. Magnetism is as good a name as any other for what no one understands. But, believe me, Irinda, magnetism is the charm of a woman, not a pretty face."

Barney's blue eyes said so much more than his tongue, rolling ever so slightly his "r's," that Irinda's colorless face flushed becomingly. The eyes said that she, Irinda Bowen, had the magnetism, or whatever it was, and that it had never occurred to Barney whether or not she was pretty.

Happy thoughts fluttered around Irinda for the rest of the journey. Barney left her, and Jim came back. She smiled at him. He didn't know it was an impersonal smile, born of Barney's words. She remembered the day when she had cried out fiercely at her lack of beauty, and Jim had answered:

"What difference does it make what you look like? You are always beautiful to me, Irinda."

He never knew why she had pushed him away when he would have put his arms around her. Stupid old Jim couldn't know that he had made a tacit acknowledgment of her ugliness, while Barney—why, Barney had never thought anything about it.

Grand opera week went by in a diapason of glory. Irinda was wonderfully happy, and every day she told herself shyly and with many blushes how much she was caring for Barney. It was not till they were homeward bound that the tragedy happened.

The tragedy? No, it was not the train leaving the rails and plunging down an embankment. It was only Barney's pleasant voice, rolling ever so slightly his r's—it was only Barney making this remark to Alderly, the chaperon's husband:

"I have been noticing the ladies in this car, and I don't believe I ever saw so many beautiful ones together. Don't you know it is rare to find a really beautiful woman? If her eyes are fine, something is wrong with her chin; if her nose"—

Irinda felt sick and voluntarily closed her ears, while her sun seemed to leave its horizon. Barney, who never thought of a woman's looks, was discussing woman's beauty! Then he had not meant what he had said to her at all.

Irinda felt very much as she had when some one told her that George Washington and his little hatchet and William Tell and the apple were probably only pleasant stories. But at the same time she was suddenly conscious that she did not love and never had loved Barney. Her eyes wandered to the opposite side of the car, where Jim sat alone. A little flicker of sunshine was touching his brown hair with gold. Irinda, with a quick indrawing of her breath, remembered that it had looked just so the morning her mother died.

The doctor had told them—her father and herself—that the sick one could not live through the day, and he had gone away and left them to their sorrow. Miserably father and daughter had communed together. She must be told, but each shrank from the telling. Just then Jim had come. He had been like a son to Irinda's mother, and they relegated the task to him, knowing that Jim never had shirked a duty in his life.

She remembered how he had gone about it—not smoothing over the sad facts at all, but with eyes and manner and words so full of sympathy and tenderness and stanch hope of the unknown future that death seemed to lose something of its dread. And as she, at the foot of the bed, had lifted up her tear stained face she saw a ray of sunlight touch Jim's hair just as it was doing now.

She tried to picture Barney in the death chamber. He would not have lacked in sympathy, but he would have tried to bring encouragement where no encouragement could be. She drew contrasts as she watched the brown hair turning golden—contrasts between foam of the sea and the cool blue depths of the ocean itself, between a bending reed and a sturdy pine, between irresponsibility and true heartedness. Then she went over to the seat where Jim sat alone. The face he turned toward her startled her with its sternness.

"Irinda, I have loved you for a long time, but you've always put me off from telling you. It may as well be settled now and forever. I want you for my wife, and I'll do my best to make you happy. I don't want any trifling, child. Just plain yes or no."

"Jim, if you really want any one so selfish and ugly and foolish as I am I'm sure you're more than welcome. I'm not worthy to be your wife, though," she replied humbly.

"Thou art all that is fair to me, my beloved."

Jim's voice was hushed as one who prays. His eyes, looking down reverently at his little sweetheart, were wondrous in their great happiness, and Irinda, though tearful, smiled contentedly in answer.

Organ Grinder's Winter Resort.

The organ grinders of America, no less than the millionaires, have their winter resort. The organ grinders' winter resort is Italy, the Italian Riviera, and every boat that sails for Naples or Genoa in the late autumn has a steerage crowded with organ grinders. These men do so well in the spring and summer that they can afford a winter at home. Their home is a lovely one, far different from what they would get if they stayed in America. They sit at home on ancient stone benches in the sunny squares of little mountain towns. Behind them rise in the blue and gold air the pale pinnacles of the Maritime Alps. Before them, but far below, stretches the blue and glistening floor of the sea, with tiny ships coming and going. Yes, it is very pleasant for the organ grinders at home. Palms bloom everywhere. Oranges, yellow as gold, shine among the foliage. The air is sweet with the perfume of the great rose and violet farms that feed the voracious perfume factories of Grasse. And it is cheap. For 10 or 15 cents a day an organ grinder can be as happy in his winter resort as the millionaire can be in his for $10 or $15.

President Tyler's Feasts.

President Tyler's dinners were, on a large scale, those of a wealthy Virginia planter, and as the greater part of the provisions came from his own plantation at Greenway Court they tickled the palates of the most exacting epicure. He employed a negro cook from his old home, one who knew how to do to a turn fried chicken and to shave off the delicious pink slices of baked ham. These hams were considered the finest that ever graced a table, and the Virginia porkers of today, famed the world over, might well pride themselves on their noble ancestry, that were as carefully prepared for the table as a thoroughbred horse for a race. For six months they were let run wild in the oak woods to feed off acorns, supplemented by a little corn in the morning and evening. When they were in their second autumn they were turned into the cornfield after the harvest, then let run in the loosely harvested fields of black eyed peas, after which they were fed on selected corn until shortly before the holidays, when they were killed, then smoked for several months by hickory chips and finally rubbed down well with moist brown sugar.—Home Magazine.

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WHITEWASHING THE BOOKS.

Interesting New Year's Ceremony on Uncle Sam's Warships.

There is a sort of modification of a round robin custom still clung to in the navy—the request for a "whitewashing of the books." It was inaugurated many years ago by the men whose misconduct or delinquency caused their names to be inscribed on the bad conduct class lists, who were therefore not permitted to go ashore for months at a time. On New Year's morning on many of the ships of the United States navy the men thus quarantined aboard ship assemble at the mast and request permission of the officer of the deck to have a powwow with the commanding officer. The skipper appears at the mast, and one of the men, selected by lot for the job, steps out of the ranks of the delinquents and hands to the commanding officer a tin pail filled with freshly made whitewash, with a new whitewash brush stuck in it. All commanding officers understand the meaning of this funny pantomime without a word being spoken. Put in words it means this:

"Please, sir, Mr. Commanding Officer Man, will you be good enough to whitewash the bad conduct books on this first day of a new year, on condition that we be good henceforth and forever, time without end, and let us fellows get off this blooming old packet and go ashore and stretch our legs and have fun with ourselves, like the fellows whose names are not down on the bad conduct books?"

The bland pantomimic fashion of asking a big favor en masse at the hands of the skipper very often succeeds. If the commanding officer accepts the bucket of whitewash at the hands of the man who extends it to him the men may generally know that he intends to accede to their request, but if he does not accept it and tells the man to put it down on the deck, adding that he will give the matter his consideration, the men correctly conclude that they haven't made their little game of wheedling go through.—Washington Star.

UNCLE SAM'S GREETING.

How the Naval Observatory Wishes the World "Happy New Year."

Once a year, at New Year's, the United States naval observatory at Washington allows itself a little diversion that requires a good deal of trouble to arrange. At midnight on New Year's eve the scientists of the institution send a telegraphic greeting around the world.

The scheme is prearranged with the telegraph, cable and telephone companies, and the progress of the message from point to point is indicated on a large map of the world, 21 by 42 feet, by the flashing of little electric lamps. The speed with which the message can be transmitted to various points has been observed and recorded.

For example, the Lick observatory in California is reached in no time at all—five-hundredths of a second—the Tacubaya observatory in Mexico in eleven-hundredths of a second, Manila in thirty-seven-hundredths of a second, Greenwich, England, in 1.33 seconds, the coast survey station, Alaska, in 1.7 seconds, and the Cordoba observatory, Argentina, in 7.7 seconds.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Peter Stuyvesant's New Year.

The custom of celebrating New Year's day in our own country is largely due to the Dutch. Old Peter Stuyvesant made much of the day, and cheery assemblages were held at the governor's home in New Amsterdam. The Dutch method of kissing the women for "a happy new year" was observed and toll taken of all who were young and handsome. In fact, during the reign of Peter Stuyvesant New Amsterdam was the most thoroughly bekissed country in all Christendom and formed a marked contrast to the staid Puritans, who thought the observance of this day savored strongly of reverence for the god Janus and who made no note of their first New Year's day in the new world save to record, "We went to work betimes."—New York Evening Post.

New Year's Bells.

In England the year is ushered in by a peal of bells bursting forth upon the midnight air from every steeple far and near, telling the people that they are on the threshold of another twelvemonth. Charles Lamb said of these bells: "Of all sounds of all bells—bells the music nighest bordering on heaven—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear them without a gathering up to a concentration of all the images that have diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered in that regretted time I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies."—New York Evening Post.

New Year's In Caesar's Time.

At the Roman festivals of the god Janus, held on the calendar of January, gifts and good wishes were exchanged, friends met together, and feasting and dancing, masking and mumming were the order of the day. January derives its name from the god Janus, who was represented with two faces looking in opposite directions, as the month was considered both to look back upon the past year and forward to that which was coming.—Buffalo Times.

In France and Germany.

In France, where more presents are given at New Year's even than Christmas, family gatherings are held and healths drunk, while in the cafes in Paris many a gay little party may be seen seated at the tables drinking in the new year. A similar custom is now prevalent in Germany, where the wish is "Prosit Neu Jahr" ("May the New Year be happy").

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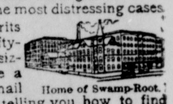
If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work.

Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidney trouble.

Kidney trouble causes quick or unsteady heart beats, and makes one feel as though they had heart trouble, because the heart is over-working in pumping thick, kidney-poisoned blood through veins and arteries.

It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all constitutional diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root,** the great kidney remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases, and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.



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If you are troubled with sick headache, pains in the top or back of the head, or in the eyes, come and have them thoroughly examined by Dr. Pine. If these troubles are caused by defective vision, the doctor will tell you so, and if from other causes he will be just as candid with you.

Dr. Pine comes to me very highly recommended and a great number of you know him already as being thoroughly competent and reliable.

Bring your old glasses with you and see if they are the proper kind. There will be no charge for examination and he will fit you with glasses at the most reasonable prices. At

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Peach Trees

TO DISPOSE OF.

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