THE LIGHT IN THE CLEARING

A TALE OF THE NORTH COUNTRY IN THE TIME OF SILAS WRIGHT

By

IRVING BACHELLER

AUTHOR OF
EBEN HOLDEN, D'RI AND I, DARREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES, KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE, ETC., ETC

COPYRIGHT NINETEEN-FIFTEEN, IRVING BACHELLER

BARTON RUNS AWAY AND MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF SILAS WRIGHT, JR.

Synopsis.—Barton Baynes, an orphan, goes to live with his uncle, Peabody Baynes, and his Aunt Deel on a farm on Rattleroad, in a neighborhood called Lickitysplit, about the year 1826. He meets Sally Dunkelberg, about his own age, but socially of a class above the Bayneses, and is fascinated by her pretty face and fine clothes. Barton also meets Roving Kate, known in the neighborhood as the "Silent Woman." Amos Grimshaw, a young son of the richest man in the township, is a visitor at the Baynes home and Roving Kate tells the boys' fortunes, predicting a bright future for Barton and death on the gallows for Amos.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

—3—

"We'll draw him up on it—it won't hurt him any," he proposed.

I looked at him in silence. My heart smote me, but I hadn't courage to take issue with the owner of a silver watch. When the dog began to struggle I threw my arms about him and cried. Aunt Deel happened to be near. She came and saw Amos pulling at the rope and me trying to save the dog.

"Come right down off'n that mow—this minute," said she.

When we had come down and the dog had followed, pulling the rope after him, Aunt Deel was pale with anger.

"Go right home—right home," said she to Amos.

"Mr. Baynes said that he would take me up with the horses," said Amos.

"Ye can use shanks' horses—ayes!—they're good enough for you," Aunt Deel insisted, and so the boy went away in disgrace.

"Where are your pennies?" Aunt Deel said to me.

I felt in my pockets but couldn't find them.

"Where did ye have 'em last?" my aunt demanded.

"On the haymow."

"Come an' show me."

We went to the mow and searched for the pennies, but not one of them could we find.

I remembered that when I saw them last Amos had them in his hand.

"I'm awful 'fraid for him—ayes I be!" said Aunt Deel. "I'm 'fraid Rovin' Kate was right about him—ayes!"

"What did she say?" I asked.

"That he was goin' to be hung—ayes! You can't play with him no more. Boys that take what don't belong to 'em—which I hope he didn't—ayes I hope it awful—are apt to be hung by their necks until they are dead—jest as he was goin' to hang ol' Shep—ayes!—they are!"

Uncle Peabody seemed to feel very bad when he learned how Amos had turned out.

"Don't say a word about it," said he. "Mebbe you lost the pennies. Don't mind 'em."

Soon after that, one afternon, Aunt Deel came down in the field where we were dragging. While she

When the Dog Began to Struggle, I Threw My Arms About Him and Cried.

was talking with Uncle Peabody an idea occurred to me, and the dog and I ran for the house. There was a pot of honey on the top shelf of the pantry and ever since I had seen it put there I had cherished secret desires.

I ran into the deserted house, and with the aid of a chair climbed to the first shelf and then to the next, and reached into the pan and drew out a comb of honey, and with no delay whatever it went to my mouth. Suddenly it seemed to me that I had been hit by lightning. It was the sting of a bee. I felt myself going and made a wild grab and caught the edge of the pan and down we came to the floor—the pan and I—with a great crash.

I discovered that I was in desperate pain and trouble and I got to my feet and ran. I didn't know where I was going. It seemed to me that any other place would be better than that. My feet took me toward the barn and I crawled under it and hid there. My lip began to feel better, by and by, but big and queer. It stuck out so that I could see it. I heard my uncle coming with the horses. I concluded that I would stay where I was, but the dog came and sniffed and barked at the hole through which I had crawled as if saying, "Here he is!" My position was untenable. I came out. Shep began trying to clean my clothes with his tongue. Uncle Peabody stood near with the horses. He looked at me. He stuck his finger into the honey on my coat and smelt it.

"Well, by—" he stopped and came closer and asked.

"What's happened?"

"Bee stung me," I answered.

"Where did ye find so much honey that ye could go swimmin' in it?" he asked.

I heard the door of the house open suddenly and the voice of Aunt Deel.

"Peabody; Peabody, come here quick," she called.

Uncle Peabody ran to the house, but I stayed out with the dog.

Through the open door I heard Aunt Deel saying: "I can't stan' it any longer and I won't—not another day—ayes, I can't stan' it. That boy is a reg'lar pest."

They came out on the veranda. Uncle Peabody said nothing, but I could see that he couldn't stand it either. My brain was working fast.

"Come here, sir," Uncle Peabody called.

I knew it was serious, for he had never called me "sir" before. I went slowly to the steps.

"My Lord!" Aunt Deel exclaimed. "Look at that lip and the honey all over him—ayes! I tell ye—I can't stan' it."

"Say, boy, is there anything on this place that ye ain't tipped over?" Uncle Peabody asked in a sorrowful tone. "Wouldn't ye like to tip the house over?"

I was near breaking down in this answer:

"I went into the but'ry and that pan jumped on to me."

"Didn't you taste the honey?"

"No," I drew in my breath and shook my head.

"Liar, too!" said Aunt Deel. "I can't stan' it an' I won't."

Uncle Peabody was sorely tried, but he was keeping down his anger. His voice trembled as he said:

"Boy, I guess you'll have to—"

Uncle Peabody stopped. He had been driven to the last ditch, but he had not stepped over it. However, I knew what he had started to say and sat down on the steps in great dejection. Shep followed, working at my coat with his tongue.

I think the sight of me must have touched the heart of Aunt Deel.

"Peabody Baynes, we mustn't be cruel," said she in a softer tone, and then she brought a rag and began to assist Shep in the process of cleaning my coat. "Good land! He's got to stay here—ayes!—he ain't got no other place to go to."

"But if you can't stan' it," said Uncle Peabody.

"I've got to stan' it—ayes!—I can't stan' it, but I've got to—ayes! So have you."

Aunt Deel put me to bed although it was only five o'clock. As I lay looking up at the shingles a singular resolution came to me. It was born of my longing for the companionship of my kind and of my resentment. I would go and live with the Dunkelbergs. I would go the way they had gone and find them. I knew it was ten miles away, but of course everybody knew where the Dunkelbergs lived and any one would show me. I would run and get there before dark and tell them that I wanted to live with them and every day I would play with Sally Dunkelberg. Uncle Peabody was not half as nice to play with as she was.

I heard Uncle Peabody drive away. I watched him through the open window. I could hear Aunt Deel washing the dishes in the kitchen. I got out of bed very slyly and put on my Sunday clothes. I went to the open window. The sun had just gone over the top of the woods. I would have to hurry to get to the Dunkelbergs' before dark. I crept out on the top of the shed and descended the ladder that leaned against it. I stood a moment listening. The dooryard was covered with shadows and very still. The dog must have gone with Uncle Peabody. I ran through the garden to the road and down it as fast as my bare feet could carry me. In that direction the nearest house was almost a mile away. I remember I was out of breath, and the light was growing dim before I got to it. I went on. It seemed to me that I had gone nearly far enough to reach my destination when I heard a buggy coming behind me.

"Hello!" a voice called.

I turned and looked up at Dug Draper, in a single buggy, dressed in his Sunday suit.

"Is it much further to where the Dunkelbergs live?" I asked.

"The Dunkelbergs? Who be they?"

It seemed to me very strange that he didn't know the Dunkelbergs.

"Where Sally Dunkelberg lives."

That was a clincher. He laughed and swore and said:

"Git in here, boy. I'll take ye there."

I got into the buggy, and he struck his horse with the whip and went galloping away in the dusk.

By and by we passed Rovin' Kate. I could just discern her ragged form by the roadside and called to her. He struck his horse and gave me a rude shake and bade me shut up.

It was dark and I felt very cold and began to wish myself home in bed.

"Ain't we most to the Dunkelbergs'?" I asked.

"No—not yet," he answered.

I burst into tears and he shook me roughly and shoved me down on the buggy floor and said:

"You lay there and keep still; do you hear?"

"Yes," I sobbed.

I lay shaking with fear and fighting my sorrow and keeping as still as I could with it, until, wearied by the strain, I fell asleep.

What befell me that night while I dreamed of playing with the sweet-faced girl I have wondered often. Some time in the night Dug Draper had reached the village of Canton and got rid of me. He had probably put me out at the water trough. Kind hands had picked me up and carried me to a little veranda that fronted the door of a law office. There I slept peacefully until daylight, when I felt a hand on my face and awoke suddenly. I remember that I felt cold. A kindly faced man was leaning over me.

"Hello, boy!" said he. "Where did you come from?"

I was frightened and confused, but his gentle voice reassured me.

"Uncle Peabody!" I called, as I arose and looked about me and began to cry.

The man lifted me in his arms and held me close to his breast and tried to comfort me. I remember seeing the Silent Woman pass while I was in his arms.

"Tell me what's your name," he urged.

"Barton Baynes," I said as soon as I could speak.

"Where do you live?"

"In Lickitysplit."

"How did you get here?"

"Dug Draper brought me. Do you know where Sally Dunkelberg lives?"

"Is she the daughter of Horace Dunkelberg?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Horace Dunkelberg," I amended.

"Oh, yes, I know her. Sally is a friend of mine. We'll get some breakfast and then we'll go and find her."

He carried me through the open door of his office and set me down at his desk. The cold air of the night had chilled me and I was shivering.

"You sit there and I'll have a fire going in a minute and get you warmed up."

He wrapped me in his coat and went into the back room and built a fire in a small stove and brought me in and set me down beside it. He made some porridge in a kettle while I sat holding my little hands over the stove to warm them, and a sense of comfort grew in me.

He dipped some porridge into bowls and put them on a small table. My eyes had watched him with growing interest and I got to the table about as soon as the porridge and mounted a chair and seized a spoon.

"One moment, Bart," said my host. "By jingo! We've forgotten to wash and you're face looks like the dry bed of a river. Come here a minute."

He led me out of the back door, where there were a wash-stand and a pail and tin basin and a dish of soft soap. He dipped the pail in a rain barrel and filled the basin, and I washed myself and waited not upon my host, but made for the table and began to eat, being very hungry, after hastily drying my face on a towel. In a minute he came and sat down to his own porridge and bread and butter.

When he had finished eating he set aside the dishes and I asked:

"Now could I go and see Sally Dunkelberg?"

"What in the world do you want of Sally Dunkelberg?" he asked.

"Oh, just to play with her," I said as I showed him how I could sit on my hands and raise myself from the chair bottom.

"Haven't you any one to play with at home?"

"Only my Uncle Peabody."

"Don't you like to play with him?"

"Oh, some, but he can't stand me any longer. He's all tired out, and my Aunt Deel, too. I've tipped over every single thing on that place. I tipped over the honey yesterday—spilt it all over everything and rooend my clothes. I'm a reg'ler pest. So I want to play with Sally Dunkelberg. I want to play with her a little while—just a wee little while."

"Forward, march!" said he and away we started for the home of the Dunkelbergs. The village interested me immensely. I had seen it only twice before. People were moving about in the streets. One thing I did not fail to notice. Every man we met touched his hat as he greeted my friend.

It was a square, frame house—that of the Dunkelbergs—large for that village, and had a big dooryard with trees in it. As we came near the gate I saw Sally Dunkelberg playing with other children among the trees. Suddenly I was afraid and began to hang back. I looked down at my bare feet and my clothes, both of which were dirty. Sally and her friends had stopped their play and were standing in a group looking at us. I heard Sally whisper:

"It's that Baynes boy. Don't he look dirty?"

I stopped and withdrew my hand from that of my guide.

"Come on, Bart," he said.

I shook my head and stood looking over at that little, hostile tribe near me.

"Go and play with them while I step into the house," he urged.

Again I shook my head.

"Well, then, you wait here a moment," said my new-found friend.

He left me and I sat down upon the ground, thoughtful and silent.

In a moment my friend came out with Mrs. Dunkelberg, who kissed me, and asked me to tell how I happened to be there.

"I just thought I would come," I said as I twisted a button on my coat, and would say no more to her.

"Mr. Wright, you're going to take him home, are you?" Mrs. Dunkelberg asked.

"Yes. I'll start off with him in an hour or so," said my friend. "I am

A Kindly Faced Man Was Leaning Over Me.

interested in this boy and I want to see his aunt and uncle."

"Well, Sally, you go down to the office and stay with Bart until they go."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" the man asked of me.

"I don't know," I said.

"That means yes," said the man.

Sally and another little girl came with us and passing a store I held back to look at many beautiful things in a big window.

"Is there anything you'd like there, Bart?" the man asked.

"I wisht I had a pair o' them shiny shoes with buttons on," I answered in a low, confidential tone, afraid to express, openly, a wish so extravagant.

"Come right in," he said, and I remember that when we entered the store I could hear my heart beating.

He bought a pair of shoes for me and I would have them on at once, and made it necessary for him to buy a pair of socks also. After the shoes were buttoned on my feet I saw little of Sally Dunkelberg or the other people of the village, my eyes being on my feet most of the time.

The man took us into his office and told us to sit down until he could write a letter.

Barton goes to town and again sees Sally Dunkelberg, but his experience on this occasion is not so pleasant as at their first meeting. His friendship with the great Silas Wright, however, progresses more favorably.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WROTE MESSAGES WITH DYE

Material for Invisible Writing Used by German Spy Was Obtained From Silk Hosiery.

A cleverly designed method of outwitting the government officials and furnishing information to the enemy was revealed in the early days of the war by the arrest of a man in Paterson, N. J., by naval intelligence officers.

The man, held as an alleged spy in a jail in Brooklyn, is said to have come from Holland and to have been employed in a silk dyeing establishment in Paterson. His unique method of sending messages to Germany called for the use of silk hosiery of a peculiar dye. It is said that he had received a dozen pairs of these socks from German agents in Holland and that his method was to soak them in water and use the coloring matter which they gave forth as a writing fluid. As this dried it became invisible until brought out by a special process, which, however, the federal agents are said to have worked out.

They, in turn, in learning the secret, opened his letters and changed the contents and forwarded the letters. The information thus received by the Germans proved of little use to them.

But for a long time, it is said, there was not enough evidence on which to convict this man, until one day through carelessness he left one of the socks where a naval intelligence officer found it. When confronted with this the man is said to have confessed to the entire project.

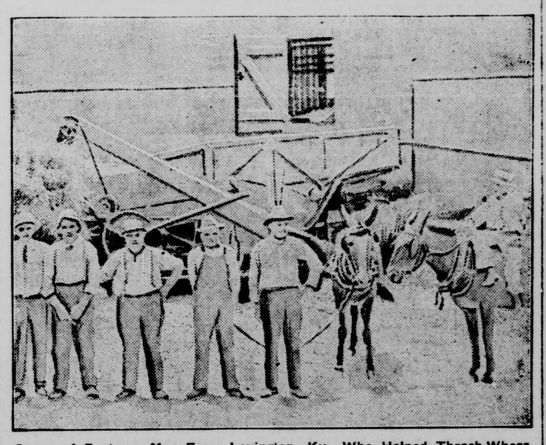
British Air Uniform.

British air ministry announces in London that a light blue uniform has been approved for officers, and airmen of the royal air force. Some months must elapse before the new uniform can be generally provided, but khaki uniform will shortly be available, and will gradually be replaced by blue uniform.

Gas Masks for Horses.

The war department recently announced that more than 5,000 gas masks for horses were being turned out daily by the gas defense service and that they are being shipped at once to France for the use of the animals employed by the American expeditionary forces.

CITY PEOPLE AND FARMERS NOW WORKING TOGETHER FOR GOOD OF ALL CONCERNED



Group of Business Men From Lexington, Ky., Who Helped Thrash Wheat.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

One of the greatest achievements of the farm-labor activities conducted by the United States department of agriculture during the past year in farming sections all over the country where labor was needed was the establishment of cordial co-operation and sympathetic understanding between farmers and local business men, department specialists state.

City Folks Help Harvest.

As a result of this co-operation crops have been harvested by aid of the business men from cities and towns in hundreds of localities where large losses would undoubtedly have resulted from lack of labor. About 35,000 town and city dwellers helped harvest in Kansas, 15,000 in Nebraska, 20,000 in Oregon, 10,000 in Missouri, 12,000 in Indiana, 25,000 in Illinois, and proportionate numbers in practically all other states. The farmer has thus learned that local town and city folks can assist greatly in this emergency work, and has come to look with favor upon their co-operation. The effect has been to bring farmer and town resident into more cordial relations.

Provide Harvest Labor.

The results achieved along this line are especially helpful toward providing the harvest labor needed in a constantly enlarging agricultural program. Too much emphasis, it is believed, cannot be placed upon the phase of the labor that has to do with bringing into close co-operation and alignment all the forces which have more or less to do with the labor problem and framing a program that will eliminate as far as possible the loss due to having an oversupply of labor at certain places and shortage at others, and that will make possible the use of all the local labor to the fullest extent and thus save transportation of workers from distant areas and necessary loss of time occasioned in such travel.

The success in dealing with the farm labor situation during the past year is thought to justify confidence in meeting any situation that may develop in 1919.

SOY BEANS QUITE VALUABLE

May Be Combined Advantageously in Many Systems of Crop Rotations —Seed Is Valuable.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The soy bean may be combined advantageously in many systems of crop rotations. It is especially adapted to short rotations, taking either an entire season or a part of a season following some grain crop. The cash value of the seed is sufficient to encourage growing the beans as one of the main crops. When the whole season is thus devoted to soy beans, they may take any place in a rotation system where corn can be used. In the southern states the crop is adapted to practically the same place in rotations as cowpeas.

The small grains may follow soy beans, and the soil requires but little preparation after a crop of soy beans. In North Carolina and Tennessee a soy bean crop is often grown between two wheat crops or between two oat crops. A rotation of corn, soy beans, wheat, and clover is practiced quite generally in many sections north of the Ohio river. In some sections the soy bean is substituted for oats in such four-year rotations as corn, oats, wheat, and clover or potatoes, oats, wheat, and clover. The soy bean can also be used as a catch crop where new seedlings or grass and clover have failed and on wheat or oat stubble fields where clover or grass has not been sown or has not succeeded. As a crop after early potatoes or cannery peas and as an orchard cover crop, the soy bean is highly recommended, as it will produce a large quantity of fall pasturage or material for plowing under on soils in need of organic matter.

TEMPERATURE OF THE WATER

At Depth of 40 to 60 Feet It Is About 50 Degrees—Uniform Throughout the Year.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The temperature of ground water varies with latitude, season, depth and geological conditions. Ordinarily at a depth of forty to sixty feet it is about 50 degrees, and is nearly uniform throughout the year. At lesser depth seasonal and atmospheric changes are likely to affect it. Hence if there is much fluctuation in the temperature, or if the water is made turbid by rains, a supply of shallow origin is indicated. Deep ground waters are generally progressively warmer the deeper obtained, the increase running about one degree for each fifty to sixty feet increase in depth.

TEMPERATURE FOR CHURNING

Very Common Practice During Winter Weather to Permit Cream to Get Too Cold.

During the cold months of the year cream should be churned at a higher temperature than during the summer months. For this reason a careful regulatnon of the temperature is necessary to give the proper ease in churning. If the temperature at which one churns is not high during the winter months, the cream must be churned a longer time to form butter. One may churn at so low a temperature that butter will not form with a reasonable amount of churning. It is a very common practice during the winter to allow the cream to become so cold that it will not churn.

Protecting Young Trees.

To protect young trees from mice and other injurious rodents, use hardware cloth which has a mesh one-fourth inch square and cut it into strips so that it will fit around the trees.

DOU YOU KNOW—

That it costs about as much to raise a 500-pound scrub as it does to raise a 1,000-pound well-bred steer?

That there is nothing better than alfalfa hay for balancing a ration?

That a dairy cow requires an ounce of salt a day?

That some form of protein (skim milk, buttermilk, tankage, or meat scrap) is needed to keep up winter egg production?

That a high tight board fence on the north and west side of the barnyard saves feed and makes a comfortable sunning place for stock in winter?

FARMERS AND BUSINESS MEN

Young Man of Present Day Learns by Study and Practice of Modern Business Methods.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Farming is being adapted more and more to a business basis, and farmers are being recognized by the business men of the cities as having real business standing. The expression, "Farmers and business men," has become "Farmers and other business men." Once the young man learned the farming trade by working mostly with his father and brothers; now he learns farming in that way and also in school and college, and by the study and practice of modern business methods, so that he becomes a different type of farmer from the countryman of one or two generations ago.

The demand of the present farmer has brought about a new method of dealing with him and supplying him with any available information he may desire. It is recognized that it is not good practice to load farmers with advice—to tell them what to do and when to do it—and this changed attitude brings more satisfactory relations to all concerned. It has resulted in freer consultation and the arrival at safer conclusions and more correct practices than could possibly come from working separately.

WOOD ASHES AS FERTILIZER

Expert Figures That Ton Is Worth $54—Crops Need Every Pound of Potash Obtainable.

Save the wood ashes. At present prices of potash an expert figures that the potash in 100 pounds of hardwood ashes is worth $2.50, and in addition there are in the same ashes 20 cents' worth of phosphoric acid. This would make a ton of dry, hardwood ashes worth $54. At the same rate pine ashes are worth $30 a ton, and should be carefully saved. Give the ashes that come from the stoves and furnaces the same protection and use them on the land just as intelligently as would be given the high-priced commercial fertilizer. The crops will need every pound of potash that can be obtained from ashes and every other available source before the European mines are again operated for export.

FACTORS OF SOIL FERTILITY

Plant Feeding Is Not Simple Problem of Supplying Manure and Commercial Fertilizers.

The expression, "soil fertility" is used to include the factors which make a soil productive. Plant feeding is not a simple problem of supplying manure and commercial fertilizers. An abundance of available plantfood is an essential factor of soil fertility, but there are other important factors.

GIRLS! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

A small bottle of "Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy and wavy.

Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair.

To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—it costs but a few cents—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp, and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this. Adv.

No Humor.

"A lady can't take a joke," declared Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "She hain't built right, or something. Tuther day while my wife was ironing I crope up behind her just for fun, grabbed her by the back of the neck, and yelled, 'Ye-e-e-eow! S-s-s-s-pit!' like a catamount. Well, sir, she gave a whoop and drapped the flatiron on her foot. 'There, now! Looky at you!' says I. 'You mought have drapped that there flatiron on a dog's head or one of the children's, and then there'd have been the dickens to pay. A woman hain't got no sense of youmer!' says I."—Kansas City Star.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcels Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Terrors Conquered.

"You seem as proud of your boy Josh now as you were when he was in the army."

"I am," replied Farmer Corntossel. "Josh is provin' that there isn't anything he's afraid of; not even work."

Cuticura for Sore Hands.

Soak hands on retiring in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do if Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes.—Adv.

Some people bear three kinds of trouble; all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have. —Edw. E. Hale.

The individual who talks about himself incites complaints more often than envy.

Garfield Tea, by purifying the blood, eradicates rheumatism, dyspepsia and many chronic ailments. Adv.

It is only in accord with the eternal fitness of things that the cook should always be on mischief bent.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3542-0070.jpg