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.

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

—16—

"One day the ol' squire got me to dig this grave an' put up the headstone an' then he tol' me the story. He turned the poor gal out o' doors. God o' Israel! It was in the night—yis, sir—it was in the night that he sent her away. Goldarn him! He didn't have no more heart than a grasshopper—no, sir—not a bit. I could 'a' brained him with my shovel. but I didn't.

"I found out where the gal had gone an' I follered her—yis I did—found her in the poorhouse way over on Pussley Hill—uh huh! She jes' put her arms 'round my neck an' cried an' cried. I guess 'twas 'cause I looked kind o' friendly—uh huh! I tol' her she should come right over to our house an' stay jest as long as she wanted to as soon as she got well—yis, sir, I did.

"She was sick all summer long—kind o' out o' her head, ye know, an' I used to go over hossback an' take things fer her to eat. An' one day when I was over there they was wonderin' what they was goin' to do with her little baby. I took it in my arms an' I'll be gol dummed if it didn't grab hold o' my nose an' hang on like a puppy to a root. When they tried to take it away it grabbed its fingers into my whiskers an' hollered like a panther—yis, sir. Wal, ye know I jes' fetched that little baby boy home in my arms, ay uh! My wife scolded me like Sam Hill—yis, sir—she had five of her own. I tol' her I was goin' to take it back in a day er two but after it had been in the house three days ye couldn't 'a' pulled it away from her with a windlass.

"We brought him up an' he was alwuss a good boy. We called him Enoch—Enoch Rone—did ye ever hear the name?"

"'No.'

"I didn't think 'twas likely but I'm alwuss hopin'.

"Early that fall Kate got better an' left the poorhouse afoot. Went away somewheres—nobody knew where. Some said she'd crossed the lake an' gone away over into York state, some said she'd drowned herself. By'm by we heard that she'd gone way over into St. Lawrence county where Silas Wright lives an' where young Grimshaw had settled down after he got married.

"Wal, 'bout five year ago the squire buried his second wife—there 'tis over in there back o' Kate's with the little speckled angel on it. Nobody had seen the squire outside o' his house for years until the funeral—he was crippled so with rheumatiz. After that he lived all 'lone in the big house with ol' Tom Linney an' his wife, who've worked there for 'bout forty year, I guess.

"Wal, sir, fust we knew Kate was there in the house livin' with her father. We wouldn't 'a' knowed it, then, if it hadn't been that Tom Linney come over one day an' said he guessed the ol' squire wanted to see me—no, sir, we wouldn't—fer the squire ain't sociable an' the neighbors never darken his door. She must 'a' come in the night, jest as she went—nobody see her go an' nobody see her come, an' that's a fact. Wal, one day 'as' fall after the leaves was off an' they could see a corner o' my house through the bushes, Tom was walkin' the ol' man 'round the room. All to once he stopped an' p'inted at my house through the winder an' kep' p'intin'. Tom come over an' said he ca'llated the squire wanted to see me. So I went there. Kate met me at the door. Gosh! How old an' kind o' broke down she looked! But I knew her the minute I set my eyes on her—uh huh—an' she knew me—yis, sir—she smiled an' tears come to her eyes an' she patted my hand like she wanted to tell me that she hadn't forgot, but she never said a word—not a word. The ol' squire had the palsy, so 't he couldn't use his hands an' his throat was paralyzed—couldn't speak nor nothin'. Where do ye suppose he was when I found him?"

"In bed?" I asked.

"No, sir—no, siree! He was in hell—that's where he was—reg'lar ol' fashioned, down-east hell, burnin' with fire an' brimstun, that he'd had the agency for an' had recommended to every sinner in the neighborhood. He was settin' in his room. God o' Isr'el! You orto 'a' seen the motions he made with his hands an' the way he tried to speak when I went in there, but all I could hear was jest a long yell an' a kind of a rattle in his throat. Heavens an' airth! how desperit he tried to spit out the thing that was gnawin' his vitals. Ag'in an' ag'in he'd try to tell me. Lord God! how he did work!"

"All to once it come acrost me what he wanted—quick as ye could say scat. He wanted to have Kate's headstun took down an' put away—that's what he wanted. The stun was kind o' layin' on his stummick an' painin' of him day an' night. He couldn't stan' it. He knew that he was goin' to die purty soon an' that Kate would come here an' see it an' that everybody would see her standin' here by her own grave, an' it worried him. It was kind o' like a fire in his belly.

"I guess, too, he couldn't bear the idee of layin' down fer his las' sleep beside that hell hole he'd dug fer Kate—no, sir!

"Wal, ye know, mister, I jes' shook my head an' never let on that I knew what he meant an' let him wiggle an' twist like a worm on a hot griddle, an' beller like a cut bull 'til he fell back in a swoon.

"Damn him! it don't give him no rest. He tries to tell everybody he sees—that's what they say. He bellers day an' night an' if you go down there he'll beller to you an' you'll know what it's about, but the others don't.

"You an' me are the only ones that knows the secret, I guess. Some day, 'fore he dies, I'm goin' to take up that headstun an' hide it, but he'll never know it's done—no, sir—not 'til he gits to the judgment seat, anyway."

The old man rose and straightened himself and blew out his breath and brushed his hands upon his trousers by way of stepping down into this world again out of the close and dusty loft of his memory. But I called him back.

"What has become of Enoch?" I asked.

"Wal, sir, Enoch started off West 'bout three year ago an' we ain't heard a word from him since that day—nary a word, mister. I suppose we will some time. He grew into a good man, but there was a kind of a queer streak in the blood, as ye might say, on both sides kind o'. We've wrote letters out to Wisconsin, where he was p'intin' for, an' to places on the way, but we can't git no news 'bout him. Mebbe he was killed by the Injuns."

We walked out of the graveyard together in silence.

I could see a glimmer of a light in the thicket of pines down the valley. I unhitched and mounted my horse.

"Take the first turn to the right," said the old man as he picked up his scythe.

"I'm very much obliged to you," I said.

"No ye ain't, nuther," he answered. "Leastways there ain't no reason why ye should be."

My horse, impatient as ever to find the end of the road, hurried me along and in a moment or two we were down under the pine grove that surrounded the house of old Squire Fullerton—a big, stone house with a graveled road around it. A great black dog came barking and growling at me from the front porch. I rode around the house and he followed. Beyond the windows I could see the gleam of candlelight and moving figures. A man came out of the back door as I neared it.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"My name is Barton Baynes from St. Lawrence county. Kate Fullerton is my friend and I wish to see her."

"Come up to the steps, sor. Don't git off yer horse—'til I've chained the dog. Kate'll be out in a minute."

He chained the dog to the hitching post and as he did so a loud, long, wailing cry broke the silence of the house. It put me in mind of the complaint of the damned which I remembered hearing the minister describe years before at the little schoolhouse in Lickitysplit. How it harrowed me!

The man went into the house. Soon he came out of the door with a lighted candle in his hand, a woman following. How vividly I remember the little murmur of delight that came from her lips when he held the candle so that its light fell upon my face! I jumped off my horse and gave the reins to the man and put my arms around the poor woman, whom I loved for her sorrows and for my debt to her, and rained kisses upon her withered cheek. Oh God! what a moment it was for both of us!

The way she held me to her breast and patted my shoulder and said "my boy!"—in a low, faint, treble voice so like that of a child—it is one of the best memories that I take with me into the new life now so near, from which there is no returning.

She led me into the house. She looked very neat now—in a black gown over which was a spotless white apron and collar of lace—and much more slender than when I had seen her last. She took me into a large room in the front of the house with a carpet and furniture, handsome once but now worn and decrepit. Old, time-stained engravings of scenes from the Bible, framed in wood, hung on the walls.

I told all that I had heard from home and of my life in Cobleskill but

I Took It in My Arms.

observed, presently, a faraway look in her eyes and judged that she was not hearing me. She whispered:

"Sally?"

"She has been at school in Albany for a year," I said. "She is at home now and I am going to see her."

"You love Sally?" she whispered.

"Better than I love my life."

Again she whispered: "Get married!"

"We hope to in 1844. I have agreed to meet her by the big pine tree on the river bank at eleven o'clock the third of June, 1844. We are looking forward to that day."

A tall, slim woman entered the room then and said that supper was ready. Kate rose with a smile and I followed her into the dining room where two tables were spread. One had certain dishes on it and a white cover, frayed and worn. She led me to the other table which was neatly covered with snowy linen. The tall woman served a supper on deep blue china, cooked as only they could cook in old New England. Meanwhile I could hear the voice of the aged squire—a weird, empty, inhuman voice it was, utterly cut off from his intelligence. It came out of the troubled depths of his misery.

So that house—the scene of his great sin which would presently lie down with him in the dust—was flooded, a hundred times a day, by the unhappy spirit of its master. In the dead of the night I heard its despair echoing through the silent chambers.

Kate said little as we ate, or as we sat together in the shabby, great room after supper, but she seemed to enjoy my talk and I went into the details of my personal history.

The look on her face, even while I was speaking, indicated that her thoughts wandered, restlessly, in the gloomy desert of her past. I thought of that gay, birdlike youth of hers of which the old man with the scythe had told me, and wondered. As I was thinking of this there came a cry from the aged squire so loud and doleful that it startled me and I turned and looked toward the open door.

Kate rose and came to my side and leaned toward my ear whispering:

"It is my father. He is always thinking of when I was a girl. He wants me."

She bade me good night and left the room. Doubtless it was the outraged, departed spirit of that golden time which was haunting the old squire. A Bible lay on the table near me and I sat reading it for an hour or so. A tall clock in a corner solemnly tolled the hour of nine. In came the tall woman and asked me in the brogue of the Irish:

"Would you like to go to bed?"

"Yes, I am tired."

She took a candle and led me up a broad oaken stairway and into a room of the most generous proportions. A big four-post bedstead, draped in white, stood against a wall. The bed, sheeted in old linen, had quilted covers. The room was noticeably clean; its furniture of old mahogany and its carpet comparatively unworn.

When I undressed I dreaded to put out the candle. For the first time in years I had a kind of child-fear of the night. But I went to bed at last and slept rather fitfully, waking often when the cries of the old squire came flooding through the walls. How I longed for the light of the morning! It came at last and I rose and dressed and went out of doors.

Kate met me at the door when I went back into the house and kissed my cheek and again I heard those half-spoken words: "My boy." I ate my breakfast with her and when I was about to get into my saddle at the door I gave her a hug and, as she tenderly patted my cheek, a smile lighted her countenance so that it seemed to shine upon me. I have never forgotten its serenity and sweetness.

CHAPTER XVII.

I Start in a Long Way.

We reached Canton at six o'clock in the evening of a beautiful summer day. I went at once to call upon the Dunkelbergs and learned from a man at work in the dooryard that they had gone away for the summer. How keen was my disappointment! I went to the tavern and got my supper and then over to Ashery lane to see Michael Hacket and his family. I found the schoolmaster playing his violin.

"Now God be praised—here is Bart!" he exclaimed as he put down his instrument and took my hands in his. "I've heard, my boy, how bravely ye've weathered the capes an' I'm proud o' ye—that I am!"

I wondered what he meant for a second and then asked:

"How go these days with you?"

"Swift as the weaver's shuttle," he answered. "Sit you down, while I call the family. They're out in the kitchen putting the dishes away. Many hands make light labor."

They came quickly and gathered about me—a noisy, happy group. The younger children kissed me and sat on my knees and gave me the small news of the neighborhood.

How good were the look of those friendly faces and the full-hearted pleasure of the whole family at my coming!

"What a joy for the spare room!" exclaimed the schoolmaster. "Sure I wouldn't wonder if the old bed was dancin' on its four legs this very minute."

"I intend to walk up to the hills tonight," I said.

"Up to the hills!" he exclaimed merrily. "An' the Hackets lyin' awake thinkin' o' ye on the dark road! Try it, boy, an' ye'll get a crack with the ruler and an hour after school. Yer aunt and uncle will be stronger to stand yer comin' with the night's rest upon them. Ye wouldn't be routin' them out o' bed an' they after a hard day with the hayin'! Then, my kind-hearted lad, ye must give a thought to Michael Henry. He's still alive an' stronger than ever—thank God!"

So, although I longed for those most dear to me up in the hills, I spent the night with the Hackets and the schoolmaster and I sat an hour together after the family had gone to bed.

"How are the Dunkelberg's?" I asked.

"Sunk in the soft embrace o' luxury," he answered. "Grimshaw made him; Grimshaw liked him. He was always ready to lick the boots o' Grimshaw. It turned out that Grimshaw left him an annuity of three thousand dollars, which he can enjoy as long as he observes one condition."

"What is that?"

"He must not let his daughter marry one Barton Baynes, late o' the town o' Ballybeen. How is that for spite, my boy? They say it's written down in the will."

I think that he must have seen the flame of color playing on my face, for he quickly added:

"Don't worry, lad. The will o' God is greater than the will o' Grimshaw. He made you two for each other and she will be true to ye, as true as the needle to the north star."

"Do you think so?"

"Sure I do. Didn't she as much as tell me that here in this room—not a week ago? She loves ye, boy, as true as God loves ye, an' she's a girl of a thousand."

"Why did they go away? Was it because I was coming?"

"I think it likely, my fine lad. The man heard o' it some way—perhaps through yer uncle. He's crazy for the money, but he'll get over that. Leave him to me. I've a fine course o' instruction ready for my lord o' Dunkelberg."

"I think I shall go and try to find her," I said.

"I am to counsel ye about that," said the schoolmaster. "She's as keen as a brier—the fox! She says, 'Keep away. Don't alarm him, or he'll bundle us off to Europe for two or three years.'

"So there's the trail ye travel, my boy. It's the one that keeps away. Don't let him think ye've anything up the sleeve o' yer mind. Ah, my lad, I know the heart o' youth! Ye'd like to be puttin' yer arms around her—

She Took a Candle and Led Me Up a Broad Oaken Stairway.

wouldn't ye, now? Sure, there's time enough! Ye're in the old treadmill o' God—the both o' ye! Ye're bein' weighed an' tried for the great prize. It's not pleasant, but it's better so. Go on, now, an' do yer best an' whatever comes take it like a man."

A little silence followed. He broke it with these words:

"Ye're done with that business in Cobleskill, an' I'm glad. Ye didn't know ye were bein' tried there—did ye? Ye've stood it like a man. What will ye be doin' now?"

"I'd like to go to Washington with the senator."

He laughed heartily.

"I was hopin' ye'd say that," he went on. "Well, boy, I think it can be arranged. I'll see the senator as soon as ever he comes an' I believe he'll be glad to know o' yer wishes. I think he's been hopin', like, that ye would propose it. Go up to the farm and spend a happy month or two with yer aunt an' uncle. It'll do ye good. Ye've been growin' plump down there. Go an' melt it off in the fields."

A little more talk and we were off to bed with our candles.

Next morning I went down into the main street of the village before leaving for home. I wanted to see how it looked and, to be quite frank, I wanted some of the people of Canton to see how I looked, for my clothes were of the best cloth and cut in the latest fashion. Many stopped me and shook my hand—men and women who had never noticed me before, but there was a quality in their smiles that I didn't quite enjoy. I know now that they thought me a little too grand on the outside. What a stern-souled lot those Yankees were! "All ain't gold that glitters." How often I had heard that version of the old motto!

"Why, you look like the senator when he is just gittin' home from the capital," said Mr. Jenison.

They were not yet willing to take me at the par of my appearance.

I met Betsy Price—one of my schoolmates—on the street. She was very cordial and told me that the Dunkelbergs had gone to Saratoga.

"I got a letter from Sally this morning," Betsy went on. "She said that young Mr. Latour was at the same hotel and that he and her father were good friends."

I wonder if she really enjoyed sticking this thorn into my flesh—a thorn which made it difficult for me to follow the advice of the schoolmaster and robbed me of the little peace I might have enjoyed. My faith in Sally wavered up and down until it settled at its wonted level and reassured me.

It was a perfect summer morning and I enjoyed my walk over the familiar road and up into the hill country. The birds seemed to sing a welcome to me. Men and boys I had known waved their hats in the hayfields and looked at me. There are few pleasures in this world like that of a boy getting home after a long absence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wrist Blotter.

In these days of wrist watches there seems to be a call for the simple wrist blotter recently invented by Harland W. Cardwell of Texarkana, Tex. This device consists merely of a curved blotter back, blotter and a wrist strap, so that the blotter may be worn on the right hand of the user. Thus the blotter is instantly available for use, and the pen does not have to be laid down.

RECALLS OLD ROME

Ancient Coin of Surpassing Historic Interest.

Two Thousand Years Since It Came From the Mint, What a Story of Adventures This Token Could Tell!

A coin 2,000 years old, which may have reposed in the treasure box of a Roman senator, passed from hand to hand in the dice games of members of the Roman imperial guard, been tossed to the rabble by a patrician as he passed through the streets on his way to the baths, or thrown to a victorious gladiator by one of the vestal virgins, now is in the possession of Arthur S. Hibler, United States immigrant inspector at New Orleans. On its way to Mexico, where it was obtained by its present owner, the coin may have been carried as a keepsake by one of the Spanish conquerors and exchanged for the gold and jewels of the Aztecs. Two thousand years afford ample time to pass through a few adventures.

The coin is valued by Mr. Hibler, not only for its age, but for the queer history attached to his gaining possession of it. While he claims he is not superstitious, he admits he regards the coin as a good luck talisman. The piece was sold to him by a Mexican, who wished to cross the border at Brownsville, Tex., and had not enough money for his toll. To pay his way across the international bridge he offered the coin with several others to Mr. Hibler, asserting that it had a strange significance and a blessing attached to it. It had been given him, he said, by the mother of a member of Villa's band, who had been murdered in a cafe brawl. As he lay dying, he had begged the man to take a handkerchief, stained with his life blood, to his mother. The Mexican had sworn to fulfill the trust, and delivered the handkerchief to the old woman. She opened the corner of the handkerchief, which was knotted tightly, and took out several coins. Then she retired into an inner room and, returned, placed a small silvery disk in the messenger's hand, saying it was a talisman that would mean much to its possessor.

The coin is small and white, resembling a modern United States dime in size and color. On its front is a relief of a Roman emperor, with the inscription: "Domitian VIII, Imp. Caesar," and several other characters which are indistinguishable. On the reverse side is what seems to be a reproduction of the temple erected in Jerusalem by Solomon. It is worn thin by the touch of the millions of hands in which it must have rested.

"I have no doubt that it is genuine," Mr. Hibler said. "But how did it come into the possession of the Villista bandit? Well—quien sabe?"

The Tale of an Egg.

Frank Lafferty, a captain of police at Muncie, once answered a call late at night from a restaurant whose owner asked that a drunken man be taken from the place.

"It was the strangest case of intoxication I ever dealt with," said Lafferty, relating the experience. "In the restaurant I found sitting on a high stool at the counter an elderly man who was weeping into his plate containing the remnants of what evidently had been a hard boiled egg.

"'What's the matter?' I asked the soggy individual and he answered between choking sobs 'I weep to think that by this act of cruelty in devouring this egg I have deprived some poor innocent chicken of the right of being born!'

"And do you know," Lafferty continued, "the only way we could comfort the poor fellow and get him out of there was to tell him it was not that kind of an egg."—Indianapolis News.

German Black List in Peru.

Publications in Peru do not believe in soon forgetting the intrigue of Germany or letting the Hun go unpunished. Newspapers there carry a complete list of merchants who showed anything like a friendly disposition to Germany throughout the war. It is known as the "Official Allied Black List." The boycott of these merchants includes trade with any of the employees of the firms. The notice at the top of the list includes this warning:

"Any transaction with an employee of a firm on this list is naturally the same as a transaction with the firm in its own name and will have the same consequences."

Canada's Water Power.

An important feature of the water powers of Canada is their fortunate situation with respect to existing commercial centers. Within economic transmission range of practically every important city from the Atlantic to the Pacific, except those in the central western prairies, there are clustered water-power sites which will meet the probable demands for hydro-power for generations.

Enjoyment Spoiled.

A little girl's mother had just bought her a bright red coat which she had never worn. There being a death in the family her mother dressed her and decided it not best to wear such a bright coat, so put on an old black one. As the child noticed this she began to cry and said, "If I can't wear my new red coat I sure won't have a good time at the funeral."

Criminals Made Good.

All the 299 petty criminals who enlisted in the army at the urgency of the city's reform agency in Philadelphia distinguished themselves in war service "over there," and many have come back ideal citizens.

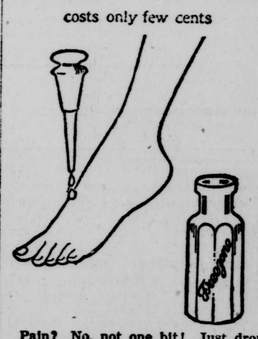
The Proof of It.

"Was the architect of your summer cottage a western man?"

"I guess so, for he said he was going to build it in the Louey Kansas style."

LIFT CORNS OFF IT DOESN'T HURT

With fingers! Corns lift out and costs only few cents



Pain? No, not one bit! Just drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly it stops aching, then you lift that bothersome corn right off. Yes, magic! Costs only a few cents.

Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the mysterious ether discovery of a Cincinnati genius.

Suspicion Aroused.

"A man created a sensation at a soda 'fountain yesterday."

"What did he do?"

"Raised a glass of grape juice and said: "Here's how."

"Well?"

"Seven liquor sleuths immediately made an inspection to see if he was justified in making a remark like that."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

GOODBY, WOMEN'S TROUBLES

The tortures and discomforts of weak, lame and aching back, swollen feet and limbs, weakness, dizziness, nausea, as a rule have their origin in kidney trouble, not "female complaints." These general symptoms of kidney and bladder disease are well known—so is the remedy.

Next time you feel a twinge of pain in the back or are troubled with headache, indigestion, insomnia, irritation in the bladder or pain in the loins and lower abdomen, you will find quick and sure relief in GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This old and tried remedy for kidney trouble and allied derangements has stood the test for hundreds of years. It does the work. Pains and troubles vanish and new life and health will come as you continue their use. When completely restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day.

GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported from the laboratories at Haarlem, Holland. Do not accept a substitute. In sealed boxes, three sizes.—Adv.

Still Human.

The new minister was young and full of faith, hope and charity; but he did not always plan his speech with care.

"Let us pray that we may have an attendance of at least fifty at our next young people's service," he said earnestly one Sunday evening. "And remember that the prayer of faith is always answered."

The next service did not bring out fifty persons, or nearly that number, but the minister looked cheerfully down on the faithful few.

"Well, friends," he said briskly, "there aren't fifty of us, but there are sixteen, and that's one or two more than I'd counted on."

Checking Shifting Sands.

The Michigan Agricultural college, through its forestry department, is planting about 75,000 trees among the sand dunes in some of the western Michigan districts in an effort to check the shifting of these big sand piles, says a report to the American Forestry association, of Washington, which is encouraging the planting of trees everywhere and is registering all trees set out as memorials to soldiers and sailors.

Plenty to Do.

Mrs. Quotem—Oh, dear! One-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives.

Mrs. Porkernose—It is some job for us women to keep track of the masculine half.

Suffered for Years

Miserable From Kidney Trouble. Doan's Made Mr. Barnett Strong and Well.

"I suffered untold agony with my kidneys for years," says John Barnett, 30 Virginia Place, Buffalo, N. Y. "Sometimes I felt that I would burn up with fever, but every now and then would have a severe chill. Often my clothes were wringing wet with perspiration. The kidney secretions were unnatural in color and odor and burned terribly. At night my shoes were so tight on my feet that I could hardly get them off and my hands swelled so I couldn't hold a teacup. My back! Oh, how it ached! I walked with two canes and was all bent over like an aged man. When the terrible pains shot through my kidneys, my knees would give way and many times I had to be lifted to my feet by people on the street. I didn't care whether I lived or died, I was so miserable. I finally used *Doan's Kidney Pills* and they cured me of all kidney trouble. *Doan's* made me strong and well."

Mr. Barnett

Sworn to before me,
A. A. WILCOX, Com. of Deeds.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Cuticura Stops Itching and Saves the Hair

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 2, Boston."

Shocking News.

Mrs. Huskinby (with letter from the medical student)—Sakes alive! Hiram, he says that he's learnin' how to torture a—a—a—I think it's ukulele, whatever that is.

Mr. Huskinby (excitedly)—Consarn the young whelp! He's got to switch to the law right away. No son uv mine is goin' to be a vivvysectionist!—Buffalo Express.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

by LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will cure catarrh. It is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions.

Druggists 75c. Testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

MUCH DIFFERENCE IN LAW

Writer Points Out Vagaries of That Most Sacred of all Human Institutions.

Isn't it queer how stern the law is in some respects and how lenient in others!

Clip a few cents' worth of silver off a quarter dollar and, bang! Uncle Sam locks you up for several years.

Let a butcher cut 20 cents worth of steak off that four-pound order of yours through his swindling scales and perhaps after a thousand similar offenses he may be fined $10, writes "Wizard" in Philadelphia Press.

Cheating a thousand persons out of meat is regarded as a trifle. Cheating your Uncle Samuel out of a nickel is a penitentiary job. Why such a big difference?

I read in the paper that a storekeeper who habitually swindled his customers by short weight has been fined $25.

Every once in a while Philadelphia sends out to see how many crooked scales are in use and finds hundreds.

"Let Us Gather at the River" was reputed to be the favorite hymn of the milk dealers. That was long ago, before we made it a crime to put water in the milk bottle.

Now the pump is no longer the most profitable cow in the dairy.

Tens of thousands of purchases made in this town daily are weighed or measured. Could the city do a better service for its 2,000,000 buyers than to see that a yard stick is always thirty-six inches long and that a pound is never fourteen ounces?

Lots of men try to imagine they have poor health when the only thing the matter with them is laziness.

Is Your Table Drink A Real Part of the Meal?

There's no food value in coffee or tea. They are only accompaniments to the meal.

POSTUM CEREAL

is part of the meal and a right royal part, as one well knows who enjoys a hot, full-flavored cup of this snappy, invigorating drink.

Why do hundreds of thousands of Americans now drink Postum in preference to coffee?

The better health from a 10 days' trial in your home will tell.

Postum is boiled just like coffee (15 minutes after boiling begins), is a beverage of rich, delicious flavor, and economical.

Two sizes, usually sold at 15c and 25c.

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