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THE DRIED APPLE CHEST

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

ELIZA CURRY sat writing a letter. She had taken the materials from a quaint wooden box that sat before her upon the sitting-room table—sheets of faintly-tinted paper, a stick of blue wax, a quaint pen that, dipped in a glass of water, rewarded one with a flow of mauve ink. She wrote slowly in a fine slanting hand with little curlicues on her g's and p's and f's. And she wrote painfully, for never in all her life had she anything more unpleasant to do than writing this letter to her nephew's widow, Lila Canfield.

Eliza was old and tiny with white hair wound in a sleek little knot, a mouth like a wilted pink and dark eyes which had once held a "come-follow-me" look so irresistible that she had scarcely been able to count her beaus on the fingers of both hands. But she, as so often happens, had married the poor stick of the lot, Fergus Curry—because she loved him. And that love had weathered the vicissitudes of a difficult married experience which had terminated several years before in Fergus' death.

During the years of her widowhood Eliza had "managed." She had her tiny white house and a little money which she had made last until the present moment. Now that it was gone she must sell her house. Indeed, the bargain was all but made with possession to be given immediately. In a week, more or less, Eliza would be leaving the house to which she had come as Fergus' bride, the house where her three children had been born and had died one after the other, the house where Fergus had closed his wild, bright eyes, the house where she herself had hoped to die. Her nephew's widow, Lila Canfield, offered her a home and she was going there. She was writing to say that just as soon as she could get things in shape she would come.

The spring sun came in at the windows hotly, and as Eliza wrote she was conscious of a faint odor all through the house which came not from her pot-pourri jar, for that was closed; not from the geranium on the sill, not from the strong cupful of tea she had brewed for her lunch. She sniffed delicately. Ah! Now she knew. It was the smell of apples—dried apples, and it came from the old chest-of-drawers in the spare bedroom off the sitting room. The door was standing ajar.

Leaving her letter she followed that elusive lure. The old chest-of-drawers loomed enormous in the tiny room which she never used because she had had no company of late years. When Lila came to see her, as she did once a year, she stayed at the Jefferson house. So, because the room seemed good for no other purpose, Eliza kept there her best frock, her best hat, and in the chest of drawers she kept her sack of dried apples.

She opened a drawer and took out the sack and peeped into it. How Fergus had loved dried-apple pie with a bit of boiled cider and cinnamon! She had always had her sack of dried apples on that account. She did not care much for them herself, either in pie or sauce. There was quite a sackful. Of course she wouldn't need them now that she was going away. She wondered what she would do with them. Maybe Carrie Rush could use them. She had a big family and anything eatable always came in handy there.

And the chest-of-drawers—the dried-apple chest she called it in her own mind. She would have to sell it. Lila had given her permission to bring a few things, but nothing so cumbersome as this chest. It was not so easy to dispose of that. She sighed as she gazed at it. It was very old. It had been in Fergus' family, had belonged to his mother, she thought, or perhaps his grandmother. It was all handmade, a dark red wood, cherry, presumably. Well, she would leave the chest-of-drawers and take the dried apples over to Carrie Rush so she could get them ready for supper.

With a shawl around her and the sack in her hand she went across the street to the Rush house. Mrs. Rush met her hospitably.

"What's that? Dried apples? Well, I guess they will come in handy. I'll make me a dried apple cake after mother's recipe. Come in and sit down a minute. I want you to meet my company—Mrs. Wallace."

She drew Eliza into the living room where a small, keen-eyed woman sat by the register.

Eliza, glad of a little diversion sat down, and the three women began to talk.

"I feel dreadful about your going away, Mrs. Curry," kindly Mrs. Rush mourned. "I don't know what I shall do without you. You've been the best neighbor I ever had; I wish there was some way so you could stay."

Eliza smiled her pale, patient smile. "So do I. But I shall be very cozy at my niece's."

"Of course. She will be good to you. No one could fail to be good to you. What are you going to do with your things? Take them with you?"

"I can't. I guess Mr. Pratt, the old furniture man, will take most everything—except, maybe, the dried-apple chest."

"The dried-apple chest!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallace.

Eliza explained.

"I'd like to see that chest," Mrs. Wallace said. "Maybe I could sell it for you. I know a woman that's quite a hand for old furniture. She might give you a good price for it."

In the little spare bedroom where the chest loomed so hugely Eliza raised the shade of the one window.

"I suppose maybe it's one hundred fifty years old," she remarked.

"It's a fine old piece," Mrs. Wallace said. "Four drawers and three across the top. And the whole front is solid mahogany. I fancy Mrs. Aldrich would give you fifty dollars for this, anyway."

Eliza drew a long breath. Fifty dollars was a lot of money, and yet for her the old dried-apple chest had a value that could not be expressed in terms of dollars.

Then suddenly Mrs. Wallace went down on her knees and began hunting for something at the bottom of the chest.

"I want a knife or something to pry with," she said.

Eliza brought the knife. Mrs. Wallace inserted the blade in a crack which the varnish almost filled. She worked the knife back and forth, she gave a tug and out flew a drawer that Eliza, perhaps Fergus himself, had never known was there.

"A secret drawer!" cried Mrs. Wallace. "And look here!"

She took out a buckskin pouch which weighed heavily.

Open it!" she commanded. But she had to cut the thong with the knife. Out of the pouch poured gold pieces and greenbacks. "Somebody's treasure," she commented.

Eliza stared at the gold in amazement.

"It is Fergus' uncle's money!" she said. "The family always wondered what he did with it. He didn't have a cent when he died. The chest was in his room."

And still she stared, scarcely comprehending the wealth that had so miraculously become hers.

It was not until the next day that she remembered her unfinished letter to Lila. The money was in the bank to her credit. She was again independent of reluctantly charitable relatives.

A moment she contemplated the unfinished page. "Need" was the last word she had written when the fragrance of dried apples started her on her great adventure. Why, she was beyond need now! With a smile she tore the letter to bits, and sat down to write another one.

Hog Reeve

"You ought to be a hog reeve," said one politician to another. Some folks wondered what he meant. A reeve, in old New England, was a bailiff. A hog reeve was bailiff to the pigs. That is, he rounded them up, if they strayed into the streets, and impounded them. Nobody hereabouts holds the position today. Yet if the government should re-establish the post, there would doubtless be applicants for it.

Likewise might it be the post of "woodward." Some may guess that a "woodward" was a warden who had charge of the town woodlots. "Culler of staves" was another post in the ancient days. Not one in a thousand will guess it. This official inspected the staves that were cut for barrels. I suspect that almost everybody knows about the tything man.—Salem News.

In the Fast Wagon

Mrs. Ray Foncannon, wife of the sheriff of Vigo county, frequently takes her daughter to school in the family sedan. On the way back to town she invites all the small children she passes to ride to their schoolhouses.

The other day she picked up a little chap about seven years old. When she let him out at his building some of the children told him that he had ridden in the sheriff's car. His eyes grew big; he began to tremble. "Oh, don't tell the teacher they brought me to school in the paddy wagon," he begged. "Or my mother, either." — Indianapolis News.

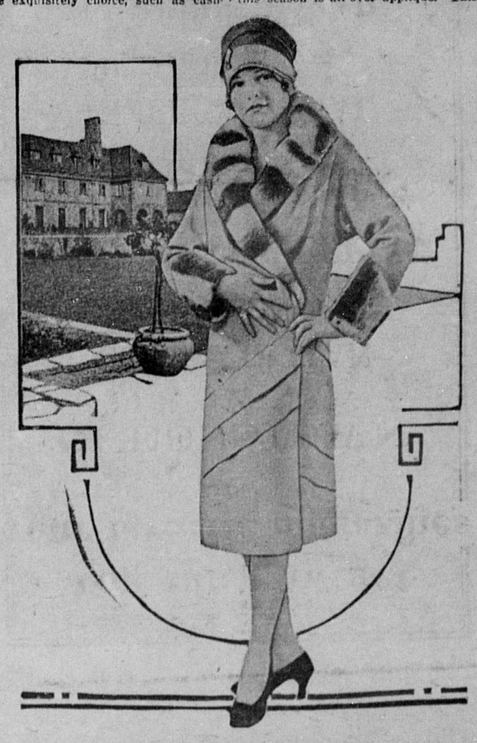
Wishing Away Time

You hear a lot of fellows saying they wish it was Thursday, or they wish it was their birthday or that it was summer or that this job was done. Now we never could get the idea of wishing away time. You might as well wish away one of your legs. Every time a day goes past there's just so much less of you left.—American Boy Magazine.

SPRING COATS OF DISTINCTION; NOW COMES THE EASTER BONNET

SIMPLICITY is the basis of distinction for the better spring wrap. It is, however, a simplicity arrived at through exceedingly complex seamings, tuckings and other deft and subtle fabric manipulation, which do not destroy the straightline silhouette.

Not only do the more exclusive coat modes accent refinement of style treatment, but the materials themselves are exquisitely choice, such as cashmeres, repps, wool crepes, kasha cloth and quality-kind twills.



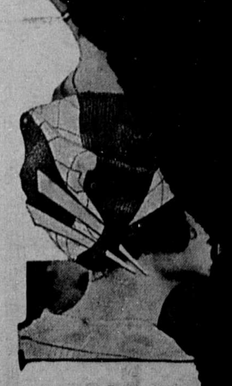
Trimmed With Ombre Fur.

Subtle coloring is a third element which enters into the creation of the patrician coat for spring. Bisque, light tones of beige, fawn shades and some soft lovely grays, also some few pastel tones express the trend.

Crowning glory of all is the su[illegible]as-fabric fur which collars s[illegible]—the kind that caresses [illegible] and protects, yet is never [illegible] These furs so harmoniz[illegible] of the fabrics they t[illegible] solves itself into [illegible] symphony, which [illegible]

Ombre fur is t[illegible] the moment. T[illegible]asm for twin [illegible] fur is as flex[illegible] in with the [illegible] a beige [illegible] stripes of [illegible] lar on th[illegible] idea is handsomely demonst[illegible] the first hat which sh[illegible] scroll-like motifs [illegible] felt shape.

Black vel[illegible] figures, [illegible]



Group of Easter Hats.

is made of the new and attractive [illegible] beaver. A shawl-collar as a sp[illegible] item is an innovation made poss[illegible] and feasible by the infinitely lig[illegible] weight of the new furs.

In some instances the new zephyr [illegible] weight furs bind the coat edges a[illegible] around to about two inches depth [illegible] Prevailing "spring furs" includ[illegible] shaved lamb, ombre lapin, squirre[illegible] twin beaver, ponyskin and calfskin. These are ingeniously worked into the very making of the coat in the way of insets, and for collars, includi[illegible] shawl, military and also long luxe[illegible] revers, also for pockets.

That the Easter bonnet will [illegible] largely a matter of black-and-wh[illegible]

Plaits Stitched in Squares

French beige canton crepe is chosen for a frock with box plaits stitched in squares. This stitching gives a very decorative effect. Color contrast is provided in collar, cuffs and belt of gol[illegible] kid and red ribbon.

High Collars in Favor

A very high-collared sleeveless jumpe[illegible] is being featured among the English winter styles. It is of black velvet richly adorned with hand-

The Sandman Story

by Martha Martin

PRETTY SNAKE WEED

BILLIE BROWNIE came up to a pretty weed. The weed had leaves at its base, but its stems, and little branches from off the stems were without leaves.

At the tip end of the little branches which went off from the stem was a pretty little yellow flower, looking a little bit like a daisy.

There were a number of these flowers and buds, though the weed seemed a delicate, dainty one, growing without many flowers, but just a few pretty little ones.

"You're so pretty a weed," said Billie Brownie, "or, perhaps I should call you a wild flower. As I like both summer, I've seen some of you in the early fall and I've even seen some of you in the late fall."

"I Have Something to Tell You," Said the Weed.

"True," said the Weed. "Quite, quite true. And I'm indeed glad that you admire us, for we're fond of our yellow flowers.

"We think they're bright and cheerful and we are devoted to yellow.

"It is our favorite color. Of course you may have guessed that!"

"To tell you the truth I did guess that," said Billie Brownie.

"I asked myself:

"'What do you suppose is the favorite color of these flowers, Billie Brownie?'

"And I told myself," Billie Brownie went on:

"'Yellow is the favorite color of these flowers.'

"I felt sure that my answer was correct, and now you have let me know that my answer was correct."

"I have something to tell you," said the Weed.

"I'm always glad to hear the news," grinned Billie Brownie.

"It is about my leaves," the Weed continued, "and my name. I don't believe you know my name, do you?"

"I really don't," said Billie Brownie, "and I would very much like to know your name.

"One likes to speak to one's friends by name. And I'd like to tell them about you when I get back home, where the Fairies and the Elves and the Gnomes and the other Brownies are."

"Oh," said the Weed, "to think of having our news go to Fairyland!

"That is splendid, simply splendid!

"What a great honor, indeed."

"I am so delighted you feel that way about us," Billie Brownie said as he made a low bow. "We like to be liked just as every one does!

"And now, pray tell me the ne[illegible] about your leaves, and [illegible] lised to [illegible]

Ed Wynn

Here is the first motion picture still made of Ed Wynn, celebrated Broadway comedian, since he cast his lot with the "movies." His first comedy is called "Rubber Heels." It tells a story of a "nut" detective and the weird adventures that come to him.

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

ARBOR DAY

NO LOSS is commensurate with that of the annual waste caused [illegible]

The Kitchen Cabinet

(©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

How precious a thing is perfume, which, robbing the plant from which it emanates of nothing, and yet attaching itself to the hands of a friend, follows him in his travels to charm his heart and recall to his memory the beauty of the flower he loved.—George Sand.

SOMETHING TO EAT

When you are tired of the ordinary ways of serving chicken prepare it as follows:

Chicken Warmein.—Take a nice fat fowl and clean well, then put to cook in plenty of water, for the broth is important. When well cooked, remove the fowl and take the meat from the bones; they may then be returned to the broth and simmered longer; strain and cook two bunches of celery, cut into small pieces until it is tender, then remove the celery and cook noodles in the broth. Serve the minced seasoned chicken in a nest of noodles and celery.

Chicken With Macaroni.—Take cooked leftover chicken and mix with an equal amount of cooked macaroni, add white sauce and put in layers in a greased baking pan. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake until thoroughly hot. Serve from the dish.

Cinnamon Cream Tarts.—These are nice to serve with afternoon tea. Beat a teaspoonful of butter with one-half cupful of powdered sugar and half a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Place a half dozen split crackers hollow side up in a baking pan, drop a spoonful of this mixture on each and bake in a hot oven five minutes.

Queen of Doughnuts.—Beat together two eggs, add one and two-thirds cupfuls of sugar and beat until the sugar is dissolved, add one [illegible]

Mint Director Given Credit Not Deserved

In a little village in the Asturias mountains of Spain is an orphanage managed by an old priest, who, finding it difficult to provide food for all the young mouths, spent 100 pesetas ($16), an enormous sum for him, on the twentieth of a ticket in the national lottery.

Then he wrote to the director of the mint in Madrid, setting forth the situation of his charges, and ending ingenuously as follows:

"It would be very kind of you if you would arrange that my number (17229) should win a prize. God will reward you."

The angry director thought of having the too naive priest arrested.

As it happened, No. 17229 won the first prize, and the priest for his twentieth share received 750,000 pesetas ($122,000).

In blissful ignorance of the fact that he had only just escaped being imprisoned for having dared to suppose that the high official would give human guidance to the uncertain steps of Fate, he wrote to the director:

"You are our great benefactor. Your name shall be engraved in letters of gold in our chapel and all my orphans shall learn to bless you. Thanks to you, they will no longer suffer cold and hunger."

This communication was received with even greater anger than the first, but the priest in his orphanage knows nothing except that his orphans are better cared for.—London Tit-Bits.

Anglers' Patron Saint

Izaak Walton was born at Stafford, England in 1593. He became a linendraper of London, and amassed a modest fortune, retiring from business early in life in order to enjoy the society of several of the most cultured men of the time. One of his recreations was fishing, and he is remembered by his book, the "Compleat Angler." He also wrote admirable biographies.