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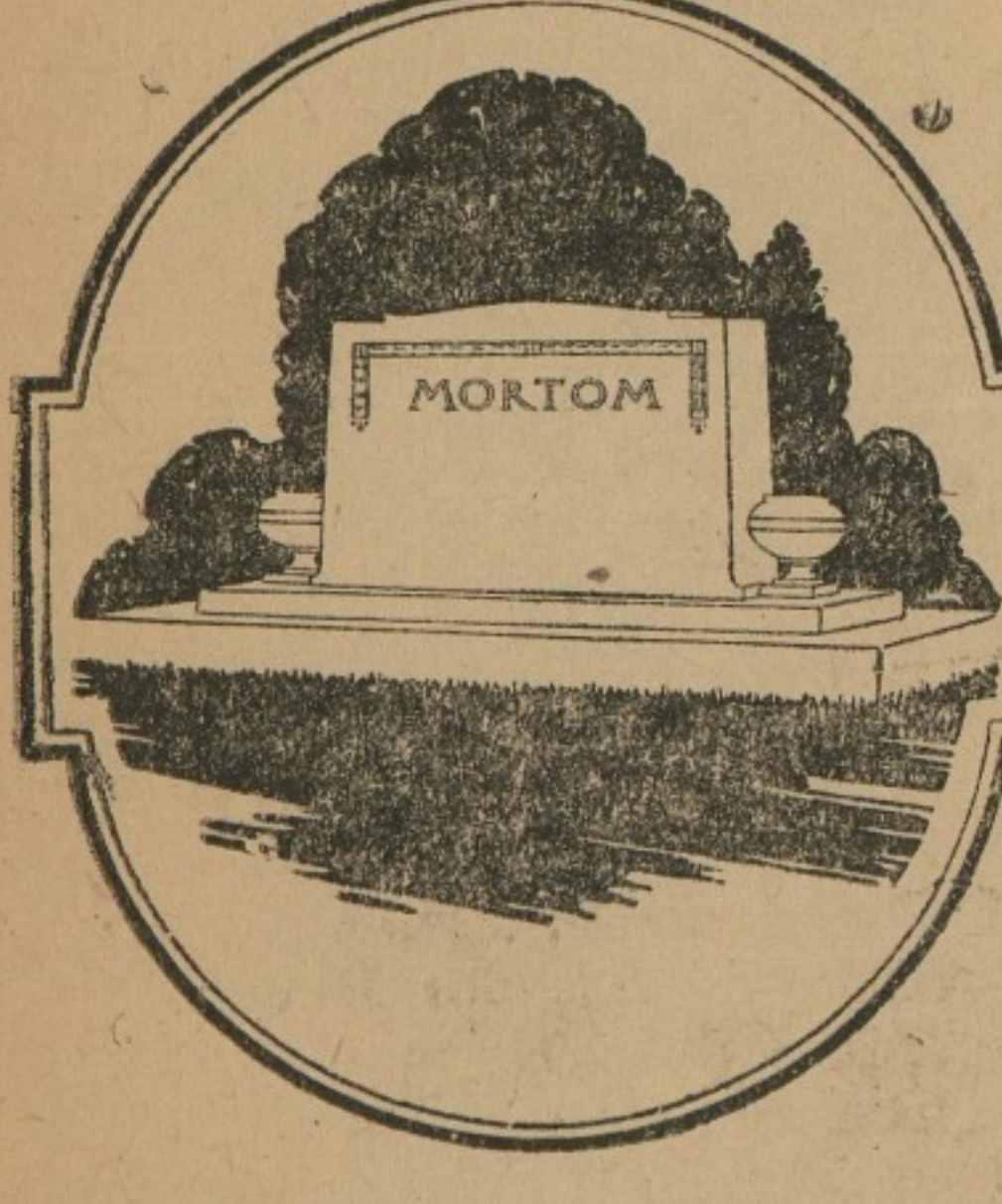
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IT PAYS TO INVEST IN THE KENT NEWS

**Just Beyond the Hills**

By JOHN SMITH  
(Copyright.)

FROM her tiny room in the upper half story of the old farmhouse, Sarah for years had looked out across her father's acres to the hills beyond. "What lies on the other side?" Nobody knew how often or how bitterly Sarah had asked the question.

For Sarah was nearly thirty and no one had ever said to her, "Come, beloved, put your hand in mine and we will go see what lies beyond those hills."

Any hands that Sarah might have clasped belonged to the stolid, grim sons of the soil who lived in the neighborhood and whose one ambition was to wring out of their forebears' land all the living they could. The one of them who had himself known similar yearnings had indeed gone beyond the hills but he had never come back; much less shown any desire to hold any girl's hand—at least, so far as Sarah knew.

However, Sarah at last was going herself. Little by little her chickens and butter money, hoarded for years, had grown into a sum large enough to pay her fare to the city some hundred miles away and to support her for a time until she could find work. Sarah's hopes were fixed on securing a position with a millinery or dress-making business. She was a skilled needlewoman.

A week—three weeks—a month in the city went by. And she had found nothing.

It was during a moment of despair—yes, and of unconfessed homesickness—that she dropped into a drug store and looked up the name of John Hobarth, who had come to the city two years ago.

When she had found it she acted upon some hidden impulse and called him.

"It's Sarah Brownell," she said, and because she became suddenly amazed at what she had done, she felt impelled to give some reason for her action. "Your friends in Bakerton wanted to be remembered to you, John. I have left there for good, too."

She heard John saying politely that he would like to see her, to get news of the hometown folks. How about Thursday evening? Would that be convenient for her?

Perhaps the telephone call brought Sarah good luck. At any rate, the following day she landed a job. Not a very lucrative one, but one with the excellent firm of Fritz & Willard, with opportunity for promotion later on.

It gave her a feeling of assurance, Thursday evening when John came to be able to tell him that she was employed.

Two years had greatly changed John. His eyes carried a tired look that she had not remembered. His shoulders drooped. Yet he told her he was doing very well. A good position, a good salary.

"It's a wonderful thing," cried Sarah with shining eyes, "to have shaken the dust of Bakerton from our feet!"

John looked at her quickly. "You feel that way?" he asked.

"I certainly do," said Sarah firmly.

She made him eyes on the tiny gas plate and cinnamon toast. He said he would like to come again.

The winter passed quickly. With the advent of spring Sarah began to feel very tired. The confinement indoors and the lack of exercise had taken all her fine color. John, too, looked worn but Sarah long ago had found out why John, for all his position and his salary, was continually worried.

There was a girl. Had been a girl for some time.

Little by little Sarah found out about her. John had thought he loved her in the beginning, taken in by her smart, sophisticated city ways. They had become engaged and presently John had found out that he didn't care for her at all. But the girl—Tessie, her name was—still clung. She was fond of John's spending power.

John asked Sarah's advice and, in the course of conversation, blurted out something which took her completely aback. "I made a mistake when I left the farm. Some can stand the noise and hustle and indoors of city life. But I was meant for the country. I get so I stand at my window and I wish I could go to the other side. Sarah was very still for a moment. Then she clasped her hands like a child. "There's your answer, John. Tell Tessie you have decided to go back to farming. Take it for granted she will go, too. Then see what happens!"

She didn't see John for a week. Then he burst in one evening looking as she had never seen him look before. Radiant, shoulders thrown back.

"You're a clever girl, Sarah. Tessie threw me down for the floor, walked like a child drops a thistle!"

Then he grabbed her hands. "I say, Sarah, isn't there any chance you'd go back with me—as my wife?"

Sarah's eyes widened. Go back? To the country? Then her mouth trembled and her hands remained in his. After all, it didn't matter much which side of the hills you were on—it was whether someone you loved was leading you!

**Truculent**  
"That fellow is very argumentative."  
"Just so."  
"Very pugnacious."  
"Yeh, he'd hunt for arbutus with a battle ax."

**The Problem**  
We have been trying to acquire a liberal education by reading 15 minutes a day, as our great inspirational writers assure us is easily possible, but unfortunately we appear to be the kind of man that devotes the entire 15 minutes, if not 10 or 17, to wondering which book he can read to the best advantage in the limited time at his disposal.

**They're Morally Wrong**  
Somebody declares that most diets are wrong. We agree that they're wrong in principle.

**Poisonous Insects in Jungles of Bolivia**

In the jungles along the River Beni in Bolivia, are found some of the most malignant blood-sucking insects in the world.

Here lives the apanasa, a bird-eating spider, attaining a length of from 8 to 10 inches, whose poisonous bite is sometimes fatal. It has a body resembling a ball of wool, with black hairs on its body and red ones on its legs. Its eyes are black and quick moving, with a most malevolent expression. It is very active and jumps about two feet at a single bound.

The palo santo ant, a fire ant, which lives in hollow-stemmed trees, is common here. A touch on this tree brings down a shower of the ants, whose bites feel like red-hot coals, the stings lasting for hours.

Other plagues are the zaputama, an almost invisible insect which lies in the grass, bites the legs of men and causes an almost intolerable itching; the gnanaco, a bug which lives in the sand and whose bite is usually fatal; the barequi, a sand fly with a painful sting; sweat bees, which suck the perspiration from the hair; the anopheles or malaria-carrying mosquito, and various ticks and jiggers.—New York Times.

**Recalling Old Times and the Stereopticon**

"What has become of the stereopticon lecturer," asked an old Washingtonian the other day.

"I remember when they used to be popular here in the city and crowds turned out to listen to them and to look at the slides."

"When he wanted a slide changed he would push a buzzer, clearly audible to the audience. Sometimes the operator of the machine would either be asleep or talking and failed to hear it."

"This necessitated a number of extra sharp buzzes on the button. We were patient with him, though, even if occasionally he was describing the Leaning Tower of Pisa while a picture of the ruins of the Coliseum was being shown on the screen."

"Then there was the era of illustrated songs, when a sour tenor sang mauldin songs about some girl who lived in a village by the sea. They were foolishly sentimental things, but we managed to get a kick out of it. Of course we didn't have the diversions in those days that occupy us now. Imagine our young generation attending a stereopticon performance." We can't.—Washington Star.

**Young Financier**

Don't dismiss this as a made-up story, for it happens to be based upon an actual happening.

A boy in a town not far away called at a store to say he had come to pay a bill owed by his father. "No hurry about it," said the merchant. "I will send him a statement."

The boy insisted he was there to settle the account, so it was figured up and the money paid.

"Now give me the 2 cents it would have cost you to mail the bill," suggested the lad, who would seem to have in him the making of a shrewd financier. He got the 2 cents and went away satisfied.—Brockton (Mass.) Enterprise.

**England's Oldest House**

Minster house, in the Isle of Thanet, is said to be the oldest house in England. It is in the market by order of the trustees of the late Lord Conyngham, the fifth marquis. It is said to be a fine example of an Eleventh century Norman manor house, renovated about 1413, the house being built on the site of Edurga's monastery of Saints Peter and Paul, founded early in the Eighth century and destroyed in the Ninth by the Danes. The building is specifically described in Domesday book as Thanet manor, and is said to have been the only manor in the island in Saxon times.

**Tomatoes**

Diet, which is one of the favorite obsessions in these days of discontent, has given us many a laugh at the expense of the calorie hound, but one cannot help feeling a wee bit sorry for the lad who wrote to the Times medical department the other day.

He said:

"My mother says I am a blue blood. She is on a diet for something I can't spell. She says diet will cure anything. What diet will I use so as not to be a blue blood but have it nice and red like the rest of the boys?"—Los Angeles Times.

**Not So Much Interest**

I have observed in reading that it is frequently said of the hero that he "knows books," and is able to talk about them. This being admitted, it is at once concluded he is a man of education and character, and worthy of all confidence. The most interesting people I know do not talk much about books, or mention them; I have never been in a bookish atmosphere, except when occasionally in company with publishers or writers.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

**Gems From Dr. Johnson**

Garrick having a law action coming on to be heard, the Great Lexicographer advised him to get some married witnesses.

Garrick—Sir, what is the difference?

Doctor Johnson—Why, sir, a married man is used to cross-examination.

**Sound Reasonable**

If anything is worth reading at all, it is worth reading unexpurgated, but often enough, an unexpurgated writer only makes you as fatigued as an expurgated gossip monger.

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**Cause of Tree Rings**

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**No Original Sin**  
There is no "original sin." No matter how unusual it is it has been thought of before by thousands.

**About Ourselves**  
Life is worth living only if we make it so, each man with the life that is given him.