The GLOW of the RUBIES

By FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter hints of surprises to the wearer. Lightnut dons the pajamas and late at night gets up for a smoke. His servant, Jenkins, comes in and, failing to recognize Lightnut, attempts to put him out. Thinking the servant crazy, Lightnut changes his clothes intending to summon help. When he reappears Jenkins falls on his neck with joy, confirming Lightnut's belief that he is crazy. Jenkins tells Lightnut of the encounter he had with a hideous Chinaman dressed in pajamas, in a message from his friend, Jack Billings. Lightnut is asked to put up "the kid" for the night on his way home from college. Later Lightnut finds a beautiful girl in black pajamas in his room. Lightnut is shocked by the girl's drinking, smoking and slangy talk. She tells him her name is Francis and puzzles him with a story of her love for her sister's room-mate, named Frances. Next morning the girl is missing and Lightnut hurries to the boat to see her off. He is accosted by a husky college boy, who calls him "Dicky," but he does not see the girl. Jack Billings arrives to spend the night with Lightnut. They discover priceless rubies hidden in the buttons of the pajamas. Billings dons the pajamas and retires. Lightnut later discovers in his apartment a beefy person in mutton-chop whiskers and wearing pajamas. Jenkins calls the police, who declare the intruder to be a criminal, called "Foxy Grandpa." The intruder declares he is Lightnut's guest and appeals to the latter in vain. He is hauled off to jail. In the morning Lightnut is astonished to find Billings gone and more astonished when he gets a message from the latter demanding his clothes. Lightnut, bound for Tarrytown, Billings' home, discovers "Frances," the girl of the pajamas, on the train. Lightnut assists in her attitudes to the night before. She declares indignantly that Lightnut never saw her in black pajamas. At Tarrytown Frances is met by a husky college youth, who hails Lightnut as "Dicky." The latter ignores the boy, who then threatens to thrash him for offending Frances. Lightnut takes the next train home. Billings storms over the outrage of his arrest. He and Lightnut discover mysterious Chinese characters on the pajamas. Professor Oozenberry at once sets to work on the hieroglyphics. He raves over what he calls the lost silk of Si-Ling-Chi. The writing declares that a person wearing the pajamas will take on the semblance of the previous wearer. The professor borrows the pajamas for experiment. "Billings" dressed in pajamas is found in the professor's room and is taken home in an automobile with Frances and a woman. Lightnut calls "the frump." Lightnut is angered by "the frump's slangy" outburst about "Francis." "Billings" is taken to his room. A servant tells Lightnut that a message has just been received stating that Billings was under arrest in New York for stealing a suit of black pajamas. Judge Billings astonishes Lightnut with a tale of Francis' escapades. Lightnut asks permission to speak to "Frances." The judge declares that not another living person would tackle the job, but Lightnut, his mind occupied with the beautiful Frances, is blissfully mystified. Policeman O'Keefe returns the black pajamas and Lightnut sends them to Billings' room. Lightnut has an interesting hour with "Frances," tells of the things the judge has been saying about "Frances," much to "Frances'" amusement. Judge Billings refuses to interfere for a man under arrest claiming to be his son Jack.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

"Thank you—thank you, my boy!" He patted me on the back. "And as you'll have an opportunity of seeing a little more of that charming girl, Miss Kirkland—" Charming girl, indeed! I wondered what he would think, if he knew of her designs on poor Jack! "I want you to go in for her a bit—cultivate her a little; you may change your opinion—eh?" He laughed softly and paused in our progress through the library to dig me sharply in the side. "Go ahead—flirt with her, my boy! She will like it—all girls do, and it will do you good; do both of you good!"

"Thank you," I said rather coldly, "but I don't think that—er—sort of thing would show much consideration for Frances—and"

"Rubbish!" And, by Jove, how he laughed! "Do you think Francis would show any consideration for you?"—he snapped his fingers—"I think you're a bit too quixotic, young man!"

I didn't know—don't know now; never was up on any of those legal terms. He knew what he meant!

"Pshaw, now!" he went on, "if that's what's restraining you, you must drop it! I want you to have a pleasant time while you are here with Miss Kirkland—get along with you!"—then he pulled me back again—"You needn't be thinking about the slightest obligation so far as Francis is concerned. Why should you when the affair is all one-sided?"

"One—one-sided?" I repeated fatuously.

"Why, yes; the girl doesn't care for anybody in the whole world except her old father—and he idolizes her!"

Oh, did he!

"So you go on in there and loosen up—take a good time—and make her have one; and keep it up this afternoon. I'm so anxious for you to find something to interest and occupy you—"

But I had caught the back of a chair.

"Dog-fight!" I said faintly. "Frances up in the hills—and—and with Scoggins?" And she had only left me a half-hour ago!

"It certainly!" he said wearily, almost testily. "What of it? I tell you you've got to get your ideas all readjusted about Francis. What's the matter with the dog-fight?"

"So—so surprised," I faltered; "so unexpected, you know!"

"Pooh!"—and he pushed me out through the doorway—"I never face anything unexpected in that quarter!"

But I think he would have, if he had followed me across into the dining-room and had faced, as I did—

Frances!

"So glad you didn't go to the dog-fight!" I said presently, beaming across at her delightedly.

Her sweet lips glowed at me as her dainty fingers poised the tiny trident before her lips. Jove, how I envied that jolly oyster! Then she smiled witchingly, teasingly.

"It wasn't because I didn't have an invitation," she responded archly. I knew! That beast, Scoggins!

"Umph," grunted the frump, seated on the curve between us. "I verily believe Francis would go to anything!"

I scowled—couldn't help it, dash it! And Frances saw, and ducked her head, biting her lip and blushing. I could have choked the frump for so embarrassing her!

Yet the woman did try to be pleasant to me.

"Did you ever find a pearl in an oyster, Mr. Lightnut?" she asked.

"By Jove, no!" I said, staring at her for the fool question. For who could ever lose a pearl in a jolly oyster, don't you know? And yet, the next instant;

"I have!" said my darling, glancing up at me the oddest way.

"Have you, Frances?"—the frump faced her interestedly. "You should examine with a microscope the interstratifications of calcareous matter and animal membrane."

My beauty looked down at her plaids.

"I am examining it," she said gravely, "and microscopically. Probably shall this afternoon."

But she didn't! No, by Jove, we were together almost all the afternoon, though we never could get away from the frump—dash it, she just took charge of us. And it was the same again in the evening. By Jove, it was disgusting—really, that's the only word to use—the way that woman assumed toward everybody the air of expert-to-be-mistress-here-some-day-and-might-as-well-begin-now!

Once she did break away from us for fifteen minutes while she went up to see how Jack was. She came back much relieved.

"He was so glad to see me," she said, "and he kissed me twice. We had such an interesting discussion about the amaebae."

"The what?" asked Frances.

"The amoebae—tiny animalcules, don't you know—that have the power of changing their form and appearance. Jacky thinks that perhaps man, too, in the process of time and evolution might scientifically acquire this—"

"How silly!" laughed my darling. And I thought so too. Of course if a man looked like himself once, he would always look like himself. Any fool knew that!

Later, the judge came to my room,

"By Jove, No!"

accompanied by Wilkes with some Heidelberg punch, frappe.

"Couldn't leave you out of this," he said, genially; "besides, wanted to toast your first night under the roof of Wdlhurst!

"Hope they're making you comfortable," he went on. "Infernal shame, Lightnut, that I've had to neglect you so, so absurdly busy, you know—you understand?"

I pretended to, for I knew he wanted me to think that, but I had heard the butler tell the frump that the judge was reading.

"Don't expect to retire at all," he continued," and then there's my promise to my poor boy—I must keep that somehow; never failed on a promise in my life—I mean, you know, about wearing his new pajamas." He shook his head sadly.

"I be sure!"—and I swallowed hard—Jove, but the very word, "pajamas," gave me cold marrows!

"And, my boy, I haven't forgotten my promise to you, either," he continued, smiling kindly and replenishing my glass to the brim. "I'm still going to have a word with Francis tonight—that is, if they ever get back from that infernal dog-fight—I want to pave the way for you, you know."

"Thanks, awfully!" I murmured nervously.

Somehow, I felt mean—always hate to feel mean, dash it—felt almost like a jolly cad, in fact. Couldn't tell him how far Frances and I had progressed already; he might take it out on her, you know. And then, to find out that he didn't know she hadn't gone to the dog-fight after all!

"Well," he sighed, "I will manage it all somehow, even about the pajamas. Perhaps, when the house is quiet, I may—here, have another—oh, yes, you must!—won't hurt you; only a pint or so of rum in the whole mixture. Fine, isn't it? Yes, I think Wilkes is certainly an artist when it comes to a nightcap. Now, let me fill yours again—oh, yes!"—and he did it—"Won't hurt a baby—make you sleep tight, you know!"

And, by Jove, I had to go it!

"Well—" he shifted as if to go, and sent me a smile over his glass's rim, "pleasant dreams!"

And then the door closed behind our "good nights."

Jenkins was studying me somberly.

"Yes, sir," he said presently, when I had made comment about the fully punch. And that was about all I could get out of him, until he was ready to push out the light.

Then he addressed me gloomily:

"Good night, sir," he said with a sickly, feeble smile, "I hope you'll sleep well; and—" he coughed faintly—"and—er—wake up — h'm — all right!"

"Pinky as a—" I bunched my head sleepily into the pillow—"as a jolly—" But the idea wouldn't come!

"Night!" I murmured; and let it go at that!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Demon Rum.

I didn't feel frisky when I awoke! No, dash it, I had a devilish headache and my mouth had that gummy, warm-varnish taste—you know! The sunlight lay across the floor, and outside I could hear the jolly birds twittering among their what's-its-names. Jenkins stood by the foot of the bed and somehow had a gloomy look. He cleared his throat, and I had a feeling that he had already done it several times. I raised to my elbow, mouthing at him heavily.

"Morning, sir!" He said it very gently—I thought solicitously. "How do you feel, sir?" This last in the kind of tone you use when the chap's going to die tomorrow, don't you know, and doesn't know it yet himself.

I mumbled reply, gulping down the glass of ice-water he tendered.

He rubbed his hands one over the other and stooped above me anxiously.

"I hope, sir, you're not in much pain—from last night, sir, I mean?"

"Pain?" I ejaculated crossly. "Why should I be in pain? Don't be a silly ass!"

"Yes, sir!"—very softly, and with a deep sigh as he dropped back. By Jove, he looked as cheerful as a jolly tombstone!

"What the deuce—" I began.

"Noth—nothing, sir!"—hastily—"I was just a-thinking of the—h'm—may I say sorrimassage, sir?"

I waited till I had taken from his hand the second glass of ice-water and swallowed it, thinking maybe I would get hold of it—the dashed idea, I mean.

I batted at him perplexedly.

"What was that? Scrimmage? I don't remember hearing anything—what's that?"

And I reached for another glass.

"Pardon, sir—" Jenkins' eye shifted unhappily—"but may I ask, sir, what is the last thing you do remember?"

"Eh?"

I sat up a bit straighter, rubbing my head and devilish annoyed at being made to try to think at all. Then I remembered: We were in a jolly blue aeroplane drawn by golden humming-birds and she was just telling me—no, dash it, that was a dream—just a dashed dream! I groaned, dropping my head upon my knees. "Why, the last thing I remember was the punch—punch"

"Punch—yes, sir!" And Jenkins sighed.

"Your punch to put out the light," I finished. Then I looked at him, startled. "Oh, I say, now, it wasn't burglars, was it?"

"You see, I thought at once of Foxy Grandpa and my darling's pajamas.

"Not precisely, sir," Jenkins hesitated; then moved a little nearer. "I—I hope you'll pardon me, Mr. Lightnut, sir; but I can't help a feeling that you ought to know everything before—h'm—I was going to say, sir, before you see the family. I hope you'll pardon me, sir!"—he heaved desperately—"I mean about all that happened last night."

I stared. "Oh, I say, Jenkins," I said, with an anxious thought, "you didn't—er—you know—I mean you and Wilkes didn't drink the rest of the punch—after he took it away, you know—eh?"

"Me?" Jenkins' hand clutched the heavy brass curve at the foot of the bed. "No, sir!"—and he added sadly: "Besides, sir, there wasn't any rest of it." Will—I mean Wilkes, was a-commenting on it. That was how I come to find I didn't have any more of the blank pledges. So I just walked across the park to get some extra curves I had given the gardener, and he said I could have—and, if I'd just let him get a little sleep; and he chucked 'em all out of his window. Seemed irritated like because I woke him up. And then, sir, I don't know whether it was because of the splashing of the fountains, but I had an idea."

"That's nothing," I said contemptuously. "I often do at night when I hear water splashing. I often get up and get something."

Jenkins' face sobered. "I know it, sir—pardon, sir, I mean I frequently know you have—h'm—know by the glasses—you understand, sir!" Then he went on: "The idea that came to me was a great liberty—I know that, sir, and I'm sorry—but I guess I was thinking that about the end justifies—you know it, sir?"

I didn't know, but I did wish he would make an end!

"The library windows was open on the loggia, sir, and when I looked in, I didn't see anybody and I thought—" Jenkins coughed and looked devilish rattled—"thought I would just slip in and lay a few of the temperance pledges between the papers the judge had been working on." Jenkins reddened, looking at me in an appealing way.

"Jove!" I ejaculated, staring. "Oh, I say, now!"

"Yes, sir,"—faintly—"I knew how you would feel—I ain't excusing myself, sir; and when I heard your voice I tried to get out, but there wasn't time, so I—" Jenkins touched his hands in front, then behind him, and shifted distressfully. "I—I hid behind the alcove curtains—h'm—and just then—"

"Here!" I broke in. "Wait, dash it! Whose voice did you hear?"

Jenkins' eyes ducked. "Yours, sir," he said faintly. "And then you came in."

I stared, trying to take it in. Couldn't chirp a word, don't you know, for to think I had taken to sleep-walking—and then I—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Would Be German to Him

Wordless the Play Might Be, but Bond of Sentiment Could Not Be Ignored.

In what language is a wordless play given? When it is presented by a German company, will the play be given in German? Winthrop Ames, who brought over Professor Max Reinhardt's wordless play, "Sumurun," from the Deutsches theater, Berlin, was under the impression that "Sumurun" would not be given in any language, as the descriptive phrase expressly states that no words are used. All announcements made concerning the production in New York said plainly that it was a wordless play, yet when Mr. Ames told a prominent artist, a native born German, about the play and invited him to attend a performance, he said:

"I shall be delighted to see it. I have read a great deal about it in the Berlin and London papers. It will be doubly enjoyable to me, being in German—I won't have to be thinking of the English words and their meanings all the time."

"But no words are used in the whole play," said Mr. Ames. "Haven't I just been telling you it is a wordless play?"

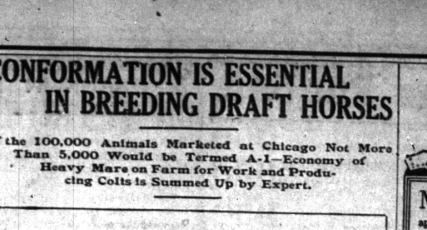
"A play without words!" said the German artist. "But the players are all Germans!"

Howells Exclusive.

When Howells was a cub reporter in his Ohio youth he was sent by his paper to the state capital to report very tense and very bitter legislative proceedings there. When he arrived late in the afternoon the session had turned into a riot, with need of ambulances to carry off the disabled members and militia to sit on those still in the ring. As the legislative proceedings were interrupted by the grand shindy, and as they were not likely to be resumed for some days, Howells, having no legislative proceedings to report, as instructed, strolled off behind the Capitol and watched a very lovely sunset, writing a charming description of it, which he filed early at the telegraph office, with the note to his managing editor that, there being no legislative proceedings, he sent instead the sunset "copy." Krehbiel knows, for Henry was there.

CONFORMATION IS ESSENTIAL IN BREEDING DRAFT HORSES

Of the 100,000 Animals Marketed at Chicago Not More Than 5,000 Would be Termed A-1—Economy of Heavy Mare on Farm for Work and Producing Colts Is Summed Up by Expert.



An Excellent Farm Team.

There are a number of considerations for the farmers to keep in mind in breeding horses for the draft horse trade. Among these are that size, weight, condition and character each bear an important influence in determining the prices paid on the markets and therefore that this influence is reflected upon the prices which they receive from the country shippers and buyers, says the Wisconsin Agriculturist. Nothing that influences the large central markets for the products of the farm fails to affect the sale of a single article directly on the farm.

Probably the one thing which the general run of horses that reach the markets lack, more often than any other is size and incidentally therefore weight. It is stated from good authority that there are more good horses marketed in the Union Stock Yards at Chicago than any other place in the United States, and yet of the 100,000 horses marketed there not more than 25,000 would weigh over 1,550 pounds, and not more than 5,000 were what would be termed A-1 horses. First class draft horses for the city trade should not weigh less than 1,600 pounds when in working condition, and if they weigh 1,750 pounds they will satisfy all the better. To carry such weights horses should stand about 16 hands high or over and should have conformations in proportion.

The condition of a horse is all important, both as to soundness and thrift. Horses that have poor feet, bad hocks, weak wind, or poor shoulders are sticklers on the market. They sell very slowly and at very low prices. So also do horses that are in a poor condition of thrift. Fat always helps to sell horses quickly and at good prices, for it makes them look good and the horses, moreover, do not need to be conditioned before they can be put to work. A horse which looks thin when it leaves the farm is liable to look considerably thinner after it has been shipped and arrives at the sales stables. Fat horses ship far better than thin, thriftless ones. Then, too, the suspicion of being a poor doer on the best of care is liable to attach itself to the thin horse in the mind of the buyer, whereas when he looks upon a well conditioned horse no such suspicion occurs to him.

Character is a valuable asset to any horse that is placed on the market, and like size and weight is generally lacking in the usual stock of horses to be selected from in the country. A horse that shows intelligence, good breeding and those qualities that come through careful handling and good training will outsell the common, plain looking horses by a considerable margin, size, weight and condition being otherwise alike.

The man on the farm engaging in horse production from the viewpoint of dollars and cents and anxious to make his acres earn the highest net returns should breed his mares to the best sires that are available combining size, weight, soundness and character, and should breed to them consistently. They should endeavor also as soon as possible, either by purchase or by breeding up, to possess themselves of big drafty mares combining those qualities. The only regrettable thing about the sale of the dapple gray mares on the January 11, 1912 Chicago horse market for $1,000, is that the mares were not purchased by some good farmer to be used for breeding and farm work purposes instead of by a Chicago teaming firm to draw a big wagon. It is regrettable also that they should ever have gotten away from the farm, for if they were worth $1,000 for drawing a big wagon and heavy loads, certainly they were worth that on the farm where they could do work to earn their cost of maintenance and raise colts worth $1,000.

The economy of the heavy mare on the farm, both from the standpoint of doing farm work and producing colts compared with light and medium weight mares is nicely summed up as follows by Secretary Dinsmore of the Percheron Society of America: "The cost of maintenance under farm conditions is about the same, the heavier mares are more efficient in the work of the farm, the colts are ready for work a year younger, and if carried to the same age, will bring about twice as much as the colts from the light weight mares and about one-third or one-quarter more than the colts from the medium weight mares."

This summary was drawn up after some careful thinking, upon the question being put to the secretary by an extensive land owner looking forward to the purchase and breeding of horses. What kind of mares should I use? I want to know all things considered, whether I should buy a 1,200 pound, a 1,400 pound or a 1,700 pound mare?" In other words, the land owner as a business man wanted to know what would be the relative cost of maintenance, what the relative efficiency on the farm and what the relative market value of the colts produced, of these three classes of mares. Here is how he thinks out the matter, and his thinking was based on extended observation and experience:

All three classes can, of course, be managed, as far as maintenance cost is concerned, at about the same general figures. But in respect to working efficiency, if we rate the 1,700 pound horse at 100 per cent, liberal allowance is made if the 1,450 pound horse is credited at 90 per cent, and the 1,200 pound horse at 80 per cent. The colts bred to a good draft sire will average somewhere about 1,500 pounds; colts from 1,450 pound mares 1,600 to 1,700 pounds, and colts from 1,700 pound mares, 1,800 to 2,000 pounds. Then, too, the lighter weight colts necessarily make their full weight only at maturity and they will not be fit to sell until they are four and one-half or five years of age. The same is true of the medium weight colts, but buyers are scouring the country for heavy colts. Every good gelding is gathered up at three years of age. The heavier colts sell earlier, or if carried until they are older and then put on the market, the prices advance accordingly. Colts weighing around 1,500 pounds will not bring more than $140 to $175 on the average, because they come in competition with the great glut of common light drafters on the market. Those weighing around 1,650 pounds to 1,700 pounds will bring $200 to $240, and heavy weight geldings will bring $300 to $350. The heavy mares therefore produce colts that bring from one-third to twice as much money as the lower weight mares.

Sizes of Silos.

A silo 12 feet in diameter and 30 feet high will hold when full about 75 tons of silage. A silo 14 feet in diameter and 30 feet high will hold about 103 tons. Twelve cows require 36 tons of silage to supply them 200 days at the rate of 30 pounds a day. A silo 10 feet in diameter and 22 to 24 feet high would be a very good size for this number of cattle. If it is desirable to make some preparation for summer, and as a rule it is, then the silo should be built still higher. On reasonably good land a yield of 10 tons per acre of green corn may be expected. On very rich land as high as 20 tons of green corn per acre.

Don't Excite Cows.

Do not allow the cows to become excited by hard driving, abuse, loud talking, or any unnecessary disturbance.

USING GROUND FEED FOR HOGS

Fed in Conjunction With Corn Will Bring Animals Up to Large Weight in Short Time.

In finishing hogs I make a slop of ground oats and shelled corn (ground) and a small handful of oilmeal to each hog, says a writer in Swine Breeders' Journal. This feed, in conjunction with ear corn, or shock corn if possible, will bring hogs up to large weights in a surprisingly short time.

I believe that most up-to-date stock raisers will agree that with such kinds of grain as wheat, rye and barley, grinding and mixing with other feeds is absolutely essential. For example, no one would think of feeding wheat to hogs without first thoroughly soaking it or running it through a feed mill. It may not be necessary to grind it very fine, but it should at least be crushed pretty completely, or ground fine enough so that the hard, compact portions of the grain will not go through the animal, undigested. This is true for old as well as young animals.

Another point upon which most people will agree is that for the young growing stock, especially animals which do not have a full set of teeth, grinding is necessary. It not only enables young animals to get more of their feed, but they eat greater quantities and grow much more rapidly. On unground feed of the type noted, a young animal would do very little good; but if wheat, barley, rye, etc., be ground and mixed with a little corn, they will thrive.

Leveling Board.

A leveling board attached to the cultivator helps to reduce the loss of soil moisture by evaporation. When the ground is kept fine and level, less surface is exposed to the air and the capillarity at the surface is less active.

Market for Skimmed Milk.

Skimmed milk finds its best market in the pig pen.

MEAL time—Eager children! Hungry grown-ups—Keen appetites to be appeased—And Libby's Sliced Dried Beef

Creamed or plain it makes a dandy dish. It's easy to prepare—supreme in quality, and costs no more than ordinary kinds.

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Whittemore's Shoe Polishes
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"GILTEDGE" "As you like her," about tinting that positively contains Oil. "Dark Tan" and "Polishine Tan" for men and children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing. "French Gloss," "Dressine," 10c.

"STAR" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. "Brandy" size 25c.

"QUICKWHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) 10c and 25c.

"ALBO" cleans and whitens canvas shoes. In round white cakes packed in zinc-in boxes, with sponge, 10c. In handsome, large nickeled boxes, with sponge, 25c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want send us the price in stamps for a full size package, charges paid.

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20-26 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World

Culture will do much for a woman, but it will not permit her to sneeze gracefully.

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other.

A Bad Break.

Slasher—Been in a fight?
Masher—No. I tried to flirt with a pretty suffragette.—Judge.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

A Skeptic.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Willie?"

"No, not unless I'm alone in the dark."

"Exclamatory" Was Right.

Mrs. Mason's colored washerwoman, Martha, was complaining of her husband's health.

"Why, is he sick, Martha?" asked Mrs. Mason.

"He's ve'y po'ly, ma'am, po'ly," answered the woman. "He's got the exclamatory rheumatism."

"You mean inflammatory, Martha," said the patron. "Exclamatory means to cry out."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Martha, with conviction; "dat's what it is. He hollers all the time."—Judge.

He Was Willing to Work.

The Democratic members of the house of representatives have been besieged ever by a horde of office seekers, willing to serve their country.

"It is refreshing," said one representative in discussing the office question, "to hear of an aspirant for public office who frankly admits his ambition, yet disdains to seek a position in which he will have nothing to do but to draw his salary.

"Two wayside pilgrims were talking over things when one of them asked:

"'Dick, you ain't a-hankerin' after no government place, are ye?'

"'I don't mind sayin' I'd take one of 'em ef I could git it,' responded the other, 'but I don't want no job that's all fat. I'm willin' to earn my wages.'

"'An' what sort o' job would be about your size?'

"'Well, I'd like to fill fountain pens fur some assistant secretary of the treasury.'"—Judge.

To The Last Mouthful

one enjoys a bowl of crisp, delightful

Post Toasties

with cream or stewed fruit—or both.

Some people make an entire breakfast out of this combination.

Try it!

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