The VAULTS of VIRGINIA

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN STOUT

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SYNOPSIS.

John Valiant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Valiant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an auburn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristow exchange reminiscences during which it is revealed that the major, Valiant's father, and a man named Sasson were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Sasson and Valiant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Valiant finds Damory court overgrown with weeds and creepers and the buildings in a very much neglected condition. He decides to rehabilitate the place and make the land produce a living for him. Valiant saves Shirley from the bite of a snake, which bites him. Knowing the deadliness of the bite, Shirley sucks the poison from the wound and saves his life.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"Listen, Shirley. What's that Rickey is telling Ranston?"

"Don' yo' come heah wid yo' account play-actin'. Cyan' fool Ranston wid no sich mek-story, neddah. Ah' no mo'n at Dam'ry Co'ot, en nebbah was!"

"There was, too," insisted Rickey. "One bit him and Miss Shirley found him and sent Uncle Jefferson for Doctor Southall and it saved his life! So there! Doctor Southall told me so, Jefferson. And he isn't a man who's just come to fix it up, either; he's the really truly man that owns it!"

"Who on earth is that child talking about?"

Shirley put her arm around her mother and kissed her. Her heart was beating quickly. "The owner has come to Damory Court. He—"

The small book Mrs. Dandridge held fell to the floor. "The owner! What owner?"

"Mr. Valiant—Mr. John Valiant. The son of the man who abandoned it so long ago." As she picked up the fallen volume and put it into her mother's hands, Shirley was startled by the whiteness of her face.

"Dearest!" she cried. "You are ill. You shouldn't have come down."

"No. It's nothing. I've been shut up all day. Go and open the other window."

Shirley threw it wide. "Can I get your salts?" she asked anxiously.

Her mother shook her head. "No," she said, almost sharply. "There's nothing whatever the matter with me. Only my nerves aren't what they used to be, I suppose—and snakes always did get on them. Now, give me the gist of it first. I can wait for the rest. There's a tenant at Damory Court. And his name's John—Valiant. And he was bitten by a moccasin. When?"

"This afternoon."

Mrs. Dandridge's voice shook. "Will he—will he recover?"

"Oh, yes."

"Beyond any question?"

"The doctor says so."

"And you found him, Shirley—you?"

"I was there when it happened." She had crouched down on the rug in her favorite posture, her coppery hair against her mother's knee, catching strange reddish over-tones like molten metal, from the shaded lamp. Mrs. Dandridge fingered her cane nervously. Then she dropped her hand on the girl's head.

"Now," she said, "tell me all about it."

CHAPTER XV.

The Anniversary.

The story was not a long one, though it omitted nothing; the morning fox-hunt and the identification of the new arrival at Damory Court as the owner of yesterday's stalled motor; the afternoon raid on the Jessamine, the conversation with John Valiant in the woods.

Mrs. Dandridge, gazing into the fire, listened without comment, but more than once Shirley saw her hands clasp themselves together and thought, too, that she seemed strangely pale. The swift and tragic sequel to that meeting was the hardest to tell, and as she ended she put up her hand to her shoulder, holding it hard. "It was horrible!" she said. Yet now she did not shudder. Strangely enough, the sense of loathing which had been surging over her at recurrent intervals ever since that hour in the wood, had vanished utterly!

She read the newspaper article aloud and her mother listened with an expression that puzzled her. When she finished, both were silent for a moment, then she asked, "You must have known his father, dearest; didn't you?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dandridge after a pause. "I—knew his father."

Shirley said no more, and facing each other in the candle-glow, across the spotless damask, they talked, as with common consent, of other things. She thought she had never seen her mother more brilliant. An odd excitement was flooding her cheek with red and she chatted and laughed as she had not done for years.

But after dinner the gaiety and effervescence faded quickly and Mrs. Dandridge went early to her room. She mounted the stair with her arm thrown about Shirley's pliant waist. At her door she kissed her, looking at her with a strange smile. "How curious," she said, as if to herself, "that it should have happened today!"

The reading-lamp had been lighted on her table. She drew a slim gold chain from the bosom of her dress and held to the light a little locket-brooch it carried. It was of black enamel, with a tiny laurel-wreath of pearls on one side encircling a single diamond. The other side was of crystal and covered a baby's russet-colored curl. In her fingers it opened and disclosed a miniature at which she looked closely for a moment.

Her eyes turned restlessly about the room. It had been hers as a girl, for Rosewood had been the old Garland homestead. It seemed now all at once to be full of calling memories of her youth.

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"How strange that it should have been today!" It had been on Shirley's lips to question, but the door had closed, and she went slowly downstairs. She sat a while thinking, but at length grew restless and began to walk to and fro across the floor, her hands clasped behind her head so that the cool air filled her flowing sleeves. In the hall she could hear the leisurely kon-kon—kon-kon of the tall clock. The evening outside was exquisitely still and the metallic monotone was threaded with the airy fiddle-fiddle of crickets in the grass and punctuated with the rain-glad cloap of a frog.

Shirley stepped lightly down to the wet grass. Looking back, she could see her mother's lighted blind. Round the ground was splotched with rose-petals, looking in the squares of light like bloody rain. She skimmed the lawn and ran a little way down the lane. A shuffling sound presently fell on her ear.

"Is dat you, Unc' Jefferson?" she called softly.

"Yas'm!" The footsteps came nearer. "Et's me, Miss Shirley." He tittered noiselessly, and she could see his bent form vibrating in the gloom. "Yo' reck'n ah done forgit?"

"No, indeed. I knew you wouldn't do that. How is he?"

"He right much bettah," he replied in the same guarded tone. "Doctah he say he be all right in er few days, on'y he gotter lay up er while. Dat was er ugly nip he got f'om dat 'spisable reptyle."

But More Than Once Shirley Saw Her Hands Clasp Themselves Together.

"Do you think there can be any others about the grounds?"

"No'm. Dey mos'ly keeps ter de ma'sh-lan' an on'y runs whah de undah-brush es thick. I gwineter fix dat ter-morrow. Mars' Valiant he tell me ter grub et all out en make er bonfiah ob it."

"That's right, Unc' Jefferson. Good night, and thank you for coming."

She started back to the house, when his voice stopped her.

"Mis' Shirley, yo' don' keer ef de ole man geddahs two er three ob dem roses? Seems lak young mars' moughty fon' ob dem. He got one in er glass but ef ah gets mo' dah now."

"Wait a minute," she said, and disappeared in the darkness, returning quickly with a handful which she put in his grasp.

"There!" she whispered, and slipped back through the perfumed dark.

An hour later she stood in the cosy stillness of her bedroom. She threw off her gown, slipped into a soft loose robe of maize-colored silk and stood before the small glass. She pulled out the amber pins and drew her wonderful hair on either side of her face, looking out at her reflection like a mermaid from between the rippling waves of a moon-golden sea.

At last she turned, and seating herself at the desk, took from it a diary. She scanned the pages at random, her eyes catching lines here and there. "A good run today. Betty and Julia Chalmers and the Pendleton boys. My fourth brush this season." A frown drew itself across her brows, and she turned the page. "One of the hounds broke his leg, and I gave him to Rickey." * * * "Chilly Lusk to dinner today, after swimming the Loring Rapids."

She bit her lip, turned abruptly to the new page and took up her pen. "This morning a twelve-mile run to Damory Court," she wrote. "This afternoon went for cage jessamines." There she paused. The happenings and sensations of that day could not be recorded. They were unwritable.

She laid down her pen and put her forehead on her clasped hands. How empty and inane these entries seemed beside this rich and eventful twenty-four hours just passed! What had she been doing a year ago today? she wondered. The lower drawer of the desk held a number of slim diaries like the one before her. She pulled it out, took up the last-year's volume and opened it.

"Why," she said in surprise, "I got jessamine for mother this very same day last year!" she pondered frowning, then reached for a third and a fourth. From these she looked up, startled. That date in her mother's calendar called for cape jessamines. What was the fourteenth of May to her?

She bent a slow troubled gaze about her. The room had been hers as a child. She seemed suddenly back in that childhood, with her mother bending over her pillow and fondling her rebellious hair. When the wind cried for loneliness out in the dark she had sung old songs to her. Sad songs! Even in those pinafore years Shirley had vaguely realized that pain lay behind the brave gay mask. Was there something — some event — that had caused that dull-colored life and unfulfilment? And was today, perhaps, its anniversary?

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John Valiant sat propped up on the library couch, an open magazine unheeded on his knee. The reading-stand beside him was a litter of letters and papers. The bow-window was open and the honeysuckle breeze blew about him, lifting his hair and ruffling the leaves of the papers. In the garden three darkies were laboring, under the supervision of Uncle Jefferson. The unsightly weeds and lichen were gone from the graveled paths, and from the fountain pool, whose shaft now spouted a slender spray shivered by the breeze into a million diamonds, which fell back into the pool with a tintinabulant trickle and drip.

The master of Damory Court closed the magazine with a sigh. "If I could only do it all at once!" he muttered. "It takes such a confounded time. Four days they've been working now, and they haven't done much more than clean up." He laughed, and threw the magazine at the dog who dodged it with injured alacrity. "After all, Chum," he remarked, "it's been thirty years getting in this condition, I guess we're doing pretty well."

He stretched luxuriously. "I'll take a hand at it myself tomorrow. I'm as right as rain again now, thanks to Aunt Daph and the doctor. Something of a crusty citizen, the doctor, but he's all to the good."

A heavy step came along the porch and Uncle Jefferson appeared with a tray holding a covered dish with a plate of biscuit and a round jam-pot. "Look here," said John Valiant, "I had my luncheon three hours ago, I'm being stuffed like a milled turkey."

The old man smiled widely. "Et's jes' er li'l snack er broth," he said. "Reck'n et'll kinder float eroun' de yuddah things. Dis' yeah pot's dat apple-butthah what Miss Mattie Sue sen' yo' by Rickey Snyder."

Valiant sniffed with satisfaction. "I'm getting so confoundedly spoiled," he said, "that I'm tempted to stay sick and do nothing but eat. By the way, Uncle Jefferson, where did Rickey come from? Does she belong here?"

"No, suh. She come f'om Hell's-Half-Acre."

"What's that?"

"Hit's dat cornery passle o' folks yondah on de Dome," explained Uncle Jefferson. "Dey's been dah long's Ah kin recommembah—fes' er ramshackle lot o' shif'less po'-white trash what git erlong anyways 't all."

"That's interesting," said Valiant. "So Rickey belonged there?"

"Yas, suh; nebbah 'd a-come down heah 'cep'in' fo' Mis' Shirley. She de one what fotch de li'l gal outen dat place, en put huh wid Mis' Mattie Sue, three yeah ergo."

A sudden color came into John Valiant's cheeks. "Tell me about it." His voice vibrated eagerly.

"Well, suh," continued Uncle Jefferson, "dey was one o' dem low-down Hell's-Half-Acrers, name' Greef King, what call heself de mayah ob de Dome, en he went on de rampage one day, en took ahtah his wife. She was er po' sickly 'ooman, wid er li'l gal five yeah ol' by er fust husban'. He done beat huh heap o' times befo', but dis time he houn' ter finish huh. Ah reck'n he was too drunk fo' dat, en she got erway en run down heah. Et was wintah time en dah's snow on de groun'. Dah's er road f'om de Dome dat hits de Red Road clost' ter Rosewood—dat ar's de Dandridge place—en she come dah. Reck'n she wuz er pitiful-lookin' obstacle. 'Peahs lak she done put de li'l gal up in de cabin lo' en hid de laddah, en she mos' crazy fo' feah Greef git huh. She lef' he huntin' fo' de young 'un when she run erway. Dey was on'y Mis' Judith en Mis' Shirley en de gal Emline at Rosewood. Well, suh, dey wa'nt no time ter sen' fo' men. Whut yo' reck'n Mis' Shirley do? She ain' afeahd o' nuffin on dis yerf, en she on'y sebenteen yeah ol' den, too. She dun' tell Mis' Judith—no, suh! She run out ter de stable en saddle huh hoss, en she gallop up dat road ter Hell's-Half-Acre lak er shot outen er shovel."

Valiant brought his hands together sharply. "Yes, yes," he said. "And then?"

"When she come ter Greef King's cabin, he done foun' de laddah, en one er he foots was on de rung. He had er ax in he han'. De po' li'l gal was peepin' down 'thoo' de cracks o' de flo', en prayin' fo' bettah she know how. She say arterwuhds dat she reck'n de Good Lawd sen' er angel, fo' Mis' Shirley were all in white—she didn' stop ter change huh close. She didn' say nuffin, Mis' Shirley didn'. She on'y lay huh han' on Greef King's arm, en he look at huh face, en he drop he ax en go. Den she clumb de laddah en fotch de chile down in huh ahms en take huh on de hoss en come back. Dat de way et happen, suh."

"And Rickey was that little child!"

"Yas, suh, she sho' was, in de mawnin' er posse done ride up ter Hell's-Half-Acre en take Greef King in. De majah he argyfy de case fo' de State, en when he done git thoo', dey mos' put de tow eroun' King's nek in de co't room. He done got six yeah, en et mos' broke de majah's ha'at dat dey couldn' give him no mo'. He wuz cert'n'y er bad alg, dat Greef wuz. Dey say he done sw'ah he gwineter do up de majah when he git out."

Such was the story which Uncle Jefferson told, standing in the doorway. When his shuffling step had retreated, Valiant went to the table and picked up a slim tooled volume that lay there. It was "Lucile," which he had found in the hall the night of his arrival. He opened it to a page where, pressed and wrinkled but still retaining its bright red pigment, lay what had been a rose.

He stood looking at it abstractedly, his nostrils widening to its crushed spicy scent, then closed it and slipped it into his pocket.

CHAPTER XVI.

In Devil-John's Day.

He was still sitting motionless when there came a knock at the door and it opened to admit the gruff voice of Doctor Southall. A big form was close behind him.

"Hell. Up, I see. I took the liberty of bringing Major Bristow."

The master of Damory Court came forward—limping the least trifle—and shook hands.

"Glad to know you, sah," said the major. "Allow me to congratulate you; it's not every one who gets bitten by one of those infernal moccasins that lives to talk about it. You must be a pet of Providence, or else you have a cast-iron constitution, sah."

Valiant waved his hand toward the man of medicine, who said, "I reckon Miss Shirley was the Providence in the case. She had sense enough to send for me quick and speed did it."

"Well, sah," the major said, "I reckon under the circumstances, your first impressions of the section aren't anything for us to brag about."

"I'm delighted; it's hard for me to tell how much."

"Wait till you know the fool place," growled the doctor testily. "You'll change your tune."

The major smiled genially. "Don't be taken in by the doctor's pessimism. I believe I have to get a yoke of three-year oxen to drag him out of this state."

"It would take as many for me." Valiant laughed a little. "You who have always lived here, can scarcely understand what I am feeling. I imagine. You see, I never knew till quite recently—my childhood was largely spent abroad, and I have no near relatives—that my father was a Virginian and that my ancestors always lived here. Why, there's a room upstairs with the very toys they played with when they were children. To learn that I belong to it all; that I myself am the last link in such a chain!"

"The ancestral instinct," said the doctor. "I'm glad to see that it means something still, in these rotten days."

"Of course," John Valiant continued, "every one knows that he has ancestors. But I'm beginning to see that what you call the ancestral instinct needs a locality and a place. In a way it seems to me that an old estate like this has a soul too—a sort of clan or family soul that reaches on the descendant."

"Rather a Japanesy idea, isn't it?" observed the major. "But I know what you mean. Maybe that's why old Virginian families hang on to their land in spite of hell and high-water. They count their forebears real live people, quite capable of turning over in their graves."

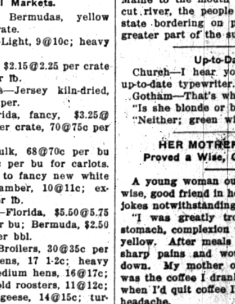
"Mine are beginning to seem very real to me. Though I don't even know their Christian names yet, I can judge them by their handiwork. The men who built Damory Court had a sense of beauty and of art."

"And their share of devilitry, too," put in the doctor.

"I suppose so," admitted his host. "At this distance I can bear even that. But good or bad, I'm deeply thankful that they chose Virginia. Since I've been laid up, I've been browsing in the library here—"

"A bit out of date now, I reckon," said the major, "but it used to pass muster. Your grandfather was something of a book-worm. He wrote a history of the family, didn't he?"

"Yes. I've found it. 'The Valiants of Virginia.' I'm reading the Revolutionary chapters now. It never seemed real before—it's been only a slice of impersonal and rather dull history. But the book has made it come alive. I'm having the thrill of the globe-trotter the first time he sees the Tower of London or the field of Waterloo. I am more than that stubble-field out yonder; I see a big wooden stockade with soldiers in ragged buff and blue guarding it."



"I'm Tempted to Stay Sick and Do Nothing but Eat."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Doing Their Best.

Little Maggie had not been to the country before, and, getting lonesome, she was told she might go to the barn and look for eggs. Presently she returned without any.

"Couldn't you find any eggs, dear?" asked her mother.

"No. The hens were scratching all around as hard as they could, but they hadn't found a single egg," was the doleful reply.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

At 11:30 P. M.

Live Stock, Grain and General Farm Produce.

Live Stock.

DETROIT—Cattle: Receipts, 524; stockers, feeders, handy butchers and bulls steady; heavy grades slow; butchers' cows 10@15c lower; best heavy steers, $8.75@9; best handy weight butcher steers, $8.21@8.50; mixed steers and heifers, $7.75@8.25; handy light butchers, $7.50@8; light butchers, $7@7.50; best cows, $6.50@6.85; butcher cows, $6@6.25; common cows, $5@5.30, canners, $3@3.25; best heavy bulls, $7@7.25; bologna bulls, $6.50@6.85; stock bulls, $6.50@6.75; feeders, $7.25@7.50; stockers, $6.75@7.50; milkers and springers, $45@80.

Veal calves—Receipts, 347; market steady; best, $9@9.50; others, $7@8.75.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 481; market steady; best lambs, $7.50@8; fair lambs, $7@7.35; light to common lambs, $6@6.75; yearlings, $6.50@6.75; fair to good sheep, $5@5.75; culls and common, $3@4.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,612; all grades, $8.25.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Receipts, 3,000; heavy grades 15@25c lower; best 1,350 to 1,450-lb steers, $8.75@9; best 1,200 to 1,300-lb steers, $8.50@8.75; best 1,100 to 1,200-lb steers, $8.25@8.45; coarse and plain weighty steers, $7.75@8; fancy yearlings, baby beef, $8.50@9; medium to good, $8@8.25; choice handy steers, 900 to 1,000 lbs., $8.25@8.50; fair to good 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., $8@8.25; extra good cows, $7.25@7.50; best cows, $6.50@7; butcher cows, $5.50@6; cutters, $4.50@5; trimmers, $4@4.25; best heifers, $8@8.50; medium butcher heifers, $7.60@8; stock heifers, $6.25@6.75; best feeding steers, $7.90@8; fair to good, $7.50@7.65; best stock steers, $7.50@7.75; common light stock steers, $6.75@7; extra good bulls, $7.50@7.75; bologna bulls, $6.50@6.75; stock bulls, common to good, $5@6; milkers and springers, $40@90.

Hogs—Receipts, 15,000; market 10@15c lower; heavy and mixed, $8.40; yorkers, $8.40@8.50; pigs, $7.90@8.

Sheep and lambs: Receipts, 5,000; steady; top lambs, $7.85@8; wethers, $6@6.35; ewes, $4.50@5.50.

Calves steady; tops, $10.50; fair to good, $8.50@9.50; grassers, $5@7.

Grains, Etc.

DETROIT—Wheat—Cash and May No. 2 red, 97c; July opened without change at 87 1-2c, touched 88c and declined to 87 1-2c; September opened at 87 1-2c, advanced 1-2c and declined to 87 1-2c; No. 1 white, 96 1-2c.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 73c; No. 3 yellow, 2 cars at 74 1-2c; No. 4 yellow, 2 cars at 72 1-2c.

Oats—Standard, 1 car at 45c; No. 3 white, 44 1-2c; No. 4 white, 43 1-2c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, 67c.

Beans—Immediate, prompt and May shipment, $2.05; June, $2.07; July, $2.10.

Cloverseed—Prime spot, $7.75; October, $8.20; prime alsike, $10.

Timothy—Prime spot, $2.35.

Alfalfa—Prime spot, $8.35.

Hay—Carlo's track Detroit; No. 1 timothy, $16.50@17; standard, $15.50@16; No. 1 mixed, $15.50@15; No. 1 clover, $13@13.50; heavy clover mixed $13@13.50; rye straw, $8@8.50; wheat and oat straw, $7@7.50 per ton.

Flour—In one-eighth paper sacks, per 196 pounds, jobbing lots: Best patent, $5.30; second patent, $4.90; straight, $4.50; spring patent, $510; rye, $4.40 per bbl.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, $28; staidard middlings, $28; fine middlings, $32; coarse cornmeal, $31; cracked corn, $32; corn and oat chop, $28.50 per ton.

General Markets.

Onions—Texas Bermudas, yellow $2.40@2.60 per crate.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 9@10c; heavy 8@8 1-2c per lb.

Cabbage—New, $2.15@2.25 per crate in bulk, 2 1-2c per lb.

Sweet potatoes—Jersey kiln-dried, $1@1.10 per hamper.

Tomatoes—Florida, fancy, $3.25@3.50; choice, $3 per crate, 70@75c per basket.

Potatoes—In bulk, 68@70c per bu in sacks, 70@73c per bu for carlots.

Honey—Choice to fancy new white comb, 15@16c; amber, 10@11c; extracted, 8@7c per lb.

New Potatoes—Florida, $5.50@5.75 per bbl and $2 per bu; Bermuda, $2.50 per bu and $7 per bbl.

Live Poultry—Broilers, 30@35c per lb; spring chickens, 17 1-2c; heavy hens, 17 1-2c; medium hens, 16@17c; No. 2 hens, 18c; old roosters, 11@12c; ducks, 17@18c; geese, 14@15c; turkeys, 19@20c per lb.

Cheese—Wholesale lots: Michigan flats, 13 1-2@14c; New York flats, 14@14 1-2c; imported Swiss, 23 1-2@24c; domestic Swiss, 19@20c; long horns, 15@15 1-2c; daisies, 15@15 1-2c per pound.

Nuts—Shellbark hickory, 3c; large hickory, $1@1 1-2c; Spanish chestnuts, 8@9c; walnuts and butternuts, 1@1 1-2c per lb.

Hides—No 1 cured, 14 1-2c; No. 1 green, 12 1-2c; No. 1 cured bulls, 12c; No. 1 green bulls, 10c; No. 1 cured veal kip, 16c; No. 1 green veal kip, 15c; No. 1 cured murrain, 12c; No. 1 green murrain, 10c; No. 1 cured calfs, 18c; No. 1 green calfs, 18c; No. 1 horsehides, $4.50; No. 2 horsehides, $3.50; No. 1 sheepskins, as to amount of wool, 25c@1.50.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg and Dr. J. T. Case of Battle Creek, have been awarded medals by medical societies in Italy and Germany.

Eighty acres of land surrounding the new Battle Creek pumping station at the Verona Wells will be made into a public park for the double purpose of protecting the surrounding acreage from contamination and of giving the public a new breathing place. It is planned to set out 5,000 trees, lay out walks and drives and put in a fountain or two.

"Wife, why does that young cub stay out so late?"

"I believe he's pleading with Mabel for a good-night kiss."

"Well, if that is the only way to get rid of him, authorize her to be slow it."

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

Embarrassing for Rector.

A rector of a certain English church is a somewhat portly gentleman, and a little inclined to be pompous. He owns a small terrier called Rags.

On one occasion last summer Rags escaped from his guardian and wandered into the church just as his master was facing the congregation, holding up the alms basin with both hands. That was Rags' opportunity. He made a bee line for the chancel, and passing before his master, whose eyes were piously elevated to the ceiling, he sat up and begged!

Delight of the wicked and horror of the pious!

SCALP ITCHED AND BURNED

333 South Scioto St., Circleville, Ohio.—"My little girl's trouble first started on her head in a bunch of little pimples full of yellow-looking matter and they would spread in large places. In a short time they would open. Her scalp was awfully red and inflamed and the burning and itching were so intense that she would scratch and rub till it would leave ugly sores. The sores also appeared on her body, and her clothing irritated them so that I had to put real soft cloth next to her body. She would lie awake of nights and was very worrisome. At times she was tortured with itching and burning.

"I tried different remedies with no benefit for months. I had given up all hope of her ever getting rid of it, then I concluded to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The second application gave relief. In a short time she was entirely cured." (Signed) Mrs. Alice Kirlin, Nov. 4, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Language Not Likely to Last.

Mistral, the great Provencal poet, whose death was announced lately, has been likened to Robert Burns for the work he did. But Burns' task was chiefly to be compared with Mistral's. The Scottish poet found his language fully grown and completely alive; Mistral had to create his means of expression. Provencal had lost every resemblance to a literary tongue, and the new poet-patriot had to mold it afresh, to recreate and to build up on the ruins left by the vineyard and the farm. "Our Provencal," said Mistral, "was a country lass ragged and wild." She is now a wonderfully beautiful creature; but it is doubtful whether all the genius of Mistral can keep her alive. The educational reformer in France does not like such irregular beauty.

Ravaged Eastern Coast.

One hundred years ago the British blockaders were committing many depredations along the New England coast. Their method was to land boat crews from the vessels at nightfall, surprise the inhabitants of one of the smaller towns, and after plundering the storehouses and burning the shipping at the wharves, retreat to their boats before the villagers fully comprehended the blow that had fallen upon them. Such occurrences took place at many of the coast towns and, in most cases, the militia proved powerless to check the enemy. All up and down the New England coast, from Maine to the mouth of the Connecticut river, the people were kept in a state bordering on panic during the greater part of the summer of 1814.

Up-to-Date.

Church—I hear you've got a new up-to-date typewriter.

Gotham—That's what I've got.

"Is she blonde or brunette?"

"Neither; green wig!"

HER MOTHER-IN-LAW

Proved a Wise, Good Friend.

A young woman out in Ia. found a wise, good friend in her mother-in-law, jokes notwithstanding. She writes:

"I was greatly troubled with my stomach, complexion was blotchy and yellow. After meals I often suffered sharp pains and would have to lie down. My mother often told me it was the coffee I drank at meals. But when I'd quit coffee I'd have a severe headache.

"While visiting my mother-in-law I remarked that she always made such good coffee and asked her to tell me how. She laughed and told me it was easy to make good 'coffee' when you use Postum.

"I began to use Postum as soon as I got home, and now we have the same good 'coffee' (Postum) every day, and I have no more trouble. Indigestion is a thing of the past, and my complexion has cleared up beautifully.

"My grandmother suffered a great deal with her stomach. Her doctor told her to leave off coffee. She then took tea but that was just as bad.

"She finally was induced to try Postum which she has used for over a year. She traveled during the winter over the greater part of Iowa, visiting, something she had not been able to do for years. She says she owes her present good health to Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled, 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

FRIEND WORTH THE KEEPING

European Merchant Showed His Appreciation of Newspaper in Substantial Manner.

Nothing pleases a newspaper more than letters of appreciation from its readers. The most hardened old editor will flush up and tears of joy will fill his cynical eyes when "Veteran Subscriber" or "Constant Reader" writes in to say that yesterday's smashing attack was the best ever.

Here in America letters of appreciation are all that any editor can hope for. Abroad, however, it is different. French editors are frequently rewarded for good articles by presents of roses, gold fountain pens, baskets of fruit, and so forth.

But nowhere in the world does there exist such a Maecenas of the press as good old Mr. Bimbo, the leading pork dealer of central Europe.

Mr. Bimbo lives in Budapest, and a year ago the Budapest Egyetertes published an interview with him, which stated so accurately his political views that he sent forthwith to the editorial room a whole hand cart of hams, sausages, blood puddings and other choice pork products.

Since then, incredible as it seems, Mr. Bimbo has kept its editors fully supplied with pork meat.

But man cannot live by meat alone, and a month or so ago the Egyetertes went into liquidation. As the editors in mournful conference composed an editorial farewell for their final issue Mr. Bimbo was announced. He had heard the sad news, and now, taking in the situation, he took out his check book, and with one stroke of the pen set the Egyetertes on its feet again.

Cora Belle's Team.

Cora Belle's team would bring a smile to the soberest face alive. Sheba is a tall, lanky old mare. Once she was bay in color, but the years have added gray hair until now she is roan. Being so long-legged she strides along at an amazing pace which her mate, Balaam, a little donkey, finds it hard to keep up with. Balaam, like Sheba, is full of years. Once his glossy brown coat was the pride of some Mexican's heart, but time has added to his color also, and now he is blue. His eyes are sunken and dim, his ears no longer stand up in true donkey style, but droop dejectedly. He has to trot his best to keep up with Sheba's slowest stride. About every three miles he balks, but little Cora Belle doesn't call it balking, she says Balaam has stopped to rest, and they sit and wait till he is ready to trot along again. That is the kind of layout which drew up before our door that evening.—The Atlantic.

Trick of the Orator.

Disraeli, whose eloquence Lord Curzon pronounced below that of Gladstone, tried hard to give his hearers the impression that he was not in the habit of preparing his speeches. Discussing Plunket's oratory with Disraeli, Lord Granville remarked that the Irish statesman hesitated so long for a word that he seemed to be on the point of breaking down. "Lord bless you," Disraeli exclaimed. "Did that take you in? Why, that is part of the trick. I have often done it to make it appear that my speech had not been prepared."

MADE UP OF LITTLE THINGS

Small Events Count for Much More in Life Than Those We Consider of Importance.

We love little things, we hate little things, we fear little things; our lives are knit up with little things from the time we are born to the day we die. Big things draw us up to Heaven or crush us down to hell. Little things live beside us on the earth, eat and sleep with us, laugh and grumble with us, catch the early train with us, or make us miss it, irritate and appease us—never leave us alone for a minute.

That is why they are so much more important than the big things—the things that only come once in a way, at long intervals, and even then are nearly always the result of a hundred and one little things combined.

To be crushed by a large misadventure is natural, but to fall a victim to a series of petty misfortunes is humiliating. There are many who would prefer to break their necks once and for all by falling off a mountain, than to bruise their whole bodies and dislocate their tempers by the daily stumbling over a mole-hill. It is little things that count—the satisfaction of climbing Mount Olympus is a poor sort of attainment if the scores and scores of pleasant details which wait upon success be absent.—From the Atlantic.

Protects Whole Hand.

Protecting gloves generally in use for X-ray work are ordinary gloves having applied on the back a layer of rubber that contains lead, as lead is known to stop the rays. But this is too stiff and lacks suppleness, and besides it is only the back of the hand that is protected. A French inventor makes use of a fabric which is much more flexible and it protects the whole of the hand from injury by the rays. The new fabric is woven from silk which is heavily "sized" with a lead composition, so that it contains three times its weight of lead. This tissue has the advantage of being much more elastic and acts as a very good screen for the X-ray, especially when the back portion is reinforced.