Sisters

of KATHLEEN NORRIS

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CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

—18—

A last curve, and they knew. Over one of the sharpest and ugliest of the descending precipices, crashing down through the saplings and underbrush and striking the trunks of a score of trees on its way, the heavy car had fallen like a boulder. And Peter saw that it was Alix's car, and with a great cry he sprang over the bank and, slipping and stumbling, followed its mad course down almost to the dry creek bed in the canyon, and fell on his knees beside the huddled figure that, erect and strong, in its striped blue gingham, had been Alix only a few short minutes ago.

She had been flung clear of the car, and although every bone in her body was broken, by some miracle the fire, except for ardent red where the brown hair met the tanned forehead, was untouched. And as he caught her in his arms and bent over her with the bitterness of death stopping his own heart, a soft, thick braid loosened and fell like the touch of her hand upon his own, and it seemed to him that in the tranquil face and in the very look of the closed and fast-shadowing eyelids he caught a glimpse of Alix's old smile.

Peter forgot everything else in the world. He held her close to him and put his face against her face, and perhaps she had never so truly been his own as in this moment, of their parting, when the quiet autumn woodland, shot with long shafts from the sinking sun, rang with his bitter cry:

"No, Alix—not dead! My wife—my wife!"

There were other men and women gathering fast now, and the whole little valley was beginning to ring with the tragedy. After a while some sympathetic man touched Peter on the arm to say that Mrs. Lloyd had fainted, and that if he would please tell them what to do about the other man—he was not yet dead—

Peter roused himself, and with help from half a dozen hands on all sides he carried Alix up to the road and laid her upon a motor robe that some kindly spectator had spread in the deep dust.

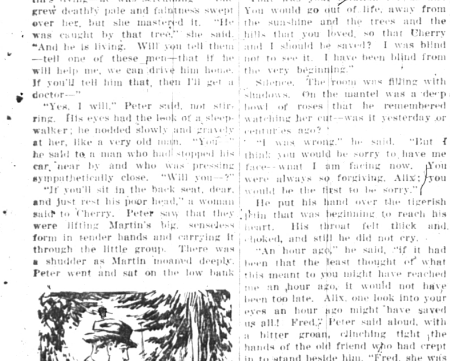
Presently he was conscious that a small, slight woman with disorderly fair hair and with her face streaked with dust and tears was standing beside him, and looking down at her, he saw that it was Cherry.

"Yes, Cherry?" he said, moistening his dry lips.

"Peter," she said, "they say Martin's living—he was screaming—" She grew deathly pale and faintness swept over her, but she mastered it. "He was caught by that tree," she said. "And he is living. Will you tell them—tell one of these men—that if he will help me, we can drive him home. If you'll tell him that, then I'll get a doctor—"

"Yes, I will," Peter said, not stirring. His eyes had the look of a sleepwalker; he nodded slowly and gravely at her, like a very old man. "Yes," he said to a man who had stopped his car near by and who was pressing sympathetically close. "Will you—?"

"If you'll sit in the back seat, dear, and rest his head in your lap," a woman said to Cherry. Peter saw that they were lifting Martin's big, senseless form in tender hands and carrying it through the little group. There was a shudder as Martin moaned deeply. Peter went and sat on the low bank



Peter Saw They Were Lifting Martin's Big, Senseless Form.

by Alix again, and lifted one of her limp hands, and held it. Ah, if in God's mercy and goodness she might moan, he thought, that one slight ray of hope would flood all the world with light for him again! But she did not stir.

"Gone?" said Cherry's heartrending voice, a mere whisper, beside him.

He turned upon her lifeless eyes.

"Gone," he echoed.

"Oh, Alix—my darling! My own big sister!" Cherry sobbed, falling to her knees and passionately kissing the peaceful face. "Oh, Alix, dearest!"

The women about broke into tears. Peter pressed his hand close against his aching eyeballs, wishing that he might cry.

"She drove here," he heard a man's voice saying, in the silence, "and she must have lost control of her car for a minute. Then she saw see?—the wheel slipped on the bank. Once it got this far, no power in God's earth—"

"No power in God's earth!" another man's voice said in solemn confirmation.

"Peter," Cherry said, "will you come to me as soon as you can? I shall need you."

"As soon as I can," he answered absently.

The car drove away, and he heard Martin moan again as it moved.

"Joyce," said a man's kind voice close beside him. He recognized the voice rather than the distressed face of an old friend and neighbor. "Joyce, my dear fellow," he urged affectionately, "tell us what we may do and we'll see to it. Pull yourself together, my dear chap. Now shall I telephone for an—an ambulance? You must help us just a little here and then we'll spare you everything else."

"Thank you, Fred," Peter answered after a moment. "Thank you. Will you help me take—my—wife—home?"

"You wish it that way?" the other man said anxiously.

"Please," Peter answered simply. And instantly there was moving and clustering in the crowd, a murmuring of whispered directions.

After a while they were at the mountain cabin, and Kow, with tears running down his yellow face, was helping them. Then they were into the old living room, and Alix was lying there, splendid, sweet, untouched, with her brave, brown forehead shadowed softly by her brown hair, and her lashes resting upon her cheeks, and her fingers clasped about the stems of three great, creamy roses.

There were other flowers all about, and there were women in the room, white-draperies fell with sweeping lines from the upright yelling of the crushed figure, and Alix might have been only asleep, and dreaming some heroic dream that lent that secret pride and joy to her mouth and filled those closed eyes with a triumph they had never known in life.

Peter stood and looked down at her, and the men and women drew back. But although the muscles of his mouth twitched, he did not weep. He looked long at her, while an utter silence filled the room and while twilight deepened into dark over the cabin and over the mountain above it.

"So that was your way out, Alix?" Peter said in the depth of his soul. "That was your solution for us all? You would go out of life, away from the sunshine and the trees and the hills that you loved, so that Cherry and I should be saved? I was blind not to see it. I have been blind from the very beginning."

Silence. The room was filling with shadows. On the mantel was a deep bowl of roses that he remembered having helped cut—was it yesterday or centuries ago?

"I was wrong," he said. "But I think you would be sorry to have me face—what I am facing now. You were always so forgiving, Alix; you would be the first to be sorry."

His hand fell over the cold, cherish skin that was beginning to reach his heart. His throat felt thick and choked, and still he did not cry.

"An hour ago," he said, "if it had been that the least thought of what this meant to you might have reached me, an hour ago, I would not have been too late. Alix, one look into your eyes an hour ago might have saved us all! Fred," Peter said aloud, with a bitter groan, clinching tight the hands of the old friend who had crept in to stand beside him, "Fred, she was here. In all her health and joy and strength only today. And now—"

"I know—old man—" the other man muttered. He looked anxiously at Peter's terrible face. In the silence the dog whimpered faintly. But when Peter, after an endless five minutes turned away, it was to speak to his friend in an almost normal voice.

"I must go down and see Cherry, Fred. She took her husband to the old house; they were living there."

"Helen will stay here," the old man assured him quickly. "I'll drive you down and come back here. We thought perhaps a few of us could come here tomorrow afternoon, Peter," he added timidly, with his reddened eyes filling again, "and talk of her a little, and pray for her a little, and then take her to—to rest beside the old doctor—"

"I hadn't thought about that," Peter answered, still with the air of finding it hard to link words to thought. "But that is the way she would like it. Thank you—and thank Helen for me—"

"Oh, Peter, to do anything—" the woman faltered; "She came to us, you know, when the baby was so ill—day after day—my own sister couldn't have been more to us!"

"Did she?" Peter asked, staring at the speaker stupidly. "That was like her."

He went out of the house and got into a waiting car, and they drove down the mountain. Alix had driven him over this road day before yesterday—yesterday—no, it was today, he remembered.

"Thank God I don't feel it yet as I shall feel it, Thompson!" he said quietly. The man who was driving gave him an anxious glance.

"You must take each day as it comes," he answered simply.

Peter nodded, folded his arms across his chest, and stared into the early dark. There was no other way to go than past the very spot where the boy had accidentally shot Thompson and his wife later that poor Joyce had not seemed to know it when they passed it. Nor did he give any evidence of emotion when they reached the old Strickland house and entered the old hallway where Cherry had come waiting in, a few years ago, with Martin's first kiss upon her lips.

Two doctors, summoned from San Francisco, were here, and two nurses. Martin had been laid upon a hastily moved bed in the old study, to be spared the narrow stairs. The room was metamorphosed, the whole house moved about it as about a pivot, and there was no thought but for the man who lay, sometimes raving and sometimes ominously still, waiting for death.

"He cannot live," whispered Cherry, ghastly of face and with fine hair chaos in her soul and brain expressed by her tumbled frock and the careless-ly pinched back and knotted masses of her hair. "His arms is broken, Peter, and his leg crushed—they don't dare touch him! And the surgeon says the spine, too—and you see his head, Oh, God! It is so terrible," she said in pain, through shut teeth, knotting her hands together; "it is too terrible that he is breathing now, that life is there now, and that they cannot hold it!"

She led Peter into the sitting room where the doctors were waiting.

"Is there any hope?" he asked, when Cherry had gone away on one of the restless, unnecessary journeys with which she was filling the endless hours. One man shook his head; and in the silence they heard Martin groan.

"It is possible he may weather it, of course," the older man said, "but I think he is coming out of that first stupor and we may be able to tell better in a short time. The fact that he is living at all indicates a tremendous vitality."

Cherry came to the door to say "Doctor!" on a burst of tears. The physicians departed at once to the study, and Peter was immediately summoned to assist them in handling the big frame of the patient. Martin was thoroughly conscious now; his face chalk white, Cherry, agonized, knelt beside the bed, her frightened eyes moving from face to face.

There was a brief consultation, then Cherry and Peter were banished.

Peter watched her with a confused sense that the whole frightful day had been a dream. Once she looked up and met his eyes.

"He can't live," she said in a whisper.

"Perhaps not," Peter answered very low. Cherry returned to her somber musing.

"We didn't see this end to it, did we?" she said with a pitiful smile after a long while.

"No, not yet," Peter said, shutting his eyes and with a faint, negative movement of his head.

"Poor Cherry—if I could spare you all this!" knotting his fingers and feeling for the first time the prick of bitter tears against his eyelids.

"Oh, there is nothing you can do," she said faintly and wearily after a while. And she whispered, as if to herself, "Nothing—nothing—nothing!"

CHAPTER XIX.

It was all strange and bewildering, thought Peter. It was not like anything he had ever connected in his thoughts with Alix, yet it was all for her.

The day was warm and still, and the little church was packed with flowers and packed with people. Women were crying, and men were crying, too, rather to his dazed surprise. The organ was straining through the warm, fragrant air, and the old clergyman, whose venerable, bonnie head, in its crown of snowy hair, Peter could see clearly, spoke in a voice that was thickened with tears. Strangers, had been touching Peter's hand respectfully, timidly, had been praising Alix. She had been "good" to this one, "good" to that one, they told him; she had always been so "interested" and so "happy."

Her coffin was buried in flowers, many of them the plain flowers she loved, the gillies and stock and verbena, and even the sweet, sober wallflowers that were somehow like herself. But if was the roses that scented the whole world for Alix today, and fresh creamy buds had been placed between her waxen fingers. And still that radiant look of triumphant love lingered on her quiet face, and still the faint ghost of a smile touched the once kindly and merry mouth.

They said good-by to her at the church, the villagers and old friends who had known her well, and Peter and two or three men alone followed her down along the winding road that led to the old cemetery. Cherry was hanging over the bedside of her husband, who still miraculously lingered through hours of pain, but as Peter, looking back from a turn in the road, crossed the church porch to silently enter the waiting motor car, he saw, erect and grave, on the front seat, in his decent holiday black, and with his felt hat held in his hands, Kow, claiming his right to stand beside the grave of the man who he had loved and served so faithfully. The sight of him, in his clumsy black, instead of the usual crisp white, and with a sad and tear-stained face shook Peter strangely, but he did not show a sign of pain.

The twisted low branches of oak trees threw shadows on the grave when they finally reached it, and sheep were cropping the watered grass of the graveyard. The soft autumn sky, the drift of snowy clouds across the blue, the clear shadows on brown grass under the trees, all these were familiar. But Peter still looked dazedly at his black cuff and at the turned earth next to the doctor's headstone, telling himself again that this was for Alix. How often he had seen her sitting there, with her bright face sobered and sweet, as she talked lovingly, eagerly of her father! They had often come here, Peter the more willingly because she was so sensible and happy about it; she would pack lunch, button herself into one of the crisp blue ginghams, chatter on the road in her usual fashion. And if, for a few moments, the fresh air memory fired by the sight of the old cemetery became too poignant and tears came, she always scolded herself with that mixture of childish and maternal impatience that was so characteristic of her, and that Peter had seen her use to this very father years ago!

He remembered her as a tall, awkward girl, with a volume of Dickens slipping from her lap as she sat on a hassock by the fire, teasing her father, scolding and reproaching him. Blazing red on her high cheekbones, untidy black hair, quick tongue and ready laugh; that was Alix of the old days, when he had criticized and patronized her, and told her that she should be more like Anne and little Cherry!

He remembered being defeated, one day, to take her into town to the dentist, and that upon discovering that the dentist was not in his office, he had taken her to the circus instead. She had been about thirteen, and had eaten too many peanuts, he thought, and had lost a petticoat in full sight of the grandstand. But how grateful and happy she had been!

"Dear little old ship petticoat!" he said. "Dear little old madcap Alix—"

There was silence, the silence of inanition, about him. He came to himself with a start. He was up on the hills, in the cemetery—this was

This Was Alix's Grave, Newly Covered With Flowers.

Alix's grave, newly covered with white, massed flowers, and he was keeping everybody waiting. He murmured an apology; the waiting men were all kindness and sympathy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAKES A PLEASING PICTURE

Whether Reality or Fiction, "Mine Host of the Inn" Dwells in One's Memory.

There was a time, so at least I gather from my reading acquaintance with the past, when mine host of the inn was a breathing and beaming reality, a cheery human fact, his inn so small that it made a picturesque stage setting for him as he stood in the doorway to receive the guest, says a writer in the Christian Science Monitor.

I can recall no specific example of this worthy and hospitable man, nor open any book to the page which he decorates, yet he stands vividly enough in my mental picture book, dressed, I know not why, in tight breeches, a red waistcoat buttoned over his round and ample stomach with many brass buttons, and an apron over the waistcoat and breeches. Mirth radiates from his blue eyes, and a smile loses itself in his plump and ruddy cheeks. Travelers know him, and the acquaintance is a bond of union between men who might otherwise remain strangers.

But men no longer wear breeches except for riding or golf, and inns, although they are again increasing in number as a result of the increasing number of motorcars, no longer make a stage setting for a host. Perhaps there never was a host as I like to imagine.

Salt and Dampness.

Salt is what is called "hygroscopic," that is, it eagerly absorbs moisture. In fact, both air and salt are absorbents of moisture and it is a contest between them as to which gets it. Results depend on atmospheric conditions. Ordinary atmosphere always contains a proportion of moisture, and warm air is apt to contain more moisture than cold, as it absorbs and holds water vapor more readily than cold air. Salt has such affinity for moisture that under such conditions it draws it from the air. When the air becomes dry, the moisture is given up by the salt, which in turn becomes dry, as it returns the moisture to the air.

Turks See Good Omen.

The occultation of Venus with the crescent moon, seen at full noon recently at Constantinople, has naturally been regarded by the Turks as a good omen, remarks the London Morning Star. For the crescent moon, with a star between the horns, has been used by the Ottoman Turks as their military and religious emblem since the Thirteenth century.

The crescent itself has played a conspicuous part in the history of that part of the globe for well over 2,000 years. It was made the badge of Byzantium in 339 B. C., when the sudden appearance of a crescent moon revealed the approach of the Macedonian army.

Make Funnel From Eggshell.

When it is desired to fill narrow-necked bottles and a funnel is unavailable, one can be improvised from an eggshell. The shell should be quite dry, and a small opening made at the bottom. Stand the shell so that the hole is well over the opening of the container to be filled, and proceed as with a regular funnel.

PLANT CORN FOR LARGEST YIELDS

Nothing Gained by Seeding Before Conditions of Soil and Atmosphere Are Right.

NEITHER EXTREME DESIRABLE

Greatest Total Growth of Stalk Made From Planting in May or June—Experiments of State Stations Corroborated.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

No gain is made in yield or maturity by planting corn before conditions of soil and atmosphere are right, in the opinion of the United States Department of Agriculture. Corn growers in localities with a long season have observed that early and late plantings of the same variety usually show wide differences in growth and number of days required to reach maturity. In general, corn which is seeded early requires a longer time to come up than that which is planted later. The plants also grow more slowly, are shorter, and bear their ears lower. These are commonly observed effects of the date of planting.

Best Yields From Early Seeding.

Studies recently have been made by the United States Department of Agriculture at the Arlington experimental farm near Washington, D. C., in order to obtain data which would supplement that obtained earlier at the various state experiment stations with various objects. These have been conducted by the state agricultural experiment stations to determine the influence of the different dates of planting on corn yields. The state experiments reviewed indicate that the best yields of grain may be expected from the early seedings and the most rapid development and greatest growth from the later seedings. Neither the extremely early nor the very late plantings are desirable.

The department investigations were directed more to a study of the effects upon growth and development than to determining the most desirable date of planting from the standpoint of yield. The results of these studies, which extended over a five-year period, are presented in Department Bulletin No. 1014, Effect of Date of Seeding on Germination, Growth, and Development of Corn, by E. B. Brown and H. S. Garrison, which may be had upon application to the department.

The varieties of corn used in the experiments cover a wide range in the length of the growing season required. The data tabulated are limited to the characters that seem to have been consistently affected, although the points studied included the rapidity of germination, the number of days

Plant Corn in May or June for Best Growth and Yield.

from emergence to ripening, the height of stalks, the number of ears per plant, the average weight of ears, the average yield per plant, and the number of suckers.

In all the experiments the germination of corn increased in rapidity as the date of seeding occurred later. When sown early the short-season northern varieties came up sooner than the varieties from the central and southern states. When sown later the differences in this respect were not usually apparent.

May or June Favored.

The total growth of stalk was greatest from the seedings in June and May. The total growth was least and rate of growth slowest from the April seedings. Development was more rapid in the later than in the earlier seedings.

The number of ears per stalk, the size of the ear, and the amount of suckering bore no consistent relation to the date of seeding. The pollen-shedding period was longer in plants from the early seedings than in those from the later seedings. Seedings earlier than normal resulted in slight gains in the date of silking.

These experiments corroborate the conclusions of the state experiment stations, that corn may be planted in the vicinity of Washington and other localities with a similar season, any time after May 1, without danger of the seed rotting. The best conditions of soil and atmosphere usually come between May 10 and May 20.

PUSHING ROAD CONSTRUCTION

Marked Improvement in Economic Conditions for Highway Building in United States.

Economic conditions for highway building in all parts of the United States have shown marked improvement. Railroad facilities for handling road-building material are much improved. Labor conditions have been such as to aid road building. The increasing number of unemployed men and the depression generally causing more men to be thrown out of employment, have been favorable to contractors in pushing road construction.

HORSE-RADISH DOES NOT REPEL ENEMIES

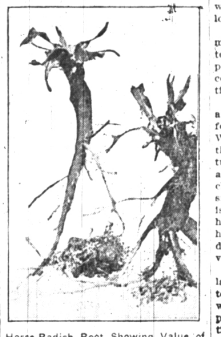
Pungent Qualities of Plant Do Not Discourage Bugs.

Entomologists Report New Pest in Form of European Webworm Which Also Attacks and Injures Turnips and Cabbage.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Even the pungent and tear-starting qualities of horse-radish are not sufficient to discourage insect enemies. In addition to two other specific and two incidental pests preying upon this plant, entomologists of the United States Department of Agriculture report a third specific enemy, known as the European horse-radish webworm and described in a bulletin of that title, Department Bulletin No. 999, just issued.

The caterpillar, which does the most destruction, is of medium size and is also known as the purple-backed web-worm, as well as by its regular



Horse-Radish Root Showing Value of Deep Digging for Straight Roots—This Applies to All Root Vegetables.

name. While favoring horse-radish, it is also known to attack turnip and cabbage, and after feeding on the lower surface of the leaves sometimes webs them together near the ground. When abundant, it attacks the stalks even down to the roots. It was first discovered in injurious numbers in Virginia, near the District of Columbia, in 1919, and occasional attacks have been noted in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Wisconsin. The moth of the species is rather a bright sober yellow, with a wing spread of about 1 inch, peculiarly spotted. The eggs are deposited in compact masses containing from half a dozen to a score. They are a little brighter green than the leaf, and each egg is surrounded by an irregular ring of yellow spots.

The webworm may be controlled by arsenicals and by hand-picking on horse-radish, and more readily on other crops by fall and spring plowing and frequent cultivation.

TEST SEEDS BEFORE SOWING

Of Big Advantage to Farmer to Determine Purity and Germination of Various Grains.

Whether the seed is for sale or for his own use on the farm, the farmer will find it to his advantage to test his seed, or have it tested, for purity and germination. In making a purity test, according to the United States department of Agriculture, it is customary to determine the percentage of pure seed, inert matter such as dirt, chaff, and broken seeds, and foreign seeds, including weed and other kinds. A sample is taken varying in weight from 1 to 100 grams or more (a teaspoon for the clovers and small-seeded grasses, a tablespoon for the grasses, and a considerably larger amount for cereal grains), depending upon the size of the seed being examined. For the germination test usually two lots of 100 seeds each are placed on or between blotting paper, canton flannel, or such material, and kept in a room or chamber at a temperature of 60 degrees to 80 degrees F. for 3 to 28 days, depending upon the kind of seed being tested.

Samples for purity and germination tests may be sent to the seed laboratory of the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., or to the nearest branch seed laboratory of the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., or to the nearest branch seed laboratory located at Lafayette, Ind.; Columbia, Mo.; College Station, Tex.; Corvallis, Ore., and Berkeley, Calif.

BEST PREPARATION OF SOIL

English Gardeners Take Great Pains in Applying Manure—Process Known as "Trenching."

The home gardeners of England take great pains in the preparation of their garden soils, even going to the extent of throwing the surface soil from one side and then spading manure into the subsoil to a depth of 14 or 16 inches. After the subsoil is so treated, the surface soil is replaced and great quantities of decayed manure mixed with it. This process is known as "trenching" and has the effect of carrying the crops through the drought period in much better manner than where the soil is not broken so deeply. Preparation of soil and application of fertilizer is discussed in further detail in garden bulletins of the United States Department of Agriculture, free on request.

Best Potatoes or Seed.

It pays to use good potatoes for seed. Do not plant culls. Have them as uniform as possible in type and shape. Throw out ill-shaped and prongy ones. Never plant scabby tubers unless they are treated for scab, and even then it is not advisable.

FARM CHEAP LAND

Why Western Canada Agriculturists Are Smiling.

Low Overhead Expense and Bountiful Crops Have Enabled Them to Overcome Agricultural Depression.

The recent agricultural depression brought to the eyes of the world the fact that one of its basic industries was likely to suffer a severe blow unless steps were taken to secure a remedy. Physician after physician applied remedies, but even parliamentarians and newspapers were unable to place their finger on the pulse that would respond. As it appears today, it was a spasmodic wave due to the ebb and flow of the tide of readjustment that was bound to follow a disturbance such as the Great War caused.

Psychologically it was bound to change; there was certain to be a reflex movement that would bring agricultural conditions back to the place where they normally and rightly belong.

Efficiency and sound business judgment are needed more in agriculture today than ever before and are as important to the farmer as to a railroad company, or to a great steel corporation.

The farmer must endeavor to secure an equal footing in the competition for a lower cost of production. In Western Canada the farmer has come through the dark era with that fortitude and determination so peculiar to a new country, and is meeting the changed situation with energy and a smile. In Western Canada the farmer is not hampered by an annual overhead expense of heavy interest on high-priced land. He is able to produce at a minimum, because his land value seldom exceeds $50 an acre.

Owing to the fact that in farming land the price of which is from $25 to $50 an acre, producing crops of wheat running from 20 to 40 bushels per acre, and other grains in proportion, he is able to produce at a low cost. In addition to this, a fact which should not be lost sight of is the large area that he can farm at low cost, giving him an added advantage in reducing the cost of production.

The farmer fully expected to bring him over a dollar a bushel, he saw carried away to the market and bring back a 50 or 40 cent check. Wheat for the whole of Canada averaged 86 cents a bushel in 1921 as compared with $1.02 in 1920; oats 87 cents as against 53 cents; barley 47 cents as against 83 cents. Other grain prices similarly fell. While other parts of the continent, where grain-growing is carried on, have suffered in like manner by deflation in prices, they have had to face a much higher cost in production, such as high rents, high-priced farms, and high taxes. Farmers had calculated on receiving war or near war figures for their grain and therefore were amply justified in submitting to the fall that soaring land prices set upon them. Western Canada fortunately did not suffer from inflated land prices. Therefore, when grain prices fell, the losses sustained were not so great; they did not cut out the margin of profit, excepting in some cases where some climatic conditions caused it.

Why not take advantage of the Homeseekers' rate to any point in Western Canada, and return single fare plus $2.00, and get information from the nearest Canadian Government agent?—Advertisement.

All Depends.

No place is so fine as it seems when you are homesick for it, and no place so bad as it seems when you are homesick in it.—Farm Life.

When Heine Was a Tramp.

Heinrich Heine was a tramp. He trudged all of one summer through Saxony in an old coat. He was going to Weimar to flatter—that seems odd—Goethe. As he wandered through the Harz mountains coining the speech he meant to make to the great German poet, he plucked plums by the wayside. When he reached his destination he forgot his eulogy and could only stammer his praise of Saxon plums. The rallying, cynical exile of Paris, prodding his enemies with a trenchant pen, was that summer lovable as a tramp.—Exchange.

Suggestion.

Richard, age five, had been left at home in the care of one of his aunts for a few days. It appeared to the aunt that Richard usually managed to do just the things that she had forbidden him to do. Finally she mentioned that fact to Richard, only to receive the following reply: "But, auntie, I never think of those things till you talk about them, and then it seems to me that I just must do them."

His Business Secret.

"Kindly inform the court how you managed to keep your credit open," was demanded during a trial for bankruptcy. "Certainly," replied the defendant, "but allow me to suggest that I impart this information behind closed doors. There are several of my competitors present, and I have no desire to teach them the secret."

Don't Be Afraid.

We never knew of a man catching cold from leaving off his bad habits.—Boston Transcript.

Care of Invalid.

Don't try to give the patient in an incumbent position a drink by putting a cup to his lips and incidentally pouring the fluid down his neck. A glass drinking tube may be purchased at a drug store and will save a good many spills.

Ashamed of Mourning.

The Syrians regarded mourning for the dead as an effeminate practice, and when they grieved they put on women's clothes as a symbol of weakness.