

## WILLY WAS TOO LIBERAL

Overupply of Alcoholic Stimulants  
Disturbed Schedule of Funeral  
Arrangements.

Dean Ramsey's memoirs contain an anecdote of an old woman of Strafford. Just before her death she solemnly instructed her grandnephew: "Willy, I'm dead, and as you'll have the charge of it, have mind now that as much whisky is to be used at my funeral as there was at my baptism."

Willy, having no record of the quantity consumed at the baptism, decided to give every mourner as much as he wished, with the result that the funeral procession, having to traverse ten miles to the churchyard on a short November day, arrived only at nightfall.

Then it was discovered that the mourners, halting at a wayside inn, had rested the coffin on a dyke and left it there when they resumed their journey. The corpse was a day late in arriving at the grave.

## RAW ECZEMA ON HANDS

"I had eczema on my hands for ten years. I had three good doctors but none of them did any good. I then used one box of Cuticura Ointment and three bottles of Cuticura Resolvent and was completely cured. My hands were raw all over, inside and out, and the eczema was spreading all over my body and limbs. Before I had used one bottle, together with the Cuticura Ointment, my sores were nearly healed over, and by the time I had used the third bottle, I was entirely well. To any one who has any skin or blood disease I would honestly advise them to fool with nothing else, but get Cuticura and get well. My hands have never given me the least bit of trouble up to now.

"My daughter's hands this summer became perfectly raw with eczema. She could get nothing that would do them any good until she tried Cuticura. She used Cuticura Resolvent and Cuticura Ointment and in two weeks they were entirely cured. I have used Cuticura for other members of my family and it always proved successful. Mrs. M. E. Fallin, Speers Ferry, Va., Oct. 19, 1909."

## The Wrong Sort.

An old Irish peasant was one Sunday sitting in front of his cottage puffing away furiously at his pipe.

Match after match he lighted, pulling hard at the pipe the while, until at last the ground all round his feet was strewn with struck matches.

"Come in to your dinner, Patsy," at length called out his wife.

"Faith, and Oi will in a minute, Biddy," said he. "Molke Mulrooney has been a-telling me that if Oi smoked a bit of ghlash Oi cud see the shpota on the sun. Oi don't know whether Molke's been a-telling me or whether Oi've got hold of the wrong kind of ghlash."—Scraps.

## Only One Cobb.

The morning after Judge Andrew Cobb, a one time justice of the supreme court of Georgia, tendered his resignation, an Atlanta lawyer and a shoe drummer sat in the same seat in an outgoing train.

The lawyer bought a newspaper and looked over the headlines. Then he turned to the drummer and said: "Well, I see Cobb has resigned."

"Geel!" said the drummer. "What will Detroit do now?"—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

## 119 Years Old When He Died.

Paddy Blake, who was born at Ballygreen, parish of Kilmacool, county Clare, Ireland, 119 years ago, has died in the Corofin Union Hospital.

Faddy had a clear memory of events that happened a hundred years ago and was one of those who went to see Daniel O'Connell passing through Bunratty Pike on his way to Ennis for the great election of 1828.

## Pictureque Language.

"I'm afraid fire has very poor table manners."

"Why so?"

"A young reporter says the 'greedy flames devoured everything in reach and then licked the paint off an adjoining building.'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## Reformation.

"You say you are a reformer?"

"Yep," replied the local boss; "of the deepest dye."

"But you were not always so."

"No. The reformers reformed our town last year and I want to reform it back again."

How would it do to try the experiment of going to the erring with love, instead of law? Wouldn't it be a step nearer to paradise?

You have got to know a business before you can make a success of it.

## No Trouble

A Saucer,  
A little Cream,  
and

## Post Toasties

right from the box.  
Breakfast in a minute,  
and you have a meal as  
delightful as it is whole-  
some.

Post Toasties are crisp  
and flavoury—golden-  
brown, fluffy bits that al-  
most melt in the mouth.

"The Memory Lingers"  
POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD.  
Bault, Creek, Mich.

# THE QUICKENING

—BY—  
FRANCIS LYNDE

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## CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"Don't look up at him appealingly. You must love him for such things." "You do not mean that?" she asked, with a gasp. "I mean that you must love him for such things. You said you didn't want to find me changed. I'm not changed in that, at least."

"You ridiculous boy!" she said; but that was only a step-gasp, and Longfellow added another coming to a stand opposite a vast obstruction of building material half damming the white road. "What are you doing here—building more additions?" she asked.

"No," said Tom. "It is a new plant—a pipe foundry."

"Don't tell me we are going to have more neighbors in Paradise," she said, in mock concern.

"I'll tell you something that may shock you worse than that: the owner of this new plant has camped down right next door to Deer Trace."

"How dreadful! You don't mean that?"

"Oh, but I do. He's a young man, of good but honest parents, with a large eye for the main chance. I shouldn't be surprised if he took every opportunity to make love to you."

"How absurd you can be, Tom! Who is he?"

"He is Mr. Caleb Gordon's son. I think you think you know him, but you don't; nobody does."

"Really, Tom? Have you gone into business for yourself? I thought you had another year at Boston."

"I have another year coming to me, but I am in business for myself. And I am in business for myself. I thought perhaps I should be modest and call it a firm—Gordon & Gordon. I built this new firm, and it is all that has kept Chilawasee from going into the sheriff's hands any time during the past six months. Dunsbury Farley and his son had deliberately wrecked the company."

"You must not say such things of Mr. Farley and—his son to me. If you do, I can't listen."

"You don't believe what I say?"

"I believe you have convinced yourself. But you are vindictive; you know you are. And I mean to be fair and just."

"Tell me one thing, Ardea, and maybe I will shut my mouth. What is your brother's name—anything more than Eva's brother?"

Another young woman might have claimed her undoubted right to evade such a pointed question. But Ardea saw safety only in instant frankness.

"He has asked me to be his wife, Tom."

"And you have consented?"

"I wonder if I have," she said, half-musingly.

"Don't you know?" he demanded. And then, "Ardea, I'd rather see you dead and in your coffin! You don't know what you're doing."

"Don't I? My opportunities have been very much better than yours," she retorted.

"You must be, but I say you don't know him. He is a white snake; he'll devour you."

"Well, I see Cobb has resigned."

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ornamental side-wicket opening on the home-foot-path when a woman, crouching in the shadow of the great gate, looked up at him with a gasp before him. He did not recognize her at first; it was nearly dark, and her head was snuggled in a shawl. Then she spoke, and he saw that it was Nancy Bryerson—a Nan sadly and terribly changed, but must much of the wild-rear of face and form still remaining.

"You don't forget me, Tom—Jeff? I only wish—"

"Surely I haven't forgotten you, Nan. But you look very surprised, and I can't see in the dark any better than most people. What are you doing down here in the valley so late in the evening?" He tried to say it superiorly, paternally, as an older man might have said it.

"You allow it ain't right for me to be out alone after night," she, with a hard little laugh. "I reckon I ain't out to hurt me none; anyways, I had to come. Paw's been red-eyed for a week, and he's huntin' for you, Tom—Jeff."

"Huntin' for me? Well, I'm not very hard to find, he said, unconsciously repeating the answer he had made to the horse-trader's warning.

"Couldn't you make out to go off somewhere for a little spell?" she asked, half-pleadingly.

"Run away, you mean? Hardly; I'm busy just at present. Besides, I haven't got a cent, and I don't know what's he making trouble about."

She put her face in her hands, and though she was silent, he could see that she was shaking her. Being neither more nor less than a man, her tears made him foolish. He put his arm around her and tried to find the comforting word.

How Ardea and Miss Euphrasta, going the roundabout way from one house to the other to avoid the dew-wet grass of the lawn, came fairly within arms'-reach before he saw or heard them, remained a thing inexplicable. But when he looked up they were there, Miss Euphrasta straightening herself aloof in virtuous disapproval, and Ardea looking as if some one had suddenly shown her the head of the ass.

Tom separated himself from Nan in a hot-headed confusion and stood as a culprit taken in the act. Nan hid her face again and turned away. It was Miss Dabney the younger who found words to break the smarting silence.

"Don't mind us, Mr. Gordon," she said, icily. "We were going to Wood-lawn to see if your father and mother could come over after dinner."

Tom smote himself alive and made haste to open the foot-path gate for them. There was nothing more said, or to be said; but when they were gone and he was once more alone with Nan, he was fighting desperately with a very manlike desire to smash something to relieve his wrathful pressure by hurting somebody.

"You were going to tell me about your father," he said, striving to hold the interruption as if it had not been, and yet tingling in every nerve to be free.

"Did you come all the way down the mountain to tell me?"

"I had to come anyway. He run me out, paw did."

"Heaven's!" ejaculated Tom, pricking now with a new sensation. "And you haven't any place to stay?"

"No. I was allowin' maybe your paw'd let me sleep where you-uns keep the lawasses—jest for a little spell till I could make out what-all I'm going to do."

He was too grateful to be quite clear-sighted. Yet he conceived that he had a duty laid on him. Once in the foothill, infatuated long-ago he had told her he would take care of her; he remembered it too. But her suggestion was not to be considered for a moment.

"I can't let you go to the stables," he objected. "The horse-boys sleep there. But I'll put a roof over you, some way. Wait here a minute till I come back."

His thought was to go to his mother and ask her help; but half-way to the house his courage failed him. Since the breach in spiritual confidence he had been better able to see the lovable side of his mother's faith; but he could not be blind to that quality of hardness in it which, even in such an expressive woman as Martha Gordon's, such expression in woman's inhumanity to woman. Besides, Ardea and her cousin were still in the way.

He swung on his heel undecided. On the hillside base of the new foundry there was a one-roomed cabin built on the Gordon land years before by a hermit watchman of the Chilawasee plant. It was vacant, and Tom remembered that the few bits of furniture had not been removed when the old watchman died. Would the miserable shack do for a temporary refuge for the outcast? He concluded it would have to do; and, making a wide circuit of the house, he went around to the stables to fetch Longfellow to the buggy. Luckily, the negroes were all in the detached kitchen, eating their supper, so he was able to go and come undetected.

When he drove down to the gate he found Nan waiting where he had left her; but now she had a bundle in her arms. As he got out to swing the driveway grille, the house door opened; a flood of light from the hall lamp banded the lawn, and there were voices and footsteps on the veranda. He flung a nervous glance over his shoulder; Ardea and her cousin were returning down the foot-path. Wherefore, he made haste, meaning not to be caught again, if he could help it. But the fates were against him. Longfellow, snatched ruthlessly from his half-emptied ash-box, made equine protest, yawning and cowering himself; a savant cut of the whip before he consented to place the buggy at the stone mounting-step.

"Quick!" said Tom, flinging the reins on the dashboard. Chuck your bundle under the seat and climb in!

But Nan was provokingly slow, and when she tried to get in with the bundle she still in her arms, the buggy hood was in the way. Tom had to help her, was in the act of lifting her to the step, when the wicket latch clicked and Ardea and Miss Euphrasta came out. They looked at each other in amazement; Tom could feel the electric shock of righteous scorn through the back of his head. That was why he drove half-

way to the lower end of the pike before he turned on Nan to say: "What's in that bundle you're so careful of? Why don't you put it under the seat?"

"I reckon you wouldn't want me to do that, Tom—Jeff," she answered, simply. "It's my baby—my little Tom."

He was struck dumb. It often happens that in the fiercest storm of gossip the one most nearly concerned goes his way without so much as suspecting that the sun is hidden.

Tom had not been exposed to the violence of the storm. Nan's shame was old, and the gossip tongues had wagged themselves weary two years before, when the child was born. So Tom was quite free to think only of his companion.

A great anger rose and swelled in his heart. What scoundrel had taken advantage of an ignorance so profound as to be the blood sister of innocence? He would have given much to know; and yet the true delicacy of a manly soul made him hold his peace.

Thus it was that they drove in silence to the deserted cabin on the hillside; and Tom went down to the foundry office and brought a lamp for light. The cabin was a mere shelter; but when he would have made excuses, Nan spoke.

"It's as good as I been used to, so you know mighty well, Tom—Jeff. I only wish—"

He was on his knees at the hearth, kindling a fire, and he looked up to see why she did not finish. She was sitting on the edge of the old watchman's rude bed, bowed low over the sleeping child, and again sobs were shaking her like an ague fit. There was something heartrending in this silent, wordless anguish; but there was nothing to be said, ever good emotion in making the fire. After a little she sat up and continued monotonously:

"He was like to me thataway, too; the man 'at I heard your Uncle Silas tellin' about one night when I set on the doorknob at Little Zoop—He had't no place to lay His head; not so much as the red foxes 'r the birds \* \* \* and I hain't."

The blaze was racing up the chimney now with a cheerful roar, and Tom rose to the fire, ever good emotion in making the fire. After a little she sat up and continued monotonously:

"Such as it is, Nan, this place is yours, for as long as you want to stay," he said, soberly. And then: "You straighten things around here to suit you, and I'll be back in a little while."

He went to the door, but he had not in that short interval he lighted another fire; a blaze of curiosity and comment to tingle the ears and loosen the tongues of the circle of loungers in Hargis' store in Gordonia. He ignored the stove-hugging cottagers pointedly while he was giving his curt orders to the storekeeper; and the contingent avenged itself when he was out of hearing.

"Te-hee!" chuckled Simson Cantrill the fore, pursuing his line around the stem of his corn-cob pipe; "looks like Tom-Jeff was 'goin' to house-keepin' right late in the eventin'."

"By golly, I wonder what's doin'!" said another. "Reckon he's done tuk up with Nan Bryerson, after all's been said an' done?"

## THEIR DAY AT HOME.

When the first city family bought a place in Lanesboro and went up there to spend four months, the penitents of the 'ville looked at them askance, but before the season was over the new residents were on friendly terms with every one. Mrs. Deacon Holland explained the matter to a visiting cousin.

"I gave them a little hint, that's all," she said, cheerfully. "The neighbors had all been to see them and show their good will, and they'd returned the calls—the Copes had in their runabout, as they call it."

"They were running about themselves, Mrs. Cope and her daughter, the whole time, it seemed to us folks that have our own housework to do. They'd drop in mornings when we were busy as could be, and early afternoons before we got the work done up, and then they'd go riding off, scouring over the country."

"Well, one day they came in on me, right in the midst of strawberry jam, and Mrs. Cope said, 'We're thinking of having an afternoon at home every week, Mrs. Holland—Fridays. We thought the good people here would be pleased with the idea.'

"Now we read the papers here in Lanesboro, and we keep up with the time some, but I saw my chance then, and I took it. I looked at her innocent as a lamb, and I said:

"As long as you're speaking frank to me I'll be the same with you—they will be real pleased. Of course we all like visitors, but still you do have a kind of comfortable feeling to know there's a day when nobody will drop in on you, and find you unprepared. There's a good many things you are glad to do at such a time. I take it real kind of you to let us know. And for your side of it, I said, 'I should think you'd want one afternoon to yourselves to do up what little mending you have, and so on.'

"Folks can't keep on the go all the week without getting worn out, I told her, and then I spoke a little firmer."

"This isn't a fashionable village," I said to her, "and so there won't anybody leave a card at your house that day, just when you want to be quiet."

I said, 'I'll pass the word around, and you'll have Fridays clear, to yourself. We can do our neighborhood calling other days.'

"She opened her mouth, and then she shut it. Then she put her head on one side and looked at me, and then she held out her hand, laughing a little."

"Thank you," she said. "I'm glad you approve," and off she went.

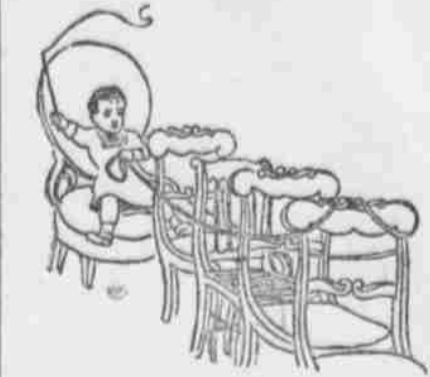
"We all like them first rate; they've learned our ways, and they fit right into 'em now. I have been known to take my mending basket and go over there on Fridays—but 'twas by special invitation."

Mistake of Australian Colonists.

In the early days, colonists, thinking to make their surroundings more homelike, introduced rabbits. The rabbit, coming to Australia, increased and multiplied at such a rate that it overpread the whole continent, and became a nuisance, to keep which a check has cost many millions of pounds, and will yet cost many millions more. The Australian rabbit brings forth its first family—of up to nine or ten—at the age of three months. Thereafter, the doe produces the same litter every month.



A NURSERY AUTO.



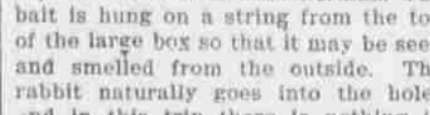
Good Serviceable Rabbit Trap Can Be Constructed by Sinking Common Dry Goods Box in Ground.

## RABBIT TRAP IS EASILY MADE.

A good serviceable rabbit trap can be made by sinking a common dry goods box in the ground to within 6 in. of its top. A hole 6 or 7 in. square is cut in each end level with the earth's surface and boxes 18 in. long, that will just fit are set in, hung on pivots, with the longest end outside, so they will lie horizontal. A rabbit may now look through the two tubes, says the American Thrasher.

The bait is hung on a string from the top of the large box so that it may be seen and smelled from the outside. The rabbit naturally goes into the holes and in this trip there is nothing to

awaken his suspicion. He smells the bait, squeezes along past the center of the tube, when it tilts down and the game is shot into the pit, the door righting itself at once for another catch. The top and sides of the large box may be covered with leaves, snow or anything to hide it. A door placed in the top will enable the trapper to take out the animals. By placing a little hay or other food in the bottom of the box the trap need not be visited oftener than once a week.



Rabbit in the Trap.

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Telephone of Spider Web

Large, Ugly Insect is Easily Deceived by Tuning Fork Placed on One of the Tiny Threads.

A gentleman in Ohio was watching some spiders, when it occurred to him to try what effect the sound of a tuning fork would have upon them. He suspected that they would take it for the buzzing of a fly.

He selected a large, ugly spider that had been feasting on flies for two months. The spider was at one edge of its web. Sounding the fork, the man touched a thread at the other side and watched the result. Mr. Spider had the buzzing sound conveyed to him over his telephone wires, but how was he to know on which particular wire it was travelling?

He ran to the center of the web very quickly and felt all around until he touched the thread against the other end of which the fork was sounding; then, taking another thread along, just as a man would take an extra piece of rope, he ran out to the fork and sprang upon it.

Then he retreated a little way and looked at the fork. He was puzzled. He had expected to find a buzzing fly. He got on the fork again and danced with delight. Evidently the sound was music to him.

## NEEDLE FLOATING ON WATER

Simplest Way is to Lay Tiny Piece of Steel on Tissue Paper—Latter Will Soon Sink.

There are several ways of making a needle float on the surface of the water. The simplest way is to place a piece of tissue paper on the water and lay the needle on it; the paper soon becomes soaked with water and sinks to the bottom, while the needle is left floating on the top.

Another method is to hang the needle in two strings made of threads, which must be carefully drawn away as soon as the needle floats.

If you magnetize a sewing needle by rubbing it on a fairly strong magnet, and float it on the water, it will make an extremely sensitive compass, and if you place two needles on the water at the same time you will see them slowly approach each other until they float side by side; that is, if they do not strike together so heavily as to cause them to sink.

Clever Pompadour.

Pompadour, a large Thomas cat owned by Mrs. James Howe of Skowhegan, Me., is noted for his intelligence and sagacity, says the Boston Globe.

A short time ago he called another cat to his aid to rid the house of a large number of mice. He directed the strange cat to stand by the door leading into the shed while he (Pompadour) slowly worked a string that had a piece of cheese fastened to it, alluring the mice into the kitchen. That night 40 or 50 mice were slain by Pompadour and his assistant.

Mr. Howe lives some distance from the postoffice and usually sends his mail by the last evening train. As soon as he has his letters ready he ties them to Pompadour's neck and the cat carries them to the postoffice.

## QUEEN.

Miss Agatha Dunn sat out in the sun and faded her pretty pink nose. Mamma scolded well, until the tears fell in torrents that threatened to drown.

"Your dress is a sight, I declare it is white."

"But what if you certainly must! 'Tis a poor recompense, that a child of your sense, in too much of a baby to trust."

Miss Agatha Dunn sat out in the sun, in a gown that had one time been pink. "If only I could bring it back—on, I would!"

She cried, and proceeded to think. Some raspberry ice, so cooling and nice, in the freezer stood waiting for her. Said Miss Dunn: "Oh, I guess, if I dip in my dress, a beautiful pink it will be."

Miss Agatha Dunn rose out of the sun, and slipped off the gown in a trice. She rolled it up tight—there was no one in sight.

And she soaked it in raspberry ice. It came out quite pink, but what do you think!

When the news of it reached mamma's ear she scolded much more than she scolded before.

Now don't you think mothers are queer?"

## CLEVER BIRDS AND ANIMALS

Magpies and Cats Possess Unusual Intellect—Interesting Tale of Kitten and Tom Cat.

Magpies are as clever as they are noisy. One was offered an extinguished cigar stump which he began to tear apart. But apparently changing its mind, the bird proceeded to rub the stump, held in its beak, over every part of its body, including the wings, in a most careful and methodical manner. The experiment was subsequently repeated many times, always with the same result. The magpie is so fond of tobacco that it repeatedly has snatched a lighted cigar from a man's hand against his will. It also picks up fallen cigar ashes and strews them over its feathers.

It is thought that these actions have a purpose, the destruction of parasites and are determined by instinct, or inherited instinct. In the wild state some unidentified plant must have been used as an insecticide instead of tobacco. The magpie's action, furthermore, seems to be an unquestionable instance of the use of tools by a lower animal.

Cats, too, are famously clever. A kitten about six months old was taken to a house a few miles from its birthplace, confined in a room, and tenderly cared for during a week, and then set at liberty. It was supposed to have become accustomed to its new surroundings, but it returned to its old home on the day of its release.

The sense of locality and direction was exhibited still more strikingly by an old tom cat which was stolen and carried a distance of 20 miles, confined in a bag. The cat was imprisoned, but made its escape, and in a few days reappeared in a piteous state at the home of its former master, which was separated from that of the thief by a high wooded cliff.

Cleaned Out.

"You ought to have a burglar alarm system in your house," said the electrical supply agent, "so that you will be awakened if a burglar raises one of the windows or opens a door at night."

"No burglar can get in here while we are peacefully sleeping," replied Mr. Newpop. "We are wearing our baby."

Cleaned Out.

"I can't pay this taxicab bill."

"Then I'll take you to a police station."

"I'll pay it. But take me to the porchouse and leave me there,"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Life is two-thirds bluff, law is three-fourths tyranny, piety is nine-tenths pretense. Be genuine and poor if you would die respected.

When a girl marries for a home she seldom boasts of what she gets.

A Cool Proposition

And a Sure One.

The Body Does Not Feel Heat Unpleasantly if it has