#### A RED FOX.

By MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

The mail came in at noon each day, yet once. it was 3 o'clock before the judge sat down in front of his log fire to read the county paper. Commonly going to the crossroads store, for it was the event of his day, but this particular day he had chosen to send little black Tony in his stead. Christmas was coming, indeed was very close at hand. In consequence the store's one window shone resplendent with drums and dolls and firecrackers and red-topped boots. So the judge had smiled instead of frowning over Tony's lottering-he understood that a country store may seem a near approach to fairyland, when one is 9 years old, and

has never seen even a village. The judge read his newspaper, as he did everything, with precise and alert intelligence, beginning at the very top of the first page, scanning the news heads lightly, then going straight to the sheet's real heart, the chronicle of county doings. It was a baid chronicling, lamely humorous to one who did not know enough of county history to | But never mind! Let's settle about the read between the lines. It was there the start. I've a sorter notion for the Widow judge got the intelligence he sought. A Epperson place." paragraph at the bottom of the page was so pregnant with veiled meaning it made him seated about the fire. The judge had set right, breathing heavily.

better than life-and he is all his father's

A gentle scratching at the outer door mented by low, eager whines. "Ho! You will hurt him very much. to come for dinner this time of day. I am too hard-" ashamed of you-you will spoil your noses old and lazy to take him out after a fox."

All the while he was tossing bits of bread to the dogs. They were handsome fellows. kneed deep-flewed, with pendulous ears, a direct question. after the manner of the old southern hunt ing strain, their massy chests, powerful.

They crouched upon the rough porch floor, beating a soft, satisfied rataplan with their tails as they caught and swallowed their allotted morsels. Feeding done, they edged nearer and laid their heads appealingly against their master's feet, whimpering gently. He smiled whimsically, stooped to pat them and said: "Poor fellows! Good fellows! If I take you to kennel will you tell the rest that you ran away after rabbits, yet were not whipped for it?"

Remus crouched nearer, with a little happy whine; Romulus sat up and gave a loud, long-drawn howl. "So you how! over the whippings you miss!" the judge said, "That is very much the way of

waved them forward, toward a ramshackle riders had turned in at the judge's gate.

gate, which led into a picketed enclosure. He was ready for them—perhaps because some fifty yards off the back door. It was he had slept rather badly. Do what he wide one, then stood stock still, head up, perhaps an acre in extent, with roomy would be coud not get the threat of that nose to the wind. After kennels along one side. Within it twenty couples of hounds walked, or raced, or played one with another, or soberly did nothing. About half were blue-mottled, bigger and brawnier than the black-andtans. A few had white coats spotted with liver or orange. Outland strangers who now and then came to ride with the judge not do otherwise. had a way of sending him, afterward, fashionable bred puppies, which he accepted with chastened joy and brought up in the way good dogs should go. Still, he was hard run and say that for hunting in the flat woods there was, after all, nothing like

As he opened up the gate Remus and Romulous slunk obediently through. He snapped the latch, set his foot upon the cross bar and began to play "Black Satin." At the sight of him the pack had howled a welcome. The music made some of the dogs howl louder than ever. The rest raced to stood in cheap iron sticks, but those a-row catch the bread which their master tossed upon the mantel were of old wrought brass at them betwixt bars. For ten minutes he atcod looking them narrowly over, playing brown one, rested upon a claw-foot maby fits and starts, and in speaking softly to each hound by name. For answer the dogs leaped up, put their feet on the upper crossbar and laid their heads affectionately against his breast. He stroked their heads made a feint of rapping them with the fiddle bow, then struck up "The Eighth of January." The hounds understood-it was a dismissal. They trooped away, howling

a flat-woods dog.

"Hello, judge! That sounds like they were on edge-up to two Christmas runs!" somebody shouted from the front gate. The judge turned to see three horsemen, who

## The Oldest and Best.

S. S. S. is a combination of roots and herbs of great curative powers, and when taken into the circulation searches out and removes all manner of poisons from the blood, without the least shock or harm to the system. On the contrary, the general health begins to improve from the first dose, for S. S. S. is not only a blood purifier. but an excellent tonic, and strengthens and builds up the constitution while purging the blood of impurities. S. S. S. cures all diseases of a blood poison origin, Cancer, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum, Herpes and similar troubles, and is an infallible cure and the only antidote for that most horrible disease,

Contagious Blood Poison. A record of nearly fifty years of successful cures is a record to be proud of. S. S. S. is more popular today than ever. It numbers its friends by the thousands. Our medical correspondence is larger than ever in the history of the medicine. Many write to thank us for the great good S. S. S. has done them, while others are seeking advice about their cases. All letters receive prompt and careful attention. Our physicians have made a life-long study of Blood and Skin Diseases, and better understand such cases than the ordinary practitioner who makes a specialty of no one disease. We are doing great

good to suffering humanity through our consulting department, and invite you to write us if you have any blood or skin trouble. We make no charge

whatever for this service. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

waved their hats and greeted him all at

> "'Light, gentlemen! 'Light and come in!" he said, breaking off in the middle of a "The hounds are-well, fair to bar. middlin'-only middlin'. Still, with ruck in the county he hardly knew which he at it. and a good day-

"Luck's begun a'ready. Listen! I've got a red fox for you! Trapped-and not a hair voice shrilly joyous. The judge's face lit "Then I think we shall have some up. sport," he said.

"Red foxes air p'ison mean-the meanest varmints I know-except, maybe, one," a second man said.

Ranse Dudley, the fox catcher, gave him a sharp look, a glance distinctly warning. then ran hurriedly on: "Much you know busy turnin' honest pennies, and some that ain't honest, to see anything that don't go in a tobacco hogshead. Ain't that so, judge?

By this they were in the house and grow very white, drop the sheet and sit up- out a decanter and glasses. "Help yourscives but remember this is a four-finger "That means he will break his mother's month," he said hospitably, then to Dudley: heart," he said at last. "She loves him "The Widow Epperson place is good ground, Ranse if the wind hap-pens to be sauth. A red fox always goes down wind—it weakens the made him turn his head. "So the prodigals scent—then, too, he can run faster, have come back?" he said, smiling and With the wind at his back this fellow stooping to a big iron oven which sat upon may be out of the state-yes! across a one corner of the wide hearth. It was full whole Kentucky county, before we run him of cornbread freshly baked. He cut out a down. In a long chase the time to look out generous chunk of it and walked to the for your horse is the first hour. After he door, where the scratching kept up, supple- has been wet twice and dry twice, nothing rascals! Didn't you get that rabbit after thought, I'm just a bit afraid to risk startall?" he asked the couple of hounds outside. | ing in that five miles of sedge and grassland | Judgment day." "You ought to be ashamed, truly ashamed |-the best of us might be tempted to ride

"You know foxhunting! I never would ashamed of you—you will spoil your noses completely—but maybe, after all, you are have thought of that!" Ranse broke in. The mot the ones to blame. Maybe a good dog have the said. "It has been my has to run rabbits—when his master is too it pretty well," he said. "It has been my striding brown beast, three parts thorough—man."

You know foxhunting! I never would my pick: a fourth ejaculated, eyeing the get away. You could never convince a livery that one had to shoot a fellow who rede Claymore, his best hunter, after thorough—striding brown beast, three parts thorough—man."

Yegetable Soup.

Yegetable Soup.

Creamed Carrets.

Baked Sweet. Potatoes.

String Bean Salad. has to run rabbits-when his master is too it pretty well," he said. "It has been my cupation for forty years."

"Yet they tell me your dogs are never the country could touch him unless it might out Christmas day. Why is that?" asked be liderim, Sheriff Sands' black stallion. black-and-tans, satin-coated, though thin the third man. He was one of the outas laths, with healthy, clear, pink mouths landers. No neighbor would have dreamed and limpid eyes full of emulous fire. Crook- of subjecting the judge to the indignity of is fine!" he said, his eye riveted upon

"Christmas is the home day. A gentleman chooses always to spend it there," the and blew a thin, keen blast. Instantly the supple loins and the lightning play of judge answered, the faintest possible emmuscles beneath the satin coats told of phasis on gentleman. The outlander, John the dogs went through the gate six abreast breath and speed and courage to live in any March, looked sedulously in the fire. After and streamed down the lane toward the outminute the judge went on: "Ranse, what do you say to turning that fine fellow loose in my out pasture? He's almost sure to get away the Epperson route—then if a to the judge's elbow. horse is winded our skirts will be clear. Tell the boys all to come early. We'll

> ..1.11 make 'em come at first chicken crow," Ranse said.

killing. It was only to save time that a it is hark, away." quarry was ready to their noses upon a Christmas run. This particular Christmas dogs circling about. The wind, dead in the run had every promise of sport. There was the southerly wind, the cloudy sky to proclaim a hunting morning. The clouds were

velled paragraph out of his mind. Of breaths she was away like an arrow, not was from habit. A gentleman ingrain could ness, and ran away, due north.

Ranse was the first comer, with John you lost," the judge said, shaking his hand; prone to shake his head over them after a maybe you have not heard—you know the first comer opens the jug-and has first call on it. That might upset some youngsters-but Ranse! Well! His head is de-

cently level. "Fine liquor this-it must be old. What age do you prefer?" March asked, glancing about the big room. Only a log room, it was bright with leaping firelight and the flame of many candles. For the most part they or heavily chased silver. The jug. a fat. table, so highly polished the hogany glasses clustered over it showed double and seemed to dance and stand upon their

heads in the light of the leaping flames. "A man might respect himself and drink whisky only five years old," the judge said, thoughtfully fingering his battered silver corkscrew. "Anything under is unpardonable. Seven is a fair age for liquor-ten ever so much better. What we are drinking is twelve. I was almost tempted to broach the barrel in honor of a red fox-eh, Ranse? -but decided to leave it for the other five years.

"You don't know about the barrel," Tobe Martin put'in. "A big distiller sent it to the judge when he was elected member of assembly. How old were you then, judge?" urning swiftly to the host.

Twenty-five. It was good liquor, but raw, so I sealed it to be kept fifty years," the judge said, with a slow smile. "I was young, you see, even for my age. Fifty years did not seem such a very long time. 'Here's hoping you may live to drink the whole barrel!" Ranse said, holding out his glass half full of mellow amber liquor, delicately fragrant. "I don't believe the barrel can beat it," March said, snuffing the

with slavery and the rest of the old south." "Maybe it dil. I do not know. Except hat the little black children play at going to school, I do not see much difference." the judge said, almost dreamily. "As to whisky, all I do is to put honest stuff in my mokehouse. Dilsey, my foreman's wife, keeps the key day and night. Nobody, not even myself, goes in without her good leave. My mother taught her to look out for me. dare say she will go on doing it to the

fragrance. "Tell me how you manage,

judge? I fancied old whisky went out along

"She keeps to all the old ways-specially in cookin'." Tobe Martin said, helping himself to a fat, brown sausage. A dish of them smoked on one corner of the hearth, flanked by an old ham, a lordly turkey and pans of biscuit and cornbread. A big coffee steamed amid the embers of the chimney jamb. The hunters ate and drank in relays, standing about the fire. March was new to Tennessee, especially new to the flatwoods. It was better than a play, he thought, to see this old man, still straight and slim as the youngest, with his fine, eager face thrown into high relief by his

picturesquely composite environment. Tobacco, in which Tobe Martin dealt locally, had brought March to Tennessee. He had spent Christmas day in Bellsboro the county town. It had been full of thrilling stir, but he hardly recalled the fact until he heard the judge say: "Everybody in but Dabney Sands! That is most unusual. What can be the matter?"

"Hasn't caught his man yet, I fancy, March said, carelessly.

on his own doorstep. Young Warwick did right in tearing up Peyton Ashe's challenge. Sheriff Sands himself told me-"

"Ho! Let's be starting," Ranse said very oudly. Martin almost dragged March outside. "If you'd been here a week longer up the hollow. The sides of it, though together and less than forty yards apart I'd feel like shooting you," he said. "You don't know it, but none of us ever say Asbe | middle rank hazel and sumach and alder in presence of the judge. Mighty good rea- made a wall of matted stems. A dead tree triumphant whose, sprang down and turned son for it, too. You see, when he was young and rich and 'way the foremost man blindest gap, but the Judge set Claymore loved best, his sweetheart or his partner. The partner was a Peyton Ashe, father to this one. The sweetheart was a great turned-and a very dickens to fight!" the belle and greater heiress-as rich almost youngest of the three visitors called, his as the judge himself. The wedding supper was ecoked, the people coming to eat it. when what does my lady do but up and marry Peyton Ashe. They tell how the judge turned the color of death when he heard it-but all he did was to write and tell her he wished her joy. Next day he found out that his partner had taken not only his sweetheart, but his fortune. He had been speculating wildly and lost right about varmints, Tobe Martin-you're too off the reel; the firm name was signed to notes; it beggared the judge to pay. All he had left was this flat woods place and a handful of family niggers-who are not half so free now as they were when they had a master. He might have made another start-the people would have given him anything he might have asked for-but he

didn't seem to want it—he has never seemed to want anything." "So!" March whistled, "I did put my foot in it. How can I decently excuse myself?"

"By forgetting what you said-and that you said it," Tobe answered promptly. 'Here comes the dogs! Say! Ain't they beauties?"

"Looks like they mout ketch the windlet erlone er red fox," a grizzled farmer said at March's elbow. The man on the other side shook his head. "Won't be ten of 'em in at the death," he said. "I can name three that will, right now-Love Locks, and Lady, and Sweet Lips. Them big blue bitches can stay nigh about ter and said, with a sort of old embarrass-"That thar Jupiter fills my eye," said a

my pick!" a fourth ejaculated, eyeing the get away. You could never convince a striding brown beast, three parts thoroughbred. Fair weight, fair start, nothing in the country could touch him unless it might whom he hardly ever risked upon the road. March felt his blood leap. "Heugh! That the massed glistening, lithely leaping tangle. The judge put his horn to his lips tangle straightened. Heads up, sterns down,

pasture "Why, this is wonderful! A tablecloth would cover them," March said, spurring

"Wait for the music!" the judge said. smiling. "My dogs are pretty decent, I likely need all day and a good piece of the shall not insult their noses by laying them right on the trail. We let the fox out at the other side-now when I hark them on watch Beauty-that black bitch over there ride for it. Hear the dogs! That fellow to the right. You can depend on her al-Commonly the judge's pack found before ways-the minute you hear her challenge Another blast, shriller, keener, sent the

hunters' faces, brought the scent quartering. Beauty's leash mate, the Beast, gave the first suspicious sniff, but dropped his the world, lads—but come along home."

He filled all his pockets with bread, took down his fiddle and stepped outside. The old moon, low down the east. Long before dogs leaped up to lick his hand, but he waved them forward, toward a ramshackle waved them forward, toward a ramshackle riders had turned in at the judge's gate.

not thick and leaden, but long trails of silent as a ghost. Ringrose, who was big and hardly more than a puppy, sniffed too, and gave a little puzzled yelp, but went riders had turned in at the judge's gate. Beauty made one full circle, not a very

course he did not admit that to his inmost rumning, but making great leaping bounds, consciousness. He told himself instead her head still up, her silken flag streaming that he had long got beyond belief, or out behind. Suddenly she turned at a true hope, or fear. If he continued to love right angle, put her nose to the turf, chalmercy, to do justice, to live uprightly, it lenged, not loudly, but with exultant flerce-

Before she was half across the 100-acre pasture the pack came after in full cry, March close upon his heels. "I am sorry with men and horses as eager at their heels, The men whooped and shouted till the then, seeing his wondering face: "But world was full of noise. The horses laid cars flat against the neck, snorted openmouthed, tore along, topped the first fence like birds and whinnied satisfaction as they struck firmer earth in the open woods be-

As the hunt swept across the mill road half a dozen men galloped down it, rose in their stirrups and gave a keen, exultant yell. The leader of them was mounted upon a stallion, black as midnight, and evidently of hunting strain. As he reared and fought for his head, whickering to the dog muste, Tobe Martin said to March, "God! The plot's thickening. Dabney Sands is hereon Ilderim. That means Peyton Ashe is here-also that he has no ghost of a chance

to get away." "It's a cursed shame. I lay Dabney wants to come with us as bad as Ilderimevery bit!" Ranse said, as they came to the Epperson fence, a ramp of overgrown briers five yards across. The place had been tenantless for years. All its wet breadths were yellow with tall sedge. Once inside the fox doubled, but the pack was too close upon him. All he could do was to veer sharply west.

"I lay we don't see neither Kaintucky ner Brer Fox-ef he ain't headed off. He's making right straight for the bluffs at Dolin's mill," the man next Tobe Martin shouted very loudly. Tobe scowled back at him: "Hadn't you better go tell the judge? You know he never went fox chasin' before," Almost the same minute the judge beckened Ranse to him, unslung his horn and tossed it to the young fellow, saying: "Keep the dogs straight on, unless I halloo. If I do, blow twice-and come as hard

as you can ride.' "Let me go!" Ranse entreated. The judge shook his head, smiling. He knew, but would not say it, that Claymore alone could make three miles at a dead run, yet keep in the hunt. He chirrupped soitly. Claymore's stride lengthened. He circled the pack, took the north fence with a skimming leap, tore across ragged grassland, topped the outer fence, low and rotting, then went down hill along the mill road at a perilous pace.

The hill, steep and full of red gulleys, led down to a clear valley miles long. Over against, beyond the mill creek, the bluffs rose gray and craggy. If once the fox gained them he was safe from man or hound. Now the valley was full of low winter sunshine. The clouds had drifted far to the north-there was almost a touch of spring in the air. The judge sniffed it gratefully. On one hand new fallows gave out a fine earthy fragrance, upon the other cropped meadows lay steaming and

dank with tears of mist. A reddish brown something, low and swift as a flying shadow, stole almost indistinguishable across the wet grass. At sight of it the judge gave a joud halloo. Claymore wheeled in his tracks, took the lane fence offhand and broke into a stretching gallop. He heard, his master heard, answering halloos, undervoiced by the thin high singing of the horn. The dors, running for life, gave but now and then a yelp. The judge smiled and nodded. "That is Beauty. Now, Sweetlips, now Venus, and the puppy Ringrose with her! Well

done, lad! The fox doubled sharply and broke for cover, but not the cover of the sloping woodland. Instead he kept skittering in Tobe Martin and out of the hedgerow at foot of it plucked his sleeve, but he went on: "They Presently, at the spot where a deep hollow

may say it was a gentleman's quarrel-I made in from the flat woods, he slipped out, brush down. He was near his last field

the teeth of his pursuers. cunning beast would double again within a must happen. Involuntarily the sheriff sat hundred yards. With a louder halloo he straighter and gripped his weapon harder sent Claymore over the fence and dashed Claymore and Ilderim took the last fence wooded, were free of tangle, but down the As they got their feet well under them had fallen and crushed the wall. It was the his mount's nose to the wind.

"Back! I will not be taken alive!" a man said, rising up in the tangle to seize Claymore's rein. At the word the judge grew very white. He began to see inside the law dropping. "Judge Claiborne! I would stem wall, a sort of sylvan cave, hiding a not have believed it of you-no matter jaded mud-splashed horse, and a man whose who had said it!" he cried in tones that hand gripped a revolver. It was a white be tried to make injured, but which were hand, white and soft, with a curious blood- yet full of relief. red seal ring upon the little finger. There | me so? And where is that scoundrel Peyton was no need of the ring, though the judge | Ashe "" knew it well. Peyton Ashe the younger had his mother's voice.

"Do you know me?" the judge asked. The man gave a little cry. "You are Judge him professionally to leave it. As to trick-Claiborne," he said, his voice breaking. "You were coming to me?" the judge asked. Peyton Ashe nodded:

"Yes-but that brute Sands kept "He is close now," the judge said.

"I know it," Ashe returned. "Go to He-he may keep me from getting awaybut if I die I will take him with me.

"You must choose some other messenger-Dabney would answer you as you leserve," the judge said, his face hot. Ashe looked up dully. "Excuse me. I am desperate." he said

Mother seemed to think-she bade me come to you-with this"-holding out a little trembling scrawl. As he spoke he stepped out of covert. He was tall and slight, with a worn, imperious face and hair thickly silvered at the temples. Forty years lay between him and the man be faced, yet to the casual grance there were hardly so many months. He looked down

"It's a shame-to mix you up in this third critic. "No. no, Venus and Mars is affair-but there is nothing else-if I am to

> "No, you could never do it," the judge said, recoiling a little. He was the sour of honor and justice, no less than of mercy. This man, blood-guilty and impenitent, revolted him. And yet-and yet-the man was Janet's son. "As you loved me, save my son," Janet had written. He knew her well enough to comprehend that in the stress of that plea fate avenged even his wrongs. He had no wish for vengeance. She had tricked him, cheated him, spoiled his life. Now, in her extremity, she turned to him for succor. Cold beads stood upon his brow. He

trembled and bowed his head. Suddenly, less than half a mile away, the pack broke joyously, fiercely, into full cry. As he caught the sound the judge's head went up, color came back to his check, light to his eye. He bent and said in Ashe's ear: "I believe there is a chance-if you dare to will never stop short of Kentucky." Mile on mile the hunt swept cross coun-

try, the recovered trail running slightly west of north. Once or twice the fox doubled. Once there was a serious check, which gaye the horses breath. Then the country grew opener-they had come to the big farms which lie either side of the state line road. The going was much better— the soil a warm chocolate loam, drained more readily than the holding clays of the flatwoods. There was plenty of grass, too, and more stubble than fallow. As Ranse, still leading the pack, swept down a field of it, he saw the sheriff and his posse ridng a parallel lane

"Our foxes seem to run the same way!" the sheriff shouted, "Reckon both are makin' for Kentucky. But where's the udge? "Over yonder!" Ranse shouted back, nod-

ding toward the left. "Better come on with us, Dabney-maybe we'll kill together." "I wish I could!" the sheriff said. "Confound Peyton Ashe. It's just like his cussedness to raise this ruction Christmas time, then trail off out here so's to tantalize me.

He knows I've been countin' on this hunt for six months back.' "Which do you reckon minds it mostbeing chased, you know-your fox or ours?" Ranse asked. Dabney scowled. "Can't say!" Then, riding to the other's elbow

and speaking very low: "I'll catch mine if I can-leave no stone unturned-but I hope I can't do it-for if I do it's certain hangin'. "Yonder is the judge-if you want him for anything special," Ranse said, pointing

orward. Sands had keener eyes. He ooked, then gave a little startled cry. "That's no judge—it's Peyton Ashe!" he said. "I'd know that fine gray coat of his amongst a thousand. He's riding Claynore—he thinks he's safe to see Kentucky. My fine gentleman, we have got a word to say. Cry on the dogs, Ranse-cry for all

that's in 'em. With the crying right ahead, liderim can catch Claymore.' "If-if he has harmed one hair of the judge's head, don't you name state lines,"

The wind still southerly, dropped to the straight down, the footing became miry. out. Still Claymore led the hunt, strain and was wild to overtake the flying leader.

rider would certainly dash away northward. It amazed him that the man held his course straight after the hounds. They were running almost on view, never stooping to pick up the hot, reeking scent. But the pace was sensibly slower. The best dogs ever whelped are no match for a red fox with the wind at his back, and rain enough to freshen his parched tongue.

This fox was unlucky. From a near farm house three ccuple of fresh hounds broke and joined the pack. Instantly he ran due north, hurrying, scurrying, in deadly fear of these new full-throated enemies. Claymore, 100 yards ahead, almost trod on the hounds as they wheeled. The turn favored liderim. When they were again in stride he was almost abreast of the brown.

But strain as he might, he could come no as were their riders, by the madness of the chase. The hounds held to the trail as long as they had breath. One by one they dropped out, to crouch, whining discontent Lovelocks led, with Beauty ten yards away The fresh hounds could not head them could not even do more than keep up with

Almost each half mile the fox doubled dipping now into one state, now the other Claymore kept still a little in the lead. Ilderim could do no more than hold him safe in sight. Ilderim's rider was more than amazed. Several times as the chase faced north he cocked his pistol, but held its fire, muttering to himself: "T've no right to shoot unless I knew my man knew he was runnin' out of the state."

Once or twice the fox came in view, run ning almost flat against the earth, tongue

call it cold-blooded murder-shooting a man through the fence and ran due south into -the riders knew it by the joyous fierceness of the dogs. In a very little while they The judge knew what that meant-the would selze and rend him, then-something Claymore's rider pulled up, gave a keen,

Sands had no eyes for the pack ravening over their quarry. He bore straight down upon his quarry.
"Surrender! We are not out of the

state!" he began to say, but stopped, his "How could you trick

"I am truly glad to say I do not know out of the state, I hope!" the judge said in his very stateliest manner. "I advised ink you-Dabney may not a man trade hats and coats-when he gets the best end of the bargain?"

"But the risk!" Dabney persisted. was so certain-so damned certain. Once that fox had kept straight in Kentucky, I'd a-had to shoot! If I had killed, you, I'd him-please. Tell him it's life or death. a-shot myself, sure as there was a bullet left. Think of chancing that for Peyton Ashe!

#### TABLE AND KITCHEN. Practical Suggestions About Food and the preparations of it.

Daily Menus. THURSDAY. BREAKFAST. Fruit. Cream. Cream. Cream. Cream. Corn Meal Pone. Coffee. LUNCH Potato Chowder. Marmalade. Butter Cakes, Tea.

DINNER. Cranberry Puffs. FRIDAY.

BREAKFAS:
Stewed Prunes.
Fried Cornmeal Mush.
Cold Catsup.
Cakes.
Coffee. Quick Biscuit. Sardines. Hot Potato Salad. Thin Slices Bread and Butter. Tea. DINNER.

Cream of Celery Soup.
Escalloped Oysters.
Mashed Potstoes.
Lettuce and Cheese Salad.
Lemon Jelly.
Cream Cake. Cream Cake, Coffee. SATURDAY. BREAKFAST. Baked Apples. Cream. isage. Creamed Potatoes, heat Cakes. Maple Syrup. Sausage, Crean Buckwheat Cakes, Coffee, Cold Sliced Tongue.
Cottage Cheese.
Wafers.

Stewed Fruit. Cocoa. DINNER. Pea Soup.
Broiled Oysters on Toust. Brown Sauce.
Egg Croquettes. Cream Sauce.
Tomato and Onion Farci.
Prune Whip. Corree.

SUNDAY. BREAKFAST.

Brown Stock Soup.
Roast Duck. Potato Stuffing.
Apple Sauce.
Creamed Turnips.
Celery Salad.
Mince Pie. Coffee. Chees Mince Pie. Cheese SUPPER. Cream Cheese and Olive Sandwiches, Stewed Figs. Soft Gingerbread. Chocolate.

VALUABLE WINTER FRUITS.

Not Well Enough Known.

state in all parts of the world, except in ordained purpose and the pleasure they value from a nutrient standpoint.

The statement that fresh fruits contain a the eye and gratifying only by their de- and beast, drink, fuel-in fact, supplies allicious flavors and sense of taste. Water is most every physical need his life demands. Tobe Martin said, "as I've always reckoned one of our most important factors in food The fresh plum is not regarded as an al-Judge Lynch owns pretty much the whole in aiding in its proper assimilation and together wholesome fruit, and unless in just And it is safe to say there are few who But when dried it makes a valuable addimerest ghost of air. A fine rain fell obtain the necessary daily supply required tion to the dietary, as it is wholesome, and by the system. There is no pleasanter or the sweeter variety contain a large amount One by one dogs and elderly men dropped safer way of acquiring this needful element of sugar. They may be judiclously added two than from fresh, ripe fruits, prepared in to the list of foods for children and infields behind the pack and one in front of nature's laboratory with just the proper valids, being remedial in their nature for Ilderim, who was far ahead of the rest. amount of natural sugar and acid to make certain defects of the system. It was in vain for any to try and stay with the beverage most inviting to the palate. him. The black came of a famous racing The juicy winter fruits we are most familiar with are the orange, lemon, lime and grape fruit. If the nature and use of best raisins. Raisins are rich in sugar, and "If we miss, we'll at least be doin' our these fruits were properly understood and may, with proper preparation, be given to best." Sands said between his teeth, as they were considered, as they should be, as invalids. They impart a delightful flavor to the chase swept into the state line road, a nature's tonics and regulators, we would broad, red thoroughfare marking the boun- | find the money expended in these seeming dary. He gripped his pistof-Claymore's luxuries but a small amount compared with is a distaste for milk, a very serious obthe sum we uncomplainingly hand out for stacle which often confronts the nurse when the various advertised tonics, digests, regu- a liquid or milk diet is ordered her patient.

> When to Ent Fruit. The generally accepted time for eating fresh, uncooked fruit is at the beginning of our meals, especially in the morning. It is a question, however, whether the appetite that requires the incentive of an acid tonic to arouse a desire for food does not indicate some serious disorder of the digestive

powers, that require a careful regulation

of the diet. But when the appetite is in a

healthy, normal condition and desires

hearty, solid foods, the habit of beginning

the first meal of the day with fresh, sub-

acid fruit should be more generally observed. The juicy fruits, like soups, prenearer. Mile on mile they raced, possessed pare the way for the ready digestion and was made which promises to preserve them van Houten's Cocoa

**CUTICURA SOAP** MILLIONS Use CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by CUTICURA OINT-MENT, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes, for ulcerative weaknesses and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially to mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used it

to use any other, especially for preserving and purifying the skin,

scalp and hair of infants and children. CUTICURA SOAP combines

delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin

cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refresh-

ing of flower odors. No other medicated soap ever compounded is

to be compared with it for preserving, purifying and beautifying the

skin, scalp, hair and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet

soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the pur-

BAD COMPLEXIONS

Dry Thin and Falling Hair

and Red Rough Hands

Prevented by

poses of the toilet, bath and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, viz., 25c., the BEST skin and complexion soap and the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world. Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor, \$1.25, Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation and irritation and scothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (50c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET, costing but \$1.25, is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp and blood humors, with loss of hair when all size fails. Soid throughout the world.

assimilation of the solids. We must re- in their grandeur for all future time member that fruits are meant to serve the

tween meals. authorities claim is the proper pronuncia- ing the interests of the contractors who tion, is perhaps our most popular fresh have been blasting along the Palisades. fruit obtainable in the winter. It seems essentially a cold weather fruit, as it keeps | the action of the New York and New Jersey well and even freezing does not injure it. While the berries are not palatable unsauce or jelly. They are decidedly acid, with a flavor peculiarly their own, which develops in cooking. This fruit, when simply stewed with a little sugar, and the skins not removed, while relished by many, is rather too acid and irritating for children or delicate digestions. There is very little or any waste in cranberries, and the cost being moderate, they are within the means of most families, for at least an occasional addition to their bill of fare.

Our dried fruits, of course, do not pe sess the same refreshing powers which make the fresh, juicy fruits so delightful, and they should not be classed in the same order of foods or substituted entirely for the fresh, uncooked fruit. While in drying they lose considerable of their proportion of water, they are richer than the fresh fruits, and retaining their nutrients are a more condensed form of food and not so readily digested. In fact, they serve a very different purpose in our dietary compared with the juicy, uncooked fruits. They partake less of the nature of tonics and may be Gfape Fruit.

Cereal.

Fillets of White Fish.

Creamed Potatoes.

Coffee.

By the most successful process of drying or evaporation the fruit is sufficiently prepoperation. Served without being subject to a degree liable, Pure and Healthful Foods Will or Columns.

flavor or make them dry or hard. Figs. Dates, Plums.

Until very recent home cultivation enabled us to obtain this fruit green and fresh, we have been obliged to depend on the dried imported figs, the finest of which come from Smyrna. Both dry and green figs contain much sugar and considerably larger proportions of nitrogenous substances than most other fruits, unless we except the date. The fig is the first fruit which received any particular mention The variety and abundance of fruits which in the writings of sacred history and its are found growing in cultivated or natural cultivation has continued from the parent tree placed in the Garden of Eden down to extreme cold latitudes, seem to show very the present day, and in nerrly all eastern conclusively that they are designed for an countries it forms one of the principal artimportant as well as prominent place in our cles of food. It should not be eaten in too dietary. And yet, in spite of this evident great quantities, as they are somewhat aperient, and the dry, imported figs have a give to both palate and sense of beauty, we hard, tough skin and numerous seeds, which find fruits generally regarded as luxuries, are indigestible and often irritating in their or at best pleasant accessories to our list action. Native-grown dried figs are tenof foods, but not supposed to possess any der, moist and contain fewer so-called

The date is also a fruit of great antiquity large percentage of water, not less than 75 and a highly nutritious fruit. In Egypt per cent, and in some varieties giving as and Arabia they form a most important high as 89 per cent, should not mislead the food. They contain half their weight in housekeeper into the belief that it is a sugar and a fair proportion of nitrogenous useless expenditure of money to induige matters (flesh formers), as well. The date frequently in these succulent fruits, with palm is the "multum in parve" of the he idea that they are simply a delight to Arab, as it furnishes him food for himself digestion, as well as in tissue-building, its right condition is apt to prove harmful,

Raisins and currants are the sweet varieties of grapes dried by exposure to the sur or artificial heat, the sun-dried making the many milk preparations, which is most acceptable to the sick, especially when there The apple and banana are so generally known and universally used it does no seem necessary to go into a detailed de-

When dried, stewed fruits are substituted for the fresh fruit at breakfast, serve with cereal and without sugar. Cream may be used with the sweeter kinds.

The Palisades Will Be Saved. As a result of the energetic and well directed efforts of the New York and New Jersey Palisades commissions, reports the New York Herald, the destruction of the picturesque cliffs of the Hudson ceased on Christmas eve, and a conditional contract

Nutritive, Refreshing, Economical in use. A breakfast-

cupful of this delicious Cocoa costs less than one cent.

Sold at all grocery stores-order it next time

The result has been made possible by the purpose of food or as food accompaniments, generosity of public-spirited men in New and we misdirect this purpose when we cat York and New Jersey. Through the efforts fresh fruits at unseasonable times, as be- of George W. Perkins, president of the New York commission, men of means have The cranberry, or craneberry, which some agreed to contribute \$122,500 toward buy-They have made this gift conditional on legislatures agreeing to pay the money if the two states will appropriate a sufficient cooked, they make an extremely palatable sum to meet the other expense. This is estimated at about \$400,000.

### What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try

a delicious and healthful dessert. Pre-

pared in two minutes. No boiling!

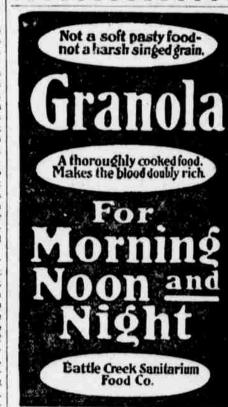
baking! add boiling water and set to

tool. Flavors: - Lemon, Orange, Rasp-

berry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day. 10 cts. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

# **Pure Food**

Be Accepted for These Columns.





Vomen of refinement who regard healthful ooking as a paramount duty; good cooks, eading clubs and hotel chefs, and cooking authorities everywhere earnestly recommend Vesson's Salad Oil as better value than most delicately flavored Imported Olive Oil and costs very much less. Send for booket, which contains exceptional recipes, b ida Ames Willis, National Food Writer, Lecarer and Demonstrator; Mrs. S. T. Rorer, rincipal Philadelphia Cooking School; A. Mantz, Steward and Manager Rittenhouse lub, and other valuable information free Ask your friendly grocer for Wesson's Oils and avoid unhealthful cooking fats.

### ABOUT BEER

If you are willing to test our state-ments you can quickly settle the beer question. We claim to give you bet-ter and purer bear than any other brewery. We believe our claims are based on facts. You'll get wise in a minute after the first trial. Our beer

GETTELMAN'S NATURAL PROCESS BEER

THE A. GETTELMAN BREWING CO. OF MILWAUKEE. SHORT, Manager Omaha Branch, 624-26 South 16th Street. Telephone 1124.

B......