

KNOW HIS SON.



Prodigal Son—Father, I have returned! Father—Yes, got dern ye. I thought you'd show up about the time the pretty summer boarders began to arrive at the farm!

An Error. He had dined exceedingly well and was standing in the hotel lobby, hatless, and looking exactly as if he were quite at home there. It was no wonder that the hotel guest walked up to him and inquired impudently: "Where's the news stand?"

"Dunno." The guest glared. "I'll report you for insolence," he hissed. "Hub?" inquired he who had dined well. "Report m'?" "Say, what are you? A bellboy or a detective or—what?" "I'm a haberdasher," answered the other, with a pleasant smile. The other snorted and withdrew.

Not His Business. "Pow'ful fertile country down theh in Texas," said the colonel. "Yes, seh! Why, seh, I know spots down theh where the trees grow so close together that you all couldn't shove your hand between theh trunks. And game, seh! Why, seh, I've seen Fehginruh deah in those same forests with antlehs eight feet spread! Yes, seh!"

At "his point some meddlesome idiot asked the colonel how such deer ever managed to get their antlers between such trees. "Theh, seh," said the colonel, drawing himself up with squelching dignity, "is theh business!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Eyes Are Relieved By Murine when Irritated by Chalk Dust and Eye Strain, incident to the average School Room. A recent Census of New York City reveals the fact that in that City alone 17,328 School Children needed Eye Care. Why not try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain? Murine is a Powerful Eye Remedy. It is Composed by Experienced Physicians. Contains no Injurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Murine for Your Eye Troubles; You Will Like Murine. Try It in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids. Druggists Sell Murine at 2c. The Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Will Send You Interesting Eye Book Free.

Cow Never Said a Word. When one of the fenders of the City railway cars picked up a young heifer at the corner of Third and Jersey streets the conductor filled out the required report blank to Superintendent Edward Howell. In answer to the question: "What did the victim say?" the employe wrote: "She was carried along on the fender for a short distance, then rolled off and ran away without saying a word."—Dayton Columbus Dispatch.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County, ss. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is holder in fee simple of the premises described in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that he is the owner of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every acre of CATARH that cannot be cured by the use of HALY CATARH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed by my presence this 4th day of December, A. D. 1918. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Fattest French Soldiers. Occasionally our Paris contemporaries entertain their readers with an account of the tallest and the shortest conscript. Now a journal has gone one better and discovered the fattest recruit in the French army, who has been found at Corbeil. This honorable distinction belongs to M. Lavardit, the son of a merchant in the locality. The young man turns the scale at 265 pounds, avoirdupois, or rather over 19 stone.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Tactless or Tactful? "Walters who hire out for parties ought to be trained for that," said one who has suffered. "Last night at a little party I was giving a waiter I thought knew his business walked up to a distinguished singer, who was in the midst of a song, and insisted upon her taking a plate of salad and a glass of punch. She had to stop the song to get rid of him."

The Burnt Child. Stern Parent—Bobby, I thought I told you to order that trunk sent around right away, all ready to use. The trunk has come, but there is no strap. "Well, pa, I told the man he needn't mind sending the strap."

Breaking Up Colds. A cold may be stamped at the start by a couple of Lane's Pleasant Tablets. Ever in cases where a cold has seemed to gain so strong a hold that nothing could break it, these tablets have done it in an hour or two. All druggists and dealers sell them at 25 cents a box. If you cannot get them send to the proprietor, Orator F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y. Sample free.

A Natural Conclusion. "Do you think Bangs will succeed in the work he has taken up?" "He hasn't the ghost of a chance." "Why not?" "Because he hasn't the spirit."

Use Allen's Foot-Powder. It is the only relief for Swollen Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Powder. It is made of the finest materials and is guaranteed to cure all cases of swollen feet, corns and bunions. It is sold in all drug stores. Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Some men are content not to do mean actions, I want to become incapable of a mean thought or feeling.



Cast Ruthlessly Upon His Own Resources.



forearms on the apron, and jerked his cigarette out over the gates; the glowing stub described a fiery arc and took the water with a hiss. Warm whiffs of the river's sweet and salty breath fanned his face gratefully, and he became aware that there was a moon. His gaze roving at will, he nodded an even-tempered approbation of the night's splendor—in the city a thing unsuspected.

Never, he thought, had he known moonlight so pure, so silvery and strong. Shadows of gates and posts lay upon the forward deck like stencils of lambblack upon white marble. Beyond the boat's bluntly rounded nose the East river stretched its restless, dark reaches, glossy black, woven with gurgling ribbons of reflected light streaming from pier head lamps on the further shore. Overhead, the sky, a pallid and luminous blue around the low-sung moon, was shaded to profound depths of bluish-black toward the horizon. Above Brooklyn rested a tenuous haze. A revenue cutter, a slim, pale shape, cut across the bows like a hunted ghost. Farther out a homeward-bound excursion steamer, tier upon tier of glittering lights, drifted slowly toward its pier beneath the new bridge, the bare of its band, swelling and dying upon the night breeze, mercifully tempered by distance.

Presently Maitland's attention was distracted and drawn, by the abrupt cessation of its motor's pulsing, to the automobile on his right. He lifted his chin sharply, narrowing his eyes, whistled low; and thereafter had eyes for nothing else.

The car, he saw with the experienced eye of a connoisseur, was a recent model of one of the most expensive and popular foreign makes; built on lines that promised a deal in the way of speed, and furnished with engines that were pregnant with multiplied horse power. All in all not the style of car one would expect to find controlled by a solitary woman, especially after ten of a summer's night.

Nevertheless the lone occupant of this car was a woman. And there was that in her bearing, an indefinable something—whether it lay in the carriage of her head, which impressed one as both spirited and independent, or in an equally certain but less tangible air of self-confidence and reliance—to set Mad Maitland's pulses drumming with excitement. For, unless indeed he labored gravely under a misapprehension, he was observing her for the second time within the past few hours.

Could he be mistaken, or was this in truth the same woman who had (as he believed) made herself free of his rooms that evening? In confirmation of such suspicion he remarked her costume, which was altogether worked out in soft shades of gray. Gray was the misty veil, drawn in and daintily knotted beneath her chin, which lent her head and face such thorough protection against prying glances; of gray suede were the light gauntlets that hid all save the slenderness of her small hands; and the wrap that, cut upon full and flowing lines, cloaked her figure beyond suggestion, was gray. Yet even its ample drapery could not dissemble the fact that she was quite small, girlishly slight, like the woman in the doorway; nor did aught temper her impersonal and detached composure, which had also been an attribute of the woman in the doorway. And again she was alone, unchaperoned, unprotected.

Yes? Or no? And, if yes, what do? Was he to alight and accost her for the sole purpose (as far as ascertainable) of presenting him with the outline of her hand in the dust of his desk's top? Oh, hardly! It was all very well to be daintily eccentric and careless of the world's censure; but one scarcely cared to lay one's self open either to an unknown girl's derision or to a sound pummeling at the hands of fellow passengers enraged by the insult offered to an unescorted woman.

The young man was still pondering ways and means when a dull bump apprised him that the ferry boat was entering the Long Island City slip. "The devil!" he exclaimed in mingled disgust and dismay, realizing that his distraction had been so thorough as to permit the voyage to take place almost without his realizing it. So that now—worse luck!—it was too late to take any one of the hundred fantastic steps he had contemplated half seriously. In another two minutes his charming rascality, so bewitchingly incarnated, would have slipped out of his life, finally and beyond recall. And he could do naught to hinder such a finale to the adventure.

Sulkily he resigned himself to the inevitable, waiting and watching, while the boat slid and blundered clumsily, paddle wheels churning the filthy waters over side, to the floating bridge; while the winches rattled, and the woman, sitting up briskly in the driver's seat of the motor car, bent forward and advanced the spark; while the chain fell clanking and the car shot out, over the bridge, through the gates, and away, at a very considerable, even if lawful, rate of speed.

Whereupon, writing fits to the final chapter of Romance, voting the world a dull place and life a treadmill, anathematizing in no uncertain terms his lack of resource and address, Maitland paid off his caddy, alighted, and to that worthy's boundless wonder, walked into the waiting room of the railway terminus without awaiting a hair's breadth from the straight and circumscribed path of the sober in mind and body.

The 10:20 had departed by a bare two minutes. The next and last train for Greenfields was to leave at 10:59. Maitland with assumed nonchalance composed himself upon a bench in the waiting room to endure the 37-minute interval. Five minutes later an able-bodied washerwoman with six children in quarter sizes descended upon the same bench; and the young man in desperation allowed himself to be dispossessed. The news stand next attracting him, he garnered a fugitive amusement and two dozen copper cents by the simple process of purchasing six "night extras," which he did not want, and paying for each with a five-cent piece. Comprehending, at length, that he had irritated the news dealer, he meandered off, jingling his copper for cents in one hand, lugging his newspapers in the other, and made a determined onslaught upon a slot machine. The latter having reluctantly disgorged 24 assorted samples of chewing gum and stale sweetmeats, Maitland returned to the washerwoman, and sowed dissension in her brood by presenting the treasure horde to the eldest girl with instructions to share it with her brothers and sisters.

It is difficult to imagine what folly might next have been recorded against him had not, at that moment, a ferocious and inarticulate howl from the train starter announced the fact that the 10:59 was in waiting.

Boarding the train in a thankful spirit, Maitland settled himself as comfortably as he might in the smoker and endeavored to find succor of annul in his collection of extras. In doing so, however, he came in contact with a two-column portrait of Mr. Dan Anistry, crackman, accompanied by a vivacious catalogue of that notoriety's achievements in the field of polite burglary, hardly stirred his interest. An elusive resemblance which he traced in the features of Mr. Anistry, as presented by the sketch-artist-on-the-spot, to some one whom he, Maitland, had known in the dark back-wards and abyss of time, merely drew from him the comment: "Homely brute!" And he laid the papers aside, cradling his chin in the palm of one hand and staring for a weary while out of the car window at a reeling and moonsmitten landscape. He yawned exhaustively, his thoughts astray between a girl garbed all in gray, Banerman's earnest and thoughtful face, and the peculiar activities of Mr. Daniel Anistry, at whose door Maitland laid the responsibility for this most fatiguing errand.

The brakeman's wolf-like yelp—"Greenfields!"—was ringing in his ears when he awoke and stumbled down aisle and car steps just in the nick of time. The train, whisking round a curve cloaked by a belt of somber pines, left him quite alone in the world, cast ruthlessly upon his own resources.

An hour had elapsed; it was now midnight; the moon rode high, a cold white disk against a background of sapphire velvet, its pellucid rays reappearing with disheartening distinctness the inanimate and lightless general side-helmet called Greenfields; its general store and postoffice, its so-disant hotel, its straggling line of dilapidated

habitations, all wrapped in silence profound and impenetrable. Not even a dog howled; not a belated villager was in sight; and it was a moral certainty that the local livery service had closed down for the night.

Nevertheless, Maitland, with a desperation bred of the prospective five-mile tramp, spent some ten valuable minutes hammering upon the door of the house infested by the proprietor of the livery stable. He succeeded only in waking the dog, and inasmuch as he was not on friendly terms with that animal, presently withdrew at discretion and set his face northwards upon the open road.

It stretched before him invitingly enough, a ribbon winding silver-white between dark patches of pine and scrub-oak or fields lush with rustling corn and wheat. And, having overcome his primary disgust, as the blood began to circulate more briskly in his veins, Maitland became aware that he was actually enjoying the enforced exercise. It could have been hardly otherwise, with a night so sweet, with airs so bland and fragrant of the woods and fresh-turned earth, with so clear a light to show him his way.

He stepped out briskly at first, swinging his stick and watching his shadow, a squat, incredibly agitated silhouette in the golden dust. But gradually and insensibly the peaceful influence of that still and lovely hour tempered his heart's impatience; and he found himself walking at a pace more leisurely. After all, there was no hurry; he was unwearied, and Maitland Manor lay less than five miles distant.

Thirty minutes passed; he had not covered a third of the way, yet remained content. By well-remembered landmarks, he knew he must be nearing the little stream called, by courtesy, Mayannis river; and, in due course, he stepped out upon the long wooden structure that spans that water. He was close upon the farther end when—upon a hapchance impulse—he glanced over the nearest guard rail, down at the bed of the creek. And stopped incontinently, gaping.

Stationary in the middle of the depression, hub-deep in the shallow water, was a motor car; and, it beyond dispute, was identical with that which had occupied his thoughts on the ferry boat. Less wonderful, perhaps, but to him amazing enough, it was to discover upon the driver's seat the girl in gray.

His brain benumbed beyond further capacity for astonishment, he accepted without demur this latest and most astounding of the chain of amazing coincidences which had thus far enveloped the night's earlier hours; and stood rapt in silent contemplation sensible that the girl had been un- aware of his approach, deadened as his footsteps must have been by the blanket of dust that carpeted both road and bridge deep and thick.

On her part she sat motionless, evidently lost in reverie, and momentarily, at least, unconscious of the embarrassing predicament which was hers. So complete, indeed, seemed her abstraction that Maitland caught himself questioning the reality of her presence. And well might she have seemed to him a pale little wraith of the night, the shimmer of gray that she made against the shimmer of light on the water—a shape almost transparent, slight, and unsubstantial—seeming to contemplate, and as still as any mouse.

Looking more attentively, it became evident that her veil was now raised. This was the first time that he had seen her so. But her countenance remained so deeply shadowed by the visor of a mannish motoring cap that the most searching scrutiny gained no more than a dim and scantily satisfactory impression of alluring loveliness. Maitland turned noiselessly, rested elbows on the rail, and, staring, framed a theory to account for her position, if not for her patience. On either hand the road, dividing, struck off at a tangent, down the banks and into the river bed. It was credible to presume that the girl had lost control of the machine temporarily, and that it, taking the bit between its teeth, had swung gayly down the incline to its bath.

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