

A House of Surprises

By MARTHA ENDICOTT EATON

Daniel Rodell was dead, and no heir could be found.

He had left a picturesque old house and a few hundred dollars in a bank. People thought there might be some money hidden in the house, as Daniel had been called a miser. The village lawyer closed the house and advertised in the papers for relatives of one Daniel Rodell.

Weeks lengthened into months, and nothing was heard from any kith or kin. Then John Black, the lawyer, sent advertisements to the New York papers, and one day there came a letter from a young woman who said her mother was a niece of Daniel Rodell.

Mr. Black replied and asked her to come to Barstend and in a few days a young lady alighted from a train at the little station.

She was stylishly garbed, and "had a way with her," so Jed, the village hackman, said. He obeyed at once when she requested him to drive to Mr. Black's office. She had brought papers with her to prove her kinship.

"Well," said Mr. Black, "I suppose the house is yours, unless other heirs are heard from. I have heard him say he had a sister out west and a nephew somewhere."

They went and looked the house over. Miss Strong was well pleased with it and the dear old furniture, as she called it; the fireplace, too, delighted her.

"But," she said, "I can't live here. I am a journalist in New York, and can't leave now. I shall have to wait until my summer vacation."

One cold wintry day an old lady, rather poorly clad, called on Mr. Rodell's sister. She had come from the west and spent nearly all her money, thinking she would like to end her days in her grandfather's house, for such it was before Daniel inherited it.

So John Black telegraphed Miss Strong. "Lady claiming to be Rodell's sister come to live in house. What shall I do?"

The answer came. "If proven, let her by all means."

Mr. Black was in a quandary. How could anyone live without money? Other heirs might spring up. He did not dare to touch the money in the bank. He wrote to Miss Strong, and asked her what she should do. Miss Strong sent him a check for \$50, saying: "She is my great-aunt. I can't let her starve."

So the old lady took possession. She had only one trunk. She looked like a Dresden china shepherdess.

He had a happy thought. An old lady lived in the village who was threatened with the "poor farm."

Now, thought Black, she can go and live with Mrs. Jones and work a little for her room and board.

Mrs. Jones consented, and the old woman, whose name was Tabitha Snow, agreed to go if she could furnish her room with her own furniture.

Frances had to be consulted again.

"She telegraphed: 'Yes, if clean.'"

All was satisfactory and Mrs. Jones and Tabitha, with the help of Jed, who was a man-of-all-work as well as a hackman—cleared out a pleasant room at the back of the house.

The room had been used by Mr. Rodell as a sort of storeroom; as they were moving a small chest of drawers, such as spools of silk or cotton are kept in in shops, Mrs. Jones knocked a drawer out; such a rattling and jangling noise it made when it fell! It was full of dimes, loosely thrown in; a scrap of paper had fallen with them. She picked it up and read: "These dimes belong to the finder!"

"DANIEL RODELL."

Being generous, she thought she would divide with Jed and Tabitha. There were 200 dimes. Mrs. Jones kept a hundred and gave Tabitha and Jed 50 apiece.

When Tabitha was settled, the two had happy afternoons together. Now and then Mrs. Jones had a cheery letter from Frances, who was glad to have found an aunt. She sent them papers and magazines, so the winter passed pleasantly. Then one day quite early in the spring Frances ran up to spend a week-end with her aunt.

All day long Sunday she poked around trying to find a will which Mr. Black was sure had been made years before. At last in an old desk in her uncle's room she found it. She sent for Mr. Black. He came hurrying in just at dusk. When the lamps were lighted he read the preliminary sentences, and then got down to business.

"The house I live in I give and bequeath to my niece, Frances Strong, and my nephew, John Rodell, who is somewhere in the west. The money in the bank to my sister, Elizabeth Jones, now in Montana. Around the house in various places (having not much faith in banks) I have put sums of money with slips of paper telling for whom each sum is intended.

(Signed and sealed)

"DANIEL RODELL."

They all listened in silence when he read. When he finished Frances exclaimed: "Well! I like that, the house mine and John Rodell's."

"And I shall have to go," said Aunt Elizabeth, "and so shall I," echoed Tabitha.

"No, you won't," answered Frances, "half the house is mine, and I have cousin John Rodell—whom I have not seen for ten years—is part owner,

I think I shall need a chaperone so that's settled," giving the Dresden shepherdess a kiss.

"Where is this John Rodell?" inquired Mr. Black.

"Out west somewhere on a ranch. 'Is he your own cousin?'"

"No, my mother's; I am Daniel Rodell's grandniece, you know."

Everything went on smoothly with the old ladies. Curiosity made them look in odd places to see if there were more money hidden.

Finally under the eaves of the attic they found a tin box such as valuable papers are sometimes kept in, but there was no key. Again Mr. Black was sent for. It took them days to find a key to fit. Mr. Black opened the box, so everything should be covered by law. Tabitha was as interested as if she was an heir.

The box contained \$600, the paper read "to buy a horse and turnout for my niece."

"Mr. Rodell was an enigma, I always thought," remarked Mr. Black, "but he must have enjoyed planning the little surprises."

Dame Fortune dipped her fingers in the pie; and dropped more gold into Frances' fingers. She went into Uncle Daniel's room one day to direct the cleaning of a closet and put his clothes away for the summer.

She tossed out an old shoe; it went down with a thud. She tossed out the mate, which seemed stuffed with papers. She told Tabitha to take out the rest of the things and proceeded to examine the shoes. One was filled with silver half dollars. The other contained stocks and bonds which were for John Rodell if he married Frances Strong; so a little paper tucked in the shoe stated.

The silver was Frances' without any proviso.

If John Rodell did not comply with this request, a home for indigent bachelors was to be started with the money realized by selling the stocks.

Frances flew to the barn, harnessed her horse and drove to Mr. Black's office. She tossed the papers on the table and gave him the slip to read. Mr. Black gave a prolonged whistle as he read.

Frances' eyes flashed fire.

"Such an indignity!" she said. "I won't stand it! Mr. John Rodell will never marry Frances, so the bachelors are sure of a home!" scornfully.

The office boy stuck his head in the door.

"Mr. John Rodell to see you, sir!" Frances and Mr. Black both started. Frances jumped up.

"Good morning, Mr. Black," she whispered, and rushed past Mr. Rodell, who had followed closely on the boy's footsteps.

Mr. Black saw a tall, finely formed, straight-limbed man, bronzed of face, with kind blue eyes and brown hair.

"Well, Mr. Black, here I am. Your many personals have at last reached me."

As he talked Mr. Black thought, and determined to assist little Dan Cupid who masqueraded as Uncle Daniel—so he told Mr. Rodell that Uncle Daniel had left half his house to him, and half to Frances Strong.

"Miss Strong is living in her part for the summer with her great-aunt, who is your aunt."

Then John and he went up to look at John's part. John was pleased; it looked fairly comfortable so he said he guessed he'd have it cleaned up a bit and stay awhile.

While John was in one of the shops, Mr. Black came to Frances and told her he had thought best not to say anything to Mr. Rodell about the bonds.

"Thank you!" said Frances. "It would have made it so awkward for us both. Now we can be good friends."

Which in truth they became. The summer passed merrily and Frances went back to New York in September, promising to come back at Thanksgiving, which she did, but the other half of the house was silent, for John had gone back to his ranch.

Summer came again, and with it Frances. The two old ladies were delighted to see her. The long, lovely days passed slowly. Frances seemed rather sober. She missed her comrade of the year before.

Aunt Elizabeth said: "I do wish John were here. I long for a whiff of his cigar."

The words were hardly out of her mouth, before Jed drove up with some trunks and, out of the "ark" as Frances called it, stepped John.

After he had greeted his aunt and Tabitha he inquired for Frances.

"Why, she was here when you drove up," said Tabitha. John found her in the kitchen.

Poor Frances, where now was her dignity?

John said: "Frances, dear," Frances turned and then—well, never mind. John was made very happy. They went out together, and told Aunt Elizabeth, who kissed and hugged them both.

"But," said Frances that evening "how can I marry my cousin?"

"I am only a second cousin, and only a half at that, as your mother was only my half-cousin."

On the morning of the wedding day Mr. Black presented John with the stocks which were to be his if he married Frances.

"Poor old bachelors!" he said with a chuckle.

Pretty Lace Bonnets



THERE is no doubt now that hats (or rather bonnets) made of lace will be a leading feature in headwear for children during the coming spring. Already, those who create the styles for the public's acceptance, or rejection, have made many beautiful bonnets and bonnet-like hats, with such good success, that they will be sure to sell. They appeal to the mothers from the standpoint of beauty and utility, and more than all, from that of economy. The majority are made of narrow val lace and those of other laces as a rule will show good wearing qualities.

These pretty head coverings are made in nearly every case on a wire frame which is faced with shirred silk or chiffon. But sometimes the brim facing is also of lace. Ribbons in silk or velvet are used with them. Many small flowers, too, add to their beauty. They are set in prim and quaint fashions about the crowns, or in one or two little bouquets on the brim. Forget-me-nots, June roses, moss-rose buds, small fairsies and blossoms of fruit trees re-

main the favored posies for little folks. Small field flowers look well with the heavier laces.

There is really a great amount of work on children's millinery, but it is not of the most difficult character. The pretty hats of lace shown here are not beyond the skill of the mother who makes her children's dresses. The wire frame must be bought from the millinery shop or the department store and covered with mull of silk before the lace and facing are put on. Usually the finished hat looks considerably larger than the frame.

Val and cluny laces are the favorites. Quite a number of novelty laces have been brought out, but are not more attractive than those we have had heretofore.

White and pale colors make up nearly all the bonnets so that a choice of colors is easy enough. Very thin silks, chiffons and laces, are used for facings. Wide, soft ribbons or narrow velvet ribbons are chosen, with small flowers for trimming.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

FOR SPRING WEAR



The young woman who wants to get her spring sewing done ahead of time cannot do better than to copy this charming frock, just completed for a bride who will pass her honeymoon at Alken. The material is white permo fabric, a soft, lustrous weave of wool with mohair, though any light weight fabric will answer equally well. The scalloped pings and sash are of gay plaid silk in red, green and white and the scallops around the bottom of the skirt are particularly smart. Beneath these scallops the little white boots show plainly. These pretty boots are of white buckskin and have the new 16 button tops.

Smart Evening Gowns.

Lace and the most gorgeous of brocades threaded with gold and silver and worked in flowers of wool or silk, or both, make up the most handsome of evening gowns. But beaded net is also used, with a softening note of old lace on the shoulders.

UTILIZING THE SOILED SHOE

Days of Usefulness May Be Extended if Article Is Not Too Far Gone.

Here are a couple of hints for the girl whose dress allowance has to go a long way:

White kid shoes which are too soiled to wear and which are still of a good shape may be renewed for evening wear by painting them with gold paint. Do this carefully and smoothly and the shoes will look like new.

In some cases even soiled satin slippers may be successfully treated in this way.

White kid shoes may also be dyed a fast black by applying the following mixture to them: Five cents' worth of gallic acid and five cents' worth of sulphate of iron.

Put the sulphate of iron in just as much water as is required to dissolve it, no more, and apply this to the shoes. Let it dry, then dissolve the gallic acid in a very little water and apply this. When dry the shoes should be a good black color. Great care must be taken in using these chemicals, and after they have been used the surplus quantity should be thrown away.

For the Wee One.

During the winter months a warm wrapper to slip over the baby when he is being taken from one room to another is a necessity. A very pretty one may be made of nun's veiling in pink or blue, with an underlining of thin wadding and batiste. The dainty little garment might be embroidered or scalloped round the edge and would prove a pretty present for baby and also a most useful one.

The wrapper should be large enough to slip on easily, for nothing jars a child's nerves more than to be forced into a coat that is too small, and if the wrap takes the form of cape it is equally necessary that it be large enough to envelop the little form when, as in this case, warmth is the object to be secured.

Dainty Lace Caps.

Lace caps are much in vogue for young girls. It takes the dainty coiffure of the maid to produce the proper effect when the caps are worn, and the bits of vanity are hardly suitable for women of years. All sorts of old lace are being utilized in the manufacture of the caps, the latter being especially desirable for theater wear. They are often finished with sprays of tiny pink roses, and fit closely over the hair.

Blouses With Silk Suits.

Hand tucked tulle blouses are worn with silk suits. They are made quite simple, trimmed only with tulle or net jabots or plisses.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. William Evans, D. D., Director Bible Course Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

LESSON FOR MARCH 3

CALL OF THE FIRST DISCIPLES.

LESSON TEXT—MARK 1:14-15; Luke 5:1-11. MEMORY VERSES—16, 17. GOLDEN TEXT—The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.—Matt. 9:37-38.

(This exposition of the lesson is based on the narrative in Luke 5:1-11.)

Already in our previous lessons we have seen Christ as the founder of the Kingdom of Heaven upon the earth. He was born a king; his baptism was in a sense the inauguration of the king; the temptation, the testing of the king. Being himself thus prepared, we see him starting out to recruit the first members of his kingdom, who, in addition to being members of the kingdom themselves, should also be instrumental in enlisting others under its banner.

In the call of these first disciples, we recognize the essential conditions which were to underlie all subsequent calls of discipleship. To discover these conditions should be the purpose of all who teach this lesson. The fundamental condition, or conditions underlying entrance into the Kingdom of God, are forever the same with each succeeding generation. "The gifts and calling of God are without change."

We are told that the "crowds pressed upon Jesus to hear the Word of God." The preaching of the Word of God is always a drawing card. The crowds have not weariied of the preaching of the gospel, but only of the average preacher who fails to preach the gospel. Wherever you find a man who, like Moody, Torrey, Spurgeon, and many others, preaches the Word of God, there you will find the streets full of men and women still pressing to hear the message. Fire will always attract those who are cold, and food those who are hungry. So will the preaching of the simple gospel attract the hearts of men for whom it is prepared. The world was made for the gospel, and the gospel for the world.

All great sermons in the Bible were preached in the open air. If the people will not come to church, then let us take the church to them. If it was not beneath the dignity of Jesus Christ to hold open air meetings, it surely cannot be beneath any pretended and assumed dignity we may profess to possess. Let some ministers who, during the hot months of the year, preach to but a corporal's guard, go out into the open air and preach to the crowds. The best way to reach the masses is to go after them.

Jesus requested of these men the loan of their boats, and they at once complied with the Master's request. In other words, he asked these men to surrender their business for a little while to him. And they did. How magnificently he repaid them is seen in the miraculous draught of fishes. No man can surrender his business to Jesus Christ without eventually being a gainer by it. He "shall receive a hundredfold more in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting."

Next, Jesus requires that these men recognize him as knowing more about their business than they do themselves. He requires them to do what their own common sense tells them there is no use in doing. This is evident by the answer of Peter: "Lord we have toiled all night and caught nothing, nevertheless," etc. The word "Lord" meaning "shipmaster."

Christ required from these men the surrender of their whole lives. They forsook their nets, and their business, and followed him. This was final and complete obedience. Ever after they were to devote their lives to catching men, not fish.

No man can enlist under the banner of Christ, nor become a member of the Kingdom of God, who is not willing to make an absolute surrender of himself and all that he has and expects to be to the Christ and his service. "So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." Of course, Christ may not, in fact does not call upon us all to leave our daily vocation and become preachers or missionaries. No; oftentimes he calls upon us to do what is very much harder—to stay in business and use it for him and his kingdom. There can be no question, however, but that ere we can become Christ's disciples there must be the complete surrender of ourselves to his absolute and authoritative control. This is the crucial test of Christianity. And it is just at this point of unconditional surrender that many people hesitate and oftentimes refuse to comply with the terms of discipleship.

Implied, yes, clearly stated, in this call to membership in the kingdom, was the consecration of these fishermen to the task of catching men. In some Sunday schools, there is kept what is called a "Fishermen's Roll," on which there is recorded each Sunday the names of those who have brought in new members. It is a great work to bring others to Sunday school and to church; it is greater still to bring them to Jesus Christ. In the first chapter of John we have a detailed account of how these disciples caught their first "fish" for their "shipmaster."

INCREASE IN NUMBER OF AMERICANS GOING TO CANADA

Although Western Canada suffered, as did many other portions of the west, from untoward conditions, which turned one of the most promising crops ever seen in that country, into but little more than an average yield of all grains, there is left in the farmers' hands, a big margin of profit. Of course there were many farmers who were fortunate enough to harvest and market a big yield, and with the prices that were secured made handsome returns. From wheat, oats, barley and flax marketed to the 1st of January, 1912, there was a gross revenue of \$75,384,000. The cattle, hogs, poultry and dairy proceeds brought this up to \$101,620,000 or 21 million dollars in excess of 1910. There was still in the farmers' hands at that time about 95 million bushels of wheat worth at least another sixty-five million dollars (allowing for inferior grades), besides about 160 million bushels of oats to say nothing of barley and flax, which would run into several million dollars.

There is a great influx of settlers to occupy the vacant lands throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The reports from the Government show that during the past year upwards of 131,000 Americans crossed the border into Canada. A great many of these took up farms, over ten thousand having homesteaded, in fact the records show that every state in the Union contributed. A larger number, not caring to go so far away as the homesteading area, have purchased lands at from fifteen dollars an acre to twenty-five dollars an acre. The prospects for a good crop for 1912 are as satisfactory as for many years. The land has had sufficient moisture, and with a reasonably early spring, it is safe to predict a record crop.

Those who have not had the latest literature sent out by the Government agents should send to the one nearest, and secure a copy.

Didn't Wait to Choose.

"I presume Hlobster applied some choice expletives to his automobile when it broke down yesterday 50 miles from a garage?"

"No, indeed. He just cut loose and said the first strong words that came into his mind."

Sad Meeting.

"I think we met at this cafe last winter. Your overcoat is very familiar to me."

"But I didn't own it then."

"No; but I did!"—Flegende Blaetter.

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