

TALES OF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT.

THE BURRLESS CHESTNUT.

A Story of Two of the Laziest Boys in the World. By Charles Battell Loomis.

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Mason and Jason Nason were just about as lazy as boys could be. They really had enough laziness to supply a whole family, but they preferred to use it all themselves. They were so lazy that instead of walking down hill to school in winter, a perfectly easy task, for it was only half a mile straight ahead, they coasted down on their sleds, and as winter at Loudon Hill always sets in on the 1st of November and lasts until the 1st of April, with snow all the while, they, of course, coasted every day. Then, instead of pulling their sleds up the hill again, they were so lazy that they would wait for the mail sleds, which came along just as school was let out, and they would hitch on behind and be drawn home again. They were just the same on the ice ponds that lay between them and their grandmother's—thoroughly lazy. On Saturdays they always took dinner with the old lady, and instead of walking over the ice to her house, a distance of three scant miles, these lazy boys would put on their skates and skate over.

Now it is a tradition among the country folk of Loudon Hill that every fall there is one chestnut tree loaded down with burrless chestnuts. But, as a matter of fact, no one in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has ever been able to find the tree. The forests are thick around Loudon Hill, which might account for it, but, then, the forests are full of boys at chestnutting time, so it does seem singular that no one had ever come across the tree since Anderson Sanderson gathered five barrels of the nuts in 1793.

Of course, any of the boys would have been glad to run across the tree, but, bless you! the woods were always patrolled by the ordinary kind of burrless chestnut, and after a sharp frost there were not many that needed opening.

But you may be sure that the day that Mason and Jason became old enough to go chestnutting alone they determined to discover this tree and to save themselves the bother of opening any burrs.

The morning after the first hard frost, just as soon as it was light, they got out of bed and actually dressed without washing. They were so eager to begin the search for the burrless tree, they determined to put on their houses, although the air was pippy, they rushed out of the house with red worsted caps on their heads and their blue school bags in their hands. "If there are a lot," said each twin to the other—for they were both twins—"we'll get busy to harness up Ned and take a barrel down to the tree."

They were actually the first boys to enter the woods that morning. The squirrels were chattering orders to each other, for the winter storing began that day and they foresaw a hard day's work to get and of visiting glants in the shape of small boys.

Mason and Jason had not gone ten rods before they came on a great tree, almost bending beneath the weight of chestnuts. Now, boys who weren't so fearfully lazy would have tumbled over each other in their eagerness to get the barrels of nuts that lay upon the ground or clung to the open burrs as if they were afraid to drop, but these lazy bones both said, "Shucks. We wouldn't stop for that kind. Fancy having to climb up a tree and shake it to get some of them down." "And get needles in your hands," said Mason; "or perhaps slip out of the tree," said Jason.

So they pressed on. At first the squirrels shouted to each other when they saw them coming: "Look out! Here come two humans," but after awhile they seemed to understand that the boys weren't after squirrels, but after burrless nuts, and they chattered derisively at them as much as to say: "We've seen lazy people before, and they never got just what they wanted."

After an hour's fruitless search perhaps I should say unless—search the woods began to resound with the voices of other boys who were taking advantage of Saturday holiday to fill up their bags and baskets and pails.

At the same instant Jason uttered a cry of fear, for crouching to spring at a tree was a panther. She had been lying on the outstretched limb of an oak, taking an afternoon nap, and she had awakened just in time to see her supper coming to her.

"Here's luck," thought she and crouched to spring. But if the twins were lazy, they were also plucky. And there were no boys on Loudon Hill who were such masters in the use of the deadly sling. Both boys sprang behind trees and drew out their slings at the same time. They always carried a pocketful of bullets, and they lost no time in loading up.

The burrless tree, just laden, so that it bent and cracked with the weight of nuts, all of them hanging by their feathery tails to the stem, and not a sign of a burr on them. It evidently needed but a tap on the trunk of the tree to liberate them all. And, better yet, a well defined wagon path led from the tree out to the highway, some miles distant to be sure, yet still easily within reach of their house.

But there was the panther still crouching and waiting for the boys to step from behind the trunks. I tell you that such plucky little fellows deserve to succeed, and as far as the panther was concerned they did. They watched their chance and just as she closed her eyes, thinking she must have dreamed that she saw two little boys and wishing to dream again, they slung their shot and the two bullets, joined fore and penetrated her brain and she fell off that branch as dead as a door nail or even a window nail.

And as soon as she fell every nut on the tree dropped to the earth. Whether her fall jarred them off, or whether she was the guardian spirit of the nuts and at her death they were at the mercy of anyone who chose to gather them, will never be known, but

It's just a hundred years this fall, my grandfather says, since the tree was found. "Why, what good do you want than all these nuts?" said Howell Newell. "I never saw so many in my life. Well, if you must go, good luck, but you'll find it easier in the end to get what nuts you see and not hunt for the other kind."

"Why, half the fun is knocking 'em out of the burrs," said Bardwell Studwell. "Work isn't ever fun," chorused Mason and Jason, and away they walked with eyes peeled for the burrless tree.

They had foolishly come away without any breakfast and long before noon they began to be awfully hungry, but if they were lazy they were also muchly obstinate and they wouldn't go back to get anything to eat. They ate a handful of ordinary chestnuts that they designed to pick up, and, queerly enough, each boy got a prickler in his finger, because those particular burrs were not quite open. This made them more than ever determined to search for the burrless kind.

"We'll make those boys look sick when we come home tonight with several flour barrels full of nuts," said Mason. "Why not sugar barrels? They're larger," said Jason.

"Heavier to lift," replied Mason. "Flour barrels will hold all we want." All the afternoon they wandered. They could hear the shouts of bappy boys and could see their playmates staggering along under heavy loads of the finest nuts that ever grew around Loudon Hill, but they still seemed to give up their errand and pushed deeper and deeper into the forest.

Once they saw a deer, who fled in a fright, and rabbits innumerable leaped across the path in front of them, while partridges and quail flew about in profusion. Finally the chestnut trees began to diminish. Oaks and pines there were in abundance, but they

father just about starting to look for them with Ned and the big wagon. "We've found the burrless tree," said both together, "and we killed a panther." Old Grandpa Nason was standing in the gateway. "That's just what, Anderson Sanderson did the time he got the nuts. I've heard my father tell of it time and again. You're smart boys."

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there is no doubt that the boys ran gleefully under the tree and filled their blue bags in less time than it takes to say boo to a red-headed woodpecker, and you know how little time that takes.

Mason always carried a ball of very fine thread in his pocket and he took it out and tied one end of it to the tree and then they started for home unwinding it as they went, so that they could find their way back. Just as they got half way home the ball gave out.

By a curious chance Jason always carried a ball of very fine thread in his pocket and he tied his to the end of the other and they continued their home run and met their

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It is a curious fact—the origin of which is not known—that the queen's health, on shipboard, is drunk by the officers sitting, instead of standing, as is customary elsewhere. Every night, in every ship which carries the flag of the British empire, her majesty is toasted by the officers.

Of all her majesty's regiments the Welch Fusiliers have the most curious army toast: It forms part of the ceremony of the grand dinner given annually on St. David's day. After the dinner the drum major, accompanied by the band, the mace-bearers, the pipers, bedecked with rosettes of red and blue ribbon, marches around the table, carrying a plate of loeks. Every officer or guest, who has never eaten one before is obliged to do so, standing on his chair, with one foot on the table, while the drummers beat a roll behind his chair. He is then considered a true Welshman. All the toasts are coupled with the name of St. David. It is in this way that the toast with "Hickland honors" is drunk. Each guest stands with one foot on his chair, one on the table and the pipers a-piping parade the room.

Toasting Sir Francis Drake is an interesting ceremony. The town of Plymouth, England, consumes 6,000,000 gallons of water per day, and its first regular supply was given to the town during Sir Francis Drake's mayoralty. Annually the town indulges in the quaint ceremony of toasting his memory. This is done in this way. The pump memory of Sir Francis is drunk in water at the head weir. But then the company drinks in wine to the sentiment, "May the descendants of him who brought us water never want for wine."

As to the well-known toast, "This is its origin, which dates back to medieval times, when the loving cup was a feature of every banquet. The cup would be filled to the brim with wine or mead, in the center of which floated a piece of toasted bread. After putting his lips to the cup the host would pass it on to the guest of honor; after going the rounds the cup finally came back to the host, who drained what remained and swallowed the toast in honor of all the friends assembled at the table.

First Little Girl—I'm never going to speak to you again; your father keeps a stool. Second Little Girl—And I'm not going to speak to you any more; I saw your father go into it. "Freddy, did you see the rubber man at the museum?" "Yes, Uncle Bill, but he ain't no good; he didn't squeak when I punched him."

The mother was examining the proof of her little 4-year-old daughter's photograph. "Why didn't you smile, Nellie?" she asked. "I did smile, mamma," she replied, "but I 'spect the man was busy an' forgot to put it in."

"George Bilsen! why didn't you wipe your muddy feet on the door?" "I'm showing my deep sympathy for the Boers, mother." "In what way?" "Making trails."

"Johnny," said the mother of a precocious youth aged 5, "I told you to give your little sister the lion's share of your candy and she says you didn't give her any. Why didn't you do as you were told?" "I did, mamma," answered Johnny. "You see, lions don't eat candy."

"Beesle," said a mother to her little

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SOME LATE INVENTIONS. Motormen will appreciate a new car brake attachment, which has a ratchet working vertically instead of horizontally, a pin being inserted in the floor to lift the ratchet into contact with the toothed wheel mounted on the brake rod.

A Maryland man has invented a machine for the mixing of sand, cement and crushed stone to form concrete, the materials being placed in a hopper in layers with a small opening at the bottom, through which the ingredients fall on a revolving cone to mix them.

Dustless roads can be rapidly made by a California's machine, which has a plurality of dusting fingers, which are adjusted to stir up the earth in the road, and is pivoted in the rear of the machine to sprinkle oil from a reservoir mounted on the machine.

New York a man has patented a collar button which will save trouble in fastening a stiff collar, the shank of the button being placed in a button in the collar, which prevents the shank extending too far out and also locks it in a contracted position after the collar is fastened.

Horses can easily be controlled with an improved bit attachment, which comprises a plurality of wires pivoted on the ends of the bit, with loops for the reins and straps which pass around both jaws, a pull on the reins drawing the straps together to shut off the animal's breathing.

To insure the complete closure of a gas lock, while turning out the light an improved lock has been designed, comprising a spring wire formed into a double loop, which is pivoted in the middle and presses against the side of the key to force either side back against its shoulder.

Runaway horses can be brought under control by a new dashboard attachment which has a new device for holding the reins with a lip pivoted to clamp to rein against a base when pulled from the front, a backward pull releasing it for tightening the reins when a new hold is taken by the driver.

People struck by a new car fender cannot roll under the wheels, the fender being held in a vertical position in front of the car and pivoted in such a manner that a blow on its face causes it to fall back, while the fender is in a horizontal position, with the front edge raised to hold the person.

The hair can be rapidly dried after washing by the use of a new comb, which has coarse teeth, formed of porous material capable of withholding great heat, whereby the moisture absorbed by drawing the comb through the hair is evaporated by holding the comb over a flame.

Thousands have tried from time immemorial to discover some efficacious remedy for wrinkles and other imperfections of the complexion, but none had yet succeeded until the Misses Bell, the now famous Complexion Specialists, of 75 Fifth Avenue, New York City, offered the public their wonderful Complexion Tonic. The reason so many failed to make this discovery before is plain, because they have not followed the right principle. Balm, Creams, Lotions, etc., never have a tonic effect upon the skin, hence the failure.

The MISSES BELL'S COMPLEXION TONIC has a most exhilarating effect upon the entire, absorbing and carrying off all impurities which the blood by its natural action is constantly forcing to the surface of the skin. It is to the skin what a vitalizing tonic is to the blood and nerves, a kind of new life that immediately exhilarates and strengthens wherever applied. Its tonic effect is felt almost immediately and it speedily banishes forever from the skin freckles, pimples, blackheads, moth patches, wrinkles, liver spots, roughness, oiliness, eruptions and discolorations of any kind.

In order that all may be benefited by their Great Discovery the Misses Bell will, during the present month, give to all callers at dress.

THE MISSES BELL, 75 FIFTH AV., New York City. The Misses Bell's Toilet Preparations are for sale in this city by KUHN & COMPANY, The Reliable Prescription Pharmacists, Sole Agents, 15th and Douglas Streets.

THE ONLY REASON why physicians don't prescribe silk underwear for everybody is, that it is too dear for the average purse. It is anti-rheumatic; soothing to the nerves; warm, light, pleasing to the touch and eye, in a word, it presents every desirable attribute, save that of low cost.

KOTEDSILK is within reach of moderate purses. The wearer for the first time realizes luxury in underwear.

Man's Shirts, 34-44, each \$2.50 Ladies' Vests, 26-40, each \$2.50 Men's Drawers, 28-44, each \$2.50 Ladies' Drawers, 26-40, each \$2.50 Men's Union Suits, 34-44, each \$5.00 Ladies' Union Suits, 26-40, each \$5.00 Men's Undershirts, 34-44, each \$2.00 Ladies' Undershirts, 26-40, each \$2.00 Ladies' Short Undershirts, 24-32 waist \$1.50

ALL LEADING STORES. If your dealer can't supply you we will. Express prepaid. KOTEDSILK UNDERWEAR CO., MILBURY, MASS.

Advertisement for Candy Cathartic Cascarets. \$100.00 Reward will be gladly paid to anyone who will furnish convicting evidence against imitators and substitutes who try to sell you worthless preparations when CASCARETS are called for. Don't ever take substitutes, but insist on having Cascarets. THE GREAT MERIT OF CASCARETS MAKES BIG SALES EVERYWHERE. Beware of Imitations!

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