

# The House of the Black

By F. L. Pattee

## Ding

Copyright, 1905

### CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"And you'll know sometime!"  
"Lona," he arose and took a dizzy step toward her.  
"Oh, Lona, I—"  
"No, no, no—don't!—Come!" She arose swiftly and turned toward the path. "It's getting darker; we must go for the water." He followed her breathlessly. By the creek-side she paused for an instant, while he dipped the buckets; then she turned and ran up the path again.  
"Come, quick," she ordered in a penetrating whisper. It was as if some fearful thing were lurking somewhere in the glen.  
"Wait!—please, do," he gasped, as they had scurried half way up the hill. "Can't we stop a minute?" She turned instantly and faced him.  
"No!—at the flat stone—come!"  
Again they hastened up the path. At the stone he sank down breathless. The girl wheeled instantly, and standing straight and rigid, peered back into the Run. She was very near him. How perfect she was as she stood there in the twilight—a woman to dream about, "Fair as a jonquil, tall as a bride for the high gods mete."  
"Lona," he whispered, "what is it?"  
"Nothing."  
"But you're strange. There's something the matter. What is it down there, Lona?" He felt like shuddering, he knew not why. It was as if something were hovering over them.  
"It's nothing; it's the evening. Let's keep perfectly still. Don't you hear it?"  
"Hear what?"  
"The evening. It's a concert. Hark!"  
It was not hard to imagine. The evening hymn of the May day was swelling all about them, but above all, and dominating it all, was the gibber of the Run just below them. There was something strange about it, something that crept over him more and more like a premonition of danger: the gloom of the place, the dark forms of the rhododendron, and the smutches of black above—the ridges converging into the Gap. He began to look about him almost stealthily. Then he caught a glimpse of her, and something all in a flash thrilled him as with fear.

She was looking with wide eyes, every muscle and nerve in her body tense, down through the laurel tangle to where the waters of Roaring Run break through the Gap. Automatically he turned in the direction of her gaze, but he saw nothing.  
"Lona, what is it?"  
"It's nothing—come—quick!" She dodged with lightning movement as if some unseen thing had struck at her, then darted away. One instant and she was gone.  
Scarcely realizing what he did, he sprang after her. He looked eagerly right and left, behind every cedar and tangle. She had vanished utterly.  
"Lona!" he called in a fearful whisper. "Lona!" Then he raised his voice and shouted, "Lona!"  
"Hush! Sh-h-h-h-h!" She was right at his elbow, as if she had risen from the earth. "Come—quick!"  
"But, Lona, what is it? For God's sake, what's this all about? Lona!"  
"Quick! Quick!" she whispered. "Quick!" She seized his hand as if he were in danger, and tried to pull him along.  
"But, Lona," he pleaded, the touch of her hand thrilling him mightily, "what is it?—I love you."  
"No, no, no! You must go. You must never come back. Come—quick!" There was an intensity about the girl's words that frightened him.  
"Lona—what is it?"  
"Go—I command!" She hissed the words in his very ear. "If you speak, it's death. One word and it's death. Come." Her hot breath was in his face. She was pulling him along as if in a panic. Then, as by magic, she was gone. He stopped for a moment in his tracks.

Everything was unaturally silent. Even the frogs, for some mysterious reason, had ceased their chorus. He found himself listening breathlessly for he knew not what. A ghastly fear was creeping over him. Something black and awful was lurking right near him. The air was hot and stifling; it was difficult to breathe; his head seemed bursting. Cautiously he began to pick his way; then he began to walk rapidly; then to run; nor did he stop until he had reached his father's door.  
The next morning all was normal again. The night seemed like some confused dream, far off and vague. He laughed at his panic, and all day long the passion in his heart grew more imperious. He would go down again; he would go that very evening. But he found no life about the old house that night, nor the next. For a week he tried to see her, but the whole place seemed deserted. There was no response to his rappings at the cabin; it was as if the family had moved away. He went down into the Run and sat on the flat rock until long after twilight, but there was no sound or movement. Then for a time he went no more into the uncanny hole, but tried to smother out his thoughts by the hard work of the spring planting.

### CHAPTER XII.

THE PLAY AND THE CHORUS.  
During the days following the fire, Rose seemed sober and preoccupied—a new mood for her. She did not laugh and sing as of old, and she did not go out of afternoons to drive. Therefore she is sick, reasoned her father, and he knew the cause. It was the inevitable reaction. A girl cannot be snatched from the brink of death without a shock. An experience like hers has often completely unnerved a woman and made her a physical wreck for life. He insisted on calling Dr. Kuack, but she scorned the idea.  
On Sunday, when Karl Kelchline drove into the yard, she declared that she would not see him. Somehow the very sight of the man repelled her. She wanted to go to her room and stay there.  
"But, Rose, you need to be cheered up, and no one can do it like Karl," the old Squire had burst out. "Of course you'll see Karl."  
"No, I won't," she snapped. "I don't want to see anybody."  
"But you'll see Karl, Rose."  
"And why?" come, Rose. Of course you'll see him. He'll put you in good spirits in no time. He's jolly's a lark this morning. Mother and I are going to meeting and leave you two to keep house. Of course I wouldn't have you go to church feeling like you do."  
"Of course you don't. I know all about it, you rogue! I know girls. Take good care of him, Dot. Ho, ho, ho!" He went out in great good humor, and Mrs. Hartswick joined him at the door. Then Karl came in, slumping and solicitous, and she ushered him into the front room.  
Somehow she felt no desire to laugh

at him now, though he had never appeared more ludicrous. Bolt upright he sat in a straight backed chair that creaked dolefully under his every movement, and twirled his fat thumbs, and told her of his week; his sales of this and that, his plans and his profits, and his ideas. The abundance of his prosperity seemed to keep him in a continual state of mild astonishment. She did not laugh nor remark; she sat by the window, her eyes on the distant range, which still had a ghost of smoke upon it, and rocked to and fro with nervous jerks, while he droned on with his tales of prosperous endings and moving accidents by store and farm.  
Today she loathed the man. It seemed to her as if she had never really seen him before. Something all of a sudden had opened her eyes. He was a mere clod of a creature, intent on money and acres. And he was to be her husband! Her father's will was like iron. When once he was set, and he had willed it. There was no escape, only five weeks more! She stopped rocking and looked with far eyes out over the ridge. He had never known her so still.

"You are not well, Rose," he said at length, with half-lit tenderness. "You are not yourself."  
"No; I'm not myself," she snapped suddenly, turning full upon him. "I think I'd better go to my room." In a twinkling she disappeared, leaving him to wonder and speculate, and spend the forenoon alone.  
After the dinner, which was patriarchal in its quality and its profusion, the Squire took the young man to a ramble over the estate. He instructed him as to the different plots and their time of rotation, and he mapped out the spring campaign of plantings and sowings. The fences were in perfect condition; the corners and bounds were carefully marked; the wheat was free from wind-kill and "ry." Then he exhibited the barns and out-buildings and stock as if Karl were a prospective buyer. And the young man viewed it all with huge approval and made heartened suggestions that pleased the Squire. Here was a son-in-law after his own heart.

They sat long over the evening tea, so long that Karl missed the evening service. He was in high spirits. He laughed and joked and beamed upon Lona, and the old man reflected his joy in the fairly purring in his content. Things were moving smoothly. It was perfectly natural that Rose should be sober. She had gone through an experience that was enough to fill a lifetime with shudders—but it would end all right. She needed diversion, and merry company, and she was getting it.  
That night, as she started for her room, he spoke to her with unusual tenderness.  
"The day has done you good, Dot." He put his hand on her shoulder and looked admiringly at her. "I haven't seen so much color in your cheeks for a long time. Oh, we know all about it, you rogue. You can't fool us. Ho, ho, ho!" He chuckled her under the chin playfully.

"Oh, come, come now; don't say a word about it," he cut her off jovially. "I know just how it is. Girls have to go through just about so much nonsense. It's born in 'em. Ho, ho, ho! But you go to sleep, and get rested. Dot. Sleep just as long as you want to; that's what's going to put you right upon your feet again. Don't you worry one bit. Wal, good-night." She wavered a moment as if about to speak, then turned and ran quickly up the stairs.  
Her room was on the garden side. She blew out her light as she entered. She went to the window in the cool night air. She wanted to think. A young moon was casting its silver twilight, and the thrill and odor of the growing spring were breathing up from the garden like a greeting.  
She had hardly closed the door when something dropped with a little crash near the window and rolled with metallic tinklings into the center of the room. Her first thought was that she had pushed something from the bureau, and half automatically she groped to pick it up. A moment later she struck it—dine cone. How came a pine cone in her room? It must have come in at the open window. There was a paper on it—a note. He was out there; it was a message from him. Her heart went off in a flutter, and her hand trembled so that she could hardly disentangle the dainty little missive. What did it say? To light the lamp and examine it was out of the question; he would know at once what she was doing. She must see it in the light of the opposite room, closed the door and struck a match. A candle was on the little table.

"Dear Miss Hartswick: I am in the garden under your window. May I see you for a moment and speak to you? I must see you some time. The other day in the mountains you were with me only by accident, and I would not take advantage of the accident to tell you what I must tell you. May I see you, if it is only for a moment? I am sitting on the bench by the crocuses and waiting for you. I am, honestly yours, James Farthing."  
She blew out the candle instantly, as if in spite of the inner room he could see her; then she stole back. As she entered again the sweet thrill of the April night stole up and greeted her like the breath of a lover. Then she sat for a moment on the side of the bed and tried to think.  
The note was still in her hand. After a time she slipped into the opposite room again, and re-lighting the candle, read it twice over. There were fairness and passion and boyish honesty in every line. How gentlemanly he had been and how considerate! "You were with me only by accident, and I would not take advantage of the accident—" She tiptoed to the head of the stairs and listened. No sound. Her father and mother were already in bed and doubtless asleep.  
Another wavering moment and she went to her room, found a soft, white shawl to throw over her shoulders, and then stole down the back way into the night—the throbbing April night, where young Jim, trembling with eagerness, stood amid the crocuses.

Now the age-old drama of two men and a maiden, if played in the madness of the city, may escape all notice until a mad moment, but in a little pocket of the hills it is vastly different. The play goes on before a hundred spectators all eager to note the slightest flutter of heart or eyelid, and every idle gathering in store or shop or horseshed, like the chorus of the old drama, discusses and comments and speculates.  
Many of the whispered tales of Karl and Jim and Rose came surprisingly close to the truth, and many came surprisingly far from it, but near or remote, the whispering never ceased. At every gathering one was sure to hear the conclusions of the old, who viewed

the play objectively; or the comments of the middle-aged, who looked upon it not coldly, but curiously; and the exclamations of the young, who philosophized not at all, but speculated with eagerness.

Thus the chorus droned on in the interludes.  
The bottom church, a great square block of a building, stands alone, full 10 rods from the store on one side, and the school house on the other. Along the road on either side extend for many rods thick poles spiked to the tops of posts, to be used for hitching places. On a fair Sunday these rails are crowded from end to end with horses and "rigs" of every description, some of them there after a journey of six and even eight miles. It is always a thrilling experience to the stranger in the valley to come suddenly, amid the perfect silence of a Sabbath, around the curve of the road upon these two long rows of motionless horses, with no other hint of human life than the creaking of Country worshippers come early to church on fair mornings, and they delight to gather in knots, the men about the horses, and the women in the vestibule, to talk until the arrival of the first of the 20th of April, the Sunday after Jim had thrown the pine cone, the group was especially large. Its nucleus and oracle was Amos Harding, who was seated sidewise on a wagon seat, his feet roosting precariously on one of the wheels.

"Say, that drove off the hogs there by the meetin' house looks hansom, now don't it?" he was running on garrulously. "Runnin' wild right in the street—by Moses, I wonder what they'd say up to Connecticut? Ever think of it, the name of this state is Pen-sylv-ania and there ain't a ternal pig pen in the state! Say, do you know a feller once told me the rule for findin' latitude in the United States? You multiply the number of hogs running loose on a mile of road by the average number of rods of rail fence to the square mile of land and you'll have the distance in miles from the Connecticut river, countin' north and south. He, he, he! Better rule than that, though: You multiply the average number of pints of paint to a house in any region by the number of square inches in the average front yard and if you're careful of your fractions, you'll get the exact distance in rods to the nearest point on the Gulf of Mexico. Fairly good, aren't you, though, all rules do. W. y. we're miles north of the paint-line and miles north of the average hog-line, but in spite of all that, if you apply arry one of them rules it lands us right in the middle of the state."  
"Just you look of there wunst," spoke up a voice in a low whisper. All turned instantly. Rose Hartswick was walking up the path with her father and Karl Kelchline.

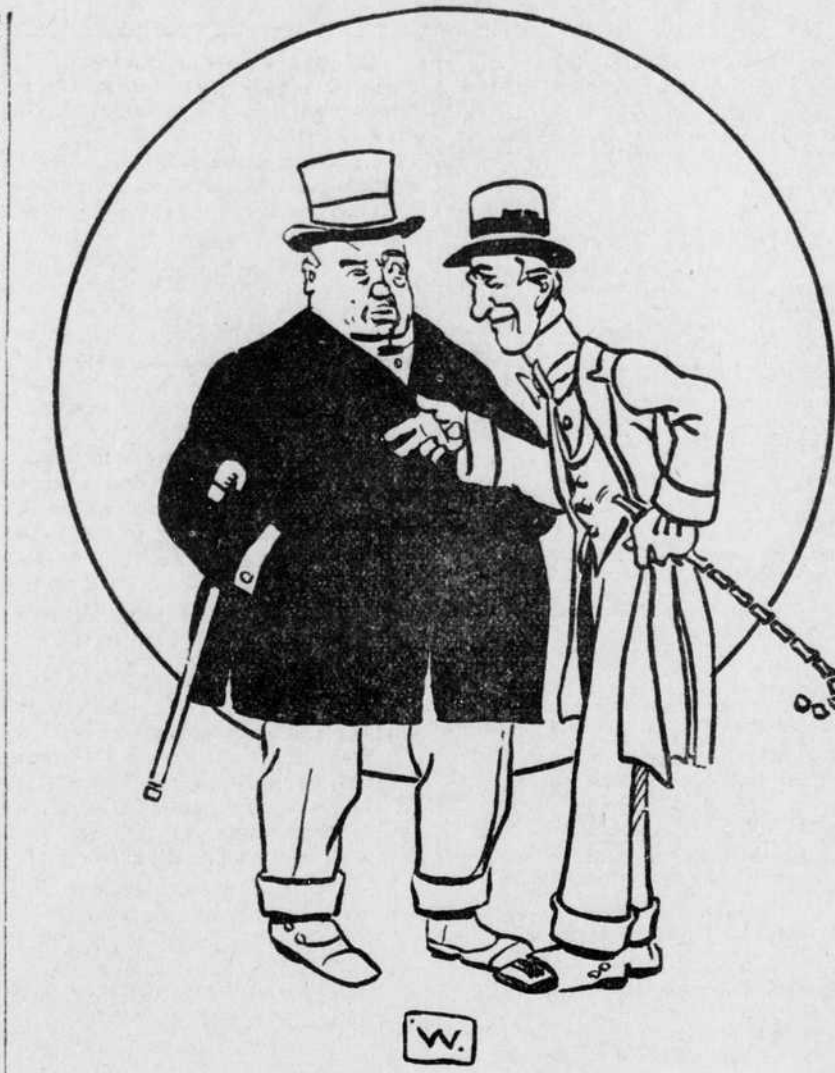
"Yes, I'd ask that if I was you." He looked scornfully up at the man. "You hain't saw, I s'pose, how Al Farthing's the best horse rider in the county, and Karl's the best horse rider in the county still. She'd never want to get shot of a man like Karl if she want spell-bound and haaxed. Noshu."  
"And who sez she wants to get red of Karl?" asked Amos sternly.  
"Oh, pshaw! no more is as you be. I'd get some glass eyes wunst. Hain't she made him wait till the first of June a'ready before she says the word? Why's that now? It's jest because she don't want to get in plumb against her father still, and because she's spell-bound to Jim. Are you fool enough to suppose when it comes time she'll give Karl the yes? Not by a long shot. She'll outen his light and Jim'll be high line. You jest wait and see. He scoldin' up his left eye and noided knowingly at the crowd."  
"But won't Karl fight?" inquired Uncle Jake in an old man's shrill quaver.  
"Karl ain't no baby still."  
"Oh, no; there won't be no fight. Oh, no!" The oracle was nothing if not cock-sure. "There'll be jest a little pow-wowing that nobody'll know nothing about, and pop! over 'll go poor Karl with a stroke, or something else, his eyes bulging out like he'd saw the devil wunst, or perhaps 'll have the oppenheimer or the run-down or something jest as Rose has got it. Oh, I tell you, Karl's goin' to be out of it come June still. You-uns see if he hain't!"  
"Plain 's the nose on your face a'ready," chimed in Ulla.  
(Continued Next Week.)

Build a little fence of trust  
Around today;  
Fill the space with loving work  
And the world will be a better place.  
Look not through the sheltering bars  
Upon tomorrow.  
God will help thee bear what comes,  
Of joy or sorrow.  
—Mary Frances Butts.

Buysters Kramp—What are your objections to my poetry?  
Magazine Editor—Well, for one thing it keeps on coming. Fix that for me and I'll waive the other reasons.

When a Man Lies.  
From the Denver Post.  
"If you want to tell whether or not the man you are talking to is telling the truth, don't look him in the eyes," said a bank teller to some friends the other night. "I thought it was just the other way." "I thought it was just the other way," said one of those present. "I've always understood that it made it harder for the liar if you looked squarely in his eyes."  
"That's a wrong impression," continued the bank teller. "The man who knows how to lie knows how to look you in the eyes when he's doing it. And the man who has made up his mind to lie to you, decides first that he must look you straight in the eyes. It is the voice when you don't look at the eyes, that tells you whether the other fellow is lying. We use the system frequently in the bank. A man will come in to tell us some business tale. We look at his feet or his knees, but never in his eyes. If he's telling the truth his voice will be firm and straightforward, and the absence of your gaze in his eyes will not affect it, but if he's lying he'll be confused by your action, and his voice will tremble. He'll hem and haw and clear his throat. You may rest assured then that he's stringing you."

Once Bit.  
From the Philadelphia Enquirer.  
M. Serpillet had finished his holiday in England and paid his exorbitant hotel bill. His heart was sad, yet his native courtesy was as perfect as ever. "Send me proprietor to me," he said to the waiter, and presently mine host entered.  
Immediately Serpillet was all beaming smiles.  
"Ah, let me embrace you! Let me kiss you!" he cried in an ecstasy of welcome.  
"But why do you want to embrace me, sir? I don't understand."  
"Ah, see, he is telling the truth!"  
"Your bill? Yes; but what of it?"  
"Of it? Vy, it meant zat I'll nevaire, nevaire see you again, dear saire."



HIS HARD LUCK NUMBER.  
"Do you believe that thirteen is an unlucky number?"  
"You bet I do. My wife was the thirteenth woman I proposed to."

## "THE CYCLONE ORATOR OF KANSAS," BRISTOW'S TITLE

Washington, Special: The Hon. Joseph L. Bristow is in training for the title of "Cyclone Orator of Kansas."  
Mr. Bristow has borne the fact in upon the Senate that he can talk like a house afire. It has been quite as much of a surprise to him as it was to the Senate. He never dreamed of it till he was put right up against speech-making; and then he unlimbered his long arms, set them in motion like the wings of a Dutch windmill overlooking the Zuyder Zee, tuned up his voice, and sailed right in.  
It wasn't till various circumstances, chief among them his own ambition for the job, had made him a candidate for the Senate, a year ago, that Bristow ever thought about speechmaking. He had been an editor. But being a candidate for senator against Chester I. Long, he went out speechmaking; and he got away with it, too. He was scared entirely to death the first night; stood it better the second; warmed up to it the third; and in a fortnight was just laying it off like an old timer. He presently got so he didn't mind the

sound of his own voice at all, which at least indicated that he had senatorial timber in him. Then he took on the oratorical habits. He learned to say "forsooth" and "perchance" and to work off the effective touches with which the stump orator garnishes his discourse.  
Before he realized to what expertness Bristow had attained, Long, thinking an old time stumper like himself would easily make this amateur look like a baby with an empty bottle, challenged Bristow to a couple of joint debates. Bristow was in such a position that he couldn't well decline the challenge; it would have been a confession of weakness and inexperience. So he promptly accepted, and two debates were held. The first of those debates was the first experience of the kind Bristow had ever had in his life. He went on the platform worse frightened than he had been the first time he essayed a speech—and he cleaned up Senator Long so well that the audience was all for Bristow at the end of the performance. On election day the state gave Bristow the verdict.

He Was Honest.  
From the Philadelphia Record.  
Revelations concerning the double career of the Russian terrorist police agent, Azeff, recall a story told of Louis XVIII., King of France, and Fouché, who had been at one time Napoleon's minister of police. After the Bourbon restoration the king asked Fouché whether he had set spies over him during the empire. Fouché admitted that he had, and he was informed that it had been the Comte de Blacas. "How much did he get?" continued the king.  
"Two hundred thousand francs a year, your majesty." "Ah, well," said Louis, "he was honest, then, after all—I had half."

The Language of Clothes.  
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
A pompous colored woman wheeled into the cloak department of a downtown store.  
"Can I direct you, madam?" inquired one of the managers.  
"Yes, sah. Ah wants the gown department."  
"What kind of gowns, madam?" further inquired the officer.  
"Why, women's gowns, of co'se," replied the customer disgustedly. "Y'all think Ah wants a gown fo' a man?"  
"But, madam," explained the manager, "you see we have different kinds of gowns. There are tailor made gowns, evening gowns and night gowns."  
"No, sah," put in the woman, promptly. "Ah don't want no tallah made gowns, or night gowns, or early-in-the-evening gowns. What Ah wants is jes' a plain gown to do washin' in. Ah wants a calico wrapper. That's what Ah wants."

Victor Hugo's House.  
The house in which Victor Hugo died has just disappeared from Paris. It was in the avenue which bears his name, and close to his statue.  
Arsene Houssaye, in "Les Annales," says that he never addressed a letter to him in any other fashion but—  
To Victor Hugo.  
At His Avenue.

Yet the house itself had a modest appearance. Its chief charms were a beautiful garden, with great trees and a delightful fountain, and the extraordinary richness of its furniture.  
The house did not belong to Victor Hugo. It had been built by the Prince de Lorraine, and Hugo finally tried to buy it from the prince. To his amazement she asked \$200,000.  
The lady smiled. "That is nothing, considering," she remarked pleasantly, "that I am a poor woman, and that I have lived in by Victor Hugo."

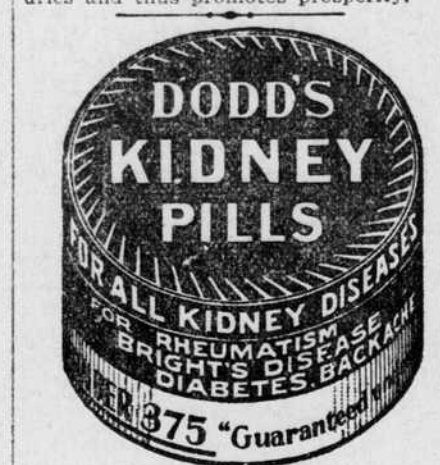
A Lover of Humanity.  
From the London Globe.  
"What are you doing here?" said the woman to the tramp who had got over the wall just in time to escape the bulldog.  
"Madam," replied the dignified vagrant, "I did intend to request something to eat; but all I ask now is that, in the interests of humanity, you'll feed that canine."

Neighbor Says Something.  
The front yard fence is a famous council place on pleasant days. Maybe to chat with some one along the street, or for friendly gossip with next door neighbor. Sometimes it is only small talk, but other times neighbor has something really good to offer.  
An old resident of Baird, Texas, got some mighty good advice this way once.  
He says:  
"Drinking coffee left me nearly dead with dyspepsia, kidney disease and bowel trouble, with constant pains in my stomach, back and side, and so weak I could scarcely walk."  
"One day I was chatting with one of my neighbors about my trouble and told her I believed coffee hurt me. Neighbor said she knew lots of people to whom coffee was poison and she pleaded with me to quit it and give Postum a trial. I did not take her advice right away, but tried a change of climate which did not do me any good. Then I dropped coffee and took up Postum.  
"My improvement began immediately and I got better every day I used Postum.  
"My bowels became regular and in two weeks all my pains were gone. Now I am well and strong and can eat anything I want to without distress. All of this is due to my having quit coffee, and to the use of Postum regularly.  
"My son who was troubled with indigestion thought that if Postum helped me so, it might help him. It did, too, and he is now well and strong again.  
"We like Postum as well as we ever liked the coffee and use it altogether in my family in place of coffee and all keep well." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.  
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



ANOTHER LABOR SAVING INVENTION.  
Dusty Rhodes: "Fer 'st love of heaven, Weary, what you got there?"  
Weary Walker: "Just swiped 'em from a dago down in the village. Great scheme I've struck yet. Only have to use yer legs to steer by, and ye can go to sleep movin' along."

Government Cemeteries.  
From the Boston Globe.  
The government of the United States has established cemeteries in various parts of the country for the burial of men who have died in the military and naval service. There are 82 of these burial places scattered throughout 21 states of the union, principally in the South. Eleven of these cemeteries contain over 10,000 graves each. The Gettysburg cemetery, although one of the smallest, is famous as having been dedicated by President Lincoln in 1863. About 3,500 soldiers are buried there. In 1872 it passed under the control of the United States government.  
Smoke and Prosperity.  
From the Chicago News.  
Ah, yes! Not only is coal smoke, as the magnate avers, a germ destroyer, but it gives plenty of work to the laundries and thus promotes prosperity.



A Chemical Amity.  
From the Cornell Widow.  
She—What is meant by chemical affinity?  
He—Why—er a peroxide blonde.  
In its mercantile marine Japan has 1,618 steamships, of 1,153,340 aggregate tonnage; 4,615 sailing vessels, of 372,319 aggregate tonnage, and 1,390 Japanese "ships of the old style," of 511,452 aggregate tonnage; in all, 7,523 ships, of 2,037,111 aggregate tonnage.

The operating cost of the Brooklyn bridge is found to be as high as \$360,000 a year, according to an investigation made by the controller of New York city. This figure is the average of 10 years' maintenance and operating cost, beginning with 1888.

A man generally weighs most at his 40th year.  
Instant Relief for All Eyes,  
that are irritated from dust, heat, sun or wind, PETTIT'S EYE SALVE. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Accomplished Kentuckian.  
From Owensboro Inquirer.  
Notice—Know all men by these presents, that I, Shadrach H. Armstrong, have coal oil for sale at 15 cents a gallon. Some say it ain't good oil, but I say it is. I will also tie your broom-corn, one-half for the other. I crush corn every Thursday by tollgate. Turkeys picked very promptly any day of week. Horseshoeing a specialty at 6 cents a shoe. Watch and pistol repairing guaranteed. Shoes half soled while you wait. Umbrellas fixed and ax handles made for 15 cents. Will teach Southern harmony and the fiddle combine for \$3 mo. Pictures enlarged by a new process, and my hot tamale and hair oil receipt go 339 days for 25 cents. Hair-cutting only on Saturday evening, 20 cents a head. A good stripper cow for sale. Also agent for the Jones Wagon hoist, the Tom McElrath Tobacco Duster and Foot's Medical Advertiser. Rufe Langston is my attorney and my terms is cash—first, because I know you; second, because I don't know you.

Better Ways and Means Committee.  
From the Chicago Tribune.  
"Father," said the young college student, unfolding a sheet of paper, "here is a careful estimate of what I shall have to tax you for my expenses next term."  
"All right, John."  
The elder man took the sheet of paper and looked over it.  
Then he began making marks on it with a pencil.  
"What are you doing, father?" asked the young man, uneasily.  
"I'm revising it downward, my son," answered the other, continuing to make marks with his pencil.

Effort to regulate the height of electric "sky signs" of New York has failed.  
Nearly every Japanese son follows the profession or trade of his father.

OVER THE FENCE.  
Neighbor Says Something.  
The front yard fence is a famous council place on pleasant days. Maybe to chat with some one along the street, or for friendly gossip with next door neighbor. Sometimes it is only small talk, but other times neighbor has something really good to offer.  
An old resident of Baird, Texas, got some mighty good advice this way once.  
He says:  
"Drinking coffee left me nearly dead with dyspepsia, kidney disease and bowel trouble, with constant pains in my stomach, back and side, and so weak I could scarcely walk."  
"One day I was chatting with one of my neighbors about my trouble and told her I believed coffee hurt me. Neighbor said she knew lots of people to whom coffee was poison and she pleaded with me to quit it and give Postum a trial. I did not take her advice right away, but tried a change of climate which did not do me any good. Then I dropped coffee and took up Postum.  
"My improvement began immediately and I got better every day I used Postum.  
"My bowels became regular and in two weeks all my pains were gone. Now I am well and strong and can eat anything I want to without distress. All of this is due to my having quit coffee, and to the use of Postum regularly.  
"My son who was troubled with indigestion thought that if Postum helped me so, it might help him. It did, too, and he is now well and strong again.  
"We like Postum as well as we ever liked the coffee and use it altogether in my family in place of coffee and all keep well." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.  
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.