

A Belated Traveler

The Woman Who Saw the World in Her Own Home.

By HARRIET M. ABBOT

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The village of Enderley was looking forward to an era of prosperity. When a strapping in the postoffice called it a boom Deacon Carder launched forth into a tirade against such a proposition.

"Butterworth's givin' good wages," he said, "but you wait till he gets in a passel of foreign hands."

"Easy, Carder, easy! They do say he's buying land all along the river road and going to put up these new-fangled model tenements," pacified the postmaster.

Passing down the street, the deacon saw young Jack Butterworth rapping at the door of the Dyer girls and exclaimed:

"Either on 'em old 'nough to be his grandmother, an' Analline bedridden at that. Humph! Prob'ly he's up to his pa's tricks an' wantin' to buy there an' start a hifalutin sulphite mill. Stuff an' nonsense, I say!"

Meantime the young man was vigorously using the ancient knocker on the door of the small white house, but, receiving no response, was about to turn away when the sudden shrill blast of a horn from within assured him that the dwelling was not tenantless.

"I'm coming," called a high pitched voice, and a wiry little old lady in gingham gown and flapping sunbonnet appeared from the garden at the rear. "Deary me! I was out getting butter beans, and when I heard sister's horn I was all of a fluster. But come right in now, do!"

"Sister, this is Mr. Butterworth," introduced Miss Caroline deprecatingly. But the sister, an invalid, waved her hand with impatience. "Don't mind me. I ain't to home. Been in Japan the whole afternoon. Just going to ride out in one o' them jinny go carts this minute. Say," she continued irrelevantly, with a birdlike change of demeanor, "did you hear my horn?" She proudly tapped an old cornet as she spoke.

"Hear it, Miss Analline! My ears are ringing yet. Do you play often?" he asked, with lingering amusement.

"Sister doesn't really play," Miss Caroline hastened to explain.

"No, but she can blow like old Borax," the invalid rejoined, with a shrewd twinkle in her eyes.

"Boreas, Boreas, you mean, sister," corrected the other gently.

"Well, I call him Borax." There was the insistence of a spoiled child in the sick woman's tone. "One toot means 'Some one at the door.' Two toots mean 'I want you myself.'"

"Then she gravely observed, "The jinny go cart's waiting," and withdrew her interest from the conversation.

"I'm afraid it's hopeless," he admitted ruefully to his father afterward. "If the Dyer place didn't happen to be located exactly as it is—fairly adjoining the 'river road' property—of course we'd never give it another thought. And what would ever induce that quaint old pair to give up their home? Those poor souls! By the way, father, have you ever seen Miss Analline, the bedridden one, who has a mania for traveling and so pretends she's constantly on the road?"

Mr. Butterworth drummed abstractedly on his office desk before answering. "No, but I should think the change would suit the old lady to a T from all accounts."

"By Jove, father, do you know I believe I have a scheme! I'm determined to win yet, but I'll keep my plan to myself for the present."

"Well, success to you, Jack," was the hearty wish as the paternal gaze rested admiringly on the animated face. "I judge the Dyer 'girls' are likely to have a persistent caller."

Subsequent events proved the truth of the prophecy, for the following afternoon saw the runabout again before the old house. The front door was ajar, and Miss Analline called with unwonted graciousness: "Come in! Come in if you want to! Caroline's over to Mis' Skillins, but I'm just getting back from Venice myself. I'll be home in a jiffy. My," she exulted, "but it's fine gondolling on the Grand canal!" She breathed a sigh of rapture as she looked up.

"Enderley, too, is an uncommonly pretty place to any one who has an eye for natural beauty," he finally ventured.

Miss Analline's face clouded. "Maybe," she assented reluctantly.

"The town is improving fast," pursued the undaunted youth, launching into a glowing account of recent changes and bettered conditions. "Down in the village, now, on Main street, there's so much passing it's sometimes absolutely lively!"

The black eyes in the withered countenance shone with speculative appreciation, and the speaker resumed: "I should think you and Miss Caroline would—ahem!—take a notion one of these days to move down in the midst of things, where you'd have more neighbors. Haven't you ever thought of selling the farm and taking a smaller place there?"

Mr. Butterworth, Sr., would have detected germs of diplomatic talent in the apparent innocence with which the

question was proffered, but the old lady was wholly unsuspecting and retorted with a sniff of scorn: "What Yankee would ever lack gumption bad enough to buy this farm, do you suppose? Caroline can't raise a thing on it but hay 'n' potatoes 'n' pusley, with a mess of butter beans now 'n' then. Besides, though I'm away from home a good deal myself, I do seem to need this place for a kind of depot."

An expression of sly humor lighted the invalid's countenance, but her listener's manner was merely one of grave attention. "I see," he remarked quietly. "But, Miss Analline, some people travel in their own private cars. How would it strike you and your sister if you could get a good price for the farm and still keep the house here for a sort of car perhaps? Travel in it to your new home, say?"

"Young man, be you crazy?" Red spots burned in the faded cheeks, and there was stern interrogation in the voice.

"Listen, Miss Analline," was the earnest entreaty, and in reassuring tones the plan was little by little unfolded by which the Butterworth company might gain possession of the coveted land and yet the two old ladies be at the same time enriched, while, best of all, the belated traveler could at last take a trip in very truth.

Therefore when Miss Caroline made her tardy appearance she found her sister sitting upright in excitement, so engrossed in conversation with Jack Butterworth that she was utterly oblivious to the fact that Snooks, the gray kitten, was playing with the map of Africa in a way which threatened the immediate destruction of the dark continent.

"Caroline," summoned an imperious voice, "it's high time you got here. We're going to sell this farm, you 'n' I, and take a trip abroad. My, but won't the Enderley folks stare!"

"Remember," admonished the autocrat, "not a word of this is to be lisped till we're ready to start on our trip. Won't it give Enderley a turn, though!" She chuckled as she packed her books and maps in a neat pile on the stand at the side of the bed. "Tomorrow, sister," she proclaimed, "we'll begin to make over my brown alpaca for a traveling dress. I wonder if ruffles or bias folds would look best for any one going away."

But there was no reply, for the mind of the other was busy with both prospect and retrospect. "How can I give up the dear old place?" she finally asked, with a groan. "But such an offer as he made! 'Twould seem like flying in the face of Providence to refuse. Land sakes, though, how upset I am!" she wailed.

"That's just it," retorted the invalid with asperity. "It's 'land sakes' and nothing else. Haven't we still got the house, and aren't we going to live in a good lot down next to the Baptist minister's when we get home from our travels? Caroline Dyer, if you'd been around the world as much as some folks you'd likely have more sense than you've ever got yet. I should think you'd go now and get supper with a glad heart like a Christian. I feel to eat a hefty meal myself." Thus admonished, the mournful one was forced to bestir herself.

Succeeding morrows rolled into the present and then the past until one morning a smiling youth arrived with the gay announcement: "The private car is ready and horses are in sight for the—baggage, shall I say? 'All aboard,' Miss Analline?"

"Wait till my bonnet and shawl's on," commanded the bedridden traveler. Then, noting an involuntary smile, she grimly added, "When you're making a real start for the first time in a good many years, young man, I think you'll want to go seemly and prepared."

Miss Analline "received" at different stages of her triumphal progress, and the unusual excitement served as a bracing tonic. "We stop down by the Carder farm tonight," she announced on the second day with the manner of one about to behold untold glories, but it was the following noon that a discovery was made which thrilled Miss Caroline with the awakening of a hope long deferred.

She was getting dinner at what they termed a "way station" when she remarked with a perturbed expression, "I declare, Analline, I'm coming to be as forgetful as old Grandma Skillins. Why, I should have vowed I had a big piece of berry pie in the butt'ry for your dinner, but there ain't so much as a bite."

She looked at the scanty repast with regret, but great was her amazement to hear her sister acknowledge with a mixture of pride and contrition, "Come to think of it, that must have been the identical pie I ate last night."

Miss Caroline dropped into a chair. "Analline Dyer," she gasped, "tell me the truth! How'd you happen to get that when 'twas in the butt'ry?"

There was no attempt at concealment, but a characteristic explanation was in readiness. "Don't get flustered, Caroline. You act as floppy as if you was car sick. You see, 'twas this way: I got to sort of dwelling on the subject of China in the night, and from thinking how pesky the famine was there I happened to feel a hankering for something to nibble on myself, and I found I could and did get to the butt'ry. So there, that's all. Now, there's no call to take on," she finished, for Miss Caroline had thrown her apron over her head and was rocking back and forth, shedding tears of joy.

The room seemed suddenly filled with contentment. A vista of peaceful days in which to continue their brief journey together toward the setting sun opened before the pair, and two old hands were tightly clasped in each other as a cheery voice outside called "All aboard!"

MR. BINNEY'S FAILURE.

Opinions by Neighbors, Creditors and His Family.

Mr. Binney failed in business.

One of his neighbors said, "At last?" Another neighbor said: "I thought they were going it pretty strong for a man of his income. Still, I didn't like to say anything at the time."

A third neighbor said: "Oh, I'm so sorry! My dear, we must go over and give Mrs. Binney our deepest sympathy. I'm dying to see how she is taking it."

One brother-in-law said: "If he had lent me that \$500 I asked him for last year he'd have been that much ahead, anyway. Much good it did him to keep it. Too bad, though, of course."

Another brother-in-law said: "Sly old boy, Binney. He's got it sailed away somewhere, all right. Don't you worry."

His butcher said: "Now, a poor man like me has to pay his debts as he goes along. All the same, I'm not worrying about the \$20 he owes me, but I'll bet you if I owed anybody \$20 they'd make my life a misery till they got it."

His wife's best friend (to Mrs. Binney): "Now, my dear, you mustn't mind any of the awful things you hear. At a time like this people will talk."

A friend: "A man must either have exceptional capital or exceptional ability to succeed in business nowadays. Poor Binney, as it happens, had neither."

A second friend: "How much will he be able to pay? Twenty-five cents on the dollar? How did there come to be so much? Did Binney overlook it?"

A third friend: "Ninety-five per cent of business enterprises are unprofitable. There's nothing like a steady, well paying position."

A knowing acquaintance, "Wise old Binney."

His daughters, "We must hold our heads up higher than ever or people will say that we are ashamed."

His wife, "He'll be home more now, and that is everything."

Binney: "Whew! Thank heaven it's over. Now I've got to hustle and get a job."—New York Sun.

A CITY OF DANGERS.

Going Out at Night in Mosul Means Imperiling One's Life.

Mosul, on the western bank of the Tigris, is described in "The Short Cut to India," by David Fraser, as a place of some difficulty for the residents. Prices of every mortal thing are dearer than anywhere else in Turkey. Water is procured only from the Tigris, and every drop required must be carried therefrom in skins upon donkeys. Two pounds a month is a very ordinary expenditure on this essential and provides but a scanty bath.

To go out at night is to place one's life in jeopardy. To walk across the bridge in broad daylight is a danger owing to the frailty of the structure. The bridge is a wonderful affair and yields an income of some thousands of pounds annually to the contractor who farms it from the government. Three hundred yards of it is solid masonry and the remaining 150 yards a wooden platform laid upon a row of

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crazy boats.

Where the bridge of boats abuts the shore at one end and the stone bridge at the other are the points of danger, for owing to the height of the river when I was there the joinings were at a slope of forty-five degrees and consisted of narrow gangways up which people, sheep, cattle, donkeys, mules, horses and camels had to scramble. No wonder there were many fallings into the water—dangerous water, too—for it coursed like a cataract between the boats and swirled and boiled in fierce eddies and whirlpools below the bridge.

One poor Zablte, with rifle slung and bandoliers strapped across his chest, was walking across when his horse slipped at the ascent to the boat part of the bridge, and both fell into the water. The horse was rescued, but the man was drowned. Life has small value in Mosul, however, and nobody bothered to mend the huge holes in the bridge or to make its passage less precarious.

A Hard Lot.

Nicaragua has been distinguished even among Central American republics by the number of its revolutions. Discovered by Columbus, it takes its name from the chief who ruled it at

the time of its exploration by Doria, in 1522. Of its earliest rulers it has been said that "the first had been a murderer, the second a murderer and rebel, the third murdered the second, the fourth was a forger and the fifth a murderer and rebel." Nicaragua abounds in prehistoric remains, and in some parts, it is said, the inhabitants still supply themselves with pottery from the vast quantities preserved below the surface.

Off Duty.

Winfred, six years old, was tying paper boots upon the kitten's paws when his aunt remonstrated with him for teasing the kitten, saying, "I thought you belonged to the Band of Mercy." "Yes, auntie, I do," said Winfred, "but," he added apologetically, "my badge is on my other coat."—Delineator.

Either Way.

Sillicus—I can't decide which one of those two girls I want to marry. Cynicus—Well, marry either one of them and you'll discover that you got the wrong one.—Philadelphia Record.

The Foolish Maiden.

Crawford—So your daughter loves poetry? Crabshaw—Worse than that. She's fallen in love with one of those fellows who write it.—Judge.

Queer Legal Oaths.

In Siberia, in the wild Ostayaks law courts, the natives swear by the newly severed head of a bear, which is implored to subsequently rend and devour them should they perjure themselves, while in Assam the opposing witnesses lay hold of a chicken by its feet and retain each one-half as the clerk of the court chops it in two. By undergoing this ceremony they are considered to be pledged to a like fate in the event of their swearing falsely. —Chicago Journal.

Saved His Life.

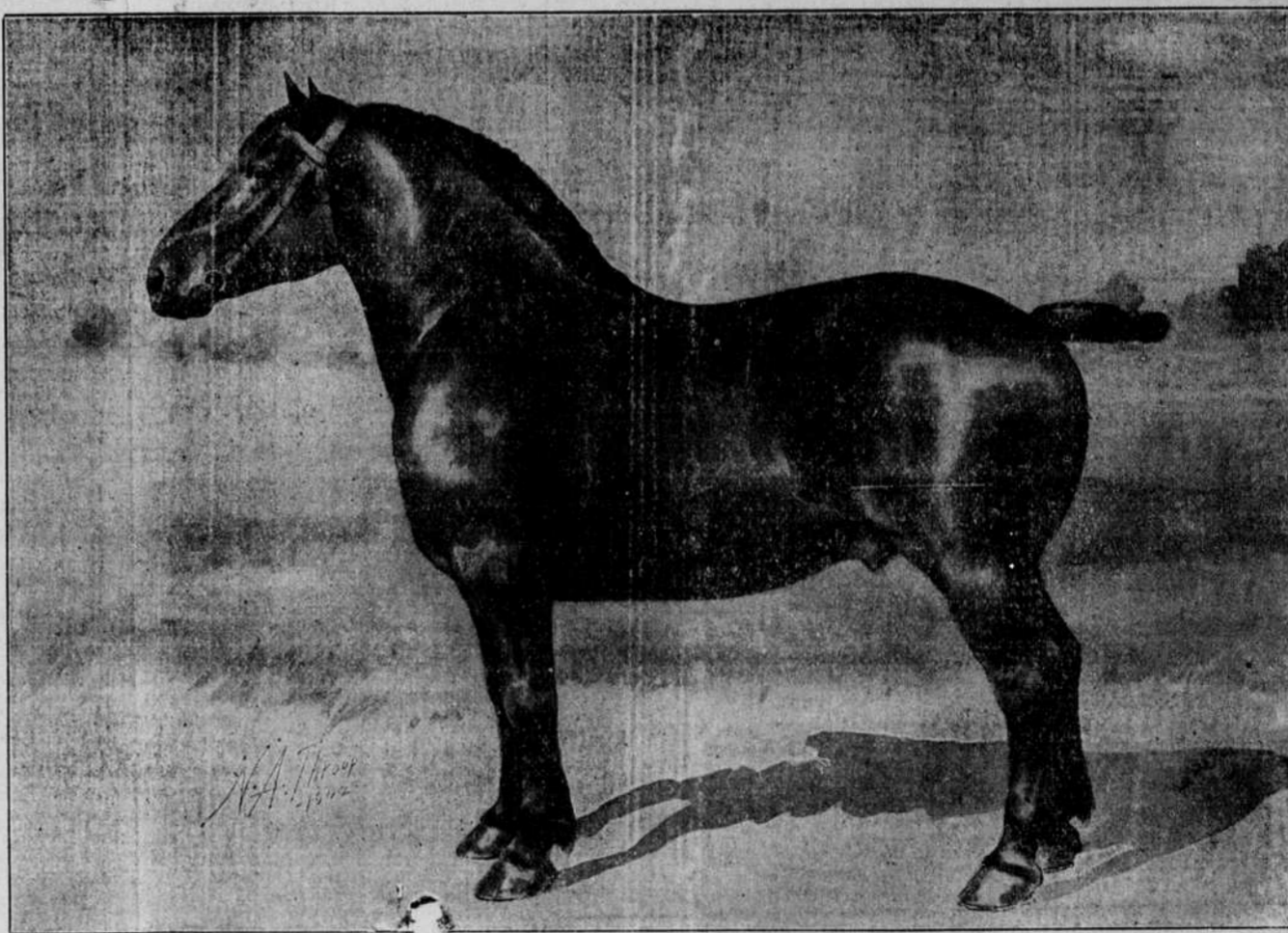
"Don't chide me for carrying a revolver. This little gun saved my life once." "How exciting! Tell me about it." "I was starving, and I pawned it."—Cleveland Leader.

The Scornful.

"What are the seats of the scornful?" "Didn't you ever have a friend pass you perched up in a fine automobile?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babblers.—Steele.

BALADIN NO. 45747.



The above picture is a true likeness of BALADIN No. 45747 imported from France by Jams of St. Paul, Nebraska. He is known as the John Colbert horse. He is a blue roan, a good looker and actor and weighs a ton at the present time. He can be seen for the coming season at his owners stable in O'Neill, Nebraska.

D. A DOYLE, Owner.