

ZIOLA'S OFFERING

There Were Many Beautiful Lilies, but Her Own Dear Self Counted Most

BY GEORGIA LOTT SELTER.

If Ziola Potter had lived in a large town, she would doubtless have been called a very charming woman. However, in her own, plain-speaking little community, people wondered why on earth she didn't marry and live like other folks:

There was no use in trying to conceal such apparent facts as the leaking of the roof, and the coldness of rattling windows and loosened clapping boards, or that most of her scanty living came from the little garden and a few hens in a house as dilapidated as that of their mistress.

But Ziola managed in some unimaginable way to wear frocks of a daintiness and style beyond most of her neighbors. And she could loop back her frayed curtains, arrange her antiquated furniture on her faded carpets, and serve tea from her delicate old cups with an air that every one of them envied.

Having neither husband nor child to absorb her attention, her one great interest in life had grown to be the upholding of family tradition. And just what a task this is for two slender hands and a still slender purse, only those who have tried can know.

One day in rummaging through some old papers, she came across this significant item in one of her mother's accounts:

"Made our usual Easter offering." "Usual Easter offering. What on earth has she to offer? But an offer she must make!

Ziola counted on her fingers—she had never had much experience with figures except in subtraction—there were eight months of intervening time.

But time was of no account. After a sleepless night, the great idea came to her.

Flowers! She already had the best garden in the little village, and her flowers were all that ever graced the bare, little church on Easter. But this year—and every year to come—there should be banks of flowers, until the congregation learned to look upon them as her "usual Easter offering!"

A warm, sunny strip along the front of the garden was chosen, and spaded painstakingly.

She knew every trick of fertilizing and working the soil, planting the bulbs and protecting them through the winter.

In the early spring, when other gardens were still wet and cold, the green sprouts began to shoot up industriously. She counted every stem, every leaf, every blossom.

"I love everyone of you," Ziola whispered, "you beauties! There is just one week left for you to grow—you must hurry—hurry!"

Bending above them absorbed in their beauty and fragrance, she was unconscious of all else, until a mighty splintering and throbbing crashed upon her. At her very feet lay a confused mass of fence pales, crushed flower stalks, an overturned runabout and a man's scared face.

Ziola, her hands clasped over her throbbing heart, stood in soundless misery.

"Are you hurt?" cried the man, struggling to his feet in the midst of the wreckage.

Ziola did not stir.

"For heaven sake, madam, speak to me! Are you injured?"

"No," said Ziola, bitterly, "but look at my beautiful flowers!"

With a sob she fung her apron over her face and dashed past him into the house.

"Well, if that doesn't beat the Dutch!" George Gibson stood still in astonishment—angry astonishment.

"Flowers! She does not think about my life, or my ruined machine, or her own narrow escape!"

He looked about ruefully. A farmer driving slowly down the otherwise deserted street, came at his call, and they soon had the machine righted and back in the uneven road, apparently none the worse for its escape beyond the knocking off of considerable paint.

But the fence!

"It was about ready to fall down, anyway," muttered Gibson, in no pleasant humor, "but I expect Miss Pepperbox thinks I had no business carrying into it. And I think the country has no business to have such roads that a fellow can't stay in them. I can't see how on earth I came to make such a fuke!"

He hesitated a moment.

"I expect I'll have to tell her I'll come back and mend the fence, or she will arrest me." And he strode up to the door and rang the old knocker.

No response.

"But surely she hears," he muttered, ringing for the third time.

"Well, I'll come back to-morrow. Maybe it is just as well not to see her today!" And she smiled grimly as he climbed into his machine and whirled away.

Ziola sat still in bitterness of spirit. For the first time in her life she refused herself to her neighbors, when they came to inquire about the wreckage.

"I can't see them, and go out there and look and talk it over and over," she whispered fiercely when she heard some one coming. "I just cannot do it!"

Her wondering fowls went supperless to their early perch, because she dared not venture out to feed them. She sat on in the darkened house, not trying to stem her grief and disappointment.

When Ziola went forth bravely next morning, able to smile grimly about her adventure, she found a box on her back porch.

Upon the top, when the wooden cover was removed, was a note begging her to accept the contents in part reparation for the damage done her garden. It was filled with bulbs of many shapes and colors.

"This doesn't help my Easter offering," she said, "but I suppose I ought to be grateful for such a fine collection."

And when a little later the damaged runabout stopped decorously before what was left of her gate, she opened the door with her usual graciousness at the first ring.

"Ah—good morning." The man held out his card.

Ziola smiled when she read it.

"Is it possible this is Cousin Mady's Cousin George?" she inquired.

"So I learned last night when I told her about my blunder," Gibson smiled in response. "And believe me, Miss Potter, I was more sorry than before, if possible. I've come this morning to do what I can toward restoring order out of this chaos."

"That is quite unnecessary, I assure you," she answered. "A fence is supposed to be a protection against the intrusion of strangers. Mine proved entirely inadequate when put to the test, so it is equally unnecessary to replace it."

"We'll settle that later. Now, Miss Potter, tie a veil over your hair and come with me. I promised Cousin Mady I'd bring you over for dinner."

Ziola was surprised to find herself enjoying her ride, and later allowing him to bring her home through the fragrant twilight.

Next day he insisted upon replacing the broken fence, and then in planting the flower border with the new bulbs. Miss Potter assisted as a matter of conscience.

And last of all, on Saturday afternoon, she found in the old parlor such a mass of beautiful lilies as she had never dreamed of possessing.

"How angry and impatient I was," she cried contritely, "and here I can make my flower offering after all."

In the early morning, Ziola entered the little church, her arms aching with their beautiful burden, her heart full of rejoicing.

But she stopped in amazement when she lifted her eyes. The chancel was a bower of loveliness. The air was heavy with fragrance.

"Ziola," cried George Gibson, coming quickly toward her, "do you like it? It is your Easter offering."

"It is beautiful," whispered Ziola. "And now, dear child," taking her burden from her, "I want you to make another offering today—more sweet and precious than this. Cousin Mady is in the vestry. She says she will give us just five minutes and her word of honor not to peep! Then she is going to take you home and help you through the mysteries of dressing."

"Ziola, will you marry me, here, this morning, among the flowers?" Ziola caught her breath sharply.

"Isn't this just another way of unceremoniously running down my fences?" she asked, with an uncertain smile.

"Perhaps so, dear. But haven't I more than repaid the damages?"

"Yes," she admitted, letting her hands remain in his, "I—believe you have!"

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HAD A REAL KICK COMING

Sam Jackson Rightly Indignant at Mean Trick Played on Him by Fellow Convicts.

Sam Jackson worked in the coal mines in Alabama. The company seemed to think so much of Sam's services that it put a striped suit on him, kept him in a stockade, with a pack of bloodhounds prowling around in case he tried to get away. Moreover, it contracted with the state, which had a year's lien on Sam's labor because he had mistaken somebody else's property for his own and had been caught, to have Sam stay for that length of time. In short, Sam was a convict miner.

It is the rule that a convict has a stint to do—so many tons a day. He may earn extra money, and must do so to pay for the tools given him. The tools are then his own property. Sam paid for his, served out his year, and went back to Birmingham. Thoughtfully he cached his pack, drill, and lamp in a "dead" entry.

In two weeks Sam had been caught at his old tricks, and the judge had sent him up for another year. The sheriff took him out to the mines, and Sam went straight to the place where he had hidden his tools. They were gone, somebody had stolen them. Sam went to the super.

"What they take them tools for?" he asked indignantly. "I axes you, ain't they knowa man gives need them tools again?"

Away Too Much.

Miss Mary Garden was asked the other day if she thought outdoor exercise was good for women.

"Yes, I do," Miss Garden answered, "provided a golden mean is maintained. Under-exercise has wrecked countless women's digestions. Over-exercise has wrecked countless women's homes."

Dangerous.

There is unconscious humor in a sign that catches the eye of those who visit Duxbury. At the beginning of an attractive country lane a sign contains this legend:

"LOVER'S LANE TO THE COVE DANGEROUS PASSING."

SCENES IN HAWAII

Tourist Finds Land of Contentment on Mid-Pacific Island.

Surf Riding is Most Popular Sport Here, but the Performer Must Be Clever and a Daring Swimmer to Survive.

Honolulu.—Let it be assumed that your steamer arrives in Honolulu in the afternoon. While awaiting your turn with the customs inspector and other preliminaries to disembarkation you have been watching the screaming surf wharf rats splashing in the water for nickels that passengers throw over the side in response to the invitation: "Money, money, I dive, I dive." During this period, George Cyrus Thorpe writes in Travel, the initial energies of the rushing tourist ablaze. Then, as you are going over the gang plank, a knowing one has persuaded you to jump into one of the waiting automobiles marked "For hire." He says something about Waikiki beach and intimates in a careless way that in this manner you may quickly iron out the wrinkles of the day's fatigue and annihilate the impression of tropical heat.

It is an excellent roadbed—the four miles out to the beach. Off to the left a cloud hangs a little over the flat top of the Punch Bowl—a mountain rock in the rear of the city. The declining sun bursts through this heavy sky veil and beside the mountain you see two big rainbows. They are there every afternoon, but never carry your rain clothes. Farther out you pass a rice paddy, where a few Chinamen are wallowing with their carabos and rude implements. Then, too soon, your car gives a lurch and you turn in at a driveway and are before the steps of a big white hotel on the side away from the sea. The big open doorway of the generous lobby frames a picture of sapphire blue sea and deep in the picture you see tiny specks of well defined, pink skinned men skimming over the tops of waves like fairies. The pink specks, approaching rapidly, quickly assume the proportions belonging to near vision, and the mystery is solved; they are surf riders. This is the most picturesque form of aquatic in the world. It is neither child's play nor a landlubber's game, for the performer must fight his way with polished plank out through the surf little by little; he must be a clever and daring swimmer to hold each advance he gains until he is far enough out to turn his plank shoreward. The surf ride in reminds you of running tomahawking Indians, or whatever you like that you have seen in reality, but have visualized as fleeting, graceful, hair-streaming human speed. It is a fascinating diversion to watch these surfers, but imagine doing it yourself! A trial is absolutely fatal. If

Willow Switches Given Away.

The small boy whose father has time to apply the switch should beware with a little more than his usual caution. The United States government is giving away willow switches.

The department of agriculture has an experiment farm at Arlington, Va., and some parts of it were found to be too wet for raising ordinary crops. Therefore the experts set willows out in the wet places, and there has been so smart a growth that the government wants to get rid of the willow switches. It offers to give them away under the guise of willow cuttings to make baskets or bottom chairs, but no smart boy will ever be deceived by that kind of talk. He may be safe only in the assurance of the government that only one hundred of the cuttings will be given to one person.—Worcester Telegram.

Not the Same.

They were strolling through the woodland.

"Yes," the youthful professor was saying, "it is a very simple matter to tell the various kinds of trees by the bark."

She gazed at him soulfully.

"How wonderful!" she exclaimed. "And can you—er—tell the various kinds of dogs that way?"—Lippincott's.

Peculiar Street Names.

Mexico is a country of picturesque street and house names. In the capital are streets bearing such names as "The Love of God Street," "The Holy Ghost Street," "Pass If You Can Street," "Lost Child Street," "Sad Indian Street" and "Street of the Wood Owl."

Boys and Flies.

"God made the flies; don't swat them," is a Hackensack official's method of disposing of the summer pest problem. This ought to be a useful argument for the Hackensack youngster who is caught sampling the jam.

Wanted an All-Day Whistler.

Somebody advertised for a man who can whistle all day for good pay. Perhaps the grouchy man in the suite across the hall doesn't like whistling. By the way, what are the union rates for whistling?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. F. Stearns* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Its Kind.

"I met a man yesterday who offered me an unspeakable insult."

"Why was it unspeakable?"

"He was dumb and had to spell it out on his fingers."

Unavoidable.

Jane—Would you marry a man who was your inferior?

Mary—If I marry at all.

A sentimental girl is lost at a wedding without a dainty handkerchief.

Knew Brother by His Ears.

Orange, N. J.—A pair of distinctive ears caused the reunion here of two brothers who had not seen each other for 29 years. As George Teets, an architect, walked along the street an apparent stranger stopped him and said: "I'm brother Martin from Nebraska and I knew you by your ears."

A BOY INTERPRETER

A Young Massachusetts Swede in Canada Twenty Years Ago Wants to Return.

Twenty years ago, a blond-haired young Swede, a boy of about 10 years of age, accompanied a party of his fellow-countrymen on the then long trip to Western Canada as an interpreter. The party he accompanied located at Wetaskiwin, Alberta, now one of the most thriving and best settled districts in Western Canada. For three years he remained in the district. Homesickness took him back to his home at Pitchburg, Mass., and he has remained there for 17 years. He has heard frequently from his friends in the West. He has followed their movements and watched their progress. He has heard how the town he helped to establish has risen from a shack to a growing, thriving, brisk business center, with the surrounding country peopled now by thousands who are occupying the territory in which he was one of the first to help plant the colony of twenty or twenty-five. In his letter to an official of the Department of the Interior, he says: "When I was up in Canada, Calgary was a small town and so was Edmonton, but I understand they have grown wonderfully since."

The young man when he went last learned a machine trade, he has patents and inventions but he wants to go to Canada again. And he likely will, but when he does he will find a greater change than he may expect. Calgary and Edmonton are large cities, showing marvelous and wonderful growth. Where but one line of railway made a somewhat tortuous and indefinite way across the plains to its mountain pass, there are three lines of railway dividing the trade of hundreds of thousands of farmers, carrying freight to the hundreds of towns and cities crossing and criss-crossing the prairies in all directions, reaching out into new settlements, and preceding districts to be newly opened for incoming settlers. He will not be able to secure a homestead unless at a considerable distance from the town, the three dollar an acre land is selling at from \$15 to \$35 an acre. He will find now what was but a theory then, that this land that was then \$3 an acre is worth the \$30 or \$35 that may be asked for it, and a good deal more. But he will find that he can secure a homestead just as good as any that were taken in his day, and today worth \$35 an acre, but at some distance from a line of railway, yet with a certainty of railway in the near future, and he will find too that he can still get land at \$15 to \$18 an acre that will in a year or two be worth \$30 or \$35 an acre. Mr. Moseon is talking to his countrymen about Canada. Advertisement.

Why Incubator Chicks Die

Women Who Can Do Things.

Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell believes in the woman who can do things, and the other day he held up Lady Baden-Powell as an exponent of this much-desired art. The chief and founder of the Boy Scout movement was describing a tour that his wife and he recently made in Algeria. "I say Lady Baden-Powell," he said, "not so long ago in—what is the feminine for short sleeves?—scrubbing out a saucepan. We were living the simple life in the desert. We had only one pan, and that was a saucepan. It had to do for frying our fish in the morning and also for boiling our coffee in. After the lady had done the fried fish she had to get some grass roots and sand and scrub the pot out so that we could make our coffee in it. The lady was quite able to do it, and she did it well. She also did the washing. But," General Baden-Powell added, "I must stand up for the Scouts and the mere man—she had to fall back upon me to do the ironing."

Old Pie Shops Disappearing.

With the decline of the la mode beef shop in London one notes also the disappearance of most of the old-fashioned pie shops, such as the famous eel pie shop in Fleet street that the youthful fancy of the writer always associated with the story of Sweeney Todd, "the demon barber." The itinerant vender of sheep's trotters has almost disappeared, as well as the seller of sandwiches at the doors of theaters, while the peripatetic pie has quite vanished from the streets. In their place we have the all-conquering but malodorous fried-fish shop, which has multiplied fourfold during the last twenty years.—London Chronicle.

Dayton Has Had Six Floods.

Dayton, O., has stood in the shadow of disaster from flood ever since its foundation. No less than six times previous to the present inundation have the rivers which flow through it left their accustomed courses and brought death and destruction of property upon the town. The first of these floods occurred in 1805, the very year that Dayton was incorporated as a town. The sixth was in 1898 and the others in the years 1847, 1863, 1866 and 1886.

Answered.

"I'm about to give an opera party. What boxes should I take?"

"Any, except chatterboxes."—Judge.

SEEDS—Alfalfa \$6; timothy, blue grass & clover \$2; sweet clover \$3. Farm for sale & treat on crop paym'ts. J. Mulhall, 800 City, Ia.

There's always some man around to second any kind of a motion—except a motion that looks like work.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. a bottle 10c.

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Despondent?

Have you frequent headaches, a coated tongue, bitter taste in the morning, loss of appetite, indigestion, nervousness, aching in throat after eating, stomach gas or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor appetite?

A torpid liver is the trouble in nine cases out of ten

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Allen's Foot-Powder, the antiseptic powder. It relieves painful, smarting, tender, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Powder makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous, swollen, itching feet. Always use it to Break In New Shoes. Try it today. Sold everywhere. 25 cents. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Gilman, Le Roy, N. Y.

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PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. RONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

Woman's Beauty is Based on Health

To Have Health, Bowel Movement is Absolutely Necessary—How Best to Obtain it



Mrs. Jennie Snedeker.

If woman's beauty depended upon cosmetics every woman would be a picture of loveliness. But beauty lies deeper than that. It lies in health.

In the majority of cases the basis of health and the cause of sickness, can be traced to the action of the bowels.

The headaches, the lassitude, the sallow skin and the listless eyes are usually due to constipation. So many things that women do habitually conduce to this trouble. They do not eat carefully, they eat indigestible foods because the foods are served daintily and they do not exercise enough. But whatever the particular cause may be it is important that the condition should be corrected.

An ideal remedy for women, and one especially suited to their delicate requirements, is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which thousands of women endorse highly. Mrs. Jennie Snedeker, 1041 West Monroe St., Chicago, testifies that she is "cured of grave stomach and bowel troubles by using Syrup Pepsin and without the aid of a doctor or any other medicine." All the family can use Syrup Pepsin, for thousands of mothers give it to babies and children. It is also admirably suited to the requirements of elderly people, in fact to all who by reason of age or infirmity cannot stand harsh salts, cathartics, pills or purgatives. These should always be avoided for at best their effect is only for that day, while



HORSE SALE DISTEMPER

You know what you sell or buy through the sales has about one chance in fifty to escape SALE DISTEMPER. "SPOHN'S" is your true protection, your only safeguard, for as soon as you treat all your horses with it, you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive no matter how they are "exposed." 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 dozen bottles, at all good druggists, horse goods houses, or delivered by the manufacturers. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

WHY INCUBATOR CHICKS DIE

Write for book saving young chicks. Send names of 7 friends that use incubators and get book free. Katsall Kennedy Co., Blackwell, Okla.

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