

HIS UNCLE BILLY

How He Smoothed Things Out for Little Dan Cupid.

By NELLIE C. GILLMORE.

The old man paused, out of breath, at the end of his laborious climb up the steep flight of concrete steps that marked the intersection of Ninth avenue. He fumbled in his pocket and drew forth a battered little red notebook, turning the worn pages with trembling fingers. Here it was: 1735 E. Ninth, between Oak and Elm streets. The house on the corner bore the number 1736 in large gilt letters and the one next door, the big gray-stone building overran with thick, velvety ivy—that must be the place he was looking for.

His heart misgave him as he timidly took inventory of the handsome edifice, the imposing grounds and general air of grandeur that undoubtedly bespoke wealth and culture and importance. He almost wished he hadn't come and was of half a mind to turn round and go straight back to the station. After all, it was foolish—even a ridiculous—thing to do; this coming to New York to see and talk to the girl Dick wanted to marry. In all probability he would only be turned from the door—such a door—and what was worse, if the boy ever heard of it, succeed in incurring his everlasting displeasure.

What if Dick found out that he had purloined one of his letters and read the address of "Miss Barbara Shepard," delicately penned in the upper right-hand corner? He hadn't been mean enough to go further—he wouldn't have done a thing like that—but he had gleaned enough from the intimate conversation he and his nephew had held together to form his own conclusions. And they amounted to just one thing: Barbara Shepard was rich, Dick poor; they loved each other devotedly, but the boy's pride stood like a brick wall between them, and until he could batter down that wall, he would not ask her to share his life. And, mused Uncle Billy, forlornly, perhaps he was the real handicap. Alone, Dick might have faced the world, wrestled with it, thrown it—and come forth victor. But with an old man to block his path!

The swish of skirts cut in abruptly on Uncle Billy's reflections. He glanced eagerly into the fresh young face of the owner. The girl paused and smiled pleasantly; she was very young and very pretty and exceedingly winsome, and the old man found his tongue without any trouble under the melting sunshine of her smile.

"Excuse me, miss, but could you tell me if a family by the name of Shepard lives in that big house yonder?"

"Why yes, certainly. Were you looking for some one?"

Maneuvering was strange to Uncle Billy and he replied directly: "I wanted to see Miss Barbara Shepard, and talk to her. You see, it—it's about a very important matter and I've come all the way from Brooklawn—about it."

Brooklawn! The girl drew a little quick breath and answered quickly "I know Barbara quite well, but—but she's not at home this morning, though I expect her in within an hour."

A disappointed look swept over the old man's face. The train back to Brooklawn would leave that city at two and despite the fact that only a little while ago he had made up his mind to return without seeing the girl, the thought that he couldn't see her troubled him. But the other had begun to speak again, and he noticed that her voice was soft and clear and very gentle.

"Won't you come with me and sit there on one of the lawn-benches and wait for Barbara?" she asked. "If you're a friend of hers, I'm sure she'd never forgive me for letting you go away."

Uncle Billy gave a little appreciative cackle. "Well," he drawled, "I don't know as that's exactly the word to use, since I've never seen Miss Shepard in my life."

"Ah!" The girl had commenced to walk toward the lawn with the old man keeping pace beside her. They came to a twisted-oak seat under a great, spreading tree and sat down.

"I'm rather curious," she admitted laughingly, "to see, Bobby—her best friends call her that sometimes—and I are close chums and there isn't much she—hasn't told me. Perhaps if you told me your name?" she paused with a little tentative uplifting of her brows.

"William Barker. I live, as I said, at Brooklawn—with my nephew, Richard Fielding. Perhaps you know Dick too?"

The girl nodded thoughtfully. "I guess you mean Barbara's sweetheart, don't you?"

"Precisely. I'm feeling a bit worried about the boy—and that's why I'm here. I want to talk with her; I want to find out what's at the bottom of Dick's—well, his pale face and silent ways. I was young myself once—and I can come pretty near to guessing at the bottom of some things."

The young girl had turned and was gazing intently into the rugged old face beside her; she saw that the faded blue eyes were dim with held-back tears. "Oh, but I'm sure that Bobby loves him," she said quickly. "I know it. You—couldn't be mistaken?"

Uncle Billy shook his head back and forth. "Maybe you'll think I'm a foolish old man to be telling you, a perfect stranger, all about my troubles on first acquaintance, eh?"

"Not at all, Mr. Barker. I've heard of you so often—through Dick and Bar-

bara—that it doesn't seem as if we're strangers at all. And—" she hesitated, threw him a swift scrutiny, then proceeded, "it may be that I can help you out a little."

The old man was silent, thinking intently. "Maybe you can," he exclaimed suddenly, "and then—I wouldn't want to bother her at all."

The girl bent forward abruptly and broke a spray of clematis from a nearby trellis. She buried her nose in the blossoms for a moment, keeping her eyes steadily down. Presently she said: "I don't mind telling you Mr. Barker, that Barbara, too, has seemed to me a good deal troubled about something of late. And—why, I might just as well tell you the truth at once; they're crazy about each other, her parents admire young Fielding immensely and are perfectly willing for her to marry him. But Dick is obstinate; he refused to allow her to do it until, in his own words, he 'makes good.'"

The anxious expression on Uncle Billy's face all at once gave place to one of satisfaction. "If that is all, then I knew it already. But I was afraid there might be something deeper. I was thinking perhaps she'd said something—done something—maybe hurt the boy's feeling in some way. I—I even went so far as to wonder if it might be—me."

A tender little smile played about the girl's lips. "You should hear your nephew talk about you, Mr. Barker—and you should know too, how Barbara has already taken 'Uncle Billy' into her heart."

The old man mopped his eyes. "I'm mighty glad to hear you say so, miss. Now I'm going to tell you something queer. You've been so good as to take me into your confidence, I'm not Dick's real uncle at all. Once when he was a very little boy, oh, ten or eleven, I guess, I was knocked down in the street by a big express wagon and injured about the head. Dick and his father were close by and Mr. Fielding, giving in to the boy's persuasions, had me carried to his own home instead of to the village jail. That was the only place in Brooklawn; they didn't have any hospital then. After a few weeks I got on my feet but it was months before I could work. Dick and I had grown to be great friends and Mr. Fielding kept me on at the place as his overseer. A few years later he died, then, his wife—and there was just Dick and me left. We've been together ever since. It would break my heart to go out of that boy's life, but if I thought I was hindering him in the world—"

"Indeed, you mustn't say such things. I—I'm convinced it isn't that, but just a silly, false pride that's got possession of your nephew."

"I guess it's silly all right. But—but I just can't help admiring Dick for sort of feeling that way. And, if the truth was known, I bet Miss Barbara thinks a lot more of him for it!"

The girl flushed softly at some sudden recollection, "I'm certain of it, too, Mr. Barker; it only goes to show what—that Dick Fielding is made of. But she's only human, you know, and she isn't willing for him to go to breaking her heart forever!"

The old man rose suddenly to his feet. The girl glanced up, bewildered at the swift change of expression that had come over his old little face with the faded eyes and withered cheeks. The former were suddenly aflash with purpose and the latter streaked with dark red. "And he shan't either!" he cried. "I'm going home and tell him something tonight that will make a whole lot of difference. I'll tell it to you now, though you must promise to let him be first to his sweetheart with the news. A week ago, a distant cousin of mine died out in Colorado and left me a fortune of a half a million dollars. It's all going to Dick—the little boy with the great big heart. I only wanted to find out the truth about the girl, that's all. I wanted to know if she'd been fair. I—I love him too much to give him up to—somebody that'll—care less—can't you see?"

The trembling old voice trailed almost to a whisper. The young girl had risen too and was standing beside him. She laid an affectionate row of soft fingertips on his rusty coat sleeve; the eyes she lifted to his were brimming with the tenderness of unshed tears.

"You—won't have to give him up, Uncle Billy," she revealed herself in a little joyous undertone, "for—it wouldn't be a home at all—without—you."

(Copyright, 1912, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Iron Ore Statistics.

The rank of the five states producing the largest amount of iron ore—Minnesota, Michigan, Alabama, New York and Wisconsin—remained unchanged in 1912. The Minnesota iron ranges are producing at present considerably more iron ore than is produced in all the rest of the states together, having furnished nearly 62.5 per cent. of the total for the United States in 1912. The whole Lake Superior district, comprising all the mines in Minnesota and Michigan and part of those in Wisconsin, mined 46,368,878 tons in 1912, or nearly 84.08 per cent. of the total.

Could Not Enthuse Philosopher. Herbert Spencer, the philosopher, once attended the Derby. Francis Galton, who was his guide, took notes of the jaunt: "All went off well, except that Spencer would not be roused to enthusiasm by the races. He said that the crowd of men on the grass looked disagreeable, like flies on a plate; also that the whole event was just like what he had imagined the Derby to be." Even the costumes of the men who shouted the odds was only what he had imagined them to be!

VARYING IDEAS FOR BATHING COSTUMES



American and Parisian designers agree that white makes an attractive tone for bathing garments. The two models shown give one an idea of the bathing garments very much in vogue at American and Parisian seaside resorts. The American costume on the left is of white silk with sandals to match and headgear of the same color. The Parisian garment, on the right, is of white taffeta trimmed with broad silk braid of the same color, and cap to match.

FIVE-MINUTE SCALP MASSAGE

Persevered In, This Treatment Will Bring Best Results and Hair Will Not Become Oily.

If your scalp is dry and shows dandruff, get a bottle of ordinary red vaseline. Put a very little of the vaseline on the tip of each finger of your hand; then rub the tips of the fingers of the other hand against those that have vaseline on them. There should be apparent then only a slight oiliness of all the finger tips. Next place the finger tips upon the scalp at the edge of the hair, one hand at either side of the head. It does not matter much whether you start at the nape of the neck, or on the forehead, but wherever you do start, let the hands be an even distance apart. For instance, place one in back of each ear. Once started rub the finger tips above each temple, slowly and gently forward, until they meet at the crown of the head.

LATE PARISIAN MODEL



Margaine Lacroix model of pink charmeuse with skirt veiled by white lace. White chiffon yoke.

IMPROVING SKIN OF THROAT

Just a Few Minutes Each Day, With Proper Applications, Will Accomplish Wonders.

If the skin of the throat is loose and baggy, dip the tips of your fingers in alcohol, massage from the throat upward toward the chin, and then from the throat downward toward the chest. Do this two and a half minutes, and the remaining two and a half minutes with a pure skin food along the same lines. You will find that alcohol is absorbed rapidly, and that if the skin food is applied quickly after, it, too, will sink quickly in. When finished give the throat a few dashes of cold water and pat dry.

Now, if you wish the best results, do not put off starting this massage until you are badly in need of the treatment, for then five minutes will hardly suffice. Start right in now and make a five-minute massage a part of your daily toilet. Keep it up and in time you cannot help but notice a decided change in your skin. Five minutes may not seem worth while, but it will surely help to retain the beauty you do possess, besides keeping in abeyance the many troublesome blemishes which affect the skin.

Wash Silk Petticoats.

Wash silk petticoats are a useful addition to any wardrobe, be it limited or not. They are made of somewhat heavy silk. Silk and cotton so-called tub silk, is almost as durable as heavy all-silk material and is more durable for petticoats, at least, than cheap all silk. The petticoats are made in striped pattern with scant bias flounces at the bottom. They can be worn with any light street costumes. One of violet and white in narrow stripes could be worn with tan, green or violet outside skirts; one of tan and white would find many uses, and more decided colors would be useful to wear with a few frocks.

To Gain Health and Beauty.

A teaspoonful of olive oil before each meal is an excellent thing for the nerves as well as a tissue builder, and is said to prevent the joints from becoming stiff and rheumatic. Outwardly applied, it prevents wrinkling, which is caused by a deficiency of fat in the cells of the skin. In cases of extreme waste of tissue larger doses are advised, as the oil is absolutely pure nourishment. Keeping oil in darkness is the secret of its remaining sweet. Cold is less essential than darkness.

Compliment.

"The English are a heavy-handed race," said a suffragette in the smoking room of the Colony club.

She lighted a fresh cigarette and sipped her coffee.

"The English are heavy-handed," she repeated. "I went to hear Mrs. Pankhurst lecture in Woodstock on my last visit to England, and do you know how the jolly old farmer chairman introduced her? Well, this is what he said, intending it for a compliment, mind you:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you have heard of Mr. Gladstone, the grand old man. Let me now introduce to you the grand old woman."

Never Again.

"Going to get out here and stretch your legs?" asked one passenger of another.

"What place is it?" asked his companion.

"Chicago."

"No. I had one stretched here once."

Sizing It Up.

Bacon—What did you give for that cigar you're smoking?

Egbert—Nothing.

"Is it good?"

"Well, it's good for nothing."

Their Style.

"The gems of literature are in this library."

"I see most of them are uncut gems."

Only a newly married man ever dodges when his wife throws things at him.

Perfectly Clear.

"Peters has a clear head." "Yes, there's nothing in it."

Don't Be "Grouchy"

Just because your Stomach has "gone back" on you. There's a splendid chance for it to "come back" with the aid of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It soothes and tones the tired nerves, promotes bowel regularity, aids digestion and will help you back to health. Try it.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. No clean, economical, convenient, cheap. Kills all season. Made of metal, can't rust or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or direct express paid for \$1.25. HAROLD SOMERS, 120 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Treat Them
to the treat of treats—
always welcomed, by all,
everywhere—

Coca-Cola

Sparkling with life—delightfully cooling—
supremely wholesome.

**Delicious—Refreshing
Thirst-Quenching**

At Soda Fountains or Carbonated in Bottles.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

TIRED OF HIS PEEVISHNESS

Millionaire Gently Reminded That He Was Not Alone in Quest of the Missing Link.

A western millionaire of the "newly rich" variety recently came to New York and one of his first extravagant purchases was a pair of diamond-encrusted cuff-links, for which he paid \$250.

But the pride of possession lasted only two days, for one of the links became lost. High and low the millionaire hunted for it, turning the whole hotel upside down in the search, but it was not discovered. But he would not give up the search.

One evening a week later, while giving a dinner party to a few friends and business associates, he recounted the circumstances of his loss and concluded by saying:

"Confound it; I don't understand it. Here I've spent a whole week hunting for that there missing link, and still, by cracker, I can't find it!"

"Oh, cheer up," advised one of the men who was bored by the recital. "Charles Darwin spent a whole lifetime in the same quest, but he wasn't half as peevish as you are!"

Do They Eat Them?
Yeast—I see exports of American horses are increasing. Last year the value of our horseflesh sent to foreign countries was nearly \$5,000,000.

Crimsonbeak—Mercy! What eaters those foreigners are to be sure!

Ever Think of This?
"Why don't women dress sensibly?" "If they did, half the industries of the world would go to smash."

Late hours and a spicy breath are sure to tell on a man.

Libby's Pork and Beans

Delicious - Nutritious

Plump and nut-like in flavor, thoroughly cooked with choice pork. Prepared the Libby way, nothing can be more appetizing and satisfying, nor of greater food value. Put up with or without tomato sauce. An excellent dish served either hot or cold.

Insist on Libby's
Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

