

CORRESPONDENCE

Route No. 5. Mrs. Jack Curtis is visiting at Frank O'Leary's. H. L. O'Leary has been doing some good work on the road west of the Clear Creek mill. He is now working on the road west of Hoshon.

Route No. 6. Peter Dinsmore, Max Borwick and Julius Bredt delivered logs in Columbus last week. Louis Elmer was mending his last year's corn crop Tuesday.

Route No. 1. Chas. Madson and Mrs. Fred Oatman were in Columbus Monday. George Leach put in a telephone this week.

D. G. Bartels has been shelling and marketing corn this week. W. L. Davis has been repairing the check in the canal on the road north of Columbus.

Blair Wiseman, who has been teaching the school in district No. 16, left Wednesday for the western part of the state to look at land.

The home of John Leusch has been quarantined on account of small pox, one of his boys being down with the disease.

Ever since Route 1 was established the carrier has noticed a model garden at the home of Frank Arni, which has been taken care of by his daughter Chas. The garden is fenced and always kept free from weeds, and the rows of vegetables are nice and straight.

Joe on Shell Creek Tuesday morning at 9 a. m. J. F. Godwin was in Columbus Tuesday on business.

Mrs. Hilda Schmidt will spend the summer with Mrs. Fred Wills. John Brunkan is having the interior of his home improved with paper and paint.

make over their clothes, and which is an absolute necessity for a penniless young man.

"Your cousin is very pretty," I said tentatively. "I know," answered Lady Isabel, impatiently, "but so are lots of other women, and men never notice women who have known all their lives; besides he is in love just now."

"Who is she? Isn't she a nice girl?" "Nice?" echoed Lady Isabel, raising her eyebrows with some slight show of irritation. "Yes, she may be nice enough for all I know. I don't know her, but she is a mere nobody—a greenhouse, or a companion, or something—a lovely little thing, who probably loves him entirely for himself, and won't give him up even although she knows he is poor."

"Must she give him up?" "Of course she must," answered Lady Isabel sharply. "Papa says he will not marry her, and he has left it entirely to me to manage."

"Is your father angry about it?" "Angry? He is simply furious! I have just been interviewing him—I mean Cyril—but he says he doesn't care a button about the governor, and he shall marry whom he likes. The worst of it is," added Lady Isabel, "he has lent her my mother's string of emeralds—he got Bob to give it to him out of the safe where papa put it after poor mamma died. Bob has had charge of everything lately, since papa has been so ill, and now—Lady Isabel passed tremulously—she has had the emeralds give it to Cyril for his girl, because, he says, it was to go to Cyril's wife anyway, and I have to go to the diamonds except the ones to go to his wife," she finished up a little incoherently.

"This girl will perhaps give it back to him if he does not marry her." "Will she?" said Lady Isabel. "Catch her doing anything so silly—I know I shouldn't if I were in her place!" "No, dear, I am quite sure you wouldn't," I rejoined, with what I felt was a peculiarly feminine sweetness of tone.

"Marjorie, what am I to do?" said Lady Isabel despairingly a day or so later. "I know it was coming; and so was—Violent. She has asked papa to lend her those emeralds for Lady Arlington's ball, and he has promised, and Cyril is in such a state, he couldn't afford a really nice ring—you know, he is like me, always hard-up, and he says he is to—if he is going to take them away from her again. Miss and so dreadfully emphatic," sighed Lady Isabel. "It is exactly what Vernon says when he means to have his own way."

"Well, what about the emeralds; do tell me what happened?" I asked as we sat chatting, about a fortnight later, over luncheon. "I have got them," she said triumphantly. "Miss Burnett gave them to me at once. I went and called upon her and asked her for them back myself."

"What was she like?" "Oh, a nice little thing," answered Lady Isabel, indifferently. "Rather pretty—in a sort of, helpless dolly fashion."

"Why did she give them up to you?" "Well, you see, she has given Cyril up as well."

"Really?" I said in amazement. "Yes; she refused to see him or answer his letters; and then I invited him and Violent to dine here, and threw them together, and dear Violent has so much to say," said Lady Isabel carelessly, as though she was quite without any interest in the matter. "Cyril was furious, but I am not," she said presently, "like all men, he got over it in a very short time, and now, of course, he is going to marry Violent."

"But, my dear Isabel, how did you manage the other poor girl?" I asked. "She seems to have broken off her engagement without giving you much trouble at all rate."

"Yes," said Lady Isabel thoughtfully, "but it was quite easy. You know, these sort of middle-class girls are much more particular about their men than we are—" she hesitated.

"And so—"

"Well, I just told her about a few of Cyril's escapades, you know—some things I could say and some I couldn't, of course, could only hint—and she turned very ill at once, and I could see it would be all right, and so, I thanked her—no, I mean, of course, she thanked me, and then I came away."

"Poor girl," I repeated. "Oh! she'll soon get over it—at least, I can't imagine anyone fretting long for Cyril; but I was in an awful fright at first, because I thought she might have had the emeralds changed for paste, you know."

"Oh, Isabel!"

"My dear Marjorie, please don't say 'Oh, Isabel' in that tone—it's just the sort of thing a girl in that class would do; and even two or three of the stonies would have kept her in clothes for a year. Anyhow, you know, I don't really trust anybody, so I took them to Rebenstein's and had them looked at."

"And were they all right?" "She nodded. "Yes, I am bound to say they were. She was evidently quite as honorable as even Violent or I, in spite of the fact that she is a mere nobody."

"Perhaps, indeed, even for that very reason," I said, with mild sarcasm.

All this having happened at the end of last year, Lady Violent's marriage is already a thing of the past. But yesterday morning I was suddenly reminded of poor Miss Burnett and the emeralds. Lady Isabel and I were driving from Dover street into Pico-street, when she turned suddenly to me and said, "Oh, by the way, dear, do you mind stopping at Rebenstein's? I want to get my diamond brooch, I left it to be cleaned and mended the other day."

As we reached the shop door a tall woman standing with her back to us was saying in a high, shrill voice, that made Lady Isabel start sharply and clasp my arm. "Yes, all right; by Monday next, then—but you will be sure and see they are exactly like the real stones."

A POOR-WHITE PRODIGY

Copyright, by Joseph B. Swartz. Billy Kinney was the only member of his family who ever finished what he undertook. Joe Kinney, his father, was nicknamed "even" by his friends "low-down, no-account, and trifling." Mrs. Kinney held so much to do, that she did nothing thoroughly.

When he was 13 Billy heard of an industrial school recently opened on a farm about 20 miles from his home. Now a school possessed no great charms for Billy; he had an acquaintance as casual as possible with the one that dotted out the three R's to the children of the settlement; but the news spread among the coves that if you went to the new school you would learn how to make "right money" of money. And money later came as you'll see in the North Carolina mountains.

Billy confided his aspirations to Lucy, the sister nearest him in age, and his closest friend. "I low I'll go there a little bit," he said, "and learn how they do it, and then I'll come back and learn you all."

A few days later Maria Kinney kissed her son "good-by" across the baby kicking in her lap; the boys shouted at the "good-by" "go long," and Lucy went with him "down the road a piece" as he started on his long tramp. At the end of nine days he walked into the house as the family was sharing the contents of the evening sumpson of stowed fruit, and demanded his portion.

"Did they lick you awful?" whispered tender-hearted Lucy, slipping her hand into his and drawing him to a soap-box that she had turned over to serve as a resting-place for his tired body.

"Lick me? No, ma'am!" returned Billy indignantly. "Then why did you come back home?" asked his mother. "Too young," replied Billy, blowing loudly on his nose. "Mr. McDowell—his name at the school—his granddaddy liked him. He told me they's just beginning the school, and they ain't got room for no more'n a few, so they's only taking 'em 14 and up."

"Then, as far as I can see, all you-all's got outen your trip is a pair of sore feet," remarked Joe, cutting the tobacco for his pipe. "I ain't sorry I went," persisted Billy. "I'm going back when I'm 14."

"No, Billy, you'll forget all about it by then," said Maria. "I won't forget," insisted Billy, wagging his head. "Mr. McDowell, he kind of dard me to come back, and I don't take no dare, I'm going. He's got the best carpenter shop I ever see, and he says I can learn to be a carpenter. He done showed me everything there. That's 15 boys."

"Did you like it?" "Not much. I liked one of 'em because he worked at my papa's." "What about your papa?" asked Maria indignantly. "Nothing, only the other fellows wasn't so stringy on the ends. I'm going to work and get some clothes before I go back."

The Kinney cabin was a couple of miles from the nearest post office, Moreyville, with its few clustering houses. The railroad track ran through Joe's farm, and was Billy's usual path to the village, where he went almost every day.

On his way home from Moreyville he used to fill his pockets with pieces of coal that had fallen from the passing coal trains, as an offering to his mother, and it was while he was balancing himself blithely on one of the rails one day that he was smitten with an idea. He would collect all the coal he could, and try to sell it in the settlement. He was going to the hamlet at the time, and he laid the scheme at once before the postmaster and the blacksmith, and each of them placed with him an order for a bushel at 20 cents "per." He provided himself with a "crocus sack," and began his accumulation on his homeward trip.

Every day Billy walked the track, now in one direction, now in the other. Early in the winter the supplies for the stations were sent south, and the trains multiplied. It was a fortunate increase for the young merchant, for just then he had more orders than he could fill. The poor office and the smithy were regular customers. So was the doctor's office, and almost every family in the settlement took an occasional bushel.

At trade increased Billy pressed in to his services the willing Lucy, who too pleased to be allowed to help. Even with her aid he found difficulty in moving his stock, so big and so heavy were the bags, and so far apart were the customers. Some sort of relief became imperative, and Billy hit upon the plan of employing "Look."

The dog had been trained to draw the baby in a soap-bell, and he might as well be made commercially useful. The device proved satisfactory to the young pitcher; he could achieve a third sack with his aid; but Look did not seem so pleased with the arrangement. He sat down between the sacks and lashed out his tongue and looked bored, or took a nap on the right of way while awaiting the completion of his load. Still he was a model of professional propriety for quite a week. This cotton-tail happened inadvertently to hop out from the bushes right under the dog's nose. Cautious Look could not stand that, and away went rabbit, dog and cart in wildest confusion, while lumps of coal and torn bits of sack flew into the air.

The runaway was truly a mistake, for it came at a time when there was business pressure. They were behind in filling orders, and Billy despatched his promised three bushels by six o'clock the afternoon. He carefully had they covered the track that the supply was becoming scarce, and every hand meant more walking and

longer "looking." It was the worst day on which such an accident could have occurred. A coal train was due at the siding in a half-hour, and the children hurried along the rails as fast as their burdens would permit. They hid their sacks in the bushes and awaited on the embankment while Billy explained a plan to his sister.

As the locomotive drew on to the track just under the bank, Lucy concluded herself behind a tree and Billy yelled a cheerful "Hi, you old slab of soap grease!" to the engineer, tossing a piece of coal into the cab with his greeting.

The man looked out angrily, to be met by an out-thrust tongue and a pair of insulting looks. He retorted promptly, but his original did not approach the boy's, and Billy saw with delight that his rage was becoming rapidly of a kind that required other than vocal expression. The activity was too slippery to be scaled safely by a grown man, so he had no fear of physical injury, but sat securely aloft hurling gibes

at that last brought the result expected. The infuriated engineer climbed into the tender, seized a piece of coal and flung it at his tormentor. Billy was in a hurry and increased his efforts. The engineer joined the engineer, and together they directed their ammunition against the derisive figure above them. The brakeman added to the fusillade, while Billy danced excitedly, oblivious that an occasional shot reached his mark.

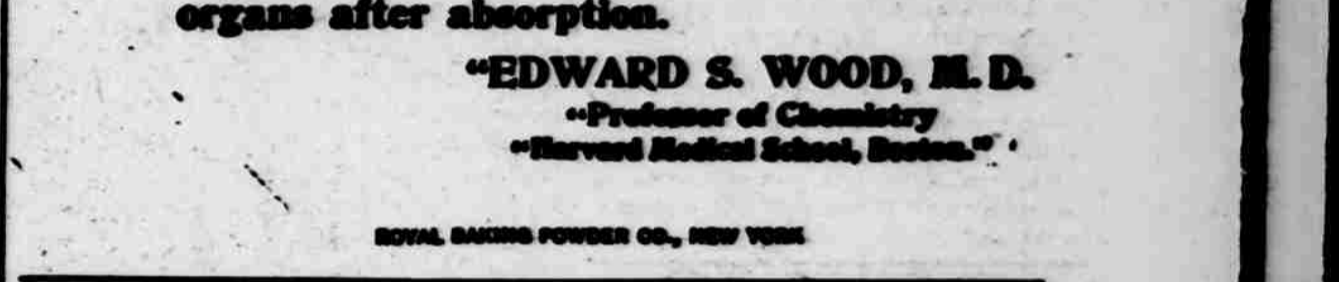
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"EDWARD S. WOOD, M.D. Professor of Chemistry Harvard Medical School, Boston."



TWAIN'S FRIENDS WERE MANY. Little Joan Thought He Had Almost Reached the Limit. We had recently arrived in Berlin, and had begun housekeeping in a furnished apartment. One morning at breakfast a vast card arrived—an invitation. To be precise, it was a command from the emperor of Germany to come to dinner.

During several months I had encountered society, on the continent, most bearing lofty titles; and all this while Joan was being coming more and more impressed, and eyed, and subdued, by these imposing events, for she had not been abroad before, and they were now to her—readers out of dreamland turned into reality. The imperial card was passed from hand to hand, around the table, and examined with interest; when it reached Joan she exhibited excitement and emotion, but for a time was quite speechless; then she said: "Why, papa, if it keeps going on like this, pretty soon there won't be anybody for you to get acquainted with but God." It was not complimentary to think I was not acquainted in that quarter, but she was young, and the young leap to conclusions without reflection.—North American Review.

ONLY THE NATURAL EFFECT. Little Wonder That Diner was Somewhat Off Mentally. The wild-eyed man looked hard from his table at the woman across the little room at the pink hair table d'hoie. "Have you heard about those dynamite explosions going on all over the city?" he asked her. "I heard the one Saturday night," she said. "I couldn't help hearing it." "Well," declared the bright-eyed man, "don't give it away, but I am the cause of all those explosions." "For heaven's sake," whispered the woman to her companion, "did you hear that? Does he carry the bombs around with him, you think? I want to go home!" "I know that man," remarked her companion quietly. "No wonder he has attacks of brain storm now and then. He's been drinking this table d'hoie talk and eating those glasses for two solid years."—N. Y. Press.

The Boy and the Rob. In a large warehouse in Liverpool a boy named Edward Scott was employed to run errands. There were many rats about the place and he was told that if he could catch one and slings it tall all the others would leave. A trap was set and a rat was caught but while slugging its tail according to directions the lighted paper blew into a pile of straw and started a conflagration that burned four big buildings and inflicted a loss of half a million dollars. There are some smart boys in this world, but there are also some smart rats, and it is just as well to keep them apart. If the rat had caught the boy and slung his hair there might have been eight buildings burned.

The Value of Water. Medically, the internal use of water does more good than its external use. The man who drinks from a pint to a quart of clean pure water the first thing in the morning on getting out of bed will be in better health than the man who uses water only externally and rarely drinks water straight. The best way to do it is to take a clean water bath both inside and outside every morning, and during the warm weather or every evening also. It will bring sleep more effectively than all the morphine or other drugs. It will cleanse the system better than the contents of any drug store. A bathtub factory is the natural foe to the medical college and the undertaker.

Accuracy. The food inspector's wife was looking over her husband's notebook. "George," she said, "how do you pronounce the last syllable of this word?" "Butterine," "The last syllable," the inspector answered, "is always short."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Boys of Youth. Mrs. Houshopp—"Go away. You're nothing but a lazy old tramp and you were never anything else. Don't tell me—" "Eugene Tattler—" "You're a scoundrel, lady. Ah! day was a time—" Mrs. Houshopp—"Name of your girl, now!" "Eugene Tattler—" "I was just, say, now, day was a time—" "You're a lazy young tramp."—Philadelphia Press.

North Opera House Wrestling Match Friday Night May 3.

Jack O'Leary, of Columbus, Middle weight champion of the state will go against Jim Hill of Denver, weight 165 pounds. Prices, 50 35 25c

LADY ISABEL AND MISS NOBODY By MRS. HENRI

It was towards the end of last winter that Lady Isabel confided in me about her other brother's love affair. "My dear girl," she said pathetically, "you ought to be really and truly thankful Providence has not blessed you with brothers."