

Clothing.

the help. Every few minutes he glanced impatiently toward the door of the long

back kitchen. At last he muttered something under his breath and slid heavily from the wall. At the same moment he saw a boy approaching.

"Does Mrs. Carter live here?" the boy asked briskly as he paused in front of the man.

"She's stayin' here just now," was the answer. "I guess you'll find her in the house.

The boy walked on past the barnyard and up the clam shelled lined path to the front door of the old farmhouse. "Is MIS. Carter in?" he asked of the little old woman who opened the door. "Round in the kitchen, eatin' her dinner." was the mumbling answer. "Men folks eat fust here. Who be ye?" But the boy had already left the step and was on his way round to the kitchen.

The door was partly open, and he could see a long table, around which were seated a dozen or more old women and children. He knocked gently and repeated his question.

came to the door.

antly. "What do you wish?"

But the boy could not answer. He felt all those curious eyes upon him, and there was a lump in his

throat and a terror of something he could not understand. "I-1 wish to see you," he stam-

mered at length. "Very well. Suppose we go into the

sitting room. We can talk better there.'

kitchen into a big square room that was scantily furnished. The old woman motioned him to a chair by the window where the light rested full upon his face.

a strange look came into her eyes. "Who are you?" she asked in a

do not remember as I used to. But 1 have seen you somewhere." He rose from the chair.

"No, you have never seen me before," he replied. "but folks used to say that I looked like father. I am John Cargrandmother?"

gerly.

of the groups and asked for work. vaguely. Then a flush came into her But he was too late. The farmer had "John's boy-come home!" she said

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faded cheeks and a glad light into her eyes. "And has-has John come?" she asked.

"My father died last fall." The boy's voice was very calm, but in it was a depth of pain which he strove vainly to couceal. "His last wish was for me to come home. He said there had been some misunderstanding between him and Uncle Richard, but that his death would make it all right and that I would be welcome. Is Uncle Richard here?'

"Richard died many years ago. He told me the whole story and wanted John's forgiveness. Poor Richard: Poor John!"

In the dim old eyes was a freshening of the old pain, and the boy saw it, and his own face grew wistful and sympathetic.

"Dear grandmother" he said softly The old woman smiled and tried to rouse herself.

"You and I are all there is left." she said. "We will not speak of the quarrel any more They have made it up fit to live in." before this" Then she took his strong young hand between her two wrin- they'll do very well," replied the boy kled ones and stroked it tenderly "How did you find me, Jacky?" she asked, using the pet name she had given his father many years before. "A man on the road told me that you lived in the big house by the pond It

was easy to find." "And did you come all the way from

Mexico alone?" "Yes; I am used to traveling. I did

not mind it much, except for its being lonely. I missed father. We-we were almost always together.

The brave eyes held back their tears. but she could feel his hand tremble in her grasp.

A cheap clock on the shelf began to strike shrilly, but after two or three spasmedic efforts it began to quaver and finally stopped altogether The old woman smiled.

"It is old and decrepit, just like everything else about the place," she remarked sadly

John looked at her inquiringly.

"What does it all mean?" he asked. "Things do not seem as-as I expected. Father told me about Maplewood and the long avenue and fine old trees. I looked for them when I was coming up the lane and thought maybe they had been cut down. I fancied I should know the place, but it all seems so strange." Then something in her face made him ask suddenly, "Is it Maplewood?"

"Maplewood-this? Oh. John. John.

fon't you know-haven't you heard? All the color was goue from her cheeks now, and her face was white and piteous. "Did you come all the way from Mexico to find such a welcome as this? How thankful I am that your father did not know!"

"But what is it, grandmother? You

A little farther on he tried again. At last he found a man who said he was just the sort of boy he had been looking for.

One day in the latter part of April a farm wagon drove up to the poorhouse, and a boy sprang lightly to the ground.

Sitting on the stone wall was the same man he had met before. Slouching across the barnyard were several of the dilatory hands.

"I've come for Mrs. Carter," said the boy respectfully. The man took a straw from his

mouth. "Well, I don't mind," he answered

gruffly. "D'ye think you can support her?"

"Yes." "Where ve goin'?"

"I'm working on the Taylor farm. and we're going to have the little house in the lower pasture." "That?" contemptuously. "Why, no-

body's lived in it for years! "Tain't

"I've fixed up a couple of rooms so quietly, "and Mr. Taylor says he will have it repaired before another winter. He isn't going to charge us any rent until he has it fixed." "Shouldn't think he would. What IN

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does he pay you?"

"Three dollars a week and lets me have a big garden where I raise all the vegetables I want."

"II'm! Well, that's pretty fair wages for a boy. If ye're clost I guess ye can rub along. An' I calc'late the old lady will be mighty glad to git away." He watched the boy as he went across the yard and into the house. Then he hurried his tardy workmen

into the field. When the old farm wagon rattled down the lane he was mending a gap in his line wall, but he found time to straighten up and gaze at them as they

rode away. The boy was clad in rough jacket and blue overalls that showed many stains of the brown earth he was becoming familiar with. The old lady had a fine shawl of some ancient pat-

tern around her shoulders. The man gazed after the wagon uptil it had disappeared from sight. "It beats all natur' how some folks

is contented." he soliloquized as he turned away. "Them two's as pleased as though they was in a carriage instead of Taylor's old rattle-de-bang wagon!"

Midnight Messages.

The hour grew late. "Do you believe in mental telepathy?" asked the first clubman. "I do," answered the second clubman. "I know what my wife is thinking right now."-Washington Herald.

must tell me everything. You and I Judge of a man by his questions are all there is left, and you must let | rather than by his answers .- Voltaire.

Inventory Over.

RESULT

We found 150 Men's Suits, odds and ends, one and two suits of a kind, worth from Ten to Twenty Dollars. Rather than carry them over we have priced them

From \$6.00 to \$12.00

200 Men's Dress Shirts, 50 and 75c qualities, reduced to

35 cents or 3 for a Dollar

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These are Wonderful Values. The Biggest Saving ever offered by any store. It's at Faubles where only Good Goods are sold and sold honestly.

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