

SUSIE'S INVESTMENT.

The gray, discouraging light of the Autumn morning revealed every crack in the discolored ceiling, every flaw in the uneven board floor, and Mrs. Kisbee looked around with a bewildered air as she came in to get the breakfast.

"Come, mother, make haste!" shouted old Kisbee. "I've got to get out to the wood lots bright and early this morning."

"Yes, I know, father." The old woman still stared around her. "I can't think what makes the room look so queer. Oh, I know! Father, you've torn those morning glory vines away from the window."

"Of course I have," said he. "Dried up old truck, keepin' out the light and air. What use were they?"

"But there were lots o' flowers and buds on 'em yet, father. And in that sheltered spot the frost wouldn't hev touched for a week to come."

"Mornin' glories don't amount to nothin'," snarled Kisbee. "Besides, I'm goin' to hev a load dumped there to-day. It's a handy place for a wood-pile."

"Father!"

"I'm—goin'—to—hev—a—load—o'—wood—dumped—here—to-day! Don't I speak loud enough?"

"But, father, you always said you was goin' to build a kitchen out there."

"I never said nothin' of the sort!"

"I want a kitchen," pleaded the poor old woman.

"That's a horse of another color," sneered the old man.

"And when we were first married you promised me—"

"I dare say I promised a good many foolish things then. There's some promises better broken than kept," philosophically observed Luke.

"And this old room's damp, and the walls has settled, and the ceiling has fell—and I calculatin' to hev it fixed up and put my bed here when the new kitchen was built. It always makes me feel so dreadful cheap when the sewing society meets here to have our bed-a-standin' in the parlor, no matter how handsome the patchwork is."

Luke wiped his hands on the roller towel.

"Well, you've stood it thirty years," said he, "an' I guess you can stand it a little while longer."

"Do you mean, father, that I ain't to have the new kitchen, after all?"

"That's exactly what I do mean."

Mrs. Kisbee said no more, but the slow, bitter tears of old age trickled down her cheeks as she lighted the fire, brought a pail of drinking water from the spring and began to fry the ham and eggs in a little skillet. Her son George came over that afternoon from Farley's Mills, where he was foreman in a great shirt factory.

"Mother," said he, "I've got something to tell you. I'm engaged to marry Susy Stopford. Why, mother, what's the matter? What are you crying about? I thought you'd be so pleased."

"It's jest like all the rest o' the luck!" sobbed poor old Mrs. Kisbee. "Father's been and tore down all my mornin' glory vines, an' I ain't goin' to hev any new kitchen after all these years, and now my only son has got engaged to one of the Stopfords, that wasn't never friends with our folk—"

"But, mother," laughingly pleaded George, "these are not the days of Montague and Capulet fends."

"I don't know what you're talkin' about," said Mrs. Kisbee, who was not a student of the immortal Shakespeare, "but I always despised them Stopfords. An' Susan, she's a story writer, I am told, as goes about with her fingers all inky, and don't help none at all with the house-work."

"But, mother, she hires a girl with the money she earns. She's the best and sweetest girl in the world. When may I bring her to see you?"

"I don't want to see her at all," said the old woman, querulously. "And then she broke down again, crying."

George went away, much perturbed in spirit. He had never seen his mother so heartbroken before.

"I don't know what she'll say," thought he, "when she hears that father's made up his mind to sell the old place. It's too bad of him. But father never treated mother half decent."

Susie Stopford was at the window when young Kisbee came back. She ran out to meet him, her bright hair blowing in the winds, her red lips apart.

"Well, George?" she cried.

"I don't know what to say to you, Susie," he began; "mother isn't herself to-day. But she—"

"She doesn't like me, George—I knew that before. There was some old trouble between her mother and Grandfather Stopford. She jilted him or he threw her over. I never quite understood which. But I fully intend to make her like me."

"I am afraid she won't give you the chance, Susy."

"Tell me all about it, George," she said. George told her. "I only wish I was rich," said he. "I would buy the place myself, and I'd build that kitchen the poor old soul so longs for and a porch in front to train morning glory vines on."

Susy looked thoughtful.

"Who buys it?" she asked.

"Doctor Trevor."

"What does he pay?"

"Twelve hundred dollars. It isn't a very big price, but this land is sterile and the house is old. Poor mother! It will break her heart, I fear, to leave it."

Susie suddenly lifted her bright eyes to her lover's face.

"George," she said, "I can't give you up; not even to your mother."

"Susy, my darling!"

"But this I will do—I'll make her like me yet—see if I don't!"

The girl jumped up and ran sobbing into the house. She could not resume her writing again, though the manu-

script of a half-finished story lay on the table in her cosy sanctum. She got out her bank book and studied it for awhile; then she brought in a shallow box and adjusted it in the sunniest nook of the kitchen casement.

"Lame, Susan, what are you doing?" asked Aunt Pamela, who was cutting up pumpkins for pies. "Plantin' mornin' glory seeds at this time o' year. Be you gone crazy?"

"I thought I should like to have some plants ready for blossoming the first thing in the spring," said Susan, coloring a little.

Mrs. Kisbee's poor old face grew very white and drawn when she heard that her husband had sold the old place, but she signed the deed without a word of remonstrance.

"It's late in the day for me to oppose Luke's will," said she. "But one thing I know—I'm too old a tree to bear transplanting. When I leave the old house where I was born I shall leave it in a coffin. Father, he's goin' to put his money into western land speculation that Squire Oliver's so full of, and it will be scattered like autumn leaves. Oh, dear—oh, dear!"

"George," she said to her son one day when he stopped in to see her, "Dr. Trevor, he's a buildin' on the prettiest wing you ever see. He said he hoped it wouldn't disturb me none, but they was in a hurry with the alterations."

"You don't mind it, do you, mother?"

Mrs. Kisbee shook her piteous old gray head sadly.

"No," said she. "I like to hear the hammerin'. I'm glad Mis' Trevor's goin' to have a nicer place to work in than ever I had."

"Mother, Susy says—"

Mrs. Kisbee's face hardened.

"I don't want to hear what Susy says," says she. "I don't calculate to go and live with you and Susan Stopford. I am an old woman, an' I've got ways of my own that I can't give up, I don't want nothin' to do with a daughter-in-law."

She watched her son go down the path.

"George has got an orful queer look in his face," said she. "Melobe I said too much. George has always bin a good boy, an' I didn't mean to hurt his feelin's. But I meant every word I said."

It was Spring; before the alterations on the house were finished.

"It's the old home and yet it ain't," said she. "The new bedroom furniture came yesterday, and two Darby and Joan cheers for the verandy, and such a pretty kitchen set, with new crockery complete. Mis' Trevor 'll be a happy woman."

Luke Kisbee stood sheepishly looking out of the new south window. As his wife came up to him he suddenly turned around.

"Mother," said he, "I may's well tell now as ever. That Western property turned out bad. There wa'n't any good title, it seems."

"An' you've lost every cent! Ev—rey cent!"

"Father," said she, "what's them under the window? Mornin' glories! This time of year? Why the apples ain't fairly in bloom yet, and here the mornin' glories is four feet high and trained on strings already. Who's that woman down there workin' round the roots? Transplantin' them from a wooden box, true's I live! Why, it's Susan Stopford. And there's George liftin' another box of 'em outen a wagon. Well, I do declare!"

She hurriedly opened the window and called excitedly:

"George! George! Susan! Don't you put all them vines into the ground. Save one in a little flower pot for me when I go—to the poorhouse!"

Susy Stopford laid down her trowel.

"Mrs. Kisbee—mother!" said she, in a voice so full of tender sympathy that the old woman involuntarily held out her hands to her.

"Mother," interrupted George, "let me tell you a story. Right here among the morning glory vines, under the window. This is your birthday, mother. You're seventy years old to-day. And here are the deeds of the old home in my pocket. Susy's present to you, mother. It's Susy that has bought this place and fitted it up just as we thought you would like it. And here you are to live like a queen in your palace to the end of your days."

Mrs. Kisbee's lip quivered—a flush rose to her forehead.

"I never thought o' that," said she. "It ain't a dream, is it? But I—I won't live here, Susy, unless you and George will come here and live, too."

Susy shook her sunshiny head.

"George must be near Farley's Mills," she said. "But we'll come and spend Sunday with you, mother, if you'll let us."

"If I'll let you!"

Trembling all over, Mrs. Kisbee opened the door and came out into the sweet spring air and sunshine.

"Won't you kiss me, Susy," said she. "I've been awful uncharitable in my thoughts of you, but I'm willin' to take 'em all back now. If I'd only knowed you loved mornin' glories as well as I did I'd have felt different."

"Susy," said George, as they drove home together, "are you satisfied with your investment?"

And Susy answered:

"More than satisfied!" — Chicago Post.

Success in Life.

What is success in life, and who is the successful man? Is it not he who sets out in life with the determination to accomplish a certain object, concentrates all energies upon its attainment, and attains it, no matter what else befalls him? If, then, I strive to be rich, like the late Jay Gould, and win riches, I am less successful because at last, like him, I am afflicted with bad health, which cuts short my days and prevents me from enjoying my riches? Am I less successful as a lawyer or a banker because my wife is a vixen or my children are spend-thrifts? Most certainly not. Yet many persons would seem to think I am. Why, asks a great Roman satirist, do you wish for wealth, which ruined Seneca; or for eloquence, which caused Demosthenes and Cicero to be assassinated; or to be a great general like Hannibal, who was defeated at last, and killed himself in exile? But did not each of these men win the very thing he aspired to win? Why, then, judge of his career by its last days, as if its character depended mainly on its catastrophe? Why regard a man's life as successful if it end triumphantly, and as a failure if it end disastrously? If a man lives seventy years, does his seventieth year contain more or less than one-seventieth part of his life, and can it effect the success or failure of that life to more than just that extent?

If Hannibal and Napoleon sought to be great generals, and became such, were they less successful because they finally met with reverses in war and died ingloriously? Was General Grant an unsuccessful man because he died of a very painful disease? Was William Pitt, who aspired to be and became the leading statesman and Parliamentary orator of Great Britain, unsuccessful because his efforts to crush the hydra-headed power of Napoleon were defeated by the victory at Austerlitz and he sunk under the blow? If he won the highest station in the kingdom—was First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer—did he not obtain the object of his wishes, albeit he died of a broken heart? Because, again, the object of a man's life pursuit does not satisfy him when gained, because

"The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,
Hath lost its charm on being caught,"
is his success less positive? Is not success one thing, and happiness another?—*William Mathers, in Harper's Young People.*

Dangers of the Season.


The sudden changes in weather in the latter part of the winter and early spring are a source of colds and coughs. The season is a particularly dangerous one for persons with weak lungs or of delicate constitution. A slight cold is likely to become a serious one, and the cough that follows is the one great cause of the many deaths from consumption in the early spring. Never neglect a cold or a cough. Keep a reliable remedy on hand and check the first cough, that may lead to consumption. As such a remedy the medicine called *Kerap's Balsam* is strongly recommended. For every form of throat and lung disorder, including the la grippe, cough and consumption in the first stages, it probably has no equal anywhere. Get a bottle to-day.

Diphtheria is prevailing to an alarming extent at Lost Creek. In many instances there are two and three cases in one family.

A citizen of Williamsport was relieved of a tape worm last week that measured two hundred and fifty feet in length.

The *Scientific American*, or *Town Topics* for the coming year can be obtained cheap at this office. tf.

A Mother's Letter:—
"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"Last winter I did not think my little ones would have a mother long. I suffered terribly with female troubles."



"I could keep nothing on my stomach, and got so 'poor' my friends hardly knew me. I suffered with severe headaches, dizziness, faintness, backache, and 'the blues.'"

"Thanks to *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*, I am now as fat as ever, and have no female troubles."

"If you use my letter I hope it may be the means of saving some other poor mother's life as it did mine."—Mrs. Ella Van Buren, Brazil, Ind.

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, *LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS., Liver Pills, 25 cents.*

Great Reduction in Winter Goods.

A big cut in prices of Winter Goods that must be cleared out to make way for our Large Spring purchases. Call and be convinced that you can buy a Winter OVERCOAT or SUIT for less money than ever before. For the next 30 days we will show you genuine

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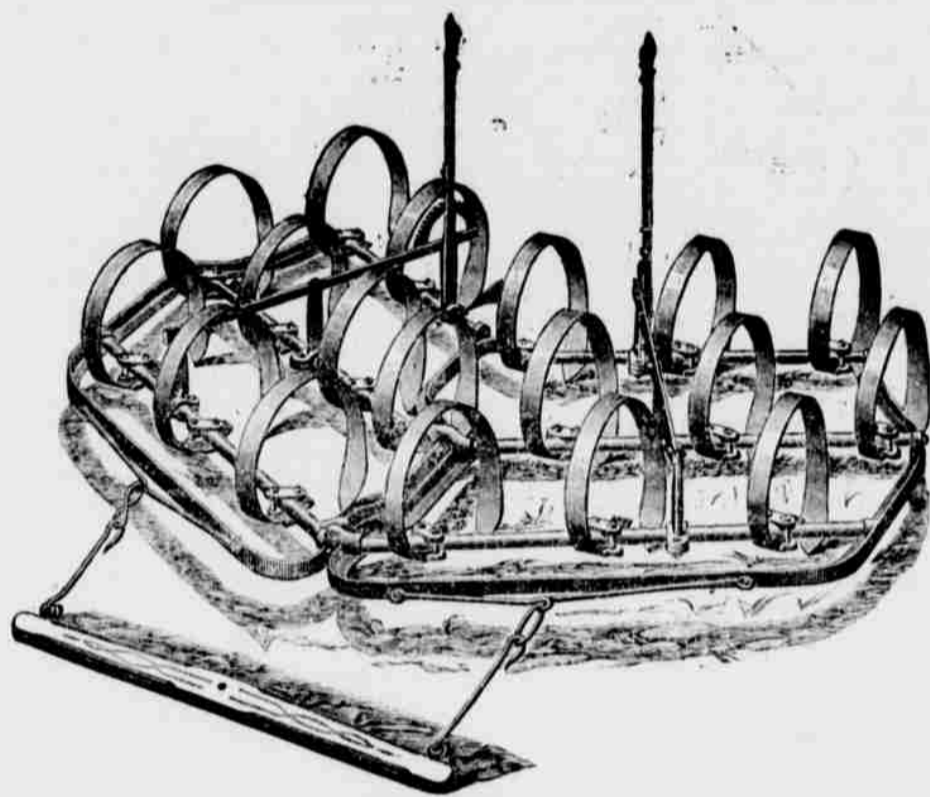
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THE FRAME is made of steel pipe, does not load itself up with earth, and is of very easy draft. THE TEETH are held firmly to frame by our Improved Tooth Fastener, which allows the tooth all needed adjustment. No BOLTS through the teeth. Teeth FULL LENGTH, giving them great strength and elasticity.

The Leader Lever Harrow has so many GOOD POINTS that it has met with great favor wherever shown, and we know that parties who buy it will find that it gives Perfect Satisfaction.



It Has been TRIED and the severe tests to which it has been put and the excellent work it does in all kinds of soil, warrant us in recommending it as a perfect LEVER Spring Tooth Harrow.

We also wish you to remember that we handle the Monarch Steel Frame Float Harrow, the best plain float harrow on the market. Thousands in use, and every one doing perfect work. We are in position to furnish you with both LEVER and PLAIN FLOAT HARROWS, that, for Strength, Lightness of Draft and Good Working Qualities are unequalled. Contract for Leader Lever and Monarch Steel Frame Harrows. They give perfect satisfaction every time. Write for terms and prices on LEADER and MONARCH Harrows, to

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