

THE DRIED APPLE CHEST

(By D. J. Walsh.)

ELIZA CURRY sat writing a letter. She had taken the materials from a quaint wooden box that sat before her upon the sitting-room table—sheets of faintly tinted paper, a stick of blue wax, a quill pen that, dipped in a glass of water, rewarded one with a flow of mauve ink. She wrote slowly in a fine slanting hand with little curls on her g's and p's and f's. And she wrote painfully, for never in all her life had she anything more unpleasant to do than writing this letter to her nephew's widow, Lila Canfield.

Eliza was old and tiny with white hair wound in a sleek little knot, a mouth like a wilted pink and dark eyes which had once held a "come-follow-me" look so irresistible that she had scarcely been able to count her beads on the fingers of both hands. But she, as so often happens, had married the poor stick of the lot, Fergus Curry—because she loved him. And that love had weathered the vicissitudes of a difficult married experience which had terminated several years before in Fergus' death.

During the years of her widowhood Eliza had "managed." She had her tiny white house and a little money which she had made last until the present moment. Now that it was gone she must sell her house. Indeed, the bargain was all but made with possession to be given immediately. In a week, more or less, Eliza would be leaving the house to which she had come as Fergus' bride, the house where her three children had been born and had died one after the other, the house where Fergus had closed his wild, bright eyes, the house where she herself had hoped to die. Her nephew's widow, Lila Canfield, offered her a home and she was going there. She was writing to say that just as soon as she could get things in shape she would come.

The spring sun came in at the windows hotly, and as Eliza wrote she was conscious of a faint odor all through the house which came not from her pot-pourri jar, for that was closed; not from the geranium on the sill, not from the strong cupful of tea she had brewed for her lunch. She sniffed delicately. Ah! Now she knew. It was the smell of apples—dried apples, and it came from the old chest-of-drawers in the spare bedroom off the sitting room. The door was standing ajar.

Leaving her letter she followed that elusive lure. The old chest-of-drawers loomed enormous in the tiny room which she never used because she had had no company of late years. When Lila came to see her, as she did once a year, she stayed at the Jefferson house. So, because the room seemed good for no other purpose, Eliza kept there her best frock, her best hat, and in the chest of drawers she kept her sack of dried apples.

She opened a drawer and took out the sack and peeped into it. How Fergus had loved dried-apple pie with a bit of boiled cider and cinnamon! She had always had her sack of dried apples on that account. She did not care much for them herself, either in pie or sauce. There was quite a sackful. Of course she wouldn't need them now that she was going away. She wondered what she would do with them. Maybe Carrie Rush could use them. She had a big family and anything eatable always came in handy there.

And the chest-of-drawers—the dried-apple chest she called it in her own mind. She would have to sell it. Lila had given her permission to bring a few things, but nothing so cumbersome as this chest. It was not so easy to dispose of that. She sighed as she gazed at it. It was very old. It had been in Fergus' family, had belonged to his mother, she thought, or perhaps his grandmother. It was all handmade, a dark red wood, cherry, presumably. Well, she would leave the chest-of-drawers and take the dried apples over to Carrie Rush so she could get them ready for supper.

With a shawl around her and the sack in her hand she went across the street to the Rush house. Mrs. Rush met her hospitably.

"What's that? Dried apples? Well, I guess they will come in handy. I'll make me a dried apple cake after mother's recipe. Come in and sit down a minute. I want you to meet my company—Mrs. Wallace."

She drew Eliza into the living room where a small, keen-eyed woman sat by the register.

Eliza, glad of a little diversion sat down, and the three women began to talk.

"I feel dreadful about your going away, Mrs. Curry," kindly Mrs. Rush mourned. "I don't know what I shall do without you. You've been the best neighbor I ever had; I wish there was some way you could stay."

Eliza smiled her pale, patient smile. "So do I. But I shall be very cozy at my niece's."

"Of course. She will be good to you. No one could fail to be good to you. What are you going to do with your things? Take them with you?"

"I can't. I guess Mr. Pratt, the old furniture man, will take most everything—except, maybe, the dried-apple chest."

"The dried-apple chest!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallace.

Eliza explained.

"I'd like to see that chest," Mrs. Wallace said. "Maybe I could sell it for you. I know a woman that's quite a hand for old furniture. She might give you a good price for it."

In the little spare bedroom where the chest loomed so hugely Eliza raised the shade of the one window. "I suppose maybe it's one hundred fifty years old," she remarked.

"It's a fine old piece," Mrs. Wallace said. "Four drawers and three across the top. And the whole front is solid mahogany. I fancy Mrs. Aldrich would give you fifty dollars for this, anyway."

Eliza drew a long breath. Fifty dollars was a lot of money, and yet for her the old dried-apple chest had a value that could not be expressed in terms of dollars.

Then suddenly Mrs. Wallace went down on her knees and began hunting for something at the bottom of the chest.

"I want a knife or something to pry with," she said.

Eliza brought the knife. Mrs. Wallace inserted the blade in a crack which the varnish almost filled. She worked the knife back and forth, she gave a tug and out flew a drawer that Eliza, perhaps Fergus himself, had never known was there.

"A secret drawer!" cried Mrs. Wallace. "And look here!"

She took out a buckskin pouch which weighed heavily.

"Open it!" she commanded. But she had to cut the thong with the knife. Out of the pouch poured gold pieces and greenbacks. "Somebody's treasure," she commented.

Eliza stared at the gold in amazement.

"It is Fergus' uncle's money!" she said. "The family always wondered what he did with it. He didn't have a cent when he died. The chest was in his room."

And still she stared, scarcely comprehending the wealth that had so miraculously become hers.

It was not until the next day that she remembered her unfinished letter to Lila. The money was in the bank to her credit. She was again independent of reluctantly charitable relatives.

A moment she contemplated the unfinished page. "Need" was the last word she had written when the fragrance of dried apples started her on her great adventure. Why, she was beyond need now! With a smile she tore the letter to bits, and sat down to write another one.

Mint Director Given Credit Not Deserved

In a little village in the Asturias mountains of Spain is an orphanage managed by an old priest, who, finding it difficult to provide food for all the young mouths, spent 100 pesetas (\$16), an enormous sum for him, on the twentieth of a ticket in the national lottery.

Then he wrote to the director of the mint in Madrid, setting forth the situation of his charges, and ending ingeniously as follows:

"It would be very kind of you if you would arrange that my number (17229) should win a prize. God will reward you."

The angry director thought of having the too naive priest arrested.

As it happened, No. 17229 won the first prize, and the priest for his twentieth share received 750,000 pesetas (\$122,000).

In blissful ignorance of the fact that he had only just escaped being imprisoned for having dared to suppose that the high official would give human guidance to the uncertain steps of Fate, he wrote to the director:

"You are our great benefactor. Your name shall be engraved in letters of gold in our chapel and all my orphans shall learn to bless you. Thanks to you, they will no longer suffer cold and hunger."

This communication was received with even greater anger than the first, but the priest in his orphanage knows nothing except that his orphans are better cared for.—London Tit-Bits.

Hog Reeve

"You ought to be a hog reeve," said one politician to another. Some folks wondered what he meant. A reeve, in old New England, was a bailiff. A hog reeve was bailiff to the pigs. That is, he rounded them up, if they strayed into the streets, and impounded them. Nobody hereabouts holds the position today. Yet if the government should re-establish the post, there would doubtless be applicants for it.

Likewise might it be the post of "woodward." Some may guess that a "woodward" was a warden who had charge of the town woodlots. "Cutter of staves" was another post in the ancient days. Not one in a thousand will guess it. This official inspected the staves that were cut for barrels. I suspect that almost everybody knows about the tything man.—Salem News.

In the Fast Wagon

Mrs. Ray Foncannon, wife of the sheriff of Vigo county, frequently takes her daughter to school in the family sedan. On the way back to town she invites all the small children she passes to ride to their school-houses.

The other day she picked up a little chap about seven years old. When she let him out at his building some of the children told him that he had ridden in the sheriff's car. His eyes grew big; he began to tremble. "Oh, don't tell the teacher they brought me to school in the paddy wagon," he begged. "Or my mother, either."—Indianapolis News.

Easter Millinery Is More Artistic

Big Brimmed Hat Is in Front Ranks; Milan in Lead Among Straws.

The story of the new Easter millinery can now be told, for the authoritative imprint of the leading style experts of the country has been stamped indelibly upon those artistic creations which have been occupying the attention of designers for some months past.

Also—and this is important to the woman who wants to be correct in her attire—the spring colors for millinery have been selected and they will play a most important part—as might be expected—in the ensembles that the April sun will shine on. Some of the leading tints will be cameo pink, Castilian red, hydrangea blue, popcorn, meadow pink, monkeyskin, and tiger lily.

The big brimmed hat will play a star role in the millinery drama. It made its advent rather shyly last year, like an elder sister at her first coming-out party, but this season it seems to have had no scruples in shouldering its way to the front ranks. Straws will dominate with the always popular Milan easily taking the lead. Woven bodles will play the second part, and horsehair comes next. Trimmings are not especially elaborate, but flowers, feathers, ribbon bows and ornaments will brighten the millinery picture in the successful attempt to get away from the hat monotony of the past few years. The keynote, however, is diversification in the fullest sense of the word, for the rebellion of women against the hat for every occasion has given way to open-minded reception of the hat for each occasion.

In the smaller models, of which there will be an infinite variety the coming season, woven viscas, milans and combinations of felt and straw are here for my lady to revel in. Those extreme styles of the fall and winter have met their Waterloo, and have been effectively routed. The crushed stovetop that Reboux of Paris thought would sweep the feminine world has gone, never to return, together with a few other models too bizarre to suit American taste. In their places has come a veritable avalanche of beautiful creations, varied enough as to shapes, designs and trimmings to enable every woman, no matter what her requirements, to select hats that will best express her individuality and suit her personal taste. For general as well as for more formal wear ribbon crowns and straw brims make a charming combination. The perennially popular felts will be in the minority, although there will be some sports models with, for instance, quill treatments that will lift them out of the ordinary.

Ostrich feathers used as trimmings and made up in short boas or chapeau ruffs, to use the latest phrase, have



Interesting Millinery That is in the Easter Fashion Picture.

really arrived at last. Their grace, their adaptability, and their beauty have at last triumphed over the craze for standardized severity. They will be distinctly in the mode for the coming months.

In the small visca hats, of which there will be many this year, the price range will be wide, depending, of course, upon the quality of the material and the closeness of the weave. The same thing, naturally, applies to all the milans.

Women who take a pardonable pride in their millinery, will, according to present indications, have no cause for complaint this season.

Bandanas the Rage

"Yes, we have bandanas." That is what the modiste says nowadays when asked about scarfs. The latest scarfs are of the handkerchief type fastened on one shoulder with a large gold pin bearing initial or monogram. The smartest are inspired by the old French peasant handkerchiefs and are made in either wool or silk. The colors cannot be too glaring since red and green is a favored combination.

Curling the Hair

The new style in hair dressing for elderly British women is to have their hair curled like a barrister's wig. If the hair is gray it makes it all the more effective. Worn with pearls and a black velvet frock, the style is attractive.

Plaited Plaid Taffeta Skirt; Velvet Jacket



This modish sports outfit, worn by Marion Nixon, featured motion picture player, consists of a plaited plaid taffeta skirt, black velvet jacket and yellow crepe de chine blouse. A small black felt sports hat is used with the outfit.

Linen Returns to Favor for Spring and Summer

Sport linen frocks have been in greater numbers than ever before at the Southern resorts and they are forecast as popular items of the spring and summer wardrobes. The constant appearance of silk at all times of the year is apt to become monotonous and the smart woman is searching for something new to add variety and originality to her summer gowns. One thing which has given impetus to the linen vogue is the introduction of a noncrushable cloth which is practically free of the old wrinkling habits of the fabric. This is accomplished by a pre-shrinkage of the cloth from 45 to 36 inches. Possibly the interest society has felt in the flashing white figures on the tennis courts may have suggested the solution. In any case white linen has made a spectacular entry on the fashion stage through the medium of the sports dress, and its popularity is spreading fast.

Checks Are on List to Have Vogue This Spring

A revival of checked materials is among the many new modes promised by those sending information from the fashion centers of Paris. Big checks, little checks, broken checks and the conventional designs that are so chic. They appear in the silks, the light weight woolsens, even on the cotton fabrics which are destined to have a vogue from all reports. Checks must be used with discretion, however, especially the large designs, and the broken effects. Small checked materials, however, are not so trying, so that any woman who likes them may indulge her taste in some way at least. As checks tend toward the tailored effects, they will be found most adaptable to the present day modes.

Bolero, Belt, Blousant, Smart Costume Words

Bolero, belt and blousant are three words which have been frequently used by couturiers this season. Practically every frock presented claims the right to the use of one of these smart words, some models even coming in for a double share of chic in this regard. On the blousing bodice appeared two superposed plaits giving the effect of a bolero, while the wide belt, draped into a buckle in front, left no doubt as to the designer's intention to indicate definitely just where the waistline should be. The sleeves are long and the skirt is straight and widened by large box plaits.

Latest Raincoat Models in Toned-Down Colors

Raincoats have run a wide gamut of both materials and colors in the last year. Some have been wild enough for the mists and deluges of Borneo. But now the rain shedders are taking on more sober characteristics. The more expensive dress designers are originating them with as much care as the garments they cover. One of the latest is of waterproofed black satin lined with black and white checked silk which also forms collar, cuffs and lapels.

The Practical Sports Suit

Designers of the popular sports suit nowadays have a task to perform in obtaining practicability and decorativeness at the same time. They have discovered it is possible to be practical in a becoming way. That is why white is the favorite color utilized at the moment. Beige with some bright color in conjunction also is advocated.

Community Building

Nothing Worth While in Cheap Construction

The old saying "appearances are deceitful" applies nowhere more forcefully than in home building. Something more than good looks is necessary in the proper construction or alteration of a house.

To be certain that you are securing a home in keeping with your dream of cozy comfort and lasting service you should take counsel with those who know how to build. You should also use materials that are not only attractive but also are durable and best suited to the uses they are intended to serve.

Many new houses soon become a source of trouble and expense to their owners because of false economy practiced in their construction. A little paint, some showy decoration, and to outward appearances your house can be a thing of beauty on the day you move in. The test will come when the peevishness wears off. Short-lived materials, selected for vital installations because of saving in first cost, will begin to fail.

This means replacement at an expense much greater than the so-called saving effected by use of substitute materials at the beginning. And there is, in addition, the inconvenience and trouble occasioned by tearing up floors, opening the walls, repainting and papering incidental to the replacement of unserviceable or worn-out installations.

Therefore, the first point to be remembered is that substantial, enduring materials increase the cost of your home but little at the start. Eventually they are the cheapest as well as the most satisfactory materials.

Trees Always Symbol of Good Citizenship

You will notice that the substantial, the thrifty, the worthy and the likable classes of people plant trees, no matter whether they are in a new and treeless country or in one already well planted, and that the shiftless, the transient, the careless and the selfish are as little likely to set out sheltering trees as they are to be neat, thrifty or good neighbors.

Show me a developed town with no trees and I will show you a town to avoid as a home for your families. Go through districts where want and squalor and crime and filth are the rule and you will be lucky to find even a gaunt specimen of a tree anywhere about.

This is not by chance; the planted and tended tree is as sure a sign of civilization as a reversed flag or a church spire or a schoolhouse belfry, and the English, who have carried civilization to every part of their dominions scattered far and wide about the earth, plant shade trees almost before they finish their houses or start their towns.—Luther Burbank as reported by Wilbur Hall in the Saturday Evening Post.

Upkeep Will Be Less

The well-planned and properly built house will have considerably less upkeep and annual depreciation than the house that is poorly planned and cheaply built. The home builder employing a competent architect will save the architect's fee in the obtaining of a thoroughly well-planned, well-built house.

Architectural supervision of the construction may be on a time basis, charging for the actual number of trips required to the building site, but the usual charge is on a commission basis. On a small home this runs as low as \$150 to \$200, certainly a small sum for the kind of security the architect provides.

Color Highly Important

In the house on a small city lot we should want to use as much yellow as possible, just as much as we should in any small dark room. For a room exposed to the south with plenty of sunshine, we should use blue, mauve or gray; while for one exposed to the cold north, yellow, golden brown or rose. Also the size of a house, the distance from a street, the size of a room or the height of ceiling would constitute important factors to be considered in our selection of color backgrounds.

Pays to Take Expert Advice

Too much individuality expressed in terms of houses unfit the structures for general consumption; and unless one expects to spend his entire life in the thing and looks on it as an indulgence and not as an asset, perhaps he would do well to modify his desires and listen to expert advice from those who are learned in the lore of building.

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How about those shade trees you have been expecting to plant for a good long while? Every part of the county and Tennessee valley section offers fine opportunity along this line. Beautify the roadways. Make them so attractive strangers entering our gates will be so impressed that they'll want to come and stay with us.—Huntsville (Ala.) Times.

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