

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS.

"Do you mind the widow Martin's quill in?" Her daughter Sue was a flighty thing...

"Oh, the winter time, full of rides and dances; The summer days, when we sang an' the moon; The meat-house, an' the stolen glances..."

RAID ON THE STILL.

"Just thought I would stop by a minute, Miranda, if to say nothing more than I hoped you were all well," said Mrs. Jonathan Jackson to her friend Mrs. Samuel Pearl.

"Take a seat, Elizabeth, and make yourself at home. It's precious little conversation, though, one can have, with one's neighbor about what's going on in the mountains..."

"How's Alice?" asked Mrs. Pearl rather abruptly. "Fair as can be expected, Elizabeth. The girl don't seem to be the same creature since she went away..."

"Been five years now, Miranda, since she went away. I always wondered why he left her, but folks can't be personal, you know, and ask questions that don't concern them..."

"Well, Elizabeth, knowing you don't talk about a neighbor's business..." and here Mrs. Jackson looked suddenly and at her guest—"I do mind thinking of that drawing he called a few inches nearer to Mrs. Jonathan Jackson."

"There's many a distillery which the lad saved by warning the owners, and Jonathan himself is under obligation to the boy on this score..."

"Getting dark, Miranda, and I guess I had better be going up the road," said Mrs. Pearl to her friend good-by.

is your business? And Jonathan looked at the stranger with suspicion. "I am making a journey over the mountains and would like to stay here..."

"Possibly; I was there," the guest answered. "On business?" "On business," the stranger said. "Then you are ill at ease for a moment..."

"The stranger's eye flashed like coils of fire, and then he said to Mrs. Pearl: "My name is Arthur Smith. My business was that of a moonshiner or keeper of an illicit distillery..."

"We will have to see about it," said the master of the house, without committing himself, and in a few minutes Smith was shown to his room, as the night was getting late.

The next morning Jonathan went on early and returned soon after with some of his neighbor's friends. Smith was up on Jonathan's return, and the men all held a short conference together, which seemed to prove satisfactory all around.

Reports had reached the mountain men that strangers had been seen in the village at the foot of the mountains, and the secret stills were rarely in operation of late.

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And the Holland's voice grew soft and sad. "How could I take your part, like, except by going with you—and you never asked me to do that?" spoke the girl, feelingly.

"And would you, had I done so?" she did not need an answer to his question. In a moment he realized that he, the hunter of Jonathan Jackson, was still beloved by his daughter.

"That Alice has eloped with that young man who was stopping here," said the ironing-board. "Perchance, a few days after the events last narrated. "Some says as he was nobody other than like Holland, though I never did put much confidence in idle gossip..."

Whenever it is possible it is well to keep a separate closet for articles pertaining to ironing. Keep the irons, starch, bluing, holders, boards, sheet, blanket and other articles pertaining to ironing in this closet, which should be warm and dry and shut off from the dust.

Half the failures with housekeepers in making good bread, are due to their ignorance as to the proper condition of the oven for baking. For, no matter how perfectly the sponge may rise or how well it is worked, if put in a cool oven it will be porous and tough, and liable to ferment and become sour.

"Oh, no, auntie," he smiled, saying, "how can you?" "I can tell," she said, with conviction. "But how?" asked Dick, skeptically.

"Fried Cakes—To make nice fried cakes, take one cup of fine flour, one cup of sugar, 1/2 pounds of butter, ten eggs, one nutmeg grated, one wingless of rose water. Beat the milk and sugar together; when it is perfectly light stir in the eggs, which must have been whisked to a thick froth; add the flour, then the nutmeg and rosewater. Butter your pan, lard it with paper, which should be well buttered, and pour in the mixture. Bake it for three hours in a moderate oven. When the edges of the cake appear to rise, brush the surface with the pan cake oil which is done.

"French Rolls—Take one-half pint of scalded milk and one yeast cake. Allow this to cool, then add one-half tablespoonful of butter (melted) and the same of lard, a tablespoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt and a quart of water. Mix, and let this stand overnight in a warm place. Knead hard in the morning, then roll it out about an inch thick. Spread this with butter, and cut as if for biscuit, fold together, put them in a pan and let rise again. They must be very light and airy. Bake as you would biscuits. Unless you have a late breakfast it is difficult to serve these on time, but they are very nice for dinner, and can be warmed over for breakfast. If desired for dinner, wet the sponge about 9 a. m.

"You are a revenue officer, and your presence here at this moment is to signal your men, who are here on all sides, to trap my father and the few men who are in the still."

"I see you know all. When I left your father's house, he did like a bear, and an outcast, I swore to ruin him. If I signal now to my men in the woods in a few minutes I will have the evidence necessary to send him to the penitentiary. And yet, if you had only taken my part, all might have been different."

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Doan's Kidney and Bladder Pills of Many Cures and Cautious Children.

A Busy Household. Smiling Susan sweeps and sweeps; Kind Kathleen the kitchen keeps; Merry Mary places and places; Clever Clara compounds cakes; Pleasant Patty pricks her pierces; Pleasant Fanny fans the flies; Busy Betty bakes the bread; Sober Sara sews a spread; Laughing Lena launders lace; Careful Cora cleans the case; Healthful Harry helps his hose; Bonny baby bubbles blue.

A Little Samaritan. He was a tiny chap, says the Louisville Commercial, and could hardly be seen when he entered a well-known restaurant the other evening. The little fellow was well dressed, and caused some comment when he asked for a turkey sandwich which the price of a turkey sandwich was "Ten cents."

While the clerk was preparing the sandwich, they had a conversation. "What can he say?" And Mrs. Jackson's eyes snapped resentment at the question. "He's got sensible at last, and says he never would have given like Holland credit for such courage. Anyway, now that he has got a son-in-law to look after, he declares he is going to quit keeping a still and live an honest life. Maybe one of these days I may persuade Jonathan to run down to Nashville with me, but not just yet."

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

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Means to Make Much Money. H. T. Twigg, a young English farmer, has secured a large tract of land in Kentucky, near Richmond, and has established a possum farm, says the New York World. Were he a Yankee it would be suspected that the announcement of the "possum ranch" was part of a scheme to colonize the adjacent district with colored people.

Presidential Bills. Compared with those of the President of France, the emoluments of the President of the United States are considerably less. Every one knows that the chief executive of this country receives a salary of \$50,000 a year, but the other expenditures for which the government is held responsible are not included in the President's salary.

Grandpa's Policeman. Willie had been spending his vacation at grandpa's on the farm and he found a great many things there which surprised as well as interested him. One day he was walking in the woods or "timber" as grandpa called it, and saw a large white bird. He knew at once from its size and the shape of its head that it was an owl, and he sped away to the house as fast as his feet could carry him.

Young America Abroad. George Downer, thirteen years old, started away from Fayetteville on Jan. 14 to see the world. He left home with \$2, and tramped to Syracuse, then he rode to New York. He got a job as a boy on the steamship Massachusetts, and was hired for a valet. George spent a month in London. He and his employer went to Ghent, and then they returned to New York.

Overwork. Police doctor (cautiously)—Your husband is suffering from overwork or exhaustion. Intelligence in alcoholic stimulation is (ahem) a little difficult to tell when.

Feed Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. Hood's Pills are always reliable, as cents. Hood's Pills do much harm, but if our policemen, the white owls, hawks and wessels, which catch the mice, were killed, their number would increase so rapidly that all the crops would suffer.

Italian Adventures in Abyssinia. Comparable in many respects to our Indian fighting, the disastrous campaign in Abyssinia has not merely taught the Italians a hard lesson, but has supplied them with a fund of stories of individual bravery which will prove bracing to the national will, though the main result of the campaign is crushing to the national pride.

San Francisco is making a bid for the tea trade of this country, and an endeavor is to be made to divert the trade from the Suez route and to the Puget Sound ports to that point.

A statistician figures that if each reader of a daily paper spent but five minutes over it—and that is a low estimate—the sum for mankind is equivalent to 100,000,000 per diem.

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Just a line to tell you that if you want to do your washing easily, in the "up to date" way, the Sunlight Soap is the best.

USE Sunlight Soap. Cleanses clothes and most everything else—with labor and greater comfort. Lower Street, Ltd., Hudson & Harrison Bldg., N. Y.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1907. FRANK MUMMS, Notary Public.

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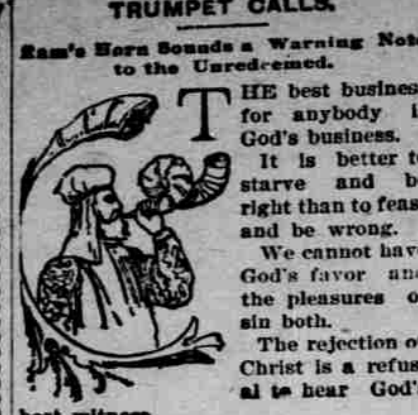
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TRUMPET CALLS. Sam's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Careless.

THE best business for anybody is God's business. It is better to starve and be right than to feast and be wrong. We cannot have God's favor and the pleasures of sin both.

Without the shedding of blood the name of love could never have been written. So far as this world is concerned a little child is the biggest thing God ever put in it.

Origin of Straw Ball. The origin of the familiar phrases, "straw ball" and "man of straw," is a most curious one. It dates back 200 years, when the practice of entering postulates in a straw or two, thus indicating their calling. Because of this trading mark, so to speak, those professional witnesses or bail-goes became known as "men of straw," or ones who were willing, for a consideration, to enter "straw ball"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Beautiful art work in carved and inlaid mother of pearl has long been produced in China and Japan. Some idea of the extent of its European use in the arts and manufactures may be had from the fact that 800,000 people are engaged in working mother of pearl in Austria, and half that number in France, while the value of the annual import into England is nearly \$1,500,000.

How He Feels. Miss Gushington—How did you feel when you found that the world was not only yours after all, but was yours to do with as you please?

IF SILVER WINS and if farm produce, labor and labor prices double in price, then estate must also double in price. If labor doubles in cost and the price of the mine doubles in cost, the price of the mine must also double in cost. If the price of the mine doubles in cost, the price of the mine must also double in cost.

RUPTURE. Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. H. MANN, 1015 Arch St., PHILA., PA. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business. Concentration. Endorsements of Physicians, Nurses and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office hours 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

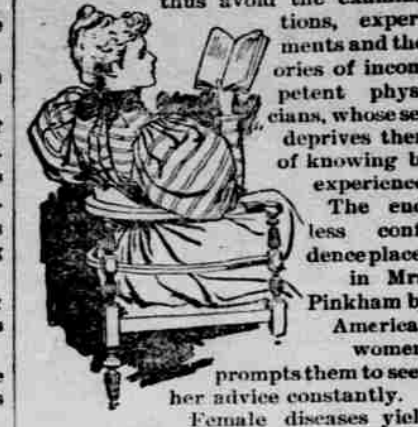
EVERY FARMER IN THE NORTH CAN MAKE MORE MONEY IN THE MIDDLE SOUTH. Compressed air has proved so satisfactory in use in Pullman, Ill., that it is likely to come into general use there for power transmission.

Don't Put Off Till To-morrow the Duties of To-day. By a Cake of SAFOLIC.

WOMEN WANT TO KNOW.

TO WHOM CAN THEY TELL THEIR TROUBLES? A Woman Answers "To Me"—Thousands Inquirers Intelligently Answered—Thousands of Grateful Letters.

Women regard it as a blessing that they can talk to a woman who fully understands their every ailment, and thus avoid the examinations, experiments and the peril of incompetent physicians, who deprive them of knowing by experience. The endless confidence placed in Mr. Pinkham by American women, prompts them to seek her advice constantly. Female diseases yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. It cures all ailments of the womb, ovarian troubles, spinal weakness and kidney complaints, all have their symptoms, and should be "bucked in the bud." Bearing-down pains, lipped headache, nervousness, pains in groins, lassitude, whites, irregularities, and all of impending evil, blues, sleeplessness, faintness, etc.



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