

THE BARN RAISING

By BELLE MANIATES

Keene Warden sat at the clumsy, old-fashioned writing desk, staring hopelessly at a blank piece of letter paper. Several fragments were scattered on the floor, bearing testimony to fruitless efforts. He was better educated than the average farmer in the vicinity of Cornville, and he had a clear, reasoning mind, but his undertaking was of a delicate nature. More over his six feet of manhood strode away from other people's business instead of poking into it.

He felt that he owed it to his father's memory to protect his father's friend, Stephen Ross, in his old age. In his day Stephen had been a prosperous farmer. Successive off-seasons had done their work and the inevitable mortgage had rolled up its added interest. His wife's illness and death had weakened his strength and ambition. He had lost his farm and gone to live on a ten-acre strip saved from the wreck. Then his only son, who had no aptitude for farming, had gone west, married, made a fair fortune in mining stocks and written to his father to come out and share his luxurious home.

But the old man's heart and memories were too strongly rooted in his meadow lands to stand transplanting. So the son had bought the farm back and let his father live on it, also making him a generous allowance. Stephen was as happy as his solitary fireside would allow him to be, but the fire-side was about to be cheered by his granddaughter, a young girl of fifteen whom he had not seen in fifty years. Her father was going to Mexico for a six months' sojourn among some mines and she had written that she felt a longing to see her father's boyhood home and her grandfather.

"It's really here, you know," Stephen had said, when telling Keene the news.



He Watched It Burn.

"Her father deeded it to her when he bought it."

"Her coming will cheer you up wonderfully, Mr. Ross," ventured Keene.

"Yes," agreed the old man, but there was a reservation in his tone, a foreboding in his eyes, and Keene gradually drew from him the cause. It was this talk which had prompted the letter to Ruth Ross. Finally he managed to explain to this pampered young person that her grandfather was old and lived entirely in the past, clinging pathetically to old ways. He told her he knew that the farm was hers, but he urged her not to make the improvements that would doubtless suggest themselves to her. This the old man was fearing and dreading that she would do.

About six days after the mailing of this letter he looked for a reply, but none came.

"She is offended and thinks me nervous," he thought ruefully. "Meddles always make matters worse. She'll probably take pains to do all the things I asked her not to do."

A week later Ruth Ross arrived and Keene went over to meet her. He entered the big living and dining room, braced to meet a scornful young dame. The room was lighted only by the flames from the fireplace. The old man sat in his usual place, looking, as Keene's quick, keen glance noted, ten years younger and 20 years happier. A slender slip of a girl with soft, sweet eyes and smooth, shining hair came forward with extended hand.

"Mr. Warden, papa has told me so often of all the pranks you played when you were a boy that I feel as if I knew you."

"You do," he said earnestly. "The summer you were here when you were four and I fourteen we were firm friends, but of course you don't remember."

"I am not so sure about that," she replied. "When I smell new mown hay, I have a fleeting vision of a big boy with a gentle touch who used to carry me on his back through fields."

"I was that boy," he declared.

"Then draw up a chair to our lively fire."

"She likes the fireplace, Keene," said the old man in childish eagerness. "She says it's the most beautiful fire in the world."

"Of course," she asserted, looking at Keene. "It makes me loathe steam and coal!"

That night Keene went home with his pulses throbbing. She was not offended, then, and from the fireplace proposition it looked as if she were going to follow out his suggestions. The next morning he met her driving her grandfather over the place.

"Isn't it a dear old farm?" she cried.

"Keene," said the old man delightedly, "she loves the fence. She doesn't want it down."

"Want it down?" echoed the girl, looking at Keene. "It is so picturesque! And I like the idea of fencing your possessions. I'd go farther if I had a home; I'd build a wall around it."

"I was afraid you'd think us old-fashioned," suggested her grandfather. "Maybe, now, you'd like some new chairs and sofas."

"Why, grandfather, you couldn't buy such beautiful old things anywhere. It would spoil the place to put anything modern in it, wouldn't it?" appealing to Keene.

"Indeed it would," he replied, his heart warming.

The next day he met Stephen driving from town. There was a slight flush in his withered cheeks and a light in his dimmed eyes.

"She's deeded the farm back to me, Keene," he said with a sob. "She said I had worked out my life on it, and that it belonged to me. Of course I shall will it to her, but it is mine, now."

"She has made him a man again," Keene told himself, his heart full of a tender reverence for the generous young grandchild.

Each day brought some new evidence of her thoughtfulness for the old man's comfort and happiness. Towards Keene, himself, she ever showed a gracious air of good fellowship.

"Next Thursday," she announced one day, "is grandfather's birthday, and I am going to give him a barn, a big, red barn."

This had been a long-felt want of the old man's, and he was greatly excited over the prospect.

"We'll have a barn raising," he decided.

"What is that?" asked Ruth wonderingly.

When the old man had explained, he added, with a sigh, "It ain't what it used to be. They have new fangled machinery and just a few men who bring their own dinner with them."

"How was it in the olden time?"

"It was a great event. Men came from miles around, 25 or 30 of them, with their families. We set long tables and most always killed a sheep. Your grandmother made a few dozen pies, and in the evening we had dancing and games."

"We'll have just such a one this time," she cried ecstatically.

Fortwith they began to plan accordingly. This renewal of an old custom was looked forward to in the whole district, and when the eventful day arrived, Keene was the first one on hand. He caught the infection of the old man's delight and helped to make the day a success, and the dinner was one never to be forgotten.

"What wonders she has worked!" thought Keene, looking at the happy young hostess. "How glad I am I gave her the keynote. She is so good, she could not help being generous to him, but she might not have grasped the situation so quickly if I had not written to her. It is sweet in her never to have alluded to it in any way."

His courage was inspired to the point he had been yearning for since that first glimpse of her by the fire-side. When, after the departure of the guests, he was left alone with her, he opened his heart to her, and she shyly responded to his love.

"We'll live here in the dear old home with grandfather," she pleaded when he was saying good-night.

"Tomorrow," he thought, as he was walking home, "I will speak to her of the letter."

When he went into the house he found a missive from the dead letter office. Opening it, he found his letter which had been misdirected. He watched it burn.

"I will never tell her," he concluded.

She Was Too Particular

West Indian Negress Failed to Obtain Position as Servant to Mrs. William Sulzer.

Mrs. William Sulzer, wife of the congressman, was telling recently of an effort she made to engage a servant. Mrs. Sulzer said she went to an agency for a West Indian negress. The same day a young woman of ebony hue called. She was just simply all dolled up. She even wore long white gloves.

"Mrs. Sulzer," the girl said, "does you entertain much?"

"A little," replied the congressman's wife, "but we have a Jap who helps out on such occasions."

"Well, is the family large?"

"No."

"I presume you has a nice room for a lady servant?"

The girl asked half a dozen other questions along the same line. "Well," she said finally, "I'll take the job, but you like to have me do

"First I want you to go out and hunt another job," said Mrs. Sulzer. "After that I don't care who you do."

—New York Telegraph.

Up-to-Date Candidate.

"Let's see," said the lawyer who had met an out-of-town acquaintance on a street car, according to the New Orleans Picayune, "don't your town hold a spring election?" "It does." "And I suppose you take a lively interest in it?" "Well, not too lively. Not as lively as I used to." "Interest falling off, eh? Didn't you run for mayor two or three years ago?" "I have run for mayor of my town seven successive times, sir." "And been—been—?" "Been defeated every time, sir." "Then you probably won't run again this spring?" "That's uncertain. I am going to inquire around and find if I am really the man they want. If I am, then I'll take the candidacy. If not, then I'll try to defeat the man they do want."

FINE OF \$500 FOR KICKERS

President Lynch Grows Radical in Defense of His Umpires—Page's Protest Turned Down.

President Thomas J. Lynch of the National League has returned from a visit to western cities of his circuit. Waiting for Lynch was word that the Pittsburg club has appealed from the decision of the president that sustained the Chicago protest and threw out one of Pittsburg's victories over the Cubs. This was the game in which the decisions of Klem and Doyle were set aside and which cost Doyle his job as umpire. The case will now have to be acted on by the board of directors of the league.

Vice President Page of the Boston club, also has sent in a formal protest of the game won by the Cubs from the Rustlers the day of the big trade. Page takes the stand that the deal was not legal because he (Page) was not consulted, but these differences between the Boston officials are entirely internal affairs and not subjects for jurisdiction by the president of the league, who can only recognize the action of the club president in the case. Therefore no action by the league president may be expected. The deal stands, so far as the league is concerned, and the game also.

"The National league umpiring in the west has been excellent," said Lynch. "The race is close and the players are crabbling, but the umpiring is all right. The fans threw bottles at Umpire Brennan in St. Louis, and that's a sign the umpiring was good and not 'home umpiring.' What ought to be done to these players who kick, get out of the game, and perhaps cost their club the game, is to fine each of them \$500."

DECLARES PIRATES WILL WIN

Vic Willis, Pittsburg Discard, Confident Old Teammates Will Land Pennant This Year.

"Vic" Willis, erstwhile star twirler in the National league, but now proprietor of a hotel in Newark, Del., picks his former teammates, the Pittsburg club in the National league, and Detroit in the American league, to repeat their performances of 1909, when those two clubs won the pennants in their respective leagues.

Willis at that time was with Pittsburg and came in for a slice of the world's series money. Although out of the game, he is taking a keen interest in the race in both organizations and states that he has come to the opinion that the Pirates and Tigers will again meet in the world's championship series. Vic said:

"I have been watching all the clubs closely through the newspapers and pick Pittsburg and Detroit to again meet for the world's championship this year. I think these two teams will win the pennant in their respective leagues, but from the present outlook it will be a close fight and especially in the National. Neither race is going to be a runaway, like some in former years, and that National league fight, I predict, will be



Vic Willis.

one that will long be remembered in baseball history.

"I pick Pittsburg as the one best bet, because I think Clarke's aggression has a shade on the others if his pitching staff remains good. This is necessary, however, for if his twirlers fall down he cannot win, notwithstanding the good club he has."

"Last year his pitching staff had a bad season, and as I know the stuff is there, I figured that they would come back strong this season and pitch as good, if not better, than ever."

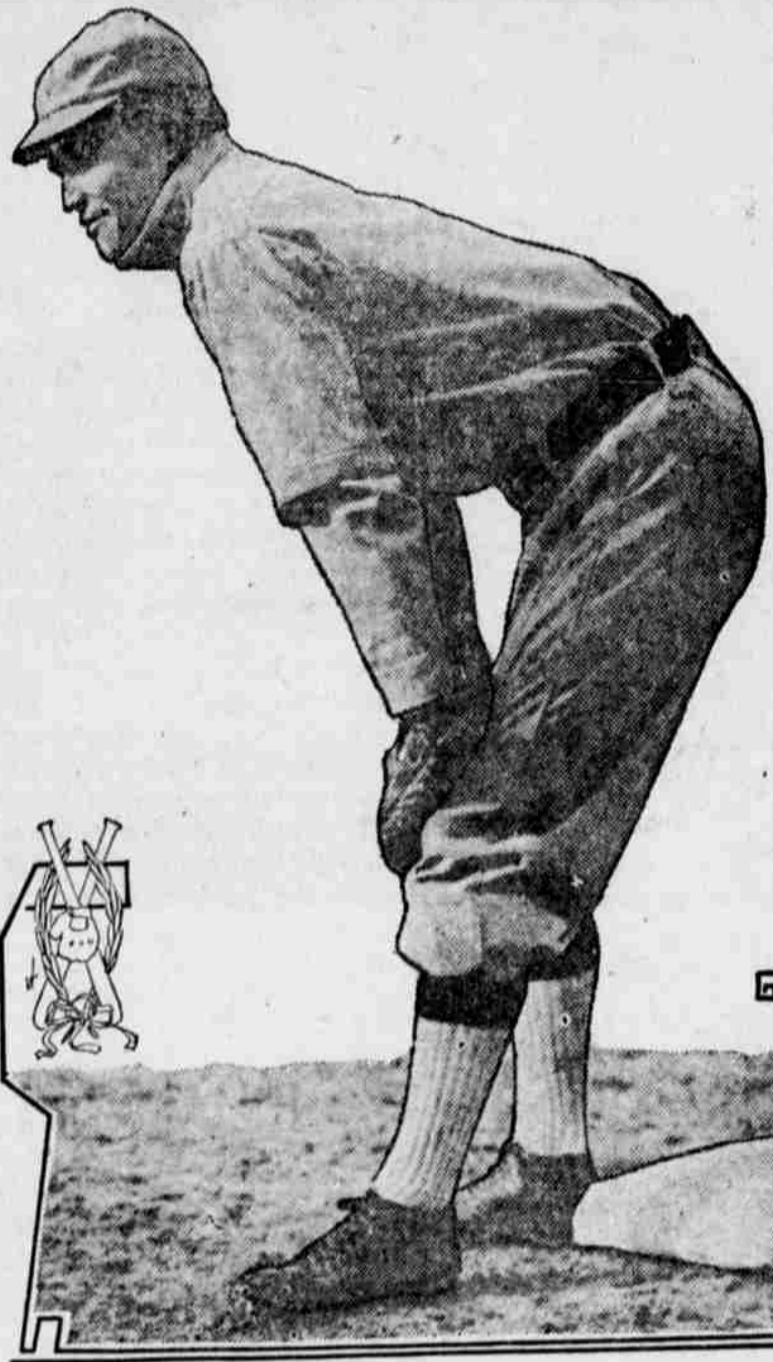
Isbell Hitting Hard.

Frank Isbell, owner of the Pueblo team in the Western league, is setting the ball hard and often, whenever he plays. His average for the season to date is .364, but Calles of his team is ahead of him on the list.

New Rule Works Well.

The American league's plan of relieving the umpires of the duty of announcing the batteries and changes has been very acceptable to the fans and a big improvement.

USE SACRIFICE ONLY IN CLOSE GAMES



Manager Stovall of Cleveland.

Manager Stovall, of the Naps, believes the sacrifice should be used only in close games.

"When the Nap pitcher is going good we will use the sacrifice and play for one run at a time, which is the safe and sure way," says George. "But when our pitching is not strong enough to hold the opposing team to a few runs we will play the hit and run, taking a chance on getting more runs than the other fellows. I believe it is a good plan to mix the attack under either of these conditions, but do not believe in mixing up the styles except when the opposing team can be caught napping."

Lebert's Expensive Hat.

Lebert wears one of the most expensive hats that can be found. It is a \$100 Panama that was sent him by a friend from India, and it is not a large size, either.

PICKS MACK'S TEAM TO WIN

Manager Doolin of Philadelphia Nationals, Thinks Athletics Will Land Pennant Again.

Manager Charles Doolin of the Philadelphia Nationals picks the Philadelphia Athletics to repeat and capture the American league and world's championship pennants. Modesty alone, it is understood, keeps Doolin from declaring that the Athletics' opponents in the world's series will be none other than the Philadelphia Nationals.

The honor of holding such a series has never come to one single city, except Chicago, but close friends say Doolin believes all the games will be played this year in Philadelphia.

"I believe the Athletics will be in first place in the American league before two weeks are over," he said, "and that when they take the lead



Manager Charles Doolin.

they will never be headed. With such pitchers and batters as Connie Mack has there is no reason to think his team can lose. Coombs, Bender and Plank are going in great shape now."

Justified in Cancelling Games.

The New York and Philadelphia American league clubs had exhibition games scheduled in Canton, O., for Sundays. They cancelled the games to play championship contests to Cleveland on the Sundays involved and the Canton club complained. The national commission has decided that the big leaguers were justified in cancelling.

New York Gets New Player.

The Giants are said to have purchased a new player, but he will not join the team until the end of the season. He is Arthur Bues, third baseman of the Seattle club of the Northwestern league. Bues is said to be a star.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

REASONS FOR LIQUOR HABIT

Taken to Cause Abnormal States of Consciousness and Resulting Temporary Pleasure.

It may be asked, "Why do men drink?" For the same reason that opium and hashish are taken—in order to cause abnormal states of consciousness because of the pleasure derived therefrom. Alcohol, severing the divine from the purely animal portion of our nature, leaves man an irresponsible animal, descending to purely sensuous, animal planes of existence, finds a temporary bliss in this experience.

It is peculiarly appropriate that our western intellectual civilization should have chosen this, of all drugs, which entirely destroys all true intellectuality, writes Dr. Axel E. Gibson in the New Voice. It is the unconscious application of the law of opposites, and we of the west select alcohol because it affords a transient relief from the intense strain which our civilization puts upon us. We do not know how to still the action of our restless brain-mind, by retiring within the recesses of our own spiritual nature and resting. Because of this ignorance, and of the absolute necessity at times for rest from intellectual labor, we thus descend into the animal kingdom instead of rising to spiritual planes. Refusing to ascend, we are compelled to descend. Ignoring the spiritual side of our nature, and stimulating the intellectual, alcohol affords a real, but transient and deadly relief from the pressure of this civilization whose god is gold.

The evil effects of alcohol are widespread and appalling. Upon society they are too well known to require comment. That alcohol is the chief factor in the production of crime, the record of our penal institutions proves conclusively. It also fills our asylums and almshouses, and hundreds of thousands of premature graves, with which it is not officially credited. Its manufacture and sale produces and employs a class of men utterly lost to all high influences.

What are the remedies for so gigantic an evil? They can only be found in right knowledge. Men must be taught the effect alcohol has upon both soul and body, and public opinion must be changed. The mental attitude of the race towards alcohol is wrong. The old, old remedy of changing the thoughts and the motives of men must be applied here. The people must be educated—must be made to think. And with right thought and right motive, this, one of the greatest evils of modern civilization, will disappear.

HARM IN MODERATE DRINKING

Blunts Man's Moral Perceptions and Destroys All the Finer Sentiments of His Nature.

The statement is frequently made that there is no harm in moderate drinking, and that a Christian may indulge to a certain extent without any detriment to his spirituality. We deny the assumption; it is utterly false. No Christian can live in communion with God and attain a high standard of piety who habitually indulges in strong drink, however moderately. It blunts a man's moral perceptions, impairs his moral convictions, obtunds sensitiveness of conscience, destroys all the finer sentiments of his better nature, drives all desire after holiness out of the heart, and expels from the soul that hungering after righteousness which is ever the characteristic of the earnest and aspiring Christian. Besides, it neutralizes a Christian's influence for good. No one has any confidence in the religion of the drinking Christian (?). But more than that; the example of the moderate drinker is more pernicious than that of the confirmed drunkard who reels along the street and falls into the gutter. It is not the example of the sot, but the example of the moderate drinker—often a church member—that encourages boys and young men to drink. The professing Christian who indulges in moderate drinking is a stumbling block over which young men will stumble and at last fall into a drunkard's grave.—Southern Christian Advocate.

God's Richest Blessings.

When one has nothing more to lose, when hopes are all beyond the grave, when we listen without terror to the ebblings and flowings of the tide of life and the rush of its storms—then, after the night, to us the day will come back, and after the tempest a great calm. We know then it is God's work, and that God loves us better than we can love ourselves. We know then that all our life is guided by him, so that we find consolation and contentment; and if we have those two things with us—consolation in all our sorrows and contentment in any loss—we have the richest blessings which God can give us.—Rev. Frederick W. Farrar.

Saloon is a Menace.

One drinking saloon in a community means rags and misery for some of its people, and sixty thousand saloons in the nation mean rags and misery multiplied sixty thousand times. Universal happiness and prosperity cannot exist in the same land with the saloon any more than peace and safety can exist in a sheep-fold when the wolf has entered it.—C. A. Stoddard.

Much Harm to Children.

It has been found that in one of the German districts the children receive no warm drink before coming to school, but only whisky or schnapps. Scrofula is very prevalent among them, and it is thought that lung tuberculosis will be added to this when the children grow up and become laborers.

OTTUMWA WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ottumwa, Iowa.—"For years I was almost a constant sufferer from female troubles in all its remedial forms; shooting pains all over my body, sick headache, spinal weakness, dizziness, depression, and everything that was horrible. I tried many doctors in different parts of the United States, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than all the doctors. I feel it my duty to tell you these facts. My heart is full of gratitude to you for my cure."—Mrs. HARRIET E. WAMPLER, 624 S. Ransom Street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Consider This Advice. No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous medicine, made only from roots and herbs, has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, confidential, and always helpful.

Easy. Knecker—How can you identify your umbrella? Boeker—By the man I took it from.

For HEADACHE—HICKS' CAPSULES. Whether from Cold, Heat, Stomach or Nervous Troubles, Capsules will relieve you. It's quick—pleasant to take—acts immediately. Try it. 10c., 25c., and 50c. cents at drug stores.

Pandemonium. "Nature know what she was doing when she deprived fishes of a voice." "How do you make that out?" "What if a fish had to cackle over every egg it laid?"

Lagging Behind. "Why are you loitering around here?" demanded the policeman. "You seem to have no object in view." "I'm out walking with my wife, officer. She's about 39 yards behind in a hobble skirt."

Might Help. Mrs. Willis (at the Ladies' Aid society)—Now, what can you do for the poor boys at the front? Mrs. Willis—I was reading today where the soldiers are always making sorties. Now, why can't we get the recipes for those things and make them ourselves and send them to the boys?—Puck.

FREE



A trial package of Munyon's Paw Paw Pills will be sent free to anyone on request. Address Professor Munyon, 532 & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. If you are in need of medical advice, do not fail to write Professor Munyon. Your communication will be treated in strict confidence, and your case will be diagnosed as carefully as though you had a personal interview.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, but they do grip, they do not weaken, but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. In my opinion constipation is responsible for most ailments. There are 36 feet of human bowels, which is really a sewer pipe. When this pipe becomes clogged, the whole system becomes poisoned, causing biliousness, indigestion and rheumatism blood, which often produce rheumatism and kidney ailments. No woman who suffers with constipation or any liver ailment can expect to have a clear complexion or enjoy good health. If I had my way I would prohibit the sale of nine-tenths of the cathartics that they now being sold for the reason that they soon destroy the lining of the stomach, setting up serious forms of indigestion, and so paralyze the bowels that they refuse to act unless forced by strong purgatives.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they cleanse the blood instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it.

These pills contain no calomel, no arsenic, they are soothing, healing, and stimulating. They school the bowels to act without physics.

Regular size bottle, containing 45 pills, 15 cents. Munyon's Laboratory, 532 & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia.

Associated with Thompson's Eye Water