

THE GIRL ACROSS THE AISLE.

A Break in Her Reserve, Then a Break in Her Nerves.

By ALOISE JOHNSON.
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High in the air apparently the train hung, an air filled with swirling, feathery flakes. Above, below, on all sides was snow. The whole world to all purposes had faded away, leaving the stilled express the center of a deadly, ghastly, unstable whiteness.

Helen Melrose turned from gazing hopelessly from the window to the comparative cheer of the Pullman car. As she did so she looked into the contemplative eyes of the man across the aisle and hastily carried her gaze on to the carved woodwork beyond his head, desperately restraining her inclination to bite her lip in annoyance.

The man across the aisle continued to watch Miss Melrose in the same contemplative manner.

She had first interested, then irritated him. Her extraordinary type of beauty had caught his eye, as if it did the eye of all who knew her for the first time—half of a sheer downright copper that was fairly alive in its bright waving, a white face unmarred by the tiny freckles that love to follow in the wake of hair verging on the red tones, lips as scarlet as those in a pictured face Knight had once seen, wondered at and disbelieved. And behind it all the girl had a mind of her own, as a glance into the wide brown eyes would convince one.

It was her calm independence that had brought irritation to supplant admiration in George Knight's breast. Unconsciously he expected helplessness, appealingness, in a woman. It ran counter to his sense of the correct order of things to have a girl so cheerfully able to look out for herself.

When he had boarded a train in Chicago he had instinctively put out a hand to assist the woman in front of him up the car steps, the porter being engaged. It was not till she turned her head briefly to thank him that he



THE TWO STOOD CLINGING TO ONE ANOTHER knew whether the woman were young or old, and the shock of Miss Melrose's queer beauty had been added to by the realization that her eyes were only coldly courteous, almost resentful.

For two days he had sat as near the girl as though they had been opposite one another at their own dinner table, yet they were miles apart. Other passengers chatted and exchanged reading matter and anecdotes of the country. The copper haired girl held aloof even from the women. But in spite of his exasperation the proud tilt of her head, the serenity of her level gaze, her entire self sufficiency, drew him. At the station where the train stopped some minutes he would meet her walking up and down the platform with her splendid gait.

"I expect," Knight told himself on one of these occasions, "that if the Goddess of Liberty took a walk she'd start off just that way!"

And now high up in the Rockies the blizzard had gripped them, and the train had stopped. The trainmen were beginning to get anxious, for the swirling drifts were so huge even the rotary plows were helpless. As Knight stood muffled on the back platform on one of his restless trips of observation the conductor stood beside him.

"If we don't get out of here tonight," he said grimly, "the whole train will be as neatly and completely covered over with snow, to say nothing of snowdrifts that may come, as though somebody had dug a hole in a snowbank and just dropped us in and covered us up again."

The dismal prophecy lingered in Knight's mind as he returned to his car. There were mutterings of weariness and worry from most of the delayed passengers. Only Miss Melrose remained apparently unaffected. She was reading a book with intense interest, having given up the desolate view from the windows as tiresome. Knight wondered, a little indignantly, if nothing would move her from her calm. And so when after an hour or so in the smoker Knight again tramped to the back platform he was surprised to find the girl, muffled in an ulster, leaning over the iron rail, straining her eyes through the white veil into the hidden valley below.

As she turned at his step something happened. All Knight knew was that he was being swamped, smothered, blinded by an icy, rushing blanket of snow and that he was holding the girl

in his arms, frantically bracing himself against the rail. When the slide finally swept itself away down the slope the two stood clinging to one another, gasping, beating the snow from eyes and noses.

"Are you hurt?" Knight asked anxiously. His ideal woman would be half fainting, frantic with fear. This wind blown, gasping creature actually laughed. Then she spoke to him for the first time, and her voice was riotous with mirth.

should be following the snowstorm down the mountain side! Thank you for preventing that unpleasant trip!" Knight laughed too. Her humor was infectious, if novel. He watched her sweep back into the warmth of the car with her free grace of movement, and again he was irritated. He hated being denied his manly right to protect womanhood in distress. Then he realized that the girl had not been in the least distressed, except momentarily. He wished savagely something would happen to bring forth the dependent side of her nature, if she possessed it. Then she would be perfect. And then he laughed a little sarcastically at his interest in a young woman whose name even he did not know.

The hours wore on, and the coal gave out, and the cars grew colder. Everybody vetoed the porter's efforts to make up the berths. The cross and uncomfortable passengers wrapped themselves in blankets and huddled in the corners of their seats. Nobody wanted to sleep when they knew not what minute the gale and an avalanche combined might sweep them from the track.

Knight watched Miss Melrose solicitously. It was at that hideous hour when the gray dawn makes everything its ugliest that Knight, to his unbelieveable amazement, saw Miss Melrose quietly crying.

Without volition he found himself swoop across the aisle.

"What is it?" he asked breathlessly. "She turned to him frankly. 'I've got no nerves,' she confessed, with a pitiful attempt at a smile that ended in a sob. 'I—I hate this awful snow—we'll never get out—I can't stand it another minute! And mother will be so frightened—and—and I believe my feet are freezing!'"

Here was a situation that Knight knew how to handle. The unbelievable joy of finding the Goddess of Liberty only feminine and human after all was almost swamped by his pleasure in finding she was pathetically glad to be cheered up and taken care of.

Bithly he fetched and carried and did wonders in the matter of hot coffee at 5 a. m.

Later in the day, when the staggering snowplows dug the train out and again the wheels creaked and the steam pipes sent out a saving warmth and everybody again beamed in relief, Knight sat beside the girl with the copper hair.

Now that she had melted in his direction, Knight told himself, her reserve was entirely proper and the attitude he would wish her to take to the rest of the masculine world. He had got that far in three days. And six weeks later he and the girl were traveling over the same route again—on their honeymoon.

No Money to Burn. "The meanest man we ever had in our town was Jake Bond," said Mr. Wilson, with an air of finality. "Yes, sir, he was the meanest. Ever hear what he used to do with the fire in his last days, when he was so riddled with rheumatism he couldn't get out?"

"No," said the new carpenter. "I haven't heard that yet."

"Time ye did," said Mr. Wilson. "an' I'll tell ye. He was so full o' rheumatism that the doctor allowed the only way he could get rid of any of his pain was to sit right in front of the fire, close to, and see if the heat wouldn't try some of the pain out o' his bones."

"Well, sir, he couldn't move round, so the woman that took care o' him would put his chair close to the fire, and there he'd sit. An' by his side he kep' a mop an' pail o' water, an' when he saw the fire getting a mite beyond the pint where he felt 'twas needed an' saw a real lively flame busting up he'd out with that mop from the pail and pour it right on to the stick o' wood that was too hot for him to do it. Yes, sir, here in Cedarville we considered him the cap sheaf for tightness; we certainly did."—Youth's Companion.

The Wind Prophets. The city man on the porch smoked and listened to the farm hand's talk. "Weather vane is wind indicators," said the farm hand, "but chickens and turkeys, by crims, is wind prophets."

"Come off," said the city man. "Gospel truth," declared the farm hand. "In a cam, when there ain't goin' to be no wind, the birds allus roost on the tree boughs with their heads alternatin' each way—No. 1 faces east, No. 2 west, No. 3 north, and so on. That's a sign of cam. But supposin' there's goin' to be a strong, high wind. Then they all roost, every mother's son of 'em, facin' it. Accordin' as they face so you can prophesy the wind will blow before mornin'."

"I figger it out," said the farm hand, "that in a cam the bunch faces different ways so as to look out for danger better. But if it's goin' to blow in the night then they face the blow so's they can best hang on to their perch. What I can't figger out, though, is how in the mischief they smell that wind five or six hours before it's due."—New York Press.

The Word "Wallop." The origin of the familiar vernacular verb "to wallop" is not generally known. It comes from the family name of the earls of Portsmouth. Sir John Wallop, K. G., was admiral commander in the reign of King Henry VIII. of the fleet which avenged French raids by burning French ships and twenty-one French villages. This was called, in the current parlance of the times, "walloping" them, and the phrase passed into the language and still survives.

A Convenient Topic. "I wonder what persuaded Mr. Bliggins to believe in reincarnation?" "The fact," replied Miss Cayenne, "that so few people know anything about it. It enables him to have the conversation almost entirely to himself."—Washington Star.

A Man's Birthday. We do not know whence a man comes nor whether he goes, yet we choose his birth or death day to celebrate his recurring century. We should choose his day of achievement.—London Saturday Review.

THE CUCKOO.

Curious Superstitions That Are Connected With the Bird.

There is a popular belief that whatever one is doing when first one hears the cuckoo that will be what one will most frequently do during the year.

In many parts of Scotland and in the northern counties of England people turn their money in their pockets on hearing the first call of the cuckoo, as this, they say, insures a lucky year. In this, they bordering in Wales not only do they do this, but they also have a wish at the same time, this wish being kept secret, of course. To have a gold coin in one's pocket when the cuckoo's call is first heard insures good luck for the rest of the year. The German peasants declare that after St. John's day the bird changes into a sparrow hawk.

The Danes have a curious legend regarding this bird. When the village girls hear its first call they kiss their hands and repeat, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be married?" As many times as the bird calls "cuckoo" in answer, so many years will the maiden have to wait. The old folk, bent and bowed with rheumatism and age, ask instead, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be released from this world's cares?" and the answer comes in the same way. So occupied is the poor bird in answering these questions, say the Danes, that she never has time to build her nest, so is forced to lay her eggs in the nest of another bird.—Planet.

POSITION FOR SLEEP.

A Variety of Opinions Among Eminent French Medical Men.

A number of eminent French medical men have given their opinion to the *Matin* of Paris on what they consider the healthiest position for sleep. Dr. Delorme, army medical inspector, declares that the natural position is to lie flat on one's back. Professor Debone and Dr. Davaudier of the School of Hygiene are of the same opinion and point out that lying on either side causes pressure of the arm, which may eventually bring about paralysis. Dr. Landouzy of the medical faculty says that the best position is the most comfortable position, and this is acquired by habit. It would be well, however, to accustom oneself to sleep on the right side. Dr. Letulle of the Medical academy maintains emphatically that the sleeper should always lie on the right side and thus avoid indigestion and heart troubles.

A Diplomatist at Home.

Mrs. Rawson has a dozen dresses handsomer than the only good one I've got," a young wife complained to her husband, who, a domestic diplomatist, merely remarked: "Of course. A homely woman like that needs plenty of rich gowns to draw attention from her face. Dress cannot heighten your charms, my dear!"—London Mail.

Helpful Child.

Caller—My, what a big girl you are getting to be! You'll soon be able to help your mother about the house. Ethel—Oh, I do that already. When ever she says "For goodness' sake, get out of my way!" I do it.—Philadelphia Press.

A Deduction.

Maudie—How old is Grace? May—At least twenty-five. Maudie—How do you know? May—I heard her say that no girl ought to marry before she was twenty-six.—Cleveland Leader.

The Fighting Editor.

The fighting editor is no joke in Paris. There, if a paper calls a man a liar or a thief, the man takes it seriously, and, visiting the office, he demands a retraction of a fight. It is the fighting editor who receives him. The fighting editor sits in a Louis Seize study, smoking a cigarette and reading a novel with a yellow cover. He is faultlessly dressed in deep black—the duelist's color. The ribbon of the Legion of Honor is in his buttonhole. His brilliant eyes and clear skin proclaim his perfect condition. His alert, supple carriage shows his military training. The fighting editor never writes a line, but is responsible personally for every word in the paper every day. On a plain, outspoken sheet like *Le Matin*, which keeps him pretty busy, his salary is very large—\$40 a week or so. A conservative journal like *Le Temps*, having little use for a fighting editor, pays the man no more than \$20.—Exchange.

Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer.—Young.

MODERN TROGLODYTES.

The Matmatas, the Cave Dwellers of Tunisia, Africa.

One of the strangest of capital cities is that of the troglodytes, or Matmatas, the cave dwellers of Tunisia, Africa. It contains about 3,000 inhabitants, and the principle of its architecture is to dig into the earth rather than to build upon it. These troglodytes are to be found between the town of Gabes, on the Tunisian coast, and the sand hills of the Sahara. The country is a high, rocky plateau, barren, sun baked and swept by the sirocco. When a Matmata wants a new dwelling he chooses his spot, traces a circle and then digs until he has reached the desired depth, which varies according to the number of stories he requires.

The rooms consist of caves hollowed out in the sides of the circular pit, the bottom of which forms a patio, or courtyard, which is the usual feature of a Moorish house. Besides the rooms, a passage is also dug, communicating with the outside world, and a door is made at the outer end.

The soil, which is a kind of malleable clay, is easily cut and lends itself well to excavation. The roof of each room requiring no support as long as it is arched. These underground dwellings are not damp.—Chicago News.

EXTINCT.

"Bessie," said the teacher of the class which taught all about birds—in the school prospectus it was called the "ornithological division"—"give me the name of one bird which is now extinct."

Bessie wrinkled her brows. "What's extinct, please?" she asked. "No longer existent," explained the teacher. "Can you name one?"

"Yes," piped Bessie readily. "Dick." "Dick—Dick?" repeated the teacher. "And what kind of bird is a 'Dick,' please?"

"Our canary," answered Bessie. "The cat extirpated him."

Marquis.

The designation marquis is the second in the five orders of English nobility. The term originally indicated persons who had the care of the marches of a country. The word marches is the plural of mark, which in its political sense signifies boundaries. Such were the lands on the borders of England and Scotland and of England and Wales.

Early Football Players.

Football was for many years the national game of Florence. The season was from January to March, and the ladies and gentlemen of Florence and the populace as well were wont to assemble on the Piazza Santa Gioce to witness the game, which was called "calcio," from the word meaning "to kick." The last game was played in 1739.

Old Names For Guns.

As the use of artillery became more common and the advantages of portability and a greater rapidity of fire were recognized, guns, except among the orientals, became smaller, but of better workmanship and construction. Inventors began to try their hands at all sorts of improvements or attempts at improvement, and in the course of a hundred years or so the number of different pieces of cannon, large and small, muzzle or breechloading, was simply legion. There were cannon, cannon royal and demi-cannon, three or four classes of culverins, bombardiers, mortars, perriers, serpentes, cartouches, curtails, passevolants or zebra-tanas, basilisks, orgues, sakers, minions, mojanas, falcons and falconets, robinets, fowlers, bases, slings, portpieces, murderers, drakes, aspics, double dogs and lagtors, to say nothing of ribadoquins, flying dragons and partridge mortars.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The greatest tattle-tale in the world is a woman's age when it begins to tell on her.—Philadelphia Record.

A CRUMB OF BREAD.

Its Effect on the Tip of a Vivacious Woman's Nose.

"Isn't it terrible," said the society woman, "what a tiny thing can prove a tragedy to poor, self vaunting mankind! A speck almost invisible in the eye of an athlete may disempower him utterly and render him as helpless as a baby. And a lost hairpin or the breaking of a buckle may transform the most smartly groomed woman into an object of amusement to all observers."

"At a dinner I attended not long ago a lady sitting opposite me lodged in some inexplicable manner a large crumb of bread directly on the end of her nose without being conscious of the fact, and there it remained. The ludicrous effect was beyond the power of words to describe or of human visibilities to resist. She is an extremely vivacious woman, generous with smiles and little bows and motions of her head, and as she chatted gaily with those about her it was impossible for us to restrain our unseemly mirth. Naturally she thought this was caused by her remarks, and she continued to toss off jests with a lightsome air. We were all in agony, but no one summoned courage to tell her, each of us preferring to leave that kindly act to another. After a time she addressed a remark to her husband, who sat next to her and had been devoting himself to the lady at his other side. He turned to look at his wife, and in an instant a clever touch of his napkin removed the offending fragment, but I can never forget it as long as I live."—New York Press.

Stopped by Three Quick Shots.

He was spinning along at a high speed when he came upon a drove of mules in charge of a man on horseback who carried a rifle on a scabbard. Instead of bringing the automobile to a stop when he came upon the mules, Mr. Davis sped right past them, causing a stampede. A moment later three quick reports of a rifle were heard, and the automobile's two rear tires collapsed.

"The bullets knocked the machine completely out of commission," Mr. Davis said in telling of the affair. "The man with the mules got his stray animals together and continued with them down the road. I knew that they were right, so I didn't try to round him up."

A man from Ohio opened a real estate office at Sweetwater recently and bought a big automobile in which to convey customers over the country. He had an experience on his first trip that taught him a lesson.

He had four Missouri land prospectors in his automobile and was on the way to look at some land about forty miles south of Sweetwater. In order to make a short cut to the property he was crossing a big pasture. In the distance could be seen large numbers of cattle which were being driven by cowboys.

"None of you men ever saw a cattle roundup, did you?" inquired the real estate dealer.

There was a chorus of answers in the negative.

"Well, that's what's going on over there. I'll just run you over to the place and we'll watch 'em awhile."

Bullets Whizzed Around the Wheels.

The automobile was headed in the direction of the gathering herd of cattle and soon attracted the attention of the cowboys. They gesticulated at the auto, but the signs were not understood by those at whom they were directed. The cattle were beginning to snort and were on the verge of a stampede when two of the cowboys pulled their six shooters and began to fire at the automobile. The bullets whizzed around the wheels.

"Here!" yelled one of the land prospectors to the real estate dealer. "Get us out of here quick!"

The real estate man wanted to get away from the scene as badly as his companions, and he lost no time in turning the automobile around and spinning away as fast as the machine could go.

Many of the ranch bronchos are not used to automobiles, and when one of these animals is being ridden by a cowboy and comes upon an automobile in the road the chauffeur who knows the customs of the region stops and keeps the machine quiet until the horse and rider have gone by and are a safe distance on the other side.—New York Sun.

SHOOTING UP AUTOS.

Unwritten Rules Which Texas Cowboys Rigidly Enforce.

PERMIT NO UNDUE LIBERTIES

How Automobiles Are Stopped in a Hurry When Cowboys Think They Have Been Unfairly Treated—Exciting Experience of a Real Estate Dealer.

There are certain unwritten rules that must be rigidly observed by automobilists in the ranch region of western Texas in the vicinity of Brady. The joy rider soon comes to grief in that part of the United States.

The automobile is in general use in the range territory, but the cowboys do not permit any undue liberties to be taken in running the machines. The shooting up of automobiles by cowboys is a common practice. This method of bringing an automobile to a stop is not used unless the cowboy thinks that he has not been treated with proper consideration.

An instance occurred near Brady, Tex., a few days ago. Dick Davis started from Brady on a thirty mile trip to his ranch in Concho county. He was driving his automobile himself and had no passenger. He was in a hurry to reach the ranch and did not observe the rules of the road as laid down in that part of the country.

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G. A. R. POST IN ENGLAND.

New York State Department Commander to Establish It at Oldham.

Joseph E. Ewell of Buffalo, department commander of the G. A. R., state of New York, sailed for England the other day to establish the first G. A. R. post in England. Mr. Ewell was designated by his department to institute the post in Oldham, England, the order following the submission of a petition from twenty residents of that place asking that this be done.

The Oldham post will not only be the first in England, but it will be the first in Europe. At the present time there are only six Grand Army posts outside of the United States. They are at Hamilton, London, Toronto and Montreal, in Canada; Peru, in South America, and Honolulu.

President Taft in Shadowgraph. Outlined in shadow cast on one of the pillars of the portico of White House by another pillar a number of persons recently observed a striking likeness of President Taft. It was a profile and so perfect that any one who ever saw Mr. Taft would at once recognize it. If an artist had painted a perfect profile of the president on the pillar it could not have been better. All who saw it were startled at the striking resemblance.

Animals and Electricity. Man has much greater power of electrical resistance or much less susceptibility than many other animals. A leech placed upon a copper plate which rests upon a larger plate of zinc is unable to crawl off on account of the feeble electric action excited by the contact of the metals. Horses are troubled by slight differences of potential. An ox treated for rheumatism with electricity succumbed to a current absolutely inoffensive to man.

There are no small steps in great affairs.—De Rietz.

CHIEF TARIFF EXPERT

How an Army Officer Became Aldrich's Greatest Helper.

WAS DINGLEY'S SECRETARY.

Revision Work Major Herbert Lord Did Twelve Years Ago Won Him His Military Commission—Said to Know More About the Tariff Than Any Other Living Man.

The brand "U. S. army" will have to be placed somewhere on the new tariff bill by reason of the highly important contribution of Major Herbert M. Lord, U. S. A., to the work of preparing it.

That an army officer should be the chief of all the tariff experts of the great committee on finance has been the occasion for a good many jokes since the bill came from committee. Senator J. P. Dooliver painted a thrilling word picture of Major Lord, endorsed in a private office in the senate office building, his name on the floor, arrayed in all the bravery and panoply of war, flaring percentages and counting the threads in square inches of cotton fabrics. While it seems a bit funny, the fact is that Major Lord knows more about tariff than any other man now extant. More than that, instead of his army training making him a tariff expert, his tariff expertness made him an army officer.

Possessor of a Wonderful Memory. Major Lord's career as a tariff expert began about fourteen years ago. He was a Maine man and became secretary of Governor Dingley about two years before the Dingley revision was taken up. He developed great aptitude for the work, having a great "head for figures" and a memory which everybody admitted couldn't be beaten. He had no notion of becoming a soldier. In anticipation of the revision which was coming on he set about studying tariff. He learned the story of all the schedules and tariff acts from the beginning, read the debates and affiliated with the customs experts till he knew all they did and remembered every word and decimal point of it all.

So by the time the Dingley bill had become law Lord was recognized by both Dingley and Aldrich, as well as by Allison and the rest of its makers, as the greatest living aggregation of accurate tariff information. President McKinley had come to know and like him; in fact, knew him quite well before he was elected president.

Excellent Record in the Philippines.

After the tariff act had passed President McKinley indicated a desire to do something for Mr. Lord. The Spanish war came on, and Lord was offered a commission as captain paymaster and sent to the Philippines. There his service was excellent. His accounts were always accurate and complete, and he won promotion to a majority on his merits. He was quietly pursuing his army career when the revision of 1909 became imminent, and Senator Aldrich sent for him. Could he help out the finance committee again? Certainly. Did he think he had preserved such accurate recollection of all those detailed transactions of twelve years ago as would be reliable and secure? Of course he had. He demonstrated right away that he knew the old tariff law in every detail. That settled it. He was detailed by the army people to the special service of helping to make the tariff bill and became the alter ego of Senator Aldrich.

"What sort of bill are you going to make?" an old friend asked him soon after he had settled down to work. "You were here when we made the last one?" he countered.

"Yes, I was."

"Do you recollect what sort that was?"

"It's generally understood to have been of the upward style," was the reply.

"Well," Major Lord replied, "that's the only kind I know how to write. Wait and see how it comes out."

And the friend to whom he made that observation is luzzing it around as the evidence that if justice were done to everybody in tariff making affairs this bill would be known as the Lord bill.—Washington Cor. New York Telegram.

Pleasant Reward Proffered.

Ralph Willis of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., recently found a wallet containing \$3,000, and when he returned it to the owner he was offered as a reward a vacation trip of his own choosing through the United States. He has not decided whether to accept the reward offered or not.

Little minds are too much wounded by little things; great minds see all and are not even hurt.—La Rochefoucauld.

It must have been tough on the people of the stone age when they tried to turn over a new leaf.—Pittsburg Press.

SOMETHING NEW!

A Reliable TIN SHOP

For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work.

Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

PRICES THE LOWEST!

QUALITY THE BEST!

JOHN HIXSON

NO. 119 E. FRONT ST.

A New Delight— Foods Shot from Guns

There are myriads of homes where these foods are not new—these delicious Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

The people who know them are already serving seventeen million dishes per month.

But to millions of others these foods remain a new and unknown delight. And to those this appeal is addressed.

The appeal is to try one package—just for the children's sake.

Puffed Wheat—10c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is his curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Serve it tomorrow morning. Listen to what they say. Then ask them what food they want next.

Wheat and rice are common foods, prepared in numerous ways. See if this way is best.

We make all sorts of cereal foods, so it matters little to us which kind you prefer.

But it means much to you to get the food that you like best. See if Puffed Wheat is that food.

Puffed Rice—15c