

THE YELLOW GOURD BANK.

The Riches It Received at the Cost of a Great Sacrifice.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.

"Nick," said Mr. Jim Conway, interrupting the tune he was whistling to address the man who rode beside him, "I hain't felt so much like a boy in years!"

"Nor me either," returned Mr. Nicholas Nickerson, also breaking off in the midst of a whistled tune. "I feel like I'd jest broke out of a cage."

They were rough bearded, carelessly dressed men with sun browned faces and toll hardened hands, but they were as happy as kings in purple and fine linen. They were going home.

For almost one-half their lives they had called wherever they happened to be in the west "home," but now they were on their way back to the place where they were born.

"Queer," said Conway slowly, "that the longer a man stays away from the old home neighborhood the better he likes it. When I left I was so tired of them simple old scenes that I thought I hated 'em. But now—"

He paused, half ashamed to tell his comrade more.

"Yes," agreed Nickerson; "after awhile every old tree an' rock an' slope an' meadow that he ort to have forgotten long ago kinder—kinder seems like a brother."

"A man gets kinder hungry to see 'em again," said Conway.

"Yep; kinder hungry."

They said no more for some time after that, but did not resume their whistling.

"Wonder if anybody 'll know us till we tell 'em who we are?" said Nickerson after awhile.

"Doubtful; mobby not then. Most of the old timers are gone, an' the younger ones won't know us. But the old hills an' streams an' crooks in the road won't be strangers."

"No. Kinder queer, but I've thought more about them than about the people—none of mine are left now, you know."

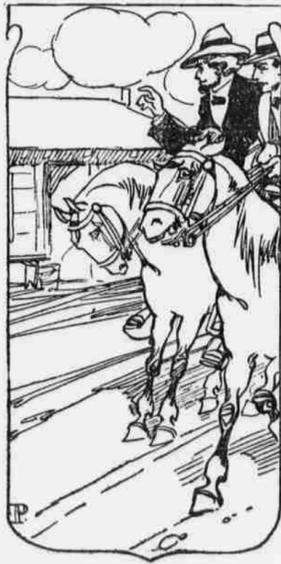
"Nor mine," said Conway. "Father, mother and brother dead and two sisters married and gone."

The sun was dropping behind a bank of heavy clouds slowly rising from above the western edge of the prairie when they reached a homestead claim and rode along its fence of barbed wire toward a weather beaten little home near the farther corner.

The fence was overgrown in places with last summer's weeds, and here and there a post lopped over, rotted off at the bottom, but partially upheld by the tension of the wire.

Yet in that weather beaten little house dwelt a capitalist, the sole proprietor of a bank and treasure therein.

The bank, which sat beside a crazy old clock on a shelf made of the side



CONWAY AND NICKERSON DREW REIN.

of a soap box, was a small, pudgy yellow gourd that stood up on its larger end and had a slit beside its stem for the introduction of deposits.

In it was a capital of 11 cents.

The capitalist was Jackson Bascom, over whose towed head almost four years had passed. Ten cents of the money had been tossed before him by a passing horseman, who had seen the old manish looking baby perched on the low top bar that helped to fill a gap in the wire fence and wanted to see "the little fellow smile a dime's worth," as he expressed it.

Jackson had tumbled from the bar with a shout, picked up the two nickels and put them into the gourd bank with the penny which had been the bank's sole capital for many a day before that.

It was a little more than a week after the time of the bank's great increase in capital when Conway and Nickerson drew rein before the weather beaten little house.

Jackson had been perched upon the bar until within a quarter of an hour of their arrival. He had been startled from his perch by a cry of alarm from Lyddy in the house. Poor, weak, worn, hopeless Mrs. Bascom had fallen in something very like a faint.

When, a little later, Conway and

Nickerson rode up to the barway the cloud wall that had risen from the west was halfway across the sky and dusk was falling.

"Rain in ten minutes," said Conway laconically.

They tied their horses to the posts, swung themselves over the low bars and advanced to the house.

The door was open, and the men saw the children gathered about the fainting woman. There were Lyddy, an old faced, anxious looking girl of twelve or thirteen; Jimmy and Johnny, grave little fellows of about ten and eight, and Jackson, the capitalist.

Lyddy had bathed her mother's wau face with cool water, and Jimmy and Johnny were fanning her with their tattered straw hats. Jackson stood back and looked solemnly on, and his distress was none the less great because he was not crying.

"Can we do anything?" asked Conway as the two looked in at the door.

"I am better now," said Mrs. Bascom weakly, but gratefully, raising her head from the shabby old lounge where the children had placed her. "It will soon pass away; it always does."

"If we can do anything"—began Nickerson slowly.

"Won't you come in?" invited Mrs. Bascom, with a feeble attempt to be hospitable. "Lyddy, set chairs for the gentlemen."

The dusk was fast deepening. The cloud wall had spread across the sky, and a few great drops of the coming storm were plashing down.

"Much obliged to you, mom," returned Conway, "but if we can't be of any help we'll ride on. Is there any place near here where we can get accommodations for the night?"

"The nearest house is two miles away," said Mrs. Bascom. "You can't ride on in the storm. You are welcome to put your horses in the barn and stop here."

The men made a show of remonstrance.

"We needn't eat much," Nickerson whispered to his comrade, "an' we can pay for what we git."

The horses were hardly under shelter before the rain increased to a down-pour.

"Where," began Conway—"that is, is your husband comin' home soon?"

"He is dead," answered Mrs. Bascom.

By this time she was able to sit up on the rude lounge.

"Lyddy," she said, "set out a bite for the gentlemen to eat. We haven't got much, but you're welcome to what there is."

"Thank ye, mom," returned Conway awkwardly.

The children were shy at first, but when the frugal meal was over and the men were sitting back from the table while Lyddy cleared it off little Jackson advanced gravely and climbed on Conway's knee.

"W'ere you doin', mister?" he asked.

"I wish, Jackson?" said his mother.

"Oh, jest leave 's tell us not, mom!" said Conway. "Me an' Nickerson are on our way back to the old Indiana home we left twenty-five years ago."

"What part of Indiana?" asked the widow, with pitiful eagerness.

"Green county—Spencerville."

The woman's eager look faded away.

"We are from Burtis," she said.

"An' we're doin' back dere pretty soon," spoke up Jackson cheerfully.

"That so, mom?" asked Conway heartily. "That's good!"

"I—I—we"—began the widow weakly.

She glanced at the children, and there was an undercurrent of hopelessness in her low voice that told the men that, though she did not wish to destroy the hope of the children, she felt little for herself.

road never came. When the claim became his own Bascom mortgaged it and dribbled away the proceeds.

By and by he died, leaving a broken down, heartick woman and half helpless children.

The future held but little promise for them. Before long the mortgage on the homestead would fall due, and they knew from the first that they would not be able to satisfy it. The home would have to go.

Mrs. Bascom had longed to return to the old home state, at first hopefully, then doubtfully, and at last in dreary hopelessness. The longing at last became almost a monomania with the poor woman.

When one's heart is full of a beloved subject one must talk of it, and the



FUMBLING FOR A MOMENT WITH THE GOURD BANK.

mother told the children if it till they longed to go almost as ardently as she did.

Though she had hoped long, her courage and strength gave way slowly as her health declined.

"I have wanted to go for so long," she said, concluding the story. "But now"—She ended with a sigh.

The two strangers understood how much of real heroism there was in that simple recital and were silent when it was done.

Then little Jackson woke up and began to examine again the wonderful knife with great interest. To divert the thoughts of the others as much as possible Nickerson displayed and explained the mechanism of the knife, exposing the cork-screw, opening out the hook for removing stones from horses' hoofs, revealing the tweezers, the saw blade, the file and the screw-driver.

Jackson alternately whooped with delight and stared in mute amazement. Then he suddenly held out the gourd bank to Nickerson and reached for the knife.

"Me'll trade wid you," he said.

Trade his bank and its treasures, almost sufficient in his eyes to take them to Indiana, for the wonderful knife which he wanted so badly! Poor little fellow!

"I—wait till mornin', Jackson," said Nickerson. "We'll see about it then."

When Jackson was packed away in his little trundle bed the knife went with him.

After the men had retired to the pallet that Lyddy spread on the floor they talked in tones so low that the occupants of the other room did not hear them.

"She won't live long unless she goes," said Conway.

"Nobody thar'll know us or keer anything about us," said Nickerson.

They said but few words more. They lay very still for a long time, and the other occupants of the little house did not hear them when they arose, just before the east was turning gray. They donned their garments and then, in the dimness of the room, Nickerson handed Conway something which he had taken out of his pocket and passed out of the house as noiseless as possible.

Conway took something from his own pocket and, tiptoeing and feeling his way to the table, wrote in the darkness a few words with a stub of pencil on a scrap of paper. Then he made his way to the clock shelf and fumbled for a moment with the gourd bank.

Then he stepped softly to the door and passed out into the drizzle and through the barway, beyond which Nickerson was holding their horses. They mounted and rode away in the dreary rain—back to the westward, in the direction from which they had come.

"Nobody 'd know us thar anyhow!" said Conway after awhile in a gruff way.

"Nor keer about us!" returned Nickerson.

When morning dawned the light shining in through the little window of the weather beaten house fell upon little Jackson sleeping in the trundle bed with Nickerson's wonderful knife still clutched in his hand, and in the other room the light revealed a corner of green paper sticking out through the slit in the gourd bank.

The Bascoms discovered it before long and looked into the bank. The little gourd was carefully stuffed with greenbacks and national banknotes—the money which Jim Conway and Nick Jackson had hoarded to take them back to Indiana.

As the money was pulled out a scrap of dirty white paper appeared. On it was written in Conway's rude hand: "To take you back home. God bless you!"

CALL OF THE WEST

Sounded by Governor Johnson of Minnesota,

TIME TO THROW OFF SHACKLES

He Says States of Far West and Southwest Should Rise in Their Might and Claim Share of Influence.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 4.—"It is time that the west threw off the shackles of the east. I would preach no sectional divisions and no sectional strifes, but Minnesota and Washington and the states between them, with those to the south of us, should rise in their might and claim for themselves that fair share of influence in the halls of congress and in the administration of national affairs to which they are entitled by every law of common sense as well as of political economy."

This was the declaration of Governor John A. Johnson in his address at the Minnesota day celebration at the Seattle exposition.

"We as an integral part of the American people should cast our influence and our votes not only to advance the material interests of our own particular section, but we should be broad enough and big enough to labor for the common good of our common country," said the governor.

"We have in the states west of the Mississippi the undoubted balance of power, no matter under what name the national administration at Washington exists. In the years that have passed our population and our material wealth have not enjoyed that representation to which they are entitled, and, furthermore, our leaders have been content to follow in no small measure the leadership of men who represent relatively small constituencies and smaller commonwealths."

The speaker declared that the "call of the west," among other things, was the call for patriotism and progress, for emancipation from every form of old world and new world caste and privilege, from the tyranny of wealth and birth, and alike from the domination of the trust and political machine.

"Fifty years of national folly in the enactment of navigation laws and high protective tariffs have crippled American shipping until over 90 per cent of our Atlantic commerce is carried in foreign bottoms," said Governor Johnson.

LITTLE GIRL KIDNAPED.

Woman Said to Have Started West With Eight-year-old Child.

Sharon, Pa., Aug. 4.—Rosella Neff, eight years old, has been kidnaped from the home of her grandparents, supposedly by an older sister. The woman is said to have started west with the child.

The chief of police here communicated with the Cleveland authorities ordering the arrest of the woman if she was located in that city. The sister lives in Kansas.

FINE GIFTS FOR ROOSEVELT.

British East Africa Officials Entertain Him at Public Banquet.

Nairobi, British East Africa, Aug. 4.—Theodore Roosevelt and his son Kermit were the guests of honor at a public banquet given in Nairobi. Frederick J. Jackson, governor of British East Africa, was chairman, and 175 persons sat down at the table. Captain Sanderson, town clerk of Nairobi, read an address of welcome to the former president of the United States and afterward handed him the address, which was inclosed in a section of elephant tusk mounted in silver and with a silver chain.

The American residents of the protectorate presented Mr. Roosevelt with a tobacco box made of the hoof of a rhinoceros, silver mounted; the skull of a rhinoceros, also mounted in silver, and a buffalo head.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Closing Stock Quotations.

Money on call opened at 2 per cent, highest 2, lowest 1 1/2, closing 1 1/2 per cent.
Most of the day's loans were made at 2 per cent. Closing prices of stocks were:
Amal. Copper... 85 1/2
Atchison... 119
B. & O... 119 1/2
Brooklyn R. T. E. ... 81 1/2
Ches. & Ohio... 75 1/2
C. C. & St. L... 75 1/2
D. & H... 115 1/2
Erie... 37 1/2
Gen. Electric... 172
Ill. Central... 154 1/2
Int. Met. N. Y... 15
Louis. & N. O... 140 1/2
Manhattan... 144 1/2
Missouri Pac... 75 1/2
N. Y. Central... 140 1/2
N. W. Union... 75

Market Reports.

WHEAT—Contract grade, August, \$1.06 1/2.

CORN—No. 2, yellow, for local trade, 75 1/2¢.

OATS—No. 2, white, natural, 65¢.

BUTTER—Unsettled; receipts, 20,481 packages; creamery, special, 27¢ (official 27¢); extras, 25 1/2¢; thirds to firsts, 25 1/2¢; state dairy, common to finest, 25 1/2¢; process, firsts to special, 25 1/2¢; western, factory, 25 1/2¢; imitation creamery, 22 1/2¢.

CHEESE—Steady; receipts, 10,222 boxes; state, new, full cream, special, 14 1/2¢; small, colored, fancy, 14¢; large, colored, fancy, 14¢; small, white, fancy, 14¢; good to prime, 13 1/2¢; common to fair, 12 1/2¢; skims, full to special, 12 1/2¢.

EGGS—Firm; receipts, 11,074 cases; state, Pennsylvania and nearby, hennery, white, 30 1/2¢; gathered, white, 30 1/2¢; hennery, brown and mixed, fancy, 29 1/2¢; gathered, brown, fair to prime, 29 1/2¢; western, extra firsts, 28 1/2¢; firsts, 27 1/2¢; seconds, 26 1/2¢.

DRESSED POULTRY—Irrregular; broilers, nearby, fancy, squab, per pair, 40¢; 3 lbs. to pair, per lb., 20¢; western, dry picked, 15 1/2¢; scalded, 15 1/2¢; fowls, barrel, 15 1/2¢; old roosters, 12 1/2¢; spring ducks, nearby, 15 1/2¢; squabs, white, per doz., 35 1/2¢; frozen broilers, milk fed, fancy, per lb., 20¢; corn fed, fancy, 17 1/2¢; roasting chickens, milk fed, 15 1/2¢; corn fed, 15 1/2¢; geese, No. 1, 14¢.

HAY AND STRAW—Steady; timothy, per hundred, 80¢; alfalfa, 75¢; clover, 70¢; mixed, 65¢; oat and wheat, 40¢; small bales, 75¢; less.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE ILL.

Burlington Hawkeye Humorist, Now a Pastor, Leaves Duties. Los Angeles, Aug. 4.—Dr. Robert J. Burdette, the humorist, formerly of the Burlington Hawkeye, and pastor of the Temple Baptist church here, is seriously ill at his cottage at Clifton.



ROBERT J. BURDETTE, by-the-Sen. He has not fully recovered from a severe injury to the spine which he sustained in a fall last March.

Dr. Burdette was to have returned to his pastorate Aug. 15, but will be unable to do so. He said that his resignation was in the hands of the church trustees.

TROOPS MARCH ON SABADELL.

Ordered to Show No Mercy to Spanish Rebels.

Madrid, Aug. 4.—A column of troops composed of artillery, cavalry and infantry is marching on Sabadell, ten miles from Barcelona, where the insurgents are holding out, with orders to repress mercilessly any resistance that may be encountered.

The general strike at Madrid and Bilbao has failed owing to the precautionary measures taken by the authorities.

The outbreak at Barcelona was a result of a Republican plot, which was timed to coincide with a general strike throughout Spain scheduled for Aug. 2. The movement at Barcelona was premature. The plot was betrayed to the government, which was able to block the efforts of the organizers at Bilbao, Madrid, Alicante and elsewhere.

BANK CASHIER CONFESSES.

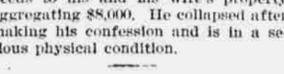
Collapses After Telling Directors He Has Embezzled \$26,000.

Southern Pines, N. C., Aug. 4.—G. A. Kimball, cashier of the Citizens' bank, confessed to the directors of the bank to the embezzlement of \$26,000 of the institution's funds.

Kimball turned over to the bank deeds to his and his wife's property aggregating \$8,000. He collapsed after making his confession and is in a serious physical condition.

The Raspberry Crop.

Do not weaken the growth of red raspberries by cutting back the canes this year. Wait until next year, then cut back to three feet. It will be necessary to pass through the plantation of blackcap raspberries several times



SPRIG OF HERBERT RASPBERRIES.

to catch the plants at the proper height. Varieties of this class should seldom be headed higher than two feet. This secures stocky plants, and when the internals are cut back the following spring a strong, healthy plant is formed, from which the crop is easily picked. A fine sprig of raspberries is shown in the cut. The berries are known as the Herbert class.



Why Not?

Grandpa likes to kiss wee Sallie. She says no. Says his whiskers, thick and bushy, Prick her so.

Grandpa's head is soft and shiny On the top. Where the hair began to thin and Would not stop.

Grandpa kisses. Sallie questions, So 'tis said. "Grandpa, why not put your whiskers On your head?" —Chicago Record-Herald.

Careless Charles. "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "what is a piker?"

"A piker is a man who starts with a shoestring and tries to run it up into a bank roll."

"How careless of you! Every time you used to go to the races you insisted on wearing button shoes!" —Washington Star.

ROLL of HONOR

Attention is called to the STRENGTH of the

Wayne County SAVINGS BANK

The FINANCIER of New York City has published a ROLL OF HONOR of the 11,470 State Banks and Trust Companies of United States. In this list the WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

Stands 38th in the United States.

Stands 10th in Pennsylvania.

Stands FIRST in Wayne County.

Capital, Surplus, \$455,000.00

Total ASSETS, \$2,733,000.00

Honesdale, Pa., May 29 1908.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, upon Friday, August 6, 1909, by Geo. H. Lancaster, Mary B. Lancaster, Oscar E. Lancaster and C. Everett Lancaster, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Geo. H. Lancaster Company," the character and object of which is "the manufacturing and selling of building material and anything in connection therewith and to conduct a general wood manufacturing and turning business," and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and its supplements. A. T. SEARLE, Solicitor.

Honesdale Pa., July 9, 1909. 56013

C. M. Betz.

Having purchased the interest of T. L. Medland, of Carbondale, in the harness business of Betz & Medland of that city, the business will be conducted in the future by C. M. Betz alone, who will also continue his store in Honesdale as heretofore. In order to reduce stock, reductions in prices will be made on all goods. Bargains may be found in both stores. Mr. Edward Fasshauer, who has been in the Honesdale store about ten years as clerk, will have full charge of the Carbondale store.

C. M. BETZ

Manufacturer of

Custom Harness

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION,

ESTATE OF VIRGIL CONKLIN, late of Preston, Pa.

All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested for settlement.

JOHN RANDALL, Administrator. Lake Como, Pa., June 30, 1909. 5213

Ponies and Carts



GIVEN AWAY

Beautiful Shetland Ponies, handsome Carts, solid G.W. Watches, Diamond Rings and other valuable presents given away.

To Boys and Girls who win our PONEY AND CART CONTEST

Open to all Boys and Girls. Costs nothing to enter. Get enrolled at once. Hundreds of dollars worth of prizes and cash besides.

EVERY CONTESTANT IS PAID CASH whether he wins a grand prize or not. Write us today for full particulars before it is too late. * * *

HUMAN LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 528 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.