

Harmon's Education.

What It Did For Him and What John Gregg Learned.

W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The local bumped its way to a full stop alongside the little railway station. The few passengers rapidly scattered, the frantic appeals of the barker for the Hooper House bus falling on unheeding ears. One passenger was a little slower in his movements. He had cast a quick glance at the loungers on the platform, and then turned back to the truck that was drawn up beside the baggage car.

He pointed out his trunk to the baggage master as he handed over the claim check, and just then a voice hailed him.

"Over here, Harmon," it said. The young man looked across the platform.

A bearded man in a farm wagon drawn by a restless team had halted him from the highway. The young man waved his hand and picking up his trunk carried it to the waiting wagon and put it in behind the seat. Then he reached up his hand to the bearded man.

"How are you, father?" The older man ignored the proffered grasp.

"Get in," he hastily directed, "this team ain't none too easy to hold. The high horse there is likely to bolt if the engine toots." The young man swung himself into the seat.

"Let me drive them, father." "Forgotten how, haven't you?" "No, father."

"Wait a minute," the engine hoarsely tooted and the high horse went up in the air. "What did I tell you—whoo there, whoa!"

The team clattered up the main street, the driver finally bringing them down to a safe pace. As they struck the highway beyond the village, the gray eyes turned toward the younger man.

"Well, son, you've got an education."

"Yes, father, and a very good education it is."

"An' you're through college for good and all?"

"For good and all."

The older man clucked to his team.

"Well, I've done what I promised your mother I'd do. I've sent you through."

"I'm very grateful, father."

"Just grateful in words."

"In every way."

There was a little silence.

"An' you think the education pays?"

"Yes, indeed. No matter what I may do my education will be a help to me."

"Even if it's farmin'?"

"Yes, father."

"That sounds all right." He gave the young man another quick glance.

"You know this schoolin' of yours pinched me a good deal."

"I know, father, and I did my best to make the expense as light as possible."

"But it pinched just th' same. An' you feel as if you were in debt to me some, eh?"

"I owe you a great deal, father."

"That's th' right spirit. An' you've come back to work it out, eh?"

"Yes, father. I've come back to do my best to show you that I appreciate your kindness and your self-sacrifice."

"Prove it," said the older man tersely.

He turned the team into a driveway that led beside an old gray farmhouse.

"Let me put up the horses, father."

He leaped down lightly and put the trunk on the back porch of the farmhouse, then drove the team across the yard and into the barn.

The older man looked after him.

"Seems strong an' good-natured," he said. "I wonder how long his good-nature will last." He turned abruptly and entered the house.

When he had informed the old housekeeper that his son had come home, he came out on the porch and washed his hands and face in the tin basin.

"Th' boy takes after his mother," he murmured. "I never noticed it so much before. Well, I did what I promised her I'd do. The boy's got his college education—an' thinks well of it. Though how it's goin' to help him in farmin' I don't quite see." He looked toward the barn. The young man had come out and was just closing the doors. "He's quick enough," muttered the old man. "I'll get out to th' barn a little later an' see if he's fixed things right. Hullo, what's that?"

A cry from the broad pasture at the left had startled him. Across it he saw a little girl running. Her hat was off and her hair flew about. The young man heard her, too. He ran to the fence.

"What is it?" he cried.

The older man could not hear the child's reply. But the young man leaped the fence and started across the field at a remarkably rapid pace.

As he passed the girl she turned and followed him. Almost in a moment he had dipped into the hollow beyond the pasture and disappeared from the older man's view.

"Harmon!" he cried, but it was too late.

The old man growled beneath his breath and crossed the yard, scowling angrily.

"That was Jim Parker's little girl," he muttered. "I s'pose Jim's on one of his tantrums. But th' boy had no business to mix in it. Jim is likely to hurt him. I'd go half a mile out of my way to avoid Jim when he's

drunk. I wonder what's happenin'?"

It was nearly a half hour before the boy came back. He was walking briskly with his hands in his coat pockets.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, father," he said in his easy way.

The old man looked him over.

"Where have you been?" he demanded.

The young man laughed.

"Been making a hurried call on one of our neighbors," he replied.

He filled the tin washbasin at the pump and the old man noticed that the knuckles of his left hand were bleeding.

"See here," he cried roughly, "you mustn't mix in matters that don't concern you."

"But this did concern me, father," said Harmon, lightly. "Our neighbor was drunk and ugly and was shamelessly abusing his poor little wife."

There was a brief silence.

"Well?" demanded the old man.

"He is sorry he abused her," replied Harmon, gravely, "and I don't believe he will abuse her again."

The old man stared hard at his son.

"Did you learn that at college?" he asked.

"Yes, father."

"Come in to supper."

They ate in silence.

"Son," said the old man presently, "I'm sorry I couldn't come down to th' school th' day you got your papers. I was too busy to get away."

"I was disappointed," said Harmon, "but I knew it was a considerable

night—his subject is 'The Advantages of a College Education.' Well, so long."

He lifted the reins and clucked to the horse. As he passed beyond earshot he growled under his breath, "Darned ol' grouch, he don't deserve to have a son."

And Harmon's father turned and slowly walked up the driveway. He was thinking deeply. Of course he hadn't asked his boy's confidence, but the lad might have told him something about his work in the village. It wasn't right that the information should come to him from Abner Simmons, a man who had never liked him. He even fancied Abner took a special delight in giving him the news—a delight born of dislike.

It was the college education that was to blame for it all. To blame for what? For his boy's being helpful and popular?

And then he suddenly contrasted Harmon with Abner Simmons' simple but well meaning lads, and a chuckle came from his tightly drawn lips.

The next Tuesday night he went down to the village. He waited a half hour before he followed his son. When he reached the little hall over the postoffice he found it filled. He went up the stairs part way and stopped and listened. He could hear Harmon's clear voice and then a quick burst of applause.

He waited a moment longer and then went down the stairs heavily and slowly walked home.

It was like the man to say nothing to his son concerning his village connections. But there were times when he sorely wished his boy would show a little more confidence.

And then one day in the late fall he had a surprising visitor.

Harmon had gone to the grist mill six miles away. The trip would take the entire morning. The old man was

incumbent—and he intimated that your son possesses the necessary qualifications."

Harmon's father breathed hard. He stared at his visitor. And the keen eyes twinkled behind the glasses.

"Now for the second message. A certain man of great wealth has formulated a scheme for civic and social betterment. He is willing to give a large sum of money for this worthy purpose. Those of us who are in the secret have been looking about for a young man to serve as executive secretary. His field of usefulness will be wide, his duties many and we are prepared to pay him a handsome salary. On my recommendation the name of your son has been favorably considered for the place. It is the sort of work he would like and I have every confidence in his ability to fill the position. I am quite sure he would prefer it to the consulate. Ask Harmon to let me hear from him as soon as possible. I am glad to have met you, sir. Good day."

The old man watched the automobile disappear and was still sitting on the porch when his son came back.

"Come up here, boy," he called to him. "Leave the horse in the driveway."

Harmon came up wondering.

"What is it, father?"

"Sit down, son." He hesitated a moment. "Boy," he began, "I'm a narrow man an' full of bitter prejudices."

"Father."

"It's th' life, I think—an' th' hard work. The only beautiful thing that ever came to me was your mother, an' after she went I grew still harder. You mustn't blame me too much, son."

"Why, father, I'm not blaming you."

"You're a good boy—there never was a better. I hear it on every side—an' they're reaching for you from out in th' world, son—an' what am I that I should prison you up on this poor old farm?"

"Father, my first duty is to you."

"An' have I no duty? Oh, I've been thinking it out this afternoon. I'm all wrong. An' there's one comfort—I believe I knew I was wrong from the very start. I'm going to surrender. I'm proud of you, lad, proud of your record, of your friends, of your education. But you can't stay on this farm any longer. Give me your hand, son."

They stood up with their hands clasped.

"Wherever you go, however you rise, man to man, we must ever be good friends."

The young man's voice broke a little—the simple earnestness of the appeal touched him.

"Always the best of friends, my father."

Norway's Railroad Wonder.

Norwegian engineers claim with justice that the new railway running between Bergen and Christiania is the most remarkable and interesting in existence. The two cities are separated by 320 miles, but the intervening region comprises some of the wildest and most inaccessible heights of the great mountain system of the peninsula. No road has ever crossed these tracts, and the only means of communication between the capital and the first commercial port of the kingdom has hitherto been by sea, the journey taking fifty-six hours.

Considering the nature of the ground the Bergen Railway follows a singularly direct route to Christiania. The line is carried up from Voss by a steep gradient to the top of the desolate Feldberg, round the neck of the towering Hallingsharvet, with its neck-lace of glaciers and its beautiful mountain flora, and down through the rich scenery of Hallingdal, where apparently limitless forests of pine and birch and ash clothe the sides of the rounded hills, whose forms were ground out by prehistoric glacial action.

All along the marvellous route the air is filled with the roar and thunder of water courses, dashing down precipices of dizzy heights, pouring an immense volume of ice-cold water into the valleys and floods, forming here a rapid of seething, boiling water whose prismatic surfs rises high like artillery smoke, and there, a pool of suddenly still, limpid depth where you can count the pebbles and watch the salmon trout.

In the fifty-two miles between Voss and Finse, the highest station on the line, there is a rise of 3800 feet, and from Finse down through the Hallingdal to Gulsvik, a distance of 100 miles, there is a drop of 3500 feet. A locomotive of 800 horse power is used for the trains, and the traveling is smooth and pleasant throughout. It seems to be a peculiarity of Norwegian trains to carry passengers without a jolt or a shake. — Technical World.

On Getting a Civil Answer.

F. Hopkinson Smith, talking to the Southern Society the other night, complained of New York's bad manners. "We live in the most insolent city in the world," he said. "We can't get a decent answer from a car conductor or a policeman." A not uncommon complaint, this, and one that always surprises persons whose experience has taught them that courteous inquiry rarely fails to bring a like response. The man who created the charming and hospitable Colonel Carter cannot be ignorant of the way to get a civil answer.—Hartford Courant.



Recipe For Flying.

Mix a thousand feet of lumber
With a million yards of luck;
Take a hundred yards of canvas
And a billion miles of pluck;
Get a thousand-dollar motor
With a tank of gasoline,
And a field by some big city
Where you surely will be seen;
Rig a queer new-fangled rudder,
Turn it shipshape with a wheel,
Get a thousand-dollar motor
And some nerves of finest steel;
Get your picture in the paper,
Say you're "not quite ready yet,"
And if you should take a tumble—
Why, just light a cigarette.
When the whole thing's put together
Call it your "new aeroplane."
And if you don't succeed at first,
Why, fly, fly again.
Get a President if handy,
And of Senators a score,
A regiment of cavalry,
And, of course, a signal corps.
Pick a day that's calm and windless,
With a clear and cloudless sky;
Get aboard and start the motor
And then—well, perhaps you'll fly.
—Frank Dunphy, in the New York World.

The Alternative.

"Let's go to the theatre?"
"I've nothing to wear."
"Then we'll go to the opera."
—Lippincott's.

Are You One?

"Say, Pop, what's a pessimist?"
"A pessimist, my son, is one who, of two evils, chooses them both."
—Everybody's.

The Natural Place.

"Where should a vessel encounter the teeth of a gale?"
"I don't know, unless it is in the mouth of a river."
—Puck.

The Powers That Talk.

Willie—"Pa, what are 'Conversational Powers'?"
Pa—"Oh, any of the South American republics."
—Puck.

A Distinction.

Uncle Henry—"Back from Washington, Si? See Congress in action?"
Uncle Silas—"Naw; I only saw 'em in session."
—Judge.

Erased.

"Is there any soup on the bill of fare?"
"No, sir—there was, but I wiped it off."
—Harvard Lampoon.

New Name For Old Dope.

The literary boarder fastened his eyes upon the hash.
"Kindly pass the Reviews of Reviews," he said.—Everybody's.

Unmistakable Messages.

He (gushingly)—"Your eyes tell me such."
She (lily)—"Your breath tells me more."
—Cornell Widow.

The Money Question.

"Wot do they mean, Jimmy, when they say money talks?"
"I dunno, unless it's the wonderful way it says goodby to yer."
—London Tatler.

Affluence.

"Who is the gentleman seated in the large touring car?"
"That is the poet laureate of a well-known biscuit factory."
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Half-and-Half.

"I don't understand you, Linda. One day you're bright and jolly, and the next depressed and sad."
"Well, I'm in half-mourning, that's why."
—Fillegende Blaetter.

Immune.

Farmer Grayneck—"S'pose you are goin' to get the automobile fever, Ezzy, like everybody else?"
Farmer Hornbeak—"Nope! I've been vaccinated in the pocketbook, and it took."
—Puck.

A Mother's Anxiety.

Willie—"Ma, can't I go out on the street for a little while? Tommy Jones says there's a comet to be seen."
Mother—"Well, yes; but don't you go too near."
—Boston Transcript.

A Medical Question.

Said Willie—"A motor car backs you clean off o' the earth when it cracks you."
"That's an automobile."
"But how does it feel when a big locomotor ataxia?"
—Toled Blade.

Did He Get It?

A sailor had just shown a lady over the ship. In thanking him she said: "I am sorry to see by the rules that tips are forbidden on your ship."
"Lor' bless you, ma'am," replied the sailor, "so were apples in the garden of Eden."
—Everybody's Magazine.

Happy Hour.

He—"Do you remember the night I proposed to you?"
She—"Yes, dear."
He—"We sat for an hour and you never opened your mouth."
She—"Yes, I remember, dear."
He—"Ah, that was the happiest hour of my life!"
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

DYNAMITE USED TO PLOW

Oklahoma Evolves New Method of Preparing Virgin Soil for Cultivation.

Farmers in Texas county, Oklahoma, are trying a unique but effective way of breaking virgin sod, introduced by C. H. Phillips.

After boring holes in the ground about twenty feet apart and three feet deep, Phillips places a stick of dynamite in each. These were connected and shot at the same time. The ground was torn up and will be left to absorb nature until plow time. Mr. Phillips believes that the ground, deep down, will conserve the moisture. On the ground which he has thus treated he says he will put out, in a small way, diversified crops and note carefully the result of the new method of breaking soil.

The experiment will be watched with considerable interest, as it is the first trial of the kind in the state. Farmers have generally plowed their ground deep, but the method employed by Mr. Phillips and others, is new in soil cultivation.

Not an Inch of Healthy Skin Left.

"My little son, a boy of five, broke out with an itching rash. Three doctors prescribed for him, but he kept getting worse until we could not dress him any more. They finally advised me to try a certain medical college, but its treatment did no good. At the time I was induced to try Cuticura he was so bad that I had to cut his hair off and put the Cuticura Ointment on him on bandages, as it was impossible to touch him with the bare hand. There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body that was not affected. He was one mass of sores. The bandages used to stick to his skin and in removing them it used to take the skin off with them, and the screams from the poor child were heart-breaking. I began to think that he would never get well, but after the second application of Cuticura Ointment I began to see signs of improvement, and with the third and fourth applications the sores commenced to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, but it finally yielded to the treatment. Now I can say that he is entirely cured, and a stronger and healthier boy you never saw than he is to-day, twelve years or more since the cure was effected. Robert Wattam, 1148 Forty-eighth St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 9, 1909."

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