# THE "SNOWBIRD"

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

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Rhoda Burt was disappointed and hurt. She had waited two hours for Taylor Bridges to call for her, as he had promised, to see him spin by the house in his sleigh and Maud Lester by his side. The smart was deep. She was not envious of the beturred and velveted Maud. She did not care enough for Bridges to experience any heartache, but a realization that she had been set aside because she was poor and humble subdued all other emotions.

Rhoda lived with her aged father, and they eked out a mere subsistence. Life was not very animated for the lonely girl. Taylor Bridges had been quite attentive to her of late, but she looked upon him as a hap-hazard escort of fickle nature.

There was superb skating on the river, and twice within a week she had accompanied Bridges to a spin along its smooth surface. Only two evenings before he had managed to transfer her to a friend while he sought the company of a gay group of fashionable friends. Rhoda felt somewhat embarrassed among the well-dressed girls, for her own apparel was old, out of style.

There was one reminder of that last evening on the river, however, that caused her a pleasurable sensation. She was sitting alone resting on a fallen tree when Neal Arden approached and asked her company for a glide along the river. He was the son of the richest man in Ardmore, and had been absent at college for two years, and Rhoda fluttered as he alluded to their former school companionship. He was so pleasant and friendly that when he left her she felt as though she had passed through the most inspiriting half hour of her life.

But of course, she reasoned, he would probably never think of her again, and had acted from an impulse of courtesy and thoughtfulness.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Rhoda. "I fancy I shall be more contented to stay at home until I can appear like other girls. However, the gentlemanly consideration of Neal Arden made up for the disappointment of the general situation."

There came a big snowstorm, followed by a cold snap. It was about nine o'clock the second evening of the spell. The wind was blowing a hurricane and the air was filled with flittery, blinding snow, when Rhoda, seated reading, was startled by a forlorn neighing sound at the window, and some heavy object grazed the pane.

"Why, it's a horse!" she exclaimed, and went to the door. Then she ran to where her father was lying asleep and awakened him.

"Father, father, get up!" she cried excitedly. "A horse has wandered into our yard with a wagon and a man in its seat has dropped the lines, and looks as if he is frozen."

Mr. Burt, with a lantern, hurried out. The horse seemed unable to move. The vehicle was a box wagon of a country huckster. Lying half back in its seat was a man, helpless and apparently lifeless. Beside him, all muffled up, apparently also overcome by the cold, was a boy of perhaps six years.

It was no light task to carry the stricken two into the house. Both father and daughter worked for half an hour restoring their involuntary guests to safety and comfort. The horse was led to the barn, and the kindly Samaritans realized that the sufferers had reached them just in time.

A humble peddler, Isaac Holmes overflowed with gratitude when he was able to comprehend all that had been done for him and his idolized little grandson Benny. He remained at the Burt home until they were fully recuperated. The wise old fellow read between the lines as to the poverty of his helpers. He brought from his wagon a great pasteboard box the morning he went away.

"You will not open it until we are gone," he said to Rhoda, and little Benny hugged and kissed her in a transport of gratitude and affection.

Isaac Holm would half starve himself to save and hoard, but there was soulfulness in his rugged nature. When Rhoda opened the box she stood transfixed with amazement and delight. Isaac had selected his costliest goods to reward her. There was a white chinchilla jacket, a cap trimmed with costly fur, a tippet of ermine, and a muff of the same material. She could see herself in imagination fitted out in this expensive and elegant apparel, even outvying the dressy and attractive Maud Lester.

Rhoda's eyes sparkled as she tried on the new attire and viewed her reflection in the mirror. Her father was away, and as there came a knock at the street door she was compelled to go thither herself. Neal Arden stood op the threshold. He glanced admiringly at the trim, graceful figure presented. She invited him in, palpitating with varied emotions.

"We have cleared off the snow for a big space on the river," he said, "and there will be prize skating this evening. May I call for you?"

He was very proud to be her escort on the smooth, glassy river. The others called her "The Snowbird."

Neal called her "his darling" before the month was out. In white he had wooed her; in white he led her to the altar.

# Sunday School Notes

SIDELIGHTS on NEXT SUNDAY'S Lesson for Teachers and Pupils Edited by CHARLES K. MEYERS

Feb. 8. Peter's Ministery of Comfort. Acts 9, 32-43.

We continue this week our study of the life of Peter. Last week we found him away from Jerusalem and at Samaria, where he had the experiences with Simon. In the lesson of today he has gone down to the coast of the Mediterranean sea, being at Joppa. The port is now known as Jaffa.

On the way to Joppa Peter made a stop at Lydda where there were certain christians. While there he came upon a man named Aeneas, who had been paralyzed in bed for eight years. Peter told him "Jesus Christ healeth thee; arise and make thy bed." A cure was effected and as a result there was a great turning to the new faith.

Some of the most pleasant portions of the bible are devoted to the noble qualities of women. Ruth, Esther, Hannah in the Old Testament, and Mary, Elizabeth, Mary the sister of Lazarus, Dorcas of Joppa, Lydia at Philippi, Eunice, mother of Timothy, spoken of in the New, and many others, attest the high place which women held in the olden times among the Jews and with the early christians. Today our attention is called to Dorcas of whom the record says, "She was full of good works and alms deeds."

The great good qualities of Dorcas are brought before our view, and she has gained an imperishable name by reason of her being called back to life after death through the prayer of Peter. The record tells that she fell sick and died, and that such was the love felt for her by her acquaintances they sent for Peter to come. Whether they expected a miracle is not told. He came on the call, from Lydda and was much affected by what he heard as to the good works of the woman about whom all seemed grieving. He put all bystanders from the woman, kneeled down and prayed, then called the woman to arise and life was restored. Great was the joy when Peter presented her alive again to the anxious persons awaiting what might be done for her.

Faith in God and Jesus Christ are the first essentials for being a christian. There grows out of this works which make plain to the world that such faith is dominating the life. Dorcas was one of the early christians, and she took rank as a most worthy one. Her good works and charities abounded so plainly that on her death there was much regret, and eulogies of her were on the tongues of all who knew her. Peter in writing his first letter and in the third chapter tells us what should be the leading qualities of the christian and they are these: Compassionate loving, tender hearted, humble minded, not rendering evil for evil, but the rather blessing.

While some may say that christianity has no monopoly on love, tenderness, compassion, yet the record shows that only where Christ is known are these virtues prominent among the people. It has been said that the best way to keep Africa from being dominated religiously by the followers of Mohammed would be to place and support a chain of hospitals across that continent. The religion of that far famed prophet has been confessed these many years by millions of followers, but there has not come as a fruitage, consideration for women, hospitals, care for the unfortunate and aged, love to those of a different faith. It is a grand tribute to the religion of Jesus that a chain of hospitals with what they represent would be the best way to show it before the people of the dark continent.

If one sizes up the people who are best beloved in the community it will be found in those who practice christian virtues. Those who have the deserved reputation of having hearts compassionate for the poor and the unfortunate, who do not take advantage of the chance to overcharge their neighbors in business, who endorse with their money and support all enterprises to help the morals of their town, are the people who stand at the lead in the estimation of the greater mass of the residents of their locality. One teaching of this lesson may be to hold up as worthy of pattern the character of Dorcas who was full of good works and alms deeds, whose religion found expression making of garments for the needy, whose life was such that the neighbors found delight in telling of her excellent deeds. Such a record is in the reach of every one of us.

### Circumventing the Barrage.

Mrs. Newedd—John, we'll have to have a speaking tube from the dining room to the kitchen.

Newedd—Why?

Mrs. Newedd—Well, I must get some way of talking to the cook without having her throw dishes at me.—Boston Evening Transcript.

### Must Be One or the Other.

"That gentleman who just entered is a free thinker."

"Oh, indeed! Is he a bachelor or a widower?"—Philadelphia Record.

### Its Sort.

"I see you have an open fireplace in your living room."

"Grate idea, isn't it?"

# THE LONELY HEARTH

By RALPH HAMILTON

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"The same old Randal Worth, eh?"

"In patience and duty, I hope so."

Martin Brill looked curiously about the living room of the old house in which his friend lived all by himself. It had seen better days, but its age was well concealed by the efforts at care and neatness.

"Of course, it's home, and you love it," spoke Brill, "but you're made for something better in a social way than for a solitary old bachelor, and in a business way for a plodding existence as a store clerk."

"That's all well enough," replied Worth, "but I couldn't break away from the only home I have ever known, and, to preserve it for myself and the others, I don't dare to make any experiments."

"The others!" retorted Brill with asperity. "Do you ever think of your own right and pleasure?"

"I don't count particularly against those I love," said Worth, soberly. "I'm older than Esther, my sister, and Norman, my brother. Then there's his wife and three little children. How I miss them! How I would like to have them back with me! You see, Norman caught the farm craze, and I had to help him out in buying some land way out West. Sister Esther joined the family, but I don't think they have made much of a go out of it. It's a cold, cheerless spot, and the soil is not much good. Maybe they'll be coming along back soon. I hope so."

"And you are all ready for them, eh?" suggested Brill, with a sweep of his hand across the semi-circle of chairs.

"Why, yes," assented Worth, with a warm smile. "The first three are for Norman, his wife and Esther. Then that next chair for the oldest boy, the small rocker for little Walter, and the high chair for Baby Ruth. I'll sit in the middle."

"And that old-fashioned rocker next to it?" queried Brill.

"Why that was mother's old favorite," explained Randal reverently. "I like to think of her, and," flushing slightly, "maybe I'll sometime find some worthy person to fill it."

Martin Brill smiled secretly. He had heard that Randal had been an occasional escort for pretty Netta Searle, whom Randal had known from her childhood. There, too, was the self-sacrificing nature of Randal displayed, for but the money help he bestowed upon his brother and his family, and keeping open for them the old home, he might think of taking to himself a wife.

"Well, I hope your dream comes true," said Brill affectionately. "If your rovers do come back, it looks to me as though you and Norman ought to be able jointly to make ends meet finely. No disguise with a true friend, Randal; you want and need Netta Searle in your life. Get her."

That might be possible, reflected Randal as his friend went his way, but he was in no position to support her as he should do. His brother had not only drawn on his reserves originally, but had later been unable to even meet the interest on his mortgage, and Randal had to help him out. Norman's only prospect was to sell his equity in the farm, but that did not seem easy to do. A great gleam of joy came into the face of Randal one day a week later as he received a letter. It contained wonderful news! Norman had disposed of his interest in his property for $4,000. He and his eager brood were coming home forthwith. He would pay Randal half of the money; together they would invest in some safe little business, and live together in the dear old home, with their loved ones about them.

Randal had not visited Netta for nearly a fortnight. He was so elated, however, at the grand news he had received that he saw light ahead. He did not tell Netta of his unexpected good fortune, but she was so pleased at his coming that he went home confident and happy.

What a week of work was that for Randal! How he tidied up the room and burnished the antique furniture! The semi-circular row of chairs came in for full exertion of his energy and attention. It had existed ever since the day Norman and his family went away. It should not be disturbed now!

One evening Randal came over to the Searle home in a vast state of excitement. Netta was standing at the gate, thinking of him.

"Netta, I want you to come over to the house, if you will. My brother and his family have returned, and I want you to see them."

"Oh! how happy you must be to have them under the home roof once more!" exclaimed Netta, and she accompanied Randal gladly. He halted with her just beyond the open window of the lighted living room. Raptly Netta gazed within. Six of the chairs around the fireplace were filled, just as Randal had planned and hoped for two long, lonely years. He drew close to Netta's side.

"There are two vacant chairs," he said. "Netta, will you join me in filling them?"

"Oh, gladly!" replied Netta, and then she flushed and trembled, for the love-light in Randal's eyes was unmistakable.

"Not for this evening only, dearly beloved one," he whispered tenderly; "but while life lasts for us!"

### Noah's Sweet Tooth.

Who invented sweetmeats and confectionery?

Diving deep into the story of the ancients, the writer has come to the conclusion that some, if not all the credit, must go to old friend Noah.

He it was who first hit upon the idea of boiling down the starch of the wheat and the juice of the grape. The result was a paste, said to be the original of our present-day Turkish "delight."

The ancient Egyptians knew all about making "toothsome morsels," although sugar was unknown.

Whole fruits, particularly figs and dates, were used for flavoring purposes, the latter especially for preserves and cakes. In old tombs date sweetmeats have been found; also records of honey jellies.

The making of confectionery, in fact, goes back 3,400 years, proof of which is to be found on the walls of Egyptian tombs.

### A Gentleman.

A gentleman is full of consideration for others, a foe to violence of opinion or expression; an enemy at the same time of restraint, suspicion, gloom or resentment. He is merciful, gentle and tender; avoids unseasonable allusions or topics; never makes himself prominent in conversation, and suppresses his own egotism. He makes light of the favors which he does and seems to receive while he confers. He is scrupulous in imputing motives, is never mean or little, never takes unfair advantage and never mistakes personalities or abuse for argument.—Cardinal Newman.

Holland won't give up Kaiser Bill. The thrifty Dutchmen can't spare a good wood sawyer in these times.

The socialists seem to believe in legal methods provided they are in the majority, but if they are in the minority, they believe in "direct action" by force.


## FEW FOLKS HAVE GRAY HAIR

Well Known Local Druggist Says Everybody is Using Old Time Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur

Hair that loses its color and lustre, or when it fades, turns gray, dul land lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmother made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful, and thousands of women and men who value that even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair which is so attractive, use only this old time recipe.

Nowadays we get this famous mixture improved by the addition of other ingredients by asking at any drug store for a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning, the gray hair disappears; but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair, after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre and gives it an appearance of abundance.

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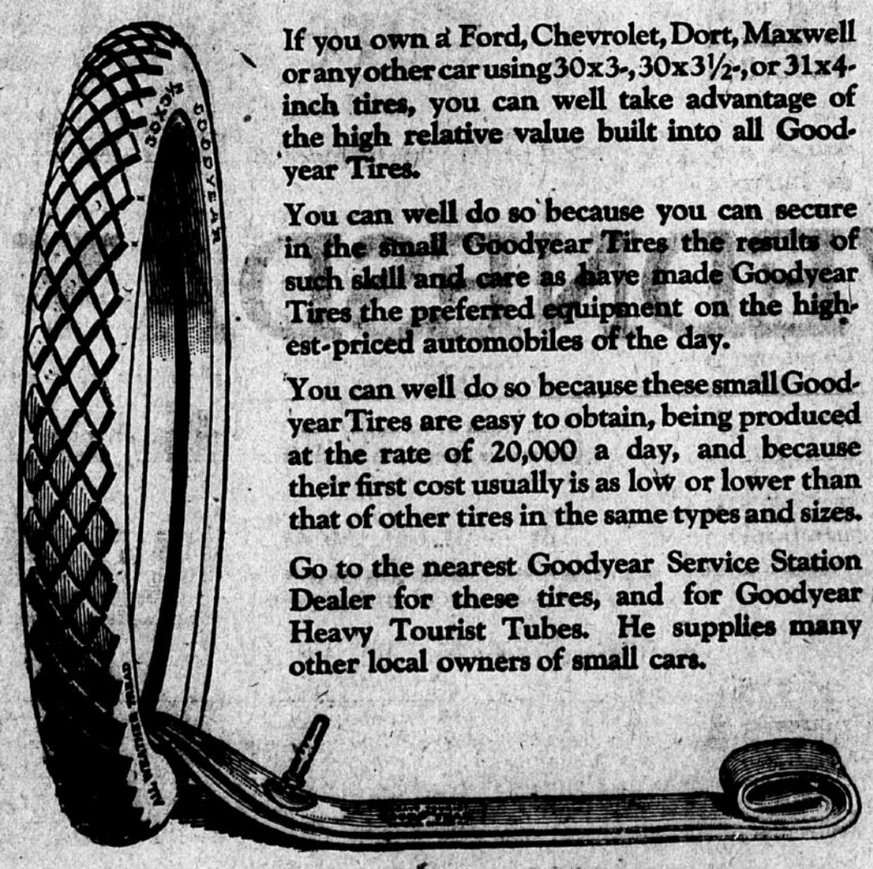

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