

The Cuckoo Clock From Mother

By DORA MOLLAN

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Young Mr. Pepper stood in his own dining room, hands in pockets, pipe between his teeth, surveying the whole with an air of perfect contentment. His bachelor dreams were realized. He was married at last to Mabel—this was the first day in their own home and they had been arranging their wedding gifts, with delightful interruptions to explain how wonderful that they two had met and loved—and everything.

"There is only one fly in the ointment," remarked Harry Pepper. "And that is—"

Pretty Mabel hung on his words expectantly. "What is it, dearest?" she asked.

"The cuckoo clock, honey."

"The cuckoo clock, honey?" she stammered, "why mother gave me that—I asked her to—I love it, Harry!" Tears brimmed her lovely eyes. Harry kissed her and assured her that he, too, had admired those impertinent reminders of the flight of time, but always at a distance. "I never expected to have one in my own home," he ended.

"But you knew—you knew, Harry, that I adore them—they are cunning."

"I knew it," he admitted, "but I thought after you married me you would not care for such an absurdity. You see, darling, I'm tired at night after a nerve-racking day at the office, and then to have a silly little bird pop out of ambush and remind me it's time to go to bed—but never mind, I'll get used to it after a while."

"You're an old dear," cried Mabel, but while Harry Pepper smiled patiently his was no martyr spirit.

Came one morning when the neighborhood was rife with tales of burglaries and the Smith's home had escaped ransacking. Came another morning a week later when a frightened maid rushed upstairs and announced that the silver spoons had disappeared from the sideboard and that the cuckoo clock was missing from its accustomed place.

"I cannot feel sorry, darling," said innocent Mr. Pepper to his distracted wife; "but I will call up the police station right away," and he did. He went to the city that morning with a curious feeling of satisfaction. "Some discriminating burglar," he muttered. I'd like to give him a tip about the blue glass vase that Aunt Lucretia donated—well, perhaps Norah will break them some day when she's dusting! I love my home—but some of the wedding presents!"

In the meantime Mabel Pepper had called up her sympathetic mother and related the story of the burglary. "I really miss his cheerful little call," she added.

"Never mind, dear," comforted her mother—"there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, and there are just as charming birdies as ever sang in a cuckoo clock!"

So her mother told Mabel's sad experience to great-aunt Lucretia and to Harry's Uncle Benjamin, who called on her that day. In the meantime the police searched diligently for the midnight marauder.

Mr. Harry Pepper lost his cheery bearing. A troubled look came into his eyes, and he made several grievous mistakes in his work. "Hang the cuckoo clock!" he muttered savagely one night after Mabel had confided to him that it was wretchedly lonely some all day there without him—and that the empty house seemed more cheerful when she could hear the cunning little chirp of the clock.

"Hang the cuckoo clock!" he cried. "I never heard such a fuss made over anything in my life."

Of course Mabel was a sensible young woman, and thought of many other things, and had plenty of amusement to distract her mind, but for the moment her new home was paramount in her thoughts.

One Sunday morning, a couple of weeks after the burglary Mabel came down to breakfast and found the table gay with roses, while her chair was heaped with packages.

"Happy birthday, darling," said her husband, as he slipped a pear ring on her finger. "I must kiss you how many times—sixteen!"

Mabel told him and then began to open her packages. "Such large ones, dear," she exclaimed; "you must help me."

"A cuckoo clock—from mother. Just like the other one. Isn't it, dear? Do hang it in the old place, Harry—there."

She squealed again when she found that Aunt Lucretia had remembered her birthday with a cuckoo clock. And once more when Harry's Uncle Benjamin's gift was unwrapped and disclosed another cuckoo clock.

"Three!" laughed Mabel hysterically. "Harry, what shall we do with them?"

"The more the merrier," said Harry gloomily. Then, to the hovering maid servant, "What is it, Norah?"

"Please, Mr. Pepper, I found this on the back doorstep this morning." She gave him a large package wrapped in newspapers.

"What can it be, Harry?" asked his wife cautiously.

"I'm afraid, dearest—yes—another clock!" He held it up and untangled the weights. To one of them was fastened a crumpled envelope.

"It's the one that was stolen—why did he bring it back?" wondered Mabel. He must be an honest burglar!"

Harry opened the letter and read the penciled lines:

"My dear Mr. Pepper—Hears yore clock, yere wur have it in the house, she hates cuckoo clocks. In the wife's house and I let her have what she wants, respectfully—nobody you no."

The Peppers laughed until they cried, and the laughter and the tears seemed to wash away all the soreness and the bitter feeling caused by the clock. "We shall keep them all," declared Mr. Pepper generously, "to remind me of my selfishness."

"We shall keep only one and ask permission to change the others for something else," declared Mrs. Pepper, "and this being the 'wife's house' you must let me have what I want!"

"It is yours," grinned Mr. Pepper.

"Then—my way is that it is our home—and we must both have what we want—and the best way to do that is to make up our minds to each like what the other likes—" and the rest was buried in the shoulders of her admiring husband.

To Wearers of Artificial Eyes.

Wearers of artificial eyes usually remove their glass eyes upon retiring in order to rest the orbital tissues during the hours of repose. This practice, absolutely necessary with eyes of the simple shell type (until comparatively recently the only kind used), if a disagreeable supposition is to be avoided, need not be followed by wearers of artificial eyes of the double shell type, the type most commonly used today—this on the authority of Doctor Coulomb whose paper on this subject was read by Professor de Lapersonne at a recent meeting of the Academy of Medicine. This feature of double shell eyes is attributable to the fact that, because of their special construction, they permit the tears to flow normally, through their natural channels so that the secretions are carried away instead of accumulating in the hollow of the eye socket to cause maceration of the tissues.—From Le Petit Parisien.

Grave of John Howard Payne.

In Georgetown, the oldest part of Washington, is buried the author of "Home, Sweet Home," the song which has been translated into almost every language in the world. John Howard Payne was the American consul in Tunis, where he died about seventy years ago. Many years later W. W. Corcoran, a noted philanthropist, thinking it a shame that a man who loved home so much should be buried thousands of miles away from it, paid the expenses for the bringing of Payne's body home. He was then buried at Oak Hill cemetery, Georgetown, in the plot in front of the chapel. The spot is marked by a pedestal on which is a bust of the poet.

Historic Mountain.

Pisgah, a mountain of the Abramis range, east of the Dead sea, from the top of which Moses viewed the promised land, has been identified also with the modern Naba, a ridge which projects westward from the plateau of Moab, near the northeastern end of the Dead sea. It commands an extensive view of the whole of western Palestine. There are two summits, the higher, Ras Naba; the lower and outermost, Ras Stragah. The latter commands the whole of the Jordan valley, and is probably identical, says the Jewish Encyclopedia, with the "top of Pisgah which looketh down upon Jeshimon."

What He Gets.

When Jones' rich grandmother passed away all his poverty-stricken friends rallied about him with words of cheer and comfort; but Jones remained sad and dejected. "She left a last will and testament, I suppose?" murmured Jenkins carelessly. "Oh, yes," said Jones, "she left a will and testament." They hung expectant while sobs choked back his words. "I," he declared at last, "am to have the testament."

Speaking of Softness.

"How beautifully soft it is!" he murmured as he sat on a low stool at her feet, laying his hand on her glorious white arm.

"How less beautiful, but oh, how much softer!" she tenderly replied, laying her jeweled hand on the top of his head.

In Lonelyville.

"Why hang around the station like this? No train for four hours."

"I want to see if I can't intercept a cook starting back for town."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ERROR COST ARTIST'S LIFE

How A. M. Villard, French Draughtsman, Unintentionally Violated Draught Law of China.

Of the design of a postal stamp that cost the life of the artist, the Trait d'Union says:

A. M. Villard, a draughtsman of exceptional ability, was in 1849 employed by the Chinese customs office. He was requested to design new postal stamps to be issued on the sixtieth birthday of the emperor's mother.

"Proud of the distinction thus conferred upon him, Villard did his best to satisfy the Peking government, but made two fatal mistakes. He used the abbreviation 'Imp. China Post' instead of spelling out 'Imperial Chinese Post.' As a Chinese public official he was expected to know that the criminal code forbids any abbreviation in a public document under severe penalties.

"His worse was Villard's other offense. One of his designs was in purple, the use of which color was the exclusive prerogative of the imperial house, and a capital offense for any other person.

"His artistic achievement and good intentions notwithstanding Villard was disgraced, and told that he deserved capital punishment for his unheard-of, even if unintentional, offense against the imperial house.

"In deference to France (Villard was a Frenchman) he was not put to death, but sent on official business to Tibet, a mission that was considered another form of execution. And indeed Villard was never heard of afterward."

Orang Outang.

The huge apes (anthropoid) known as orang outangs are incorrectly named, probably owing to the difficulty du Challu, their discoverer, experienced in pronouncing Malay. Orang means a man, and outang a debt, so that orang outang means a man in debt. But the Malay word outang means forest, so that orang outang, means man of the forest, in distinction to orang dusun, man of the village, civilized man.

CONDENSED CLASSICS UNCLE TOM'S CABIN HARRIET BEECHER STOWE Condensation by John Kendrick Bangs

IT WAS in the days when African slavery flourished under the free skies of America. Evil times had befallen the house of Shelby, and pressing debt required the sacrifice of a portion of the holdings of the Kentucky planter in human chattels. Uncle Tom instead of the freedom that had been promised him as the reward of a lifetime of devoted service found himself torn from wife, home and children, and transferred to the hands of an unscrupulous trader, and consigned to the terror-ridden slave-markets of the lower Mississippi. So trusted had the black man been that numerous avenues of escape lay open to him. Of one of these, in the dead of winter, over the ice-bound waters of the Ohio river, by the "underground" to Sandusky, and thence to freedom in Canada, the mulatto-girl Eliza, and her son who had been sold at the same time, had availed themselves. But Tom's fidelity to his master was too strong, and fearing to involve him in further difficulties he bravely faced the miseries of the future.

"I am in the Lord's hands," said he to those who tried to persuade him to escape, "and there'll be the same God there that there is here."

"Well, it's a nasty mean shame, Tom!" sobbed his master's son George, as he bade the old slave farewell. "But remember—some day I'll come down and buy you back."

The voyage down the Mississippi with the slave-gang to which Tom was attached was filled with scenes and episodes of woe and tragedy, but Tom found relief from sorrow in the companionship of a fellow-passenger, a fairy-like little girl, full of the smiling spirit of play, who fascinated by Tom's unusual dexterity in the making of strange toys dear to the hearts of children, clung to him as to an old and beloved friend.

"Where are you going, Tom?" she asked one day.

"I dunno, Missy," said Tom. "Reckon I'm gwine to be sold to somebody—but I dunno who."

"Well, my father can buy you," said she, "and I'll ask him to this very day."

"Thank you, my little lady," smiled Tom, gratefully.

And his "little lady" she soon became, for the brave black son little Eva's life back from the swirling waters of the Mississippi into which she had fallen, and in sheer gratitude for her deliverance the child's father, Augustine St. Clare, bought him from the trader.

The scene now changes to New Orleans, where in a beautiful home, in daily comradeship with his little mistress, Tom for a time was happy. St. Clare, his new master, was kindly and sympathetic, and while of an easy-going disposition a dawning consciousness of the iniquity of slavery had come into his soul, a consciousness confirmed and accentuated by his daily contemplation of the nobility of heart of the faithful Tom. Two years of this unlooked for happiness passed away, and once more Tom was face to face with misfortune. His flower-like little companion, growing daily more and more fragile, herself in spite of her years envying and depressed by the wickedness of the system of slavery which not only destroyed the souls of the oppressed, but debased the character of the oppressors, finally died. Heart-broken over his loss St. Clare found comfort only in the companionship of the equally heart-broken Tom, and one day in a sudden surge of gratitude he promised the old man his freedom, but the light of joy that shone in Tom's face when he heard the promise disappeared.

"You haven't had such a bad time here that you should be so glad to leave me," he said sadly.

"Tain't leavin' ye, Marse St. Clare," said Tom, "it's bein' free that I'm a-joyin' in."

But it was not to be. The easy-going nature of St. Clare caused him to delay Tom's emancipation papers, and one night trying to separate two drunken brawlers intent upon killing each other St. Clare was himself stabbed to death; and in the settlement of his estate Tom once more found himself at the auction-block.

Enter now one Simon Legree, a master of far different type from Shelby and St. Clare. A brute, and a drunkard. A beast whose glance was an insult to womanhood. A fiend who prided himself upon his inflexible brutality, and with brutish satisfaction showed to all who would look, his knuckles calloused with the blows he had inflicted upon the helpless. To him by virtue of length of purse fell Tom who now tasted the tragic dregs of the cup of slavery. The manifest contrast between his own crass brutality and the high-minded character of his chattel aroused the envious wrath of his new owner, who endeavored by every wicked expedient possible to break Tom's spirit, and his unalterable faith in divine guidance.

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"Who—who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" he whispered in a voice that contended with mortal weakness, and with a smile on his lips he fell asleep.

"Witness, Eternal God," said George Shelby, as he knelt beside the body of his departed friend, "O, witness from this hour, I will do what one man can do to drive this curse of slavery from my land."

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SCRAPS

Nebraska requires tractors offered for sale within its boundaries to undergo official tests to determine their actual ratings.

Last year for the first time Washington led the states for production of apples, pushing New York back to second place, with Virginia third and California fourth.

British interests will establish an aerial mail service over a route 2,600 miles long in South America, from Pernambuco to Buenos Aires, with stops at ten points between.

and protection. Fortunately he watched him at work, hoping to find a flaw, but in vain; but one day he found the way. He ordered Tom to flog a woman-slave who was guiltless of the shortcoming attributed to her, and for the first time in his career Legree was denied. Tom refused. Legree's answer was a blow upon Tom's cheek.

"What?" he roared in his rage. "Ye dare tell me ye won't, ye blasted black beast?"

"I'll die first," Tom replied, simply.

"Well, here's a pious dog—a saint—a gentleman!" sneered Legree. "Didn't ye ever read in your Bible, Servants obey your Masters? And ain't I your Master? Didn't I pay twelve hundred dollars cash for ye, and ain't ye mine, body and soul?"

"No, Marse Legree," replied Tom, through the tears and blood that coursed down his cheeks. "My soul ain't yours! It's been bought and paid for by one that is able to keep it. Ye may kill my body, but ye can't harm my soul."

Now, according to the nature of his kind Legree was superstitious, and while his hatred increased, he began to fear in the presence of his fearless possession. In Tom's presence what passed for a conscience was aroused within him. Some of the unspeakable crimes of which in his lustful gratifications, and through his murderous instincts, he had been guilty began to prey upon him. Dark things had happened in the decayed old mansion in which Legree dwelt, and in common with the ignorant blacks by whom he was surrounded Legree began to have fears, accentuated by the delirium of drink, of impending visitations by ghosts. Taking advantage of these fears, his one-time mistress, Cassie, a woman of subtle powers, herself a slave, conspired with Emmaline, an attractive mulatto whom Legree was endeavoring to install in her place, to destroy his peace of mind, and ultimately himself by means of wraithful appearances and weird sounds in the garret of the old mansion. Pretending to escape through the swamps, eluding their pursuers, they returned to the house, and lay hid there for days, working their soul-stirring stratagem upon the worried Legree. Legree at the head of a pursuing party made up of negroes and blood hounds sought the missing women in the swamps and forests by which his isolated plantation was surrounded, but in vain; and in the rage of failure, believing him to have been party to the escape, he turned upon Tom.

"Well, ye black beast," he roared, in a paroxysm of baffled rage, "I've made up my mind to kill ye."

"Very likely, Marse Legree," replied Tom, calmly.

"Unless ye tell me what ye know about these yer gals," said Legree.

"I hain't got nothin' to tell, Marse," said Tom.

"Don't ye dare tell me that ye don't know, ye old black Christian," cried Legree in angry contempt, striking him furiously.

"Yes—I know, Marse," said Tom, "but I can't tell anything. I can die, 'Hark ye, Tom," roared Legree, in a terrible voice. "This time I mean what I say. I'll conquer ye, or I'll kill ye! I'll count every drop of blood in your body till you give up."

"Marse," said Tom, "if you was sick, or in trouble, or dyin', and it would save ye, I'd give ye my heart's blood, and I'll takin' every drop of blood in this poor old body of mine would save your precious soul, I'd give 'em freely as the Lord gave 'em for me. Do the worst ye can. My troubles will soon be over, but if ye don't repent, yours won't never end!"

For a moment Legree stood aghast awed into silence by Tom's absolutely fearless reliance upon his faith, but for a moment. There was one hesitating pause, and the spirit of evil within him, defied, rose with seven-fold vehemence. Foaming with rage he struck his victim to the ground and gave him over to be flogged to ribbons.

Two days later George Shelby, Tom's boy-friend from Kentucky, now grown to manhood, appeared to fulfill his promise of redemption, but he came too late. Tom lay dying of his wounds.

"Ye come to take you home," said George, tears falling from his eyes as he bent over his old friend.

"Bless the Lord—it's Marse George!" cried Tom, as he opened his eyes, bewildered. "They haven't forgot me! They haven't forgot me! Now I shall die content."

At this moment Legree sauntered in, and looked on carelessly.

"The old Satan!" cried George, in his indignation. "It's a comfort to think the Devil will pay him for this some of these days."

"Hush, Marse George!" said Uncle Tom. "Don't feel so. He ain't done me no real harm—only opened the gates of heaven for me—that's all."

The sudden flush of strength died away. A sense of sinking came over him, and he closed his eyes. His broad chest rose and fell heavily. The expression of his face was that of a conqueror.

"Who—who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" he whispered in a voice that contended with mortal weakness, and with a smile on his lips he fell asleep.

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COZY BUNGALOW ATTRACTIVE HOME

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When we think of June we invariably think of "brides" for June is the month of orange blossoms and honeymoons. Each marriage this year possesses considerable importance in view of the acute housing shortage. The big question is: "Now that these young people are married where are they going to live?" If they get started on the matrimonial voyage right, their future happiness is assured, but if they get off on the wrong foot, it is very likely that the divorce court will eventually settle their troubles. There is no better way to get started than to start in one's own home, be it ever so humble. Thanks to the ingenuity of the builder, small homes are no longer drab, and unattractive. The bungalow has solved many a housing problem because of its economy in cost, individuality and coziness. Somehow or other the bungalow is indefinitely linked up with romance and sentiment. Could we suggest a more fitting home for the newly married couple?

That is why we are showing the charming little bungalow which appears in the illustration. This can very aptly be called a honeymoon bungalow. Low, rambling and comfortable looking, it appears to cover a great deal of ground but an examination of the floor plan shows it to be of moderate size, 36 by 39 feet. One of the most attractive features

of this charming little dwelling is the immaculate white stucco exterior which adds considerably to its brightness and appeal. The front porch is recessed invitingly under an extension of the low main roof and has broad stucco balustrades and an overhanging arch which help wonderfully to give it a secluded appearance. There are plenty of windows, well appointed and nicely spaced, insuring a maximum amount of natural light in all rooms and plenty of good fresh air.

grounds to William Paulet, first marquess of Winchester and lord high treasurer, who made the place his town residence and used the transepts and chapels as a granary, and the choir as a coal-house. His son sold the monuments, the pavements, and the lead from the roof, and used the grounds for stabling. But the glorious nave, wider than that of Exeter cathedral, remained, and or petition this was granted by Edward VI to the Dutch colony in London. The grant was confirmed by Queen Elizabeth and in the hands of the Dutch the church of Austin Friars remains to this day. From a cosmopolitan city like London, where it has been said, there are more Scotsmen than in Aberdeen, more Jews than in Palestine, the church draws an ample congregation.

The income of the church, drawn from the adjacent land, crowded with offices, is enormous—so that it could well afford to refuse the half million—and out of that income it maintains, among other things, an almshouse at Charlton. The records of the church, extending over more than four hundred years, were translated at a cost of £4,000. They throw many curious lights on past ages. One of the letters there is from Prince William of Orange asking for help, and the reply of the Dutch congregation was a shipment of arms and ammunition and £5,000.—Christian Science Monitor.

Record Sugar Crop. This country's greatest sugar crop was produced last year, reports the Department of Agriculture. The total was 1,290,148 tons, or a gain of 12 per cent over the record crop of 1916. Cane sugar production is confined almost entirely to Louisiana, but beet sugar production is widely distributed from Michigan and Ohio to California.

Artful Antics Are Awful. Adam, an ancient antediluvian, ate an apple. Adam's angry author aroused angrily at Adam's audacity; and, as all admit, Allah's affront admits approval. Adam admitted all, and is admonished, accepted Allah's alternative. "Abscond, Adam!" added Allah. "Amble away and act as awakened acolyte. Adieu, absent-minded Adam, and abhor absinthe always."

Adam ambled away, and at all accounts admitted accountability. "All acts are awry," asserted Adam, and always, after all, Adam and apples are always aptly and abjectly associated. Ain't apple acquisition awful? (Anyhow as Adam acquires apples.)—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Eloquence Plus. "I don't believe the negro race is eloquent," remarked the northern visitor.

"Sir," replied the old-fashioned southern gentleman, "you have probably never heard a nigger bootblack addressing a few appropriate remarks to a pair of unruly dice."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Golden Plover a Traveler. The golden plover travels farther than any other bird. It breeds as far north as Labrador, and goes as far south as Brazil.

Fabric Superior to Real Pelit. Silk fabric in imitation of sealskin, or plush, as it is sometimes called, is made from the silk fiber of the silk worm itself. Tussur silk is usually used for this purpose. Tussur silk is taken from the uncultivated worm or, in other words, the worm which might be characterized as living in the wild. It is claimed that textile furs, used so extensively in women's outer garments or cloaks, are really more healthful than furs. This is attributed to the fact that the woven back of the imitation fur permits of the circulation of air, whereas animal furs, the hides of which have been tanned and the pores closed, prevent its penetration and tend to cause perspiration. The danger of colds from this cause is said to be considerably lessened when fabric fur is used instead of the real pelit.—Dry Goods Economist.

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