

The Homesteader

By ROBERT J. C. STEAD

Author of "The Cow Puncher," Etc.

FOR THE GENIAL AIR OF THE HOME



ONLY summer is reflected in the frivolous and adorably pretty negligees with which the shops entice inspection of their stocks in these garments. The finest of materials in the most flowerlike of colors and all sorts of dainty trimmings lend their help to make up this alluring apparel for the genial air of home. Nothing quite equals it in daintiness, but there are negligees of more substantial fabrics that come quite close to being rivals, like those very popular morning coats of taffeta in gay colors that give the day a cheerful start, or end it with sprightliness. These are much more practical than their flimsy sisters, unless one lives in a tropic land—steam heat.

The lovely negligee pictured comes within the choice of those who can leave the matter of warmth in the garment out of consideration. It is made of wash silk, or satin, or of crepe de chine, for the underlip, and georgette for the long coat, and worn over a lace-trimmed petticoat. A wide and very flimsy lace adorns the coat, cut with kimono sleeves, and there are other flourishes in loops and ends of ribbon and chiffon roses that are placed in the drapery. They invite a lace and ribbon cap to bear them company, and it accomplishes its part gracefully.

Taffeta coats merit a story by themselves. They stand between these pretty negligees of sheer fabrics and the substantial but attractive coats of corduroy which are patterned after them in a material that is soft and warm. When these corduroy negligees are well made—including attractive designing—they are handsome and merit the great popularity that they are enjoying. The bonnet caps worn with them are not concerned with being substantial, and are as gayly irresponsible and pretty as those worn with negligees of the same character.

"ALLAN."

Synopsis.—Dissatisfied because of the seemingly barren outlook of his position as a school teacher in a Canadian town, John Harris determines to leave it, take up land in Manitoba and become a "homesteader." Mary, the girl whom he loves, declares she will accompany him. They are married and set out for the unknown country. Also a pioneer settler and adviser of newcomers, proves an invaluable friend. Leaving his wife with the family of a fellow settler, Fred Arthur, Harris and McCrae journey over the prairie and select a homestead. Mary insists on accompanying him when he takes possession. They build a shack and set in a crop.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

It was not dreadfully cold, but the snow seemed only a vast turmoil of white. Darkness came down very early but at last Harris began to recognize familiar landmarks close by the wall, and just as night was settling he drew into the partial shelter of a bench on the bank of the coulee. The horses pulled on their reins impatiently for the stable, but Harris urged them up to the house. His shout was whipped away by the wind and strangled in a moment, so he climbed stiffly from the wagon and with numb hands at the double thickness of carpet that did service for a door. He fancied he heard a sound, but could be sure of nothing; he called her name again and again, but could distinguish no answer. But at last the fastenings which help the carpet gave way, and half walked, half fell, into the

darkness. The lantern burned dimly, but it was not at the lantern he looked. In the farthest corner, scarcely visible in the feeble light, stood his wife, and at her shoulder was the gun, trained steadily upon him.

"Mary, don't you know me?" he cried.

She dropped her weapon to the floor, and it went off, harmlessly burying a charge in the sod wall.

"Thank God, oh, thank God!" she cried.

He threw off his wet overcoat and stepped to her side. But she sat silent on the bed, staring absently at the flickering uncertainly in the wind of the open door.

He hastily rearranged the carpet, returning to her, he took her hands in his and rubbed them briskly. She still stared vaguely at the

darkness. Suddenly a thought came to him, rushed outside, to find that the gun, of their own accord, had taken her beside the stable. Here from the wagon he drew a little bundle and led back to the house.

She was sitting where he left her, staring slightly and watching the flicker of the light as it flickered up and down the wall. He tore the package and spread its contents before

her. First she took no notice, but finally her eyes found the outline of cloth and dainty feminine details. With a great joy he watched her color returning as her set face re-

laxed. "Mary, Don't You Know Me?" he cried.

In a smile of ineffable tenderness she raised her face to his and her arms about his neck, and he knew that for the moment he had won her out of the valley of the

darkness. He made no more attempts to win his wheat that winter. His health now became his first concern, but even had there been no such problem, experience had shown that nothing was to be gained from the long and expensive trip across the coast. The cost of subsistence and team on the way devoured the proceeds of the wheat; indeed, there were instances on record in the west where men who attempted to pack poorer than they left, while who could show a gain of a bag of flour, or a sack of flour, or a box of

commodities were considered fortunate. "What shall we eat?" said Harris to his wife, when, after a full discussion, he decided that no more grain was marketed until spring.

"I don't want to suffer," was her

calm reply. "We have over 500 bushels of wheat."

"But we can't eat wheat!"

"I'm not so sure of that. I heard Mr. McCrae say that lots of families had wintered on wheat. Indeed, boiled wheat is something of a delicacy. Even the best city families rarely have it, although it is more nutritious than flour and much easier to prepare."

Harris thrilled with joy over his wife's vivacity. The strange gloom that oppressed her so much of late had cost him many anxious hours.

So, in high spirits, they planned for their winter. There were long hours, and little diversion, and the desolation of bleak, snow-bound prairies on every side, but through it all they kept up their courage and their hopefulness. Mary spent much time with her needle, from which John, when he felt she was applying herself too closely, beguiled her to a game of checkers or an hour with one of their few but valued books. And there were frequent visits and long evenings spent about a cozy fire, when the Morrissions, or the Grants, or the Rileyses, dropped in to while away the time. The little sod house was warm and snug, and as the men played checkers while the women sewed, what cared the pioneers for the snow and the cold and the wind whistling across the plains?

At last came the crisis. At 4 in the afternoon Harris kissed his wife an affectionate farewell, hitched his horses to the sleigh, and started out post-haste for Plainville. He drove by way of the Morrissions, where a few long words sent Tom to the stable at a trot to hitch his own team, while the good wife bustled about in the "room," almost overwhelmed with the importance of her mission.

"I will go for the doctor, Jack, and you go back and take the wife with you," was Morrison's kindly offer, but Harris would not agree. It was dark by this time, and he felt that he could trust no one else to make the journey to Plainville. Besides, there was more than a chance that Dr. Blain might be incapable, and in that case it meant a drive of 30 miles farther.

"It's good of you, Morrison," he said, "but you are more used to your wife's bidding than I am, and you can be of good service there, if you will." And without waiting to argue he sprang into his sleigh again and was whipping his team into the darkness.

"Night, Harris," said the landlord, who had a speaking acquaintance with every settler within 20 miles. "Ye're drivin' late. Ye'll have a bite of supper an' stable the team?"

"No, Hank, not tonight, thank you the same. But I'm after Dr. Blain, and I'm in a hurry. Is he here, and— is he fit?" There was an anxiety in the last words that did not escape the host.

"Nothin' ser'ous, I hope? Frost, or somethin'?" Then, without waiting for reply, he continued: "Yes, doctor's here. Upstairs, bed to the right as ye go up. Just got in a little back. As for fit—dig 'im out an' judge for yourself."

Harris lost no time scaling the ladder which led to the upper half-story of the building. It was a garret—nothing better—where the cold stars looked through knot holes in the poplar shingles, and the ends of the shingle nails were tipped with frost. Another wall lamp burned uncertainly here, flickering in the wind that whistled through the cracks in the gables, and by its light Harris found "the bed to the right." The form of a man lay diagonally across it, face downward, with arms extended above the head, and so still that Harris paused for a moment in a strange alarm. Then he slipped his hand on the doctor's neck and found it warm.

"Come, Doctor," he said, "I want you with me." But the sleeping man answered with not so much as a groan.

"Come, Dr. Blain," Harris repeated, shaking him soundly. "I want you to go home with me." He might have been speaking to the dead.

In sudden exasperation he seized the doctor by the shoulders, and with one heave of his mighty arms set him upright on the floor and shook him vigorously.

Dr. Blain opened his eyes and blinked uncertainly at the light. "Whatche doing, Harris?" he said at length, and the recognition brought a thrill of hope. "S no use, Harris. 'S no use." And he crumpled up in the bed.

But Harris was desperate. "Now I'm not going to fool with you," he said. "You get up and come with me or I'll take you. Which is it?"

But the doctor only mumbled "S no use," and fell heavily to sleep.

Throwing open his coat to get free motion for his arms, Harris in a moment wrapped the sleeping man in a couple of blankets from the bed, threw him over his shoulder, carried him down the rickety ladder, and deposited him, none too gently, in the sleigh. There was a mild cheer from the men about the stove over these heroic measures, and one of them thoughtfully threw the doctor's satchel into the sleigh. The next moment all were lost in the darkness.

Harris drove for an hour, watching the trail keenly in the whitish mist of the winter's night, and urging the horses to the limit of their exertions. He had almost forgotten his passenger when he felt a stir in the bottom of the sleigh. Looking down closely he found the doctor trying to extricate a flask from one of his pockets. With a quick wrench he took it from him, and would have thrown it into the snow, but the thought struck him that it might be needed, and he put it into his own pocket.

The doctor struggled to his feet. "Say, Harris, you're friend o' mine, but don't take too many liberties, see?

"S no use tryin' without it. Jush give me that bottle now, or I'll get out an' go home."

Harris was so pleased at the signs of returning coherence that he could have hugged the doctor, but he only said, "You've had enough for tonight. And you won't get out, because if you try to I'll knock you senseless in the bottom of the sleigh."

After that the doctor remained silent for some time. Then suddenly he lemanded: "Shay, Harris, where you takin' me to, anyway?"

"I'm taking you to my home,"

"Wha' for? You're all right, I guess . . ." Suddenly the doctor stood erect.

"Harris, is your wife sick?"

"That's why I came for you."

"Well, why the devil didn't you say so? Here, give me that whip. Harris, Harris, what did you waste time arguing for?"

"I didn't waste much. The argument was mostly on your side."

"Harris," said the doctor, after a long silence, "you think I'm a fool. You're right. It isn't as though I

didn't know. I know the road I'm going, and the end thereof. . . . And yet, in a pinch, I can pull myself together. I'm all right now. But it'll get me again as soon as this is over. . . . Any good I am, any good I do, is just a bit of salvage out of the wreck. The wreck—yes, it's a good word that—wreck."

Just as the dawn was breaking he knelt beside her. Her eyes were very large and quiet, and her face was white and still. But she raised one pale hand, and the thin fingers fondled in his hair. She drew his face very gently down, and big silent tears stood in his eyes.

"We will call him Allan," he said.

"Whatche doing, Harris?"

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The changes of a quarter of a century.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INTEREST IN OLD MANSES

Traveler Finds Atmosphere of Romance Surrounds Picturesque Abodes of Eastern States.

Vacation pilgrims traveling by automobile or trolley or pursuing the less exhilarating but more tranquil joy of exploring country highways and byways on foot or drawn by some faithful old Dobbin have singled out about every structure or locality famous in song, story and history. Wayside inns, taverns, military headquarters, churches and the birthplaces of celebrities have all come in for their share of worship.

There is, however, one species of landmark which seems to have escaped the special attention of those interested in relics of our pious forefathers—the old manses of New England and the middle states. The rectory or parsonage of today was known in the time of our ancestors by the old Scotch title of manse.

At first thought 't might seem that no more particular interest would hover about these ancient manses than about any of the picturesque homes of an earlier century. Indeed it is not so much in outward appearance that they are to be set apart, but because of an intangible atmosphere of sacred romance surrounding them—invisible "clouds of glory" trailing back to the days when the manse played a most important part in the life of the community. Furthermore each of these old ministerial dwellings has a story all of its own. It was by accident I discovered this, and now whenever happy chance takes me to a new locality the first place I hunt up is the manse.—Chicago Daily News.

Ornamental Thimbles.

At one time, apart from the shape, which is imperative, thimbles were decorated with all kinds of precious stones at the tip—and these were, of course, designated more for ornament than use, when it was the fashion, as Sheridan remarks, for fine ladies to play "at fine work," according to the Irish World. Ladies in our grandmothers' days, besides seeing to the household and personal linen, generally worked in delicate material in silks and satins, when a smaller thimble was brought into play and used with some of the witchery of the fan.

THE STORY OF RIBBON BASKETS



OUT of four ribbon-covered or ribbon-trimmed baskets, selected almost anywhere, three of the number are more than likely, to find themselves made for the exclusive use of his emulness—the baby, and doubtless the first of such gayly decked and dainty affairs was inspired by the stork. But even the baby has no monopoly of ribbons and there are baskets and baskets—for the use of various members of the family and for various parts of the house—and they receive their character wholly from the ribbons used for making or trimming them. It must be conceded, anyway, that babies' baskets are most important of all and therefore they properly open the story—which is a long-continued one, of ribbon baskets.

In the group of four baskets shown above there are three more or less lavish examples of the designers' art in baby baskets. Beautiful ribbons inspire the fancy and under such a genial spell baskets like that at the top of the group blossom out. It is a round basket lined with soft pink satin ribbon, which is wide enough to cover the inside of the foundation and fall in a founce about the outside. It is shirred in a little frill about the edge of the top and the bottom is tufted and covered like a jewel box. Hanging loops and ends of very narrow ribbon are set at intervals about the edge for ornament. Brush, comb, powder, safety-pin cushion, soap box—all have their proper place in pockets or supports placed about the inside. The handle is wound with ribbon and

a lavish bow is attached to the left side—all in pink. At the right a little cluster of scented bags adds the charm of sweet odor to this very beautiful bit of artistry.

A simpler basket at the right employs satin ribbon in two colors. The basket is of ivory-enameled willow and its bottom is covered with a pad woven in checker-board pattern of the two ribbons. Ribbon is strung through interstices in the basket and tied in little bows at each corner and there is a small pin cushion in the checker-board pattern, fastened to the side. Safety pins are provided for by small white rings suspended on narrow ribbons and pockets take care of other toilet requisites.

A waste basket for the living room has a panel of metal brocade ribbon on each side with plain ribbon gathered between. Gold lace finishes the top and bottom and plain silk makes the lining.

A modest but clever little basket finishes this opening chapter of their story. It is made over a round foundation covered with wide satin ribbon shirred over it and finished about the edge with a ruching of narrow ribbon and little bows. Instead of a handle it has an extra rim of wire about the top edge, also covered by a shirring of narrow ribbon.

spicuously unadorned, however, are the fashionable white buckskins, which are deprived even of the usual "points" on the back of the hands.

Embroidered Neckwear.

Collars and vests of open-work embroidery of the kind known as "broderie Anglaise" are among the newest neckwear. The eyelet embroidery is worked on batiste, edged with lace or embroidery, and dyed a deep ecru. The wearing quality of these pieces is a recommendation.

God Will Keep You.

There is nothing in what has befallen or befalls you which justifies impatience or peevishness. God is inscrutable, but not wrong. Remember if the cloud is over you that there is a bright light always on the other side; also, that the time is coming, either in this world or in the next, when that cloud will be swept away, and the fullness of God's light and wisdom poured around you. If your life is dark, then walk by faith; and God is pledged to keep you as safe as if you could understand everything.—Horace Bushnell.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR JANUARY 23

PROMOTION IN THE KINGDOM.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 20:17-28. GOLDEN TEXT—The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.—Matt. 20:28. REFERENCE MATERIAL—Matt. 19:27-29; Mark 10:32-34; Luke 22:24-30. PRIMARY TOPIC—Wanting More Than Our Share. JUNIOR TOPIC—How to Win First Place. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Right and Wrong Ambitions. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Greatness Through Service.

1. Jesus Foretells His Death and Resurrection.

He King on His way to Jerusalem (vv. 17-19). This is His last journey to the beloved city. He took the twelve disciples aside from the group of traveling pilgrims to make known unto them what was before them. On the journey He went ahead of the disciples. The courage thus shown by the Lord amazed the disciples who were following in fear (Mark 10:32). "Christ, the conscious and certain sufferer, is courageous. His followers who had nothing to fear were afraid."

2. Betrayal and death foretold (vv. 18, 19). He went forward fully conscious of the awful tragedy of the cross. He for the third time since the transfiguration tells the disciples of His suffering and death, but they are so filled with their ambitious schemes that they do not understand Him. The treachery of Judas Iscariot; the fierce persecutions of the chief priests and scribes; the unjust judgment; the delivery to Pontius Pilate; the mocking; the scourging; the crown of thorns; the cross; the hanging between two malefactors; the nails; the spear; all were spread before His mind like a picture. Though He knew, all this He deliberately pressed on. The joyous outlook upon the victory which would be accomplished by the shedding of His blood led Him forward. He went courageously, for He knew the time had come for the accomplishment of His Father's will.

3. The resurrection foretold (v. 19). Truly this would have been a dark picture had the resurrection not been made known. The resurrection life beyond is always seen as the issue of the cross. The blessedness of the life beyond this "vale of tears" should urge us on. "In this we have Christ as the great example (Heb. 12:2).

II. The Ambitious Request of James and John (vv. 20-23).

1. The request (vv. 20, 21). This request was made by their mother. The request is for a place of prominence in the kingdom. It is right for mothers to be ambitious for their boys, but they should know that earth's pinnacles are exceedingly dangerous. It is very desirable that we get places for our children near Jesus, but we should keep out of our minds the vanity of the world.

2. Jesus' answer. (vv. 22, 23). He spoke directly to the men, not to their mother, declaring that they knew not what they were asking. He showed them that the way to this position of glory was through suffering. The cup of which they were to drink was that of great suffering and agony. The positions which they craved were attainable, but in a very different way from what they apprehended. The way to the places of glory in the kingdom of Christ is through the path of lowly and self-forgetful service, even great suffering.

3. How to Be Truly Exalted (vv. 24-25).

1. The angry disciples (v. 24). When the ten heard of the request of James and John they were filled with indignation against them. Their displeasure did not arise from the fact that they were free from the same selfish spirit, but that these two had thrust themselves to the front; it was an admixture of indignation and jealousy.

2. Greatness among the heathen (v. 25). The rule of the world has always been by the strong hand. The standards have been not moral excellence, but wealth, station and power. Even today the reason one nation rules the other is that the one possesses sharper swords and heavier clubs than the other.

3. Greatness among Christ's disciples (vv. 26, 27). Here the standard is in sharp contrast. The way to the places of prominence in Christ's kingdom is the way of self-abasement. It is not wrong to be ambitious to be great, but the basis of true greatness is that which human selfishness seeks to avoid. There will be degrees of rank in Christ's kingdom, but this rank will be character, not position or authority. The spirit of Christ substitutes "the greatness of love for the love of greatness." This greatness is not won at the expense of others.

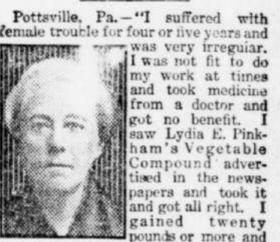
4. Christ is the supreme example of greatness (v. 28). All who would be great should study and imitate Christ. Let them forget self and serve others, even to give their lives. This will eliminate all scrambling for place and power. The one grand test by which to know whether Christ's Spirit controls one is whether he is serving or seeking to be served.

God Will Keep You.

There is nothing in what has befallen or befalls you which justifies impatience or peevishness. God is inscrutable, but not wrong. Remember if the cloud is over you that there is a bright light always on the other side; also, that the time is coming, either in this world or in the next, when that cloud will be swept away, and the fullness of God's light and wisdom poured around you. If your life is dark, then walk by faith; and God is pledged to keep you as safe as if you could understand everything.—Horace Bushnell.

ABLE TO DO HER WORK

After Long Suffering Mrs. Siefert Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Pottsville, Pa.—"I suffered with female trouble for four or five years and was very irregular. I was not fit to do my work at times and took medicine from a doctor and got no benefit. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the newspapers and took it and got all right. I gained twenty pounds or more and am now able to do my work. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and you may use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. SALLIE SIEFERT, 313 W. Fourth Street, Pottsville, Pa.

The everyday life of many housewives is a continual struggle with weakness and pain. There is nothing more wearing than the ceaseless round of household duties and they become doubly hard when some female trouble makes every bone and muscle ache, and nerves all on edge.

If you are one of these women do not suffer for four or five years as Mrs. Siefert did, but profit by her experience and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

HOW DOCTORS TREAT COLDS AND THE FLU

First Step in Treatment Is a Brisk Purgative With Calotabs, the Purified and Refined Calomel Tablets that are Nausealess, Safe and Sure.

Doctors have found by experience that no medicine for colds and influenza can be depended upon for full effectiveness until the liver is made thoroughly active. That is why the first step in the treatment is the new, nausealess calomel tablets called Calotabs, which are free from the sickening and weakening effects of the old style calomel. Doctors also point out the fact that an active liver may go a long way towards preventing influenza and is one of the most important factors in enabling the patient to successfully withstand an attack and ward off pneumonia.

One Calotab on the tongue at bed time with a swallow of water—that's all. No salts, no nausea nor the slightest interference with your eating, pleasure or work. Next morning your cold has vanished, your liver is active, your system is purified, and you are feeling fine, with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Druggists sell Calotabs only in original sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. Your money will be cheerfully refunded if you do not find them delightful.—(Adv.)

When a man lectures on prohibition he has a dry subject.

Laziness is an easily acquired art.

Feel All Worn Out?

Has a cold, grip, or other infectious disease sapped your strength? Do you suffer backache, lack ambition, feel dull and depressed? Look to your kidneys! Physicians assure that kidney trouble often results from infectious diseases. Too often the kidneys are neglected because the sufferer doesn't realize they have broken down under the strain of filtering disease-causing poisons from the blood. If your back is bad, your kidneys act irregularly, and you feel all run down, use Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands. Ask your neighbor!

A Louisiana Case

G. W. Robinson, stationary engineer, Leesville, La., says: "My back was painful and kidney trouble often results from infectious diseases. Too often the kidneys are neglected because the sufferer doesn't realize they have broken down under the strain of filtering disease-causing poisons from the blood. If your back is bad, your kidneys act irregularly, and you feel all run down, use Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands. Ask your neighbor!"

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brings astonishing, gratifying results in making baby's stomach, digest food and bowels regular as they should at touching time. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Safe and satisfactory.

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