

Ruben's Old Dad

What Busted Him All to Squash

By M. QUAD

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I got out at a small railroad station in Tennessee, to find a crowd in front of a saloon, and as I began inquiring the cause of the excitement a young man of twenty turned and replied:

"Stranger, I can tell ye all about it. Do you want to see the corpse?"

"Is some one dead?"

"Dead as a coon track, and it's my own dad at that."

"Been a row here?"

"Not a bit of it. Dad jest made a fule of hisself. He's in thar waitin' fur a cart to take hisself home to be laid out and buried."

"Never seed nuthin' to ekal it in all my bo'n days," said a man in the crowd.

"I was right yere or I wouldn't hev sniggered to it nobow," added a second.

"It was jest this way, stranger," continued the son as he picked a silver off a pine box and began to whittle at it with a spring back jackknife: "Dad and me comes down yere this mornin' to buy a mewl. Dad was powerful frisky all the way down, and he sez to me, sez he:

"Ruben, I kin outwalk, outrun, outshute, outoller and outlick anything on top of this yere airth's surface."

"I sees dad was purty chucky, and I sez to him, I sez:

"Dad, you's top of the heap round yere, and nobody kin deny it, but doan' you go and meet up with no fight in town. We's arter a mewl, we is, and we doan' want no fussin' nor nuthin'."

"And with that dad jumps fo' feet high, and cracks his heels together, and whoops out that he's bar traps, pizen, powder and catamount all boiled down into one, and that he's dangerous if anybody goes to pick up his hind foot."

"Yass, and I hears him holler when he's a mile away," said one of the crowd.

"Of co'se you did," replied Ruben; "of co'se. Dad was powerful on hollerin'. He'd holler a bar out'n a tree half a mile away. When he got down yere thar was a feller from Memphis with a patent liffin' masheen a-standin' in right yere. Thar's the pieces of it agin this fence, while the feller hisself is ten miles away and still runnin'."

"But 'twasn't his fault," protested a man on muleback.

"I ain't sayin' as 'twas," placidly answered Ruben. "I'm sayin' as dad got mixed up and made a fule of hisself. No sooner had he sot eyes on the masheen than he cracks his heels together and crows like a rooste, and sez to me, sez he:

"Ruben, I kin pull the hull state of Tennessee right up by the roots if I kin git a brace fur my feet."

"Yass, I heard him say them remarks," put in one of the crowd.

"Of co'se he said 'em," continued Ruben; "of co'se. He spit on his hands, grabbed them 'ere handles and when he straightened up I jest felt the ground tremblin' all around."

"So'd I!" called seven or eight voices in chorus.

"Dad had one side of the hull country lifted up two foot high when there was a rip and a smash, them handles tore out, the masheen sew to pieces and the airth sunk back with a chug which made us dizzy."

"Then your father had broken a blood vessel or something of the sort?" I queried.

"Skeersly, stranger, skeersly. Dad wasn't no man to stop at one blood vessel. He jest busted hisself all to pieces and was a goner afore we could reach him. I might say he sort of run together and caked. He was six foot high when he grabbed them 'ere handles, and now you can't make him over four foot eight as he lays in thar on a board. Jest pulled his knees up and his shoulders down, and I reckon his pants would hold his galuses up if thar was any buttons on 'em. The man who owned the masheen wasn't to blame—of co'se he wasn't—but when he keered the calamity he started fur Knoxville on the jump, and he was jumpin' when he turned the co'ner of the hill up thar. Dad's in yere, stranger. Come and take a look. Mighty good man he was."

"And you are waiting to take the body home?" I queried as a wagon drove up to the shed.

"That's it, stranger."

"It will be a sad sight for your mother to see the body come home."

"Toler'ly sad, toler'ly sad," replied the young man. "though she's been expectin' it for the last ten y'ars. I know about what she'll say. As the wagon drives up and she sees me she'll stand in the door and call out:

"'Has it happened this time, Rube?"

"'Yep, maw."

"'Smashed up or dead?"

"'Dead as a dead rabbit!"

"'Tackle an elephant, did he?"

"'Wurs'n that, maw."

"'A hull circus?"

"'And wuss than that. He tried to lift the hull airth on one of them masheens."

"'Shoo! Shoo! And it busted him?"

"'All to smash!"

"'Doctor look at him?"

"'Two of 'em, and both agreed that his prancin' days was over."

"'Waal, I knowed they'd be if he kept whoopin' it up, ap' mebbe he's better off. At least we'll allow that he is, and you cum in and cut some wood and feed the hawg and we'll git an early start to bury him in the maw'nin'."

How a College Man Was Reformed

By EVERETT P. CLARKE

Dear Mater—I received your last remittance of fifty yesterday. We are within a week of examinations, and I am studying very hard. I note what you say about Lucy. I am very glad that you have in mind what I have in mind. Lucy is a lovely girl and I'm sure will make me an excellent wife, but you know I'm still nearly a year from graduation and there will be more years while I am studying my profession. This seems very long to me, since I'll not be able to claim Lucy until I am through with studying. The cool weather will be coming on soon and I'll need a new overcoat. I trust it won't inconvenience you to send me \$100, for I'll need some other things besides the overcoat. Ta ta, mother dear; don't worry about my getting into bad company or neglecting my studies or otherwise disgracing myself. With loads of love, your dutiful son, ELIHU STEVENS.

When Mrs. Stevens received a letter from her dutiful son, or, rather, an envelope purporting to come from him, being an old lady with weak eyes, she turned it over to her niece, Miss Lucy Pennington, to read to her. Lucy took out the letter, and when she saw the first word in it she started. Then, telling her aunt that she would be back in a few minutes, she ran out of the room, opened a desk in which her aunt kept her son's letters, took out one dated several months before, returned with it and read it to the old lady in place of the one just received. The letter she read is printed above. This is the letter that came in the envelope:

Dearest Brownie—My last remittance is here, and I am again in funds. I shall be over to see you in my car on Saturday afternoon, and I hope you will again be able to fool your duenna and meet me at the old spot in the woods for a ride.

Mother writes me that she has set her heart on my marrying—after I get my profession, of course—my cousin, Lucy Pennington. Lucy is a good girl—too good for me—but there isn't the snap about her there is in you. She would think it very wrong to meet a young man as you meet me, fooling some one in order to do it and having a high old time. She is rather too much on the Sunday school order for that. Goodby. I shall expect to see you at the hour and place appointed. Your lover, ELIHU.

The next letter Mr. Stevens received from his mother was a forgery. Miss Lucy Pennington had written it, imitating her aunt's handwriting. It warned Elihu to take especial care of himself when the weather turned cold, to always wear his rubbers in wet weather and not study so hard as to injure his health. There was one paragraph which arrested Elihu's earnest attention. It was this:

I am sorry to say that I fear my plan with respect to you and Lucy is not likely to be carried out. Lucy has been receiving attention lately from a man at least ten years older than herself, and a very steady business man. She doesn't seem to be interested in men near her own age and looks upon college boys as juvenile. So we shall have to give that matter up.

Mr. Stevens frowned. He was very fond of his cousin. Indeed, when he had left home for college she had been his sweetheart, and he had since intended when he returned that she should still be his sweetheart if she would. His mother's plan had met his hearty concurrence. He was feeling dumpy about this change in her when he noticed another letter lying on his table. Opening it, he read:

Mr. Elihu Stevens. Dear Sir—Please take notice that the little affair that has been between us is between us no longer. I regret that I have so forgotten myself as to neglect my studies and deceive the profs. to go meandering about with a young man who has been deceiving me. Yours respectfully, BROWNIE.

There were two girls who had given him the cold shoulder at the same time. How could it have happened? He thought the matter over, and it occurred to him that when he had written to his mother or to Brownie he had been suddenly called by the college bell to a lecture and had hurried the two letters into envelopes. He suspected that he had slipped each into the envelope intended for the other. Then he scrutinized the handwriting of his mother's letter and caught the forgery.

He was in a hole. He surmised that his cousin Lucy had written the letter purporting to come from his mother, that the steady man ten years her senior was a myth and that she had written it in order to appear to turn down Elihu rather than submit to be turned down by him.

He would have eaten humble pie at once if it would have done any good, but it wouldn't. He was down on cold paper as preferring Brownie, and nothing he could say to Lucy would undo what had been done. His only chance was to live it down and by reforming his habits and years of decorous treatment of his cousin to win her by the time he had finished his education.

Fortunately at the coming of trouble with Lucy the temptation to go browsing among inferior girls was removed. Miss Brownie was not a reticent young lady and having a great many confidant friends, complained to each and every one of the way Elihu had deceived her. Each friend had her own circle of friends and the matter soon became common property.

The consequence of all this Elihu discovered that so far as conquests were concerned he might as well devote himself to his books, for during the rest of his college career the girls were all shy of him.

The incident made a new man of him. He devoted himself to his studies, and when he had served seven years for Lucy he found that she had committed the forgery to bring him back to the path from which he had strayed.

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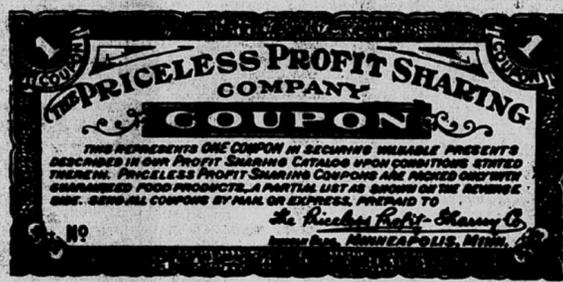


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Merchants Bank Report.

Report of the condition of the Merchants Bank of Pembina at Pembina in the State of North Dakota at the close of business November 30th, 1915.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$18,328 61
Overdrafts secured and unsecured	38 17
Warrants, stocks, tax certificates	2,879 30
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	4,800 00
Interest revenue stamps	238 00
Due from other banks	\$68,955 87
Checks and cash items	78 90
Cash	5,207 21
Total	\$117,255 96

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$10,000 00
Surplus fund	5,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses	1,675 91
dan taxes paid	1,675 91
Indiv. deposits subject to check	70,849 02
Time certificates of deposit	62,034 16
Cashier's checks outstanding	4,866 77
Total	\$117,255 96

State of North Dakota, County of Pembina, ss: I, J. A. WILKINS, Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. A. WILKINS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of November 1915.

F. A. WARDWELL, Notary Public. My commission expires Jan. 28th, 1917.

Correct Attest: CHAS. B. HAYES, J. A. WILKINS, Director.

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Notice to Creditors.

In the matter of the estate of Thomas Hart, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John W. Hart, administrator, with will annexed, of the estate of Thomas Hart, late of the township of Joliette, in the county of Pembina, and state of North Dakota, having claims against deceased, to exhibit them within six months after the first publication of this notice to said administrator at his office in the village of Joliette, in the township of Joliette, in said Pembina county.

Notice to Creditors.

STATE OF NORTH DAKOTA, County of Pembina. In the Court, Before Hon. H. G. Vick, Judge. In the Matter of The Estate of James P. Carleton, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Earle E. Andrus and John J. Carleton, as executors of the last will and testament of James P. Carleton, late of the City of St. Paul, in the County of Ramsey and State of Minnesota, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to said executors, at the office of H. E. Spiller, Attorney at Law, in the City of Cavalier, County of Pembina and State of North Dakota.



Probate Notice.

State of North Dakota, county of Pembina, in County Court, before Honorable H. G. Vick, judge of the County Court, in the matter of the estate of Gideon B. Loomer deceased. Guy Loomer petitioner, vs. Asenath Hatfield, Catherine Pettis, Sophia Cole, Asenath Ann Knowlton, Ada Adella Spicer, Pleasant F. Loomer, Mary Rita Fisher, Frank L. Loomer and Ashley Loomer, and Muriel Loomer a minor and Margaret Loomer a minor Respondents.

Citation hearing petition for appointment of Administrator. The State of North Dakota to the above named respondents and all persons interested in the estate of Gideon B. Loomer deceased. You and each of you are hereby notified that Guy Loomer, the petitioner herein, has filed in this court his petition praying that letters of administration upon the estate of Gideon B. Loomer, late of the township of Joliette, in the county of Pembina, in the State of North Dakota, deceased, be granted to John W. Wilson, of the township of Joliette, in the county of Pembina and State of North Dakota, and that said petition will be heard and duly considered by this court, on the 8th day of December, 1915, at two o'clock in the afternoon, in the court rooms in the county court building in the City of Cavalier, said county of Pembina and State of North Dakota, and you and each of you, are hereby notified to be and appear before this court, on said time and above cause if any there be, with the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

By the court. (County Court Seal.) H. G. VICK, Judge of County Court. Dated the 18th day of October, 1915. Let the service of the above citation be made by publication of some once each week for three successive weeks in the Pioneer Express, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Pembina, Pembina county, North Dakota, and by mailing as provided by law. H. G. VICK, County Judge.

Vertical text on the left edge of the page, including "C...", "M...", "K...", "P...", "S...", "T...", "U...", "V...", "W...", "X...", "Y...", "Z...".

Kissing may be unhealthful, but nothing risks, nothing gained.