

"Old Andy"

By EVA VANE

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"It is the only way, John, dear, and you must not rebel. Only four months—why, it will pass before we know it!"

The man addressed bowed his head and was silent. Pride and manliness were sorely wounded. He had come squarely up against a situation neither had apprehended. Indecision, actual poverty shut them in completely. But Rhoda, brave, hopeful, industrious, suggested the way out.

They had been married in a quiet way only three months ago. Then John Bascom had what he considered a life job with the furniture factory people, where he had been employed for two years. He had saved a little, but this had gone to furnish the humble little home they had rented. Then had come disaster. The factory had burned down one night. All work was suspended until it could be rebuilt.

"You see, John, we must not give up," Rhoda had said. "We owe nearly seventy dollars, that we counted on paying out of next month's salary."

"And there is no next month's salary!" submitted John desolately.

"Unless I earn it!" cried Rhoda cheerily—"and that I can do. I will simply go back to Belleville and take my old position in the millinery store. You know I got good pay. There is no such chance for me here in Taunton. In the meantime you must look after the house here."

"And have it said that I am living on my wife?" resented John—"never!"

But Rhoda had finally prevailed. They must not break up, she insisted. And then John asked a pertinent question:

"And what about Teddy?"

For a moment Rhoda's fair brow wrinkled with perplexity and concern.



"Why Do You Ask?"

Teddy was a waif, an orphan who had limped into Taunton just after the wedding, ragged, hungry, with no past worth remembering, and no friends.

The forlorn little tramp had come asking for food at the door. He had been welcome to it—and more. He was bright, accommodating, grateful. They had practically adopted him, had dressed him, had sent him to school, and his laughing ways had made him quite an institution in the little home.

"You must try and keep him with you, John. We should miss him dreadfully in the better days to come, if we sent him away now. There he is now," and the gay ringing voice of their protegee echoed outside, hailing some playmates.

"Hey, was the circus good?" he was calling out.

"Dandy!" came the prompt response. "Such a clown—and, say, the animals! There was an elephant as big as a house. And, say, the lion! My! but he was fierce, and growled, and roared, and tore, as the keeper whipped him about the cage."

It was decided that Rhoda should leave three days later. The decision got about the town, and Ted heard of it at school. He came home crying, and Rhoda had to tell him the whole story.

"If I could only work to help you," sobbed the faithful Teddy. "Say, can't I, mother? Say, I can help anyway. I can do with one meal a day. I've done it in the old days, many a time."

"Just be good and kind to John," Mrs. Bascom said. "He is greatly worried."

"You bet I will!" declared Ted. He was silent and thoughtful after that. The next evening, however, when he came home from school he was excited with some intense secret excitement. Rhoda attributed it to her pending departure. If she had only known!

For not a wink of sleep did Ted have that night. He would smile, as if in eager anticipation of some approaching event of interest and importance. Then, as he got drowsy, he would give a great start, come wide awake, and for a moment would glance

with vivid terror until he had recovered his normal wits.

The next morning Ted hurried away from home, bright and early. He made two visits. One was to the town livery stable keeper, the other to a wealthy magnate who had a mansion with great grounds, and a tame fawn and a pet fox. Ted propounded a peculiar question to both of these persons. It was:

"What would you give for a real live lion?"

And they laughed at him, and wondered what quaint idea had got into the little fellow's head.

That night, when the others were in the house fast asleep, Ted stole cautiously down the stairs, barefooted. He visited the pantry, and then, carefully opening the back door, scudded out into the dark, rainy night. He returned in about half an hour.

The next morning Mrs. Bascom complained of a missing loaf of bread, and Ted nearly choked on what he was eating. His mother, by adoption, stared marveling at him as he left for school.

"Mother," he said, "you won't go away until tomorrow, will you?"

"No, dear," answered Rhoda. "Why do you ask?"

"Maybe I can raise some money by then, and you can stay with us after all, for you see—"

And then he clapped his hand to his mouth as if fearful of unloosening some secret, and darted away.

"Why, I do believe the boy has got some wild idea in his head, the way he acts!" spoke John, and, half an hour later, walking down the main street of the town, he was surprised to find Ted, not at school, but turning into the main printing office of the village. He followed him, to come upon Ted in a businesslike way confronting the publisher of the local paper.

John drew to one side, in the shadow of the big printing press, as he heard Ted say to the publisher:

"Mr. Brown, do you ever give a fellow credit who wants to put a little notice in your paper?"

"Why, yes, Ted, at times," pleasantly answered Mr. Brown. "Going into business, and thinking of advertising in the Beacon?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied Ted soberly—"only I want to print a notice, and I've got no money, but I'm going to have a show, and that will bring in some, and then I want to sell something I've got, and I want you to write a little piece telling what it is."

The proprietor was grinning and the listening John was staring hard.

"What are you driving at, Ted?" inquired the publisher; "what is it that you've got to sell?"

"Well, I haven't told a soul yet," explained Ted, lowering his voice and gazing about in a mysterious way. "You see, the folks have a lot of troubles, and I want to help them, and I want to surprise the boys. It's a lion."

"A—lion!" uttered the publisher in amazement.

"Yes, sir—it's funny. I was just scared to death three nights ago, crossing the pasture lot with the old barn on it. There was a lion—yes, sir!" and Ted became desperately excited. "A real, big, live lion! I slammed the door shut on him and then looked in at the window. The lion didn't roar, like the books say. He sort of whined. I've been feeding him since, and I've got right in with him. He's tame as a cow. And I'm going to have a show and charge two cents."

"Ted, what color is your lion?" demanded Mr. Brown, seizing Ted's arm, and the excited one now.

"Yellow, with a white nose, and—"

"I declare!" gasped the publisher. And just then he caught sight of Mr. Bascom. "I say!" he hailed him—"this fine lad of yours has made a lucky find. Look here!"

The publisher stepped to one side and lifted from a freshly printed pile a handbill just ready for distribution.

It offered three hundred dollars for the return to the show at Belleville of Old Andy, the escaped menagerie lion.

"Crackety!" exploded loyal Ted, all grins and chuckles as it was made plain to him that he was rich—for a boy.

"Take it all!" he cried, with tears of joy, to John. "Oh, but I'm glad and happy! And mother—she won't have to go away, after all!"

"Bread on the waters!" solemnly observed the impressionable publisher. "The incident will make a fine editorial!"

On Being Natural.

The world has established certain standards of etiquette for those who would be recognized as well bred and cultured. The earlier in life these standards are adopted the better for the woman. Fortunate indeed is she who has cultivated early in life a soft voice, poise, grace of carriage and the "pretty" way of doing things. She need have no fear that in a moment of excitement she will forget herself and be guilty of a faux pas.

Absolutely destructive of naturalness in manner is self-consciousness. This affliction amounts at times almost to an obsession. It causes women to shout who wish to speak low; it leads often to an assumption of bravado, causing criticism that may be unjust, but is invited and unavoidable.

It is a gentle art, the art of being natural; one that is essential to every woman, who wishes to be regarded as interesting, attractive and popular. No woman with an ounce of brains will allow herself to become the victim of affectation if she would get the most that is possible out of life.

STATE BREVITIES

Winona. — Drawn into the flywheel of a gasoline engine on his farm near Utica, this county, John A. Dahle was injured so seriously that death resulted 12 hours later.

St. Paul. — St. Paul has three representatives on the faculty of the summer school in mental deficiency to be conducted at the Minnesota school for feeble-minded at Faribault, June 26 to August 5.

St. Paul. — The Minnesota primary law was sharply criticized at a meeting of the executive committee of the Republican League of Minnesota at The Saint Paul. Sentiment was unanimously against it.

Duluth. — The passenger steamer Roanoke, which sank off San Francisco a few days ago, formerly sailed the Great Lakes, and for several years was used as a ferry boat between Duluth and Old Superior.

Minneapolis. — Seating arrangements were made for 500 delegates to the Northwest Congress of Life Underwriters in Minneapolis and St. Paul. Topics related to insurance were treated by national insurance experts.

Pipestone. — Charles H. Bennett, commander of the First District G. A. R. association of Southwestern Minnesota, has issued orders announcing the annual encampment of the association here on June 27, 28 and 29.

Mankato. — Mrs. F. W. Foster of Omaha, Neb., died suddenly on an Omaha train en route home from Minneapolis, where she was a delegate to the Northern Baptist convention. The body was taken from the train here.

Lake City. — When the Minnesota Horse Breeders' association and the Eastern Minnesota Horse Breeders' association meet here June 17, all sessions will take place on board the steamer Frontenac and barge Mississippi, afloat on Lake Pepin.

St. Paul. — Passage of a bill providing for industrial insurance for railway employees engaged wholly in intrastate traffic will be asked of the next legislature. This was decided by the Minnesota legislative board of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

Minneapolis. — In order to land the 1917 convention of the National Editorial association for Minneapolis, the "convention-getting" committee of the Minnesota Editorial association is working for a delegation of 25 or 30 Minnesota editors to attend the 1916 meeting at New York city, beginning June 19.

Moorhead. — Road boosters of Western Minnesota, seeking the establishment of the "lake and park" road as the official route of the Jefferson highway, met here to further outline the campaign. The western route supporters are opposing an organization that is seeking the establishment of the road through the central section of the state.

St. Peter. — Swan Lake, the hunters' paradise of Southern Minnesota, is to be drained into the Minnesota river. An association to further the project has been formed by farmers living near the lake. The project means the reclaiming of twenty-six sections of land, more than 16,500 acres, or nearly one-third of Nicollet county.

St. Peter. — That Patrick J. Gibbons, former St. Paul commission man, who escaped from the asylum for the criminal insane at St. Peter, had help either from the inside of the institution or that friends awaited him in an automobile and hustled him out of danger of capture, is intimated in the report of the superintendent, R. M. Phelps, to the state board of control.

Cass Lake. — Delegates from the Cass County Development association have been appointed to represent this county at the All-Minnesota Development association meeting in St. Paul, June 16 and 17, as follows: Senator P. H. McGarry of Walker, A. C. Miller of Backus, Jay P. Brewer of Pine River, M. N. Koll of Cass Lake, C. A. Graham of Remer, W. B. Jones of Pilager and Robert De Lury of Walker.

St. Paul. — Regimental commanders of the Minnesota national guard, in which some companies have been placed on probation as a result of the last Federal inspection, have been given the inspection reports by Adjutant General Wood and have been requested to confer immediately with their company commanders and report to the adjutant general on the cause of failure to meet the war department standard and what steps they are taking to remedy conditions.

St. Paul. — Validity of the treaty of February 22, 1855, under which a large portion of Minnesota was ceded to the government by the Mississippi and other bands of Chippewa Indians again will go before the United States supreme court with special attention called to the question as to whether liquor may be shipped in interstate commerce into the Indian territory for the private consumption of whites. The territory affected includes such cities and towns as Brainerd, Coe-raine, Bemidji, Cass Lake, Hibbing and Chisholm.

Albert Lea. — Residents of Albert Lea are wondering what killed thousands of song birds about the business district during the night. The pavement was found dotted with hundreds of orioles, warblers, catbirds, black-crowned sparrows and other song birds.

St. Cloud. — Frank Ulrich, 37 years old, an employe of the city, is being detained in Canada, and unless it can be shown his father, who died at St. Nicholas, this county, thirty years ago, took out his naturalization papers, Ulrich will be interned until after the war.

TRAIL IS ALMOST READY FOR TRAVEL

YELLOWSTONE PARK HIGHWAY IS LONGEST DIRECT GRAVEL ROAD IN MINNESOTA.

EVENTS AT STATE CAPITOL

Interesting and Important Happenings of the Past Few Days Selected and Arranged for the Convenience of Busy Readers.

St. Paul. — The longest direct gravel road in Minnesota will be fully completed and carrying a heavy traffic by midsummer, according to J. H. Mullen, deputy state highway engineer in charge of road construction, who has returned from an inspection of roads in Western Minnesota. This is the Yellowstone Park trail from Mankato to the South Dakota line, 150 miles in length. It passes through New Ulm, Sleepy Eye, Tracy and Lake Benton.

The special object of Mr. Mullen's trip, which required four days, and on which he made from 120 to 160 miles daily, was to discover how well the highways have come through the winter, and whether or not they are being well maintained.

"One of the main aims of the commission," he said, "is to see that proper maintenance is provided after good roads have been built. In some few instances I have found that the proper steps for maintenance were lacking."

Mr. Mullen said he found the roads held up better than usual during the winter. The new gravel road through Yellow Medicine county is in good shape. It runs fifty miles from Granite Falls to Canby.

He Wanted to Know. "Mother, who was the strongest man?" said Johnnie.

"Why, Samson, I think," said his mother, who was not very certain about history, sacred or otherwise.

"Well, how long was he champion?" asked Johnnie, another question which his mother could not answer.

Not Exactly Comforting Scripture. At the anniversary meeting of the Bible Reading association Rev. W. Y. Fullerton of the Baptist Missionary society told a story of illustrate the fact that some people needed guidance in the selection of their Bible reading.

According to the Westminster Gazette the story was a reminiscence of Mr. Fullerton's mission days, when a man came to one of his meetings and told of his efforts to comfort his wife as she lay upon the sickbed.

"I read to her every night," he said. "What did you read to her?" asked the missionary.

"Well," said the man, "I began at the first chapter of the Book of Proverbs, and when I had finished the book she died!"

Made since 1846—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

A man's intellect doesn't seem to have anything in common with his happiness.

Ignorance may be bliss, but there is a lot of bliss that isn't due to ignorance.

The chronic borrower is naturally a trifle touchy.

FITS, EPILEPSY, FALLING SICKNESS Stopped Quickly. Fifty years of uninterrupted success of Dr. Kline's Epilepsy Medicine insure lasting results. L. J. ROSE, TRUST BOTTLE FINDER. THE KLINE COMPANY, Red Bank, N. J.—Adv.

A man isn't necessarily a bird because he acts like a jay.

You never hear a dressmaker say that figures cannot lie.

Man may be the stronger, but woman's tongue is more facile.

For thrush use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

When a man says a bright thing he nearly always forgets the quotation marks.

A woman is always suspicious of another woman who dresses better than herself.

Talkative women are naturally open-faced.

The rolling man gathers no bank account.

Some men wouldn't take advice if it were offered to them in capsules.

Matrimonial packages are not always what they are tied up to be.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Pitchee* In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

Prevent It by Using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

If your scalp is irritated, itching and burning and your hair dry and falling out in handfuls try the following treatment: touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment and follow with hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. Absolutely nothing better.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Regular Nightmare. "Well, Bobby," said young Lightwit, as the small brother of the only girl entered the grocery, "how are all the folks—and what can I do for you this morning?"

"Oh, the folks aint got no kick comin' 'cept Mame. I heard her tollin' maw she dream'd about you again last night."

"And what did your ma say?" inquired Lightwit, bending over the counter eagerly.

"Maw told her she'd have to cut out mince pie and pickles before she went to bed after this—and I want a nickel's worth of crackers and two cents worth of milk," rejoined the youngster.

For wire cuts use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Don't blame a girl for assuming a striking attitude when she's trying to make a hit.

Stick to Your Intentions. Don't put off getting Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh until something happens. Get it now and be prepared for accidents. You will find frequent use for it in your home and in your stable for cuts, burns, bruises and any sore, any lameness. Adv.

Lots of men are lenient with themselves because of their belief that charity begins at home.

Many a man who takes himself seriously is considered a joke by his neighbors.

Counties Want Highway. Members of the State Highway Commission have been deluged with petitions from residents of Stearns and Todd counties to route the Jefferson highway through their borders and through Wadena, Hubbard and Beltrami counties as well, by way of St. Cloud and Sauk Center.

May Hurt Bridge Work. The big jump in the price of steel is likely to play an important role in Minnesota road and bridge construction this year, according to the latest issue of the Minnesota Highway Journal, official publication of the state highway commission.

To Adopt U. S. Standards. Government standards probably will be adopted in the future in measuring timber cut on state lands following allegations of losses estimated at \$12,500 this year to the state through converting factors and technical law violations. Directed by the state timber board to submit new schedules for converting cords and places into timber feet, both the State Auditor and State Forester said that recommendations in the government book of uses will be followed and agreed that there is little question about adoption.

The heavy crops in Western Canada have caused new records to be made in the handling of grains by railroads. For, while the movement of these heavy shipments has been wonderfully rapid, the resources of the different roads, despite enlarged equipments and increased facilities, have been strained as never before, and previous records have thus been broken in all directions.

The largest Canadian wheat shipments through New York ever known are reported for the period up to October 15th, upwards of four and a quarter million bushels being exported in less than six weeks, and this was but the overflow of shipments to Montreal, through which point shipments were much larger than to New York.

Yields as high as 60 bushels of wheat per acre are reported from all parts of the country; while yields of 45 bushels per acre are common.

Thousands of American farmers have taken part in this wonderful production. Land prices are still low and free homestead lands are easily secured in good localities, convenient to churches, schools, markets, railroads, etc.

There is no war tax on land and no conscription. Write for illustrated pamphlet, reduced railroad rates and other information to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

R. A. GARRETT, 311 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minn. Canadian Government Agents

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