

## The Old Homestead

By ALDEN CHAPMAN

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"I don't seem to please her," spoke Martin Frey to his old-time friend, Judge Bartlett.

"Well, Mary is not a demonstrative person," said the judge. "Don't get a lot of nonsense into your head, Martin. You have provided a beautiful home, the children are healthy and happy—what more can you expect?"

But Martin Frey sighed and shook his head, and although he did not pursue the subject it remained in his mind. He had married Mary back at their home town, Leighton, twenty years since. Never had there been a more loyal and industrious helpmeet. And now, only a month before he had confronted Mary with the surprise of her life.

For years he had planned it—the building of a model home as good as any in the town. He had cherished the idea, saving, scraping, for nearly a decade. He had never let Mary even surmise what he was at. When the beautiful house was all completed and newly furnished he had appeared in a brand-new automobile and had piled in the delighted children, with the brisk, cheery hall:

"Come, Mary, I'm going to take a drive!"

And then, as they reached the new home he had so proudly acquired, he drew a key from his pocket, handed it to her and said, grandly waving his hand toward the pretty house:

"There's your new home, Mary, and no one ever deserved one as you do!"

Mary was pleased, there was no doubt of that. She admired all the fine points of the handsome residence and her eyes brightened as they noted the comfortable and even luxurious furnishings.

"You are a good man, Martin," she said, and her voice quivered with emotion, and then she kissed him, and his heart warmed toward her.

For all that, as time went on, Martin noticed that Mary did not seem to exactly fit into her new environment. They were able to keep a maid now, but Mary was wedded to her old housekeeping ways. She missed the old kitchen stove and the shining gas range troubled her. She missed washing the children every Saturday night in the old-fashioned wash tub.

"It's beautiful, Martin," she would say, "but I can't help thinking of the old home back at Leighton. Don't you remember the view from the old open piazza there, just far and grand. And the cool well water, and the honeysuckle vine, and the little school-house just beyond our lot?"

"I do, indeed," Martin would reply, "and it's the sweetest picture in the world in my memory. But ways have changed, Mary. And the old place? Twenty years—why, I suppose Leighton is just a bustling little city now, and you wouldn't recognize it, with all the old landmarks gone."

Still Mary cherished her dream. It was not difficult to convince her that the children were given great advantages under the new order of affairs, but the old home seemed to beckon her. It was a shrine in memory and devotion and she longed for a sight of it once more. How much, Martin never knew until Mary was under a spell of sickness. He was spelling the nurse one evening and seated in the half-darkened room where Mary lay, when he knew from her restlessness that she was fevered and incoherent. He caught some words that enchain attention and interest. In her delirium Mary fancied she was conversing with an old-time girl friend.

"I don't want Martin to know, dear," Mary was murmuring. "He is so good and kind to me, but it has seemed to me for years that the greatest boon I could ask would be to visit the dear old home again. If it is only to freshen my memory and help the longing I cannot repress, it would be a blessing to me. I hope some time before I die Martin will visit Leighton and I will get my wish."

"You poor, romantic, sentimental dear! That you shall!" whispered Martin to himself, and until the day far ahead when Mary regained her old strength the idea never left his mind. The glad look in her eyes fully repaid his care and thoughtfulness, when he one day announced that he was going to take a trip to Leighton in the automobile, children and all.

With eager, expectant eyes Mary leaned from the vehicle as the machine turned into the street where she had passed her early childhood. Slowly her face lost its token of delight. There were stores where the houses of her youth had been. The old-time green lawns were gone. The quaint, well-remembered little schoolhouse was occupied as a repair shop, the grand valley view shut out by the smoke of great factories, the honeysuckle vine was no more, and the house, always so neatly painted and kept, seemed ready to collapse with the first strong wind and was given over to poor mill workers.

Mary drew down her veil to hide her tears. "We had better go on," she said forlornly, and was very quiet all the way back to their starting point. That evening she was more kind and gentle than ever to the children, and she placed her arm about her husband's neck when they were alone.

"Martin, dear," she said, as she kissed him fondly, "I have learned a lesson—home is where love is; and, oh, I am so content and happy!"

## DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

PETER GNOME'S PARTY.

"I've always loved the snow and the slush which we get at this time of the year," said Peter Gnome.

"That's true, you always have," said Billie Brownie.

And then they both hugged each other, as they always did, and rolled over in a slushy snow bank.

"Of course," said Peter, "I mean that we must have a party when I begin talking in this way."

"I thought so," said Billie Brownie.

"I thought we might have a fancy dress party," said Peter. "So let's send out the invitations as soon as possible. We must have our party while we have this nice mild weather which is making the snow very slushy and soft and squashy and wet."

"All right," said Billie Brownie, "let's get our friends, the Breeze Brothers, to send out the invitations."

"Come hither, Breeze Brothers," said Peter Gnome, and Peter Brownie called out: "We have messages for you to deliver."

So the Breeze Brothers took around the messages to the fairies and the elves and the rest of the brownies and gnomes, so that all of Peter's friends would come to the party.

The messages told them to wear fancy costumes and to come that very afternoon to Gnomeland at the edge of the woods.

All the guests arrived on time. The fairies wore lovely costumes of some



The Fairy Queen Did a Beautiful Dance.

part of wonderful soft, silky materials which kept changing colors.

First it was purple, then blue, then lavender, and then pink. And the fairy queen wore a silver costume which dropped stars of silver as she moved about. So that the whole ground was covered with silver stars which shone up from the snow and looked very lovely.

The brownies wore costumes made of little crocus flowers of all colors. And how much they did look like the very early spring. The crocus flowers came up one day when the snow had melted and then some more snow had fallen upon them.

The gnomes wore costumes made of evergreen branches, and the elves wore little circus suits (so they called them) which were of pink and green. One side of each suit was of pink and the other side of green, so when they turned one way they looked as though they were wearing pink costumes, and when they turned the other way they looked as though they were wearing green suits. And some of the tiny little looked quite funny, for some were standing one way and some the other.

Peter Gnome was dressed in a suit of dark purple with a very tall purple hat which had a handsome purple tassel on the end.

Old Mr. Giant wore a costume made out of newspapers and on his chest in huge letters was written: "His Party in Gnomeland, Everybody Happy." And on his tall hat were these words: "Weather Today Perfect for the Slush Party."

They all walked through Peter Gnome's slush castle, which was very handsome, and which had been made out of the soft snow. At the end of the castle Witty Witch sat in a round room and gave every guest a present.

And then as they all followed Witty Witch, after all the presents had been given, to a great courtyard with walls made of slush, they beheld the most beautiful of fountains.

The water fell over a stone made to look like the fairy queen, and in the water danced many colored little lights. First all the lights were green and then they all changed to purple and then to golden, and then to silver.

All the guests cried with joy when they saw it, and the fairy queen did a beautiful dance as her thanks for the compliment which Peter Gnome had paid her.

And then they all danced while the many lights in the fountain played. They were of one color at a time, but they changed so fast that it seemed as though the fountain had many, many different colors in it at the same time.

And they all cheered Peter Gnome for his beautiful party, his slush castle, the beautiful presents and his fairyland fountain, for they had all had a marvelous party, full of surprises.

Brightest Moonshine.

September 19—or as their calendar puts it—August 15, "the day of bright moonshine," is when the Chinese secure life, their debts for the year.

## CHARTER OF INCORPORATION OF OKOLONA CEMETERY ASSOCIATION INCORPORATED

1. The corporate title of said company is Okolona Cemetery Association, Incorporated.

2. The name of the incorporators are: May Owen Betts, Postoffice, Okolona, Miss.; Mary Green Abbott, Postoffice, Okolona, Miss.; Frances Abbott, Postoffice, Okolona, Miss.; R. J. West, Postoffice, Okolona, Miss.; W. E. Savage, Postoffice, Okolona, Miss.; Lillie Seale Davis, Postoffice, Okolona, Miss.

3. The domicile is at Okolona, Miss.

4. Amount of capital stock None.

5. The par value of shares is None.

6. The period of existence (not to exceed fifty years) is Fifty years.

7. The purpose for which it is created: To own and care for a Cemetery within the corporate limits of the City of Okolona, Mississippi, to establish and administer an endowment fund for the maintenance of said Cemetery; to make contracts in connection with the purposes above stated.

8. The rights and powers that may be exercised by this corporation are those conferred by the provisions of Chapter 24, Mississippi Code, 1906.

May Owen Betts,  
Mary Green Abbott,  
Frances Abbott,  
W. E. Savage,  
R. J. West,  
Lillie Seale Davis,  
Incorporators.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

State of Mississippi  
County of Chickasaw

This day personally appeared before me, the undersigned authority May Owen Betts, Mary Green Abbott, Frances Abbott, W. E. Savage, R. J. West, and Lillie Seale Davis, incorporators of the corporation known as the Okolona Cemetery Association who acknowledged that they signed and executed the above foregoing articles of incorporation as their act and deed on this the 3rd day of April, 1919.

A. C. Rowe,  
Notary Public.

## A SAFE TEST

For those who are in need of a remedy for kidney troubles and backache, it is a good plan to try Doan's Kidney Pills. They are strongly recommended by grateful people.

Mrs. J. M. Huffman, 209 S. James St., Aberdeen, Miss., says: "I suffered from uric acid poison. My back was weak and I had pains through my loins. My kidneys were disordered and my left limb was swollen, causing me a lot of worry. My kidneys were at fault, as they didn't throw off the poison from my system. I was in bed for four months and was practically a cripple. I didn't find relief until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The swelling in my limb disappeared, my kidneys acted right and my health improved. Since then I have never been laid up or needed to have a doctor on account of those troubles."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Huffman had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Now is the time, ah, friend, no longer wait. To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer. To those around whose lives are now so dear. They may not meet you in the coming year. Now is the time.

### HELPFUL HINTS AND RECIPES.

A French preparation for soup seasoning is made of two ounces each of

sweet marjoram, parsley, savory, thyme, lemon peel, and one ounce of sweet basil. The herbs are dried, ground fine and sifted until well mixed. This powder keeps indefinitely; it should be used sparingly.

**Kitchen Bouquet.**—Put one cupful of sugar in an iron frying pan and stir until it melts to a dark brown color. Add half a cupful of water, stir, add a clove of garlic chopped, a chopped onion, six whole cloves, a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of black pepper and a dash of tabasco sauce. Simmer 20 minutes, strain and bottle for use. This will keep for months. Nice to color and to flavor sauces.

**Amber Marmalade.**—This is better than the original orange marmalade, if the bitter taste is at all objectionable. Take one orange, one grapefruit and one lemon; wash and wipe dry, cut in thin slices, discarding the seeds. Add 12 cupfuls of water, three quarts, and let stand over night. The next day cook until the peel is tender, then set away again over night. The next day add ten cupfuls of sugar and cook until it is thick. Put in glasses and cover with paraffin. This makes a dozen good sized glasses.

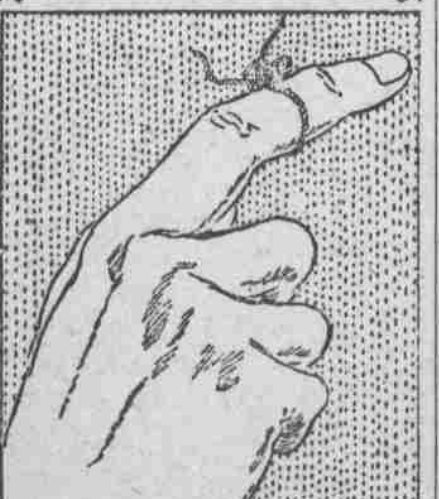
To make a cheap strained honey for the table with the honey flavor, add a quart of water to five pounds of sugar, and boil, add one pound of strained honey to the stimp while warm, mix well and it is ready to use.

**Mixed Spice for General Use.**—This is an old and valued New England recipe. The mixture is used in plum pudding, fruit cake and mince pies. Mix and sift thoroughly twice, two tablespoonfuls of powdered cinnamon, one tablespoonful each of powdered cloves and allspice, two tablespoonfuls of powdered mace and one grated nutmeg. Put away in a tin box or tight glass jar and keep ready for use. The flavor improves with age.

Nellie Maxwell

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Our method of investigating and closing loans is simple and free from unnecessary expenses and delays to the borrower.

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