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We are a branch of the great Ford Service organization, the most extensive as well as the most intensive organization of its kind in existence. It is our duty to uphold the high ideals of the Ford organization in this territory, to deliver Cars as promptly as possible, to give quick and thorough repair service and courteous treatment to all customers.

**Beginning May 1st**

our Garage in Lewisburg will be in charge of Mr. Harry N. Clarkson. He will carry in stock a complete line of Repair Parts, and will have the proper shop equipment and competent mechanics to give prompt and efficient Ford Service.

We also carry a complete line of Goodyear Tires and Tubes and Prest-O-Lite Storage Batteries, and Repair parts for all makes of cars.

**Clarkson & Tuckwiller,**

Insist on Genuine Ford Parts.

Ronceverte, W. Va.



Tried to Play With the Veil and Was Sternly Chidden.

a half-pint of milk at record-breaking speed. Hunter watched it anxiously, but it showed no immediate signs of dissolution; in fact, it curled itself up on the rug and went to sleep with a contented little purr. Hunter removed the dish and returned to the observation of the infant cat.

He had noticed a thin red ribbon around its neck as he caught it from the lamp-post; but now, as it lay on its side, he saw a tiny silver tag attached to the ribbon. He took it in his fingers, gently for fear of awaking the kitten, and with some difficulty deciphered the inscription. It was a street address—nothing more.

"No. 34 Ralston place, Morristown," he said. "It must be a pet pussy. I greatly fear you and I are going to part company before the sun sets. I'd like to keep you, but you're probably causing some old maid a succession of heart attacks. When you wake up you and I are going to make a trip to your presumably distracted mistress. So sleep while you can, for it's you for a basket and the ferries."

He busted himself about the room for a while; then, as the hour drew on toward noon, he went out, had lunch at his club and returned to find the kitten very much awake and amusing itself by experimenting with the

movables on his table, most of which lay scattered on the floor.

Hunter rescued the inkwell just in time, and unceremoniously bundled pussy into a light basket. Then the two set out for Morristown.

No. 34 Ralston place proved to be an attractive house set in the midst of a green, tree-shaded lawn. He walked up the path and rang the bell. A neat, white-capped maid answered his ring, and he was soon in the presence of his imagined "old maid." His expectations were dashed, however, for the owner of the stray, when she entered the room, caused him to spring to his feet with a flush on his face.

He knew that here was the one face he had sought all his life—and he had imagined her old and cranky! This beautiful girl of twenty or so, with light hair curling about a clear face, with the bluest eyes he had ever seen—Hunter found himself stammering something that he felt instinctively was banal.

"But I know you've had a lot of trouble with Skookum." So that was the kitten's name. How adorable she was! The girl, not the kitten, of course.

"No trouble at all," he assured her. "I'm sure that it was a pleasure to return it to you."

He laughed deliciously. "That's not very complimentary to Skookum," she replied.

"Oh, but I didn't mean that—at least, not that way." He was fussed—he was distinctly fussed, and getting more so every minute, he thought. If only she wouldn't look at a fellow that way! It was disconcerting, very.

"I—I think I must be going," he stammered.

"Oh, but you must stay and have tea," she cried. "And at least let me know to whom it is that I am obliged."

His wits were returning. "My name's Hunter—Edward Hunter. And I don't want you to feel obliged to me. But if you must, won't you tell me to whom I owe this pleasure?"

She blushed ever so slightly.

"I'm Estelle Easternman," she replied. "I live here all alone with my mother. I'm sure that I'm awfully glad to have met you, Mr. Hunter. And now let's have tea."

They had tea and much talk. And Hunter departed; but not without having extracted an invitation to call again.

Some six months later Skookum, vastly improved in stature and disposition, found the house in an unaccountable flutter. His mistress, who had always paid so much attention to him, was dressed all in white, with a long floating veil not at all like her ordinary attire. Skookum tried to play with the veil and was sternly chidden. And there was music, and hundreds of people about the place, none of whom paid the least attention to Skookum.

And presently his mistress walked slowly down the stairs and was met by a man whom Skookum remembered as his one-time benefactor; and a

man in black clothes said something, and the other man kissed his mistress, and there was great scurrying and hurrying. Skookum felt very neglected, and was on the point of voicing his feelings when his mistress and the man rushed up to him and caught him in their arms and kissed him and each other indiscriminately.

"He's responsible for it all," said the man. "Bless him!"

"He is, the darling!" said his mistress. "He shall have cream for dinner tonight."

And he did.

**REMEMBERED FOR ONE SONG**  
Dr. Thomas Dunn English Practically Unknown Except as the Author of "Ben Bolt."

Dr. Thomas Dunn English did a prodigious amount of work in his lifetime, but all of it has been forgotten except the single song, "Ben Bolt." He was a physician, a journalist and a politician, as well as a poet, an essayist and a novelist.

Dr. English was born in Philadelphia June 29, 1819. He was graduated from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, and afterward studied law. He was a Democratic member of the Fifty-second and Fifty-third congresses. For a number of years he was a newspaper man. In 1843 he wrote "Ben Bolt." The poem attracted attention, and was widely copied in England. Dr. English received no money for it. He put "Ben Bolt" to music, but the sales were light. In 1848 "The Battle of Buena Vista" was presented in Pittsburgh, and "Ben Bolt" was sung in one of the scenes. The great popularity of the song dates from that time.

"Ben Bolt" was extensively parodied for half a century. A race horse, a ship and a steamboat were named for it. Dr. English remarked grimly that the ship was wrecked, the steamboat blown up and the horse turned out a selling plater. Du Maurier for some reason chose it when he wrote "Trilby," thinking it to have been an old English melody. This helped to keep it alive.

**Inauguration Bibles.**  
For his Inauguration President Cleveland provided a Bible, little larger than a human hand, that was presented to him by his mother when he was a child. In marked contrast was McKinley's inaugural Bible, which was a tremendous affair, bound in morocco and presented to him by the negro bishop of the country. Roosevelt used the same book as on the occasion of his assumption of the governorship of New York and Woodrow Wilson took the oath both times on the Bible he had used when sworn in as governor of New Jersey.

After a bachelor passes the age of 40 it's up to him to marry a widow who marries at all. He'll need a wife who knows how cranky men are.

**ADJOURNED?**

By ALICE BORDEN STEVENS

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Don and carry, dot and carry! Bob's punch struck the stony ground and set, as in regular swing he skipped down the hill road in his own eccentric way, one shoulder lifted by the crutch, the other drooping with the heel of the well knee.

"Have a ride?" The sweet voice came from the chug of the engine as the automobile came to a sudden stop. "Going to the village? I'll give you a lift." She spoke in a careless, comely voice, as though every day she took in unknown cripples and landed them at unknown destinations.

"Sure?" he cried, deftly lifting himself through the door to the back seat of the touring car. Doris Berkeley didn't offer to help. She released the brakes and slid into the road again. "Where to, oh prince?"

"Golf links," he replied. "Golf! All right; here goes." The road was winding, now through woods and now along cliffs dipping to the river. The car ran with an occasional rick. "Brake out of order? Can I help?" Bob Randall listened. "Knock-knock, isn't she? Oh, all right. I didn't want to butt in; go on, please."

Doris laughed. "I am sensitive about my driving, I suppose. I've had it up all day; now do you dare ride with me?"

"To the death," said Bob, more solemnly than he intended. "Naturally he was swearing at his wooden leg and lunk generally; but he did know the value of a brave front, and used it. With all the money in the world, had he a right to ask any woman to marry half a man? The girl and snap resolution that had made him a remarkable aviator gave him a jolt as he limped through his days, by deciding on a future course sure to please his glorious friend only to find it impossible to his shrunken body, however expert he might be in the use of makeshift limbs and tools."

"So, with his heart and soul missing 'Thou art the girl,' his mind set will clamped down the lid of desire with the iron of fair play. 'There! It's jammed again! Oh—no you jump? You can't, of course.' Doris tugged at the wheel in despair at it would not move.

"We're going over—I'm sorry—" she held the wheel as the fence crashed with the impact. "The car pitched at right angles into the top of a tall sapling, and slid, then, buzzed, down its bending length to the beach beneath, stopping with the front wheels in the water. The slide of 20 feet was, thus broken,

Norway is to have two new great steel works, largely to supply plates for ship building.

**Cupid Astray**

By FREDERICK HART

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"Me-e-ow!" The wail of a cat is no uncommon thing in New York, and Edward Hunter did not think anything particularly about this particular outburst; but as it repeated itself he was struck with the plaintiveness of the voice—not at all like the strident howls with which the common variety of alley-beast snatters the welkin and the rest of folks in the small hours. "Kitten in trouble," thought Edward Hunter, and looked about to find the cause of the noise.

"Me-e-ow!" There was no doubt about it this time. A youth of the cat breed had undoubtedly gotten itself into a scrape and was bewailing the fact. Interested, Hunter continued to search with his eyes. A third repetition of the heartbroken mewling caused him to raise his eyes heavenward, and at last he saw the kitten. It was clinging precariously to the cross-arm at the top of a lamp-post, afraid to jump and at the same time not at all pleased with its present haven.

Hunter wondered how the little thing had managed to perch itself so high. But even as he wondered the kitten, with a desperate look in its eye, gathered its small self into a furry bundle and launched itself into the air, apparently trusting to the fate that watches over little cats for a safe landing.

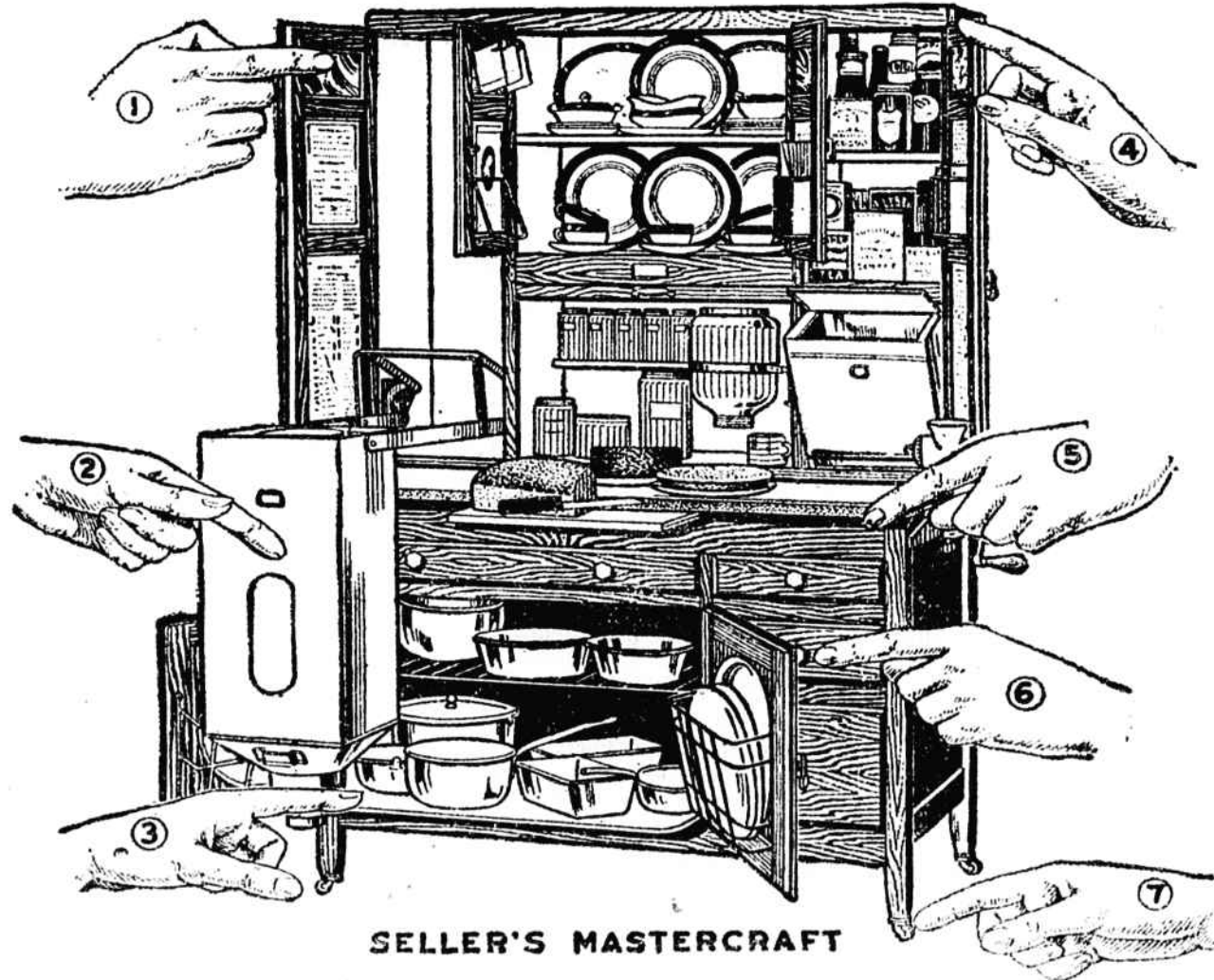
It jumped straight at Hunter, and that youth, although surprised, managed to catch it and get it into a safe position in his arms. It seemed surprised, but recognizing in Hunter a man who was kind to kittens, accepted the situation philosophically and made no attempt to escape. Hunter cuddled it sympathetically.

"You poor little cuss," he said. "But all right, I'll bet, and freed most of the time. Wonder who you are? You're no common cat, that's sure."

The kitten responded with a faint mew—a mew that had lost its quality of woe, but that still expressed longings of a sort. Hunter recognized the primal yearning of the entire animal family.

"Hungry," he remarked to himself. "Very well, then," he continued, addressing his small charge, "we'll just run up to my place and I'll see if there are any mice or anything in the icebox."

At Hunter's bachelor apartment the kitten proceeded to put itself in deadly and immediate peril of acute indigestion by consuming the greater part of



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You will be interested in seeing demonstrated the "15 Famous Features" which have made the Sellers the choice of discriminating women everywhere.

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