

I know from what I had heard that Aunt Mary was a very different kind of woman from Mrs. Waverly, and, although Uncle John had plenty of money, he and Aunt Mary had always lived on the farm.

It looked to me as though the two women would mix about as well as oil and water. Poor old Dad looked awfully sad, and we settled down in the motor and Mollie exclaimed: "Dad says if anything happens to Uncle John, Aunt Mary will come and live with us. I'm awfully glad of that, for Aunt Mary is a dear. You have never seen her, Madge, but she is one of

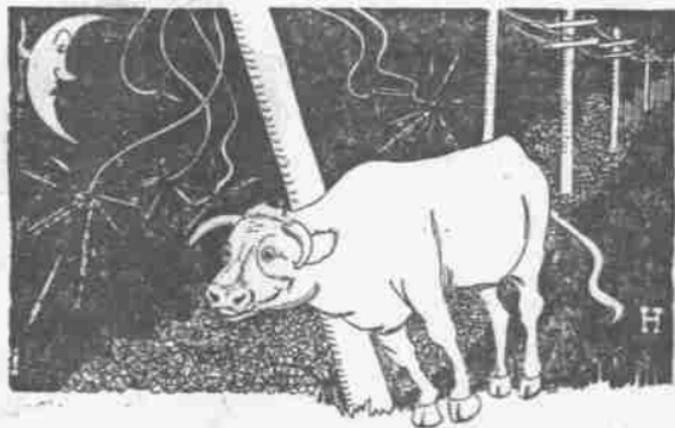
those women who you can always take your troubles to. She isn't much on style, but, although she is a little older than mother, she can remember when she was young and sympathized with you almost like a girl."

"It's too bad Mary never had any children," remarked Mr. Waverly; "she was just born to be a mother."

I began to feel very sorry for Aunt Mary whom Fate had denied her birthright, and I hoped I should like her well enough to make up to her in a little the great loss a husband must be to a childless wife.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

HANK DRESSER'S JERSEY COW PUTS PALL OF DARKNESS OVER SIX TOWNS



Owosso, Mich., Feb. 6.—The streets of six villages are dark and silent. The houses are black except for the dim glow of a lamp here and there. In the shop windows candles flicker forlornly. The wonted gaiety of the ten-cent theaters is stilled, and the gloom and hush of death seem to lie upon the town.

All because Hank Dresser's Jersey cow, Bess, who passes her evenings in a pasture over in Shiawasee township, shares with others of the bovine tribe the propensity for rubbing her back and ample flanks against avail-

able scratchy objects.

Bess discovered a pole and she rubbed herself. Two high-tension wires came in contact, with a burst of flame and lights went out.

A man was being shown over a trout farm. "Ah!" he said, thoughtfully. "Providence knew what it was doing when it made fishes voiceless." "How do you mean?" he was asked. "Well, I understand that fishes lay millions of eggs every year. What if they cackled like hens over every egg they laid?"