

CHAPTER XI.-Continued. -13-

"If! Ain't Lorene going to be married next week?"

"'S the talk. But, as Mis' Percy says, there ain't nothin' sure till it happens. It's easy seen she ain't struck with that young Chase. She don't b'lieve he's much in love. Says he's just as calm as veg'table soup. He tends to business just as steady as if he'd never heard of love, and he gives right in to all Lorene's notions. He ain't impetuous 'nough to suit Mis' Percy."

Mrs. Penfield was amused. "That red-hot unreasonableness never made any hit with me. My observation is: the lover that pursues the hardest, flees the fastest. What I like 'bout Dick Chase is that he keeps his head. The love 'tween those two young people has grown naturally and steadfly, and it stands ten times the chance to last."

Mrs. Wopple bridled with faded coquetry. "Me, I don't know nothin' bout that slow kind. Josiah was awful eager."

A vision of Mr. Josiah Wopplewith the sneaking galt and the crafty, peering eyes-flashed into Mrs. Penfield's mind. She prodded her imagination to picture the resistless impetuosity of his younger days, but found herself lacking in the requisite visualization.

"There's all kinds of courtin'," she said, with polite vagueness. "Yesyes, Lettle! I'm in the bedroom."

Mrs. Wopple rose hastlly. "I'll be goln' if that heathen young'un's comin' in. You got a big job to civilize her. Run over when you can, Mis' Penfield; you ain't very neighborly. I got a brand-new dress to show you, and I'm embroideryin' a beaut'ful table cover. I know you'll like to see 'em."

"Yes, thank you. I'd just love to see 'em. I'll be in as soon's I can get a minute."

"O Penzie," cried Lettie, when the caller had gone, "I got the swellest pickings." Proudly she exhibited an old pasteboard box well filled with ink bottles, each containing a small residue-India inks, red. black. "Ain't It grand? I guess it was a school or somep'n-mebbe a feller that draws these here pictures in the paper."

Mrs. Penfield surveyed this charming find with some dubiousness. "We hain't got any immediate call for ink. Lettie. And, honest, dear, I hate to see you so set on prowling.'

Lettle gazed at her reproachfully. "I've always brung in things. I told you I would when you said you'd keep

"Yes, dear, but there are lots of things that would suit me better. You've got to get over this habit. In January you must go to school and learn things out of books, so't you can grow up smart."

"Jiminy!" exclaimed Lettle, in dismay. 'T'll bet I can't never sit still. I wisht they taught school by running. And look here, Penzle, you just give these here ink bottles another upand-down. They're grand, and I'll be switched if I can't think of somep'n to do with 'em."

Mrs. Penfield, washing potntoes for supper, decided to accept ink bottles with polite graciousness. "Put 'em on the lower shelf in the cupboard, Lettle. Sometime we'll play an ink game. I'll show you how," She put the potatoes in the oven and regulated the drafts.

"Mis' Penfield," called a voice, the owner of which was nowhere visible. "Mis' Penfield, can you come over?" "That's Mrs. Catterbox," said Mrs. "Something's happened. You watch the fire, Lettle, the way

I've showed you." She dashed through the house toward the driveway. She was used to these calls out of the atmosphere and had become very accurate in dissuishing one voice from another. nants of The Custard Cup were one to shrill their transshrill their crises and their 7 without taking the trouble to send

dies with their voices. anied that Mrs. Catterbox had

ing, and had even snipped the outer fuzz of the goods; but there her inge nuity had failed. It was left to Mrs. Penfield to divest Tommy of the garment and immerse the stroups, face down, in water, which presently dissipated the cohesion.

"They'll be worth money when they dry," she said pleasantly, "and you can stick 'em with muclinge or white of egg."

But on her way home her mind was full of perplexity. "I wish there was two of me-or something," she thought. "Land knows I'm glad to do anything I can, but I got a house to keep and three children to support. It's going to take me day and night both, at this rate."

The problem had assumed serious proportions. More and more frequently Mrs. Penfield was summoned in different directions, to solve difficulties which the tenants might have solved for themselves. Often she worked far into the night, ironing or sewing or mending, because these tasks had been crowded out of her interrupted day. Moreover, it meant added expense for light and fuel, to say nothing of the heat which was repeatedly wasted in the daytime because of sudden calls from the neighbors. The situation had grown out of the few duties which she performed in exchange for her rent-and had grown naturally, because when a person of general utility is found, he is generally utilized. Mrs. Penfield was finding herself in c quandary. She believed in service, but she was also keenly conscious of home duty.

"I'll bet I'll have to keep office hours before long," she told herself, as she entered her own kitchen again.

She found three hungry young people awaiting her.

"What are we going to have for supper, Penzie?" asked Crink, whose interest in this subject was constantly to be depended upon,

"Well, my dear, we're going to have a grand meal. We're going to have baked potatoes with chipped-beef



"Hello, Spittire!"

gravy. I bought some milk on pur-And for dessert you'll get steamed raisins—six aplece.- Ain't that fine?"

"Ye-ah," grinned Crink. "Just so

we get full-" "That's the idea," she encouraged. "There's one thing I don't want you children ever to forget, and that is; It's a privilege not to have but two kinds to a meal. Some of the highestup folks do it, and you read in the paper 'bout their 'living simply' or 'eating abstemious.' It's considered a great credit to 'em; and, land, you just ought to read the health be Why, they pretty near all agree that the main trouble with folks is having

with folks is having too many kinds of food at once."
"Is 'ere any cookles?" inquired Thad

persuasively.

"No, Thad, you can't have two sweets to a meal. "Tain't healthy."

"Didn't you hear her say 'raisfie'?"
put in Lettie, with great snap.
"They're more tastier'n cookies any day. Say, baby, if you want cookie, eat more potate. Can't you figger that out for yourself?"

"They don't faste the mase," protested Thad plaintively.

lively.

actia. And you got another grand treat coming tonight. I got a fine story to tell you just's you go to bed. It's bout the lazy beaver."

Why, Penzie," Crink pointed out. "I thought all the beavers liked to

"The reg'lar beavers do," admitted Mrs. Penfield, "but this one didn't. He was kind of a disgrace to all the other beavers, and I guess they a'pressed him somehow. But his story is out at last, and I'm going to tell it to

"Glory be!" cried Lettie. "I can't stand 'em too good. When they're bad, there's more doing."

CHAPTER XII

A Busy Day for the Gong. "FII Caesar, be still!" commanded Lettle severely. "You can't have this chicken, 'cause I'm going to raise it for Penzie. Poor little feller!" she crooned. "We're going to grow you into a nice hen, ain't we? Get away.

Filibuster Caesar Penfield, I tell you. This here chicken's been chawed into a'ready. Think I'm going to let it be et any more?" Her hands being fully occupied with the injured chicken, she emphasized

her attitude toward Fil by vigorous thrusts of her foot. She was sitting on the back steps, binding up a long yellow leg, the accidental bruising of which had been the basis of this gift. No one would have thought of giving her a whole fowl; but when she had been found lavishing sympathy upon this maimed specimen, the owner had bestowed it upon her with relieved carelessness.

And Lettle had accepted it eagerly. The half of a person's kingdom was as much as she ever expected, and that half considerably battered and tattered. The time had not yet come when Lettle would wonder why she was living; so far her brief years had been filled with a desperate struggle to keep that life existent without regard to its purpose, and until recently there had never been anything but the merest scraps to do it with.

Awk!" complained the "Awk! chicken. "Woof! Woof!" worried the dog.

"Shut up, both of you," advised Lettie sharply. "My landy patience, ain't you both the limit? Keep still, hen, can't you? Don't you never want two legs again?"

"Hello, spitfire. Where's your Uncle Jerry?"

The child's black eyes flashed as she looked up. Instinctively she disliked Frank Bosley, and the feeling was constantly being strengthened by his treatment of her as a superfluous thread in the fabric of humanity. She made no reply.

"Where's your Uncle Jerry?" he repeated. "I don't know," declared Lettle briefly, tying the bandage into a hard

knot. "Is he at home?"

"Didn't I tell you I didn't know that discredited anything that Lettle most wonderful song of praise. Penfield might say.

She glared at him, started to speak, then paused. A plan was springing into being in her mind. She would once she had seen Penzie's face grow Uncle Jerry went out of The Custard Cup together, and her lightning intuition had told her that Penzie disanproved of the friendship between the two men. Now here was a chance to show Frank Bosley how the family felt toward him. Then perhaps he would let Uncle Jerry alone. Penste would be delighted.

"You'd better go home," began Lettle directly. She tied a string to the well leg of the chicken and fastened the other end to a nail on the outside wall of the kitchen

Frank Bosley laughed-not so much 'Winston!" he called, with his eyes on the loft. "Hoo-hoo! Winston!" Lettle turned on him. "What d'you mean? Didn't I tell you he wasn't here?"

"You did not." denied Bosley coolly. leaning against one of the ciothes-line poles and smiling at her scornfully. You said you didn't know where he

"If he was here, I'd know it, wouldn't I?" she returned, with equal scorn. "He aln't to home. Do you get it now?"

Looking up, he are a shrill whistle.

"Hoo-hoo, there! Winston!"

Lettie, tying Fil Caesar to the new wire fence to forestall further inferest in the injured chicken, tightened the knot with a jerk and wheeled around. Her lean brown fingers were working. "Don't you b'lieve what I say? When I say he sin't here, don't you b'lieve me?"

He gave her an impudent look from his prominent, heavy-lidded eyes. "No I don't, if you want to know. What do you think you are, anyhow? You ain't anybody. And stop sassing me, darn you?"

A flush rose in Lettle's pale cheeks. She stamped her foot, "I am some-body, too," she stormed, "I'm going to be a fine woman sometime. Penals

to be a fine woman sometime. Pengis says I'm to be. So!"

Frank Bosley threw back his head and laughed. Straightening to catch his breath, he suddenly bent forward as if timp from merriment. Letting watching, felt her rage turn to fear to cold terror. Was it possible that Pensie's love had held up a false hope to encourage her and that everybody else looked down on her?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

## JundayJchool Lesson

(By REV. P. E. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) Copyright, 1953, Western Newspaper Union.

LESSON FOR JULY B

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS

LESSON TEXT—Luke 1:26-28, 36-56; 1:1-20, 41-52; John 19:26-27.

GOLDEN TEXT—'Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins."—Matt. 1:21.

REFERENCE MATERIAL — Matt. 1:18-2:12; John 2:1-11; John 19:25-27.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Mary and the Raby Jesus Baby, Jesus.
JUNIOR TOPIC-Mary and the Boy.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOP-C-Notable Incidents in the Life of YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

I. Mary at Nazareth (Luke 1:26-38, Mary was a Jewish maid of the own of Nazareth. The first information we have of her is that she was engaged to be married to Joseph, a carpenter of the same village. It seems that the custom among the

Jews was for betrothal to take place a year before marriage. During this interval the woman remained with her

parents.

1. Gabriel Sent from God to Mary (vv. 26-38). It was during this interval of betrothal before Joseph and Mary were married that God sent the angel Gabriel to announce unto Mary that she was to be the mother of Jesus. Isalah, more than 700 years before, prophesied that a virgin should give birth to a son whose name should be called Immanuel (Isa. 7:14). Though at first perplexed, she accepted the annunciation with remarkable courage and devotion. To be told that she was to be a mother was nothing startling. for this was the normal desire of every married Jewish woman. Under the circumstances she accepted motherhood at a tremendous cost. She was conscious of her virgin purity. She knew that to become a mother under such circumstances would expose her to unutterable suspicion and shame. This was the view that certain Jews took of the matter, for they insinuated to Jesus that He was born of fornication (John 8:41). Her faith was such that she responded with noble courage. She said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me

according to thy word" (Luke 1:38). 2. Her Wonderful Song (vv. 46-56). In her embarrassment she set out on a visit to an elderly kinswoman named Elizabeth. Having sought the sympathy and encouragement of this friend, her triumphant faith carried her beyond the misunderstanding, the scorn where he was?" inquired Lettle tartly, and shame which awaited her, and He shrugged his shoulders in a way caused her soul to burst out in this

II. Mary at Bothlehem (Luke 2:1-20). What Gabriel announced to Mary was now being fulfilled. Caesar's decree concerning taxation brought Josdo something for Penzie. More than eph and Mary to Bethiehem at the opportune time for the fulfillment of sad and troubled when this man and Micah 5:2. Because of the crowded condition of the inn, the birth of the world's Saviour took place in a cavestable.

- III. Mary in Jerusalem and Galilee (Luke 2:41-52).

Jesus, now at the age of twelve, was a child of the law, for at this age the child took his responsibility as a worshiper. 1. Fallure in Vigilant Care (v. 43).

They had left the city and gone a whole day's journey without knowing where the child was. 2. Failure to Understand Fully

Jesus' Action and Words (v. 50). No n amusement as in lazy defiance, particular censure should attach to this, as it is beyond our ability even now to understand all these things.

3. Failure to Properly Sympathize with Jesus' Deepest Longings and Emotions, "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be abou my Father's business?"

4. Fallure to Perceive Her Limit of Masterfulness, The time of duty to God tukes precedence over duty to parents. All these limitations should be viewed with the background of her deep devotion to God. whole life was lived in a spiritual atmosphere. She was just the kind of voman to whom God would trust the upbringing of His Son. Jesus went ck with them to Nuzureth and was subject unto them.

IV. Mary at the Cross (John 19:25

This was a great trial For any nother to see her son die is a trial. mother in the face of all the si memories that clung to her soul? It is beautiful to note the tender care which Jesus in His dying hour meatfested for His mother. He committed her to the care of John. John ac cepted the responsibilition her to his home. sibility of a son and

Our Mistakee. There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake, though all the world see them to be in downright nonsense.—Swift,

No Such Thing as Luck.
There is no such thing as luck. It's,
a funcy name for being always at our
duty, and as sure to be ready when the
good time comes.

The Art of Learning.
The great art of learning in to undertake but little at a fine.—Locks.

Bott Hits Chimney;

Kills Two on Hearth Cordele, Ga.-Miss Dannie Blow, sixteen, and her brother, Dewey, twenty-eight, were killed by lightning at their home near Luvinia.

The bolt passed flown the chimney of the home and struck the hearth where the boy was building a fire.

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### HARD LUCK FOLLOWS THIS LITTLE FAMILY

Heart Disease Kills Three of Them and Father Dies in an Accident.

Sloux Falls, S. D .- A peculiar and unusual series of tragedies has followed the family of Mrs. Sarah Flannery of Montrose, a village near Sloux Falls. Recently Gertride, her twelveyear-old daughter, dropped dead as she was preparing to retire for the night. The girl had been the victim of heart trouble during the last few years.

Some years ago the father of Mrs. Figurery was found dead in bed as the result of a sudden attack of heart failure, and some time later her mother dled in the same manner.

Her husband, Peter, was instantly killed several years ago, being caught in the engine in the Flannery implement house in Montrose. Mrs. Flannery herself must be free from heart trouble, or the numerous shocks she has experienced by the sudden deaths of members of her family would have killed her long since.

Since her husband's death she has gone bravely ahead with life's work, and has reared her young family to the point where four of her children are nearly through school and ready to assist in supporting the family.

#### OMAHA MAN FOOLS SLICKERS

Uses Counterfeit Money and United town?" States Agents to Turn Tables on Confidence Men.

Omaha, Neb.-Playing counterfeit money against a "get-rich-quick" scheme, Carl Todorff, business man of this city, "out-slicked the slickers." As a result, two men must go to prison for ten years.

Billie Gorgis and Lewis Dochoff approached Todorff and gave him a chance to pay \$35,000 for some treasury paper on which to print \$100,000 worth of money. Todorff "fell" for the plan and gave the men \$35,000in counterfelt bills, which he obtafned from a United States marshal after telling him of the game.

Gorgis and Dochoff were shadowed by government men and arrested for conspiracy to commit larceny. The two men were tried, convicted and given long prison sentences,

#### POISONED HER OWN BROTHER

Woman Wished to Secure Young Man's Life Insurance, Newark

Newark, N. J .- Slow poisoning of an eighteen-year-old youth by his married sister, who wished to obtain his life insurance, was alleged by police of this city when they arrested Mrs. John Creighton, twenty-four years old. The murdered boy was her brother, Charles Raymond Avery.

Soon after it became known that the youth's insurance would go to his sister, police were informed that the lad had been poisoned by his sister, by "a friend." An investigation was made, and arsenic in large quantities was found in vital organs.

Anonymous notes to the police also insinuated that Mrs. Creighton polsoned her parents.

BETRAYED BY HANDKERCHIEF

Strangler is Now Under Arrest is Paris, France, for Slaying Two Years Ago.

Paris, France.-A strangling mys tery two years old has been cleared up by a handkerchief in Paris, France. Pierre Limousy is under ar-

The hankerchief is the one which was stuffed into the mouth of a wealthy woman when she was strangled to death. Officials, when oury admitted that he formerly lived near the scene of the killing. ound out from the prisoner's relatives that a consin had given the handkerchief to him.

Skirt Pockets a Rum Cache. Lewiston, Me.—Charged with hiding Ilquor in his blind grandmother's skirt ts, Renald LeBlanc was fined 100 and sent to fall for 60 days. Le-lane used the eighty-seven-year-old oman as a blind when officers

Bee Get Frielry at Auction Sale Hamilton Park, Pa.—Thirty colors of boney bees went on a rampage of hig an auction sale. The bees, pre-cerly of George W. Petzer, atung scot of persons who had gone to the hou to buy them. The sale netted \$250

nan Kille Self With Hatp San Francisco.—Despendent because cysicinus told her she could not recysicinus told her she could not recysicinus told her self to desth with the sand self to desth with furthin while lying on a hospital



The Reason.

"Why," asked an arid-looking guest, "do they call Petunia a wide-open

"B'cuz 'tis," responded the landlord of the tavern. "Why, as soon as it gets dark you can hear phonographs playing in 'most every block, nearly all over town."-Kansas City Star.

# FOR "CASTORIA"

Prepared Especially for Infants and Children of All Ages

Mother! Fl 3 Castoria has been in use for 20 years as a pleasant, harmless substitute for Castor Oll, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups. Contains no narcotics. Proven directions are on each package. Physicians recommend it. The genuine bears signature of

NOT REALLY BAD DEFINITION Small Girl's Comprehensive Statement of What Constitutes "Queer" People Had Germ of Truth.

When Dr. James M. Nicol, a misslonary in Syrla, was in this country, he was addressing a Sunday school on the subject of the country where he lived. He was endeavoring to make the small listeners of his American audience understand semething of the stronge land and the strange people of Syria. He said that the Syrians were queer people. Realizing that some of his smaller hearers might not understand what he meant by "queer" pecple, he asked:

"Do you boys and girls understand what I mean by queer people? What sort of people are queer people?"

Then he waited expectantly for an answer. After a little time a little girl six or seven years old timidly put up her hand. "You know, little girl?" asked Doc-ter Nicol. "You may tell us what sort

of people queer people are."
"I lease, sir," began the tot, "queer folk are folk who ain't like us."

Want Male Teachers for Boys, Boys of school age nowadays should ot be taught by women; they need the firmer guidance of a male teacher according to a resolution passed re-cently by the British National Asso-ciation of Schoolmasters.

