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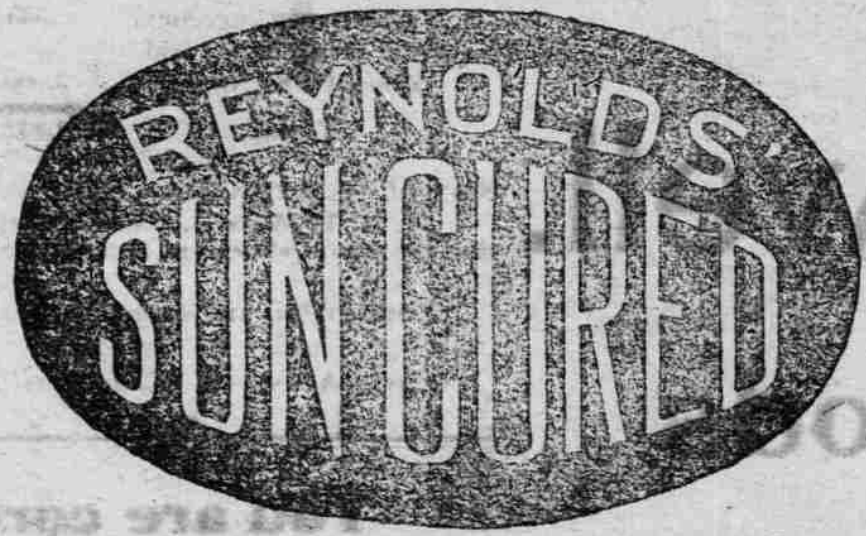
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Blind as a Bat

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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Eastbrook opened its eyes very wide and caught its breath over the Taunton girl when she swept through it riding cross saddle. To be sure, the town had been reading this long time about the divided skirt, but then the town was also not exactly sure in its mind that riding its streets even upon a proper sidesaddle was not rather bold.

Of course in the country it was different. The very best young women rode there. Moreover, it had come to be a sort of proverb among the plantation folk that the most and most reckless riders were town girl visitors. Very few of them had any mercy upon the beasts luckless enough to carry them—this not because they were hard-hearted, but from sheer ignorance and the pure animal delight of finding themselves unfettered for a time. They fretted not a little, these town bred riders, when the country folk checked speed at hills or insisted that a horse should have a chance to blow a bit after a hard gallop.

Possibly envy, the least touch, gave edge to their disapproval of Edith Taunton. Edith had a fortune and three fine saddle horses. As if that were not enough, Billy Drayton fell into a way of sharing her early gallops. Until she came back to the old homestead Billy had not seen a sunrise once a year. It was provokingly significant, this change in him. He had been the despair of the town matchmakers. He was a governor's grandson, rich, good looking, good humored. Further, he was a squire of dames so nobly impartial nobody ever yet had been able to establish a claim to him. The people he regarded most and was readiest to serve were meek old ladies who had known his mother and very little girls.

Edith was, he insisted, only a big little girl, very lone and born in her big empty house. What he did not say was that he thought her coming back to it something so fine and brave he was bent on helping her fight down the loneliness and make her own social place.

This in the beginning—until the town gossips took to craning the neck, shaking the head and drawing aside the least bit when the girl came among them. Billy saw the head shaking, the drawing back, a long time before she did. She was open and unselfish as it were, and had no thought of treading on the corns of town propriety in anything she did. But, being also full of quick intuitions, after awhile she understood.

And then? Then only she really did set out to horrify the good gentlewomen. She drove tandem through the middle of the square, sitting up very straight, looking neither to right nor left, but pulling up at the corner by the bank to pick up Billy and take him away with her. Next week it was a card party—wholly masculine in composition, except for Edith herself and the colorless cousin who served as her companion. There were wine and cigars and a supper afterward—a very late supper.

The town thrilled with the horror of it. But not as it did a little later, when everybody knew that thereafter, upon Sunday evenings, Edith meant to be at home to her friends.

If Billy had known in time that never would have come to pass. But he had gone away for a fortnight right after the night at cards, first making Edith promise to have no more such assemblies until he was there to give her countenance and protection.

When he came back and found the mischief done, he was in a sad taking. "I see just one way out of it—you have got to marry me, else you won't have a rag of reputation left," he said, pretending to shake her hand.

Edith made a nutritious month at him. "Suppose we try some other sacrificial lamb. Aren't you most too old and tough?" she asked, her eyes dancing wickedly.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Goosey Gander.

Goosey Gander's name was just plain Baby Goose until one day. This is how it happened: There were five little goslings in the family. The liveliest one was named Baby Goose, and it was he who was the naughtiest. If one of his brothers found a fat worm Baby Goose would not let him eat it in peace. If he did not want it himself he would tell another brother to try to snatch it away.

One day Baby Goose saw one of his brothers find a big, fat worm right on top of the ground. At the same time he saw what looked like a big bottle fly very near his own head. To keep others from catching the fly Baby Goose cried: "Hurry and catch that worm, sister, before Gandy swallows it!"

Edith did name the day, but not until she had stood out against him a week. She might not have given in even then but for the ordeal at church. Not only was she cut right and left—the minister preached at her—not by name, of course, but in a fashion more than unmistakable.

Billy was there, across the aisle, glum and furious. After service he half led her out, and walked away with her, his head high. But even that did not hurt like the furtive yet swaggering airs of the three men who called in the evening. There was further something of patronage about them.

Altogether she hated Edith hate them, but not as she hated herself. She was full of quick kindness and had not meant hurt or affront to anybody—at least not in the beginning. Dully she wondered why her townsfolk would not understand she had come back to them because her interest lay among them and had been eager to help in all good works if only she had been permitted.

But she held up her head and laughed and jested till the latest of her callers took himself away. Then silently she held out her hand to Billy. He understood and announced an early wedding day.

It was a church wedding, with the house jammed to the last inch. As it is the newly married settled back into their old ways, going a pace that kept them the talk of the town.

They were very gay and desperately unhappy. Edith could not get away from a sense that Billy had married her wholly out of chivalry. Billy was old enough to know better, but he was proving the adage that love, which may make a fool a wise man, may likewise make a wise man a fool. He tormented himself with the thought that he had taken advantage of Edith's love for him. She must know he had loved her from their very first meeting, but she was shy and proud and high with him, notwithstanding she was his dutiful wife.

He left her much to herself and took pains to make her know that she was as free as ever. Edith resented the freedom. Billy ought to understand that she wanted to obey him—make him at least that poor recompense for his sacrifice.

Thus they ate out their hearts in cross purposes, cross miscomprehensions, until Ashbel came to visit them. Ashbel was reputed a dangerous person—tall and slight and handsome, with deep seining eyes. A glomour of romance hung about him. After the first day Billy wondered, with catching breath, if he had been quite wise to fling a man like Ashbel across Edith's path.

WHOSE WAS IT?

A Rare Coin, Two Bargain Sales and Three Questions.

A scholar traveling in the east says that he was once in camp with his friend Ramsay, a man of kindred tastes, in a wretched Phrygian village far from the track of travelers. As they were striking tents in the morning a heavy faced boy brought Mr. Ramsay a handful of bronze for sale. He sorted it rapidly on the palm of his hand and found among the rubbish one very rare coin of Hierapolis. Then he put it all back again in the boy's outstretched palm and offered half a dollar for the lot. The boy accepted the bid, gave back the handful, took his money and disappeared, while the exultant purchaser went chuckling off among the horses.

Ten minutes later the boy appeared again and, going up to the other Englishman, offered another handful of rubbish, among which was the same rare Hierapolitan coin. The gentleman kept the bronze in his hand and offered a half dollar for it, which the boy refused, though the bargain was eventually concluded for a dollar. Then the gentleman, in high glee, hailed his companion and showing his purchase, informed him that he was not the only man who possessed a coin of Hierapolis.

"Let us compare," said the other, emptying the pocket where his bronze was jingling. He sorted the lot and felt in every pocket. No coin of Hierapolis was there. To this day three questions remain unanswered: How did the boy retain the coin in the first instance in order to sell it over again? How, in that remote region, far from the haunts of travelers, did he know the value of his find? And to which purchaser did the coin really belong?

Tobacco Stories.

They were talking about tobacco. Said one: "I was the luckiest fellow that ever lived when I began the habit. A great many times I fooled my mother, who would believe me on sight. But my father came in on me in the kitchen once when I actually had a pipe in my mouth, drawing at it and emitting a cloud of smoke."

"He did not need to say anything, I knew." "Papa," I said, "I am not smoking. I have just lit the pipe for Mary, and I passed the pipe to the cook with as confident an air as I could assume."

"Bless her soul, she took it and went on smoking, and my father went on his way, satisfied." "I had a worse time than that," said the next man. "My father came upon me with a large chew of tobacco in my mouth. Said he, 'Son, aren't you chewing tobacco?' I gulped the whole thing down, held my face as straight as I could, and said, 'No, no, sir.'—Charlotte Observer.

A Wet Blanket. The youthful orator came down from the platform at the close of his address, and many people pressed forward to shake him by the hand. He accepted their congratulations with a smiling face, but his eyes were on a certain auditor who lingered in his seat. The young lecturer pressed through the throng about him and extended his hand to the waiting man.

"I want to thank you," he said, "for the close attention you gave to my remarks. Your upturned face was an inspiration to me. I am sure you never changed your earnest attitude during my lecture." "No," said the man; "I have a stiff neck."

How He Died. "Hello, Geordy, what's up, lad?" said an English pitman to his marra one day. "Is your wife dead or what?" "Na, na, lad," said Geordy, "it's worse than that." "Had away, lad," said Jackie; "let's hev it. Vivvent ye look se bubbly; tell your marra what yer trouble is." "Oh," said Geordy, "the dog's deed. He swallowed the tape measure!" "By! That's marking," said Jackie. "How did he die? By inches, I suppose, eh?" "You're wrong," said Geordy, "for he went round the back and died by the yard!"—London Mail.

The Vinegar Bible. The "Vinegar Bible" was thus named from a ludicrous typographical blunder, the "parable of the vineyard," in the twentieth chapter of Luke, being made to read the "parable of the vinegar." This edition of the Bible was published in 1717, and most of the copies were destroyed by the publishers, though several got into circulation before the blunder was discovered. It is asserted that not more than a dozen copies of this book are now in existence.

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The Breath of Life.

It's a significant fact the strongest animal of its size, the gorilla, also has the largest lungs. Powerful lungs means powerful creatures. How to keep the breathing organs right should be man's chiefest study. Like this out of others, Mrs. Ora A. Stephens, of Port Williams, O., has learned how to do this. She writes: "Three bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery stopped my cough of two years and cured me of what my friends thought consumption. O, it's grand for throat and lung troubles." Guaranteed by C. A. Thomas druggist.

There is always a chance of reforming the very worst man unless it's in politics.

Cured of Bright's Disease.

Geo. A. Sherman, Lisbon Red Mills, Lawrence Co., N. Y., writes: "I had kidney disease for many years and had been treated by physicians for twelve years; had taken a well known kidney medicine and other remedies that were recommended but got no relief until I began using Foley's Kidney Cure. The first half bottle relieved me and four bottles have cured me of this terrible disease. Before I began taking Foley's Kidney Cure I had to make water about every fifteen minutes, day and night, and passed a brick dust substance, and sometimes a slimy substance. I believe I would have died if I had not taken Foley's Kidney Cure." For sale by The Hunter Drug Co.

It is as difficult to find a friend as it is to lose an enemy.

Given Up to Dio.

B. Spiegel, 1204 N. Virginia St., Evansville, Ind., writes: "For over five years I was troubled with kidney and bladder affections which caused me much pain and worry. I lost flesh and was ill run down, and a year ago had to abandon work entirely. I had three of the best physicians who did me no good and I was practically given up to Dio. Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended and the first bottle gave me great relief, and after taking the second bottle I was entirely cured." For sale by The Hunter Drug Co.

Some men get rich because of their ability to separate fools and their coin.

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W. H. Brown, the popular pension attorney, of Pittsfield, Vt., says: "Next to a pension, the best thing to get is Dr. King's New Life Pills." He writes: "They keep my family in splendid health." Quick cure for Headache, Constipation and Biliousness. 25c. Guaranteed at C. A. Thomas drug store.

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FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR Cures Colds, Prostrata, Pneumonia

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

RAMON'S Nerve and Bone Oil Cures Rheumatism, Cuts, Sores, Burns and Brains Injuries, etc.