

HIS FATHERLY TALK.

Gardner Indulges in One With Fellow Members.

COMEBACK JOHNING WARNED

In Told Not to Be Seriously Troubled About the World Coming to an End. Brother Syntax is Also Warned to Be Careful.

[Copyright, 1908.]

"Dar am a few members of dis Lincklin club dat I wish to have a little sederly talk wid dis evenin'?" began Brother Gardner after the routine business of the last meeting had been disposed of. "Brudder Comeback John sing, please stand up."

The brother gradually unlinked himself until he stood up six feet tall and



"PREDICTED SEVENTEEN BILIBARDS DOORIN DE WINTER."

about as large around as a cornstalk, and after surveying him for a moment the president said:

"Brudder Comeback, I farn dat you am seriously troublebout 'bout de world comin' to an end?"

"Yes, sah, I is."

"'Top am lookin' fur it almost every day?"

"Yes, sah."

"And you am ready to rush fur a front seat when de show opens?"

"I want to git a good seat, sah."

"Waal, I'll see dat you do. I want to say to you dat dis am no fool nigger club. De rest of us believe dat de world was put here to stay. It has been here fur millions of years, and it am gwine to continue in business till de machinery wears out. Dat may possibly occur a bilion years hence. By dat time it will have been forgotten dat sich a long talk, foolish man as you have eter galled around."

"Dat's been talk of de world endin' up fur de last 10,000 years, and it has allus come from people who am light in de head. I can't stop all of 'em from continerin' dis silly talk, but I can stop you. You am gwine to git up tomorrow mornin' a different man. You am gwine to hunt for a job and find it. You am gwine to work like a boss instead of sittin' around de stove. You am gwine to pay up your back rent instead of lookin' for de end of de world. You am gwine to buy clothes fur de wife and children instead of rushin' for a front seat. You am gwine to pass de evenin's wid your family instead of speakin' around and 'stealin' for de blowin' of horns. You am gwine to do dis as you am gwine to be dropped from dis here Lincklin club wid sich a thud dat it will break bones. You can now sot down, and Brudder Hallbut White will erect himself."

Brother Hallbut laid the half of a raw turnip he was eating on the floor, put away his jackknife and stood up with folded arms, and the president addressed him with:

"Brudder Hallbut, de news has come to me dat on a sartin night two weeks ago you dreamed of seein' a cross eyed black cat chasin' a bottled white dawg frow a graveyard. You dreamed dat dream three times runnin', and it affected you so powerfully dat you got out of bed and sot up de rest of de night; also, you look it as a warnin' dat anoder earthquake was comin' and am still sittin' around and waitin' fur it. Am I correct, Brudder Hallbut?"

What the Dream Meant.

"Yes, sah. Dat dream means an earthquake fur shore."

"Um! Did dat cat wink at you as she was hustlin' dat dawg along?"

"Can't say she did, sah."

"Did dat dawg sorter wave a farewell to you wid his stump of a tail?"

"Reckon not."

"Waal, we will have to remedy de overmight. Jest listen to me fur a miltin. If you see any no' dream of dat sort an' I hear of dem, an' an' earthquake will start right under your feet; it will lift you up and bump dat hard head of yours agin' de collin', and when you come down you will be frown over eighteen chairs and nineteen benches, and de folks dat pick you up will find your neck broken. Dat's plain English, and I hope you understand it. Dis am no dreamer club, and it hain't no earthquake club. You can sot down and devour de rest of dat turnip, and if Brudder Syntax Green am among us tonight he may arise."

Brother Syntax was on a back seat, trying to figure out with the stub of a pencil and an old envelope how his butcher could make five out of two and two. He rose up and came forward with a rumpled face, and after taking a drink of new cider from the pitcher at his elbow the president said:

"Brudder Syntax, I hear you want ober to be cabin of Brudder Peace-maker Small de order sight and made a few predicshuns?"

"Yes, sah."

"You predicted seventeen bilibards doorin de winter?"

"Yes, sah."

"And dat taters would go up to fo' dollars a bushel?"

"Yes, sah."

"And dat bacon would be a dollar a pound befo' next May?"

"Yes, sah."

"And dat snow would fall seven feet

deep dis winter?"

"Yes, sah."

"And dat millions and millions of people was gwine to die off of cold and starvation?"

"Yes, sah. I see it comin'."

"'Tis kind of dat. Mebbe you see somthin' else comin' too? Mebbe you see your name crossed off de membership book of dis Lincklin club? Mebbe you see Brudder Givendim Jones escortin' you to de doah? Mebbe you see him droppin' you into a snowdrift in de alley?"

"I-I can't exactly say I does, sah."

"But I does. Yes, sah. I sees all dat in case you make any no' predicshuns and make folks trouble. You want to sot dead in your tracks. You know 'nuff to put on white wash and black stoves, but when it comes to predicshuns you hain't in it. You see 'em and send to your legitimate business. If you don't, dew look out fur me. Go back and sot down, and I have a few words to say to Brudder Standoff Taylor."

"Brother Standoff had'n't looking for any sudden cull and was'nt behind the stove to take a nap. When routed out, he fell against the stove and burned his elbow and then fell over a bench and skinned his nose and both shins, and it was some little time before he got the proper pose. Then he heard a deep, serious voice saying:

Warning to Brother Standoff.

"Brudder Standoff, I am told dat you am gwine around and lettin' it be known dat you differ with Senator Foraker?"

"Yes, sah; I does differ wid him."

"And dat you differ wid Governor Hughes?"

"Yes, sah."

"And dat dar am a wide difference of opinion betwixt you and Mistah Odell?"

"Dat's so, sah."

"And you criticize de president's policy in twenty-seven different instances?"

"Twenty-nine, sah."

"Oh, I see. Beg your pardon, Brudder Standoff, I believe you have furfer announced dat you and Senator Dewey am out."

"We don't speak, sah."

"Too bad! Brudder Standoff, has it occurred to you dat de rest ob de kentry may not be in agreement wid you?"

"No, sah."

"Waal, let me state dat such am de case. We don't agree wid you at all, sah, and we have resolved dat if you don't keep dat most of your shut tight'n' a drum arter dis sunthin' am gwine to happen to you—sunthin' to make you sick at de stomach—sunthin' to gin you a slipdop ten feet high and to land you on de back of your neck when you come down. All dis kentry expects of you, Brudder Standoff, is dat you hold your job in de wood yard at \$2 a day and take care dat your wife and children have 'nuff to eat and wear. You hear me, and I reckon you've got sense 'nuff in your head to take a hint and change your ways. Dat's all, and now we will go home."

M. QUAD.

Those Well Meaning Friends.

The man who insists that you share his umbrella.—Browning's Magazine.

Just a Mirror.

"Miss Artz tells me," said Mr. Crittick, "that she does most of her painting now on glass."

"Huh!" snorted Miss Cutting. "I guess she means with the aid of a glass."—Philadelphia Press.

The Limit.

Howell—Who was the meanest man you ever knew?

Powell—One who paid with a bad check the doctor who attended his mother-in-law during her last illness.—New York Press.

Mother Goose Revised.

Said the spotted goose as she cleared the moon:

"Don't believe, my friend, the nursery rhyme that I jumped over the moon. Oh, no—I was tossed by an auto, down below."—Detroit Tribune.

HOME-MADE GUN

INJURES OWNER.

SHERWOOD, Or., July 9.—Chester Martell, an Easterner, lately arrived and temporarily making his home with his brother-in-law on the Monroe farm, six miles south of this place, accidentally shot himself Monday night with a gopher gun. Martell is an expert machinist and manufactured the gun out of a section of gas pipe, which was loaded with a shotgun shell of fine shot. Having occasion to readjust the weapon after it had been located, he grasped the hammer with his right hand and at the same time reached out with his left for the bait in front of the gun, when an explosion followed, the shot tearing away the tissues of three fingers at the first joint and filling the wounds with powder. The ultimate result of his injuries is conjectural, but his condition is promising.

READ THE MORNING MAIL.

"Roses Red and Violets Blue."

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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The waiting room in the big department store was in a balcony that formed a sort of halfway house between the first and second floors. From a seat in one of the bulging corners one commanded the whole sweep of busy counters—all the sparkle and glitter and color of the attractively displayed goods.

To Jessica, nineteen, pretty and visiting the great city for the first time, it seemed like fairyland.

"I want to buy everything," she said to Aunt Theodora Hancock, who had brought her there.

Aunt Theodora smiled indulgently. "All is not gold that glitters," she said.

Jessica smiled back. "But I like the glitter," she said. "I never use scented soap, but I shall surely buy some because of the pretty boxes, and that pale green note paper is a dream, although I never write on anything but white. And I am awfully drawn to those strings of glass beads, even though I am sure that I should never dare wear them in public."

But Aunt Theodora after years of city residence was an experienced shopper. "Beware of temptation," she warned. "Come on upstairs and look at the sensible things."

"I don't want to be sensible," Jessica pleaded. "I want to stay here and see people buying things that they don't want for the mere pleasure of buying."

Aunt Theodora hesitated. "Do you really want to sit here for awhile?" she asked, with an air of reluctance. "I could leave you and slip up to the grocery department and give an order. But you must stay here in this corner, or I should never find you."

"Oh, I'll stay," Jessica promised. "You run along, Aunt Theo. I am perfectly happy right here."

So Aunt Theodora took her stately way through the crowds, and just as she disappeared Jessica's eyes fell on the valentines.

There was a marvelous display right in the middle of the store, and strung from post to post were plump red hearts transfixed with golden darts, while fascinating pink cupid's bobbed and bowed with every tiny current of air that swept through the store.

Jessica's heart gave a little throb of delight. She would buy one for Cousin Bob. He would never know who sent it. She would like to see his eyes on St. Valentine's morning when he opened his mail at the breakfast table.

Without a thought of Aunt Theodora she hurried downstairs to the crowded counter.

It was not easy to make a choice. There were so many beauties—exquisite, modern, hand painted cards, with verses from all the love poets and old fashioned valentines with old fashioned rhymes.

Jessica's eyes rested lovingly on a quaint affair of lace paper with a nosegay of fat pink roses and huge violets in the center. It was very like one that Cousin Bob had sent her when she was a little girl, and she had kept it among the most precious of her treasures. The verse, too, was the same:

Roses red and violets blue,
My heart to you is ever true.

She smiled a little wistfully as she read. Probably Cousin Bob had forgotten the later days when at twenty-two he had visited the old farm and had made a new world for little Jessica of fifteen. He had seemed wonderful to her then, and he was still wonderful, with his frank, kind ways and his pleasant manner. But now he was a man of the world, and he might marry almost any of the beautiful women of his set.

Again she fingered the valentine. Why not send it?

And even while she hesitated into the balcony waiting room came Aunt Theodora, escorted by a tall young man with a frank smile.

"Where has that child gone?" Aunt Theodora said blankly to her stepson. "I told her not to stir. You'll have to go and look for her, Bob. I'm dead tired. It's lucky I met you."

"We'll wait a minute," he advised. "She can't have gone far."

And even as he spoke Jessica hove in sight, eyes shining, her cheeks as red as roses and in her hand a paper package.

"By Jove, she's a charming little thing," said Cousin Bob, nodding with appreciation the ripple of her hair, the delicate oval of her face above her soft gray furs, the becomingness of the violets in her hat.

Aunt Theodora looked at him reproachfully. "Well, have you just discovered her attractions?" she asked. "I brought her down here because she is the sweetest little gentleman I have ever met, and I wanted to show you another type from the gay young ladies that you meet in society. And you have hardly noticed her."

Cousin Bob laughed. "You're a matchmaker," he teased. "Do you really want me to marry Jessica?"

Aunt Theodora looked at him scornfully. "I love you both," she said, "and I'd like to leave my money to both of you. But you've been so slow making up your mind that some one may have got in ahead of you."

"Oh," began Cousin Bob. "And just then Jessica joined them, and Cousin Bob insisted on taking them to a wonderful restaurant, where they had lunch to the sound of music played

on the piano, and he was so devoted that Jessica's heart beat high.

The week that followed was full of delights and of attentions from Cousin Bob, and it was on St. Valentine's eve that Aunt Theodora came into Jessica's room and found that young lady in a pink dressing gown braiding her shining hair.

Aunt Theodora was in gray flannel, and her hair was in crimping pins. "Jessica," she said solemnly as she sank into a big chair. "If Bob proposes to you, don't accept him the first time he asks."

Jessica stared at her. "Oh, Aunt Theodora," she stammered.

again and said, "I'm in love with me."

Aunt Theodora smiled. "Well, he has reached a condition very much like it," she informed her niece. "It doesn't take Bob very long to make up his mind, and he has known you for years. But I know him, and he'll value your love if you don't let him see it too early."

And then she went away, while Jessica sat like a dumpled rose leaf on the foot of the bed and wept.

For that afternoon she had mailed the lace valentine to Cousin Bob, and now if he should discover that she had sent it and should despise her for showing her real feeling!

She made up her mind that he should not find out, and then she went to bed to sleep fitfully, but through her troubled dreams ran the comforting hope that "Cousin Bob really loved her."

It was a pale little Jessica who came down to the breakfast table the next morning. Aunt Theodora was not there, but Cousin Bob was. He was opening his mail, and to hide her agitation Jessica began to open hers. On top was a great box, and within was a bunch of violets and two fragrant American Beauties, and on a card was written in Cousin Bob's familiar writing:

Roses red and violets blue,
My heart to you is ever true.

She looked up, and her eyes met his. In his hand he held the valentine she had sent. But his eyes were not dancing. There was in them instead a very tender light.

"Jessica," he said softly—"Jessica, did you send me this?"

Remembering Aunt Theodora's warning, she tried to say "No," but she was a truthful little thing.

"Yes," she whispered and beat over her forehead. Then she explained elaborately: "But of course valentines don't mean anything. Everybody sends lots of them."

The brightness went out of his face. "I sent only one," he stated sternly. "The roses and the violets spoke to me of you, Jessica, and took me back to the verses I sent you when I was a little lad. And I meant every word of it. Will you marry me, Jessica?"

The proposal came so suddenly that it found her all unprepared. Her heart pounded madly. She forgot Aunt Theodora. She forgot everything but that he loved her.

"Yes," she whispered as she heard her aunt's step upon the stairs.

"And the beauty of it," was the way Cousin Bob upset Aunt Theodora's fine theories when that night he told her of her engagement, "was her girlishness. A woman of the world would have held me off, but it was her sweet surrender that won me. I was sure she loved me from the first."

A BIT TOO SHREWD.

One Venture in Which the Captain Overreached Himself.

One of Uncle Sam's customs officials, noted for his success in unmasking smugglers, laid the other day in a discussion of a customs officer's duties:

"One must be shrewd, but not too shrewd; otherwise one overreaches oneself, like Captain Harrow of Islesborough."

"Captain Harrow of Islesborough was trading at Key West in a small vessel. Business took him up the coast to Tampa Bay, and he bought twenty dozen chickens from a farmer at \$4 a dozen."

"The chickens were all sizes—some a few days old and no bigger than canary birds; some fat and large, like turkey gobblers. The captain expected to make a lot of money out of them. He was very shrewd at a trade."

"Well, at Key West a hotel man came aboard and looked the chickens over."

"They are fine birds," he said. "How much?"

"If you pick them out yourself," said Captain Harrow shrewdly, "I'll have to charge you \$6 a dozen. If I pick them out, I can let you have them for \$3."

"All right. You pick them out," said the hotel man.

"Captain Harrow picked out a dozen chickens of the canary bird size."

"Here you are, twelve prime broilers," he said, with a leer.

"Go ahead," said the hotel man calmly, "another dozen."

"The next dozen was of necessity larger."

"Go on," said the hotel man. "Keep on picking them out."

"And the third dozen was larger still. The captain looked at his patron anxiously."

"Keep right on," he said.

"The next dozen was fine and plump, and the next comprised the biggest and fattest of the chickens."

"Keep right on picking them out, captain."

"Then at last Captain Harrow saw how he had overreached himself. The hotel man bought his whole lot of chickens at \$3, and thus the captain lost on the speculation \$20 in cash, to say nothing of feed and labor."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy Would Have Saved Him \$100.00.

"In 1902 I had a very severe attack of diarrhea," says R. N. Farrar of Cat Island, La. "For several weeks I was unable to do anything. On March 18, 1907, I had a similar attack, and took Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy, which gave me prompt relief. I consider it one of the best medicines of its kind in the world, and had I used it in 1902 I believe it would have saved me a hundred dollar doctor bill." Sold by Charles Strang.

Boy's Life Saved.

My little boy, 4 years old, had a severe attack of dysentery. We had two physicians, both of them gave him up. We then gave him Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy, which cured him and believe that saved my life.—William H. Strolling, Carbon Hill, Ala. There is no doubt but this remedy saves the lives of many children each year. Give it with castor oil according to the plain printed directions and a cure is certain. For sale by Charles Strang.

Anne's Way of Winning.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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Young Mrs. Maxwell was in tears. All her happy plans were overturned, and just because a faithless maid had failed to put in an appearance. It was only history—domestic history—repeating itself, but Mrs. Maxwell was too newly married to look upon the misfortune in the light of anything but a purely personal affliction.

Her husband found her disconsolately stirring the cereal for breakfast, while the hot tears ran unheeded down her flushed cheeks.

"Aren't you afraid the oatmeal will be a little too salty, sweetheart?" he asked jovially, at the same time kissing away a few of the salty drops from her eyelids.

"How can you joke, Bob?" she gasped between sobs that now burst out afresh. "She—she didn't come."

"Who? Bridget? Well, never mind, dearest; that's a trick they all play. I don't care what we have for breakfast."

"But Mr. Cabot does. Is he up yet?"

"Not Jack! He sleeps and sleeps on Sunday mornings. And he won't care if we skip breakfast altogether. You don't know him as well as I do, Norah. You see, I roomed with him two years when I was a—bachelor. He's the best natured fellow living—present company excepted. If he wasn't I would never have consented to this three cornered loving cup. Here, hand me a spoon, dear! I'll make the coffee."

"The three cornered loving cup" was an arrangement by which the Maxwells had agreed to let Bob's chum, Jack Cabot, share their cozy apartment and breakfast with them, thus giving them the pleasure of using his piano and the luxury of keeping a maid. It had seemed the rosiest scheme imaginable, but behold it, on the very first morning after Jack's arrival, shattered discouragingly!

"In the midst of Bob and Norah's joint preparations for breakfast the doorbell rang unexpectedly."

"She's come!" exclaimed Norah triumphantly as she rushed breathlessly to the door. Bob stood on the kitchen threshold, listening.

"Oh, it's your maid," heard Norah say in a tone of unmistakable disappointment.

"Well, is that all the welcome I get?" responded a cheery young voice.

"I thought you were the cook," was Norah's half apologetic, half laughing reply.

"Hello, Anne Morris," called Bob hospitably from the kitchen. "Stay and have breakfast with us."

"Breakfast?" returned Anne, pretending to be shocked. "You lazy, lazy people! Why, I'm out for my morning constitutional. Boarder arrived?"

"Oh, yes," answered Norah resignedly. "Mr. Cabot's here, of course, but not a sign of the cook."

"Look here," suggested Anne suddenly. "I'm a dandy cook and engage to get your breakfast on the spot."

And without waiting for approval or invitation she began to toss off her coat and hat.

"Oh, dear!" said Norah fearfully. "Mr. Cabot is coming. I heard his door open. Hurry, Anne!"

Once in the kitchen Anne rolled up her shirt waist sleeves and arrayed herself in one of Norah's comprehensive gingham aprons.

"Now, you both skidoo!" she commanded. "Just leave everything to me. The idea of a bride and groom getting breakfast for a boarder!"

Norah's greeting to "the boarder" when she reached the living room was most cordial.

"Good morning, Mr. Cabot. You slept well apparently. Bob and I have been up this long time."

"I hope you didn't keep breakfast waiting. Mrs. Maxwell. Did your maid put in an early appearance?"

"No; she didn't come—come as early as I expected. But breakfast is ready now."

Anne, becomingly decked in frilly cap and apron, served the grape fruit irreproachably. When she had left the dining room Bob cleared his throat and ventured a comment.

"Fairly good looking, isn't she?" Jack looked up absentmindedly from his paper. "Mrs. Maxwell?" he inquired.

"Of course, Bob; of course!" Bob corrected, his tone indicative of wounded feelings.

"Oh, I didn't notice. Will be more observing next time."

And he was, in fact, so observing was he that Anne became quite embarrassed, and Bob and Norah with difficulty kept their faces straight.

"She's a peach, Mrs. Maxwell!" Jack exclaimed after Anne's second disappearance. "Where did you find her? She seems decidedly above the ordinary type."

"Oh, she first dropped in," replied Norah casually, "and asked for the place."

"Well, you've got treasure. I hope she won't prove too cocky for her position."

Breakfast over, the men lingered at the table to smoke and read their papers. Anne meanwhile clearing away the dishes. When a second time Jack looked up and caught Bob smiling at the waitress in an outrageously flirtatious manner, he could stand it no longer.

"Bob," he remonstrated as soon as Anne was out of sight, "this will never do in the world. Why, old man, you can't keep a servant at all if you consent to flirt with her. What under the canopy are you thinking about?"

"I'll reform," promised Bob meekly. "I just thought if we jollied her along a bit perhaps she'd be more contented."

"That's a very weak bluff, Bob, and is the mental, moral and matrimonial adviser of this happy home I must insist on your ignoring the presence of the maid altogether."

"But you'll be making eyes at her yourself in less than a week," Bob retorted. "If we're fortunate enough to keep her that long."

Jack shrugged his shoulders. "I might like to, but I have more discretion," he replied sententially. "After all, we old bachelors are the

steady ones."

On the other side of the dining room door, doubled up with laughter, stood Anne and Norah plotting the downfall of the "discreet bachelor."

"No; he just takes breakfast with us," whispered Norah.

"Then I'm coming over to wait on the table every morning," whispered Anne.

"You can't," objected Norah. "Because on week days he breakfasts before we do. He has to start into town earlier than Bob does."

"So much the better," giggled Anne. "The arrangement worked out smoothly enough for the next three mornings. Jack and Anne got on capitally together, but all in quite a discreet and proper way of course."

On the fourth morning, however, as Anne tripped quietly out of the dining room after serving him, Jack looked up just in time to catch her reflection in the side