

IT WAS REAL LOVE

By MYRTLE BAIRD WEBSTER.

Peter Lowder was a disappointed man. He had been six months in the United States and half that time in Chicago, and it seemed as though that period had been set aside by some cruel destiny as a special purgatorial test for his stanch spirit.

"I'm wearin' awa for a sight of auld Scotia's hether bloom," he sighed as from a deep dark pit of penury and discouragement. "And Jessie!"

That was where honest loyal Peter's heart pinched hardest. He could philosophize calmly over high hopes quickly blasted as to sudden wealth and position in "the new far country." He was content with a dish of weak brose and an occasional finnan haddie—but Jessie, light of his heart! How he had hoped to wed his pretty modest fiancée and "busk her fine i' silken gown and siller ha' to spare," and now "the braw moon" glistened o'er a weary city street, Peter penniless and hopeless, and Jessie—lost!

It had come about strangely. She, an orphan, had left the little town where both had been born a few months in advance of Peter. She had written him as agreed only once, to furnish him with the pencilled address of the home in Chicago where she had found employment as a lady's maid. Armed with this, Peter started to try his own fortunes in America and to be near his future bride.

For three months in New York Peter wore out shoes and patience looking for work. Finally he saved



"What Else Are Ye But a Fine Whistler?"

up enough to pay his fare to Chicago. He was crossing the ferry to take the train at Jersey City, when an unfortunate outcast, a woman passenger, jumped overboard in a desperate attempt at suicide. Peter bravely leaped after and rescued her. He was damp and uncomfortable the first stage of his train journey. Then came the appalling discovery that his soaking in the river had blurred out the precious pencilled address that was his only clue to Jessie.

Then came a month in Chicago where the inexperienced lad patrolled the city streets, seeking the lady of his love, to meet with bitter, utter disappointment. He spent his last dollar advertising for her without result. He finally gave up the disheartening quest. Peter shuddered when he recalled the wretched woman on the ferry boat. Then again, Jessie might be dead, or—wedded to another! All Peter could do now was to try and keep body and soul together through odd jobs. At home he had mastered the baker's trade, but his specialty lay in Scotch edibles only, and nobody seemed to want such fare at American restaurants.

Now, this especial bleak evening Peter was at the last extremity. He was cold, sleepy, hungry. As he was passing a large dark building, however, his eye brightened. It had two bulletin boards at its front. Each of these held a placard of some kind, in the center of which, plainly visible even at a distance, was the counterfeited presentment of a huge Scotch thistle.

"Certes, the sight warms the cockles o' my heart!" breathed Peter raptly, and as he came nearer he discovered that the placards announced a Robert Burns birthday concert the following evening.

"It's like a whiff o' hame," continued Peter. "Braw Bobby! I'm oot o' sich festivities at the present time, but a man's a man for a' that, an' I'll take heart o' cheer," and seating himself on the cold stone steps Peter be-

gan to warble out cheerily, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon."

"Heeh, mon! but ye're frae Dumbarton, I ken?"

Peter jumped up to observe a frowsy ancient head stuck out past a half-open door.

"Ye hae the burr o' the same!" cried Peter.

"Coom in," invited the other, with a commiserating glance over Peter, and he admitted him, closed and locked the door after him and led him into the basement of the hall which seemed given over to kitchen uses. It contained great ranges, pots, pans, crockery, barrels of flour, bags of sugar, in fact a culinary outfit that astonished the inexperienced Peter. Then, as he was regarding the layout open-mouthed, his host shot the shrewd inquiry at him:

"What else are ye but a fine whistler?"

"A fine baker!" proclaimed Peter with proud confidence—"but Scotch, mind ye. The trade's no good in this country."

It took David McPherson, club cook, a very few minutes to turn his fellow countryman "inside out," as he expressed it.

"And what for all this prodigious food?" questioned Peter.

"The banquet, mon," returned David. "It's the spread after the concert and the speechifying—the real enjoyment, with mountain dew addendum," and the old fellow went on to tell how, as the chef de cuisine in all the functions of St. Andrew's society he held a lucrative and busy place.

"I can use ye, lad, maybe permanently, if ye fill the bill," he said, and he shared his supper and his bed with Peter, to wake up at sunrise to find his guest standing patiently beside him in a manifest state of suppressed excitement.

"I've an idea," spoke Peter. "It waked me hours since," and then with enthusiastic vim he developed a wondrous scheme that had come into his mind. Scotsmen all, those at the banquet might hail the novelty of real Scotch cooking with ardor.

"There's mutton pies, ye mind," explained Peter. "Their mouths will water for the real home-made cookery. And brose—no great quantity, but a suggestion of the heathery moor and the childhood cot. And scones, and oat cakes, and short bread, and whole wheat Farrels, and Melton Mowbray pork pies!"

Peter had set the imagination of old David on fire. He was heart and soul in harmony with the plan of surprising the banqueters with Scotch fare purely. And so it came about. It was a marvelous success. Upon the eventful night men who saw before them the unadulterated products of their home soil, grew tender and loyal, and the hall rang with unrestrained enthusiasm that marked the occasion as glowing and grand.

Now at the banquet was one Peter Wilbur. And it so happened that at the home of this stalwart son of Scotia, now a prosperous business man, Jessie had secured employment. Peter had taken home one of the mutton pies to remind his wife of old times, as he had been reminded, and Mrs. Wilbur had given it to Jessie.

"I've noticed ye're longing all the time," she said to her favorite maid. "Maybe for home. Here's a touch of it, lassie, that may solace ye: poor homesick heart."

Jessie took the pie and began to partake of it with eyes retrospective and tearful. A taste made her sob.

"There was one, and one only in old Scotia who made the like," she wailed—"my best laddie, and—oh!"

She burst into a scream, staring at a criss-cross mark upon the top layer of crust.

"Peter's mark! I know it well," she tremored. "Ah! only he used that mark. Oh, tell me, tell me whence came the pie!"

Mr. Wilbur was called and he explained. On with her bonnet, and Jessie was flying in the direction of the hall where old David had engaged Peter as his permanent assistant.

She burst in upon them unceremoniously. She fell into his outstretched arms. There were only two words spoken, but so fervently uttered that old David thrilled at their simple eloquence—

"Lassie!"

"Laddie!"

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Their Aspirations.

"Find out what your boys' aspirations are when they are young and help them to the attainment of them," advised a Philadelphia lecturer to an audience of parents. And it is not hard to do, comments a Texas newspaper man. Our own investigation reveals that if the boys of today can have their way, we shall soon have a generation made up of baseball pitchers and detectives, because it is clear the Indians cannot last.

True Definition of a Pessimist.

"Pa, what is a pessimist?" "A pessimist is a man who, no matter what he gets on Christmas, would rather have the money."

M'Millan's Juja Farm

OUT in British East Africa, almost directly under the equator, lies Juja Farm, the immense ranch owned by William N. McMillan, once a business man in St. Louis. After twenty years of exploration and adventure, he has settled down there to the relatively quiet life of a farmer and hunter, and his greatest excitement nowadays comes in the entertainment of some noted hunter of big game, like Theodore Roosevelt, the sultan of Zanzibar, Lord Londsdale, Aga Khan and Chase Osborn of Michigan.

The 40,000 acres of Juja Farm, and the smaller 15,000-acre holdings of Mrs. McMillan, Mua Farm, some 15 miles away, stand 5,500 feet above sea level, on the great Mua escarpment of Eastern Africa, 325 miles inland from Mombasa, principal British African port in the Indian ocean.

Here, in a long, low, one-story farmhouse, with vine-covered verandas and numerous outbuildings, Mr. McMillan lives the life of a British landed proprietor, in almost feudal splendor, ruling the natives residing on his holdings, hunting the elephant, the rhinoceros and the lion, and protecting his herds and flocks and people from their ravages. On his broad acres, the lordly lion and his vicious spouse, king it over their fellow creatures; here are rhinoceros, hideous hyena and beautiful leopard; here graceful gazelle and powerful, ungainly gnus, alert and wary, cross the endless flats; from the vine-covered veranda of the low-beamed house can be seen black and white striped zebra and ruddy hartebeest, reed buck and waterbuck, immense eland and tiny dikdik, and all the other half hundred antelope varieties that disport on the equatorial plains. In the papyrus marshes dotting the bosom of the swamps and rimming every sea-green lake, the terrible

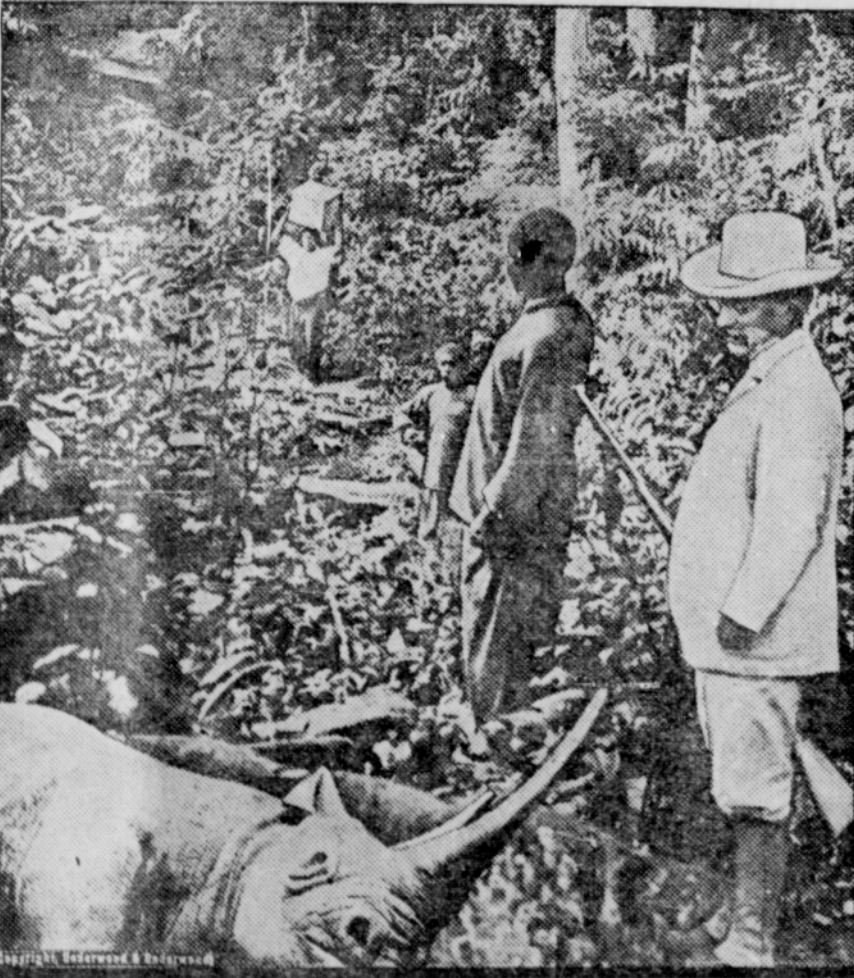
being mayor and chief of police, board of city fathers and municipal justice, all bound up in one stalwart, impressive presence, for under the colonial system of British government, as a landed proprietor, holding acreage under purchase from the crown, and more than 15 miles from town or other seat of permanent justice, he is endowed with magisterial powers, and may settle all cases of minor misdemeanors, theft and petty savage knavery, which carry with them no deprivation of liberty.

Of this vast plantation only a small part is under cultivation, but the wide fields of sprouting maize, the great stretches of sisal hemp and coffee, the clustering blossoms of the American orchard and the sweet fragrance of the gardens all testify to the wealth and generosity of the soil of the farmstead. Cattle and sheep, horses and monkeys graze in the thick lush grass or the high slopes, beside the queer, beehive huts of the natives, under the care of Masai shepherds.

Buffalo Most Dangerous.

Unlike Mr. Roosevelt, who has expressed the opinion that the lion is the most dangerous of African animals to hunt, and Sir Samuel Baker and other mighty hunters, who yield the palm to the elephant, Mr. McMillan, after almost 15 years' experience, unhesitating places the water buffalo as the most dangerous foe to human life, when wounded and brought to bay by the huntsman.

The rhinoceros, in Mr. McMillan's opinion is of little actual danger to an experienced and thoroughly alert man. Possessed, apparently, of the most savage and erratic temper of any of the larger animals, it can see but poorly out of those red, pig-like eyes, being scarcely able to distinguish a man a short distance away. Then, when he



RHINOCEROS HUNTING ON JUJA FARM

buffalo and the queer, strange looking wart hogs make sinuous lanes of passage, while in the deeper waters lie sluggish hippopotami and voracious, insatiable crocodiles. The mining ostrich preens itself among the flat-topped acacias, and in the taller, sturdier mimosa growths the giraffe keeps keen-eyed vigil for the approaching foe.

Overhead, from the taller branches and under foot in the jungle growths, come the trills and calls and reed-like notes of the bewildering wealth of bird life that fills the tropic forests, while threading serenely through this nature's wonderland, pass to and fro the natives of the estate, the well-nigh naked savage, primitive Wakamba, and unsmiling, serious Kikuyu, warlike Masai and more civilized Mohammedan Somali.

An Army of Servants.

There are some 600 natives of the various tribes employed on Juja Farm, house servants and farm hands, laborers, horse boys, shepherds, porters and askari, or native soldiery. Over these Mr. McMillan rules with a kindly reign,

THIS WOMAN'S SICKNESS

Quickly Yielded To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bridgeton, N.J.—"I want to thank you a thousand times for the wonderful

good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered very much from a female trouble. I had bearing down pains, was irregular and at times could hardly walk across the room. I was unable to do my housework or attend to my baby I was so weak. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me a world of good, and now I am strong and healthy, can do my work and tend my baby. I advise all suffering women to take it and get well as I did."—Mrs. FANNIE COOPER, R.F.D., Bridgeton, N.J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

GIVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" TO CONSTIPATED CHILD

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender little stomach, liver and bowels.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

Goo Goo!

There's a great difference in the last words of famous men; but their first words were all about the same.—Chicago News.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

Her Wavering Affections.

"Hubby, I'm in love with that hat." "You fall in love with too many hats. If you'll promise to remain constant to that one for as much as six weeks, I'll buy it for you."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Defined.

A statesman is a politician with whom you agree. A politician is a statesman with whom you disagree.—Life.

Alfalfa PUREST ON EARTH

More than 30 years ago Salzer's Catalog boomed Alfalfa, years before other seedsmen thought of its value. Today Salzer excels! His Alfalfa strains include Grimm, (Montana Liscom, Agr. College inspected), Salzer's Dakota Registered No. 30—all hardy as oak.

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