

IT TOOK 85 YEARS FOR THEM
TO FIND A WAY TO GIVE IT TO
US FRESH AND GOOD
EVERYWHERE

IT HAD TO COME,
WHOEVER CHEWED GRAVELY
KNEW THAT

GRAVELY'S CELEBRATED Chewing Plug

BEFORE THE INVENTION
OF OUR PATENT AIR-PROOF POUCH
GRAVELY PLUG TOBACCO
MADE STRICTLY FOR ITS CHEWING QUALITY
WOULD NOT KEEP FRESH IN THIS SECTION.
NOW THE PATENT POUCH KEEPS IT
FRESH AND CLEAN AND GOOD
A LITTLE CHEW OF GRAVELY IS ENOUGH
AND LASTS LONGER THAN A BIG CHEW
OF ORDINARY PLUG.

P. B. Gravelly Tobacco Co. Danvers, N. H.



YES, SIR, BILLY POSTER
KNEW THERE'D BE BIG
NEWS ON THAT BOARD
SOME DAY.

For carefully the breaded wool;
its silver months will never grow old;
And lay the linen, soft and cool,
Above it gently, fold on fold,
So lie the snows on that soft breast,
Where mortal garb will never rest

How many days in dreamed delight,
With listless fingers working slow,
I fashioned them from morn till night
And smiled to see them slowly grow.
I thought the task too late begun;
Alas, how soon it all was done!

Go lock them in a cedar chest,
And never bring me back the key!
Will hiding lay this ghost to rest,
Or the turned lock give peace to me
No matter—only that I dread
Lest other eyes behold my dead.

I would have laid them in that grave
To perish, too, like any weed,
But legends tell that they who save
Such garments, ne'er the like will need.
But give or burn them—need will be—
I want but one such memory!

—Rose Terry Cooke.

The KITCHEN CUPBOARD

QUICK BREADS.

POOR MAN'S MUFFINS.—One may use half the recipe with a small egg with satisfactory results, for this amount makes thirty muffins. Mix and sift three and one-half cups of pastry flour, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, six teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt. Add gradually while beating constantly one and one-half cups of milk, an egg well beaten and three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Bake in buttered gem pans twenty-five minutes.

Luncheon Rolls.—Toss a baking powder mixture on a floured board and pat and roll to one-fourth of an inch in thickness, keeping in rectangular shape. Brush over with melted butter and sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of sugar mixed with one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-third cupful of stoned raisins cut in small pieces and two tablespoonfuls of chopped nut meats. Roll like a jelly roll and cut off pieces three-fourths of an inch in thickness. Place on a buttered tin, cut side up, and bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes.

Rye Drop Cakes.—Mix and sift two-thirds of a cupful of rye meal, two-thirds of a cupful of flour, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add gradually one-half cupful of milk, then add two tablespoonfuls of molasses and an egg well beaten. Drop by spoonfuls in hot, new deep fat. Fry until light brown and cooked through. Remove with a skimmer and drain.

Rye Muffins.—Mix and sift one and one-quarter cupfuls of rye meal, one and one-quarter cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt. Add one-quarter of a cupful of molasses to one and one-quarter cupfuls milk and add gradually to the first mixture; then add an egg well beaten and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Bake in a hot oven in buttered gem pans twenty-five minutes.

Coffee Cakes.—Scald two cupfuls of milk. When lukewarm add one and one-half yeast cakes broken in small pieces and as soon as the yeast cakes have dissolved add three and one-half cupfuls of flour. Beat thoroughly, cover and let rise one and one-half hours. Then add one-half cupful each of butter, lard and sugar, an egg unbeaten, a teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon and enough flour to knead until well mixed, cover and let rise six hours. Keep in the ice box or in a cold place over night to prevent further rising. In the morning turn the mixture on a floured bread board or cloth and roll into a long rectangular piece one-fourth of an inch thick. Brush over with melted butter and fold from ends toward the center, making three layers. Cut off pieces three-fourths of an inch wide, cover and let rise until light. Take each piece separately and twist from ends in opposite directions, then shape in a coil, place in buttered pans, cover, again let rise and bake twenty minutes.

Quiet Work.
One lesson, nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown;
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaims their enmity.

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity!
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplishing in
repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

Yet, while on earth a thousand discords
ring,
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on.

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
Still working, blaming still our vain turn-
moll,
Laborers that shall not fall when man is
gone.

—Matthew Arnold.

Made Her Anxious.
Jack Tar and his Sal were up in
front of the parson. On being asked
the usual question, "Wilt thou have
this woman?" etc., Jack answered, "I
will." "You must say 'I will,'" cor-
rected the parson and repeated the
question.

"I will," responded Jack more firmly

than ever.
The irate clergyman threatened to
stop the service altogether if the re-
sponse was not properly given. That
was too much for Sally, who broke in
quite savagely: "Look a-here! Thee
'll 'ave our Jack sayin' 'e won't in a
minute if ye keep on badgerin'!"
The service was resumed.—London
Telegraph.

In the Dead of Night.
Just as Doggie O'Nails, professional
cracksman, was creeping out of 13
Hardluck terrace the owner of the
house grasped his shoulder.

"Don't shoot! I give up," cried Dog-
gie hoarsely.

"I only desire to put a question to
you," said Oddsen Ends, the riddle
fiend, for it was he. "What I want
to know is this: If a thief is busily en-
gaged plying his trade up in your attic
could he be truthfully said to be
above doing wrong actions?"

Doggie O'Nails gazed at him with
open mouth.

"In default of an answer to that,"
went on Oddsen Ends, "perhaps you
won't mind telling me something not
so directly connected with your trade.
Why are all fed soldiers like brief
speeches?"

"Look! here, cull," began the cracks-
man dazedly.

"Because they are short o' rations.
See, short."

But with one masterly shove O'Nails
had pushed him down the artesian
well and clambered over the garden
wall.

"Well," chuckled Oddsen Ends and
dropped peacefully off to sleep.—Chi-
cago News.

A Treat For Father.

Some one sent me up a box of cigars
from the tobacco store down street.
Arthur, my office boy, brought them in
and stood near my desk while I un-
wrapped the package. As I opened the
box I said to him jokingly—as he was
too young to smoke—"Will you have a
cigar, Arthur?" and Arthur replied, "I
don't smoke, but my father does." So
I said, "All right, take one for your
father."

He picked out a cigar and put it
away in his inside coat pocket. As he
started away I said to him, more out
of curiosity than anything else:

"What does your father do, Arthur?"
Arthur remained silent and blushed
deeply. It made me more curious than
ever.

"Come, speak up," I urged.
"He k-k-keeps a cigar store," stam-
mered Arthur as he bolted off.—Puck.

Musical Criticism.

At the annual smoking concert of a
certain north country friendly society,
the members of which were for the
most part pitmen, a piper had been
engaged to discourse "sweet music."
After his performance there were ming-
led feelings among the audience. The
chairman, however, declared the piper
had received an encore.

"Aa's not gan te play any mair,"
said the piper.

"What for not?" asked the puzzled
chairman.

"Aa hord some one carl we a fule."

"Nonsense, man!" said the chairman.

"Neebody said owt o' the sort."

"Onyway, Aa's not gan te play any
mair," replied the obdurate piper.

He held to his decision, and the con-
cert had to proceed without him.

At the conclusion a pitman rose to
move a hearty vote of thanks to the
performers. "Aa include the pipor,"
said he. "It wasn't me carled the
pipor a fule, and Aa divrent see why
ony one should carl the pipor a fule."
He paused for effect. "What Aa want
t' know is who carled the fule a pipor!"
—London Mail

Social Rivalry.

"What's the grouch?"

"General jealousy," replied the host-
ess disconsolately. "The young men
are sulking. Each of them started in
to be recognized exclusively as the
life of the party."—Washington Star.

Too Late.

"Say, if you're running to fish your
little boy out o' the mill pond you're
too late!"

"Oh, good heavens!"

"Yep; he crawled out himself."—Har-
per's Magazine.

Sorry He Spoke.

"Aren't you wearing your trousers
too short, sonny?"

"No, dad. I'm wearing them too
long. I just came in to ask you to buy
me a new pair."—Browning's Maga-
zine.

To Be Kept Mum.

"That was a homely woman I saw
you with last night."

"Don't tell my wife."

"She didn't know about it, eh?"

"Oh, yes; she was the woman."—Bos-
ton Transcript.

His Lecture Notes.

Rupert—What did you do with the
cuffs I left on the table last night? Ro-
land—They were so soiled I sent them
to the laundry. Rupert—Ye gods, the
entire history of England was on them.

—Cornell Widow.

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The Scrap Book

Careless Papa.

They are telling this one, which may
or may not be true, in the centers of
civilization along the eastern seaboard.

A youth hired as an office boy by a
New York concern was explaining to
his employer the necessity for his hav-
ing steady employment.

"You see," he said, "I have to help
support my mother, because papa isn't
with us any more."

"Is he dead?" asked the head of the
concern sympathetically.

"No, sir; he's not dead, but they've
got him in jail."

"In jail! What for?"

"Well, sir, he used to work in a bank
over in Jersey, and they accused him
of taking samples home."—Saturday
Evening Post.

Gems In Verse

IN VAIN.

PUT every tiny robe away!
The stitches all were set with
tears.
Slow, tender drops of joy; today
Their rain would wither hopes of
fears;

Bitter enough to daunt the moth
That longs to fret this dainty cloth.

The filmy lace, the ribbons blue,
The tracery of flower and leaf,
The fairy shapes that bloomed and grew
Through happy moments all too brief.
The warm, soft wraps, oh, God, how cold
It must be in that wintry mold!

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