

MY AUNT'S BAROMETER

Translated from the French by Susan H. Taber.

"It happened when I was sixteen," began cousin Zephir, one evening when we begged him for a story of his boyhood. "I was one of the worst scholars in the lycium of Valenciennes."

"I hated school life. Doubtless I would have made an excellent pupil if I could have lived out in the open air, amidst the woods and the fields but poked away in a hole four feet square, with nothing but a muddy street to look out upon, I was fatally and irrevocably destined to be lazy."

"Young man," said M. Fortin, our professor, to me, writing my name upon the list for punishment, "young man, you will never know the glorious road that leads to college success."

"Instead, there was one road that I knew only too well, that of a scholar kept in after school hours and I travelled this road more than three-quarters of the time. On Sundays, Thursdays and almost every other day, a certain number of us, always the same ones, wrote at the dictation of a miserable instructor who was even more bored than we were, whole chapters of Telemachus, that admirable work, so M. Fortin called it, which we ought to read and reread if we wished to acquire beauty of style."

"It happened one day, due to some marvellous piece of luck on my part and oversight on that of my instructors, that I was not to be kept in on our holiday."

"I wrote immediately to my uncle Emile, a big, kindly-hearted farmer who lived at Saint Sauve, telling him of the good news. It was the time of the village festival and well I knew that my aunt would have cooked a pile of wonderful tarts and little pies and I also knew that they would both be glad to have me share their goodies."

"Accordingly, early in the morning my uncle came in search of me and off we started, merrily, for Saint Sauve."

"It was a beautiful day and I forgot all the woes and tribulations of my school life as I drank in deep draughts of the pure, fresh air."

"As we jogged along, my uncle told me the fascinating details of the fete that was to take place in the afternoon and of the good dinner that my aunt had prepared. The pig had been killed and Gustine, the servant, had made a pudding! And my uncle smacked his lips appreciatively as if he were already enjoying the good things in store."

"At last we reached the farm, cracking the whip joyfully to announce our arrival. The big door flew open and all the family rushed into the yard to welcome us."

"What a good family it was! First there was my aunt, a wonderful woman who managed the whole farm and like wise her husband, so they said, but who was adored by the whole village for her kindly heart; then there was my cousin, Olympie, a yellow-haired girl of fifteen; and Gustine the old servant, who had always lived there and Peter the general utility man, and Joseph the ox-driver, all one big happy family together."

"All the animals came too to bid me welcome. Caesar, the big watchdog, Dina, my uncle's hunting dog and Mouton, the old cat whom I patted and stroked for my aunt's sake, since he was her prime favorite."

"In fact the excellent woman had a particular fondness for this animal; she called him, laughing, her barometer."

"When Mouton washes himself, she said seriously, 'and when he goes further than his ear, you must be sure and take an umbrella. It is certain to rain hard.' Nothing in the

world could have persuaded her that Mouton's toilet was not an infallible report of the weather.

"I spent the morning visiting all my favorite haunts about the farm and presently, as I was sitting on a fragrant pile of hay in one corner of the barn, Olympie joined me and began to tell me all the pleasures of the approaching festival."

"It will be perfectly lovely," she sighed, 'and tonight there is to be a magnificent ball in the square, and an illumination! All the trees will be hung with colored lanterns! But where's the use of telling you all this,' she added, 'you will have to go back to that frightful school. You will miss all the greatest fun and you won't be able to dance with me!' She smiled teasingly as she spoke."

"Alas! it was only too true. There would be punishments and to spare raining down on my unlucky head if I did not return to school on time."

"The day flew by on wings. It seemed but a moment before I heard my aunt calling us to dinner and as we all trooped into the house she turned to the two workmen and said: 'You've worked enough for today. There's no danger of rain so the rest of the hay can wait until tomorrow. This is a feast day for every one.'

"And such a feast as it was! Gustine's pudding was nothing short of a wonder and my aunt's cakes made me completely forget that such things as the potatoes, beans and the everlasting prunes that we had at school ever existed."

"After dinner Olympie and I went down to the village square to watch the games and the races. There was great excitement over climbing the greased pole and watching the queer antics of the men who raced in potato bags—but it was tantalizing to see them strutting the trees with lanterns and to know that the best part of the fun would come that evening when the dance and the illumination took place."

"It was too much to think that everyone else would be having a glorious time then, while I would have to return to my horrible prison and from the bottom of my heart I wished that schools had never been invented."

"Can't you think of some way so you can stay for tonight?" asked Olympie as we went slowly back to the farm when the afternoon was over. I shook my head sorrowfully. "Everything I thought of was impossible and I only groaned in reply when suddenly I caught sight of Mouton, my aunt's cat, asleep on the door sill. A brilliant thought struck me and running into the kitchen I seized a piece of ham that lay upon the table."

"I've thought of something," I cried to Olympie, 'catch Mouton and bring him out to the barn where aunt can't find us."

"We took refuge on the big pile of hay and holding Mouton firmly, I rubbed the ham carefully over his fore-paws and across his face and finally on the tip of his ears, Olympie meanwhile shrieking with laughter."

"Now we will let him go," I said and it was time, for just then aunt called me to supper before I should start on my return journey."

"I've put up a nice little lunch for you," she said, as I took my place at the table. 'You can hide it and eat it tomorrow.'

"I was going to thank her, when Gustine cried in surprise:

"Ah! look at the cat, madam, see how he washes himself! By Our Lady, do you suppose it is going to rain and spoil the festival?"

"Mouton had, indeed, begun slowly and methodically to wash his face and then, smelling the meat upon his paws, he licked them, rubbing them across his ears as he did so. My aunt was bewildered; her barometer had never been known to fail. Surely, before an hour was over, it would rain."



Mrs. Weisslitz, president of the German Womans' Club of Buffalo, N. Y., after doctoring for two years, was finally cured of her kidney trouble by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Of all the diseases known with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless prompt and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives.

Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave careful study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for woman's ills—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made sure that it contained the correct combination of herbs which was certain to control that dreaded disease, woman's kidney troubles. The Vegetable Compound acts in harmony with the laws that govern the entire female system, and while there are many so called remedies for kidney troubles, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the only one especially prepared for women.

Read What Mrs. Weisslitz Says.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years my life was simply a burden, I suffered so with female troubles, and pains across my back and loins. The doctor told me that I had kidney troubles and prescribed for me. For three months I took his medicines, but grew steadily worse. My husband then advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and brought home a bottle. It is the greatest blessing ever brought to our home. Within three months I was a changed woman. My pain had disappeared, my complexion became clear, my eyes bright, and my entire system in good shape."—Mrs. PAULA WEISSLITZ, 176 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Proof that Kidney Trouble can be Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel very thankful to you for the good your medicine has done me. I had doctored for years and was steadily growing worse. I had trouble with my kidneys, and two doctors told me I had Bright's disease; also had falling of the womb, and could not walk a block at a time. My back and head ached all the time, and I was so nervous I could not sleep; had hysteria and fainting spells, was tired all the time, had such a pain in my left side that I could hardly stand at times without putting my foot on something."

"I doctored with several good doctors, but they did not help me any. I took, in all, twelve bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, five boxes of Liver Pills, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and feel like a new woman, can eat and sleep well, do all my own work, and can walk two miles without feeling over tired. The doctors tell me that my kidneys are all right now. I am so happy to be well, and I feel that I owe it all to your medicine."—Mrs. OPAL STRONG, Dalton, Mass.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address Lynn, Mass.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

"She hurried out into the yard. Gustine, Olympie and I followed her and met uncle who was just harnessing the old horse to take me back."

"Emilie," cried my aunt, 'the cat is washing himself and rubbing his ear every moment. It is certainly going to pour and all our hay will be ruined!'"

"Impossible," he answered, 'why with such weather, it won't rain for a week!'"

"Fortunately, on the edge of the horizon I saw a few clouds and I pointed them out to my aunt. It was proof conclusive."

"Mouton never makes a mistake," she affirmed. 'Come, the men are both away so we must all set to work and get in the hay without losing a single moment.'"

"But what about taking the boy back to school?" protested my uncle. "Ah! well, he can go back later; we'll fix it with his master. The grain must come first."

"There was no answer to this argument so the old horse was unharnessed and we all set to work. I did not hurry over my part of it and it was a long hour more before we finished, and I knew that there was no possibility then of my being sent back to school until the next day."

"My scheme had succeeded and Olympie and I were radiant."

"We went to the ball, in spite of the fact that aunt was sure it would rain and we danced joyfully beneath the sparkling lights until midnight. Needless to say, not a drop of rain fell."

"The next morning, when I was getting ready to leave, I heard my aunt say sorrowfully:

"Poor old Mouton! He must be getting old! I never knew him to make a mistake before."

"It wasn't his fault," I exclaimed, 'too proud of the success of my little trick to keep it back any longer, and

THE UNKNOWN NUMBER FORMED

BY A COMMITTEE OF SALEM GENTLEMEN WHO SIGN A CERTIFICATE

Large Number of Guesses May Bring the Contest to a Close Sooner Than Was Planned at the Start

"It's the real thing. It's a fair way of awarding it." These and similar comments were made by the crowds in front of the C. H. Hinges jewelry store show window when The Journal

\$150 diamond Tiffany gold ring was put on exhibition Saturday, and it is an unmistakable fact that it is a diamond of the purest water, and a dazzling white stone of the kind now most fashionable, that sells at retail in the best jewelry stores at \$150, and all who see it will say so. The setting will be completed in a few days, and then you can go in and put it on your lady's finger, and tell her you have made the guess of your life in her behalf, and, this being leap year, she may say the words that will make you happy.

There was a constant stream of subscribers Saturday taking the numbered receipts, and writing their guesses on them and depositing them in the soldered tin box at The Journal office. There were ladies and gentlemen, state and city officials, business men and some of the sporting sort who were taken by the opportunity to participate in a "perfectly harmless and amusing guessing contest," but all lured on by the free gift to guess a \$150 diamond ring onto their finger. Hon. D. H. Looney, of Jefferson, ex-president of the state board of agriculture, paid a year in advance and got four guesses, and says Mrs. Looney may as well prepare to wear the diamond ring, as he was a long time figuring out the number most likely to get the diamond.

If the guesses keep coming in personally and by mail as fast as they have the 975 receipts will be exhausted before the month is up. But as soon as taken the diamond will be awarded.

The Number to Be Guessed At. There it is, sealed up in an envelope in the window with the diamond, and there it will remain until the diamond is given away to the lucky guesser.

Written across the face of a large, white envelope are the words: "This envelope contains the unknown number in The Capital Journal Diamond Guessing Contest." This number was formed in exact pursuance of the plan advertised in The Journal, by a committee of business men and Journal subscribers, who came into the office Monday morning. Following is their signed statement on exhibition at Mr. Hinges' show window:

The Unknown Number. We, the undersigned, were present at The Journal office January 11th, and assisted in the forming of the unknown number, according to the plan published to be used in the Capital Journal Diamond Guessing Contest. Under the rules of forming the number, it is impossible for anyone, not even the members of this committee, the publishers of The Journal, nor the jeweler who furnished the ring, to know what the number is. (Signed)

N. J. JUDAH, J. G. GRAHAM, GEO. C. WILL, HAL D. PATTON, CHAS. H. HINGES, FRANK C. FERGUSON.

The above named gentlemen were the committee. Constable John H. Lewis and J. M. Lawrence were on the committee, but arrived too late to participate.

Der Deutsche Einzige Kleiderladen in Der Stadt.

Opening of a NEW STORE

We have opened up the newly arranged corner store room in the Y. M. C. A. building, corner of Commercial and Chemeketa streets, with a very fine stock of

Clothing and Gents Furnishing Goods

all new and up to-date in styles, being the latest productions from the best factories. We will have a machine soon and manufacture on the premises, wool hose. We will keep other makes of course. We are not strangers here, being well known, and we hope and trust that by keeping only reliable, high grade goods, and the prices down, we will surely get a share of your esteemed patronage.

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SKIN DISEASES THE OUTCROPPING OF BAD BLOOD

And while not always painful are aggravating beyond expression. With few exceptions they are worse in spring and summer when the system begins to thaw out and the skin is reacting and making extra efforts to throw off the poisons that have accumulated during the winter. Then boils and pimples, rashes and eruptions of every conceivable kind make their appearance, and Eczema and Itch—the twin terrors of skin diseases—Nettle-rash, Poison Oak and Ivy, and such other skin troubles as usually remain quiet during cold weather, break out afresh to torment and distract by their fearful burning, itching and stinging. A course of S. S. S. now will purify and enrich the blood, reinforce and tone up the general system and stimulate the sluggish circulation, thus warding off the diseases common to spring and summer. The skin, with good blood to nourish it, remains smooth and soft and free of all disfiguring eruptions.

Send for our free book on diseases of the skin and write us if you desire medical advice or any special information. This will cost you nothing.

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