

The MARSHAL

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AUTHOR OF THE PERFECT TRIBUTE, THE BETTER TREASURE, ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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10 SYNOPSIS.

Francois Beaupre, a peasant boy of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Ney figures, is made a Captain in the army of the Emperor Napoleon, who prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. At the age of ten, Francois, with General Baron Gaspard Gouraud, who with Alixe, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon, the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The boy becomes a copyist for the general and learns of the secret of his success as the Marquis Zappi, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son, Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general, angry at the Marquis, sends him away, while the former goes to America. The Marquis asks Francois to be a friend of his son. The boy promises. Francois leaves the Chateau to live with the Marquis Zappi, leaving Pietro as a ward of the general Alixe. Pietro and Francois meet a strange boy who is the son of the Emperor Napoleon. Francois saves his life. The general discovers Francois loves Alixe, and extracts a promise from him that he will never tell anyone of his secret. Francois goes to Italy as a secretary to Pietro. Queen Hortense plans the escape of her son Louis Napoleon by disguising him as a peasant boy, and Alixe and Francois take Marquis Zappi's place, who is in the escape of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis, brother of Francois, Alixe and Francois travel to America, towing the orches and his mother to escape. Francois is a prisoner of the Austrians for five years. In the castle of Pietro, Francois is a guest of Harry, in his guard one of Pietro's old family servants, and through him sends words to his friends of his plight. The general Alixe and Pietro plan to rescue him. Francois receives a note from Pietro explaining in detail how to escape from his prison. They travel to America, and leads him to his friend on board the American sailing vessel, the "Lively Lucy." Francois, as a guest of Harry, in America, makes Pietro's estate in Virginia. Lucy Hampton falls in love with Francois. Prince Louis Napoleon in America succeeds the last of Pietro, Hampton, where he meets Francois. Lucy Hampton reveals her love for Francois after the latter saves the life of Harry, his companion and is himself injured in the effort.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Finest Things.

Endurance, Francois' own negro boy, brought a note to Roanoke house on a morning five days after. It read:

"My Dear Miss Hampton:

"The doctor has given me permission to ride tomorrow and I, wish to ride to Roanoke house before all other places. Will mademoiselle permit me to see her for a short time alone? I await anxiously a word from you, and I am your servant,

"FRANCOIS BEAUPRE."

Mademoiselle sent a fair sheet of paper with a few unsteady scratches across it, and sat down to live over it was accomplished. The colonel had ridden to Norfolk for the day—had Francois known of that, one wonders? Lucy, waiting in that small stately study with the dim portraits and the wide vague view across the fields of the James river, heard the gay hoof-beats of Aquarelle pound down the gravel under the window, heard Francois' deep gentle voice as he gave the horse to Sambo, and waited one minute more, the hardest minute of all. Then the door had opened and he stood there—the miracle, as it seems at such moments to a woman, possibly to a man of all the gifts and qualities worth loving.

He had made his precise bow, and she had heard his voice saying gently: "Good morning, mademoiselle," and the door was closed; and they were alone together. In a flash she felt that it could not be endured, that she must escape. She rose hastily.

"I'm sorry I must go; I cannot stay."

But Francois had laughed and taken her hand and was holding it with a tender force which thrilled her. He understood. She knew he understood the shame and fear of a woman who has given love unasked; she was safe in his hands; she knew that. With a sigh she let her fingers rest in his hand, sat down again and waited.

"Dear Mademoiselle Lucy," said the deep kind voice, "my first friend in Virginia, my comrade, my little scholar."

Why did Lucy grow cold and quiet at these words of gentleness? Francois was sitting beside her, holding

His Voice Was Full of Passion and Pleading.

He Bent Over Her Hand.

her hand in both his, gazing at her with the clearest affection in his look. Yet she braced herself against her she did not know what. The voice went on with its winning foreign inflections, its slip of English now and then, and its never-to-be-described power of reaching the heart.

"See, mademoiselle," said Francois, "we are too real friends, you and I, to have deception between us. We will not pretend, you and I, to each other—is it not, mademoiselle? Therefore I shall not try to hide from you that I heard that day those words so wonderful which you spoke to me so unworthy. I have thought of those words ever since, mademoiselle, as I lay ill with this troublesome arm; ever since—all the time. My heart has been full of a gratification to you which cannot be told. I shall remember all my life; I shall be honored as no king could

friends always? It is indeed—for life with me."

And little Lucy felt a healing peace settling on her bruised feelings and heard herself saying generous words of friendship which healed also as she spoke them.

"Then, I must find that savage boy Henry, and beseech him to spare my life," spoke Francois at last. "My life is of more value today, that it possesses a sure friend in Mademoiselle Lucy," he said and smiled radiantly. And was gone.

"He said—that Harry loved me! What nonsense!" Lucy whispered to herself. And the broken-hearted one was smiling.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Once More at Home.

In a few words, as might be, he told her of the peasant child who had been lifted out of his poverty-bound life with such large kindness that no bond which held him to that poor, yet dear life had been broken; who had been left all the love of his first home and yet been given a home and a training and an education which set him ready for any career; he told of the big-souled, blunt, Napoleonic officer, the seigneur; of the gray, red-roofed castle, with its four round towers; of handsome silent Pietro, and of the unfailing long kindness of them all.

Then, his voice lowered, holding the girl's hand still, he told her of Alixe, of the fairy child who had met him on that day of his first visit and had brought him to her father, the seigneur.

He described a little the playmate of his childhood, fearless, boyish in his intrepid courage, yet always exquisitely a girl. He told of the long summer vacations of the three as he grew up, and the rides in the Jura valley, and of that last ride when he knew that he was to go to Italy next morning, and of how he had faced the seigneur and told him that he loved his daughter and had given her up then, instantly, for loyalty to him and to Pietro. And then he told her of the peasant boy in "Riders" Hollow in the gray morning light after the night of his escape—and how, by hand on the bridle and seat in the saddle, and at last by the long curl of the black lashes he had known the peasant boy for Alixe.

"Come back again—come back again," they called from the shore.

Lucy Hampton, listening, was so thrilled with this romance of a life-long love that she could silence her aching heart and her aching pride and could be—with a painful sick effort—but yet could be, utterly generous.

There is no midway in a case between entire selfishness and entire selflessness. The young southern girl, wounded, shamed, cruelly hurt in vanity and in love, was able to choose the larger way, and taking it, felt that sharp joy of renunciation which is as keen and difficult to breathe and as sweet in the breathing as the air of a mountain-top. Trembling, she put her other little hand on Francois' hands.

"I see," she said, and her voice shook and she smiled mistily, but very kindly. "You could not love anyone but that beautiful Alixe. I—I would not have you."

And Francois bent hastily, with tears in his eyes, and kissed the warm little hands. The uncertain sliding voice went on:

"I am not ashamed—that I said that to you. I would not have said it—not for worlds. I thought you were killed. I didn't know what I said. But I am not ashamed. I am glad that I am enough of a person to have known—the finest things—and—her voice sank and she whispered the next words over the dark head bent on her hands—and to have loved them. But don't bother. I shall get over it."

The liquid tones choked a bit on that and Francois lifted his head quickly and his eyes flamed at her.

"Of course you will, my dear little girl, my brave mademoiselle. It is not as you think; it is not serious, mon amie. It is only that your soul is full of kindness and enthusiasm and eagerness to stand by the unlucky. I am alone and exasperated; I have had a little of misfortune and you are sorry for me. It is that. Al, I know. I am very old and wise, me. It would never do," he went on. "The noblesse of Virginia would rise in a revolution if it should be that the princess of Roanoke house gave her heart to a French peasant. I am come to be a man of knowledge." And he shook his head with as worldly-wise an expression as if one of Guido Reni's dark angels should talk politics. He went on again, smiling a little, an air of daring in his manner. "Moreover, Mademoiselle Lucy, there is a fairy prince who awaits only the smallest sign from you."

"Lucy sniffed. "No," she said. And then, "A fairy prince—in Virginia?"

"Ah, yes, Mademoiselle Miss Lucy. Of the true noblesse, that one. A fine, big, handsome prince, the right sort."

"Who?" demanded Lucy, smiling still.

"Of such a right sort indeed that it is no matter—ah no, but perhaps just the thing to make one love him more, that he is lame."

"Harry!" Lucy's smile faded.

"But yes, indeed, mon amie," and Francois patted the little hand with his big one. "Henry, indeed. Henry, who is waiting to kill me for love of you; Henry, the best trust fellow, the manliest, bravest fellow. Who rides like Henry? Who has read all the books in all the libraries like Henry? Who is respected by the old men, the great men, for his knowledge and his thinking and his statecraft almost—like Henry? Who has such a great heart and brain and such fearless courage as Henry?"

"You are very loyal to your friends," Lucy said, half pleased, half stabb'd to the soul.

"Certainly. What for is gratification worth, otherwise?" Francois threw at her earnestly. There were a few English words too much for him still; "gratification" seemed to be one. He stood up and his great eyes glowed down at her. "Mademoiselle," he said, "two women of earth, my mother and Alixe, are for me the Madonnas the crown of women," and his glance lifted to the ceiling for a moment, "and the general would come in at that point with a growl like distant thunder.

"He is to rest," the general would order. "He is to rest till he is well. He has done enough; let the boy alone, you others."

But the time came, six months after his return, when Francois must be sent to visit the officers of certain regiments thought to be secretly Bonapartist; when he, it was believed, could get into touch with them and tell them enough and not too much of the plans of the party, and find out where they stood and how much one might count on them. So, against the general's wish, Francois went off on a political mission. It proved more complicated than had seemed probable; he was gone a long time; he had to travel and endure exhausting experiences for which he was not yet fit. So that when he came home to Vicques, two months later, he was white and transparent and ill. And there were some of the mysterious men at the chateau to meet him, delighted, pitiless. Delighted with the work he had done, with his daring and finesse and success, without pity for his weakness, begging him to go at once on another mission. The general was firm as to that; his boy should not be bounted; he should stay at home in the quiet old chateau and get well. But the boy was restless; a fever of enthusiasm was on him and he wanted to do more and yet more for the prince's work.

At this point two things happened:

Pietro came from London, and Francois, on the point of leaving for another secret errand, broke down and was ill.

He lay in his bed in his room at the farmhouse, the low upper chamber

looking out through wide-open casement windows, their old leaded little panes of glass glittering from every uneven angle—looking out at broad fields and bouquets of chestnut trees, and far off, five miles away, at the high red roofs of the chateau of Vicques. And gazing so, he saw Pietro on old Capitaine, turn from the shady avenue of the chestnut and ride slowly to the house. With that he heard his mother greeting Pietro below in the great kitchen, then the two voices—the deep one and the soft one—talking, talking, a long time. What could his mother and Pietro have to talk about so long? And then Pietro's step was coming up the narrow stair, and he was there, in the room.

"Francois," Pietro began in his direct fashion, "I think you must go back to Virginia."

Francois regarded him with startled eyes, saying nothing. There was chill and an ache in his heart at the thought of yet another parting.

Pietro went out. "I have a letter from Harry Hampton: The place needs you; the people want you; and Harry and Miss Hampton say they will not be married unless you come to be best man at the wedding," Francois smiled.

Pietro went on again. "Moreover, boy, Francois—you are not doing well here. You are too useful; they want to use you constantly and you are ready; but you are not fit. You must get away for another year or two. Then you will be well and perhaps by then the prince will have real work for you. And you must have strength for that time. Your mother says I am right."

With that he heard his mother in the doorway, regarding him with her calm eyes, and nodded to Pietro's words. So it came about that Francois went back shortly to Virginia.

On the day before he went he sat in the garden of the chateau with Alixe, on the stone seat by the sun-dial where they had sat years before when the general had seen him kiss the girl's hand, in that unbrotherly way which had so surprised him.

"Alike," said Francois, "I am going to the end of the world."

"Not for the first time," Alixe answered cheerfully.

"Perhaps for the last," Francois

threw back dramatically. It is hard to have one's best-beloved discount one's tragedies. And Alixe laughed and lifted a long stem of a spring flower which she held in her hand, and brushed his forehead delicately with the distant tip of it.

"Smooth" out the wrinkles, do not frown; do not look solemn; you always come back, Monsieur the Bad Penny; you will this time. Do not be melodramatic, Francois."

Francois, listening to these sane sentiments, was hurt, and not at all inspired with cheerfulness. "Alike," he said—and knew that he should not say it—"there is something I have wanted all my life—all my life."

"There?" inquired Alixe in compunction tones. "A horse, for example?" He caught her hand, disregarding her tone; his voice was full of passion and pleading.

And yet he heard those following voices calling to him, more faintly:

"Come back again—oh, come back again!"

And into that negroes had broken into a melody, and the ship moved on to the wild sweet music. Way Down Upon de Swannee Ribber, the negroes sang, and the ship was at the turn of the river. The stately walls of Roanoke house, the green slope crowded with figures of his friends, the sparkling water front—the current had swept away all of the picture and he could only hear that wailing music of the negroes' voices, lower, more fitful; and now it was gone. He had left Virginia; he was on his way to friends. And for all his joy of going, he was heavy-hearted for the leaving.

The weeks went slowly at sea, but after a while he had landed, was in France, was at Vicques. He had seen his mother, with her hair whitened by those years of his prison life—a happy woman now, full of business and responsibility, yet always with a rap in her face of one who lived in a deep inner quiet. He had talked long with his prosperous father and slipped into his old place among his brothers and sisters, utterly refusing to be made a stranger or a great man. And over and over again he told the story of his capture and the story of his escape.

At the castle the returned wanderer picked up no less the thread dropped so suddenly seven years before. The general, to whom the boy seemed his son risen from the dead, would hardly let him from his sight; Alixe kept him in a tingling atmosphere of tenderness and mockery, and sisterly devotion, which thrilled him and chilled him and made him blissful and wretched in turns. The puzzle of Alixe was more understandable than the puzzle of the sphinx to the three men who loved her, to her father and Francois and Pietro. The general and Francois spoke of it guardedly, in few words, once in a long time, but Pietro never spoke. Pietro was there often, yet more often away in London, where the exiled Massini, at the head of one wing of Italian patriots, lived and conspired. And other men appeared suddenly and disappeared at the chateau, and held conferences with the general and Francois in that large dim library where the little peasant boy had sat with his thin ankles twisted about the legs of his high chair, and copied the history of Napoleon. These men paid great attention nowadays to the words of that peasant boy.

"As soon as you are a little stronger," they said, "there is much work for you to do," and the general would come in at that point with a growl like distant thunder.

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"He is to rest till he is well. He has done enough; let the boy alone, you others."

But the time came, six months after his return, when Francois must be sent to visit the officers of certain regiments thought to be secretly Bonapartist; when he, it was believed, could get into touch with them and tell them enough and not too much of the plans of the party, and find out where they stood and how much one might count on them. So, against the general's wish, Francois went off on a political mission. It proved more complicated than had seemed probable; he was gone a long time; he had to travel and endure exhausting experiences for which he was not yet fit. So that when he came home to Vicques, two months later, he was white and transparent and ill. And there were some of the mysterious men at the chateau to meet him, delighted, pitiless. Delighted with the work he had done, with his daring and finesse and success, without pity for his weakness, begging him to go at once on another mission. The general was firm as to that; his boy should not be bounted; he should stay at home in the quiet old chateau and get well. But the boy was restless; a fever of enthusiasm was on him and he wanted to do more and yet more for the prince's work.

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"And Francois lifted mournful eyes and repeated, "That you should love Pietro—yes—that is what I have wished for all my life."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Summoned.

On the morning of May 9, 1840, the sun shone gaily in London. It filtered in intricate patterns through the curtains which shaded the upper windows of a house in Carlton gardens, and the breeze lifted the lace, and sunlight and breeze together touched the bent head of a young man who sat at a writing-table. A lock of hair had escaped on his forehead, and the air touched it, lifted it, as it said: "Behold the Napoleonic curl! See how he thinks that, let her."

But the pen ran busily, regardless of the garrulous breeze; there was much to do for a hard-working prince who found time to be the hero of ball-rooms, the center of a London season, and yet could manipulate his agents throughout the garrisons of France, and plan and execute a revolution. It was the year when the body of Napoleon the First was brought from St. Helena to Paris, and Louis Bonaparte had resolved, in that steady mind which never lost its grip on the reason of being of his existence, that with the ashes of the emperor his family should come back to France. For months the network had been spread, was tightening, and now the memory which held his friendships securely always, took thought of a Frenchman living in Virginia. As soon as his letter was finished, the pen flew across

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If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.



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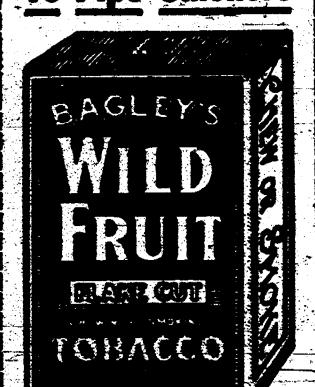
"Mr. H. was in the habit of stopping at a quiet, conservative hotel during the frequent absences of his family. On one of these occasions he observed during dinner that the waiter when serving the coffee produced the coffee spoons from his waistcoat pocket.

Mr. H. did not use the spoon. Instead, he sent for the head waiter and told him what he had seen. That individual blandly and gratefully assured him:

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. B.—They're all searched before they leave the house, you know."

Keep your advice to yourself and your friends will live to thank you for it.

To Pipe Smokers

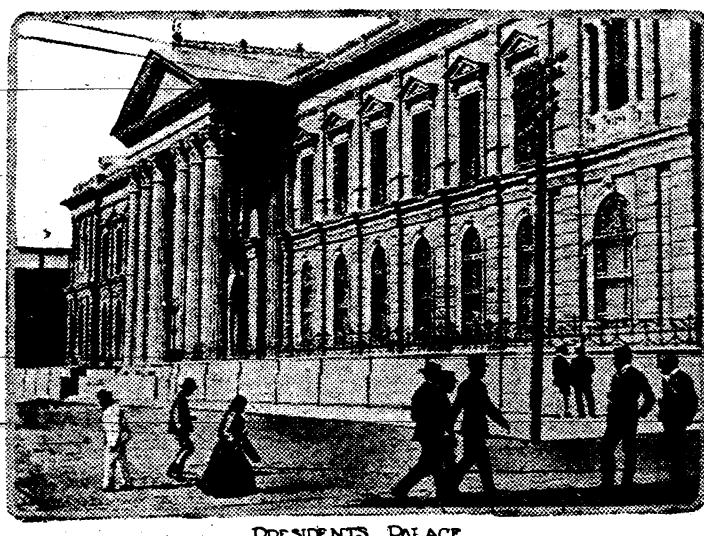


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LIFE IN SUNNY SAN SALVADOR



PRESIDENTS PALACE

THE other morning I was awakened by a fearful clang of bells, as if ten thousand fire alarms had been set off at once. There was nothing unusual in this, for it was only the sounding of the 6 o'clock mass from the cathedral across the plaza, but while I was still rubbing my sleepy eyes, the terrific explosion of a bomb nearly lifted me from the bed, writes F. F. Searing in the New York Evening Post, under a San Salvador date.

Thinking that a new revolution had broken out, I hastily scrambled into my clothes, when the strains of the national anthem smote my ears. Wondering why national anthems are always made impossible tunes that no one can sing, I fell into a mental argument with myself as to why "Dixie" but another bomb exploding cut it short.

It was only the anniversary of the death of the great Central American patriot, General Barrios. "And they killed him for thanks," said the fat Dutch proprietor of the hotel.

"That was quite consistent," I replied, "even Salvador does not have a monopoly of that particular virtue. I know of other countries—it seems to me I recall one DeWitt of Holland, in times gone by?"

I found much excitement in the plaza after I had escaped the wrath of the Dutchman. Around the beautiful equestrian statue of General Barrios, in the center, were gathered a company of veterans. The scene reminded me of a Grand Army reunion in the United States. Stacked arms filled the walks, and grizzled veterans sat about on the benches talking of old times. They wore uniforms of blue, trimmed with red. Libertad o Muerte (Liberty or Death) was the inscription on the broad ribbons entwined about their straw hats. At the corners of the pedestal of the statue, four of the old fellows mounted guard at the sound of the trumpet. Some had shoes; others were in their bare feet. Each hour they were relieved by others, for the ceremonies continued the entire day from sunrise to sunset.

Barrios it was that united Central America; but he was shot in the city of San Salvador in 1863, and the union separated.

Rain That is Really Rain.

Never had I seen it rain until I came to Salvador. The other evening we called upon a friend about a block and a half from the hotel; while there the rains descended and the floods came. In a few minutes the street was a river from curb to curb, at least two feet deep. The rain stopped; but the waters from the mountains that surround the city now filled the streets, and we were prisoners, unable to reach the hotel across the way.

By and by a curious contrivance, consisting of a long board with wheels on one end, was pushed into place, and we crossed dryshod. I noticed that on every crossing these rescuing vehicles had mysteriously appeared.

I had a very pleasant interview with the new president, Senor Melendez, at his private residence. It took place in the same room where, last December, I visited the then president, Senor Araujo. It produced quite a sensation to sit on the same chair and converse with his successor, and I recalled his violent death, which took place in the Plaza Bolivar in February last. It was curious to note that wires had been tied about all of the statuary in the room, and everything else that could topple over, on account of the earthquakes. This city has been destroyed once or twice by the earthquakes, for they continually occur.

The whole country is volcanic, and Ixalco, which is seen on approaching the port of Acatlán, is constantly ac-

Women.

They lead us close to the gates of our being.

May it not be during one of those profound moments when his head is pillow on a woman's breast that the hero learns to know the strength and steadfastness of his star? And indeed will any true sentiment of the future ever come to the man who has not had his resting place in a woman's heart?

She knows. And if you think that she has deceived her, and that her impression is wrong, be sure it is she who is right, and you yourself who are mistaken: for you are more truly that which you are in her eyes, than that which in your soul you believe yourself to be—and this even though she may forever misinterpret the meaning of a gesture, a smile or a tear.—Masterlink.

A charming incident in which an actress proved the heroine happened in Paris recently on one of the coldest and bitterest nights.

A poor little urchin, cut at heels, elbow and elsewhere, was shivering

outside one of the boulevard theaters. The theater doors were disgorging their homeward or restaurant hastening crowd.

The poor little boy was hustled and hustled heedlessly. His eyes filled with tears. Then suddenly he was enveloped in a wave of perfume, and a golden voice said, "Don't cry, little man; I'll sell your violets for you."

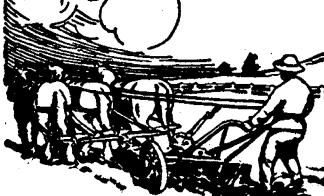
Then the little gloved hand took his pathetic bunch of violets from his numbed fingers, and the golden voice called joyously, "Who'll buy, who'll buy my violets?" Only one friend awoke, and a smile with them!"

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NOTES From MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Prepare the hotbed.

Get a few hives of bees.

Guinea fowls relish insects.

Straw should be conserved just the same as other things.

Roots that can be moved are best for they are most easily cleaned.

The gardener's ability is pretty well judged by the neatness of his garden.

Denmark sells to Great Britain about \$6,000,000 worth of butter every year.

A farm cannot be properly conducted without live stock production and soil fertilization.

Churning should be stopped when the grandies of butter are about the size of kernels of corn.

Unless you are handy to a good market, don't dabble very heavily in market crops like potatoes and cabbage.

Do your odd jobs around the apiary, and in getting ready for the busy season, before the rush of work is upon you.

It is estimated that a good crop of sweet clover when turned under will add as much humus as 15 tons of barnyard manure.

It is a natural trait of mankind to do things which are convenient. Convenience in our daily routine tends to make our work more enjoyable.

Lime does not need to be plowed under. It goes down naturally. It is better to broadcast it on the surface of plowed land and thoroughly harrow it in.

Very often trees that have passed through a hard winter show no indications of freezing in the bark, but an examination may show that the wood is injured.

Sunlight is the best germ destroyer known, cleansing the parts of the house where it shines. It also adds warmth and makes environment more congenial.

Deep-rooted crops, such as alfalfa and sweet clover, have a tremendous value in improving soils, to say nothing of the nitrogen they store up for other crops.

Home improvement can be made most effectively if the young folks are taken into confidence and are given an interest and encouragement to help with the work.

In the hope of introducing it into the United States an expert from the department of agriculture has been sent to Manchuria to get specimens of a peach that weighs a pound.

The Italian inventor of a new steel windmill which has only five vanes claims it will withstand the strongest wind and that it works equally well in the heaviest and slightest breeze.

The grape leaf hopper is sometimes incorrectly called "trifolia." For its control spray the vines with tobacco extract or kerosene emulsion while the insects are young and before they can

It is estimated that there are about 7,000,000 farmers' families in the United States, today, taking the word farmer in its broadest sense and including all persons living in the open country.

In the addition of manure to the garden, much will be gained if it is thoroughly decomposed, as then it is more quickly incorporated with the soil and the plant food it contains is most readily available.

The business hen is an old stand-by, after all, when it comes either to laying eggs or hatching of the chicks. Except in cases when you want to hatch a large number of chicks in short order the hen is a pretty reliable incubator—just the same. Then give her a fair show and she will come pretty near making good.

Powdery scale of the potato affects the soil for an indefinite time, and may be introduced by the use of diseased seed potatoes, and may be transmitted by contaminated sacks or other containers, or garbage waste used as fertilizer.

It is no longer necessary to separate the sheep from the goats, because in many of the western markets choice, juicy lamb chops come from fat little Angoras and it is said nobody can tell the difference after they have been served on the table.

Arkansas rice graded 60 per cent higher than rice grown elsewhere, according to certain railroad reports, and the yield in the state is said to be from 20 to 25 bushels more per acre than is grown in any other state.

A farmer of Kansas is reported to have obtained \$1,624 worth of alfalfa seed from 25 acres after taking 25 tons from the first crop. The land was disked twice in the spring and then harrowed and again disked just after the first crop of hay was harvested.

Blanket your horse.

Keep the grit box filled.

Pack hatching eggs carefully.

Japan is encouraging the fruit growing industry.

Herbs are in demand at hotels and restaurants for dressing.

Get the hotbed sash and frames ready. It will soon be time to use them.

Cabbage is comparatively easy to grow, and produces an enormous acre tonnage.

Don't wait until you are ready to set the incubator to see that it is in good condition.

Norway spruce, Scotch and Austrian pine, planted about 15 feet apart, make excellent wind breaks.

INFANTS' CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral NOT-NARCOTIC

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Peppermint Seed—

Black Pepper—

Black Sals—

Almond Seed—

Amomum—

Cardamom—

Chamomile—

Clay—

Cloves—

Coriander Seed—

Curry—

Garlic—

Juniper—

Lavender—

Onions—

Peppermint—

Peppermint Seed—

You Cannot Always Escape

without some damage to your car. Accidents, more or less serious, are bound to happen to everyone.

Many Breakdowns
Can Be Avoided by
Keeping Your Ma-
chine in a First
Class Condition.

Why not have us overhaul your auto regularly and make any repairs necessary? We'll make the charges slight.

We have just employed the services of a first class mechanic who has had seven years experience in a garage at Cleveland, Ohio, and assure you that we can put your car in shape regardless of condition. Give us a trial and be convinced. Phone No. 57.

F. C. HUBER, Prop.
T. E. SCHAIBLE, Sales Representative

Bread That Is Good To Eat



is the only kind that we make. We feel that our baker has justified himself in making good bread in a cold bake shop during the past cold days.

weather and we are sure that the bread he will turn out from now on cannot help but please each and everyone.

**Patronize Home Baking—
Boost Manchester**

Save the wrappers and get valuable premiums.

C. H. SECKINGER

Confirmation Outfits Are Here

We trust that not a mother will fail to see our

**New Embroideries and Trim-
mings for Confirmation Dresses**

45-inch Embroidery and Voile Flouncings with Bandings and Material to match. Nice variety of patterns to select from, ranging in price from 75¢ to \$2.00 a yard.

Muslin Underwear

In all the dainty patterns of the different styles to go with these: princess slips, corset covers, combination suits, chemise, etc.

G. H. BREITENWISCHER

For Strength and Health

—USE—

“State Seal,” “Standard
Patent” or “Latest”

FLOUR

The flour that furnishes brawn and brain and satisfies your digestion.

LONIER & HOFFER

Manchester

Manchester Enterprise

Personal Mention
By MAT. D. BLOOMER

Mr. and Mrs. Olson returned from Sandusky, Ohio on Tuesday.

Charles Lewis was here from Ann Arbor last Friday and Saturday.

Mr. Egger, the Navette druggist and jeweler, was in town today on business.

Mr. Egger, who is serving in the U. S. Army at Detroit, was home over Sunday.

“\$1.50 a Year: Single Copy 5¢

and must be paid in advance.

The Paid Date

which every subscriber's business is to receive and send out every issue of the paper and to receive and pay for it.

Mr. Harry Richards of Milwaukee was visiting Mrs. Win. Barnes and family.

Wade and Ward Maginnis came from Detroit to spend Sunday with their parents.

Donald Torrey was summoned to Detroit Wednesday to serve as juror of the Federal court.

We observed by the Patriot that Mr. J. Malone enters the O. K. Keller club at his home today.

Rev. Walford went to Detroit to reach Durand, excusing himself with the reason that he had been invited to the opening of the Panama Canal, at San Francisco, next year. Some are planning making extensive trips. Some will go by Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle.

The 45th meeting of the Michigan State Teachers' Association was held at Ann Arbor on Wednesday. Thursday and Friday, April 1, 2 and 3. The program will contain many interesting subjects to be handled by men prominent in the educational world, as this and other states including Gov. Ferry.

Although the state laws permit spring shooting of duck, the federal law, which is broader in scope, does not. The federal law, which went into effect November 1 last year, provides that traps on all duck, except wood ducks, shall be fixed September 1 to December 15. So don't take a chance or ruin may get you.

Since the snow is off the ground the trees look green and already people are making plans for improving their lawns and making gardens, as soon as the weather will permit. A few flowers, shrubs or two for the lawns and a fruit tree are well thought improvement. Painters and paper hangers are being engaged for spring work.

Today Detroit brought a new car to Roy Lamming and will move to the Old Lamming home on Bridge Street, but on account of the bad roads, left it there and came home on the train.

George Schaefer has been visiting here the past few days. He will go to Buffalo, which will again be his summer headquarters while traveling for a Jackson manufacturer.

Waldo J. Morrison aged 21 years died at the home of his sister and Dr. Reinbold at Brooklyn Sunday night of disease. The remains were taken to Ann Arbor Wednesday for burial.

Miss Mabel Agee went to Ypsilanti Sunday to attend the Minneapolis Symphony. Will Hobbs has been sick this last week and unable to go on his usual route—Tecumseh Herald.

A letter from G. H. Pittman who with his wife has been spending the winter in Tucson, Ariz., says that they had had little cold weather and snow. Both were not too comfortable, however, that necessary home heating. We thought the boy who was carrying in wood and was scolded because he had such dirty feet. He replied: My feet are clean, it's my shoes that muddy.

On the first day to get out and enjoy a fine spring day like Sunday, the sun was out, every body knew it.

One lady had just cleaned her living room, on those the house would stay, and kept them shut in, took them out in the park to get a taste of the weather. In again she found that he favorite hen had gone visiting and returned to fly back to the park. The hen had a good time and let the people not to take her home, she was not too comfortable, however, that necessary home heating. We thought the boy who was carrying in wood and was scolded because he had such dirty feet. He replied: My feet are clean, it's my shoes that muddy.

Our former townsmen, Jacob Zimmerman, who was born in Tecumseh, died Saturday morning at his friend's home.

He had called to repair his typewriter to the Enterprise for 1914. He has been helping his son-in-law Ed Mark, manager of the opera house.

Miss Anna Abbott of Crowsell has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Dennis Torrey and husband the past week or more and now Mr. & Mrs. D. Abbott of the same place, Miss Emma Abbott of New York and Miss Emma Abbott of Detroit are visiting there.

We are now ready to take contracts for General Work of all kinds.

COLEMAN & KUHL

Alam Clocks, all sizes and styles, at Gaston, Tecumseh.

Do You Want a Ring?

for a lady friend or yourself. My! sale

At 1-4 Off

WE PAY 3 PER CENT INTEREST

THE PEOPLES BANK

Manchester, Michigan

in full in little as it last

only until Saturday, the 21st. Remember you can buy

Everything in the Store at 1-4 Off

During this sale nothing

reserved. New spring goods have been bought and I, and the money to pay for them.

Everything Cash at This Sale

Come in and see, early in the day.

For Sale, Two Registered Holstein Friesian Bulls, ready for service.

STURGEON BEEF

Manchester, Mich.

Phone 480

John Delker

East Side Grocer

Big Stock Profits

That's what you want, and that's just what everyone is getting. The stock market is giving the best satisfaction of any stock preparation we ever sold.

This great medicated salt is guaranteed to drive out the worms and conditions present.

Yours for money, Jack if it fails. After

you have a much confidence in our product, if you want bigger profits, buy it.

Every live stock owner needs

Saltone. TRY IT NOW!

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HAPPENINGS in the BIG CITIES

Just a Little Incident of Real Life in 'Frisco

SAN FRANCISCO.—Little incidents of real life, as this one was, provide entertainment for the most blasé of crowds. And the mere fact that a crowd of theatergoers bound to their homes in the Richmond district were of this sort did not in the least keep them from chuckling to themselves quite as animatedly as the shoe store clerk who was on the same car.

Near the downtown terminal the car had been boarded by a winsome little lass of the "interesting" age, whose real blonde hair she had allowed to become mussed while working over some dry-as-dust matters in the office where she was employed. She wasn't used to being out that late, this could be seen at a glance, for before she had

been in the car five minutes her head sank to one side, her eyes closed and she slipped off into dreamland.

Beside her was a stalwart young man who gazed with some consternation and embarrassment at the slowly approaching head of the girl next to him. Just then the car gave a lurch, and without awakening, the girl allowed her head to tilt farther and farther until at length it was resting snugly on the young man's shoulder.

Now this young man didn't belong to the girl, and the girl didn't belong to the young man, and by the youth's actions this fact was as plain as day. He squirmed and looked uncomfortable, perspired and mopped his brow, and half rose when the name of his street was called, only to lean back again with a groan.

The passengers chuckled, smiled and then giggled outright, while the young man darted daggerlike glances of annihilation about him.

At length the martyr could stand it no longer. He had already gone three blocks past his stopping place, and human endurance has its limitations. With a gentle shove he set upright the cause of all his troubles, and rushed down the aisle toward the car door, while two blonde hairs trailing out behind his black suit changed the giggles into a roar of laughter that verily shook the car.

Alligator in Gas Heater; Porter Breaks Record

ATLANTA, GA.—And the puzzling thing about it is, How did it manage to get there? It's an alligator, an honest-to-goodness alligator, a baby thing with tail and head and jaws like a lizard, and they found it in a barber shop.

The shop is operated by L. M. Brady. Tom Echols, who shines shoes while he isn't sweeping out, went back to light the instantaneous heater for a customer who was going to take a bath, and as the gas flared up something leaped from the tank, sprawled upon the floor and commenced kicking about.

Echols, who is black and superstitious as well as easily frightened, darted for the street. He made the distance in time that amounted to just a little bit less than nothing, screaming and striking terror to the souls of a half dozen customers and fully that many barbers.

Upon investigation Brady discovered an alligator crawling forlornly beneath the gas tank. It measured about six inches in length, and was the size of an overgrown north Georgia lizard. It was the "hellbender" size, to use a scientific term, and can be carried in the hand or pocket with safety.

How the thing managed to get into the Marietta street barber shop is a scientific mystery.

Some say the sun absorbed it with an amount of water from the flow of the Nile, away over there in Egypt, carried it in the clouds until it became a burden, then dropped it into a north Georgia stream, from whence it flowed into larger streams which carried it into the Howell mill reservoir of the city, from which it was sucked into the water mains of Atlanta, later being deposited into a feed pipe of the barber shop, which carried it into the instantaneous heater tank.

That, however, is only one of the theories. There are many others, all of which are conflicting.

One way or another, it got there, and still happens to be there, having rested uncomfortably in the currency compartment of the Brady cash register.

Picking Up a Living on the Streets of Gotham

NEW YORK.—He was a charter member of the Amalgamated Associates Who Get a Living Without Work. He never ascended to "second story" robbery or descended to pocket picking. Both were too risky. Quick as a trout after a fly, slippery as an eel just out of Hudson river mud, and with sight as alert as that of a crab after coriander on the river bottom, he skims the tidal flow of New York's shopping eddies and gathers in what he may.

That gathering is good when all New York is shopping—shopping strenuously—but tethered helplessly with its skirts so tightly wrapped about its legs that to stoop over and pick up a dropped parcel is a physical proposition that must be passed up if properly pressed by an adept. That helps when business has been bad with the accumulator of unconsidered trifles.

"I literally pick up a living, and an honest one," he explained, when asked why he did not return a bundle to its owner, instead of trying to get it into his pocket unobserved. "Findings is keepings, I was taught when I was a kid, but I always advertise them first—if they're worth it. Good rewards you get sometimes. If I make a good find around the big hotels and it's advertised, especially when it says, 'No questions asked,' and it's a watch or jewel that's listed in all the pawnshops, I return it."

It turned out that the accumulator had been an exercise boy in a racing stable, steering suckers against handbooks, copper at auction rooms, and tender and feeder for street fakers at intervals.

Fat Man's Sigh Bursts Button, Blinding Diner

PITTSBURGH.—Sighing with contentment after he had finished an excellent dinner, J. E. Jones, a wealthy real estate man, weighing 250 pounds, forced a button from his waistcoat with such force that it split in two. One of the pieces struck in the eye his friend, Christopher Smith, with whom he was dining, probably destroying the sight. The other piece caught Mr. Smith on the cheek and opened up a deep wound, which required three stitches to close.

Mr. Jones now admits that it is not always wise to express with a sigh one's satisfaction over a fine meal, especially if one be of wide girth.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith had just finished dining in a Diamond street restaurant when the accident happened. After the repast was finished they had settled themselves back for a smoke, when Mr. Jones heaved the momentous sigh. There was a snap and before Mr. Jones realized what had happened there was a wound under his companion's left eye, while the eye itself was tightly closed in pain.

Medical attention disclosed the fact that Mr. Smith will probably lose the sight of his left eye.

Mr. Jones is a member of the Academy of Science and Art. He is prominent in business circles.

California's Magnesite

Magnesite, a mineral which is over 52 per cent carbon dioxide, the gas which is used for charging soda water, ginger ale and similar beverages, is found in greater quantities in California than in any section of the country. California magnesite is probably excelled by few, if any, of the foreign deposits and is superior to that which is mined abroad.

About the Limit in Hunting

A Dublin gentleman was spending his vacation with some friends in the west of Ireland. As he was being driven to his destination he noticed a bog that promised good shooting, and asked his jarvey if there were any snipe in it. "Shnipe, is it, sir? Did ye say shnipe? Shure, if ye're went into that bog without a gun they'd eat ye!"

OUTLOOK PLEASES PITTSBURGH FEDERALS



The backers of the Pittsburgh Federal league club are highly pleased over the outlook for the team. Doc Gessler is the manager of the outfit and is declared to have gathered together one of the strongest teams in the outlaw circuit. There is plenty of money behind the club, if all reports about it are true. Henry C. Frick, the former steel king, and T. Hart Given, a well-known Pittsburgh banker, are two of the men who are backing the team, it is said. Frick and Given are both multimillionaires.

STORIES OF THE DIAMOND

Manager Wilbert Robinson Tells How He and McGraw Deceived Hanlon Regarding Pitchers.

"I will never forget Iron McGinnity as one of the greatest pitchers of the game," said Manager Wilbert Robinson of the Brooklyn Dodgers, the other day during a fanning bee. "When McGraw and I were left with the Baltimore club in 1899, after Ned Hanlon had taken the management of the Brooklyn, we had McGinnity. We trained at Augusta and the Brooklyn got ready at Atlanta. Hanlon brought his Superbas over to play us one day and McGinnity, in great form, shut them out with ease. We joshed Hanlon that night and he seemed peeved, but the next day he asked us what we really thought of McGinnity.

"Afraid that we would lose the Iron Man, we told Hanlon that our best pitcher was a man named McFarland, and we praised the kid so much that Ned finally took him, leaving McGinnity. McFarland didn't last long with Eddie Plank to retire."

Joe Sudgen has been signed to help Branch Rickey coach the young pitchers of the Browns.

Connie Mack is said to be very sympathetic and yet he refuses to permit Eddie Plank to retire.

Jake Daubert once was sold for a dollar. Think how many iron men Jake would bring today.

Dave Fultz denies that organized baseball has the authority to promulgate player fraternity bulletins.

Eddie Collins has gone on record as saying he hopes the Federal league will succeed for the good of the players.

Flame Delhi, who is to be with the Pirates the coming season, is regarded as a promising star by the Pittsburgh fans.

Hank O'Day has had the necessary hardening process to stand a season as Chicago's manager, says Jimmy Isaminger.

Russell may be given an occasional day off this coming season. Report has it that Ed Walsh is as good as ever.

Hank O'Day has set the limit on the poker game. The games must stop at 11 o'clock, and the highest stake will be two shillings.

Six class AA teams have filed claims for First Baseman Hellman, who was drafted by Detroit from Portland of the Northwestern league.

Manager Clark Griffith is trying to arrange two practice games with Johnny McGraw's Giants to be played in Washington April 8 and 9.

Mr. Rickey is opposed to poker, but beans on mumble peg, and will permit the players to play croquet, providing they don't carry it to an extreme.

The Milwaukee bugs don't want much. Last year it was a pennant, and Mrs. Havenor gave it to them; perhaps thirty-seven years old, never dissipates. He is a typical iron man, and his wonderful record proves it."

Funds for Olympic Team.

The initial move in the campaign to collect funds for the American Olympic team of 1916 was made the other day. Secretary James E. Sullivan of the Amateur Athletic union called for a mail vote on the proposition to give \$3,000 of the union's funds to the American Olympic committee.

Bright Tennis Player.

France has a girl prodigy in lawn tennis. Mlle. Lenglen, who is only fourteen years old, not only won the women's singles in the recent tournament at Cannes, but paired with A. F. Wilding, the famous Australian, won the mixed doubles.

Nickalls Roasts English Stroke.

Vivian Nickalls, rowing coach, at Pennsylvania, is out with a hot roast of the English stroke. He says he will not teach it to the Penn crewmen because it is no good.

TO STOP SUMMER BASEBALL

Secretary Sullivan of the A. A. U. says College Athletes Will Risk Their Amateur Standing.

James E. Sullivan, secretary-treasurer of the A. A. U. and president of the rules committee of the International Amateur Athletic federation, advises those college baseball captains who are again trying to make it possible for an undergraduate to play summer baseball without the risk of losing his amateur status to direct their energies into more profitable channels, for they are wishing for something that they will never get.

"For 31 years I have been fighting to keep amateur and professional sport strictly apart," said Mr. Sullivan recently, "and I must admit that it is somewhat discouraging to learn that so many college men should still be in favor of allowing undergraduates to earn money during the summer by working as professional ball players."

"There is no such thing as summer baseball. What these young men call summer baseball is nothing more or less than professional ball."

"I note that Bernard K. Rhoades, the Princeton captain states that he can see why a man whose talents run

to baseball should not help himself through college by using that talent just as well as a man whose abilities are more scholastic and who earns money by tutoring.

"I remember, when this point was raised some four years ago at Harvard, that somebody wrote to the Harvard Lampoon, pointing out that while a man was at college learning was his profession, and that if he needed it he should pick up all the money he could

to baseball.

"I grant you that religion is awe and worship in the presence of God. I grant you that religion has to do with the other world in the emotions that it awakens in human hearts and in human affections, but what has it to do here, unless it has something to do, and much to do, with the human relationships of our human society? And how can government divorce itself from religion, or how can religion divorce itself from government, save as both deny that they have to do with life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness?"

What has the tariff to do with God or with religion? Only this: If the tariff be unjust, whether it be a protective tariff or a tariff for revenue only, it is something against which God Almighty lifts his hand; for this world was made by one other than unjust, and it is written by the stars in their courses that the unjust thing, whether it be in the relationship of government and those that are governed or between individual and individual, shall not survive.

Always Religious Question.

The tariff in its last analysis is a religious question. It is not a church question, it is not a theological question. It is an ethical question; it is ethical in so far as the question of justice or injustice is involved.

How does it happen that there is this outcry against what has come to be denominated as predatory wealth? What is the meaning of this intense opposition to what has been named the trust? What is the explanation of all this criticism of combination of wealth in the hands of a few men, with the mighty power which such agency in the distribution of wealth imposes? It is the aroused conscience of the people, and when you name that word "conscience" you bring God on the battlefield. For conscience in an individual or in a nation is God self-assertive, and in the protest on the part of the people as the result of an awakened conscience against the trust, God himself is declaring in unmistakable language that there is about the trust and about this sort of industrialism that for which he will not stand.

The economic question dealing with the tariff, dealing with the trust, dealing with child labor, dealing with all these vital relationships that affect man's opportunity and his happiness, is God's question, and so it is that in every Armageddon it is the flaming sword of the Lord God of Hosts that

Every sport in every civilized country has an amateur rule along the same lines as that of the A. A. U. and at a time like this, when the International Athletic federation is proposing for the Olympic games an even stricter amateur rule than that which now exists, I can assure our college friends that there is not one chance in a million that they will ever be permitted to play professional baseball in the summer and retain their amateur standing.

get hold of in following that profession. And when a man has finished his day's work and turned to sport for recreation he should look upon the hours spent on the track, in the gym or in the tank as hours of play.

The prime object of college athletics was defeated when a man tried to turn his athletic prowess into dollars and cents.

Every sport in every civilized country has an amateur rule along the same lines as that of the A. A. U. and at a time like this, when the International Athletic federation is proposing for the Olympic games an even stricter amateur rule than that which now exists, I can assure our college friends that there is not one chance in a million that they will ever be permitted to play professional baseball in the summer and retain their amateur standing.

What is religion? Religion is the aspiration of the soul toward God with all the exercise associated with individual or collective worship of God. That is its Godward side. Religion, on its manward side, involves on the part of an individual or on the part of a government protection of human life, the giving of opportunity to those the windows of whose souls are closed because of industrial conditions which make it impossible to open them, through which windows need to come the fine things and the richer things of life.

Under the spell and inspiration and power of love first of all the government must be just, business must be just, and afterward we can come into the higher realm where we are not satisfied because the law tells us to go one mile, but we will go with our friend all the way, and thus in going beyond we are getting out of the region law and justice, into the region of love, where all duties have wings and where all our pursuits and activities bring to us exhilaration, so that we can run and not grow weary and walk and not faint, and mount, as we were, upon the wings of the eagle.

Besides this, the bowel should be kept open and the food changed. There is no one best local treatment, but Dr. D. Macfarlan of Philadelphia gives some sound common sense advice. The boil should not be lanced until it has "come to a head." As soon as it begins to develop it should be poulticed with warm bread and milk to which a small quantity of yeast has been added. The poultice should not be too hot and should be changed at least three times a day. As soon as the tissues begin to soften and the abscess is well defined it should be lanced in the form of an X and the core removed at the first dressing, if possible.

The wound should be syringed and swabbed with a solution of postassium mercurio-iodide, one part in 2,000 of water and wet dressing of the same solution should be applied until the sore has healed.

Hadn't Forgotten Hubby.

"I have always been suspicious of good things," said a well-known New York lawyer, who has a reputation for a large philosophy. I remember when I was a young man I had an opportunity to get in on the 'ground floor' of what looked to me like a load of easy money.

"I consulted one of the old-time conservative men of Wall street. He smiled and said: 'Listen to this story and then decide.'

"A wife arriving home in high spirits tells her husband she has purchased a new bonnet. 'And, sweet heart,' she said, kissing him, 'I got something for you, too.'

"'Good!' exclaimed the happy husband. 'What is it?'

"'The bill,' she said."

NOT A MIRACLE

Just Plain Cause and Effect.

There are some quite remarkable things happening every day, which seem almost miraculous.

Some persons would not believe that a man could suffer from coffee drinking so severely as to cause spells of unconsciousness. And to find relief in changing from coffee to Postum is well worth recording.

"I used to be a great coffee drinker, so much so that it was killing me by inches. My heart became so weak I would fall and lie unconscious for an hour at a time.

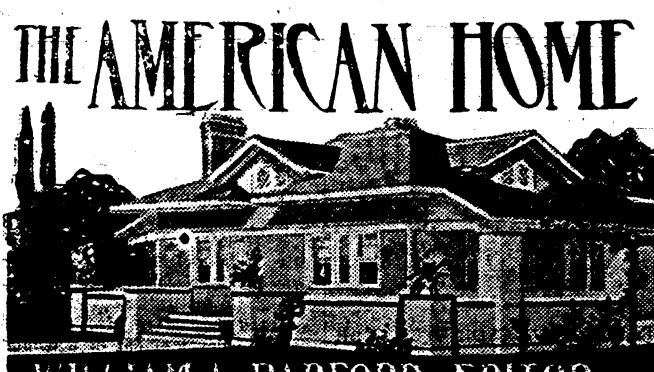
"My friends, and even the doctor, told me it was drinking coffee that caused the trouble. I would not be able to leave my room.

"Then my doctor, who drinks Postum himself, persuaded me to stop coffee and try Postum. After much hesitation I concluded to try it. That was eight months ago. Since then I have had but few of those spells, none for more than four months.

"I feel better, sleep better and am better every way. I now drink nothing but Postum and touch no coffee, and as I am seven years of age all my friends think the improvement quite remarkable."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellness."

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum must be well boiled. 160 and 320 packages.



THE AMERICAN HOME

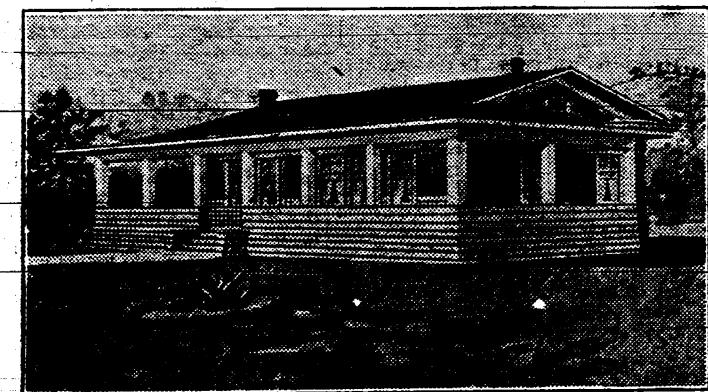
WILLIAM A. RADFORD EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1272 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Now is the time to make plans for that summer cottage that was vaguely talked about and wished for last summer. I was going to build one then myself, but I didn't get around to plan for it until too late in the season. Waited, in fact, like so many others, until midsummer, and vacation time was right upon us. Just about when the summer cottage was wanted and should have been ready to move into, I got around to think of making some plans for building one—and this is the way it is usually with most people.

This year, however, I am determined to start early enough so that everything will be ready and completed when the good old summertime comes.

Here is a design for a summer cottage that seems to be just about right. There are three important parts to a summer cottage, and they all have to do with comfort. Appearance does not matter at all when you are out by the lake, or at the edge of the woods, in the country. They are, first, a good, big, roomy porch, where two or three hammocks may be strung, and where there is plenty of room to loaf around on the bright, sunny days and the mellow nights. Next, there should be a good, big, roomy living-room, with a



fireplace to take off the chill of the cold, damp days that always come. This room is usually the dining room, also. And third, there should be a number of bedrooms, not necessarily large, but giving good sleeping accommodations for quite a considerable number, so that good-sized parties may be comfortably entertained.

A glance at the accompanying floor-plan will show how well these three factors are provided for by this design. And in addition to the huge porch, large living-room and three bedrooms, there are also nice kitchen, with pantry, and a well-equipped bathroom.

Anyone could spend the whole summer in a cottage of this kind, and could entertain his friends quite as comfortably as in the best appointed city house.

In construction, a cottage of this kind does not need to be expensive or elaborate. There is no cellar, and cedar posts for the foundation serve as well as anything. The exterior is sided with rough cypress boards ten inches wide, seven-eighths-inch thick, laid eight inches to the weather. These are stained a rich brown with

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1,000 FARMERS IN BIG APPLE CAMPAIGN

Next best to having a powerful bunch of prosperous industries in a town to back it up and provide bread and butter for the people thereof—or even better than that, as claimed by many—is to have a powerful agricultural community. Such is the belief of the business men of Cadillac. Now Cadillac can, and does boast of the best line of industries of any city in the state of Michigan under 15,000 people, but Cadillac well knows that those industries will not last forever, and believes in getting ready for that proverbial rainy day when the lumber will be no more and several of the big mills of today will have ceased their buzzing, perhaps forever.

Cadillac has never fallen down on a big project, and does not expect to now in its latest, and what may prove to be its greatest project. This new project is expected to be of inestimable value not only to that city, but to the entire county of Wexford.

Hardy varieties have been selected to the end that farmers will not take any chances of failure because of the long winters. Those farmers who in other years have selected certain well-recognized hardy varieties, and have taken care of their culture, have made a great success of apples in this part of the state, in fact the apple men of authority declare that apples will do as well in northern Michigan as in western New York, and that is sufficient encouragement, says the Cadillac man.

Cadillac, of course, is enthusiastic. Officers have been elected and the apple propaganda is being disseminated throughout the countryside. In the fall another day will be set aside for planting and the same careful attention will be given the farmers by experts. Thus from year to year, and twice a year will trees be set out and the good work continued. Mr. Powers has been a real power for Cadillac and this part of the state for a quarter of a century, but it is recognized that he and his paper have never before started anything that means more good for that territory and its people than his apple growing plans.

HAS FINE ORCHARD.

Squires & Co. of South Boardman have 120 acres in one magnificent apple orchard, the last of the trees being but one year old and the oldest three years. The trees are favorably located, and it is said there is not a bad tree in the lot. The company regards the orchard as better than the fanciest ten-year endowment policy in the best life insurance company in the world. If the owners bestow proper care on their 120 acres for ten years, and being a business concern it is, in the slang of the day, a "clinch" that they will, when a "policy" paid up and yielding a dividend that would make most old line policies look like the proverbial "thirty cents, bad money." That apple orchard is an object lesson that makes the apple growers of southern Michigan more than envious.

FAIR WILL STICK.

The directors of the Copper Country Fair association spent a foolish few minutes recently when they entertained the thought of abandoning the fair for 1914. It soon came to the realization, however, that it would never do. Houghton county is making greater progress in the matter of agriculture than any other part of the upper peninsula and is exceeding the efforts of more than one county south of the straits, so why give up the fair. It was not given up, and Houghton county is going in for more successes than merely the one in which it beat all the other counties in recent years in the upper peninsula—corn raising and silo building. The fair will be held Sept. 25 and 30.

P. T. Barry has been elected chairman of the executive committee in charge of the fair.

LEELANAU A COUNTY OF SUMMER RESORTS



In Fertile Leelanau County.

The farmer in Leelanau county whose farm is not contiguous to a lake is the exception. There are "scads" of them, and many beauties in the bunch. Leelanau is a county of lakes and orchards, with many summer resorts. It is one of the most delightful counties in Michigan with a Great Lake shore line that beats any other county in the state. There are many old, heavily producing farms that yield general crops, and some of the best fruit farms in Michigan, and within the county limits. Many business and professional men from the large cities have their

summer homes in Leelanau county, perhaps a fruit farm managed by a caretaker who lives there all the year round, one who is able to get a fine living out of it, and turn over to his employer every fall a fair large nest egg that the owner of the farm would get out of his money in bank, stock or bond. Then in this beautiful lake region there are many fruit farms owned and run by retired business or professional men, so struck with the beauty of the locality and the idea of living the unconventional life of a fruit farmer, they gladly have given up the city for the farm.

MAKES SUPERIOR FLOUR.

The Cloverland Milling company of Gladstone has been busy several weeks converting Delta county wheat into Cloverland flour. Repeated tests are said to have proven that the flour from the Cloverland wheat is superior to western flour. The grain is full and weighs 62 pounds to the bushel. Special care was taken in the selection of the seed, with such results that the same care will be exercised annually. Much more wheat will be

grown in that section of the state next year.

REAL PIONEER GONE.

When death removed Floyd E. Martin at his Indian River home, near Petoskey, a few days ago, northern Michigan lost one of its real pioneers. Mr. Martin was Indian River's first postmaster and through all the remaining years of his life, except during the Cleveland administration, when he was retired. Mr. Martin was a Mason of prominence, and through

test for soy beans. White rice popcorn, grown by L. Demarest of Flint, took the first prize. White cap dent corn, cultivated by William Folks of Hanover was adjudged the best raised in the north central zone, which includes Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas.

Care of Idle Horses. Idle horses should never be tied in the stalls; they should be provided with roomy box stalls. Stallions, especially, should always be placed in

box stalls. A clay floor tamped down well and then covered with cinders makes an ideal floor for such stalls.

FAUNCE'S GREAT WORK.

The farmers of northwestern Michigan have much to be thankful for that County School Commissioner W. H. Faunce is "in their midst." He began making good as a school commissioner, and that is no easy job in a county like Wexford. He has 85 schools to care for, and in eight years has brought up those schools to a point of perfection not exceeded by many counties in the state.

He has done more. His work takes him on long drives. He stops and eats dinner or supper in any farm house where he happens to be. He sleeps wherever nightfall overtakes him. Thus he has worked up an acquaintance second to none in the entire county, and whatever he asks for, he gets. That is why, when he pointed out to the boys of the county that they ought to be ashamed of the way their fathers were growing corn, he was able to organize a Boys' Growing Club of more than 100 members. They have held four corn shows in the last four years and have made great records, some of the boys being sent to the agricultural college for a short course as a reward for their work. They have accomplished what Mr. Faunce desired—showed their fathers that they were not doing their own duty in the matter of corn.

Now, Mr. Faunce is doing another good thing. He is helping save the apple trees of his county. He interested hundreds of rural school boys and girls in hunting down the tent caterpillar which is the enemy of the apple trees, and some other trees. It was agreed that the week of February 13 should be devoted by the boys and girls—the spare time of that week—to gathering caterpillar masses, found clinging to the trees in their neighborhood. Would the plan work well, Mr. Faunce wondered. There is not much poetry in scouting out into the orchards on a cold day to pull a nasty

WORLD WAR REMINISCENCES

MARK FOR SOLDIERS' GRAVES

United States Government Provides Tombstones Free and Pays Freight to Destination.

The United States government has provided 600,000 markers for the graves of soldiers. From two marble quarries, one at Lee, Mass., and one at Rutland, Vt., all these tombstones have been taken. Lee has furnished 300,000 markers in the last 35 years and is turning out gravestones at the rate of 20,000 a year.

Each marker is three feet long, one foot wide, and four inches thick and weighs 200 pounds. Just under the rounded top is outlined an inlaid shield and within this is cut the name, age, company, rank and regiment of the soldiers, sailor or marine whose grave it is to mark.

The stones are shipped usually by the carload to certain distributing points named by the war department. For the New England states Boston is the distributing place, New York for the middle states, Chicago for the middle west, while Denver, San Francisco, Atlanta and Houston, Tex., are other points of shipment.

Washington has received the greatest number of these markers. Thousands have been set up in Arlington and other government cemeteries.

Not only does the government furnish the tombstone free, but it pays the freight to its destination. All that has to be done when the stone has been delivered is to have it carried to the grave from the freight office and set up. Many Grand Army posts look after this.

Hundreds of stones have been supplied to mark the graves of women who served in the Civil war. Nearly all the applications come in the names of privates or sailors.

Occasionally there is found the name of a line officer and there have been occasions when the grave of a staff officer has been marked. Two generals and perhaps half a dozen colonels are buried in cemeteries of the United States and have over their grave the small white stones provided by the government.

Had Farmer Hornynhand Guessing. "What I can't git through me," says Farmer Hornynhand, "is how these here dressmakers git their ideas. For instance, I seen a woman on th' street that looked 'f if they wasn't nobody in her clothes at all, an' my married darter which is a city dressmaker woman, said th' dress wuz 'too full' when it looked t' me's if it was goin' dingin' nigh empty. An' aftwards I seen one at looked 'f if y' couldn't squeeze a cambric needle in beside 'er, an' my darter said 't wasn't full enough' when it looked t' me's if it 'ould bust if they tried t' fill it any fuller, by heck!"—Lippincott's.

New Customs Spirit. Dudley Field Mahoney, the new collector of the port of New York, said at a recent luncheon:

"Thanks to the government's good work, smuggling has practically ceased among us. Every importer, public or private, now says to himself when he imports anything, whether it's a suit of clothes or a million's worth of tapestries:

"The path of duty is through the custom house."

"Straitened circumstances" sounds better, but it's just as bad as being poor.

MAKES HARD WORK HARDER

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before the kidney disease takes a grip—before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.

AN ILLINOIS CASE. Q. L. Ferrand, 111 North Ave., Chicago, Ill., business required much back-breaking work, which weakened my kidneys. I had to sit at a desk and was often laid up for months. I had to give up my bed without help. I lost flesh. Three doctors tried to help me, but got worse. Finally, I took Doan's Kidney Pills. The box cured me. I have since enjoyed good health.

Get Doan's at Any Store. See a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES

Men's \$12.50-\$20.00
Women's \$12.50-\$21.00
Misses, Boys, Children \$4.00-\$12.50-\$22.00

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GO TO WESTERN CANADA NOW

The opportunity of securing free homesteads of 160 acres each, and the low priced lands of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, will soon have passed.

Canada offers a hearty welcome to the Settler, to the man with a family looking for a home; to the farmer's son, to the render, to all who wish to live under better conditions.

Canada's grain yield in 1913 is the talk of the world. Luxuriant grasses give cheap fodder for large herds; cost of raising and fattening for market is a trifl.

The sum realized for Butter, Milk and Cheese will pay fifty percent on the investment.

Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

M. V. McInnes
176 Jefferson Ave.
Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Government Agent.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Shape—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

will put you right in a few days.

They do their duty—Cure Constipation.

Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Green Hood

COLD IN HEAD CATARRH

INSTANT RELIEF BY THE DR. MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF

25¢

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of

Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask Your druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE.

NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., LTD., BUFFALO, N.Y.

PICK'S REMEDY

Sanough Syrup, Tonic, Balsam, Tea, in them. Sold by Druggists.

FOR COUGH AND COLDS

25¢

Home Department of Enterprise

Features Especially Selected for the Family Reading Tables
of Manchester and Vicinity.



NEW NECKWEAR STYLE

GREATER VARIETY NOW THAN FOR MANY SEASONS.

Taffeta, in the Prettiest of Colorings, as Popular as Ever—High Standing Medic Collar Also Much Liked.

Even to give a general description of the new neckwear is difficult, because there is such a wide range of styles. One might say that the last few years have shown a marked change in the style of neckwear, and again stirred at the bottom into a waistcoat or high girdle which fastens at the front with three buttons. The buttons, which is nothing more than a slit from shoulder to girdle, there is a narrow plaited trill of net. The scarf collar is of the same style as the waistcoat, and the white waistcoat formed of pompadour taffeta in light or dark tones to suit the fancy of the wearer.

Net and crystal buttons are effectively utilized in the development of the popular fashions. These materials are used alone or in combination, and any combination seems to be successful if it is cleverly worked out.

LESSON FOR MARCH 22

LESSONS BY THE WAY.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 13:1-8.

GOLDEN TEXT—“Not every one that cometh into the kingdom of heaven is worthy of it.”

CHILDREN’S LUNCHEES.

How many teachers and parents realize that often the dull pupil is one who can make learning out of the lessons that are handed to him?

The richest man, whatever his lot, is he who content with what he’s got.

GOOD THINGS WORTH TRYING.

When you don’t know what to get for dessert, steam bananas.

Steam the bananas, cut in

halves, until well heated through;

pour over a teaspoonful of lemon juice, one will “stay” until

and another, one well boiled, toast

and eat in long, narrow

strips to keep the strip of banana.

Egg Croquettes—Take eggs which

have been carefully beaten

in the same shell, roll in

the eggs and crumble, then season

well and try in deep fat. Serve garnished with a little parsley.

When fresh fruits are plentiful in

the season, this delicious pie—

Chop a cupful of each rhubarb and

raspberries, and the grated rind and juice

of a lemon, two tablespoons of

of a cupful of sugar, one egg well

beaten. Turn the well blended mix-

ture into a lined pie tin, dredge with

a teaspoon of flour and a half cup

spoonful of cream, salt and red pep-

per to the cheese to make it of the

consistency to spread; spread over

the bottom of the pie tin, then cover

with a layer of fruit, then another

layer of fruit, hot butter until beau-

tifully brown. Serve with any crisp

green salad.

Scrambled Salad—Mix one

half cupful of white cooked meat,

one-half cupful of one cucumber, one-half

cup of broken nut meats and the same

of peas and one cut of finely cut

lettuce with a boiled egg. Season with a basted

or mayonnaise dressing.

Sandwiches and Grapes are sym-

metrically arranged and are

large enough to be simple. True greatness

comes in being a good neighbor to the

family next door.

—Thomas Drury.

COLLECTION OF CAKES.

Prize Cake—“Steam a sauerkraut

pot of butter with four tablespoons

of sugar; add the grated rind of a

lemon and one beaten egg all mixed

well together. Add a cup of flour, a

cup of sugar and a cup of milk. Place the dough in

a pan and place on top a layer of

pitted and stewed prunes. Bake and

serve covered with a sweetened and

flavored whipped cream.

Crumb Cake—Take two and a half

cupfuls of flour, add one and a half

cupfuls of sugar, a half cupful of

butter, one-half cupful of nutmeats and

one-half cupful of cinnamon and mix

well; when well mixed, add a cupful

and to the remainder add two well

beaten eggs, one cut of

one-half cupful of nutmeats, Beat well

and put into a deep square pan.

Sprinkle the cupful of crumbs on top

and bake slowly.

Cream Cake—Take a pound

of butter, soften by heat until creamy,

add one and a half pounds of light

brown sugar, ten whole eggs, one

cupful of cream, one cupful of milk

and a pound of broken nut meats, one grated

nutmeg, one-half glass of orange

juice and one-half cupful of

cream. Season with a dash of

nutmeg, a dash of cinnamon and

one-half cupful of nutmeats.

Crumb Cake—Take two and a half

cupfuls of flour, add one and a half

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and put into a deep square pan.

Sprinkle the cupful of crumbs on top

and bake slowly.

Stewed Apples—Take two and a half

cupfuls of flour, add one and a half

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