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Minard's Liniment Cures Gout in  
Days.

## DARREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES

By IRVING BACHELLER.  
Author of "Eben Holden,"  
"Dri and L," Etc.

Published by Lathrop Publishing Co.

He leaned back, one foot upon the  
stove hearth. Shrieks rang in the  
old house.

"Druther 'twould hev been a paint-  
er," said Tunk, sighing.

"Why so?"

"More used to 'em," said Tunk sadly.  
They listened a while longer without  
speaking.

"Ye can't drive it, ner coax it, ner  
scare it away, ner do nuthin' to it,"  
said Tunk presently.

He rose and picked up the things  
Trove had brought with him. "I'll take  
these to the barn," said he. "They'd  
have a fit if they was t' see 'em. What  
be they?"

"I do not know what they are," said  
Trove.

"Want!" said Tunk. "They're queer  
folks, them Frenchmen. This looks  
like an iron bar broke in two in the  
middle."

He got his lantern, picked up the bot-  
tle, the slung shot and the iron and  
went away to the barn.

Trove went to the bedroom door and  
rapped and was admitted. He went to  
work with the baby, and soon, to his  
joy, it lay asleep on the bed. Then he  
left the room on tiptoe and a bit weary.

"A very full day," he said to himself  
—teacher, counselor, martyr, constable,  
nurse! I wonder what next?"

And as he went to his room he heard  
Miss S'mantha say to her sister, "I'm  
thankful it's not a boy anyway."

### CHAPTER XVI.

ALL were in their seats, and the  
teacher had called a class.  
Carl Homer came in.

"You're ten minutes late,"  
said the teacher.

"I have fifteen cows to milk," the boy  
answered.

"Where do you live?"

"Bout a mile from here on the Beach  
plains."

"What time do you begin milking?"

"Bout 7 o'clock."

"I'll go tomorrow morning and help  
you," said the teacher. "We must be  
on time. That's a necessary law of the  
school."

At a quarter before 7 in the morning  
Sidney Trove presented himself at the  
Homers'. He had come to help with  
the milking, but found there were only  
five cows to milk.

"Too bad your father lost so many  
cows—all in a day," said he. "It's a  
great pity. Did you lose anything?"

"No, sir."

"Have you felt to see?"

The boy put his hand in his pocket.

"Not there—it's an inside pocket;  
way inside o' you. It's where you keep  
your honor and pride."

"Waal," said the boy, his tears start-  
ing. "I'm 'fraid I have."

"Enough said. Good morning," the  
teacher answered as he went away.

One morning a few days later the  
teacher opened his school with more  
remarks.

"The other day," said he, "I spoke of  
a thing it was very necessary for us to  
learn. What was it?"

"To obey," said a youngster.

"Obey what?" the teacher inquired.

"Law," somebody ventured.

"Correct. We're studying law, every  
one of us, the laws of grammar, of  
arithmetic, of reading, and so on. We  
are learning to obey them. Now I am  
going to ask you what is the greatest  
law in the world?"

There was a moment of silence. Then  
the teacher wrote these words in large  
letters on the blackboard, "Thou shalt  
not lie."

"There is the law of laws," said the  
teacher solemnly. "Better never have  
been born than not learn to obey it. If  
you always tell the truth you needn't  
worry about any other law. Words are  
like money—some are genuine, some  
are counterfeit. If a man had a bag  
of counterfeit money and kept passing  
it, in a little while nobody would take  
his money. I know a man who said  
he killed four bears at one shot.  
There's some that see too much when  
they're looking over their own gun  
barrels. Don't be one of that kind.  
Don't ever kill too many bears at a  
shot."

After that in the Linley district a  
man who lied was said to be killing too  
many bears at a shot.

Good thoughts spread with slow but  
sure contagion. There were some who  
understood the teacher. His words  
went home and far with them, even  
to their graves, and how much farther  
who can say? They went over the  
hills, indeed, to other neighborhoods,  
and here they are, still traveling, and  
going now, it may be, to the remotest  
corners of the earth. The big boys  
talked about this matter of lying and  
declared the teacher was right.

"There's Tunk Hosely," said Sam  
Price. "Nobody'd take his word for  
nuthin'."

"Less he was t' say he was a fool  
out an' out," another boy suggested.

"Dunno as I'd believe him then,"  
said Sam, "fer I'd begin t' think he  
knew nuthin'."

A little girl came in crying one day.

"What is the trouble?" said the teacher  
tenderly, as he leaned over and put  
his arm around her.

"My father is sick," said the child,  
sobbing.

"Very sick?" the teacher inquired.

For a moment she could not answer,  
but stood shaken with sobs.

"The doctor says he can't live," said  
she brokenly.

A solemn stillness fell in the little

schoolroom. The teacher lifted the  
child and held her close to his broad  
breast a moment.

"Be brave, little girl," said he, pat-  
ting her head gently. "Doctors don't  
always know. He may be better to-  
morrow."

He took the child to her seat and sat  
beside her and whispered a moment,  
his mouth close to her ear. And what  
he said none knew save the girl her-  
self, who ceased to cry in a moment,  
but never ceased to remember it.

A long time he sat, with his arm  
around her, questioning the classes.  
He seemed to have taken his place be-  
tween her and the dark shadow.

Joe Beach had been making poor  
headway in arithmetic.

"I'll come over this evening, and  
we'll see what's the trouble. It's all  
very easy," the teacher said.

He worked three hours with the  
young man that evening and filled him  
with high ambition after hauling him  
out of his difficulty.

But of all difficulties the teacher had  
to deal with, Polly Vaughn was the  
greatest. She was nearly perfect in all  
her studies, but a little mischievous  
and very dear to him. "Pretty"—that  
is one thing all said of her there in  
Faraway, and they said also with a  
twang that she loved to lie abed  
and read novels. To Sidney Trove the  
word "pretty" was inadequate. As to  
lying abed and reading novels, he was  
free to say that he believed in it.

"We get very indignant about slav-  
ery in the south," he used to say, "but  
how about slavery on the northern  
farms? I know people who rise at  
cockcrow and strain their sinews in  
heavy toil the livelong day and spend  
the Sabbath trembling in the lonely  
shadow of the Valley of Death. I  
know a man who whipped his boy till  
he bled because he ran away to go  
fishing. It's all slavery, pure and sim-  
ple."

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou  
eat bread till thou return unto the  
ground," said Ezra Tower.

"If God said it, he made slaves of us  
all," said young Trove. "When I look  
around here and see people worked to  
the bone with sweat and toil, too weary  
often to eat the bread they have earned;  
when I see their children dying of  
consumption from excess of labor and  
pork fat, I forget the slaves of man  
and think only of these wretched slaves  
of God."

But Polly was not of them the teacher  
pitied. She was a bit discontented,  
but surely she was cheerful and well  
fed. God gave her beauty, and the  
widow saw it and put her own strength  
between the curse and the child. Polly  
had her task every day, but Polly had  
her way also in too many things and  
became a bit selfish, as might have  
been expected. But there was some-  
thing very sweet and fine about Polly.  
They were plain clothes she wore, but  
nobody save herself and mother gave  
them any thought. Who, seeing her  
big, laughing eyes, her finely modeled  
face, with cheeks pink and dimpled,  
her shapely, white teeth, her mass of  
dark hair, crowning a form tall and  
straight as an arrow, could see any-  
thing but the merry hearted Polly?

"Miss Vaughn, you will please re-  
main a few moments after school,"  
said the teacher one day near 4 o'clock.

Twice she had been caught whispering  
that day with the young girl who sat  
behind her. Trove had looked down,  
stroking his little mustache thought-  
fully, and made no remark. The girl  
had gone to work, then, her cheeks red  
with embarrassment.

"I wish you'd do me a favor, Miss  
Polly," said the teacher when they  
were alone.

She blushed deeply and sat looking  
down as she fussed with her handker-  
chief. She was a bit frightened by the  
serious air of that big young man.

"It isn't much," he went on. "I'd  
like you to help me teach a little. To-  
morrow morning I shall make a map  
on the blackboard, and while I am  
doing it I'd like you to conduct the  
school. When you have finished with  
the primer class I'll be ready to take  
hold again."

She had a puzzled look.

"I thought you were going to punish  
me," she answered, smiling.

"For what?" he inquired.

"Whispering," said she.

"Oh, yes! But you have read Walter  
Scott, and you know ladies are to be  
honored, not punished. I shouldn't  
know how to do such a thing. When  
you've become a teacher you'll see I'm  
right about whispering. May I walk  
home with you?"

Polly had then a very serious look.  
She turned away, biting her lip, in a  
brief struggle for self mastery.

"If you care to," she whispered.

They walked away in silence.

"Do you dance?" she inquired pres-  
ently.

"No, save attendance on your pleas-  
ure," said he. "Will you teach me?"

"Is there anything I can teach you?"  
She looked up at him playfully.

"Wisdom," said he quickly, "and how  
to preserve blueberries, and make bis-  
cuit like those you gave us when I  
came to tea. As to dancing—well, I  
fear I am not shaped for sportive  
tricks."

"If you'll stay this evening," said  
she, "we'll have some more of my  
blueberries and biscuit, and then, if  
you care to, we'll try dancing."

"You'll give me a lesson?" he asked  
eagerly.

"If you'd care to have me."

"Agreed; but first let us have the  
blueberries and biscuit," said he heart-  
ily as they entered the door. "Hello,  
Mrs. Vaughn. I came over to help you  
eat supper. I have it all planned.  
Paul is to set the table, I'm to peel the  
potatoes and fry the pork, Polly is to  
make the biscuit and gravy and put  
the kettle on. You are to sit by and  
look pleasant."

"I insist on making the tea," said  
Mrs. Vaughn, with amusement.

"Shall we let her make the tea?" he  
asked.

Love is only serious to a girl who  
is in love for the first time.

looking thoughtfully at Polly.  
"Haps we'd better," said she,  
right. "We'll let her make the  
tea."

"We don't have to drink it,"  
said the widow, "are like Gov-  
Wright, who said to Mrs. Per-  
Madam. I will praise your tea,  
but me if I'll drink it."

"I'm going to teach the primer class  
in the morning," said Polly as she  
left the teakettle.

"Out, young man," said Mrs.  
Vaughn, turning to the teacher. "In a  
short time she'll be thinking she can  
teach you."

"I got my first lesson tonight," said  
the young man. "She's to teach me  
dancing."

"And you've no fear for your soul?"  
"I've more fear for my body," said  
he, glancing down upon his long figure.

"I've never lifted my feet save for the  
purpose of transportation. I'd like to  
learn to dance because Deacon Tower  
thinks it wicked, and I've learned that  
happiness and sin mean the same thing  
in his vocabulary."

"I fear you're a downward and back-  
sliding youth," said the widow.

"You know what Ezra Tower said of  
Ebenzer Fisher, that he was 'one o'  
them mush heads that didn't believe in  
sell'?" Are you one o' that kind?"

Proclaimers of liberal thought were at  
work there in the north.

"Since I met Deacon Tower I'm  
sure it's useful and necessary. He's  
got to have some place for his en-  
emies. If it were not for hell the de-  
acon would be miserable here and, may-  
be, happy hereafter."

"It's a great home and comfort to  
him," said the widow, smiling.

"Well, God save us all!" said Trove,  
who had now a liking for both the  
phrase and philosophy of Darrel. They  
had taken chairs at the table.

"Tom," said he, "we'll pause a mo-  
ment, while you give us the fourth rule  
of syntax."

"Correct," said he heartily, as the  
last word was spoken. "Now let us be  
happy."

"Paul," said the teacher, as he finish-  
ed eating, "what is the greatest of all  
laws?"

"Thou shalt not lie," said the boy  
promptly.

"Correct," said Trove; "and in the  
full knowledge of the law I declare  
that no better blueberries and biscuit  
ever passed my lips."

Supper over, Polly disappeared, and  
young Mr. Trove helped with the dish-

es. Soon Polly came back, glowing in  
her best gown and slippers.

"Why, of all things! What a foolish  
child!" said her mother. For answer  
Polly waltzed up and down the room,  
singing gaily.

She stopped before the glass and be-  
gan to fuss with her ribbons. The  
teacher went to her side.

"May I have the honor, Miss  
Vaughn?" said he, bowing politely. "Is  
that the way to do?"

"You might say, 'Will you be my  
partner?'" said she, mimicking the  
broad dialect of the region.

"I'll sacrifice my dignity, but not my  
language," said he. "Let us dance and  
be merry, for tomorrow we teach."

"If you'll watch my feet you'll see  
how I do it," said she, and lifting her  
skirt above her dainty ankles she glided  
across the floor on tiptoe as lightly as  
a fawn at play. But Sidney Trove was  
not a graceful creature. The muscles  
on his little form, developed in the  
school of work or in feats of strength,  
at which he had met no equal, were un-  
trained in all graceful trickery. He  
loved dancing and music and every-  
thing that increased the beauty and  
delight of life, but they filled him with  
a deep regret of his ignorance.

To Be Continued.

Experience is the best teacher.  
Housekeepers, who have tried  
them all, say WINDSOR TABLE  
SALT is the perfect table salt.

HARDLY QUICK ENOUGH.

The Judge—Suppose your automo-  
bile was running at the rate of say  
twelve miles an hour, how quickly  
could you stop it?

The Expert—Why, your honor,  
while running at that rate I have  
frequently stopped it just before the  
rear wheel touched the victim.

THORNS IN THE FLESH.

Even worse is the agony of corns.  
Why suffer—sure is waiting in every  
drug store in the form of Putnam's  
Corn Extractor, which relieves at  
once, cures thoroughly and without  
pain. For good results use only  
Putnam's.

Love is only serious to a girl who  
is in love for the first time.

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

### VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

After supper, after sunset,  
When the only thing in sight  
Is the street lamp's feeble flicker,  
Come the voices of the night—  
Not the solemn ones, however,  
That the poets tell about,  
But the ones that call for language  
Which, to say the least, is stout.

Hardly have you nicely settled  
On your porch to have a smoke  
Till you hear a noisy jumble,  
Half a squeak and half a croak.  
Inwardly you groan in silence,  
Outwardly you'd like to roar,  
Partly to express your feelings  
Toward the phonograph next door.

Wishing some one you might mention  
Were about as good as dead  
Or would move to Madagascar,  
You go in and go to bed.  
Scarcely have your weary spirits  
To the land of slumber flown  
Till the tomatoes in the alley  
Start a concert of their own.

Boots and bric-a-brac and so forth  
Drive them to another street,  
And, with words that can't be printed,  
Back you crawl to your retreat.  
Hardly on the slumber wagon  
Have you started for a spin  
Till upon your ears comes buzzing  
The alarm clock-butting in.

Annoying to the Fifer.

When the gentleman who has con-  
quered the air—all but—gets his sail-  
ing apparatus in fine shape and is  
placidly soaring in the thin blue air,  
all of a sudden something goes wrong  
with his machinery and he has to do  
some artful dodging to escape the tall  
steeples that is pointing its finger right  
at him.

Usually it is the gasoline engine that  
has ceased to chug and no amount of  
coaxing will make it see the error of  
its ways.

To train up a gasoline engine in the  
way it should go is a job at which the  
patient inventor may well hump him-  
self. Apparently kindness is lost on  
this inanimate bunch of machinery.  
Think what base ingratitude it is when  
the air skipper has been so kind as to  
take it for a sail in the air for it to  
act spunky and refuse to play in plain  
sight of the audience.

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