Farmer Graball Talks.

This is Me!
I'm standing in my
Barn door,
Smokin' city seegars
Which the men folks
Give me a-hopin'
To bribe me fur
Better gruh Better grub.
Don't you know Me?
Why, I'm the farmer—
Yahoo, hayseed, greeny.
But I take Summer boarders! Yes, an' I skin 'em When city board Goes down, Mine goes up— Way up to 100 in the shade. Do I work? Well, I guess no! Not now, leastways. Not when city gents And their ladies Wants air an'
Condensed milk
An' skeeters
An' corn-shuck
Beds. Oh, no,
I give 'em all these, too fur a price. My wife an' me an' the gals Drinks cream in Drinks cream in Summer, you bet. Board is high-priced, The dudes is high-toned. The house sets high, An' we live high—In summer. The tab barnyard

Cause its cool—

The only cool place
On the farm,

"Am I in it?"
As the city feller sez,
Well, I guess

moments.

She had been playing a long time one evening in April, and had left the piano for a low chair beside the open fire. She was tired. Although spring had come, the evenings were chill and the room was large. Her hands were cold and she spread them out to the blaze. The heavy curtains billowed and sank and billowed again as intrusive nuffs of wind creent. officiously through the crevices of the old casements. Blanche and Berkeley were with her mother, and they were reading "Lorna Doone." She had read the book a week ago, and did not care to hear it over.

over.

The front door opened quietly—it was always on the latch—and footsteps came along the hall; quick, eager footsteps, straight to the parlor door; the knob turned. No need to turn her head, no need to question of her heart whose step, whose hand that was, to guess whose presence filled the room.

to question of her heart whose step, whose hand that was, to guess whose presence filled the room.

Thorne came across the room, and stood opposite, a great light of joy in his eyes, his hands outstretched for hers. Benumbed with many emotions, Pocahontas half-rose, an inarticulate murmur dying on her lips. Thorne put her gently back into her chair, and drew one for himself up to the hearth-rug near her; he was willing to keep silence for a little space, to give her time to recover herself; he was satisfied for the moment with the sense of her nearness, and his heart was filled with the joy of seeing her once more. The lamps were lit, but burning dimly. Thorne rose and turned both to their fullest bril-

nearness, and his heart was filled with the joy of seeing her once more. The lamps were lit, but burning dimly. Thorne rose and turned both to their fullest brilliancy; he must have light to see his love.

"I want to look at you, Princess," he said, gently, seeking her eyes, with a look in his not to be misunderstood; "it has been so long, so cruelly long, my darling, since I have looked on your sweet face. You must not call the others. For this first meeting I want but you—you only, my love! my queen!" His voice lingered over the terms of endearment with exquisite tenderness.

You must not call the others. For this first meeting I want but you—you only, my love! my queen!" His voice lingered over the terms of endearment with exquisite tenderness.

Pocahontas was silent—for her life she could not have spoken them. Her gray eyes had an appealing, terrified look as they methis; her trembling hands clasped and unclasped in her lap.

"How frightened you look, my darling," Thorne murmured, speaking softly and keeping a tight rein over himself. "Your eyes are like a startled fawn's. Have I been too abrupt—too thoughtless and inconsiderate? You would forgive me, love, if you knew how I have longed for you; have yearned for this meeting as Dives yearned for water—as the condemned yearn for reprieve. Have you no smile for me, sweetheart?—no word of welcome for the man whose heaven is your love? You knew I would come. You knew I loved you, Princess."

"Yes," the word was breathed, rather than uttered, but he heard it and made a half movement forward, the light in his eyes glowing more passionately. Still had love the force of his indomitable will was brought to bear upon her—and brought to bear in vain.

Calm, pale, resolute, she faced him—her clamped tightly together. She would not give way. In their earnestness both had risen, and they stood facing each other on the hearth-rug, their eyes nearly on a level. The man's hand rested on the mantle and quivered with the intensity of his excitement; the woman's hung straight before her, motionless, but wrung together until the knuckles showed hard through the tense skin. She would not give way.

"My love!" he murmured, extending the knuckles showed hard through the tense skin. She would not give way.

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"My love!" he more marking to half movement forward, the light in his eyes glowing more passionately. Still, he eyes glowing more passionately. Still, he held himself in check; he would give her

"You knew I loved you, Princess," he repeated. "Yes, you must have known. Love like mine could not be concealed; it must burn its way through all obstacles from my heart to yours, melting and fusing them into one. Don't try to speak yet, love, there is no need to answer unless you wish. I can wait—for I am year you."

near you."

Pocahontas rallied her forces resolutely, called up her pride, her womanhood, her sense of the wrong he had done her. If she should give way an instant—if she should yield a hair's breadth, she would be lost. The look in his eyes, the tenderness of his voice, appeared to sap the foundations of her resolution and to turn her heart to wax within her.

Thorne started slightly, but commanded himself. It was the former marriage; the divorce; she felt it keenly—every woman must; some cursed meddler had told her.

"My darling," he answered, with patient

tenderness, "you know why I have come—why it was impossible for me to keep away. I love you, Princess, as a man loves but once in his life. Will you come to me? Will you be my wife?

The girl shook her head, and moved her hand with a gesture of denial; words she had none.

had none.

"I know of what you are thinking, Princess. I know the idea that has taken possession of your mind. You have heard of my former marriage, and you know that the woman who was my wife still lives. Is it not so?" She bent her head in mute assent. Thorne gazed at her pale, resolute face with his brows knit heavily, and then continued:

Listen to me, Princess. That woman Ethel Ross—is my wife no longer, even in name; she ceased to be my wife in fact two years ago. Our even in name; she ceased to be my wife in fact two years ago. Our lives have drifted utterly asunder. It was her will, and I acquiesced in it, for she had never loved me, and I—when my idiotic infatuation for her heartless diabolical beauty passed, had ceased to love her. At last, even my presence became a trouble to her, which she was at no pains to conceal. The breach between us widened with the years, until nothing remained to us but the galling strain of a useless fetter. Now that is broken, and we are free,"—there was an exultant ring in his voice, as though his freedom were precious to him.

"Were you bound, or free, that night at Shirley?" questioned the girl, slowly and steadily.

Cause its cool—
The only cool place
On the farm.

"Am I in it?"
As the city feller sez,
Well, I guess
Yes!

—Kate Field's Washington.

CHAPTER XVII.

The weeks rolled by, and gradually Mrs.
Mason grew convalescent. She was still confined to her room, but the worst of the pain was over, and she could lie on the sofa by the fireside and have Berkeley read aloud to her in the evenings. Blanche, if she happened to be there, would sit on a low chair beside the sofa, busy with some delicate bit of fancy work, and later in the evening Berke would take her home. Sometimes Pocahontas would bring her work and listen, or pretend to listen, with the rest, but oftener she would go into the parlor and play dreamily to herself for hours. She had takeu up her music industriously and practised hard in her spare moments.

She had been playing a long time one

"Must I understand, Mr. Thorae, that love for me suggested the thought of divorcing your wife?" she questioned hoarsely—"that I came between you and caused this horrible thing? It is not—it can not be true. God above! Have I fallen so low?—am I guilty of this terrible sin?"

""
"Princess," he said, meeting the honest, agonized eyes squarely, "I want to tell you the story of my marriage with Ethel Ross, and of my subsequent life with her. I had not intended to harrass you with it until later—if at all; but now, I deem it best that you should become acquainted with it, and from my lips. It will explain many things."

things."
Then he briefly related all the miserable Then he briefly related all the miserable commonplace story. He glossed over nothing, palliated nothing; bearing hardly now on his wife, and again on himself, but striving to show throughout how opposed to true marriage was this marriage, how far removed from a perfect union was this union. Pocahontas listened with intense, strained interest, following every word, sometimes almost anticipating them. Her heart ached for him—ached wearily. Life had been so hard upon him; he had suffered so. With a woman's involuntary hardness to woman, she raised the blame from Thorne's shoulders and heaped it upon those of his wife. Her love and her sympathy became his advocates and pleaded for him at the bar of her judgment. Her heart yearned over him with infinite compassion.

compassion ompassion.

He saw that her sympathy had been croused, that she suffered for and with him. aroused, that she suffered for and with him, and he could not forbear from striving to push the advantage. He went on speaking earnestly; he demonstrated that this marriage which had proved so disastrous was in truth no marriage, and that its annulment was just and right, for where there was no love, he argued, there could be no marriage. With all the subtle arguments of which he was master—and they were neither weak nor few—he assailed her. Every power of his brilliant intellect, every weapon of his mental armory, all the force of his indomitable will was brought to bear upon her will was brought to hear

within her.

"Why have you come?" she wailed, her tone one of passionate reproach. "Had you not done harm enough? Why have you come?"

Thorne started slightly, but commanded himself. It was the former marriage; the divorce; she felt it keenly—every woman must; some cursed meddler had told her.

"My darling," he answered, with patient of your own will. If there be a chasm—in the company of your own will. If there be a chasm—in the company of your own will.

which I do not see; which I swear does not exist—I will cross it. If you can not come to me, I can come to you; and I will. You are mine, and I will hold you—here in my arms, on my breast, in my heart. Have you, and hold you, so help me God!"

With a quick stride he crossed the small space between them and stood close, but still not touching her.

"Have you no pity?" she moaned.

"None," he answered hoarsely. "Have you any for me?—for us both? I love you—how well, God knows, I was not aware until to-night—and you love me I hope and believe. There is nothing between us save an idle scruple, which even the censorious world does not share. I ask you to commit no sin; to share no disgrace. I ask you to be my wife before the face of day; before the eyes of men; in the sight of heaven? It was all so strange to her, she could not understand. Words, carelessly heard and scarcely heeded, came back to her, and rung their changes in her brain with ceaseless iteration. It was like a knell.

"Nesbit," she said wearily, using his

with ceaseless iteration. It was like a knell.

"Nesbit," she said wearily, using his name unconsciously, "listen and understand me. In the eyes of the law and of men you are free; but I can not see it so. In my eyes you are still bound,"

"I am not bound," denied Thorne, fiercely, bringing his hand down heavily on the mantle; "whoever tells you that I am, lies, and the truth is not in him. I've told you all—and yet not all. Ethel Ross, the woman who was my wife—whom you say is my wife still—is about to marry again. To join her life—as free and separate from mine as though we had never met—to the life of another man. Isn't that enough? Can't you see how completely every tie between us is severed?"

Can't you see how completely every tie between us is severed?"

Pocahontas shook her head. "I can not understand you, and you will not understand me," she said mournfully; "her sin will not lessen our sin; nor her unholy marriage make ours pure and righteous."

Thorne stamped his foot. "Do you wish to madden me?" he exclaimed; "there is no sin, I tell you; nor would our marriage be unholy. You are torturing us both for nothing on God's earth but a scruple.

scruple.

For a moment Pocahontas lay quietly in his arms, lulled into quiescence. Then she wrenched herself free, and moved away from him. It had been said of her that she could be hard upon occasion; the occasion had arisen, and she was hard. scruple.

"Go!" she said, her face wan as ashes, but her voice firm; "it is you who are cruel; you who are blind and obstinate. You will neither see nor understand why this thing may not be. I have showed you my thought, and you will not bend; implored you to have pity, and you are merciless. And yet you talk of love! You love me, and would sacrifice me to your love; love me, and would break down the bulwarks I have been taught to consider righteous, to gratify your love. I do not understand; love seemed to me so different, so noble and unselfish. Leave me; I am tired; I want to think it out alone." "Go!" she said, her face wan as ashes,

alone."

Thorne stood silent, his head bent in thought. "Yes," he said, presently, "it will be better so. You are overwrought, and your mind is worn with excitement; you need rest. To-morrow, next week, the week after, this matter will wear a different aspect. I can wait, and I will come again. It will be different then."

"It will never be different"; the voice was low; the gray eyes had a hopeless look.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The next day Thorne quitely returned to New York, without making any attempt to see or communicate with Pocahontas again. He had considered the situation earnestly, and decided that it would be his wisest

and decided that it would be his wisest course.

Pocahontas told her mother, very quietly, of Thorne's visit, his proposal, and her rejection of it; just the bare facts, without comment or elaboration. But Mrs. Mason had a mother's insight and could read between the lines; she did not harass her daughter with many words, even of approval; or with questions; she simply drew the sweet young face down to her bosom a moment, and held it there with tender kisses. Nor did Berkeley, to whom his mother communicated the fact, volunteer any comment to his sister. After what had passed, Thorne's proposal was not a surprise, and to them the girl's answer was a foregone conclusion. Poor child! the brother thought impatiently, the mother wistfully, how much bitterness would have been spared her could she only have loved Jim Byrd.

During the weeks that followed Thorne's second return porth.

quivered with the intensity of his excitement; the woman's hung straight before her, motionless, but wrung together until the knuckles showed hard through the tenses skin. She would not give way.

"My love!" he murmured, extending his arms with an appealing tenderness of look and gesture. "Come to me. Lay your sweet face on my breast, your, Princess; my heart cries out for you, and will not be denied. I can not live without you. You are mine—mine alone, and I claim your love; claim your life. What is that woman? What is any woman to me, save you, my darling—you only? My love! My love! It is my very life for which I am pleading. Have you no pity? No love for the man whose heart is calling you to come?"

Pocahontas shivered, and bent slightly forward—her face was white as death, her eyes strange and troubled. The strength and fire of his passion drew her toward him as a magnet draws steel. Was she yielding? Would she give way?

Suddenly she started erect again, an drew back a step. All the emotions, prejudices, thoughts of her past life, all the principles, scruples, influences, amid which she had been reared, crowded back on her and asserted their power. She could not do this thing. A chasm black as the grave, hopeless as death, yawned at her feet; a barrier as high as heavener ected itself before her.

"I can not come," she wailed in anguish. "Have you no propertion of the way on the principles, scruples, influences, amid which she had been reared, crowded back on her and asserted their power. She could not do this thing. A chasm black as the grave, hopeless as death, yawned at her feet; a barrier as high as heavener ected itself before her.

"I can not come," she wailed in anguish. "Have you no propertion of the warm of the principles, scruples, influences, amid which had suffered, the soldier who had suffered, the soldier who had suffered their power. She could not do this thing. A chasm black as the grave, hopeless as death, yawned at her feet; a barrier as high as heavener ected itself before her.

"I can n During the weeks that followed Thorne's

bitter blow.

After Warner's death, Mrs. Smith appeared to collapse, mentally as well as bodily. She remained day after day shut in his chamber, brooding silently and rejecting with dumb apathy all sympathy and consolation. Her strength and appetite declined, and her interest in life deserted her, leaving a hopeless quiescence that was inexpressibly pitiful. Her husband, in alarm for her life and reason, hurriedly decided to break up the establishment at Shirley, and remove her for a time from surroundings that constantly reminded her of her loss.

In the beginning of June, the move was made, the house closed, the servants dismissed, and the care of the estate turned over to Berkeley. With the dawning of summer, the birds of passage winged their flight northward.

CHAPTER XIX.

The summer passed quietly for the family at Lanarth, broken only by the usual social happenings, visits from the "Byrd girls," as they were still called, with their husbands and little ones; a marriage, a christening, letters from Jim and Susie, and measles among the little Garnetts. In August, Pocahontas and her mother went for a month to Piedmont, Virginia, to try the medicinal waters for the latter's rheumatism, and after their return home, Berkeley took a holiday and ran up to the Adirondacks to see Blanche.

Poor Mrs. Smith did not rally as her family had hoped, and the physicians—as is customary when a case baffles their skill—all recommended further and more complete change. They must take her abroad, and try what the excitement of foreign travel would do toward preventing her from sinking into confirmed invalidism. General Smith, who had abandoned every care and interest for the purpose of devoting himself to his wife, embraced the proposal with eagerness, and insisted on the experiment being tried as speedily as possible.

Some weeks before the day appointed for her marriage, Ethel removed herself and her belongings to the house of a poor and plastic aunt, who was in the habit of allowing herself to be run into any mould her niece should require. According to their agree-

aunt, who was in the habit of allowing herself to be run into any mould her niece should require. According to their agreement, Ethel gave her whilom husband due notice of her plans, and Thorne at once removed the child to Brooklyn, and placed him under the care of a sister of his father's, a gentle elderly widow who had known sorrow. His house he put in the hands of an agent to rent or self, furnished, only removing such articles as had belonged to his payents. The house was hateful to him, and agent to rent or sell, furnished, only removing such articles as had belonged to his parents. The house was hateful to him, and he felt that should the beautiful, new life of which he dreamed ever dawn for him, it must be set amid different surroundings from those which had framed his matrimonial failure.

from those which had framed his matrimonial failure.

Twelve hours after the marriage had been published to the world, another marked paper was speeding southward, addressed this time to Pocahontas, and accompanied by a thick, closely written, letter. Thorne had decided that it would be better to send a messenger before, this time, to prepare the way for him. In his letter Thorne touched but lightly on the point at issue between them. closely written, letter. Thorne had decided that it would be better to send a messenger before, this time, to prepare the way for him. In his letter Thorne touched but lightly on the point at issue between them. In his letter to take it for granted that her views had modified, if not changed. The strength of his cause lay in his love, his loneliness, his yearning need of her. On these themes he dwelt with all the eloquence of which he was master, and the letter closed with a passionate at appeal, in which he poured out the long repressed fire of his love: "My darling, tell me I may come to you—or rather tell me nothing; I will understand and interpret your silence rightly. You are proud, my beautiful love, and in all things I will spare you—in all things be gentle to you; in all things, save this—I cannot give you up—I will not give you up. I will wait here for another week, and if I do not hear from you, I will start for Virginia at once—with joy and pride and enduring thankfulness."

The room was warm and cheerful, a child's toy's lay scattered on floor and stopped, and there was a vigorous pull at the bell. Thorne had provided against all possible delay. Then the question arose of who should accompany her, and they found that there was not a single available woman in the house. It was impossible to let her go alone, and Cumberland, with the curses rising from his heart to his lips, was forced, in very manhood, to go with her himself.

In Brooklyn Mrs. Creswell met them herself at the door, and appeared surprised—as well she might—to see Mr. Cumberland. She motioned Ethel toward the staircase, and then with a formal inclination of the head, ushered her more unwelcome gnest into a small parlor where there was a fire and a lamp burning. Here she left him alone. Her house was in the suburbs, and then with a formal inclination of the head, ushered her more unwelcome gnest into a small parlor where there was nowhere else for him to go at that hour of the night and in that terrible story.

Mrs. Mason laid the paper on the little stand beside her chair. "My daughter," she said, looking up at the girl seriously, "this can make no difference."

"No, mother," very quietly, "no difference; but I thought you ought to know."

If only she could think that this made difference. She was your wears of the

If only she could think that this made a difference. She was very weary of the struggle. The arguments which formerly sustained her had, with ceaseless iteration, lost their force; her battle-worn mind longed to throw down its arms in unconditional surrender. Her up-bringing had been so different; this thing was not regarded by the world in the same light as it appeared to her; was she over-strained, opinionated, censorious? Nesbit had called her so—was he right? Who was she, to set up her feeble judgment against the world's verdict—to condemn and criticise society's decision? Divorce must be—even Scripture allowed that; a limb must be sacrificed sometimes that a life might be saved.

man who had suffered, the soldier who had endured, which the weaker nature or recognized and rested on. To the general, during his time of trouble, the young man became, in very truth, a son; the old debt of kindness was cancelled, and a new account opened with a change in the balance.

On a still, beautiful May morning, which had lengthened to four months amid the delights of Paris, Mrs. Cumberland had found time for only one short visit to her little son. There had been such an accumulation of social duties and engagements, that pilgrimages over to Brooklyn were out of the question; and besides, she disliked Mrs. Cresswell, Thorne's aunt, who had charge of the boy, and who had the bad taste, Ethel felt sure,

against prison bars, had taken strong hold of the lad's imagination, and the fancy grew that he too would sleep more sweetly under the shadow of the old cedars in the land the young soldier had loved so well.

Norma and Pocahontas stood near each other beside the newly-made grave, and as they quitted the inclosure, their hands met for an instant coldly. Pocahontas tried not to harbor resentment, but she could not forget whose hand it had been that had struck her the first bitter blow.

After Warner's death, Mrs. Smith appeared to collapse, mentally as well as bodily. She remained day after day shut in his chamber, brooding silently and rejecting with dumb apathy all sympathy and condenses the servent with a telegram which he handed the parlow of knowing all the ins and outs, the minutize of daily happenings.

penings. "What is it?" questioned Ethel, indo-

penings.

"What is it?" questioned Ethel, indolently.

"A despatch for you. Shall I open it?"

"If you like. I hate despatches. They
always suggest unpleasant possibilities. It's
a local, so I guess it's from my aunt, about
that rubbishing dinner of hers."

Cecil tore open the envelope and read the
few words it contained with a lengthening
visage; then he let his hand fall, and
stared blankly across at his wife.

"It's from that fellow! and it's about
the child," he said, uneasily.

"What fellow? What child? Not
mine! Give it to me quickly,
Cecil. How slow you are." And
she snatched the telegram from his
unresisting hand. Hastily she scanned the
words, her breath coming in gasps, her
fingers trembling so that she could scarcely
hold the paper. "The child is dying.
Come at once!" That was all, and the
message was signed Nesbit Thorne. Short,
curt, peremptory, as our words are apt to
be in moments of intense emotion; a bald
fact roughly stated.

"Cecil!" she cried, sharply, "don't you

curt, peremptory, as our words are apt to be in moments of intense emotion; a bald fact roughly stated.

"Cecil!" she cried, sharply, "don't you hear? My child! My baby is dying! Why do you stand there staring at me? I must go—you must take me to him now, this instant, or it will be too late. Don't you understand? My darling—my boy is dying!" and she burst into a passion of grief, wringing her hands and wailing. "Go! send for a carriage. There's not a moment to lose. Oh, my baby!—my baby!"

"You can't go out in this storm. It's sleeting heavily, and I've been ill. I can't let you go all that distance with only a maid, and how am I to turn out in such weather?" objected Mr. Cumberland, who, when he was opposed to a thing, was an adept in piling up obstacles. "I tell you it's impossible, Ethel. It's madness, on such a night as this."

"Who cares for the storm?" raved Ethel, whose feelings, if evanescent. were intense.

Who cares for the storm?" raved Ethel, "Who cares for the storm?" raved Ethel, whose feelings, if evanescent, were intense. "I will go, Cecil! I don't want you, I'll go by myself. Nothing shall stop me. If it stormed fire and blood I should go all the same. I'll walk—I'll crawl there, before I will stay here and let my boy die without me. He is my baby—my own child, I tell you, Cecil!—if he isn't yours!"

Of this fact Cecil Cumberland needed no reminder. It was a thorn that pricked and atung even his dull nature—for the child's father lived. To a jealous temperament it is galling to be reminded of a predecessor in a wife's affections, even when the grave has closed over him; if the man still lives, it is intolerable.

He was not a brute, and he knew that he

He was not a brute, and he knew that he He was not a brute, and he knew that he must yield to his wife's pressure—that he had no choice but to yield; but he stood for a moment irresolute, staring at her with lowering brows, a hearty curse on living father and dying child slowly formulating in his breast. in his breast.

As he turned to leave the room to give

with joy and pride and enduring thankfulness."

Pocahontas took the paper to her mother's room, the letter she put quietly away. She would answer it, but not yet; at night—when the house should be quiet she would answer it.

The lines containing the brief announcement were at the head of the list:

MARRIED.

CUMBERIAND-THORNE.—At the Church of the Holy Trinity, September 21st, 18—, by the Rev. John Sylvestus, Cecil Cumberland to Ethel Ross Thorne, both of this city.

Mrs. Mason laid the paper on the little stand beside her chair. "My daughter," it was a piteous sight that met her view

It was a piteous sight that met her view as the door swung open, rendered doubly piteous by the circumstances. A luxurious room, a brooding silence, a tiny white bed on which a little child lay, slowly and painfully breathing his life away.

(To be continued.)

Rochester Herald: The summer is no sooner here than people begin to go in bathing where the water is deep without stopping to reflect upon the dangers which surround a person who goes into water where wading is impossible and good swimming is imperatively necessary. The inexperienced boatman who "changes places," the bather who can't swim, the amateur yachtsman who doesn't know enough to anticipate a squall and the surf bather who is ignorant of the strength of the undertow, are all mentioned in the newspapers at this season of the year, and unhappily they all figure in the mortuary list. Why don't the people learn to swim?" Get Their Names in the Papers.

The out-door household work in summer such as that of the summer-kitchen, washing and ironing, is a sort of makeshift with many mishaps like burns and scads. But Mr. Jno. Heinemann, Middle Amana, Iowa. U. S. A., has found the true remedy. He says: "I scalded my leg with boiling water, and had a sprained ankle at the same time. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil promptly cured both." That doubles its value easily, and shows its great usefulness.