Do You Happen to Know

The Story of a Thoughtless Son, and How His Thoughtlessness Was Brought Home

"You may have the making of a great man in you or not," the young the waving of fans in the sultry air of the chapel, "but you cannot be sure of it until you master the details of the life around you. The man concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since." Mrs. [DA E. WARD, Cove Point, Md. who loves his little land will fulfil his mission, and sometimes to stay

It was a short practice I sermon on well-known scriptural texts, which Roderick Bell, just fresh from college, considered too obvious for close attention. The old pastor was away on a visi', his sermons had always been doctrinal. Roderick was disappointed; he thought that the larly hard morning on the farm, young priest might have "soared" a little, and since he had come down to the application of religion to life, dren. I hope Rod will pay us suggested something "aspirational." back. After Mass Roderick followed bis father and mother down the aisle, feeling dissatisfied. He noticed that his mother's soft silk dress was not new, and of rather an old-fashioned out, and that his father's black alpaca cost hung rather loosely on his bent shoulders. They were even more bent, Roderick thought, than when he had seen them last.

"Stupid hole of a place-Blackwell," he murmured, mechanically taking the holy water his mother offered, with a smile, "I must get out of it-to develop myself!"

General Walters and his wife wanted to greet the returned colservice, and had come home to his now. native place, to a little house and a large garden, and the opportunity of dulgently, and limited himself to one saving something from his pension for his youngest daughter, 'Clara, who had just reached the age of

patting Roderick on the arm, "back people of today; he's too individual, to the old sod? Well, your people he thinks—yet I like him all the have been lonely enough without you. I suppose you're going in for what he thinks!" And her mother law, like all the young sprige about laughed. Clara looked scornful.

"I don't know, sir," said Roderick

father." The General turned and smiled at father, who sighed. Mrs. Walters came up and kissed Roderick in her motherly fashion. Roderick They seem to think that they're the knew wby she did it; her own boy had been killed in the Philippines. His face brightened. And when Roderick's face brightened you saw that he had good, kind eyes, and a mouth that was both firm and gentle when the ends of the lips carled upwards. It darkened again. Mrs. Walters' purple lawn, and fine lace contrasted with the genteel shabbiness of his mother.

" Here's Clars," the General said, " you haven't met for two years." Clara raised her parasol, and look

ed frankly at Roderick from under its lace. Her eyes were violet in color, and she laughed with them. She was nearly as tall as Roderick, and he, fresh from a larger world, decided that she was very well dressed.

"I'm glad to see you Mr. Bell, she said. "I hope that you play tennis better than you did - but, after all, it doesn't matter, for we're going off to the mountains next week. Too bad !"

" Too bad !" said Roderick, and he really meant it. He had counted on a hearer for his "aspirations," his interpretations of Browning, and his thoughts on life. " How did you like the sermon ?" Clara asked after a short pause in which she saw with pleasure that her announcement had

" Ob. I never contradict sermons -it's bad form!' Roderick said, But it struck me as rather com. monplace a man today who has anything in him must not content himself with small things, He must be an aviator, not a thing crawling

on the earth.' knocks from the earth they despise, money at once."

ately, and the group separated fields on the way home silently. Mre Ball boped that Roderick would calm, "you can go, Roderick,"

pick a bunch of cornflowers and His mother said nothing. And daisies, as he used to do on summer he went Sandays when he was 'a boy;' they had always been put in the big blue wase on the dinner table; but Rod- are in a rut. They don't want me erick had forgotten. The path through the fields was did not say this aloud.

parrow, and they went in Indian "Ob, father," his mother cried, as file. Saddenly a chill came over the her hu-band sat in the porch under mother. She felt very much alone, the honeyeuckle, "why didn't you though her boy was physically near vell him? He is a good boy; he her He was well, he had brought has a kind heart !" home the symbols of college honors. he was the finished product of years of sacrifice - how nicely he had bowed to Clara Walters, and with what a good accept be had answered the General! The golden moment had come, yet there was a chill in

the mother's heart! The father was more philosophical. He remembered his own youth, and he did not expect so much of the boy. He was glad the last of the sacrifices was over. His eldest son, Barnard, had died jast as be was ready for college. Alice had marworld-wide treatment for ried and gone away. Then she bad consumption. All Druggists ied. Her busband bad married

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Hood's Sarsaparilla rids the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

again. He was somewhere in Canada. Roderick was the only one

"It seems to me, mother," said Mr. Bell, one day after a particuthat we've done nothing all our lives but make sacrifices for our chil-

"We've done it for love," said the mother, "and for no other payment." The old man sighed. The farm would not stand another mortgage; the interest seemed harder to pay every year, Roderick's bills never grew less, but the old man's determination to make him " as good as other folks' boys" never faltered. General Walters and his wife, who

were saving every cent possible for Clara's future, deplored the blindness of the Bells-they were spoil-

"You're spoiling me!" said Clara, "Take your pleasure; don't save legian. The General had seen much I'll work. I ought to be working

oigar a day.

"There sa lot of good in Roderick Bell," Clara said during the family discussions of the affairs of the small "Ho, boy," said the General, neighborhood; "but he's like most

"I despise the class of men brought rather sulkily. "That depends on up in some of these colleges. They learn to take everything for granted. Their character is not formed." Mrs. Walter dropped ber knitting, in order to laugh more freely. "I

> pick of the race!-oh, I know-Roderick Bell bas good qualities. but he has never learned to be grateful. Didn't I" see him sulky at church this morning. I caught him looking at his mother's only silk dress, and, in his heart, blaming his father for not giving her a new one!" Clara flushed with indignation. " If

> she hadn't had a new frock or bon net for years, be's the cause. And his father's rheumatism getting worse every year! I don't say he dida't use to be a nice boy-but I almost hate him, ungrateful beast !"

" Clara !" "You take a great interest in young Bell !"

"No, I don't !" said Clara. "I'm glad we're going off for a trip," he said that evening to his "Clara would either quarrel with our neighbor's son, or," he added, "would find out with Mrs. Mulaprop, that love begins with a little aversion."

Roderick took no interest in the affairs of the farm. He was polite to his parents, but not effusive. He had no companions. Most of the people about him were hard-working Poles, who had their own intereste. Nearly all the old neighbors had gone into Canada, One day, after dinner, when his father had tried to explain what this farm of five bundred acres needed. Roderick answered that he was going

into the city to live. His father was aghast.

"I've the hundred dollars I won for the 'Essay on Absolutism under "But aviato's get some bard Charles I.," so I shall not want much

There was silence. Mr. Bell was dumb before his son. Bitter disappointment, burt pride, love twisted Bells walked through the awry, filled the elder man's heart, "Well, his voice was singularly

"They don't care," he said, "they o go upward," Fortunately, he

" Tell-him ?" answered the father, oo numb, too broken even to smoke

la the cure of consumption concentrated, easily digested pourishment is necessary. For 35 years has been the standard, his evening pipe. " Tell him! The argrateful young fool ought to

"Children never know." "When I'm dead and you're in the almshouse, mother, he'll know. I'm old; I don't get on to new ways; I'm sick half of the time. But I know that this farm could be made to pay if he had half the energy of one of these Polish peasants-or half

The mother went over to him, and out her arm on his shoulder. "The bitterest thing is to have a

on who can't understand." "But he is our son all the same, said the mother. "Poor Roderick must have set him wrong some-

The father turned up the lamp. "Clara Walters doesn't forget us. She has sent the new book on 'Intensive Cultivation,' and written me a long letter about it. When I think of her and compare her with this heartlass scoundrel of ours-" Don't," said his wife,

The time of the snow came. Rod. erick Bell had found work-work post. He had hoped to become a secretary to some important man or corporation, but a smattering of Horace, the ability to read a German book, and a little political economy stood no chance as recommendations n comparison with an expert pro- of delay seemed an hour. The foreficiency in stenography and type- feet of the horse went down into the writing. But he was honest and ditch. Roderlck, beside himself with for me. When my chance comes some of his college friends knew feverish impatience, forced him upon this. He was quick, too, and he found himself glad to get the post was bewildered, and for a moment of assistant in the box-office of a popular theatre; and there be stuck. of a broken leg. Just then the tipkle

> He wrote home regularly, but some what perfunctorily. In the beginning dashed back again into the ditch, and of winter he began to think more dragged the sleigh into the yielding They had asked no favors. His mother had made only one request, in the slightly tremulous hand; she side the road, half hidden in the snow.

> oray for us curred to him once or twice that his up, and Roderick pulled the sleigh, father must have worked hard and filled with snow, back upon the road. thought hard to keep him so well sup needed a new overcoat, and he wrote mobile. It was a crisp, clear voice; about it to his father. His mother Roderick recognized it. answered sending bim balf the price.

In the early winter, late in the afternoon, he was walking home, after telephoned me that she hadn' an unusually antipying altercation from the Bells for a week, with a difficult ticket-buyer, when been snowed up. The old the thought suddenly came to him; "Perhaps those three five dollar bills represented all his mother had." It writing swaved before his eyes: "Sometimes, dear boy, pray for us !" He turned impulsively into a side street, and in a few moments be was burnt before the Holy of bolies in

as if a great fear had made him see only one thing-the object of his fear. What this was he died not know. He simply felt. In fifteen minutes he had found a telephone. He announced that immediate business called him away. He did not think of possible consequences, he thought of nothing but this strange fear. At seven o'clock he entered the express for Woodston, which stopped at midnight at Blackwell, to meet the Riverview Special. It was nearly three o'olock in the morning when the express reached Blackwell. It had been due two hours before, but the snow came down so heavily, that even the new plows had proved ineffective in preventing this celebrated

train from losing time outrageously. There was no vehicle at the station. The special had gone, and the four passengers thus delayed were piloted through the deep drifts to the little hotel near the sideway. Roderick followed them, with the intention of

telephoning. "Rather late, ain't it ?" asked the proprietor of the hotel, who had known Roderick for years. "Besides all the wires are down; you can't

reach them tonight !" He raised the shade that shielded the window of the office, and pointed to the swiftly falling snow, which the by the light in her eyes, "you'll keep big electric lights in front of the door illuminated and made transparent. The landlord drew nearer the red-lit that in this little place in the world

"When did you see my father?" Francis Egan in Benziger's Magazine. "Not for a goon's age," answered the landlord, yawning. "Let me see! Oh, yes,-one day, be and your mother came down to the depot, to say good bye to the General's daughter, -she was going somewhe: Nice girl! It's a caution to see h the takes care of them old folks

"You'd better go to bed, Mr. Bell,"

her mind for a minute." Roderick's face flushed. "Your father looked about as usual but old people gan't expect to be as spry as if they were young, like you by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

All right ! You need it !"

hers. They don't seem to be out o

"I shall need it," Roderick answered. "I shall want the cutter al

The landlord did not hear-a wild blast crashed bail and snow against

"Jiminy !" he exclaimed. "I remember the General's daughter kissed your father and mother, and said, You just walt. He was lonely here, but he'll come back, for there's no place lonelier than a big town." "She's right !" said Roderick. "I

must have the cutter at once !" " To-night !" exclaimed the landord, shocked, "To-night?" "Yes." Roderick put on his overcoat. "If it kills your horse I'll pay

I must see my people. Argument was vain. The landlord reluctantly gave way, and finally Roderick went out and harnessed the

The landlord murmured discontent edly as the young man drove off. "But I wouldn't have let him have the horse if I wasn't anxious about the old folks myself. They haven't been about here for weeks, not even to the

Roderick clenched his teeth against the mingled snow and biting bailthat enabled him to occupy a pleas- stones. A fire seemed to burn in ant room in a decent boarding-house bis veins. Vague tears filled him. and to wear good clothes. No Why? He asked himself. And he more than that. The city had not could not answer. The old horse recognized his genius. There were knew the road, there were no lights thousands like him claiming every anywhere, every marked place was now unmarked; the snow leveled all it could remorselessly. Where the crossing of the trollery road had been, there was now soft drifts, through which the horse waded deep. It was slow work. Every minute

his driver fancied that it was a matter Where were now the budding gar- of bells sounded behind, and, crushing through the snow, came a big

The automobile stopped. Roderick saw that his horse was prone beonce wrote, "Sometimes, dear boy, The borse would right himself no Roderick began to realize that it the voice of his father seemed to call was bard to get money. And it oc- him! The horse dragged himself "Where are you going? asked plied with cash at college. Once he voice from the interior of the automo-

"To Mr. Bell's." He was disagreeably surprised at this. "Jump in, then. I hope that we shall flod him living. Miss Walters been snowed up. The old man's

ailing for some time. "Is it so bad as that, Dr. Jerdsen?" "What, Roderick Bell !" cried the was nonsense, of course. A flood of doctor. I'm glad you've come, I uneasiness suddenly filled his heart, was thinking of you; and wondering as the tremulous lines of his mother's bow you'd feel-John," to the chauffeur, "get out, and take the sleigh up to Bell's farm. I'll run this car," The doctor evidently thought that the most merciful thing was silence, kneeling under the red lamp that and Roderick did not care to speak. There was only one light in the farmhouse-a feeble one in an upstairs room. A ring at the bell not tell. It was like a panic ; it was brought nobody ; Roderick, wild with impatience, put his shoulder against the door, and the lock gave

way. It was cold and dark down Upstairs, the father lay pallid on the bed, with the crucifix clasped in his hands. Near him, wrapped in a shawl, knelt the mother. A candle near the window cast a dim light. Roderick looked into his mother's pale, eager, shrunken face, and his heart seemed to stop.

"I kept the light always there. knew you would come," she said. "I couldn't send for you. been alone here, snowed up for week-but I prayed."

Mr. Bell opened his eyes. "He basn't come, mother, I knew he'd

"He bas !" exclaimed his mother "In time, I hope?" asked Roderick, beseeching the doctor with bis

'Yes," said the doctor, with his eyes on the sick man, "he'll live, The next day, Miss Walters came

"You'll be lonely here," she said to Roderick. "No-my place is with them.

"But some day-

"Some day," he said, emboldened me company. When I am worthy.' where Providence had placed him he would never be lonely .- Maurice

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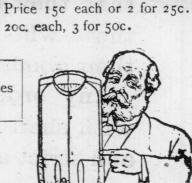
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