

Furriers by
Appointmentto H. M.
King George

We Protect Our Customers When Buying Furs

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Our Guarantee

We guarantee that the furs you purchase from us will be the best quality obtainable for the price paid, but if for any reason whatever, you are not satisfied, return them within five days at our expense and we will promptly refund your money.

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It's free. This catalogue gives a full description of each fur garment or set and besides it contains halftone reproductions of the various furs for men and women, giving you a perfect idea of how the coat or set will look.

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Corn Flakes—

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Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES

but Martha did not see it; to her the matter was anything but a joke.

"Well, we must be going," said Jane. "I only hope the matter won't be brought up in the meetin' like they had a mind to do when Charlie Barnes hauled in his clover hay on a Sunday. They'd have put him out of church sure, if it hadn't been that he had a mortgage on his farm and would have been foreclosed if he'd lost that hay. You remember how everybody said if it ever happened again the person'd have to leave the church. At yours and Daniel's age it'd be awful to be brought up in meetin' and put out of church."

"O, come, come, Jane," remonstrated Philip, who saw that Martha's lip was quivering. "I guess there ain't no danger of that. I've got one vote against it, anyway. I don't know what we'd have done that time you had the fever if it hadn't been for Aunt Martha and Uncle Daniel; and I don't believe there's a family in this neighborhood that's ever had sickness or trouble, but owes thanks to them for help and comfort." Jane had the grace to feel a little ashamed after this rebuke, and to cover her confusion insisted on leaving at once.

Martha walked up the path dazed and drooping. She had done unnecessary work on Sunday—she who had always been a consistent church member had churned and baked when she should have been at church; and Daniel, the husband of whose upright conduct she had been so proud—he was driving into town with a load of pumpkins when he should have been passing the collection basket.

"Daniel, who do you s'pose they'll send to talk to us? You know you and the minister went to Charlie."

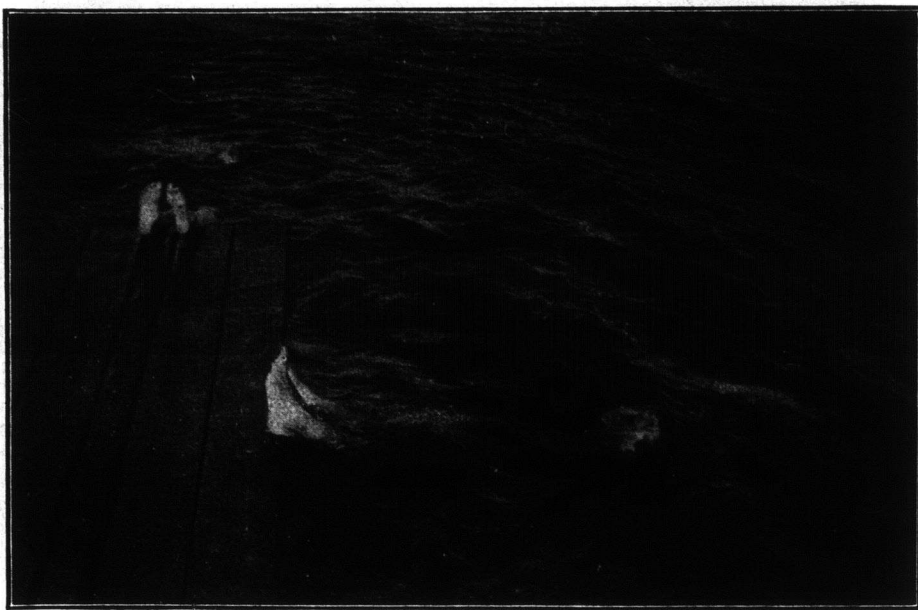
"To talk to us, Marthy? I hadn't thought of that. Surely they'll know we wouldn't have done it if we'd known."

"I'm afraid they will, Daniel. They hadn't ought to lay anything up against us when they know we're old and forgetful—I'm sure the Lord won't; but folks are different, leastwise some are. You don't think, Daniel, they'd put us out of the church, do you? The shame of that would kill me, specially if the children ever came to know. O, I wish they was coming home for Thanksgiving! We'll not have anything to be thankful for this year."

"Don't you worry. If they'd put you out of the church where you was baptized and married and all the children was baptized, for getting old and forgetful, why the Mapleton church hasn't much Christianity in it and we'd better be out than in."

"But, Daniel," she persisted, "if they'd bring it up in meetin' I couldn't bear it, even if they didn't put us out."

"I don't believe they'll do that, either; Preacher Vinton has too good a heart. I don't believe he'd have said much to Charlie Barnes if he'd been here then, considering the mortgage and everything. More'n likely, if he'd happened 'round on Saturday there'd been no hay out to get wet; he ain't afraid of work; Preacher Vinton ain't." But for all his cheering assurances Martha was still unconvinced and Daniel himself was



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She waited until after supper before telling him, and womanlike, cooked the dishes he liked best and heaped his plate until he protested. When he mentioned the funeral she hurried into the pantry for a plate of cookies, that she might not have to reply; but after supper when he had finished with the chronicle and drew the family Bible toward him, she could delay no longer.

"Daniel—" it was scarcely more than a whisper; "Daniel, there—there wasn't no funeral at Mt. Zion today."

"There wasn't, Marthy! Well, now, I want to know! Are you sure; and if there wasn't no funeral, why under canopy was Thornberry's store closed, and the postoffice?"

"They was closed—O, Daniel—" and the sweet voice wavered and broke; "they was closed 'cause this is Sunday," and Martha sank into her old rocker, her hands over her face, and wept silently.

"Marthy!" and the consternation and incredulity in his voice echoed her feelings. "It can't be; we couldn't forget Sunday. Why, I husked corn and hauled in fodder today; I hauled a load of trade to market. What must the neighbors think of me?"

"What will they think of me, Daniel? I churned and baked and scrubbed and sewed."

Both were silent for a time, too wretched to speak, then Martha ventured fearfully: "Daniel, do you remember what happened the time Charlie Barnes hauled in his hay on Sunday?"

"I was thinking of that; but that wasn't half as bad as this; the poor fellow was well-nigh desperate about that mortgage—his was necessary work; it wasn't like this."

far from certain that nothing would be done.

The following week was a trying one for the old couple; and such is the power of one gossiping, mischief-making tongue, that they felt themselves set apart from their neighbors by an invisible barrier.

In spite of his wife's protests, Daniel hitched Billy to the wagon and drove to town Monday. "Wait a few days, Daniel," she counseled; "everybody'll be talking 'bout us today, and I can't bear to think of you being made sport of. There's always thoughtless ones in Thornberry's store. Do wait."

"No," he replied, doggedly, "I'm g'ing today. I ain't no coward, and if I was, waiting wouldn't make things any easier."

When he entered the store, Daniel was acutely conscious of the sudden silence that fell, and knew that the idlers gathered about the store had been discussing him. He greeted them as usual, however, and setting his basket on the counter, inquired of Thornberry if he could use a load of pumpkins.

"Pumpkins, did you say, Uncle Daniel?" put in Lem Jones, who prided himself on being the local wit. "You must ha' raised a sight of pumpkins out your way this year. I heard tell of a man coming to town yesterday with a load, but they didn't sell wuth a cent. Hope you'll have better luck. If you can't sell 'em for cash mebbe Jim'll trade you a bunch of old calendars. Might keep you from mistakin' Sunday for Saturday;" and Lem gave a loud guffaw, for he was ever the loudest laughter at his own jokes.

"Now look here, Lem," interposed Thornberry, who made it a rule to see, if possible, that no customer's feelings