



GIVE to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you.—Madeline S. Bridges.

When to Lock the Stable

By HOMER CROY

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(Continued from last week)

DOCTOR Fordyce was quick to seize the opportunity. Edging over he stood protectively by Mary's side. "Well, why don't you go on?" he demanded. "Why do you keep staring at Miss Mendenhall?"

"Miss Mendenhall?" gasped Brassy. "Yes, Miss Mendenhall. I resent it. I do not propose to have a drunken outcast come in here and stare at a young lady in that way."

The audience stood in hushed silence, trying to keep up with the changing scene. Brassy's face worked convulsively for a moment, then he backed toward a chair and covered his eyes.

Fordyce climbed on a bench the better to exercise his power. "Friends," dropping his tone to one of entreaty, "that is an example of the men who are opposing me. Go away, every one. They are attacking me when I am trying to do something to build up Curryville. Truly ingratitude is sharper than a serpent's tooth. My good people, stop and think for just one moment what you are doing. Here is something to remember. Crowds act hastily and do things that they bitterly regret afterward. You will remember you thought you had enough evidence to convict me that night when—I hate to speak it—when the mob came. A pair of twisted and bent spectacles, belonging to Mr. Pointer, were found in my room at the hotel by a boy. When I told you that Clem had forgotten them the day he came to my room and I gave him the monkey you did not believe me. A watch-chain belonging to me was found by the river where the supposed crime had been committed. When I told you that I had given it to him and that he had dropped it you refused to believe me. Both statements have since turned out to be true. To-morrow you people who wish to act hastily to-night will be ashamed of yourselves. Now, dear friends, is it fair to take this unknown man's word against mine?"

Not a word was spoken by any one in the audience, but still it could be seen that sympathy was running toward Doctor Fordyce.

"This man comes in here, no one knowing who he is, and attacks me in public. The word of a tramp is taken before mine. I have tried to build up this town and am just on the eve of establishing a new era here, when you allow this outsider to come in and smirch my character. Not content with that, he must stare at and discomfort one of our young ladies. What shall we do with the scoundrel? I shall show him our law!" Doctor Fordyce held up his hand in an appeal.

There was a shuffling of feet and uneasiness, as if a giant man was making his mind. Plainly sym-

pathy was swinging to Doctor Fordyce and he knew it. "Sure, throw him out," called out a voice, and the shuffling of feet grew heavier.

"That's right," backed up another voice. "Throw him out."

Somebody stepped in the aisle and a seat was dragged aside as if to make room.

Before anyone realized it Mary Mendenhall was on her feet and standing on the edge of the platform. "Friends, I wish to say something," she began, and all eyes swung to her. Her voice was not loud, but there was no suppression in her manner that drew instant attention. "I think I know why the speaker before Doctor Fordyce could not go on. I think I know why I was stared at so by this same person, and I think in me rests the solution of the whole affair."

She paused and the audience stared eagerly and listened breathlessly. "It is because this man is my father."

No one moved; there was not even the shuffling of feet. But the full significance had not yet burst on them.

"He is my father. He had no idea I was here, and that is the reason he was so surprised to see me. Over some hot words I left home. I have cried many a night since on account of my foolish stubbornness. I have

been using only my first and middle names here and in writing my books. I believe every word that my father has said about his reforming, and I want to stand up here before you all and say that I am sorry I left home, and that if my father will take me back I'll go with a happy heart."

Brassy's eyes were fastened on her, his soul drinking in the words. When she turned toward him he rushed up and clasped her in his arms.

"I don't know whether to say something or not about Doctor Fordyce," she faltered, tucking back a strand of hair. She was feminine even in her moment of suspense. "I hate to attack a person, but I feel that you should know about Doctor Fordyce. Doctor Fordyce. He has known all along who I am and has threatened to tell—to tell what my father has just told you about himself. He has used this as a club over my head and I foolishly have said nothing. Now that I have my father back I don't care what happens."

Again her face went on his shoulder and Brassy's thick-hand patting her tenderly.

There was no holding the crowd back as they came surging around father and daughter to offer congratulations, while Doctor Fordyce stood alone in the corner, moody and sullen.

"So you used to travel with a circus, did you?" asked Mrs. Kiggrins. "I want you to come over and visit us. I know you got a lot of good stories. I love to meet circus people."

Clem wormed his way through the maze of arms extended to shake hands with him and reached Mary's side. She faced him and their eyes met, but she would not be the first to give in. She would be feminine, so stared coldly for a moment, then lowered her eyes.

The meeting turned into a reception, all struggling for a word with Clem. He ought to have been perfectly happy, but he was not. Instead he was miserable. It was the first time in all his life he had been miserable in a way that he couldn't put his hand on the pain.

Judge Woodbridge and Mr. Ford, who had been talking in the corner, came bustling up and seized Clem, one around the shoulders and the other about the ankles.

"You've saved Curryville," announced the judge, "and you're the biggest hero this city ever saw, and

we're going to ride you down the street on our shoulders."

Up went Clem, squirming and blushing. A shout roused the rafters and every eye was turned on him. "Quit, boys, I'm no hero. I've not enough to be ashamed of, so let me go; and besides, anybody else would have done just what I have. My tone was firm. 'Put me down, boys.'"

At last they hesitated and let him to his feet.

But he wanted to do something for them. "I insist," Judge Woodbridge said. "And besides, we didn't do anything for you when you saved Miss Mendenhall."

Mary dropped her eyes at them, because she, too, had not shown herself grateful.

"Well, I tell you," said Clem, resting his hand tenderly on the judge's wide shoulders. "I'm not deserving, but if you want to give me a union for the fire department I'd be mighty glad to have it."

The judge reached up and patted the hand with his own thick one. "Bless his heart, we'll give him half a dozen such unions. Clem, you know with two railroads needs a fire engine, doesn't it, boys?"

The shout of approval left no doubt. At last the reception broke up, and on the corner where Clem waited he found Hulda. But when she came she was not alone. At her side was a stout protecting figure—Judge Woodbridge. Hulda was looking up into the judge's face while he kept a careful hand under her elbow.

"Gee, how times change!" mumbled Clem.

He fell into step with them. "Yes," said Hulda, answering his questioning look. "You have surprised us, and I guess we have you."

"Yes, indeed, Hulda," said Judge Woodbridge, although the remark was a way fitted in. But perhaps it was not.

There was a happier look in Hulda's face than Clem had seen there in years. Hulda patted the judge's arm in the easy familiar way that was always used to express their happiness. Clem could not help seeing that with all her splendid qualities, and her spotless home keeping, that there was something vital lacking in her life. She was not putting it on the arm, and at the sight Clem rejoiced until he saw Brassy at Mary standing at the corner. His home-coming was bitter after all.

Clem was on the point of turning down a side street, that Hulda at the judge might be undisturbed in their happiness, when Brassy reached out and fastened on his coat.

"Say, Mr. Pointer," called out Brassy, "it's got something to do with you—some sweetly flowing syllables pour into your ear. Do you did that a man used to luxury the way I am, and sleep in the best beds and on beds down where the world has runnin' any great risk of put up in the New Palace?"

"If they hear you speakin' that we about our best-known hotel you'd be about as popular as Doctor Fordyce," answered Clem, although there was no merriment in his soul. "He don't bother about the hotel, he come right out to our house for the night."

Brassy clasped his hand and turned to Mary. "Mary, I want to introduce to you the finest man ever made on this little footstool. When he made him they broke the mold, that there's not another one like him in the world, my daughter, this is Mr. Pointer."

Mary acknowledged the introduction gravely, suppressing her desire to throw aside all reserve.

"This is a pleasure," Mrs. Hulda said Clem, then added, "on my part."

(Continued next week)



A Large Porcupine: Who Knows of a Larger?

An editor of Farm and Dairy, while spending a few days with a family on the farm of Mr. Jas. Reynolds, Hale P.O., Halliburton County, during August, succeeded, with the help of his two boys here shown, in killing the larger of these two porcupines. It weighed approximately 25 lbs. It was the largest Mr. Reynolds or any of the family had ever seen. We would like to know how many readers of Farm and Dairy had killed larger ones? Porcupines did considerable damage to the corn crop, tramping it down and eating off the heads of the grain. This was what led to the hunting expedition. The smaller of the two porcupines shown was killed by the side of the two boys with a stick. It was the only one that was sold after the hunting expedition, that there was a law against the killing of porcupines but our lawyer advises us that this is not the case.

The Upw

Travel Thro

"ADD to your list, Peter, I. S. Jones, of that world of courage. Ranket a better illud during this sun-

It was the cur down with a dream prime of his manhood and hopeful of sun profession. Those est to him said, "him other one wor- cept once, when a returned, when he is too bad."

Intersted in the m with a brave look he was able to say to God for those years the many lessons of this. But he had never found such matters.

From his window sufficient view of the tains; from his b none of this. But of the room there mirror, in which th was his. It was sti he him lying there dection, while he blis of the stern, vigorous strenuous existence.

Another case was little, frail old woman without relatives, and with rheumatism. said she must go papers were brought, but firmly and resolu tion, while he forc, she strength to be se- knew He had never reduced to that. Wh were in despair, shir the force, she spelt with a small li to her.

We must have fail also have courage to and struggle on; a severe in the face of rule; courage to per what the obstacles. These lines are fav- valid hero:

"Did you tackle th came your way with a resolute her. Or hide your face fr day.

Did I craven soul? Isn't that the fact that counts.

But only how did you. You are beaten to ead what's that?

Come up with a smil It's nothing against y flat.

But to lie there—the isn't the fact that you come.

But how did you fig

A Thanksgiving

I THANK Thee, Lord, for joyous day;

For quiet night, w laid away;

For springs to quench the weary bread;

For kind smiles to rad kind words to n

That I can hear, that I see—

But I thank Thee in Thee. —Marg