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did balk some about leaving that old dried-up herring, Uncle Jabez, but I pacified her telling her she could send for him after a bit, when she was making plenty of money—land! I'd like to see the old dry bones coming to me!"

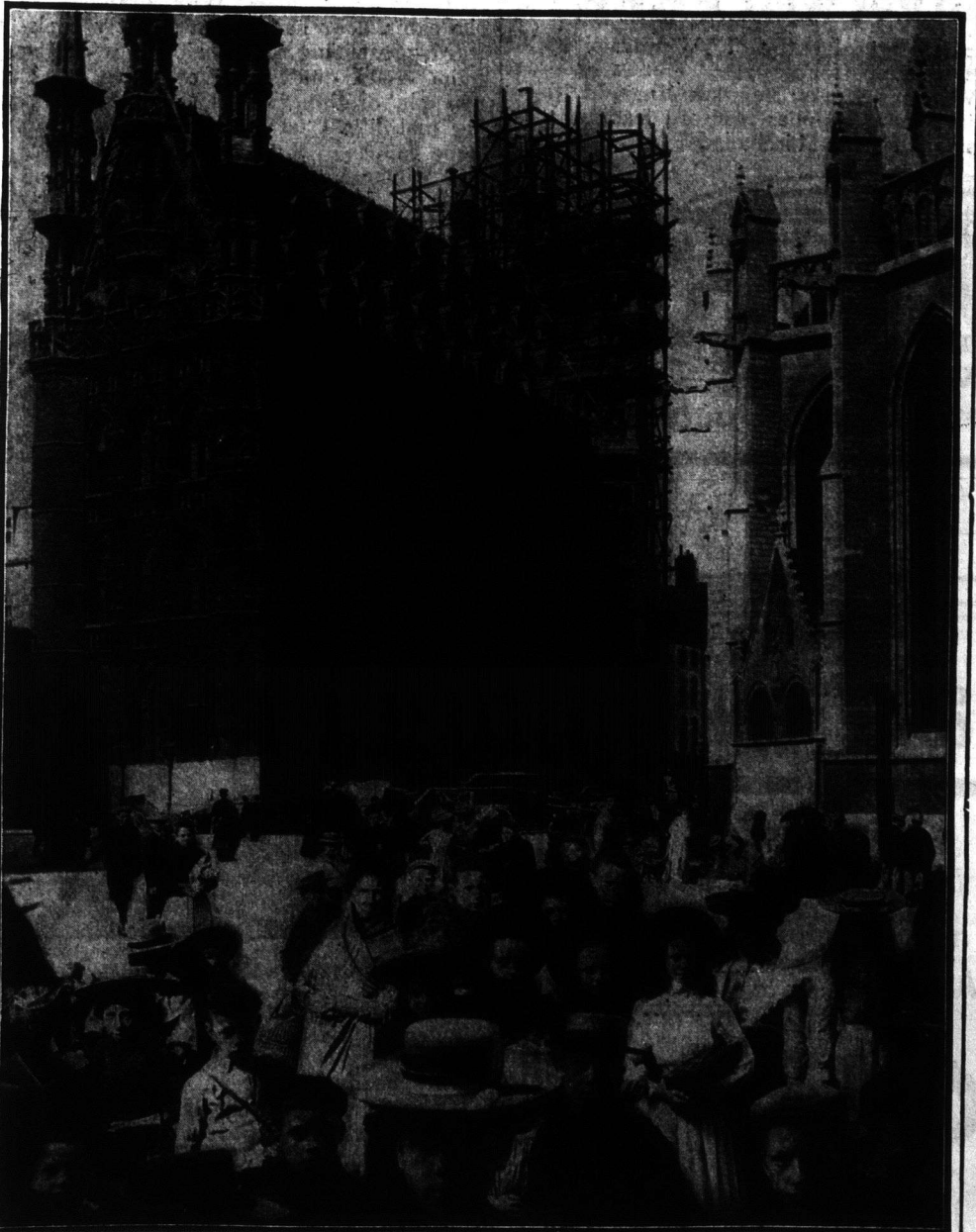
The languid summer stillness of the country town was suddenly lanced by a long, sharp whistle with an undercurrent of rushing wheels. Jim Peters grabbed up his mail sack and fled across to the station; the stout woman shouted, "Well, good-by, Mrs. Singer," lifted her satchel, and set sail in the same direction, and John, from the post-office door, looked eagerly across to the station platform to see if he could distinguish "Honey" amid the tangle of passengers bustling aboard. He saw a slim figure and a flying blue veil directly behind the stout form and the alligator satchel, and felt a strong inclination to rush over to the wearer of the veil, and march her resolutely and vigorously home to her grandfather. But

The June afternoon was full of a rich, still peace. The "zooming" of a bee in a red hollyhock made a thread of sound that blended harmoniously with the wide quietude.

The old man threw up his head suddenly, then lowered it once more.

"I got no more sense'n a doodlebug," he said; "I conceived I heered somethin' swishin' thu' the corn, lak skeerts."

Again his head went up, and he held his hand behind his ear, listening with nostrils a-quiver. A crisp, hurrying sound like the quick crushing of plaitain leaves became plain. Something—somebody, in a pink dress and a trim poke hat with a quilling of white chiffon in the brim, like the petals of a daisy, swirled around the corner of the cabin. John had a half glimpse of a small, heat-flushed face in the chiffon daisy-disk; blue, wide-open eyes, a heedless nose, tender lips, and a noticeable little curved chin. Then the chiffon disk bobbed down



A view of the Town Hall, Louvain, Belgium, the beautiful city that was destroyed by the German army. Photo by Underwood & Underwood

the big bell clattered its farewell to the drowsy station, the great wheels ground slowly against the hard steel, and the huge engine waved back a misty gray banner to the village, as it sorted forth into the world; and "Honey," poor, foolish "Honey!"

Jim Peters came back with the mail sack, gave John the paper he had mentioned, and the poet set forth to pipe what consolation he might into the ears of the forsaken old wooden bird with the broken springs.

V

John easily found the mossy wood-way described by Jim Peters as "branchin' off the country road and runnin' towards the creek." But what to do for the poor, despairing old fellow still sobbing upon the door-step of the hillside cabin was a more abstruse problem. All the bits of comforting philosophy John could offer blew over the old man as ineffectually as a swirl of dead leaves. Once, only, his lamentation was suspended for a moment, as he looked up at John with watery eyes, to ask:

"Do ye reckon if I'd of bought 'er a par o' slippers—they reel slick kind with shiny toes and kinder high, tippy heels—it'd done any good?"

And John could only shake his head hopelessly.

over the old man's head and a pair of pink sleeves encircled him.

"Why, gran'paw—why, gran'paw," trilled a girlishly high voice, "did you feel that bad about me going? Well, I ain't gone; Mrs. Prince is, but I—I been thinking all along if I went I could take better care of us both; Mrs. Prince said so; but I've found her out all right—two-faced old!"

The soft, wide eyes that were beginning to flash sapphire glints caught John's interested gaze across gran'paw's bent gray head, and the voice trailed off. "I thought you went on the train with Mrs. Prince to-day," John hazarded boldly.

The pink flush in the girl's face flamed rose-red.

"It's no thanks to her I didn't," she said, with a note of bitterness in her fresh voice; "if the train'd come along ten minutes sooner than it did, I'd be along with her this blessed minute, and all snarled up in her webs—She's a spider, that's what she is, a sly, spinning spider. Nex' time she wants to bawl out things about gran'paw and me she'd better look whether the door between the post-office room and Mrs. Peters's sitting-room is open or shut."

"Were you in there?" gasped John.

"I was so," responded "Honey," and a quick-passing smile made her pretty

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.



Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without tearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

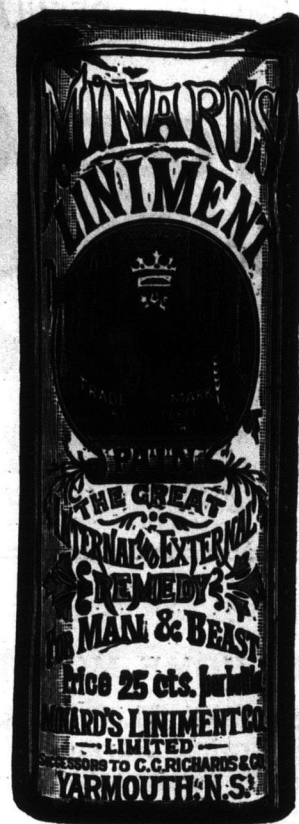
Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

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