# Delicious in the Cup.

man's expenses, but they would never pay me more'n a boy's wages, never mind how hard I worked. And my eye going worse and worse all the time."

Nimrod thought of the hard, strange ring he had detected in the last two or three of the boy's letters in his pocket. "Why didn't the boy want his wife and baby up there with him?"—in a score of places between the lines sounded the distraught woman's query. And Nimrod saw that the boy had not told her all of his poor luck, of the injustice of his wages, of his trampings across country to get the better job and find a way out, with his heart a leaden thing within him. Finsily he remembered the ultimatum in the last letter he had fread—the letter the boy must have received while working at the "Telegraph" office: The doctor from the Institution had said it was only a question of time; the little son's death might be averted if certain things, all costing money, were provided, or if the wife and baby were up there with the husband.

"And you stole Sam's pay roll to

save your child's life?" suggested Mr.
Rriggs.

"There wasn't any other way," replied the boy.

"Where's the money?"

"I mailed it to her Saturday noon a few minutes after I took it. I wish I could die!" monned the boy. "I'm only standin' in her way. Maybe, with me gone, she could marry someone else who'd take care of her—and the haby. She's pretty; she could get married again."

The house was cold and dark and silent. The flame in the lamp quivered and at times burned blue. Outside, the wind washed with melancholy monotony through the trees and shrubbery.

"The house was cold and dark and silent. The flame in the lamp quivered and at times burned blue. Outside, the wind washed with melancholy monotony through the trees and shrubbery.

"The house was cold and dark and silent. The flame in the lamp quivered and at times burned blue. Outside, the wind washed with melancholy monotony through the trees and shrubbery.

and at times burned blue. Outside, the wind washed with melancholy monotony through the trees and shrubbery.

"Oh, Gawd, if I'd only had a chance!" cried the boy. "I'm not a crock. But there never was no one to help me—and my eye going bad all the time! I'm at the end o' my rope."

Mr. Nimrod Briggs sat. staring Mankly at the wall beyond the boy's bed. On the cot the boy groaned with the pain in his body and his heart—the father who was too young to be entitled to a beby, a baby he had never seen.

Did it come to Mr. Nimrod Briggs' father heart in that moment—a heart stunted and disappointed by his years of bachelor existence—the agony and worry and tragedy in the heart of the boy's boy and tragedy in the heart of the boy? Did he read into the boy's story any of his own experience? Perhaps. What could it have been that made Mr. Nimrod Briggs sit so silently by the strange bed of linees, with the stark sorrow in his hazy old eyes, an' never mind the cold, or the fnostly noises of the old art, or the weird oil lamp that at times burned blue?

Mone to welcome, none to greet us? Home is sweet, and only sweet, Where there's one who loves to meet us.

Grasshopper Glacier.

Grasshopper Glacier, and unlikely thing. Indeed, Grasshopper Glacier in Montana was long thought to be a picturesque myth, but, says the Filiadelphia Inquirer, is not known to exist.

The huge mass of ice, under the crust of which the grasshoppens are buried, is virtually in the shadow of Granite Peak, which is 12,834 feet high.

Many of the myriads of grasshoppers are buried, is virtually in the shadow of Granite Peak, which is 12,834 feet high.

Many of the myriads of grasshoppers are buried, is virtually in the shadow of Granite Peak, which is 12,834 feet high.

Many of the myriads of grasshoppers are buried, is virtually in the shadow of Granite Peak, which is 12,834 feet high.

Many of the myriads of grasshoppers are succumbed to the coid while crossing the mountains during one of their periodic southward flights.

Filled with shrines the heart has

Home is sweet, and only sweet Where there's one who meet us.



WARRENG TORE -

CARRAGAR SEARCH

Neil M. Dougall

Sportsmans Representative Orient Bay

and 3 Specimens of Brook Trout the lower of which is Mr. Jersup's

which captured the Trophy-

days at the very least and maybe a week, and a week's a lifetime at Margie's age. It would mean that four people would be disappointed instead of one. Don't you see, Dulcie dear?" "I see that you're a goose!" Dulcie retorted sharply. Then she relented. "But a dear one," she added grudgingly.

WH Jessup of Scranton - P.A. winner of 1920 C.N.R. Shield

### COARSE SALT LAND SALT Bulk Carlots

The Rosary of Mr. Nimrod Briggs

And as the aesthetic correlative of whom it fitted to perfection mystery is wonder, so the spiritual correlative is reverence. Once show us how ignorant we are, and we must be humble. Make us feel that with she was educated in Portugal, has no be humble. Make us feel that with our greatest efforts we can but touch the hem of Truth's garment, and our the hem of Truth's garment, and our accomplished musician, she astonish souls must be purified and simplified. ed the explorers soon after their are In the face of inystery we must drop our vain conceit and self-assertion and be ready to look, listen and learn even

One of them had clung desperately as little children.

There is a volcanic peak in the lowever, he drew it forth, and south America Andes that throws out after night played classical con dainty morsels in form of fish already tions, to the accompaniment, within, fried. This peak is called the Tantof of the clever daughter of the wilds, guragua. Underneath the mouth of the volcano is a subterranean lake, which gathered round the mansion and During an eruption the suction draws up quantities of water, carrying along

After staying at this amazing palace up quantities of water, carrying along the fish, which are cooked by the information and the unaccustomed sounds.

After staying at the unaccustomed sounds.

After staying at the unaccustomed sounds.

That is the scientific explanation of the phenomenon. But the natives be lieve that when an eruption takes place, ruining their crops the spirit of the Tunguragua provides the fish so that they will not want.

A Lesson in Thrift.

Belgian and French people, both old and young, have a happy habit that we can imitate with profit to ourselves. They plant along the roadsides the seeds of such fruits as the apple, the peach, plum, persimmon and cherry. We nonchalantly fing the seeds of fruit in any direction that our fancy suggests; a Frenchman or a Belgian makes a hole in the ground by swinging himself around on his heel, drops the seed therein, covers it up, and firmly presses the earth with the sole of his shoe.

It these products are worth so much more to-day than a few years ago,

Cork Substitute.

An excellent substitute for cork is now obtained from turf, which, treated by a newly invented process, furnishes a material for insulation and building purposes quite equal to cork. The product is said to be equally light, firm and damp-proof as well as sound-proof.

The cultivation of popples in Tunisher.

Minerel's Liniment For Surns, Etc.

## A WONDER PALACE IN AMAZON WILDS

A Concert in the Jungle

desire to return to civilization. -An

so depressed by the savagery and ruthlessness of the jungle, that he had not once taken it from its case. Now, however, he drew it forth, and night

Increasing Value of Wood Products.

The appreciation in value of timber is shown in a recent transaction in

more to-day than a few years ago,

The cultivation of popples in Tunis has been forbidden by the Government and the destruction of the wild poppy