

How Bob Found a Home.

Almost hidden among the thrilling war dispatches, whose black headlines were intended to attract the reader's attention, the shortest item on the morning paper's front page, was this:

"Plainville, July 7.—What harvest is in progress here, and there is a great lack of laborers. Many farmers will lose much grain because of scarcity of help, while wages are going higher every day. Thousands read the breakfast table and forgot it; hundreds read it on the way to work and on the street and wished they were at Plainville to get a breath of fresh air; do not group down by the stockyards here to Chiloost, as their nervous, ragged, blistering labor, as he read it aloud—and acted on it.

"It's our chance, fellows," Chiloost announced. "We're likely to get a day's work. We'll go."

The other nine agreed with an obsequious smile as could be expected from breakfasters. "Meet at the eleven forty freight," called Chiloost, as they separated in search of a morning meal. At night they gathered leisurely in an empty board for the level practice restaurant and tried to sleep through the weary night.

Hundreds were flocking to the wheat lands instructed to carry men free on freight trains, and the permission was taken advantage of generally.

The car in which rode the little company, called "Chiloost's car" by the leader, was much jolting and rattling, set out on the switch at Plainville some time in the night, but its occupants did not leave it until the sun was just coming over the eastern edge of the plain. When they came one by one out of the narrow door there were eleven of them.

Chiloost opened his eyes in astonishment and turned to the man beside him. "Here," he called to a slender boy standing back of the others, "what you doing with us?"

"Had to go somewhere, and heard you talking of coming to the country, so I came too."

"What's your name?"

"Bob."

"Bob what?"

"Bob nothing—just Bob."

The boy was not more than a dozen years old and seemed to have been neglected and abused. His clothes were ragged and he had a weary expression, as if he were tired out with a struggle. The little party separated into groups of two and three—all but Bob. He was left standing alone by the side of the empty car, and he gazed at the ground.

"Have to shift for yourself," said Chiloost; that's the way we have to do. See if you can't find a job somewhere."

Bob honestly tried. He trudged away over the dusty road to the nearest farmhouse, but the man there in the field at work and no help needed. At the next place the harvest was nearly over and there was nothing to do. A mile farther on he found a three-cornered cabin and a motherly woman at work in the kitchen. Again he asked for work.

"With a wench, you just see," she answered, "but I'll tell you what we can give you, something to eat. Just see that the baby does not run off while I get it."

She turned to the house and he stood watching the wanderings of a 4-year-old child who was always running about the house.

"He isn't any more trouble than Ben," remarked the mother as she returned. "Ben is eight and he is out of my sight most of the time."

"Is your husband at home?" asked Bob, bashfully.

"He's gone to town to-day—and where Ben is I don't know. He said he was going after flowers out on the pasture. She looked anxiously toward the south.

It was growing dark when, footsore with his walk of the day, Bob came toward the depot. He had made a wide circle and had failed. His dinner had come to him in return for unloading a huge sack of straw, but he could get no permanent work. He noticed that the others had also a discouraged look, as if they were disappointed in their search. Bob was among the first to go to the car, and as it stood on the track it seemed almost like a home. The door was set open, and there was a chance that some train would in the night carry it on—so one of the party cared much where. They were too late for Plainville's harvest.

Chiloost approached the door and looked in. Then he held up his hand to stop the others. They cautiously looked over his shoulder.

There on the floor of the car, his rosy cheeks flushed and his eyes sparkling, lay his side was a boy—a child of 8 or 10 years, sound asleep.

"All of things!" began Chiloost. "What are we to do with this addition to the family?"

There was a long discussion, and Bob, who stood aloof, heard only part of it. What he did hear, however, was enough to alarm him. "I mean nothing for this little boy," Chiloost was saying. "They are probably out looking for him now, and the farmers are getting excited. If they find him with us they will make it hard for us. If we turn him over they will suspect that we stole him on purpose, and it won't be safe for us here. The best way is to let him sleep, and when the car gets far enough off we'll get out and let him go. They will find him some time."

Bob's face flushed angrily at the suggestion. He approached the speaker.

"You mean to do that," said he, "I know where that boy belongs."

"Well, you take him back, then," said a member of the party.

"No," said Chiloost, "not till we get away. It isn't safe."

To insure themselves of Bob's steadiness they put Ben in one end of the car, and with Bob in the other felt safe.

It seemed many hours that they rested, and then there was a terrific jolt. Bob knew he had been asleep, and that a train had come in and hit the car. In a few minutes the car was rolling along and the steady "click-click" of the wheels told of the progress.

Finally a long whistle was heard and the train slowed up. It was a crossing, evidently, and the halt did not disturb the others, who were all sleeping. Before the train was fairly started, Bob had crept to the other end of the car and found the child. Lifting him, Bob moved toward the door and speared on the chances of a jump. The prairie grass looked soft and he decided to risk it. So with a quick stepping to the door he leaped forward into the darkness from a moving train, carrying his precious burden.

Both rolled over and over on the ground and the child broke into a frightened cry. Bob, seeing that both were unhurt, carried his charge to the track and stood watching the departing red and green lights on the rear of the train—a very lonesome and forlorn bit of humanity, yet with an earnest purpose to accomplish his task and restore the little companion to the parents.

Weakly they took up the home journey. The child was sleepy and wanted to lie down and rest. Bob was prudent and kept the train to the tramp. The train made left the station at Plainville early in the morning for it was now light and the station could

be seen on the horizon, apparently deserted! But people were astir. The search for the lost boy had aroused the neighborhood and men were scouring the fields looking for him. One party, hurrying along the railway, saw two wanderers trudging along the line.

Coming nearer, one called out: "It's Ben. Hello, Ben!"

"That's the boy," called another. "Catch him and hold him."

They rushed on slender Bob and he was soon in the strong grip of the farmers. They gave him little chance to speak, but took him with them toward the house where he had been the morning before.

"Where were you going with this youngster?" finally asked one of the men. "Taking him home to his mother." They laughed. "A likely story!" exclaimed the leader.

Bob did not argue the matter. He had used to capture in his tiny hands the children of that part of the city where he had been living through his youthful existence on earth.

Soon the familiar farm cabin came in sight, and the mother who had held him while he was in the wayward Ben and another little child.

"My captured boy who stole him," began one of the men.

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It seems to me this is a subject of primary consideration, and should receive the attention of every one who touches at all upon the subject of rural life. No matter how poor our lives may be, no matter how elegant an appearance they may present, if the home itself is unsatisfactory all is useless.

Through our cattle may be fully fitted, our horses equal to any in the vicinity; though we may market the best butter; if the home life and surroundings are not congenial, our success is incomplete. As in olden days every road led to Rome, so every avenue of farm life should lead to the exaltation of the home. American farmers have inherited a little too much of the roving characteristics of their forefathers, hence the home is not often built for permanent occupancy. Just about the time they gain occupation enough to enjoy life and to build a pleasant home, they alter on them. They think that a larger farm is needed. They sell out and purchase a larger farm and by the time this is paid for they feel too old to fix it up as it should be, so they rent the farm and move to town. This is a common hindrance in every farm community. The modern home on the farm should be made so pretty, so homelike, and so dear to the family that they might never be tempted to leave it.

Too many farmers deny their children most of the refining influences while they are young in order to give them a competency of greater gratitude later on. We have in mind a man who raised a large family of boys in a little cabin. When he had more than a thousand acres of valuable land, and after they had all become dignified, he left the farm of the old cabin and the finest furniture to fit a ten thousand dollar house, but the rooms were empty, darkened, cold; the piano stand silent in its grandeur, and the house was a gloomy, dreary, and everlasting gratitude had been only allowed to have a three dollar violin. Such a home and such a home is nothing more than a monument of the family's past, but a monument that may never be used to permeate their lives during that period when their best efforts should be toward rearing their children in the atmosphere of their home life.

No home should be considered complete in which music does not have a part. Educate the boys as well as the girls in this; here is the poetry of life, the germ of true refinement. Books should be as necessary as the dishes upon the table. Do not buy of every agent that comes along, but those subscription books are too expensive. Know what you want and get the best, which is not always the highest priced. The best home should have a book case and a reading table. Magazines may be had for a dollar a year that are really classical in their makeup, and worth a dozen times as much as the subscription books usually offer. Let your house be as substantial and as elegant as your purse can afford, but the house is not the home. Beautiful trees, fine flowers and delicate furniture should be had, but these are pleasures that cost but little, and add vastly to the enjoyment of life. Show me a man or woman who is deeply interested in these grand and beautiful pleasures, and I will show you one who cares but little for the life of the common people.

Markham's poem, "The Man with the Hoe," should have no symbolical representative in our American homes. There is no home that should possess so much of the spirit of the man with the hoe, but let the farmer, quiet enjoyment as the farm home. Let the fine cattle, horses and hogs only be the means of sustenance and comfort to the home and not the ideals of our people, but rather let the modern farm home be so perfect and exalted in its ideals and Arcadian simplicity that it shall be an honor to our people, our Nation and our God.

Criminal Adultery of Food.

On every hand and in every line of trade in which foods are prepared and sold existatively there is without doubt more or less adulteration. In the aggregate the amount is certainly enormous, and undoubtedly far beyond what is generally supposed by persons who give the subject only casual consideration. In fact, comparatively few people stop to investigate at all. The average citizen is so busy and so hurried that he rarely has time to give to the subject of adulteration any special line of thought, and he prefers to swallow whatever comes to him easily and shut his eyes to the consequences. Yet there are people who prefer to eat pure food not because it is cheap or has a tempting appearance. Such persons also know that the captivating name and elaborate details for what appear on millions of packages afford no assurance that the goods are pure. It is through the influence of this sensible minority that pure food laws are now in existence and are to some extent barriers between the adulteration scoundrels and their victims.

The health of every human being is worth as much to him or her as his life itself. Many prizes are more highly than those who voluntarily or through ignorance and what injures them should blame themselves for the consequences and no one else, unless they are deceived by one or more of the numerous tricks resorted to by the adulterators of foods and drugs. The man who prepares or sells any kind of food that he knows contains ingredients placed there for mercenary purposes that will injure the health of consumers does not deserve a more severe punishment than a horse thief, a forger or even a burglar. He is slowly but surely robbing his fellow creatures of their health and indirectly of their lives. In the eyes of moral law he is guilty of a crime which fully equals manslaughter, if not outright murder, and he should be punished accordingly. If the general public knew how large a percentage of sickness, chronic illness, mental misery and ultimate death grow out of the use of adulterated foods there would be less apathy regarding the subject of an irretrievable movement toward breaking up the infernal practice of food adulteration. It is to be regretted that comparatively only a few people are more than half awake, and that many are so sound asleep, with regard to the danger and insidious destruction pertaining to this widespread cur.

The busy man who needs rest can find no place so pleasant to visit as the pine woods region of North Carolina. There one finds perfect rest in the newly built up town of Southern Pines, N. C., and the wide-awake group of Northern people who have found the climate particularly healthy and pleasant during the summer months. Physicians all over the land are sending their patients. For health, peace and comfort it is in every way desirable. They are an excursion ticket to Southern Pines, but do not forget to write to the Piney Woods Inn for your accommodations.

JOHN L. MAISHALL, Excursionist.

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Children should always increase in weight. Not to grow, not to increase in flesh, belongs to old age.

Present and future health demands that this increase in weight should be steady and never failing.

To delicate children, Scott's Emulsion brings richer blood and firmer flesh. Better color comes to the cheeks and stronger muscles to the limbs. The gain in weight is substantial; it comes to stay.

Always get Puttner's, it is the Original and Best.

Puttner's Emulsion is taken regularly by Consumptives and all weak and ailing people.

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