

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

Story from the Play "The Old Homestead," by Denman Thompson. Copyright by Frank Thompson. By special permission.

continued from page seven... One of the most natural and charming plays of Rural New England. Told in story form by Hal L. Drella.

Henry Hopkins stayed in the room "Sit down, Josh sit down," he said. "Why man, you've been wandering all around ever since you've been here."

"Of course," Hopkins answered, settling down comfortably. "Josh sat down gingerly, then jumped up as though he had unexpected luxuries of the chair had frightened him."

"That I sat on a cat," he explained. Hopkins laughed heartily. "Josh was the same creature he had been for years. How these people ever put through an existence, he reflected, his mind traveling back to the years when he was a town-headed youngster, wandering the hills near Keene, and the old village, Josh, having accustomed himself to the nothing comfort of the ottoman, was quite ready to go back over the days that were gone."

The old red schoolhouse—New England schoolhouses for some reason invariably red—the one teacher, the days when the two chums had played "hooky" and gone fishing, the old swimming hole, all the delights of the days that were gone.

By and by they arrived at the street of the first neighborhood, and from that into the history of their several "love affairs, and the objects whom their early adored ones had settled down and married."

"I declare," exclaimed Mr. Hopkins as he rose and walked across the room. "Josh, you have made me feel young again. Now if you don't mind, I'm going to let you alone while I get through some necessary business. Are your pants here? I'll call for 'em."

"No," said Uncle Josh. "I'll stay around here a while and after supper I'll move along to bed. I declare I'm tucked out."

"All right," he said, "and you can slip right through here to the front door if anything ticks you."

Uncle Josh was tired out. He had not exaggerated when he informed his host that he was "tucked completely out." And not long after Mr. Hopkins had had put up in his of the room and room was sound asleep. Mrs. Hopkins breathed a sigh of relief.

"That man will be the death of me," she said. "I find him hiding from my poor status of Venus in my intimate conversation with my but-

er, walking through my parlor with his boots off and jumping over the fur rug, because they tickle his feet. Annie went up to her father and put her arms around his neck. "You like him, daddy, don't you?" she coaxed.

"Yes, dear," he said, "I like him, no matter what he does or looks like. He's real gold all the way through."

shared him. "It's a big town. He's sure to turn up. Come on home and get a good sleep. That's what you need; you're tired."

REFUSES TO GO Uncle Josh shook his head. "No, if you don't mind I'll stay around here a while and after supper I'll move along to bed. I declare I'm tucked out."

He had not gone far on his way to the church when a young man turned into the street, almost where Uncle Josh had turned on his return to Grace church. He was tall and well built, good looking and dressed in the latest fashion. He swung along with a confident air, his eyes fixed on a young girl who was walking towards him.

He had not gone far on his way to the church when a young man turned into the street, almost where Uncle Josh had turned on his return to Grace church. He was tall and well built, good looking and dressed in the latest fashion.

"What are you going to do with him, officer?" responded the civil officer of the law. "No," asked the man slipping a five-dollar bill into the policeman's hand, "but this one is a friend of mine."

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work back your five dollars." "Well, by gosh, now I know it's you," exclaimed the old man in delight.

"But no one would have known you dressed out like that." "No," said Jack. "I guess I do look different."

"Well, I should say," remarked Uncle Josh. "No wonder you want that mother of yours glad to see you."

"Glad," echoed Jack. "Yes, she was more than that." He stopped a while in thought, as the vision of a woman who had sobbed for joy on his shoulder came up before his eyes.

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THE MARKETS

CHICAGO, March 31.—Radical bearish sentiment as to wheat developed today because of the brilliant crop outlook and in consequence of the total lack of exports. The market had no good reaction and closed heavy 7-8c to 1c under last night. Corn finished 8-8c to 1c down and oats 1-1c to 1-1c. In provisions the outcome varied from the decline to an advance of 1-1-2c.

Wheat futures closed at Liverpool yesterday 1-1c lower; corn, 1-1c lower.

TORONTO GRAIN MARKET. Wheat, fall, bushel, \$1.00 to \$1.00. Barley, bushel, \$0.80 to \$0.80.

TORONTO DAIRY MARKET. Butter, store lots, \$0.24 to \$0.24. Butter, creamery, lb rolls, \$0.23 to \$0.23.

WINNIPEG, March 31.—Prices closed on the local exchange today as follows: Cash, wheat, No. 1 northern, \$1.04; No. 2 do, \$1.03; No. 3 do, \$1.02.

MINNEAPOLIS GRAIN MARKET. Wheat—May, \$1.00 to \$1.00. No. 1 hard, \$0.98 to \$0.98.

DULUTH, March 31.—Close: Wheat—No. 1 hard, \$1.00; No. 1 northern, \$0.98; No. 2 do, \$0.97; May, \$0.96 to \$0.96.

CATTLE MARKETS. UJON STOCK YARDS. TORONTO, March 31.—Receipts of live stock at the Union Yards were 71 cars, comprising 1121 cattle, 740 hogs, 52 sheep and lambs and 383 calves.

Choice butchers' steers sold at \$7.40 to \$7.50, with a very few odd cattle at \$7.00 to \$7.00.

STOCKS AND FEEDERS. Stockers and feeders were none too plentiful. Prices of steers, 700 to 800 lbs, at \$2.25 to \$2.25; stockers sold from \$4.50 to \$5.75.

CHICKEN MARKET. CHICAGO, March 31.—Cattle—Receipts, 4000; market, weak; calves, higher; hogs, steady; sheep, steady.

IRISH AUTHOR DEAD. DUBLIN, Ireland, April 1.—Timothy Daniel Sullivan, author of "God Save Ireland," died here yesterday.

SLIGHT BELL SOUND. Outside the sound of sleigh bells came faintly over the country. Ricketty pulled up the sleds and looked out. A mile or more across the expanse of a new snow drift, the moon, silver and bright, ran round the hill, she could see the moving black spots of a couple of sleighs. They twisted around the hill, and were lost.

THE HOME COMING. The sleigh bells grew louder and louder. The horse came bounding into the yard and stopped, panting and snorting by the kitchen door.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

EASTER FARES. Between all stations in Canada, Fort William and Port Arthur to all stations in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, N.Y.

Good going Apr. 10. Return limit Apr. 10. Fare and One-Third. Good going Apr. 10 to 11. Return limit Apr. 10.

COLONIST FARES. (One-Way Second Class) to certain points in Alberta, British Columbia, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, N.Y., and Washington, D.C.

REDUCED SETTLERS' FARES. (One-Way Second Class) Through trains Toronto to Winnipeg and West. Colonist Cans on all trains. No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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