Mr. Barnackel

By EDITH V ROSS

"Enoch Barnackel What a name Any one would know that he was a crusty old man of the farmer type uneducated and with no manners But what can I do?"

These words were spoken to herself by a girl who had some sixteen years before been left at a foundlings home and who had been given the name of Helen and had later chosen the additional name of Whitman She had been retained at the home as an employee till she approached seventeen then was informed that a farmer named Barnackel had written that he wanted a wife and asked whether one could be sent to him Helen was informed of the opportunity

After a long and tearful deliberation, feeling incompetent to go out into the world and make a living she decided to go out to Mr Barnackel

Mr Barnackel was informed that there was a young woman ready to accept his proposition, and he sent money for her journey The heart broken girl nerved herself to her fate and one afternoon alighted at a railway station at the village near which his farm was located A young farmer with a whip in his hand approached her and asked if she was the young woman who was to marry Mr Barnackel.

"I am," was the reply "That is, if he isn't an ogre."

The young man smiled His smile was very winning "I have a team here," he said "I'll drive you to the farm."

When seated in the wagon and he had said "get up" to the horses Helen expected that he would say something to her He did not He seemed to be thinking

"What kind of a looking man is Mr Barnackel?" she asked.

Now the young man was George Barnackel, nephew of the man who had written for a wife The uncle was fifty years old his face looked like a ball of strings, his hair was red, and he was just too unlovely for anything At any rate that is the way the daughter of one of the neighboring farmers put it. In fact he was exactly what Helen had conceived him to be, judging from his name He must also have been a fool or he would never have sent his good looking nephew for a young girl he expected to make his wife Upon Helen's inquiry George turned his face toward her, displaying a set of regular white teeth by smiling and asked

"Suppose I should tell you that he is a disagreeable old codger and always cross as a bear What would you do?"

"I would jump into the river that is, if there is one near by"

There was a prolonged silence at the end of which the young man said

"And what would you say if I told you that I am Mr Barnackel?"

Helen's heart went up into her throat She made no reply to the question, but she sidled nearer to her companion Presently there came a subdued voice

"Are you Mr Barnackel?"

"I am"

Her face was bent low He leaned lower himself and looked up into it He saw what he took to be a look of pleasure—Perhaps it was relief The reins were in his right hand She was sitting at his left He put his left arm about her waist She looked up at him, her eyes wet, a suspicion of a smile on her lips He kissed them

"How far is it to the farm?" was the next thing said

"About three miles."

George drove over six miles, which seemed like three to Helen, then stopped at a farmhouse

"Wait in the wagon," he said, "while I go in to tell my mother and sister you're here They don't know you're coming."

Leaving the reins in her hands, he went into the house He was gone a long while. Helen saw the face of an elderly woman surveying her from a window, then a younger one doing the same.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I hope they're not going to make him send me back."

Presently a door opened and the two women came out, the elder in advance She welcomed Helen, though she seemed constrained Leading her into the house, the younger woman showed her to a chamber upstairs and, shutting the door behind them, took her in her arms, exclaiming

"You poor child!"

"Why am I to be so pitied?" asked Helen, surprised

"You're not It's all right We'll make you very happy My brother is not the Mr Barnackel you came out here to marry That one is my uncle, a crusty old man who would not do for you at all. Being rheumatic, he asked George to drive over from the station to his farm George wants you himself Mother has given her consent and you are to be married that is, if you wish to marry George at once"

Helen asked if haste were necessary George replied to this that his bride belonged to his uncle was expected by his uncle and unless the knot were tied there was no knowing what he would do in the matter The chance of being turned over to the old curmudgeon so terrified Helen that she was only too glad to be married at once. The wedding took place that evening.

Made a Poor Choice.

Heck—In what state were you married? Peck—In a state of mental irresponsibility.—Boston Transcript.

The Worm Turned.

"You haven't done very well this month," said the boss "Your orders were few and far between."

"I'm sorry," said the traveling salesman, "but"—

"I don't want excuses. I want orders."

Just then the door opened, and the secretary entered and passed in a card

"Humph," said the boss. "James Henry, salesman for the General Products company! Doesn't he know I never see traveling men at this hour?"

"He says he is in a hurry to leave town and would like to explain his proposition to you He will be brief."

"I can't see him now I'm busy Tell him to wait

"When shall I tell him to call again?"

"Tell him to wait there and I'll see him in about an hour Now, then young man, why is it that you fell down this month?"

"Because all the business men I called on insisted on treating your salesman the way you treat theirs." Exchange

Baking a Watch.

Only the best made chronometer would ever survive the tests made at the Royal observatory, Greenwich Usually there are about 200 watches under examination for use in the royal navy. On certain occasions there is a complete trial of chronometers open to all makers who have sufficient confidence in their watches being able to withstand the severity of the tests During the competition the watches are exposed to every possible variation of temperature They are baked in furnaces sufficiently hot to cook a joint In fact so great is the heat that a badly made watch has been known to tumble to pieces during the baking test The moment a watch is taken out of the oven it is plunged into mixtures registering 40 degrees of frost To such perfection has the manufacture of some chronometers attained that even the most stringent tests fail to cause the slightest variation London Telegraph

Making Pastel Colors.

The lack of permanency of pastel pictures is largely due, according to Birge Harrison, to the bad quality of the materials employed Unscrupulous manufacturers dip sticks of white chalk into liquid baths of brilliant but ephemeral dyes, and pictures produced with these soon fade Writing in Art and Progress, Mr Harrison says artists should make their own pastels, a process that is very easy

The materials used, he says, "are precipitated chalk mixed with the best dry powdered colors in the proportions necessary to produce the various tints desired This impalpable powder is moistened to the consistency of a thick paste by the addition of an extremely dilute solution of gum tragacanth and water It is then very thoroughly kneaded and finally pressed or rolled into sticks of the desired size"

Dogs In Moccasins.

After the first severe freeze at the beginning of winter a band of prospectors working in northern Canada found themselves on the wrong side of a lake over a hundred miles wide, on the other side of which was the winter headquarters

They were without any means of transportation other than a boat in which was stored all their belongings and provisions. Hiring a halfbreed with his dog team, they put runners under the boat and made their way easily and safely across the smooth miles of frozen water, helping along the dogs by setting a sail on the boat. To protect the feet of the dogs from the hard surface of the ice small moccasins of buckskin well padded were provided for each

Greece Only an Oligarchy.

Greece as many people do not know, is a country managed by 500 families who hate one another like poison in true classic Greek fashion The peasants the hack drivers and the fishermen talk radical politics all day long, but when election day comes they vote for a member of one of these big aristocratic namely "best" in the Greek sense families A republic for Greece would mean anarchy chaos.—World's Work

Bored Audience.

Mr Jaggs never opened his mouth while his wife was entertaining her guests the other night

"Oh, yes, he did several times"

"I didn't hear him What did he say?"

"Nothing He yawned"—Baltimore American

The Clove Tree.

The limbs of the clove tree being very brittle, a peculiar four sided ladder is used in stripping the tree As fast as the buds are collected they are spread in the sun until they assume a brownish color, when they are put into the storehouse ready for market

Curious Request.

A doctor in the country received one day a letter from an old woman asking for a bottle of cough mixture for her husband, ending with the postscript

"Please, sir, don't make it too strong, as the poor man has only got one leg."—London Tit Bits

Different From Her Ma.

He—Why is it that there's never a match in this house? She (curtly)—I can't make matches He—That's strange Your mother could—Boston Transcript

That's So.

"I hear strange sounds in my ears, doctor."

"Well, where would you expect to hear them?"—Boston Transcript.

Color Schemes In Rooms.

When following out a color scheme in furnishing a room a little touch of an entirely different but harmonizing color produces an excellent effect. This was brought out by a professional decorator who was discussing the furnishings of her own home.

One room which was furnished in green and had a green velours couch cover was especially noteworthy "The room needs something to break the monotony," she said, "and some pillows with a bit of old rose coloring will do it."

A bedroom where the color scheme is blue and white is attractive, but requires another color to give it warmth.

A straight color scheme is easy enough for any one to carry out, but it calls for considerable skill to make it distinctive, as in the practical application of a little variety is usually necessary to make the furnishings really charming—Good Health.

Don't Be Radical.

The sooner young folks learn not to be radical the sooner they will find themselves floating serenely down the stream of life without friction To be radical takes lots of trouble; you have to be continually ripping off veneers scratching surfaces, engaging in original research, applying acid tests, lifting lids, making analyses, tearing off masks demanding proof and so on illimitably But it is all pernicious activity The leaders and makers and sellers of earth fix things up so that they will seem to be so and so, their leadership and their fame and their profits depend upon our being perfectly credulous and accepting things for what they seem Why, then ask embarrassing questions and thus incur the everlasting ill will of those who are trying to hoodwink us? It is much better to take things as they come (paying cash, of course) and be humbly grateful—Life

Poe and the Literary Messenger.

With his stories and his criticisms during the meager two years of his connection with the magazine Poe was certainly able to reflect that, as at no time in her previous literary history he had put Richmond on the map But the letter he wrote to Anthon when projecting the Stylus was somewhat flamboyant "I had joined the Messenger, as you know, then in its second year, with 700 subscribers, and the general outcry was that as a new magazine had never succeeded south of the Potomac therefore a magazine never could succeed Yet in spite of this, and the wretched taste of the proprietor, which hampered and controlled me at all points, I increased the circulation in fifteen months to 5,500 subscribers, paying an annual profit of $10,000 when I left it."—Algernon Tassin in Bookman

Gamboge.

Gamboge is one of the artist's most important yellows It is the gum resin of a tree which bears yellow flowers and leathery, laurel-like leaves. The name of the pigment indicates the country from which it comes, for gamboge is simply a corruption of Cambodge or Cambodia In this far eastern country the tree grows wild and sheds those sticky tears which help the artist to paint the sunrise and the autumn tints of the woods Gamboge was brought to Europe by merchants from the east toward the end of the sixteenth century.—London Answers

The Height of It

"They tell me said the professor "that Mrs Highroller is a very sympathetic woman"

"I should say she was," said Harkaway "Why, when her husband eloped with Mrs Gayboy she immediately sent Mrs Gayboy a telegram of condolence"—New York Times

Couldn't Talk.

De Style You say that loving pair of deaf mutes were sitting in the parlor and didn't carry on a conversation? Gunbusta—They couldn't, for they were holding hands New York Press.

Even Virtues.

"They're a happy couple"

"What makes them so?"

"She can cook a dinner without burning it, and he can eat one without roasting it.—Baltimore American

His Reason.

"Why do you always leave the house, James, when I begin to sing the old songs?" pouted Mrs Howit

"Fresh air," said Howlit.—Harper's

Another Way.

"I don't see how young Bentley can sidestep all his bills"

"He doesn't, he sidesteps the collector."—Louisville Herald

A Wise Child.

"Johnny, do you know that your mother has been looking for you?" asked the neighbor next door

"Sure I do," replied Johnny "That's the reason she can't find me"—Judge

She Was So Precise.

"Do you go in for aviation?" he asked the Boston beauty

"No, not for aviation One goes in for sea bathing but for aviation one goes up"—Judge

Cause and Effect.

There is nothing so calculated to give a young man that tired feeling as annexing a rich father in law—New York Times

Going Out.

Mr. B.—There, I've let my cigar go out. Do you know that it spoils a cigar, no matter how good it is, if you allow it to go out? Mrs. B.—Yes; a cigar is a good deal like a man in that respect.

HOW JIM'S CLAIM WAS JUMPED

A Strange Episode of the Days of Forty-nine.

In the days when the forty-niners in California were hunting for the big mines that afterward became bonanzas a man appeared in Billion gulch and located a claim. He was a powerful fellow and a bully, and it was not long before his neighbors were afraid of him. He didn't trouble them to remember his name, and they gradually got used to calling him "Fighting Jim."

One day Jim told his neighbors he was going to San Francisco. He intended leaving his cabin unlocked and his claim unprotected "just for the fun," he said, "of seein' some galoot jumper, when I get back, bunkin' in the one or workin' the other" Then he added, "Ye'll see somepin happen" With this he departed

There was none of the people of Billion gulch so rash as to interfere with either of Jim's properties Several strangers came along, took a look at the claim, were duly warned and departed

One day a young fellow came to the gulch, asked a great many questions about the prospects of gold, claims to be had and claims not to be had Incidentally Jim's claim was mentioned, with the usual warning That night a light was observed in Jim's cabin, and the next morning the stranger was at work in Jim's cabin A self constituted committee of the most prominent citizens proceeded to the hole that had been dug and kindly informed the youngster that he was not only wasting his time, but that Jim, when he returned, would necessitate their burying the jumper at the public expense The fellow put his hand in his pocket and, taking out a bag of gold dust, remarked

"I'm no sponge to bring unnecessary expense on my neighbors Take that for security" With that he resumed his pick, and the committee departed to spread the news through the gulch that there was a lunatic working Jim's claim, and the gulch was sure on Jim's return to be disgraced by its first murder

In a couple of weeks Jim returned He gathered all he met into the principal saloon of the town to drink to his return, and several citizens took advantage of the fact to break the news of the jumping of his cabin and his claim and to strive to induce Jim to bring no disgrace on the hitherto peaceful community Their efforts were in vain Jim had scarcely heard of the outrage when, hitching his revolver forward, he left the saloon in hot haste to wreak vengeance on the stranger The crowd followed with bated breath On nearing the mine the peaceful sound of the pick was heard Jim, disdaining to take advantage of an unwarned enemy, strode up empty handed to the side of the hole The jumper went on picking the earth, and Jim growled

"Hello, you, there"

The youngster turned his oval face, delicate except the mouth, which was firm as adamant, and replied

"Hello, Jim"

Jim stood paralyzed, and the jumper continued

"I've understood from these people that y're goin' to make hash o' me If y' do, y're a good deal changed from what y' were last time I saw y' I reckon this western air must ha' put a lot o' starch into y'"

Still Jim stood mute, and those who had come to see him "chaw up" the stranger wondered.

"I want y' to understand," the jumper continued, "that this claim belongs to me While y've been foolin' yer time away I've been busy a workin', it Now git down here and go to work Gentlemen" addressing the crowd "the show's over. There isn't a-goin' to be any funeral today nor tomorrow nor none at all So y' might as well go about yer business."

The party walked slowly away, leaving Jim and the jumper together From that day Jim was a changed man He talked no more of fighting, kept away from the saloon, devoting his time to the working of the claim, which had apparently passed into the control of the stranger Then suddenly the jumper disappeared As soon as he had gone Jim stopped work His old associates expected that he would reveal the mystery, but he maintained absolute silence Weeks passed, then months.

One day a letter came to Jim bearing a New York postmark From the moment of its reception Jim was again changed. This time it was a different change, he was hilarious. He gathered the people of the gulch into the saloon and treated all round Then he went to his cabin and to bed The next morning the cabin was empty Jim had disappeared.

"It's as plain as the nose on yer face," said the chief citizen "Jim was wanted for murder. It wouldn't do no good for him to kill the jumper, sence he'd been located; so he bribed him to go back and clear the coast for him to take to other cover That letter told him that the p'lice hed been fooled."

One day a party of professional mine operators appeared in the gulch and opened up Jim's claim, which proved to be one of the biggest mines in the country.

"Who sold you the mine?" queried the gulchers.

"James Flint and Jemima Flint, his wife. Flint came out and prospected Then his wife came out, and it was she who went east and negotiated the sale to the company. They got a million for it."

THE COAST LINE TO MACKINAC

DETROIT, CLEVELAND, BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS TOLEDO, PT. HURON, ALPENA, ST. IGNACE.

A REAL VACATION—The Water Way is the Only Way

Daily service between Detroit and Buffalo and Detroit and Cleveland. Day trips during July and August, as well as two boats out of Detroit and Cleveland every Saturday and Sunday nights during these two months. FOUR TRIPS WEEKLY FROM TOLEDO AND DETROIT TO MACKINAC ISLAND AND WAY PORTS—From June 26th to September 10th, SPECIAL STEAMER CLEVELAND TO MACKINAC ISLAND TWO TRIPS WEEKLY. NO STOPS ENROUTE EXCEPT AT DETROIT EVERY TRIP. Daily service between Toledo and Put-in-Bay, June 10th to Sept. 10th.

RAILROAD TICKETS ACCEPTED on D. & C. Line Steamers between Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo, either direction. Send two cent stamp for illustrated pamphlet and Great Lakes Map. Address L. G. Lewis, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO.

P. H. McMILLAN, Pres.
A. A. SCHANTZ, V. P. & G. M.

Central Standard Time.

FARE $3.00 DAILY BETWEEN BUFFALO & CLEVELAND

C & B LINE

The Great Ship "SEEANDBEE"

The largest and most costly steamer on any inland water of the world. Sleeping accommodations for 1500 passengers.

"CITY OF ERIE" —— 3 Magnificent Steamers —— "CITY OF BUFFALO"

BETWEEN

BUFFALO—Daily, May 1st to Nov. 15th—CLEVELAND

Leave Buffalo 9:00 P. M. Leave Cleveland 9:00 P. M.
Arrive Cleveland 7:30 A. M. Arrive Buffalo 7:30 A. M.
(Eastern Standard Time)

Connections at Cleveland for Cedar Point, Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Detroit and all points West and Southwest. Railroad tickets reading between Buffalo and Cleveland are good for transportation on our steamers. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via C. & B. Line.

Beautifully colored sectional puzzle chart, showing both exterior and interior of The Great Ship "SEEANDBEE" sent on receipt of five cents to cover postage and mailing. Also ask for our 24-page pictorial and descriptive booklet free.

THE CLEVELAND & BUFFALO TRANSIT CO., Cleveland, Ohio

AT ALL GOOD DEALERS 50¢ UP

STYLE 4523

Beautiful Bust and Shoulders

are possible if you will wear a scientifically constructed Bien Jolie Brassiere.

The dragging weight of an unconfined bust so stretches the supporting muscles that the contour of the figure is spoiled.

BIEN JOLIE (BE-AN JO-LEE) BRASSIERES

put the bust back where it belongs, prevent the full bust from having the appearance of flabbiness, eliminate the danger of dragging muscles and confine the flesh of the shoulder giving a graceful line to the entire upper body.

They are the daintiest and most serviceable garments imaginable—come in all materials and styles: Cross Back, Hook Front, Surprice, Bandeau, etc. Boned with "Walohm," the rustless boning—permitting washing without removal.

Have your dealer show you Bien Jolie Brassieres, if not stocked, we will gladly send him, prepaid, samples to show you.

BENJAMIN & JOHNES
31 Warren Street Newark, N. J

Insure Your Teeth

At all good stores 25¢

Better than the dentifrice you are using now.

USE VIVAUDOU'S Peroxide Tooth Paste

For a generous trial tube of this exceptional tooth paste, send 4c in stamps and your dealer's name to Vivaudou, Dept. I, Times Building, New York, N. Y.

—Get rid of dandruff—

it makes the scalp itch and the hair fall out. *Be wise* about your hair, cultivate it, like the women in Paris do. They regularly use

ED. PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE

the wonderful French Hair Tonic. Try it for yourself. Note its exquisite quality and fragrance. Aristocratic men and women the world over use and endorse this famous preparation. It keeps the scalp clean and white and preserves the youthful brilliancy of the hair.

Buy a 50c bottle from your dealer—or send 10c to our American Offices for a testing bottle. Above all things don't neglect your hair.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD, Dept. N ED. PINAUD Bldg., New York

A SKIN LIKE VELVET

smooth, clear, free of wrinkles.

Use the exquisitely fragrant cream of the beauty flower of India and be complimented on your complexion. Your dealer has Elcaya or will get it.

CRÊME ELCAYA

"Onyx" Hosiery

You Get GOOD Value at ANY Price—Silk; Lisle or Cotton 25c to $5.00 per pair

Emery-Beers Company, Inc.

WHOLESALE 153-161 EAST 24th ST. NEW YORK