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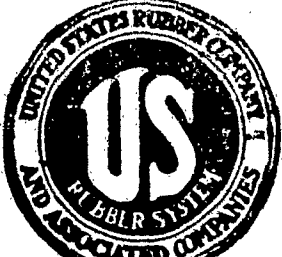
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STORM BOUND

By LOUISE HOFFMAN.

"Get! the wind's blowing 60 miles an hour and everything will be drifted full by morning," prophesied John Becklin as he came stamping into the kitchen after feeding the hens. "I thought I'd be blown away once or twice myself. I pity any one caught out in this storm tonight. Heard the 4:30 go up yet, mother?"

Mrs. Becklin, a remarkably trim, young looking woman to be the mother of such a stalwart looking son, was busy setting the table and alternately stirring creamed potatoes on the stove.

"No, John, I haven't heard a sound," she replied in a motherly tone. "But I thought I saw a sleigh with two come around the bend in the road a while ago. I've been watching every little while, but I haven't seen anything more of it."

She went to the window again. It was just dusk.

"Oh, John," she exclaimed, "There is some one trying to get through the drifts by the old barn. There, the horse is down."

John Becklin came to the window and peered out into the fast deepening gloom.

"Why, it looks as though there was a woman in the sleigh. Too bad they've been caught out in this. But the drifts are soft yet, and maybe they'll pull through. I wonder who they are? They must be strangers, or they wouldn't attempt to drive through that spot."

"Well, the horse is up," announced Mrs. Becklin with relief, "but they are trying to make him go ahead. The next plunge and the poor animal will only go down again. Even if they do manage to get through this bank, they can't go on in this blow. It would be sure death, with night coming on, and it's growing colder every minute. Oh!" she gasped; "there goes the sleigh over. Mercy! I hope that poor woman isn't hurt."

She turned.

"Where are you going, John?" she questioned as he began putting on his things.

"I'm going to take down the bars so that man can come through the field. He was gone, and the mother watched with keen anxiety as he battled against the fierce wind and whirling snow. Once he turned his back to catch his breath. Twice he sank out of sight, but finally succeeded in reaching the two weary travelers.

John directed the strangers through the perilous drifts into the open field and up to their barn, where the hired man took charge of the almost exhausted animal.

Mrs. Becklin ran to the kitchen door and threw it as hospitably wide as the storm would allow to welcome the strangers.

"Come in, come in out of this wind," she invited cheerfully. "You must be nearly frozen."

"Fortunately we both escaped, but such an experience!" returned a sweet young voice, as the man, divested of his furs, came into the living room.

"Myra," he gasped, gazing straight into her clear gray middle-aged eyes. "Is it possible?"

"Wilbur," breathed Mrs. Becklin, scarcely believing her eyes. "I thought you were in the West. And this," she paused gazing at the pretty blue-eyed girl.

"Is my daughter, Una," he said briefly. "And this lad to whom we are indebted for our escape is—"

"My son," returned Myra. "After a moment's silence, "If it were not for the children, we might think time had almost stood still," he murmured.

Over delectable creamed potatoes, sliced pink ham, hot rolls and coffee, Wilbur Norcross told how the urge to come East had been too strong for him. In the fall he had bought a small farm at Fallsburgh. His sister kept house while Una taught school in the old Everett district about five miles distant.

Myra nodded. She had heard about a Norcross family moving into the village.

As the weather looked promising and as it was Friday night he had started out to drive Una home.

Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM OF THE DEAD?

DREAMS of the dead are exceedingly common and are generally very vivid; which is ascribed by Ellis to the fact that in such dreams two opposing groups of memories contend in one of which our relatives or friends are alive and in the other dead; and the effort of the dream consciousness to adjust these two groups causes an intensity in the dream emotion experienced. The conflict of these opposing forces is the reason that frequently in our dreams of the dead we are at first perplexed to find our dear ones with us and say to ourselves: "But he (or she) is dead." But the stream of images which represents them as alive comes from an older and richer source, is the more powerful, so that it overcomes the other and the dream consciousness seeks to adjust the difference by some such thought as that the person dreamed of is not really dead but was only reported to have died. Sometimes the older emotional stream is so much the stronger that we do not experience this perplexity. In all cases where we see our dead in dreams as alive our dream consciousness accepts it as a fact that they are alive.

To the mystics to dream that we see the dead alive is accounted a very favorable omen, especially if they speak to us. If they look reproachfully at us, or demand of us an accounting of some of our acts, it is a sign that we had better hasten to correct our lives and take greater heed to our behavior. In this connection the words of Doctor Radcliffe, the eminent English investigator, are interesting. He says: "You are more or less at liberty to believe that the dead and living may exist together in a world of spirit in which the so-called dead are less living than the so-called living; and that, in fact, the dead may command, as they do in dreams." For a long time materialistic writers, Herbert Spencer among the number, have attributed the belief of primitive man and savages in a spirit world to dreams of the dead. Before 1895 no attempt was made at a scientific analysis of dreams of this type but they are now attracting much attention.

(Copyright.)

Mother's Cook Book

We play at our house and have all sorts of fun.

An' there's always a game when the supper is done.

An' at our house there's marks on the walls an' the stairs

An' some terrible scratches on some of the chairs.

An' ma says that our house is really a fright.

But pa says and I say that our house is all right.

—Edgar Guest.

Meat Substitutes.
Meat, though wholesome and well liked by the majority of people, is not essential to a well-balanced meal and many housekeepers who are interested in lessening the food bill, substitute some other foods equally or more nourishing and at less cost.

Cheese Custard.
Spread sufficient slices of bread to supply the family, rather generously with butter. Place in a shallow baking pan and pour over a custard using one egg for each cupful of milk, salt and paprika to taste. Bake covered until the custard is set and serve at once while puffy and light.

Rice Croquettes.
Warm two cupfuls of cooked rice in a double boiler with enough milk to soften it. Add two tablespoonsful of butter, salt and cayenne to taste, with two tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Spread the mixture on a plate to cool, then shape. Roll in fine crumbs which are seasoned with salt and pepper, dip in beaten egg and roll in crumbs again. Cook in deep fat a delicate brown. Serve hot with cheese sauce. Add a cupful or less of grated cheese to a white sauce.

Pittsburg Potatoes.
Cook one quart of diced potato with one small onion until the vegetables are tender, using salted water. Then add half a can of sweet peppers cut in pieces and cook five minutes longer. Drain and put into a baking dish. Make a sauce of two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, one teaspoonful of salt and a pint of milk. Cook until thick then add half a pound of grated cheese. Pour this sauce over the potatoes and bake a golden brown.

Cheese and Celery.
Select short white stalks of celery with deep grooves in them. Mix cream cheese with salt and finely chopped peans. Fill the grooves with the mixture and chill. Serve cut in small pieces, on lettuce with French dressing.

—Nellie Maxwell
(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

SOME MIGHTY GOOD VEGETABLES FOR YOUR GARDEN

BEANS—Webber Wax—Finest and earliest Wax Bean. You will like this variety. Large Packet—10c.

BEETS—Detroit Dark Red—Round, smooth, dark red flesh. Fine in the garden. Large Packet—5c.

CARROTS—Chantenay—Half-long, smooth, thick, crisp and tender. Very fine. Large Packet—5c.

SWEET CORN—Golden Bantam—Extra early, sweetest, most tender, yellow kernels. Large Packet—10c.

CUCUMBERS—"Deltus"—A new variety from Dell Titus of Irondequoit. Packet—20c.

LETTUCE—Crisp-as-ice—Brittle, tender, large solid head. Splendid garden kind. Large Packet—5c.

MUSKMELON—Irondequoit—Finest, yellow-fleshed melon on the market. Large Packet—10c.

SPRING ONIONS—Silver Skin—Green onions on your table 20 days from sowing. Large Packet—10c.

PEAS—Nott's Excelsior—Best, early dwarfs, wrinkled pea. Cannot be surpassed. Large Packet—10c.

PARSNIPS—Long Hollow Crown—Standard home-garden kind. Long, smooth, white, tender. Large Packet—5c.

RADISH—Earliest of All—Round, solid, crisp, scarlet radishes 20 days from planting seed. Large Packet—5c.

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MR. FOX & THE BEARS

MR. FOX could not climb; he could make long leaps and jumps, but of what use would jumping be when he wanted to gather grapes that grew high in a tree where the vine had twined around the branches.

"Such fine grape wine and jelly as those wild grapes would make if only I could climb," thought Mr. Fox, looking up at the grapes far out of his reach.

Just then he saw running along through the woods little Billy and Teddy Bear, and he knew that they could climb.

"Come here, youngsters, and get these grapes for me and I will give you some honey when I get home," he said.

Now Mr. Fox did not have any honey and he had no intention of paying the little fellows anything, "for," he said, "they would climb anyway

the shaking. Yet she was just as cordial otherwise as could be; it was only in his sixth sense, perhaps, that I felt chilled and repelled.

Do you make any such impression upon those you meet? Remember, you may be the most beautiful woman in your set, but your reputation as such depends on more than your classic features. Cleopatra herself would likely never have held Antony slave to her enchantment had she greeted him in the half-hearted way that many of our girls greet new friends.

If your hands are naturally cold, get a blood tonic, and take a lot of exercise. You need improved circulation. Also see to it that neither gloves, corsets, shoes, nor felt plinch; these often stop the free flow of the blood. Try to keep your hands warm, and be sure that you meet an outstretched hand with a clasp that is firm and cordial, not limp and lifeless. The impression you make will be seven times better. And you will seem far prettier and more attractive to those who know you.

Watch your handshake. Watch your hands, rub them briskly to keep the blood circulating in them, if they are inclined to coldness.



Can You Present a Warm, Friendly Hand to a Friend? Or Is Yours Clammy and Cold?



COME HERE, YOUNGESTERS, AND GET THESE GRAPES FOR ME!

just for fun; why not climb and help me?"

Up the tree went Teddy and Billy and soon Mr. Fox had his big basket heaped with grapes.

"When will we get the honey?" asked the little fellows.

"Oh, some day when you are passing stop in," said Mr. Fox, all careless like, as if any day would do.

The next morning bright and early Teddy and Billy called at the door of

Mr. Fox's house, but he told them he was too busy to stop and get the honey just then, and they could call again.

They were good-natured little fellows and did not mind, but when they called another time and Mr. Fox gave another excuse and no honey, they made up their minds he did not intend to give them anything for getting the grapes.

One morning Mr. Fox had his grape wine all made and poured into bottles, which he placed in the window to cool while he made his jelly. Billy and Teddy saw the bottles and back home they ran. When they returned they brought a big jug filled with vinegar and, emptying the wine out of Mr. Fox's bottles, they filled them with the vinegar, and off they ran.

Not long after, when Mr. Fox had finished his jelly, he thought some cool grape wine would taste good, so he sat down by the window and, tipping up the bottle, began to drink.

He took a good, long, deep drink, and then he dropped the bottle and howled.

Teddy and Billy Bear had been waiting to hear this noise and they came running up to the window. "Did you call us, Mr. Fox?" they asked very sweetly; "we thought you wanted to give us the honey."

But Mr. Fox was jumping about on his hind legs and holding his stomach and making so much fuss he could not answer.

"What is the matter, Mr. Fox?" asked the mischievous little fellow; "were those grapes sour like the ones your great-grandfather did not get?"

Mr. Fox did not reply; he was far too unhappy just then, but later, when he felt better, he looked under the window where the bottle stood and saw on the ground a big dark spot, and he wished he had been honest with Teddy and Billy Bear and not treated them so badly.

(Copyright.)