The Free Press Short Story

CATHERINE BLOWS THE HORN

I squeeze the lemons."

"He stood a moment, looking after

"Oh, a tramp!" he said. "That's it.

"And a big, ugly one!" Catherine ex-

"Well, we may as well let the fellow

That was always the drawback under

of the law was too far off to be of any

immediate assistance. A drive of seven

especially valiant in an emergency. Prac-

tically, we had to deal with tramps as

she drew near softly. "Not a lucivee?

The hobo's teeth bared in an ugly grin;

but he cast a venomous look at Cather-

ine. "I'll pay ye fer that!" he muttered.

could do. I doubt whether we could

half expected we should have a scuffle.

Not a bear?" she cried, incredulously.

"Catherine think's he's dangerous."

But Catherine still hesitated. "I'm

ed up the ice tongs.

out," he said.

the old lady cried, starting up. "Run,

us young folks left at home at the old there,' I told him and turned back to- moonless night. farm. Addison and Theodora had now ward the house. Dig out a cake of the been gone for several years. More re- ice and chip off a piece,' I said over cently, too, Cousin Ellen had left for my shoulder. her new home in Dakota, and Cousin Halstead had gone off in one of his me, then went inside and took up the discontented periods four years previous- shovel. As soon as I heard him digging the barn stood at a distance of fifty ly; we had heard he was in Texas and away at the sawdust on the ice, I dashed had made a hasty marriage out that back, swung the door to and put the bar against it. He sprang for the door, cursway. He never wrote home.

Equal or greater changes, too, had oc- ing me; but I had him barred in there curred over at the Edwards farm, where and knew that with nothing but the we had had such good times with Kate shovel and hatchet he could not get out. and Tom. Jotham Edwards, their father, for some minutes at least. Then I ran had died; leaving the family in very to get the horn and locked the house was now far away in the East, at Baku, not get to mother at once." where he had married the daughter of a In our race to the rescue Catherine rich Parsee merchant, who could be in- had kept ahead of me; and on reaching duced neither to come to America herself the front of the house she ran nor to allow Tom to come. His folks and glance in at the window. "Mother's there indeed all his old friends in Maine had in her chair, all right!" she whispered about given Tom up for lost.

Added to their other misfortunes, Mrs. she added, as we turned the corner in Edwards had, of late, become an invalid sight of the ice house. For we heard from chronic rheumatism, unable to take sounds inside, sounds of hatchet blows a step without the aid of two crutches, and splintering wood. The vagabond It had come about therefore that our bright young playmate, Catherine, whose early ambition it had been to become a chemist and pharmacist, was obliged to return home and take up the burden of life there with no one to help her. And The prisoner cursed her savagely. she did it, saying very little. Catherine went on with the old farm the door. "May as well let him out." I

for three years, working hard, meeting said. with constant discouragements, and with "Oh, but he is a great, strong beast!" little hope ahead. Everyone thought that Catherine whispered. her lot was a hard one. Grandmother Ruth in particular felt much constant ability to deal with him. To be frank, I concern and sympathy for her. The old distrusted it myself; but a young man lady often took her way across the fields, must never seem to show the white "to see what Catherine was doing," and feather under such circumstances. "I'll help her with good advice. The tele- attend to him," I said. phone had not yet connected country homesteads. Almost anything might hap- "There's the Old Squire coming through pen at a remote farmhouse, and no one the orchard. Wait till he gets here!" would be the wiser until some neighbor | Sure enough, the old gentleman was chanced to call. Grandmother and approaching at a sturdy trot, looking Catherine had therefore agreed on an this way and that for smoke, or other alarm signal for sudden emergencies: the signs of trouble. "What's the matter? dipner horn-one long blast, followed he cried, seeing us at the ice house. closely by two shorter ones. Unless the many words were required to make him. wind were blowing hard, some one over aware of the situation. at our house would be pretty sure to

Snatching my hat, I sped along the path across the fields at top speed. Half claimed, whereupon the Old Squire picka mile is soon covered, if you run well. Over by the line wall, between the Old Squire's place and the Edwards farm. I met Catherine, horn in hand. She which we labored with tramps in the was coming to summon us, in case we had not heard the horn. We were both country. In a city or its suburbs a policeman can be summoned to take such much out of breath. "Don't be too much alarmed, but I've got a caller," were-her fellows in charge. But with us the arm

"Why, who is it?" I exclaimed. "I don't know! He hasn't told his miles had to be taken to reach a deputy name! I never saw a worse-looking sheriff, who in our case—was a person not man; and I've got him shut up in the foe-house-if he hasn't broken out."

Hurriedly she explained a little further. best we could. as we hastened through the Edwards afraid he will attack you," she whisperorchard. Catherine, it appeared, had been making cheese in the kitchen when ed. a shadow darkened the open doorway behind her, and, turning, she saw a big kind of human derelict that was fre- and weight, but was breathing hard, teries, especially if there is a "string" ugly, very dirty tramp leering in-the quently prowling about at that time. "Well, what do you want here?" Cath-

erine exclaimed, considerably startled. "Gimme somethin' to eat, can't ye?" the fellow growled. The tone of voice, his looks and everything about

him were menacing. do, and Catherine said, "Very well. Sit exclaimed. down there on the doorstep. I will fetch him!"

you something." She stepped into the pantry and loaded a plate with such eatables as were at hand. While she was doing so the vagrant entered the kitchen. "Thought I'd come in and take a cheer." he said, looking about with a grin, and seated himself by the table. "I didn't like to frighten mother by

beating a retreat to the sitting-room." offair afterwards. "I knew she couldn't help me. There was no one who could. So I set the plate on the table before you any shame left in you?" him and went on with my cheese-making. pretending to show no concern. The fellow ate and ate, then asked for more. I gave him another heaped-up plateful. "'Can't yer gimme a drink?' he grum-

bled after awhile. "I poured him a glass of water. "'Aw, gimme a drink o' whiskey.' he putting him under arrest. As it was, I weaver's knot. growled. 'I know you got some put away omewhere!

" No,' I said, 'I have no whiskey.' "You git me a drink!' he roared, and hooted back at us.

would come back to wreak revenge on Catherine that Grandmother Ruth and the Old Squire remained with her and a visit in an adjoining county.

Grandmother Ruth remained. Nothing preferred them square. further had been seen of the tramp. It Both the Greeks and Romans had seemed likely that he had left the vicin- little squares of linen, ancestors, no

and shortly after dark went over to the time went on they became more and NE warm day in August we were | "I knew then I was going to have Edwards farm again, while I looked after more elaborate and one can well imagine sitting at the table alone—the trouble," Catherine said. "I didn't dare matters at home. With a dangerous the beautiful handkerchiefs of sheerest Old Squire, Grandmother Ruth run out through the sitting-room and vagrant in the vicinity we felt the neces- linen and priceless lace, sometimes even and I-taking our midday meal rather leave mother there. But an idea had sity of watchfulness. During the evening jewelled, that would accompany the quietly, when a horn was heard sounding struck me I had two lemons in the our neighbor, Willis Murch, called; and gorgeous satin and silk costumes of over in the direction of the Edwards house. I have no whiskey, I repeated, a little later he also went over to the both sexes in the 16th and 17 centuries. But I will make you a glass of good cold Edwards place—to help watch.

mother exclaimed. "Listen! See if she grinned at that, and I proceeded to cut how well they watched. It had been a new after the all-white favored by our them in halves. The water I have in hot day, and no doubt they were all grandmothers, they are not really so. the Old Squire cupping his hand to his the house is too warm, I said. We need fatigued. Willis admitted to me after- Louis again was responsible for ordering best ear; and, true enough, a moment ice for it. There's plenty in the ice house ward that he had lain down on a settee colored ones when snuff-taking became enny more becuz all ways by the time and I will show you where it is. Take just outside the house door, and fallen the fashion time. "Something's wrong over there!" this basin and get a small piece, while into a drowse and when a watcher Some of us still possess handkerchiefs to go home enny ways so they woodent afraid it's fire, now everything is so dry!" you know, and has double-boarded walls. were all wakened by a mighty crackling ing that they would run into dozens made him confess that he had stole a This was after I was the only one of 'You will find a shovel and a hatchet in and altogether too much light for a little wonder the modern bride views have witch blonged to Farmer Green

headway to be put out. Fortunately, kerchief in Paris.

the very first blast; but when I got there cular. along with the other neighbors, the roof straightened circumstances; and Tom door, so that, if he broke out, he could of the barn had fallen in, and the entire Almost nothing was saved from it. The farming tools were burned, as well as all that season's hay. The insurance on it was no more than four hundred dollars. With the means at her command. it was not practicable for Catherine to thankfully. "He hasn't got out yet!" rebuild and go on farming, and for a have to be deserted.

> had hacked a hole through the door, and as we appeared a big, red dirty hand was thrust through it. feeling for the bar outside." Catherine darted forward and held the bar in the sockets. picked up the ice axe which stood by But she has succeeded remarkably with Clearly she distrusted by physical

Persian Balm is inevitably chosen by discerning women. Delightful to use Subtly fragrant. Cooling and refreshing. "But wait, wait!" Catherine cried Imparts a rare youthful charm to the complexion. Invaluable for softening and making hands flawlessly white. Tones and stimulates the skin. Useful for the family also. Protects the tender skin of the child and is excellent for the father as a hair fixative and cooling shaving lotion.

KNOTS AS CLUES TO CRIMES REPUTATION

Many people think of a reputation as very like a trust fund, a sure possession if once achieved. As a matter-of-fact there are few things more uncertain. A single silly act is enough to destroy a man's reputation for sagacity. One who for fifty years has been building a reputation for righteousness can lose it all by being guilty of a single indiscreet

Your reputation has to do with your yesterdays. To-day may confirm that verdict or refute it. What your reputation will be to-morrow depends on how wisely, how bravely and how prayerfully

Mysterious crimes are full of knots Just then Grandmother Ruth came for investigators, seeking their solutions, and it is knots, but of a different kind round the corner of the house; she had made good time for one of her years that often aid in clearing up these mys-Seeing us armed at the ice-house door, to them.

Criminologists have found that knots in rope, cord or string connected with a crime furnish such valuable clues to "No. Gram, it's a tramp," I said. the identity of criminals that such evid-The old lady seized a garden rake ence is now as carefully preserved as finger-prints. Persons in such occupathat stood against the fence a few To feed him was the safest thing to steps away. "Let the scamp out!" she tions as textile workers, sailors and "I'll comb his head for bundle-wrappers, as well as those in other vocations, from force of habit, tie Catherine pulled away the bar. The knots of a particular kind. Not only door swung back, and there stood the can an expert tell an occupational knot, vagrant, glaring out at us, hatchet in but he can also tell something of the hand; a ragged, brawny fellow, above person who tied it. He knows if the middle height, apparently not much more knot is right-or left-handed, and he than thirty years old, dirty, blotched, re- studies it for additional kinks or twists often put in by force of habit by the The Old Squire looked him over with person making the knot. In such instern disfavor. "Aren't you ashamed of stances, a detective may build a concluyourself?" he exclaimed. "A great, sive case against a suspect by merely strong, healthy man like you, sneaking asking him to tie a knot in a piece of

about, frightening women-folks! Haven't twine. Cattlemen and those accustomed to horses, for example, often use the Texasbowline; lumbermen and truckmen the timber hitch: physicians the surgeon's The Old Squire bade him come out and knot; farmers the Tom Fool's knot, and seamen use several distinctive kinds of knots. The textile worker ties a still have overpowered him. with a view to different kind of knot which is called the

The various kinds of knots have been should behave. He was obviously un-But he came out and mogged off up the carefully tabulated and are now used by happy lane to the highway. There he turned crime investigators to compare the specimens with clues, such as bundle-wrappings of knots used to bind victims.

HANDKERCHIEFS OF THE PAST

Handkerchiefs were not always square her mother throughout the day, while I in shape as we usually see them to-day. hastened home to send off our hired man | Until Louis XVI issued an edict on to notify the sheriff and request him to June 2, 1875, which decreed that "the look after the vagabond. The sheriff, length of handkerchiefs shall equal their however, was not found; he had gone on breadth throughout my entire kingdom, they had been just any shape that fancy Toward evening the Old Squire came made them. This edict is said to have home to ask about the sheriff, but been inspired by Marie Antoinette, who

"I do believe that's Catherine!" Grand- lemonade," and I got the lemons. He There is, however, some doubt as to the colored handkerchief as something

owns up to a "drowse" one may be pretty embroidered by our grandmothers when go no place. "He took the basin, leering suspiciously. sure it was a snooze! At least, that prospective brides. Names like Charlotte Sunday—Constable Jim Hoooks a you follow as fast as you can"—this to But I led the way out to the ice house was what I told Willis. The others were or Marguerite are written out in full in rested a fella frum over the crick las the Old Squire—"and I'll come after. I'm and opened the door. It is a double door, indoors. About two in the morning they the most exquisite stitchery. Consider—nite and give him the 3nd Degree and

> barn was ablaze! Clearly, the tramp youth, Queen Victoria shocked some of a Sheep, so now Hooks has got to go her courtiers and, perhaps, herself a threw all his wirk over agen. The fire had already gained too great little, by paying ten guineas for a hand-

> yards or more from the house and was white linen handkerchiefs will always be whitch she hired to wait on the table not connected with it by ells or sheds. popular, there is still a great vogue for all ways was very very careful to sirve Grandmother Ruth, meantime, was colored ones of every hue. They assist on the Left handed sde of each 1 of blowing the horn. I was sleeping with in carrying out color schemes by match- us and then tuk the plates away on the windows up at the Old Squire's ing hats, bags, or buttonholes about are right. Ant Emmy kep looking at her place. The night was still, and I heard which the modern woman is so parti- and when the meal was over she told

A FRIEND

yourself. Your soul can go naked with a devorce frum her Father. ing disaster has proved a blessing in guard. You can say what you think, so finely. disguise to hard-worked Catherine. She long as it is genuinely you. He under- Thirsday-Joe Brett has resined frum culture—a far easier and more congenial and absurdities, and in opening them Dame futball team. occupation for her. Considered as a up to him they are lost, dissolved on the business, it was wholly a new venture, white ocean of his loyalty. He understands. You do not have to be careful. You can abuse him, neglect him, tolerate him. Best of all. you can keep still all you do. He is like water that cleanses warms you to the bone. He understands him, pray with him. Through and underneath it all he sees, knows and loves you. A friend, I repeat, is one with whom you dare to be yourself and

THINKING ABOUT YOUR HANDICAPS

An Indiana city elected as Justice of the Peace a man who has been bedbut his brain was in good working order.

The less you think about your handicould use. At the present time he is prominent, more successful, and came" better off financially than the average man of his age.

CANNOT STOP THAT

An acquaintance met Horace Greeley one day, and said, "Mr. Greeley, I have stopped your paper." "Have you?" said the editor. "That's

too bad," and he went his way. The next morning Mr. Greeley met the man again and said; "I thought you had stopped the paper."

"Then there must be some 'mistake,' said Mr. Greeley, "for I just came from the office, and the presses were running, and the clerks were as busy as

"Oh." ejaculated the man, "I did not mean that I had stopped the paper. stopped my copy of it because I did not like your editorials."

"Oh, is that all? It was not worth taking my time to tell me that." Men will not stop the Bible by refusing to read it.

HERE SICK

Ronald was staying with an aunt who held strong views on how little boys

"You're homesick," said the aunt. "No, 'm .not," was the answer. "I'm

SLAT'S DIARY BY ROSS FARQUHAR



Tallon told pa today he never had to buy gassolene

While it is probable that the finest a girl to wait on the table and the girl pa she Hated to see ennybuddy as Scoperstishus as that girl was.

Teusday-Little Carry McComas was up here at are house las nite and sed her muther and Father was Xpackting a Who is a friend? I will tell you. He Blessed event and this mornings paper s a person with whom you dare to be had a peace in about her muther getting

Wensday-well we tuk a long ride this nothing, only to be what you are. He evning but not very far. We hit a chuck does not want you to better or worse. Hole and broke a rear Axel and pa trved while it looked as if the old place would When you are with him you feel as a fer to hours to borry a rear Axel from prisoner feels who has been declared sum one but nobuddy woodent lone him But what at first sight seemed a crush- innocent. You don't have to be on your none. It was late when we got home

thought the matter over and at length, stands those contradictions in your the Navy becuz he sed he wasent able to with a sigh of relief. I think, decided to nature that lead others to misjudge you, see as mutch of the wirld as he thou sell off their dairy herd, make a few With him you breathe free. You can he wood. He says he is a going to avow your little vanities and envies and rest up this summer and then he is wholly to herb gathering and herb hates and vicious sparks, your meanness thinking of haveing a try at the Note

> to combat, these insidious foes of the young and helpless. It is an excellent worm destroyer, and when its qualities itself, requiring no purgative to assist you. You can weep with him, laugh with it. and so thoroughly that nothing more

SILENT FORCES

It is the silent forces of nature that

which are ever around us, yet are so quiet, that they fall to arouse the un discerning mind. It it not the silent stream that runs the deepest? Is it not the silent moon, in her stately course ridden since he was a high school athwart the heavens, that upheaves the not as an expression of sympathy, but not the silent power of the sun's rays because he had become a successful busl- that disrobes the earth of its white ness man and property owner while lying snow mantle, and clothes it with flat on his back. His legs were useless, a verdant green: that wakes the He was down but not out. His election the daisy lift up its face and smile was a tribute to him as a successful and the birds sing with jubilant thankman, a man who had won against big fullness? Nay, it is there wonderful solar rays which float silently around us; when contain the gorgeous colors of every. caps, the better. If this man had turned flower, the splendor of the ranbow, and his thoughts toward his disabilities, he carry even the whirlwind within their would now be living on charity, a helpless grasp—that are striving to point out to invalid, pitied by all. He refused to you the great wisdom of the Creator dwell on that side of the picture, and that are reflecting the very image of put all the emphasis on the faculties he His handiwork, that you might prepare vourself to know "from whence they

BETTER OFF THAN WE KNOW

The amount of enthusiasm some people feel for little benefits, and the matter-offact way in which they act over some big blessings that make all the difference between happiness and misery, is surprising. A young man who is wild with delight at the prospect of a yachting party, never realizes he is, fortunate in possessing a sound body, a hearty appetite, and the capacity for eight hours of dreamless sleep every night. It is all very well to cultivate enthusiasm for the little pleasant happenings that brighten life, but any time that the supply of these seems to be running low. sit down to count up the real blessings

The people who stand in a bread line think a fellow is fortunate who is sure of three good meals a day. If you contrast your lot with that of others, most of you will find that some of the benefits you are accepting without a second thought are reasons for profound thank-

SERVICE

Sister: "If I had been offered the plate first I would have taken the smallest. apple." Brother: "Well you've got it; what are

you growling about?" 1

"Never mind-

we'll soon fix that"

Mrs. Hendry was in great distress. She had broken her spectacles and the prescription was at the optician's in the city.

"That means I can't go to the social tomorrow night," she said. "Whatever will I do?"

For 30 cents you can telephone

100 miles by making an "anyone" call (stationto-station) after 8.30 p.m. See list of rates in front of directory.

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J. Cadesky

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