A SONG OF THE ROAD.

Whatever the path may be, my dear, Let us follow it far away from here, Let us follow it back to Yester-year, Whatever the path may be :

Again let us dream where the land lies sunny, And live, like the bees, on our hearts' old hor Away from the world that slaves for money-Come, journey the way with me

However the road may roam, my dear, Through sun or rain, through green or sere, Let us follow it back with hearts of cheer, However the road may roam :

Oh, while we walk it here together, Why should we heed the wind and weather, When there on the hills we'll smell the heather And see the lights of home

Whatever the path may seem, my sweet, Let us take it now with willing feet, And time our steps to our hearts' glad beat, Whatever the path may seem : Let the road be rough that we must follow,

What care we for hill or hollow, While here in our hearts, as high as the swallow We bear the same loved dream

However the road may roam, my sweet, Let it lead us far from mart and street, Out where the hills and the heavens me

However the road may roam : So, hand in hand, let us go together, And care no more for the wind and weather, And reach at last those hills of heather,
Where gleam the lights of home. -By Madison Cawein.

THE RETURN OF FATHER.

Abbie Ann, the married daughter from beyond Chicago, had kissed her mother, and now stood looking at her with pleasure and relief, as if she were not only glad to be at home, but lighter-hearted from some hidden reason. The old lady, Mrs. Jacob Stimson, settled her cap with hands used to such clever touches, and gave one fleeting glance at the mirror, to make sure she was trig and tight. She was a slender old lady with soft cheeks and delicate features, and the fastidiousness and coquetry of her youth lingered in the hemstitched ruffle of her apron and the rigor of her immaculate collar, with its cameo pin. She regarded Abbie Ann, a straight, fresh-colored woman markedly indebted to the accessibility of ready-made clothing, with a warm delight, the pink in her cheeks deepening

swiftly. "Well!" said she. "Well!" Then with a sudden recognition, lost for a mo-ment in pleasure, that the visit was a sur-prise, she added, "But what set you out to

"I'll tell you in a minute," said Abbie Ann. She was looking about the kitchen where she had found her mother, with a deep satisfaction, a sense of return. Ann had made her home in the Middle West for many years, but she had not deviated by a line from the New England type, either in speech or in a certain simple-hearted way of looking at things. "But

where's father ?" Her mother started perceptibly, and re covered herself. She answered with some primness, and at once it occurred to Abbie Ann, with a throb of memory, that this had been her mother's tone when, as a child, Abbie Ann had asked too many ques- laden arms.

er's round somewheres."

insistence, "I s'pose he is ; but I want to place." see bim. Where's father?" Abbi

Abbie Ann shook her head. She was more nearly impatient with her mother than she could have thought it possible to be on a day of homecoming. A miserable certainty, thrust away from her through the journey, came crowding back upon her.
"There ain't anything happened to father?" she asserted, in alarmed interroga-

"Mother, you tell me." Mrs. Stimson was getting out the moulding-board, a preliminary to biscuits for

supper.
"Mercy, no!" she answered. "Your father's well as common."

She went about her tasks, with a word of affectionate interest here and there, and Abbie Ann, having put away her things

and taken a reassuring look of her own at the glass, sat down and watched her. "Well, mother," she said at last, following the old lady's deft achieving, "you're epry as a cat." Mrs. Stimson gave a know-

ing turn of her wrist as she cut the dough.
"I don't know but I be," she allowed.
with dignity. "I don't know why I shouldn't be. I ain't touched seventy-five yet, an' father's only seventy-eight. I don't know's there's any reason why we shouldn't be spry."
"You wear a different kind of cap," said

Abbie Ann, regarding her. "That sort of changed you, first sight I had, but I guess I'd get accuetomed to it. You never used to wear such a big one, nor so far over your head."

"No," said Mrs. Stimson, still with dignity. "I don't know's I ever did."
"What made you change?" asked Abbie
Ann, without thought, recrossing her feet on
the hearth. "Your bair ain't gettin' a mite
thin? Mine's comin' out by handfuls. I
tell Edmund I sha'n't have six spears to draw the comb through, if it keep on as it's begun. 'Look at mother,' I says. She's got a great head o' hair. Father, too.' Mother, ain't it 'most time he's

Mrs. Stimson said nothing until she had set her bisonits to rise at the back of the stove and covered them with a white cloth. Then she turned, the blood in her face, perhaps from her stooping or some unknown agitation, and, holding her floury hands together, stood straight, and addressed her

ughter. "Abbie Aun," she said, "father's up chamber.

Abbie Ann came to her feet. "He is sick," she asserted. "There, I knew !" 'No, he ain't sick. He's as well as ever

he was in his life."
"Then why don't he come down?"

The two women stood facing each other. determination written all over the elder face, and pure trouble upon Abbie Aun's. said she, stammering, "don't

father want to see me?" The old lady showed a brief impatience 'Course he wants to see you,'' she an-ered. "You know father, Abbie Ann. You're all he's got, an' sets by you as he does his life."

"Then," said Abbie Ann, firmly, "what's he up chamber for ?"

Her mother did not answer. She was

moving about with a perfect precision, set-ting the table for supper.
"I guess we'll have it in here," she said.

us kinder cozy in the kitchen, come "But mother," cried Abbie Ann, "you've

only got on two plates. Ain't I goin' "Course you're goin' to stay," returned her mother, tenderly, but with a certain hardness, too. "What makes you say such a thing as that?"

New illumination shone on Abbie Ann and made her breathless.
"Ain't father comin' down ?" she asked,

loudly. "No, he ain't." "Why ain's be?"
"He don's feel to."

Then the act Mrs. Stimson had evidenty expected, because she did not raise her eyes to see it or her voice to prevent it, came swiftly to pass. Abbie Ann stepped with great determination to the door open-

ing on the kitchen stairs.
"I'm goin' up there," she announced.
"If father can't come down, I can go up to Mrs. Stimson went on setting the table,

but after a moment she paused, a dish in hand, to listen "Father," she heard, "you in there?" "Yes," came her husband's voice. "That

you, Abbie Ann?" "Why, I can't open the door !" rose the other voice, in wild interrogation. "Father, you locked in?"
"No, no," came the answering note, impatiently. "Course I ain't locked in. The

patiently. "Course key's on the inside." "Then you've looked yourself in ?"

There was a moment's pause, and the old land your father had a kind of a white thing lady. listening below, did smile a little in much as speak, and Al didn't fairly know much as speak, and Al didn't fairly know irrepressible satisfaction.
"Ob, father," Abbie Ann was crying.

"you just turn the key !"
"There! there!" came the reassuring voice, with a warmth and protectingness adapted to a child. "Father's all right. You run down stairs an' have your supper

an' be a good lady."

Abbie Ann, standing there in all her portly prosperity, conscious but an hour before of her correct ready made suit wherein she meant to cut a shine before the neighbors, felt very little indeed and most forlorn. She felt perhaps as she had years ago when she was late at school and went along the lonely road without her babbling mates, disconsolate under the sunshine and with a dull ache in her heart because her record was broken and she could not stand

up to be commended on last day.

"Abbie Ann," called her mother from below, "don't you stan' there stirrin' father all up. You come down here an' see 'f you can open this jar. I thought we'd bave a mite o' quince, but the cover seems if 'twas on for good.''

Abbie Ann came falteringly down. There were tears in her eyes, and her mother, seeing them, pushed the preserve-jar upon her with a friendly impatience, born

though it was of sympathy alone.
"There! there!" she said. "We'll have our supper, an' it'll be all right. You see if 'tain't." But before they sat down, she buttered biscuits and set them on a tray, companioned by ample quantities of tea and quince.

Abbie Ann was watching ber. "Here," she said, when it was ready, "you let me take it. I'll carry it up." Her mother, tray in hand, seemed to wave her aside with the motion of her

"You set down to your place," she said. and be a good little lady."

with firmness, "an' don't you move out of
it till I come back. Father don't want you should go up there, Abbie Ann, nor moth-"Well," said Abbie Ann, with an amazed er don't, either. You set down in your

Abbie Aun sat down, rested her elbows Mrs. Stimson drew up a chair before the stove. It was a crisp day in the late fall, and she indicated the hearth invitingly.

"Don't you want to put your feet up the door, and then the click of the lock. there?" she asked. "I guess you're kinder There was a low colloquy above, the door There was a low collegely above, the door closed again, and her mother was coming down. Abbie Ann made no effort to conceal her misery. She wept unaffectedly into her plate, but her mother pressed biscuits and quince upon her with a cheerful warmth, and poured unstinted tea. Abbie Ann was not used to traveling, and she was tired from her ionner, but it seemed to tired from her journey, but it seemed to her that all her nervous misery of the mo-ment had its fount in her unfathered state. Once she looked up with wet, reproachful

eyes to ask : 'Has father got any fire up there, or he settin' in the cold ? "Fire?" returned her mother, score

quired, from a settled misery.
"Course he's got a lamp," said her moth-

er. "Here, you lay on this stick. It's kinder gummy. I guess 'twill blaze com-But Abbie Ann had something to say, and she put the stick on absently. It did blaze up, and with the light on both their

planned to come next year, Edmund and me together, but somethin's happened, mother, and give me a regular scare." "Do tell !" said Mrs. Stimson. She looked at Abbie Ann with unaffected

trouble born of mother love. Abbie Ann

out there, and run in to see us on his way he went softly out, along. I was tickled to death to get hold a whispered word. along. I was tickled to death to get unit of somebody from here, and I wouldn't of somebody from here, and I wouldn't drive a piece, an' back the horse in there. Mebbe she won't be so likely to hear." gun on him. How was you and how was father? You was all right, he said, smart as a trap. But when he come to father, he veered and tacked and wouldn't say nothin' till I just made him. 'Somethin's the matter with father,' I says, 'and you won't tell me.' Then he up and told.'

tell me.' Then he up and told."
"Lawzy-me!" muttered Mrs. Stimson,
throwing on a handful of pine cones. "I
warrant he did. Burt Loomis was born of
a Sunday, if I recollect. Well for him.
It give him a good full week to talk in."
Abbie Ann was embarked now upon the

lood of her communication. "He says to me, 'Abbie Ann, somethin's come over your father, and there can't no-body find out what 'tis. You know he was a terrible spruce-lookin' old gentleman,' says he, 'full beard and hair cut at the bar-Mebbe a scarf. 'Twas when they had a stairs. At the door she held up a beckon-

ber's. He and your mother made as handsome a couple as ever walked into the meetin'-house,' he says. 'But what's he done? He's let his hair grow all over his head, and he don't hold himself as he used to. He's all bowed down, and he don't look nobody in the face.'

"Well," said Mrs. Stimson. She had fidgeted a little in her chair, but now she settled herself with a determined ease. "Well," she inquired, "what else d' he have to offer?" Abbie Ann's voice dropped to a porten-

tions note. "Well, mother, he did say more, and that's what started me up to come. I says to Edmund, 'I'll surprise 'em and tell 'em I've come on to spend Thanksgivin.' And if I don't see anything to trouble me, that's

sively. "Besides, what's he said? Said your father's changed some, from year to year. Well, I guess most folks change. Come to that, look at Burt Loomis himself. There's his tintype in that album. I guess on the whip for the warning shake brown if he should look at it an' then stan' before the glass he'd see he'd changed some himself in the course o' forty year."

Abbie Ann passed a hand over her knot-

ted forehead.
"That ain't all. He dropped his voi then, and he says, 'Abbie Ann, I guess if all was known 'twould be seen your father of his unnatural depression, had laughed ain't the man he has been. It's been at all. But she did not answer from the months now since a neighbor's ketched inner fulness of her heart, save with the him outdoor, and Al Brigham, that's workin' for 'em now, day's works, he says your mother gives all the orders and your father don't go out till after dark. And once Al met him in the road 'long about mornin', and your father had a kind of a white thing

'twas him. "Well," said Mrs. Stimson, calmly. "then what made him say 'twas him ? "Oh, 'twas fast enough,' said Abbie Ann, in a gloomy certainty. "I felt in my bones 'twas him. And I up and pack-

ed my trunk that very day, and took the train just as I was except for my new suit." Mrs. Stimson was rearranging the fire with extreme care.
"Well, now," she said, easily, "I guess

I wouldn't worry, Abbie Ann. Father's all right, dear, an' so you'll see. I guers if he hadn't been, mother 'd ha' told you. How's Edmund's business gettin' on ?" Abbie Ann roused herself to a corres-

ponding readiness, and they talked gravely and again volubly through a long evening. But at ten o'clock when she rose to take the lamp her mother had significantly lighted for her, she paused a moment, to

ask wistfully : "Ain't father goin' to eat his Thanks. givin' dinner with us ?" Mrs. Stimson was covering the fire.

"Mercy, yes, I guess so !" she returned, with the same defensive briskness. "He will if he feels to." Abbie Ann was lingering, looking ab-sently into the flame of the lamp, as if it

hypnotized her.
"It don't seem to me, mother," she offered, mournfully, to be again assured, "don't seem to me I could sit down to

nohody to say why nor wherefore." Mrs. Stimson turned her by a decisive hand upon her shoulder.

blaze, if you want it. Don't you hurry blaze, if you want it. Don't you burry
about comin' down in the mornin.' We'll
have breakfast good an' late, so's to get all
'cruited up.''
But Abbie Ann, in her own room, left

When he fell into his strain of talking 'cruited up."

But Abbie Ann, in her own room, left

the door open a crack until she heard ber mother ascend the stairs and halt at her father's threshold. 'That you?" came father's voice.

"Yes," said said mother, cheerfully. "Course I be." The lock clicked, the door opened, and

other entered, and was fastened in. Abbie Ann wandered about her room, and looked with an absent-minded affection at the familiar appurtenance little chair by the window and her doll sit-ting in it like an effigy of remembered youth, the pin-cushion she had worked in blue and red, "magio mice". that were guaranteed by the directions to run if you looked at them fixedly, until the eyes were dazzled, and that never ran at all. Then the stopped before the glass and interrogat-"Fire?" returned her mother, scornfully. "Meroy, yes! He's got the airtight goin' an' crammed full o' weed. When I was up there I 'most thought he'd set the mantel-piece afire. Smelled like an ironin' sheet, all scorohed up."

Then supper was over and the dishes were washed, and they sat by the sitting room hearth where the logs were blazing.

"Father got a lamp?" Abbie Ann inquired, from a settled misery. ed her own puckered face, as if to demand

betook herself to bed.

The next morning was a clear one, premonitory of winter in its froety chill. Long before the first light, father and mother Stimeon had stolen down into the kitchen and had their tea. Father loved his cup of coffee and mother knew it, but she had only to indicate the sleeping Abbie Ann by an upward nod toward the other flood. "She'd smell it," said mother. Whereupon father took his tea thankfully and in haste. He was a slender old man with deep-set blaze up, and with the light on both their faces she turned quickly upon her mother, as if to use her courage before it ebbed.

"Mother," she hegan, "you know why I come on here like this, without any preparation to speak of and without time to write I was comin'?"

"Why," said Mrs. Stimson, in frank return, "you come to spend Thanksgivin'."

"Yes, so I did, but that wa'n't all. We planned to come next year, Edmund and me together, but somethin's happened, mother, and give me a regular scare."

"She'd smell it," said mother. Whereupon father took his tea thankfully and in haste. He was a slender old man with deep-set brooding eyes and a comedy of dress: for at that moment he wore over his head, tied anugly about the ears, one of mother's old-fashioned night caps. He had a curiously subdued air even with her, quite foreign to what must once have been his habit of behavior; and he was bent slightly, from some recently acquired habit, it would seem, rather than the involuntary stiffness of age. But to whatever necessity he had of age. But to whatever necessity he had subdued, mother treated him, even in this haste of preparation, with a tender deference lovely to receive, and he returned it warmed under it, and felt, with a rush of confidence, that mother would never in the world let her suffer anxiety without assuaging it.

"Well," she said, "Burt Loomis come come of the world run in to see us on his way he want aftly out stonning at the door for

he went softly out, stopping at the door for Mother nodded and tied on her bonnet

waiting in a chair. Father lingered for a "What be I goin'to wear over my head?" he asked, in a tone of extreme distaste. She looked at the nighteep and then at his Sunday hat, also in waiting.

"You don't s'pose—" she was beginning.
"No, mother," said he, testily, "I don't. I won't put my man's bat on over it.
You've got to rig up suthin' else." She stood for a moment, deliberating. Then she burried softly into the bedroom and reappeared with an aucient cloud, made in a sober gray.

toothache, or cold ears, or the matter o'

"Pat out the light," he ordered. "Then you can bind it on." Mrs. Stimson blew out the light, in per-fect understanding of him, as if the deed were something not to be recognized by either of them, and in the morning dusk swathed her husband's head. She helped him into his overcoat, and he went out, her whispered caution in his ears, to steal through the shed and into the barn where brown Jennie was finishing her early feed of oats. Mrs. Stimson tucked two good bardwood sticks into the fire, took a keen look about the kitchen, and stole out after him, closing the door carefully helind ber.
She waited a moment to draw on her woolen gloves and listen for Abbie Ann's all I'll tell; but go I must, for Burt Loomis worried me to death."

"I don't kee anytody need be wor"I don't know's anybody need be worwithin was as still as the world outside. "I don't know's anybody need be worried at anything Burt Loomis has to fetch
an' carry," returned the old lady, defensively. "Besides, what's he said? Said

worried me to death."

within was as still as the world outside, and she walked away down the path to the old butternut-tree where her husband and the chaise awaited her. He helped her in road be tightened the reins and put a hand Jennie knew. As they started up, he chuckled. "Good joke, mother," said be, joke! 'Most like runnin' away. knew what liberation meant to him. The Frenchwoman had put the tresses on the table, delicately, in a soft, ordered pile, and now she laid her hand over them,

The old lady looked round at him, start led, and her eyes filled with tears. This was practical reminder:
"Don't you forget we've got to stop

Al's. I dun'no' what Abbie Aun 'd say if she should wake up an' fine herself all soul alone in the house. She was worked up enough as 'twas." At the little cottage at the rise of the

hill they drew up, and mother got out as if it were quite understood that she was to do the errand, and tripped up to the door She had to knock several times, and at last Al's wife put her head out of the window,

house an' keep up the fire an' get break-fast?" Mrs. Stimson asked. "Abbie Anu's come home, an' father an' I we're called away to do some business—quite an im-portant errant. We left Abbie Ann abed. an' when she wakes up if you 'd tell her how 'tis an' say we'll be home by ten at

Mrs. Brigham was putting down the window. In spite of the quilt, she found it chill.

"Yes," said she. "I'll go down along soon's I'm dressed." Then Mrs. Stimson burried back to the carriage, and father drove on. He was full of reminiscence. Something, some flavor of their stealing away together or au anticipated relief all his own, made it seem to him as if they were young and escaping from the world. He recalled days of their the county and that it was so remembered

"Well, I've seen some changes," she said, with a wistful sadness through her

"don't seem to me I could statuted calm.

Thanksgivin' dinner anyway in the world calm.

Thanksgivin' dinner anyway in the world calm.

"So's the world," said father, pointing "so's the world," said father, with his whip. "Twa'nt so many months ago 'twas green an' full o' buds, an' now 'tis brown. But 'twon't be long before the hand upon her shoulder.

"Thanksgivin' ain't till a day after tomorrow, anyways," she remarked. "Now you clip it up to bed. Your fire's ready to blaze, if you want it. Don't you hurry There's different kinds of handsome, an' givin' day with better feelin's. Here you

> mother Stimson loved beyond everything— her own speech or the business of the hour -to hear him. The minutes seemed to fly like thread from a reel. She forgot her haste, and almost that Abbie Ann was awaiting them. It was spring again, and

he and she were young.

They were driving toward the sunrise. and it was long after the full dazzle had struck them in the eyes and then warmed them happily, that they drew up at the little tavern on the edge of Overbridge, the great town full of cloth-mills. Few, even of the hands, were stirring, and mother Stimson got out of the carriage and burried up the steps as if she had planned her way and knew how to make it as swift as might be. Father, too, bad thought often of this coming. He left the reins slack, and leaned back in the carriage, his head in the corner, as if he had no part in the business of the call and longed only to escape the public

eye. Within, mother Stimson had met sleepy boy.
"Is the French bair lady here?" she asked. She was trembling now. The goa of a long and eager journey was before her, and she dared not think she saw it.

"Yes," the boy told her. The hair lady was still staying there, going about by day, to get orders, but she mightn't be up yet. It was pretty early.
"You go an' wake her," said mother
Stimson. "You knook on her door, an' tell her to alip somethin' on an' let me come up there. Tell her its a customer that can't wait."

that can't wait."

The boy weat loping away, and mother Stimeon stood and trembled. Presently he was back again, and said she might go up. The French lady was dressed early that morning, because she was going to take a train. But she'd be back again after Thanksgiving. She was leaving her trunk. She was going after switches, the boy opined. But Mrs. Stimson hardly heard, and a moment afterwards she stood in the Frenchwoman's little sitting-room, in the Frenchwoman's little sitting-room, in the Frenchwoman's little sitting-room, that was also her consulting office on certain days of the week, where a glass case containing luxuriant headgear invited and repelled the eye, and she herself, elegant and very grave, was confronting her visitor with a professional urbanity. Mother Stimson kept on trembling. In a moment she found she was untying her bonnet strings, and that the French lady, with sympathizing comments in a foreign tongue, was

it, but in some mysterious way seeming to garnish it with invisible hair. "A front?" she said, with a rolling of the r's, throwing into the English word a weight of dignity. "A little waved, not too thick—graceful—yes!" Mother Stimson's hands were shaking

ing comments in a foreign tongue, was helping her, and that she had not spoken. Now the French lady ran a practised hand over the denuded poll, without touching

inder her cloak. She whispered her con-"It's been gone for a long spell. I've

felt it a good deal. My husband felt it because I did. I wanted me a front, but be wa'n't willin'. He said 'twas terrible, false hair so; might be cut off o' the dead, for all we knew, or some awful creatur'. So he said— I'll get my husband to come

ing finger, and father awaiting it, got out and followed her in with the same silent haste. Together they stood before the Frenchwoman, and mother Stimson was unwinding the cloud from her husband's head, and he was pulling at it savagely, and presently he stood there, reddened with a kind of shame, and over his shoulders, incredibly long, bung white bair, luxuriantly curling. The Frenchwoman luxuriantly curling. The Frenchwoman could speak very little English outside the vocabulary of her trade, but she did understand it to some degree, and more than that, she interpreted the human heart. She stood looking at them for a moment, her eyes widening with a fervid pleasure. Then she exclaimed, partly in her own language and a little in theirs, and when she oried, "Beautiful! beautiful" it was not apparent whether she means the river of soft hair or the devotion that had bent the old man's life to the achieving of it. But after that first moment she moved quickly. She had him in a chair and leaned over him, soussors ready, the mother stood watching, her hands clasped and expectation in her eye. And as the locks were severed with that "snip" that means freedom to a child and might spell deliverance to a man, father Stimson lifted his head at every click; and whereas, when she began, he had been abased and humble, at the end he held himself firmly and look. ed mother in the eye as if only he and she

caressing them as if they were the most priceless of their kind.
"In a week you shall come," she said,
"and we will fit it. You shall complain of it? I will change, if need must. As for you, monsieur, I kiss your hand."
She had done it, deftly, prettily, as she had cut the bair, and with a sweeping ourtsy, and father Stimson, mother follow-

ing, had started down the stairs. It was after ten when they drove up to their own door, where Abbie Ann. dis-traught, stood waiting for them. Father called to her before she well could hear him, and kept on calling.

"That you, Abbie Ann?" he cried. "That you? When the carriage stopped, Abbie Ann was at the wheel both hands grasping at

"Oh, father," she cried, "don't you look well! You're as handsome as a picture, too. There's nothin' the matter, is there, father?" "Matter o' me?" said father Stimson

He leaped out buoyantly. "I guess there ain't. I'm too young for my years, that's all's the matter o' me. You come here, Abbie Ann, an' let father give you a real old-fashioned hug."

A little later mother Stimson and Abbie

Ann were sitting by the fire while mother toasted her chilled feet.
"Father 'n' I thought we'd ride over to town," she was saying. There was a sup-pressed excitement in her air, and it broke courtship, and she kept even with him, step by step, until they came to their wedding, and he told her again she was the handsomest girl that ever walked a bride in sary now. I've got the turkey stuffin' to think of, an' father's goin' to pick over the squashes a little an' see if he can smell

out a mealy one." Father had come into the kitchen. He was a tall man, and, from the way he bore himself, not yet an old one. In his hand

be carrried an old-fashioned cloud. "Well, Abbie App," said he, he home with us, an' mother an' me Here, mother !" He tossed her the cloud. "Here's suthin' you left in the buggy. Kind of a thing to wear on your head ain't it ?"-By Alice Brown in Harper's

Life Guards.

The Life Guards are two regiments of cavalry forming part of the British housetheir most successful attack, gives vigor and tone to all the vital organs and functions, and impacts a vital organs and functions, and imparts a genial warmth to the blood. Remember the weaker the system the greater the exposure to disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the system strong.

Are not always wisely guided when they choose some medicine to give them a strength adequate to nurse baby at their own breast. The need at this time is real strength, strength which lasts. So called "tonics" and "stimulants" do not give real strength. They give a temporary sup-port and a stimulated strength, which does nothing to balance the drain of the mother's vital forces by the nursing child. Of all such preparations those containing alco-hol are most to be dreaded. Many a child has begun the drunkard's career at his mother's breast. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes motherhood easy and gives to those who use it, a real strength,

liso an Upright Piano and \$150 in Gold to Readers

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 8 - The Pitts-PITTSBUEG, Pa., March 8 — The Pittsburg Sun announces to-day that it will give away absolutely free an automoble, an upright piano and \$150 in cash as prizes to those who solve the Booklovers contest. The total value of the prizes is \$1,350.

The publishers of the Pittsburg Sun invite every person to enter this contest, which begins soon, and which will be conducted along the fairest lines. No matter where you live you have the same opporwhere you live, you have the same oppor-tunity as the resident of Pittsburg.

For full particulars get the Pittsburg Sun of March 12th or write the Contest

Editor of the Pittsburg Sun Pittsburg, Pa. 54 12-1t. -The cause for scours is overfeeding, filthy quarters, cold milk, sour milk, feeding grain with the milk, dirty pails, exposure to cold rains and such unnatural conditions.

-The giant bees of India build honey-

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

"Mere parsimony is not economy. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part of true economy. Economy is a distributive virtue and consists not in saving, but in selection

A pure and wholesome, as well as appe-A pure and wholesome, as well as appetizing, cracker for children is one that was originated by a doptor. After studying the subject very carefully be came to the conclusion that not only must the food be full of nourishment, but containing as it does a vast amount of starch, it must be so made that it will require a proper mastication before leaving the mouth (the starch being converted to grape sugar by the saliva). To accomplish this end, he ar-ranged a special sort of cracker which, baked very hard and crisp needs to be ground many times by the teeth and thoroughly mixed with saliva, to prepare it for

swallowing.

He also discovered that, as is known to He also discovered that, as is known to be the case in apples, potatoes, etc., the greatest nourishment of the grain was di-rectly under the skin or grain coat, and he had a flour made which included this part in its substance, as is not done in the ordi-nary white flour. This flour, composed of wheat, oats, corn, barley or rye, is mixed with spring water, then sweetened, fruited or flavored to make it tempting, and finally baked in a specially constructed oven to ensure the desired degree of hardness. It comes forth in cracker form, an excellent food for children.

An ingenious invention has recently been brought out for children's underwaists by which mothers are freed from the task of sewing on new buttons; for, when a but-ton breaks in the laundering of the waist, as buttons have a habit of doing, by a very simple device a new one may be put in its place without the aid of a single stitch. The secret of it is this—a narrow tape which comes attached to the button is drawn through a stitched strap and back again over the button in such a way that it is made absolutely secure. What a timesaver this will be for the busy mother and the overworked nurse

An excellent amusement for children, and one which never loses its charm, is that of madelling, but great difficulty is usually found in obtaining a good, pliable material which will not dry and soon become useless. A special kind is now for sale which always keeps the same consistency and is, besides, not the least bit sticky or harmful. It comes in five different cast called green delft blue brick ent colors, yellow, green, delft blue, brick red and gray, and these may be mixed together to give any desired shade. In this way the natural colors of the objects to be copied may be carefully reproduced. Besides being instructive and interesting to the child, it gradually develops dexterity of the fingers. The child, first attempting the simpler objects, as a spade, a worm or a teacup, may by degrees advance further until finally he will even be able to con-struct whole villages, together with their inhabitants and animals. Explanatory pictures can be had with the material, illustrating different objects and showing how to make them.

The way in which a fine soft mull frock is thickly plaited, but with its hem drawn closely into a narrow band of Liberty satin hardly more than two yards in circumference, is amusing on a luttle maid's slim figure. It has a high satin belt, and from this belt to hem, both back and front, there is laid a panel of baby Irish lace, the two panels connected on the sides by garlands of detached Irish passementeric ornaments. More of these festoon the round neck and shoulders and bob on the wrinkled

A Tiny, tiny tot is to wear a tan straw pot-shaped bonnet encircled with a wreath of green cherries and knots of elephant grey velvet ribbon. A huge puffy mob cap in white dotted net with a narrow turned cavalry forming part of the British household troops. They are gallant soldiers, and every loyal British heart is proud of them. Not only the King's household, but yours, ours, everybody's should have its life guards. The need of them is especially great when the greatest foes of life, diseases, find allies in the very elements, as colds, influenza, catarrh, the grip, and pneumonia do in the stormy month of the storm of the same, is lined down shirred bring eases, find allies in the very elements, as coolds, influenza, catarrh, the grip, and pneumonia do in the stormy month of March. The best way that we know of to March. The best way that we know of to day wear in summer, and quaint are the real old-fashioned bonnet shapes with silk or printed cotton, greatest of all life guards. It removes the and trimmed with a stiff rosette of the conditions in which these diseases make same. Some have a little ruffle about the

> When you are a little bothered by having a neighbor's child outstay his welcome, and you would not for the world offend the mother or burt the child's feelings, says the Milwaukee Journal, this plan, which a clever mother has thought out, may help you. She says, smilingly, when the little chap has stayed a certain time "Willie, when you get ready to go home "Willie, when you get ready to go home remind me to give you a bundle. I have one for you to open when you get home." In five minutes at the most Willie finds that he has "got to go home now," and trudges away happily with his bundle.
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> Cookies, a little fruit or a bit of candy will do for the contents of the prized bundle, and cordial relations will continue to exist hetween the two families.

exist between the two families. Even if an evening gown has only a jeleled band across the arm for a sleeve gives to those who use it. a real strength, which the baby shares. It contains no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant and no opium, cocaine or other narcotic. It is the best medicine for woman and woman's ills which has ever been prepared. come just below; others that reach to the tiny sleeve; neither is correct, as the new glove just covers the elbow and leaves the top of the arm bare.

Coffee Spanish Cream .- One and onehalf oups hot coffee, one tablespoon granu-lated gelatine, two-third oup sugar, pinoh of salt, yolk of two eggs. Cook like a soft oustard. When a little cool add the beaten whites of the eggs and one-half teaspoon of vanilla

Egg-Nog With Rrandy .- One egg, one tablespoonful sugar, pinch salt, one table-spoonful brandy, one cupful milk. Prepare by separating the egg, beating both the yolk and white. Add the sugar

and salt to the yolk. Then add the brandy and milk. Lastly add the white of the egg. Mix thoroughly. Strain into a tall thin glass and put a pinch of nutmeg on

Little novelty stocks, often copied from French models, are one of the most striking features of the season. They are charmingly made up of ribbon of almost any fur—even pointed fox and black lynx.