Bellefonte, Pa., June 28, 1912.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust, But sturdy and staunch he stands; And the little toy soldier is red with rust, And his musket molds in his hands, Time was when the little toy dog was new And the soldier was passing fair, And that was the time when our Little Boy Blu Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said, "And don't you make any noise, So toddling off to his trundlebed, He dreamt of the pretty toys, And as he was dreaming, an angel song Awakened our Little Boy Blue— Oh, the years are many, the years are long. But the little toy friends are true.

Av. faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand, Each in the same old place. Awaiting the touch of a little hand, The smile of a little face. And they wonder, as waiting these long years

In the dust of that little chair. What has become of our Little Boy Blue. Since he kissed them and put them the -Eugene Field.

THE SHADOW.

Judith stole cautiously from bed in swift response to the fretful cry that came from the nursery. "Sh!" she whispered, response to the fretail cry that came from the nursery. "'Sh!" she whispered, anxiously, "Mother's coming, precious. Don't wake poor daddy!" But the warning was too late. Sam threw out a groping hand that reached for her long braid, and held it detainingly. "Oh, my goodness," he groaned, sleepily, "why don't you assassinate him?"

don't you assassinate him?"

But Judith had already sped through the open doorway to the small bed of the naughty little disturber of her nightly peace. She crept in beside him, and once the warm little ball had cuddled down in her arms, a soft cheek burrowing contentedly in her neck, the summons was in reality a strong relief to her. The vague shadow of trouble that had kept her awake distressed her no longer. Since the children had found the box of Helen's things, with the old picture lying near it, in the attic the day before, she had been miserably in doubt as to what to do with to Sam's dead wife—and yet again she equally dreaded the small alienations and misunderstandings that she had come to associate with any mention of the dead woman in her husband's presence. But now she stopped worrying, and held her baby close in sudden delicious sleepiness. Sam's sister Celia would arrive in the morning on one of her frequent visits, and she would ask her advice as to what she had best do with the things, and whatever it was, she would follow it.

It was raining hard in the morning, and the day seemed to go wrong in the nursery from the start. Even after brightquick, hurt tears sprang to Judith's eyes ble. at the memory—Sam had remarked with somewhat unnecessary force as he pushed back his chair from the table, that he
wished she would engage a nurse for the
children who knew a little about managing them, for as long as she took care of
ing them, for as long as she took care of
thememory—sam had remarked with
Judith straightened her hair hastily.
The baby's little tugging fingers had pulled at it until it was loosened into soft dissongs in the book she left in her portobook down. "Good Lord!" he whispered,
songs in the book she left in her portobook down. "Good Lord!" he whispered,
songs in the book down. "Good Lord!" he whispered,
song's slow accompaniment marvelously.
She said a woman who had been an inface. A soft color crept into her cheeks,
and her blue eyes had a shining look as
the hummed the words humorously,
will all her life, and had never known
and her blue eyes had a shining look as
the hummed the words humorously,
will all her life, and had never known
and her blue eyes had a shining look as
the hummed the words humorously,
will all her life, and had never known
and her blue eyes had a shining look as
the hummed the words humorously,
will all her life, and had never known
and came toward him lay the
ing dash of color, and is especially welsongs in the book she left in her portobook down. "Good Lord!" he whispered,
songs in the book down. "Good Lord!" he whispered,
song's slow accompaniment marvelously.
She said a woman who had been an invalid all her life, and had never known
and came toward her. His face looked
with
and the blue eyes had a shining look as
and her blue eyes had a shining look as
the hummed the words humorously,
will all her life, and had never known
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ing dash of color, and is especially weltoward her. His face looked
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words humorously,
bear and the book she left in her portobook down. "Good Lord!" he whispered,
song in the book she left in her porto-

the door firmly between her own room and the riotous nursery, Celia laid down the centerpiece she was embroidering and waited silently for her to draw her chair close to the shining fender and he chair close to the shining fender and be-gin. She looked across at her affection-ately, her black eyes sharp and kind. Judith was a large woman, with a strong, sweet face, and something very womanly and gracious in all her gentle motions. Her rippling brown hair was parted smoothly and drawn into a great, lovely coil on the back of her head, and her cheeks had a soft, changing color that by contrast made her blue eyes seem lumin

was mending and leaned back in her chair. It was harder than she thought it would be to break her habit of proud

"Sam telephoned me that he had tickets for Marslach's song-recital to-night," she said, her soft voice very low, "and I see in the morning paper that she will sing an entire group of Heles's exercises." "Sam telephoned me that he had tickets for Marslach's song-recital to-night," she said, her soft voice very low, "and I see in the morning paper that she will sing an entire group of Helen's songs. Of course, Sam doesn't know that. But I—oh, I simply can't listen to them, Celia! I'm jealous of the woman, I suppose, if the plain truth was told. Anyhow, when I hear those marvelous love-songs, and 'The Transfiguration,' and that last one, 'The Song of Love in Death,' and remem-'The Song of Love in Death,' and remember that she wrote them all to Sam the year she was his wife, it kills me. If she had composed at all before her marriage I shouldn't feel this way, I don't think. But as it is! . . . Yesterday Dedy and the boys were playing in the atttc, and they found a box . . . of hers. Dedy was Sam was no aprel. He always the shouldn't had been shouldn't feel this way, I don't think. But a little what his mother had termed "curly places." But for all of his charming the shouldn't feel this way. they found a box . . . of hers. . . . Dedy had opened it, and on top there was a picture of Helen, and then there was an inside box . . . I wanted to ask you what you thought I ought to do with it."

She hent closely over her saying again

She bent closely over her sewing again.
"I'm jealous of her, Celia," she said,
miserably. "I've fought it until I haven't
any strength left, and tried time and time again to prove to myself that I wasn't, but I am. And every time I hear one of her songs it makes me feel —oh!
—bitter to the poor girl! She was so gifted, so wonderfully in unity with all of Sam's interests. And since the babies came I haven't had time to keep up my make the same is an angle to play accompanions. music enough to play accompaniments even, and as for dressing well, and doing the things he cares for, it's simply impossible—" Her eyes met his sister's in the red firelight trustfully. "I only want him to be happy, Celia. That's all I care for. And I suppose it's because I'm such a miserable failure myself that I feel as I

Celia's heart went out to her in mute sympathy. She knew how galling the thought of Sam's first wife had always en to Judith. And this abandon of a high reserve that had lasted for ten years touched her deeply. She responded instantly to the appeal that the other was too proud to make.

"There isn't much that any of us can tell you about her, Judith," she said, joyously, "I gave Cinderella a nice bath, and I've kept her clean all day, —died when the baby was born. It was own you could kiss her during the last five months of her life that she wrote the group of songs that her fame musically will rest upon. There were ten of them in all, and each one was the expression af the cry of a woman's heart in the great crisis of life. 'The Song of Love in Death' is considered the most remarkable. She had never composed before her marriage, and as a pince bath, and I've kept her clean all day, she said, joyously, "I gave Cinderella a nice bath, and I've kept her clean all day, she said, joyously, "I gave Cinderella a side took out a small morocco book, with the front cover torn off. In the red glow from the fire the faded writing on the open page was perfectly distinct. The script was immature, unformed, wavering as a child's, and blurred as if tears had fallen on it. Galvanized into attention, Judith read the first page at a glance.

"What do you mean walking around like thion, Judith read the first page at a glance.

"I want to go to sleep in your bed," said the voice.

"Well," he answered, "let's go in and see if mother's awake. If she is, maybe she ill, take you in."

I want to go to sleep in your bed," said the voice.

"Well," he answered, "let's go in and see if mother's awake. If she is, maybe she ill, take you in."

I udith's strength came hack to her in the group of songs that had proved the most remarkable. She had never composed before her marriage, and as a pince bath, and I've kept her clean all day, with the front cover torn off. In the red glow from the fired den inhit, all title pink-cheeked angel in a ruffled nightie, her yellow curls a shning glow from the fired den inhit, all title pink-cheeked angel in a rufmass, her blue eyes wide.

"You little unmitigated scamp!" Sam whispered as he snatched her in his arms.

"I want to go to sleep, and the pink-cheeked angel in a ruffled nigh posed before her marriage, and as a pi-anist she had only moderate ability. So, undoubtedly, the music came from her undoubtedly, the music came from her own emotional state at that time, strange as it may seem. Her work ranks very high among contemporary composers. she wouldn't tell me, and I asked Aunt She would probably have won an even higher place if she had lived, for sam was Helen." higher place if she had lived, for sam was teaching her, and with thorough equipment her gifts would have reached a more perfect development. That's all I know about her musically, As to what she was herself, I know even less. Sam married her simply from propinquity, of course. She was an orphan, the daughter was a big, black devil—"

Sam took the little nestling rose leaf

of a minister—they were plain people, I think. She and her invalid sister were boarding in the same house with Sam (we think now that the sister had consumption,) and Helen was in a good many of the same classes with him at the Conservatory. And then suddenly the sister died. And a few days afterward Sam without a word of explana. Daddy—do you hear me? And Aunt Celia. ward Sam, without a word of explanation or warning to mother and me, gave up his music, left college, went into business, and married Helen. It almost killed us all. I was bitter about it because ed us all. I was bitter about it, because when there was not enough for us both to be educated musically I gave Sam my with the nearest approach to severity that he could ever assume to this beto be educated musically I gave Sam my chance. I never saw Helen, but mother stayed with them several times, and she said she was a little, big-eyed wisp of a creature, afraid of her own shadow, and not willing for Sam to get out of her sight for an instant—she had rather a morbid, unwholesome disposition, I imagina. She played the first of the congret of the stage o ine. She played the first of the songs to Sam about three months after their marriage. Of course he recognized their worth at once. And now I've told you about everything I know," Celia sighed, smiling. Then her eyes met Judith's squarely. "My dear," she said, frankly, "Sam married Helen out of a boy's chivally, that was aroused by propinguist his cool check expired by the transport of the songs to the walked up to her and fastened the refractory hooks with skillful fingers. Then his arms slipped around her from behind, and the dear, rare tenderness she loved and yearned for was in his voice and touch.

"Poor old girl!" he said, comprehending the behalt expired the said of their quiver.

boys slid down the banisters at a terrific speed, and pretty little Cordelia trotted swiftly down the steps, her sleepy arms outstretched to meet the love that never failed her. With the boys he was often

Judith straightened her hair hastily. em herself he feared that they would she smiled at the tall man standing in them herself he feared that they would always be possessed of devils!

Celia knew intuitively as soon as they were left alone that there was something on her sister-in-law's mind that she wanted to talk to her about. But the day was so interrupted by the demands of the boys that it was not until the rainy twilight set in that they had any time to themselves. At last when Judith closed the door firmly between her own room.

ately to reach up to.

"Hello, girls!" he said, cheerfully. He
gave Celia's hand a laughing clasp as he
passed her chair, and then bent over his

"Why, who's been troubling you, Judith?" he asked, quickly, as he kissed her. His tone deepened into real con-cern as he saw the marks of tears on her cheeks. "What's the matter, Sweetheart?" He slipped a kind arm about her shoulder. Suddenly she drew close to him, and hid

ously deep and clear.

"Well," Celia said, at last, smiling at her," "what's the trouble with the dear in his arm as her," "Nothing," she answered, shakily, making an effort to smile up at him. "Nothing an effort to smile up at him. "Nothing an effort to smile up at him."

His arms fell abruptly. Sam abhorred sentimentality and "scenes."

"So!" he answered. "Well, I'm here, and so are the tickets for the concert.

"Why in the mischief even't you girls

presence.
Celia watched the two with shrewd,

wife over keenly, yet with a whimsical appreciation of the quiet, unworldly charm of her figure in the plain black gown.

"Now see here," he began, in amused remonstrance, "my darling girl, you can't go to the theater looking like that! That

go to the theater looking like that! That frock's at least ten years old. Why don't you get yourself some decent clothes and learn to wear 'em, Judith?"

Judith's face colored painfully. She turned away to hide its hurt look.

"Oh, confound it all," he groaned. His eyes filled with a grim twinkle as his sister arose and left the room.

"I beg your pardon, Judith," he said, resignedly. "Oh, my goodness! don't ruin your eyes over nothing, child."

Judith unfastened her collar with trembling fingers. He sat down on the win-

Judith unfastened her collar with trembling fingers. He sat down on the window-seat, and watched her with a humorous tenderness that would have stilled the ache at her heart if she had seen it. After all, he told himself, she was the very dearest girl in the world, even if she did have a genius for selecting unfashionable dresses.

onable dresses.

Dedy pattered in from the next room,

hide their quiver.

And afterward he cared for her because of her talents he was training. But he loves you—looks up to you—cares for You're just worn out with baby tending. And afterward he care to dow of trouble that had kept her ake distressed her no longer. Since children had found the box of Helen's ings, with the old picture lying near it, the attic the day before, she had been iserably in doubt as to what to do with She was so afraid of not being fair Sam's dead wife—and yet again she qually dreaded the small alienations and qually dreaded the small alienations and qually dreaded the small alienations and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she was training. But he loves you—looks up to you—cares for you re just worn out with baby-tending. Now Celia's here, let her look out for the kids, and you go about with me and have some fun." The rain drove against the window in sheets. The shadowy room was lighted only by the pleasant fire light. Something in his wife's silent clinging to his least shred of careless tenderness touched the man's heart. He had silve as fringed that the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt that she had come to sale and the long trunt th

play rag-time with a dash that was irresistible. He did not know Judith was behind him until she laid a timid hand on ally cared. She said I must be self-con-

"Come to me in my dreams, and then By day I shall be well again, For thus the night will oft repay The hopeless longing of the day.'

"Do you realize, Judith, that it's precious little I see of you these days outside of dreams? I never get a chance to talk to you even, without having a baby thrown at my head. I'm selfish, dear, I know, but, all the same, I think it would do you good to get out for awhile to-night. I think all the teasing little wories would trouble you no longer if we

had an evening together."
"Not to-night, Sam," she said, steadily,
"I can't go to-night." He played on soft-

"By day I shall be well again, For thus the night will oft repay The hopeless longing of the day.' The melody ended in a sudden crashing discord. He rose from the piano abrupt-ly. "Very well," he said, curtly. "Suit

yourself, of course."

All through dinner he talked brilliantly and Celia, distractingly pretty in a daffoam arraid I am going mad. And if he dil evening gown, more than did her share. As for Judith, she was too busy looking after the children to have opportunity for listening. However, when they were ready to go Sam's touch of displeasure had vanished. He was very kind as he carried his sleepy youngest up the steps and laid him in Judith's lap.

Then he gave her hand a stinging class. Then he gave her hand a stinging clasp, and went on down to the waiting car-

riage.
Judith went through the usual bedtime rites mechanically. Jack always made her lie beside him till he went to sleep, and it was over an hour later when she escaped. She let the windows up quietly, gave the four little faces a last soft kiss, and then went into her own room and shut the door. She drew a chair and shut the door. She drew a chair close to the smouldering hearth, and lifted a small square box from the bureau to her lap. Her fingers played with the string a moment uncertainly; her blue eyes were darkened and perplexed. Sam's first wife's picture had been on this box and these were her things. places." But for all of his charming ways, Sam was no angel. He always took reproof well, she remembered, and there were a number of things she intended saying to him when next she had him to herself.

In the mean while he was looking his wife over keenly, yet with a whimsical appreciation of the quiet, unworldly charm of her figure in the plain black gown.

Sam's first wife's picture had been on this box, and these were her things. Once, soon after they were married, Judith had asked her husband what she should do with a small journal of Helen's she had found, and he had answered, "Do just whatever you think best." But then she was closer to him than she was now, and had more influence. If she would give him this box to dispose of would give him this box to dispose of himself?—but she was so afraid of the small estrangements that came between them so often. She was so afraid that them so often. She was so afraid that he would think her jealous. Once or twice with something she had said she brought a look of amused contempt to his eyes that had singed her like a flame. The box probably contained nothing but trinkets. Once she was sure, she could put them away in a trunk up-stairs without troubling Sam. She was so afraid of displeasing him; of making the grave sweetness about his mouth turn hard at anything she did.

It was almost unconsciously that her

anything she did.

It was almost unconsciously that her fingers untied the string. The rain pattered against the window monotonously. In the silence the singing of the birch logs sounded loud and mirthful. A path of dancing light shone on the tall figure in the shimmering gray gown, up to the smooth brown hair, and across her gentle face. She lifted up the lid of the box face. She lifted up the lid of the box slowly. Her lips parted in swift surprise

he brought me the first printed copies of the songs. He was so proud and happy I couldn't tell him then. I've tried and tried and tried to be honest and confess. But I can't. I just can't. If he knows I am a thief he will hate me. He could never understand. And I have wanted so to please him always. When I played the songs to him the first time I did not mean for him to think that they were mine-and when he leaned over me in that queer, breathless way, his face all white and shining, and said that he cared so much, that he was so happy that I had been given the great girt, at first I was too surprised to tell him they were not mine, that sister wrote them the year before she died. And then for the first time it came over me what it meant to have something to give him. Then he began to teach me for he said it was remarkable that I could produce the effects I did with such limited technical ability. When I tried to tell him they were not mine-oh, my God, I did try to tell him -he took my hands and kissed them. He quoted to me something from a book he was reading. He said, "Any deep hu-man experience gives the soul a chance to see God. It is the heart's message on the great mountains of transfiguration that you have wrought into your music. Then I cried a little because I was afraid, and he sat down in the big chair and took me in his arms. He is so good to me now that the baby is coming. He thinks that that is why I am unhappy and not myself, as he says. When I b him not to have the songs published he said, 'It is your own beautiful heart and soul that you have put into the music. And they are a gift to you, so that you in turn may give them to the world, to make men and women everywhere believe in beauty and goodness, and in the holy miracles of life. His face had the high look, like the painting of Sir Galahad. He thinks I am good, and that is

face had its usual look of sweet control. The eager, wistful little smile her husband loved hovered about her lips, and her eyes were deep and tender.

"I'm glad you told me about it all," she said, simply. "I wouldn't have been such a coward—I never have been before—" Down-stairs the front door slammed loudly, and in response there was a genloudly, and in response there was a genloudly, and in response there was a genloudly and in response there of the dresses were his. I was in bed when she in the rescue, and instead of laughing like his do, her eyes smile, but her face has the same to the dressed on the baby. Such darling little trolled for Sam's sake and the sake of

> any of the great human experiences could not put them adequately into mu-sic. But I think it was because she was always starved that she could write of fullness. She made the ideals that are in everybody's heart never to be satisfied articulate. And it is because of this that it has its appeal. That is why Sam cares for it. That is why he is so reverent to me. It is his dream of life in the music that he loves, it is not me.

for me, and tries to spur me to greater effort and ambition. He said that later on my work would be more frequent. After the baby comes, he means. But then I shall not be here.

"I do not expect forgivness. I do not call the control one whit of the worth

ask to be spared one whit of the wrath ask to be spared one whit of the wrath of God for my sin. But I feel that sometime Sam will know. And that is why I am afraid I am going mad. And if he knows—oh, God, I never had a chance like other girls! I had the temptation, and I was not extend account to make it. it—I could not inspire it. And now if I can only face my punishment without Sam's knowing of my sin. Just leave him the songs he thinks are what I am. They are what I want to be—they are what I would have been if I had known that sometime in my life I should have him. . . . Take care of him. . . . Give him joy. . . . Oh. have mercy on him, and let it be all mine to face Thy wrath—"

ciously once more; there was a silken rustle as she ran up the steps, and tip-toed to her own room. Judith's head went down in her hands; she closed her eyes a moment. If only something would happen to keep Sam away for five minutes longer, so that she could think! She heard him turn out the light in the lower hall, and then the sound of his firm, quick

tread, as he came up the steps.
"Judith:" he called, softly. "Dearest, are you still awake?" Judith sank lower in her chair, nerveless, speechless, una-ble to move.

"Daddy," chirped a small voice from the nursery, "Daddy, did you bring me something?" There was a soft flutter of

mass, her blue eyes wide.

"You little unmitigated scamp!" Sam whispered as he snatched her in his arms.

Good comes to pass We know not when nor how, for, looking to

Judith's strength came back to her in clear, strong tide. All the blood ebbed are at last beginning fully to appreciate from her face as she leaned down and lifted up the small red book. Her head hummed with noise, and everything seemed far away. With swift, trembling sion of the interior, and by it the transfer forms the seemed far away.

with Cordelia in his arms. "What under as to that of guests and strangers, the sun are you having a bonfire for to-

if long years went by. At last, "That ushered suddenly and unexpectedly into will do," he said, quietly, and something the intimacies of family life. in the cold anger of his tone seemed to strike at her heart, and sever it. Suddenly she had her face in her hands. Her of benches, straight-backed chairs withhusband put the little girl on the floor

"Do as I bid you, Cordelia. Go!" Again it seemed as if long years went by. "Now will you please tell me what this exhibition means?" he said, sternly. Then his harshness melted, and she saw the hurt look in his eyes.

"Why are you trying to burn poor Helen's journal? I did not think you would be capable of such petty meanness." His voice shook. "I thought you could be trusted. Give it to me." Her hands relaxed in blind obedience. It did not matter now. There were only the songs left. And then her eyes opened wide as she handed him the book. In

her unseeing haste she had torn out the last leaves, the ones that held the music, and the written pages were still there.

She rose suddenly.

think of me-oh, Sam-

She crouched back in her chair, her hands over her face. He lighted the gas deliberately, and sat down on the edge of the bed, the book in his hand. The brileyed, vivacious Celia had arrived, with the boys he was often sharp and impatient, but he was his breasts refused to be quick, hurt tears sprang to Judith's eyes at the memory—Sam had remarked with being turned.

drawn and old.

"I beg your pardon," he said, slowly.
"I should have known—forgive me, Judith!"

She lifted heavy eyes to his. "Be merciful to her," she said, blindly. "Try not to judge her, Sam—" her voice failed

utterly.

In the next room Cordelia began to cry me. It is his dream of life in the music that he loves, it is not me.

I have four songs left to give him, and I think these are the best of all. One is a love song, one she called 'The Transfiguration,' and one 'The Song of Love in Death.' Sam thinks I compose but rarely. He still teaches me, and plays for me, and tries to spur me to greater effort and ambition. He said that later seemed a lifetime since he had fastened her in the soft gray gown. She undressed mechanically, and slipped into bed. Still

Sam was in the nursery. Suddenly Cor-

delia began to cry again.
"I want mother—" she sobbed. "Yes, my sweet one, yes," he answered, tenderly. Judith heard him get slowly to his feet, and lift the child against his shoulder. He carried her through the open doorway, up to the great bed that was the children's refuge in all their litteroubles. As he bent down to lay the tiny, clinging body in his wife's outstretched arms, his eyes met hers and held them for one long, revealing, reverential moment. Then Judith bowed her head.—By Stuart Davis, in Harper's Bazar.

mahogany is used.

The woodwork and exposure will determine the color of the wall-covering. As a rule, the halls of city houses are verydark. This dreariness may be counteracted in a measure by the use of a wall-covering in one of the softer tints of yellow. Only the warmest tones of green or blue are advisable in a hallway where the light comes entirely from the entrance. Plain ingrain paper, as well as fiber or creep papers, are extremely satisfactory; other excellent materials are burlap, crash, grass cloth and buckram.

Sweet French Rolls.—Cream ½ of a cupful of butter and ½ cupful of sugar together and gradually beat into a pint on him, and let it be all mine to face Thy wrath—"

Judith, with nerveless hands, turned to the latter part of the book. There they were, the twelve songs, written in the uncertain script of illness. The birch logs had almost burned themselves away; she held the volume closer that she might see more clearly.

Down-stairs the front door opened and closed softly; cautious steps made their way through the hall. A ringing peal of Celia's gay laughter sounded, and then, "Sh! Shut up there, can't you?" came a growl of frank disapproval. "You'll wake the children!"

Indith was overwhelmed with a horror

wake the children!"

Judith was overwhelmed with a horror of absolute inaction; every muscle in her body suddenly failed her. The little red book fell with a tiny thud to the floor, and lay opened at the last page. The faded writing seemed etched in steel in the warm glow from the hearth. Sam was in the music-room now, locking the windows. She heard him murmur a short, disapproving exclamation as he knocked accidentally against the piano. narcotic. There is nothing "just as

> Caught in the Same Forest. A Venetian, being asked by a German where his countrymen got their lion with wings, replied: "We caught him in the same forest where you found your 2-headed eagle."

In the Parlor Miss Weereigh-Hark! Isn't that the church clock striking twelve? Staylate-Yes, but that's nothing to

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN DAILY THOUGHT.

What seemed a barren waste, there starts to

Some bunch of grass, Or snarl of violets, shining with the dew.

Of late more attention is being given to the decoration of the hall, for people its importance in making or marring the fingers she tore out five pages from the book, and laid them in the creeping tion and size, together with the arrangement of its furnishings, are most import-"Judith!" Sam was in the doorway ant to the comfort of the family as well

night?" he laughed, as he came toward tect and owner that this room is a means her. His voice sounded as if it came of access to all the other rooms, and confrom a great distance. "Wait until we sequently should be treated as a thoroughfare and not as a living-room. Easy "In a moment, Sam," she said, stead- chairs, open fireplaces, tables with books ily. Her fingers had a wild strength as and magazines are all out of place in she tore at the book. "Secrets?" he laughed, as he bent over served for the more intimate parts of the her. And then the smile froze on his face. His hand closed down on her shoulder in a grip of steel. It seemed as manded. Then the stranger will not be

out upholstery, and substantial tables and consoles. Combination hat racks "Run, get in bed, dear, and I will come to you in a little while," he said, gently. Then as she stood still, her pretty face openly mutinuous, he spoke harshly to an article of furniture is generally obscured by wraps, and so is best

elsewhere. There should be a closet where heavy wraps may be hung; lacking one, a coat and hat rack should be provided, but this piece of furniture should not be combined with a seat or mirror. A carved chest is most desirable, as it serves as a seat and will also contain rubbers and the many odds and ends that so often litter a hall. If genuine old Italian or Spanish chests are out of the question, modern reproductions may be had at prices not ruinous. Some of the Arts and Crafts societies provide beautiful chests in a variety of designs, the best of which are usually copied from fine old Dutch, Flemish, or English models.

A porcelain umbrella holder is a necessary ornament. A pronounced design should be avoided; those at the best Japanese shops are almost always satisfying in color and design. The mirror should be placed where there is plenty of light to see into it, and low enough so that the woman visitor will have no difficulty in

arranging hat or veil.

If the hall is sufficiently large, a fairsized, substantial table may be provided. On it may be placed the card receiver and a jardiniere for a foliage plant or cut flowers. As a rule, the hall does not provide a good background for cut flowused. A pot of azaleas makes a charm-

built. In a more pretentious house, marble-topped console is just the thing but such a piece of furniture suggests the more ornate decorative treatment of the adjacent rooms and should be used

only when this promise is fulfilled.

The walls of a good-sized hall can be most happily treated with paneling, but if the room is small the effect of such treatment will not be good. A wood wainscoting, well proportioned to the height, length, and breadth of the hallway, is most pleasing in a smaller hall. If a wood wainscot cannot be afforded, imitation leather or some of the other

heavy wall-coverings may be used The furniture used in the hall will determine the finish of the woodwork. Oak furniture requires oak woodwork, while mahogany appears to best advantage against white paint. Beware, however, of a mahogany finish where old mahogany is used.

The woodwork and exposure will determine the solar of the world exposure.

burlap, crash, grass cloth and buckram. Tapestry paper makes a delightful back-ground for oak furniture, but should never be overloaded with pictures, casts,

or other ornaments. or other ornaments.

Pictures should be used sparingly and should always be of bold outline, so that their meaning may be taken in at a glance. Photographs of architectural subjects are suitable, but are so commonly used that they have become tiresome.

A large plaster cast will, if hung skilfully over a door or in the wall space between two doors, prove a most delight-

tween two doors, prove a most delightful ornamentation.

The most satisfactory floor for the hallway is hardwood. The only objection to the uncarpeted stairway is the noise and the danger of slipping on it. If a stair carpet is used, the color should be carefully selected in regard to the wall-covering and the floor. If there is to be a floor carpet, it should be selected for its durability and because it does not show dirt. show dirt.

The hall is not the place for valuable oriental rugs, for the tramping in and out in all kinds of weather is too hard on them. Rugs should be laid to parallel the lines of the main entrance; thus all the floor lines are parallel. Dark colors are preferable to light, and decided, geometric patterns are more in keeping than unconventional flowers, which de-tract from the quiet tone necessary in

You do not need to use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets as ordinary pills are used. One of these pills is a laxative, two to three have a cathartic effect. They do not become a necessity to the user. They cure constipation and its consequences and once cured the Pellets can be dispensed with.

--- There are many good newspapers published, but none that is quite as good as the DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN. Try it.