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| Belieforte, PPa., June 28, 1912. |  |  |  |  |  |
| Y blue. |  |  |  |  |  |
| The little toy dog is covered with dust, But sturdy and staunch he stands; <br> And the little toy soldier is red with rust, <br> And his musket molds in his hands, <br> Time was when the little toy dog was new <br> And the soldier was passing fair <br> And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue <br> Kissed them and put them there. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| Kissed them and put them there. <br> "Now, don't you go till I come," he said, <br> "Now, don't you go till I come," he <br> So toddling off to his trundlebed, |  |  |  |  |  |
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| So toddling off to his trundlebed, <br> He dreamt of the pretty toys, <br> And as he was dreaming, an angel song Awakened our Little Boy BlueOh , the years are many, the years are long. But the little toy friends are true. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| Ay, faithful to Little Boy Biue they stand, Each in the same old place. Awaiting the touch of a little hand The smile of a little face. <br> And they wonder, as waiting these long years through, <br> In the dust of that little chair. <br> What has become of our Little Boy Blue. <br> Since he kissed them and put them there. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| -Engene Field. the shadow. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| Judith stole cautiously from bed in swift response to the fretful cry that came |  |  |  |  |  |
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| anxiously. "Mother's coming, precious. ing was too late. Sam threw out a groping hand that reached for her longbraid, and held it detainingly. "Oh, my |  |  |  |  |  |
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| braid, and <br> he groa groaned, sleepily, "why 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 nig ince peace. She crept il bit |  |  |  |  |  |
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| the warm little ball had cuddied down in edly in her neck, the summons was in reality a strong relief to her. The vague shadow of trouble that had kept herawake 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 in the attic the day before, she had been |  |  |  |  |  |
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| miserably in doubt as to what to do with it. She was so afraid of not being fair to Sam's dead wife-and yet again she misunderstandings that she had come to associate with any mention of the dead woman in her husband's presence. Butnow she stopped worrying, and held her |  |  |  |  |  |
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| 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 whatshe had best do with the things, ever it was, she would follow it. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| It was raining hard in the morning, and the day seemed to go wrong in the nureyed, vivacious Celia had arrived, with presents all around, the demons of mis. chief that were running riot in four small breasts refused to be quelled. And-quick, hurt tears sprang to Judith's eyes at the memory-Sam had remarked with |  |  |  |  |  |
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| somewhat unnecessary force as he pushed back his chair from the table, that he children who knew a little about manag. ing them, for as long as she took care of |  |  |  |  |  |
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| them herself he feared that they would always be possessed of devils! |  |  |  |  |  |
| 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 |  |  |  |  |  |
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| so interrupted by the demands of the boys that it was not until the rainy twilight set in that they had any time tothemselves. At last when Judith closed the door firmly between |  |  |  |  |  |
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| and ther riotous sursery, Celia laid doom the centerpiece she was embroidering anair close to the shining fender and begin. She looked across at her affection- |  |  |  |  |  |
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| sweet face, and something very womanly and gracious in all her gentle motions.Her rippling brown hair was parted Her rippling brown hair was partedsmoothly 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 eyce seem lum |  |  |  |  |  |
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| consly deep and clear. <br> "Well," Celia said, at last, smiling at <br> her," "what's the trouble with the dear lady?" |  |  |  |  |  |
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| Judith put down the little trousers she was mending and leaned back in her would be to break her habit of proud reserve. Finally, <br> Sam telephoned me that he had tick- |  |  |  |  |  |
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| ets for Marslach's song-recital to-night," she said, her soft voice very low, "and I sing an entire group of Helen's songs. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| Of course, Sam doessnt know that. But I-oh, I simply can't listen to them,Celia!I'm jealous of the woman, I suppose, if the plain tuth was tound |  |  |  |  |  |
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| the plain truth was told. Anyhow, when I hear those marvelous love-songs, and |  |  |  |  |  |
| The Transiguration,' and that last one, ber that she wrote them all to Sam the |  |  |  |  |  |
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| er 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 andthe boys were playing in the attc, and they found a box. .o of hers.... Dedy |  |  |  |  |  |
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| picture of Helen, and then there was an inside box.... I wanted to ask you what you thought I ought to do with it." what you thought I ought to do with it. |  |  |  |  |  |
| She bent closely over her seewing again, |  |  |  |  |  |
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| any strength left, and tried time and time again to prove to myself that Iwasn'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 gift- |  |  |  |  |  |
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| editter to the poor girl! She was so giftSam's interests. And since the babies came I haven't had time to keep up my |  |  |  |  |  |
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| music enough to play accompaniments even, and as for dressing well, and doing the things he cares for, it's simply impos. sible-" Her eyes met his sister's in the 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 1 do to Helen." do to Helen. <br> Celias heart went out to her in mute sympathy. She knew how galling the been to Judith. And this abandon of a high reserve that had lasted for ten years touched her deeply. She responded intoo proud to make. |  |  |  |  | than unconventional flowers, which detract from the quiet tone necessary in |
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