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SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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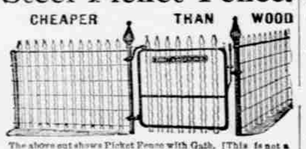

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BOUNCING BET.

Won't you tell me, Bouncing-Bet,
What it was you did,
Flower anear the highway growing,
Sweetly nodding, sweetly blowing,
That the neighbors chid?

That they passed you, prim and proud,
In that far-off day,
Stares you down so chill and haughty,
And declare I you rude and naughty,
With your laugh too gay.

Did it vex you, Bouncing-Bet,
Such a name to wear,
Did you tell your gossips funny,
Bird and bee an I frolic bunny,
That you did not care?

Yet you blushed, my wayside pet,
Just a tender flush,
And your sweetness grew the sweeter,
And your nods a bit discreeter,
In the vesper's hush.

Never mind it, Bouncing-Bet,
Bloom anear the way;
Sweet things need not care for flaming,
Need not heed an idle shaming,
Nor what neighbors say.
—Harper's Young People.

THE GILA MONSTER.

Tragic Experiences with the Strange Animal in Arizona.

Its Bite Always Fatal—How a Young Man Who Went Into an Abandoned Mine to Escape the Law Met His Death.

More deadly than the rattlesnake, more dreaded than the mountain lion, the Gila monster has at least this merit—he never seeks man out, and is quite content to keep within his own lair, but when this is intruded on none knows better than he how to resent invasion, and in a manner that usually leaves no tongue to repeat the story. The very appearance of this strange creature inspires a horror which the most venomous serpent is incapable of arousing, and to stand and gaze into the lidless, unblinking eyes, even when iron bars interpose, is to experience an uncomfortable sensation along the region of one's backbone, and set one wondering if it was not just such a creature that originated with the ancients the belief in an animal whose very gaze was death. The Mexicans and Indians of Arizona will tell you that the monster kills by its breath everything approaching near enough to inhale the sickening effluvium, this belief arising from the horror with which they regard it, and from the fact that it is usually found only at the bottom of some old mine shaft or mountain cavern, where the heavy, mephitic air serves to overcome the luckless being who ventures in, and who falls the readier victim to the monster's bite.

It is a popular fallacy that this creature is of the lizard family, an overgrown chameleon, but its small, snake-like head, its slimy body of a hideous brownish gray, with a smooth white belly, suggests rather the serpent, but the tail is short and stumpy.

My first introduction to the Gila monster was a tragic one. I was spending some months in Phenix, A. T., and had in my employ a young Mexican named Leander, who served me as body servant, groom and cook in the modest menage I had set up, preferring to dictate my own table fare to eating the peppery messes which are the sole diet of the Mexican population, and which are gradually adopted by Americans dwelling any length of time in this climate. To such an extreme is this love of red-hot pepper carried by the foreign element that it is said with truth that even the carrion eaters of the region will not touch a dead Mexican.

This boy Leander was a timid, affectionate lad, whose only vice seemed to be that of gambling. At this he spent all his spare time and his entire wages, often playing all night, though performing his duties next day as usual. I reasoned with him in vain, and he would promise me again and again that he would cease the uneasy life his propensities caused him to lead, but he had always an evil angel at his side in the shape of a big pock-marked half-breed named Francesco. This man, taking advantage of the boy's weakness, was always at hand to tempt him to the small gambling hell frequented by men of his class, and though I forbade him hanging about my premises, he would waylay Leander and work on his love of sport until the boy would fall again.

From inquiries I made, I learned that Francesco made a practice of regularly cheating him out of his wages, but Leander could not be brought to see this, but played on, hoping to regain some of his losses. But one night he saw an unmistakable false play on the part of his enemy, and with the quick fury of his race, had leaped across the table and had driven his knife into the breast of Francesco. The big half-breed dropped like a log, and thinking him dead, the boy broke out of the shanty and ran for the mountains. Next morning I was told of the occurrence, and while I deprecated what he had done, I could not but think the boy had some excuse for his anger, and after ascertaining from the surgeon Francisco's wound would not prove serious, I resolved to protect Leander from the law. This was easily done in those early days, and fearing lest the boy would perish in the mountains of hunger and exposure, I engaged a small party to go with me in search of him.

After some trouble we learned from a herdsman that Leander prevailed on him to promise that he would bring him food every day to the mouth of a shaft which had been the entrance of an old silver mine. Here Leander proposed to hide himself until the consequences of his deed had blown over. The herdsman had kept his promise, and the day after meeting the boy on his way to this place of concealment had carried some provisions to the shaft and had called to the fugitive. But he had heard nothing in reply, and so had gone away, thinking that after all Leander had abandoned his plan. I proceeded at once to the spot pointed out by the Mexican, and with one of my men entered the shaft which had been sunk at a sharp angle into the mountain. Our torches burned badly in the foul air of the place, and not seeing it I stumbled presently over an object that lay across the path. I leaned forward to see what it was, and had just recognized with a thrill of horror that it was the body of a man most sickeningly swollen and discolored, when the man with me suddenly jerked me to one side and discharged his pistol at a dark, gliding shape that was making at me. "Back, back, senor!" he cried, dragging at me. "It is the black death!" Impelled by him, though not understanding the danger, I backed out of the place, and was then told that I had narrowly escaped a bite from a Gila monster, and that the man we had seen was in all probability my poor servant, though I would never have known that ghastly, battened shape for him.

I could scarcely prevail on the man to go back with me into the shaft, but at last he consented to walk behind me and to hold the torch that I might kill the deadly creature and bring out the body of the poor boy for burial. We found the monster that the Mexican had fired at writhing about, evidently wounded by the shot, and, quickly dispatching him, we stooped to lift the dead boy when my nostrils were smitten by a fresh whiff of indescribably offensive odor resembling that of decaying raw meat which filled the place. The Mexican and I sprang about to see crawling out of the gloom at the far end of the shaft a second monster. Aiming carefully I fired at the moving form, but must have missed the reptile, for with incredible swiftness of movement it reached me and seized my left foot. Fortunately I had on thick hunting boots reaching to my knee, so that as far as I was concerned the creature was harmless, but the Mexican with me was barefooted, and cried out to me to kill the monster before it could turn on him, so leaning down I placed my weapon almost to the thing's head and blew its brains out.

During the same year of this occurrence a young mining engineer from the east ran away with the daughter of a wealthy Mexican ranchman, who objected to the marriage on the score of the young man's poverty. The couple, pursued by the angry father, a man who had the reputation of being swift to kill, made for Fort Grant, but were obliged to cross the mountains. A storm was coming up, and their driver sought shelter in a deserted adobe hut, where they were kept all night. To this place they were traced by the father, but he found only three dead and swollen bodies in the hut with two Gila monsters. These showed fight, but were killed, and the heart-broken father returned home.

On the river from which these reptiles take their name are the remains of an extensive dwelling house which in its day was a marvel of architecture and elegance to the Mexicans. Its owner was a Sig. Mesilla, who had been educated in the east, and who had brought home a bride from some northern state when his college days were over. But for all his adoption of American manners and customs the revengeful nature of his race lived in him. A short time after his marriage he grew jealous of a friend who had been a classmate of his and who had accompanied him home to see something of the country. To the suspicious Mexican it seemed that his young wife looked with too smiling a countenance on her countryman, and in his dark mind he planned a revenge unique in its way. He procured a pair of Gila monsters and promised his ranchmen a rare treat, something better and more novel than a bull-fight. Monarch of the country for miles about, there was no one to interfere with his grim pleasure, so one day without warning he caused his guest to be stripped of his clothing except one light garment and shut in the court of the place formed by the blank walls of the four connected buildings that formed the ranchhouse. The victim was provided with a knife and then the monsters were let into this improvised arena. Mesilla and his men sat upon the low roofs and watched the combat with shouts of laughter and cheers as the reptiles and the man fought. The American was unaware of the deadly character of the creatures he was arrayed against, and, while bitten again and again, thought he was fighting for his life, and succeeded in finally killing one of the reptiles, though the poison was fast rendering him blind and sick. At last he fell dead on the body of the monster he had slain, while the other, though wounded, fastened itself upon the corpse.

Messilla had forced his wife to witness this horrible scene until she had fainted, and now that the man was dead the cruel husband had her lowered into the yard. As she reached the stone paving of the place, she recovered consciousness and, seeing the dreadful form of the monster crawling toward her, hastily snatched from the dead man's hand the knife with which he had fought and plunged it in her breast, falling lifeless beside her countryman. Mesilla wishing, however, to satisfy himself that both of them were really dead, now descended into the courtyard himself, and was stooping to examine his victims when the wounded and dying reptile, which he had forgotten, raised its evil head and fixed its fangs in his foot. Mesilla died before it could be detached from it, and it was necessary to cut it away before Mesilla could be placed in his coffin.—Philadelphia Times.

Bullets Carried for Years.

Two extraordinary cases of bullet wounds becoming active after a lapse of twenty-four years are reported by a German medical paper. One is that of a watchmaker named Kleeman, living at Dusseldorf, who was wounded in the Franco-German war. Three years ago he had a bullet successfully extracted from his right shoulder, and a short time ago, after a month's illness, a second bullet was extracted from his left side. The second case is that of a stationmaster who a few days ago was operated upon at Bonn and had a French bullet, which pierced his right shoulder in the war, cut from his right side.

Wild Sheep.

About thirty years ago Moses Starling and others put two small flocks of sheep on Monhegan, a bleak and rocky island off the entrance of Penobscot bay, believing that sheep could take care of themselves almost anywhere. Since then the flocks have increased to an aggregate of two hundred and fifty head, running wild and receiving no attention whatever. Once a year men have gone to the island, driven the sheep into a pen, and sheared them and marked the lambs. The sheep are now owned by half a dozen persons, some of whom have not seen the stock for twenty years.

A WIFE'S RIGHTS.

Why John Weston Was Forced to Respect Them.

"I wish you would let me have the money, John," pleaded the wife, trying to control her voice.

"I tell you no, I cannot spare it; besides she does not need a white dress. If women had their way every cent a man could earn would be spent on finery and foolishness. If Grace is not content to wear something she has to this trumpery picnic, let her stay at home; and I'm not sure but that would be best anyway."

"But, John, she really needs a new dress; I've turned and remade everything that I could possibly use. If you have not the money to spare let me get it at Graham's, and you can pay it when you come home."

"I won't have it; now don't you go to getting it after I am gone. Wait, I'll fix it. Grace!" he called to a young girl in the yard, "mind, you are not to go to the picnic at all. Do you hear what I say?"

"Yes; but, oh, papa! I am to take part in the exercises, and I promised."

"It don't matter what you promised. I say you shall not go, and that ends it. I'll see if I'm to be beggared for a woman's whims. Remember," he said, turning to his wife, "I said she should not go, and I expect to be obeyed."

"You shall be," she answered quietly. "I've never taught her to disobey you, and I shall not begin now."

"Better not," he returned, roughly, and walked away.

A one-story log house, ugly and uninviting save for the blossoming flowers about it, rose before her, and from its low door a slender girl of fourteen came with wet eyes and flushed face, saying, pitifully:

"Is it not too cruel, mamma? How can I bear it?"

"Try to bear it bravely, darling. Mamma will help you." And with her arms around her weeping daughter Alice Weston sat down upon the lower doorstone and thought.

Seventeen years before she, pretty Alice Lewis, had married John Weston. Her mother was dead, and her father had gone to northern New York with them and purchased two hundred acres of rich but unimproved land. It had been quite cheap—the entire cost only one thousand dollars, but it had taken another thousand to stock it and to build the little house and barn. Mr. Lewis and John agreed very well and Alice had been contented. Three years later Baby Grace came, and, Grandpa Lewis holding the wee one in his arms, said:

"Thank heaven, Alice, you and baby will always have a home, whatever happens. When I am gone teach the little one to love my memory."

The log-house and barn had been very well for a start when they were just beginning, but as years passed a thriving little town sprang up near, and a railroad wound its serpent-like track across one corner of the farm.

They had prospered, too, in other ways; had little sickness and good harvests, and every year John had gone to B—— to deposit the yearly profits. The barn had long ago given way to a better, more commodious structure; and Alice had often pleaded for a new house, but John was adamant and scoffed at the idea. So Alice yielded, though feeling his injustice, for all labor-saving implements for farm use had been freely purchased, and help for himself was never wanting, but since Baby Grace was three months old she had never had a stroke of help in the house.

John's parsimoniousness was growing upon him. He seemed to have sunk all other considerations, and bent all his energies to making money. It was difficult even to get him to provide suitably for the table. If the provisions were out or their wardrobes needed replenishing Alice was made to feel that she was personally responsible for the matter, and the family felt his displeasure for days over every trifling expenditure.

Entering the house, she went slowly up the ladder that led to the loft, and taking a small book from an old red chest, on which were her father's initials in large brass-headed nails, she examined its contents. It was an old book, and Alice well remembered when John had first brought it home after depositing two hundred dollars in the bank at B——. There was much to his credit; very little had been drawn out, and her examination showed her there was ten thousand five hundred dollars to his order.

Taking a blank check from the chest, Alice filled it for $5,500, payable to herself, dated it and signed her husband's name as nearly like his own signature as possible.

Each autumn John went to New York with his own and his neighbors' produce, remaining there two to four weeks. Thither he had gone to-day, and would remain at least a month; so Alice had a clear field for her operations. She examined her purse, but found less than a dollar there; but she supplemented it by selling eggs at the village, and obtained money enough to go to B——. She had not been there for years, and at first felt timid at being alone in a large city; but each moment gave her confidence, and when she presented the check at the bank she was as cool and dignified as a veteran.

John had an uncle in the city, and to him she applied for identification. Knowing nothing of the circumstances, he of course identified her, but was thoroughly astonished when once out of the bank to learn the real state of affairs. He was, however, a just man, and not only did he approve of her course, but gave her valuable assistance in her project, and no doubt saved her much loss.

Nearly five weeks elapsed before John Weston returned, but to his astonished eyes Aladdin's palace seemed before him.

A neat, two-story frame building, on which the paint was scarcely dry, stood where the log house had been. The yard, always level, had been cleared of rubbish, and inclosed in a neat fence.

Hastily striding up the gravel walk, he entered the sitting room where his wife, daughter and uncle awaited him. In the kitchen beyond, a young girl flitted about, getting supper. To the left, the open folding doors showed a prettily furnished parlor in which a handsome organ was conspicuous. The sitting-room was less expensively furnished, but a sewing machine and several easy chairs gave an air of home comfort, as delightful as it was novel.

Just what John Weston would have said had his wife been alone it is impossible to say. But being in somewhat wholesome awe of his uncle, who was a bachelor and wealthy, he only inquired:

"What in the devil does all this tomfoolery mean, Alice?"

"Simply that I have reinvested my half of the bank stock," she replied, quietly.

"You don't mean to say that you have dared to touch that money in the bank," he roared. "It's mine, every cent of it. I will not have it touched. You could not get it without me, and if anyone," darting an angry look at his uncle, "has been fool enough to lend you money on the strength of it, I'll see them hanged before I'll pay it."

For ten minutes he raged like a wild animal; then Alice spoke quietly yet in a tone that calmed even his anger.

"Stop, John; now you must listen to me. Seventeen years ago, when we were married, you had less than one hundred dollars. My father bought this place, stocked it and furnished money for improvements. When he died I allowed you to do exactly as you pleased with everything. You have bought and sold to suit yourself. Your stock have been well sheltered, while your family have lived in a hovel. Anything to aid you in outdoor labor has been freely purchased, and at the same time simple necessities of life have been denied us. But this is a thing of the past. Henceforth matters will rest on a more equitable basis, and we will live in accordance with our means.

"There was ten thousand five hundred dollars in the bank at B——. I drew five thousand five hundred dollars of it. You have over five hundred from this year's sale of produce, and the remaining five thousand dollars I lay no claim to. Thus we start even. I work quite as hard as yourself, yet I ask no division of given receipts. You can go on just as you have and no one will question your management, but one-half of all the net proceeds must be deposited to my order."

"You don't mean to say that you have squandered five thousand dollars since I have gone?" he exclaimed, angrily.

"I have squandered nothing. I have properly expended some twenty-five hundred. The house cost two thousand dollars, the furniture about five hundred more. The other three thousand I have intact."

"And you have got the money and spent it?"

"I have got it and have spent a portion of it."

"You signed my name to the order?"

"I did."

"And if I refuse to let the matter rest so, and have you arrested for forgery?"

A smile curled her lip for a moment.

"Then in such an event, which I do not anticipate, I should be forced to have you arrested for attempted fraud, and let the farm to a tenant who will justly divide the profits."

The last was certainly a master stroke, for he made no reply, and the girl announcing supper, the subject was not renewed.

In the evening, however, when John and his uncle went to the barn, John asked him if he had set the thing going.

"Not at all," he returned, "though I do not blame Alice. Look at your fine lot of personal property, besides money in the bank, and it has all come through her. Now let me advise you. Accept the situation gracefully; Alice has counted the cost carefully, and she will never yield her position. And yet, John, you have brought it upon yourself. If you had treated her a little more justly she would never have attempted this."

"No, by Jove! I did not think she had so much grit. I've lived with her seventeen years, and I never heard her scold until to-night."

"Rather mild scolding that, I think."

"Well, a pretty thorough overhauling, then." John said, with a faint attempt at a laugh. "But, really," he added, "this places me in a bad fix. I have bought the Allston estate, and there are oil wells on it that make it a big bargain. I was to give ten thousand for the place, including tools and stock. This thing knocks my calculation endwise, for, as this place really belongs to Alice, I cannot mortgage it, and if the sale is not completed by Monday the whole thing falls through."

"You intended taking a deed of this place yourself?"

"Of course," he answered, readily, then had the grace to color as he caught the twinkle in his uncle's eye.

"You have said nothing to Alice about it?"

"No; to tell the truth, I did not consider it was any of her affairs. I never looked at things just as I have to-night, and I did not think she would dare assert her rights. In fact, I think I had forgotten she had any."

"She has dared, however, and I honor her for it. Now, John, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you and Alice will take a joint deed of the Allston place I'll lend her the two thousand dollars required and she can pay me when convenient. But it must be a joint deed, understand."

Alice was delighted with the arrangement, and though surprised at finding such smooth sailing felt duly grateful to John's uncle for his timely aid, and found no future difficulty in maintaining the stand she had taken.

As for John, he had always entertained an exalted opinion of John Weston, but from that night he entertained a wholesome respect for John Weston's wife.—Chicago Journal.

PROVERBS.

No reformation enters by the back door.

All the good men do not own front pews.

The most absolute despotism protects the few.

Party patriots are not raised on Spartan broth.

Faith born only of fear fills the church with cowards.

If man had a hundred eyes he would still have a blind side.

An empty stomach is likely to become anarchy's bass drum.

Precedent enacts the strongest as well as the most dangerous laws.—Chicago Herald.

RAINY DAY IN A GARRET.

We could not play at tennis, le cercle or croquet,
We could not venture out of doors that rainy summer day;
But yet by me unheeded was the shadow in the skies,
I saw but sunny weather in the smile of Veda's eyes.
Within the roomy attic such jolly games we played,
Why should I at the patter of the raindrops be dismayed?
And in my joy I often thought if she would only share it,
I'd have my life one rainy day with Veda in a garret.

The years a score have hurried by, since that glad afternoon,
Which she and I so gayly passed with heart and heart in tune;
The sunny locks that lay across her brow are streaked with gray,
But love is just as young and glad within our hearts to-day.
Sometimes the clouds have crossed our paths and hidden all the blue
Yet all the while affection's sun was shining warm and true.
A yoke is light and easy with two steadfast hearts to share it,
And love can make life's rainy days delightful in a garret.
—Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal.

HE LOVED HIS WIFE.

A Little Lesson for Many Selfish Men.

No one doubted that he loved her devotedly, and yet—they had lived in the same house for nearly forty years. Meanwhile he had become one of the richest men in Lakeville. He owned and rented numerous dwellings with all modern luxuries in the way of steam heat, gas fixtures, bathroom, plate glass windows, large closets, etc. The old home possessed none of these advantages. It was delightfully situated, and the garden surrounding it was ideally beautiful. Mammoth oaks and wide-spreading maples cast deep shadows upon the rambling structure in which Mrs. Van Dyke spent her toilsome later years, and all the people who drove past were apt to say: "There's a fine old-fashioned sort of place!"

Mrs. Van Dyke was accustomed to hearing praises of the trees; the nice cool well water, so much better than that which ran through the city pipes; the soft light from sixteen kerosene lamps, such a relief after blinking evenings of brilliant gas that was so trying to the eyes; the cheery comfort of big blazing coal stoves in midwinter; the inexpressible deliciousness of fresh berries from the vines that grew so profusely on the grand old Van Dyke premises. Comments on the manifold blessings enjoyed by the Van Dykes gave Mr. Van Dyke unalloyed satisfaction, for he was very proud of the old home. Two paramount attachments were plainly manifested at all times. He was exceedingly fond of "the old place," and, let it be remembered, he loved his wife devotedly.

She had borne him seven healthy, affectionate and dutiful children, all of whom were married and settled in different portions of the globe, and who, with their various progeny, were wont to flock to the ancestral domain for Thanksgiving, Christmas and other holidays, and on different anniversary occasions. Mrs. Van Dyke was therefore seldom alone, and almost never care free for even one week of the year; and, besides, Mr. Van Dyke was naturally inclined to extend off-hand invitations to all his friends to put up at his house whenever it suited their pleasure or convenience. Not only was he a very generous and entertaining host, but, owing to Mrs. Van Dyke's management, his house was a most restful and altogether desirable refuge for many of his relations.

Mrs. Van Dyke was a woman of unvarying amiability. She was patient and kind and gentle beyond description. Throughout the long years of their wedded life, her loving husband never heard her utter a complaint. She was the last person to go to sleep at night, and the first to waken, or at least to rise in the morning, for forty seasons. She planned breakfasts and dinners and suppers innumerable, was often at the mercy of poor servants, and was sometimes left for weeks at a time with none at all; and yet the lamps burned every night, and were filled and trimmed every morning, the buckets went down and up in the moss-embowered well, the cistern pump creaked with unbroken regularity, and Mrs. Van Dyke never said a word about all those rented houses where there were no lamps used, where water flowed freely by merely turning a faucet, where hot baths could be taken any hour without a thought of pumps and kettles, and where women's cares and responsibilities were reduced to a minimum.

Ah, yes, Andrew Van Dyke loved his wife. She was a sweet, trustful, confiding and tender creature, who always looked upon him as a superior and who never failed to meet him with a smile, if not a kiss, when he entered the dear old home. No matter how large the grocery bill, it was promptly paid, and unquestioningly. So were the dry goods bills, and the milliners' and upholsterers' bills, and, finally, the doctors' bills that Mrs. Van Dyke contracted.

One day she casually remarked to her devoted partner in life's joys: "Andrew, did it ever occur to you that our trees have grown too large and they shade the house too much? Would you mind cutting some of them down and trimming others, so as to let in more sunshine? The doctor says my rheumatism would be less apt to trouble me."

He loved his wife devotedly, so he had several branches of maple and one large oak limb cut immediately. That was not sufficient, however. Whole trees needed to be removed from their close proximity to the house. Inasmuch as the tears were seen to fill his eyes when even the few limbs were severed from their parent trunks, and he confessed to a desire to beg, plaintively:

"Oh, woodman, spare that tree!"

Mrs. Van Dyke had not the heart to suggest further clearing out. Her rheumatism grew worse and worse. The shade from the grove grew more and more dense. Mr. Van Dyke was only at home nights and Sundays, but oh, the blessedness of being screened from a busy world on hot Sunday afternoons, when he sat behind the shrubbery under the broad sheltering trees, and, yes, though they had been married so long, made love to his silver-haired wife!

"Dear," she said, softly, on one of these occasions, "why could we not have city water put in our house? It would save so much strength."

"No water like that from the old well," he replied, and enlarged upon it for some time eloquently. "Besides, it would tear up things, and we are so peaceful and serene that I should dread the general disturbance."

Again, being left without a servant for several days, she said, pleasantly, but very appealingly: "My dear, I wish we had gas in the old home, as in your handsome tenements. The cleaning of so many lamps every morning would become unnecessary."

"I hate gas light," he exclaimed. "Nothing like nice, well shaded kerosene lamps!"

He did not have to keep them in order, and suddenly thinking so, he added, considerately, "Don't light so many, my dearest. You see we'd have to have a long spell of tearing up to get the pipes in, and it would be a nuisance, besides destroying much of the wall paper, etc., that we are attached to."

"Yes, that is so," said Mrs. Van Dyke meekly. But the very next day, in spite of her lame muscles, she drew three pails of water, pumped fire, cleaned eight lamps, picked several quarts of berries, and cooked meals for a family of four relatives of Mr. Van Dyke's, who had arrived for a week's visit.

There was not, literally, a single feature of the old home which Mr. Van Dyke enjoyed that did not tax the physical endurance of his