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# Freeman

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### WHEN BABY GOES TO SLEEP

When I take the baby, and the nodding  
Gives to me that weary and would like to  
An ail of death-like stillness 'bout the house  
And I'm so glad when the baby goes to sleep.

### WAS IT STEALING?

How a Brutal Husband Was  
Taught a Needed Lesson.

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is the best dye, because it is harmless;  
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### MILLIE'S GREEN PEAS.

The Part They Played in the  
Scheme of Human Events.

Millie Mitchell was only six years old. Her mother was very poor, and sewed for her living in two small rooms of a dingy New York house not far from East Broadway. One bright day in summer, a day that made even the shabby and dirty street seem pleasant because of the breeze and sunshine that were blended there, Millie's mother said to the child:

It was at the other end of town, at the foot of a lane leading up to a small, stately-looking house that she stopped to look at a picture. It was a picture of a woman in a long white dress, and she was looking at it with a look of interest and admiration. The picture was hanging in a room that she had never seen before, and she was looking at it with a look of interest and admiration.

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### A VOICE OF BYGONE DAYS.

Could I but hear the voice once more  
That dwelt in my heart's dearest home,  
I would not care to see the world,  
Nor to be with my spirit's dearest home.

### SOPLY CLARE'S FRIGHT.

How a Plucky Little Schoolma'am  
Was Frightened.

A schoolma'am in the far west—a hard-worked, scantily paid little creature, known as "round" at the various farmhouses, log cabins and one-story shanties within an area of ten miles, and consequently enjoyed a panoramic view of human nature in a compressed circle of aspects, this was not the sort of a career that Sophy Clare had looked forward to when she graduated with so much effort from the Massachusetts state normal school and carried off her first teaching diploma by glittering prospects and fair promises, which had turned into mere will-o'-the-wisps on a nearer view, and carried off her first teaching diploma by glittering prospects and fair promises, which had turned into mere will-o'-the-wisps on a nearer view.

It was two men crouching by a fall on log which lay in the pine cypess, unattended over with gold-green moss, and her hair was blowing about her face, they were quite unaware of the approach of anyone, and as Sophy shrank back into the shadows of a blue-green laurel bush, she could hear the rustle of a bird's wing as it flapped over her head. "But to kill her," said one, "and she's such a little beauty, too!" "Phaw!" growled the other. "Don't be a fool, Hal Tucker. It's only one of those sharp knives that the thing's done, and can't be undone."

the road again?  
She stood still and listened, but no sound greeted her ears other than the rush of the wind in the tree-tops overhead and the murmur of the river below and the wild beating of her own heart.

"All risks," she thought, "I must get home. I can't stay here in the forest all night, though perhaps the perils from wild beasts would be less than the dangers from the elements."  
And flying in desperate haste through the gloomy paths, where the first faint silver rays of the starlight were beginning to irradiate the scarcely visible objects, she ran on, as if out of the old stone mill by the waterfall, with the long, low dwelling of the Harkins' at its side, all shining with welcome lights.

"I'm glad you're home," said Sophy, with a convulsive catching of the breath and turning pale as she looked at the carpet slippers. "You're late, Miss Clare? And, good land alive, how pale you be!"  
"I—I walked very fast," said Sophy, with a convulsive catching of the breath and turning pale as she looked at the carpet slippers. "You're late, Miss Clare? And, good land alive, how pale you be!"

It was at the other end of town, at the foot of a lane leading up to a small, stately-looking house that she stopped to look at a picture. It was a picture of a woman in a long white dress, and she was looking at it with a look of interest and admiration. The picture was hanging in a room that she had never seen before, and she was looking at it with a look of interest and admiration.