How shall I love you? I dream all day, Dear! of a tenderer, sweeter way; Songs that I sing to you-words that I say Prayers that are voiceless on lips that would pray-

These cannot tell of the love of my life ; How shall I love you-my sweetheart, my wife?

How shall I love you? Love is the bread Of life to a woman—the white and the red Of all the world's roses; the light that is shed

On all the world's pathways, till light shall be dead!

The star in the storm and the strength in the strife : How shall I love you-my sweetheart, my wite?

Is there a burden your heart must bear. I shall kneel lowly and lift it, dear! Is there a thorn in the crown that you wear Let it hide in my heart till a rose blossoms

Bor grief or for glory-for death or for life, so shall I love you-my sweetheart, my wife! F. L. Stanton, in Ladies' Home Journal.

## JACK'S SURRENDER.



ject.

little

"Jack," she replied, sternly, "you are as headstrong as your father used his famous Bachelors' Club, and swore | picion? to remain faithful to its laws. But, tar, my friend. 'Ou le pere a passe Alfred de Musset tells us."

"Oh, that's all very well," I cry, bition being to read a sonata, write a | inal: "The Plaints of Tpalgenia!" correct note, and make a fairly graceful courtesy. But now-'

"Well, Jack, you are not complithen, that the girls of my day were ittle more than simpletons?"

"I beg your pardon, mother, dear! the roles of wives and mothers, country, she had a delightful time known person throws an irresistible and the happy husband could sleep making preserves. Dear little Greuze! charm over my already stricken heart. contentedly every night in the assurwould superintend the desserts and darn his socks conscientiously."

her chair. Jack, it seems strange that a wo-Jack, it seems strange that a wo- above your gloves. What a sweet us. I cannot help but adore thee.

man of the old school should be picture! Surely, I have found the I bend towards her. Suddenly, betime the majority of those 'angels of serves!-"Jack, dearie, taste my interrupt me. the fireside, whose praises you sing so jelly." How these words go to a "The Mariani is going to sing," loudly, were very shallow girls. What man's heart! What baccalaureate murmur the voices. girl of spirit would be contented with would ever condescend to call me Oh, what is the famous cantatrice to the secondary role that you men would "dearie?" She would never make me me! I am vexed at the interruption. like to impose upon her? No, no! It preserves. is not the learning of your wife which

comparisons less!" "Oh! oh! mother you're too bad!"

qualities of a woman?"

"Very well. Go to Mme. Desjardins's with me this evening. There will ask Pallas Athene for a quadrille. shall be no more talk of marriage. It is simply an unceremonious call. You You understand that you are free to away your evening, my son?" do exactly as you like. In fact, you

dress, my son." Marry a baccalaureate! Heavens! a shiver run down my back. Look unchanged, I confess; baccalaureates here, mamma, you may as well be honest and say our ight that you are planning my dea and by what perfectly welcome to your opinion." means! Why not throw me overboard What was the meaning of the smile,

and done with it? to me? To me! a man thirty years of the shadow of her white lace scarf?

eight times? there under the shades of the park that | flame in the pride of her beauty? Mme. Desjardins and my mother met Rose, you have made me faithless calmly and sadly : after years of separation? Was it not to the classic beauty. For me your 'No, Mr. Jack, I am not your ideal taste. -- New York Ledger.

there that they formed the first con- sister Martha possesses only the cold woman. You have so often described bachelorhood?

Here we are at Mme. Desjardins! "My dear friend, let me present my son.

"Little Jack !" feel that my appearance in the draw- the straying of my heart as well? room is made ridiculous. This good lady in green satin knew me as a boy, in the golden days of black marks and whippings. It is very delightful, I am sure, unknown faces stare curiously at this | Friday receptions. "little Jack," with a respectable mus-

turns to introduce me to the young very heart.

The Misses Desjardins are twins, a blonde and a brunette. They are of

O, mother, no! beautiful woman-too beautiful, for marry her daughter, I shall be wild and how blind! Here I have caused It is absolute- simple mortals. A Greek goddess! a with despair—that I shall drown my- this angel of simplicity to blush for ly useless! We | Pallas Athene! Her features are pure | self-that-" may as well and cold; her rich black hair forms a drop the sub- royal diadem about her head. Rose is less of a woman. less imposing.

My mother A real Greuze, this young girl !held her hands bewitchingly pretty, with her little Besides, my dear," she added, as she grace and a true heart. Rose, speak towards the Parisian nose, her dimpled cheeks, fire-plump and fair hair which looks as if powhands dered with gold. What a smile! covered with What a voice-so sweet, so sweet! A rings, the last veritable child, whom one might still Marry whom you like. Arrange mat- clensions to please you, and we will coquetry of suspect of playing with her dolls when ters as best you can. It is your own discuss philosophy together by our her sixty no one is by, in spite of her nineteen affair.' years-and a child who surely is no Bachelor of Arts.

Mamma had never mentioned the would not listen to a word about mar- but who could dream of insulting this

The other is the baccalaureate. I meters. I can appreciate her taste. of her cousin. "but in my father's youth the girls Great Scott! Greek must be becoming were not full of notions like these of to this classic beauty. What a thrill Desjardins's. to-day; they were modestly educated of admiration would run through an

A little informal dancing is propartner, who glides about like a fairy odor of the dewy foliage.

ore consistent, than that of our lit- am competent to judge of Miss Rose. terrupted by those quently their husbands as well. From music, can sketch cleverly, and last sweet naivete of a child. their infancy they were prepared to year, while visiting her aunt in the The glimpse I catch of this unances that the 'angel of the fireside' be! and what an adorable little house- unveiled to my view; child, woman, Mamma started impatiently from the dimples in your elbows!

frightens you, young men; it is your theories upon the education and in the fields at break of day; then a own ignorance. Oh, it is nothing destiny of woman. Wife and mother voice is heard above the rustling of more nor less than self-conceit! If -the Angel of the Fireside, no more, fans, a magnificent voice which calms you had not been afflicted with lazi- no less. Slyly I send a few arrows me, moves me, penetrates to my very ness while in college you would fear flying against the pedestal of the soul, and I feel a great wave of har-Grecian goddess, the Pallas Athene, mony pass over me. and I praise with rare tact, I flatter "You maintain, then, that Latin, myself, the art of housekeeping, which Greek-a college education, in short I am sure Miss Rose understands to -is incompatible with modesty, perfection. But I immediately regrace, sweetness and the domestic pent. She blushes with modesty, poor child! Perhaps. too, she is a "I do maintain it most emphati- little hurt to see her sister's bagage classique so little appreciated.

Quick, I must repair my blunder. I

"Well, Jack," said mamma, when will see the twins, and can judge for comfortably installed in the coupe yourself, my son, since you have so which was carrying us far from Miss yourself, my son, since you have so which was carrying us far from My lady love, my queen.

slight a regard for my experience. Rose, "do you regret having thrown Lo! where before thee prostrate I'm kneel-

"Thrown away' is rather severe, need come to me for no information mamma! Had Mme. Desjardins and or advice on the subject. Go and her daughters been much less charming, I should not have regretted accompanying you when you wanted when I heard my mother's wish I felt | me to do so. But my opinions are

have no charm for me." "As you like, my son. You are What was the meaning of the smile, half-satisfied, half-roguish, which The absurdity of proposing a B. A. flitted across mamma's face, under

say-who would only enter the road dreams are haunted by your dress of vete, for your adorable ignorance of step and stairways will be of thick to Hymen with the caution of a Sioux azure blue. Why, oh Rose, are your the life and ways of this world. In slabs of glass. Imitations of all sorts Indian! Alas! cruel mother, what eyes the color of your gown? Why you I find my ideal of what woman of building material will be possible have I done to you? Have I not for do tiny curls escape from the coil of should be. One who has lived a quiet, in the new house, and the tops of pillove of you heard La Dame Blanche your fair hair to nestle tremblingly in secluded life in the bosom of her lars and mouldings will be stamped your neck, like a pale smoke, a golden family, happy in the sweet home life in arabesques and flowers. By im-From the bottom of my heart I mist? Why do gay dimples spring in that is the scorn of pedants and blue- proved methods, glass tubing and cursed Vichy and its waters. Vichy your vervety cheeks when you smile? stockinge. You are the companion of pipes are made that have a resistance with its shady walks, Vichy and its promenade concerts, where mothers in sweet Rose without thorns, has that you can love me!" quest of sons-in-laws meet mothers in heaven placed you beside a gorgeous

spiracy against the security of my majesty of a statue; a religious awe her to me, so often and so cruelly, steals over me when gazing on your perhaps, that I might almost ask mypure face. Rose, I am only happy self at this moment if you are mocknear you!

eight long days. Was it my thoughts love me, you say, because I am simple I am annoyed by this exclamation. I alone? What was there to prevent and gay, as girls of my age should be;

I have seen her again! I see her now every week. I have a standing But you wouldn't love me any more, invitation to Mme. Desjardin's Wed- I'm afraid-you would find me ridinesday evenings, and she, with her culous, you would leave me in disapand I ought to be charmed; but thirty daughters, comes regularly to mother's pointment, if you knew"-

My mind is filled with a collection sake?" tache, whom Mme. Desjardins finds of portraits representing Miss Rose in "I am surprised that you do no "much changed." Great Scott! I various guises. Miss Rose in her fairy know what all our friends know should hope so, in fifteen years! Con- like ball dress, Miss Rose in an ex- your mother as well as any one. I found her reminiscences of childhood! quisitely fitting calling suit of deli- have—I am -I am a Bachelor of Arts! She might as well talk of my first kilts cate gray, Miss Rose in a white house And you have sworn never to marry a or inquire if I have brought my hoop. dress, adorned with a dainty Russian Bachelor of Arts. You told me so Fortunately Mme. Desjardins adds apron. But in these various aspects yourself." a few words of gracious welcome she is always the same little Rose, which restore my breath, and mother whose sweet graces have gone to my possible? I thought it was your

One morning I rushed into my

mother's room. "Mamma, I love Miss Rose. I must the same stature, and dress alike even marry her. Put on your calling dress can't I throw myself on my knees be to ribbons; but here the resemblance as quickly as you can. Take a car-ceases.

Take a car-fore you here in the bow window and riage, fly to Mme. Desjardin's, and make honorable amends for my stu-Miss Martha, the brunette, is a tell her that, if she refuses to let me pidity? Ah, fool that I have been,

beg," replied, mamma, quietly. "It have dreamed that fate had reserved is not customary to make an offer of such a rare treasure for me? Such a marriage at 9 o'clock in the morning. mind, united with sweet womanly

with me. Very well; I will do with- est?" out her advice and assistance. This to be. When he was of your age he name of the learned Miss Desjardins, evening, yes, this very evening. I shall lay my heart, my name, my for- repeats once more with her divine riage. Poor man! He much preferred exquisite Miss Rose by even a sust tune and my life at the feet of my

dear Rose." The day passed in an agony of hope mark my words, before you know it, am sure of it. Could she have ap-you, too, will be walking up to the al-peared, draped like a statue in the tical man that I am, kissed at least a salons of the First Empire, she would hundred times a flower stolen from my pessera bien l'enfant!' (The son fol- have struck wonder to all hearts! Her | idol! And I gazed at that flower like lows in the footsteps of his father) - rich voice, a vibrating contralto, must a school girl dreaming over a faded show to advantage in scanning hexa- margnerite as she thinks of the vows

> There is a concert and ball at Mme. In the bay window-she wears the

young girls, the extent of their am- audience as she murmured in the orig- blue tulle dress-I have heaven in my soul. Oh, how beautiful the May nights are when one can throw open posed. I offered my arm to the little the windows of the ballroom! When Greuze. So much the worse for the happy couples, a black coat and a mentary, to say the least," interrupted Grecian goddess, the Pallas Athene. light dress, stray out upon the bal-my mother. "It is your opinion, Between two waltzes I had an oppor-Between two waltzes I had an oppor- cony to gaze up at the stars. When tunity to talk with my charming little the air is filled with the intoxicating

in a cloud of blue gauze, a fan of Does Rose encourage me to confi-But even you must admit that form- pigeon feathers beats against her deli- dences? She seems vaguely melangrly the education of young girls was cate breast, like the wing of a dove.

much less pratentions, and I think. In a quarter of an hour I feel that I lips: On talk is serious, and in had to tle blue-stockings; for when they left | She is bright, but I take care to keep | the heart seem full to bursting. boarding-school they had only enough the conversation on simple topics. She Strange! It seems as if a new being emery mining, and have sent out daily Instruction to enable them to under- would find it difficult to display much were gradually being evolved from about 600 workmen who, in the most stand the pages of a romance or fol- learning! She is a good little girl, the young girl I have known. Rose archaic fashion, have set to work. low a conversation; not enough to hu- very acute, rather roguish, but simple, seems like a woman to me now; yes, miliate their mothers, and not infre- frank and unassuming. She loves like a woman who still retains the up by fire, the method being to clear

What delicious preserves yours must What an infinitude of perspectives is wife you must make, in a large white trust me! Do not hide from the longapron, your sleeves rolled up to show er the mysterious treasures of tenderness half hidden by thy sweet purity! Look! you can see them now, just We are alone. The stars watch over

obliged to combat your prejudices. dream of my life-a dear, rosy, in- hind us, there is a movement of chairs But I assure you, my dear, that in my genious little wife, who makes pre- and a rustling of dresses. Whispers

But soon the light chords of the pre-Thus I rush into it. I divulge my lude reach us, like the awaking of birds much to modify the state of the in-

She sings: Maiden, harken to my prayer! Listen to me, I implore! My heart will surely break, And for all thy dear sake! Maiden, I love thee As I have never, never loved before!

Heavens! I lose my head-I seize the trembling hand resting upon the window sill. Rose starts. Sing on, blessed voice! sing on, and whisper to my beloved all that fills my heart. And yet I dare not speak: Fain would I serve thee,

Ab, trust me, and I will faithfully prove, De but my own ; my wife! my love! A round of applause follows.

bend towards my darling, who smiles, but seems ready to cry. "Rose, Rose, do you understand? Rose, will you trust me that I may prove my faithfulness to thee? Will 'my own; my wife; my you be

loves me! I read it in her eyes!"

Oh, Rose! Rose! Every night my your simplicity, for your sweet nai- glass, and cornices, foundation, door-

ing me. But I feel that for the time Thus my thoughts wandered for being, at least, you are sincere. You because I do not scorn home life, and because I make a fairly good hostess.

"Knew what, Rose, for heaven's

"I am surprised that you do not "You a baccalaureate, Rose! Is it

sister!" "No. it is not my sister. Unfor-

tunately it is I," she sobbed. "Dear Rose, my dearly beloved, why her learning! I have wounded and "Well, well, John, not so fast, I humiliated her! But how could I

placed her coffee cup upon the dress- to me in Latin; speak to me in Greek, ing table, "you must remember our but tell me that you love me, even if compact. You are not to ask advice, it is in the language of Homer! Oh, information or assistance from me. Rose! I will study my forgotten defireside! Have I obtained my par-Decidedly, mamma is still vexed don? Will you believe me, my dear-

She places her trembling little hand in mine, while the Mariani voice the impassioned love song:

Maiden, I love thee As I have never, never loved before! Rose is my wife now. We discuss all sorts of subjects as we admire our baby, who dances gayly on the knees of his future preceptress.

As for me, I am the happiest of men; my wife is so bewitching when, to tease me, she says in Latin, what we are always thinking, "I love thee?" If you come to see us in the country you shall taste the preserves of my fair baccalaureate, and you must give me your opinion of them, you gentlemen who swear so strongly never to marry a Bachelor of Arts. -From the French, in Romance.

#### An Obsolete Emery Wheel.

Naxos, one of the largest and most famous of the Cyclades Islands of Greece, has from time immemorial produced emery on a large scale, but times are changing and unless resort is had to scientific engineering, the

villages have had the monopoly of The rock has been exclusively broken a space, pile brushwood on it, light a fire, and when the fire is dying out, throw water on the glowing rock to split it. Under such conditions only the surface strata could be utilized, but these are played out, and the supply of brushwood is played out also. Experts who have been consulted by the Grecian Government have recommended the resort to systematic quarry borings, the use of powerful explosives, wire ropeways and other familiar appliances. In the meantime the Naxos industry is practically at a standstill, and other deposits elsewhere have things all their own way, because they are properly handled. It is said that in the United States the development of large cerundrum beds in North Carolina is doing dustry. - Atlanta Journal.

### A Prize Snake Story.

A most hideous spectacle was revealed in a well on a farm near Monongahela on Thursday. The well had supplied the neighborhood with water for a generation. The owner and his son pumped the well out. One of the men with a lighted lamp was lowered to make an inspection. Half way down he shouted to those above to be hoisted, and urged them to haul away for his life. He was aimost paralyzed with fright, saying that the well was alive with snakes from top to bottom. A light was lowered, and snakes in uncounted numbers and of every conceivable size and variety could be seen hanging from the sides and coiled in the bottom. Lizzards and toads were also there in large numbers. The people who have been using the water have the horrors.

The owner of the well will try to get rid of the snakes by blasting the rocks around the well.-Columbus (Ohio) Journal.

### Glass Houses.

One of the promised novelties of the next great Exposition will be a glass She sighs, she trembles! "No, I am house. The building will have a not mistaken! She loves me! She skeleton frame of iron, on which will be fastened glass posts, making a dou-"Rose, I love you. I adore you for ble wall. The root will be of tinted She grows pale, then red, and the will be sure of a much better quality quest of daughters-in-law. Was it not but perfumeless tulip, glowing like a tears flit her eyes; then she becomes of this article than at present, as no paler still, and replies very softly, but peculiarities of soil can corrode them, and the water will acquire no unusuai

### THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Busier Than the Bee-Abasement-Literal-The Point of View-Adds Nothing to It, Etc., Etc.

How doth the little busy ad Improve each shining minute, And gather dollars, dimes and cents For the merchant who is in it,

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Carson-"To what school of writers does Scrawls belong?" Vokes-"He poses as a realist; but his creditors say he is a romancer." Truth.

ABASEMENT.

Penelope (freezingly) - "You do not love me. Ten Broke (convincingly)-"I wor-

ship the very ground that you inherit."--Life.

ADDS NOTHING TO IT. "The telephone is like a woman; it tells everything it hears."

"Yes, that's so. And it's unlike a woman, too; it tells a thing just as it hears it."-Life.

NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE.

Friend-"Does Arthur smoke?" Sweet Girl-"No; he never smoked in his life, and he has promised that

if I marry him he will never learn. Is n't he noble?"-Puck. LITERAL.

"It's a good idea to make light of your troubles." "I do," replied Happigo; "whenever a creditor sends me a letter I

burn it."-Washington Star. GOT IT.

Hopgood-"Yes; Jobson had no peace of mind until he married that Dewberry-"Well, last night I heard

her giving him a piece of hers.'

TRUTHFUL. "Waiter, is this cheese imported?"

"Yes, sir; part of it." "What do you mean?" "Well, sir, the holes came from Switzerland, but just the substance was made here."

TWO STRINGS. "Why is Charley letting his hair

"For two reasons. He intends to try football, and if he's not a success at it he's going to join the woman's rights party."-Judge.

A MATTER OF INDIFFERENCE.

"Do you take any interest in the problem of whether or not Mars is inhabited?" asked the young man.

"Oh, dear, no," replied the you and wouldn't belong to our set.

GETTING EVEN.

Jones-"I told you that I would get even with Smith, and I have." Brown-"How did you do it?" Jones-"I made my wife put on her new two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar sealskin sacque and go and call on his

wife."-Pack. A SATISFACTORY SUBSTITUTE. Irate Woman-"Git out of here, you dirty Injun! Is it dinner you have the face to beg for? I'll sic one

of the dogs or you!" Chief Much-'fraid-of-water (placidly) -"S'pose sic fat dog on big Injun; him heap glad."-Judge.

RESIGNATION.

"Is your wife lecturing on the destiny of woman?" was the sympathetic inquiry.

"Yes." "Isn't that a pretty heavy subject?" "Yes. But it could be worse. She might be at home making biscuit."-Washington Star.

AN AUTHORITT.

"Football, sir, is brutal. It is based largely upon the exercise of brute force, and the opportunities of unfair tactics are such -

"Oh, say-hold on. Have you ever seen a game of football?" "No; but I hold clinics in three hospitals in a college town!"-Chicago Record.

GOOD TO THROW AT THE CAT.

Book canvassers should take courage from a story told by an English lecturer on "The Art of Bookbinding." A man of their profession had called at a house whose occupant met him with a growl.

"It's no use to me, I never read." "But there's your family," said the canvasser. "Haven't any family-nothing but

a cat. "Well, you may want something to throw at the cat." The book was purchased.

HE DIDN'T WAIT.

"Mary!" It was the voice of the old man in the upper hall. "Yes. pa."

"Is Mr. Simpson still there?" "Y-yes, pa."
"And didn't the clock just strike one?"

"I-I rather think it did." "Well, you just tell him if he is there in ten minutes from now that that is just what I shall do, and-

Mary!" "Yes, pa." "He will be that one." Fifteen seconds later the front door opened and closed again softly and

York World.

#### Need Not Support Step-Children.

A man who marries a widow is not bound to support children of his wife by a former marriage. This interesting point of law was decided in an opinion of the full bench of the Supreme Court sent down in the case of Edward H. Livingston vs. Edward A. Hammond. The court says: "A man is not bound to maintain the children of his wife by a former marriage, but if he chooses to receive them into his family and to assume the relation of a parent to them in their daily life, the law will not imply a contract on his part to pay them for services which they render him while members of his family, nor a contract on theirs to pay him for their maintenance."-Boston Transcript.

To remove ink spots from furniture, wipe them with oxalic acid; let it stand for a few minutes, then rub well with a clean cloth wet with warm

The common house fly makes 600 strokes per second when in the act of ordinary flight.

Wild Fires. The devastation and suffering caused by

the flames of the wild prairie and forest fires in the West, last summer, has a horrible detail in the loss of life and destruction of property. Men, women and children, by scores, choked by smoke and rousted alive; their homes destroyed and hundreds maimed and homes destroyed and hundreds maimed and crippled. It is painful to contemplate, but still important and charitable to make it known that St. Jacobs Oil, used according to directions, is one of the best cures for burns and scalds, and should be kept on hand. There is no household that should be without the great remedy for pain, for there are none without the need of it. Little things like slight cuts and wounds it heals and cures like magic and helps the house work on.

Passamaquotoy signifies "good bay for eatching haddock."

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-KOOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by the r firm. tion made by the r firm. Winst & Thuax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale

Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Ha l's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free.

Price, Ec. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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Fon a Cough or Sore Throat the best medi-cine is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothacne Drops Cure in one minute. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children eething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle Karl's Clover Moot, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexand cures constipation, 25 ets., 50 ets., \$1.

Consumption A BOTT, 383 Series

# MY BLOOD

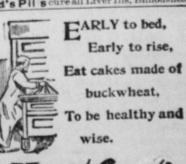
Became overheated, causing pimples all over me, developing into large and Dreadful



Mrs. Caroline H. Fuller

Londonderry, Vt. Running Sores, the worst on my ankle, I could not step. Soon after I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and two bottles entirely cured me and gave me renewed strength and health. MRS. C. H. FULLER,

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