

Oh, sir, it's awful, and we don't want it to be known about here. "It'll not betray you," I said, gently. "You're a widow, sir, and she is a widow, after thinking herself one for four years! He, Mr. Raynor, sir, she never hid her name, is a had man, a man who nearly killed her with his drinking and gambling and had company. He spent all the money he found about, and he crippled her boy with a blow of his drunken fist, and then he left her poor and sick, and the boy all crippled. She worked day and night for the child, little Harold, and he grew to nine years old, but always crooked and puny. Then Mr. Raynor found about it, and he came to see the child, he could, they said, because she loved it. So we stole Harold away in the night and sent him to Germany with a friend. I'm telling my story all wrong, sir. We heard Mr. Raynor was dead—heard it from his own brother, too, and he believed it. Edna—Mr. Raynor, I mean—thought herself free, when she let Mr. Duchesne come to see her, and—ah, well, doctor, he was a true man, gentle, kind and loving, and so good to Harold. She thought she was a widow, and he thought she was not, so you can see, guess, for she was one to take trouble and what harm, if they loved each other? They would have been married if Mr. Raynor had not come back, pleased as Punch to find he could make a little more misery for his wife. "But he is not living now?" "Yes, he is, sir; the more's the pity! Mr. Duchesne is in Germany with Harold, and my poor dear is working her precious life away to pay for the baths for the boy, and to keep Mr. Raynor away. She pays him so much a month to let her see him, and she's not living now."

FERN COTTAGE.

ND Fern Cottage is leased for two years to a widow lady, Mrs. Raynor. She brought good letters from New York, and supports herself by coloring fashion plates for a magazine there. This was the last statement my lawyer made upon the long-winded recital of the state of my affairs when I returned from a seven years' absence to take up my abode in my own home. He had by his directions renovated and put into good order the large, handsome house that was my inheritance from father, grandfather and great-grandfather, passing in each generation through a course of modernizing that left still the stately, old-fashioned walls and extensive grounds intact. We Elliotts were a fond of Hilton place and had ample means wherewith to maintain its beauty. But beside my own home I also possessed several houses in the village of Crawford and one cottage just at the boundary line of my garden, a pretty place that my mother had christened Fern Cottage, from the number of ferns that nestled in the little garden under fanciful miniature grottoes and piles of rock placed there. It was after twilight on a warm April evening that, passing the cottage, I saw through open windows my new tenant, who was bending over a small table, apparently drawing, while the radiance of light from a student lamp fell upon her. I had fancied a vulgar, commonplace woman. This was what I saw: A figure slender and graceful, with hands as white and perfect as if carved in marble. A face purely oval, colorless and fair, with regular features shaded by hair of midnight black. Twice while I looked she lifted her eyes, large, lustrous and dark, full of suppressed pain. A face that covered a heart full of bitter anguish, a brain sensitive and tortured. I am a physician, though I have never been so little, preferring to write for the outside for my students; but I love my art and cannot quite keep its quiet when I study a new case. Of all these instincts warning me that a woman burdened with a warily flickering at both ends, it was the kindly, honorable position, this business woman's privacy, and the high light of better days, came into my mind. "Never cease working?" she said. "When the daylight is not to be had, cannot stop your eyes, desire that drawing that is ruling up to twelve I knew must belong out by full, rich, melodious, but secondary, know I do nothing but strain myself longer over that fine disaster rose then, sweeping her general C. I forgot that I love my sympathy and kind, but evidently spoke from her heart when she said to me: "Thank the Lord, he is dead this time."

I scarcely expected Fern Cottage to be occupied so long, but Mrs. Raynor returned in a few weeks, working again busily, for her boy, she told me, content to hear some further separation, as he was gaining greatly by the German treatment. But the desolate yearning was gone from the large, dark eyes, and her health came back slowly in the winter months, when my advice was followed, and Susan guarded my patient against overwork. The piano ceased to wail and sob, and the slender fingers found tasks in weaving gladder strains. A year passed, and one evening, just before Christmas, she opened the cottage door. Upon my startled ears fell the sounds of song. Never had I heard Mrs. Raynor's rich, melodious voice in song before, and I paused, astonished, as Susan whispered: "Her boy is coming home for Christmas. His mother is bringing him, and we expect them any day. Edna and Harold is perfectly cured."

I did not go in. Such joy as that I felt should have no witness. They came, these eagerly expected travelers, just before the Christmas. Susan rang out their joyful peals. The tender, handkerchief-wet mother's face, and was evidently cured and on the way to a noble manhood. And of his companion I can only say that I have no truer or more valued friend than Frank Duchesne, who comes every summer with his beautiful wife and pretties children to spend the hot months at Fern Cottage—New York Ledger.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

When the President of the "Seven Solitary Spigots" called a meeting of the club, he announced that she had a letter declaration to make. "One of our number," she said, "has proved a renegade. Agnes, our Vice President, has confessed that she is about to become engaged. Now, ladies, what shall we do? Shall we expel her from our club, or shall we give her a chorus of disapproval drowned her voice. "Make her an honorary member," said the remaining members. "What's the matter with you?" she asked, amazed. "I believe you are all contemplating mischief at the same kind. Mme. Secretary, please hand me the list of members. Each one will please answer promptly as her name is called."

"Alice Murray," she continued, gazing searchingly at that young person, "are you engaged?" "Perhaps," was the hesitating reply. "Estelle Higgins," was the next call, and "Yes" came boldly in response. "No," said Alice, but so faintly that the suspicions of the President were aroused in full force. "Are you going to be?" the President questioned again and "I think so," responded the tortured one. "Malvina Emerson Stone," the President's voice had a hard ring by this time and Malvina trembled as she admitted that she, too, was contemplating matrimony. The President made a dramatic pause. Then: "There are seven of us, or rather there were seven of us, and five have admitted their guilt. There remain only the secretary and myself. Miss Secretary, how is it with you? Are you engaged, or are you only going to be?" "I am going to be," said the secretary, softly. "Then, ladies," the President began, rising with an impressive air, "the only thing to be done is to disband the club. Six of its seven members have unqualifiedly admitted their intention of deserting, while the seventh member, myself," again she paused dramatically—"wishes to announce that she is ahead of you all. My wedding cards are already in the engraver's hands, and I am to be married two weeks from Saturday."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Hard to Decide. A resident of this town who has lost two children during the past six years, by violent deaths has been utterly prostrated by the shock, and seriously sick as a result of it. One child aged six was killed by a cyclone in '90 while at school; another, three years later was run over by a Burlington R. R. train. That child and another may so prey on the mind as to lead to serious physical disorders has been well demonstrated in this case. As a result of these her health was shattered and she has been a constant invalid since 1900. Her principal trouble has been a nervous prostration which was very painful, and exhibited all the symptoms of ordinary neuritis, rheumatism and sciatica. She was discouraged and abandoned all hope of getting well. Finally, she was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She tried them and had not taken two weeks when she noticed a marked improvement.

Who is bigger, Dick or Nell? "Let us measure," Nellie cries. "That's the quickest way." As they stand there, Dickie thinks: "I must live smaller. For I always used to be ever so much taller." Suddenly he turns his head: "Nellie, you're tiptoeing. I was certain you were not. Quite so fast in growing."

A Bomb Loaded with Men. A new bomb has been invented that is an extremely curious affair. It is called a Pioneer bomb, and is made to be fired from a cannon like an ordinary shell. The curious part of it is that instead of carrying lead and explosives it is to have men inside. The idea of the invention, explains the Great Round World, is to fire soldiers into the enemy's camp. The bomb is fired from a cannon like the usual shell, and when it touches the ground, the men spring out, and begin to fight the enemies within reach. A show of these bombs would very seriously inconvenience an enemy. It is to be supposed, for they would not quite know what to make of such astounding cannonballs.

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Devotion of a Pigeon. A remarkable example of a pigeon's devotion is illustrated at Elwood, Ind. There are many kinds of carrier pigeons in that city. Some days ago a pet pigeon disappeared from its accustomed retreat. No trace of it could be found. A few days later the old pigeon was noticed acting strangely. It began flying about the building, and striking the weather boarding with her bill and head. She would fly to the Panhandle car track and with a flying start dive back against the side of the building, always hitting the same spot. She kept up her queer actions until, it is thought, she had worn a hole through the siding. An investigation revealed the fact that the missing bird had got fastened between the weather boarding and the lath. It called on the old bird and at last attracted her attention. She began work getting to it and after three or four days succeeded in making a large enough opening to get food into it.

Prose and Pulpit. Is the power of the pulpit on the wane? Has its influence decreased as that of the press has increased? A simple affirmative or negative reply to this question would come far short of a correct statement. Undoubtedly the pulpit to-day is not to the same extent as at one time the exclusive source of information for the people. The press, daily and weekly, now furnishes information that formerly could be obtained only through the pulpit, and to this extent the influence of the latter has been restricted. But what has thus been lost in extension has been gained in intensity. The pulpit, relieved from work extraneous to its proper sphere, has devoted itself with increased energy and effectiveness to its true calling, the moral and spiritual elevation of the people. And in doing each its own proper work, there is no conflict between a faithful pulpit and a heightened moral press.—Montreal Herald.

WHY THE CLUB DISBANDED.

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PIGEONS SHOW THEIR TRAINING.

Large flocks of birds that perform wonderful evolutions. Remarkable as are the results of training as exhibited in the speed of modern pigeons, they do not compare with the wonderful evolutions performed by these birds in the last centuries in Italy. There were at that time men who devoted themselves to pigeon training, and the art was supposed to find its perfection in certain families, and to be handed down from generation to generation. The art consisted in training large flocks of pigeons to obey their owner and to perform certain evolutions in the air. In the early days in India birds were trained to fight opposing bands. When a pigeon tournament was in progress the owners ascended some lofty building and conducted the performance by the aid of flags; and in obedience to their signals flocks of birds of different color would wheel, rise, dip and intermingle to separate again and go through a number of interesting movements that were remarkable for their beauty. Prizes were offered for the most beautiful and novel figures. In India, in early times, where the sport of pigeon flying originated, the object of the flight was often a sanguinary one, the owners of the various flocks endeavoring to accomplish the destruction of the others. Thus, the birds of one band would carry bombs with a fuse hanging to their claws, and at the command of their owner would swoop down over their opponents, and the bomb would drop among them and explode. Others bore sharp knives, two-edged, suspended from their claws, and were made to dash among their antagonists and endeavor to cut them to pieces—an easy matter when birds were in rapid motion. To-day the birds are called, and are called, of Modena, devote themselves to harmless pursuits, and are satisfied when watching the wonderful evolutions of the birds through the air.

One million three hundred thousand pounds' worth of pickles and sauces are exported from England to other countries yearly. This says E. Walters, Le Rayville, Pa., who grew (sworn to) 252 bushels Salzer's corn per acre. That means 252 bushels on 100 acres at 30¢ a bushel equals \$75.60. It is better than a prospective gold mine. Salzer pays \$10 in gold for best name for his 17¢ bushel corn and outfit. You can win. Send for prospectus. Send this notice and 10¢ in stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., Le Rayville, Pa., and get from their seed catalogue, and 11 large seed samples, including above corn and oats, surely worth \$10, to get a start.

RUPTURE. Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER 1913. The highest paid given German railway engineers is \$25 a day, while our doctors receive only \$1. Many of them have to be on duty 15 to 18 hours a day. It is permanently cured. No 60¢ or 75¢ cures after five days use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Tonic, \$2.00 bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Wise Beyond His Years. Teaching (the geography class)—Johnnie, how is the earth divided? Johnnie (who reads the foreign news)—Don't know; haven't read the papers this morning.

Proof Positive. Dealer—Now, there is a parrot that's a genuine society bird. Customer—What do you mean by that? Dealer—It always talks when any one begins to sing.

A Mean Insultation. Miss Autumn—I tried to get Mr. De Amber to paint my portrait, but he refused. Said he was too busy. Miss Young—Oh, I guess that was only a bluff. He told me the other evening that he never copied old paintings.

Asking Papa. It is not generally known that our nation can be read from the spores—those little dust-like particles that are found in great abundance on the under surface of many fronds. A good method is to fill a pot with any ordinary good garden soil, three-fourths the depth, the remaining one-fourth to fill with brick bats. In the pot, the size of peas or beans. This pot can be sunk in a vessel of water to about one half the depth of the pot. On the broken brick spores can then be sown, and the vessel placed in a comparatively shady spot. The bricks will absorb much water, and the soil will be moist, while at the same time permitting the air to circulate through the vessel. This combination of moisture and damp air is all that is necessary to have the fern spores germinate freely.—Medusa's Monthly.

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Not Wonder It Failed. Quad—What's the matter, the New Woman, has proved a failure. Dash—That so? What was the trouble? Quad—Well, as I understand it, only lady reporters were employed, and, of course, they knew before they took the paper came out, and then no one wanted to read it.

A girl never begins to think much of a man until after he has made her mad. The one redeeming feature of a yawn is that it is not contagious.

IN A BUNCH.

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO.

USE ST. JACOBS OIL

IT WILL CURE THEM ALL SEPARATELY, SUVERLY, QUICKLY.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL.

How to Obtain a Good Figure and Graceful Carriage.

A thoroughly practical article on "Physical Culture for Girls," by Katharine Eggleston Junkermann, in the Woman's Home Companion, contains these simple directions for home gymnastics: "Systematic exercise can accomplish so much that it is a marvel to one who has enjoyed its benefits that it is not more generally practiced. It is entirely unnecessary to resort to the use of any form of physical culture. There are a few exercises which, taken regularly and thoroughly, will accomplish all that a system would. The tendency is, however, to be unsystematic in talking these exercises, and thus lose their good effect. It is best to take them at night, in bedroom slippers and loose gown, with no bands to bind, no collar to rub, a girl is ready for exercise that will make her rest as tranquil and sweet as a baby's. Every muscle of the body is free to stretch, to stiffen with effort, or to rest itself in complete relaxation. "Clubs, dumb-bells and other gymnastic paraphernalia are unnecessary, and really are more harmful than beneficial. Grasping the bells enlarges the knuckles; the friction of the clubs hardens the hands, and as it is quite as easy to do without them, they are at once unused. After all preparations for bed are made, even to arranging the rathier pad and somewhat hard pillow, stand before your glass and begin your exercise. * * * There is a real delight in watching the strong, easy movements of a beautiful body. The case and strength is within the reach of nearly all women. The flat chests, shapeless waists and badly formed hips may be at least partially remedied, and it requires only a little effort and persistence to accomplish it. Too many women lack persistence. Instead of conscientiously taking their exercise every day they skip a day when they are feeling tired or lazy; then two or three days at a time; and eventually they learn to forget it, or decide that the game is not worth the candle. To develop breadth of chest, place the hands on the waist-line a little back of the hips, the fingers pointing forward. From this position move the elbows slowly back toward each other, making them come as nearly together as possible. Do this several times, counting four as the elbows approach each other, and use to recover position. By counting to these movements a harmony is attained which will develop the muscles evenly."

ENGLAND'S IDOL A GAMBLER.

Princess of Wales a Regular Victim of Chance for Charity's Sake.

American admirers of the Princess of Wales will be surprised to learn that she is a gambler, freely staking considerable sums on horse races and other forms of gaming. While this statement will come as a shock to many who know of the Princess' goodness of heart and character it must be remembered that gambling as a pastime for women, however, is not regarded in the same light as it is in America. Nearly every woman of leisure in England or European society indulges in a quiet little game whenever an opportunity presents itself, and so one dreams of thinking her the worse for it. To the intimate friends of the Princess and Princess of Wales it is well known that at both Marlborough house, the prince's town residence, and at Sandringham, their country place, there is a reproduction on a miniature scale of the gambling outfit such as one sees at the Casino at Monte Carlo and at the popular resort at Ostend. The Princess is partial to the fascinating game of roulette and is very fortunate in playing the red. More than \$2,500 has been added to the Princess' exchequer in an evening through the strange caprice of the "wheel of fortune." The money won in this way goes into the Princess' private charity fund, upon which the demands are innumerable.



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Proof. "Why do you think old Getrocks is as rich as he claims to be?" "Because I saw him eating a 20-cent cake yesterday and he didn't try to hide the waiter's check. Only a man whose position is impregnable could afford to take such a chance as that."

Getting In on a Sure Thing. "So you think times are really going to be better, do you?" "Yes, they're going to be better for me, anyway."

"What makes you so sure of it?" "I've decided not to do any more bucket-shop speculating."

The man with plenty of push is usually successful, but he isn't in it with the man who has a pull.

In the Bank of England there are many silver ingots which have lain untouched for nearly a century.

There are 1,750,000 volumes in the library of the British Museum and more than 30 miles of shelving.

The number of marriage licenses issued in Chicago has been steadily dropping for the past four years, and in 1917 it was nearly 20 per cent less than it had been in 1913.

Russia has the most rapidly increasing population of any country in the world. The 20,000,000 of 1917, 20,000,000 years ago has a fraction less than 1,000,000 annually.

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY. Pigeons, Parrots and all other Fancy Cages, Birds, Fish, and Aquariums. Write for Catalogue and prices. Send for Catalogue. Birds can be delivered to all parts of the country by express. W. W. VAHLE, 219 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children's coughs, colds, and whooping cough. It soothes the child, relieves the pain, and cures the cough. It is the best remedy for all these ailments. Write for a free trial bottle. W. W. VAHLE, 219 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS. Write for information. W. W. VAHLE, 219 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ladies Wanted. Write for information. W. W. VAHLE, 219 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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You Will Realize that "They Live Who Live"

no is now a resident of Rosland Adams Co., Nebraska. He has reached the age of 95 years and is in good health and walks one mile to church.