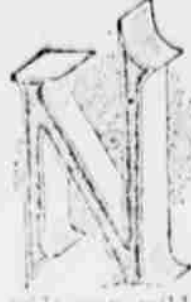


A LOVE SONG,

I was as poor as the poorest, dear,
And the world—it passed me by!

The Losing of Mrs. Pettit.

BY EDITH KERLEY STOKELY.



ATURE, in designing old Mr. Pettit's face, had not endowed it with a single artful furrow or wrinkle wherein a secret might hide.

ance with strange faces and other lives, good-bys 'mid youth and laughter and silent good-bys with tears,

who sat huddled up beside her. "Are you sick?" she inquired, anxiously.

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in the world. At least a score of its fashion leaders are believed to have purchased an addition of \$30,000 worth to their collections.

A LOVE SYMPHONY. Along the garden ways just now I heard the flowers speak;