THE OLD HOME.

An old lane, an old gate, an old house by a tree, A wild wood, a wild brook-they will not let me be; In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

Down deep in my heart's core I hear them, and my eyes Through tear mists behold them beneath the old-time skies 'Mid bee-boom and rose-bloom and orchard lands arise.

I hear them, and heartsick with longing in my soul To walk there, to dream there, beneath the sky's blue bowl; Around me, within me, the weary world made whole.

To talk with the wild brook of all the long-ago; To whisper the wood wind of things we used to know When we were old companions, before my heart knew woe

To walk with the morning and watch its rose unfold; To drowse with the noontide, lulled on its heart of gold; To lie with the night-time and dream the dreams of old.

To tell to the old trees and to each listening leaf The longing, the yearning, as in my boyhood brief, The old hope, the old love, would ease my heart of grief

The old lane, the old gate, the old house by the tree, The wild wood, the wild brook—they will not let me be; In boyhood I knew them and still they call to me. -Madison Cawein

WWW. MARCHARD CONTRACTOR OF THE STATE OF T TWO MOTHERS.

By Winifred Kirkland.

ANON

"Do you include your-self, Kate?" "Yes, 'nniss. Another lump, if you'll be so good, but don't disturb the lemon; it's just right. You make the most agreenble tea in col-lege, by the way. To resume, you have curious friends. For instance, there was that gaunt grad from the Middle West, with the sunken cheeks, the voice of a nor-easter, and frizzes. Now who would suppose that a person like yourself-who shows. generations of culture in the very lift of your eyelid and slope of your shoulder-would have and slope of your shoulder-would have taken up with that same grad?" "She was a girl who had never had a good time." "She had a sleepless eye," meditated

Kate.

"She promised me to go to bed at 10 every night. She's doing it, too. She

hands, iter, perfume as any mon-wearing a pink satin waist, gold that and began dressing in a white muslin of Parisian make, a little person whose eyes and cheeks days, I grant you-great, black, burning things, that took in everything. Hun-ger and thirst after knowledge-to a white muslin of a Brittany sailor song, passed out of Agatha's door, and went tripping down the hall. Other girls, rustling out for other the dinner summons, called dents' Association, the buyer of rare books and Holbein prints, and finally, one who never forgets to say bean and wave sunder all circumstances." College has done everything for

her!" cried Agatha, glowing

ner!" cried Agatha, glowing. "Agatha Day has done everything sam.cher," answered Kate. "I should chaink it would frighten you, Dutchy's devotion. Doesn't it ever?" "No, of course not. I never thought of it that way?

"No, of course not. I never thought of it that way." "And yet," said Kate, slowly, "and yet Dutchy doesn't in the least appre-ciate either you or college." "Helen Shellhammer doesn't appre-ciate college!" Agatha's amazement was profound. "Kate, how strangely row do table! Helen worships college? was protound. "Kate, now strangely you do talk! Helen worships college! I never knew any girl who loved it so. She says it has meant everything to her; that she loves every stick and stone of the place; that she would give conthing to have the chore of compile anything to have the chance of serving the coffege in any way. She can hardly

V OU certainly have the most curious friends. Agatha Day!" "Do you include yourroduce me to her mother?'

life!

Fifteen minutes before the tim

"If you loved it more you could

um so glad to meet Helen's mother." the said. "I'm Agatha."

f my mother?'

Ing of the dead mother of whom Agatha never spoke, whose picture never appeared anywhere in her room. After a while Kate said, "Your mother would be glad about you, Agatha;" and then, because she felt that she had started memories that made Agatha wish to be alone, she pressed a light kiss on the brown curls, and went out. "I suppose because she's ashamed of her. I told you that Helen doesn't appreciate either you or college." There were many thoughts in Agatha's head those last days, but one thought never left her, and that was of Helen. Still no opportunity to speak to her, to find out, to know-not until the very morning of commencement. nd went out. To the chair that Kate had left, the

chair on which Agatha had bowed her head, there came a gracious presence. As in the days five years before Agatha sat by her mother's knee in the when the class must assemble for the Agata sation with the mother's knee in the twilight fire-glow. She felt a hand upon her hair, she looked up into eyes shining with love. Not a thought had Agatha had in all those five years which she had not spoken into the ear

of that shadow mother. "She knows, she knows, she knows!" said Agatha

when the class must assemble for the entering march Agatha knocked at Helen's door, and found her standing before the bureau, just putting on the black gown and bachelor's hood. Agatha wasted no preliminaries. "Tell me, Helen," she said. "Miss Ainsley is going." "And you, Helen?" "Oh, I don't know! Mother is here, you know and L capit tell hor. She to herself. "She promised me to go to bed at 10 every night. She's doing it, too. She wrote me so." "And that wild little Florida fresh-man, with the picture hat and hysterics in chapel." "It was only that once, Kate, and Ruby doesn't have them now at all." "But of all your varied cabinet, Dutchy was the most extraordinary.." "Nobody but you ever calls ner Dutchy now, Kate." "I see her still as she was that first day of lectures, four years ago, so big-big as to pompadour, side-combs, hands, feet, belt-buckle, redolent with perfume as any modest violet, and wearing a pink sath waist, gold chain, and earnings! Do you remember how Now Agatha spoke low: "Mother, is you know, and I can't tell her. She thinks I'm going home now to live. But, Agatha, I can't give up college! Agatha spoke with a strange stern ness: "If you loved it more you would you give it up." Helen turned upon her. "Would you give it up-to go home, to my home-

you, Agatha?" Agatha raised wide eyes to Helen's face, and in them there was-for the first time to Helen's view-a great weariness.

down the hall. Other girls, rustling out for other doors at the dinner summons, called Agatha to wait for them, and linked arms about one another's waists, so that they were six abreast by the time they reached the dining room. But there in the doorway another girl was waiting for Agatha, and for this girl Agatha slipped away from her other

friends. Helen had stood there waiting for

fully five minutes, not unconscious, for all that dead-earnest face of hers, of the admiring glauces of certain freshmen, and the more familiar, but

also more flattering glances of her classmates. She heard the words of one of these last, knowing that it was more than half-meant that she should her papa and me. Papa says, when he put me on the cars, 'At last she comes home to stay!' Papa he couldn't come, and Nellie thought maybe I'd get tired, but I guess mammas don't get tired. And now we go home together! It is quiet in the house without Nelle, and four years is long at home alone. The others are all gone away. Nellie is our hat " lear them: "What a stunning creature the Shell

is to be sure!" Little did the freshman fream that any one had ever dared to call the glorious Miss Shellhammer 'Dutchy.

Kate had been right when she called She turned from Agatha to gaze And then the agitated man became

Why, Agatha," and the red in beauty of a mother who has missed h's checks deepened, "at home her child, and whose longing is sat-Helen's checks deepened. butch?" All pennsylvania isfed. Dutch!" Dutch!" Agatha's hand stole into Helen's as she whispered: "But in your heart you know they want you, Helen. You will write and ask them, anyway?" It was not Helen, but her horder. Who first remembered Agatha. She put aside Helen's clinging hands, and turned to the other girl. She stretched out her arms to her. "Deary!" she said. "But his pered: "But in your heart you know they want you, Helen. You will write and ask them, anyway?" But Helen said nothing. She turned, after a moment, and began talking to the given when before side. Here line

said. Agatha put her arms round her neck and bowed her head on her shoulder. "Kiss me," she whispered. "Kiss me, because my mother isn't here."--Youth's Companion. the girl on her other side. Her lips were set in a sulten way that Agatha knew weil. There was no use saying any more that evening, or, as Agatha discovered, saying anything more in the days that followed, for Helen steadily avoided further confidences,

A NEWSPAPER "SCOOP"

Example of the Average Man's Idea of the Value of News.

Those last two weeks are the busiest, the most bewildering in all the four years. It is just as well, perhaps, that The average man's idea of the value of news is curiously nebulous and out of line

A Washington correspondent was walking toward his office the other afternoon, trying to fix something in his mind wherewith to lead off his story of the day in Washington, when ne is too hurried to realize how much one is too hurried to realize how much it hurts to go away. Then toward the end the relatives be-gin to arrive, welcomed so joyously by those to whom they belong, and re-garded with such frank curiosity by those to whom they do not belong. There ran an awed whisper through college, "Have you seen the Shell's mother?" There were rumors—uot ill-natured, merely startled and wonder

story of the day in Washington, when a yildly excited man of his acquaint-ance grabbel him by the sleeve and whitled him around. "Say, I've got the greatest piece of news ever?" exclaimed the wildly-ex-cited man, pantingly, "It's a sensation right! I'm the only man in town that knows about it except the Navy De-partment people and they won't natured, merely startled and wondering-of a bonnet of imposing plumage, of a gown of most curious manufac-ture, of a coiffure belonging to the fashion of faded family deguerrotypes, knows about it except the Kary De-partment people, and they won't peach! I've got a blamed good notion to give it to you exclusively, although I certainly ought to give it to the As-sociated Press—it's so big, you know." The correspondent had heard this kind of a preamble before, but never-theless he theurbit they acted all of the of a heavy, vacant face, of the English anguage spoken in a way never before heard in those high halls of learning. "Kate," said Agatha, one afternon, "why do you suppose Helen doesn't inthe of a preamble before, but never-theless, he thought that, after all, the excited man might really have run into a piece of news of moderate worth by accident. "What is it?" he inquired, without,

however, permitting the frapped pers-piration to break out on his forehead. "Let's have it." "Oh, it's a corker." went on the man

On it's a corker." went on the man with the stupendous sensation up his sleeve. "Can't give it to you here— somebody might overhear me, and you'd lose the scoop of your Hie. Come over to my office and I'll tell it to you." So they repaired to the office of the man with the paralyzing bit of news, "You mentioned the Navy Depart-ment people," said the correspondent on the way to the man's office. "Who's going to get court-martialed, and what

for? Who's—" "Oh, it's nothing like that!" hoarsely whispered the man with the colossal scoop hid away on his person. "Dif-ferent kind of thing altogether. But I'll tell you what, it'll be a big thing for you, and you want to be duly grate-ful to me henceforth and forever for passing it along to you exclusively! It 'dd be the making of some poor struggling young correspondent, but it's so important that I dor't feel like intrusting it to—" for? Who's--'

ntrusting it to-

"Say, ignite up—you're being extin-guished." suggested the correspondent. "Come to taw. Is this—" "We'll, I'll tell you what it is," said the excited man, bending his head over along it the correspondent.

tion of the Navy Department. Yise, the kind o' paint they use now on the bottom of warships makes it necessary to dock the boats and scrape them every couple o' months while they're cruising in tropical waters on account of the barnacles and so on, y'under-stand. Well, the barnacles and things won't stick to this new kind o' paint, and so when it comes into use men-o war down in tropical waters'll only have to go into drydock and be scraped about every year or so. See? Ain't that a wonder? Wouldn't that scrape you? Won't that just make the Jap

TO EVERY ONE,

Stop telling people what to do; Stop it, this day, this hour; Check the advice you're yearning to Impart. Restrain your power To guide-For oh, what rest, what peace, Could counseling and advising cease.

Stop telling people what to do-Perhaps, as tit for tat. Others may then stop telling you-Picture the joy of that; Oh, endless rapture-blissful thought Never to hear "You must," "You ought."

Stop telling people what to do-For neither young nor old Are heeding-any more than you Have done as you've been told-Good counsel is pure gold-but, strange! It never passes in exchange!

Stop telling people what to do-And inward turn your eyes. Where you will find the blunderer, who Most needs your sige advice-There you will find the only one Poor blockhead, you are fit to run! --Madeline Bridges, in Collier's Weekly.

CREED I



"Is your engagement a secret?" asked the girl of a young man. "Oh, no," he replied; "the girl knows it."-Kansas City Journal.

Dyer-"So Higbee has become banka forty-horsepower auto on a five-horsepower salary."

Little Ada, on being told the story of Lot's wife, who was turned into a pil-lar of salt, asked her mother, anxiously, "Is all salt made of ladies?"

 ify, "Is all sait made of ladies?" The wise man's ahead of his age, But I think you will find it That the woman who really is sage Is some years behind it? —New Orleans Times-Democrat. "He'll never reach the top of his pro-fession." "Why, he believes he's there now." "That's the very reason that he'll never get there."—Philadelphia Ledger.
Ledger.

Nordy-"There ain't but one thing worse than an end-scat hog." Butts-"What's that?" Nordy-"A middle-seat hog when there's a rain-storm."-Phil-adelphia Bulletin.

"Why is young Mr. Skiggs such a great social favorie?" "He can eat anything that ever came out of a chafing-dish and act as if he enjoyed it."—Washington Star.

"The automobile has not accom-plished much in actual business," said the utilitarian. "Oh, yes, it has. It has helped accident insurance a great deal."-Washington Star.

deal."-Washington Star. 'Tis oft our own convenience, That keeps the conscience warm. And the man who has no office Is the man who wants reform. -Washington Star. "Professor Skiggs has a wonderful mind." "Yes," answered Miss Cay-enne. "When you think how hard one of his lectures is to listen to, you shud-der to think of the cerebral strain fit der to think of the cerebral strain it must have taken to evolve it."-Washington Star.

"How are you coming on with your "Well," answered the prophet cheerily, "I can always get the kind of weather all right, but I haven't quite succedeed in hitting the dates exactly."-Wash igton Star.

Mrs. Gaswell-"I wish I knew of Mrs. Gaswell-'1 wish 1 knew of something that would improve my hus-band's appetite." Mrs. Upmore -- "I believe jui-jitsu would help him." Mrs. Gaswell-''That's something I never heard of. How do you cook it?"--Chi-

Olive Oil for Nerve Disorders. Sufferers from nerve disorders should certainly try the olive oil core. The best and purest olive oil must be obtained, and one teaspoonful three times a day is the dose if the victim of neuralia anaemia or disordered of neuralgia, anaemia or disordered nerves is in a hurry to be cured. Otherwise it is recommended that the oil taste should be cultivated by the addition of a very little to the salad taken once or twice a day, with a dash of vinegar added, says the Searchlight.

Searchlight. The patient should gradually lessen the vinegar and increase the ol, until it is so well liked that it can be tak-en raw. It is chalmed for olive oil, just as it is for apples, that it keeps the liver in good working order, thus preventing rheumatism, render-ing the complexion healthy and clear and the hair glossy and abundant. The value of this treatment is most highly commended.

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highly commended. BOX OF WAFERS FREE-NO DRUCS -CURES BY ABSORPTION.

Cures Belching of Gas-Bad Breath and Bad Stomach — Short Breath-Bloating-Sour Eructations Irregular Heart, Etc.

Blacking-Sour Exceptions Irregular Heart, Etc. Targe Mull's Wafer any time of the day free on your stomach. It absorbs the gas offer on your stomach. It absorbs the gas offer on your stomach. It absorbs the gas offer on your stomach is entirely free from a store with make your stomach heather by absorbing foul gases which arti-Belek beleking and fermentation. Heart action beleking and fermentation. Heart action beleking and fermentation where your absor-tion and fermentation. Heart action to acce were the stomach trouble, pro-beleking and fermentation. Heart action to acce were the stomach trouble pro-beleking and fermentation. Heart action to acce were the store stomach trouble to acces. The store were the store to the store to the store were the store to the store to the store were the store to the store to the store were the store to the store to the store were to the store to the store to the store were to the store to the store store store were store at the store were to the store store store store were store were and the store to the store store store were store were store were and the store to the store were store were store were the store to the store store were store were store were the store to the store store were store were store were the store to the store store were store were store were store to the store were store were store to the store to the store were store w

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LOST ART OF SPELLING.

LOST ART OF SPELLING. Little Time Left For Teaching It in the Maze of Fads. In this commercial age, when the an-cient classic languages are being clim-inated from the courses of study in colleges and universities, and poetry is being banished from a place among the fine arts of which it was once the head and soul, and every energy and faculty of the human being are being devoted to the acquisition of material wealth, it is not strange that the art of spelling correctly is being shame-fully neglected in the schools. It is a fact that great numbers, if not the greatest numbers, of graduates that are sent out of the highest educa-tional institutions in the country are grossly deficient in ability to spell or dinary words in the every day use of our language.

Mrs. Gaswell-"I wish I knew of something that would improve my hus-band's appetite." Mrs. Upmore-"I believe jiu-jitsu would help him." Mrs. Gaswell-"That's something I never-heard of. How do you cook it?"-Chi cago Tribune. "Pears to me your mill goes awful slow," said the impatient farmer boy to the miller; "I could eat that mea faster than you grind it." "How long do you think you could do it, my lad?" asked the miller. Replied the boy "Till I starved to death."-Boston Transcript. "It seems to me," said Mrs. Oldcastie "that the dogmatists have about had their day." "I know it." replied he hostess. "Me and Josiah was talkin about it the other night. You hardly ever see a lady carryin' one on her lap in the carriage now."-Chicago Record-Herald. "False teeth have been known to generate electricity in the mouth and shock their wearer painfully," said a entist. "Only last week a genileman came

"Do you ask me," whispered Agatha, "if I would give up college for the sake lose to the correspondent's and look ing around furtively to see that nobody was rubbering. "It's paint" "Paint?" repeated the correspondent, with mystified expression. "Paint? Whore is been painting? Is it red? Just then came a tapping at the door and some one entered who started back shyly on seeing a stranger. The bird in her bonnet was purple and orange. The hair was drawn from the temples Where isin little braids looped over her ears, from which dangled jet earrings. Her dress was made with a basque. The black mitts showed the hands of the Where is—" " "It's paint," said the agitated man, solemnly, pitching his voice still lower and glaucing about like an Italian opera conspirator. "A Yankee genius up in Connecticut has invented a new kind of paint to paint the bottoms of ships of war, and I've been commis-sioned to bring this paint to the atten-tion of the Navy Denartment Visco farm wife who works along with her maids. She spoke with a drawl, and with a softening of s's and an inter-change of w's and v's. Agatha held out both her hands. "I

she said. "Tm Agatha." "Oh, I have heard my Nellie speak of you." cried the mother. "You are the one she loves the best of them all. She is a good girl, my Nellie-and smart?" Call that face dull or vacant, all alight with love as it was? "Now she comes home at last to her papa and me. Papa says, when he nut me on the cars. 'At last she comes

war news look like zinc money when you write four columns about this paint for the first page of your paper? Won't they just wire you an increase

the conege in any way. She can hardly speak of commencement and leaving"	her a most regal young person. Big	proudly at her tall daughter. Helen	real huffy when the correspondent told	dentist.	icujune.	
speak of commencement and rearing.	she was, most certainly, but gracerui	was quiet, looking into the mysterious	him that he was making a noise some-		COFFEE NEURALGIA	
"Nevertheless, Dutchy does not ap-	and stately. Beneath her dark hair		thing like a brick.—Washington Star.	"Only last week a gentleman came	LODYDE WHON YOU ON THE AND	
preciate either you or college. She is	her black eyes burned eagerly.	The two weeks' battle was at its crisis;	thing like a brick washington star.	to me and said he feared he was get-	Leaves When You Quit and Use Postum.	
taken with the show of things-the	As little Agatha slipped a hand into		The second se	ting a cancer on his tongue. 'Such	A lady who means in a start	
show of culture, the show of scholar-	hers. Helen's face brightened, and the	The mother spoke again to Agatha:	City's Greatest Change.	severe shooting pains attack me,' he	A lady who unconsciously drifted	
	two walked together down the hall,	"Sometimes I worry. I do not say it	Some one had asked the Englishman,	said, 'that often I utter loud oaths in	into nervous prostration brought on by	
thinks that learning and study and	and costed themselves side by side		who had returned to New York after	the most unseemly places-at teas, be-	coffee, says:	
		to papa, but sometimes I think Nellie	an interval of ten years, what had	fore the minister, and so on. It is	"I have been a coffee drinker all my	
	It was a beautiful dining room, with	will not like to stay at home. It is not	struck him most in the changing life	like knife thrusts. Do you think I am	life, and used it regularly, three times	
and the Students' Association, too, are		like her school. Perhaps she will not	of the town.	going to lose my tongue?'	a day.	
college. and they're not. She thinks	fireplaces, its old English windows, its	like to stay with papa and me." The	"You'd never imagine what it was,	going to lose my tongue:	"A year or two ago I became subject	
	candle-lit tables. Never before she	wistfulness of her words made them a	so I'll tell you at once. It was the	"I found that two different metals	to nervous neuralgia, attacks of ner-	
	came to college had Helen Shellham-	question, which Agatha answered:	signs on the churches. When I was	had been used in fixing the poor man's	vous headache and general nervous	
travel are you, whereas what you real-	mer seen any of these things.	-	here last it was almost impossible for	false teeth. These metals, combining	prostration which not only incapacitat-	
ly are is"-here Kate, with one of her	Helen was eager with her news.	at home with you."		with the saliva, had formed a small	ed me for doing my housework, but	
sudden flashes of great tenderness,	"What do you think, Agatha? Prexy		me to tell what church I was looking	battery. Electricity generated in the	frequently made it mousework, but	
stooped to the little figure seated by	sent me a summons to-day, and told	but they both looked at Helen	at, for that seemed not so important as	battery continually, and shock after	frequently made it necessary for me to	
her knee, and drew her close-"what	me that Miss Ainslow is considering		the name of the undertaker, whose ad-	shock was administered to the tongue.	remain in a dark room for two or three	
			dress was always given in large let-	"I painted the metal with an insulat-	days at a time.	
	giving up the secretaryship, in order	Helen, not of Agatha, seeming almost	ters. Now I find on almost every	ing varnish. Thereafter the man had	"I employed several good doctors, one	
gift I ever knew.	to live abroad with her invalid brother.	to guess the conflict. Then, when	church front the name of the building,	no more trouble."	after the other, but none of them was	
A moments shence in the twinsht,	IT ISD T SETTIED VEL. MISS ATHSIEV IS I	Holon govo hor no reassuring word	in large letters, with the hours for ser-	no more trouble.	able to give me permanent relief	
and then Agatha, troubled, for Kate	taking two weeks to decide; but if she	she turned to Agatha with forced po-	vices below this and the undertaker's	Two Laughs in This Story.	"Eight months ago a friend suggest.	
was so horribly prone to be right,		liteness.	name in the least conspicuous place.	The American in the corner of the	ed that perhaps coffee was the cause of	
asked:	take the position! O Agatha, think of	"Your mamma, is she here?"	It may sound like a trifling thing, but	non-smoking first-class carriage in-	my troubles and that I try Postum	
"Do you really think Helen has	being able to stay here in college! I	The words were like a stab, under	I liked it better than any change I've	sisted an lighting hist-class carriage in-	Food Coffee and give up the old kind.	
missed-missed-what I most wanted	can hardly stand the waiting."		noticed in New York." - New York	sisted on lighting his cigar. The indig-	I am glad I took her advice, for my	
her to get?"	"It would be beautiful. Helen," an-			nant Britisher in the other corner pro-	health has been entirely tor my	
	swered Agatha. "But." she added,	doad "	Press.	tested, and protested in vain. At the	health has been entirely restored. I	
should not trust her to choose in any	"but how will your family fool shout	What was there in that still voice		next station he hailed the guard with	have no more neuralgia, nor have I had	
crisis the things that you and I count			Army Cflicers Must Swim.	hostile intent, but the placid American	one solitary headache in all these eight	
		that made the mother and daughter	A writer to the London Times urges	was too quick for him. "Guard," he	months. No more of my days are	
as best. But perhaps I am wrong, so				drawlod "I think word! Cad that the	wasted in solitary confinement in a	
don't worry. You do too much worry-		fell from Helen's eyes. The battle was		gentleman is traveling with a third-	dark room. I do all my own work with	
ing over the good-for-nothing, anyway.		won forever.	be required to pass an examination in	alage tigkot on him " Town I I	ease. The flesh that I lost during the	
Why is it, Agatha, that you've been so	"Have you written them about it?"	Helen folded her mother close in her	swimming. Recruits for the ranks	proved him to be wight and the	years of my nervous prostration has	
busy mothering people ever/since you	"No." a put a di salat bas que spanif	arms; she kissed her.	should be instructed in this art, he	dignant Buitichen man i i i	come back to me during these months	
came into college-ancient grads, fresh-	"But you will?"	"Mother," said Helen, and her voice	thinks, as regularly as the drill regula-	dignant Britisher was ejected. A	and I am once more a happy, healthy	197
men in arms. Dutchy, not to mention	"Why?"	was solemn with love, "I would rather		spectator of the little scene asked the	woman. I enclose a list of names of	
that sullen and cynical Kate Pratt	"Because-" But Helen interrunted	go home to live with you and father		triumphant American how he knew	friends who can vouch for the truth	
	in a low, eager tone: "I couldn't give			about that ticket. "Wall," explained	of the statement"	8
	up the chance if it comes. I can't! You		giona when the channes of this second	the imperturbable stranger. "it was	of the statement." Name given by	
		tears were running down her cheeks,		sticking out of his pocket, and I saw	Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.	
	ton t know what it means-you who ve	tears were running down her cheeks,	may involve the sacrince of valuable	it was the same color as mine."-Lon-	There's a reason.	¥.
Kate."	had an this, and much more, an your	but her face was beautiful with the	lives,"	don Chronicle.	Ten days' trial leaving off coffee and	
					using Postum is sufficient. All grocers.	
•					and the second se	•
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in salary,