MOTHERS OF **DELICATE CHILDREN**

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Palmyra, Pa.—"Three years ago my ittle girl had black measles which left her with a chronic cough and so awfully thin you could count all her ribs, and she coughed so much she had no appetite.

"Nothing we gave her seemed to help her at all until one day Mrs. Neibert told me how much good Vinol had done her little girl, so I decided to try it for my little one, and it has done her so much good she is hungry all the time, her cough is gone, she is stouter and more healthy in color and this is the first winter she has been able to play out in the snow, coasting and snow-balling without any ill effects."—Mrs. Alfred Slack, Palmyra, Pa.

We know Vinol will build up your

any ill effects."—Mrs. Alfred Slack, Palmyra, Pa.

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Philadelphia now has a church build-ng in which four sects unite in service.

They Were an Old Bachelor and a Young Sailor

By F. A. MITCHEL

When John Gorman died he left his daughter Helen an orphan with no income. Richard Hunter, a bachelor friend of Gorman's, had lent him \$3. 000, taking a mortgage on his farm for security. Hunter did not ask for the security; Gorman insisted on giving it.

Helen Gorman was but seventeer years old when her father died and knew nothing about his affairs, but Gorman had talked with his friend

"Dick," he said, "Helen at my death will have nothing but the farm, and you hold a mortgage on that for pret ty near all it is worth. There's only one thing that would give me any com fort at leaving her, and that's out of the question." "What is it?" asked Hunter.

"If I could see you and Helen mar-ried before I die I wouldn't feel worried about her."

A faint flush came over Hunter's face and a light of pleasure in his eye. but it was transient. "That can't be," he replied sadly, "on account of the difference in our ages.

Helen is but sixteen, and I'm thirty eight." "That's not an impassable barrier. But there is another reason why I can't see my little girl provided for as I would like. She's given her heart to

a young sailor." Hunter looked grave at this and asked if the lover would not be able



SANK ON HER KNEES BY HIS BED to take care of Helen. Whereupon

Gorman told him that the youngster was wild, without ambition and would not be likely even to take care of any one, not even himself. Gorman died without again referring

to the matter. Helen had the good sense to send for Hunter and ask him to take charge of her affairs. There being no funds, he provided for her immediate wants out of his own pocket, concealing the fact from her. After her father's funeral she consulted Hunter as to what she should do. He told her that there was no income for her, but said nothing about the mortgage he held. That was at a time when the fields for self support for women were not open to them as they are now. Helen looked very much troubled.

"It seems to me," said Hunter, "that you had better be married. Isn't there some one you would like to marry?" "Yes," was the reply, "there is. But he couldn't support a wife just yet. Besides, he is at sea all the while, and

I should be left alone." "It is a pity that I am so much older than you. I would be only too glad to

provide for you as my wife." Helen made no reply to this, and Hunter left her. At the end of every month he gave her \$50. She asked him if the property had produced the amount, and he told her that it might produce the total during the year, but the income was not regular. This was saved from being a falsehood only by the word "might."
Since Brackett, the sailor, did not re-

turn-and there was nothing to be ex-

pected from him when he did-Helen made up her mind to marry Richard Hunter. He was kind to her—she did not know how kind-and she took comfort in having him for a protector. She also felt companionable with him. But she had built up an imaginary idol out of the sailor boy, and it would not crumble. Her decision to give herself to Hunter was therefore made reluctantly and after a coplous flow of tears.

Hunter flushed with pleasure when she told him that she would marry She had made a resolution to banish young Brackett from her mind and acted a loverlike part toward Hunter so well that he was deceived

into thinking that she was quite content, if not possibly happy, in her decision. But he did not hurry her, preferring that she should have plenty of time to be off with the old love before taking on a new one.

As time wore on Helen seemed to

grow more and more satisfied with her decision, and at times Hunter thought he could perceive a glimmer of true love in her treatment of him. Indeed, so encouraged was he that he asked her to name the day. She did so quite willingly.

Hunter, though not sheering off so far from the truth as to leave it entirely, convinced her that she was living on her own income and when the wedding day was fixed contrived to make her believe that a windfall had come to her property, which would pay for a trousseau. This was especially pleasing to her, for nature has not yet produced a woman who would be indifferent to this accessory to her marriage. Helen made her purchases and went to work with a will in the construction of a wardrobe.

Suddenly there came a thunderclan from a clear sky. Bob Brackett returned from his voyage with a fine sum of prize money, his share of the salvage of a disabled ship that his vessel had towed into port. He burst in upon Helen, not knowing of the change that had come over her, with the news, finishing with the words, "Now, sweetheart, let us be married

When Hunter heard of his rival's return he went to Helen and said to her: "I wish you to consider yourself re-leased and to feel perfectly free to marry the man who has returned to you.'

"I have given you my promise," was the reply, "and I will keep it."
But Hunter saw that her heart was not in her words. He asked her to tell him truthfully whether he or the sailor possessed it. She tried to evade the question, but Hunter would not be put off. At last he forced her to tell the truth. Her heart had been given to Brackett, and she was unable, if she would, to take it back again.

Hunter at once withdrew in favor of his rival. With an effort he succeeded in concealing from Helen what a crushing blow had fallen upon him in his loss. One matter puzzled him Now that another was to be her husband the fact that Hunter had been supplying her with the wherewithall to live, that he had deceived her in the matter of the windfall for the trousseau, that he held a mortgage on her farm for all it was worth, must ne out. How should he break the fact to her?

Hunter was a very sensitive man. He was much broken by his disappointment, and, though he had been resolute in giving up his bride expectant, he was vacillating in the matter of how to let her know that instead of possessing property she was a pauper. Worry made him ill, and he was confined to his bed.

Helen, who, importuned by the sailor, had accepted her release and agreed to marry Brackett before he sailed again, went on with the preparations for a wedding in which there was to be a change of grooms. She seemed to regret the disappointment she had occasioned Hunter, and Brackett in order that her break with his rival should be complete proposed that a transfer of the care of her property should be made to him. Helen reluctantly consented.

Brackett went to see Hunter, whom he found in bed, and asked for an accounting of Helen's estate. Hunter was too ill to invent any more subterfuges and was obliged to make a clean breast of the matter. Brackett returned to Helen with the information that she had nothing and that all she had received had been given her by Hun-

"I believe," added Brackett, "that the fellow has contrived to get your property into his own possession Helen looked at him like one dazed. Then suddenly, without a word, she went out and strode rapidly in the direction of Hunter's house. Brackett, who did not know what action she would take, watched her till she had passed out of sight, then went into the house to await developments.

Hunter was lying alone in his mis-ery when suddenly the girl he loved hurried into his room, sank on her knees by his bed, put her arms around him and moaned: "Forgive me."

Renewed vigor ran through the sick man's weakened body. He sat up, took the girl in his arms, and there were caresses such as had never passed between them before.

"Send some one," she said presently, "to tell him to go away."

An hour later Richard Hunter, walking with a tread that had received a powerful stimulus, appeared at Helen Gorman's home. Brackett, who was awaiting Helen's return, saw him coming. Having left Hunter a short time before ill in bed, he wondered. A

dread took possession of him. Hunter came up to him and said: "I am commissioned by Miss Gor-man to tell you that she has come to a final decision between you and me and in my favor." Brackett was thunderstruck. He

made no reply for some time, then "If Miss Gorman will say that to me or write it I will accept it as the truth."

Funter drew a bit of paper from his pocket and handed it to the sailor. He read it, tore it into bits, turned on his heel and left the house. On the evening that Hunter married

Helen the returned sailor spent the prize money he had brought home in an orgy and the next day went on another voyage.

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For Ivy Poison.

This time of the year children or grownups going through woods are liable to get into poison ivy. Some children pull it up without knowing what it is. So here is a remedy that will often make it disappear after the first application: Dissolve one ounce of sugar of lead

in two ounces of sweet spirits of niter, add one pint of water that has been boiled, but must be added after cooling. Use only externally. Don't leave where children can handle it. This is to be rubbed on affected parts.

***** SOME THEATER BORES.

Haven't you been annoyed at the theater—
By the enthusiastic friend who nudged you when there was an especially funny or telling point

in the play? By some one who insisted on telling the plot to a companion while you were listening to the actors on the stage?

By the man or woman in front who dodged about so you scarcely get a glimpse of the stage?

By the criticisms or explanations of some one who had seen the play before?

By persons who came bustling

in late, making you miss the opening of the play? By the stranger who borrowed your opera glass or insisted on loaning you his or hers against your will?

~ ~ If there wasn't so much miss-placed confidence there would be fewer

breach of promise suits. Much discontent comes of planning how to spend money that one hasn't

and which is not in sight.

film companies are now so well supplied that Mexico may not be asked to make any more war for them.

When a knife blade loses its temper it becomes dull, but when a woman loses hers she becomes cutting.

About Swimming

Strangely enough man is the only animal to whom swimming does not come natural. Drop a mouse into a bucket of water and he will swim round and round his prison until his strength fails him. Turn a cargo of pigs overboard in midstream and they will strike out lustily for shore. But a man may drown helplessly within full sight of an equally helpless crowd because neither he nor they have thought it worth their while to acquire the simple art of swimming. The reason why we cannot swim, we are sometimes reminded, is because our ape-like ancestors as they swung from branch to branch in the tree-tops did not require to move the arms or the legs together. At all events, be that as it may, to human beings swimming is an art, and it is an art which most healthy boys under proper conditions are anxious to acquire.



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Accommodation, 111 2 55 p.	m
Chicago Express, 1 9 09 p.	B
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Accommodation, 110 7 43 a.	
New York Express, 611 02 a.	m
New York Express, 23 00 p.	m
Accommodation, 112 5 16 p.	H
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