

The Lifted Hat.

We deplore the "Age of Reason" that demands a human sign to affirm the faith that seem not, yet believes the World Divine, We denounce the world as godless, and bewail Christ's alighted love, But I think the angels chide us as they gaze from skies above, For a church has been my neighbor, and my outlook day by day Has been teaching me the lesson that faith has not died away! And my proof that modern Christians keep the fervent souls of youth Are the men whose hats are lifted as they pass the church's door! From the school boy with his satchel to the old man with his cane, From the rich man in his carriage to the tramp that lies beside, From the coal cart's smutty driver to the youth in fashion neat; From the post man on his circuit to the officer on beat; From the child whose heart is spotless to the man whose sins are piled; From the mother bowed with sorrow to the girl with her smile; From the strong with life before him to the weak whose span is o'er— One and all lift hats in homage, as they pass the church's door, Now and then a boy looks shamefaced and a blushing youth looks shy; Here and there a man lags backwards, till his comrades have passed by, Or a timid hand has lowered ere it gins the hat brim's height, For the laughter of the worldling puts the earnest's faith to flight— Yet the grace of God suffices nature's cowardice to shame, And the "conscience of conviction" is the Hero's better name! For the human loves the loyal, and its glory bids to store For the men whose hats are lifted as they pass the church's door, O, the rent reward lurks even in the thickest action done! For the school boy's eyes are happy as he passes on a run; And the rich man's face is softer, and the vagrant stands erect; And the coal cart driver whistles, and the dude gains self-respect; And the postman's step is lighter, and the officer looks mild; And the man of sin smiles gently on the sinless little child; And the sad and glad seem kindred, who were aliens before; And the strong and weak are brother, as they pass the church's door. —Chicago New World.

The Awakening.

Of course Dave's a fool but it can't be helped now. David Manson strode heavily across the piazza and sat down in a big chair. It was not time that had caused his broad shoulders to droop nor years that had brought the listless expression to his saddened eyes. Rather it was the gradual breaking down of his peculiarly sensitive spirit. He drew from his pocket a picture—the picture of the girl his son had married less than an hour before. "I wish you were big and black-eyed and making looking," he said, addressing it disapprovingly. "Then, maybe, Dave would be on the lookout and would dodge the bit. But you little wimin get the reins into your hands before we suppose what you're about, and you make us feel like brutes if we try to get them back, so you do the driving. And it isn't the way I was intended. It isn't right." Sighing, he thrust the picture back into his pocket and went into the kitchen to wash his sweater. It hurt Julia's side to wash sweaters. There are always things for him to do for Julia in the house, and when his muscles twitched with eagerness to be out in the open, directing his men, and leading in the race with storm or darkness. His wife believed that she was not strong. To the world she was a pretty, plaintive little woman, but her greed for management was all the more rapacious because of her physical weakness; before David knew what was happening he had been crowded into the background of his own affairs. He was far from stupid, but it had taken him a long time to learn that his wife was not the clinging, adoring woman he thought he had married. Now he saw in the pictured curves of Marion's pretty mouth and in the serious expression of her frank eyes the type of woman who can so easily kind a man to her orbit wheels, and he was disappointed to think that Dave had repeated the mistake he himself had once made. "I've prospered in spite of it," he said, grimly, as he looked out of the window to the gently rolling hills. "But I've got mighty little satisfaction out of it. And ten years ago you might have been where we are today if I'd had my say. But my judgment wasn't worth considering. I thought had to wait till Dave got through college and gave his advice."

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning that it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is the healthy action of these organs. They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency. "I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her." Mrs. Thomas Lewis, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system. It was good, too," he ungrudgingly admitted. He rubbed his sweater vigorously. "If some men who have made fools of themselves reform," he reflected, bitterly, "everybody is happy; but if I should try to reform, I guess there'd be precious little rejoicing in this family."

"When he met his wife at the station that night his mood had softened little. "O David, she's sweet!" she said, in her thin, irritating voice. "I wish you had gone. I don't know what she thinks."

"Well, I spoke about it," he reminded her patiently. "Why, David Manson, you know you didn't have time to get new clothes after they changed the date of the wedding, and your old ones are a sight! I wouldn't have had you go in those for a hundred dollars! Goodness knows I wish you'd keep yourself in better shape!"

"If she's worth her salt, she wouldn't care what I wore," David contended. "David," said Mrs. Manson, in her usual frosty voice. "I don't believe you realize what it means to have Dave marry Judge Blake's daughter."

"What I'm realizing is that she may not be the right kind of wife for Dave. I hope he won't begin by letting her manage him."

Mrs. Manson shot a queer glance at her husband. "I don't know what's got into you, David. But I know that I'm tired to death, and when I get home I'm going to bed and have you bring me some toast and tea."

David did not share in the flutter of expectancy that preceded the home coming of Dave and his bride. And when he took Marion's hand in his, and looking into her winsome face, caught the wistfulness in her straightforward grey eyes, he steeled his heart.

"She'd have me leave the baby to hold worsted for her if I'd do it," he thought. As the days went by, the conviction grew in Marion's mind that Dave's father did not like her. It troubled her more than she cared to admit; it marred the happiness of her first days on the farm.

"I wonder why he dislikes me?" she said to herself many times a day. "I've got to find out."

Her opportunity came one evening, when they were all sitting on the piazza in the long twilight. "I must go and see to the cow," Dave said. "She was hot when I brought her in."

"Let father go," Mrs. Manson suggested. "You're tired dear." And Dave, who had always been influenced by his mother, looked expectantly toward his father. Mr. Manson got up slowly and started off to the barn.

Marion flushed and rose. "I'm going with you father," she said. Dave started to follow, but she said: "Stay where you are, Dave, and run down the path."

"Why didn't you come to my wedding, and why don't you like me?" she asked, breathlessly when she had overtaken Mr. Manson. "Well, you see," he explained, slowly, "I couldn't get any new clothes in time."

"As if I would have cared about clothes!" "Who says I don't like you?" "You do, every time you look at me. But let's not talk about that now. I've seldom been on a farm till now, and I'm going to love it. I want you to tell me all about it."

"Get Dave to." "Dave's all right, Mr. Manson, but do you suppose I would study music with the village teacher if I could have a real musician? Compared to you Dave knows nothing whatever about this farm, its romance."

"You'll find young women, that there, a good deal more than romance in farming." She was thoughtful. "Of course. There's been death—"

"My father and mother," he said simply. "And life—"

"There's Dave."

And hope and struggles and achievements.

His face became sad; of most of these he had been cheated. For a long time they talked—till the shadows grew dim and were finally blotted out. Before they had done he knew all about her motherless years and her loneliness since her father's death, five years earlier. And she, almost a stranger, knew more of him than his nearest kinsfolk did—more, perhaps, than he himself knew of his orated desires. She was silent while they walked back to the house.

Dave's form loomed up on the dark piazza. "Where have you people been?" he asked. "We've been sitting on the pole of a hay wagon getting acquainted," Marion replied. David Manson went into the house. He was unconsciously lighthearted. "Why, if I haven't been enjoying myself I'd be thought wondering."

"Dave," said Marion, "do you know your father is splendid?" "Why, of course he is. If he could have stayed in college he would certainly have been an honor man."

"He's an honor man right now." "What's that?" Mr. Manson's thin voice penetrated the darkness. She came out swathed in a white shawl.

"Marion's singing father's praises." "Well, she ought to," Mrs. Manson said. "He's the best man that ever breathed. But I do wish he'd fix himself up a little and seem to care about things. He's terribly careless about his appearance," Mrs. Manson sighed. "Sometimes I'm so ashamed. Marion was silent. "They don't know," she said to herself. "The pity of it!"

The next morning Marion, unable to sleep was downstairs before she heard any one stirring in the house. When she entered the kitchen, she came upon Mr. Manson, kneading a mass of dough. She stopped, astonished. "What are you doing?"

The old imperceptible shell of reserve dropped over him. "It hurts Julia's side to knead bread," he explained. "Marion thought swiftly, 'I'm afraid I'm going to dislike Julia.' Aloud she said, 'Let me do that. I've studied cookery, and here's my chance to see what I know.'"

He remonstrated, but her hands were soon in the dough. "Mr. Manson," she had suddenly stooped, and her cheeks flushed. "Please don't think me inquisitive, but is this necessary? Could we afford help?"

"Plenty of it," he answered. "Then why?" "Julia's particular, and—" he hesitated. "I understand," Marion said. "And the foreman's wife? She couldn't help out?"

"No she boards the help," he explained. There followed a period of several weeks during which Marion devoted herself to Dave's father. She accompanied him to the fields; she talked to him at table; and little by little she drew him out of himself. "I should think it was father who had married instead of me," her husband said.

One morning, when she was down stairs early, she came upon Mr. Manson, dressed in his shabby best shining his shoes. He looked up, startled. "I'm going to the fair," he said, "but I haven't told any one. They are going to exhibit some cattle that I feel sure aren't so good as mine."

"Why in the world didn't you send yours?" "I wanted to, but Dave and his mother thought it wasn't best."

"We will next year. Are you going alone?" "Yes, I haven't been without Julia for ten years, but I'm not going to take her this time. She always gets a headache and has to be brought home before noon."

"I don't get headaches," Marion said. "Would you go?" "A gleam of interest lighted up his weather-beaten face. He looked from her white shod feet up to her young eyes and aching hair. It would be good fun to go away for a day with this eager girl."

"Would I Father Manson, you get the team without a sound, and I'll put something in a lot for breakfast."

It was late when they returned, tired but exultant. At least, Marion was exultant. Mr. Manson always seemed abashed in the presence of his wife and son. Mrs. Manson's greeting was cordial, but Dave took the escapee as a good joke.

"The cattle did not compare with ours, did they dad?" Marion exclaimed. "If we don't take some blue ribbons next year we're no farmers. Oh, it's been a splendid day!"

The next morning Marion was up and had the breakfast ready before Mrs. Manson came down. Mrs. Manson was more than usually fretful, and she ignored Marion's presence. "Your father can't stir," she said to Dave. "I know he'd pay for that madness. He's got the worst attack of rheumatism he's had for years. To go off that way like a child! I always bring him home early when I go."

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"May I go up and see him?" asked Marion. Mrs. Manson said slowly. "He asked to have you go up."

"Your father's afraid she'll blame herself," Mrs. Manson said to her son when Marion had gone. "And she ought to. She seems to encourage him in his freak."

"Marion is splendid," Dave replied. "You know she is." (Concluded next week.)

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"You look warm." "I've been chasing a hat." "Did your hat blow off?" "It wasn't my hat. It belonged to somebody else, and it had a pretty girl under it, did you catch it?" "Yes. My wife saw me chasing it."

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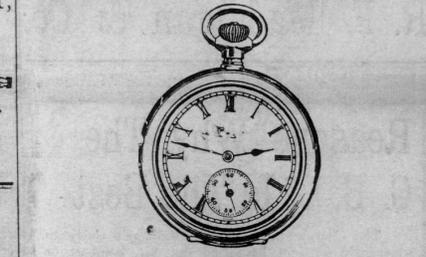
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