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TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

GOING WEST

Accommodation, 75..... 8 44 a.m.

Chicago Express, 13..... 1 16 p.m.

Accommodation, 95..... 8 44 p.m.

GOING EAST

Accommodation, 80..... 7 38 a.m.

New York Express, 6..... 11 16 a.m.

New York Express, 18..... 2 38 p.m.

Accommodation, 112..... 5 36 p.m.

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Love's Messenger

By VIRGINIA LEE

Matt Burns stepped from a woodland path, past the edge of a little bush guarded covert and deposited upon the greenward a basket, well filled. He chuckled and grunted with evident self-satisfaction. Then his eyes rested with a quick, tender light upon a boyish-faced, invalid-looking man, many years his junior, who sat with his back to a tree, dozing.

Beside the latter was a pad of blank paper and a pencil, and alongside of these was a folded sheet. Both Matt and his friend, or rather charge of his, were tattered as to raiment, and a smoldering wood fire, some handy utensils, made the whole presentment tramplike in its suggestiveness.

"Poor fellow!" soliloquized Matt. "At the rhymes again, I suppose. Hi! I say—famous luck!" he added, with a kind of hilarious cheer to his tones, for the other had suddenly awakened. Erick Doane glanced lingeringly at the basket and then inquisitively at the face of the other.

"You said the poem?" he questioned eagerly.

"I did, and no trouble at all. Oswald & Ewing just exactly grabbed it, and say! ordered another one for a big sale they've got on for Saturday. I got two dollars, and we're fitted out with vands for three days. I happened to mention about you and our fix, and the head of the firm got quite interested, and said he'd double the price if you made the poem a funny one."

"Now, isn't that fine!" cried Erick, his wan face aglow with pleasure.

"Cheap, too cheap," declared Matt, wagging his head sapiently. "Why, if we were fixed so you were comfortable and easy in your mind, you could turn out regular high-up magazine stuff, or get out a book and all that, and make a fortune in a year."

"That's a dream, Matt," said Erick sorrowfully. "You overestimate me, dear old fellow that you are. I can jingle together a few simple rhymes, but real poetry takes genius, and I'm a long way from having that."

"Is that so?" vociferated Matt stormily. "I know better. What did we do at the last town, where you wrote a dedication poem on a new city hall they were putting up? Five dollars from the orator of the occasion. And the little two-line rhymes you got up for a party of some young folks. Ten cents apiece, and forty of them. Say, Albert Tennyson would have doted on you, and Lord Byron would have made you his close pal!"

Erick smiled indulgently, and then the two fell to discussing the edibles the basket contained. They were tramps, homeless, friendless, but one was a poet in a way, and the other had a great purpose in view and they were by no means of the ordinary drift of hoboes.

Matt Burns, true professional, had picked up Erick Doane, who was the poorly paid clerk of a cheap lodging house. The latter was frail, sickly, unable to do a man's work, and a physician had told him that he could not live long unless he located permanently in a warm climate.

Blighted Matt took a fancy to the young fellow. He grew proud of his poetic efforts, he experienced a certain satisfaction in becoming "the patron of a man of genius."

"I've adopted you, Erick," he said one day. "I'm going to get you to Florida before the cold sets in, and bank down in some snug spot there, and you shall develop your literary abilities while I work the roads, see?" And now they were carrying out the program.

"What's the new screed, Erick?" inquired Matt, as he noticed the folded sheet lying on the grass.

"Oh, that is a set of rhymes of the love sort," answered Erick casually. "I never was in love, but that's the kind of stuff I would write if I were."

"Send it to some magazine, Erick," suggested Matt, "and maybe you'll catch on."

But Erick smiled dubiously, for he knew that he was simply a rhymester and not a poet. And when next he sought to show his love verses to Matt later on, the wind had blown them away or something else was responsible for their mysterious disappearance.

This was responsible: a dog, a smart little fox terrier, trained by its indulgent master to carry small packages in its teeth. Unnoticed by either of the tramps, little Gyp had scurried across the grass, picked up the folded sheet, and holding it daintily, scampered back to the side of its strolling master.

Waldron Rossiter noticed that his canine favorite was carrying a scrap of paper in his mouth, but that was not uncommon, and he bestowed only casual attention upon the circumstance.

He was thinking of Netta Brice, and a certain trace of self-consciousness was apparent in stride and manner as he passed the house where the beloved one lived. Rossiter was of a shy, retiring nature, and he simply lifted his hat to Netta Brice on the porch and passed on.

Not so Gyp; Miss Netta had fed him too many dainties to be forgotten. The animal darted in through the gateway, deposited the love poem at Netta's feet, received a chocolate from a box at her side and then rejoined his master.

That evening Waldron called upon Netta. He was immensely gratified to observe her graciousness and interest. Her eyes were sparkling as though some new great joy infused her. Finally she lifted a folded sheet from a stand. "Gyp was a faithful messenger, Mr. Rossiter," she said. "The lines are beautiful."

"The lines?" repeated Rossiter vaguely.

"The poem,"

"Why I supposed—" and there Netta floundered. Rather confusedly she told of Gyp bringing her the poem, and she supposed—she supposed—

"I declare!" Rossiter relieved her embarrassment by saying after he had read the lines. "Miss Brice—Netta," he added in a low, intense tone, "those are just my sentiments and—"

At that critical moment Netta's mother came into the room and the avowed trembling on his eager lips, and the expectant, blushing face so near to his own lost its force. Still, Waldron Rossiter left the rose-clustered cottage that night feeling that he was closer to Netta than ever before.

He essayed to trace the origin of the poem next day. Taking Gyp with him, Rossiter went over the route of the day previous. When the animal neared the hide-out of the tramps he darted towards it. Erick Doane was seated under a shady tree, writing. This was suggestive to Rossiter. He approached and engaged Erick in conversation. Soon he knew that he was the poet whose effusion had paved the way to happiness.

Then Matt appeared. Waldron Rossiter was gentle hearted and sym-



Both Were Tattered.

thetic. He was full of good feeling towards the twain, for had not the poem brought Netta nearer to him?

"See here, friends," he spoke, "I am mighty interested in your plans, and I want to help you on your way. I have a bungalow on the Indian river, down in Florida, vacant most of the year. What say you to going there, fare paid, and becoming caretakers till I want to use it? Then we can make some permanent arrangements."

"You don't mean it, boss!" spoke up the delighted Matt, honest tears of gratitude in his eyes, while Erick voiced his appreciation of the kind offer with sincere emotion. Rossiter that evening again called upon Netta. "I have found the poet," he stated gayly.

"Indeed?" murmured Netta. "Yes," and Rossiter recited all the circumstances of the case.

"The young poet says he has a great wish," continued Rossiter.

"Which is?"

"To write out his congratulations for my wedding, Netta," and he drew nearer to her. "Dare I hope that it may be our wedding?"

And Erick Doane, happy and well in his new Southern nest of comfort, received the order for the poem a few months later.

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This inferior yield from our matchless American soil is due partly to less labor applied per acre, partly to less fertilizer. Here our experts come forward with another even more encouraging statement, and that is that there is now, in the light of modern agricultural science, practically no such thing as a poor soil, or as an exhausted soil.

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PLEASURE OF BEING NEEDED

To Know You Can Lend Assistance to Some One Greatly Lessens the Strain of Discontent.

"I'm really worried about Miss Eustacia," Mrs. Jessup declared. "Of course everyone knows that it was hard for her to lose her savings and go into the home, but the home's pleasant, and she has a big room all to herself, and we are always sending her things or inviting her round to tea to show that she isn't left out; yet she goes round with a face as long as my arm, and the tears come into her eyes if you look at her. Really, I'm almost out of patience. I wouldn't have believed it of Miss Eustacia."

Mrs. Crane looked out into the yard. She was a plump little woman with tender, luminous brown eyes that had a way of seeing far into the heart at times.

"What pretty little tea parties Miss 'Stacia used to give," she said musingly. "She made a different 'feel' about them somehow."

"I know it," Mrs. Jessup agreed. "I don't know exactly why, unless because she was so happy over them herself that she made everyone else feel the same way."

"And how many summers was it that she took to her home a little fresh-air girl?" asked Mrs. Crane, with an air of innocent reminiscence. "Last time it was a mother and a sick baby, wasn't it?"

"I guess it must be full as much as fifteen. I hadn't thought of that before, but I suppose she does miss that!"

Mrs. Crane's soft eyes shone with sudden passion.

"Miss them? Things like that—giving things—were her life, Ellen Jessup! Do you suppose that being invited to tea and having flowers carried to her are going to make up to Miss 'Stacia for having nothing to give?"

"But—she hasn't anything we want!" Mrs. Jessup said bewilderedly.

"Exactly. That's what's breaking her heart."

"But you can't make yourself want things when you don't," Mrs. Jessup argued.

"I suppose not," Mrs. Crane said with a sigh. "Well, I must be going along. Run over soon, Ellen."

At the turn of the road Mrs. Crane met Lauretta King. The girl nodded with sullen brows. Mrs. Crane stopped.

"What's the matter, Lauretta?" she asked.

"Matter? I want Miss Eustacia, that's what's the matter. I used to run in every day or two when things were hard at home, and she'd help me through, but now—"

"Have you told her so?" Mrs. Crane asked quickly. "Oh, Lauretta, have you?"

"Told her? I haven't been up there. She'll be too busy with all those people."

Mrs. Crane even gave her a push. "Go, Lauretta; go this minute. She's been eating her heart because no one needed her. And tell her that I'm coming tomorrow. I want her—just her—to help me do a dozen things. Harry, Lauretta!"

But Lauretta was already gone.

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