

HER HUMBLE LOVER

"Yes, he was in love with her." "I know it!" exclaims Archie, kicking up his heels with triumphant satisfaction.

"Yes, he was in love with her," continues Hector Warren, his eyes fixed on the ground. "His heart went out to her the first time he saw her, and remained with her. Oh, yes, he was very, very deeply in love with her."

"And he told her so, and she said 'Yes,' and they were married, and were happy ever afterward," says Archie, rather contemptuously. "That's how all those sort of stories end. I don't think much of this, Mr. Warren."

"Wait a minute," says Hector Warren, with a smile that has something sad and wistful in it. "He didn't tell her of it."

"Didn't he? Why not?" "He didn't tell her because he felt that he was not worthy of her. She was young and beautiful, and all the world lay before her, and he was not worthy of her, and he had no right to ask her to share the lot of such a man as he was, when perhaps better men might, and would in time offer themselves, and their wealth and their titles, laying them at her feet, and imploring her to take them."

"I see," says Archie, with awakened interest. "And what did he do? I should have chanced it, and asked her right out."

"Ah, yes, but he did not dare; he was afraid. He felt that if she said 'No' his miserable, restless life would become unendurable; and he didn't forget for a moment that he wasn't worthy to touch the hem of her dress."

"Well, what did he do?" demands Archie, eagerly. "There was silence for a moment, then the musical voice says, faintly: 'I don't know the end of the story, Archie. Don't be disappointed. You can make a finish for yourself—that is the best way. If I could remember the end, I would tell you.'"

"Well," says Archie, confidently, "if I had to make the end of it, I would make him tell her, and her to say, 'Yes, I love you just as you love me, though you are poor and wicked.' And then they could live happily ever afterward."

Hector Warren is silent for a moment, then he turns his head to the motionless figure. "What do you say?" he asks, with a strange thrill in his voice.

"Signa raises her head, but does not lift her eyes to his face. "I?" she answers, with a tremulous laugh. "Oh, I don't know. I have been half asleep."

"Quite right," he says, with a smile. "It was a poor sort of story, not worth your keeping awake for. Ah! what is that? Not the sun, surely?"

"Yes, it is!" cries Archie, springing to his feet and running out, "and the storm has gone. Mr. Warren, look, the sky is quite blue again! The rain has gone while you have been telling your story, Mr. Warren; but I don't think it was a very good story, you know."

"No, it wants the finish, Archie," he says, collecting the key and the can, and the finish is always the best part of a story. "I never mind, perhaps some day I shall remember it, and be able to tell it to you," and he carries the things down to the boat, and with Archie making a great fuss in the way of assistance, launches her; then he goes back and Signa awaiting him outside the cave.

Her face is pale, her eyes downcast, and there is a strange look on her face, but she lifts her eyes to him frankly enough, as he says: "We shall have a splendid sail home. Are you quite warm?"

"Quite," she answers. "And—as happy?" he asks, with a curious smile.

"Come, then," and he holds her arm as she climbs over the boulders. "Will you take the tiller again?" he says to her. "You will not have such fair work now; the wind is in our favor, and we shall be home, ah, in no time, as Archie would say."

He looks at the bright sky and the smiling waters and smoothes a sigh. He makes her comfortable in the stern of the boat, pushes it into the water, and leaps in; the sails extend over the white wings, and the boat skims over the waves like a thing endowed with life. Hector Warren sinks down at Signa's feet, holding the rope that controls the sails, and Archie resumes his old position, curled up like a very knowing meeky.

"Yes, we shall soon be home," says Hector Warren, with a tone of regret in his voice. "And we haven't eaten all the provisions yet!" cries Archie. "We've got a biscuit and the plate still left!" "Better keep it as a memento of our adventures," says Hector Warren, lightly.

"So I will," assents Archie. "No, you shall keep it for me, Signa; I should be sure to eat it," and he wraps the fragment of biscuit in the letter—it is one Hector Warren has taken from his pocket—and tosses it to Signa. She catches it in her lap with a laugh.

Hector Warren crowded all his canvas—to use a nautical phrase, meaning that he took advantage of all the sails he had at his disposal—and the light boat darted homeward. He was very silent, and the dark eyes were for the most part fixed on the sails under his charge; but once, as they were crossing the bar, he turned and put his hand on the tiller, and it inclosed Signa's white, soft fingers. He was obliged to press them, and under this strain of his strong, firm hand, her face grew crimson. He murmured an apology.

"I am afraid I hurt you," and she answered, "No, not at all," in a conventional tone; but the hard pressure was not pain, it was a subtle delight to her. There were no biscuits to eat, so Archie whistled through his teeth, after the manner of boys; and but for that whistling there was no sound on board the boat; Hector Warren kept his eyes on the sail and the shore, and Signa obeyed his murmured "Right" and "Left." But the feeling of happiness, of subtle delight, still lingered with her, and once again she longed that they might sail on thus forever. She would ask no more of Fate than that she should thus sit within reach of his hand, within sound of his voice. But "forever" is a long time, and soon, all too soon, they come in sight of Whitefield's quiet dwelling-place, and Archie calls out:

"Here we are! I wonder what Whitefield will say when we tell him that we have drunk all his coffee, and eaten all his biscuits!"

Whitefield was close at hand to meet them, and there was a grave smile on the weather-beaten face as he hailed the boat ashore. "I am glad to see you back, sir, that I am. I wondered where you'd be, and whether 'an'—meaning the boat—'would live out the gale.'"

"We went to St. Clare," said Hector Warren, "and found shelter there; but we have made sad havoc of your stores, Whitefield."

"Never mind 'an,'" said the ship-builder, heartily. "If I'd a-know'd that you'd 'a' been so stuck up I'd a put more in the boat, but you see, the boat had only just come back from fishing, and that accounts for the coffee and the biscuits."

"Which we enjoyed very much," says Hector Warren, in his pleasant manner, and he slips something into Whitefield's hand.

"Then he lifts Archie from the boat, and extends his arm for Signa, but she steps on the gunwale and springs to the shore. In silence they climb the hill to the rectory, Archie running on in front. "He reaches it full five minutes before the other two, for Signa walks slowly and thoughtfully, and returns with news."

"Papa is out," he shouts. "He has been sent for by some one, and mamma is in an awful state, and Sir Frederic Blyte is with her."

"Oh!" says Hector Warren, slowly, and Signa smiles vaguely. They follow Archie, who runs on before them, and enter the rectory drawing-room.

Mrs. Podswell lies on the sofa, with a sudden shudder, and with her hand to her forehead. On a chair near the invalid's couch sits Sir Frederic Blyte, with all his feathers blown away.

As the three—Signa, and Archie, and Hector Warren—enter, Aunt Podswell heaves a dismal groan. "Signa," she exclaims, "what does this mean? Do you mean to be the death of me?"

"I am very sorry," says Signa. "Do not be alarmed, aunt; we are quite safe."

"Quite safe, yes, so I see!" said Mrs. Podswell, with a moan. "But think what I have endured! Grimes, the gardener, came here with the dreadful news that you had gone sailing—actually sailing, on a day like this, with that innocent child."

"That innocent child" eyes her with a solemn face. "And in this awful storm!" continues Mrs. Podswell. "How could you have been so inconsiderate—so—so criminally thoughtless?"

Signa is about to reply, when she feels a touch upon her arm, and Hector Warren steps forward. "The fault was mine," Mrs. Podswell, and the blame must rest with me. It was I who persuaded your niece and Archie to take a sail. Of course, I did not foresee the storm."

Aunt Podswell groans. "You ought to have foreseen it, sir. You had not right to run the risk. Signa should not have accompanied you. Things have come to a pretty pass, and the world has changed, indeed, if a young woman can venture on such an excursion unaccompanied except by a child like Archie!"

Hector Warren's face colors. "Let us be thankful that nothing worse than an indiscretion—for which I, and I alone, am answerable—has occurred," he says. "We intended taking a short sail on the river, but yielding to my solicitation, Miss Grenville consented to cross the bar. The storm sprung up, and we were forced to seek shelter on the island of St. Clare. No harm has been done; your niece and Archie have returned, thank Heaven, quite safely. For my part in the affair, I beg your pardon most respectfully and earnestly."

Aunt Podswell sniffs. "You'd better plead your case with my husband," she says. "I shall be very willing," says Hector Warren, "and I wish you good-bye, once more expressing my regret that you should have suffered any anxiety," and he bows low and leaves the room.

During the colloquy Sir Frederic Blyte has sat speechless and motionless, his face crimson and white by turns, but as Hector Warren turns to depart, Sir Frederic jumps up and follows him, and before Hector Warren has gained the garden, the baronet has overtaken him. "One moment," he exclaims, "One moment, if you please, Mr. Warren."

Hector Warren stops and turns toward him, and the two men confront each other. The one, Sir Frederic, is carefully, neatly attired, with all the weight that wealth and position can give; the other, Hector Warren, is dressed in the rough-wool jacket that has been saturated half a dozen times with the course of the day, but still Hector Warren, in appearance the best of it.

CARDS PRINTED. YOUR NAME As many as wanted at rate of 25 for 100. post paid. Low Price. Good work. 10, Queen's Quay, Woodstock, Ontario.

worse than an indiscretion—for which I, and I alone, am answerable—has occurred," he says. "We intended taking a short sail on the river, but yielding to my solicitation, Miss Grenville consented to cross the bar. The storm sprung up, and we were forced to seek shelter on the island of St. Clare. No harm has been done; your niece and Archie have returned, thank Heaven, quite safely. For my part in the affair, I beg your pardon most respectfully and earnestly."

Aunt Podswell sniffs. "You'd better plead your case with my husband," she says. "I shall be very willing," says Hector Warren, "and I wish you good-bye, once more expressing my regret that you should have suffered any anxiety," and he bows low and leaves the room.

During the colloquy Sir Frederic Blyte has sat speechless and motionless, his face crimson and white by turns, but as Hector Warren turns to depart, Sir Frederic jumps up and follows him, and before Hector Warren has gained the garden, the baronet has overtaken him. "One moment," he exclaims, "One moment, if you please, Mr. Warren."

Hector Warren stops and turns toward him, and the two men confront each other. The one, Sir Frederic, is carefully, neatly attired, with all the weight that wealth and position can give; the other, Hector Warren, is dressed in the rough-wool jacket that has been saturated half a dozen times with the course of the day, but still Hector Warren, in appearance the best of it.

"I beg your pardon," he says, in the self-possessed voice, which could be as full of hauteur as an earl; "you wish to speak to me?" "Yes, I do," says Sir Frederic, red as a turkey cock, and with a bellicose light in his eyes. "I demand an explanation, Mr.—Warren," and there is a world of insult in the tone of hesitation before the name.

"An explanation of what?" demands Hector Warren, leaning against the gate and taking his cigar-case from his pocket. Sir Frederic's face flames a deep red at the coolness of his opponent, and his big, unwieldy hands clench passionately. "Don't think to deceive me by your effrontery, sir," he says, threateningly.

Hector Warren selects a cigar carefully before he answers. "I have no wish to deceive you, Sir Frederic," he says, calmly. "It will be of no avail if you do, sir," retorts Sir Frederic, "with suppressed passion; and Hector Warren, as he looks at the commonplace face transformed by injured dignity and jealousy, recalls the description of its owner which he, Hector Warren, had given to Signa. "I demand an explanation, sir," reiterates Sir Frederic.

"An explanation of what?" asks Hector Warren, tabling out his cigar case, but eying his opponent steadily. "Of—of your conduct, sir," says Sir Frederic. "What do you mean by including this young lady to accompany you, and—compelling her to spend the day in your society?"

"You must not ask me," says Sir Frederic. "I mean by calling up such a storm as even these coasts do not often provide," says Hector Warren, lighting his cigar. "But, though your question is not put with superfluous courtesy, I will attempt to answer it. Suffice it, that the German, who was persuaded me to take a sail on the river; that, deceived by the apparent fineness of the weather, I gained her consent to cross the bar. All this you heard me explain to Mrs. Podswell. That, crossing the bar, we met with a sudden hurricane, and were forced to fly for shelter to the island of St. Clare; that there, she, and Archie, and I, remained till the abatement of the storm rendered it safe for us to return, and that here she is safe and sound, and here am I to answer your question, and—a pause, during which which the two men confront each other, presenting a strange contrast, the one red with passion, the other calm and self-possessed—"to ask a question of you in return."

"You may ask me what you please," retorts Sir Frederic, passionately. "I say you have acted like a poltroon and an adventurer, as I suspect you to be; but I warn you—"

"Pardon me," breaks in the quiet, self-possessed voice. "I claimed the right to an answer to my question. Before I have put that question, you favor me with an opinion of my unworthy self. My question first, Sir Frederic, and then, if you have any right or authority to demand an explanation of me respecting Miss Grenville's conduct, or mine?"

Sir Frederic, crimson and trembling, stares at the impassive face of the speaker, and stutters an incoherent reply. "—the absence of the doctor, her uncle, sir," he says passionately. "Precisely," says Hector Warren, easily. "To Miss Grenville's uncle and guardian I am, no doubt, answerable; but to Sir Frederic Blyte, neither my duty nor my inclination compel me to listen. Good-day!" and, with a slight inclination of the head, he passes on.

Sir Frederic stands staring as if he could not at all believe his ears, then he turns a deathly white, and the evil temper of a pampered man; balked and overcome—that evil temper which Hector Warren has spoken of—shows itself. With a fearful oath, Sir Frederic dashes his clenched fist against the Rectory gate.

"By heaven!" he cries. "He shall pay for it—he shall pay for it!"

CHAPTER XI.

Sir Frederic the Great, as Lady Rookwell called him, was very angry and extremely miserable, because he felt that he had made a fool of himself. He, the great man of his country, while Lord Delamer was out of it, had been guilty of flying into a passion—losing his self-possession. "This he could have borne if he could have flattered himself that he had got the best of it in his encounter with the man whom he felt sure was an adventurer, and perhaps worse, if there could be anything worse; but he was compelled to admit to himself that he

had got very much the worst of it. He had intended being very cool and dignified, and to administer a severe rebuke to the fellow who had dared to monopolize Signa Grenville for a whole day; he had made up his mind to keep his temper under control, and to remember that he was Sir Frederic; and Hector Warren was worse than nobody. But he had been no match for that gentleman's calm impassiveness; there was an indefinable power about him that had exasperated Sir Frederic, and before which all his resolves had been vanquished. He had got the worst of it in every sense. He could not answer Hector Warren's question as to his right to interfere between him and Signa. Then he had given way and made a fool of himself; for, of course, he knew that nowadays men don't indulge in heroics, and don't fly into passions if they are gentlemen. It is bad form, and to be guilty of bad form Sir Frederic felt was almost unbefitting his exalted position. As he glanced morosely at his hand, which smarted, for the Rectory gate was naturally hard, he felt boiling over with rage. Why couldn't he have kept cool like his opponent? And, as he recalled the easy, almost contemptuous bearing—the calm, quiet dignity of the voice of Hector Warren, he felt that hatred which the inferior mind always feels when it comes in conflict with its superior.

(To be continued.)

GILLETTE'S LI MADE IN CANADA For making soap. For softening water. For removing paint. For disinfecting refrigerators, sinks, closets, drains and for 500 other purposes. Gillette Safety Razor Co. Boston, U.S.A.

HAIR GOODS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN Mailed at lowest possible prices, complete high-grade sets. Our Natural Wavy 8-Strand Switches at \$5.00, \$7.00 and \$9.00 in all shades are leaders with us. Just send on your sample, or write for anything in our line. GENTLEMEN'S TOWELS at 25¢ and 35¢ that defy detection when worn. MINTZ'S HAIR GOODS EMPORIUM 62 KING STREET WEST Hamilton, Ont. (Formerly Mama I. Mintz).

Wounded Huns Show Kultur (By One Who Nurses Them, Writing in the London Daily Mail.) In a remote corner of England, nesting in the fold of downs that in pre-war days saw nothing more warlike than a flock of sheep and their shepherd, is to be found a group of tents. Very small and unimportant they look in the distance; almost like some stranded farm buildings. On closer inspection they appear more spacious, and are found to be surrounded with a high, unfamiliar fence of barbed wire.

Outside the fence is a constant guard. For this is a war hospital—not such as is familiar, too familiar, to all British mothers and sisters, but one to which wounded prisoners of war are brought and where they are nursed back into such health and well-being as can remain to them. They come in convoys of one or two hundred, brought hither by train and ambulance from a seaport some miles away.

Sometimes they arrive in their German uniforms, with the clay of the trench thick upon their foreheads; ten they come sweet and clean and in the kit provided at the base hospital. In the early days, when we were first notified that we were to look after the Huns, the whole staff was somewhat horrified. Later, when the stretchers arrived with their mutilated and bleeding men, the most serious became the most pitiful, and the gentleness with which the gallant-hearted members of the R.A.M.C. handled those stretchers, the untiring zeal with which they tended these wounded enemies, is to me one of the wonders of the war.

I am afraid that the German, and the officers in particular, attribute our kindness to fear of them. Quickly the long wards of thirty-four beds are filled, stretcher following stretcher in quiet orderliness; and in an incredibly short time each Hun is fed and washed and his wounds dressed, until by midnight the place assumes the normal appearance of a hospital ward.

TWO PICTURES. These men sleep in beds as soft as our own men have, between sheets as snowy as we can keep them, and are given the same food as the regulation military hospital diet. No matter how short-handed the staff may be, their wounds are dressed as often as they require. They can write home twice a week, and in all respects are well cared for. They are treated with the greatest tenderness and care.

Wounded, and in captivity, how does the soul of the Hun appear? The first impression is that of an almost nerveless creature—the gratefulness of one who, expecting the lash, is received with the greatest kindness. It is a gratitude tinged with suspicion. "This kindness is the ambush for—" (Who knows the horrors that the Hun mind can conceive?)

The attitude tells one of two stories; either they have been filled with articles of British cruelty to the wounded, or their own treatment of wounded, enemies is such that they themselves dread the like. Presently one gets to know them, in spite of the language difficulty (few "slaters" or orderlies have a great knowledge of German), for one quickly gets quite clever carrying on a conversation in the language which is neither German nor English, but a weird mixture of both, and no matter how one hates the German nation one cannot move and dread individual Germans without get-

GILLETTE'S LI MADE IN CANADA For making soap. For softening water. For removing paint. For disinfecting refrigerators, sinks, closets, drains and for 500 other purposes. Gillette Safety Razor Co. Boston, U.S.A.

ting to know little personal traits about them.

There is a boy of sixteen, a Prussian, who on his arrival seems frightened out of his life of the "English," and who later follows "sister" everywhere, his watery eyes anticipating a hundred services she might require, and was heard to remark: "English; good! English people kind, nice. Another Prussian, after the grateful feeling wore off, forgot he was a prisoner, forgot English were not Germans, and thought display his Prussian arrogance in English words. The eyes of the German ever watchful, but one was rified at this revelation of the boy's soul.

Many of the men are peevish from little northern villages, little or no idea of why they for their greatest anxiety being that they could correspond with their people. These, when questioned, repeat with blind faith the story of England's aggression, trying meanwhile one could see, to reconcile the England of which they had heard with the England they were beginning to know. One of these wished to give "sister" his Iron Cross, and when she refused was so hurt that she had to compromise by accepting the ribbon thereof! A souvenir!

A HUN "JOKE." One finds these peasants the most courageous under the suffering which dressing often entails. The urban lower middle class is by far the most truculent, bearing pain badly, full of petty complaints, and with a good idea of his own importance. His manners are appalling, and on the whole he is the complete Hun.

One man, a Hanoverian, wounded eight months ago, lies in a special ward enduring tortures beyond the conception of even the most pitiful. The vibration, although it is deadened by means of blankets spread upon the floor, is agony to him, and the footsteps of his comrades in the corridor without bring forth heart-rending moans. This man is quiet and grateful, gazing with weeping eyes into what should be a tragedy of loneliness, homesickness and pain.

On the whole, however, one is forcibly reminded that these Huns are of a lower race, nearer the ape on the tree. They have very little tenderness to one another, and the slightest of a comrade's pain finds and leaves them callous. I have known them to call a blind comrade across the war, putting an obstacle in his path, and yell with delight when he fell over it!

They are often amusing when they least know it. Their attempts to learn information about our army and navy are particularly funny, for they invariably forget that a woman may have brains and may see the trend of all those questions. When they were forced to believe the news of the Cuffley Zeppelin their rage was almost comical. They got together and talked it over most excitedly, and then viciously shook their fists at one of our machines which just then was passing overhead. If wisens could make aeroplanes drop that machine and its pilot would have stood no chance.

One returned with an ever-increasing gratitude to the thought of our own men. Their gaily (no German knows the meaning of that word), their courage, and their bigness of soul contrast so strongly with the ways of the Huns, who are pitiless, stupid and small.

Speciest Cure is Nerviline. Ouch, that stab-like pain in the side is like a hot knife blade in the ribs! Probably got overheated—cooled too fast—now there is congestion, tightness, such soreness you can't draw a long breath.

This is the beginning of Pleurisy. Pleurisy is far too serious to neglect a single instant. Quickest relief will come from a vigorous rubbing with Nerviline. This trusty old pain reliever will fix you up in no time—will take away the congestion—make you well just as it did Mr. Samuel St. Johns, of Stamford, who says: "In running to catch a train last week I became much overheated. I put up the train window and rode that way in order to get cooled off. In an hour my side was so full of pain and my breathing hurt so much that I thought I had pneumonia. I always carry Nerviline in my grip, and at destination I rubbed my side thoroughly three times. The warm penetrating effect was soon noticeable and I quickly got relief. Nerviline I consider saved me from a serious illness."

Any sort of a cold can be quickly broken up with Nerviline, which is a marvel for soothing inflammation, for relieving congestion in the throat and chest, for curing stitch in the side, lumbago, neuralgia, sciatica or rheumatism. Nothing more soothing or powerful. 25c per bottle.

DRIVEN TO DRINK. (Baltimore American) "I hear that Billetts was just driven to drink." "How was that?" "In a fit of temptation." "Not in his automobile to a champagne party."

Most of us are perfectly willing to forgive our enemies, after we have got square with them.

GILLETTE'S LI MADE IN CANADA For making soap. For softening water. For removing paint. For disinfecting refrigerators, sinks, closets, drains and for 500 other purposes. Gillette Safety Razor Co. Boston, U.S.A.

greatest of all as hardly an exception that it is nitrogen no thousands in the air. It is strange to live in an atmosphere of nitrogen. The combinations is deal a appalling scale.

radically no useful effect in which the action of nitrogen is not concerned. Without element the great ships are sunk; innocent are killed, or property is ruined or destroyed; the field, for rifles, is mowed down whole; the gas, and green, is sent upon it.

of the world were recovery of that great carbolic acid, the part of the on off upon distillations and 200 degrees of heat that it is apparently in saving. It is not to be day the can't do without, and very few people to-day know that it is this great life saver, carbolic acid, mixed with nitrogen in a certain form that produces peric acid, an explosive used by the British, French and Russians in almost all shells, and that it is nitrogen that gives life, and carbolic acid (which saves it) that, when mixed has become the most terrible destroyer of life ever dreamed of. It is a compound of nitrogen known as laughing gas, which has relieved so many of agony when having their teeth removed.

It is remarkable also that this element, nitrogen, forms the central figure in the protein group or tissue repairing material of our food. To say that without protein we die, means that without nitrogen we die.

Nitrogen's power depends, in the first place, on the fact that it carries in oxygen compounds which are rendered explosive, turning all the elements into a huge volume of gas, itself being set free. The very inertness of nitrogen or its objection to affinity means that on the least provocation it will easily release its partner oxygen, handing this over to the combustion of other elements present with the formation of volumes of gases, the nitrogen returning to what is apparently its congenial condition, the free state in the air. As a fertilizer in the soil nitrogen acts as a stimulant and supplies the necessary food to the plant. In other words, it is a plant food. Thus the remarkable thing about nitrogen above all other elements is its power to destroy life, or to sustain it, according to its associates with which it is in company.

With certain accomplices it forms death-dealing explosives, with others it forms nutritive material for the human body and the plant life.

It is the essentially romantic element, Devil or God, according to its associates, and this gas, without positive tests, is as necessary in one form for our support as in other forms it is ready to destroy us.

And the Fool Had It. A chemistry professor at the University of Kansas tells this story of a seedy looking man who stole aimlessly into a chemist's office, and closed the door softly behind him. "Kin anybody hear what I say in here?" he asked, anxiously. "Not a soul," the chemist assured him.

Whereupon the man produced a package, carefully wrapped, and handed it to the chemist with the query: "What is this stuff, anyway?" After examining the contents the chemist replied: "Why, that is iron pyrites, commonly known as fool's gold."

"What is it worth?" asked the seedy fellow. "Oh, about \$4 a ton in carload lots." "Just my luck," exclaimed the questioner. "Blest if I ain't the biggest fool in the world. I found a lot of that stuff on a widder's farm, and I went 'n' married the widder."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The Awakening. Love touched my eyes and I saw; I had been blind till then: The soul of the world had lain hid Under the mask of men.

Love touched my heart, and I knew, Wondered, and understood All the legions of lovely things, The hosts of things that are good.

So I discovered them all Found them in finding you, When Yove touched my lips and I saw, Wakened my heart and I knew; I

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURES WILL KIDNEY DISEASES BRIM'S DIETETIC TABLETS