HE NAME OF JESPA is an impregnable rempart. There is no pearl or ornament for the table of the name of Jesus. We sound the harp's sweet harmonies that can be compared to the name of Jesus. We sound when we pronounce the name of Jesus. -B. Henry Suso.

FIRST MONTH

January

THE HOLY INFANCY

MONTE	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF	≥1902≈	SUN		SCN	Moor	
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### 3ndulgenced Drayer

An indulgence of 60 days is granted to all the faithful every time that with at teast contrict heart they shall make the sign of the cross, invoking at the same time the Blessed Trunty with the words. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of

the Holy Ghos. , also an indulgence of 100 days when they shall make the sign of the cross with 1 , aler, pronouncing at the same time, with contrite heart the above

# Pethuel Penny's Harriet A. Son

On a bright midsummer day the few people passing along a country road in Norther Maine turned their heads toward a certain house with that expression of respectful awe which is man's tribute to the presence of death. The thin line of crape fluttering from the knob was unusual at Twelve Corners, where a house of mourning was wont to be undistinguished except by the drawn curtains of every room. Inideed, it was only after long consideration that Mrs Penny had yielded to a desire for doing things "Massachusetts way," and then she had arranged the crape with a little misgiving, lest she be sub-

jected to neighborly criticism. And Mrs. Penny was not accustomed to base her acts on the opinions of other people. Pethuel Penny's married life had been lived according to her rule and method, his long illness conducted on the principles which she laid down and his demise had taken place at the Jame she arranged for. Pethuel Fenny, having once carried his way and settled in the up-river country of Jaine rain his wife's wishes, had been ... ut... with this victory or liad learned so much wisdom by the experience that he had never

again opposed her will.
"There isn't much to do," she don't know whether his sisters will come from down-river or not. They're the kind that, let 'em have ever so much warnin', will never be ready. I wouldn't be surprised if they both had to get black dresses made after they got the word, although I've cautioned 'em ail the spring it wouldn't be later than the middle of July. No, I ain't havin' anything new myself, for I thought I'd vait till fall and

for I thought I'd vait till fall and see what's being worn. Poor Pethüel!" Mrs Penny put her handkerchief to her eyes, but removed it
presently to look after her baking
"Some way spenge-cake seems
sort of appropriate at a functal,"
she said, as she drew forth the
golden loaves "Simple and plain
like, yet respectful I know Pethuel
wouldn't want at thing done for
show, like frosting" Having dis
posed of her baking, Mrs Penny posed of her baking, Mrs. Penny returned to her rick. "It's hard to be left a wider with the care and responsibility of a place like this," she mound "Ye Reuben's a good boy but he's woung

AND BELLEVIOLE

the friends who had kindly volunteered to "stay at the house."
"It's a long ride and they'll all be hungry. I wouldn't have anything go wrong about the supper for the world. Sonny, run and get mother's best tablecloth from the par-lor bureau. I'd go myself, but I don't want to get my feelings all worked up before the time comes."

"Sonny," a tall, loose-jointed lad of sixteen, with limp light hair and pale complexion that turned to crimson whenever he was addressed, obeyed, pausing a moment in the darkened room for a fond look at his father's quiet face.

It was a large gathering, for Pethuel Penny's upright life and kindly nature had won the respect and affection of the neighborhood Many a kindly word of regret was dropped in the ledgy dooryard, where the men stood uncasily awaiting the arrival of the minister from forty miles below. They waited in vain.
Mrs. Penny's dignified composure

began to give way to anxiety lest her careful arrangements should come to grief.

"It wouldn't seem anything but appropriate to begin a little late," she declared, stretched on tiptoe in the front doorway and peering down the road. "But Pethuel was never so late as this. I wrote Elder Goodrich myself, and wrote it

Reuber, just behind her, with face that rivaled the bouquet of peonies on the unused parlor stove, was fumbling desperately in his pockets, and remorsely drew forth a letter, stainped and sealed.

"I forgot to mail it," he said,

feebly,
Mrs. Penny transfixed him
with a look. "That shows how "There isn't much to do," she was now saying to the friendly neighbors who had come in with offers of assistance, "I've been getting things ready, for I figured he wouldn't last longer than July. I casion and continued. "Well, since wouldn't last longer than July. I casion and continued. "Well, since was fully equal to the occasion and continued. "Well, since was fully equal to the occasion and continued. "Well, since was fully equal to the occasion and continued. "Well, since was fully equal to the occasion and continued. "Well, since was fully equal to the occasion and continued. "Well, since was fully equal to the occasion and continued. "Well, since was fully equal to the occasion and continued. "Well, since was fully equal to the occasion and continued. "Well, since was fully equal to the occasion and continued. "Well, since was fully equal to the occasion and continued. "Well, since was fully equal to the occasion and continued. "Well, since was fully equal to the occasion and continued. "Well, since the occasion and continued." Well, since was fully equal to the occasion and continued. "Well, since the occasion and continued. "Well, since the occasion and continued." Well, since the occasion and continued the occasion and continued. "Well, since the occasion and continued the occasion and maybe Deacon Colby'll oblige us by leading the services." Deacon Colby, who, for want of a

church in the community, was dea-con of the little brown schoolhouse at Twelve Corners, was quite will-ing to oblige, and the neighbors, and even Mrs. Penny herself, agreed that he did his duty by Pethuel and did it well. Yet it was a try ing experience for Mrs Penny, and it was not perhaps surprising that anxiety for the service still absorbed her mind to the exclusion of grief And it was of Renden and gree And it was of Reuben and his future that Mrs Penny thought' during the long drive out to Twelve Corners and on down the river to the West Ridge burying ground It was beginning to dawn upon her that he was fast ap-proaching manhood s estate and that she had thus far been negli-gent in failing to map out the course of his future life. The result was that on the homeward drive she announced "I shall hire Free man Briggs to look after the farm

Two days later in such mourning, appeared as I r wardrole of forded, Mrs. Penn, was moving briskly about the kitchen, looking after the final art agments for the evening meal.

Reuben offered no flevel work in a lumber-life, camp to any of the learned professions He-regarded it as a boy full circumstance that his mother added, thoughtfully: "I have-

n't made up my mind what you're going to be yet, but you might as well be going to school while I think it over."

To determine was with Mrs. Penny to act. The long procession waited behind her while she stopped at the low farmhouse by river and made a close bargam with Freeman Briggs for the com-ing winter. Freeman was a strong young man several years older than Reuben, and the Briggs family were noted as excellent workers for others, although unable to get ahead for themselves.

Arrived at home, Reuben escaped in the confusion from the suffocating attentions of aunts, cousins and neighbors, and concealing some bread and butter under his day coat sought the little stream which cut across the Penny farm. Throwing himself down on grassy bank and gazing into wide arch of cloud-flecked blue above he found consolation. The stream had been a favorite resort of Pethuel Penny, and Reuben recalled long Sunday afternoons when his father had lounged on the bank with book or paper, while he, a barefooted little fellow, played "river-driver" in the shallow water above the fishing pool.

'It seems lonesome," he said to himself, brushing his gray coat-sleeve across his eves to dispel a sudden blur. "But 'tam't halt so lonesome here as it would be up there with all those women."

Mrs. Penny's plans for her son matured slowly. For the year after the funeral Reuben remained at school and Freeman Briggs charge of the farm-work under Mrs. Penny's supervision. Then Mrs. Penny developed a belief that the medical profession offered oppor-tunities for her son, and sent him for a year to a high school down the river, giving him instructions to pay special attention to chemistry and physiology.

A year later she recalled hun, having secured a position for him as a teacher of the district school. His strong muscles and breadth of shoulder went far to qualify him for the place. Yet here for the first time Reuben rebelled. "He wasn't cut out for a school teacher!" he leclared. "Perhaps I do know declared. enough, And, of course, I can handle the boys all right. But what'll I do when the big girls laugh at me?"

Mrs. Penny would not admit the possibility. "If you had a little respect for yourself," she said, impatiently, "your scholars would maybe copy it." And Reuben bent as usual to his mother's will, and found, although hardly to his rehef, that the girl pupils were inclined to look up to a young man of his advantages, and treated him with a coquettish deference. In spite of his distaste for the work Reuben was a successful teacher, and parents and committee were loud in his praise. Mrs. Penny was gratified.

"I guess you'd better settle down to home for a spell," she said "You can teach winters and help about the having summers.'

Reuben hesitated. He was standing by the window looking out upon an early fall of snow. As he watched, a loaded team went past on its way to the lumber camps far above. Two or three young men whom he knew swung their hats gaily in farewell. His heart rebelled against another winter in the school-room. The free air of the woods seemed calling him, and his blood tingled, urging him to be out among men engaged in some enterprise of his own. "I told Deacon Colby yesterday

that you'd take the school," went on Mrs Penny, and Reuben, who had been taught to obey when he was spoken to, hesitated but a

moment and answered, "Well."
It was some time before Reuben's twenty-first birthday that a new responsibility for his welfare engaged Mrs. Penny's attention, and she began at once to lay her plans. His father had married at twenty wife the exact opposite to his father's choice. 'Reuben don't need a manager as long as his mother lives," she argued, truthiuny. And it's to be hoped by the time I'm laid aside he'll be old enough to

It was Deacon Colby's daughter who held preference over all other voung women in Mrs Penny's favor. For Dorcas had been well vor. For Dorcas had been well brought up and was quite free from the independence of thought and action which most girls of her age affected Mrs Penny had a long talk with Deacon Colby one morning, and the Deacon confessed that he thought Reuben a worthy young man whom he would be glad to welcome into his family.

"And Dorcas is pretty behaved

"And Dorcas is pretty behaved and lady-like as any girl I ever saw," added Mrs. Penny, politely. For the first time in her dealing with her cost. with her son Mrs. Penny decided that diplomacy was necessary. It was long before Reuben suspe ted the motive of the three-mile drive

which he and his mother took frequently to the Colby farm.
There Reuben and the Deacon would talk politics on one side of the kitchen fire and thin, faded Mrs. Colby would entertain Mrs. frequently Penny on the other, while Doreas, ed Examination Chart at once, sitting in a corner, worked industriously in crewel stitch on a green, to 209 State street, Chicago, U.

felt lambrequin and said little, as

it became a maiden brought up to

e seen rather than heard. Neither Reuben nor Dorcas could tell just how it came about. There thad been no long sleigh rides through wintry snow-drifts or lin-gering strolls through summer's shady lanes, but all at once Reu ben found hunsell shut away from the cheerful fireside of the Colby kitchen and occupying a haircloth rocking-chair in the chilly best rocking-chair in the chilly best room, while Doreas sat opposite with primly folded hands, looking regretfully at her completed work, which adorned the mantelpiece and swayed in the waves of heat from the air-tight stove.

Reuben hardly knew what to talk bout after they had looked

about after they had looked through the photograph album. His eyes wandered about the room, eneyes wandered about the room, cu-countered the parlor organ and he suggested music. Conversation was unnecessary while he sat at ease listening to Dorcas' rendering of "The Maiden's Prayer" or "Home, Sweet Home," with variations, Af-ter that he next fulled to ask for ter that he never failed to ask for music, and sometimes he joined Dorcas in a youal duet. Then the interested trio on the other side of the kitchen door nodded approvingly and commented in low tones on the successful outcome of their plans.

So the winter passed away, and one spring evening, when Reuben had been sent over by his mother to obtain Mrs. Colby's recipe for soft soap, he found Doreas raking her flower bed, and could do no less than offer to "spade it up."
And under the influence of the spring air and mountain sunset his courage rose with the vigorous use of the spade, and he suddenly remembered the second half of his mother's errand.

"Mother wants we should get married the second of June, he said, upturning a huge shovelful of moist brown earth. It's my birth-

Dorcas might well have felt this an abrupt termination to the mild siege which had been laid to her affections, but she betrayed no surprise, only explaining that her parents preferred June tenth as the anniversary of their own wedding day. There bade fair to be a difficulty here, for meek Mrs. Colby with whom sentiment was strong declined to yield. An appeal to the two supposed to be most interested failed to settle the matter. Dorcas was sure she didn't care, and Reuben only wished the matter to be settled without a fuss.

Having thus far accepted their future ready-made, the young coup-le showed' small wish to plan for themselves, although Reuben had confided to Dorcas his desire to go Dorcas, commending his plan, had suggested that she spend the time of his absence down the river learning thể millinér's trade.

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work," she said wistfully.

A few days before the wedding, when all Mrs. Penny's arrangements were completed and even her new gray cashmere lay ready on the spare room bed, Freeman Briggs, passing the open window of the Penny kitchen, heard sounds of grief within, Mrs. Penny sat sway-ing back and forth in the wooden rocking chair, dropping tears upon the pile of mending in her lap.

"There ain't anything happened to break it off, has there?" inquir-

ed Freeman, anxiously, leaning his folded arms on the window-sill. HT Mrs. Penny shook her head.

almost wish there had," she answered, brokenly. "How would you feel to be mother of the best son in the world twenty-one years and then have to give him up to another woman? I've been crying all the afternoon, thinking this was the last time I should ever do Reuben's mending." Mrs. Penny

wiped her eyes drearily.
"I reckon I wouldn't shed any
more tears over that," Freeman
said, "Doreas is a mighty nice girl. She can work prettier flowers on a tidy than ever grew in a flower garden, and fix up a lace collar that'll just look like soap-suds. But I never heard darnin' was one of her strong points, and you can take my word for it, she won't take away none of your privileges in that line. I guess if Reub's mendin' gets done, you'll have to do it."

Mrs. Penny dried her eyes and went vigorously on with her work, her lips twitching.

"Married women have some-thing else to do than work tidies!" she said, with spirit.

It was that very day that Reu-ben, going out to the corners to purchase a necktie for his wedding day, found a letter waiting for him on the revolving rack. It had been there for some time and bore the marks of curious fingers. Reuben delayed opening it until he reached the foot of a long hill on his homeward way. Then, leaving his trusty horse to his own device, he carefull cut the envelope and drew forth the closely written sheet within. A slip of paper fluttered down between his feet. It was check on the county bank. And Reuben's intense surprise the letter was written in his father's hand, and signed by his father's name. He lifted it carefully. message from another world? Dear Son (the letter read). This

will reach you just as you are 21, if it don't get overlooked. I've thought a great deal on the time you'd be a man and we could talk over things together. But it's come to me now that I shan't live to se that day, and fearing you might miss some of the things I want you to have, I'm writing to you now. Squire Denison at the count seat will mail this letter when it's time. By this time you're a man. And knowing you and your mother, I can tell about how hings have gone. You've stayed at home and done just as she said, which was right and proper, and I wouldn't have allowed you to do otherwise if I'd been living. But you ain't got to 21 without finding out that your mother, though she's the best woman in the world, is a terrible manager. Probably you've thought you'd like to do certain things. Most likely she's thought different and you ain't done them. Which hasn't hurt you any. Obeyng is one of the first things a man has to learn, and your bringing up, is just as it should be — up to now. Your mother's judgment is pretty near perfect. I never went against it but once, but I always calculated to do it a second time if I'd lived till you was grown. I want you to take the money the squire'll send in this letter and squire is send in this letter and go away. Anywhere you have a hankering to go. I always favored West myself, but I married young and lost my chance of ravel Maybe you'd better slip off kind of quiet. Not dishonorable, but without saying anything about it. Your mother's one of the kind that will take er's one of the kind that will take it better if she don't find out vou're she don't find out you're going till after you're gone Go where you like and come back in a year or so. You always was a boy that could be trusted. When you get home you may hear from me again So no more at present from your affec't lather. P. PENNY

Reuben folded the letter and I 'aced it reverently in his pocketbook. Then, turning his horse ab ut, he drove rapidly toward the Colby farm. Dorcas, in the front yard, was working over her flowers with a shadow on her face. "Reuben," she had suggested a few days before, "do you suppose your mother will be willing for ine to have a flower bed? And Reuben had hestnower bear And Kennen had ness-tated a little as he answered.
"Maybe so. But she thinks green grass looks neater."
Reuben-left his horse at the fence

and went toward her, wondering er's wishes with the present state of affairs. But Dorcas, it appeared, had also received a letter which had wrought no small havoe in her hitherto submissive brain. "Reuben," she began, anxiously,

before he had time to speak, "can't you get them to put it off a year? My cousin has opened a milliner's store in the city and wants me to come and work for her. It's just what I always wanted to do. I'm tired of the woods, and, oh, I don't want to be married!"

Reuben looked grave. Alfear lest

"I always took to that kind of he should take undue advantage of her rebellious mood troubled him.

her rebellious mood troubled him.

"Are you sure, Dorcas?" he questioned, anxiously, "Not at all?"

"No, never," answered Dorcas, vehemently, without a glance at the tall figure beside her. "Do you mind?" she asked, with a little compunction, as he stood silent.

For answer he gave her the letter he had received. Dorcas read it with a look of awe.

with a look of awe. "Your father was a good man," she said, gently

she said, gently
There was another silence Dorcas fixed her eyes upon the tiny
shoots of green peeping through the
brown earth at her feet.
"Couldn't you slip off just as he
says?" she suggested, presently.
"Then I couldn't be married alone,

and they'd let me go away."

But Reuben shook his head. "I couldn't have it said I left you that way, Dorcas," he said. But when Dorcas, who had no such scruples, proposed going first herself, Reuben was no better pleased.

"Things like that help make a reputation for life," he said, gravely "Twould give folks a wrong idea of you to have it said you ran away from the man you were going to marry. I think we'll have a close were together" have to clope — not together" — for Dorcas looked dissatisfied but at the same time. You take the stage down-river and I'll row across to Flagtown and get some one to carry me the other way. I might go West by the Canadian Pacific. It seems kind of underhanded, but my father wouldn't advise what wasn't right. Anyway, we'd better make a mistake this way than the other Marrying is a way than the other. Marrying is a

solemn business." Two days later, Mrs. Penny, driving swiftly toward the Colby farm, met Deacon and Mrs. Colby coming as rapidly in her direction. Mrs Colby was in tears and the dea-con's cheery face looked stern. "Then you heard?" faltered Mrs.

Penny, as the two horses came to a standstill The deacon replied de jectedly:

"Not a word but the note she left behind her. I wouldn't have believed a daughter of mine could have done it!" Mrs Penny looked bewildered "But it's Reuben that's gone!" she

Mrs. Colby dried her eyes and the stern expression on her hus-band's face gave way to one of

deep thought.

"Seems as if there'd been a mistake, and I don't know but what we old folks made it, Mis' Penny," he said, standing barcheaded in the shady road. "We want to do our best by our children, but we ain't

apt to notice when we pass the point where their rights begin." Mrs Penny would not listen "I've always had to plan for Reuben," she said. "He'd no head to do it for himself any more than his father before him.

Reuben's Western trip lasted more than a year. It was a week before his return that Freeman brought a letter from the postaddressed to Rcuben in a legal hand

"Just as I expected!" announced Mrs. Penny, with satisfaction, tear-ing open the long envelope. "I knew he'd get into trouble some-

where!"
"It's Reub's letter," suggested the hired man, with all the privi-leged candor of his class. But Mrs. Penny replied with dignity that the letter was important and needed immediate attention. She tossed aside the sealed document enclosed and unfolded the sheet

"It's from Pethuel Penny!" she said, faintly.
"Kind of a spirit letter?" asked
Freeman, respectfully.

But Mrs. Penny was deep in the perusal of it-

Dear Son-I suppose by this time you're back home, and likely your mother's managing ways have begun to grow on her as she ages but she means well and likes to think she's running things, so you'd better do as I've done — let her have her own way when it don't matter, and go ahead quiet like when you want your own. You'be seen something of the world now, and are ready to settle down I've always had an idea from the time you were a little fellow that you'd take to lumbering. And in case should, I've been buying up tim-ber land as I saw the chance. In case you don't want to work it, it's good property to hold. The squire will send the deeds along with this letter. Later on, when you've got a little start in life, you may hear from me again. I needn't tell you to take good care of your mother and show her all

due respect. Your affectionate father, P. PENNY Mrs. Penny sat lumply back in the chair. Freeman had gone about the evening chores and the setting sun was lighting up the orchard, where ripening fruit hung heavy upon the trees. She remembered suddenly how the trees she had or dered as Baldwins had proved to be Northern Spies when they began

to bear.
"I lived with Pethuel mineteen years," she said, reflectively. "but I never really understood him" She sat opposite Reuben at the supper table a few evenings later,

noting with pride his improvement in looks and manner and deferring to him with a meckness quite un

wonted.

"I haven't made any plans for the winter, Reuben," she said. "I didn't know just what you'd want

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But Reuben, it appeared, was quite willing to leave the farm in the efficient hands of his mother and her hired assistant, while he followed his own desire and carried out his father's plans.

Three years later, when Reuben was beginning to win success in his lumbering operations, Pethuel Penny's last letter arrived and fell, like its predecessor, into Mrs Penny's hands. To open Reuben's letters seemed a far more serious thing than formerly, but curiosity at last overcame her scruples. This is what she read: You are well started in life now,

my boy, and I see no reason to doubt that you are living an up right life in the fear of the Lord and doing your duty by your mo ther and your fellow-men. \* \* \* You'll be thinking of marrying soon. I want you should choose for yourself, but think it over careful ly, and find just the kind of a woman best suited to you. Your mo ther is one of a thousand, and it would have been a heavy blow it I'd been spared to see her taken first. But I always had a notion if it should be my lot to marry a second time, I'd try one of those soft little women that swear by every word a man speaks. Your mother is the best woman in the world, but one manager in a fam ily is enough.

Mrs. Penny dropped the letter excitedly. "Pethuel was always a man of excellent judgment," she said. "He thinks exactly as I do

Some weeks later Reuben and his mother, attending church at the Corner schoolhouse, met Dorcas, now home for the summer vacation and looking a little thin from her

winter's work.

"Yes, it seems nice to be home again," she acknowledged, in an swer to Reuben's question.

'The city is very well for a change, but I seem to belong up here."

They strolled along the smooth road to the Colby house nearby. The deacon and his wife and Mrs.

Penny were a little in advance
"You don't think that perhaps if
was a mistake, Dorcas?" Reuben
said, pausing where a cluster of
white birches hid the others from view. Dorcas looked steadily down ward, absently pulling a rose from her belt and scattering its petals over her muslin dress.

"It was better to make it that way," she said, shyly. "Because see, the other couldn't have been undone."

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