

The Weaver By The Road Side.

They came up the road at a logging pace, neither seemed meant by nature to move except with a swinging enjoyment of health and perfectly controlled muscles.

He struck violently at the daisy heads which grew thickly, as he moved along swinging his walking stick, freshly cut from a willowed branch tree that morning.

It is not fair to make the daisy suspects of your ill humor, said the girl scornfully.

They are to blame for encouraging lovers with their 'loves me and loves me not'.

It lasts all their life; they never have anything to darken their happiness, she said.

Over in the corner, a corner that seemed to include two-thirds of the small room, stood a lumbering carpet loom enlivened by the gay stripes of a rag carpet which was resplendent with much red and orange of domestic dye.

There was another sort of idiot? she murmured.

And it's particularly out of place now, he ended.

One month and three weeks since the thirteenth of April, she corrected him.

It's the same thing.

I really isn't, she insisted.

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It seems dreary, but it's better than thinking you have something to treat to, to depend on, and have it fail.

Well, I don't know about other folks' falling so much as we think they do, she said slowly, remembering what she had read in the distance as she watched Jim and Lucy climb the hill.

There are ways and ways of explaining. There are explanations that make the off-ness worse, she said.

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Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this itching, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

It was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since. Max E. WARD, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

Jim lost when she offended. 'Do you love her alone?' 'Weaving' explained the old woman.

'Certain; didn't I say I weaved? Rigs for rap carpets. I'm busier in winter than from now on, but there's always something going on. Want to come in and see my loom? I've got a piece of carpet on now; maybe you haven't seen how we weave 'em?'

'No, I never have,' said Lucy glancing hesitatingly at Jim. He gave her no response; the old woman did not seem to question that her invitation would not be accepted, so Lucy followed her into the little house, and because he also saw nothing else to do, Jim followed Lucy.

Over in the corner, a corner that seemed to include two-thirds of the small room, stood a lumbering carpet loom enlivened by the gay stripes of a rag carpet which was resplendent with much red and orange of domestic dye.

There were several banks of brown warp. The room was scrupulously neat, but furnished only with the bare necessities of daily use. There were three chairs, one a rocker to which the hostess invited Lucy, leaving the two straight for Jim and herself.

'Do you live here alone in winter?' asked Lucy, and her voice said for her: 'How dreadful!'

'Winter and summer,' assented the old weaver. 'There's some neighbors near enough to visit 'em when it don't drift too much between here and there. I've plenty thoughts for company, and when a body works hard all day the light hours ain't so lonesome, and you're good and ready to go to sleep when the dark ones come. I'm in bed by half past eight most nights.'

Just when the curtain goes up at the theatre' cried Lucy, 'I should die of fear.'

Not if you know there wasn't a thing to be afraid of, said the weaver with a kind smile. 'Nothing ever happens here, and my silver and precious stones won't get me my throat out. She looked about the room whimsically, yet contentedly.

It seems dreary, but it's better than thinking you have something to treat to, to depend on, and have it fail. It is better to be quite alone than to be lonely with someone who has failed you. The bitterness of disillusion was in Lucy's young voice and her inexperience was loudly proclaimed by the worldly wisdom of her manner.

The weaver glanced at her with smiling eyes, eyes that were dim from constant use in a poor light and dull with the blankness of their life out look, but they had seen enough to be able to smile at youthful folly.

Well, I don't know about other folks' falling so much as we think they do, she said slowly, remembering what she had read in the distance as she watched Jim and Lucy climb the hill, and wondering how she might help them. 'I kind o' think we fall ourselves, mostly, expecting what isn't reasonable, and not being ready enough to take what is there. You see lots of folks don't love any one well enough to let 'em be themselves. They keep fixing up in their own mind what other people ought to do, and how they ought to act, and when the others don't run on that track they get hurt—it's more'd likely all the time that the other folks don't even rightly understand what's expected of 'em. How can they, when words don't sound the same to different ears, and lots of folks—well if not color blind, at least color sighted?'

'There you are!' cried Jim emphatically.

'Oh, it takes a weaver to understand what queer things people'll stoop to, sure they're right!' laughed the old woman. 'Look at this very piece of carpet I'm working on now. The woman I'm weaving it for said she dyed these rags herself to be sure and have the right shade o' pink to go with the roses on her pointed set, and nothing any one'd say would

make her believe 'twas a fiery red. She pointed to the vivid scarlet stripes with a chuckle. 'Now let me tell you, my dear, the weaver contended, pulling her chair closer to Lucy's, and bending forward earnestly, 'weaving makes a body see how life gait women. Don't you know we cut up our own material, dye 'em, too, lots of times? And then we get 'em woven by some one else, but it's always out of our own rags cut up by us, and our own dyeing. You see I'm all alone, but I guess I needn't have been. Once I had a fine, strong warp I True blue 'twas, but I not thinking maybe 'twas some other color—partly that, and partly I wanted to dye it all over to suit myself. I tell you, young folks, love is awful exciting. I thought I loved this dear man I was going to marry, but—well, I did love him, but not enough, not near enough! We don't love enough till we're ready to make allowances for everything that isn't a sin, and it isn't love that makes us get offended and unforgiving—or if it is, it's love o' self. Things went wrong between us; little things at first, then bigger ones, till we had real quarrels, and at last we parted. I'm a Catholic, my dear, and we think a promise to marry is a solemn thing—'

'We are Catholics,' said Lucy, and Jim looked up for the first time, as he sat studying the cracks in the floor, with a glimmer of light in his gloomy eyes at Lucy's 'we.'

'Is that so? Well, then you know all about it,' said the weaver heartily. 'I fell widowed when my Jim left me—'

'Jim' cried Lucy involuntarily. The weaver nodded. 'Jim, my dear, true, patient, good Jim,' she said nostalgically. 'The man I was going to marry. I felt widowed when we parted, but I wouldn't send for him and do what I wanted to do, just cry on his shoulder and tell him I knew I was in the wrong! He'd have come if I'd sent; he'd sure have come! There wasn't a mean small thing in all Jim's six foot of manhood; he wasn't one to hold a grudge, Jim wasn't. He'd make up and be glad to, any minute. But I never sent, I used to grieve and cry, but I wouldn't give in. And then one day he died. There was a sudden thaw and another man, a poor good for nothing, hardly ever sober, started out across the pond on the ice, and it broke. Jim saw him and went after him. He got the man up and the chills had sobered him so he held on to the ice and scrambled out, but Jim was hit on the head by a sharp piece of ice, and—well, Jim didn't get out. He died to save that poor imitation of a man; big, noble Jim! Well no one knows why God weaves as he does. But they say the poor creature repented and lived decently after that, and Jim never had done anything really bad to repent of, so maybe that was why he died to give the other a chance. When I went to see him—I was ready enough to go to see him then! I'd have followed him gladly to the next world to beg his pardon and be with him, if I could have gone. It's seems a pretty small thing when death comes! When I went to see him and he lay there so strong, so quiet, uncomplaining, just as he always had been. And the real loss wasn't when he died, mind you but remembering that I had hurt him, parted from him been headstrong. So then I did what I'd ought to have done before it was too late, laid my head down on that kind shoulder and told him to forgive me. He never moved, nor noticed, and nothing could have showed me he was dead like that, for that was not like Jim. That's why I live alone, my dear, and why I weave and weave, with no one to do for me! And that's the color blindness of lots of folks, and the annerly warp they tangle for themselves, just as I did—just as I did, and wouldn't pick out the snarl till too late, when God had cut my thread.' The second Jim, Lucy's lover, sprang up as the story ended. 'Lucy' he cried stretching out his arms.

But Lucy had anticipated him. Tears were streaming down her face as she ran toward him. 'Oh, Jim, dear old Jim, forgive me! I've been a horrid little wretch but I'm sorry, Jim; I was sorry all the time!'

Jim kissed her tenderly. 'I'm not going to have any one call you names, little Lu, not even you!' he said.

The weaver had gone back into the corner and nestled herself at her loom. A gentle smile rested on her sad lips and satisfaction lighted up her age beated face as she tied afresh ball of brown warp to the end of her weaving and set the treadle in motion.

Lucy ran over to her and stopped her work with a hand on each bent shoulder as she kissed her.

'How did you happen to tell me this story? Did you guess?' she cried.

'I wanted to tell it,' said the weaver. 'I watched you coming up the hill and I saw you had got your warp tangled. I didn't want to see your weaving spoiled—you're both so young and look such nice children.'

'You've untangled us!' cried Lucy, delightedly. 'You're a wonderful weaver!'

Jim shook both the gnarled hands that he had taken from the loom into his own. 'I'm mighty grateful to you. I wonder if another Jim mayn't

A COLD However Slight MAY TURN INTO BRONCHITIS.

You should never neglect a cold, however slight. If you do not treat it in time it will, in all possibility, develop into bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or some other serious throat or lung trouble.

On the first sign of a cold or cough it is advisable to cure it at once, and not let it run on for an indefinite period.

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be allowed to prove his gratitude? he said.

The old woman looked up and smiled at him. 'You're a dear boy,' she said simply. 'Maybe you came this way to be woven into my pattern. I'd like to have you take an interest in me; I need it.' We never know what materials God is bringing us to weave. I'm sort of glad I'm a weaver; it seems to show me a lot, and weaving warp and wool, may mean most anything. Marion Ames, Tagger, in Catholic Home Journal.

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Bay of Islands, J. M. CAMPBELL.

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Smith and Jones were discussing the question of who should be head of the house—the man or the woman.

'I am the head of my establishment,' said Jones. 'I'm the bread winner. Why shouldn't I be?'

'Well replied Smith, 'before my wife and I were married we made an agreement that I should make the rulings in all major things, my wife in all the minor.'

'How has it worked?' queried Jones.

Smith smiled. 'So far,' he replied 'no major matters have come up.'

W. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says: "It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c."

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

'What sort of a chap is he?'

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Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont. writes: "My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents."

Dyer: "Did the doctor give Higbee up?"

Ryer: "Yes but not good enough."

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

'That was an awful mistake that surgeon made. The man he operated on didn't have what he thought he had.'

'Didn't have appendicitis at all, eh?'

'Oh, he had appendicitis all right, but he didn't have any money.'

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