had been appointed to cial circles. The apon manager of the bank lor, and under his isiness of the bank. sure, continue to ex-

ET CONUMPTION

ction by allowing powion for the developcilli is provided. In a nsumption can't take there is weakness and you find tuberculosis. strength and building

thing equals Ferrozone. od nutritious and the The way it converts g. Just what the man nption needs-that's ired and weak don't its buys a box of fifty

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GAIN

ends can eat, and some Black Worden, Cheice Cherry Red. Champion

ncked and shipped when NOW, You can't get ous cropper, absolutely 3., \$1,250 for one lb., one er crop with same labor

ONTARIO

ATHEWAY DEAD

ner St. John Shipping are Re-organized.

May 15.- The death Hatheway, former all & Hatheway, St. ed by two sons and C. H. Hatheway, F. W. Hatheway was a daughter lehale of Carleton taken to St. John ing for burial. ed Bruce MacFar

> open the season. with the Moncton

THE CALL OF THE JUNGLE

The girl, Agatha, stood idly leaning against the ticket seller's stand, while the "barker" expounded her virtues as a trainer of animals. Even Babu, the black bear, sported more tinsel and fewer frayed edges that did Agatha. A flannel coat of a one-time wine color was buttoned tightly across the full that a doublet of unly brown was hest, A doublet of ugly brown was paws striking at the girl's body. Back met by battered high boots of a still and forth, pyramids, squares and circles, while every great tortured eye watched the girl unceasingly.

had watched her keenly, as he had watched her daily, during the week that the street carnival had ousted trade from the village market place. The girl's great eyes of pure Irish blue were almost uncanny, set in the oval of the olive face. The olive face itself of the olive face. The olive face itself to cease her educational attempts and girl unceasingly. The beasts were frantic with the heat and their loathing of the girl unceasingly. The beasts were frantic with the heat and their loathing of the girl unceasingly. The beasts were frantic with the heat and their loathing of the girl unceasingly. of the olive face. The olive face itself was perfect in outline and feature. The great braid of brown hair covering her head glinted with copper lights. There was an alien quality to her beauty, despite the blue eyes, that, while it piqued Freeman's curiosity, caught his

throat with its pathos.

She was very young, not more than twenty. In the week that he had watched her she had seemed very much alone; had seemed to loathe her work, and yet to love it. Freeman never had glanced at him with a flash of interest in her. spoken to her. He feared to break the in her tired eyes. Then with a part-The hurdy-girdy ceased grinding the last notes of the "Miserere," and Freeman followed the last of the crowd into the tent, Battered community of the crowd into the tent, Battered community of the crowd into the tent, Battered community of the crowd into the cr nto the tent. Battered cages around The audience settled back; all but

the walls of the tent, sawdust and one woman, who half rose. "I can't stand it!" she murmured. "I'm going rough chairs for the audience, the fearheat of a het July night, and gas- to get out of this. They'll kill her oline torches surrounded by a whirring yet!"
nimbus of mosquitoes. This was "Shu "Shut up, you fool! I wouldn't miss

this for three times twenty-five cents. She knows her business," said the man beside her, pulling her back into the chair. "She's a flend!" the woman went on

were restless. The mankeys were asleep; so were the lions, snoring like twisting her handkerchief. "Can't she see that they don't understand what she's driving at; the poor things! I wish they would tear her up!"

Agatha shook her head again at the

barker, who whispered something in her short whip through the bars and her ear, entreatingly. Then she clamber ear the animal. bered into the tiger's cage, while the barker stood close to the bars holding the pike stick behind him with one, hand, while with the other he fingered moved slowly away. Agatha entered the big cage, and, slipping her hand behind her, hasped the door. The puma, in the corner, watched her through eyes like slits. Agatha stooped softly at something in his coat pocket. Once in the cage, Agatha stood quietly by the door. "Down Rea, down!" she said.

The tiger stood silently watching her, with white fangs and scarlet tongue. Then she half crouched and took a step toward the girl. "Down, Rea! Down!" repeated Aga-

the whip across his face, and again he lay low in the far corner, a reddish brown heap, with gleaming eye slits. Then followed in quick succession sting of whip and leap of lithe body from The tiger was motionless, with yellow eyes fixed on the blue ones. "Don't use the whip, Agatha!" said the bar-

"Be quiet, John!" answered Agatha. "Down, Rea, you brute!" The tiger advanced another heavy paw. Agatha reached forward and cut her full across the face with the whip.

lief, half of disappointment. Nothing had happened, after all.

Rea drew back and crouched.

The girl tapped one of the wal

before them. The "barker," pike stick in hand, moved toward her. She shook her head at him, and he paused, drawher head at him, and he paused, drawing out his handkerchief to wipe the sweat from his face. The night was breathless. Again the girl struck through the bars with her whip. "Back Alice! Back King! Back Baby!" and with each a cut of the whip. Then she was within the care the three care by teath letd here the parting threat wide.

Still the animal eyed with all the rapidly twisted a tourniquet, issuing orders to the barker and his aide, which they obeyed in silence. Agatha watched him with unseeing eyes. "How they hate me! How they hate me! How they hate me! How they hate me!" she murmured.

When here a care the three care in the parting threat wide.

When here a least of the barker and his aide, which they obeyed in silence. Agatha watched him with unseeing eyes. "How they hate me! How they hate me!" she murmured. was within the cage, the three cats ly-fing at one end. She walked to the small and the wicked eyes that never left her

with a snap, and at the sound the girl swayed slightly and threw up both drowsy lions were on their feet, with her arms.

"How they hate me!" she screamed,

Agatha stepped back among the panthers and herded them into the striking paws and sinister growls, Once within the lion's was the barker. Without taking his hand from his pocket, he fired, then began her lesson.

How they hate me!"

"how they hate me!"

"Her family is dead," growled the man. "She's never told much. She's find Agatha there. She was wearing a always been blamed uppish and kept to herself, so now she can shift for herself, so now she can shift for herself, so now she can shift for her from one of her own. The girl lay back in the rocking-chair mother says," said Agatha.

"How they hate me!"

"Her family is dead," growled the man. "She's never told much. She's always been blamed uppish and kept to herself, so now she can shift for her sprang to open the cage door. A wo-self. My business is spoiled, anyhow,"

The girl lay back in the rocking-chair mother says," said Agatha.



WITH HER FIRST MOVEMENT, THE TIGER SPRANG, BUT EVEN QUICKER-WAS THE BARKER-HE

Then a boy's voice arose above the frightened roar. "That tiger'll be out in a minute!" and before Freeman had "I'll take charge of her," he said in a minute!" and before Freeman had reached the barker and his helper, who bent over Agatha, the tent was clear
"Il take charge of her," he said briefly. The barker sniffed and turned on his heel.

"Il take charge of her," he said briefly. The barker sniffed and turned on his heel.

girl lay in the sawdust, panting, with of disappointment Nothing Rea drew back and crouched.

The girl tapped one of the wall seats. She panthers threw themselves the bars, and Agatha paused the cage with her tail.

"I've lost my nerve," she said, "I've lost my

"It ain't up to me!"

man in the audience screamed, "I told you they'd get her! Let me out of this!"

I told until I can get some one else,

Freeman stood looking down at the girl, now scarlet-cheeked with delirium.

I looking idly out at the sun flickering across the lawn. The wonderful half lay in a great, loose graid across here.

The days that followed were days of "I'm a doctor," he said, thrusting the barker aside with scant ceremony. The mother fought side by side with her

son until at last, one dawn, the blue eyes looked up with intelligence.

"Where am I?" she whispered.

"At the home of Dr. Freeman, in Clintonyille," answered Mrs. Freeman.
"Now you mustake fells."

against the bars, and Agatha paused before them. The "barker," pile stick in hand, moved toward her. She shook her head at him, and he paused, drawing out his handkerchief to whe the savegery of utmost hatred. The girl stook through the bars with her whip, "Back Baby" and with each a cut of the whip. Then she was within the eage, the three cats byting at one and She walked to the small dorn at the opposite end, which opened with a sand, and the wicked eyes that never left her was within the eage, the three cats byting at one and She walked to the small dorn at the opposite end, which opened with a sand, and a the sound the done and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For fully a minute, the girl and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For fully a minute, the girl and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For fully a minute, the girl and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For fully a minute, the girl and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For fully a minute, the girl and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For fully a minute, the girl and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For fully a minute, the girl and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For fully a minute, the girl and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For fully a minute, the girl and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For fully a minute, the girl and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For fully a minute, the girl and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For fully a minute, the girl and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For fully a minute, the girl and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For fully a minute, the girl and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For fully a minute, the girl and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For fully a minute, the girl and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For fully a minute, the girl and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For full and the wicked eyes that never left her own. For full and the wicked eyes that never left her own. Agatha closed her eyes and fell asleep.
From then on, the girl convalesced
rapidly. One afternoon the doctor threw
himself from his horse and walked up

shoulder. The heavy-lashed, blue eyes and the mouth with its tired droop had

fanned himself with his hat.
"Well. Miss Agatha, how goes it?"
"So well," replied the girl, "that I want to go back again." The young man looked at her in a puzzled way. "Do you mean that you really want to go back to that life?"

Agatha sighed. "Dr. Freeman I don't know what I want."

-but you are very foolish. You have no idea who I may be! And you picked

From The Delineator.

Duncan nodded wonderingly. "I know i ness of familiarity, the larger and ansome parts of India pretty well."

By Honore Willsie

this as it was not the wounded arm. Do you know what this means?"

Close to the shoulder were two small symmetrical white scare that resembled a cuneiform character. The doctor looked from the arm to the girl's face.

"In India," he said, slowly, "that means of royal blood!"

The girl nodded. "My father was a native of India. He too had this scar on his arm. There was trouble over there, and the English brought him to walked slowly about the ring, whisper-London when he was a boy. He al- ing the names of the animals, scarcely ways planned to go back, but he died above her breath. They seemed to rewas an Irish girl!"

The doctor looked at the sensitive, high-bred features and the slender, olive fingers. Then he nodded understandingly.

"Mother had nothing but me, and after she drifted to America she found I could train animals. Mother always travelled with me-she died a few

There was silence for a moment

"I ask you again," said the man, "will you stay with me?"

"Oh, I can't," said the girl, "I can't! I must go back. I hate it, yet—yet— Dr. Freeman, were you ever home-

"Yes" briefly

here," she said.

"Well," with a pitiful little catch of her breath, "I've been homesick for something all my life. For something I never saw, and never can see. Per-haps its the big Indian woods, or the temples, and the moonlight on the rice fields, that father used to talk about. Perhaps it's-Oh, I'm sick of fighting the poor brutes, but I must go back! I should go mad, here!" She looked at the peaceful beauty of the valley. The man's eyes did not leave her face. "My mother would have liked it,

"Agatha," said Duncan, softly. The tired, wistful eyes looked down into his. "Agatha, do you love me?"

"Yes, but oh," wildly, "I can't marry you. I can't stay here. You must not up the path to the porch. As she For a long time the doctor looked at er, reading each line of the beautiful

face with the understanding that only which was swung across the porch. love could have given. Then into his In it lay the doctor, fast asleep, his own face came new lines-lines of re- surgeon's case on the floor beside him.

It was late that night that the door the cottage opened and Agatha stole out into the moonlight. She carried a little bundle in her hand and wore the white gown and hat given her by Mrs. Freeman. She did not go down the path, but hurried around the house and out across the fields. Once away from the house and its environments she paused as if to look back, then

frequent and longer pauses as her and so I have come home. forcements in the shape of a new animal trainer and a partner with enough money to enable him to move.

hausted. She hastened as best she resting place. could past the smaller tent where the

imal tent. As the flap fell behind her. Agatha pushed back her sleeve. "I she stood in the darkness, breathing fast, the familiar smell of the animals, the touch of the sawdust to her feet, bringing the warmth of excitement to her cheeks.

"Isn't it good! Isn't it good!" she said to herself.

Little growlings and scratchings told her that she had wakened the animals by her entrance. Her eyes wer now accustomed to the dimness, and she could discern the different cages. She cognize her, for though there was no sign of greeting they sank back again to sleep, quietly enough.

At last, the first gladness of her return past, Agatha dropped into one of the audience chairs.

"I wonder if the doctor is back again?" For many moments she sat in silence, her outward sense acute to catch each sound made in the cages, her inner sense wrestling with a new homesickness. Suddenly, the rough life of the circus seemed abhorrent to her. The picture of isolation and danger since her mother's death, returned to her with overwhelming force. But this was least of all. The young doc-tor's face, his tenderness, his under-standing and sympathy, his—"

Agatha rocked back and forth in misery of mind.

"What shall I do?" she whispered.
"Oh, what shall I do?"

For a long time there was silence in the tent, save for the uneasy noises of the animals. Then a shadowy white figure stole to the flap, lifted it, and again began its weary trip across the fields.

The moon was low in the sky when Agatha turned in at the garden gate. Exhausted and trembling, she toiled paused before the screen door she noticed a dark figure in the hammock which was swung across the porch. own face came new lines—lines of to nunciation and quiet grief that by some subtle force added to his age in stairs, he had dropped into the hama single minute.

"I will not ask it, Agatha," he said. mock to rest. As if aware of the girl's presence, he sat erect.

"Agatha," he said, "what is it? Where are you going?"

Agatha moved slowly toward him. "I have been across to the animal tents," she said. "I-I thought I wanted that, most of all."

The doctor looked down at the face that was weary, even in the dimming

"Oh, Agatha," he said, "you were not strong enough for that."

"I know it," replied Agatha, simply

"Home?" repeated Freeman, wist-

fully." "Yes," answered Agatha, "if you still

want me!"

enough money to enable him to move.

It was midnight when Agatha reached the tents, dim and ghostlike in the moonlight. She was completely ex
Agatha's homesick face found a sudden

men slept, and entered, with the deft- (Copyright, 1906, by W. R. Caldwell.)

A YEAR AT THE SPRING

don's kitchen that bright May morning, they would have remarked with and suggestion, "Rather late with your breakfast dishes, aint you?" And Alice would have laughed before she answered. She usually laughed at stand spoke afterwards. The young jow of life touched her radiantly; she responded like a child to the thrill of the untranslated emotion, and intrepreted it later.

But the white farmhouse at the end of the farmhouse at the end of the lines of arching may may to help his mate, who was half a mile from a neighbor, and no one wast likely to discovers here was, and the smell of the was not unlike them small and slight, freshing earth. The tangling network with quick ways and bright brown but there are more nice things. Oh, I'm not—I mean I know I am; wife waited; at last he said: "Honest into the same the side was not unlike them small and slight, freshing earth. The tangling network with quick ways and bright brown but there are more nice things. Oh; I'm not—I mean I know I am; wife waited; at last he said: "Honest lip; I don't see how we care don't he wife waited; at last he said: "Honest lip; I don't see how we care."

"No, I'm not—I mean I know I am; wife waited; at last he said: "Honest lip; I don't see how we can, Allie."

"No, I'm not—I mean I know I am; wife waited; at last he said: "Honest lip; I don't see how we care."

"No, I'm not—I mean I know I am; wife waited; at last he said: "Honest lip; I don't see how we care."

"No, I'm not—I mean I know I am; wife waited; at last he said: "Honest lip; I don't see how we can, Allie."

"No, I'm not—I mean I know I am; wife waited; at last, he said: "Stopped and related with the office in said."

"No, I'm not—I mean I know I am; wife waited; at last, he said: "Honest lip; I don't see how we care."

"No, I'm not—I mean I know I am; wife waited; at last, he said: "No, I'm not—I mean I know I am; wife waited; at last, he said: "No, I'm not—I mean I know I am; wife waited; at last, he said: "No, I'm not—I mean I know I am; wife waited; at last, he said: "No, I

of the line of arching maple trees was as she could get the butter out of the vanquished destroyer of domestic fell-half a mile from a neighbor, and no one was likely to discover her house-likely to discover her house-keeping vagaries. It had been such a with all nest-building cheatures. She at the clock; the mail carrier must the dining-room door. When Robert good morning! She smiled a dimpling was a part of this vibrating harmony have passed by this time, smile as she poured the scalding of color and perfume and song.

It made one of the events

The puma lay quietly at the bottom

of his cage, though his narowed eyes

pupples. But the panthers ran scream-

ing up and down behind their bars.

and pulled back his upper lip. Agatha

was coming quickly from the entrance towards the puma's cage. She slipped

"Billy," she said, sharply, "get back from the door."

Billy answered with a snarl, but

to pick up the seat board at the bot-

stealthily forward, and crouching, sprang. He was met with a slash of

seat to floor, from floor to seat, with

always a quick snarl after whip cut

and a sharp word of command before it, After a few moments Agatha slip-

ped the hasp and was out of the cage.

The audience heaved a sigh, half of re-

The panthers threw themselves

of the cage. The puma crept

en the puma rose slowly to his feet

interesting to the point if excitement. Robert had wanted to sell two of the cows, but she had begged to keep them. Why could she not learn to make butter? He could take it to Milburn, and the money would buy—she would show him what the money would buy. She would show him what the money would buy. The wrens were still flitting in and the country of the country of

water from one milk can to another When she went down into the cool to go down the long lane under the branches of apple blossoms; "regular with a deft turn, while the rising gloom of the cellar with the butter maples and unlock the mail-box on little orchard in here. Ain't they pretty? cloud of steam dampened the tendrils jars, she rummaged out an old starch the post of the big red gate. She ran I believe they're fuller this year than cloud of steam dampened the tendris of blonde hair blown about her forehead by the breeze from the open door.

Robert had done the churning out on the broad back porch before he went ful carpenter, and the nails came the broad back porch before he went ful carpenter, and the nails came the broad back porch before he went ful carpenter, and the nails came the broad back porch before he went ful carpenter, and the nails came the broad back porch before he went ful carpenter, and the nails came the broad back porch before he went ful carpenter, and the nails came the broad back porch before he went ful carpenter, and the nails came the broad back porch before he went ful carpenter to box from a pile provided for future part of the way; her pink dress fluttering about her ankles; but she came beck slowly, her head bent over a letter the post of the big red gate. She ran box from a pile provided for future part of the way; her pink dress fluttering about her ankles; but she came beck slowly, her head bent over a letter the post of the way; her pink dress fluttering about her ankles; but she came skill the way and hammer, box from a pile provided for future part of the way; her pink dress fluttering about her solver a lettering about her solver a le to the field. He would never let her through at unexpected places; indeed, oit, though she was quite sure she was strong enough. A year ago, when she had first entered upon her new exheld rather better that way, so it did its envelope, she stood still a moment, looking out over the plowed fields where she had first entered upon her new existence as a farmer's wife, the metamnot matter. She surveyed the result
orphosis of a can of cream into a mass
of crumbling yellow butter had been
interesting to the point if excitement.

Robert had wanted to coll the class of the lane,
Robert had wanted to coll the class of the lane,
Robert had wanted to coll the class of the lane,
Robert leaned back in his chair, smilRobert leaned back in his chair, smilRobert leaned back in his chair, smilRobert leaned back in his chair, smil-

he believed she liked the country all the better for having always lived in town. Of course she did: she had had let the birds chattered madly, tance behind the horses, waved his town. Of course she did: she had had let the birds chattered madly, tance behind the horses, waved his broad straw hat, and then strode on, then a higher intelligence is steering added that she would have liked South Africa or Alaska—but he had not let.

No, ane didn't mind. She was already to a letter from mother to-day; she wants us to come home for our anniversary. She wants us to come home for our anniversary. She wants us to come home for our anniversary. She wants us to come home for our anniversary. She wants us to come home for our anniversary. She wants us to come home for our anniversary. She wants us to come home for our anniversary. She wants us to come home for our anniversary. She wants us to come home for our anniversary. She wants us to come home for our anniversary. She wants us to come home for our anniversary. She wants us to come home for our anniversary. She wants us to come home for our anniversary. She wants us to come home for our anniversary. She wants us to come home for our anniversary. She wants us to come home for our anniversary two steps across the porth. Her heart gave a little leap of fealty. What need had they of anniversaries; every day black hair and the whiteness of his voice was good to hear. Alice recalled the appleblossoms had been so pink could see the crisp curve of his and white and dewy, that she had black hair and the whiteness of his broken off a great armful and crowded forehead above the line of tan.

She'd have written about it before, only Mary's been sick and she hear those two steps!—then she worked it again just before she went to sleep that night, and smiled happily to heritated Alice. It ticked an accompaniment to the washing of dishes; and the kitchen was all that night, and smiled happily to heritated Alice. It ticked an accompaniment to the washing of dishes; and the kitchen was all that night, and smiled happily to heritated Alice. It ticked an accompaniment to the washing of dishes; and the kitchen was all that night, and smiled happily to heritated Alice. It ticked an accompaniment to the washing of dishes; and the kitchen was all that night, and smiled happily to heritated Alice. It ticked an accompaniment to the washing of dishes; and the kitchen was all that night, and smiled happily to heritated Alice, aloud, as she So this morning she had chosen to them into a jar in a corner of the work her butter out on the porch, packing it away, sweet and firm in the little brown law while he ate his dinner.

It made one of the events of her day

patted and squeezed the golden mass, porch, a shining row in the sun she suit her step to his long stride.

the dining-room door. When Robert came in she was pouring the coffee.

"Whew!" as he saw the spreading

at the corner of his mouth. "Robert!" Alice tried to look severe

show him what the money would buy.

"A regular little farmer," Robert had laughingly called her, saying that he believed she liked the country all the better for having always lived in town. Of ourse she did: she had

surveyed it critically. Sticks projected from the opening at all angles; the from the opening at all angles; the wrens whisked in and out; they had already proved their title.

"Birds seem to like it; I guess that's all that's necessary," remarked Robert. "But as for it's bein' the nicest thing—"His gray eyes were teasing.

"You shan't know about it until you're ready for dinner; it's all settled, anyway," and the small pink figure ran. glass of water and it ran over. Robert

got up and came around the table.

Robert leaned back in his enair, smiling at her; his eyes smiled more than his mouth; he spoke deliberately, "I don't know as I do. These have been about the best days I've ever had."

Know I've never ben nomesick a minimate of the spoke deliberately, "I don't know as I do. These have been about the best days I've ever had."

Know I've never ben nomesick a minimate, I do!" Her furnly when you think about it, that if I handn't hapened to visit Grace Toland, and she hadn't happened to be man, and she hadn't happened to be man hadn't happened t ped the outburst.
"I must go now. I know you ain't.

ittle brown jars, while the morning coolness was still in the air. As she set the milk cans on the cried, catching his hand and trying to native and supported the morning taway, sweet and firm in the see them while he ate his dinner.

"Now, Rob, don't you think it would be the porch was perceptibly asiant.

"Now, Rob, don't you think it would be the porch was perceptibly asiant.

"Now, Rob, don't you think it would be the porch was perceptibly asiant.

The lollowing day was paipitant with hung up the broom with decision; then the first real heat of the summer. "All this had made the dishwashing the very nicest thing!" she had and trying to late. As she set the milk cans on the cried, catching his hand and trying to late. As she set the milk cans on the cried, catching his hand and trying to late. As she set the milk cans on the cried, catching his hand and trying to late. As she set the milk cans on the cried, catching his hand and trying to late. As she set the milk cans on the cried, catching his hand and trying to late. As she set the milk cans on the cried, catching his hand and trying to late. As she set the milk cans on the cried, catching his hand and trying to late. As she set the milk cans on the cried, catching his hand and trying to late. As she set the milk cans on the cried, catching his hand and trying to late. As she set the milk cans on the cried, catching his hand and trying to late. As she set the milk cans on the cried, catching his hand and trying to late. As she set the milk can she can be compared to the cried, catching his hand and trying to late. As she went to the door and looked over the cried, catching his hand and trying to late. As she can be compared to the cried, catching his hand and trying to late. As she can be compared to the cried, catching his hand and trying to late. As she can be compared to the cried, catching his hand and trying to late. As she can be compared to the cried, catching his hand and trying to late. As she can be called his hand and trying to late. As she can

the weather holds good. If I don't use the planter before Davis is ready I'll have to wait till he's through, an' he's slower'n time. Besides, it might rain. You don't mind, honestly?" He looked at his wife with a troubled darkening the scott field and the sun. The afternoon was long; Robert was another long warm afternoon, and a horrowing the scott field and the sun. of his gray eyes; she was pouring a harrowing the south field and the sun was setting before he followed the went silent to bed. ot up and came around the table.

'I've got to go now." He took her When he brought in the milk, frothing "I've got to go now." He took her When he brought in the milk, frothing next morning, their anniversary morn-face between his firm brown hands and to the top of the pails, he said, "Guess ing, in the scented coolness; and while turned it to the light. "Come—look up I won't eat supper till I get chores all the east was yet rosy from the sunhere! You know you're a farmer's done. I'm tired tonight." They ate in
wife; you'd rather get the corn planted the dusk, the soft, damp air coming in
the head to the h wife; you'd rather get the corn planted the dusk, the soft, damp air coming in than anything else. As soon as it's all done you can go home and stay a Robert said: "Makes me think o' the fast." week. I shan't have so much on hand evenin's I used to go to see you that The air was quite still, with that "Have you forgotten what day it is then and I can get along alone. You summer you was visitin' at the Tolman marvelous hush that seems to listen next Thursday? It's our anniversary. I ain't homesick?"

Alice was on her feet with her hands upon his shoulders, all other day—altogether different."

The parlor windows was always open an' you'd slip in an' play while the rest of us sat on the porch. Ole her loyalty shining in her eyes. "You have been wondering what we could do. I want it to be different from any other day—altogether different."

The parlor windows was always open an' you'd slip in an' play while the rest of us sat on the porch. Ole her loyalty shining in her eyes. "You have been wondering what we could do. I want it to be different from any other hands upon his shoulders, all her loyalty shining in her eyes. "You have been wondering what we could do. I want it to be different from any other hands upon his shoulders, all her loyalty shining in her eyes. "You have been wondering what we could do. I want it to be different from any other hands upon his shoulders, all her loyalty shining in her eyes. "You have been wondering what we could do. I want it to be different from any other hands upon his shoulders, all her loyalty shining in her eyes. "You have been wondering what we could do. I want it to be different from any other hands upon his shoulders, all her loyalty shining in her eyes. "You have been wondering what we could do. I want it to be different from any other hands upon his shoulders, all her loyalty shining in her eyes. "You have been wondering what we could do. I want it to be different from any other hands upon his shoulders, all her loyalty shining in her eyes."

engaged to Tom Gray, and you hadn't been Tom's best friend—" "Don't!"

small parlor and dusted everything when he came home to dinner. "Never

man who came, tired, to supper and But it was good to be up early the

"Oh, Robert, look at him—look!"
"Yes, dear," but Robert looked up at the sky instead, where white fluffs of

(See Also Page Six.)