-The Anglo-Tibetan ing to information nce is as follows: o Lhassa in instal Britain recognizes trade, Gyangze and ilt or operated by erfere where Chin provide the capi ese Governor of ernment will be withdraw so

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NTROPHY

drawal of British

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N AUTOMOBILE May 1 -- Charles I. iged about 50, was owned and driven the work about the house, can go away to a rest cure! An' here I be, wore to shreds, needin' a rest, havin' to stay where I be jus' as I be!"

Ithely, and would interiere,

"There!" said Mrs. Dibble, finally prepared to retire, "He can come now, any moment he wants!"

She slid beneath the covers, and Coal Co. while ed over his body. the Maine General ied within an hour

also her one-sided conversation.

"Wud ye be havin' the wintergreen know that this Richard Folliott was shticks, miss, or the pippermint, dr. a my small candy boy. That is, not until thriffe of both?" Oh, yes, you would you entered the parlor that Sunday, and I recognized the tight little blond proper that the daughter of a man who

If my mother loved you, she plunged into a letter anywhere—and out of it anywhere.

In a large old, black-leather pocket—with large pins, until held up by my hook I found a letter written by my hould be a found to marry this man in spite of all shouldn't have been aware of the fact candy and Calvinsim you would have a sweet time."

I shouldn't have been aware of the fact candy and Calvinsim you would have a sweet time."

I saked inno you. I reproduced those one in the fact candy and calvinsim you would have a sweet time."

I saked inno you. I reproduced those one in the fact of the fact candy and calvinsim you would have a sweet time. book I found a letter written by my mother, who biamed our dear, innocent mother to my father the night before gether, and I was obliged to confess. book I found a letter written by and I found a letter written by a letter

THE CANDY BOY AND HIS LITTLE LOVE

because—I'll come to that presently.

And if it will make you feel any better, hands were healed. I did not like mustn't cry for the moon, meaning you, I will tell you a little secret. If it gloves, and soon after that we moved weren't for that candy business my away. How did you get those nicks, vice. I didn't cry. I pondered. I wanted by trading rum to the Indians for weren't for that candy business my heart would not be so unspeakably and unalterably yours. And this is the way of it: When I was a tiny girl and lived on Bleecker Street, and you were a constant which is the way of his chum at Harvard who was to enter law at the same time as himself.

while you were weighing it, and putwhich you tumble whenever you are

Undining and one too having such a

Undining and one too having such a which you tumble whenever you are Vladimir and one, too, having such a and returned to this country to settle. and had his pretensions flouted unto the

in Lippincott's Magazine.

"It seems," said my father, seriously, greatness consisted and just why our that the elder Mr. Folliott was an family is so much beter than his. And descent who had been a confectioner's pelts. I thought he was a Dutch patassistant in his native land. The two put their wits together and the few of land from the government."

roon, on the Hudson, and held a grant on Bleecker Street, and you were a small boy and sold candy by the ounce, over the counter in your father's old corner shop so near at hand, I used to corner shop so near at hand, I used to corner shop so near at hand, I used to ott, of Stuyesant Equare, whose come to you to buy sweets. And you would say, with the most beautiful brogue:

The corner shop so near at hand, I used to ott, of Stuyesant Equare, whose father was the rich manufacturer of Irish linens, with works at Belfast and warehouses in New York—I did not manufacturer of I have bought broken candy store, a mere cabin of a place, not very far from have you got into your head now?"

I handed him a book with the went we used to live, on Bleecker to manufacturer of I have bought broken candy open, on which there was some open, on which there was there it is for your mother and you there many the follows.

Well those men kent of the counter in your father's old the your father's old the your father's old the your father's old the your father's lig "So he was," said my father, angrily.
"So he had. What infernal nonsense I handed him a book with the page open, on which there was some un-pleasant reading for a man with a

Well, those men kept at it for years, until each had mare quite a respectable fortune. Then the Frenchman went back to Parls, and the Irishman to Derry. Mr. Folliott subsequently impecunious patroon; had set himself up on an equality with is neighbors, in the patroon of the p foible. It was there set forth that "Our

### by Harriet Boyer

"Rum!" said my father. "Rum! he ever has his way again about pepper and sait, I'm mistaken. He'll be de-when I do, and be quick about it. And

ness, kissed me, and turned me out of Dickie, you must go to him after dinness, kissed me, and turned me out of the room. I had a bonne bouche for him, however. I knew where your family came from, and I thought while a good churchman. Oh, yes, you must. When we are married, I shall have to when we are married, I shall have to I was about it I would find out something about it. I laid a book on my mean to do-not one little bit. And in mean to do-not one little bit. And in mean to do-not one little bit. And in mean to do-not one little bit. at a certain page, face down. It was your heart you will always be a black, written by a Bishop of Derry. Among blue, yellow Calvinist. You can have a other things it said that one Sir Rich- pew in your own church, and once other things it said that one Sir Richard Folliott had been Governor of Ballyshannon in the year 1604. He shall be "Our First," Dickle, dear. At supper my father was quite cheerful. We talked about birds. I am teaching the say "Candy and Calvin." Dutch persuasion and my mather than the say "Candy and Calvin."

up, I was just doting on you,—your ght little blond curis, your brave blue yes, your straight nose, your s it up, I was just doting on you,—your tight little blond curls, your brave blue cyes, your straight nose, your pink cheeks, your strong white teeth. And you had funny nicks on your hands, as if you had been playing with the sat or somebody had been driving you to tell my father all about the somebody.

I was just doting on you,—your tight little blond curls, your brave blue cheeks, your strong white teeth. And then, Dickie, dearest, I knew that I had loved you for years and years, and you had never known it. For the sold candy over the counter."

I had loved you for years and years, and you had never known it. For the sold candy over the counter."

I had loved you for years and years, and you had never known it. For the sold candy over the counter."

I had loved you had never known it. For the sold candy over the counter."

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I had loved you had never known it. For the sold candy over the counter."

I had loved you had never known it. For the sold candy over the counter."

I had loved you had never known it. For the sold candy over the counter."

I had loved you had never known it. For the sold candy over the counter."

I had loved you had never known it. For the has been very prosperous, lives in good style, is elder in one of the Presbyterian churches. There is another thing. You would never be happy it couldn't wait. I had lover, sat quiet for a moment, and it was brave and beautiful in one of the Presbyterian. They are to set in their ways. No, "Well, Eleanor, I see you are deter thing deared, they was counter."

I had loved you had never known it. For the had L. That neither to this county to they would not recognized as perfectly legitimate. My can dour an think for they were sold and over, sat quiet for a moment, and they would not never the counter."

I had loved you had never known i

I wish him well of his bargain! For if and the Litany. If you go wrong I will formal beginning nor ending, but ran disfigure my poor little paws, which simply thus:

Don't be silly about the candy business, Dickie, even if my father did not argue it in rather. He won't do it again, rother did not argue it out with ma father took his dear little.

When asked why I resired to hurt and daughter. You don't know my father daughter."

When asked why I resired to hurt and disfigure my poor little paws, which has one foible, Family. And he is one foible, Family. And he is one ideal, the Church. You hit him is so rich now?" I asked. I thought I might as well find out all I could about thought the nicks were pretty. My rather will think shoulders, shook me with great tender you are the end of the law. Finally, greatness consisted and just why our mess, kissed me, and turned me out of Dickie, you must go to him after din-

# MRS. DIBBLE'S REST CURE

in The Strand Magazine.

#### by Edwin L. Sabin

"So I should try the rest cure, eh?"
muttered Mrs. Dibble, who, having hospitably escorted Mrs. Watts to the emphatic shake of her head. "An' why should be described be an' stay there!" she said, with an emphatic shake of her head. "An' why should be described be an' stay!"

Someone picked out by this time!"
announced Mrs. Dibble, her voice, sounding to her very weak.

Wr. Dibble opposed on the threshold much confused His spouse's avowals ment of a congratulatory nature.

"Rest cure!" repeated Mrs. Dibblee, this time with an indignant snort, and at the same moment noting how very, jus' the same."

"Well, I'd like to try it," she solilo-quized, taking up a stocking. "We'd see how Dan'l would get along then. Mobbe he'd realize that 'tweuld have been policy to have eased me a bit. Thirty years, an' doin' my own west Thirty years, an' doin' my own work every speck of the time! There ain't many women whe'd have stood it, an' not even slance at it.

She rose to her feet, and the half-darned stocking fell from her lap to the floor. She did not pick it up. She did not pick it up. She did I guess I've been a fool. Yes, a big not even glance at it.

fool!"

"Til go now." she mu

Mrs. Dibble paused, ostensibly to bite be there when Dan'l gets home." a thread, but mayhap for a brief instant recalling how different had been those years from what she had anticities years from what she had anticities adjoining bedroom. nated on the threshold of her married "He'll be surprised. I wonder what

to put her nose in her kitchen the whole bed a few days he will understand it, week through," she continued, "What too!" does she want with a rest cure? An' 'em. Mrs. Watts, with a girl to do all tunely, and would interfere. "There!" said Mrs. Dibble, finally

labour on another pair, she resumed He can get somebody in

hastened to post herself at the window guess thirty years o' slavin' entitles alaffording the best view of her depart- most anybody to a vacation. Dan'i has his vacation. He's been to Exminster

badly her ate guest's new skirt hung. Mrs. Dibble suddenly ceased the "Me takin' a rest cure, with three meals a day to get, an' washin' an' ironin' an' stocking lay limp and unmolested in bakin' an' cleanin' an' everything else, her lap. A great plan appeared to be an' jus' my two hands an' feet to do it shaping itself in her brain. She stared straight before her; her lips were com-At the concluding ejaculation Mrs. pressed, so that the downward curve

Dibblee, having watched Mrs. Watts out of sight, returned to her seat and the interrupted task of daming. But something her visitor must have said seemed to be rankling in the good seemed to be rankling in the

ly, as if awed by her daring. "Then I'll She stepped hesitatingly toward the ooor leading off the sitting-room into

he'll say? But he needn't think I'm "There's Mrs. Watts, who never has I'm jus' tired. Mebbe after I've been in

She entered the bedroom, and began comin' here an' recommendin' it to me to undress hastily, her operations acthe idea! Seems as if the people who celerated by the apprehension that don't meed things are always gettin' Dan'l would manifest himself inoppor-

where I be jus' as I be!"

Mrs. Dibble rolled a pair of stockings into a ball, and jammed it savagely into her work-basket. Resuming her he'll say or do—an' I don't care. kitchen, like he ought to have done a

expressing resolute resistance to all overtures by anybody and everybody, and by Dan'l in particular.
"I'll have my meals in bed!" she as-

Thereupon, as if she had voiced the tightly curtained chamber. climax, she was stient. However, she did not sleep. With the sensations of a shortly. venturesome child who had performed Mr. D a bold exploit, Mrs. Dibble, half delighted, half frightened, bided the inevitable exposure.

house, and a vigorous knock sounded on the back door. Mrs. Dibble did not stir. She listened to a heavy tread in the kitchen, and the rustle of a pack-ase roughly deposited on floor or table. lettin' you let me do everything that "Groceries," she explained in her as to be done about the house. 'Mebbe

foot falls retraced their course to the that's the why we begun, an' that's the

"I wonder if he brought the celery,

the front walk and mounting the front for in a woman!" steps reached her ears. A hand fumbled Mrs. Dibble's tone at the knob of the front door. The door was opened, then shut.

It was Dan'l. She heard him advance through the rather dark passage, the time I'm ready to get up." stumbling over the rug as he did so (he always kicked up that rug!), enter Dibble. the sitting-room, and halt.

"Marthy!" he called. No answer. "Where on earth can she have gone to?" he complained, peevishly—the familiar regulation remark. He went into the sitting-room, thence

Now he was coming again. Mrs. Dibble caught her breath nervously. She must reply. The denouement was near.

into the kitchen.

He was in the sitting-room.

open, and stared in.

"Yes, I be," responded Mrs. Dibble,

"No, I'm not sick," interrupted Mrs. Footfalls circled the east side of the Dibble. "I'm not sick a bit, 'cept o' workin'. I'm jus' tired." "Will-" began Mr. Dibble.

"Jus' tired, Dan'l," The kitchen door slammed, and the the family's so small,' you said. An' we can get along without help, seein' way we kep' on, an' whenever I'd kind o' hint that a girl would make ill, an' I'm in bed here to rest, an' his exit.

her new programme, and she smiled to rest, an' rest, an' you can go an' get herself grimly.

Mrs. Dibble remained very quiet, somebody else to do the scrubbin' an' listening to her husband's receding Presently other footfalls traversing bakin'—that seems to be all you look footsteps. She heard him linger irrefor in a woman!"

Mrs. Dibble's tones quavered as she made the last statement, but she re-kitchen door. After that the house was covered herself, and added, calmly, "I

reckon she'll be pretty well broke in by he time I'm ready to get up."

"Why, Marthy!" stammered Mr. for two voices in the kitchen were plainly audible in the bedroom.

"There's no use talkin'," declared late to talk, or say you're sorry. I'm Maggie Thompson—of all persons!"
here, an' that's enough. You'll find
things for dinner on the kitchen table
few moments her husband re-entered the greengrocer was in, I hear him. the chamber. An' there's plenty for supper, too. You "Well, I've got somebody already,"

Mr. Dibble oppeared on the threshold, much confused. His spouse's avowals the door having been left partially had burst like a thunderclap upon him. A slow, unobservant man, devoted to all right, I s'pose?" "Why, Marthy, you ain't in bed, are his business, it never had occurred to him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the his business, it never had occurred to him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the his business, it never had occurred to him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the his business, it never had occurred to him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the his business, it never had occurred to him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the his business, it never had occurred to him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the his business, it never had occurred to him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the his business, it never had occurred to him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the him that his wife ever cast wistful glances at matters beyond the circle of the him that him th her housework. He had taken it for granted that woman's sphere was the

> the situation.
> "Well, I'm glad you're not sick," he as you feel like it, though. I reckon I ."Maggie wants to know where the can find help somewhere. There ought salt is," called Mr. Dibble from the

Unexpectedly soon Mr. Dibble return

"Mercy!" ejaculated Mrs. Dibble, Mrs. Dibble, with firmness. "It's too straining her ears. "I do believe it's

an' the girl can manage, an' I'm willin' he announced, buoyantly. "Maggie to tell where things are when you don't Thompson. I met her down the street,

an' fam'ly small, an' so forth. She's | "Nothing special you'd like for din-Mr. Dibble paused, anticipating con

His

ment of a congratulatory nature.

shortly. "An I'm goin' to stay."

Mr. Dibblee hurriedly approached. "Sick?" he cried. "Where are you bad? Want the—"

granted that woman's sphere was the kitchen. Now he did not know what to say. He did not know how to voice the sympathy which he truly felt, nor did he know how to gracefully accept that Maggie Thompson in my kitchen. I'll be

She can't get anybody to take her, an' Maggle Thompcon is a biler an' managed to offer. He shifted his feet that's why! Why, she'd break every frier, if ever there was one uncertainly. "You stay in bed as long dish in the house!"

thought Mrs. Dibble, and she wiggled uneasily. It did seem so strange to let those things repose uninspected in the those things repose uninspected in the kitchen. But she dared it; yes, she

It would make to get dinner." He retreated to the doorway. "Don't you worry," he admonished.

Hardly had her husband conveyed the comunication to the kitchen than he was back with another query.

"Oh, I won't worry," Mrs. Dibble

"Oh, Marthy, where is the butter
"Oh, Marthy, where is the butter
"Oh, Marthy, where is the butterthose things repose uninspected in the kitchen. But she dared it; yes, she dared it! This was the first event on will, an' I'm in hed here to rest and his exitted him, sarcastically, as he made dishes?" he hallooed.

The date desired so strange to let try it a bit longer, an' we'll see when monished.

The was back with another query.

"Oh, Marthy, where is the butter-dishes?" he hallooed.

The was back with another query.

"Oh, Marthy, where is the butter-dishes?" he hallooed.

"They're where they ought to be or the second shelf o' the cupboard!"

Mrs. Dibble threshed from side to side with impotent wrath. "Rest!" she grumbled, "Rest! Me rest with my kitchen goin' to rack an ruin? She'll melt the spout off the coffee-pot—I know she will. She can't

Here a distinct crash came to her "There! I wonder what's smashed now!" she said, siting up in bed. "Dan'l-o-o-oh, Dan'l. Dan'l!"

from the sitting-room. "What was that?" demanded his

ner, is there?" proceeded the speaker. "No," answered Mrs. Dibble, with wife uttered no sound, he asked, "It's ungracious curtness,

hetired on tiptoe, as if in a sick-room.

Mrs. Dibble, again abandoned, never a nick nor accept the part and never a nick nor crack! I hope she don't get hold o' my blue chiny. Dan'l did he know how to gracefully accept that Maggie Thompson in my kitchen.

Don't work out— Pish! The idea! bound he'll have indigestion 'fore the week,s out. He can't drink biled coffee.

"Where's the lard?" shouted her

can find help somewhere.

The figure in the bed did not reply.

Mr. Dibble shuffled again and vaguely handled a chair.

"Mebbe I'd better be goin," he prosense would have found it without as fryin' an' fryin' till the victuals are him!" she tacked on in a lower tone.

sitting-room,

"It's in a jar in the bottom self in don't nite you! she take in agony of spirit. "I told you so!" she asserted to sense would have found it without as fryin' an' fryin' till the victuals are him!" she tacked on in a lower tone.

She threw back the covers and put one foot over the side of the bed. "Marthy, is one bottle of cream all we've got?" queried Dan'l.

"Never you mind-you wait a minute!" shrieked Mrs. Dibble, as with frantic haste she struggled into a dresing-gown and endeavored to atdresing-gown and endeavored to at-tain a presentable appearance. Trust-ing her feet into slippers, she sallled forth, descending like an apparition upon the astonished kitchen.

"Why, Marthy!" gasped Mrs. Dibble. "yop needn't have got up."

ow!" she said, siting up in bed.

Dan'l—o-o-oh, Dan'l. Dan'l!"
"Yes, Marthy?" interrogated Dan'l
on restin', an' I can do the work!"

"I've rested enough," apnounsed Mrs. to tell where things are when you don't know."

Thompson. I met her down the street. She don't work out gener'ly, you know, but I told here what a fix we were in, an' she come straight away, an' she says she'll stay for good if the work ain't too hard. But I explained that there wasn't much to do, house small there wasn't much to do, house small wife.

Thompson. I met her down the street. She don't work out gener'ly, you know, but I told here what a fix we were in, an' she come straight away, an' she says she'll stay for good if the work ain't too hard. But I explained that there wasn't much to do, house small wife.

"Nothing but the old yellow plate that had the cold potatoes on," he re-responded, cheerfully. "Now don't you be nervous. We're getting on famous."

"I should think you were!" muttered work here for two, anyhow."

## THE DAY OF THE SPANK

in The American Magazine.

### by Ellis Parker Butler

of the crib, and trod the sheets into a self. But he did not believe it. tangled mass of white. Like the death of an alligator, the going to sleep of

Mrs. Rawson stood looking at her a family tradition that Deedee must go to sleep quietly, quickly, and withfigure in the crib, she had renewed hopes that the tradition would prove a verity; every evening Deedee shattered that tradition to little bits. The go-to-sleep hour was her glorious hour of rebellion. For weeks she had trampled under her pink feet the bedgoing rules, triumphantly regardless of and order. She did not see, looming larger and larger, and approaching

and horrid form of the Spank! clave, that Deedee was old enough to her crib for an hour, calling for be punished by the laying on of hands. It was decided at a time when Deedee was not in the room, and everyone had was not in the room, and everyone had been very stern about it. People could her. be stern about Deedee when she was

It was twilight, and the shades were her short, curly hair, was tow-colored, "laim." drawn in the room where Deedee's cot stood like a white, iron-barred cage. Every sign told that Deedee was going to sleep. The most pronounced inherited the sweetness from her indication was Deedee herself, who mother; equally clear that the two per stood in her crib, rampant, regardant, cent. of unadulterated stubbornness and wide-awake. She clung to the side came from her father. He said so him-

Deedee was beginning to be a person. She could say what she wanted, and Deedee was a long and strenuous af- sometimes people could understand her. It was quite time, everyone agreed, that her education should bedaughter with reproachful eyes. It was gin. If she was to grow up into a noble, sincere womanhood, she must be prop-erly started. Only the night before out any nonsense. Every evening, the day of the spank Mrs. Rawson when Mrs. Rawson put the little white had begun her religious education. had begun her religious education. Standing at her mother's knee,—for Deedee would not kneel to God or man, she had repeated:-

"Nowee-laim-downee-seep, Padee-o-so-tee." Which the most dense person would

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. nearer and nearer each day, the stern and horrid form of the Spank!

It had been decided in facility for the stern had stated, "lay me down to sleep." It had been decided, in family con- On the contrary, she stood upright in mie," the meaning of which was, that she wished to be rocked, and to have "Mary Had a Little Lamb" sung to

not there. When she appeared, they had to stop being stern, and kiss her. Deedee was twenty-two months old, and ninety-eight per cent. pure sweet-ness. Envious neighbor mothers said she stood in her crib and called for lt was a hard day for Mrs. Rawson, with tears.

ing, but, whatever it was, Deedee It was evident that nothing but "laim" would satisfy her.

Mrs. Rawson stidled the word deeply. It did not suggest anything to eat or drink. It had no apparent relation who sat up in bed with a sigh. Deedee known word ten thousand times, and watched him expectantly. "Laim, Deedee?" he asked, and she smiled brilliantly.

"Papa, Iaim!" she repeated.

He looked about the room and at

grandfather would know. Maybe it is something he taught her." They lifted Deedee from her crib, and set her on the floor, and she pattered out of the room and down the hall. They could hear her demanding puzzled replies.

"Laim, birdy? What is it? Say it agaih, Deedee. Laim? Daddy doesn't know what you want, Deedee." Neither did Uncle Ed. Nobody knew chair, and then drew himself to his feet but Deedee, and she wanted it so very and walked into the bedroom.

Monday and wash day, so Deedee Mrs. Rawson awakened slowly to a consciousness that Deedee was slowly but regularly repeating the word, and the rooms disconsolately only to return the rooms disconsolately only to return stand it another minute." she sat up in bed and thought. "Laim" to her mother's knee and ask for was a new word, of unknown mean- "laim." She refused her toys, she would not sew with a pin, she would was weeping. wanted it. She insisted on having it. not sit at the desk and write, she would not look at the photograph book. Worse than all, she would not keep still a minute. By noon Mrs. Rawson "No!" he replied, "No laim, Deedee. had a headache. By twilight she had Lie down and go to sleep like a good to any toy, game, song, person or at her daughter with reproachful the beat up her pillow and two sat up in bed with a sign. stood in her crib clamoring for "laim"

as insistently as ever. As Wellington, at Waterloo, prayed for night or Blucher, Mrs. Rawson "Laim!" she said, thoughtfully, longed for the angel of sleep or Mr. Rawson, It was Mr. Rawson that He entered the house, wet and the celling; he wrinkled his brow, and disgusted, with his trousers clinging to craned his neck to look into the next his legs in mud bedraggled disrepute, and dropped his soaking hat and um-"I give it up," he said. "Perhaps her brella into a corner with the recklessness of a tired man and fell into a chair in an abandonment of weariness. He called. breathed a long breath of thankfulness

"John!" came the voice of his wife, room, and dropped cautiously but come in here and see if you can do gratefully into his easy chair again. He "laim" of her grandfather, and his anything with Edith. I have worked with her all day and I am utterly worn men, he thought, lacked the necessary

a moment fingering the arm of his could-

"I can't do anything with her," she exclaimed. "She won't go to sleep. She has been dreadful all day. I can't She threw herself on the bed and covered her face with her hands. She

Mr. Rawson frowned. Deedee looked up at him sweetly. "Papa, laim," she said.
"No!" he replied, "No laim, Deedee

He beat up her pillow and turned it over, and drew the sheets straight.

Then he took the baby and laid her gently down. She smiled and cuddled the West, no doubt, the sun shone over, and drew the sheets straight. Then he took, the baby and laid her into the pillow.
"Oh, what a nice bed!" he exclaimed. "Isn't it a nice bed, Deedee?"

"Nice bed," she repeated. "Shall I cover your feet ?" he asked. "Feet cov," she said, eagerly. He spread the sheet over her feet, "Shut your eyes," he said in gentle warning, and her eyes closed so tightly that the lids wrinkled. "Now, good night, Deedee,"

"Night, pa-pa!" she cooed. Mr. Rawson stole quietly from the leaned back and smiled grimly. Wotact to handle children, or had con-

badly. She came back and stood by her mother's bed and pleaded for it.

"What is it?" he asked, almost flections into two pieces. In two strides he was in the bedroom. Deedee was where her father still stood, and standing upright, clapsed his arm in her

"Papa, laim!" she inquired anxiously.
"No!" he said, sternly, "No laim!"
"Pa-pah
"Papa, laim!" she demanded.
"Pa-pah "No!" he said in a tone that froze he smile into soberness. She looked at him

doubtfully. Her pink and white chin

puckered ready for a cry. "Papa, laim, laim!" she pleaded. He bent over her and forcibly laid her head upon her pilliw. "Deedee!" he said in a voice that was

new and unknown to her, "Go to sleep! Be quiet! Stop this instant, or I-will Spank you !"

gaily down upon nodding, care-free olossoms. Even in the next block, it is blossoms. Even in the next block, it is possible some good baby was being snuggled in a smiling mother's arms. But, to Deedee, lying in a corner of her crib, the world had grown a million years older in a single instant. Her sweetly pleasant world had become a world of hard world and seed to see the standard of hard world and seed for the seed of the s world of hard words and cruel faces. Her mamma dear wore a mask of un-feeling coldness. Her papa dear stood towering above her, a giant of wrath, brandishing a terrible mysterious wea-

pon, the verb "to spank." Her friends, her playmates, her lovers, the providers of her joy, had hardened into avengers. She was alone in the world of bludgeons.

"Oh, plague!" he muttered. He sat tagious nerves. How easily a man her chin trembled piteously. What was to be done when her parents vanished and these strange, harsh people stood

ing upright, clapsed his arm in her

"Pa-pah!" she said, longingly.

Gently but very firmly he laid her once more on her pillow. "Edith," he said, in the hard voice that she did not know, "Lie still and go to sleep. Let us have no more of this. Go to sleep!"

From the dining-room came the tinkle of the dining room came the tinkle of the dining room came the tinkle of the dining room take the helped Mrs. Rawson to arise, and they went away and left Deedee alone in the dark.

Mr. Rawson ate his soup in silence. It was impossible to be lively under the circumstances. Even Uncle Ed said nothing, and Grandpa did not feel called upon to begin the conversation. ed upon to begin the conversation With the meat the silence became in tolerable. Uncle Ed ventured to speak, "When I was a kid," he said, lightly, "I used to be spanked with a six

inch plank." "Edward!" exclaimed Mrs. Rawson How can you say such a thing! "It did me good," he averred. "You can't begin too young. We all have some of the devil in us, and the only way to get it out is to pound it out."

Mrs. Rawson laid down her fork

and her eyelids trembled. "Cut that out, Ed," suggested Mr. Rawson, "Kitty has the nerves, to night; the subject is unpopular." "I think she is going to be goo

now," said Grandpa, "she seems quiet enough. She must have gone to sleep."
"I certainly do hope so," Mrs. Raw. son said, "I never had such a day with

"Mamma, laim!" came the little

THIS MAN "better" that or, it's the ad-