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### My Romance

Continued from page 51

"Didn't he love their auntie too?" Elsa inquired.

Beatrice laughed a funny little laugh. (How I like that laugh of hers!)

"I—really—don't—know!" she said. "And, if he did, I don't believe he knew."

"Did she love him?" Bob wanted to know.

"Bob," said Beatrice, "that's six questions since I began this story; and five are enough for any little boy. Let's go out to the park and feed the swans."

They jumped up; and then Elsa saw me and gave a scream of delight; and I gave a shout and ran in. The children rushed at me and caught hold of me; and so did Beatrice. She was very flushed and pleased and smiling. Her eyes blinked a little too.

"You dear daddy!" the children cried. "I am so glad," Beatrice said.

"You dear children!" I cried and hugged them. "And you dear woman!" I added. I squeezed her hand for a long while; and she grew pink.

"How many presents, dad?" the children demanded, pulling at my jacket.

"There will be fifteen each," I said, "when I've bought those for the places I didn't go to after all. Some are coming afterwards; but I've brought four each in my bag."

"That's one more than auntie said," Bob pronounced.

"Auntie is a goose," I stated. "She left out one place—home! The best place of all—since auntie came to us."

I looked at Beatrice and she dropped her eyes. I couldn't remember where I had found that look before; and then I discovered. She was—Felicia!

"That was—goosey," Bob agreed; "but auntie isn't a goose, because"—he considered—"because she's handsome."

"She is!" I agreed.

"Oh, you sillies!" she cried.

"She said," Elsa began, "she actually said that you didn't—"

"Elsa!" Beatrice cried, and grabbed at her; but she dodged behind me with a laughing scream.

"She flunked you didn't love her!" Elsa concluded.

"Ah!" I said. "But I do!"

And in a moment my arm was round Beatrice, and her head was on my shoulder. I could only kiss a pink ear.

"Then you is a doose, auntie!" Elsa cried, and clapped her chubby hands.

"Yes," she agreed. "I'm a goose—such a happy one!"

Our hands closed together tightly; and I knew that I had gone hunting the world for my romance—and all the while the sweetest romance, since the world began, was waiting for me at home.

### THE PASSING YEARS

By J. H. Arnett

Wandering, wearying, working,  
The days slip one by one,  
The years are passing swiftly,  
Yet where is the work begun?

Once life held golden promise  
In the light of a rising sun;  
Our hearts beat fast at the prospect  
Of the glorious work to be done.

The sun is high in the heavens,  
And its burning light reveals  
The sadness of many failures;  
From our hearts the gladness steals.

The bravest of all our efforts  
Looks mean in the light of day.  
Our problems increase around us  
And threaten along the way.

But just as our hearts are sinking  
There comes a voice within,  
"Tis through your mistakes and failures  
That comes the strength to win."

Wandering, wearying, working,  
We face the world with a will.  
Our love and our faith must triumph,  
For God is with us still.

Internal parasites in the shape of worms in the stomach and bowels of children sap their vitality and retard physical development. They keep the child in a constant state of unrest and, if not attended to, endanger life. The child can be spared much suffering and the mother much anxiety by the best worm remedy that can be got, Miller's Worm Powders, which are sure death to worms in any shape.

### A Successful Bargain

The shiftless owner of a worthless old horse, Joel Turner, had been in the habit of feeding the animal from the crib of his more enterprising neighbors, until the patience of his victims was completely exhausted. They had caught him in the act of helping himself to corn a number of times, and so there was plenty of evidence to convict him; but on account of his family and his vindictive disposition, no one wanted to prosecute him.

One day, when Joel's neighbors were discussing the situation, some one suggested that it would be an act of mercy—which would also solve their problem—if they bought the old horse and put it out of its misery.

This suggestion the conference adopted. They subscribed a purse of ten dollars, and sent a committee of one to buy the horse.

Here the plan was threatened with failure. The committee reported that Joel did not want to sell.

After a few days, Jesse Winfield, who thought himself something of a diplomat, undertook to negotiate the sale, and to his surprise found Joel not only willing but anxious to sell the horse.

"That," said Jesse, in a congratulatory tone, as he handed over the ten dollars, "was a good deal for you. You'll get lots more good out of the ten dollars than you would out of the old horse."

"That's right," assented Joel. "I know where I can buy a team for ten dollars."

### Johnny the Precisian

"Johnny," said a mother, as she looked at her son distrustfully, "some one has taken a large piece of cake out of the cake box!"

Johnny reddened guiltily.

"Shame on you!" said his mother. "I didn't think it was in you!"

"Well, mother," was the feeble reply, "it isn't all in me. Part of it is in Elsie."

### Town-Made Poetry

I ain't, nor don't pretend to be,  
A judge of town-made poetry,  
But they who sing of heaven-sent  
Autumnal showers and sweet content  
Ain't never had no chores to do  
This time of year, I'll promise you.

I'll take my showers 'long about  
The time the corn is fillin' out.  
A good rain at that time of year  
Would make a corn crop for us here,  
And then the poets would have had  
Something to sing for, and be glad.

But when the corn was parched and gone  
The poets put their mantles on  
And sang for joy because some rain  
Came dancing on the window pane.  
The Government's got my consent  
To end such cussed devilment.

For after toilin' through the blaze  
Of them soul-scorchin' summer days,  
Why, here I am soaked to the skin  
A-gittin' what I did raise in.  
And so I say and you'll agree:  
Dadburn this town-made poetry!

—Jay B. Iden.

### His Preference

"De Bishop we had befo' dis one was a skimpy little pusson wid de dyspepsy, and a sad face," said Brother Hawhee. "When he came to our house to dinner he et a little o' dis and a speck o' dat, took a pill or a tablet, and 'lowed wid a sigh dat man was of few days and full o' trouble, and dat if any of us was saved 'twould be only by fire. But de new bishop am a big, po'tly gen'laman, wid a loud laugh and de appetite of a starving dragon. At de table he retches out and rakes in de combustibles wid a high hand, and 'nounces dat 'most everybody will go to glory, and dem dat don't 'rive in a char'ot will come on de—yaw! haw!—last load. Whilst I likes a cheery religion 'stid of a long-faced one, I b'lieves, de way times is, dat I puhfers a skinny saint wid no appetite to a big hungry one."