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## When Dick Came Home

### He Discovers His Mistake.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Dr. Mansfield stood in the doorway and beamed kindly upon the merry dancers who were tripping over the polished floor. It was Ella's birthday, and this dance given by the doctor for his adopted daughter had been talked about in Shropton for many weeks beforehand. Ella herself, tall and fair, with restless blue eyes, that seemed always seeking Dick Allen when he was not beside her, was dancing with Frank Miller. Frank would gladly have married the doctor's pretty daughter, but every one knew that she was only waiting for Dick Allen to make up his mind.

Her roving eyes saw Beth Page smiling up at Dick's downbeat face. The two were standing together—Dick so tall and Beth so tiny and so very charming in spite of her cheap, homemade dancing frock, which had cost twenty times less than Ella's rose pink crape.

Beth was saying something now in her frank, open manner. "You haven't danced once with Ella, and it is her party, Dick."

"I'm going now," he said guiltily. "Save another one for me, Beth."

"You've had your share," she retorted as he moved away.

Ella greeted him with a haughty tilt of her chin, and when he asked her to dance she shook her head. "You are too late, Dick," she said coldly, although her voice was very near to tears.

"Then you will talk with me until some one comes and takes you away?" he urged, for now he was under the magic sway of her beauty.

"I cannot, but I have the supper dance. I saved it for you, Dick," she cried hastily.

"For me? Oh, you have honored me!" he cried contritely. And he was so remorseful that he would not go near Beth until after supper.

Dr. Mansfield, watching his young people, saw Ella's unhappy face and wished in his blundering way that he could help matters along. He liked Dick and would gladly have welcomed him into the family. He wondered why Dick was holding back the important question.

Dick himself was wondering that while he danced the supper dance with Ella and afterward led her into the dining room, where supper was spread at a great round table with many little tanking tables.

The birthday cake was placed before Ella, and when the time came she was to cut it.

"There is a ring in it and a thimble, and a coin," she told Dick.

"A ring? What does that signify?" he asked carelessly.

"Oh, a wedding for the lucky finder."



and pity.

"The thimble," she was saying carelessly. "Oh, Beth Page drew the thimble! Isn't it odd that she should draw the symbol of spinsterhood just when she is going to marry Frank Miller? At least that is what every one says."

The next day Dick went away. A good opening had been waiting for him in a nearby city, and he had delayed accepting it because he had been playing with Love. And now that Love had flouted him he was going away where amid new scenes he might forget. Ella had proved herself a cheat, and Beth was going to marry another man.

When Dick went away from Shropton he did not know that ten years would elapse before he again set eyes on its green loveliness, with the river winding like a silver ribbon through the daisied meadows.

It was summer time when Dick came back to occupy the big house that his Uncle Jeffrey had left to him with a great deal of money. Dick had been very successful and had made much money for himself as well, so he planned many changes in the fine old mansion which during Uncle Jeffrey's hermit-like existence had been greatly neglected. Mrs. Phipps, the housekeeper he had brought from town with him, was having all the carpets and rugs renovated and the lace curtains, which had been laid away in cedar chests and closets, aired and mended.

Once he came upon a group of children playing in his orchard. They scattered at sight of him, and he was sorry, for Dick was fond of children. The littlest one of all, a fair haired laddie of four, he caught and swung high in the air.

"What is your name, young man?" he asked.

"Frankie Miller," hisped the child.

"And my name's Beth Miller," put in a fat little girl.

Dick gave them some money and watched them scamper away through the hedge.

So these were Beth's children! He guessed that from their names, although the name of Miller was common enough in Shropton.

At dinner that night Mrs. Phipps told him that the housecleaning would soon be completed and the entire house ready for occupancy.

"All but the lace curtains, Mr. Allen. Some of them need mending, and I have had a great deal of trouble in finding some one who can do the work properly. But there is a young woman coming tomorrow to help me. She does very fine sewing for the ladies of the village."

"Very well," said Dick, "and when everything is ready, Mrs. Phipps, you should take a few days off to visit your sister. You have been working very hard."

"Thank you, Mr. Allen," said the housekeeper as she withdrew. "You are always so thoughtful and kind."

"I wish I had more people to be kind to," smiled Dick wryly as he finished his dinner. "I'm a lonesome beggar, and no mistake."

The next day he drove his little runabout over to the next town to attend to some business matters, and it was late afternoon when he returned home. The house was very still when he entered it. He decided that Mrs. Phipps was taking her daily nap, and he had forgotten all about the sewing woman who was to come until he entered the big blue room and saw her sitting there in the sunshine surrounded by billows of filmy laces, while Mrs. Phipps sewed in another window.

"Oh, Mr. Allen!" Mrs. Phipps bustled forward. "Were you looking for me?"

"No, I came in to get some matches," he confessed. "You are getting along famously, I see." He wished that ruddy brown head would turn toward him. He wondered what the face beneath it could be like.

at him with Beth Page's warm, brown eyes and her frank smile.

"I was wondering if it was the Mrs. Allen I used to know," she said demurely.

Dick was wringing her little hand in his with unconscious energy.

"Miss Page?" he repeated amazedly.

"Why, yes," she replied, blushing.

"You'll think me rude, but I thought you married Frank Miller," he said bluntly.

"Impossible. He married Ella Mansfield."

Dick checked a sharp exclamation and, turning, on his heel, left the room and went into the garden.

His mind was in chaos.

All the beliefs he had harbored for years had proved to be false. But he could trace the falseness back to Ella Mansfield, who on her birthday night had shown herself to be a cheat. Ella had told him that Frank and Beth were engaged, and he had gone away, and had not troubled to come back except for brief visits to Uncle Jeffrey, who never knew any of the village gossip. And the children who had played in his orchard were Ella's children and not Beth's. Beth was still unmarried and sewing for her living. She had been in his house mending his curtains—in the house where she should reign as mistress.

Suddenly his pulses leaped. Why not now? It was not too late. It is never too late when the girl one loves is unmarried. He couldn't ask her here in his own house. He must go to her home.

So he went away to the city for a week just because it was tantalizing with Beth so near him, and he bought a wonderful diamond ring.

When he came home again the curtains were all hanging at the windows, and the house looked like home. So he astonished Mrs. Phipps by kissing her atop her gray head and got into his little motorcar and sped away toward Honeysuckle road, where Beth lived with her uncle and aunt.

"Beth, the moon is shining over the river and the whippoorwills are singing. Will you come with me?" was what he said when he met her at the door.

"Dear me, how abrupt you are, sir!" she laughed. "Yes, if you please, kind sir," she added.

And she said exactly the same words when an hour later he asked her a certain question and slipped the ring on her slim third finger.

In all infantile complaints that are the result of the deprivations of worms in the stomach and intestines Miller's Worm Powders will be found an effective remedy. They attack the cause of these troubles, and by expelling the worms from the organs insure an orderly working of the system, without which the child cannot maintain its strength or thrive. These powders mean health and improvement.

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No country in the world offers better or safer opportunities for investment in well secured, first class negotiable bonds—always commanding a ready market—than the United States. Bond sales aggregating vast amounts occur daily on the Stock Exchange in railway, industrial and public utility obligations of the highest class. Leading bankers and financial institutions are daily dealing in bonds equally high class and gilt edged that are not listed on the exchange. These include farm mortgages, public utilities, industrial and railroad obligations.

The great life insurance companies and savings banks and trustees of estates are all heavy purchasers of securities of this character, for they are not permitted to engage in speculation and are in most instances limited very strictly to investments of the safest type.

### "WHY WOMEN CANNOT SLEEP."



The highly organized, finely strung nervous system of women subjects them to terrors of nervous apprehension which no man can ever appreciate.

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Chatham, Ont.—"A few years ago I suffered a general break-down and got very weak and thin. I was in an awful state. I was very much discouraged and at times thought I would lose my mind. I knew of Dr. Pierce's medicine so I got his 'Favorite Prescription.' It gave me immediate relief, and completely cured me in a very short time. My sister used it with good results also. She was in a very delicate condition. I got her to take it and two bottles cured her completely."

"I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce's medicine; they are all that is recommended of them."—MRS. MARGARET BRYANT, 87 Park Ave., Chatham, Ont.

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These Bivalves Are the Cleanest of All Our Sea Foods. The following facts about oysters are given by a member of a family that has been connected with the oyster trade for 300 years:

The average oyster before suitable for consumption is between three and four years of age. They are undoubtedly the cleanest as well as the most nutritious of fish, for it is a fact that anything in the way of dirt gets into the shell of any oyster it immediately dies.

The embryo oyster when it is about twelve months old is planted in the most suitable waters. The young oysters are taken out in flat bottomed boats, shoveled overboard in likely spots and allowed to remain there till they are sizable and ready for catching. This is done by means of dredges, which go over the oyster beds with a large rake arrangement dragging from ropes on the bottom of the sea, the oysters being thus forced from the bed into the large nets fastened to the inside of the rake.

The breeding powers of oysters are simply amazing, and it has been computed that 1,000 full grown parents produce 440,000,000 embryos in the course of a year. But of these it is estimated that only 421 individuals reach maturity, for the mortality is enormous, millions being washed away and devoured by hungry fishes.

Dutchess County. Dutchess county in New York was named for the Duchess of York when the colonial assembly in 1683 divided the province into twelve counties and shires. There was also a Duke county, named in honor of the Duke of York, but that name has since disappeared. There has been a good deal of discussion as to the presence of the "t" in the word, and it has been suggested that it has been retained because of some association with the Dutch settlers. But it should be remembered that the English word "duchess" was spelled with a "t" and "d" until the publication of Dr. Johnson's dictionary, in 1755, standardized its present spelling.

Smart Sayings. Lord Palmerston's reply to the illiterate member who asked him, "Are there two hens in 'Onton'?" is a specimen of his rather boisterous chaff. "No, only one. That's why hegs are so scarce there."

Mr. Disraeli's comment upon a portrait of himself, "Is it not hideous—and so like?" exhibited a discernment not common with unfaded sitters. "Twenty Years in Parliament."

Between Girls. "She sits out on the front porch a good deal, but she always has her nose in a book."

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