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\$20 SUIT TO MEASURE FOR \$8.

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This fine 5-piece outfit including Catcher's Glove, Fielder's Mitt, Mask, Ball and Cap. Glove and Mitt are made of best grade of leather. We give the above outfit complete for selling only 16 articles of high-grade Jewelry at 25c. per article. When sold send us the \$4.00 and we will forward above outfit. We will take back any jewelry you cannot sell. Write now.

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"We like to keep our credit good, you see," he said.

Young Mrs. Dolliver went. "I should think Carter-Welch could wait!" she thought. She went to New York. She spent the fifty, carefully, economically.

"But—my!" she thought; "it does feel good to spend money once again! It does!"

Two women sat next to her on the Christopher Street car as she came back home. On the way the attention of one was attracted by three Italian women, young and lusty, and very dirty, who carried on the heads huge packs of wood.

"How can they do it?" sighed the woman next to Mrs. Jimmy Dolliver.

The other woman was a philosopher. "My dear," she said genially, "they have to live their lives, you know."

They have to live their lives! It was a new idea to Mrs. Jimmy Dolliver—an idea that struck home. She must live her life. She had not considered that before. She had taken Jimmy for better, for worse. And she must make the very best of the very worst. And her life—so far it had been rebellion! It could not be thus always. She would be poor; Jimmy would be poor. She must live her life. A sudden resolve thrust itself upon her—she would live her life.

And yet there were things she couldn't understand. On the Monroe trolley, as she hung on a strap, she heard two men behind her talking.

"I can't go away now, not much," he said; "I'm afraid. If I'm going to make gold chains I've got to stay right here in town. I've got to sell."

"Afraid—of what?" the other asked casually.

"Of Eisenstein-Thalheimer," returned the other with a laugh. "They're pushing us close for second place. Look out, yourself."

It seemed incomprehensible, all this. What was a business reputation worth if it did not bring Jimmy business? What was a business worth if it did not bring Jimmy money, and luxury, and ease?

But she thrust it all behind her. "I have my life to live," she told herself: "I'll live it."

And there was something strangely altered in the wife of Jimmy Dolliver when Jimmy kissed her his welcome home that night, and lifted little Jimmy to be kissed. It was intangible, but it was there. And later she slipped her hand into his.

"We'll fight it out together, Jimmy," she said; "and hereafter I'll be a better fighter than I've been."

"What?" he exclaimed. "Better fighter. No one could have been a better fighter than you've been." He drew her tight. "Natalie, girl!" he whispered.

It was two years later that he came in, smiling one evening. "Natalie," he said, "G. J. Lawson is going to sell his brownstone house downtown. It's good. I've been through it. How would you like to buy it, little girl?"

She stared at him in amazement.

"How can we buy it?" she asked. "With money," he answered; "our money—made out of our business—your business and mine, Natalie," he said.

"The business?" she gasped; "is there money in the business?"

"Why, of course," he answered; "it's a good business. It's always been good. From the start we've done well. But it took money to run—and, now it's running, it brings in money."

"You—never thought it; never expected it!" she protested.

"Never thought it?" he returned. "Why, I've always known it. I've always seen it. I've always felt it coming."

They bought the Lawson house. But Lawson was not yet through with it. "We're going to have a ball first, Natalie," said Genevieve, "and then we go to live abroad."

They had the ball. Natalie and Jimmy Dolliver went in their own coupe.

"That is, it's yours, if you like it," Jimmy said, as they stepped into it that night. For she had not known before. "It's like old times," Jimmy

laughed, to cover up her confusion.

"Hello, old man!" G. J. Lawson said to him later. "It seems queer, it does, for us to have this ball in your house—but we had to have a kick-up before we left, you know."

And Natalie noticed one thing that surprised her. The people that knew her—people that knew her—seemed to know her husband much better than they did herself. Men stood at attention about him. Men sought him out. Men introduced their wives to him.

"Mr. Dolliver, my dear," they would say. "Who is Mr. Dolliver?" she heard a new arrival ask.

"Dolliver?" replied the new arrival's husband. "Haven't you ever heard of Eisenstein-Thalheimer, manufacturers of jewelry here in town?"

"Oh, of course!" was the reply. "Well, Dolliver is Eisenstein-Thalheimer, that's all!" It was enough.

Dolliver, of Eisenstein-Thalheimer, moved into the Lawson house. And Lawson moved to Europe—he was retiring, so Monroe understood, having made or inherited his pile. Dolliver shook his head.

It was a year later that he told his wife about it. "G. J. Lawson and Genevieve have come back to Monroe," he said. "They're broke. They were broke a year ago when I bought the house. I knew, but few besides did. They got reckless, that's all. They didn't know the value of money." He paused. "By the way," he added, "Lawson has asked me for a job in the factory, and I've given him one—head bookkeeper; private secretary. I had to, and besides, Lawson and I can get along together, though I expect he'll lord it over me to beat the band."

Natalie drew a long breath. "Well did you ever?" she exclaimed.

"I saw it coming all along," said Jimmy Dolliver.

"What?" asked she. "Everything," returned Dolliver. "Here it comes now," he added, turning into the hall.

For Jimmy, Jr., was coming blithely down the stairs.

The Best of Friends.

There are no friends like old friends
To help us with the load
That all must bear who journey
O'er life's uneven road;
And when unconquered sorrows
The weary hours invest,
The kindly words of old friends
Are always found the best.

There are no friends like old friends
To calm our frequent fears,
When shadows fall and deepen
Through life's declining years;
And when our faltering footsteps
Approach the great divide,
We'll long to meet the old friends
Who wait on the other side.

"In the morning fix thy good purpose; and at night examine thyself what thou hast done, how thou hast behaved thyself in word, deed and thought."—Thomas A. Kempis.

In days of sunshine, cloud or rain,
We need to have a friend,
And toward each other do our best
To lend a helping hand.

Wise Waiting.

All good abides with him who waiteth wisely; we shall sooner overtake the dawn by remaining here than by hurrying over the hills of the west. . . . We know not yet what we have done, still less what we are doing. Wait till evening, and other parts of our day's work will shine than we had thought at noon, and we shall discover the real purport of our toil; as, when the farmer has reached the end of the furrow and looks back, he can tell best where the pressed earth shines most.—Thoreau.