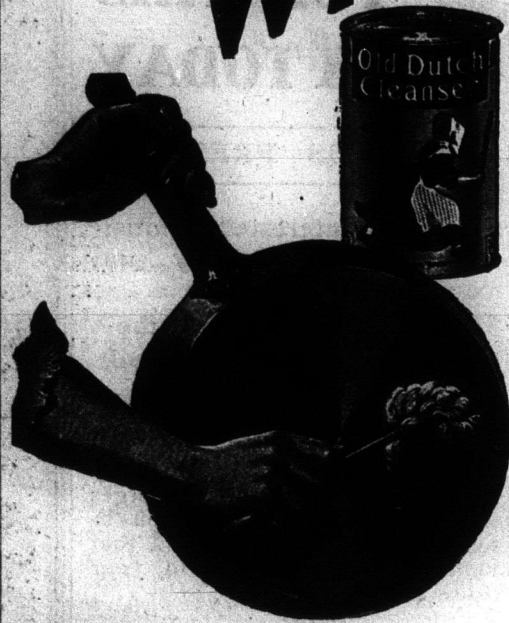


Just WHY



Old Dutch Cleanser

Scours
Your
Pots & Pans
Without
Hard
Scraping

Because the fine particles of the Cleanser immediately loosen and remove the hardest "burnt in" food-crusts, which soap-powders and scouring-bricks may only wear off after long, hard scrubbing. Rinse pot or pan in water; sprinkle on a little Cleanser and rub briskly with scouring brush. Wash and wipe dry. The cleanser removes all grease and "burn" (no tire-some scraping with a knife necessary), and leaves utensils "sweet" and clean.



Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c

into his arms, she freed herself. "I know! I know!" she said, her breath coming sharply, her hands still pressing the slender, beating throat. "That is what it all meant—these consultations and treatments; but I thought—I thought she was gaining—I trusted you, Ross. I left all to you. O, my baby!—my poor, little, bruised Lily!" She was on her knees now beside the carriage. "That is why you are unlike the Indian Lily. Forgive me, dear, I did not understand."

Keith could bear no more. He strode off down the trail, scarcely noticing which direction he took. He could see nothing but the piteous eye, hear nothing but the despairing voice of the young mother, who was passing through her darkest hour.

It was fully two hours later when he returned. The little cottage lay bathed in the glorious sunshine of late afternoon. Betty met him, a frightened, tired Betty whose eyes lightened up at sight of him.

"Oh, Mr. Keith! I'm so glad. She, the baby is not well. I feel nervous somehow, and the master and mistress both away."

"Away?" echoed Keith blankly. "The little Indian baby is so sick," explained Betty, breathlessly. "They went away quite an hour ago. The father came for them—convulsions, I heard the doctor say."

Keith waited for no more. One glance at the sleeping Lily convinced him that Betty's fears were not groundless. He met Talbot just at the cottage gate. His face was grim and worn looking. "It is all over," he said in answer to Keith's eager questions. "We worked over her—desperately, Nora and I, but the convulsions were so hard—so cruelly hard. They beat her life out, inch by inch. The mother is heart-broken—her grief is terrible. Such a bright little baby. Who can blame her?"

"What did you say, Keith; Lily not

well?" He strode indoors.

Keith's heart sank at sight of his face a few minutes later.

Poor little Lily lay like a brown flower in the dainty night gown Mrs. Talbot had taken over.

There was a tired look on Mrs. Talbot's face that went to Keith's heart, but he gave her the dreaded message gently.

She went very white, but made no cry. "I will be ready in a minute," she said bravely.

He noticed how kindly she spoke to the poor mother stretched out on the floor besides her dead child before starting for the cottage.

Only once he heard her lips move on that homeward walk.

"Who calls?" she was saying to herself, and then, sadly, "The Valley of Rest."

One glance at the group in the tiny bedroom told her all—Betty crying softly in the corner, Ross stern and white, beside the crib; Lily breathing so heavily.

She laid her hot face against the tiny cheek. She gathered the baby hands into her own.

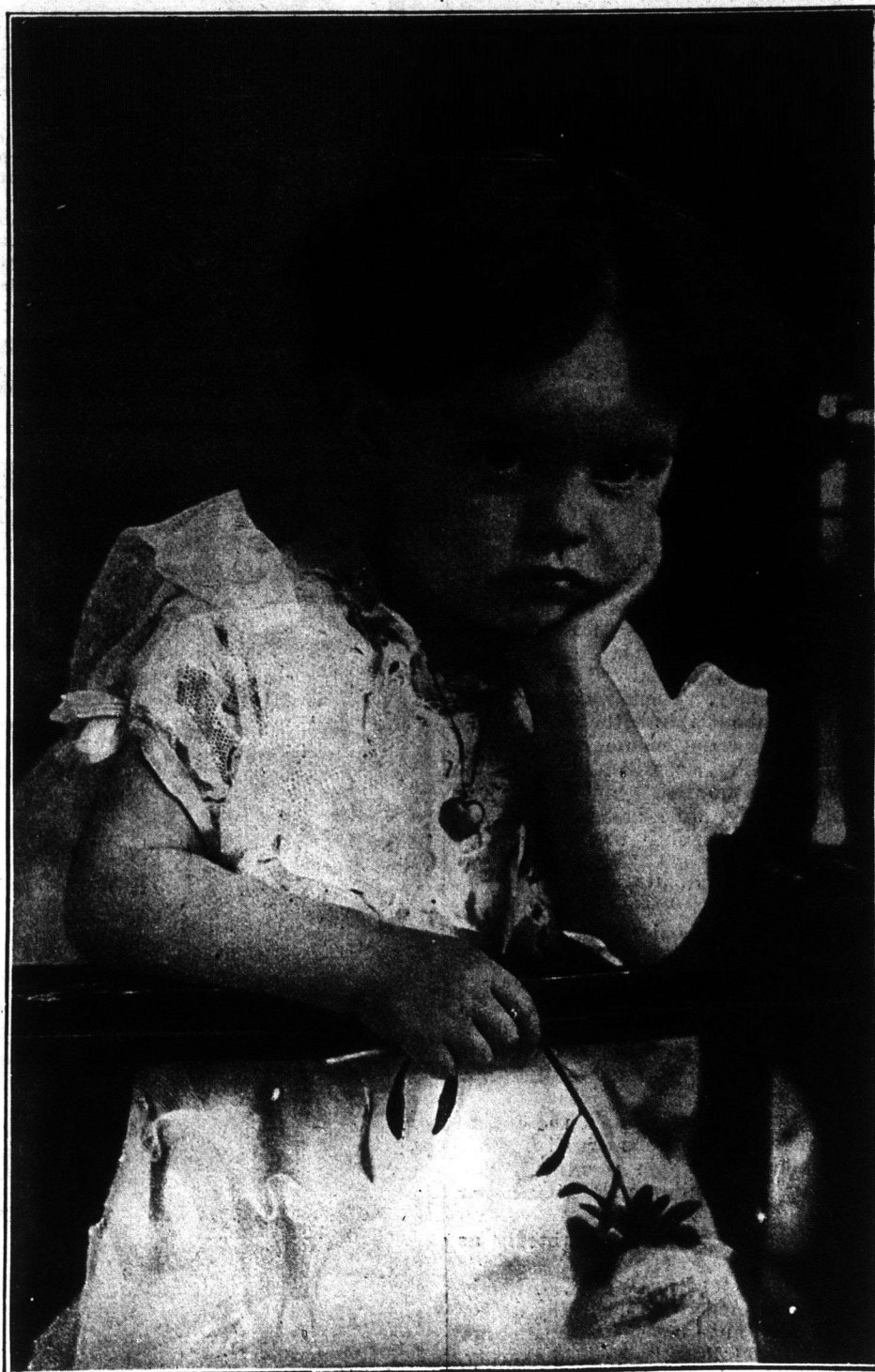
"Lily, darling," she whispered. "Open your eyes. Mother is here." Oh, the pathos in that word.

"Don't waken her, Nora," said Talbot gently; "Don't disturb her. See how happy her face is growing—how peaceful."

And just as the sun's bright rays fell athwart the door, the end came. A slight twitch of the tired limbs, a weary sigh, and the doctor laid down his restoratives.

"Come, Nora! Come with me," he pleaded.

She resisted passionately at first, but she laid her tired head down on his shoulder and grew strangely quiet as Keith's voice reached her—"My beloved is gone down into His garden to gather lilies."



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