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MEMORIES

By FREDERIC BOUTET.
(Translated by Wm. L. McPherson.)

The servant, an old woman with an impressive face, returned to the ante-chamber where the soldier was waiting and made a sign to him. He followed her through the semi-darkness of a salon, apparently in disuse. The hobbles of his heavy shoes grated on the floor. She pushed open a door for him. He entered.

A gentleman who was seated at a desk near the window got up lumberingly. He was tall but somewhat stooped-shouldered. He wore a short beard streaked with white and there were deep furrows in his face. His eyes were hidden behind spectacles. He put down the book which he had in his hands.

"Please be seated," he said, in a politely colorless tone. "What can I do for you? I am M. Noirtier."

The soldier took a seat. He had to make an effort to keep from trembling. A frightful embarrassment left him almost tongue-tied. His bronzed face was clouded. He could no longer understand how he had had the audacity to come. He couldn't remember what he had meant to say. He would gladly have turned and fled. Not daring to look at his vis-a-vis, he gazed mechanically about the dully lighted room. Against the walls were some books in oak cases; a little fire, hardly sufficient to warm the chimney, flickered in the grate. Through the window the November fog could be seen settling down on the trees of the Luxembourg Gardens. It was nearly dusk.

"What can I do for you?" M. Noirtier repeated.

The soldier made an effort.

"I am Louis Perrot," he stammered.

"Oh! yes. Oh! yes. I know—" M. Noirtier spoke quietly, but his hands were shaking a little.

"You are the one to whom my wife used to write—"

"Yes. That's it. She was my god-mother," the soldier answered, in a voice choked with emotion, the depth of which contrasted strangely with his simple and quite conventional phrases.

"Then it is true—then it is true!" he resumed, after a silence. "You see, I couldn't believe it."

M. Noirtier made no reply. He looked steadily, without seeing it, at the book which he had laid on the desk. Finally he raised his head.

"I thank you for coming, M. Perrot," he said, in his distant manner. "My wife was much interested in you. I know that. For that matter, she was always very active, very devoted. She was engaged in many relief works. She wore herself out on them, even after she had become ill. But who could have believed—it was so sudden!"

He stopped and made a despairing gesture.

"Don't let's talk about that. Let's talk about you, M. Perrot. You must have found yourself greatly neglected in the last three months. Grief oughtn't to make us egoists—especially so far as you are concerned. I should have thought of that before. I can't act myself as your correspondent. I am too much tied down with my work. And really, I couldn't write letters to you—not in any case. But I have some relatives—"

The soldier straightened himself up in protest.

"I don't want that! I don't want that!" he cried. "I don't want anyone else! I didn't come for that purpose. I came in order to find out—"

know. I had to come. I have been in Paris two days. I came for only one thing, and I had to wait three months for my furlough in order to come. For two days I have kept passing before your house, without daring to enter. But to-day I had to. I couldn't help it. Think—think of it—her letters—"

His voice left him.

"Her letters! They were all I had. I am a miner from the North and my family stayed on there. But her letters—they took the place of everything. They always said exactly what ought to be said. You could have believed that she had known me all my life. She talked to me of my parents. She told me that I would see them again. She spoke to me about myself and told me the things which people think in their hearts but don't know how to explain to themselves or others. She just said the things which I needed to hear, those which add to one's courage, which make one see better why it is necessary to fight. And other things, too. She told me what was going on here, in Paris—stories which made me laugh. She gave me advice as to how to keep well. In short, they were letters expressly for me. I looked for them every week. And when I was in the line I read them over again. That helped me. Now it's all ended—"

He gave a sob. M. Noirtier, his head in his hands, listened.

"I beg your pardon for telling you all this," Perrot went on. "I must help it. I must say it. I have suffered too much. Think of it! I was on relief with my section, when I got the letter. I didn't even look at the envelope. I was sure that it was from my godmother, since no one else ever wrote to me. I went to a quiet spot to read it, so that nobody could interrupt me. I wanted to be happy all to myself. And then—then I opened it and read. At first I didn't understand."

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It was another lady, an acquaintance of yours, who wrote me."

He stopped again, and then resumed.

"She offered to continue writing to me, since now I had nobody. But I didn't want that. That would have prevented my thinking—always—"

He lowered his voice and went on. "I had hard work getting it into my head that it was true. Sometimes I didn't believe it. And perhaps it is only since I have seen you—since I am here, where she was—that I altogether believe it."

Now it seemed almost as if he were talking to himself.

"We soldiers out there—we know that we are likely to be killed. We expect it. It may happen at any moment. So it never occurs to us that people in the rear can die. And here I am, alive! And she!"

He stopped. A deep silence fell in the gloomy room, where it was fast growing dark.

There was a sudden break in the silence, and the soldier noticed that M. Noirtier was sobbing.

"I have made you suffer," Perrot stammered. "I beg your pardon. I shouldn't have come. But I couldn't help it."

M. Noirtier didn't raise his head. "No, no; don't apologize," he said. He tried in vain to control himself. A still more violent sob escaped him. He couldn't prevent himself from groaning.

"But I am an old man. I am alone—without hope—without her."

"Yes, certainly," the soldier murmured.

M. Noirtier finally collected himself. He sat there in the dark, absorbed and silent.

"I must go," said Perrot. "Yes; I must go. But I would have liked—"

"What?" asked M. Noirtier.

"Well, I should have liked— If it isn't possible you must tell me so. I should have liked— If you have a picture? I should have liked to see her."

M. Noirtier didn't answer. He lighted a lamp on the desk and pointed to a pastel on the wall above him.

The soldier saw a delicate figure, with blonde hair and with clear eyes, in which there was an expression of sweetness and thoughtfulness.

"That was made some years ago," said M. Noirtier. "But she hadn't changed at all."

Silence fell again. They stood there, under the eyes of the pale figure in the pastel, each pursuing his own memories.

Then the soldier went away.

(The End.)

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Our new serial, "By the Law of Tooth and Talon," will begin next week. The story tells of the struggle between Bolshevism and Justice and is full of dramatic situations. You will not have a dull moment while following the exciting course of events which terminates in the final triumph of Right over Might.

first. My plants bloom from the middle of June to the middle of September.

Here is a possibility for every boy or girl who likes flowers.

Training for Kindness.

Training a child to be sympathetic, humane, and kind, is much more than a matter of preaching these virtues to him. In fact, it is primarily a matter of giving him object lessons in kindness and surrounding him with an atmosphere of kindness.

Many parents forget this. They think they are doing all that they need to do when they rebuke a child for unkind words and acts, and tell him again and again just why he should be kind.

Perhaps five minutes later, and in his presence, these same parents proceed to act unkindly toward each other. Cross words are exchanged. Possibly there is an outright quarrel.

Be sure that the child will not ignore this. He is all eyes and ears to drink in the impressions created by his environment.

And the anti-kindness example set by his bickering parents is certain to be of more formative influence on his character than the pro-kindness preaching which they themselves have signally failed to practice.

The parents then, must manage their own lives wisely if they would have their child grow to be a man or woman of kind thoughts and sympathetic disposition.

Believing as he did in the importance of early environment influences of parental example, a father endeavored to secure for his son wholly ennobling surroundings.

He even laid down rules to be observed by the maid of all work, a simple but good-hearted girl, in her dealings with the child. The whole family life was regulated with a view to 'suggesting' to the little fellow ideas which, sinking into the subconscious region of his mind, would tend to affect favorably his moral out-

ordinary market basket would do, but Charlotte thinks they look so much prettier in a flower basket. To keep them fresh, she places a piece of newspaper in the bottom of the basket, then a layer of wet paper and stands the sweet peas up in the basket. A paper may be used to cover the basket but Charlotte wants the flowers to look pretty so she goes to market with their heads bobbing over the top of the basket—bunches of white, purple, salmon pink and deep pink sweet peas of the Spencer butterfly variety. Last year she carried two hundred and sixty-three bunches, or twenty-six thousand three hundred blossoms to market. The best day in the year netted twenty-five dollars.

Charlotte can pick two thousand blossoms in an hour. When asked if that was not pretty quick work she said, "Yes, it's quick work, but I have a quick way of doing it. The florist showed me how to just bend the stem the opposite way from which it leans and it will snap right off. This way you don't have the piece of the stem left to take up the moisture from the plant."

Of course sweet peas do not "just grow"—they require plenty of hoeing and weeding just like other plants. This is how Charlotte says she does it:

"I have the ground plowed and plant them just as soon as the frost is out of the ground. I dig deep trenches with a hoe, drop the seeds and cover them up not more than half an inch—if you cover them more it takes longer for them to come up. Leave them alone but pull the weeds out by hand until they get to climbing on the string. After they start climbing, you hill them up, just keep the weeds out and cultivate in between the rows."

Cultivate in between the rows and then after you have cultivated at least twice, take grass and put in between the rows and bank it up well around the sweet peas. I take the grass that has been cut from the lawn. The grass holds the moisture and I never have to water my plants. After this there is no more care until picking time.

"I have tried the wire fence and twine on which to let the vines climb and I prefer the twine as they do not grow up quite so straight and they shade the roots better. The ones on the wire fence always quit blooming

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look and exercise a lasting influence on his conduct.

In their relations with all who visited their home—as with each other, with the boy himself, and with the little serving maid