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Chesterton on Zola.
I am grown up and I do not worry myself about Zola's immorality. The thing I cannot stand is his morality.—Chesterton.

Health Height.
The highest point to which man can ascend without his health being very seriously affected is 16,500 feet.—New York Journal.

Plain Proof.
Bessie—"What makes you think that he married for money?" Jessie—"I have seen the bride."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Don't Be Like That.
Some people are like low-grade ore. They have gold in them, but so imbedded that it isn't worth the trouble of getting it out.

Hospitable.
"Well, did New York appeal to you?" "Yes. It was 'welcome' when I came, and 'well done' when I went."—Cornell Widow.

At the Movies.
He (his arm around her)—"What a dainty wrist you have, honey!" She—"That isn't my wrist, dearie! That's the ankle of the man beside me!"—Puck.

Shakespeare on the Road.
Hamlet had just been hit by a cold-storage egg. Whereupon he turned gravely to his audience. "How truly spoke the good Marcellus!" quoth he. "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark!"

Her Peculiar Request.
Phoebe, three years old, wanted her mamma in church to fan her, but could not think how to express it, so she said, "Mamma, wind me."

Good Word for Cheese.
The popular idea that cheese is not easily digestible is a delusion. We may, therefore, pass the cheese without passing it up.

That Boy Again.
The Boy (company present)—"Mother, will the dessert hurt me tonight, or is there enough to go round?"—London Opinion.

Mothers Can Safely Buy
Dr. King's New Discovery and give it to the little ones when ailing and suffering with colds, coughs, throat or lung troubles, tastes nice, harmless, once used, always used. Mrs. Bruce Crawford, Niagara, Mo., writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery changed our boy from a pale, weak, sick boy to the picture of health." Always helps. Buy it at Oberdorfer's.

Hard.
It is hard for a man to look dignified while standing upon his tiptoes to whisper into the ear of his sixteen-year-old son.

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THEIR NEW DAUGHTER

By EDNA G. BATCHELOR.

"Bless my soul! Bless my soul!" scolded the peppery little old doctor as he stormed up and down the disordered breakfast room.

His white locks grew more and more belligerently erect as he excitedly ran his fingers through his usually orderly hair; his cheeks were flushed by his wrath and his piercing blue-gray eyes flew storm signals of anger.

"Never heard the beat of it in my life!—never! the young cub!" he growled. "Here I've worked and slaved, and slaved and worked to give him a chance and a good time, and this is my thanks. Not even a by-your-leave! Bless me, it's—it's maddening!" and the old doctor blew his nose with a loud and valiant sound, which yet somehow or other ended with a curious pathetic little squeak that suggested a very great anger merged into a very decided hurt.

"Of course, Maria, you quite agree with him, I know," he trumpeted harshly in a vain endeavor to subdue the tremor in his voice, "but I must say I had a better opinion of your judgment than to call that mannish Elliott creature with her cigarette puffs, 'a sweet little thing,' and," here the gruff voice took on an even harsher tone, "that Eric should dare to say he was bringing you a new daughter to help fill Nelsie's place—our little white, golden haired Nelsie!"

"But, my dear, I am sure you are mistaken. Indeed, I know you are judging her wrongly—"

"Wrong nothing," snapped the doctor testily. "I hope I have enough solid horse sense to put two and two together when I see them. I've never seen the creature myself and I hope to goodness I never do, but Duncan was telling me only yesterday that she can bet and tiddle and smoke to equal any of those young fools who hang around her. Ugly tempered, too, says she leads her cousin who lives with them a dog's life."

"Now, father, I just knew you were jumping at conclusions," spoke up the gentle little Dresden lady in such a spirited and reproachful voice that the doctor's mouth opened in sheer amazement.

"Oh, of course I know nothing, absolutely nothing; but this I do know, even if I am in my dotage, that that mannish creature with her loud voice and her sports isn't quite the ideal daughter of my dreams." The old man turned abruptly and left the room.

Late that afternoon he made his way slowly and wearily towards the sun-baked, tenement-choked district called in town parlance "the poor's acre," and for almost the first time in his sixty half years he felt the weariness of life and its utter and abject misery as it is vouchsafed to some. For years this peppery little doctor, whose bark was so much worse than his bite, had worked among these poor of a great city.

For a time he had sought help in his self-assumed task from his little Dresden lady wife, but she had grieved so in her gentle way over their, to her, sordid and awful sufferings, that he had comforted her as he might have done a child, and had left her in peace at home.

From that day he had never mentioned his poor in her presence, and as if to make up for her deficiencies, he had thrown himself into his work with redoubled energy. But somehow of late years he had felt more and more keenly the need of a woman's love and guidance among them, and many a time a half unconscious sighing wish had crept through his troubled mind. "If only Nelsie had lived to be a comrade and a help."

With stooped shoulders and lagging steps he mounted the dark stairs of the first tenement house, and a shrinking dread of his visit and of what he must see filled him. He could picture the scene quite vividly, he assured himself, and he sighed impatiently at his own impotence.

"The baby will be crying, Tommy and Sue will be a little bit dirtier than usual, and a good deal crosser, while Timmy, poor we lad, will be a tiny bit quieter and just as thoughtful as ever. If only their mother could have some one to take care of her, figuratively and literally, she'd stand a chance of getting better, and if she doesn't—may God help them all! If only Nelsie had lived," sighed Nelsie's father as he reluctantly opened the door, and then suddenly his sharp gray eyes flamed, for the sun's rays showed him a Nelsie-like golden head bent over a sleeping baby by the uncurtained window, while around and about peace and order reigned.

"Well, bless my soul!" quoth the doctor in a husky whisper, and he laid his hand very tenderly upon little crippled Timmy's head, whose usually pale face was crimson with the suppressed excitement of his present wonderful happiness. "It's Miss Delight, doc," he whispered shrilly, "and she's goin' to take keer on us till mammy's better, cos she said so, n' she brung us a chicken pie for dinner."

The doctor tiptoed across the creaking even floor, and all the tiredness and the fiery petulance died out under the warmth of his kind, grave-smile. "Miss Delight—" he queried.

"Elliott," smiled the girl with the Nelsie-like golden hair. "You will not be cross because I wanted to help in Nelsie's place, as Eric has told me," she begged.

"Eric!" said the doctor slowly. "Elliott, are you Eric's—but, but she smokes," stammered the doctor in confusion, "and she—"

"Adriane Elliott is my cousin," answered the girl, quietly. Then the old doctor laughed alone in shamefaced but utter happiness.

JIMSIE'S STEPMOTHER

By JOHN TROU.

An hour or two after he had sent Anne Mayfield enough roses to fill her little studio, Don Rogers decided to drop in for a cup of tea, not that he cared for the tea, but under cover of the talk of the dozen or more he was sure to find there, he could watch Anne and revel in her beauty and charm.

Anne was going to marry the Honorable Richard Bachman, a widower with a boy eight or nine years old. Laird Robbins had told him confidentially that he was in the jeweler's when the elderly lover ordered "To Anne" inscribed in a circle of diamonds.

Anne met him at the door, and over her head Don saw Bachman by the window, pinching off a rosebud, out of his own late purchase, to put in the lapel of his frock coat.

"If you're engaged, Anne," he said pointedly, "I'd better not go in today."

"Come right in this minute," urged Anne cordially. "You can go to market with me in a little while, and then stay to dinner if you will."

Bachman had his hat in his hand ready to leave.

"You think it is pretty, then, Miss Anne?" Don heard him ask at the door.

"It's lovely," said Anne with enthusiasm. "You've shown splendid taste."

Anne shut the door quietly and faced Don, laughter wrinkling up the corners of her eyes.

"Isn't this place a bower of beauty and fragrance? Your roses have made it summer here even if it is winter in the rest of the world. They're lovely, Don. What's the matter? Your face is so long and solemn."

"Blue devils, I guess," he answered shortly. "Mind if I smoke?"

"Never did, did I? Puff away, but I'll have you know that if there are any blue devils in this box of an apartment, you brought them in your pockets. I ran them all out this morning and watched them freeze to death on the window sill."

"You're mighty gay this afternoon, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir, for I have a contract with a big new magazine to furnish a page of my cuties in every issue for the next six months."

"What a clever girl you are, Anne! That pencil of yours has made those little figures of people famous over the country."

The door opened unceremoniously and Jimsie Bachman, the son and heir to the vast estates of the Honorable Richard, appeared.

"Hello, Miss Anne! Got any cakes?"

"I certainly have. Come in and I'll get you some. You know Mr. Rogers, don't you?"

"So you have a sweet tooth, Jimsie," said Rogers affably.

"My name's not Jimsie, it's Jimsie. I saw it in the Bible. I'm all the time having to tell my right name to folks."

While Anne went foraging for cakes, Jimsie turned his back to the fire, hands clasped behind him, in the most approved man fashion.

"Miss Anne's helping dad get married," he asserted with the importance of one giving vital news.

"Really," responded the man icily. "Yes, she's helped him a lot 'bout selecting the ring and all," went on the loquacious youngster. "The lady's a friend of Miss Anne's. That's why she's so interested."

"Who—whom is your father going to marry?" demanded Rogers, suddenly.

"I promised not to tell anything about it to anybody," returned Jimsie, loftily.

"Gee! I'd a told for fifty cents," said Jimsie quickly forgetting his conscience. "It's Miss Anne Bradner, she lives in another town. Where's the money?"

"Here you are, Jimsie," said Anne, coming in just then. "I brought you a box full of cakes to take on the train tonight when you and your father go visiting."

"What have you done with your blue devils?" she demanded, turning back from closing the door on her diminutive guest and facing a man with a very different expression from the one he had worn half an hour before. "Did you give them to Jimsie? He's very accommodating."

"Very," he answered, and then as he watched her adjust a fur toque on her dark hair. "Are we going to market now—to buy a fat pig?"

"No, not that," corrected Anne. "I need a few extras and I've been too busy to go out today."

She fastened a great crimson rose in her furs. "I have to take one with me," she said.

"To you it is a rose, to me, it is my heart," he quoted.

"That's pretty sentiment, isn't it, Don? You know so many beautiful things to say to women. I wonder what you will say to the one woman when she comes into your life!"

"What every other man has said before me, just that I love her and want her. Won't that be enough?"

"Yes," answered Anne on guard against his apparent indifference, "if she loves you."

"Anne," he called, and at the husky note in his voice, she lifted her eyes to his, "Anne, I love you and I want you. Is it enough?"

"I think," Anne's answer came from somewhere in the region of his coat collar, "that I have waited ten thousand years to hear you say that."

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