

MARRIED LIFE

C. L. C.

(Continued from last week)

As January waned and February with its sleet and snow passed by, Jean lost her color and grew more listless and quiet, but she found to her great joy she had never seen quite so much of her husband.

There had been times when his practice had been so absorbing that she had seemed pushed out of his life.

But now she was his partner. He talked over with her all his problems that gave her a delightful sense of efficiency.

Dr. Joseph was greatly worried over his wife, as day by day she became more fragile and white.

One night they sat in the arm chair together Jean said. "You look so worn dear! what makes you worry?" She continued sitting erect to rest both arms on his shoulders, and brought her blue eyes near his own.

Suddenly she felt his arms tighten around her with such a force.

"It's this" he said.

"I love you, you're mine and I can't bear to think of the time, my

little innocent girl." "I ought to be the one to worry and rave over it," Jean said. "But I wish to remind you dear, I am not a little girl. I am a woman now and mothers go down into the valley of death for their little ones. For every joy we pay in suffering." "You make me ashamed Jean" the Doctor said after a pause.

"I get crazy notions. I can't sleep from brooding. But from tonight I am going to try." For awhile they were silent then Jean said softly. "Nothing matters so we love each other and you love me, don't you sweetheart?"

"Love you" he said with a hearty laugh. "More than my life."

On a rainy afternoon in April the lights were already burning in the drawing room. Miss Morgan sat busily stitching beside Jean, who was similarly occupied with a pile of soft white.

Together the girl's had planned the preparations for the baby.

The nursery was freshly papered, washable rugs on the floor, the little white bed with pink satin comfort: the basket was a fluff of pink silk and lace with ivory fittings. All the tiny dresses were hand embroidered the work mostly done by

Miss Morgan's hands. Jean had insisted on Miss Morgan leaving her hospital work to be with her.

Miss Morgan, who loved Jean as she would her sister, had been with her two weeks which had been happy ones for both.

When Jean came to Miss Morgan's room one morning at day break to say the time had come. A period of excitement ensued. Catharine Morgan was silent, but ready for emergency.

Dr. Joseph was so nervous and upset as though he was ignorant of all such things. He was utterly dependent on Dr. Jack.

Dr. Joseph knelt beside his wife's bed he held her plump little hands in his own.

When he saw an expression cross her face that caused his very soul to sicken.

The room smelled strong of chloroform.

Jean lay among the pillows, something deathly in her fair face. She looked up at him with eyes that were heavy with drugging and pain. "My baby" she said softly "I did not hear him cry." Her voice had a far away dreamy note. Dr. Joseph pressed his lips to her drawn and white ones then he said.

"It's a girl dear." The head on the pillow turned.

"She must be sweet" she said. "yes she is a beautiful child" he answered. Then he hurried from the room to hide the flood of tears that burst his restraint.

Miss Morgan laid the tiny pink bundle beside Jean who spread weak fingers across the little crumpled rose leaf face. She held the tiny hands that felt so warm against Jean's cold ones.

"Oh my darling," Jean breathed. "you little helpless innocent thing." "Be a mother to her Catharine," Jean said. "I'll leave her in your care." Miss Morgan promised that she would.

When Dr. Joseph again entered the room Catharine with white tear stained face knelt beside the bed in one hand she held both of the dying mother hands in the other a rosary.

Dr. Jack stood motionless at the foot of the bed. No more could be done and Dr. Joseph a prostrated man, sobbed out his grief at the last, alone.

There was no trace of suffering on Jean's fair face. Now it looked sweet and calm as though the angels soft touches still lingered.

Dr. Joseph had lost his nerve, he would not dare perform an operation so he decided to go abroad.

Miss Morgan was left in charge of baby Jean and Mr. and Mrs. Strong come to live with them.

Catharine was such a devoted mother to the little one that the baby never missed her own.

Mrs. Strong never quiet survived the shock of her daughter's death and the following winter she too passed away leaving the father alone. Miss Morgan did all in her power to console the lonely man.

One day she brought baby Jean into the drawing room where Mr. Strong sat by the fire.

Catharine dropped on the rug with the baby and smothered her with a wild hug as she said "Baby has her good days and her bad ones but today she has been an angel, kissing the baby's curly head.

"Take her grandpapa and see if you felt anything nicer for a year old."

"She's like Jean" said Mr. Strong. Yes, Miss Morgan answered every one says she is the image of her mother.

"Come, baby, show grandpapa how you can walk in new shoes." Catharine said taking the baby with a rapturous look.

Miss Morgan was very happy and contented with the baby and the time passed rapidly. Dr. Joseph was still abroad making a thorough study of the "Twilight Sleep."

At last Miss Morgan received a letter from Dr. Joseph saying he would be home to celebrate baby's second birthday. She expected to meet a sad grave man, but instead he greeted her with the sunny smile of old.

Dr. Joseph was delighted with his lovely little daughter and that night after the baby was put to bed Catharine joined the Doctor in the drawing room, where he asked her if she will always be a mother to little Jean.

He held out his hands with adoration in his eyes.

And she slowly went to him. "Can you love me just a little darling?" Dr. Joseph asked as he crushed her in his arm's.

In a moment she was clinging to him in an ecstasy of love.

For a few blissful moments they remained so. He felt the warm soft curve of her cheek against his own.

He could hear the fast beating of her heart. Suddenly he felt a tear drop on his hand.

"What is this for, sweetheart", showing her his hand.

"Be- because I love you so much" she answered.

It was a very quiet wedding in the early morning at the "Sacred Heart Church".

This time the honeymoon was spent at New Port in a pretty cottage with a charming view of the open sea.

And baby Jean was their constant companion, as Catharine and the child were inseparable.

It was a happy trio that spent the days in Newport. Fort Adams was beautiful and its steep glaces seemed covered with snow from the multitude of white daisies in bloom.

Little Jean loved to watch the row boats and yachts flit past.

On a beautiful day in June, Newport Harbor shone all blue and silver in the sun.

Dr. Jack and his bride had joined the happy family at the cottage and all were on board the pleasure boat Sidney.

There was a fair wind that sent the boat along smoothly. The Sidney sped silently seaward until they came suddenly in the shadow of a deep cave and close by out of the sea rose a large table of rock. The whole of this rock was covered with large black birds. Each moment some of them would rise, wheel in the air with loud cries and settle on the rock again.

The incessant flutter of their wings, the lash of waves against the rock made it seem to float in the sea. "Oh what a wonderful sight" cried Catharine while little Jean clapped her hands and shrieked with joy.

I was all like a dream to the two happy couples. As the pink in the west deepened, the sun seemed to sink lower and lower until it reached the water and a little crescent moon swung like a tiny silver boat as they reached the landing.

Catharine made a very dignified but sweet mistress for the grand old home. They led a quiet home life although society was ready to receive Dr. Joseph's lovely bride with open arms.

Three years passed, Catharine was preparing the children for bed. The fine six month baby boy on her lap, little Jean waiting in her nightie with braids hanging down her back, for mama Catharine to finish with baby so she could say her prayers.

Dr. Joseph stood watching with a happy smile on his face, when the maid came to announce callers.

He kissed his dainty little daughter, then taking the baby boy gave him a toss in the air as he gave him back to Catharine. He grabbed both in one wild hug, then he started down stairs, but stopped on the landing to throw kisses back.

One morning Catharine stood looking out of the window when Dr. Joseph came in "You're looking a little sad to-day, sweetheart" he said as he put his arms around his wife "Yes" she said "do you know this is the fifth anniversary of Jean's death? We will go to the cemetery this evening and take the children." "All right" he said, but none of the happiness left his face.

That evening those who still lingered at the graves of their loved ones could see a tall handsome man and his beautiful wife kneeling together by a mound. The tall marble shaft that gleamed in the even-

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ing bore the name of Jean.

Close by two happy children played.

A fair haired girl of five and a dark eyed laughing boy who was just learning to walk and to whom little Jean is very devoted. Catharine loves one child as much as the other and as they are leaving the cemetery Dr. Joseph drew his wife to him and said "My Peerless Catharine."

New Orleans expects to be the scene of a great meeting of aviators of the U. S. Navy the middle of July. The press of that city state that perhaps thirty aeroplanes and hydroplanes of the latest pattern will make exhibits. Don't take any chances on waiting to see them because several flights will positively be made in Bogalusa Monday July 5th.

Business Improving.

Reports from various points along the N. O. G. N. is to the effect that both the freight and passenger business has been showing a nice increase during the past few weeks.

Misses Verne and Willard Pigford and Etta May Camp, Will Pigford and Henry Haynes, of Lumberton, were in Bogalusa Thursday as the guest of S. Lacy Dickerson and were entertained at the Pine Tree Inn.

Women Want To Vote.

The first gun towards securing votes for women was fired at New Orleans Friday and they proposed to wage such a campaign that they will be entitled to a ballot in the new constitution.

Constipation, if Neglected, Causes Serious Illness

Constipation, if neglected, leads to almost innumerable complications affecting the general health.



Many cases of typhoid fever, appendicitis and other severe diseases are traceable to prolonged clogging of the bowels. Regarding the effects of constipation, C. E. Ayers, 6 Sabin St., Montpelier, Vt., says: "I was afflicted with constipation and indigestion for years, and at times became so bad I would become unconscious. I have been found in that condition many times. Physicians did not seem to be able to do me any good. I would become weak and for days at a time could do no work. Not long ago I got a box of Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets, and after using them found I had never tried anything that acted in such a mild and effective manner. I believe I have at last found the remedy that suits my case."

Thousands of people are sufferers from habitual constipation and while possibly realizing something of the danger of this condition, yet neglect too long to employ proper curative measures until serious illness often results. The advice of all physicians is, "keep your bowels clean," and it's good advice.

Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets are sold by all druggists, at 25 cents a box containing 25 doses. If not found satisfactory, your money is returned. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

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Fire Fiends Caught

The frequent fires at Covington has resulted in the arrest of two negroes who are said to have been responsible for several fires in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Beinn visited friends in New Orleans Sunday.



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