

FURNITURE AND LOVE

"This is one of the most beautiful spots I have ever visited," said Grace, as she rocked idly in her chair. "The man who conceived the idea of building a hotel here should have a monument raised to his memory."

"Rather say that he should be permitted to live here forever," suggested Smithson lazily. "Why put him under the sod so quickly?"

"I meant when he dies, of course," amended Miss Hargreaves. She smiled brightly into the other's eyes, and, for the hundredth time that afternoon, Smithson caught himself wondering why he had never realized before what a charming girl Grace Hargreaves was.

He had known her for years but it was not until they found themselves among the first guests of the new hotel in the Restigouche region of New Brunswick that he had had his attention particularly drawn to her. The hotel had only been open two weeks, and guests were still few.

"How did you find the place?" he suddenly demanded.

"Mother wanted a new place," she explained. "Some men who hunted through here last year told her about the hotel that was being built and she insisted upon coming."

"I am here for old furniture," he volunteered. "There are all sorts of odd pieces to be picked up for a song. Their beauty lies in their genuineness; old bits brought out generations ago and used by the present owners who cast longing glances at the painted woods in the shops at Dalhousie."

Grace gave a little scream of delight. "Do you mean to say that there are really places where you can still pick up old furniture?" she asked gravely. "If I had only known! I shall have to telegraph for more money. Old furniture is a passion with me."

"Suppose we pool issues?" he suggested. "In that way we shall not bid against each other and raise the prices. I'll buy it all up and when we get back to town in the fall we will have a division."

Smithson hired a team for a month and daily the three fared forth in search of treasure trove. The others at the hotel wondered at the long drives upon which Mrs. Hargreaves and her daughter went under Smithson's guidance, but none of the furniture they picked up was brought to the hotel and the nine day wonder soon dropped.

Smithson picked up some wonderful bargains and had them all shipped to his town house. Before his vacation time was over he had skimmed the cream of the colonial collections in a ten-mile radius but even the anticipation of unpacking his treasures did not console him for the fact that Mrs. Hargreaves had elected to remain for another month.

The long delightful drives behind the fast team had deepened companionship into love as he cleaned and polished his purchases with the painstaking care of a true enthusiast, each piece was a reminder of some little happening of the vacation.

He did not fully realize this until some weeks later when at last Mrs. Hargreaves returned to town and Grace came to claim some of the spoil.

"I should like that old desk," she said, as she pointed to one of the acquisitions. Smithson's face clouded.

"I was hoping that you would not want that," he said. "That is a souvenir of our first drive."

"We got a lot of things that first day," she reminded, then blushed as she remembered that moment when Smithson's hand had unconsciously dropped upon her own upon the desk. It had been only an instant but it had stamped itself indelibly upon her brain.

She could not tell him that that was why she wanted it herself, and she wondered if that was also the reason why he wished to keep it. She passed on to other things but each one had some association, and his forlorn expression as she made her choices touched her.

"I really hate to take any of these things away," she said at last. "There are no duplicates and they make such a complete whole that it would be a shame to spoil it all by breaking the collection."

"That might be avoided," he said bitterly. "If I had given less time to the collection and more to the promptings of my heart. It is not selfishness that makes me want to keep these things. It is because each has some association with that happy time. I look at that table and remember our lunch of bread and milk we made off its surface. It's the same way with everything else. Each piece reminds me of you and I am loath to give up even one tiny souvenir of that time."

"Is it really necessary to break the set?" she asked.

"You mean that—that you care for me?" he asked.

Grace nodded.

"No one but a stupid man would have needed to ask that question," she said softly, as she patted the desk affectionately.

"We can make a very lovely home with these—and you, sweetheart," he whispered. "And to think that all this time I thought your interest was only the love of a collector!"

"The love for a collector," she corrected softly, as she yielded to the arm that slipped about her waist.

NO CAUSE FOR GREAT ALARM

Large Number of Defective School Children an Old Phenomenon, Now More Evident.

The enormous number of defective school children should not alarm us too greatly. Bad as it all is, there is plenty of evidence that it is an old, old phenomenon—as old indeed as man himself—but now more evident because there are more people. It is less in rural districts, though still present, and as the population is now largely urban, it is quite natural that the proportion of defectives should increase, though as a matter of fact there is no evidence that it has. Big cities are modern affairs and that is why their phenomena are being discovered, but the accounts of London some centuries ago showed a deplorable number of defectives, probably far greater in proportion than in New York now. Though it is appalling that there should be nearly a quarter million diseased-school children, yet the defects are of minor things, while formerly they were severe. The seat of most of the trouble is said to be malnutrition, but it is not nearly so bad as in European cities of the last century. That is, the new facts must not cause undue pessimism, but rather the reverse, for they show that though there is an immense preventive work ahead of us, the progress made in a century or even a half century has been enormous. Optimism is in place, even if we are sure that perfection is unattainable. Moreover, our preventive work is rapidly becoming more and more efficient now that we are learning the exact conditions and their causes.—American Medicine.

OLD-FASHIONED SWEET HERBS

Lavender, Thyme, Rosemary and Others That Give Forth Odors Both Fresh and Invigorating.

I spent most of my school-day holidays at my grandmother's place, in Yorkshire, England, where many of the customs of Queen Anne's time remain unchanged. So to me lavender and herbs seemed indispensable in a self-respecting household, and, as soon as I owned a garden, they were in stalled.

At grandmother's sheer muslin bags, filled with lavender, thyme and rosemary, were kept in every cupboard, bureau drawer and chest. Large jars, filled with rose leaves and mignonette, all the herbs and many spices, were stowed in the sitting rooms and halls, the lids were removed for about half an hour each day, after sweeping and dusting were done, so that a faint, indescribable perfume permeated the whole house, and was most delightful.

Even physicians agree that sweet odors are beneficial and valuable as disinfectants. Those who have never experienced the delight of sleeping between sheets redolent of sweet herbs have before them a joy that will not soon be forgotten. Punk sticks and pastilles have a positive odor, pleasing for a time, but it becomes tiresome; herbal odors are fresh and invigorating.—Kate V. St. Maur, in the Woman's Home Companion.

Man and the Crowd.

An address once made by President Schurman to the graduating class at Cornell was an eloquent appeal for the individual against the crowd. "Would you abolish poverty, would you advance civilization?" he asked. "Then educate individuals one by one to be more virtuous, more intelligent, more skillful, more industrious."

Upon the soundness of the plea there will be general agreement. It is but a new statement of the philosophy of Jesus that each man should take care of his own soul. But it is a creed that has been much more successfully taught on lonely farms and pastures than in universities.

Still, the creed is a good one to teach. It can never be taught too often. Better than all laws against vice and crime and folly is an impulse toward self-reform. And impulses such an impulse was never more needed than now, for never was the voice of the crowd more clamorous nor the influence of the crowd more potent. He that can make sure of his own thought amid its noises is a philosopher. He that can stand against its power is a hero.—New York World.

What Geese Said.

An Englishman hired Kerrigan to attend to his stock farm, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. In the evening he asked Kerrigan if he had fed the stock and what he had given to the geese.

Kerrigan—Two bales of hay, sir. Englishman—What? Two bales of hay to the geese to eat? Kerrigan—Yes, sir. Englishman—And did they eat it? Kerrigan—No, they did not; but they were all talking about it when I left.

And Women Only Glow.

There are rules to be observed even in expressing one's self concerning the effects of the weather upon one's anatomy. A young Frenchwoman, who was learning English while on tour with an American governess, once inadvertently exclaimed, "Oh, my, I am all of a sweat!" "Made-moiselle," exclaimed the governess, severely, "never let me hear you use that word again! Horses sweat, men perspire. Women only glow."

Helen Is Coming Home

"Dearest mother," wrote Helen, "it seems too good to be true that school really closes next Wednesday. If it weren't for my chemistry exam tomorrow, which scares me to pieces, and that awful test lesson we are going to have in French verbs Friday—I just know I'll fall—I'd be in the seventh heaven, for I am perfectly delighted at the thought of seeing you and dad and little Ned."

"That reminds me, I hope you aren't letting Ned use the tennis racket I left at home. The one I have here got wet. I left it on the courts one day and it rained very unexpectedly and of course it's ruined. So don't let Ned play with my other one, for he is so careless that something would be sure to happen to it if he took it. I don't want to have to go to the expense of buying a new racket this season, for I know it costs a lot to keep me at school and I do so want to come back next fall, for I like it better than I did the first year."

"Did I tell you that we have become acquainted with some of the tech boys? They are great. The dean chaperoned five of us to the tech junior promenade. She's such an old dear. She slept nearly all the evening in her chair and we had the loveliest time. I wore my pink marquisette with a maline snood. All the girls said it was awfully fetching—the maline in my hair, I mean. The dress is a little passe. I must have more evening frocks next year."

"Anita, the girl I've told you so much about, and I have picked out our rooms for next year. By paying only \$25 more each we can have the loveliest little suite of two bedrooms and a study. I do hope you'll let me take one of the big oriental rugs out of the library. Then if dad will let me buy some madras curtains it will be the best looking study in our hall. I am just crazy over it already and I wish dad would send a check right away, so I can make a deposit to hold the suite."

"If anybody should ask, mother darling, what I want for my birthday, just say that I want a handsome percolator. Anita and I are going to have kaffee-klatches two or three times a week next year. It will be lots more chic than the everlasting afternoon teas the other girls have. Anita has the darlings set of Turkish coffee cups you ever saw."

"You say in your last letter that you're glad you had my wardrobe put in such good order during the spring vacation, so there won't be any sewing to do when I get home this time. Why, mother, precious, how can you think my clothes stay in order? I am perfectly destitute. My tailor suit is just awful. You know the jacket is entirely too long for this season and the collar never did set right. My blue messaline evening gown is terribly tight. I don't see how I got so fat, doing gym every day, too. Isn't it a shame? And the chiffon on it is dreadfully mussed."

"My tan crepe is all right, but so soiled that I wouldn't even wear it to a freshman frolic, and my foulard is just as bad. That blue and white gingham you sent me is my heart's delight. All the girls think it's so good looking. I've worn it almost every day and yesterday I accumulated it in chemistry lab. It's a sight now, with all the color out of the front breadth. My old white sailor suit is so short that I look a perfect fright in it."

"My pink marquisette is in pretty good condition, but you know, mother dear, it's not this year's model, and I couldn't possibly wear it to Than Howard's dance. I have just received an invitation to his coming of age party, which will be the Tuesday after I get home, so please have a dressmaker in the house when I arrive Thursday, so we can get right to work on a party frock. Do you think an embroidered white voile would be pretty? There's a senior who has one which her aunt sent from Paris. It's a perfect love, and as she won't be here next year it will be all right to copy her dress."

"Give dad and Ned a bushel of hugs and kisses for me. I can hardly wait to see you. Fifteen of us girls have engaged berths in one sleeper. I guess we'll be going some when we start home. But don't worry, mother; you know I never cut up much on the train."

"Oh, yes, do you care if I travel in my pongee? I really must. It's the only decent thing I have and my Panama hat goes so well with it."

"Well, I think I've told you all the news except about our spread and track meet. I'll tell you all about those when I see you."

"The girls call me 'Muffin.' I simply must banish this summer—after I've had some good fill-ups on Molly's cake and cherry pie, and those delicious waffles. I can hardly wait to get home."

A Slip.

Toffer—Have a cigar, old boy. I'm afraid, though, these are not very good. In fact, they may be worse than those I gave you last.

Friend (in a burst of politeness)—Impossible, my dear boy; impossible.—Exchange.

Its Extent.

"They tell me this up-to-date community has the most stringent law against exhortation."

"So much so, that a citizen is subject to a fine if he keeps a Spitz dog."

THEY DON'T WANT WRINKLES.



She—Mr. Smith advertises all the new wrinkles.

He—Fatal mistake. He won't get a woman in his store.

PITIFUL SIGHT WITH ECZEMA

"A few days after birth we noticed an inflamed spot on our baby's hip which soon began spreading until baby was completely covered even in his eyes, ears and scalp. For eight weeks he was bandaged from head to foot. He could not have a stitch of clothing on. Our regular physician pronounced it chronic eczema. He is a very able physician and ranks with the best in this locality, nevertheless, the disease began spreading until baby was completely covered. He was losing flesh so rapidly that we became alarmed and decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment."

"Not until I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment could we tell what he looked like, as we dared not wash him, and I had been putting one application after another on him. On removing the scale from his head the hair came off, and left him entirely bald, but since we have been using Cuticura Soap and Ointment he has as much hair as ever. Four weeks after we began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment he was entirely cured. I don't believe anyone could have eczema worse than our baby."

"Before we used the Cuticura Remedies we could hardly look at him, he was such a pitiful sight. He would fuss until I would treat him, they seemed to relieve him so much. Cuticura Soap and Ointment stand by themselves and the result they quickly and surely bring is their own recommendation." (Signed) Mrs. T. B. Rosser, Mill Hall, Pa., Feb. 20, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 29 K, Boston.

Would Try Another.

There was going to be a picnic that morning, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The little boy prayed before he retired at night that it might be a fine day. And when he looked out of the window at the peep of dawn, it was raining.

In the evening the little boy wouldn't say his prayers. "Mamma," he asked, as he was going to bed, "where do they sell idols? I want to get one to worship."

Exactly.

Noting that another piece of valuable china had been broken, Senator Allen asked his housekeeper how the breakage occurred, and she hastily replied:

"It fell down and just broke itself." "Merely an automatic brake," quietly commented the senator.

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NEVER DISAPPOINTS

Her Father's Child.

The six-year-old daughter of a well-known evangelistic preacher was playing on the sidewalk one day, when a shabbily dressed and downcast man approached her father's house.

Halting at the foot of the steps, he looked at her, and in a weary voice—the voice of an unsuccessful book agent—he asked if her father might be found in his study.

"He isn't home," said the little girl, drawing close to him, and gazing up into the tired face, "but he'll be home pretty soon. You go into the house, you poor, perishing soul, and mother'll look after you till he comes."—Youth's Companion.

Not for Mr. Hercules.

Hercules had finished his twelfth labor.

"That's the last!" he exclaimed. I positively refuse to do another one!" Thus we see that even Hercules was not free from the "13" superstition.

Just So.

"Why do they call a bell boy in a hotel 'Buttons'?"

"Because he's always off when you need him most, I guess."

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Modern Ethics.

Do not kick a man when he is down. Turn him over and feel in the other pocket.—Galveston News.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Beauty is seldom completely satisfying. The birds that sing are not the ones that are good to eat.

A Catastrophe.

A cat was being chased along the roof of a New York building. It lost its balance and fell on a boy who was standing on a balcony on the second floor. The startled boy fell in his turn, landing on a baby carriage, fortunately empty, which another boy was wheeling in the street. The first boy dislocated his wrist; the cat was killed.

The successful borrower is as quick as lightning. Also he never strikes twice in the same place.

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