

THE SUNRISE

By Jennet Johnson

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The man let the tiller go and dropped both hands on his knees. The boat slid back and in toward the kelp bed again, slowly, obstinately. Forward his wife was wrapping her damp jacket around the little girl who showed signs of slumber. The boy was moving restlessly about, eager to help his father, and in the moonlight his thin little body looked elfish and unreal.

"It's no use," the man said, "the tide's going out too strongly and there's not a breath of wind in this confounded place!"

He caught his wife's glance, but she looked away quickly with tightened lips. The boat was drifting along the kelp edge now, and they heard the soft scrunch of stalks under the keel. A faint stir of air came from the brown-bluffed shore and roughened ever so slightly the still ripples under the moonlight.

"We'll have to tie up to the kelp," the man said, "and wait for the tide to turn. It must be about 12 now and it will turn at five." The tone said "make the best of it," but the woman flung up her head rebelliously.

They sat in the cold moonlight with no sound but the mysterious, fitful murmur of the water and the slap of the kelp. The boy began to shiver and yawn and his father wrapped him in his coat, offering his shoulder as a pillow. The dampness came strangely, silently, powerfully, like the moonlight, and cut into their very bones.

The woman sat upright, refusing sleep and bending over the baby curls in her lap. She was full of feelings as hard, as cutting cold as the moonlight itself.

She glanced at her husband pulling at his empty pipe and staring ahead. It had been so like him—moved on impulse to take a moonlight sail—not ignorant of the wind or tide, but trusting gaily that the ebb would not begin nor the ocean breeze die down until they were back in the channel again! And if the children should take cold! The boy had been ill; they had come to the shore for his sake!

She bit her lips in misery. She should not have consented. She should have firmly forbidden the sail at the first. But it was too hard to put out the eager pleasure of those children's eyes—to play the part of Reproof, Reason, Unpleasant Authority! Already, she felt, the children came to her fearfully for permission. They loved her, yes, but she wasn't the person to enjoy life with! The burning realization came to her that they felt she was necessary for their living, but not for their loving. That one was the father, the happy-go-lucky Boy-father, who could devise picnics in a moment and whose pockets yielded a harvest of sweets and toys every evening after dinner. They loved him for the same humor and charm that had blinded her to the real man (or lack of real man) on their first meeting.

She remembered that day perfectly; the originality of it all that had fascinated her into thinking that it was the beginning of the greatest epoch in her life.

She remembered her delight at the wedding journey—how they had slipped away to the station and seated themselves in a remote corner, sans tickets, sans plans and sans responsibility. As a special favor, she recalled, he had allowed her to pick out their Responsibility, a tanned fellow in tweeds with a leather tackle-box and rod case.

"There," she had whispered, "go just behind him, Teddy, and get two tickets to the place where he is going."

The weeks in that lovely trout country had been perfect. Ah, why could not life go on calling for nothing but humor and appreciation?

But the next chapter—Disillusions—had come speedily. When the boy was born she had been in the Self-disgusted chapter, and now she had reached Rebellion.

In these seven years she had had to admit that she had married the humor of the man and that humor was not one of the bigger things. Indeed she decided that she had lost her sense of humor.

Now she said to herself with a grim humor, that if they had been poorer their marriage would have been one of those which are a synonym for taking in washing. She was worn out with those years as provider, father, mother, teacher—everything but playfellow—she blamed him for letting the double responsibility crush out her fun, her humor; she blamed him for taking all of the children's love; she blamed him for everything that her active brain could call up in those seven hard years. She shut her

teeth tightly and clenched her cold fingers in scorn.

They would leave him. The children should see him sometimes, and when they were grown they would understand—Yes, when they reached home she would tell him.

A curious gray began to come into the sky. Suddenly the man leaned forward. He was watching a bit of melon rind floating slowly toward the boat. Opposite, it almost stopped, and the man caught his breath sharply.

"Shirley, take the boy," he whispered, "I'm going to row."

The blunt-nosed sloop moved slowly from the kelp as the man bent his strength over the oars. The children woke up, and the father talked to them in his jolly way. Their "little spree," he called it, and offered his wife a piece of smoking tobacco "to chew on for comfort." The boy laughed and reported the progress with a child's delight over an inch of gain, but his mother leaned back against the damp gunwale, sick with cold and disgust.

The boy sat by the prow, the little girl fell asleep again with her head in her mother's lap. In and out, in and



Together They Watch the Sun Clear the Hilltops.

out the man dipped the oars, and in the silence the boat crawled forward.

A change had been creeping over the sky so silently and gradually that it seemed to have no beginning. The woman only knew that another light different from the yellow-white moonlight had come. It was a wonderful coming, that of the pearl morning. The shadow of the little, moored sloop they crept up to, and beyond was mirrored in gray water.

The woman offered formally to row, accepting calmly the man's short smile of refusal. She was too cold and tired to feel any inward thing now—vaguely she knew that the man was worn out, that his breath was gasping, but she was numb even to pity.

Then suddenly the boy called out: "The morning!" and life swept back into them all. With their eyes on the rope, the dipping float ahead, they crept nearer through the long, silent minutes.

Suddenly the woman felt within her a growing sensation of strange pleasure. Her tired brain refused to analyze it; she only knew that something

warmed her numbness and cold, and that life seemed a pleasanter thing. As they came to the mooring she stood up and looked toward the lightening sky. Over the breakwater and through the rude row of fishermen's cabins glowed the first pink of sunrise.

She had never felt so moved before. She wondered if she were not another woman, one of the simple creatures she had always smiled pityingly upon, those who find life worth while simply because they are wife and mother of a home. Nonsense! she was herself, cold, angry and determined. And yet—she felt like singing.

Silently they went past the sleeping cottages to their own. The true morning had come and on the porch they turned to look at the sunrise. Waves of pink flooded the sky and warmed the lapping, gray waters. Then, as they stood, the bright, generous sun rose from behind the far hills and shone into their faces.

Inside the children were laughing and rustling cooky bags. The boy had lit the logs in the fireplace and the flames cheered the big room. Their light fell upon the man's knife and a half-finished boat for the boy lying on the table.

The woman turned and looked into her husband's face, boy-handsome—now haggard and strange with its man's care lines. As the warmth of the sun grew, a blinding film seemed to leave her eyes and brain and heart. For the first time she felt herself a real woman—the cold, analytical creature was left somewhere out there in the channel with the shadows and the cold—the shadows and cold which they had struggled through together—home—yes, together. Suddenly she felt there in the golden light how very incomplete she was alone—how impossible a life alone would be for her.

She glanced inside again at the half-whittled boat and at her husband's white face beside her, and the meaning of her strange joy at the landing when she had stood close against him flashed over her. Two were needed to make the real home—she felt that now—the woman and the man she loved. There was, all unreasonably, magically, the right one, the keystone to her own completed life, and now the woman turned—knowing and acknowledging.

Had she meant to be angry? Were there past and future vexations to trouble? It all seemed very vague and far away from this present full moment in the new sunshine. The glow of the home fire and the sun went through every vein in her body. Her arm slipped around his neck. Together they watched the sun clear the hilltops.

An Epitaph.

Here is a whole sermon in an epitaph that was copied from a tombstone in a Brooklyn cemetery, verbatim et literatim. We do things more abruptly these days:

"Here lies the no-more to be animated and everlasting remains of Apollon Nichol, born in Smithtown, April 11, 1776, the same month, 1811, departed and entered up to the elementary menstruum of dissolution, naught Resurrection and Ascension."

"Conspicuous example of unavoidable fate, who, after his having been tired of experiencing eight months various diseases, in expectation to find alleviation to his painful existence, started in quest of relief, and, firm in his resolution, notwithstanding an inconsiderable distance, contended nearly three weeks against the progressive obstacles of his painful situation."

One Blessing in Numbers.

"Don't you think a holiday is more cheerful when there is a large family gathered about the festive board?"

"I do," answered the sardonic person. "A large family is a glad assurance that there is not going to be enough turkey left over to supply the menu for the next three days."—Stray Stories.

Smallest Republic in the World



San Marino is the smallest republic with a population of less than 10,000 people near Urbina and enjoys the satisfaction of having no public debt. It is now in a state of political disquiet.

PREPARE THIS YOURSELF.

Tells How to Make the Best Blood Tonic at Home.

For those who have any form of blood disorders; who want new, rich blood and plenty of it, try this:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.

Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime. Any good pharmacy can supply the ingredients at small cost.

This is the prescription which, when made up, is called "The Vegetable Treatment;" by others, the "Cyclone Blood Purifier." It acts gently and certainly does wonders for some people who are sickly, weak and out of sorts, and is known to relieve serious, long-standing cases of rheumatism and chronic backache quickly.

Make some up and try it.

Admired Statesman's Stature.

A German journalist visiting in Washington, himself a man of staid proportions, was rather inclined to look with something like contempt on the many undersized statesmen he saw in the national legislature. But when Secretary Taft bore down upon him he gasped in wonder. They were introduced and after a short chat the secretary departed. Just as he disappeared from the German's admiring gaze the towering form of Congressman Sulloway hove into view. The German looked at the New Hampshire man long and earnestly. "He is bigger than any man in his imperial majesty's Uhlan guards," said the foreigner in a tone of chagrin, "and I shall write one whole letter about him."

How to Sleep in a Blanket.

There are a great many very competent treatises telling you how to build your fire, pitch your tent and all the rest of it. I have never seen described the woodman's method of using a blanket, however. Lie flat on your back. Spread the blanket over you. Now raise your legs rigid from the hips, the blanket, of course, draping over them. In two swift motions tuck first one edge under your legs from right to left, then the second edge under from left to right, and over the first edge. Lower your legs, wrap up your shoulders and go to sleep. If you roll over one edge will unwind but the other will tighten.—Stewart Edward White in Outing.

MORE BOXES OF GOLD

And Many Greenbacks.

325 boxes of Gold and Greenbacks will be sent to persons who write the most interesting and truthful letters of experience on the following topics:

1. How have you been affected by coffee drinking and by changing from coffee to Postum.
2. Give name and account of one or more coffee drinkers who have been hurt by it and have been induced to quit and use Postum.
3. Do you know any one who has been driven away from Postum because it came to the table weak and characterless at the first trial?
4. Did you set such a person right regarding the easy way to make it clear, black, and with a snappy, rich taste?
5. Have you ever found a better way to make it than to use four heaping teaspoonsful to the pint of water, let stand on stove until real boiling begins, and beginning at that time when actual boiling starts, boil full 15 minutes more to extract the flavor and food value. (A piece of butter the size of a pea will prevent boiling over.) This contest is confined to those who have used Postum prior to the date of this advertisement.

Be honest and truthful, don't write poetry or fanciful letters, just plain, truthful statements. Contest will close June 1st, 1907, and no letters received after that date will be admitted. Examinations of letters will be made by three judges, not members of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Their decisions will be fair and final, and a neat little box containing a \$10 gold piece sent to each of the five writers of the most interesting letters, a box containing a \$5 gold piece to each of the 20 next best, a \$2 greenback to each of the 100 next best, and a \$1 greenback to each of the 200 next best, making cash prizes distributed to 325 persons.

Every friend of Postum is urged to write and each letter will be held in high esteem by the company, as an evidence of such friendship, while the little boxes of gold and envelopes of money will reach many modest writers whose plain and sensible letters contain the facts desired, although the sender may have but small faith in winning at the time of writing.

Talk this subject over with your friends and see how many among you can win prizes. It is a good, honest competition and in the best kind of a cause, and costs the competitors absolutely nothing.

Address your letter to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., writing your own name and address clearly.

WEAK, PALE, THIN

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Mrs. Robbins To Health and Also Cured Her Daughter of Anaemia.

Mrs. Joie Robbins, of 1121 Clar St., Decatur, Ill., says: "I was weak, thin and troubled with headaches. My appetite failed so that I did not relish my food. I was unable to do my work because my limbs pained me so and my feet were swollen. I got numb and dizzy, my tongue seemed at times to be paralyzed so that I couldn't speak distinctly. My extremities, when in this numb state, felt as if some one was sticking needles into me all over their surface. Through my shoulders at times I had such pain that I couldn't sleep. Many times I awoke with a smothering sensation."

"When the physician's remedies failed to benefit me I began to look for something that would. My sister, Mrs. McDaniel, of Decatur, recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to me and I at once purchased some. I was greatly encouraged when I saw how they acted on my nervous condition and continued using them until cured. I am now able to attend to my duties and have not consulted a physician since."

"I also gave them to my daughter who had always been weak and who at this time seemed to lack vitality. Her cheeks were colorless and she was thin and spiritless. She had anaemia and we feared consumption, because every time she went out doors if it was at all cold or damp she would take cold and cough. But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought color back to her cheeks and strength to her body."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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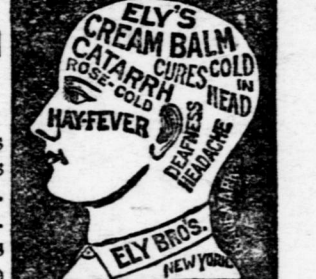
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