

POPULAR LITERATURE

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THE SOLDIER'S RETURN

[Original]

"Where am I? Who are you? What's all this about?"
The speaker, a young man in a hospital, sat up in bed and stared at the doctors and nurses who surrounded him.
"That's a question for you to answer," said a surgeon who had removed a piece of bone which had been pressing upon the patient's brain. "When we took you to the operating table, you didn't know who you were. Do you know now?"
"Know who I am? Of course I do. I'm Tom Angleside of the 14th United States Infantry. Did we drive 'em out the hill?"
"San Juan?"
"San Juan?"
The surgeon took off his rubber apron, saying: "The operation has been successful. The patient was doubtless wounded in Cuba three years ago, and the faculty of memory has since been held in suspense. The removal of the pressure has restored it."

Tom Angleside, who was in perfect health excepting the wound on his head, which had needed to be opened, after a few days disappeared from the hospital without being discharged and started homeward. He well remembered the day when he had marched past the house and his young wife had held their baby, little Dick, up at the window, telling him to say by-by to papa; how the little one had caught sight of him in the ranks when he waved his handkerchief and smiled, and lastly the tears coursing down Agnes' cheeks just as he turned a corner and could see them no longer. Three years a blank! What had become of the wife and boy?

He had no money and was obliged to work his way as best he could to his home, several hundred miles distant. He reached the town at evening and hurried to his house. At the gate he paused. He dreaded to know what was in store for him. His heart was throbbing. Gently to a window, he looked through the slats of the shutter. In the sitting room, the same room where he had been so lumpy, sat Agnes, beside her a man whom Tom had known well, much older and well to do in this world's goods, Morgan Barnett. A boy of four years was with them, and Agnes and Barnett were trying to induce the child to say "papa."

"He is not papa," said the boy. "Papa was a soldier. He went up San Juan hill. I'm going to be a soldier too. It's not polite for you to love mamma."
Tom Angleside groaned. Then, putting his hand to his window, he sank down beneath the window.
It was midsummer, and the sash being raised, Agnes heard the sound of the falling body. Every sound had for three years been associated with the possible return of her husband. Though he had been reported killed, none of his comrades could vouch for his death. There was evidence of his having been taken to a hospital, but there all trace of him was lost.
"I heard something at the window," she said, peering and rising.
"Get down, sweetheart," said Barnett.

A HASTY MARRIAGE.

And the Bride Was Not the One the Weaver Sought.

Oliver Cromwell was so great a man that he dwarfed his surroundings, and it is singular how little the majority of people knew about the family and family life of this "the most typical Englishman of all time." He had three daughters, the youngest of whom was Frances. Her attractions must have been considerable. The young woman had several love affairs, but certainly the one that had a most amusing termination was her flirtation with her father's chaplain, Jerry White.
One day the protector surprised Jerry on his knees in the very act of kissing the lady's hand. Cromwell coldly demanded the meaning of the scene, and Jerry, with a pretty wit, exclaimed: "that young gentleman, my lady's woman," although without success. He was now therefore solemnly praying her ladyship to intercede for him.
Cromwell turned at once to the waiting woman and requested to be informed why she refused the honor his friend, Mr. White, would do her. The young woman, fully equal to the occasion, replied magnanimously that if Mr. White intended her that honor she would not be so charitably as to deny him. "Call God's name," returned Cromwell, and the pair were married straightway.

Realization of Age.
Two attorneys who had slipped past the meridian of life without hardly observing the fact were talking about ages while eating a deliberate luncheon in the Lawyers' club a couple of days ago when one of them told a story which embodies the experience of more than one man.
"It really came to me with a little shock," he said. "I took a sleeper at Buffalo for New York, and there were only half a dozen men aboard when I retired for the night. In the morning while in the toilet room brushing my hair I saw in the mirror the reflection of the back of an old gentleman I did not remember seeing before. He appeared much older than any man I had noticed on the car the night before, and I made up my mind that he had come aboard after I had gone to bed."

"I watched the reflection while arranging my hair and then turned intending to speak to the old gentleman. You can imagine my surprise when I found that I had been looking at the reflection of my own back."—New York Herald.

Musical Sounds and Noise.
It is a curious fact that musical sounds fly further and are heard at a greater distance than those which are more loud and noisy. If we go on the outside of a town during a fair, at the distance of a mile we hear the musical instruments, but the din of the multitude, which is so overpowering in the place, can scarcely be heard, the noise dying on the spot. To those who are conversant with the power of musical instruments in the following observations will be understood: The violins made at Cremona about the year 1600 are superior in tone to any of a later date, age seeming to dispossess them of their noisy qualities and leaving nothing but the pure tone. If a modern violin is played by the side of one of those instruments, it will appear much the louder of the two, but on receding a hundred paces when compared with the Cremona it will scarcely be heard.

Tortured Women.
The married Druse women of Mount Lebanon, in Asia Minor, labor under a distinct species of torture endured under their peculiar head veil. It is attached to a long horn or tumbor, usually made of metal, which is fastened to the head by means of a cushion. These barbans are of an infinite variety of colors, embellished with tassels, bands of embroidery and fringes. Underneath this again is worn a face veil of coarse thick net so heavily embroidered that one can scarcely see or breathe through it. This is fastened close to the face and the barbans drawn tightly over it. They are so muffled in the folds of their clumsy stuffs that the stranger has to look twice before he can decide whether they are advancing or retreating, and the poor wretches suffer acutely under the weight of their veils.

Told Her Story.
The little daughter of a man who had been chosen for jury duty in London the other day went to the judge and said: "Please, sir, father can't come. He can't put on his boots."
The judge asked the nervous little creature what was the matter with her father. Her hesitation showed that she had not been sufficiently equipped for the complete deception of the way official. He repeated his question.
"Well, sir," she said, looking straight into the judge's twinkling eyes: "father don't wear boots. He's got wooden legs. I wasn't told to tell you anything else, sir; that's all."

Coming to the Point.
Mr. Grogan—What a power of funerals they do have in the church these days! Sure, it's started me thinking.
Miss Casey—Thinkin' av what?
Mr. Grogan—That when it come time for my funeral would you be the widdy?—Philadelphia Press.

Acreed.
She—And so you are a bachelor. Well, there is always hope for bachelors.
He—That's so. It's never absolutely certain that they will marry.—Brooklyn Life.

Coughs

"My wife had a deep-seated cough for three years. I purchased two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, large size, and it cured her completely."
J. H. Ehrge, Macon, Col.

Probably you know of cough medicines that relieve little coughs, all coughs, except deep ones! The medicine that has been curing the worst of deep coughs for sixty years is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

An Angry Corpse.
"I have had some startling experiences in my time," said Cerone's Physician O'Hanlon, "but I haven't fully recovered from the shock of a surprise I had the other day. I was assigned to investigate a sudden death on the east side. The house I went to was a small tenement and I walked up stairs to

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Tender Hearted Little Lucy and the Doll's Dresses.

"I think a white dress is the very prettiest kind of dress a dolly can have, don't you, Mammie?" Then Lucy added quickly, before giving Mammie a chance to answer: "Unless it is a brown dress. I think brown is a beautiful color. I hardly know which I do like the best—a white dress or a brown dress."
There was a happy look on the face of little Jenny Jones, whose plain china doll wore a dress of dark brown print. She stroked it gently, hugged her dear dolly closer and for a moment almost forgot how much she had envied the dainty white garments of the two handsome dolls of her companions.
But this was not all. Lucy's loving little heart was still beating fast as she thought of the mistake she had so nearly made, and she hastened to make further amends: "Why, your dolly is just about the size of mine, and its dress unbuttoned, I see, and mine does too. Suppose we exchange dresses a little while. My doll has worn this one so long I am almost tired of it."
"Really? Do you truly want to change dresses?" The brown eyes opened wide, and the cheeks flushed in joyous anticipation. Her beloved Bessie wearing that embroidered dress with its sash of real silk ribbon! It seemed too good to be true.
"Of course I do," said Lucy simply, beginning to unbutton the tiny buttons.
When the exchange had been made, Mammie entered into the spirit of the occasion and said sweetly: "Why, Lucy, that brown is very becoming to your dolly's complexion! I should make her wear brown a good deal if I were you."—Young Disciple.

Queer Kind of Fishing.
The natives of Tutuila, one of the islands of Oceania, have a peculiar method of catching fish. At a given signal all the inhabitants of the village assemble on the seashore to the number of about 200 persons, each carrying a branch of the cocoa palm. With these in their hands they plunge into the water and swim a certain distance from the shore, when they turn, forming a compact semicircle, each one holding his palm perpendicular in the water, thus making a sort of sieve. The leader of the party then gives a signal, and the fishers all approach the seashore gradually in perfect order, driving before them a multitude of fishes that are cast on the sand and killed with sticks.

Wasn't It Funny?
Dorothy Dear and Bitty Sweet Every morning at bird call meet. All readiness of the weather. To compare their dreams together.

"I dreamed last night," says Dorothy Dear. "That I was in Boston instead of here."
"Why, so did I," cries Bitty Sweet. "Now, wasn't it funny we didn't meet?"

Tommy Won.
"How is your brother, Tommy?"
"Sick in bed, miss; he's hurt himself."
"How did he do that?"
"We were playing at who can lean

It's Impure Blood.
"What is it?" asks the mother as she notices the smooth skin of her child marked by a red or pimply eruption. It is impure blood, and the child needs at once to begin the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the best and surest remedy for impurity of the blood. It entirely eradicates the poisons which corrupt the blood and cause disease. It cures scrofula, boils, pimples, eczema, salt-rheum and other eruptive diseases which are the direct result of impure blood. It enriches as well as purifies the blood.

"Dr. Pierce's medicine has not only benefited me greatly, but it has done wonders for my two sons," writes Mrs. M. Harrick, of Demeter, Oswego Co., N. Y. "I had had scrofula. I have had two daughters in less than five years with consumption and scrofula. My eldest son was taken two or three years ago with hemorrhage from the lungs. It troubled him for over a year. He took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and has not had a hemorrhage since. My younger son had scrofula ever on his neck, but two-lined. He has not had any since he commenced to take your medicine."
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A 1008 page book, free for the asking. You can get the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, the best medical book ever published, free by sending stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covers or 31 stamps for cloth-bound volume, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE DOLL'S FUNERAL

When my dolly died, I sat on the step and cried and cried. We dug her grave in the violet bed. And planted violets at her head. We raised a stone and wrote quite plain, "Here lies a dolly who died of pain." And when my brother said "Amen," we all went back to the house again. I tied some grass on my dollhouse door, and then I stood and cried some more. I told my mother, and after—why, then, I went out and dug up my dolly again.
When The North American correspondent called at the little girl's home, the young writer was busily engaged in the composition of another poetic effusion.

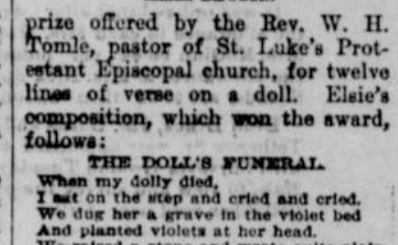
Lime as a Fertilizer.
Lime is not a form of fertilizer that can be used indiscriminately on all lands with the expectation of profitable results. It is liable to have the best results on sour, peaty soils and those having a large amount of undecomposed vegetable matter, on heavy or clay lands in conjunction with barn manures and other coarse organic substances and on sandy lands if in conjunction with a system of green manuring. Wherever lime can be obtained cheaply, from 10 to 15 cents per bushel, it can be used at the rate of twenty to forty bushels per acre, in a small way at first, and the results carefully noted, for its value can only be decided upon by actual application.

Details of How Mella Ann's King Was Bred to Order.
George E. Peck says in regard to the young bull pictured: "It might be stated that Mella Ann's King 5581 was bred to order. Having purchased his sire, I bred him to Lottie Mella Ann 100775, who is a sister of Pride's Olga fourth, with a test of 77 pounds 1/2 ounce from 420 pounds 9 ounces milk, both being sired by the same bull, with hopes of securing a bull fit to head my herd. In this my expectations were fully realized, and Mella Ann's King was the result. Next to his famous sire he is the highest bred pure St. Lambert-Mella Ann bull living and the only one with 50 per cent of old Mella Ann's blood.
The picture was taken in his seven-month form. His sire was Mella

Ann's Son 22041, he in turn being sired by Lucy's Stoke Pogs 11544 and out of the great old cow Mella Ann 5444, who has a butter record of 18 pounds 1/2 ounce in a week made upon grass alone. The dam of Mella Ann's King 5581 is Lottie Mella Ann 100775, with a test of 21 pounds 2 ounces from 305 pounds of milk in seven days, her sire being Mella Ann's Stoke Pogs 22042. Sire of ten tested cows, among them Pride's Olga fourth 96870, the sweepstakes cow at the Pan-American, whose record of 65 3/4 pounds of milk in one day, 420 pounds of milk in seven days and 27 pounds one-half ounce of butter in a week, is well known, says The Rural New Yorker. The dam of Lottie Mella Ann 100775 is Mella Ann third 68070—375 pounds 8 ounces of milk and 28 pounds 8 ounces of butter in a week. Mella Ann third is a full sister to Mella Ann's Son 22041 and to Mella Ann's Stoke Pogs 22042.

A Young Poet.

The youngest poet in Pennsylvania, says a Chester dispatch to the Philadelphia North American, is Elsie Dawson, a member of the Children's guild. She was awarded the



prize offered by the Rev. W. H. Tomlin, pastor of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal church, for twelve lines of verse on a doll. Elsie's composition, which won the award, follows:

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I sat on the step and cried and cried.
We dug her grave in the violet bed,
And planted violets at her head.
We raised a stone and wrote quite plain,
"Here lies a dolly who died of pain."
And when my brother said "Amen,"
We all went back to the house again.
I tied some grass on my dollhouse door,
And then I stood and cried some more.
I told my mother, and after—why, then,
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