

SEEKING HEALTH?

This means taking better care of the Stomach and helping the Liver and Bowels in their daily work. If assistance is needed, try

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It has been proven very beneficial in such cases.

Arkansas Tightwads.

"We know two or three men in this town who have owed us a small amount of money since the time when Heinz had only one pickle, and we have made arrangements with a local doctor to administer the twilight sleep treatment" so they can part with the money that belongs to us without so much mental agony.—Siloam Springs Herald and Agency.

SOUR, ACID STOMACHS, GASES OR INDIGESTION

Each "Pape's Diapepsin" Digests 3000 grains of food, ending all stomach misery in five minutes.

Time it In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or cructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, foul breath or headache.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest stomach remedy in the whole world and besides it is harmless. Put an end to stomach trouble forever by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.

Her Indorsement.

"It was a pity to let the maid over hear us quarrel." "I have rectified that by discharging her." "That was a mistake. She is smart enough to take the whole story to somebody in our set and get a good job on the strength of it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tobacco Habit Cured

Not only to users of pipe and cigars, but the vicious cigarette habit is overcome by using the "NITRITE" treatment. Price complete, postage paid, \$1.00. Lane-Davis Drug Co. 3d and Yamhill, Portland, Or. (When writing mention this paper.)

Remembrance.

One day there was a fish for dinner and little Margie said: "Mamma, do you know what a shad reminds me of?"

"No, dearie," was the reply. "Well," said Margie, "it reminds me of a porcupine turned outside in."—Chicago News.

New Ills.

"Jonesy had a doctor with him all night." "Was he very sick?" "He was toward the last, when the doctor held all the good hands."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Find Strong Poison.

The new poison extracted from seeds of the castor oil plant by a German chemist is said to be so powerful that a single grain would kill a million and a half guinea pigs.

In Mexico.

"Who governs here?" asked the newcomer, looking at the assembled multitude. "We take turns," explained an innocent bystander.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Gastronomic Health.

"Pa, what is envy?" "Envy, my boy, is what your millionaire uncle feels every time he hears you beating your mother for a second piece of pie."—Detroit Free Press.

Catarrh of Hea

I Feel It a Duty to Mankind to Let Them Know of Pe-ru-na

Mr. W. H. Chaney, R. F. D. 5, Sutherland, Pittsylvania Co., Va., writes: "For the past twelve months I have been a sufferer from catarrh of the head. Since taking four bottles of your Peruna I feel a different person altogether. The severe pains in my head have disappeared, and my entire system has been greatly strengthened. This is my first testimonial to the curative qualities of any patent medicine, but I feel it a duty to mankind to let them know of the greatest medicine on earth—Peruna—in my estimation for the above trouble."

Those who object to liquid medicines can now procure Peruna Tablets.

P. N. U. No. 4, 1915

WHEN writing to advertisers, please mention this paper.

OLD LADIES' NUMBER 31

By LOUISE TORSSLUND

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF SARAH," "THE SHIP OF DREAMS," ETC.

SYNOPSIS.

Captain Abraham Rose and Angelina, his wife, have lost their little home through Abe's unlucky purchase of Tennessee Gold mining stock. Their household goods sold, the \$100 auction money, all they have left, will place Abe in the Old Man's home, or Angy in the Old Ladies' home. Both are self-sacrificing but Abe decides, "My dear this is the first time I've had a chance to take the wust of it."

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Under the pink rose a soft pink flush bloomed on either of the old lady's cheeks. Her eyes flashed with unconquerable pride, and her square, firm chin she held very high; for now, indeed, she was filled with terror of what "folks would say" to this home leaving, and it was a bright June afternoon, too clear for an umbrella with which to hide one's face from prying neighbors, too late in the day for a sunshade.

Angy tucked the green-black affair which served them as both under her arm and swung Abe's figured old carpetbag in her hand with the manner of one setting out on a pleasant journey. Abe, though resting heavily on his stout, crooked cane, dragged behind him Angy's little horsehair trunk upon a creaking, old, unusually large toy express wagon which he had bought at some forgotten auction long ago.

The husband and wife passed into the garden between borders of box-wood, beyond which nodded the heads of Angy's carefully tended, outdoor "children"—her roses, her snowballs, her sweet-smelling syringas, her wax-like bleeding-hearts and her shrub of bridal-wreath.

"Just a minute," she murmured, as Abe would have hastened on to the gate. She bent her proud head and kissed with furtive, half-ashamed passion a fluffy white spray of the bridal-wreath. Now, overtopping the husband's silk hat, the shrub had not come so high as his knee when they two had planted it nearly a half-century ago.

"You're mine!" Angy's heart cried out to the shrub and to every growing thing in the garden. "You're mine. I planted you, tended you, loved you into growing. You're all the children I ever had, and I'm leaving you." But the old wife did not pluck a single flower, for she could never bear to see a blossom wither in her hand, while all she said aloud was: "I'm glad 'twas Miss Holmes that bought in the house. They say she's a great hand ter dig in the garden."

Angy's voice faltered. Abe did not answer. Something had caused a swimming before his eyes which he did not wish his wife to see; so he let fall the handle of the express wagon and, bending his slow back, plucked a sprig of "old-man." Though he could not have expressed his sentiments in words, the garden brought poignant recollections of the hopes and promises which had thrown their rose color about the young days of his marriage. His hopes had never blossomed into fulfillment. His promises to the little wife had been choked by the weeds of his own inefficiency. Worse than this, the bursting into bloom of seeds of selfish recklessness in himself was what had turned the garden of their life into an arid waste.

And now, in their dry and withered old age, he and Angy were being torn up by the roots, flung as so much rubbish by the roadside.

"Mother, I be dretful sorry ter take yew away from your posies," muttered Abraham as he arose with his green sprig in his hand.

With ebbing fingers, Angy sought a pin hidden beneath her basque. "Father, shall I pin yer 'old-man' in yer buttonhole?" she quavered. Then as he stooped for her to arrange the posy, she whispered: "I wouldn't care, 'cept fer what folks must say. Le's hurry before any one sees us. I told everybody that we wa'n't a-gwine ter break up till tomorrow mornin'."

Fortunately, there was a way across lots to the Old Ladies' home, an unfrequented by-path over a field and through a bit of woodland, which would bring the couple almost unobserved to a side gate.

Under ordinary circumstances Angelina would never have taken this path; for it exposed her carefully patched and newly polished shoes to scratches, her fragile, worn silk skirt and stiff, white petticoat to brambles. Moreover, the dragging of the loaded little wagon was more difficult here for Abraham. But they both preferred the narrower, rougher way to facing the curious eyes of all Shoreville upon the plying windows of the village strag-



In Terror of What Folks Would Say to This Home-Leaving.

gled gently along the field above, the branches of the willow swished and swayed to the rhythm of the soft south wind.

"How still, how still it is!" whispered the breeze.

"Rest, rest, rest!" was the lullaby wail of the willow.

The old wife nestled closer to Abraham until her head touched his shoulder. He laid his cheek against her hair and the carefully preserved old bonnet. Involuntarily she raised her head, trained by the years of pinching economy, to lift the fragile rose into a safer position. He smiled at her action; then his arm closed about her spasmodically and he swallowed a lump in his throat.

The afternoon was waning. Gradually over the turmoil of their hearts stole the garden's June-time spirit of drowsy repose.

They leaned even closer to each other. The gray of the old man's hair mingled with the gray beneath Angelina's little bonnet. Slowly his eyes closed. Then even as Angy wondered who would watch over the members of his worn old age in the poorhouse, she, too, fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

The Candidate.

The butcher's boy brought the tidings of the auction sale in at the kitchen door of the Old Ladies' home even while Angy and Abe were lingering over their posies, and the inmates of the home were waiting to receive the old wife with the greater sympathy and the deeper spirit of welcome from the fact that two of the twenty-nine members had known her from girlhood, away back in the boarding-school days.

"Yop," said the boy, with one eye upon the stout matron, who was critically examining the meat that he had brought.

"What yer goin' ter, Cap'n Rose?" The old couple had drawn back at the sight of the gentle vagabond, and Angy clutched at her husband's arm, her heart contracting at the thought that he, too, had become a pauper.

"I'm a-takin' my wife ter fine the old ladies over ther ter the hum," Abe answered, and would have passed on, shrinking from the sight of himself as reflected in poor Ishmael.

But the "innocent" placed himself in their path.

"Yew ain't a-goin' ter fine 'em tew" he banttered.

Abe forced a laugh to his lips in response.

"No, no; I'm goin' over ter Yaphank ter board on the county."

Again the couple would have passed on, their faces flushed, their eyes lowered, had not Ishmael flung out one hand to detain them while he plunged the other hurriedly into his pocket.

"Here," He drew out a meager handful of nickels and pennies, his vacant smile grown wistful "twere, take it, Cap'n Rose. It's all I got. I can't count it myself, but yew can. Don't yew think it's enough ter set yew up in business, so yew won't have ter go ter the poorhouse? The poorhouse is a bad place. I was there last winter. I don't like the poorhouse."

He rambled on of the poorhouse. Angy, panting for breath, one hand against the smothering pain at her heart, was trying, with the other, to drag "father" along.

"Father" was shaking his head at Ishmael, at the proffered nickels and pennies—shaking his head and choking. At length he found his voice, and was able to smile at his would-be benefactor with even the ghost of a twinkle in his eye.

"Much obliged, Cap'n Rover; but yew keep yer money for terbaccy. I ain't so high-toned as yew. I'll take real comfort at the poorhouse. S'long; thank yer, S'long."

Ishmael went on his way muttering to himself, unhappily jingling his rejected alms; while Angy and Abe resumed their journey.

As they came to the gate of the Old Ladies' home Angy seized hold of her husband's arm, and looking up into his face pleaded earnestly.

"Father, let's take the hundred dollars fer a family tombston an' go ter the poorhouse together!"

He shook her off almost roughly and lifted the latch of the gate.

"Folks 'd say we was crazy, mother." There was no one in sight as he dragged in the express cart and laid down the handle. Before him was a long, clean-swept path ending apparently in a mass of shrubbery; to the left was a field of sweet corn reaching to the hedge; to the right a strong and sturdy growth of pole lima beans; and just within the entrance, beneath the sweeping plumes of a weeping willow tree, was a shabby but inviting green bench.

Abe's glance wandered from the bench to his wife's face. Angy could not lift her eyes to him; with bowed head she was latching and unlatching the gate through which he must pass. He looked at the sun and thoughtfully made reckon of the time. There were still two hours before he could take the train which—

"Let's go set down a spell afore—" he faltered—"afore we go ter by."

She made no answer. She told herself over and over that she must simply must—stop that "all-of-a-tremble" feeling which was going on inside of her. She stepped from the gate to the bench blindly, with Abe's hand on her arm, though, still blindly, with exaggerated care she placed his carpetbag on the grass beside her.

He laid down his cane, took off his high hat and wiped his brow. He looked at her anxiously. Still she could not lift her blurred eyes, nor could she check her trembling.

Seeing how she shook, he passed his arm around her shoulder. He murmured something—what, neither he nor she knew—but the love of his youth spoke in the murmur, and again fell the silence.

Angy's eye cleared. She struggled to speak, aghast at the thought that life itself might be done before ever they could have one hour together again; but no words came. So much—so much to say! She reached out her hand to where his rested upon his knee. Their fingers gripped, and each felt a sense of drowsy cheer to know that the touch was speaking what the tongue could not utter.

Time passed swiftly. The silent hour sped. On the young blades of

corn gossiped gently along the field above, the branches of the willow swished and swayed to the rhythm of the soft south wind.

"How still, how still it is!" whispered the breeze.

"Rest, rest, rest!" was the lullaby wail of the willow.

The old wife nestled closer to Abraham until her head touched his shoulder. He laid his cheek against her hair and the carefully preserved old bonnet. Involuntarily she raised her head, trained by the years of pinching economy, to lift the fragile rose into a safer position. He smiled at her action; then his arm closed about her spasmodically and he swallowed a lump in his throat.

The afternoon was waning. Gradually over the turmoil of their hearts stole the garden's June-time spirit of drowsy repose.

They leaned even closer to each other. The gray of the old man's hair mingled with the gray beneath Angelina's little bonnet. Slowly his eyes closed. Then even as Angy wondered who would watch over the members of his worn old age in the poorhouse, she, too, fell asleep.

"Yop," said the boy, with one eye upon the stout matron, who was critically examining the meat that he had brought.

"What yer goin' ter, Cap'n Rose?" The old couple had drawn back at the sight of the gentle vagabond, and Angy clutched at her husband's arm, her heart contracting at the thought that he, too, had become a pauper.

"I'm a-takin' my wife ter fine the old ladies over ther ter the hum," Abe answered, and would have passed on, shrinking from the sight of himself as reflected in poor Ishmael.

But the "innocent" placed himself in their path.

"Yew ain't a-goin' ter fine 'em tew" he banttered.

Abe forced a laugh to his lips in response.

"No, no; I'm goin' over ter Yaphank ter board on the county."

Again the couple would have passed on, their faces flushed, their eyes lowered, had not Ishmael flung out one hand to detain them while he plunged the other hurriedly into his pocket.

"Here," He drew out a meager handful of nickels and pennies, his vacant smile grown wistful "twere, take it, Cap'n Rose. It's all I got. I can't count it myself, but yew can. Don't yew think it's enough ter set yew up in business, so yew won't have ter go ter the poorhouse? The poorhouse is a bad place. I was there last winter. I don't like the poorhouse."

He rambled on of the poorhouse. Angy, panting for breath, one hand against the smothering pain at her heart, was trying, with the other, to drag "father" along.

"Father" was shaking his head at Ishmael, at the proffered nickels and pennies—shaking his head and choking. At length he found his voice, and was able to smile at his would-be benefactor with even the ghost of a twinkle in his eye.

"Much obliged, Cap'n Rover; but yew keep yer money for terbaccy. I ain't so high-toned as yew. I'll take real comfort at the poorhouse. S'long; thank yer, S'long."

Ishmael went on his way muttering to himself, unhappily jingling his rejected alms; while Angy and Abe resumed their journey.

As they came to the gate of the Old Ladies' home Angy seized hold of her husband's arm, and looking up into his face pleaded earnestly.

"Father, let's take the hundred dollars fer a family tombston an' go ter the poorhouse together!"

He shook her off almost roughly and lifted the latch of the gate.

"Folks 'd say we was crazy, mother." There was no one in sight as he dragged in the express cart and laid down the handle. Before him was a long, clean-swept path ending apparently in a mass of shrubbery; to the left was a field of sweet corn reaching to the hedge; to the right a strong and sturdy growth of pole lima beans; and just within the entrance, beneath the sweeping plumes of a weeping willow tree, was a shabby but inviting green bench.

Abe's glance wandered from the bench to his wife's face. Angy could not lift her eyes to him; with bowed head she was latching and unlatching the gate through which he must pass. He looked at the sun and thoughtfully made reckon of the time. There were still two hours before he could take the train which—

"Let's go set down a spell afore—" he faltered—"afore we go ter by."

She made no answer. She told herself over and over that she must simply must—stop that "all-of-a-tremble" feeling which was going on inside of her. She stepped from the gate to the bench blindly, with Abe's hand on her arm, though, still blindly, with exaggerated care she placed his carpetbag on the grass beside her.

He laid down his cane, took off his high hat and wiped his brow. He looked at her anxiously. Still she could not lift her blurred eyes, nor could she check her trembling.

Seeing how she shook, he passed his arm around her shoulder. He murmured something—what, neither he nor she knew—but the love of his youth spoke in the murmur, and again fell the silence.

Weak Women!

Some women are weak because of ills that are common in Girlhood—Womanhood and Motherhood

The prescription which Dr. R. V. Pierce used most successfully—in diseases of women—which has stood the test of nearly half a century—

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Take this in liquid or tablet form as a tonic and regulator!

Mrs. Kate D. Richardson, of Beasley, Essex Co., Va., says: "I esteem it a pleasure to testify to the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For some years I suffered greatly with weakness peculiar to my sex. I was treated by several physicians but gradually grew worse. One of my friends told me of the good results your 'Favorite Prescription.' I went to the drug store and got a bottle, and after taking it, with the 'Pleasant Pellets,' I commenced to get better. I never knew what happiness was, for I was always sick and complaining and made others as well as myself unhappy. So you see what a sick I was!"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

What Jarrard Her. "The published reports do me a great injustice," declared the beautiful actress. "Then you didn't shoot him?" "Of course I shot him. But the reports say I'm 35, whereas I'm only a little past 33."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

10 CENT "CASCARETS" IF BILIOUS OR COSTIVE For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Sluggish Liver and Bowels—They work while you sleep.

Purged Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret tonight will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months.

A Hard Knock. Lawyer—So you want to make a case of it? Farmer—Yes, by jing! I offered to settle by fair means, an' he wouldn't. So I decided to hire a lawyer an' have him took into court.—Livingstone Leader.

Have New Dipper. A new bulb shaped ladle for molten metals has an opening in one side so that its contents can be poured more accurately and at the same time leave the dress behind.

Use Rice Flour as Binder. Rice flour is used in France as a binder in the manufacture of fuel briquettes by a new process from coal dust, lignite, peat or sawdust.

Invent Pneumatic Tool. Resembling a pistol and controlled by a trigger is a new pneumatic tool for cleaning dirt from inaccessible parts of machinery.

At a Donation Party. "Were you gambling last night?" "No, indeed. It was a donation party. I came away a hundred to the good."—Livingstone Lance.

Ruptured. Persons suffer more from inexperienced truss fitting than from hernia. Why not buy your trusses from experts? Try Lane-Davis Drug Co., 3d and Yamhill, Portland, Ore., who are experts and know how.

Motives of Friendship. "Are you familiar with the motives of Blink's new play?" "Yes; he heeded the money."—Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.

Why not help the "poor" farmer by starting a buy-a-bushel-of-dollar-wheat movement?

A Hem. "The Russian government has taken over a sewing machine factory." "What on earth for?" "Hem in the Germans, naturally."—Buffalo Express.

For Interest. "I buy my wife everything she wants. How about you?" "I keep mine wanting a few things, just to be sure that her interest in me is maintained."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Done Properly. "How is it you were so long over your work today?" "Sure, ma'am, replied the servant, "you were watching me most of the time."—Judge.

Anxiety to Correct a Mistake. "Look here!" said an excited man to a druggist. "You gave me morphine for quinine this morning." "Is that so?" replied the druggist. "Then you owe me 25 cents."—Christian Register.

Remark of a Candid Chum. "Why are you moping there, Dick?" "I've no one to play with." "Well, go and fetch Freddie next door."

Oh, I played with him yesterday, and I don't suppose he's well enough to come out yet."—London Opinion.

He's always late. I have waited here since 6 o'clock for my husband to come, and it is now 7:30.

"At what hour were you to meet him?" asked the woman who had joined her. "At 5 o'clock."—Buffalo Courier.

Defined at Last. "What in the meaning of ragtime?" asked the loving young thing. "It's the way my stenographer spells," responded the tired business man.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Recovered. He—I feel like a fool tonight. She—So glad you've recovered.—Boston Transcript.

In the new night school curriculum the new society dances haven't been given the slightest consideration.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Give more goods faster and brighter colors than any other dye. Every package guaranteed to color Silk, Wool, Cotton and Mixed Goods at one washing. 10 cents package. Write for free booklet "How to Dye and Mix Colors," calendar, blotter, etc. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Department 2, Quincy, Illinois

THE WESCO SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP TEACHES YOU HOW TO WRITE. IT IS THE BEST. BOOK BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED. 152 PAGES. 45c BY MAIL, 75c.

NEW HOTEL HOUSTON. Dave Houston, Prop. H. B. Thorne, Mgr. Thoroughly modern, 101 Rooms of comfort. Moderate Prices. Three minutes walk from Union Depot. Write for rates. 72 & 3rd Sts., PORTLAND, OR.

DO YOU WANT a better position, expert efficiency, higher salary? We can help you. Entirely new system of correspondence study, extremely cheap, extremely practical. Civil service examination, Engineering, Bookkeeping, Preparatory. Write National Institute of Education, 1238 Winona Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Kola Tablets

have many friends who use them as a general tonic and for kidney trouble. Price 25c per box. 5 boxes for \$1.00. For sale by Lane-Davis Drug Co., 3d and Yamhill Sts., Portland, Ore.

Unnecessary Effort. His Wife—This paper says an army of 100,000 men has wrecked a railroad in Belgium.

Railroad Magnate—What a waste of energy! A board of five directors could have done it just as thoroughly.—Life.

Preference of the Lesser Evil. "I can give you a cold bite," said the woman.

"Why not warm it up?" asked the tramp. "There ain't any wood sawed." "So? Well, give it to me cold."—New York Sun.

Rather Bold. "These Apache dances are said to be a cure for nerves and timidity." "I think they will do away with timidity, all right."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Last Word. Bix—What nonsense to say that one can't get a last word with a woman! I found it easy enough today.

Dix—You don't say? How did it happen? Bix—Why, I said to a woman in the box: "Mamma, have my seat."—Boston Transcript.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Smarting, Itch, or Pain. Write for Book of the Eye and Throat Remedy. Lane-Davis Drug Co., 3d and Yamhill Sts., Portland, Ore.

Easy. "Your wife needs rides in the open air." "All right, doc, I'll drop word among the real estate agents that I might look at property in the suburbs."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

How the Trouble Started. "What started the row?" "A fake dentist sold a set of celluloid teeth to the man who eats fire in the vaudeville show."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Helping Kidneys By Clearing Blood

A Function Greatly Assisted By a Well-Known Remedy.

Most readers will be interested to more clearly understand why analysis of urine is so important. In the case of S. S. S. it purifies the blood, its action a stimulant to the myriad of fine blood vessels that make up the constructive tissues of the kidneys. All the blood from all over the body must pass through the kidneys. They act as a filter and sifter. And according to what they allow to pass out in the urine, both as to quantity and materials, the health of the kidneys and the quality of the blood is determined. The catalytic energy forced by S. S. S. is shown in the urine. It is also demonstrated in the skin. And as the blood continues to sweep through the kidneys, the dominating nature of S. S. S. acting as it does through all the avenues of elimination, shows a marked decrease of disease manifestations as demonstrated by urine analysis. This assistance is a great relief to the kidneys. The body wastes are more evenly distributed to the excretories; their elimination is stimulated by the tonic action afforded the liver, lungs, skin and kidneys. Thus, in cases of rheumatism, cystitis, chronic sore throat, business of voice, bronchitis, asthma and the myriad of other reflex indications of weak kidney action, first purify your blood with S. S. S., so it will enable the tissues to rebuild the cellular strength and regain the normal health.

S. S. S. is prepared by The Swift Specific Co., 527 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., and if you have any deep-seated or obstinate blood troubles, write to their Medical Dept. for free advice.

What in the meaning of ragtime?" asked the loving young thing. "It's the way my stenographer spells," responded the tired business man.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Recovered. He—I feel like a fool tonight. She—So glad you've recovered.—Boston Transcript.

In the new night school curriculum the new society dances haven't been given the slightest consideration.