

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

By Margaret Lester.

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For a minute it seemed to him as if his beautiful plans were tumbling about his ears, just as the card houses of his childhood had fallen flat at the moment when victory perched on their gable ends.

"Of course, Nellie, I'd rather you wouldn't work at all. No real man likes his wife to earn her living. But if you're set on staying at the factory a few months longer, why, let's get married anyhow, and you and I can



HE SAW A DARK FIGURE HUDDLED ON HIS DOORSTEP.

do the work together night and morn- ing, and take our dinners at the hotel on Sundays."

"Not much," replied pretty Nellie Dinsmore, patting the carpet nervously with her beaded slipper. "I'd be a fright in no time trying to work day and night. As soon as you get twenty a week, twice what I'm getting now, I'm ready to give up my job. After having ten a week to spend just on myself there's no use talking about the two of us living on \$17.50 per, with taxes and insurance to pay and the cottage needing painting. If you really loved me, you'd sell the place. Tim Sullivan's dying to buy it. Then we'd furnish up a couple of rooms here in the hotel and live in style. Mrs. Conroy'd give us a special rate."

"Of \$14 a week, leaving \$3.50 for clothes and incidentals."

"Well, there's the money you get for the place." Graham's face turned stern, and Nellie added hastily: "Or I'd stay at the factory until you get your raise, and then maybe we could find another place. Anyhow, we'd be putting money in bank."

Tom Graham bent over and took both the girl's hands in his.

"Nellie, dear, I've some old fashioned ideas about marriage and—you, I don't want you to live in a hotel after we're married, with nothing to do but listen to the gossip of Mrs. Conroy and her sort. I want a home!"

Nellie flung aside his hands angrily. "Oh, well, of course, if you want a home and not a wife you might hire one of the McCarthy sisters—they're past forty and won't make a goodly keep house for you. But as for me, I don't marry until I see something besides dishwashing in a shabby cottage before me."

Graham was very white now. In the days gone by they had played in that "shabby cottage," oh, how happily! It had been Nellie's one refuge from an unhappy, tearful mother, who had first driven her husband to drink and then followed him to a premature grave.

Something like an illuminating message flashed through his being. If he forced Nellie into a marriage that appeared distasteful to her, she might become as dissatisfied and tearful as her mother. He rose abruptly. He could not picture Nellie in tears, but there were little lines around her mouth at this moment that he did not like. He loved her, but he did not propose to wreck two lives in a futile attempt to try out the love in a cottage plan. Neither would he give up his tiny ancestral home, sole legacy of loving parents.

Nellie had been happy there only a few months before, when she had boarded with his widowed mother, but when the latter had died Nellie had taken up her quarters, with a number of other girls from the shoe factory, at a second class hotel. Somehow Tom felt she had changed from the day she stepped over the hotel's threshold, and he glared back at his brightly lighted barroom and dimly lighted parlor as he stood out in the middle of the street.

Tom was telegraph operator at the depot, and his cottage was not far from the tracks. The main street of the town led past both, so Tom seldom missed seeing Nellie each night and morning as she went to and from work. Once as she passed the cottage he was washing his few dishes, and he saw her toss her head and quicken her steps. More often, however, he was at his post in the depot. He hoped against hope that she would drop him a forgiving line or fling him a nod of friendship as she passed the depot. Instead each week he heard more of Nellie's social popularity. The boys at the new suspender factory organized a club and gave a dance. Nellie was the belle of the evening. Miss McCarthy, who had come over to the cottage to do some scrubbing, told him all about it, concluding with a graphic description of the wonderful new frock which Nellie had ordered from the city.

That afternoon the weather changed suddenly. The snow came down first in a soft swirling cloud, then with crisp, needlelike insistence. Tom threw more coal into the depot stove and made

a quick run home to take the geraniums out of the window. When he came back to the station he knew that a blizzard was closing down on Ridgefield. He wondered how Nellie would get home, and then Syracuse called, and he had to put his thoughts on his work.

It took all his strength to reach the cottage across the track. His first instinct was to close all shutters and draw the curtains, but he remembered his mother's custom of setting a lamp in the window for those who might be abroad on stormy nights. Such a cozy little kitchen as it lighted, with a fire snapping in the old fashioned cook stove which Miss McCarthy polished to brilliancy at each visit!

He hummed contentedly as he sat over the teakettle and brought the bread and butter from the pantry. Then he stopped short and listened intently. What was that scratching noise at the door—yes—and now the sound of a muffled fall?

He flung open the door, and the wind blew out his lamp, but against the blur of the snow he saw a dark figure huddled on his doorstep.

He carried the woman indoors, laid her on the old fashioned settle and re-lighted his lamp. Then, with something like a groan, he sprang back to the inert form. It was Nellie!

Fifteen minutes later a white and very quiet Nellie sat before the snapping fire with blankets wrapped around her still trembling figure and a cavalier in short sleeves serving her tea and toast.

"And now tell me how it happened," Tom said, with authority.

"I didn't realize it was storming so dreadfully, and my machine broke down just before closing time. The foreman—the new man, you know, from Boston—said that if I wanted to make up the time I'd lost—I'm doing piecework now—he had some extra work to do, too, and he'd see I got home all right. I was sort of glad to stay, because it's fierce to go home to a cold room in the hotel a night like this, and when you have a headache you just hate to sit evenings in the parlor with a lot of folks and the piano jangling. So I stayed, but—"

"her voice was low and tear heavy—"on the way down the stairs—he tried to kiss me, and then I ran through the snow, sort of blind, I guess, and the first thing I didn't know where I was. I just saw the light—I didn't know it was your cottage."

Pride struggled with relief in her tired voice.

"Have some more tea," said Tom abruptly, and then for some minutes he bustled himself around the room, standing before her at last in his heaviest outdoor raiment.

"Where are you going? Please don't leave me alone."

"This storm is no joke, Nellie," he said quietly. "First I've got to get in fuel to last us all night and perhaps longer. Then, before we're snowed in for fair, I'm going to bring over the Rev. Mr. Gary." Nellie rose uncertainly to her feet. "Now, don't get flurried. You've had your lesson, and I've had mine, and we're going to be married tonight. You can't get to the hotel in this storm, thank God, and you can't stay here except as my wife"—his voice turned suddenly tender—"and I want you to be my wife."

Nellie rubbed her face against his shabby, fuzzy overcoat. "All right, dear," she said docilely, and then, even as his arms closed around her, she murmured: "Tom, dear, this shiny fire looks so good and homelike. Those registers up at the hotel sort of give you a chill."

And then Tom knew that the cottage looked shabby no longer.

Large Ears of Forest Animals. Within the limits of particular groups large ears may be taken, as a rule, to indicate either great powers of hearing or the necessity of catching every wave of sound. Thus, forest dwelling animals generally have much larger, and especially broader, ears than their relatives inhabiting open country. An excellent instance of this is afforded by the okapi of the Semliki forest, as contrasted with the giraffe of the more open districts of Africa—the ears in the one case being excessively broad and leaflike, while in the other they are comparatively narrow and pointed. Similarly Grey's zebra, which inhabits scrub jungles in Somaliland and northeast Africa generally, has much larger and wider ears than the ordinary zebra of the open veldt.—Scientific American.

Everybody Happy. Pater—You are disgracefully lazy. It's queer that you don't take after me. There's nothing I like so well as to work and make money.

Filius—And there's nothing I like so well as to spend it. We both should be satisfied. And yet you kick!—Cleveland Leader.

Springy. "That's a fancy suit you have on," remarked the visitor in the dressing tent of the big circus.

"Yes," laughed the acrobat who jumps over six elephants every performance; "I call that my spring suit."—Chicago News.

Don't Be Blue and lose all interest when help is within reach. Herbine will make that liver perform its duties properly. J. B. Vaughn, Elba, Ala., writes:

"Being a constant sufferer from constipation and a disordered liver, I have found Herbine to be the best medicine for these troubles, on the market. I have used it constantly. I believe it to be the best medicine of its kind, and I wish all sufferers from these troubles to know the good Herbine has done me." Sold by Chas. N. Clarke.

If Women Couldn't Read. "Then you don't believe in higher education for women?"

"Certainly not. I think it's a shame to even teach 'em how to read. If a woman couldn't read the bargain advertisements, she wouldn't be so unhappy over the lots of things she can't afford to buy."

Hay Fever and Summer Colds. Victims of hay fever will experience great benefit by taking Foley's Honey and Tar, as it stops difficult breathing immediately and heals the inflamed air passages, and even if it should fail to cure you it will give instant relief. The genuine is in a yellow package. Clarke Drug Co.

A Most Valuable Agent.

The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the medicinal properties which it extracts from a native medicinal root and holds in solution much better than alcohol would. It also possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a valuable demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic and antiferment. It adds greatly to the efficacy of the Black Cherry-bark, Bloodroot, Golden Seal root, Stone root and Queen's root, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery" in subduing chronic, or lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, for all of which these agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherry-bark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. It is a most efficient and safe agent for the cure of chronic, or lingering coughs, and chronic sore throat with hoarseness. In acute coughs it is not so effective as the Black Cherry-bark, but in chronic, or long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from the lungs, that it has performed its most marvelous cures.

Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago, says of glycerine: "In dyspepsia it serves an excellent purpose. Holding a fixed quantity of the peroxide of hydrogen in solution, it acts as a most powerful antiseptic, and its action upon the stomach is especially marked if there is irritation of the gastric mucosa (catarrhal inflammation of the stomach). It is a most efficient purgative. Glycerine will relieve many cases of pyrosis (heartburn) and excessive gastric (stomach) acidity." "Golden Medical Discovery" enriches and purifies the blood, curing blotches, pimples, eruptions, scaly skin, swellings and old sores, or ulcers.

Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet telling all about the native medicinal roots composing this wonderful medicine. There's no stock in it.

Spelling by Ear. The young French stenographer, whose progress in English had not kept pace with her proficiency in shorthand, was puzzling over some notes she had taken of a recitation at a public entertainment.

As she transcribed them the recitation began like this:

La fanth wurist swidheu. Out panjs out pelone.

"That's easy," said the expert to whom she submitted the notes. "It is part of a poem that begins:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you. Weep, and you weep alone."

—Chicago Tribune.

Remedy for Diarrhoea, Never Known to Fail.

"I want to say a few words for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I have used this preparation in my family for the past five years and have recommended it to a number of people in York county and have never known it to fail to effect a cure in any instance. I feel that I can not say too much for the best remedy of the kind in the world."—S. Jemison, Spring Grove, York County, Pa. This remedy is for sale by Keir & Cass.

The Kind He Liked. Teddy's father had brought home some rare old cheese, and after hearing his praise of its strong points Teddy was manfully struggling to make way with a small piece of it.

Seeing the cheese still on his plate and Teddy's nose perceptibly elevated, his father said: "What is the matter, Ted? Don't you like that fine cheese?"

"Yes," answered Teddy, with the air of a connoisseur. "This cheese is very good, but I think I like just plain, common mouse cheese better."—Cleveland Leader.

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Can't rest at night with bad back, A lame back, a weak or aching knee, Doan's Kidney Pills are for bad backs. They cure every form of kidney ills. From common backache to diabetes.

Mr. W. W. Craft, of 232 Broadalbin street, Albany, Ore., says: "When I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at a drugstore, I was suffering with a lame back. At times it was very painful for me to bend over or to do any housework. I got little rest at night on account of the continual aching and felt tired and worried all the time. I soon noticed a change for the better after I started using Doan's Kidney Pills and this relief continued until I was resting well at night and felt greatly strengthened. The backache and lameness entirely disappeared."

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80 acres in upper valley, A No. 1 apple land, 40 acres nearly cleared, free irrigating water, per acre, \$150.00
330 acres raw land, timber reserved, under irrigation, platted in ten acre lots, 12 miles out in upper Hood River valley, A No. 1 apple land, \$10,000.
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Terms can be had on all the above property at Reasonable Interest
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Business lot Main street, rents \$180 a year. Price \$2,500.
3 lots and house, house new, 8 rooms. Price \$3,500

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Is again offering their usual choice stock of **Apple, Pear Cherry and Peach Trees**, with reference to varieties adapted to this locality. Bear in mind that all buds and scions used in propagating were personally selected from bearing trees. Last year was all sold out November 1st. Would suggest that orders for the coming season should not be delayed.
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