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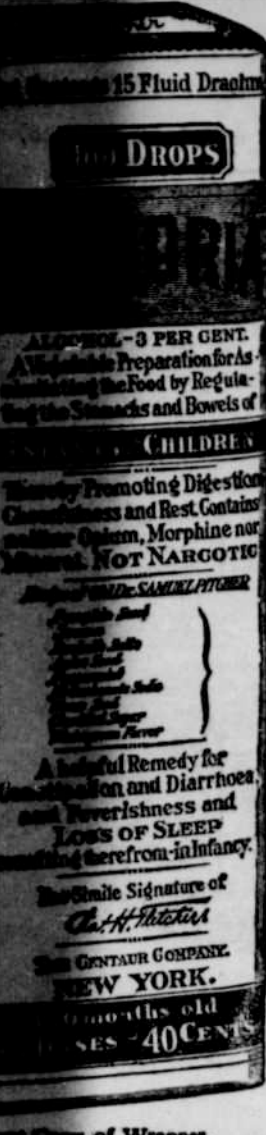
Mothers Know That
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CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



"GLADDIE"

By JEANIE L. DARLING.

(©, 1929, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Hillcrest people have not yet forgotten the eccentricities of Peter Tromp. When he built his house, the best situated in the village, it had two fronts. One, with a big piazza, faced the street; here Katie, his wife, sat and sewed or visited. The other faced the meadows behind the hill town; here, silent and moody, Peter used to sit and gaze at the faraway blue outlines of beautiful eastern mountains.

They were not as friendly as husband and wife should be—Peter and Katie weren't. There were no children to bind their hearts together; then, too, Katie loved her neighbors and Peter did not. He would not even go to the little meeting house on Sabbath days, and Katie's heart was bitter about this. The minister once expostulated, but Peter led him through his house and onto the back, or rather the front porch.

"That there's my church, and good enough for me," he answered, pointing toward the mountains, which lay serene, majestic, understanding, in the purple-red colors of sunset, and no more would he say.

Two days after Emma Simonds died, Katie went into Peter's garden and found Emma's four-year-old daughter there playing "mudples" with Peter. They seemed the best of chums.

At sight of Katie Peter drew the bare-footed, roguish-eyed child down beside him. His great, gaunt body trembled with tenderness.

"I shall keep her," he said defiantly. Katie looked at Gladdie's irresponsible face and shuddered.

"The idea!" she objected. "You're crazy, Peter. Her aunt Ella'll have to take her. It's mighty risky takin' other folks' young uns to bring up. Besides, I don't have no time to look after a child, anyway. And what would the neighbors think?"

Peter's eyes blazed. "Hillcrest ain't my judge," he answered shortly.

Peter's wife smiled sardonically. "Well, s'long 's she don't bother me, she can stay," and she went back into the house.

Peter and Gladdie sat on, hand in hand, on the steps.

"Daddy," she said joyously, and stroked his face. He gathered her into his arms and she cuddled up against his breast and slept. The sun went down and the mountains took on vague, haunting outlines in the darkening distance; peace lay over the valley world, and Peter's eyes hungrily took in the sight until his soul was satisfied, and he, too, slept, his head against the porch railing. They were still there when Katie, returning from an evening call, came out and found them.

"So this is the way you're goin' to take care of her, is it, Peter?" she flared. "She's probably got her death of cold." Oh, yes, Katie knew how her words were hurting the man she had married. "She'll go to her Aunt Ella's tomorrow, just as sure as the sun comes up."

She took the sleeping child and bundled her into the house. Peter followed, crestfallen, conscience-stricken. Not for worlds would he have harmed the child he was learning to love passionately. In time he got back some of his dignity.

"You let me have her," he commanded firmly. "I want to look after her myself, and I'm goin' to keep her, too," he added not so firmly.

"Till mornin'," Katie agreed, grimly, and went out to sit alone on her porch. Gladdie was wide awake now and her happy laughter came out to Katie. Somehow it drove the anger out of her heart and filled it with a strange desolate feeling.

"What's that, Daddy?" Gladdie was asking. Gladdie's up-bringing had been woefully deficient in some lines. "A night-gown? Is it Gladdie's, daddy?"

"It's Gladdie's tonight," she heard Peter say, gently. "We'll get Gladdie one of her own tomorrow."

"Who has it when Gladdie ain't here," the child persisted.

"Katie," gruffly.

"Who's Katie, Daddy?"

"She's—she's," Katie knew her husband was groping for words, "she's your new mamma."

Katie rose angrily. To put such notions into the child's head!

"Peter," she called, "you harness Ned and take that young un to her aunt Ella's right off. She ain't goin' to stay here another minute. D'you hear me, Peter?"

Peter came out to the porch.

"I ain't goin' to take her back, Katie," he breathed heavily.

"I want to kiss mamma good-night, too," a plaintive voice said and a little white figure, holding up a huge nightgown, stumbled between them, fumbled for Katie's skirt, and little arms reached up for her embrace.

Katie sank back into a chair, her legs shaking from the effects of her anger, I suppose. The little white figure climbed at once into her lap, and loving, warm, sweet, baby lips pressed ardently against her throat and mouth. Gladdie's upbringing had not been neglected in some respects! With those magic kisses Katie's heart suddenly became a thing all tender.

Above the white figure, husband and wife looked into each other's eyes.

"Let's bring her up together, Peter," Katie faltered.

"I—we need you, Katie, both of us," he agreed.



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Some men who boast of calling a spade a spade would pass a snow shovel by without recognizing it at all.

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP.

A cold is probably the most common of all disorders and when neglected is apt to be most dangerous. Statistics show that more than three times as many people died from influenza last year, as were killed in the greatest war the world has ever known. For the last fifty-three years Boschee's Syrup has been used for coughs, bronchitis, colds, throat irritation and especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning. Made in America and used in the homes of thousands of families all over the civilized world. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

The Difference.

"A traveler relates that in Peking if a wife dies and the husband follows her remains to the grave he is not permitted to marry again," dictated stated Professor Pate. "If he stays at home it is an intimation that he has further matrimonial ambitions. Here in America if the bereaved husband weeps all the way to the cemetery and then it requires the united efforts of several strong men to keep him from precipitating himself following into the grave the experienced on-lookers allow that in less than three months he will be stepping about the girls and declaring that a man is only as old as he—ee-hee! hee!—feels."—Kansas City Star.

Bring Another.

A returned warrior was relating his experiences to a number of old friends in the village inn. After exhausting his supply of tales, he was asked: "Did they use any 'igh explosives over there?"

"Well, I ain't sure about that. But when our battalion was up the line once, a shell struck our dugout, lifting everything into the air, and when the sandbags came down they were all covered with snow."

Why does nearly all the milk of human kindness taste of the can?

People seldom appreciate good advice unless they have to pay for it.

TERRIFYING DISCOMFORTS FROM SKIN DISEASES

Itching and Burning Eruptions
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If your skin seems ablaze with the fiery, burning and itching of Eczema, real and lasting relief can only come from treatment that goes below the surface—that reaches down to the very source of the trouble. Skin-diseases come from a disordered condition of the blood, and search far and near,

you cannot find a blood remedy that approaches S. S. S. for real efficiency. S. S. S. has been on the market for fifty years, during which time it has been giving uniform satisfaction for all disorders for which it is recommended. If you want prompt relief, you can rely upon S. S. S. For expert advice as to the treatment of your own individual case, write to-day to Chief Medical Adviser, Swift Specific Co., Dept. 44, Atlanta, Ga.

THEATER'S "GOOD OLD DAYS"

Example of Rough-and-Ready Methods of Stock Companies of the Olden Times.

David Belasco said at a theatrical supper in New York:

"I hear a lot of praise bestowed on the old stock companies. Well, the old stock companies were all right in their rough-and-ready way. They'd hardly go down with us nowadays."

"Once in the '80s I dropped in at a stock performance in a western town. The company had a score of plays in its repertory, and this play I had dropped in on went very raggedly."

"In the third-act climax the hero forgot his part, and after an embarrassing silence of about two minutes hissed audibly to the prompter:

"What's the line?"

"What's the play?" the prompter hissed back from his little box, as he grabbed up a stack of two or three dozen books and began to run through them feverishly."

Extravagance a la Mode.

"I understand that Isobel Glimme entertains regardless of expense." "I should say she does. She doesn't care what a dish costs if she wants it. Yesterday, when she gave a lunch to her dancing club, there were two hard-boiled eggs in the center of the table, and every guest got a slice."

A New Style.

"Does that author burn the midnight oil with his toll?" "No, but he burns the roads with his 'gas.'"

When the bait is worth more than the fish it is time to stop fishing.

Appropriate.
He—"But why call her a self-made woman?" She—"Because her face is her fortune."

Sure Relief



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Keep well. Whenever your appetite begins to flag, or your stomach and a coated tongue warn you, take CARTER'S Little Liver Pills and the trouble will cease.

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