

The chill snows lingered, the spring was late, it seemed a weary while to wait for warmth, and fragrance, and song, and flowers...

AN OLD MAID.

A lowering morning which made one wish for the sunny South or for Italy, for any place which would make one feel happier than could this dismal morning in Wisconsin. And then to think that this train could not make connection with the eastward bound train!

look of understanding in response to this sentiment, he went on: "We don't know what is right to do, and yet we're punished by fixed laws if we don't do the right. That doesn't seem just to me."

he meant; then he continued earnestly, looking down into the clear eyes lifted so fearlessly to his: "I feel as if I was looking into the eyes of my wife. Am I mistaken?" The last words were breathed rather than uttered, and then she understood, and the flame color mounted over the delicate features once more, and she said quietly: "Do I look so much like your wife?"

Sairy's Way. The great, red disk of the September sun was setting slowly from sight behind the mountains which hemmed in the small village of Montclair. The day had been hot, but with the early twilight a blue haze stretched from hill to hill, a cool canopy across the lazy little town, enveloping in its misty softness an old red farm house, whose architecture bore evidence of generations ago.

Sairy carried the eggs to the hotel herself while Lyddy was sleeping. Coming back she overtook a neighbor driving home. "Good afternoon. Can you give me a lift? Lyddy's sick," she said simply.

Panic Stricken Compositors. One day recently the composing room of The Sun office was the scene of unusual excitement, in fact it amounted to a small panic. The day was unusually warm, and to make the atmosphere still more tropical there lay directly beneath the composing room two large steam boilers and a stereotyping kettle, the latter being filled with molten lead. These went a great way toward making the compositors uncomfortable.