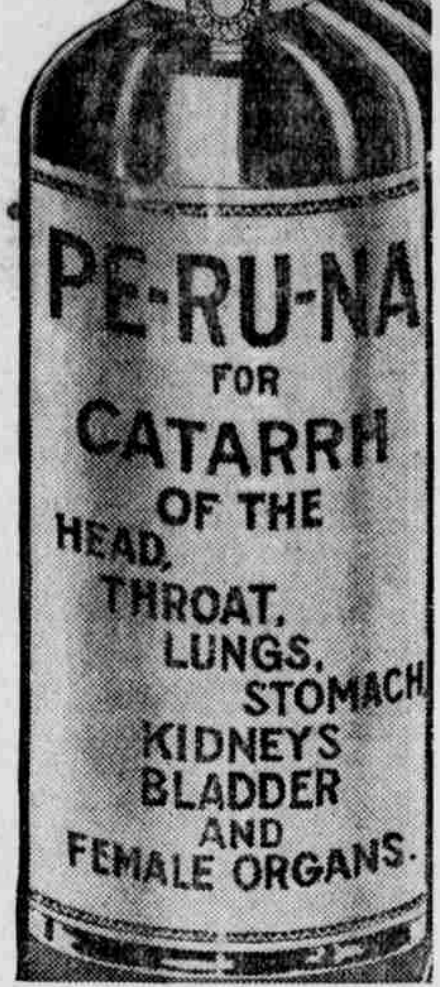


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The town council of a small German community met to inspect a new site for a cemetery, says Dunstige Blinnet. They assembled at a chapel, and as it was a warm day, some suggested they leave their coats there.
"Some one can stay behind and watch them," suggested Herr Bot-tel.
"What for?" demanded Herr Ehrlich. "If we are all going out together, what need is there for any one to watch the clothes?"

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THE WANDERER.

Lang syne on the hills, where the blueberries grew,
And the lark sang sweetly far up in the blue,
Like a day glided by like a lang, happy dream,
Till I heard my fond mother cry: "Laddie, come home!
Laddie, come home! Laddie, come home!
You're lang awa wandering—Laddie, come home!"

In a far awa land through the din o' the years,
In the sunshine o' hope an' the shadow o' fears,
I've heard a sweet echo still calling my name,
And it's: "Oh, but you're lang awa—Laddie, come home!
Laddie, come home! Laddie, come home!
You're lang awa wandering—Laddie, come home!"

Though life's fondest fancies are idle and vain,
And my feet may ne'er tread the red heather again,
In the land o' the leal, when I catch the first gleam,
May I hear the glad welcome: "Laddie, come home!
Laddie, come home! Laddie, come home!
You're lang awa wandering—Laddie, come home!"

—The Caledonian.

Miss Jane's Romance

ANY mail?" asked a thin, quavering voice at the postoffice window. Alexander Watson, the postmaster, peered over his steel-rimmed spectacles at the little, withered old lady outside the grating, and replied as usual, "No, not to-day."

With a sigh Miss Jane Pease walked quietly out into the dusty country road. Every day for years she had come to ask the same question, and every day she had received the self-same answer. To the neighbors' knowledge, no one had written to her since she was a young girl. They would have known it if anyone had, for Polkville is no exception to other country towns when it comes to knowing everyone else's business.

Miss Jane was what people called "alone in the world." She never had any brothers or sisters; her father and mother were both dead, and she had no near relatives living. At her father's death, all that remained of his once comfortable income was a few thousand dollars in the bank, and by rigid economy she had made this suffice to support herself and the old white horse of the family. In a snug little cottage house overhung by state-ly elms, with a small veranda facing the south where honeysuckle shed its sweet perfume in summer and the snow drifted in winter, she lived a life of isolation. None of the neighbors ever called. Miss Jane was too "stuck up," they said—too cold and reserved. This was because she did not choose to join in the village gossip with the others, for no splinter on earth possessed a warmer, more affectionate nature than hers.

On this particular morning the bitter loneliness of her life seemed to strike her more forcibly than ever before. Perhaps it was because everything looked so bright and happy—the birds, the trees, the flowers by the roadside just bursting into bloom. A squirrel ran across her path as she wended her way up the hill, perched on a rail fence by the wayside and chattered knowingly for a minute; then, whisked away into the woods beyond.

She was startled from her reverie by Miss Priscilla Hunter's voice. "Any mail?" she called from the shadow of her vine-clad veranda. "Any mail?" she called from the shadow of her vine-clad veranda. Miss Jane felt the sarcasm in the tone, and it cut her deeply. Tears of anger and reproach sprang to her faded gray eyes, but she choked back her wrath. She was too proud to show her irritation. She tried to answer cheerfully, "No, not this morning," then she added quickly, "But I'm expecting a letter to-morrow."

"Hope you won't be disappointed," came again from the veranda. "I don't expect to be," was the firm reply, as Miss Jane passed on. The idea which had been growing in her mind all the way up the hill had taken form at last. My, but wouldn't the neighbors be curious? She quickened her pace. It seemed as if she could not walk fast enough to reach home to put her plan into execution. A red spot burned in either cheek. She turned the key hurriedly in the latch and went into the house. In another moment she was at her desk in the back parlor, her bonnet and shawl discarded, pen in hand, writing, writing—as if her life depended upon it.

When she finished, it was nearly 12 o'clock. The fruits of her labor, four large white envelopes with bulging contents, sealed, stamped and addressed in a scamped hand (to make her writing look unfamiliar) to Miss Jane Pease, Polkville, lay before her. The most troublesome part of her labor—the posting—was yet to be accomplished. The postmaster's inquisitive eyes would follow her every movement, and she scorned the idea of being twittered of writing to herself. Polkville must not know. These precious letters must be posted elsewhere. As quick as a flash Overton came into her mind. There were mail boxes in that town. She could drop her letters into a box and no one would be the wiser. The only drawback was that Overton was almost twelve miles away.

"I know what I'll do," she said suddenly to herself. "I won't stop to get dinner, I'll take a little lunch and drive over there. If I start now, I'll get back at dusk."

do you 'spose she's goin' at this hour—just dinner time, too?" Priscilla Hunter looked in the direction indicated by her astonished neighbor, and Miss Jane heard her say, "I dunno, but 'pears to me there's some 'thin' strange a-goin' on to happen to Jane Pease. I saw her comin' home from the postoffice this mornin'—you know she always goes just such a time—and I says—for I like to joke her—says I, 'Any mail?' 'No,' says she—and then very determined like—but I'm expectin' a letter to-morrow."

Mrs. Oak threw up her parboiled hands, with an exclamation of surprise. "Land! to my knowledge she hasn't had a letter for over forty years."

With these words ringing in her ears, the object of their conversation passed around a curve in the road and was lost to view. Her face blazed with wrath. She would give even with them, the old gossiping henton.

By the time she had reached the spot to eat her lunch the gentle breeze had soothed her until she was just herself again. In a snug little cottage house overhung by state-ly elms, with a small veranda facing the south where honeysuckle shed its sweet perfume in summer and the snow drifted in winter, she lived a life of isolation. None of the neighbors ever called. Miss Jane was too "stuck up," they said—too cold and reserved. This was because she did not choose to join in the village gossip with the others, for no splinter on earth possessed a warmer, more affectionate nature than hers.

She had hardly entered upon the main thoroughfare when she espied the coveted object. She brought old Dolly to a standstill on the opposite side of the street, and satched in hand nervously approached the box. It was placed rather high, and she had to stand on her tip-toe to reach it. Breathlessly, she pulled down the latch. Her heart was thumping wildly. She dropped in one letter and hesitated. Should she post them all that day? No—there would be a deluge of letters in the morning. She would save the rest for some future time. With the air of one who had accomplished a mighty purpose, she picked her way across the dusty street to the wagon, shook the reins over old Dolly's back, and turned her towards Polkville.

It was growing dark when she reached home. She did the chores and went to bed, but slept only at intervals during the night—a restless, troubled sleep. There were letters, letters, everywhere! Oh, such a big pile of them! All different colored envelopes—pink, white, blue and yellow—and by some happy coincidence they were all addressed to her.

The next morning she arose little refreshed. She could hardly settle herself over her household duties, she was so anxious to know whether her letter had arrived. She did not make her accustomed visit to the postoffice in the forenoon, for she reflected that the letter she so longed to receive could not possibly reach Polkville before the noon's mail. It would be humiliating to find nothing there.

In the afternoon the weather cleared, and with it Miss Jane's spirits rose, so much so in fact that she decided to go down to the postoffice as usual. Little knots of people were gathered here and there about the office. A suppressed excitement hovered about them. In eager tones they were discussing something of unusual importance. Among the foremost were Miss Priscilla and Mrs. Oak. What was the meaning of all this?

At her approach the buzzing of tongues ceased, and many turned to look at her curiously. Unmindful that she was the object of their conversation, she walked reluctantly to the window. The neighbors looked at her wonderingly, and marvelled that she could be so cool. Miss Jane knew that there would be no letter for her that day, and she felt a bit nervous about asking for one. It was some time since she had asked for a letter and received none.

Before she could speak, Alexander Watson appeared at the window with a letter in his hand. Those near by pressed close about her. She thought it was for one of them and tried to step aside.

"No, it's a letter for you, Miss Jane," she heard the familiar voice say. "Don't know who it's from, but it's got a furrin postmark on it, and likely as not it's from some furrin court."

The postmaster checked at his bright remark, and glanced mischievously at Miss Priscilla, who tittered audibly.

In a dazed way Miss Jane took the letter he passed to her under the grating. The address on the envelope was surely hers. There was no mistake as to that. "Thank you," she said briefly, but firmly, trying to suppress the angry emotions which surged up in her breast. Now, she understood the meaning of the curious, excited throng. They knew of the letter and had come to note her behavior when she received it. Her cheeks flamed with indignation, but she was glad she had not made a scene. She had been as curious as any of them to know the contents of this mysterious envelope, but she flattered herself that she had not betrayed her desire.

With head held proudly erect she sauntered forth, but she was all of a flutter until she reached the old house. Not until she had locked herself into her own room did she proceed to examine her treasure. She turned it over and over again. She did not dare open it. It was surely a foreign postmark, and the address was written in the big, bold, handwriting of a man. What man was there who would write to her, especially from a foreign land? She laughed outright at the absurdity of the thought. "Jane Pease, what a fool you are!" she exclaimed severely. And tremblingly she broke the seal.

"Dear Jane," it began. The name looked so familiar that it startled her. No one had used it for years. There was only one person in the world who had ever called her that—Henry Michael, her lover, the man whose faded photograph she fondly cherished.

She turned quickly to the last sheet. The name! Was this a message from the dead? She stared at the writing long and hard. "Jane!" Yes, it was her name! None other would have used that name! Joy for a moment overcame her; then, an indignant flush of crimson dyed her cheeks. She thought of her wasted life, of the happiness and joy she had lost—and all through him. Why had he let her wait all these years, desolate, alone, when she might have shared the joys and sorrows of wifehood and motherhood with her other friends? He had not truly loved her.

She had a mind to burn the letter without reading it, but curiosity overcame the desire. As she read, the handwriting grew to look more familiar. She was sure it was the long lost Michael's. He had been in Southern France all this time making his fortune. How many times he had written and received no answer! He had begun to believe her dead, when, by chance, he ran upon a sea-faring friend from America who gave him encouragement.

She was still in the same old place, and what if his former letters had never reached her! The thought gave him courage to try his luck once more, and he prayed that the fate of this letter would not be the same as that of its predecessors. He was so impatient he could not wait in France for his answer. He was coming to America—coming to find her. Was she free and

would she marry him? He would sail from Liverpool on the 20th. He would arrive in New York the first of the week, and he would come direct to her. He gave an address in New York to which she was to write, and he said her answer would decide his fate.

The letter was so sincere, so sympathetic, so true, so like the dear Henry of old, the indignation she had felt at first speedily changed to mingled joy and happiness. In nervous haste she grabbed a sheet of paper and penned the lines, "Polkville, The Old Homestead, Dear Henry: I am as ever, Jane." Then, she stamped and sealed the envelope and directed it to the New York address. The next morning early while the birds were awake, she drove to Overton. This time it was to post a letter to the man she loved.

Her precious letter mailed, she must wait patiently for an answer; that was the tedious part of it. After a week to which there seemed to be no end, the day came when he would arrive in New York. She felt that she should hear from him as soon as a letter could reach her. Days went by, and no letter came. She could not understand the delay. Had there been some mistake? Her careworn face wore a disappointed look. Must she give up this one last hope to which she clung so fondly, but which was growing fainter and fainter as the days went by? It was not right that others should have all the happiness.



MISS JULIE FLORENCE WALSH

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Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have immediate assistance.
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These symptoms are but warnings that there is danger ahead, and unless heeded, a life of suffering or a serious operation is the inevitable result. The best remedy for all these symptoms is

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