

SERVED IN TWO WARS

THE GRIP ALMOST WON WHERE THE BULLETS FAILED.

Dr. Sympathies Always Enlisted in the Infirmities of the Veteran.

(From the Herald, Woodstock, Va.)

There is an old soldier in Woodstock, Va., who served in the war with Mexico...

He was in town last Monday, court day, and was loud in his praises of the medicine that had given him so great relief...

Met and women waste half their lives in making each other's acquaintance...

New England Raised Biscuit

For raised biscuit set a sponge to rise as for bread at 6 o'clock. At half past...

WOMEN'S FACES

Like flowers, face and wither with time, the bloom of the rose is only known to the healthy woman's cheeks...

be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the hollow or wrinkled face...

Dr. J. C. Williams, of Boston, Mass., writes: I was sick for over three years with bilious dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, pain in the back and head...

The physicians differed as to what my disease was, but one of them did me very good. As soon as I commenced taking Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills...

Burlington Route NEW SHORT LINE TO TRACOMA

Geraldine



CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

The night was rainy, but the great heat of the day had passed. "How delightful is this driving about in open carriages in the evenings!"

"The evenings are seldom warm enough," replied Benlenden, standing by the door for granny had not yet come out.

After descending from the tower, the three proceeded to wander about, sometimes looking at this object, sometimes at that, occasionally listening to the musicians, now taking a seat, now walking to and fro—all was pleasant, and each one was pleased.

"But we must really go some time," cried the old lady at last. "We have been beguiled into staying much longer than I intended, and our poor coachman will have wondered what can possibly have happened to us."

Wishes to be alone, and felt that Geraldine did also. "She has won me, and I think I have won her," he told himself.

Whereby had the wondrous change begun? It had come about of itself. It had been the result of no art, no ingenuity, no ability.

Benlenden had simply borne his punishment in patience, and after the first, had neither resented, nor dissatisfied in his mind, had not any regrets. What woman can long bear the music endurance of her wraith?

Lady Raymond, she was a person of more exact and discerning perceptions than her mother and she had not as yet expressed approval of several new elements to which Geraldine had been taken by Henry Regatta.

"You have got your invitations, I suppose," said Benlenden, when he heard of it. "Yes, Henry might be very good fun if you are with the right sort of people."

How do you feel?

"How do you feel?" asked Benlenden, when he heard of it. "Yes, Henry might be very good fun if you are with the right sort of people."

"You mean to go of course?" demanded Lady Raymond, somewhat imperiously. "I have not quite made up my mind, my dear."

"The truth was that Cecil was true, put into words the burden will be daily pressing upon her in the shape of Cecil's saying nothing, and that she would not be so selfish as to disturb her poor dear serenity and peace of mind."

Geraldine had announced her intention of going no more to either of the former resorts. Cecil, she said, had been very pretty, very bright, very gay, the horses themselves had been beautiful and the racing delightful.

"It was altogether stale," she told Benlenden. "Stale!" exclaimed he in surprise. "I did not know, I fancied you had never been there before."

"You certainly must have been disappointed," observed he. "He meant to please you, I know. He had not at all been of the party, and knew very well why."

"It was stupid," cried the spoilt child. "Stupid. We felt so foolish, granny and I, and Cecil, sitting there with no one to talk to and no reason why we might not as well have been at home."

All Depends on the Heart. He who rudely flings a crust to a beggar has, indeed, supplied food for a hungry body, but has robbed both himself and the beggar of what was their due.

The Oldest Stamp. Parisian stamp collectors have been discussing the question whether the English stamp of 1810, called the Rowland Hill stamp, is really the oldest in existence.

Disappointing a Proud Father. A proud father had, just before dinner, been telling the visitor how clever his little girl was. He said it was not pretence; it was intelligence.

Resented the Innovation. Dr. Elvey, in his recently published memoirs, tells the story that, on one occasion, when the sermon had been chanted to please some visitors, the organ-blower, much offended said: "You can play Rogers in D if you like, but I shall blow Attwood in C."

Humor at the Altar. Some funny stories are told about the marriage service. One of them relates how an old man, brought rather unwillingly to the altar, could not be induced to repeat the responses.

The Future of the East. About 600 miles of the great trans-Siberian Railroad have been opened for travel with befitting ceremonies, says the Boston Globe.

Both Probably Right. "You are always talking about how children ought to be trained, Maria," said Mr. Kelling, "but I can't see that Johnny improves a particle in his behavior at the table."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Crisp Comment. The less money a man has the more he talks about finance. A fool always burns his fingers because he cannot remember that the fire is hot.—Ruin's Horn.

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