

# I Love You

By Lucile Maybelle Sidney

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Ellerton Fuller lay stretched out in his easy chair. The cigar between his lips had gone out. Across his knees the evening paper lay unread, while he stared gloomily into the fire.

That morning he had received notice from the firm that he was to take charge of the branch house in San Francisco for a year, and that he would have to start west the next week.

He had been dismayed, for it meant separation from the girl to whom he had been devoted for a long time.

In the evening, as soon as possible after a hurried dinner, he had called upon her, and, finding her alone, had told her of his love, and had asked her to marry him.

She had refused him. When pressed for her reason she had said that although she liked him, she did not care for him enough to marry him.

"But you must like me a little, or you would never have let me see so much of you in the past year."

The anxious question in his voice hurt her.

"It is just because I like you so much, and respect you so highly, that I don't want to do you the injustice of marrying you without loving you. Every man has the right to be loved with the mind, body and spirit of the woman who marries him. You would be defrauded of that right."

"I am willing to run the risk."

"You may be now, but later on we would both feel the lack of the complete love, and you would be restless and unhappy."

"If I were here and could have this time with you I might make you love me."

"That is something beyond our knowledge."

"Will you let me write to you while I am away? That will help you to remember me. All of your other friends will be here with you, and one of them might win you."

She hesitated, then said, "No. I don't care to correspond with any man."

"Then I am to go away and leave you for a whole year without hearing from you?"

"It would be far better to do that than to raise false hopes."

"Make me just one promise before I go. If you are free when I get back, may I have another chance to try and win you?"

"Why—yes, you may if you still feel the same then."

All the way home he was haunted by the question, "How can I teach her to love me when there are to be so many thousand miles between us? A year is an eternity, and some other fellow will win her."

"There is nothing to do," he thought hopelessly. "A man cannot force himself on a woman who does not want him, and even letters are denied to me."

The whole world was wrong; the woman he loved refused him; he must leave his friends and go among strangers for a year. Even his cigar failed to bring comfort to him.

With a sigh he picked up the paper. "Well, I will keep busy, that will help a little," he thought. He glanced listlessly over the pages. A short paragraph at the end of a column caught his eye. The words "I Love You" were the title.

The article said that a writer had compiled a book telling how to say "I love you," in every language known to man. He read it a second time. An inspiration came to him, and he cried, "the very thing."

The next morning when Dorothy Roberts came down to breakfast she found a letter beside her plate. There was just one sheet of paper, and in the middle was written,

"I love you."

"Faithfully yours,"

"ELLERTON FULLER."

She studied it with a puzzled frown. "What an odd thing for him to do," she thought.

She put the letter into her desk, and in the hurry of the day forgot it.

A box of violets came late that afternoon. The card on the top read:

"Mr. Ellerton Fuller,"

"Faithfulness."

Being a true woman, she was pleased with the gift, and the pleasure did not fade until the next morning, when she found beside her plate a letter in the same fine handwriting. All it contained was:

"Je t'aime."

"Faithfully yours,"

"ELLERTON FULLER."

"Well, of all the silly creatures," she thought, "what absurd thing will he do next?"

In the afternoon the violets came with the one word, "faithfulness" on his card.

Day after day it was the same. Each morning the letter was at her plate, but the words "I love you" were in a different language. Each afternoon the flowers came.

She was at first vexed, then amused, then really angry. Finally she wrote him a formal note asking him to discontinue sending them.

The answer came back, "I am sorry

that you do not like the letters. I intend to win you if I can. I must have some way to make you care for me. Let me correspond with you regularly and I will stop the other letters."

She made no reply, and as the letters continued to come she put them away unopened.

One rainy day in clearing out her desk she took up the fast accumulating pile of them. Curiosity to see in what language it was written made her open the top one. She concluded it must be Chinese from the characters, and burst out laughing at the absurdity of it all.

Amusement at a thing is only another form of interest for it; so she began each day to open the letters as they came. It was fun to try to trace out what language they were in. She began haunting libraries and hunting obscure tongues, many of which baffled her completely.

But she always knew what the words meant, even if she did not know the language, and the letters began to interest her.

She knew that Ellerton Fuller was across the continent, and yet twice each day came a message of his love and loyalty to her.

A man who could be so faithful deserved to be loved, and she began to worry because she could not love him. This led her to thinking of him more and more. At last not an hour of the day passed without something suggesting him to her thoughts, and her life seemed full of him, of his letters, and of his flowers.

One morning there was no letter. She looked again and again through her mail with the same result. Thinking that perhaps the mail had been mistaken, she searched through all the other letters on the table. Nothing!

Perhaps it had been delayed and would come by the next post; but she was restless and broke an engagement to stay at home all the morning and listen for the postman's whistle.

When the afternoon brought neither letter nor violets, she was filled with anxiety. She forced herself to go through dinner, but told her mother that she would not go to the opera, as she had a severe headache.

"Your cheeks are unusually red, my dear," said her mother. "You must have taken cold, for you are feverish. You had better take a hot lemonade and go to sleep early."

"I could not sleep. I will lie down and read in the library."

About half past nine the bell rang, and the maid brought up a card.

"I told him you were ill, ma'am, and might not be able to see him," she said.

Dorothy glanced at the card. It was familiar enough. "Mr. Ellerton Fuller." The blood rushed over her face.

"Say that I will be down at once."

She held on to the banister for support, and slowly stepped from stair to stair, for she trembled so that she feared she would fall.

"Good evening," she said, putting out a hand which shook in spite of her efforts for self control.

Ellerton Fuller took her hand in both of his and looked her over eagerly, studying each feature again and again.

"I have been counting the very minutes until this hour for the last six months. Have I won or lost in my struggle to make you love me? My love for you has grown from day to day, until it did not seem as if I could wait to get across the continent. Dorothy, tell me, do you, can you love me as I do you?"

The girl did not answer nor look up, but something in her downcast face and trembling figure told him the truth, and as with reverent hands he lifted her face for his kiss, he said, "Thank God for the many ways of saying 'I love you.'"

**Boomerang to Kill Ducks.**

An American hunter who carries boomerangs instead of a repeating shotgun is a curiosity, but Vernon Tantlinger, a St. Joseph, Mo., nimrod, uses the Australian war weapon when he goes after ducks.

Tantlinger is an expert with the boomerang and recently bagged 12 ducks with eight throws of his club. Tantlinger says that as the statutes do not prohibit the use of boomerangs he can hunt within the city limits whenever he can find game.

His mode of action in killing wild ducks is to throw one boomerang into a flock when it is on the water, and when the birds rise he is ready to hurl another stick into the flock as it is bunched upon the wing.—New York World.

**Improved Form of Lighting.**

A new kind of light has been developed in France for use in light-houses, where the use of electric lamps presents some disadvantages. The lamp in question has a number of filaments mounted somewhat after the fashion of the fibers of an incandescent gas mantle. In this way a very strong light is secured which, moreover, has the desirable property of being very uniform in all parts of the circumference. According to recent trials, the new type of lamp gave twenty times as much light as a Welsbach burned and required very little attention. The lamp is particularly adapted for shore lighthouses, which are easily placed in communication with electric light mains.

**Find Use for Waste Product.**

In Wilmington, Del., a use is being found for the waste products of paper mills which have been accumulating for years and have been thought valueless. One factory has dumped over 100,000 tons of residuum from its rollers on the neighboring flats, covering about eight acres. This is now to be treated by a process for extracting the carbon for the market and the rest will be converted into fertilizer

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

### LESSON FOR JUNE 9

#### HEARING AND DOING.

**LESSON TEXT—Luke 6:36-49.**  
**GOLDEN TEXT—"He ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deluding your own selves."—James 1:22.**

Last week we had from the lips of Jesus three illustrations of that false righteousness which he will not countenance in his new kingdom. Today's lesson is the last of the present series which has to do with the fundamental teachings expressed by Jesus, in his manifesto and it is emphasized by the Golden Text taken from James' epistle.

Jesus begins with a short parable which, though not recorded by Matthew as being used in this same connection is here used to introduce and to explain what was said about the mote and the beam. Parenthetically Jesus informs us that we are not above our Master. We must teach principally in the same manner he taught, e. g., by our lives. He has been setting forth the manner of life to be followed by his disciples. He is the incarnate truth, and in that fact lay his power and success as a teacher, so as we incarnate his life, live his life before the world, we shall most successfully teach. His sight was unimpaired, hence his ability and power. Jesus, however, guards against any self-assumed righteousness upon the part of his followers by telling us that "everyone," that is every disciple, "when he is perfected shall be as his Master." (v. 40.) No leader or teacher has ever made any great and lasting contribution or impression upon history except as he has in a measure emulated the life of Jesus or followed the principles he taught the world.

**Beam and Mote.**

It is as we are being perfected, follow on after perfectness in Christ Jesus, that we are effectually able to see for ourselves and to lead others. Jesus by means of this teaching about the beam and the mote shows us how impossible it is for a man who is himself disobedient to the truth to be able to do anything that will help others who are in a like state of disobedience. He plainly implies that it is not only impossible but actually a sin for one who has a beam, a "splinter" in his eye to attempt to remove the mote—a light speck of dust—from the eye of another. The sin of attempting to teach that which we ourselves do not obey is greater than the sin of him who is not obedient but makes no attempt to teach the truth and called forth the emphatic "thou hypocrite" of Jesus. How many fathers desire their sons to walk in the path of truth and yet they make no effort to remove the beam from their own eyes—hypocrites—is it to be wondered at that they both fall into the ditch?

Jesus emphasizes all of this by use of the figure of fruit-bearing. The preposterousness of our looking for figs upon thorn bushes, or to look for grapes upon a bramble bush is patent to all. We know that corruption is not so much a matter of infection as it is to do with inward purity. If the tree of life is pure it will yield perfect fruit, for life always reproduces its own type, in the same manner the influence a man exerts is the influence of what he is in his own life.

In verse 46 Jesus adds further light upon this matter of hypocrisy. He has already told us we are to build upon his words, which were the truth. Now he shows us that to call him "Lord, Lord" with lips only, and not because of a heart conviction, even though it be known and heard of all men, will not avail. This sort of crying aloud shall be tested by him who knows the thoughts and the intents of the heart and it, too, shall receive the just reward of all hypocrisy. To cry "Lord, Lord," to judge others by different standards from those by which we judge ourselves, is but another evidence of the sin of selfishness.

**Obedience the Only Proof.**

If we will read Paul's epistle upon love (I. Cor. 13) daily it will clarify our vision and correct the motive of our lives so that its fruit will be acceptable to God. Obedience is the only one and only acceptable proof that we are friends of Jesus (John 15:14). To further add light and significance to this whole matter Jesus tells us of the two kinds of foundations upon which men build. That upon the solid rock may be severely tried, as shall all the works of man's hands, but being rightly founded the storm breaks and not the house.

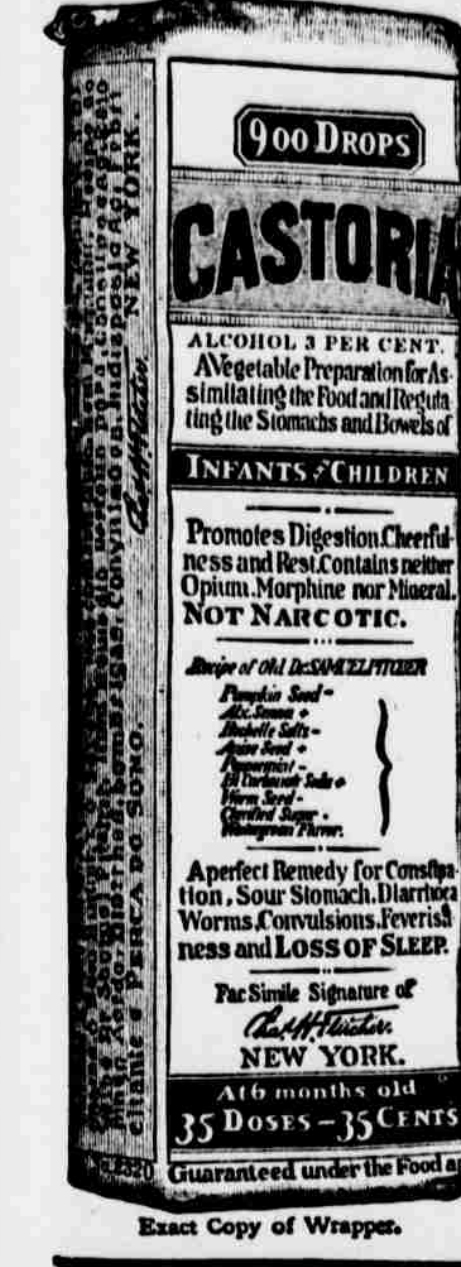
Is your house founded upon the living word or upon the speculations of science? Face this question we must.

**Lesson outline:**

1. False and True Teachers. v. 39-45.
1. Danger. v. 39, 40.
2. Like teacher, like pupil, v. 41, 42.
3. The Test. v. 43-45.
- II. Final Exhortation. v. 46-49.
1. Profession. v. 46.
2. Testing. v. 47-48.
3. Practice. v. 49.
4. Testing. v. 49.

## Physicians Recommend Castoria

CASTORIA has met with pronounced favor on the part of physicians, pharmaceutical societies and medical authorities. It is used by physicians with results most gratifying. The extended use of Castoria is unquestionably the result of three facts: **First**—The indisputable evidence that it is harmless; **Second**—That it not only allays stomach pains and quiets the nerves, but assimilates the food; **Third**—It is an agreeable and perfect substitute for Castor Oil. It is absolutely safe. It does not contain any Opium, Morphine, or other narcotic and does not stupefy. It is unlike Soothing Syrups, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, etc. This is a good deal for a Medical Journal to say. Our duty, however, is to expose danger and record the means of advancing health. The day for poisoning innocent children through greed or ignorance ought to end. To our knowledge, Castoria is a remedy which produces composure and health, by regulating the system—not by stupefying it—and our readers are entitled to the information.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*



## Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. B. Halstead Scott, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria often for infants during my practice, and find it very satisfactory."

Dr. William Belmont, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "Your Castoria stands first in its class. In my thirty years of practice I can say I never have found anything that so filled the place."

Dr. J. H. Taft, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria and found it an excellent remedy in my household and private practice for many years. The formula is excellent."

Dr. R. J. Hamlen, of Detroit, Mich., says: "I prescribe your Castoria extensively, as I have never found anything to equal it for children's troubles. I am aware that there are imitations in the field, but I always see that my patients get Fletcher's."

Dr. Wm. J. McCrann, of Omaha, Neb., says: "As the father of thirteen children I certainly know something about your great medicine, and aside from my own family experience I have in my years of practice found Castoria a popular and efficient remedy in almost every home."

Dr. J. R. Clausen, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "The name that your Castoria has made for itself in the tens of thousands of homes blessed by the presence of children, scarcely needs to be supplemented by the endorsement of the medical profession, but I, for one, most heartily endorse it and believe it an excellent remedy."

Dr. R. M. Ward, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Physicians generally do not prescribe proprietary preparations, but in the case of Castoria my experience, like that of many other physicians, has taught me to make an exception. I prescribe your Castoria in my practice because I have found it to be a thoroughly reliable remedy for children's complaints. Any physician who has raised a family, as I have, will join me in heartiest recommendation of Castoria."

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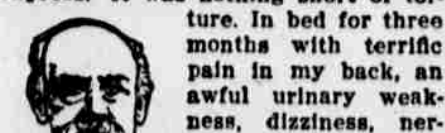


George Baker—Virginia—I'm glad Ethel's married. Philomena—Yet you refrained from congratulating, she tells me. Virginia—Yes; I pitied the bridegroom.

**FEARED AN OPERATION.**

Found a Wonderful Cure Without It. James Greenman, 142 East Adams St., Ionia, Mich., says: "What I suffered with kidney trouble I can never express. It was nothing short of torture. In bed for three months with terrific pain in my back, an awful urinary weakness, dizziness, nervousness and depression. I rapidly lost 45 pounds. My doctor advised an operation but I would not submit. Gravel was forming and the urine had almost stopped. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and after using one box, I passed a stone half an inch long. I continued passing smaller stones until forty had been ejected. I recovered then and was soon as well as ever."

"When Your Back Is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S." 50c. All stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



"They say a man's wife often makes him, but Bingle's wife will never be able to put any punishment in that man." "Just you wait until she gets a lawn-mower in his hands."

Those who seem to escape from discipline are not to be envied; they have farther to go.—A. C. Benson.

For constiveness and sluggish liver try the unrivaled herb remedy, Garfield Tea.

Marriage is about the only thing that will cure some girls of giggling.

**Repertes Off the Stage.**

In the big Weber-Fields dressing room Joe Weber and George Heban sat tense over a game of checkers. "I'm working him up to his part," murmured Mr. Weber, in a kind voice. "He must go on the stage in a trantum in a few minutes. Every night I beat him a game of checkers in here before his entrance. It has just the right effect on him." "Every night you don't beat me!" cried his opponent. "I owe you \$1.50 in 12 weeks. Is that much?" "Not so much, but I'd be glad to get it," suggested the sweet-voiced Weber.

**Babies at Half Price.**

Little Bessie and her mamma were doing the sights of the town. Soon they came to a show where a ticket announced "Children half price." "Oh, do let us go in, mammy," said the little one, "and buy a baby, now they're so cheap!"

### Make the Liver Do its Duty

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