

LOVE'S INTUITION

By MARY WOOD

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Above the shrill whir of the crickets rose the hum of feminine voices. Under the green apple boughs the ham-mock convention was in full swing. Miss Maybrick called it a hornets' nest and preferred the doubtful coziness of the piazza. But, then, she was a college professor, too superior to appreciate the joys of the younger set.

Jane Carew, however, sometimes agreed with her. This afternoon she hid her face behind a book, while girlish fancies carried her far above the swaying leaves up into the perfect blue of the July sky. How lovely nature was this summer, how full life of new delights!

Miss Maybrick's name brought her back to earth again; Miss Maybrick, the one cloud in her sky.

"Oh, yes, she approves of him," saucy Madge was saying. "She can put up with his sunburned face, roughened hands and the general boorishness of a farmer. But I suppose at her age any man is acceptable. To tell the truth, I have almost reached that condition myself in this man forsaken spot." And she shook her head in mock despair.

"Jane agrees with her," some one added a little maliciously. "She never seems to mind sharing his attentions with her."

A book went down with a crash and angry spots of scarlet glowed in Jane's cheeks as she said defiantly: "John Staunton is not a boor; he is a gentleman. Just because he seems to talk the twaddle that men usually think good enough for us girls you vote him a boor. He often makes me ashamed of the little I know, and the books he lends me have opened up a new world, a world bigger and better than all the flirting and shams and heartaches that go to make up society. No wonder he likes to talk to Miss Maybrick. She's worth the whole lot of us when it comes to knowing the things that are worth while!"

The girl stopped short with a gasp as she realized the horrified hush which had fallen on the circle. "Oh, what have I said?" she cried and buried her face in her cushions.

But Madge's gay voice was tender as she stroked the brown head. "You've read us a lecture, Janie, dear," she said gently, "but I fancy we needed it a bit. It's horrid to talk about one of your friends the way we talk about Staunton, and we ought to ask your pardon. As for Miss Maybrick, she's a stuck up old thing, and you're ever so much nicer than she in spite of all she knows. Just wait till Cousin Alex comes next week, and see the new world that he opens to you. He is really literary and writes things for other people to read."

Jane's face was still hidden. She was battling to overcome her tears and even harder to drive out of her heart the unreasonable jealousy of the older woman that somehow had crept into it. The time had been when she would have scorned her as a rival, but love had made her humble. Youth and beauty seemed of small weight to cast into the scales against years of scholastic training and study.

Cousin Alex came. He was a slim, dapper young man, with an important manner rather than variance with his size. But he had a way of retelling old jokes that made them seem new and a stock of compliments suited to every age and was therefore greatly in favor among the guests at the sleepy old farmhouse. As befitting his pretensions as a journalist he rattled on unceasingly about books and literature. He knew this man and that book, and above all, he was one whose name should some day stand foremost in the world of letters. The date was not yet set, but he spoke of "his novel" mysteriously, even reverently, and his feminine audience was accordingly impressed.

More or less unwillingly Jane was compelled to listen to many of these predictions, for "Cousin Alex" at once developed a fondness for her society. Perhaps certain glances that Staunton

cast in his direction added zest to the chase. Perhaps it was the elusive fashion in which the girl received his advances. Certain it is that a week's time had earned him the very fitting name of "Jane's shadow."

Yet to Jane herself each day seemed to bring more unhappiness. Staunton came as often as ever, but at sight of Alex by her side he left the laughing group to chat with Miss Maybrick in intimate aloofness. And as the girl saw the door to the beautiful new world closing because the hand of him who held it open was withdrawn the pain and weariness of her old frivolous life seemed almost past bearing.

Her eyes were more wistful than she knew one evening as she saw a tall, muscular figure swing up the walk with the easy, confident stride of the man who was master of his fate. Staunton's face softened as he met them, and, though Cousin Alex Hamblin was on hand, as usual, he settled himself on the top step with the air of a man who had come to stay. The brown eyes were downcast now, but a shy blush of pleasure still flushed her cheeks.

There was always a visible air of constraint between the two men, but Hamblin rose manfully to the occasion. Here was a most longed for opportunity to prove to Miss Jane that Staunton was but a boor of a farmer, after all, and no match for a man of the world like himself.

If the older man detected his half veiled tone of patronage, he only smiled quizzically. Indeed his position soon grew more untenable than that of his adversary. As the conversation ranged from books to men and back to books again Jane saw, with a thrill of pride, that Staunton more than held his own. What is more, he held his temper, a precaution neglected by the other.

At last the talk fell upon one of the recent novels, a book of unusual strength and breadth of view, Jane had read it several times, for it had seemed to point her to the new life she longed to live. Staunton was silent, as though in unspoken condemnation. Thereupon Hamblin became an enthusiastic defender and openly scoffed at his lack of appreciation.

A shadow crossed the moonlit porch, but the three did not see Miss Maybrick till her voice broke in on the controversy.

"You would not expect Mr. Staunton to criticize his own book, would you?" she said calmly. Then, as her ear caught Jane's low exclamation of wonder, she added in a tone of surprise: "Had you not guessed that he was an author, Miss Carew? I heard that you defended him very eloquently one afternoon in the orchard and said a good word for me too. For that I want to thank you."

Staunton's face was turned toward the blushing girl, and in full moonlight Miss Maybrick could read his secret. If it sounded the deathknell to some hope of her own heart, gratitude to her champion made her lead the bewildered Alex for a walk down the lane and a gradual restoration of his self confidence.

"And I have to thank you, too, Jane," Staunton said tenderly.

But he took her down to the orchard and told her in his own way.

"How did you guess that I was not the farmer I pretended to be?" with a hint of wonder under his gladness.

Jane raised a face radiant with the realization that the new world was opened forevermore. "Just because you are you," she said joyously. "Love is not always blind."

Lectured by Carlyle.

There are some amusing memories at Kyleakin, in Skye, of a visit once made there by Carlyle traveling in the train of Lady Ashburton. The Kyleakiners felt a lively curiosity concerning the distinguished author, and whenever he appeared in public he was surrounded by a crowd of admiring men, women and children who had heard sensational reports concerning his "cleverness as a scholar." Carlyle seemed to like this hero worship until while he was in the midst of his sea bath one day. Then he assailed them in language much more emphatic than elegant, which soon made them take to their heels and scamper off with all speed out of his sight. Lady Ashburton had prayers with her daughter and servants morning and evening, but the sage was never present. During these periods Neil MacInnes, the innkeeper, used to relate, "he would lead me to the coffee room, and there, laying hold of me by the coat buttonhole, he would lecture to me for half an hour on end on all sorts of subjects, and he would be so intent on it that he wouldn't allow me to put in a word. Fancy," said Neil, "that I should be lectured to in such a way by Tommy Carlyle!"

Great Men and Their Opinions.

Dr. Johnson in all his greatness defied the world of fashion and opinion, living the life of a slob. Our own Dr. Franklin was like the Englishman in some respects, and he appeared to be fond of imitating him in others, for he persisted in wearing a shaggy, shabby old cap even among the savants and crowned heads of the old world when he was the United States minister at the court of France.

Every schoolboy has heard how Nero defied public opinion, living in riot and revelry when the souls of his countrymen were in woe and blood. Napoleon rubbed his hands over burning Moscow, saying, "This is comfortable." Half a million soldiers were at the same time reading the doom of death in the lurid flames.

It was the conflict of opinion which gave birth to the maxim that "Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise." Correctness and taste, even these frequently depend upon the mental standpoint of the individual sitting in the judgment seat.

Freezing Caverns.

Subterranean Caves That Are Lined With Crystalline Ice.

There are deep cavities and tunneled recesses in the earth far away from sunlight and held in the tight embrace of rocky strata where secret hoards of glittering ice find habitation all the year round. Yet down in these queer places the ice is as pure and crystalline as any that nature maintains in the open air; moreover, it occurs on a truly grand and massive scale.

Imagine thick underground ice walls and floors and craftily fissured columns beautiful in shape and color streaming from roof to floor of lofty rock chambers! And under the slow drip, drip, drip of percolating water this same ice learns to fashion itself into cave adornments—frozen water drops, curling slopes, stalactites and stalagmites of fantastic shape and wonderful hues.

Subterranean cold waves, or "glaciers," as they are frequently called, crop up in some 300 scattered localities in Europe, Asia and America, but all, with rare exceptions, whether true ice caverns or grottoes and deep hollows, are confined to the north temperate regions of these continents—that is, to places where there is a sufficiently low temperature at some portion of the year to reach freezing point and render snowfall possible.—Pearson's Magazine.

Mythical Creatures of Japan.

The Japanese believe in more mythical creatures than any other people on the globe, civilized or savage. Among them are mythical animals without any remarkable peculiarities of conformation, but gifted with supernatural attributes, such as a tiger which is said to live to be a thousand years old and to turn as white as a polar bear. They also believe in a multitude of animals distinguished mainly by their monstrous size or by the multiplication of their members.

Among these are serpents 800 feet long and large enough to swallow an elephant, foxes with eight legs, monkeys with four ears, fishes with ten heads attached to one body, the flesh of which is a cure for boils. They also believe in the existence of a crane which, after it has reached the age of 600 years, has no need of any sustenance except water.

Costly Drugs.

Unless you are a druggist you have no idea of the value represented by a little shelf in the prescription department of a big drugstore. It is one of the wonders of the world that drugstores do not furnish the same temptation as banks to knights of the chisel. A pound jar of hyoscoamine is worth just \$2,240 the world over. Jaburine is a little less presumptuous as to price; it costs \$1,500 a pound and is used to cause perspiration. Ergotine crystals cost the druggist the trifling sum of \$5,000 a pound. They are made from the ergot of rye. Nareganine goes ergotine crystals one better and costs \$6,800 a pound. It is used as an expectorant in bronchial troubles and as an emetic.

Moon Superstitions.

Almost any old time farmer will tell you a worm fence built in the light of the moon and ascending node will worm around and finally fall down. If you want potatoes during similar phases, they will all go to tops and the tubers will be small and watery. This is the time, however, to plant cucumbers, especially when the sign is in the arms.

The carpenter of former times would not think of putting a shaved shingle roof on a building in the dark of the moon, because the shingles would curl up, pull out the nails and soon leak like a sieve. Neither would he cut timbers for a house nor would he paint it until the sign was right.

Judge Fined Himself.

An English judge, Gwilym Williams, was a great stickler for form in his court, and especially that robes should be worn by solicitors. He was so insistent upon this that one day recently, when he ascended the bench without being duly robed, all in the courtroom knew that he must have been unusually engaged to cause him to neglect the matter. When the judge noticed the lack of his robes, he stopped the court proceedings, made a speech to the solicitors on the absence of his gown and wig and fined himself 10 shillings, which sum he immediately paid into the poor box.—Glasgow Times.

Greatest Battles of History.

Burke in his letter on "Natural Society" says that Sylla destroyed 300,000 men in each of three battles, one being at Cheronae. The Persians are said to have lost 230,000 men at Plataea. II Chronicles xlii, 17, records 500,000 slain on one side, which, however, may not have been in a single battle. I Kings xx, 26, tells of 100,000 men being killed on one side in a single day.

Filial Repartee.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was always distressed for money, was one day hacking his face with a dull razor when he turned to his eldest son and said:

"Tom, if you open any more oysters with my razor I'll cut you off with a shilling."

"Very well, father," said Tom, "but where will you get the shilling?"

A Full House.

Lady Guest—Your father is such a hospitable gentleman! He dearly loves a full house, doesn't he?

Jack—Well, yes—if it happens to be on his side of the table.—Kansas City Journal.

Throughout every part of my career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance.—Sir Walter Scott.

How Trees Differ as to Their Roots.

Trees whose roots are of the same length and fiber do not thrive as well as those which are unequal, because they develop better when their roots reach for nutriment in different strata or depths of the earth. The oak could not live in soil where the pine would thrive luxuriantly. This is owing to the nature of the trees. One requires the most solid nutriment. The pine requires light, sandy soil and the atmospheric conditions of sunshine and rain. The oak, maple, elm, hemlock, birch and beech all require warm and clean soil. Trees are noted for picking out the attractive places, and where there are flourishing forests may be found the best land and the soil always productive.

Later in the Game.

"Ah, me," sighed the drug clerk, "how women do change!"

"What's tangled in your wheels now?" asked the boss.

"When I was doing the courtship stunt with Cordella," said the d. c., "she declared that if I should pass in my checks she would also die without delay. And now—"

"Well, what now?" queried the boss.

"We have been married only six months," continued the assistant pill compiler, "and she is dropping hints around to the effect that I ought to get my life insured."—Chicago News.

Odors of Sickness.

In gout the skin secretions take a special odor, which Sydenham compares to that of whey. In jaundice the odor is that of musk; in opilation, of vinegar; of sour beer in scrofula, of warm bread in intermittent fever. In diabetes, when there is perspiration, the smell is of hay or, rather, of acetone; but, according to Bouchardat, midway between aldehyde and acetone, being due to mixture in variable proportions of these two bodies.

Wrote a "Bad Hand."

During the war a paper from General Melgs passed through the hands of General Sherman and is today preserved with this indorsement upon it in General Sherman's well known hand: "I heartily concur in the recommendation of the quartermaster general, but I don't know what he says."

Generous.

Father (visiting son at college)—Pretty good cigars you smoke, my boy. I can't afford cigars like these.

Son—Fill your case, dad; fill your case!—Harvard Lampoon.

He Has to Work Hard Too.

Miss Sweedy—What's Mr. Hardup doing for a living now?

George—Oh, anything that his rich wife tells him.—Comic Cuts.

There Are Exceptions.

"It is said that all parsons' sons turn out to be worthless. Do you believe it?"

"Oh, dear, no! Some parsons have no sons, you know."

Do You Enjoy What You Eat?

If you don't your food does not do you much good. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the remedy that every one should take when there is anything wrong with the stomach. There is no way to maintain the health and strength of mind and body except by nourishment. There is no way to nourish except through the stomach. The stomach must be kept healthy, pure and sweet or the strength will let down and disease will set up. No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, sour risings, rifting, indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles are quickly cured by the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Sold by Kiesau Drug Co.

Every Drop Counts.

Remember that when you are rubbing Perry Davis' Painkiller on a muscle that has been strained by overwork. Down into the pores of the skin Painkiller works its way, soothing the inflamed tissues and taking away the ache. Ask your druggist what his other customers say of this household benefactor. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

Interesting to Asthma Sufferers.

Daniel Bante of Ottoville, Ia., writes: "I have had asthma for three or four years and have tried about all the cough and asthma cures in the market and have received treatment from physicians in New York and other cities, but got very little benefit until I tried Foley's Honey and Tar which gave me immediate relief and I will never be without it in my house. I sincerely recommend it to all." A. H. Kiesau.

Can You Imagine

a speck of matter 1-150 of an inch in diameter? Some of the air-cells in the lungs are no bigger than that. When you have a cold, these tiny cells are clogged with mucus or phlegm. Allen's Lung Balm, in curing a cold, clears the tiny air-passages of the effete matter and heals the inflammation in the bronchial tubes.

Look the Part in the Face.

The progress of a bad cold toward galloping consumption may be terribly sudden. Don't let this ugly fact frighten you, but when you begin to cough take Allen's Lung Balm, that stops the cough by curing the cold. Preparations containing opium, merely quiet the cough for a time. There is no narcotic drug in Allen's Lung Balm. Sold by all druggists.

Kodol Gives Strength.

By enabling the digestive organs to digest, assimilate and transform all of the wholesome food that may be eaten into the kind of blood that nourishes the muscles and reinvigorates the organs of the entire body. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cures indigestion, dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach and all stomach disorders. Sold by Kiesau Drug Co.

Ladies and Children Invited.

All ladies and children who cannot stand the shocking strains of laxative syrups, cathartics, etc., are invited to try the famous Little Early Risers. They are different from all other pills. They do not purge the system. Even a double dose will not gripe, weaken or sicken; many people call them the easy pill. W. H. Howell, Houston, Tex., says nothing better can be used for con-

stipation, sick headache, etc. Bob Moore, Lafayette, Ind., says all others gripe and sicken, while DeWitt's Little Early Risers do their work well and easy. Sold by Kiesau Drug Co.

A Serious Mistake.

E. C. DeWitt & Co. is the name of the firm who make the genuine Witch Hazel Salve. DeWitt's is the Witch Hazel Salve that heals without leaving a scar. It is a serious mistake to use any other. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles, burns, bruises, eczema and all skin diseases. Sold by Kiesau Drug Co.

Every Drop Counts.

Remember that when you are rubbing Perry Davis' Painkiller on a muscle that has been strained by overwork. Down into the tiny pores of the skin Painkiller works its way, soothing the inflamed tissues and taking away the ache. Ask your druggist what his other customers say of this household benefactor. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

Merely a Reminder.

Bear in mind that Perry Davis' Painkiller is just as good for internal as for external troubles. It will stop the agonizing cramps in the bowels which follow exposure to cold and wet when taken internally, and will cure strains, sprains and bruises when applied externally. It should be administered in warm water, slightly sweetened. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

While Wise Doctors

are studying the bacillus of consumption, thoughtful laymen realize that a bad cold accompanied by coughing, sore throat and tightness across the chest is too serious a matter for delay or experiment. They also realize that Allen's Lung Balm cures a common cold in a day or two. Obstinate cases take more time, of course.

Do you feel run down? Does your system need help? Man-Er-Vine tablets will bring back the glow of youth and vigor. Food for the brain, blood and nerves. Try them. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

A sure sign of approaching revolt and serious trouble in your system is nervousness, sleeplessness or stomach upsets. Electric Bitters will quickly dismember the troublesome causes. If never fails to tone the stomach, regulate the kidneys and bowels, stimulate the liver, and clarify the blood. Run down systems benefit particularly and all the usual attending aches vanish under its searching and thorough effectiveness. Electric Bitters is only 50c, and that is returned if it don't give perfect satisfaction. Guaranteed by Asa K. Leonard, druggist.

Berg's sweet Laxative chips are mild and effective. Cures constipation and all bowel complaints. Makes the blood pure and rich—a clear skin and beautiful complexion. Price 10 and 25 cents. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

His Last Hope Realized.

From the Sentinel, Gebo, Montana: In the first opening of Oklahoma to settlers in 1889, the editor of this paper was among the many seekers after fortune who made the big race one fine day in April. During his traveling about and afterwards his camping upon his claim, he encountered much bad water, which, together with the severe heat, gave him a very severe diarrhoea which it seemed almost impossible to check, and along in June the case became so bad he expected to die. One day one of his neighbors brought him one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a last hope. A big dose was given him while he was rolling about on the ground in great agony, and in a few minutes the dose was repeated. The good effect of the medicine was soon noticed and within an hour the patient was taking his first sound sleep for a fortnight. That little one bottle worked a complete cure, and he cannot help but feel grateful. The season for bowel disorders being at hand suggests this item. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are just what you need when you have no appetite, feel dull after eating and wake up with a bad taste in your mouth. They will improve your appetite, cleanse and invigorate your stomach and give you a relish for your food. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

Does your back ache? Don't delay. Get a box of Kidney-ettes—the most wonderful remedy for all kidney troubles—and they will make you right. Price 25 cents. For Sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

Fight Will Be Bitter.

Those who will persist in closing their ears against the continual recommendation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will have a long and bitter fight with their troubles, if not ended earlier by fatal termination. Read what T. R. Beall of Beall, Miss., has to say: "Last fall my wife had every symptom of consumption. She took Dr. King's New Discovery after every

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The best known and most popular blood purifier and tonic on the market to-day is S. S. S. There is hardly a man, woman or child in America who has not heard of "S. S. S. for the blood." It is a standard remedy, a specific for all blood troubles and unequalled as a general tonic and appetizer. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable, the herbs and roots of which it is composed are selected for their alterative and tonic properties, making it the ideal remedy for all blood and skin diseases, as it not only purifies, enriches and invigorates the blood, but at the same time tones up the tired nerves and gives strength and vigor to the entire system.

FROM CONGRESSMAN LIVINGSTON, OF GEORGIA. I know of the successful use of S. S. S. in many cases. It is the best blood remedy on the market.

FROM EX-GOV. ALLEN D. CANDLER. S. S. S. is unquestionably a good blood purifier, and the best tonic I ever used.

For Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Blood Poison, Malaria, Anemia, Scrofula, Eczema, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Acne and such other diseases as are due to a polluted or impoverished condition of the blood, nothing acts so promptly and effectually as S. S. S. It counteracts and eradicates the germs and poisons; cleanses the system of all unhealthy accumulations and soon restores the patient to health. Write us and our physicians will give your case prompt attention without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Larking on Street Corners and in the cars are vagabond currents of air whose cold touch sets the fiends of neuralgia and rheumatism at their work of torment. Modern magic in the form of Perry Davis' Painkiller, conquers the imp and restores peace of mind with comfort of body. You will save yourself many a day of misery by keeping this good old remedy in the house. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

A Costly Mistake.

Blunders are sometimes very expensive. Occasionally life itself is the price of a mistake, but you'll never be wrong if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills for dyspepsia, dizziness, headache, liver or bowel troubles. They are gentle yet thorough. 25c. at Asa K. Leonard's drug store.

A Frightened Horse.

running like mad down the street dumping the occupants, or a hundred other accidents, are every day occurrences. It behooves everybody to have a reliable salve handy and there's none as good as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Burns, cuts, sores, eczema and piles, disappear under its soothing effect. 25c. at Asa K. Leonard's drug store.

Dizzy?

Then your liver isn't acting well. You suffer from biliousness, constipation. Ayer's Pills act directly on the liver. For 60 years they have been the Standard Family Pill. Small doses cure. All druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers.

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An absolute specific and anti-septic preparation for all kinds of SORE THROAT.

A sure cure for Hoarseness, Tonsillitis, Quinsy, Inflammation, Ulcerated and Catarrhal Sore Throat. A preventive of Croup, Whooping Cough and Diphtheria. PURIFYING HEALING SOOTHING. Endorsed by the Most Eminent Throat Specialists in the country. Price 25 Cents. Should be kept in every home. Berg Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days on every box. 25c

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and damp, and get tired easily. If you have aching feet, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests the feet and makes new or tight shoes easy. Cures Chilblains, swollen, sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Dealers. Don't accept any substitute. Trial Package FREE. Address Allen S. Oimsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

NOW READY The Many Adventures of FOXYS GRANDPA

Including all the merry pictures contained in the two volumes, entitled "Adventures of Foxy Grandpa" and "Further Adventures of Foxy Grandpa."

Mr. Schultze led to me one day at lunch: "What do you think of a series of comic drawings dealing with a grandfather and his two grandsons?" "Let the grandfather be the clever one of the trio. In most of the other cases the young folk have been smarter than the old people upon whom they played their jokes. Let's reverse it." The next morning he came to my office with sketches for half a dozen serials, and with the name "Foxy Grandpa" in his hand.

The success of the serial in the New York Herald was instantaneous, for who has not heard of "Foxy Grandpa" and "Bunny?" The jolly old gentleman, dear to grown people as well as children, might almost be called the Mr. Pickwick of comic pictures.

EDWARD MARSHALL, To Grandfathers Who Are And To Those Who Are To Be, I Merrily Dedicate This Book. "BUNNY."

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