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## ESSENCE OF ROSES.

By HARRIETT PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

"Rosewater, some call it." said the "You reserve sweet voice from the depths of the sun- You sin't the first one, my son-b'm-to bonnet. "But it come over the still, drop find out that you never do-as it were-get by drop." And down the gingham vista " date near enough to your birds to-to catch you saw a face as sweet as a rose. For them. H'm." Sally Lavendar, with the long pressure you might get a tail-feather, you know." of her troubles had fallen into the sere "You might," said his father, with the

sometimes on the milkman's wagon, some- | more shortening into the biscuit times in a boat that chanced to be rowing But Ann was right about Saily. For smells from the bar beyond and a feeling a hardship had any other guarded Humph of remoteness from all her cares, making rey-one who might have been less tender calls presently on certain customers who with him, one who might have made the and loved the odors that her wares dif- to lonely misery in a madhouse. sort of threat.

burdock burrs and choice bits of spruce less'n nothin here!"
gum and tiny pitchers carved from cherry Sometimes Humphrey had long, heavy her a cup of tea, was like making ac- world at large, had he been himself. quaintance with far foreign countries, so Perhaps you would not have wondered

And it's fresh. And I think it's sweeter that so much of it's from the wild roses of the half the year. wayside and the new buds of the sweetbrier leaf-that gives it a tang you don't often find in resewater. I don't know what I'd de without my still. 'Twas grandmother's, and hern afore her. I've used the bottles you give me, m'am. And I've stretched a little still in the pantry, to destroy it. of the gloves you give me, too-and it was partly in temper, partly perhaps that its kind of you, m'am-and I've tied it with littie missy's ribbons. An' don't you think it break. "Oh, Humphrey, Humphrey! Don't, looks real tasty? I guess it'll bring me in don't touch it! Oh, the still, the still! quite a tidy bit of money, maybe enough for cried Sally, throwing herself before him the winter's coal. For you know, m'am, I For there was not another still to be found can't expect—I can't let—O, he's so poorly.

But he's as quiet now as a baby. He's like want that would befall them appalled her a dear child—" And she paused, lifting her in swift fancy. The essence of roses that beautiful brown eyes to my mother's face.
And my mother knew that then she was
thinking of Polly, the little sprite who had seemed more elf than child, and who, if of Humphrey's madness, had yet shown something like the ethercal flame of that strange insanity of his and of his mother's before him. I suppose all the shore people thought, as I knew my mother did, that it was fortunate for Sally that her Polly was at rest. But Sally never left off missing those ardent embraces of the little arms that passion of tears and kisses after the wild freaks; and she always felt as if Polly had been defrauded of her share of life, and in some blind way as if she had herself defrauded her-perhaps in giving her birth,

since Humphrey was her father. But Humphrey himself was quite enough in those day for Sally's hands, with the disordered blaze of his brain burned down into imbedility. Now, his old rages over, he followed his wife round like some household animal, forgetting to eat unless her from sleep to say it. she fed him, forgetting his speech, forgetting everything but his love for her. He went out with her on rambles through wood and lane in quest of her simples. protecting her from any chance trouble by the mighty strength with which he would have fallen like a wild beast on anyone who annoyed her, reaching things beyond her and carrying bags and baskets filled with the berries and herbs and flowers that she used in her little still.

"It is like Una and the lion," said my mother, when down a woody way one summer day we met her and her shaggy companion. "But, ob, such a sad and sorry, such an old faded Unn!"

She had signed for us to pass her without notice, fearing, perhaps, an outbreak from Humphrey, for she had long since experienced the hot pang of sceing that all her little world knew of Humphrey s condition, and, although the pang had hardly grown dull with time, yet she had at last the relief of no longer trying to conceal it. "Though the dear Lord knows," she said once, with a gush of tears, when she and my mother were alone together, "I'd have died to keep it dark!" "Well, well," said Iry Hodge, as he sat

at the open window and saw them going home in the warm sunset. "what a lifetime-yes, a lifetime of-of sorrow, as you may say, Humphrey Lavendar made for Sally when he married her." "An' married her bein' knowin' to it."

said Ann. "Knowin' to what?" said little Mather, so named in noble defense to a predecessor;

"Knowin' his mother's son hadn't no

right to marry no one-'Any one, my dear. That is to say-" "Any one or no one, it's all the same

you wasn't allus askin' questions you'd gazing at the window, all without the fear know as much as your father some day." "But, all the same," continued Iry, ignor-

blame, that is," a little dry cough punctuat- pass here, why there was all heaven and ing his words for him. - Por doctors, yes, the hereafter. Yet she frequently felt as later and the doctor took together before noft wind with a gay and cruel rustling. the doctors, I suppose it is, hadn't then if, before that time, her own mind might going out, without a thought of harm, to the white, still woman who seemed to see

on the birds' tails to catch 'em. He done took heart of grace for the merrow, and her on long, rolling voyages of calm and storm hand and Ann and Miss Rhody and Libby it up in papers for me if I'd be good an' not slender arm still clasped round Humphrey, to senson it. It is plain, you see, that the and Tem Brier-1 knew them all after-

"What the reason you're goin' to give it

to Dave?"

(Copyright, 1900, by Harriett Prescott Spof- tenderness in her heart and hiding it under

"You never do," said Iry, rather solemnly,

"I'd like to, though," said Mather. "An" leaf. But if not much of the beauty of little dry cough again. And as Ann her youth was left, as I heard my mother stirred about getting suppor, vexed at say, there had grown in her face another abe knew not what, the honeysuckle sort of beauty that even to the eye of a odors coming in the window, the smell as smell cherry bounce again till the long. She called a meeting of the Tabitha - He lay a little while looking up at her She used to come down to the port from had a vague feeling that Iry had not

by, and that gave her a breath of cool re- her own make Sally had not a regret. In freshment on the alipping tide, with salt her sacrificial spirit it would have seemed rarely failed her. The basket that she shame and trouble and poverty a reproach brought was always a store of delight to to him-one who might have done as Iry the children, who knew her gentle ways Hodge had wanted, and have put him away

fused. When Jerry Johns, the burly Scotch. Although Sally had soothed him in his peddler, lumbered along with his lustres wild moods, and now that the flames were and bombazines and smuggled laces, ashes, tended him in his half-imbecile ones, naughty children hid where they might, yet in some inexplicable way her motherlest they should be sent off in his pack, yearning was still her wifely love; he was but not to the naughtiest child of us all, the husband of her youth, and she fared my cousin Lester, for instance, would along patiently, as if expecting that one Sally Lavendar's basket have been any day he should be released from the spell come out from the disguise he wore and There were wonderful things in that be again the splendid being he once had hasket. There were not only the "diavolo" seemed to her. "At any rate, he will be," of the chicken hone, dressed in red and she said once to Ann, "in that other counskipping across the table, and the doll try when we get there. And you can't made of a bickorynut and boxes made of wonder at me looking forward to it-an'

stones and peach pits, but there were the slumbers of a day and night, and it was most deliciously perfumed cordials and in such opportunities that Sally would get dried rose leaves ready for jars of pot- down to the port with the basket of her pourri and little glasses of strange jam accumulating treasures, being able ordimade from sea moss and winter berries narily neither to take Humphrey with her and there was candy, a concoction of sugar nor to leave him behind, while none of the and rider that made the mouth water be- contents of the basket would have been forehand. Standing at her side and peep- disposed of had he been aware of it, for ing into her basket as she sat down with he concentrated on them all the interest It on her knee while your mother brought he might have felt in the affairs of the

rich and oriental to the childish fancy at this, had you ever tasted a certain conserve that Sally made of rosehips and Of them all, however, the resewater might honey, or her sweet and flery cherry corbe called her specialty; she had the most of dial, or had you drenched a corner of your her little revenue from that, but she often tire in the cologne of her compounding. gave us a tiny flask of it that made our up- And none of these things did Saily ever per bureau drawers a sort of garden of refuse Humphrey, although she could not Eden for months, and we put a drop or two help crying when she came home one day of it on our handkerchiefs Sundays, or gave and found the whole house as if a storm the flask to one another on birthdays and re- had blown through it, and discovered that ceived it back when our own birthdays came. he had brought in the school boys and had "I distilled it myself, m'am," said Sally in made away with everything she had preher pretty breathless way. "Every drop, pared, and from the sale of which she had expected to satisfy their simple wants for

Humphrey saw her cry. He knew it was on account of his misdeed. He could not understand that Sally should deny him anything, but the sight of her tears wrought him to a fury. He rushed to the products should never again tempt him to was the only thing between them and the she had not developed in her brief life all almshouse. For the conserves, the candies, the curved trifles, signified nothing beside those dainty vials of perfume and of tonic that made her welcome to young girl and housewife, and made the children feel as if the gales of Araby the blest blew about her as she walked.

Humphrey turned to look at her and paused with the hammer in his lifted hand, and Sally gently loosened his fingers till they dropped it, and then she put his arm about her shoulder and led him away, her lips still trembling, her face white. And from that day Humphrey made himself the keeper of the miserable little affair, and although with none to molest him, compassed in one all the watchfulness

"I like to treat the boys," he said half whimperingly to Sally that night, waking

of three heads of Cerberus.

secome of Polly?"

"Well, dear," she answered dreamily, alhough she meant to hide her future store. the jam was fine. So did I. They put the rosewater on their hair an' slicked up. They like the cherrybounce. I'm-I'm a that of a brood when a hawk hovers in the lants, Emily," said my aunt. little-'warn't just the thing to treat boys | alr. to, was it, Sally? It sometimes makes me world was going round the other way. I and Susy Wayne ran in next morning.

broke into bitter weeping, and Humphrey, a man'd want that tongue twice. To think sitting up in bed, took her in his arms and of that child's being made a tippler without recked to and fro, his eyes blazing in the knowing it!" aconlight that streamed over them and tress was, she felt that this condition of cherry brandy-oh, it really is wicked." Humphrey's was better than the old days of frenzy or than those aftertimes of dumb | Carter, who had followed her. silence when for long spaces he uttered no any rate, now she could hear a cook crow the Port people heard of Humphrey, and the in the night and the far clarien calls from still, and the cordial, and the hoys, farm to farm replying without starting in fright lest it woke Humphrey in raving Pamela's cars. And my Aunt Pamela was again; she could hear the boatman blow the head and front of an association which his horn for the draw of the bridge to be just then was sweeping all before it in the the boy having just come in from driving epeued, and the echo flute it off to mere cause of temperance, an entirely new cause breathings of music; she could hear the meeting house clock make its solemn and the decamer stood upon the sidebeard and interminable toll, and she could see the golden streak of dawn grow in redness and of Marsala or Madeira, Even Aunt Pamela, den plot, holding Humphrey's head upon the white clouds flock up like a troop of in all the exuberance of her enthusiasm thing! There, sonny, do run along! If angels winging across the blue as she lay

that had grown to be turture. That was a great deal to be thankful for. ing his wife's irritation, "I can't, no I Some time, perhaps, Humphrey would be can't really say that Humphrey was to-to right again. And if that never came to be gone, with the care, the worry, the sleep-"Oh, well, he knew he'd gone wrong more'n less nights, the sorrow. Now the moon ence, an' might again. But goodness me, it hung in the window, looking upon her like don't matter, for Sally'd ruther'n not! What's a gracious friendly spirit promising peace, that for poor fellows who really complete intelligence and Sally repeated to herself the texts that could not afford to drink; not for gentle-"Salt. Humphrey give it to me to put in some occult way gave her comfert and

But there were other wakeful people on the above that night. Iry Hodge was not of their very enthusiasm, may make mis- Sally knew nothing of any words but that "You can't get near enough, you know," sleeping. "This is really—as you might takes, and, sooth to say, my Aunt Pamela the bounds of whose dark mystery she said the rosy urchin, looking up in a wonder- say-really-" he kept saying to himself was one of those people who take up a cause seemed to be treading with him. The guat ing simplicity and opening his red, pudgy without getting any further; while even simply for the sake of its excitement and of a sweet brier tossing in the wind brings

bree crying together.

had put him to bed and had sat down, all ing, see the corruption and decay of the phrey's voice. soul they love. Nothing of all the terrors "Thore!" said Miss Rhody at length, "I of drankenness did she know, nor any of the you've trod with me." ake shame to myself for crying this as heart-burning when the man who sells the way. There's no need of it. It's an accis poison takes the house, as he has taken the dent happens to the hens whenever fally happiness of the house, and rolls by with There's a hand come an' cast 'em out at laughter. When he had got his breath again brows out her cherry stunes after she's the riches that he bas wrong out of tears last! Sally, I'd order have saved you from he said: freened 'em. Humphrey's stole her cherry and pages. A feeling of this had hardly it in the beginning-" bounce and treated, an' there ain't a boy begun in the country and Aunt Pamela was . "O, Humphrey, there hasn't been a day I on the shore but's come home the same no better than her day. All she knew was haven't been glad I was with you!" Mis' Dr. Niles' husband's nephew's that there was a private still somewhere "Sally," he murmured again with stiffen- fatoes to sell. I raise thousands of bushels one of 'em. 'I've thought that boy'd bust up along the above; that it belonged to a ing lip, 'my Sally, I never meant harm to of them. I've got the biggest market garw'en he's et eight bananas at a settin', woman named Sally Lavendar, whose hus- a soul sea she. 'Td jest as lieves eat raw squash band was making drunkards of little boys. "O, I know it." myself," see she, 'but I never thought to and it was against the law to have a pris | "And I loved you always," he said see him so 't he couldn't tell his name vate still. At least she believed it was presently, from Belzebub's,' see she. 'I'm goin' to against the law, And at any rate she would give him such a dose of thoroughwort ton,' destroy the still first and see about the law. 'It won't be heaven till you come," he I saw,

est day he lives, see she. But lor, it's styled the tabbles by the irreverent and, eyes, with a deep smile growing into his year. We can't keep the campaign going She used to come down to the port from had a vague feeling that Iry had not the shore above every now and again, realized all his ideas and she put some the shore above every now and again, realized all his ideas and she put some the milkman's waron some more shortening into the biscuit.

A boy's not to be a boy an' know life an' charging their name to that of the Martha giance rested on a space of clear pale sky.

"O no, O no, my dear."

see the world some time or other, and I Washingtons could wait awhile, she laid full of an infinite distance. "Why, Sally!

birds, the delight of both their hearts, had phans, of hearts broken, of great powers on the late tide, the sense of an awful from a barrelful of the tubers that stood een led home by Miss Rhody, a great brought to naught, of the profound misery darkness opening out of the light and a outside the counter. The eld fellow slipped deal more than rosy, both stupid and silly, of those who watch for late uncertain foot- singular stillness close at hand, broken out of the house as soon as he could conand with feet treading the air. And they steps, who see poverty and degradation com- only by that strange murmur of Hum- veniently and limped away. I followed him. thinking to give him what change I could "Wife," he was saying, "it's a hard road spare, for I thought he must be desperately

"You've gone along with seven devils, him a little money the old man roared with

You saw me steal the potato, didn't you?

"Well, lemma (ell you, my son, I've got pothe potato. See ?"

the body vigorous without food. Dyspepties used to starve themselves. New Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and allows you to eat all the good food you want. It radically cures stemach troubles

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The brass hair is of a beautiful miburn color, while the siect is of an iron gray. This wire is about as strong as a human hair and is of value for mechanical purposes, being in great demand by makers of circtical apparatus. Never before was so fine wire drawn. Until recent years wire was drawn through steel dies. The development of the diamond die to its preader-lates of perfection has rendered possible the production of much finer wire. In fact, the size of the wire now possible is limited only by the ability to hold together as it comes through the dies.

The diamond die is made of a flake diamond doeking hot onlike a bit of isinglies. The hole through which the wire is drawn is drilled through the diamond, and the stone is then stuck on a steel stab with glue, directly over a hole in the slab with lies at title larger than that in the diamond. The wire to be drawn is then led through the diamond in position.

The brass ingots from which the consequence and long enough to weigh about 189 pounts. One of these will make miles of the colomorby when it is first put through steel rolls windle the set of the wire of the fluciess seen in the ordinary trades. Then it is put through a set of steel dies, gradually decreasing in diameter until it come out in the shape of the wire of the fluciess seen in the ordinary trades. Then it is put through a set of steel dies, gradually decreasing in diameter until it come out in the shape of the wire of the fluciess seen in the ordinary trades. Then it is put through a set of steel dies, gradually decreasing in diameter until

SMALL POX,

poor if he must steal a petace. When I caught up with him and offered

"Yes, sir, 1 did." den in this county, and I've get more money than you ever saw. Carryin' a pointe in your pocket will cure the rheumatic, but for it to do any good you've got to steal

Millions will be spent in politics this without money any more than we can keep

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e Parisian Dream City e

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PEFFEEFFEEFFEEFFEEFFEEFFEEFFEEFFE



" 'An'-an' if it was, said lry. 'I don't know-really-hm-I don't know what we're going to do about Humphrey." "It's an accident that'll happen again if declared that it was a vote.

we don't watch out!" said Ann sharply "Humphrey'd orter be restrained and rying in as soon as she heard of it. "You there's no doubt about it

"It'll kill me if he isn't. There were a number of the mothers on the shore who agreed with Ann that this "They're good boys, Sally. They thought was an accident that might happen again. her-1 buy a great deal of her-" And although their husbands laughed at them they were in a state of alarm. like

"I don't care what Jo says," cried Mrs. feel myself as if-as if, you knew, the Byrnes, letting her flatiron cool when Libby thought-afterwards. I thought-'twould ruther see my Benny brought home without aybe strike them silly. You listening, a breath in his body then with that breath. Sally? I like to treat the boys. They're You keep still, Benny! I know your throat's self! just the age our Polly was. Sally! What's dry, and it'd orier be! An' his tongueyou'd orter see his poor little tongue, the And then Sally could endure no more and dear innercent! My lord, I shouldn't think

"Twould break me all up," said Susy leoking like a wild man of the woods with looking sorrowfully down the orchard, her a white, thin, helpless creature in his arms. face still as pink and white as the apple By and by, in a pause of her sobs, Sally blossoms there, "if my little Davy got into and that, still holding her, Humphrey was the habit of this. And, of course, Humphasleep. She freed herself and pulled the rey'll coax them in again, I've trembled pillows round to support him till he should some even when I've seen him sucking eider ink among them and, pitiful as her dis- through a straw-new cider, too. But "Wicked ain't no name for it," cried Mrs.

And with this sort of feeling abroad among syllable, but glared with eyes the more ter- the mothers it was not remarkable that rible than once they had been tender. At going down for their shopping to the Fort

> In this way the matter came to my Aunt in our part of the world at that period, when every well furnished after closet had its keg had not banished the old rum bettles, that had her grandfather's name and date blown u them, from the corner buffet, where

lovely Lowenstall that she slwnys washed herself. And she never thought twice about the great, fragrant, blushing roses that mixing the comfortable joruns that the min- Sally had trained there, shaking in the address the temperance constr. For it was nothing in all the world but the face upon temperance, not abstinence, they were her breast-that strange, dark face whose preaching, and they were preaching burning eyes were fixed on hers with a men like themselves, who sent their sherry run, was on his knees, holding Humphrey's

But even enthusiasts in a great cause, out gether. Humphrey was plainly dying and fist that, with all its hot moisture and Ann tossed and turned in her dream. For for something to be busy about. Nothing it all before me now—the faces of the grime. Ann could have kissed, always that afternoon their only son, Mather, the she seeked, because nothing she knew, of frightened children at the gate, the cries

moved that they send a constable at once distance. for the destruction of that tool of evil, and "But, Pamela!" cried my mother, hur-

are all off. It is nothing of the sort. She "It would kill Saily if he is," said Miss is a poor woman who sells herbs and distils pictously, and soon I saw him steal a potato "I never heard that rose water intoxi-

cated little boys," said my aunt, loftily, "And I know her-I am very fond of "I know you refused to join our society, but you needn't boast of buying stimu-

"Stimulants!" exclaimed my mother, out of all patience. "Sweet little Sally Lavendar's essence of roses! I gave you a jar "I'd of her potpourri-

Yes. And it is recking with alcohol!" "The poor, weak cologne she makes her-"With that still, I suppose, where she

makes the cherry brandy that has torn the hearts of all the mothers in the village who are seeing their boys turned into little beasts by her machinations-" "O, Pamela, this is really too ridiculous!" "You may call it ridiculous," said my aunt, with her cycbrows at the given at-

titude for disdain. "I call it tragical!" And tragical it was, as to her grief my mother found, when hastening up the shore in the chaise-my Cousin Lester and I following, unnoticed in her unusual anxiety. on a milk wagon whose good-natured driver pretended that we were pirates who had overcome him and were forcing him to drive us where we would.

But my mother was just too late. The constable had arrived first and had confronted the bewildered Sally and had demanded the still. And Humphrey, understanding nothing but that the defense of the still was in question, had thrown himself upon the man with all his maniacal force. The still had been ruined in the struggle; the man had been borne to the ground, but not scriously hurt, and in his fury Humphrey had broken a vessel on his

her breast. It was late of a bright June afternoon. I remember now all the picture of the mement-it struck me more than the stood her grandmother's flowered china, the which verges toward evening, the roses feeling did-the sky of that tender blue clambering over the high treilis behind,

The doctor, for whom Iry Hodge had miss school. But I'm goin' to give it to as a mother bolds her baby even in her temperance society had come to us none too ward-were with my mother by the big white rose bush, crying and trembling to ashamed though, she was of the passion of rosy little lad who had longed to catch the homes beggared, of widows made, of or- of the men far off launching a little sloop

Sympathy Misplaced. One day during a cold snap last winter

says the Woman's Home Companion, I saw an old man in a grocery acting rather sus-