first went. She was a good worker as stood with a wrinkled hand on either shoulder. His shaking finger traced as well as a sight o' company. She nothing. sighed a little. "But she done well, and guess he'll git on in the world if there is I guess." any sich thing as gittin' on. * * * He's got a good start."

clean pans in a row she began to strain rest a bit." the milk.

Wal, it's a good thing she c'n feel so sitting room to the front door. Mother Tain't always a wife lives two year with put the lamp on the center table on the a man without findin' out he's a long green moss mat which Mollie had made way from perfect 'nd a long way from to protect the elaborate cover of red still like."

they care? That's another thing. They visitor the tale of Mollie's triumphs. got enough hay layin' t' keep 'em all hustlin' fer a week, and rain likely t' occupied the center of the cabinet organ. come on any day 'nd spoil it, fore it's A large easel held a crayon picture of half up. 'Nd when I went down there George and Molly in the days of kilts t'day there they was runnin' two mow- and long dresses; on the wall two life in' machines gittin' more down. They size portraits of George and Mollie don't pay no attention to me. They think grown up and arrayed in the glory of I'm old, 'nd they c'n do as they please. Sunday clothes, indicated that the Lafe Moore as good as told me he was room was a shrine where as in other rupnin' that hay gang. I've seen the shrines, there were signs and symbols to day," continued the old man, raising his recall a Presence. fist and bringing it down on his knee with a thwack, "when I wouldn't have up every fork full of hay on the place myself! But I'm past it, I'm past it."

He sat silent for a moment. "If George was here," he began, "I tell ye things 'ud be diff'runt. I want t' tell ye they hopped around lively when its bow of blue ribbon on the handle-George was on hand. 'Nd if anything "Mollie was a great hand fer fancywas needed he was the lad to fix it. work," she said proudly. Father re-Why, yistidday when John broke a ceived the intelligence with his usual tooth out o' the buck rake, I'm blest if prompt appreciation and replied enhe didn't putter round the whole after. thusiastically "She was that," exactly noon makin' a new one 'nd puttin' it in. Why if George'd been here, he'd a had life. that rake tooth in, in no time. They wouldn't a lost a half an hour. * * *

a good girl, and a powerful help to me side of the door looking out and seeing down the first column and stopped half

I can't complain. "Twasn't to be ex- ain't findin' no fault with George. I car- finger. George Wilson, Private, Fiftypected she'd stay to home always. * * ried a musket myself in '61. They wasn't first Iowa Volunteers, shot through the Jim's a good worker too. Stiddy as old anything on this farm too good t' offer lungs. Will die. She looked into her sorrel Bob and twict as willin'. * * I t' the old flag then 'nd they ain't now husband's face. It was the face of an

She emptied the last pan and set it on the roller towel before she spoke. Then dropped down by the table and put her top of the pile she had collected at one she said in a matter of fact tone, "I head on her arms. The hot tears fell end of the table. Then ranging her guess we'll go in the settin' room and unheeded on the red felt cover. The

"Mollie seems as happy as a queen. than the kitchen. A strip of striped floor. The headlines stood out glaring-Writes like she thought they never was rag carpet covered the step and ran ly. sich another man before nor since across the gay flowered carpet of the INSURGENTS AGAIN REPULSED. knowin' it all. * * Ain't you feelin' felt whose glories were to Mother Shewell tonight, father? You seem kind o' kinah. Mollie had painted the big stork, insecurely balancing himself on "I ain't feelin' jist to say spry, some one leg among wooden lily pads, and way. I can't git around like I used to. gazing inscrutably into the golden I don't git the half done in a day 'nd heart of an impossible lily with the in-I'm all played out at night. Things is tention of jabbing his long bill through layin' at loose ends round the place, too, it. When this work of art took the first 'nd nobody t' see t' anything. I found premium at the county fair, nothing the back pastur fence all down t'day was left to be added to the sum of 'nd the cows all out into the corn field. Mother's happiness. She kept the blue The men was puttin' up hay in the ticket conspicuously pinned in an osback medder, but they never see nothin'. tensibly inconspicuous corner; and re-They don't pay no attention. Whaddy lated with innocent joy to the curious

A photograph of George in his uniform

Mother sat down in the big rocker with its crazy patchwork decorations, had no sich doin's around me if I put and glanced contentedly about the room. Her eye lingered lovingly on the handpainted "throws" which decorated the pictures, the snow scene glittering with isinglass paint from the dapths of a butter-bowl, the gilded fire shovel with as if he had never said it before in his

That's jist the trouble. George is gone They stopped at the gate and footsteps ad that chief among the political probcrunched along the gravelled path. "I guess likely it's Tommy Landes with 'nd this milk pail," said Mother cheer- the mail," said Mother. "He was here fully, as she gathered up her pans. He yistiddy evening and I told him if he took them silently and preceded her to went up t' town t'day I'd like he should the kitchen where he put the lamp on bring the papers. He said he'd be glad the table and sat down beside it, after to. Open the door Father," she concluded as a loud knock rang on the panels. Father rose stiffly and threw open the door. The lamp light shone on

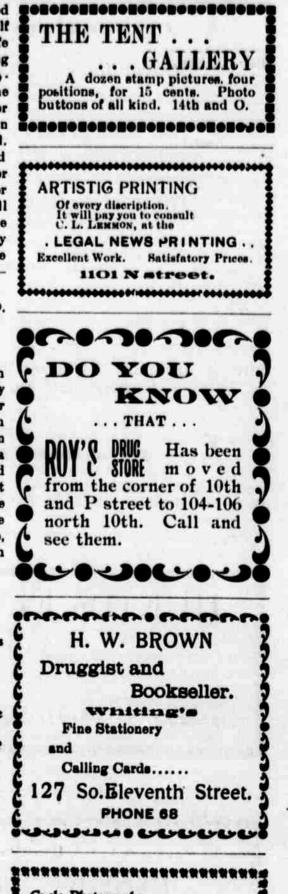
way. With a face from which the life After a while he spoke proudly. "I swiftly faded, she followed the trembling aged man, without hope in this world. Mother hung up her dishpan, washed He sat down in the nearest chair and her hands at the sick and dried them on bowed his face in his hands. Mother little clock on the shelf ticked noisily The "settin' room" was a step higher and insistently. The paper lay on the

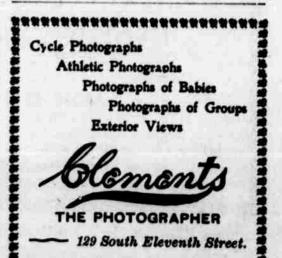
OUR LOSS SLIGHT. ONLY ONE SOLDIER.

The clock beat on the theme with maddening persistence. Only one! only one! only one! After a while Mother rose and went over to a stand which stood against the wall under the crayon portraits. She returned bringing a heavy Book. She opened it and placed it on the table. Hearing her movement the old man looked up. Seeing, he rose and sat down before the Book. "We will read," he .aid in a quavering voice, "for our evening lesson, in the fourteenth of John."

"Under the haystack little Boy Blue, Sleeps with his head on his arm; Sweet peace to his soul and rest to his limbs, He'll never come back to the farm. Little Boy Blue come blow your horn, Sheep in the meadows and cows in the corn. Where is the boy to look after the sheep? He's under the haystack fast asleep." JOURNALS RENCH YELLOW What Effect They Have on International Relations. If one is to judge of French senti-

ment touching the United States from the Paris journals, says a writer in Harper's Weekly, the conclusion is inevitable that the traditional friendship between the two republics is of the hollowest sort. More than that, it is apparently clear that the people of France, republicans though they may call themselves, are more the friends of a mediaeval monarchy whose cruelty and barbarism have shocked the civilized world than the, are of the only republic, except Switzerland, which Suddenly there was the sound of has yet attained a stable position in wheels in the road in front of the house. the world. For it must be rememberlems of France is still that of the continued existence of the republic. The French newspapers, however, do not necessarily represent French, or even Parisian, public sentiment. They are owned by money lenders and controlled by the owners of Spanish bonds; they are vile and venal, and are the models of the yellowest of our own yellow journals. Hardly a word that appears in them is trustworthy. But beyond these sensat anal newspapers there seems to be in France an antipathy to this country which needs explanation. Probably it is felt, as it is manifested, by those who are offended by the native bad manners of a democracy; and this feeling against bad manners is exaggerated in Paris, because the manpers of democratic France are as much worse than the manners of democratic America as it is possible to conceive. The truth is probably that dignified and intelligent Frenchmen have come to hate democra v generally by reason of the antics of French Soci-lists and other French democrats Therefore, some intelligent and reputable papers, like the Temps breaks out against us in vilification and even some officers of the navy indulge in criticisms of our own service, because they do not like to believe that the navy of a democratic power can be a strong one.





and I've lost my holt."

"See if ye c'n git a holt on this lamp he had filled his pail with hot water and carried it to Mother in the pantry.

Mother vibrated from pantry to range "scaldin' up the milk things" and rang- the round good natured face of Tommy ing them in a shining row on the pantry Landes. shelf.

things is a good deal at sixes and sevens, hayin' times. There's the paper. Nothin' 'nd gracious knows! I hate to have you but a paper t'day. Wal, better luck next worryin' with the men 'nd the work, but time. What say? Oh; no! not at all! we ain't either of us findin' fault with glad to do it fer ye. Good night! good George fer doin' what he thought he pight!

ought to. 'Nd I don't know but he was right too. I wouldn't a stood in his paper on his knee, looked in all his way if I could. I didn't say a word, pockets, produced his glasses from the then, 'nd I sin't none to say now. I last one explored and settled them firmly guess we can worry along if he c'n take in place. Mother rapidly folded and the risk 'nd * * * Her voice broke and unfolded her hands. He picked up the she clattered the tins.

Father rose and walked to the door. first page. Suddenly he began to trem-He had been a tall man but he was a ble violently. The paper rattled and little bent now, and his brown face was rustled. Mother took it from his hands. deeply lined. He walked heavily, and He rose and leaned heavily on her

"No, thanks. I can't stop. It's gittin' "I guess," she was saying, "that late 'nd a feller has t' git up early in

Father sat down at the table, laid the paper and looked anxiously down the

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