



Henkel's BREAD FLOUR—Very Best for Bread. You can buy none better, no matter what the name or price. GRAHAM FLOUR—makes delicious Gem. CORN MEAL—beautiful golden meal scientifically made from the choicest corn. BELF RAISING PANCAKE FLOUR—the household favorite.

Flour It is said \$1,000,000 is invested in song birds in Los Angeles.

SYNOPSIS.

Thom arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting.

With all her soul, and wrecked her whole life because of him. She was happy when she thought he was dead, so I wouldn't say anything, but I was sure he was alive, all right, as big and strong as you please.

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Thom arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs a dinner in search of him, much to the surprise and indignation of the other women.

nothing could have exceeded the astuteness of her expression. In fact, she was enjoying to the full her pious satisfaction of martyrdom.

"He did go back," exclaimed Gregory. "Well—not at first, but afterward. He went to tell his wife, and his father showed him that it would never do that the girl—his wife—wasn't of her sphere, her life, that he couldn't have made her happy—that it wouldn't—that it just wouldn't do. For three years he went down the mountains of Germany, the most miserable man in the world. But his conscience wouldn't let him rest. It told him he should acknowledge his wife and go back—but she'd disappeared—he couldn't find her—had he never dreamed—had he never dreamed of the birth of a—of—the of this girl. He never knew that he had a daughter."

earth than those of New York, or, at any rate, closer in the sense of brotherhood. She caught a deep breath of pungent April essence and murmured: "What a world to live in!"

CHAPTER VII.—Continued. In the meantime old Mrs. Jefferson had been looking of with absorbed attention, desperately seeking to triumph over her enemy, a dead demon that for years had taken possession of her. Now, with an impatient hand, she bent her wheel-chair to her daughter's side and proffered her ear trumpet.

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"But before that," Grace persisted, "before, when your mother was first disinherited, how could she make her living?"

She did not care to mingle with the people of the village—which was fortunate, since they should remain what they were, just as she expected to continue without change; however, not many days passed before she found herself seeking to modify her surroundings. If a strange mouse had imprisoned in a cage of mice, those already inclined to captivity will seek to destroy the new-comer.

"Mother," Mrs. Gregory called through this ebony conductor of souls. "This is Fran Derry, the daughter of Mr. Gregory's dear friend, one he used to know in New York, many years before he came to Littleburg. Fran is an orphan, and needs a home. We have asked her to live with us."

"When an unwarmed body has been large end of the tube, half its meaning was usually strained away before the rest reached the yearning ear. Mrs. Jefferson responded eagerly. "And will you wheel me around the garden at least twice a day?"

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Grace Noir came forward with quiet resolution. "Let me speak to your mother," she said to Mrs. Gregory. "Mrs. Gregory handled her the tube, somewhat surprised, since Grace made it a point of conscience seldom to talk to the old lady. When Grace Noir, the daughter of any one, she did not think it right to conceal that fact. Since Mrs. Jefferson absolutely refused to attend religious services, adding an excuse that she could not bear the sermon, refusing to offer up the sacrifice of her fleshly presence as an example to others—Grace disapproved most heartily."

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CHAPTER VIII.—Continued. The April morning was brimming with golden sunshine when Fran looked from the window of her second-floor room. Eager for the first morning's view of her new home, she stared at the half-dozen cottages across the street, standing back in picket-fence yards with acres of garden before their window-eyes. They shined only bits of weather-boarding, or gleaming fragments of glass, peeping through the boughs. She thought of crying, hark! hark! glory. These houses seemed to her organization to

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Mrs. Winslow's Boasting Syrup for Children teaches, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, restores vitality, cures a bottle.

Hunger never kicks because the tablecloth is soiled. Don't buy water for bluing. Liquid Blue is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's the best. Ad.

No Fault There. "Blags is no golden-mouthed speaker." "Well, his dentist did his best to make him one."

Sympathetic Visitor—"Can't you do something to make life smooth for these poor men?" Practical Officer—"Sure, lady. Don't we iron them?"

Monotonous. "Whatcha gonna do with that knife?" "I'm gonna play I'm cuttin' you up." "Aw, you always want to play doctor."

The Department of Agriculture has granted a certificate of good character to the Kingbird, sometimes known in the rural districts as the bee martin, a species of fly catcher which inhabits every part of the United States. The Kingbird has been under indictment in many sections as a destroyer of bees and a foe of apiarists.

Ohio Catastrophe Promises to Result in Much Better Highways in That Section. The trunk of the old saying, "It's an ill wind that blows no one good," is no less well demonstrated; following the great flood that swept over Ohio and Indiana it has been after every disaster the world has seen. In recent cases those who advocate the transportation of merchandise by motor trucks instead of by horse and wagon, or rail matter, and who see a great good come out of the flood, though they were no less sympathetic with its victims or prompt in coming to their relief than any others in the world.

MEMORY IMPROVED. Since Leaving Off Coffee. Many persons suffer from poor memory who never suspect coffee has anything to do with it. The drug—caffeine in coffee, acts injuriously on the nerves and heart, causing imperfect circulation, too little blood in the brain at old time, too little in another part. This often causes a dullness which makes a good memory nearly impossible.

Richard Grant White in his "Words and Their Uses," says: "Transpire means to breathe through, and so to pass off invisibly. The identical word exists in French, in which language it is equivalent of our perspire, and so to pass off invisibly. The Frenchman says 'J'ai beaucoup transpiré' (I have much perspired)—etymologically as near perfect synonyms as the nature of language permits; the latter, however, has common consent been set apart in English to express the passage of a watery secretion through the skin, while the former is properly used only in a figurative sense to express the passage of knowledge to a limited circle of utility."

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ONE IDEA OF PHILANTHROPY. Carmen Sylva Says If She Had a Million She Would Build Vast Cathedral. What curious ideas some people have on the subject of philanthropy! Carmen Sylva, the queen of Roumania, is the latest to answer that ancient question, "What would you do if you were a millionaire?" She would build a vast cathedral with chapels in it for every religion, and she would also build an art school. As it is only a very small minority of people who ever go to church or chapel, and those who do go are usually of the more comfortable classes, it is to be feared that Carmen Sylva's million would do very far to lessen human misery.

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