And o've our hearts in saddest hours Our common joys, O what are they But blessings felt within. For smallest deed of goodness done

Amid a world of sin? The mite we give the child of want. The slightest word of cheer That lifts a heart, with sorrow bowed Or dries a failing tear

Our common joys, O what are they? The priceless pearls and gold Which memory sifts upon the heart When life is growing old. The thought that we have treasured up-Where naught can steal away The consciousness of doing good With every passing day -C. D. Stuart, in N. Y. Ledger.

A STORY OF MISUNDERSTANDING AND LOVE WHICH WAS MADE BIGHT AFTER ANY YEARS OF WAITING.

The too familiar words, "Declined; with thanks" however unpleasant to receive, are scarcely supposed under ordinary circumstances to excite despair. Something however, akin to of Elsa Vane, as she sat trying to mas-

ter their curt significance They were written upon a sheet of large note-paper bearing in print the address of the offices of the London a Month On the table lay a torn envedopg, directed with decisive clearness; The Eims. Stamworth, Surrey."

There were no signs, however, of the ble usual MS, but beside the envelope lay a few sprigs of dried lavender There could be no mistake. She, Elsa, was Mrs. Thomas Vane, she knew with too don, starting on the following after great certitude whose hand had writ- noon for the North. Their farewell cen those words, and she was sitting was quite unemotional, he had the dn the dining-room of "The Elms, trad, tional horror of a scene and she Stam worth."

and the table was laid daintily for her arations, collecting a few treasures, ance of scandal became a small mat- ed into the gate. His face, like his solitary breakfast. She poured herself her own special property. She tried to out a cup of tea, and drank it, but she feel some gladness, some forecaste of a quished the food away untusted. Then possible future awaiting her, but her she was only her great aunt, and, so woman whom he used to hear calling she returned to the contemplation of heart mank aspiration seemed dead. the ill-fated words. No, there could be Her thoughts turned persistently to the feeble and querulous, often finding the that his voice was wearing, although mo mistake. She held, only too clear- past and to the present, the future Ly, the clue to their meaning. The evil was an utter blank. wrought was beyond remedy, and the doing of it had been hers; yet her un- seemed. What would he feel when he preparedness had been terrible.

own life, and of another, which only home, even last night before-East night she had told herself she held. Going through the house was a fresh strength from a certain persistency of Such peace as she had gained was at more dear. At last she rose and went trial. She was a careful housewife in will that enabled her to surmount an end from that day, memory grew in perfect stillness. When Mrs. Craw- and begged him to give the MS. his perthe sprigs of lavender, also, she had eathered into her hand. For a moment she looked at these, as though she would have thrown them into the blaze, and so finished their decay forever. Instead, she thrust them into the bosom of her dress. Then she took her accustomed seat in a low chair by the hearth. Her husband's chair was opposite, and sne looked at it as though she could see there the handsome, clever face which had fascinated her. His nature was so calm -sleepy, che had called it-she had never imagined it possible to anger him beyond recall. She had known his love for her to be so deep, even when to herself she had professed to doubt it, that, in truth, the idea of its failure under trial had never reached her. She recalled painfully the story of

the last two years. Her husband was nearly fifteen years older than herself when he had asked her to be his wife. His talent, his acknowledged position. had lent almost the character of condescension to the act. Not on his side: he was the most humble-minded of men-but she had already idealized him through his writings. Yet he had told him, that she ran through his conceptions as the model for all fairness, trinkets she came upon a packet of old It had seemed to her as the voice of a

Latterly, he had ceased to say these things.

She had pictured a life of intellectual excitement and constant variety when she exchanged the old Garden House in Cambridge, where she had lived with her aunt. Miss Poyntz, for the home of a man holding the literary and artistic position in the London world, of Tom Vane. Instead, she had heen excessively dull. Her husband was much from home; he was the proprictor and editor of the London Month—and he was collecting material for a new work. He liked the house twenty miles out of town for the sake of change and refreshment; she hated at. The deadness of the suburban viltage had much to answer for; she grew morose and depressed, brooding in her solitude over her wrongs.

She told herself finally that her marriage had been a mistake; that she was mo more to her husband than a source of occasional relaxation—and that she was deteriorating. The views imbibed in the will of a man to whom she was a mere toy.

Theories of this kind, somewhat superficially grafted on to a nature that | oked at her watch; she was longing craved incessantly, not only for affecto work complications in the fate of and her repentance. But it was already

explanation. percly imaginary; he was placed and before starting North-perhaps even nous plane, and an uncontrollable longreactil by nature. She still ran, like to come. She wrote as sweet and pen- ing drove her home. She had develthe finest thread, through the whole wood and web of his life; but as daily widening interests claimed him, he did had been so fatally near, and the re- truths of life. She would not own to mot forecast that she would need daily surance of the fact. He felt the the charge of the project of the charge of t

er than that she needed more of it. The thought was present with him in the pauses of his work, in his journeys to and from town; he grew more reserved, and less hopeful, losing buoyancy daily.

In this way the breach widened, and a crash became inevitable.

One night he returned, after nearly a week's absence, only to tell her that he was starting for Edinburgh two days later. Her sense of injury culminated, and she, at last, gave it vent in no very measured terms. She said many things bitter for Tom Vane to hear and to remember. She told him that she had married him under a girlish illusion, before she knew what life meant, she also spoke of her aspirations, and of her individual development. Finally, she begged for freedom, that she might live her life, that she might realize herself. How far she understood her own meaning was doubtful. He heard her patiently to the end. She saw that he was deeply moved, whether with pain or anger she could not tell

"You must be mad," he said, when she paused, "but it shall be as you wish. Certainly, I will not detain you against your will." Then he had left pleading stronger than her words could her abruptly; the blow had failen upon him when he was wearied both physically and mentally,

Later he had come back and but before her, as a brother or a friend might cave done, the pretitevable consesinces of her act, but he had not ight to influence or persuade her s calmness exasperated her and al-

high growing rather frightened at definitioness which her desire had Hen she would not draw back Finally he had ceased all argument that passion was legible upon the face p, had entered still with the same on te upon the easter me had of

at g out her wish. He had sugof that at first at any rate she sald return to her aunt's house at visit white be was in the North future arrangements could follow but he dn the same hand to 'Mrs Thos Vane, would love no time in securing her comfort and freedom, as far as possi-

She ventured no further opposition The next day he went to town as usual Dually. She had last bare before him he was to remain that night in Lonwas thoroughly subdued. After he was It was a pretty, home-like room, gone, she busied herself with her prep-Was Tom really as indifferent as he

next came home-after she was gone? She saw there written the ruin of her. He had always seemed glad to come



'She had seen Tom Vane in the b.rand. spite of loftier aims; now, everything would be left to the servants, there would be terrible waste and disorder. Even this accentuated the sense of gen-In opening a box to look for some

letters. She knew them well enoughbushes grew, and the sun was shining, and Tom was there—and—

while, or was it all through the fault ence, revived. The development of herself utterly in the wrong, false to Elsa Vane. longed to her nature she suddenly saw her wifely duty, and the sacredness of stifled, by the merging of her identity her love. To be the wife of Tom Vane again seemed the highest of all aspi-

had left her were forgotten. She how to throw herself into her hustion, but for its expression, bade fair band's arms and sob out all her folly retained it. Five years' struggle with Mrs. Vane. She was utterly unable to too late in the afternoon to find him she had met with no very marked succonceal even momentary feeling, and at his office if she went to town; but cess, latterly she had added the writshe let husband see plainly the effor her wickedness he would soon have ing of fiction to her original profession, feets of the phase through which she been coming home. She would write; and here old associations came to her was passing, without attempting any he would receive the letter the first aid, helping to lift her out of the rawthing in the morning, if not that night, ness of amateur effort. Still, at five- startled her, and she tried to smooth So far, her idea of change in him was There would be time for him to reply and-twenty life seemed a dull, monoto- away the signs of her trouble before itent a letter as woman could write; oped at any rate in patience, and realher tears, the realites of the step which ized, if not herself, some of the harder currence of the old strain of half-for- herself a desire to tread the same pavegotten happiness, had deepened her ment, breathe the same air as Tom nature. She humbled herself utterly. Vane; she said that the fascination of only asking him to remember her the great town, murky and fog-laden. youth and impetuosity, promising that was upon her. She had occasionally

strive to be to him the help and companion that he needed. She laid bare the doubts and distrust of the past months, and the revival of the truth in her heart through the old letters. As she wrote, it seemed to become clear that she had never seriously in-

tended to leave him, development that ing favorable to any second overture could lead a woman away from the on her part, had she felt the desire to man to whom she had sworn fidelity make it. could be nothing but a faise growth. The game had been "dangerous," if it had been any one but Tom! But, with him, now that she had owned

herself in the wrong she had no fear. When her letter was finished, she bethought her of the lavender, she folded it within the sheet and added a postscript recailing to his memory the day in the garden when they had plucked it together. He had told her that to his mand she was like it for softness of color he could see the burble shadows beheath the greyness of her eyes Also in the endurance of its sweetness it was a fitting type of the quiet strength of their love, and many other pretty things he had conjured out of the homely flower. Alas' how miserably had she failed. Now she sent it to him as a reminder and the strongest

She had posted her letter that night, and all the next day went happers about the house, feeling reinstated Then this morning the answer

had lain upon the breakfast table. The enselope with the director in the lami she knew so well and within, to withered lavender and those three promant words She pressed her hands to her bosom

as she recalled that pain-

Not the least part of it was the dea tron of her faith, the irony of the shief in her husband's nature which she had cherished even when she was stateballions. She was forced soon o couse herself, for she felt clearly carrying a basket paused a few paces the there must be no further delay in front of her, and gave in a rich, the could plead no more, the last breath of the fragrance of their love refusin was dead and she had nothing to urge. Tom had finished the work she had begun taken her at her word the inner sanctuary and he had look ed back at her scornfully and deris ively It was a cruel wrong. Beneath away with plaintive appeal, for the It, his suggestion that she should re voice was rarely sweet. Elsa was very turn to her aunt's roof became intol-tired and the tears rose to her eyes long as Elsa could remember, had been in the streets, he added, rather sadly, life of the outer world touched her but not so young as he looked, and the

minded woman, but she gathered that it was for her. was not long in forming her plans.

husband, her private income would viative of only their hideous vulgarity. suffice to keep her from actual want, the daily routine of her life seemed and she had education with she had harsh and unlovely Behind it all, the upon. She would go to Paris, and the home that had been hers shone far complete the studies she had begun away a rainbow-tinted vista beyond at the Cambridge local school of thoroughfares which were thronged painting, in connection with South and gray-hued. She felt jostled and and she knew the address of a Home fog laden way the cry of the 'avender for Students, to which she had once merchant sounded very sweetly, like a petitioned her aunt to send her There, song from home. She listened daily if she could not be received, she would, for its recurrence, but it came no more. at any rate, be directed to a suitable It had been a mere street cry, crossing

Your reply has convinced me that my first judgment was right, you will sistency. not be surprised that I have acted upon it. I beg to be relieved of all offers of assistance.

These she inclosed and sealed, and laid the packet where she knew he could not fail to see it on his return. No further hesitation or avowed regrets delayed her preparations; the following day she went to town, as the first stage upon her journey. . . . . . .

Mrs. Crawley, of 131, Marlborough Tom's letters before they were mar- Road, had not always let apartments. Icssness seemed to have reached their ried; and tied up with them a little She was one of those unfortunate peo- climax. She had been to the Strand bunch of dried lavender. She had not ple who had come down in the world, that day, and many times since she looked at the letters for a year, nor and her descent had been rapid, and had seen Tom Vane, but had never smelt the lavender. She sat down now entirely owing to the speculative ten- encountered him again. She began 10 on the floor in the midst of the disor- dencies of Mr. Crawley Although she feel that unless she wished to become der she had created, with the packet had faced the position bravely enough, a more ghost haunting the confines of in her lap. She would read them to she was keenly alive to the discern- his life she must wander away again herself, she called it taking a last look ment of her new lodger Mrs Poyntz; in search, at any rate, of numbness, into an open grave, which was rather who with rare delicacy ignored the a strong expression; afterwards she landlady in the hard worked gentlewould-burn them. She began to read, woman. Mrs. Poyntz's own means with the lavender in her hand, and the limited her to rooms on the third ander, living words of a great love floor, and her great loneliness may moke to her anew, moving her nobler have led her to welcome her landlady's nature as they had moved it in the old visits when the latter found leisure for days, and the dried sticks in her hand rest after the toils of the day. For, albloomed again, and she was back in though young, and more than ordinarthe old garden where the lavender ily good-looking, the new lodger seemed strangely friendless. No one called upon her, and she rarely left the house The poor girl flung herself sobbing save on business visits to the city. upon the couch; oh! what had she She had chosen her present abode bedone—had he really changed so, and cause the rooms were large and inexforgotten everything in this short pensive, because she had chanced to hear something of the antecedents of of her own unrestful heart? With the Mrs. Crawley, and because she thought from girl friends, chiefly graduates, quick rebound into extremes that becounter any one who had known ther as

She had had no very clear reason for adopting her mother's name in rations. The days and hours in which preference to her own, save that the latter had grown distasteful, and painfully suggestive. Now, Elizabeth Poyntz was a useful signature, and she fortune thad wearied her, as a painter

newspapers. He had writ a another novel, realistic and philoso hie which had been well received, and he still edited the London Month. She read the book, and judged that he had detemorated, she thought the tone cynical and worldly, and could detect noth-

For the rest, she was utterly alone; her aunt, Miss Poyntz, was dead, and the house at Cambridge in the hands or strangers. That news had reached her when in Paris. Since that time the had travelled constantly, studying both in Belgium and in Rome, until her restless craving led her back to England She thought she had attained indifference, and had grown quiescent, but the vitality of sensation is an at startling revival, oversetting all calculation.

One afternoon she returned from the city with a face strangely moved from its usual passivity. She had seen Tom Vane in the Strand. She herself, had been unnoticed; she had watched him pass from the doorway of a shop. He was very much aged, more than the lapse of five years would reasonably account for. His beard was gray instead of black, and he stooped slightly. Elsa watched him until he was out of sight sile felt a sort of rage against her fate and against his hardness. against the man he was walking with, which must have been a form of unreasonable jealousy When disturbance has once set in there follows often a slight hurrying up of incident-effects succeed quickly, as small clouds gathering, and the swift splash of rain on a sultry day. Perhaps an unquiet atmosphere lends significance to every whisper of the coming storm rush A ficial message was so untrue to the further stirring of husbed memories had awaited Elsa Vane before she reached the door of 131. Near the corner of Old Queer street a lame boy mellew voice a cry that was almost a

erable, she was in no mood to bear Shestopped and spoke a few words to question or criticism and the avoid- the lavender merchant before she turnter where all was wrecked. She felt voice, was refined. He told her that no responsibility towards Miss Poyntz, he had learned his cry from an old presence of her niece a burden. The he only used it for this trade, he was faintly, probably, unless her niece re- cry tried it. When Elsa had turned toturned to her roof, she would never wards the house, he paused a few steps fully understand what had occurred. further on and gave his call twice with Mrs Vane was scarcely a strong- clear prolonged sweetness. Elsa felt

weakness when the need of action was vivid quick-fingered, torturing, and The beacon lights of aspiration under this hand her present surroundhad become painfully misty, but she ings showed repulsive and sordid. The sounds from the tavern ground their She could take no help from her way into ears grown suddenly apprebeen told some talent to fall back refinement and sweet-scentedness of Kensington She had her certificates, wearled, and upon that mud-stained, appariment, and to the best studios. her life like other incidents of the She wrote a few lines to her husband. streets, pregnant with impression, but it dwelt in her mind with curious per-

This limitation of the God-given gift of song to the carrying of aweetness into sordid ways, waking Heaven knew what memories of pure life in tired hearts, grew to her somewhat strained imagination into a parable, losing nothing from the unconsciousness of the singer, and bearing heavily upon her own failure: the homely sweetness had been hers to disdain and cast aside.

One evening depression and hope-



"At last she stood up."

An aching of keen desire was becoming habitual, and scarcely to be borne. She leaned her head upon her arm. folded over the blank page-where the word refused to be written-and longed to sob out her loneliness, her grief and her despair, her great wrong, for surely Toni had wronged her.

Mrs. Crawley's knock upon the door she bade her landlady enter.

I hope I am not disturbing von. Poyntz. I fear you were going to write?

"I cannot write a word; pray come in," said Elsa. She pushed aside her papers impatiently and drew forward an easy chair for her visitor.

"You seem, as a rule, to find your work so easy." said Mrs. Crawley presif he would bear with her she would heard of her husband through the entiry with something of a sigh. "I

anything accepted." "Perhaps you did not persevere long enough.

"Well the last thing I sent was a poem. All my troubles came upon me about that poem too." "What was that?" asked Elsa, indif-

ferently. "A matter in which I have always felt guilty, although it was not altothe paper it is in my desk. I can lay

my hand on it easily" Elsa sat on, listless and idle, while Mrs. ('rawley was gone in search of the paper. She expected to be askedto read some verses; it would not have occurred to her that Mrs. Crawley could write poetry.

That lady came back shortly, an old mahogany desk in her hand.

"I thought I would bring the desk," she explained. "There are two or three little things here I might ask your advice about; but this is the paper I was referring to, it was inclosed with my returned poem."

She had been searching among the bundles of letters while she spoke; now she handed to Elsa an open en-

velope. Mrs Vane took it carelessly, then she gave a little cry, for she saw that it had come from the London Month. Within was a short MS, poem and a folded sheet. She opened the letter hastily It bore the date February -, in Tom Vane's hand, and was closely written on three sides. There was no superscription, but after the first word she read on eagerly. At last she stood up, holding the back of her, chair and looking, almost fiercely, at You you have kept this letter for

five years - after reading it - and knowing it was not yours Mrs. Crawley glanced up quickly.

l am not so much to blame as you

think. We were living in -- street

then at our old home. When that letter came I was lying very ill, my husband just glanced at it, and seeing one of my MSS returned, threw it aside. He always laughed at my trying to write. Afterwards, my little baby It was months before I even saw died the letter, not till the crash came and everything was being turned out for the sale, then I found it lying in the study among a heap of bills I thought I would write then, but I was in great trouble and perplexity; somehow I put it off and forgot. It was six months old and I thought if it had been of consequence inquiries would have been måde; then later, it seemed absurd to rake up the matter. I did not know how to account for the delay Of course, I was to blame, but I never read more than the first few lines It suddenly came into my mind to night, and I thought there could be no harm in 7showing it to you after all

palm downwards.

in that way towards each other; but noon were over. there were great excuses. Forgive me, ago.

knitting

God forgive me-can you? Ever?" stretched hands.

uring her tones, "will you leave me the pitiful gather in the brows, the in the room—and they were alone. slightest tremor in the last words. Mrs. Crawley stooped and picked up her knitting. She had seen enough of did that idiotic thing?" the letter to know what its loss might mean; perhaps even the key to the solitary life that had sometimes perplexed her. Her eyes were full of tears' when she had recovered her balls of

Elsa never moved until the door closed, leaving her to the blessed solitude; then she sank down upon her knees, the sobs that had been so far away all these years shaking her, as she wept out her grief upon the friend's heart that she had found-Tom's let-

If, as has been said, the essence of tragedy is the nearness of joy, then had the fates of Tom Vane and his the bank had she chosen to draw it. wife been tragic for the last five years, with a tragedy hinging upon an inci-The words of the letter that all this time had lain in Mrs. Crawley's old mahogany desk-and but for the curi- her in the Strand. ous chain of circumstances called chance, might so have lain until it that it cancelled were forever deadwere these:

"I thank God, my darling, for your sweet words, and for the renewal of your confidence. I have such a short, time to write, to say all that must be said. You reproach yourself too much. the burden of what you have suffered will put my love for you to the test- Great Northern Railway.-Tit-Bits. the hardest. If your heart allows that this is so—if you feel that your consent to our marriage sprung from your untried ignorance, and that you were can need shall be at your disposal. I no longer work, she has a comforable am in hopes that you will feel that I annuity to fall back on.

used to try at one time, but I never had would be to you something more than husbard or lover—your most faithful friend.

"All this I say only to set your mind at rest, to free you from self-reproach. But if, my wife, if your heart should not long after, and since that I have desire to cling to me from deliberate had no time to think about writing. choice-then-if ever the love of man Something very strange happened compassed the life of a woman, my love shall compass yours. I fear to urge you, to put before you the selfishness of my great desire.

"I send you back a part of the layender, a renewal of my faith until the gether my fault, but I will show you days or years of our separation are ended, for that in the end you will come back to me I feel assured." Here the letter broke off suddenly,

evidently through some interruption. Below had ben added in pencil, now scarcely legible:

"Oh, my love, think well—something

more than life is at stake." The whole was finely and closely written: the sheet was large and folded in three, the fourth side was blank. Elsa eaw plainly enough how it had happened, and in the hurry of the last hours among the numberless interruptions and distractions of the office, the folded sheet had been placed in the wrong envelope. She remembered that the lavender had been separately inclosed.

Perhaps impotent grief at the wasted years, the loss of joy, was the strongof feeling just at first; then a sense of wonder at the great, unselfish heart that had been so wronged, with sorrow and tender pity for the pain it moist have laid at her door.

Was it possible that its fidelity had survived even the needless cruelty of her farewell, the silence of these five iong years? Five long years -how and she approach him, and tell him the truth, not knowing if she would

welcome? She tried to form the was of a letter, but it seemed full of aid surprise. They had grown strange ... h other, and their wooing must ain again, she could not tell him is a that she had loved him all along. then an idea came to her She would

weave their story, his and hers, into a tale and send it to him. He would surely read it when he saw the wruing and the signature Elsa Vane. in this way she would discover his feeling towards her, if he let it pass

unheeded, unanswered, she would RLOW And if -but here she could not follow out the conclusions, for her heart tiembled. She went back to her writing table and began to write; she wrote far into the night, until indeed the winter's day was near breaking, no longer hesitant for words or for matter And when her task was done, she laid down for an hour of happy dreams, with Tom's letter beneath her pillow.

She herself took the MS, to the office on the following morning, and saw it carried into his room

She had addressed it to him personally, and put her own name and address on the outside of the fly-leaf. She this time. I had almost forgotten it." had also added a few lines in which ley said that se had not fully read the sonal attention. She felt she  $\infty$ uid letter, her face showed signs of relief. do no more—only wait. At any rate, She leaned over a little, her outspread she would have the right to ask for the hand pressed heavily upon the table, return of the MS., and in that way she would be assured. She had tried to It was a slight want of honor," she prepare herself for days of uncertainsaid, quietly, "that was all. I have ty but wondered how she would bear noticed that we women are apt to fail them before the first hours of the after-

She walked the room restlessly, like if I speak harshly This letter, it is a caged creature, starting at every mine It was meant for me five years sound, and feeling a sense of despair as every half hour chimed softly by Mrs Crawley sprang up -scattering her little clock. The dinner, which her balls of yarn, and dropping her she had made some pretence of eating, had been carried away, and she had For you-oh! Mrs. Poyntz. May gathered herself over the fire. She knew that Mrs. Crawley would not Elsa did not seem to see the out- trouble her to-night, when the servant I came to say a gentleman wished to see

"If you don't mind," she said, meas- her. It was over then. She had heard no alone for a little while-quite alone." | summons, nothing, but there was the There was no sign of agitation save hasty step upon the stair, and he was

. . . . . . .

"Elsa-Elsa-do you mean to say I "Indeed then, Tom, you did."

But he could hardly have heard the words, although the whisper was not far away.

Tom Vane had traced his wife to Paris. He resented bitterly what appeared mere groundless obstinacy and contempt, both of himself and all common sense. Partly in anger, and partly because he thought that through his silence she would the more quickly realize her folly, he refrained from all insistence of his desire for her greater comfort, and from any interference. An income amply sufficient for her wants had been paid to her account at

When, subsequently, he lost sight of her in her restless journeyings, he dent that might have been burlesque. blamed himself bitterly. The darkness had never seemed more hopeless than when she was nearest-when he passed

Were those five years wasted? was crumbled into dust, and the sorrows the question they sometimes asked themselves.-Plsydell North, in The Strand.

THE END.

My Lord Makes Clocks.

Lord Grimthrorpe's pet hobby is clock and watch-making. At his counlies heavily upon me. My love has try seat at Grantham he has a special never faltered or lessened for one mo- workshop fitted up with every requisite ment-bear this in mind in what I in connection with the horological art. have yet to say—also that from my His lordship designed the present tried middle age I can swear that it "Big Ben" for Sir Benjamin Hall, and never will falter or slacken until death, has more than one occasion taken But I have watched you and felt the home with him from Westminster any change in you. God knows I hold our wat hes belonging to his fellow-Palliavows sacred, but I have a horrible fear mentarians which might be in need of lest the impulse of the moment should retair or regulation. Before he suchave wrung from you the truth-and ceeded to the title his lordship, as Mr. the renewal of your tenderness been Beckett Denison, was for many years dictated only by a sense of duty. 1 senior Parliamentary counsel to the

Annuities for Domestics.

Housewives in Norway and Sweden robbed of your youth, I offer you such have started a scheme to encourage freedom as can still be yours, uncom- servants to remain in their places. Misplainingly, ungrudgingly. Although in tresses pay into a general fund whatsome ways you are a child still. I ever they can afford for every servant trust you unhesitatingly, as I would that has remained with them for trust one of God's angels. I know the twelve months. The money is regispure uprightnes of your nature. I have tered in the servant's name, so that already told you that everything you when age overtakes her, and she can

Cor.

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