

Martha's Easter Bonnet.

Annie Hamilton Donnell.

HORATIO.

Mrs. Whitney waited a reasonable period, then spoke again, a degree louder.

"Horatio!"

"Why! why, yes, Martha, did you speak?"

"I did." I believe you're getting hard of hearing, Horatio. I suppose it's nothing but what we can expect. Your father was deaf, and your grandfather before him."

"Oh, but, Martha, they were old. I'm not old." Horatio Whitney's careworn face was eager and wistful. It seemed to be struggling to put on its rightful mask of youth—a man at 45 is not old—but to be painfully conscious that it no longer fitted. Almost at once it settled back to its lines of care. With a sigh Horatio Whitney gave up his youth.

"Maybe I am old," he said, quietly.

"Well, I'm not!" laughed his wife.

"When I'm old, I won't ask you for my Easter money. I suppose you know Sunday after next is Easter, Horatio?"

"Easter—Sunday after next? Are you sure, Martha?" He sighed again unconsciously. There was so little "Easter money" for Martha this year. Horatio Whitney had been married 15 years; there had been 15 Easters. There had always been "Easter money."

"I went down town prospecting today. If I'd had the money, I should have taken up a claim—in Easter fixings," she laughed pleasantly. Her own face was uncreased and comely. Horatio looked at it round the edge of his newspaper and experienced his old feeling of pride in Martha. He was thinking that Martha was young enough. Martha was 45, too.

"How much will you need, dear?" The "dear" went with the little thrill of admiration.

"Mercy, Horatio, as if you didn't know how much it always takes! Easter bonnets don't vary much from one year to another. The market is always 'firm!' You're always given me \$20; that includes gloves and what-nots, of course."

"Would—er—fifteen do, do you think?" hesitatingly. The difference between \$20 and \$15 took on preposterous value to-night. Horatio Whitney was a little more tired than usual. The care lines were deeper in his plain face.

Mrs. Whitney dropped her work into her lap and peered round the drop-lamp at her husband. Horatio might be growing old and deaf, but she did not like to think he was growing stingy. Fifteen—why, she had always had to stretch the \$20!

"You need not give me any, Horatio," she said, stiffly. "I'll stay at

ways liked apple-blossom buds, Horatio!" She nodded across to him archly and her full face reminded him of the Martha's of 15 years ago. He conjured up that other beautiful little bonnet with apple-blossom buds in it, and set it on her smooth brown hair—Martha had not grown gray at all.

"That one was beautiful," he smiled.

"Well, this one is. I shouldn't wonder if it made me look 15 years younger!" she laughed. "But I don't want to decide on it till you see it. You always did have excellent taste in bonnets, dear." She fell into the "dear" naturally enough, as if the soft halo of 15 years ago were over her, too. She had always called him "dear," then—how many years was it she had called him Horatio?

"I wish you'd go to the office through Jermyn street to-morrow morning—no, I'll go with you. That



...and whirled him round to the mirror."

will be better. You can pass judgment on the little gem-bonnet, and I shall go in and buy it!—for I'm certain you'll like it."

They had not walked through the streets together for a good while—not even to church. Horatio Whitney was keenly sensitive to the fact that his overcoat and hat were shabby. He did not care to remember how long it was since he had bought new ones, and he did not want Martha to remember. So he stayed at home quietly, and grew a little grayer and a little older every day.

So he had stayed at home Sunday after Sunday. He was always tired; it was a good enough excuse. Martha gave up urging him after awhile.

The next morning Martha walked down-town with Horatio, through Jermyn street. It was a beautiful day.

Down the street a little way progress was temporarily blocked, and Horatio and Martha came to a standstill. A heavy dray was being backed across the sidewalk.

They were abreast of a splendid plate-glass show-window, and Martha turned to it for entertainment. What woman was ever at loss for amusement with a show-window at her elbow? But this one—Martha turned away a little disgusted. It was only a men's furnishing store.

The drayman took his time. Martha was driven back to the window in self-defense, and it was this time that she saw the coat that reminded her. A little thrill ran over her, for it was the exact shade—the soft, deep gray—of that other coat. It was not distinguishably different, either, in style—queer that 15 years should make so little change!

Martha glanced at Horatio's shabby overcoat. The pitiless sun gave it no quarter. She saw all its fadedness and meanness, and the listless, dejected sag of it. It gave her a start of surprise that she had not noticed it before. She scarcely ever noticed Horatio's clothes. They were always whole—Horatio had always been "easy" on his things. There was rarely anything to mend.

But now—the contrast between the spruce, new coats in the window and Horatio's coat! Between the sleek hats set jauntily on the staring painted heads of the window-dummies and the faded, worn one planted squarely on Horatio's gray hair! Martha's heart misgave her at the contrast. She did not want to look, but looked on steadily.

Horatio was looking at the drayman. His bent shabby shoulders were "back to" the great window. Horatio never looked in show windows.

"When you get through looking at the styles, my dear, we'll go on. That fellow's taken his time, but he's out of the way now."

It was Horatio's voice in her ear and Martha started with an odd sense of confusion and guilt. She went on down the street trying to joke herself at ease again, but her thoughts ran on persistently in a perturbed undercurrent. The gray overcoat that had reminded her—she could not get it out of her sight. Gray had been so becoming to Horatio 15 years ago—Martha had chosen that color herself for his "wedding overcoat." And she had had apple-buds in her wedding bonnet because pink and gray were so beautiful together.

Martha roused herself at madame's. "There," she cried, "that little beauty on the extreme left—don't tell me

you don't like it!" She was laughing a trifle breathlessly. Her eyes were on his face.

"Isn't it a little gem, Horatio?"

"Yes, oh, yes, Martha, I like it," he said, warmly. "You go right in and buy it. Don't you wait, or somebody else will get in ahead. The possibilities on it are beautiful. Martha, it reminds me!"

After a little he went on alone, down the street.

Easter Sunday dawned clear and perfect. Martha woke to the trill of Easter carols outside her window. A myriad of little birds seemed vying with each other to celebrate His rising. The jubilant-chorus filled all the air.

"I'm thankful it's pleasant," thought Martha. "I want it to be pleasant to-day." She went about her morning duties with a light heart. At breakfast she chattered like a girl.

"Horatio, you're going to church with me to-day—I thought you might like to know!"

"No, no, Martha," he said, hastily; "I guess I won't go to-day—not to-day."

"I said you were going!" she laughed. "Didn't you promise to 'love, honor and obey' 15 years ago? I'm through marching off to church alone every Sunday morning."

"But I'm tired, Martha. I'm going to stay at home and get rested up for to-morrow."

"Yes, I know—I guess I'm always tired, Martha."

"Then you must go to church and rest. Horatio Whitney, do you know how long ago it was that you went to church with me?"

"No, I don't. Don't reckon, Martha."

"Well, I won't if you'll turn over a new leaf to-day. I've set my heart on your going to meeting with me, dear."

He flushed painfully. Martha was making it very hard. If she hadn't said "dear!"

"But I—I can't, Martha. I'd like to if I could."

"Say, 'But I can, dear—say it, Horatio!'" She was round on his side of the table, with her hand on his arm. "Come upstairs and get ready. We don't want to be late on Easter. I've got your things all out on the bed."

"I—I haven't any things, Martha. You mustn't ask me—I can't go."

"Well, I've got my things all out on the bed, then. I want you to come up and see my things, dear. Come!"

He could not resist her. She was like the old girl Martha—persistent and irresistible. He yielded weakly and followed her up the stairs. The Easter things were spread out on the bed. Horatio Whitney uttered a queer sound at the sight of them.

"Martha!"

"Well, don't you like them? Don't you like my Easter bonnet, dear? I like it better than any I ever had before, all the Easters of my life. Now I will try it on and let you see how becoming it is."

She set the soft gray felt hat on his head and whirled him round to the mirror. Then she threw the handsome gray overcoat across his shoulders and laid the gloves against his sleeve.

"See how they match!" she cried. "And they all match you. You great stupid boy, to stand there as if you didn't recognize yourself!"

"I don't," he gasped. Suddenly he faced about. "But, Martha—"

"Say 'dear.'"

"But, dear, I don't understand. You were going to get the one with apple-blossom buds on it—"

"What do you call that?" She had caught up a little thing in lace and flowers from the table, and was whirling it round in her fingers before his astonished eyes. "Aren't those apple-blossom buds? Can't you smell 'em? You ought to, for they're the very ones you declared you could smell 15 years ago! The very ones, Horatio! I got out the little old bonnet, and there were the flowers as fresh as ever—not withered at all! Snip, snip—I had cut them off and there they were on my Easter bonnet! Now, we'll go to church, dear."

He walked along the sunny street beside her as if in a pleasant dream. Unconsciously, he held himself straight and walked briskly.

They seemed to get ahead of everybody. Once Martha gave him a little push.

"Go on ahead a little way," she whispered, "there's no one now to notice, and I want to look at you as a whole!"

When she caught up with him, she squeezed his arm gently. "You look handsome, Horatio Whitney—don't tell me you don't! Now tell me I look handsome."

"Martha, Martha—dear—you look good enough to eat!" It was a homely compliment, but it suited Martha. They went on together through the sweet Easter sunshine. At the church door she stopped him.

"Wait! We're going to walk up the broad aisle slowly, Horatio—don't you go hurrying. I want the people to have plenty of time to see my new Easter things! Now, ready!"

The altar was heaped with Easter lilies, and their sweet breath filled the church. Martha drew in long whiffs of it.

"How good they smell, dear," she whispered. "Is there anything sweeter than Easter lilies?"

He smiled down at her. Martha was short and plump, and he was tall to-day.

"I don't smell any Easter lilies," he said; "I don't smell anything but apple blossoms."—Country Gentleman.



Mrs. Laura L. Barnes, Washington, D. C., Ladies Auxiliary to Burnside Post, No. 4, G. A. R., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"In diseases that come to women only, as a rule, the doctor is called in, sometimes several doctors, but still matters go from bad to worse; but I have never known of a case of female weakness which was not helped when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used faithfully. For young women who are subject to headaches, backache, irregular or painful periods, and nervous attacks due to the severe strain on the system by some organic trouble, and for women of advanced years in the most trying time of life, it serves to correct every trouble and restore a healthy action of all organs of the body."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a household reliance in my home, and I would not be without it. In all my experience with this medicine, which covers years, I have found nothing to equal it and always recommend it."—Mrs. LAURA L. BARNES, 607 Second St., N. E., Washington, D. C.—\$2.00 per bottle. Original above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women.

The Best Way to Teach History.

The idea of object teaching, the foundation of the Froebel system of instruction, has in recent years met with general acceptance and adoption in almost every branch of education, high and low, with resultant benefits which are beyond question. Even such subjects as grammar and arithmetic are now taught in this way so far as practicable, and with marked advantage over the old dry and abstract method. The practice of teaching history by making pilgrimages to the very scenes where great historical events have occurred is an application of the same principle and much more valuable in the way of impressing the reality of history upon the minds of the young than any amount of mere text-book instruction could be. A recent issue of the "Four-Track Series," published by the New York Central management, gives a description of the historical sites in the immediate vicinity of New York, which will be of exceeding value for the guidance of teachers and others who desire to adopt this method of historical study. One of the best ways to develop civic pride and promote good citizenship lies in this very direction, an increase of knowledge of local history being accompanied with an increase of interest in matters of local government and a higher concern for what affects the welfare and good name of the community.—From Leslie's Weekly.

Keeping the Average.

Miss Jones—Did you shoot anything, Mr. Bates?

Mr. Bates (hesitatingly)—Yes—er—er—a brace of ducks.

"Wild?"

"Er—er—no, but the farmer was."—Stray Stories.

He—"What is your favorite stone?" She—"Oh, this is so sudden!"—Harvard Lampoon.

COMMUNING WITH NATURE.

Laura Was Not Saddened by the Beautiful Scenery—it Was a Bug.

Close beside the sparkling brook, whose silver waters danced merrily in the sunlight and rippled joyously over the golden sands, they sat in silence—George and Laura—drinking in the glorious beauty of the rustic scene and communing with nature in one of her chosen shrines. A far-off in the west the sun seemed to linger on the rim of the horizon as if unwilling to shut out from his gaze the lovely landscape that glowed with a softened and even melancholy radiance in his departing beams, says Woman's Home Companion.

A thrilling cry burst from the lips of the beautiful girl. "George! George!" she almost shrieked.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, placing his arm tenderly around her waist. "Has the romantic, yet oppressive, loveliness of the scenery saddened your spirit?"

"No, George!" she screamed, waving her hands wildly and making a frantic jab at the small of her back. "I think it's some kind of a bug!"

HIS "HONEY" HAD VANISHED.

The Waiter Didn't Understand Johnson's Inquiry, But He Thought He Did.

A young Philadelphian whom we may call Johnson, because that is not his name, was married several days ago, and it occurred to him that he would take his bride into an upstate town on their honeymoon, relates the Philadelphia Ledger. He was particularly desirous of visiting this town, as he told his bride, because at the hotel where he intended staying "they served such delicious honey at every meal."

The couple arrived at the hotel in due course, and they were just in time for tea. Johnson escorted his bride proudly to a table in the dining room and then, after an admiring glance at her, looked quizzically round the board. There was no honey on the table and none in the room. Johnson was surprised and called a waiter. "See here," said he, "where's my honey?" The waiter seemed at a loss as to what to say, but finally leaned forward and in a stage whisper said: "She don't work here no mo'!"

Fastidious Young Man.

The most fastidious young man in Missouri has been found on a farm a few miles south of Nevada. One day tracks that had been made by bare feet were found on what is known as the Autenrieth road. It has been learned that they were made by a young man living in the neighborhood who had had his shoes nicely shined and was carrying them under his arm to keep them from getting muddy.—Kansas City Journal.

The old gentleman steadily regarded him. "Well," he said, "it is evident that my daughter did not pick you out for your personal attractions. Hence I must conclude that you have some practical points that are of value. Take her, my boy, she's yours."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Did you give that woman two good eggs for her five cents?" asked the corner grocer of the new boy. "I did, sir." "You're discharged. You should have sold her two burnt eggs, so that she'd come back to kick and give me a chance to sell her a porterhouse steak."—Baltimore News.

Manager—"I am getting up a show that will make a tremendous hit." Friend—"Real rainstorm, real sawmill, etc., I suppose?" Manager—"No; real actors."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Subscriber (to Editor)—"How's the newspaper business now?" Editor (to Subscriber)—"Splendid. Just had my leg cut off, and used the road for damages!"—Atlanta Journal.

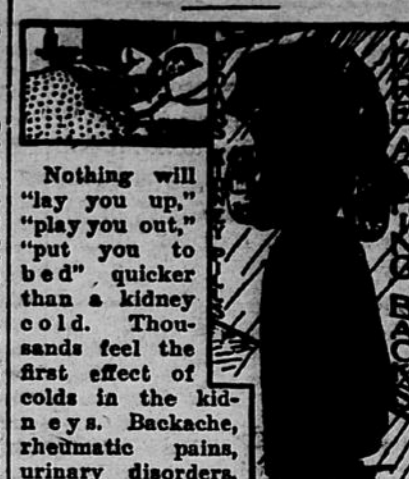
Nothing jars an invalid more than to wake up in the morning feeling splendidly and then suddenly remember that he is sick.—Chicago Daily News.

There are soft moments, even to desperadoes. God does not, all at once, abandon even them.—Cecil.

Age without cheerfulness is like a Lapland winter without the sun.—Colton.

A gent is an abbreviated gentleman.—Chicago Journal.

"KIDNEY COLDS."



Nothing will "lay you up," "play you out," "put you to bed" quicker than a kidney cold. Thousands feel the first effect of colds in the kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure all kidney ills from common backache to dangerous diabetics.

A. T. Ritenour, owner of the wood yard at 125 East Cork Street, Winchester, Va., says: "Ever since I had La Grippe I have been a sufferer from kidney troubles, which made themselves apparent in racking pains through the region of the kidneys and across the small of my back. The pains were always severe, and sometimes so sharp and biting that they compelled me to take to my bed. The kidney secretions furnished further evidence of disorders. They were of color, irregular, and painful of passage. Added to this there was an annoying weakness. The newspaper advertisements of Doan's Kidney Pills attracted my attention, and I procured a box of that remedy at Franck Baker & Sons' drug store. The relief I experienced was magical. The pills lifted me from my bed of sickness, placed me on my feet, and made me a well man. I can work as well as ever. Doan's Kidney Pills, I believe, saved my life. They are a great remedy to stop kidney troubles resulting from colds."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Ritenour will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists; price 50 cents per box.

Notice—Too Good.

A Jasper county (Mo.) farmer paid a high tribute to the literary talents of a Carthage real estate agent the other day. He decided to sell his place and get a real estate agent to write the notice. When the agent read the notice to him he said: "Read that again." After the second reading he said: "I believe I'll not sell. I've been looking for a place of that kind all my life and didn't know I had it until you described it to me."—Milwaukee News.

With a Few Dollars

to invest, the farmer or artisan desirous of changing his location should investigate conditions in Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas. "Business Chances" and other interesting books telling of the prosperity and progress in the Great Southwest, free. Address "KATY," 304 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. Low Colonist Excursions from the North on the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

A Convert.—"He believes in the doctrine of nonresistance." "Does he?" "Well, at any rate, he lets his wife run things."—Detroit Free Press.

Ascum—"Twins at your house, eh? I'll bet they're pretty boisterous." Nuppo—"Partly so. One of them is glisterosus."—Philadelphia Press.



Happy Homes

One of the essentials of the happy homes of to-day is a fund of information as to right living and the best methods of promoting health and happiness. With proper knowledge, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment and of effort may be made to contribute to that end and are of not less value than the using of the most wholesome foods and the selecting of the best medicinal agents when needed. With the well-informed, medicinal agents are used only when nature needs assistance and while the importance of cleansing the system effectually, when bilious or constipated, has long been known, yet until within recent years it was necessary to resort to oils, salts, extracts of roots, barks and other cathartics which were found to be objectionable and to call for constantly increased quantities.

Then physicians having learned that the most excellent laxative and carminative principles were to be found in certain plants, principally in the leaves, the California Fig Syrup Co. discovered a method of obtaining such principles in their purest condition and of presenting them with pleasant and refreshing liquids in the form most acceptable to the system and the remedy became known as—Syrup of Figs—as figs were used, with the plants, in making it, because of their agreeable taste.

This excellent remedy is now rapidly coming into universal use as the best of family laxatives, because it is simple and wholesome and cleanses and sweetens the system effectually without disturbing the natural functions and without unpleasant after effects and its use may be discontinued when it is no longer required.

All who would enjoy good health and its blessings should remember that it is the one remedy which physicians and parents well-informed approve and recommend and use and which they and their little ones alike enjoy, because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all reliable druggists, at the regular price of fifty cents per bottle, in original packages only, having the name of the remedy—Syrup of Figs—and the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N. Y.



"She gathered up her sewing and set swift-perturbed stitches in the soft stuff."

home Easter Sunday and look through the slats at other people's Easter bonnets. If you imagine I am going up the broad aisle of Canaan church in my last year's bonnet, you are laboring under a delusion. It would be bad enough if our pew was behind, but when it's the third from the front—"She gathered up her sewing and set swift, perturbed stitches in the soft white stuff. Horatio was conscious that she looked even prettier with that red tinge in her cheeks. On the instant he put aside anxious thoughts of unpaid bills and bills to come. Martha must have her "Easter money." He took it out of his worn old pocket-book, and moistened his finger-tip to count it and make sure it was all there.

"Sixteen—two's eighteen—two's twenty, dear. I'm sorry the bills ain't all clean—I know you like 'em better that way—"

"Don't worry about their being clean!" she laughed. The stiffness was all gone from her voice. "I guess Mme. Jacque will be willing to take them in exchange for a bonnet. Oh, Horatio, you must see that little beauty in the window! It's the one I mean to get—the one on the left of the window, as you look from the outside. It has apple-blossom buds on it—you know you al-