

OLD MEMORIES

Her thin white fingers wandered among the yellowing keys, now with a weary slowness, now with the old-time ease;

The children socked about her; they loved to hear her play; for all was new and sweet to them, and every song was gay.

But we, no longer children, between her day and theirs, had danced to other measures, and thrilled to newer airs;

They brought the scent of spring-time, the tap of dancing feet, the dream that blossomed in her heart when youth and love were sweet;

Go with her thin white fingers she touched the yellowing keys, and pleased the listening children with old-time melodies;

Precious Moments

Serena was proud of her brother. He was no clever with his hands, and he was no bright, mentally, too.

Hal was independent, but Serena had no income that could be counted upon. She was the substitute school teacher for the district school in the village,

Serena watched Hal narrowly. She meant to remember just what he did and why he did it. The knowledge might come in handy, in the future,

Hal, with a man's pride in his new found knowledge, was glad to instruct this inferior mind, and gained more

Hal was looking at the machine with his brows knitted. "It's the Sim Ashbrook's," he told her. "Broke down in front of the shop early this morning."

"I'm it fine! Can you fix it, Hal?" "I've fixed it. There was a rod that bent and interfered with the steering gear. It didn't bother me any."

"What's that, Hal?" "It's a book that tells you all about automobiles and automobile parts. I want to see how the two go together—the book and the car."

"Get it all down fine, Hal. We may own an auto when our ship comes in." "Guess if we had a ship we wouldn't own as much for an auto."

"He was down on his knees studying the car. Section by section, piece by piece, he looked it over. Serena watched him for a while. Then she went into the shop and got out the drafting tools and entertained herself for an hour or more.

"What is it, Hal?" "He was frowning at the machine. He did not look around.

"I'll dare you to try," she said. "I'll go," he murmured. "Take me along, Hal."

"I'm going to take this car down to Brookdale."

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"And you'll let me run it, won't you, Hal?" Serena asked.

The next morning after her simple home duties were finished the girl started on a five-mile walk along the highway that led to the town.

Serena stepped to the door, and saw two men in a touring car.

"There she is!" cried a voice. It was the voice of the tall doctor with the kindly face.

"Will you come this way, please?" said another voice. It was the voice of the sick man. Serena approached the car and the sick man held out his hand.

"You must excuse my not rising," he said, "but I haven't got my strength yet. I am very grateful for what you did the other day. The doctor says you saved my life."

And Hal, standing by, listened in amused silence.

"You made us some trouble by running away," said the tall doctor. "We were afraid we wouldn't find you."

Before Serena could reply to this the sick man spoke again.

"You will remember that I made you a promise on that wild ride."

Serena shook her head. "I'm not sure that I do," she answered. "My attention was pretty well taken up by something else."

The sick man nodded.

"Lucky, I remember it, I promised you a certain sum for every minute you cut from ten in that run for the doctor. Well, I've made a little guess. He paused. "Is this your brother?"

"My brother, Hal."

"You have a sister to be proud of," said the sick man. "Will you tell me her name, please?"

Hal told him and he drew out a fountain pen and a narrow book and wrote a few words. Then he tore a leaf from the book and handed it to Serena.

"With Pinkey Gordon's best wishes," he said. "Good-by."

And they were gone.

"What did he give you, sis?" Serena unfolded the slip.

"A check for \$2,500!" gasped the boy.

Serena laughed a little hysterically. "I guess it's true," she said, "that we never realize how precious the moments are until they are gone."

W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MAILS CARRIED IN ICEBOATS.

Passengers, too, when it's winter up in Prince Edward Island.

Few civilized places are so isolated in the winter time as is Prince Edward Island, which is one of the maritime provinces of the Dominion of Canada.

So much for geography, which is familiar enough, for Prince Edward Island has become a popular winter resort. It will not be a popular winter resort, however, until the climate changes radically.

Northumberland strait promptly freezes over for the most part pretty early in the winter and communication is a hazardous matter. It is just as bad as getting across Great South Bay in the depth of winter and the method of crossing is the same.

A variation of the "scooter," or that contrivance which is part sled and part boat, is the sole means of traveling.

There is one difference between the winter navigation of Great South Bay and of Northumberland strait. Traffic across Great South Bay is not regular, as those who are forced to inhabit Fire Island know to their sorrow.

But iceboats make regular trips to Prince Edward Island all through the cold spell. The cold spell is prolonged, usually from mid-December to May.

The favorite routes for the iceboats is from Cape Tormentine in New Brunswick to Cape Traverse on the "island," as the insular province is called locally. That makes a trip of about twenty-five miles.

The mails have to be carried whether or no in Canada, and many a perilous journey is made by the carriers. The iceboats are large enough to carry passengers and quite a few are transported in the course of the long winter. Those who make the trip find it an experience worth remembering.

QUEER STORIES

Mary Brush of Davenport, Iowa, invented a boneless corset.

Mrs. Kendall, the actress, invented a very handsome and popular lamp shade.

Mary Kies, in 1900, took out in Washington the first patent for straw weaving.

The longest submarine cable in the world in one stretch is that from Vancouver to New Zealand.

Approximately 125,000 unskilled laborers are affiliated with the General Federation of Trade Unions in Germany.

Mary E. Beasley of Philadelphia, patented in 1884, a barrel-making machine. All barrels before that time were made by hand.

Considerable progress has been made with a scheme for temporary interchanges of public school teachers between different parts of the British empire.

Boston waiters' and other unions are making an effort to have the license commissioners make a rule that women can not be employed to serve liquor in any licensed place in the city.

An officer, quite covered with universally diplomas, was recently sent to Morocco. On arrival he found his colleagues of the staff and with his hand at his cap presented himself as "Captain X, doctor of letters."

A group of officers stepping out from the group saluted the newcomer and said, coolly: "Lieutenant Z with a certificate of primary studies."—Le Cri de Paris.

Plaster portraits are the fashionable form of "counterfeit presentment" in London. They are done in the form of miniature busts or bas-reliefs at the low price of half a guinea (\$2.50) apiece. They are modeled by clever artists from the altar in forty-five minutes. In these tiny pieces of sculpture—they are only about six inches high—the details of costume are modeled with charming delicacy. Many society people have started collections of these statuettes of their friends.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of a Berlin paper says that the theater public of that city will enjoy an extraordinary treat when a popular actor, Glagolin, appears on the stage of one of the large theaters in the title part of Schiller's "Maid of Orleans." A pamphlet by the actor entitled, "Why I Play a Woman's Part," is being sold in advance at the theaters. Several years ago the same actor conquered the respect of the critics by his artistic interpretation of roles which had never been played by men, but none of these was so pretentious as that of the Maid of Orleans.

Mutual Error.

"Well, what do you want?" said the master of the house sternly to Dreary Samuel, the tattered tramp, as he stood outside the door, shivering with the most accomplished art.

"I'm lookin' for work," replied he of the unemployed brigade. "Ain't you got no scrubbin' or washin' or cleanin' or nothin' that an honest body could do?"

This earnest appeal for work made the householder think that he had misjudged a real, honest laborer out of work.

"Ah," he said, "now you speak like a man! I like to hear of any one willing to make an effort. I never thought you wanted work of that kind."

"No more I do," whined Samuel, shuddering at the bare idea; "it's work for my wife that I'm a-lookin' for!"—Answers.

P.S.

"Why do they refer to the government office as 'pet'?"

"Because," answered Senator Sorgum, "it's something that nearly every body likes himself, although he thinks it's bad for nearly everybody else."—Washington Star.

Perhaps one reason so few girls realize their ambition to become great is that they have to stop so often to powder their noses.

EMILY'S FRIEND.

Her Father Did Not Entirely Approve of Her New Companion.

For twenty minutes Emily had been wandering restlessly about her father's study. Finally it came.

"Father!" she said.

"Your highness!" her father returned, promptly pushing back his papers. Emily perched upon the arm of his chair. She tried to speak lightly, but it was hard.

"You know our compact—" she began.

"Certainly I do. But it would simplify matters a little if you would be a trifle more definite as to the compact in question. Was it next Saturday's concert, or the absolutely necessary new furs, or—"

"Please, father!" Emily brought him, and her father's voice changed at once.

"Yes, little daughter," he answered, cheerfully.

"It's—it's about my friends. You remember in that talk we had after mother died you made me promise to bring any new friends I made here, so that you could meet them? You've been dear, daddy. I'm the most envied girl in school because of the good times you give me. It has been lovely till Hilda Dabzell—the other day. You haven't said a word, but I've felt it—and she's so generous, and has been so lovely to me—it hurt, father."

Mr. Phillips was silent a moment, his hand shading his eyes. Then he spoke slowly.

"It's hard, Emily, for a man to be father and mother to his little girl. I know that I must fail many times. I wish that you would always come to me frankly as you have to-day, and I will try to be as frank with you. I am going to say it 'straight out' as I would if you were a boy. Your new friend is very pretty and charming, but she isn't honest."

"Father?"

"Wait a moment, Emily. I don't mean with things, of course. I mean with something infinitely deeper. You remember you spoke of the way Agnes Payne worked over her mathematics; do you remember Miss Dabzell's comment? 'It's no credit to her—her fatherly make her.' It was so in a dozen instances. (Carrie Ames' generosity wasn't generosity—it was laziness. Miss Akers' scholarship was only skin-deep. Amy Patterson's shyness was 'put on' for effect. Emily, such a girl is a sneak-thief of reputations—she lowers the moral tone of nearly every person she comes near. I don't mean necessarily that you should give her up, but I do mean that you must be upon your guard with her, for such things are more contagious than small-pox. That's all, little girl—lecture's over. And don't forget Saturday's concert."

"All right, daddy!" Emily answered, bravely.—Youth's Companion.

She Didn't Accept.

A little episode once greatly delighted Calve, the famous prima donna. She was being escorted over a famous grotto when she suddenly thought of an opera and burst into song, to which the boy who was her guide listened with much satisfaction. When she stopped he seriously remarked, "If you asked the proprietor whether you might sing in here while the people are being shown over I think he would pay you well."

"How much do you think he would give me?" asked the prima donna, entering thoroughly into the spirit of the adventure. After thinking carefully the boy replied, "About 5 francs a day."

After making a call at some houses, you feel that you didn't leave soon enough; you recall that all the members of the family looked and acted as though they had something important to do as soon as you went away.

The man who says he doesn't want to take your time usually does.

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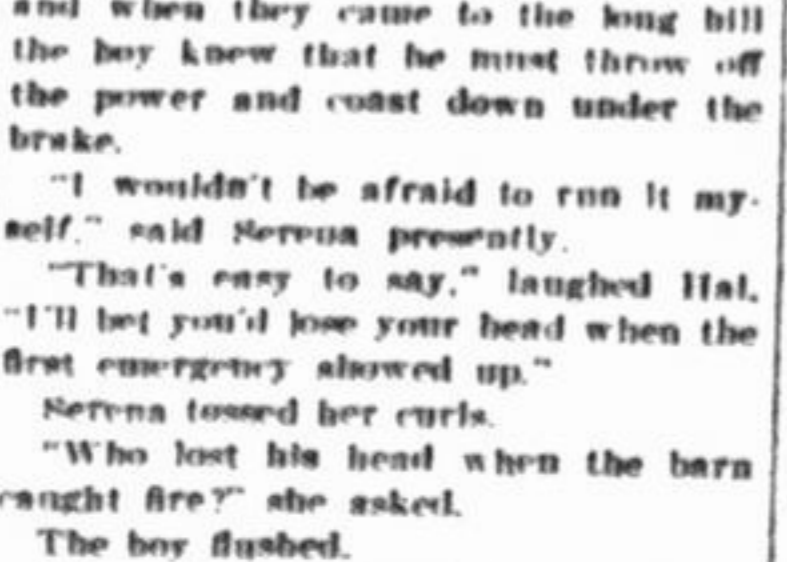
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