

BABY'S AWFUL ITCHING ECZEMA

Sores and Scales All Over Face and Body—Could Not Tell What She Looked Like—Unable to Sleep—Grew Worse Under Doctors.

CURED BY CUTICURA IN ONE MONTH

A grateful mother, in the following letter, tells of the mother of those marvelous cures by Cuticura: "When my baby was four months old her skin broke out with a humor. I took her to a doctor, who treated her for eczema, but she kept getting worse. Her little face and body were so covered with sores and large scales you could not tell what she looked like. No child ever had a worse case. Her face was being eaten away, and even her finger nails fell off. It itched so she could not sleep, and for many weary nights we could get no rest. At last we got Cuticura Soap and Ointment, first bathing her in warm water with the soap, and then spreading on the ointment with soft cloths. I saw a change in a week. The sores began to heal, and she could sleep at night, and in one month she had not one sore on her face or body. Any mother having children with eczema or humors will find a friend in Cuticura Soap and Ointment. (Signed) Mrs. Mary Sanders, 709 Spring Street, Camden, N. J., Aug. 14, 1904."

INSTANT RELIEF

For Baby and Rest for Tired, and Fretted Mothers

The foregoing statement justifies the oft-repeated assertion that Cuticura Soap and Ointment afford instant relief, and permit sleep for baby and rest for tired mothers, and point to speedy, permanent, and economical cure in the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, bleeding, scaly, and crusted skin and scalp humors of infancy and age, when all else fails. Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are sold in 25c and 50c packages. Write for a free copy of the Cuticura Book, and a list of dealers. Cuticura Book, "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 100 pages, free.

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Wanted—A Companion

BY S. E. RISER

Copyright, 1905, by Samuel J. Tucker. Holmes Stanton found No. 653 E—street to be a despoiling, three-story brick and stone house in a respectable, though by no means fashionable district. The snow swirled angrily around him as he stood waiting, after having pushed the bell button, but he was not thinking about the storm which had set in a few hours before and was raging with bitter fury. So bad was the weather, indeed, that for the past half hour Violet Dane had been assuring herself that she would not come. A dozen times she had gone to the window and looked out, saying to herself: "I hope it will keep him away. How foolish I was to ever get myself into this kind of an affair. I'll never answer another personal as long as I live."

On the stand in her modestly furnished room lay a paper containing the following advertisement: "A young man, stranger in the city, would like to hear from some lady who is also unacquainted and lonely, and who would be willing to take dinner with him on Christmas, giving in return a few hours of her companionship. Intimate and strictly honorable. Address 'Lovers,' box 751."

There had been an exchange of notes on the subject, and with the understanding that she was to have the privilege of declining the dinner if she desired to do so when the stranger presented himself, Miss Dane had given Stanton her address. Her heart gave an uneasy bound when the landlady called from below that there was some one to see Miss Dane. She stood for a moment, clutching the door-knob for support, and then, with a thousand wild fancies in her mind, she went down stairs. As she entered the parlor, Stanton drew a long glad breath of relief. He had feared that he might find her to be a fright and had himself been rather sorry, regretting that he had followed up his absurd impulse. Fifteen minutes later, when they were in their carriage being driven away through the storm, the girl wondered why she had not taken advantage of her privilege of renouncing the agreement, but it was rather late then to begin regretting her rashness. The place to which Stanton took her, although a fashionable one, had few guests that day, owing to the severity of the weather. Consequently they were able to have a table to themselves in a cosy corner where a wood-fire blazed comfortably in a wide, homelike fireplace.

As she sat there removing her gloves and gazing into the flames Stanton experienced a feeling of satisfaction such as he had not dared to hope might come from his adventure. She was young, she had not been raised in a poor family, she was tastefully dressed, and she was undeniably worth looking at. He had given the waiter an order, and sat half leaning upon the table, studying her profile, when she turned suddenly and their glances met. It may have been the warmth from the fire, or perhaps the frost outside had done it. At all events, her cheeks were beautifully reddened, and her lashes went down immediately. "I have neglected," he said, "to thank you for your kindness in not taking advantage of the clause in our agreement which gave you the privilege of declining, when you saw me, to keep the engagement. Let me do so now. I am both gratified and flattered."

"I couldn't have had the heart," she replied, "to send you away after you had braved such a storm as this." He was sorry she said that, and he fell to wondering, after she had turned again toward the fire, whether she would have accepted his hospitality if the day had been pleasant. The waiter returned with the oysters and, being a person who appeared to possess intelligence and tact uncommon to his class, he discreetly retired to the other side of the room after properly performing his office at the table. "In order that you may be fully informed as to who I am," said Stanton, "I have brought one of my business cards."

He handed it over to her and she read: "Addison, White, Davis & Stanton, attorneys at law, together with their business address in another city." "I have but recently been made a member of the firm," he explained, "and am here on a secret mission which I expect will make it necessary for me to remain a month at least, perhaps two or three. So you see why I was forced to take unusual proceedings to avoid spending Christmas alone."

She handed the card back to him and he noticed that she was not eating. "Come, Miss Dane," he said, "I expect you to do justice to the dinner I'm providing. That, I shall insist, is part of the contract. You shall see that she shook her head and looked at the crackling log. "It's too late," he urged, "to go back on your agreement now. I don't ask you to tell me anything about yourself, if you are not inclined to do so. You will remember that my proposition was to furnish the dinner in return for the privilege of enjoying a few hours of your companionship. There was no stipulation concerning an exchange of confidences." "I know," she answered, "but I shouldn't have come. Please don't order anything else for me, and when you have finished I must insist on being taken home at once."

He put down his fork and leaned forward, regarding her anxiously. One of her arms lay on the table. Her hair was small and white, and he was tempted to lay his own upon it, but refrained.

"Do you wish," he asked, "to go to what I thought a moment ago was going to be my merriest Christmas?" "You have already helped to make this my most foolish Christmas," she answered. "Please go on eating."

Another couple had entered and taken a table not far from them. "If you continue to treat me this way," Stanton urged, "people will think we have quarrelled. Come, I shall not ask you a question about yourself, and if you insist on being taken home immediately after dinner I will take you—or send you there in the carriage, if you prefer not to have me go with you. Only eat with me. Let us break bread together. Let us for an hour be friends, isn't this the day of universal good-will?"

She turned and looked frankly into his eyes. A little smile began at length to play around her lips, and she said: "Very well, then, the compact is renewed until the coffee comes."

Stanton was by this time convinced that she was one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen. Her features seemed to improve the more he studied them, and when she finally began to laugh at his little witticisms, and to talk freely herself concerning plays that she had seen and books that she had read, he wondered what there would be for him to look forward to when they had parted. The waiter was a jewel. He took off dishes and brought others on and then went away and permitted them to get through the courses as slowly as they pleased. The fire blazed cheerily, a few more people came in, but still they had their pleasant corner to themselves, and when Miss Dane offered to prepare the salad dressing, Stanton gladly ordered the things she required. As he sat watching her mix the various ingredients she presented before her the loveliest picture of domesticity that he had ever seen.

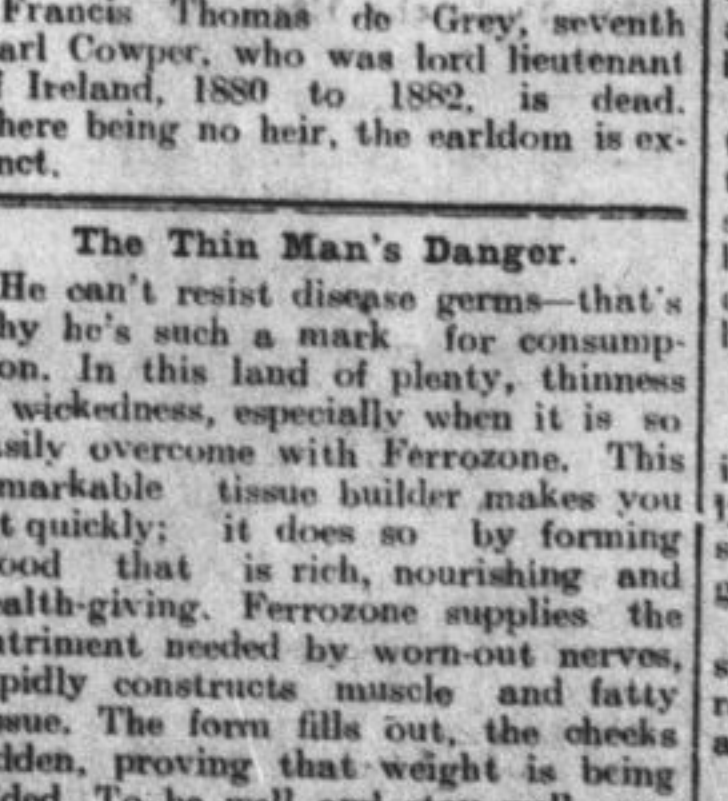
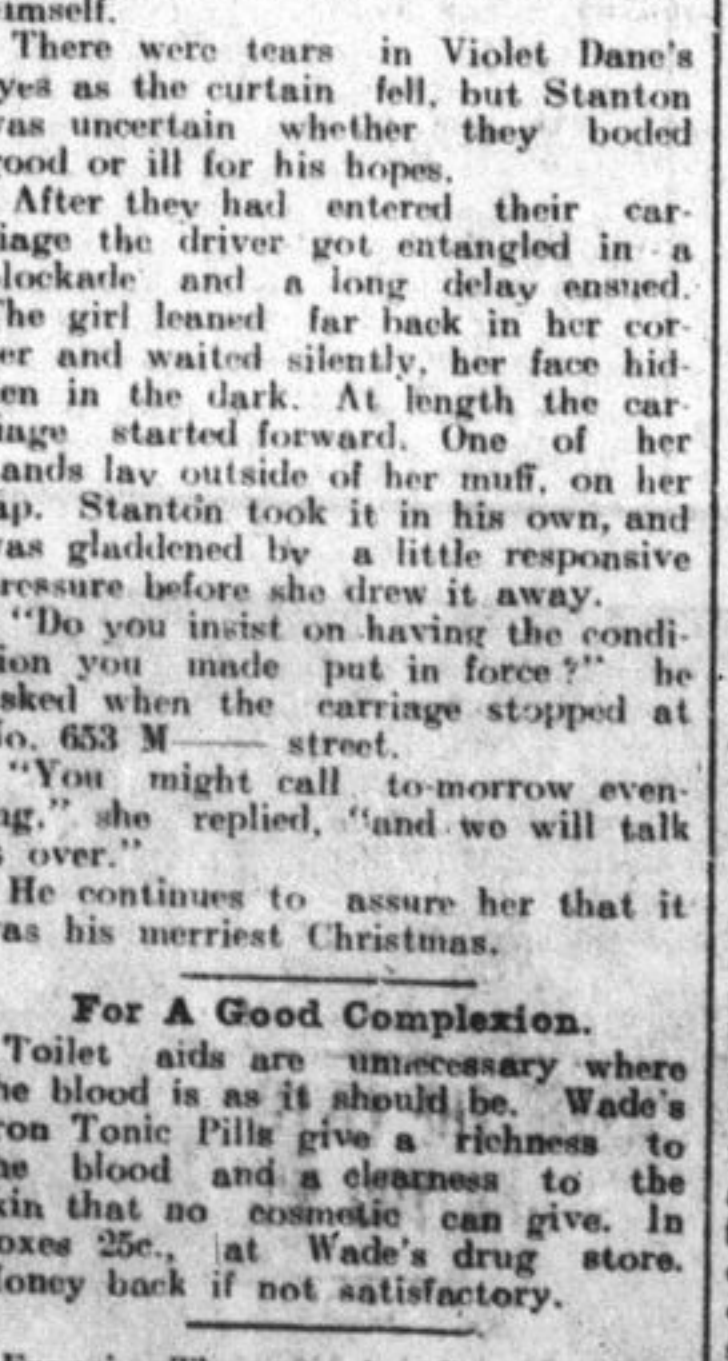
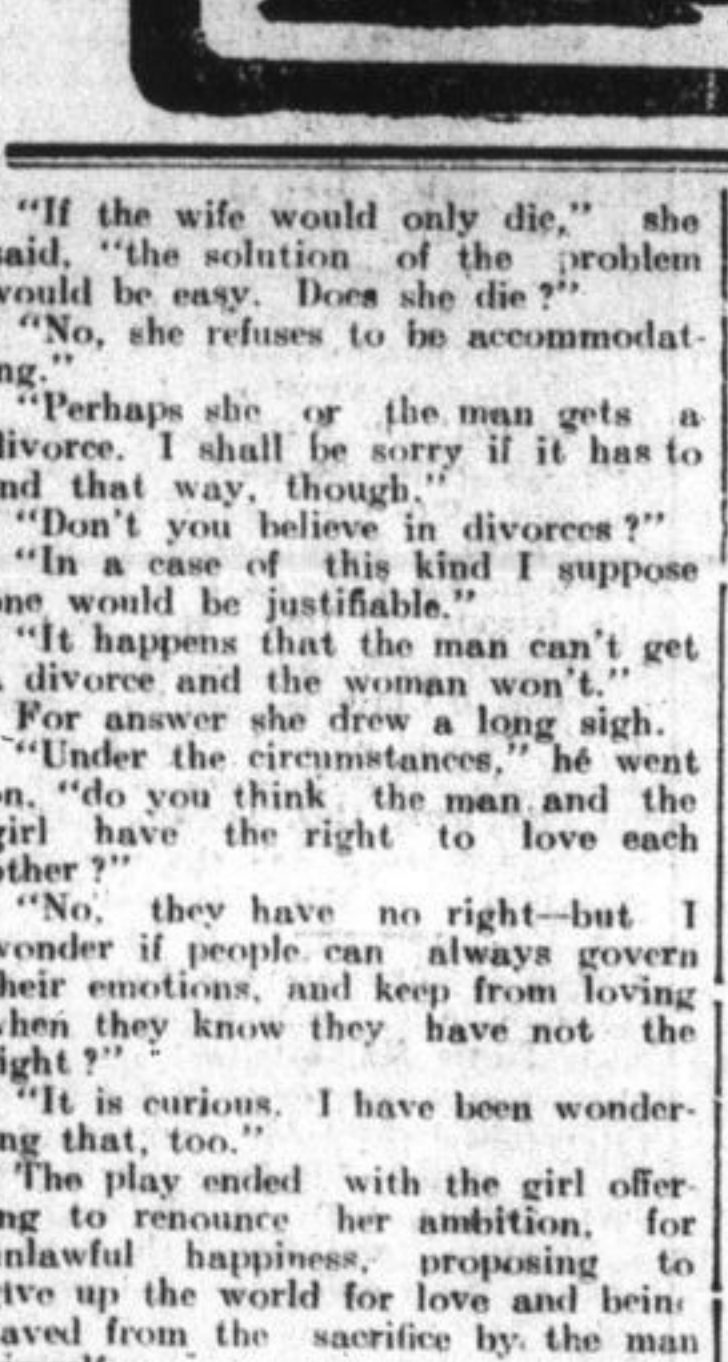
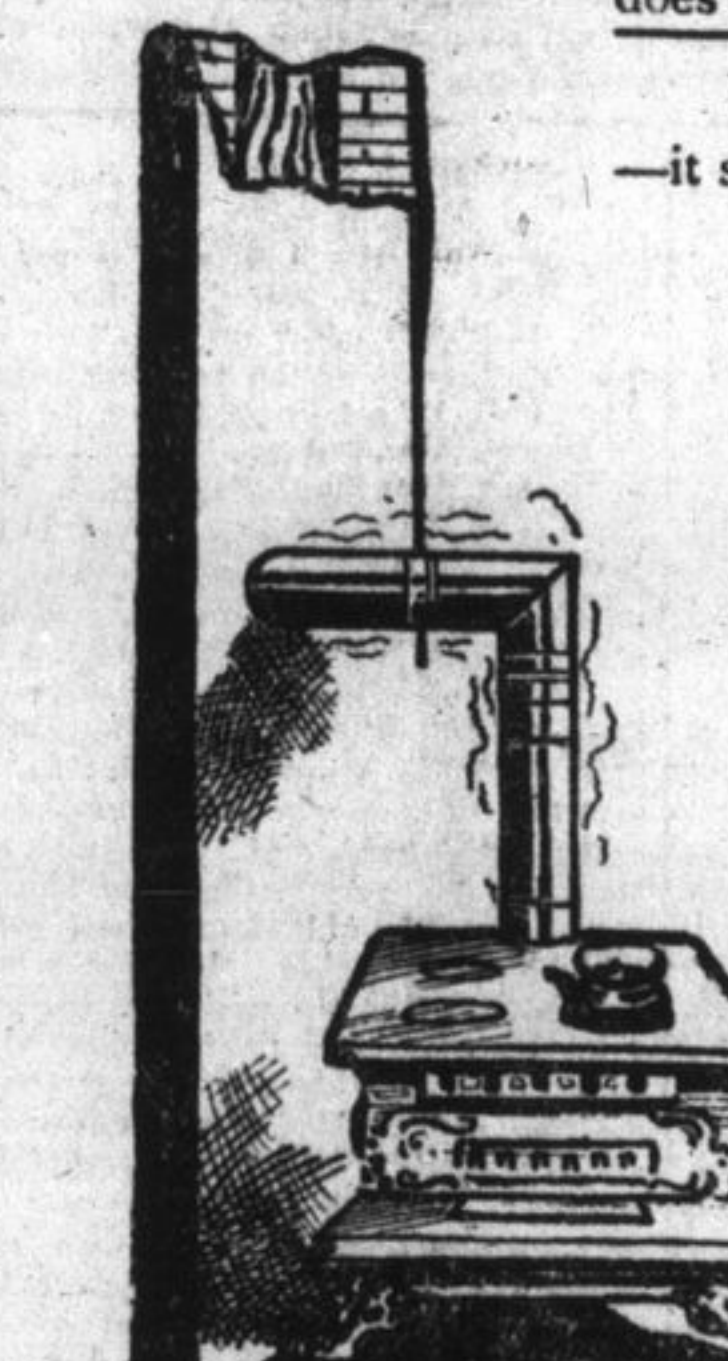
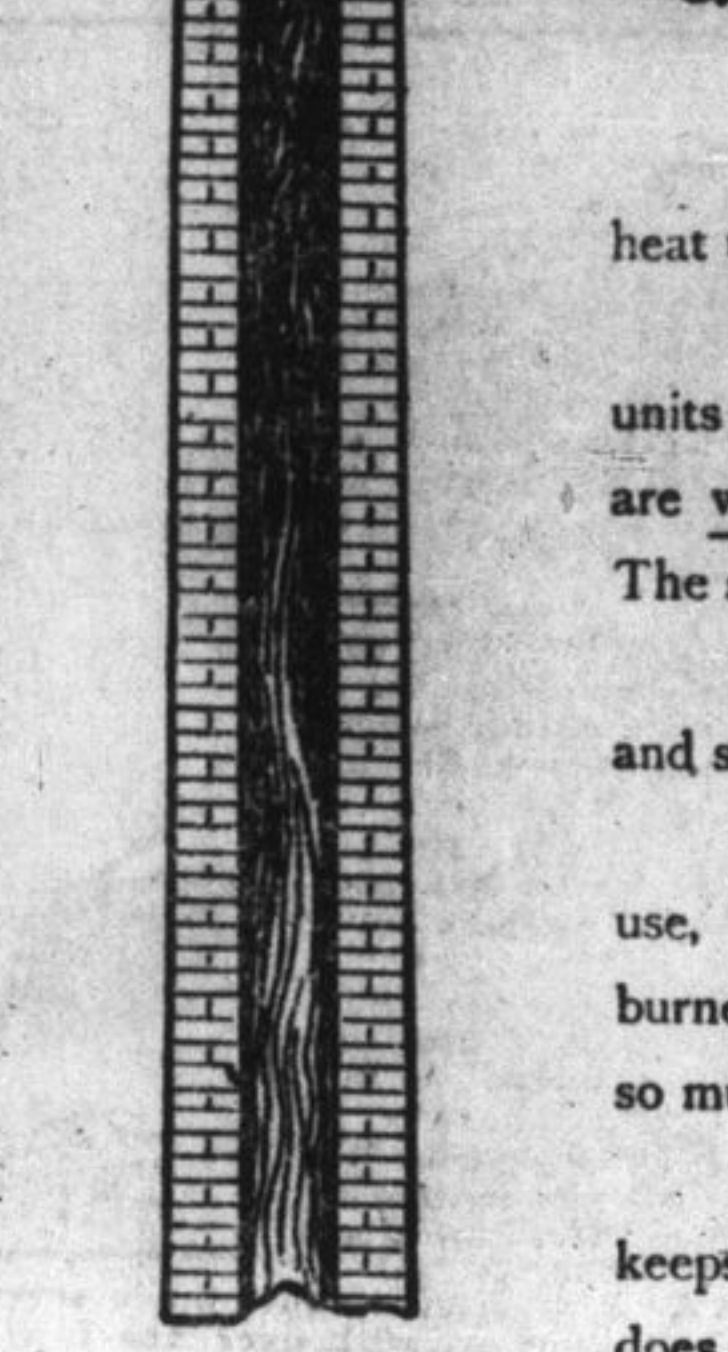
She must have known when she looked at him that his happiness was great, many times what the dinner was costing him, and it may have been for that reason that she did not insist on hastening the end of the feast, though the afternoon was waning. They had come to the coffee, when she looked across the table at him and said: "Poor man."

"It's good of you," he replied, "to feel sorry for me. I shall be lonelier than ever after this is all over." "I was thinking of the cigar you will have to miss."

"Why must I miss it? I can smoke here, and you will wait for me, won't you?" "There was no provision in the contract to cover that point," he said. "No, I forgot that. It was a stupid oversight. But you might be lenient and let me have it any way. This is Christmas. Be charitable."

When she had cleared the table and Stanton had taken his legs toward the fire after lighting one of Havana's most fragrant products, the charitable Miss Dane sat and watched him blow out rings of smoke and seemed to glow with gladness as she glided her foolish adventure was about ended. "Neither had spoken for a long time. The gray line had crept slowly along from the end of Stanton's cigar until it had almost reached the middle, when he came out of his reverie to discover that she was looking at him rather wistfully. She had been thinking of her own condition—wondering whether she would waste her time in the study she had undertaken, or biding whether it would not have been better if she had saved her money and remained at home, perhaps some day to become the commonplace wife of some commonplace man in the little city from which she had so hopefully gone forth, and wondering with something like an ache in her breast if success would ever be worth the loneliness and self-denial that were before her.

A feeling that was not unpleasant was awakened within Holmes Stanton as he studied her expression. He flicked the ash from his cigar into the fireplace, and without realizing what he did looked at his watch. "Whenever you are ready," she said, "you may take me home."



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