







BEFORE.

I can not sing the wild bird song. For the title of grief hath cast. Over Life's harp, and its wakened strings...

Nor can I dance with the careless grace. Of the days so glad and free. For Memory holds in her fond embrace...

And when at last I shall join the band. To cross o'er the shadowy sea. I shall be as my mother was—

ON THE WALPOLE ROAD.

Mary E. Wilkins in Harper's Bazar.

Walpole was a lively little rural emporium of trade; thither the villagers from the small country hamlets...

One woman might have been about seventy but she looked younger, she was so hale and portly. She had a twinkling chin, her gray eyes twinkled...

The other woman was younger—forty, perhaps; her face was plain-featured and energetic. She wore a gray serge dress...

"I declare, Almira," said the old lady, "we are going to have a thunder storm."

"It won't get up till we get home," replied the other, "an' ten chances to one it'll go round by the north anyway."

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becca is my aunt on my mother's side—my mother's oldest sister she was—an' I'd always thought a sight of her. This happened twenty years ago or more, before Israel died.

"So he lived ten miles off on this very road, too, but we all used to visit back and forth. I couldn't get along without goin' to see Aunt Rebecca once in so often; I'd get just as lonesome and homesick as could be."

"I couldn't help wonderin' an' lookin' at her pretty sharp to see how she took Uncle Enos's death, too. You see that was something curious about their gettin' married. I'd heard about it all for years."

"I know it, Almira," said the old lady, "but she's dead, an' she's been a sight of a queer woman, an' I went right on cryin', though he tried to stop me. Every time I looked at that apron, it seemed as if I should die."

"That wa'n't any particular, Israel said. As for the man he had in front of the front windows as he was drivin' by and asked him to stop an' tell us, I s'posed most likely the woman that hailed him was Miss Simmons, a widder woman, that used to work for Aunt Rebecca."

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cheer, when she went in a few minutes afterward. "Such awful hot weather they had to hurry about the funeral. But that wa'n't all. Then she went on to tell me the rest. They had had the awful time that ever was. The shower had come up about one o'clock, and it was a big new one that Uncle Enos had got great store by. He had laid out consider'ble money on it, an' they'd just got in twelve tons of hay. I s'pose that was how it happened to be struck."

"But after they'd got that put out they found the house was on fire. The same thunder-bolt that struck the barn had struck that, too, an' it was blazin' away at one end of the roof pretty lively."

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hair, she never looked as if she'd had one. "She never took on any more when she went to the funeral for they buried him at last, poor man. He had 'most as hard a time gettin' buried as he did gettin' married. I couldn't help looking to see if Abner Lyons was that an' he was, on the other side of the aisle from me. An' he was lookin' straight at Uncle Enos's coffin, that stood up in front under the pulpit, with the curious expression that I ever did see."

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THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

I know a house so fair and fine, No law in it you can detect. A silver chandelier each line Drawn by its patient architect.

To look upon its fragile frame And note its splendor in the sun, No wonder that it struck by lightning. You may say, 'twas made in haste, done."

Oil-ken house of gossamer, Without a window, door, or pane, And yet by blood-stained doors deter Wayfarers fond of life and peace!

One warm afternoon a stroller, coming to stop and have a rest, found three himself down beside a little tree that leaned over the water, so that its lowest branches were but a few feet above the surface.

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Changed the eggs, and come down as rapidly as I could, before the birds returned. The poor creatures, not perceiving the deception, went on sitting on the new eggs; for we noticed they took turns in their sittings—the male, which was the larger of the two, sitting by day and the female by night.

After four weeks' close watching, we knew, one day, that the eggs were hatched; for there was a great trouble in the stork family. Both the birds were standing and clanking their bills, each other as if they would talk each other down. At last, they both flew away and soon returned with many others of their tribe.

They all perched around the nest (or as many as could do so), the rest hovering over it and waiting for their turn to have a close look at the goslings. After due inspection and careful examination, they set up a clanking of bills that could be heard a great way off. They clanked and rattled, rattled and clanked, and then they suddenly ceased, and began pecking at something, after which they all took flight.

We were curious to know what had happened. We made haste to ascend the ladder and find out the state of affairs before the birds came back. I was the first to explore, and I was both amazed and grieved to find the mother stork lying dead on top of the young goslings which had been hatched, and which were all dead.

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CATARRH HAY FEVER. I have been a great sufferer from Hay Fever for 15 years. I read of the wonderful cures by Ely's Cream Balm and bought it. I would try it. I used it and it cured me. I am now well and strong. I can do my work as usual. I am now well and strong. I can do my work as usual. I am now well and strong. I can do my work as usual.

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Of Unsound Mind. A married man was before an inquiring jury on a charge of insanity. The evidence was conflicting, and the jury was unable to reach a verdict. Finally the hired girl in his family took the stand.

AN Obedient Dog and His Ingenious Master. Sammy, a bright dog, four years old, living in western Massachusetts, is constantly attended by his faithful shepherd dog Jack, whose obedience to his young master's orders is immediate and implicit. The house of the lad's grandmother is connected by a telephone with that in which Sammy lives.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. I know a house so fair and fine, No law in it you can detect. A silver chandelier each line Drawn by its patient architect.

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"Have Suffered!" With every disease imaginable for the last three years. Druggist, T. A. Anderson, recommending "Hop Bitters" to me. I used two bottles!

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