

Reunited by a Bungalow

By L. AGNES MORLEY COWLES

(Copyright, by Joseph R. Bowler.)

Cynthia walked steadily out of the parlor and up the stairs, but when she reached the hall above she stopped and leaned against the wall. Her eyes were dim, and her hands trembled. She could not see well, and her limbs were trembling. She gathered herself up in a moment, however, and went down the hall to her room.

Harold was waiting for her in the parlor, and she and Harold had quarreled.

That afternoon Cynthia had gathered together all the things that Harold had ever written her—that is, all the things that were left, for if the parcels, flowers, and the candy, the saucers of ice-cream and the tickets to entertainments could have been collected, there would have been a goodly pile to add to the list.

She rang the bell now, so soon as she entered her room, and to Annie, the maid who answered the summons, she said briefly: "Send William up to get this box, and tell him to deliver it to the address at once." She then gathered up the letters and went downstairs.

As she passed through the door a small envelope slipped from one of the packages and fluttered to the floor. It lay half-concealed under the edge of the rug, and it was not until some days later that Cynthia discovered it.

She was a pale, hollow-eyed young woman that evening, in spite of all her efforts to keep her face from trembling as she picked up the envelope, yellowed by age, and held it to the light. It contained a Valentine that Harold had sent her years before, and there was a quiver about her strained mouth, and a mist before her eyes, as she drew it from its covering.

The Valentine was a flimsy little paper affair, with cupid and pink roses on the face of it, and behind them was a quaint little picture of a man and a woman, as if they were engaged in the manner of Valentines. Cynthia lifted the cupid and the roses, and behind the cupid she saw a little picture of a man and a woman, as if they were engaged in the manner of Valentines. Cynthia lifted the cupid and the roses, and behind the cupid she saw a little picture of a man and a woman, as if they were engaged in the manner of Valentines.

The Valentine was a flimsy little paper affair, with cupid and pink roses on the face of it, and behind them was a quaint little picture of a man and a woman, as if they were engaged in the manner of Valentines. Cynthia lifted the cupid and the roses, and behind the cupid she saw a little picture of a man and a woman, as if they were engaged in the manner of Valentines.

The Valentine was a flimsy little paper affair, with cupid and pink roses on the face of it, and behind them was a quaint little picture of a man and a woman, as if they were engaged in the manner of Valentines. Cynthia lifted the cupid and the roses, and behind the cupid she saw a little picture of a man and a woman, as if they were engaged in the manner of Valentines.

The Valentine was a flimsy little paper affair, with cupid and pink roses on the face of it, and behind them was a quaint little picture of a man and a woman, as if they were engaged in the manner of Valentines. Cynthia lifted the cupid and the roses, and behind the cupid she saw a little picture of a man and a woman, as if they were engaged in the manner of Valentines.

The Valentine was a flimsy little paper affair, with cupid and pink roses on the face of it, and behind them was a quaint little picture of a man and a woman, as if they were engaged in the manner of Valentines. Cynthia lifted the cupid and the roses, and behind the cupid she saw a little picture of a man and a woman, as if they were engaged in the manner of Valentines.

The Valentine was a flimsy little paper affair, with cupid and pink roses on the face of it, and behind them was a quaint little picture of a man and a woman, as if they were engaged in the manner of Valentines. Cynthia lifted the cupid and the roses, and behind the cupid she saw a little picture of a man and a woman, as if they were engaged in the manner of Valentines.

PURELY FEMINE CARE OF THE HAIR

DRESSING "MY LADY'S" TRESSES AN ACKNOWLEDGED ART.

Careful Manicuring and Brushing Are Vital to Proper Appearance—Check May Be Put on Signs of Age.

Dressing the hair today is more of an art than it has been for some time. The hair is being styled in waves, puffs, and curls reminding one somewhat of Gainsborough pictures. Speaking of curls, was there ever such a lot of them as now? The hair is being styled in waves, puffs, and curls reminding one somewhat of Gainsborough pictures. Speaking of curls, was there ever such a lot of them as now? The hair is being styled in waves, puffs, and curls reminding one somewhat of Gainsborough pictures.

Collars of Bits of Lace. Dresses for Little Girls Are Finished with Dainty Berthas.

For the mother who has many children, the collar of bits of lace is a most useful, and the illustrated group of patterns on this page may give you an idea for using up some of the bits of lace that you have on hand. The lace may be used in one piece, they could all be made with seams on the shoulders and, if need be, in the front and back. Here is a chance to utilize some small bits of lace, lawn and embroidery. If you have two medallions instead of four, put them on the shoulders and

Head Cushion for Chair. Intended Primarily for Wicker Porch Furniture.

Comfortable and delightful in many ways as wicker armchairs undoubtedly are, they have one serious drawback. As headrests they leave much to be desired, since the hard wicker border is anything but restful when one is reclining. One may enjoy the luxury of an after-dinner nap.

Leghorn Now the Thing. Old-Time Millinery Favorite Seen in Many Shapes.

In millinery, that perennial favorite, the leghorn, is chosen for a large number of the prettiest fashions. The French models, and whether from some variation upon the classic correspondence with the laws of the eternal fitness of things, leghorn hats are especially suited for ribbon and floral adornment.

Small Items of Toilet. Quaintest Fancies Have Immense Vogue This Season.

There is really no describing the marvellous influence of the myriad small articles of toilet, and of the fashionable woman's toilette, and this fact was never more apparent than this season, when so many tailored and semi-tailored frocks are embellished with separate chemises, revers, cuffs, etc., of handkerchiefs of all kinds. Fichus of all kinds have won Parisian favor, and coquetish effects are obtained by their clever manipulation, even though they be ever so simple and inexpensive.

Braced Coat Is Good Style. Loose coat, sleeveless sometimes, three-quarter length, simple in outline, and eminently practical, is much worn by Parisiennes nowadays, and is largely braced, not only with its bodice, but also with its skirt. It is a most comfortable and useful garment, and is especially well adapted for the office.

Old Bachelor's Opinion. "It is said that the safety pin was invented by a man."

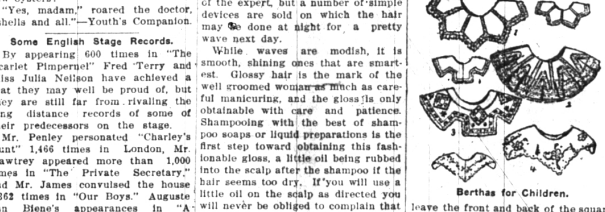
"And I'll wager he was some man who was too busy assisting with the safety pin to keep his eyes on the woman he was assisting with."

Where to Begin. Rev. C. L. Goodell declares that the church needs today more of prayer, less of preaching, and more of home religion.

"We are getting so busy," he says, "that we have no time for family prayer. Father has to get off to the morning, and the children have to get to school, and there are so many social engagements at night. Let us go back to family prayer. Let us go back to the training of the home. My father was never so busy that he did not get up all down on the kitchen floor before he went out in the morning, and have a prayer. He had the old-fashioned way of praying for each member of the family, beginning with the oldest boy. I was the little one of the family, and my father would stop when he got to me. I felt that if he was interested enough to talk with God about me, I had better believe that I have never forgotten it!"



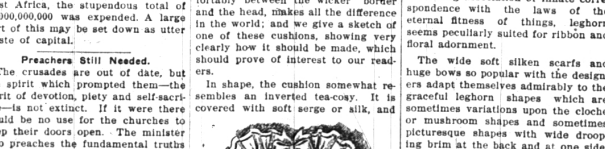
She Must Look Happy.



She Must Look Happy.



She Must Look Happy.



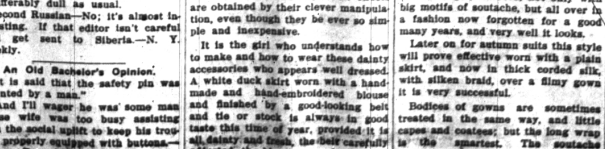
She Must Look Happy.



She Must Look Happy.



She Must Look Happy.



She Must Look Happy.

Why does nearly all the civilized world wash clothes on Monday? This has Monday for its answer. Monday was originally the moon's day and was sacred to the queen of night. It is said that the Pilgrims learned the history that the good women immediately set about washing the clothes that had been soiled by the moon's rays. Monday might judge from the trip over that no washing was done aboard ship; yet the finest place for such washing is in the sea, and the blessedness is out at sea where there is plenty of water and nearly always a drying wind.

The women of Middle Mayflower lasted 63 days, I believe, and as nearly as we can now reckon the landing was made at Plymouth Rock on a Monday. The women who were to assist on Friday. It must have been a vile and filthy vessel on arrival, with 102 passengers and crew going over two months without washing their linen. Linen? What did they wear in 1620? Can you realize how big the Mayflower was? A miserable little bark of 160 tons (Capt. John Smith or 180 tons according to Bradford).

THE NEW YORK LIFE'S PROGRAM. Economy, Publicity and the Paramount Interest of Policyholders.

President Kingsley of the New York Life Insurance Company, says, in an address to the policyholders, that his plan of administration involves these points: First, economy; second, the widest, fairest and fullest publicity; third, the continuance of the New York Life as a world-wide institution; fourth, such an amount of new business under the law as we can secure while practicing intelligent economy, and enforcing the idea that the interest of the policyholder is paramount.

The Advantage of Reading. "Beg pardon, sir," said the weary hobo as he stood at the farmhouse door, "but might I sleep in your barn tonight? I haven't had a roof over my head for ten days."

"I congratulate you," said the kindly farmer. "That is splendid! I have just read in one of my ten-cent magazines that it is not too much to say that the delicate, high-strung, easily excited nervous system and the advantages of sleeping in the open air are enormous. Cold checks take on a ruddy hue, pallid cheeks are unknown, nervous depression and irritability becomes a phase of the past. A small plot and a little perseverance are the only necessities and the result is a man of character. You are very welcome to the use of my potato patch, and my sky is at your disposal."

The Tell Tale Voice. "If you want to tell whether or not the truth is in your eyes, said a Denver bank teller to some friends. "It is the voice, when you look into the eyes, that tells you whether the other fellow is lying. We use the system frequently in the bank. A man will come in to tell us some business, and we look at his feet or his hands or his hair, but never his eyes. If he's telling the truth his voice will be firm and straightforward. If he's lying, you can see it in his eyes. He'll be fidgeting with his hands, and his voice will tremble; he'll be nervous and clear his throat. You may rest assured that he's a stringing you."

Always in the Way. Recently a country doctor, in the north of Ireland, a bachelor, who was locally noted for his brusqueness and gruffness, was called to attend a young lady, now lame, or "boreen," when his passage was effectually barred by the old woman, who was returning from the market. She was whose quarters were filled with peats. The woman led the ass to the side of the lane as quickly as she could, but not quickly enough to prevent the doctor from being struck on the head by the peat. "Faugh!" he exclaimed, with a snort of disgust. "Women and asses are always in the way. 'I'm glad you're home, but you've got to get out of the way, or you'll be a nuisance.'"

SOAKED IN COFFEE. Until Too Sulf to Be Over. "When I drank coffee I often had sick headache, but since I got business much of the time, but when I went to visit a friend I got in the habit of drinking Postum. "I got sick entirely and the result has been that I have been entirely relieved of all my stomach and nervous troubles. My stomach was just the same way. We all drink Postum now, and without coffee in the house for 2 years, we are all well. My mother, an old, a great coffee drinker, was troubled with pains in her side for years and was an invalid. She was not able to do her work and would not get up to attend to anything at all where she would have to be forward. If she tried to do a little and she would get sick and she would have to lie down for the rest of the day. "At last I persuaded her to stop drinking coffee and to drink Postum. Coffee and she did so and has been well ever since; the result has been that she can now do her work, can sit for an hour, and she can even use the machine and she never feels the least bit of pain in her side. In fact, she has got well and it shows clearly she has the cause of the whole trouble."

A Generous Gift. A private dispatch from Oberlin, O., says that the President of the Oberlin Church, D. D. Oberlin, of Oberlin college, has announced that a New York donor, formerly a high official of the college, has given the college \$40,000 for the establishment of a new professorship in the Oberlin college. The donor is a native of Oberlin, O., and is a member of the Oberlin church. The donor is a native of Oberlin, O., and is a member of the Oberlin church. The donor is a native of Oberlin, O., and is a member of the Oberlin church.

A Pathetic Testimony. An Apache Indian at a Christian Endeavor meeting gave the following pathetic testimony: "I am a native Indian like men, shape like men, but we do not know enough. We do not know God. We like snowmen, children, and all the things that are in one place, so cold, so cold, no good, no good, no good, little by little, then all gone."

Mission School Progress. Mrs. W. B. Horns, of the China Inland Mission station at National writes that her mission school now has 23 scholars. The station now has a chapel, two dwellings, a school and three other buildings. The school is in one place, so cold, so cold, no good, no good, no good, little by little, then all gone."

Look in the Park for the Famous Little Book, "The Road to Wellville."