

# THE HOUSEBREAKER

## How Wily Marjorie Detained Him Until Help Came.....

W. R. ROGE, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The young man paused for a moment at the foot of the steps and gave a quick glance at the house. Then he ascended to the porch and tried to open the door. Something prevented him—the key he carried didn't fit, or the door was bolted. He hesitated a moment as if undecided. Then he went around the house and tried the side door, and the rear door. Neither yielded to his efforts. Evidently determined to enter he went to the rear of the garage and brought forth a ladder. Placing this against the porch he ascended to the roof and a moment later had disappeared through a rear window.

And Marjorie Lane saw all this from the house next door. Marjorie was alone in the house. Her mother was away on a visit, the maid was taking her afternoon out, and her father was at his office. Marjorie had been reading in the little reception hall, when the man's footsteps on the porch next door aroused her. She looked out and saw him.

The house next door had been untenanted for several weeks. The Stetsons had gone to New York on a visit. It was rumored they would stay. But their furnishings were still in the house. They were fine furnishings, too, as Marjorie knew. And here was a stranger, in mid-afternoon, feloniously endeavoring to enter the deserted home.

Marjorie ran back when the stranger went round the house, and from a kitchen window hidden behind the shade, saw him bring up the ladder and enter the window.

The girl turned pale. This was the sort of felony that had become so common. The stranger had found that the house was untenanted and had chosen the most quiet time of the day for his nefarious work. No doubt he was in there now, picking over Mrs. Stetson's choicest treasures and selecting only the most valuable for his bundle of loot.

What should she do? With a shock she remembered that the telephone was out of order. It had suddenly ceased to do duty at luncheon time. Her father, who had come home to please Marjorie, had tried to call his office and failed.

"The phone is out of order," he told her. "I will call them up from the office and report it."

Marjorie gave another little start when she remembered this. It was entirely probable that the daring housebreaker next door had deliberately cut off the service to serve his nefarious ends. A snipped wire would do it. A bad man who took such chances would know how to surround himself with safeguards.

The house on the other side of the Lane home was empty, too. The Emmets were all away on a vacation trip—Mr. Emmet's vacation. She could give no alarm there. Nor was it probable any outcry she raised in the street would bear practical results. She was quite sure that the only man within hearing distance would prove to be that very bad individual who even now presumably was sampling Mrs. Stetson's choicest household treasures.

Marjorie hesitated and wrung her hands. There wasn't a weapon in the house, not even a stove poker—stove poker being unknown in homes heated by natural gas.

Besides, what would an entire arsenal avail her in the present dilemma? The man would presently emerge with his bundle of plunder and hurry away. He might go over the back fence, or the side fence, or across the roofs. To pursue him with firearms seemed out of the question—more especially as there were no firearms available.

Having no other recourse Marjorie determined to wait.

She looked at the library clock. It was 4.15. At 5 o'clock her father had promised to be home. They were going out to dinner. If the marauder would be sufficiently deliberate next door it was possible her father would return in time.

She was sure he would know just what to do. He father was that sort of man. If she could only call him—and she looked pathetically at the useless phone.

Then a step sounded on the next door porch. Marjorie ran back to the hall. The man was letting himself out of the Stetson door.

He closed the door carefully and crossed the porch. He was carrying something—a heavy suitcase.

As he went down the steps Marjorie's heart fluttered wildly. She mustn't let him get away like this.

She opened the screen door and ran out on the porch. The man had passed the house, going toward the avenue. She hurried after him.

"Sir," she cried.

He turned around suddenly—and something in the suit case softly jingled.

Marjorie shrank back. The man looked a little startled.

"Did you call me?" he asked.

It was evident that he had a plentiful supply of nerve.

"Yes," Marjorie stammered. "What could she say next? 'Have you a moment's time?'" she asked.

"Why, yes," he answered. "Several moments."

Marjorie realized that she was in an extremely unpleasant dilemma. Now that she stopped the man, what could she do with him? Anyway, she mustn't let him think she suspected him.

"You were looking at property on this street recently, I think," she said.

That might disarm him.

Instantly she realized that this didn't sound well. She hastily amended it. "Did you find a house that suited you?"

It was evident that he had his suspicions. Marjorie realized this. She was doing awkwardly. And yet when she met his look, she couldn't help being confused. It was difficult to believe that he could be a housebreaker. Then she realized that she had never seen a housebreaker before.

"If you haven't quite satisfied yourself about the house, will you come back and look at this one?" she said. Then she hastily added, "From the outside."

He was looking at her curiously. Perhaps he thought her queer. She couldn't blame him if he did. But if he thought her queer, he wouldn't feel suspicious.

"I will be glad to oblige you," he said. "Which house is it?"

She pointed to the house from which she had just emerged.

"This," she said.

He certainly seemed surprised as he stared up at the house.

"Do you live here?" he asked.

"Yes," she hastily answered. "Wouldn't you like to look at the porch?"

He hesitated, and she expected at any moment to see him take to his heels.

But, no, he held his ground.

"Why, yes," he said. "If it will please you."

He spoke soothingly as if he wanted to quiet her. And as he spoke he ascended the steps.

She pointed to a chair.

"Be seated, please," she said.

### LET THE HOME BE HOME-LIKE.

There are absurd ideas afloat in regard to the front, and back side of a house, which infect village morals and manners in a most base and unmeaning way. In half the country towns, and by half the farmers, it is considered necessary to retain a pretentious front-side upon some dusty street or highway, with tightly closed blinds and bolted door; with parlors only ventured upon in an easy way from month to month. The occupant, meantime, will be living in some back corner—slipping in and out at back doors, never at ease save in his most uninviting room, and as much a stranger to the blinded parlor, which very likely crosses the best half of his house, as his visitor, the country parson. All this is as arrant a sham, and affectation, as the worst ones of the cities.

It is true that every man will wish to set aside certain portions of his house for the offices of hospitality. But the easy and familiar hospitalities of a country village, or of the farmer, do not call for any exceptional stateroom; the farmer invites his best friends to his habitual living room; let him see to it that his living room be the sunniest and most cheerful of his house. So, his friends will come to love it, and he, and his children, will love it and cherish it so that it shall be the rallying point of the household affections through all time. No sea so distant, but the memory of a cheery, sunlit home-room, with its pictures on the wall, and its flames upon the hearth, shall haunt the voyager's thought; and the flame upon the hearth, and the sunlit window, will pave a white path over the intervening waters, where tenderer fancies, like angels, shall come and go.—Donald Grant Mitchell.

He gave her a quick glance, and placing the suit case on the floor of the porch, seated himself.

"You are not alone here?" he said inquiringly, and there was a touch of solicitude in his tone.

Marjorie was frightened.

"Oh, no, no," she cried, "my friends are very near."

He nodded.

"That makes a difference," he said. She felt that it did make a difference, a great difference to the Lane silverware. And even as this thought crossed her mind, the point of the rocker in which the man sat happened to strike the suit case and the later again gave forth its musical clink.

Marjorie wanted to cry out, but restrained herself.

"How do you like this house?" she hastily asked.

"The house? Oh, yes. Why, the house is well enough. And you say it is in the market?"

Marjorie fancied he spoke to her as he might to a little child.

And she could take no offense at this. At all odds she must keep him there until help came and he could be secured.

"Yes, it is in the market," she said. "And it is a very good house, too. The next time you come I will show you the inside. It is fully as good as the outside. The porch is pleasant, don't you think?"

He looked about him critically.

"It seems to be a very good porch," he said, but his gaze rested on the girl.

She was seated on a low chair close to the steps—quite prepared to flee down them and raise a wild alarm if he attempted any threatening move.

"Yes," she answered; "it is even better than it looks."

"May I ask," he inquired, and she fancied his voice grew suddenly genial, "if you are related to the owner?"

"I am his daughter," Marjorie promptly admitted.

He seemed impressed.

"And—pardon me—do they leave you alone in the house?"

Marjorie flushed.

"No, no," she quickly replied. "Not really alone. There is always the phone, you know."

He nodded.

"But just now the phone is out of order."

Marjorie gave a little gasp. Then she knew her dark suspicion was at once confirmed.

"Is it?" she weakly murmured.

"Yes," he answered. "There is a break that affects the entire block."

As he disappeared Marjorie turned quickly to the stranger.

"I took you for a housebreaker," she hoarsely whispered. "I saw you climbing through the window. I saw you bring out that." And she pointed at the suit case. "You can't blame me. You certainly acted the part."

Marjorie stared.

"I am very comfortable," she hastily answered. And then she flushed. She had never been more uncomfortable in all her two and twenty years.

"Why do you think I am uncomfortable?"

"I was afraid," the man replied, "that after a fever the atmosphere might be considered chilly."

"Fever?" said Marjorie. "I've had no fever." She could see his purpose now. He wanted her to go into the house—for a wrap, perhaps—and then he could hastily take flight.

"And you have no fear of incipient grip?" he asked. "They say it often takes a very insidious form."

He moved his rocker a little and again the suit case gave forth a clinking sound.

Marjorie started.

"You are nervous," said the bad man. "I'm afraid you do wrong when you needlessly exert yourself. I know that your father would not approve of it. Let me call again when you are rested."

And he half arose.

"No, no," said Marjorie hastily. "I'm very well, thank you, and not at all nervous." She tried to laugh to show her unconcern, but it was a weak effort.

The bad man did not laugh.

"You said something about the sale of this house," he remarked as if to steady her.

"Oh, yes," she cried. "How do you like it?"

"It looks like an attractive residence," he replied. "May I presume to ask the owner's reasons for selling—it is often customary in advertising homes, you know."

"Yes," said Marjorie. "They usually claim it is lack of health, don't they? Or change of business, or something like that?"

"Something like that," the bad man replied.

Marjorie cudgeled her brains.

"If my father sold this house I

THE SMELL OF THE RAIN.

All Nature Senses It and Echoes Well—With Outstretched Arms.

Sweeter than any perfume ever distilled by the chemist, sweeter than roses or cape jessamines, or the scent of a ripe grape, sweeter than new mown hay or a baby's breath, sweeter than fresh linen and milady's washed hair, is the smell of the rain.

It is the breath to the nostrils, exhilaration to the lungs, elixir to the blood, and wine to the brain. The dusty earth inhales it and is pulsing again with potential life; the flowers that were panting and revived, and the very leaves of the trees absorb it as incense and are lifted up. Hungry, ardent, parched and complaining, man opens his mouth and gulps it down like a gormand.

The fading and wilting cotton blossom welcomes it as a message of new life, and the naked of all the world rejoice in the hope of replenished wardrobes. The growling, growling beasts of the stock exchange, intent upon the dust and snuff it and are grim prospect, sniff it and are abashed and tamed. Miasmas of privation and distress fade away from it, as the fogs before the sunrise, and mellow wholesomeness permeates the fields and permeates the habitations of men.

The grass of the plains, brown and withered and dry as stubble, senses it as the blind and deaf are aware of the unseen and unheard approach of friends, and it steals over the land as the perfumed herald of an unforeseen Providence.

The very sparrows of the ground twitter their delight, the songsters of the forest acclaim it with a more liquid melody, and the mother bird on her nest whispers rejoicings to the brood beneath her wings. The bee that hung despairingly to the honey comb flies straight to the clover field.

It springs up like a new born presence; it comes down like a benediction. An unseen censer is swung in the air; a silent baptism is celebrated; the prayer that was uttered haltingly and half-faithlessly is answered, and a resurrection is realized. What skeptical, impatient and unworthy creatures we are; what malcontents and murmurers! And how short-sighted is our view of creation and reproduction and the eternal scheme of life! Six thousand years have taught us little, though we know so much of the current day and hour. A lifetime of bounty, centuries of progress, and the recurring cycles of a perpetual universe are vain to impress our poor understanding with the truth of the unfeeling and the everlasting. What know we of the recessions and precessions, the actions and the reactions, the energies and the restings of this old-young earth's large life? How unmindful we are of the deep, big truths which nature has been exhibiting all these years and generations and eons of the upward and advancing march! A little trial, a little hardship, and we are undone, though the storehouse is full and the fat years are certain to return for the fruitful ground will not belie itself.

But the smell of the rain—oh, how it whiff of it and all repentings are done, and the way is shining again, and we are after the butterflies as eager and as heedless as before.

Men are but children of a larger growth, and their ears are dried and their hearts are healed by little kisses which they straightway forget.—Fort Worth Record.

### INSECTS THAT DEVOUR 'FORTUNES.

Between the first of last January and the thirty-first of next December the farmers of the United States will have lost \$795,000,000. Speaking from figures gathered by the National Bureau of Entomology, Reginald Wright Kauffman, in one of those searchlight articles which have made Hampton's Magazine so much talked about, says, in that magazine, that insects annually destroy food products valued at a sum sufficient to maintain the entire Federal Government.

There is a loss of \$200,000,000 in cereals, he says; \$53,000,000 in hay; \$60,000,000 in cotton; \$5,300,000 in tobacco, and \$53,000,000 in truck crops. Sugar losses \$5,000,000, and the rest of the vast loss is about evenly distributed among the other products of the farm.

You think that a heavy toll? Then, says Mr. Kauffman, you do not know the amount of destruction which a single insect can effect in the pursuit of its living. The Hessian fly, for example, has far outclassed the busy bee as a model of industry, for in the instance of this insect alone the damage done to grain in America, since we began to keep account of it, has amounted to considerably over \$20,000,000.

Far better, however, is the record of the cotton leaf worm which, though it is less troublesome than of old—and for that you may thank birds—still exacts a yearly tribute of from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. This and other insects make the cotton losses aggregate \$60,000,000 and make you, madam, pay more than you used to for your batistes and lawns. On the other hand, insect eggs which the birds upon your hat would ordinarily destroy, are, when deposited in grains, hatched among the stored products and cost us \$100,000,000 a year.

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

Life is made up principally of anticipations and regrets.

Some men make more noise doing a day's work than other men do in organizing a billion-dollar trust.

You can't tell about a woman. Even the lady lion tamer would probably yell for help if she should see a mouse.

When I see a woman kissing her dog in preference to her husband, I can't help feeling sorry for the dog.

Money talks, but a woman can generally get in the last word.

Heroism is ephemeral. Even the man who dies for his country is none the less a dead one.

The average man is apt to wish he had all the money he has lost trying to make a lot.

All the world may love a lover except the particular object of a fellow's affections.

When one girl throws a fellow over, another is always waiting to drop him a line.

Adam was once caught napping, and ever since it has been possible for a woman to pull the wool over a man's eyes.

When a doctor tells his patient not to drink champagne he probably wants to be sure of getting his money.—From "Musings of a Gentle Cynic," in the New York Times.

Bells Instead of Horns.

A Chicago citizen who has evidently been scared frequently by the loud "honk" of automobile horns as he scudded across streets, has written to the Tribune to suggest "that automobiles be made to carry sleigh bells, the same as horses are required to wear in sleighing time." This, he thinks, "would give continual warning to pedestrians." He adds, by way of clinching his plan and commending it to motorists: "Riding would be more enjoyable accompanied by a nice toned set of bells. There would no doubt be quite a strife among manufacturers to see who could turn out the finest toned machine as a selling point."—New York Tribune.

English Coffee.

The American opinion of coffee as understood in the English home is not high, and how the coffee of the English lodgings is esteemed may be understood from the following traveler's tale. It was his first morning in London "apartments," and his landlady came up with the breakfast, and as he began the meal opened a slight conversation.

"It looks like rain," she said.

"It does," replied the American; "but it smells rather like coffee."—London Chronicle.

Where Limburger Comes From.

The United States, it seems, can and does make just as good limburger as the province in Belgium where it originated, says the New York Globe. This is how we do it: A piece of a calf's stomach is set away in a warm place in a can of whole milk. In about forty minutes the curdled mess is pounded and then the whey pressed out. Afterward forms are filled and further drainage permitted. Salt is rubbed on the outside until it becomes slippery; then the cheese is set away in the cellar to ripen for a month or two, and the germs do the rest.

### 3,346,106 CORDS OF WOOD IN 2,118,947 TONS OF PULP

Mills Paid \$28,000,000 For Raw Material, Including Mill Waste ---Spruce, Hemlock and Poplar

Two hundred and fifty-one pulp mills in the United States used 3,346,106 cords of wood and made 2,118,947 tons of pulp last year. Spruce has always been the leading pulp wood, and it furnished 64 per cent of the total quantity used. The rapid development of the wood pulp industry in the last ten years has rendered the domestic supply of spruce insufficient to meet the demands upon it, and consequently importations from Canada have been heavy. In 1908 our pulp mills consumed nearly 1,500,000 cords of imported spruce, making the imports of spruce nearly 45 per cent of the domestic supply.

Next to spruce, the most important pulp wood is hemlock, of which 569,173 cords were converted into pulp last year. All the hemlock used was of domestic origin, and most of it was produced in the lake States and Pennsylvania. Although now used in less quantity than spruce and hemlock, poplar has long been a standard pulp wood. A small quantity of poplar is imported, but by far the larger portion of the more than 300,000 cords used last year was cut from domestic timber. Spruce, hemlock and poplar made up 90 per cent of the total quantity of pulp wood used. The remainder was supplied by many species, the most important of which were pine, cottonwood and balsam.

The wood used by the pulp mills last year cost them a little more than \$28,000,000, or an average of \$8.38 a cord, against an average of \$8.21 in 1907. The most costly wood used was imported spruce, with an average value of \$10.60 a cord. The average for domestic spruce was \$8.76 a cord and for poplar \$8.04 a cord. The cheapest wood that was used in large quantity was hemlock, the cost being \$6.02 a cord. Owing to the uncertain business conditions the total consumption of pulp wood in 1908 was nearly 16 per cent less than in 1907, but this did not prevent an increase in the price of wood. The high price of wood is keeping the manufacturers constantly on the outlook for cheaper raw material, and one of the most encouraging developments has been the increased use of slab wood and other saw mill waste. This drift in the industry is clearly indicated by the fact that 193,234 cords of mill waste were reported as consumed in pulp manufacture during 1907, while 252,896 cords, an increase of 30 per cent, were used in 1908.

These statements are based upon a preliminary report of the consumption of the pulp wood in the United States in 1908 just issued by the Bureau of the Census. The Bureau of the Census and the Forest Service co-operate in the collection of annual statistics of forest products, and this preliminary report will soon be followed by a bulletin, which will give detailed information upon the use of pulp wood last year in the various States, the cost for cord, the amount reduced by the mechanical, sulphite and soda processes and other facts of interest to the industry.

What if the World Stopped?

Suppose that some mysterious power, entirely mental or spiritual in its nature, and of a high order of intellect, a mentality or soul absolutely acquainted with the human mind even down to minute details, should desire to make an announcement, a statement to mankind in general, how would it proceed to attract attention? I have thought of a few ways or methods which would attract the attention of man. Thus, suppose that at exact noon in the observatory in Washington or Greenwich, all the telegraphic instruments on earth should instantly refuse to work. Let every wire on land and in cables beneath the sea cease to act. Let every key come to rest and every sounder be silent. Imagine this silence to continue five minutes. The attention of all telegraph people would be attracted and then that of newspaper men. Let ten minutes pass, and business men would hear of the phenomenon. Let the trouble continue during an hour, then everybody living in cities might hear that the telegraphs were lifeless. In one year, perhaps, half of the human race would hear of the disturbance.—From Nautilus.

Sewage Disposal in Europe.

That the last word with reference to the treatment of sewage has not yet been said seems manifest from the processes adopted by and apparently growing in favor with many of the large European cities. Hamburg, Cologne, Dresden, Liverpool, Belfast, Bristol, Hull and many smaller cities have adopted the dilutionsystem. The sewage is screened of all floating matter and is then turned into the adjacent rivers, without chemical treatment, and the result seems to be entirely satisfactory. As the cities of Europe are older than our own it is but natural that the question of the treatment and disposal of sewage should have received longer and more careful study than has been given it in this country. In point of fact, Europe leads us in sewage purification matters, and though the subject has by no means been exhausted abroad, American engineers can learn much from the plans adopted for the treatment of sewage by cities across the Atlantic.—Newark News.

Herbert Spencer.

Herbert Spencer was a bachelor, declaring that he "had no time to get married." Spencer never saw a locomotive, but was construction engineer in his younger days for the London and Birmingham Railway, and later on served in a similar capacity with the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway. It is not true that Spencer was ever to actual want, but his finances were at times very low. The \$7000 raised by friends in America was accepted by Mr. Spencer "as a trust to be used for public ends."

Farm hands for harvesting the grain and fruit crops of California are scarcer than ever.

### Example of Careless Traveling.

A razor strap that followed E. W. Stephens around the world after being lost at a dozen places on the way has just been returned to his home in Columbia, Mo., from Mount, Miss., with the usual postage stamps attached. Mr. Stephens has used the strap for years, and has carried it on all his travels. When it was not on the way from his last home, the strap was lost in Hongkong, and later rejoined the Stephens party in Calcutta. Mr. Stephens got his razors in extra keen trim and luxuriated in close shaves until he reached the Holy Land. The razor strap was again forgotten, this time at Jacob's Well, near Shechem, but overtook its owner at the Sea of Galilee. In Cairo the strap was lost again, but was recovered in Athens. At several European hotels it was forgotten and made short jumps, the hotels having forwarded it with the mails to the addresses left by the travelers. The strap has cost a dozen times its original price in postage.—Kansas City Star.

Says the Philadelphia Record: It would take more than a music teacher to cultivate the voice of conscience in some people.

## AFTER SUFFERING ONE YEAR

### Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wis.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman, and I would like to tell the whole world of it. I suffered from female trouble and fearful pains in my back. I had the best doctors and they all decided that I had a tumor in addition to my female trouble, and advised an operation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman and I have no more backache. I hope I can help others by telling them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. EMMA LIME, 833 First Milwaukee, Wis.



The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

THE CENTRE OF THE STAGE. Old Sol—Jealous?

The Man in the Moon—Yes; folks only pay attention to the man in the Half Moon.—New York Times.

Largest Animal in the World. What is claimed as the largest animal in the world is represented by a colossal skeleton in the museum of Christ Church, New Zealand. This is the remains of a large specimen of the blue whale stranded on the coast of that country. This whale is probably the largest of all living animals. The length of the skeleton is eighty-seven feet, and the head alone is twenty-one feet. The weight of the bones is estimated at nine tons. This gigantic whale gets its name of blue whale from the dark bluish gray of its upper surface. The tinge of yellow on its lower part has led to the name "sulphur bottom," by which it is known on the western side of the Atlantic. It is otherwise known as Sibbald's roqual (Balenopectera sibbaldi).

The chief food of this gigantic animal is a small marine crustacean (Thysanopoda inermis), known to the whalers as "krill." Another species of the same shrimplike group has been obtained in thousands from the stomachs of mackerel caught on the Cornish coast. The nearly related oppossum shrimps found in enormous numbers in the Greenland seas form the chief food of the common whale. Some of the thysanopoda are phosphorescent and contribute to the liminosity of the sea.—London Globe.

Lost, Stolen or Strayed. A story is told of a certain man living in a New England village who lost a horse one day, and failing to find him he went down to the public square and offered a reward of \$5 to whoever could bring him back. A half-witted fellow who heard the offer volunteered to discover the whereabouts of the horse, and sure enough he returned in half an hour leading him by his bridle. The owner was surprised at the ease with which his half-witted friend had found the beast, and on passing the \$5 to him, he said: "Tell me, how did you find the horse?" To which the man replied: "Waal, I thought to myself, where would I go if I was a hoss, and I went there, and he had."—London Telegraph.

FOR OUT DOOR WORK IN THE WETTEST WEATHER NOTHING EQUALS TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED GARMENTS THEY LOOK WELL—WEAR WELL AND WILL NOT LEAK LONG COATS \$3.95 \$3.50 SUITS \$3.00

### LAZY LIVER

"I find Cascarets so good that I would not be without them. I was troubled a great deal with torpid liver and headache. Now since taking Cascarets Candy Cathartic I feel very much better. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as the best medicine I have ever seen."

Anna Bazinet, Mass. Osborn Mill No. 2, Fall River, Mass.