

ROSES IN DECEMBER

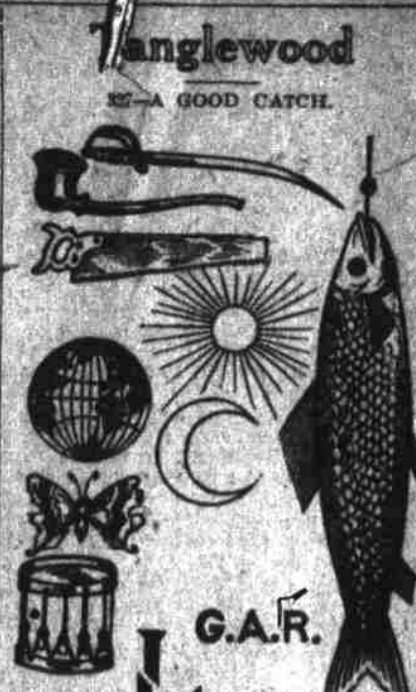
BY IDA CLETON RINSHAW.

The day of the circus dawned very clear. The sky was a beautiful serene blue, in which there was no hint of storm. Not a cloud was to be seen. The sun shone brightly, and the air was cool and refreshing. The crowd of people gathered for the circus was vast, and the excitement was palpable. The circus was a wonderful sight, with its many tents and colorful displays. The performers were skilled and entertaining, and the audience was captivated by their acts. The day was a memorable one, and the circus was a true highlight of the season.

That cracked merrily in the wide fireplace, and sent out a delicious warmth. As Mrs. Love, the elderly woman proved to be through Delphin's introduction, closed the door, the wind blew down a picture framed in shells, from the mantle. It shivered the frame into atoms. As I stooped to pick it up, Delphin gave an inarticulate groan—half cry. "Hand it to me," she said piteously, and as I did, she kissed the picture passionately—first of a young man with a frank, good face, and a honest, fearless look about the eyes I liked. "Listen," she cried. "This man was all an' all to me when I was a girl. He was smart—so smart—so good-looking! That all the girls liked for him to keep company with 'em. I ain't ever told anybody but you before, how much I loved him, but you've been good to me, so I'll tell you now. She paused for a moment, and her look at the wall, turning her head wearily on the pillow, the hot tears trickled slowly down her pitifully thin cheeks. The high old clock in the corner ticked solemnly and slowly; fitfully from without, came the dismal moan of a sudden gust of the winter wind, and from the meadow was wafted the fragrance of the roses. The light gleamed strangely bright from the window, out of all the ombres of the barren fields, tall trees denuded of leaves, and brown bare meadow. "You're smart, you're smart," I protested, but she began again in a tremulous voice. "It does me good to talk—I've been still so long," she answered softly. "He went to the war—he was a boy that come back brought me this letter . . . he said he was a dyin', but that he loved me still . . . I'm so homesy too! She drew a faded, yellowed little bit of paper from under her pillow and laid it carefully against her sunken cheek. Delphin and Romance . . . how far apart they had seemed . . . but now . . . she wrote a note to mother." She went on to say, "an' told her I was goin' ter see Dick before he died. I pinned it to her pillow—she'd not have let me go, if she had known I'd been on my way. I ain't never felt so free, I had cut my hair off, and put on my cousin's suit—Jack Doty's suit—he was home on a furlough. When I got on the car, I saw a man look at me steady like I was his neighbor of ours. He come ter me an' said, 'Yer Delphin Doty, I knowed ye rby them amber beads.' I forgot to take 'em off. 'Go home child,' he said, 'this ain't no place for ye. Yer mother's kindness, yer sweetheart's dead . . . he died side by side with my boy. He sent his love to yer . . . it ain't much of a story is it? I was outta my head for weeks, an' I talk in so wild a way, an' I ain't no more the man who rode so good as Dick's twin brother, I think he knowed me, too, although it's been years since he was here . . . he made me think of Dick."

She was very still, with her worn hands clasping tightly the faded old letter—yellow with time, but ever fresh in memory's golden book of Love to what she wept from lying there so quietly—and the picture, I called Mrs. Love. She came in softly, and poured out some medicine which Delphin took passively. We thought she had fallen asleep, when suddenly she moaned, "Do you want something, honey?" The old woman said gently. "Has Melissa come back from town?" she asked. "I've been faithless, Dick," she said. "I'm so tired . . . so tired . . . The picture and the letter slipped from the slim, tired hands, and fell unheeded on the knitted white counterpane. "There's rest for all in the Beulahland," said the old woman in her sweet gentle voice. "With an effort she raised herself in the bed, gone—the old tired look. The old woman said, "I cried in a glad triumphant voice—'blessed—rest!' Oh! the gladness, the passionate thrill of unutterable content as she uttered the word, and fell back on her pillows exhausted. Ere we could reach the bed, she had gone—gone to that wonderful land of unending peace, where all tired souls at last may find rest, blessed, beautiful rest—forever more. And the golden sun just setting behind the great bare hills, sent one long, lovingly tender, quivering ray of light, through the crimson roses, by the bedside, and the old woman's words—"Roses in December! Mrs. Love!" No more would bleed December's life be here. Tired no longer! God's children are never tired, for them the roses of joy, bloom everlasting, and in the garden of the stars, the roses of exultant youth, perfect love, and rest ever blossoming joyously for this tired pilgrim. The roses of December had bloomed for her eternally. THE END.

THE SIMPLE LIFE IN FINLAND. In the Summer All Classes spend Months of the Time Out of Doors. In Finland everybody lives the simple life in summer. They come out on islands, in the forests, and always somewhere near the water, for everybody swims and bathes. Almost all classes sleep and eat al fresco at this time of year, and the cow-boys of the towns in this progressive and altogether delightful little country provide public places and public bathing sheds in all places where the working classes go in search of fresh air. But the simple life is by no means dull with the frisky Finns. They combine it with a surprising amount of gaiety. They eat, drink and are very merry in their picturesque little log cabins outside the cities. When they are tired of bathing and splashing, they dance, they sing, they watch fireworks and practice gymnastics. They all become like children and are the very happiest, merriest, most good natured, most easily pleased and most healthy holiday makers in the world. Mongolian Presents in Washington. Spokane Correspondence St. Paul Dispatch. Mongolian presents and quality may be hunted in the Washington market this season—opening October 1st—on the first time in the history of the State. As the birds are numerous sportsmen are looking forward to excellent shooting between then and the first of the year. The season for grouse, native pheasants, chicken and sage hens is now on in full blast and the stubble fields and brush are full of gunners who are bringing back good bags. Ten birds a day is the limit.



G.A.R.

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night, but I saw them in time and scored them away. SCHOOLMA'AM. 32—WORD BUILDING. "One brick upon another, and the highest wall is laid." One letter, then another, and the longest word is made. Take first a single consonant, and then a vowel add. And you will find to your surprise you've got your dear old dad. Another letter gives him a loving little (ap) Another, and you find the place that's underneath his cap. One more, and you're on shallow dish, the next is evident. 'Tis thus our words are all built up, from Washington to Great. KAPPA KAPPA. 33—TRIPLE ACROSTIC. 1. Berthelred. 2. A village in Germany. 3. Want of transparency. 4. A Welsh rabbit. 5. The eland. 6. To efface or erase, as from a picture. 7. A mountainous country of European Turkey. 8. Primal, central and final fame respectively a state, and a county and a town in that State. FRANK OWLER. 34—LIBRARY ROMANCE. (Each answer is the title of a book by the author whose name follows the question.) What was the young lady's name (Ford)? 2. What was the name of her home (Hawthorne)? 3. What was his name (Churchill)? 4. Who was he (Harkington)? 5. Where did they meet (Melrose)? 6. Who married them (Barrie)? 7. Who assisted (Goldsmith)? 8. Where did they go to spend their honeymoon (McClellan)? 9. In what did they travel (Michelson)? 10. When did it all happen (Major)? SCHOOLMA'AM. 35—ANAGRAM. YET HEAR; ALL OFF. Up and down the leaves are twirling; Round and round the leaves are whirling; Dancing lightly in the wind, Whirling softly in the wind, Crumpled, ruffled, and up-curling, At the mercy of the wind. Whispering of their emerald glory, Of dead summer's old sweet story, Musing, sobbing in the wind, Tossing, fluttering in the wind, Dreading winter stern and hoary, At the mercy of the wind. GWENDOLINE. 36—GEOGRAPHICAL. 1. What city of Morocco is a covering for the head? 2. What county in Kentucky would we dislike to have hit us? 3. What village of France is a child's toy? 4. What county in Kansas casts a shadow? 5. What island of Russia do we count among our relatives? 6. What town of Algeria does a dog love? 7. What village of Switzerland is necessary to a fish conspiracy? 8. In what town of Kansas do people go who wish to be married? I. E. H. 37—WHEAT THEY ATE. —ate a mixture tanners often Employ when hides they soak and soften. —ate a dainty morsel; though The world is rather old, I know. —ate the fruit of palms, that stand Along Sahara's desert sand. —ate doom, destiny, or lot; But you and I would rather not. —ate a barrier in a wall, That shuts or opens there, for all. —ate evasion, or ill-will; Such fare would make most people ill. —ate long past the usual time; Some hold this hygienic crime. —ate a partner, comrade, equal; I can't attempt to tell the sequel. —ate a head; the kind not named; Bear's head at Christmas feasts was famed. —ate a ratio, value, grade; Or interest, or price that's paid. —ate to fill, or satiate; A glutton's appetite is great. —ate a lock, or wisp of hay; A horse will eat that any day. That you may understand the better, I'll say, each dash here means a letter. So here is one to illustrate: K. ate. Yours very truly, KATE.

S.S.S. FOR BAD BLOOD. When bad blood is caused from an infection of the circulation by the virus of Contagious Blood Poison, it usually shows in the form of ulcerated mouth and throat, copper-colored spots on the body, swollen glands in the groin, falling hair, sores and ulcers, etc. These general symptoms, affecting all parts of the body, show how deeply poisoned the blood becomes, and emphasize the dangerous character of the trouble. If allowed to remain in the system the disease will finally wreck the health and break down the strongest constitution. No medicine can cure Contagious Blood Poison which does not rid the circulation of every particle of the virus. S. S. S. is the one real and certain cure; it goes down to the very bottom of the trouble, and by removing every trace of the poison, and adding rich, healthful qualities to the blood, forever cures this powerful disorder. S. S. S. is the most reliable of all blood purifiers, and its concentrated ingredients of healthful vegetable extracts and juices especially adapt it to curing this insidious trouble. Write for our home treatment book, which is a valuable aid in the treatment of the different stages of the disease, and ask for any medical advice you wish. No charge for either.

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