

## Married Life the Second Year

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Monday, Oct. 23.

Dear Mother:

You write that my last letters have been merely notes about Winifred and the apartment, and that it has been months since I have written anything about Warren or myself. And you fear things are drifting back to where they were before I came home to you last spring.

That is true. I have not told you because it could do no good. But it seems to me that every day we are growing farther and farther apart. For a few months after he brought me back he tried to be gentle and considerate. But gradually he returned to his old habits—of coldness and irritation.

It has been days since he has given me a voluntary caress, and he only tolerates mine. Sometimes I wonder if he loves me at all.

But there is no one else—that I am sure! Always I hug that thought and try to comfort myself with it. If he does not love me, at least it is not because he loves any one else. He is absolutely true to me and I believe he always will be.

When I think of how many husbands are affectionate to their wives, and yet unfaithful to them—I wonder which is the better way. I wonder if those wives would not gladly change with me, if I did not prefer the loyalty of their husbands to any protestations of love.

I suppose it is Warren's nature to be cold, just as it is mine to be affectionate. And I am trying to become reconciled to that. But his irritability is very hard to bear. It seems to me that I spend most of my time trying to appease him to keep him from being annoyed at some trivial thing or from being angry with me.

It is a pitiful commentary on Married Life that a wife must be constantly straining to keep her husband in good humor and yet that is what it has come to.

Mother, sometimes I wonder if we have reached this stage in two years, what it will be in five or ten? Do you suppose the time will come when we will not be together. Oh, I'm afraid of what the future may hold. If there was only something to look forward to, something which might happen, which would bring us nearer together!

Before Winifred came I thought that would—and it did for a while. For a few months we were very, very happy. But it did not last, and now if there should be another child it would be the same way. It might bring us together for a while, but I know he would soon drift back to his coldness and irritability.

I suppose some women have to make their children fill their lives. When they give up hoping for the affection they want in their husbands, they try to satisfy themselves with their children's love. Perhaps in time I can do this, but I cannot now. I love Winifred, but she does not fill my life. I want the love of my husband, and it seems to me nothing in the world will compensate for the—

## WARREN RETURNS.

There was a sudden sound in the hall. Helen looked up startled. Surely it could not be Warren. It was not yet four!

She ran to the door. Warren stood with his back to her, putting his gloves in the pocket of his overcoat, which he had just hung on the hall rack.

"Why, Warren, has anything happened?"

"Happened? Can't a man come home when he wants to without anything happening?"

"Why, yes, of course, dear, but you never come home so early."

"Well, I've got a ripping headache today, and I stood it down there at the office about as long as I could."

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry! Can't I do something for it?"

"Now, I don't want to be fussed over. I just want to lie down and sleep if I can."

"Don't you want me to fix the bed—or would you rather lie down on the couch?"

"I'll be on the couch in the front room. Pull the shades down in there, and stuff something in that blamed telephone. It won't ring about the time I get to sleep."

Helen darkened the front room, took the uncomfortable velvet sofa cushions off the couch, and put in their place a cool linen pillow from the bed room.

Warren, who had gotten into his smoking jacket and slippers, now laid down and she covered him with a steamer rug.

"Oh, I don't want that thing; throwing it off. It's too hot and woolly."

"Then I'll get something lighter."

## GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT. BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR

Make it Thick, Glossy, Wavy,  
Luxuriant and Remove all  
Dandruff.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff, cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and the scalp.

But what will you do most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any druggist or toilet counter, and just try it.

—Adv.

## Love and Death

By NELL BRINKLEY



never professed to seek after, nor know him in the forgiveness of their sins, who, in short, done no good, but who have not been found guilty of base and damning crimes, but I soon found that this rest was not the rest the apostles spoke of. He said: "We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," and he said: "We have passed from death to life."

Which would not have been necessary had a semi-moral life only been necessary to obtain that rest.

From the years 1818 to 1842 I lived under no church organization. My seat in the meeting house was vacant and when I was mildly admonished of my duty, as the head of a rising family, I generally made my defense by pointing at the dirty spots in the character of some member of the church. Something like the Pharisees, rejoicing that I was not of such hypocrisy.

## No Church Connection.

I had a heterogeneous company of associates, was full of political news and anecdotes and considered myself, in the enjoyment of happiness, superior to the other meek throng that go to meeting houses.

## Read Infidel Writers.

Some twenty years ago I read Matthews Tindal, Thomas Paine, Voltaire and Volney and since I have read other infidel writers, become skeptical, advocated the doctrine of universal salvation, sometimes was ready to acknowledge the truth as taught by those very liberal believers and cared very little for universalism and was reckless in regard to any faith or mode of worship.

But with all my readings and with each desire to be relieved from the doctrine of endless and future punishment I could never rest satisfied. There was always a warning voice, admonishing me to return, repent and live. The evidence that there is a rest for the people of God and a state of blank despair for the ungodly, was to my mind an undeniable truth. Under these convictions the doctrines of Universalists and kindred sects were dismissed.

In the next place I took up the doctrine of morality, filling Heaven with such who never committed abominable acts of wickedness, making saints of those who never worshipped God, who

driven them from my heart.

## Objected to Slavery.

I had, moreover, objections to their mode of worship, their exciting discourses and more than those, their toleration of war and slavery in the church. Although they have nearly cleaned their skirts from slavery by the operation of the great cessation of 1844, yet the rights of self defense and a compliance with the laws of the land, requiring members of the church to march in armes and slay and kill, is not prohibited. I do not believe that Heaven can be propitious to the manslayer and that the cause of pure and undefiled religion is much retarded by the toleration of such unmitigated wickedness.

An imitation of the famous Travertine marble, from which the palaces of the Roman emperors were built, is being used to make the statuary and the covering of the exhibit palaces at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The composition is a gypsum, rain proof and of unfading color; in tint it is a faint ivory yellow and is as smooth and hard as marble.

## ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

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The credit for the victory will belong to the women of the country.

Home cooking has the backing of science and the approval of fashion. It adds to housekeeping a pride; to our food, healthfulness.

It is acknowledged by experts, and by the women who know, that the best cooking in the world to-day is with the aid of Royal Baking Powder.

## Richmond of Today Contrasts

Strongly With Town of 1806

Sketches Written by Pioneer

Editor's Note—In the last ninety or one hundred years times have changed in many respects. Rabolrous political gatherings are not as much in evidence as they were in past presidential elections. Mr. Hoover relates incidents connected with the presidential campaign of 1840 when, he says, reason, argument and common sense yielded to hard cider and a state of drunkenness and demoralization. He says the Democrats looked on in amazement at the "tom foolery" of the Whigs and tells of the election of General Harrison and Captain Tyler.

that they would soon break themselves down or break themselves up.

Harrison Elected.

The cry of hard cider had a powerful influence especially when plentiful.

## LAXATIVE FOR OLD PEOPLE—"CASCARETS"

Salts, Calomel, Pills, act on Bowels Like Pepper Acts in Nostrils.

Get a box now.

Most old people must give to the bowel some regular help, else they suffer from constipation. The condition is perfectly natural. It is just as natural as it is for old people to walk slowly. For age is never so active as youth. The muscles are less elastic. And the bowels are muscles.

So all old people need Cascarets. One might as well refuse to aid weak eyes with glasses as to neglect this gentle aid to weak bowels. The bowels must keep active. This is important at all ages, but never so much as at fifty.

These rabolrous gatherings were kept alive from March until November, and the hundreds and thousands considered a journey of one hundred miles a trifle and the songs of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" called for a turnout. When the Whigs commenced this "tom foolery" the Democrats looked on with amazement. It was to them a new scene in the play and they thought such an excitement to such an extreme could not be lasting.

Age is not a time for harsh physics. Youth may occasionally whip the bowels into activity. But a lash can't be used every day. What the bowels of the old need is a gentle and natural tonic. One that can be constantly used without harm. The only such tonic is Cascarets, and they cost only 10 cents per box at any drug store.

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bought the old Melvin place, but you do not say whether they are to move there or not. I'm afraid Aunt Lydia would never be satisfied out there.

I have just finished a little linen dress for Winifred and have trimmed it with the crochet lace you sent me. I had enough for the skirt, neck and sleeves, but need just five inches more to go around the little yoke. But I'm going to crochet that myself, the pattern looks very easy, and I think by evening back a scallop it can get it. What thread did you use? It looks like it, but I'm not sure.

She brought out a silken comforter and tucked it about him.

"Oh, my dear, your face is so hot—I'm afraid you're feverish. Don't you want me to put a cool cloth on your forehead?"

"No, I don't," drawing away impatiently. "I told you I just wanted to sleep. And you see that none of those infernal bells wake me up."

"All right, dear—I'll muffle the bells and we'll be very quiet."

She went out, closing the door after her softly.

Mr. Curtis has come home with a very bad headache," going into the kitchen where Delia was ironing.

"He's in the front room trying to sleep. Now be very careful if you go through the hall and don't make any noise."

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