

Dew Drops, Vol. 37, No. 07, February 15, 1914 eBook

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Page 1

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DEW DROPS

Vol. 37. No. 7. Weekly.

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February 15, 1914.

How Arthur Made Valentines

By *may G. Mooar*

Arthur had a box of paints given him for Christmas, and he had learned to color pictures very prettily; so just as he was finishing the dress of a gorgeous Japanese lady such a happy thought came to him that he nearly spilled some yellow paint all over Miss Matsuki's gay pink dress, in his haste to find mother and tell her about it.

"I want to make my valentines all myself this year," he exclaimed excitedly as soon as the yellow paint was safely back in the box, "for now I can paint. Why can't I paint some valentines, same's Aunt Frances did last year?"

"Why, I think you could, dear," mother answered.

"Course I don't mean I could make quite such lovely flowers as she did," Arthur went on, "but I think it would be lots more fun to do it myself than to buy them."



“So do I, Arthur,” mother said, “and I think if you look through those papers in the lower drawer you’ll find some pictures to cut out that would make pretty valentines. Then you could color them with your paints and paste them on a sheet of note paper.”

“But, mother, don’t valentines have some verses written on them besides the pictures? Aunt Frances’ did. Where can I get those?”

“Perhaps I could write those for you,” mother laughed, “if I tried real hard.”

“Could you really write verses?” Arthur asked in round-eyed wonder. “Then we’ll have some lovely valentines, won’t we? I’ll make one for you, and one for father, and Alice and John and Clifton and Barbara and oh, lots of folks.”

“Well, I guess you better get to work right away, if you’ve such a lot to do,” advised mother, “and I had better begin on the poetry.”

It was fun to find the pictures, for there were such a lot to select from, and by supper time Arthur had a nice pile all ready to paint next morning.

Two days before Valentine’s day they were all done—prettily colored and pasted on note paper with a little verse that mother had written, printed in Arthur’s very best writing.



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[Illustration: *Arthur decorates the valentines with his new paints while mother writes the verses.*]

"Aren't they bee-u-ti-ful," he exclaimed as he laid them in a row on the dining-room table.

"They are very nice, dear," mother said, "and which do you think are the prettiest ones?"

Arthur looked a long time at the row of little valentines and then he said, "These two." One had a little curly-haired child carrying a big bunch of flowers in her hand, and the verse read:

"This bunch of roses I'm bringing,
Is a valentine for you,
To show that in storm or in sunshine
My love is always true."

And the other valentine had a picture of two little boys carrying a big basket between them, and this was the little verse:

"What do you s'pose our basket holds?
Give guess one and two.
You'll never think, so I must tell:
It's full of love for you."

"And to whom are you going to give the two prettiest ones?" asked mother.

An earnest look came into Arthur's eyes.

"I fought I'd send the little-girl one to that lame boy at the corner. I don't know him very well, but he looks kind of lonely, you said, mother. Don't you s'pose he'd like it?"

Mother nodded. "And who is to have the other?"

A little hand stole into mother's, and two brown eyes full of love were lifted to mother's face.

"That is for you," he said.

* * * * *

"Bob's lost his temper."

Uncle Will, visiting in the family, heard this remark quite often. One day he said to Bob:



“I think it rather a fortunate loss, don't you?”

“What?” asked Bob, in surprise. “It wasn't a very good one, you know. If I were you I'd try to get a better one, and then never lose it.”

Good advice for Bob.

* * * * *

GOING ALONE.

“I'm afraid will have to go alone this morning, Harlis,” said mamma. “My head is getting worse instead of better. You think it will be all right for Harlis to go, don't you, papa?”

Mrs. Wentworth looked up inquiringly into the face of a tall man who had just entered the room.

“Certainly. He is big enough, and knows the way. Why not let him go?” her husband answered.

Harlis was quite proud to hear that opinion, and adopting something of his papa's emphatic tone, he said, “Of course, I'm big enough, mamma. Willie Nelson goes every single Sunday alone, and he isn't only two weeks older than I am. You needn't worry a bit. I'll take Esther, too, if you want me to. I'll take care of her.”

Mamma smiled a little as she answered, “No, dear, I thank you just the same, but Annie will take care of Esther this morning. If I let you go alone, you must promise to go straight to Sunday-school.”



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“Yes, mamma,” answered Harlis, very willingly.

Proudly he walked down the street. He felt sure everyone was noticing him. One of the newsboys ran past him and shouted, “Hello, little chap!” and grinned.

Mamma had said, “Be a good boy, Harlis,” before he left home. He couldn’t help feeling how foolish it was for her always to say that, but he excused her with the thought that it was probably mamma-like to be a little anxious and worried about such things.

“Harlis! Harlis!”

Harlis was just entering one of the chief business streets through which he had to pass to reach the church. He turned and saw Willie Nelson running as fast as his little legs could carry him to catch up.

“All alone?” Willie asked.

“Yes.”

“So’m I. My mamma can’t come to Sunday-school. She makes me go, though. I don’t care much. Let’s go this way.”

“No. I can’t. Mamma said for me to go just the same way I always did. I promised.”

“Did you? My, I go the way I want to. This is just as good as any,” he added cheerfully. “Let’s look in here. Ain’t that fine?”

It was a display in the candy shop they were looking at. Across the window, hung from the gas jet by ribbons, was a huge candy cane.

“See that,” said Willie, pulling out from his pocket a five-cent piece. “Know what I am going to do with it?”

“Take it to Miss Beatrice for the poor little girl she told about.”

“No, sir. Going to get some candy. Five cents don’t get much, though. Not the best kind. That costs money.”

Harlis put his hand in his pocket and quickly pulled it out. But the action did not escape Willis’ sharp eyes.

“You got any?” he asked.

“Yes.”



“Let’s see. Oh, a nickel! Thought maybe it was just a penny. What a lot ten cents would get. What kind do you like best?”

“I like chocolate best.”

“Do you? Why, so do I. Say we get some?”

“I don’t believe mamma would like it. She said we mustn’t buy things on Sunday.”

“She’ll never know. That’s nothing bad, either.”

When the collection basket was passed around, Harlis looked almost ready to cry. “Did you forget your money?” said Miss Beatrice, pleasantly. Harlis so seldom came without it that it was noticeable.

“Yes’m,” answered the little boy, almost without thinking what he was saying. He was so uncomfortable, and Willie was making eyes at him.

“Never mind, bring it next Sunday,” said Miss Beatrice, noticing the flushed face and telltale eyes, and not understanding quite what it meant.

If mamma had not been sick, the trouble would surely have come out earlier, because mamma would have seen in a minute that something was wrong. After the late dinner, there was nothing to do but cuddle up in the corner of the sofa with his books. Just as it was growing dark, papa came down from the sick room. He found Harlis with his head buried in the sofa cushion.



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“What’s the matter?” said papa briskly, picking up his little boy. “Lonesome? Too bad! Thought you went to Aunt Lucy’s with Esther.”

“I didn’t want to,” said Harlis, breaking out in big, shaking sobs.

Papa knew something was wrong, then, and by degrees the story came out.

Papa said very little, for he seemed to understand the real suffering Harlis had already gone through because of his wrongdoings.

“But the nickel was mine,” said Harlis, as he and mamma were talking it over.

“Was it?” said mamma. “What did I give it to you for?”

“For the poor little girl.”

“You can put it back, but you must earn it,” she said.

“Oh, I will! I will!” Harlis was only too glad to do this. “And I’ll never do so again, mamma.”

And his mamma felt sure he never would.

—*Written for Dew Drops by Florence Maule.*

* * * * *

THE LIGHT OF A SMILE.

If it drizzles and pours,
Is there any reason
The weather indoors
Should be dull, like the season?
There is something makes bright
The cloudiest places;
Can you guess? ’Tis the light
Of the smiles on your faces.

—*Selected.*

* * * * *

Mother’s Valentines

By Elizabeth P. Allan



“Davie boy, I wish you would get up early to-morrow morning,” said Mrs. Forbes; “I want your help in sending out some valentines.”

Davie opened his sleepy eyes wide. “Why, mother,” he said, “I did not know that *you* were in the valentine business!”

“There hasn’t been a fourteenth of February since I can remember,” answered his mother smiling, “that I haven’t sent out at least one valentine. Do you know what Valentine Day means, Davie?”

“It means sending funny pictures to the other fellows,” grinned Davie.

“First of all, it means a Love Day,” said Mrs. Forbes, “and valentines are supposed to be sweethearts’ love letters. But I don’t see why sweethearts should have a corner on love, do you, Davie?”

[Illustration: *Davie helps mother deliver a new kind of valentine.*]

“What sort of valentines do you send, mother?” asked the little boy. His curiosity had waked him up and made him forget that the hands of the clock had left his bedtime far behind.

“My valentines used to be made of little pictures cut out and pasted on a card or a piece of note paper, when I was no older than you,” said Davie’s mother; “and my mother used to write on them in her fine, copy-book hand, little verses like this:

““The rose is red,
The violet’s blue,
Sugar’s sweet,
And so are you!””

Davie laughed aloud at the idea of his mother ever having been such a little girl.

“And then, when I was in my teens,” she went on, “I saved my dimes and bought fine valentines made of silver paper cut into hearts and cupids, with what I thought beautiful ‘poetry’ printed on them.”



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“And what are your valentines like now?” asked Davie.

“You’ll find them rather heavy, I’m afraid,” said his mother merrily; “you see, Davie, I have found out that Love has something else to do besides playing with silver hearts and cupids, though that’s all right too. There are some poor and tired and lonely people in the world who don’t want you to give them money, or to offer them help on most days of the year; it hurts their feelings. But on love-days, like Christmas, and Thanksgiving, and Valentine’s Day, you can give them a love gift, and they are pleased. I have some like that for you to carry around to-morrow.”

When Davie came downstairs early the next morning, he brought with him one of his cherished “Peter Rabbit” books. “Mother,” he said, “I want to begin to keep Valentine Day like you do.”

So “Peter Rabbit” found himself tucked in Mrs. Tobin’s bundle for Jack Tobin, who had never had that sort of valentine, or indeed any sort, in his life. And it was queer how all day long the thought of that new sort of valentine he had sent out made Davie smile to himself!

* * * * *

VALENTINES.

The wind was blowing down our street,
And it was snowing some;
But I watched from the chilly porch
To see the postman come.

Across the street to Elsie’s door;
And then I meant to run
Before she got the valentine—
I knew that she’d get one.

I knew it would be beautiful,
With lace and hearts and things,
And pretty verses on the leaves,
And tied with ribbon strings.

I knew the verses all by heart;
I knew the bows were pink;
The hearts were gold; the lace was white—
Oh, what would Elsie think!



I saw the postman come at last,
And Elsie at the door;
She got a valentine, sure 'nough—
I knew she would before.

And then I hid inside our hall;
And, when his whistle blew,
The postman called: "Hello! hello!—
A valentine for you!"

Sure 'nough, I got a valentine,
With lace and hearts and things,
And pretty verses on the leaves,
And tied with ribbon strings.

And I have wondered, ever since,
And guessed if Elsie knew
For sure I'd get a valentine,
Before the postman blew,

Just like I knew that she'd get one
And knew her verses, too.
I never s'posed that I'd get one—
Do you guess Elsie knew?
—*Written for Dew Drops by Ellen D. Masters.*

* * * * *

A TREE TALK.

What a wonderful thing a tree is! A live thing, a useful thing, a beautiful thing, and so common that we scarcely think of it as a wonder at all.



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Think of the great families of trees, the maple, the beech, the birch, the hemlock, the spruce, the oak, and so on and on and on. So many alike, and yet each one different. What a world of wonders!

In the human family there are oddities, you know, and so in the tree family.

There is the whistling tree, for instance. It grows in the West India Islands. It bears pods with open edges, and the wind passing through them makes the whistling sound which gives the tree its name.

Then there is the cow tree, which yields a delicious creamy milk. This tree grows in South America, and often looks like a dead tree, but if it is tapped the milk will flow out freely. Sunrise is "milking time," when the natives come with their jugs and fill them with the sweet, nourishing fluid.—*Selected*.

* * * * *

[Illustration]

TWENTY VALENTINES

By Marion Mallette Thornton

"Oh," said Millicent, watching the postman's blue coat up the street. "I wish he would come here day after to-morrow and bring me twenty valentines!"

"Will he, Mitty?" Jimmy-Boy asked eagerly.

Millicent shook her head. "Course not, Jimmy-Boy. I know only six little girls; I couldn't get but six."

Aunt Sara was listening. She was Millicent's very prettiest auntie from the city, and she nearly always found a way to help.

"How would you like to *send* twenty valentines?" she asked.

Millicent laughed. "Why, auntie, I couldn't send but six, either. I don't know any more girls. Besides, I haven't any more valentines."

"Suppose I should show you how to make twenty valentines, and find twenty little girls to send them to; would you like, to do it?"

Millicent came running from the window with Jimmy-Boy close behind her.



“I’d love to, auntie! Please show me right away.”

“Love to, auntie, right away,” echoed Jimmy-Boy.

“You can help,” Aunt Sara promised. “You can bring the mucilage while Millicent gets the scissors.”

When they came back with these, Aunt Sara had a pile of gay pictures on the table, and some sheets of thick white paper.

“We will cut this into hearts,” she said, “and you can cut out these birds and flowers and paste them on. Let’s see which can make the neatest and prettiest ones.”

Jimmy-Boy had to be helped a little in cutting out pictures, but he had learned to paste neatly at kindergarten, and his valentines were so pretty it was hard for Aunt Sara to choose between his and Millicent’s.

It was such fun making them that Millicent almost forgot about the twenty little girls they were to go to.

[Illustration: “*Let’s see who can make the neatest and prettiest ones.*”]

“Who are they, auntie?” she asked when she remembered. “Where do they live?”



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“Away down in the city,” Aunt Sara explained. “Each one in a little white bed in a Children’s Hospital. I don’t know their names, but I’ll send them to the superintendent, and they will get them safely on Valentine’s Day. You can’t think how happy they will be.”

“Oh, I just like to try to think!” cried Millicent. “I’m glad we made them so nice.”

The twenty valentines went off in their white envelopes the next morning.

On Valentine’s Day the postman brought Milly six from the six little girls and two from Jimmy-Boy and Aunt Sara. They were lovely, and there were some for Jimmy-Boy, but they did not please the children nearly as much as a letter that came a week later.

It was from the hospital superintendent and said: “I wish you could have seen my dear little sick girls smile when they saw their pretty valentines. They looked at them all day and slept with them under their pillows at night. One tiny girl kept hers in her hand. They all send a big ‘Thank-you’ to Millicent and Jimmy-Boy.”

“Next year we’ll begin sooner and make forty,” Millicent decided; “it’s lots more fun than getting them, isn’t it, Jimmy-Boy?”

* * * * *

HAROLD’S SHETLAND PONY.

On Harold’s birthday Uncle George gave him a Shetland pony.

I never saw anyone so surprised as Harold was. He thanked his uncle so many times that I thought Uncle George would be all tired out saying, “You’re welcome.”

The week of the Flower Festival here in Santa Barbara, where we live, Harold drove his pony in the parade.

The carriage was all covered with pink roses. There were roses all over the canopy top, and all over the dashboard, and along the sides, and up the back, and on the seat where Harold sat. And the pony had a collar of roses, and the roses were wreathed in the harness and wound in the wheels.

Harold enjoyed the parade very much, but he never thought of taking a prize till the money was sent to him. He was as pleased as could be.

“What will you buy with the money, Harold?” I asked.



“Well, you see,” said Harold, “the money doesn’t really belong to me. It belongs to the Shetland pony, and I would like to talk about what would be the nicest thing to do for the pony.”

So we all talked about it and decided that the nicest thing we could do for the pony would be to put a big screen window in the front of his stall, so he would not be troubled with flies.—*Selected.*

* * * * *

FLO’S VALENTINE

“I wonder where I’d better send
This valentine.” said Flo;
“It’s pretty, and my dearest friend
Would like it much, I know.

“My dearest friend is Nelly May;
She’ll have a lot, I s’pose;
She always does, for she’s a girl
'Most everybody knows.



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“I want to send it awful bad
To Nelly May, for she
Will likely send her loveliest one
To her dear friend—that’s me.

“But there is little Molly Jones—
She said, the other day.
She’d never had a valentine
In all her life; now say,

“I’ve half a mind to send her this;
'Twill s’prise her so, you see.
That won’t be selfish, for I know
She’ll not send one to me.

“And Nelly May won’t miss it, for
She’ll have so many; so
I’ll start right off and mail it now
As quick as I can go.”
—*Written for Dew Drops by Helen M. Richardson.*

* * * * *

HOW BLANCA SAVED THE KITTENS.

Blanca was a pretty fox terrier who lived on the fourth floor of a big apartment house, and the four kittens were her adopted family. For when the kittens’ mother died and left them wee, helpless babies, Blanca at once proved the kindness of her heart by taking and caring for them as if they had been her very own.

One day a great danger came to Blanca and her family, as well as to everyone else in the building. A blue mist began to drift through the halls, there was the smell of smoke, then someone cried “Fire!” and the people in the different flats rushed out of their rooms in a panic.

Quickly a big, shiny, brass fire engine rattled up, followed by the hose cart, and the wagon loaded with long ladders if they should be needed. The firemen rushed in, dragging lengths of hose, the smoke grew thicker and the confusion worse.

Some of the people were so frightened that they did not know what they were doing. But there was one who did not lose her presence of mind, and that was the little dog. When the first alarm was given, Blanca ran down to see what it all meant. But she was not satisfied to be safe herself, and leave her foster babies in danger. Up she went again, up the stairways filled with firemen and excited tenants to the top floor, and down



she came jumping over hose pipe, dodging between firemen's legs, with a kitten in her mouth.

This she carried out and laid down where it would be safe, then started back again through smoke and flame and heat. Four times she made the trip to the top floor, and each time she came back with a kitten in her mouth. Nor did she rest till they were all out of danger.

All the people who had watched the little dog said how brave she was. And so we all say. But what made Blanca brave was because she thought of the kittens instead of herself.—*Written for Dew Drops by Adele E. Thompson.*

* * * * *

Learn to treat everybody with respect and consideration.

* * * * *

A good friend is worth trying to keep.

* * * * *



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OUR LESSON—For Feb. 15.

* * * * *

PREPARED BY MARGUERITE COOK.

* * * * *

Title.—Christ's Hatred of Shams.—Luke 11:37-54.

Golden Text.—Be not deceived; God is not mocked—Gal. 6:7.

Beginners Golden Text.—*The day is thine, the night also is thine.*—Ps. 74:16.

Truth.—God looketh upon the heart.

1. One day when Jesus was teaching the people a Pharisee invited him to dine with him.

[Illustration]

2. Jesus went with him, for he hoped to be able to teach him how to truly love and serve God.

[Illustration]

3. The Pharisee was surprised that Jesus sat down to the table to eat without first washing his hands.

[Illustration]

4. Jesus told him that it was true that the Pharisees made much of washing their hands but that their hearts were far from clean.

[Illustration]

5. Jesus told him that God made the soul as well as the body and wanted the soul kept clean and pure.

[Illustration]

6. They loved to be thought great and good but were selfish and unkind.

7. When they prayed or gave alms to the poor it was to be seen and praised by others.

[Illustration]



8. Jesus also blamed those who made life hard for others and made things easy for themselves.
9. God looks into our hearts and sees what we really are.
10. It is useless for us to try to deceive God.
11. He knows all the time if we have wicked, selfish, impure hearts, no matter how hard we try to seem good.
12. To please God we must have pure hearts and live pure, true, loving lives.

* * * * *

QUESTIONS.

What is the Golden Text?

What is the Truth?

1. Who invited Jesus to dine with him?
2. What did Jesus hope to be able to teach him?
3. At what was the Pharisee surprised?
4. What did Jesus tell him about the hearts of the Pharisees?
5. What did Jesus tell him about the body and soul?
6. Although they loved to be thought great and good, what were they?
7. Why did they pray and give alms to the poor?
8. Whom did Jesus also blame?
9. When God looks into our hearts what does he see?
10. What is it useless for us to try to do?
11. What does he know?
12. What must we do to please God?

* * * * *

LESSON HYMN.

Tune—"Jesus loves me, this I know," omitting chorus (E flat).



We should all be very sure
That our hearts are good and pure;
Jesus knows if we are true,
He knows all we say or do.

* * * * *



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Title of Lesson for Feb. 22.

Faith Destroying Fear.—Luke 12: 1-12.

* * * * *

Golden Text for Feb. 22.

Every one who shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God.—Luke 12:8.

* * * * *

Beginners Golden Text for Feb. 22.

He careth for you.—1 Peter 5:7.

* * * * *

Advice to Boys and Girls

Freddy's Way.

When the clock struck eleven, Freddy turned from the window where he had been watching for nearly an hour and he said: "Guess Dan has forgotten to come for me. I think I'd better write a letter to mother." His aunt, whom he was visiting, answered:

"That will be a sensible thing to do, dear."

Freddy worked very hard on his letter. When it was finished, he said: "It doesn't look as nice as it might, but I guess mother will know I tried to do my best." His aunt replied:

"I'm sure she will, anyway, the main thing was to keep your promise and write to her."

Presently, Freddy took his cap and went outdoors to find amusement for himself; it was a beautiful warm day, just the kind when a boy loves to go swimming, and he thought longingly of the river. But his aunt did not wish him to go alone, and for some reason Dan had failed to call for him. The next-door neighbor was mowing his lawn and Freddy asked: "Need any help?" The man answered:

"Sure, I was just wishing for a boy to rake the grass."

Freddy set about his work whistling and the neighbor never guessed that his small helper had had a disappointment that morning. It was Freddy's happy way when he



could not do one thing to find another and do that cheerily.—*Written for Dew Drops by Marie Deacon Hanson.*

* * * * *

A Good Rule.

We have the wisest teacher, and she has
given this rule
That helps us in our lessons—you can use
it in your school.
Always add a smile or two when things
are going wrong,
Subtract the frowns that try to come
when lessons seem too long,
Then multiply your efforts when the
figures won't come right,
Divide your pleasures day by day with
every one in sight
Now if you always use this rule you'll
have a happy day,
For lessons then are easy, and the hours
fly away.

* * * * *

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