



# The God of My Dreams

A NOVELIZATION OF THE PLAY BY WILBUR DESSSET AND OTTO HAUERBACK  
NOVELIZED BY WILBUR D. NESEBIT  
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SYNOPSIS.  
to the German. "Not Mrs. General Blazes."  
"Exactly!" the German assured him.  
"Where did you deliver that duplicate, but where are the original?" Mrs. Blazes asked.  
"After the reply, still holding the receiver to her ear, she turned and asked Harry:  
"What's the number of this house?"  
"Three hundred and ten."  
"They say it didn't reach here," Mrs. Blazes said into the phone. "What? You are sure it didn't? You will come over yourself. That's your cue. She hung up the receiver and turned to Harry with:  
"I happen to be in the kitchen, and I purchased it and had it sent to this address. It just came, and I want to put it away and later give it to her with my own hands. Alas, my poor, poor Lucy!"  
"Why didn't it happen? What's so sad about Lucy?"  
"She—she—my poor, poor Lucy!" Harry called, going slowly down the room.  
"Well, wouldn't that bump you?" Harry exclaimed.  
"It is evidently affecting his bright affections to act on his lachrymal glands. Now looking at his watch, I expect I'd better send Venus and the ballet girl to the attic for a much needed rest."  
He went just about to take the ballet girl pictures from the wall, when he was startled by an angry argument in the hallway. One voice was that of a woman, another that of the butler, and the third the broken accents of the German into whose arms Harry had snatched.  
"Great guns!" he exclaimed.  
"You! You!" he called.  
"You!" both cried.

CHAPTER III.  
For a moment the couple looked at Harry and Harry looked at them. It would be difficult to say whether they were he felt the greater surprise.

"Yes, we went out last night," said the gentleman.  
"I haven't a hat," Harry explained.  
"The German was about to explode in a few fervent remarks, but the lady put her hand on his arm and restrained him, and said in milder tones:  
"You can help me out of a most distressing situation."  
"How so, madam?" Harry asked.  
"I have just come from the new morning, an intensely exciting millinery says that she sent to this address an hour, the perfect duplicate of my hat, which your parrot ruined."  
"Yellow," cried the German.  
"Yellow, but not popples on it," said the lady.  
"You must have the hat which was sent here. Mine was an imported model. The milliner had but this one duplicate."  
"There has been no hat but delivered here," said Harry.  
"That is what," the lady agreed. "And I must have it!"

"I'll give you my hat," said the German, who had been growing kinder.  
"You are a gentleman who figured in that unfortunate accident this morning, and I am sure you understand the milliner's point of view. I am sure you will not mind my hat being replaced by yours."  
"I have a hat," Harry said.  
"I'll give you my hat," said the German, who had been growing kinder.  
"You are a gentleman who figured in that unfortunate accident this morning, and I am sure you understand the milliner's point of view. I am sure you will not mind my hat being replaced by yours."  
"I have a hat," Harry said.

CHAPTER IV.  
From the hallway came gliding in the sorrowful figure of Soerete Planier. He caught his breath sharply at sight of the German.

CHAPTER V.  
"What's that?" the German asked.  
"It's the hat," Harry said.  
"The hat?" the German asked.  
"The hat," Harry said.  
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CHAPTER VI.  
"I'm not sure," Harry said.  
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CHAPTER VII.  
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# The National Grange

Actual Accomplishments of Granges Throughout the Year  
Popular Organizations.

Every day new illustrations appear of actual grange accomplishments, along lines of distinct community service, and these accomplishments, which are responsible for the growing popularity of the Grange and for the distinct influence which it exerts throughout the country.

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"You are a gentleman who figured in that unfortunate accident this morning, and I am sure you understand the milliner's point of view. I am sure you will not mind my hat being replaced by yours."  
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# Wood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all blood humors, all eruptions, clears the complexion, creates an appetite, aids digestion, relieves that tired feeling, gives vigor and vim. Get it today in small liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsapilla.

Those who think all the delights of Switzerland lie among the high Alps peaks or in the joy of winter sports are sadly mistaken, for in the heart of its strong alpine valleys the picturesque charm of its farm and village scenes.

They are everywhere. No matter how old and unbecoming the cause may be, there are always flowering plants in the window, and they brighten up the home wonderfully. In such places are the rule: plants of red geraniums are most common, although one sees a few nasturtiums and carnations.

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