WHO LIVETH BEST.

He liveth best who liveth patiently: Who hides his joys and takes his bitterness, And scans each hour with willing eyes to see If he must strive or serve or bear or bless-Ready, whiche'er it be.

Who sows his precious seed with careful hand And lays the dreary soil above, and leaves The buried hoard, knowing his soul has pla Some promised day to walk a fruitful land. Bearing his garnered sheaves.

Who dreams his dream, and brings it work and prayer.

Or, should it fade, for all his watchful care, Grows strong in weaving to the end, and there

Who lights his star of hope with faith's own fire, Sure of his beacon, though it hang so far; Who lets no storm-cloud dim his bright desire. Yet, if it fail his firmament, looks higher

Who meets the faithful dawn with faithful feet Unburdened of his Yesterday and clad For his Today; who smiles again to greet The nearing night-whatever his to meet. Steadfast and true and glad.

Who gives his trust to God, and for the rest Walks gently till his little day be past, A quiet toiler, in his toiling blest, Since living patiently he liveth best, And dieth best, at last.

WHAT DUTCHER LEFT.

Dutcher was dead. The half a million

surprise—without any reason—when he became aware of his wife sitting by the window, a magazine in her lap. In her white dress she looked dainty, cool and fresh, so that the sight of her was grateful to his senses, like a breath of air off the water. He observed, aimlessly, that it was hot, and went on to freshen himself up. When he returned to the sitting room he took a chair some distance from other heir somewhere.; or, if there's no her, and observed over again, aimlessly,

that it was hot. She came over and sat on the footstool beside his armchair. She was never a in which he read a certain loathness;

to his mind. He put them by. The circhouse of Morser level with the ground, cumstance that he was exactly cut off which, also, would be a pious act." from the field, and, so far as he could see, was a good deal of a duffer in any other el stuff, John," she said, a little line of

instantaneously

I made it. No doubt he furnished some capital when Dutcher was extending his plow work, and took a fourth interest for it. I don't believe Steele's name was daughter are skimping along on a pitever publicly connected with the plow works. Whether he wanted to douge taxes, or just had a miserly instinct to she urged.

she urged.

"Yes, twelve hundred a year!" he re"Yes, twelve hundred a year!" he rewas kept dark. A while before the works were put into the trust—the Universal Plow Corporation, you know, that Morser younger than himself. They separated-evidently had a row. Then, you undertive than ever for keeping his interest in the plow works dark. Otherwise his wife might come down on him for alimony. The laws for? Why do we send a pick-

She nodded eagerly.
"Well, a little while before the works were turned over to the trust Steele went off Southwest, looking for health, and left his plow-works stock in Dutcher's hands." In the telling he had warmed up to it, the narrative absorbing some of the heat which surrounded the subject on his mind. "Wait a minute," he said briskly,

and jumped up. He went to the cubby off the sittingroom, which the flat agent had euphemistically called a library. She heard him open the tiny, dark closet in there. rough box of sheet-iron, cubical, about two feet in each dimension, which he put upon the table. Its dented lid bore, in

The box had been fastened by a flimsy ombination lock. She saw that the lock combination lock. She gaw that the lock had been beaten in and broken with some rude instrument, and it recurred to her how, coming home from a week's vacation in the country, she had found the fireplace poker badly bent. Looking up at her husband she conceived a picture of him, alone in the flat, probably at night, wrenching and bursting the lock. It was almost as uncanny as riffing a ball of them from the box, the envelopes showing the girl's firm, graceful superscirption. "And here are some others." He lifted two or three, and even at that distance she smelled the perfumery with which they reeked. "All neatly stowed away, cheek by jowl, with the girl's firm, graceful superscirption. "And here are some others." He lifted two or three, and even at that distance she smelled the perfumery with which they reeked. "All neatly stowed away, cheek by jowl, with the girl's firm, graceful superscirption. "And here are some others." He lifted two or three, and even at that distance she smelled the perfumery with which they reeked. "All neatly stowed away, cheek by jowl, with the girl's firm, graceful superscirption." The lifted two or three, and even at the distance she smelled the perfumery with which they reeked. "All neatly stowed away, cheek by jowl, with the girl's in the private box?" he commented, and repeated the hard laugh.

Jane turned away, somewhat sick, with

must be transferred immediately. Have

"The E. M. at the bottom," Belford ex- asked. plained, "means young Morser. Do you see? The Steele stock in Dutcher's company had to be transferred to form the trust. Steele was off in the Southwest, asked.

"Strapping myself to do it," he replied. From the inner coat pocket he took an envelope, which contained a bill that he from a simple-minded, reverent loyalty trust. Steele was off in the Southwest, sick and unable to do business, as it hap-pened. Dutcher, it's clear, didn't care to transfer the stock himself without authorponding amount of Universal Plow Corporation stock—that's the trust, you know. Not long afterward, Steele died. Now do you see it?" He pressed the question upon her hotly.

She thought it over

"Then Mr. Dutcher himself died." She caught up the thread with a kind of reathlessness, as the clue unfolded.
"Then Dutcher himself died," Belford

round.
"Morser sold out that stock. That I

She speculated over it in a shocked fascination, as though she were looking through a window and seeing a knife descend upon a victim. "It was-criminal, wasn't it?" she asked under her breath,

half incredulously. "I believe the name for it would be emwas half a million. Like cows picketed out to grass, Belford's thoughts simply could not get away from the stake and mistaken, certain liberties were taken rope of those two facts.

He entered the flat abstractedly, his eyes on the floor, and gave a blink of

there's a bogus decree of divorce some-"Why that?" she asked. "Why, the heir of Alvah Steele—the person to whom that stock really belonged—would be his widow, one Floretta Steele, if she's still alive, and if she wasn't divorced, as I believe. But if Floretta is dead or divorced, there must be some

heir, then the estate belongs to the State. So, anyway about, I've got enough." She turned a puzzled look upon him,

contentious or explosive person. Now, her lips curved as she looked up at him.
"You're in the stock market again, aren't you, John?" she asked simply.

"I which he lead a perhaps a certain fear.
"There's plenty to do, Jane," he said rather harshly. "I can invalidate the transfer of Dutcher's plow works to the "You're in the stock market again, aren't you, John?" she asked simply.

Without any exact promise it had been tacitly understood between them that he was to keep out of that. He was doing well enough—in a way—with his job in the bond house; saving up something all the time, by close living; preparing for the independent venture he had in mind. But it was very slow work. From time to time attractive combinations in the stock market did present themselves to his mind. He put them by. The circular transfer of Dutcher's plow works to the trust. As things now stand that would mean something big for Dutcher's widow and daughter—for Ma and Margaret. If find Floretta, or any other heir of Altantic and recover about one million two hundred thousand dollars for the heir. And I think," he added softly—touching it, so to speak, with a kind of miserly gloating the stock market did present themselves to his mind. He put them by. The circular transfer of Dutcher's plow works to the trust. As things now stand that would mean something big for Dutcher's widow and daughter—for Ma and Margaret. If I find Floretta, or any other heir of Altantic and the trust. As things now stand that would mean something big for Dutcher's widow and daughter—for Ma and Margaret. If I find Floretta, or any other heir of Altantic and the provided that the trust and the tru

"But to rake up all that old, dead, crufield, was exactly what made the half bewilderment and pain down the center

virtue unjustly accused. "But I'm going pointed them off with the forefinger of in for something else."

"But I'm going pointed them off with the forefinger of his right. "There was Alvah Steele, an black dress. Her figure was ample and hateful to her." seemed to have formed itself at that old skinflint. He put a little money into homely. Her large hands bore marks of the plow works and it grew into a for-hard work. Her face was broad, rather s is." That resolution also formed itself tune. He's entitled to no consideration. sort of silent partner. The man's name one of them being that she run off with was Alvah Steele—a loan shark and all-around skinflint, out there in Minona, as to much consideration. There's the Mor-

stand, Steele would have a stronger mo- then? Why, maybe Morser will give her pocket to jail? Is it to sit still when we see Morser stealing a million?'

She would not answer that masculine argument upon a masculine ground. She could only say, lamely, "But, really, it was Mr. Dutcher's affair, John."

"Well, there's Dutch," he said with some hesitation and after a pause. "We'll suppose Dutch meant rather well while he was wholly himself. But latterly, after he came to New York and got in the stock market, he didn't do well by his which the flat agent had euphe-ally called a library. She heard pen the tiny, dark closet in there, ment later he returned, carrying a box of sheet-iron, cubical, about before her, leafing over the stubs. Certain names, often indicated by initials only, or by a given name in diminutive, were repeated there.

white paint, now considerably speckled and peeled, the letters O. D. These were the initials of Orrin Dutcher, the plowmaker and stock-gambler, who had gone to ruin, and died by his own hand.

The box had been feet read a letters from Margaret." He took a handful of them from the box, the en-

Jane turned away, somewhat sick, with a helpless gesture. "He was crazy, John;

and repeated the nard laugh.

Jane turned away, somewhat sick, with a squares. She stood up, disturbed, and when Belford tossed back the lid of the box, as though the act were now familiar to him, she laid her hand on his arm.

"Oh, John! Ought you?" she murmured. "The poor man's dead."

"But others are alive." he said. "Am not I his executor, in a way? You know, good, helpless Ma Dutcher left everything to me." He thrust his hand briskly into the box, as teading loathly by. Of themselves, it seemed, these words floated into her distressed mind; "Blessed be the man that leaves these stones; but cursed be he that moves my bones."

Belford brought up a large manila envelope, the wax seal of which had, also, been broken. From it he took a folded letter, which he handed to her.

She received it reluctantly, and read, in, a small, rapid, difficult hand: A. S. st'k and they never knew."

The was crazy, John; simply crazy. You know that—toward the box, she laid her hand on his arm.

"Oh, John! Ought you?" she murmured. "Am not I his executor, in a way? You know, good, helpless Ma Dutcher left everything to me." He thrust his hand briskly into the box, she standing loathly by. Of themselves, it seemed, these words floated into her distressed mind; "Blessed be the man that leaves these stones; but cursed be he that moves my bones."

Belford brought up a large manila envelope, the wax seal of which had, also, been broken. From it he took a folded letter, which he handed to her.

She received it reluctantly, and read, in, a small, rapid, difficult hand: A. S. st'k two and two make four. If she it well. "It an't that I care for myself." And the orher, John: the Morser affair?"

The was crazy, John; simply crazy. You know that—toward him with a swift to help floor mind the work of the box. "I used to think that myself, see med this floor that the work of the box. "I used to think that myself, see med this town!" That thought the work of the box. "I way the work of the box. "I way the work of the box. "I way the work of the

agency, for services rendered. The receipted bill brought up another idea. She turned quickly toward him with it. "You will make something out

ly and rather harshly. "There's Floretta. It's her money as much as the dress buildings, so many people busy and get on your back is yours. She may be in ting along in the world, most of 'em ownwant—very likely is, from all that I've ing their own homes, too, for he got up a been able to hear of her. She may have building and loan plan for all the work-"And Morser—John! Did he steal a child, and the child in want. No mat-

"I suppose so," she assented help lessly, overborne, but not convinced.

The quest, however, proved longer side by side with him all the while than Belford had anticipated. Earth what have you done?' It made me ashamed of myself. She looked from one ashamed of myself. She looked from one ashamed of myself. She looked from one quite gently, so that she thoroughly companied how battered and numb he "I suppose so," she assented helpknow. That I can prove," said Belford lessly, overborne, but not convinced. pensive, and his impatience steadily mounted. He was by way of becoming a mere incandescent cinder of desire.

Then, one October evening, about nine o'clock, he came hurriedly into the flat. His face was really haggard; but his eyes ford with an earnest questioning in her were bright. From the hall door in the look. "I want to arrange it so's part of parlor he called out, loudly, to Jane in my income will go to another person in the sitting-room: "I've won! I've found case anything should happen to me."

Jane asked, low.
"Why—she isn't doing anything." He body else," she explained, for their New obviously fumbled with this. It was, in obviously fumbled with this was, in obviously fumbled with the was a subject to the was a was a subject to the was a way and was a wa pected and inconvenient tail to his plan. her, and I guess that would have settled

perfunctory question. It was all very homely and awkward; yet, somehow, Belford felt a tension with in him letting go; felt an easing, a relaxing, a settling down—as one does sometimes when he turns a fevered face to a limit with most of the child she left with her folks up in Minnesota. They're awfully poor and ignorant. You could hardly blame her, anyway, when you see what she came from. I've got him now to my sister's in Wisconsin. peated with scorn. "What does that mean, do you suppose—especially while Margaret has still a year in school? I'll chairs he rested his head and crossed his bet good Ma Dutcher is living in the knees, like a man quite at leisure. He promoted—Steele married a woman a lot younger than himself. They separated—boarders or washing, for all I know. And ing. Ma Dutcher, in the main, could things that he really had his life here on I have they expected to could be sold the sold the sold things that he really had his life here on I have they expected to could be sold the sold things that he really had his life here on I have they expected to could be sold the sold things that the really had his life here on I have they expected.

ideas, only softly.

No, she was not living in Minona; had been there only twice; otherwise had now I want to make it plumb and tr been with her sister in Wisconsin; sis- I can. That's all I can do now."

"I've got some awful good friends in Minona," said Ma, looking into her lap, her toil-bent fingers noiseless and slowly laying and relaying a small plait in her black skirt. A faint color touched her broad cheeks. "But, of course, there's some, as there is in all towns, that sort of likes to see people misfortunate. I guess it sort of reconciles 'em to themselves." She smiled without rancor. "Orrin made Minona. It was just a little village when he went there as a young man. It's near eight thousand now. Whenever there was anything to do Orrin always took the lead and pushed it through. Some didn't want paving at first, and stood out against the electric light plant and all wasters. the electric light plant, and all such things. But Orrin always just took hold and pushed it through. I saw a piece in the St. Paul paper, the other day, that Minona had the best paving and light and water works of any town of its size in the country. Orrin gave a lot of money, too. He built the hospital and library himself, and the block on Main Street that the opera house is in. He got the O. & M. to put their car shops there, and got the big flour mill started, and things like that. It wasn't all for himself that he worked.

thinks there's any two and two coming There was a man at the end of our street, 'she whispered breathlessly. "Of course, must be transferred immediately. Have promiseed underwriters to have every share in hand by thirtieth. They're ready to back out if given good excuse—market shaky. Simply can't afford delay from any cause whatever. [The last three words underscored.] I will see to transfer. Corresponding amount U. P. C. st'k stands my name for S."

The E. M. at the bottom," Belford ex
There was a man at the end of our street, named Owens. He wouldn't ever keep up his yard decent. He'd always have a sh-heap and rattletrap things around in sight. It used to fret Orrin. He'd get mad and go for Owens, every now and two coming to her from the Morsers, don't you suppose she'll want it—for the daughter's named Owens. He wouldn't ever keep up his yard decent. He'd always have a sh-heap and rattletrap things around in sight. It used to fret Orrin. He'd get mad and go for Owens, every now and two coming to her from the Morsers, don't you suppose she'll want it—for the daughter's sake, at least? However, there's no need of troubling Ma with it. I'll go ahead and do it—as soon as ever I can find that she is not to be found."

There was a man at the end of our street, on med of our street, on her wouldn't ever keep up his yard decent. He'd always have a sh-heap and rattletrap things around in sight. It used to fret Orrin. He'd get mad and go for Owens, every now and then. Seems to me it would be a sort of mean and pitiful thing for me to be a ash-heap in front of what Orrin built.

Not that I'd care for myself."

The immense revers that almost

Not that I'd care for myself."
So they gathered what she meant—that, not from any personal pride, but na's great, successful man, she preferred quietly to disappear to her sister's in ly.
Wisconsin, leaving him still before Minona's eye in the full refulgence of his success; trusting to a few discreet friends see who knew the facts to give a good account of her there. She looked at them in mild wistfulness, hoping they would

Now do you see question upon her hotly.

She thought it over a moment. "Morser had this stock," she said. "It really belonged to Steele's estate. But only he said, without an idea to oppose him; only with a feeling. She put her hands to each side of his face, and said earnestly, with a little shiver, "Let poor Dutcher with a pologetical modesty. "When I went back there after he died I undergroup to say, after a little pause—ie."

I never thought it over thought. "In never thought, have while he was alive," Mrs. Dutcher wentured to say, after a little pause—ie."

I went back there after he died I undergroup the solid. "The others are alive," he replied, dry-and rather harshly. "There's Floret-made, the big plow works and the solid men. It looks fine and solid. I guess it this stock?" she breathed, her eyes very ter what sort she is, aren't they entitled will stand a good while after all of us is round.

The steam of the clinic and the clinic is a child, and the child is a child gone. It was like I saw all that for the first time. I says to myself, 'This is what you meant to go on, John?" she said, "to

> "I've thought about it a good deal since," she continued. "It sort of grew around into my coming here now, for I'd ruther come to you. John, than go to any lawyer back there." She addressed Bel-

The pressure upon his nerves would not let him stop. "Of all things," he ratished on, "right here in New York; right ing. I guess she was more or less foolunder my nose; might as well have had her two months ago! But I've got her now, fast enough, I—"

Reaching out, Jane put a hand on his coal lapel, and said under her breath, "Mrs. Dutcher is here."

It took him a minute for the said under her breath, "It took him a minute for the way I did. Orrin's position being what it was in Minona, and me being his a minute for the said under her breath.

In the said under her breath ing. I guess she was more or less foolighated a chair in front of the grate to blanket the glow. Belford lean ed against the mantel, watching the fire. They did not speak again until it quite ankles, and for dressy afternoon gowns such as cashmere de soie, satin, velvet, liberty and ottoman, they are very little what it was in Minona, and me being his tipical and uragged a chair in front of the grate to blanket the glow. Belford lean ed against the mantel, watching the fire. They did not speak again until it quite ankles, and for dressy afternoon gowns such as cashmere de soie, satin, velvet, liberty and ottoman, they are very little what it was in Minona, and me being his proposition being what it was in Minona, and me being his proposition being what it was in Minona, and me being his proposition being what it was in Minona, and me being his proposition being what it was in Minona and me being his proposition being what it was in Minona and me being his proposition being what it was in Minona and me being his proposition being what it was in Minona and me being his proposition being what it was in Minona and me being his proposition being what it was in Minona and me being his proposition being what it was in Minona and me being his proposition being what it was in Minona and me being his proposition being what it was in Minona and me being his proposition being what it was in Minona and me being his proposition being what it was in Minona and me being his proposition being what it was in Minona and me being his proposition being what is to blanket the glow. Belford lean the data where the be It took him a minute to get that idea fairly lodged in his tumultuous brain. Then he was merely confused by it, except that, away back in his mind, there was a vague ache of remorse. He had been meaning, for a long time, to write Ma a friendly letter—only he had been so much absorbed by this other thing.

"I've found her," he repeated stupidly. "Where is she? What is she doing?"

I've found her," he repeated stupidly. "Where is she? What is she doing?"

I've found her, "he repeated stupidly. "Where is she? What is she doing?"

I've found her," he repeated stupidly. "She she doing?"

I've found her, "he repeated stupidly. "Where is she? What is she doing?"

I've found her, "he repeated stupidly. "Where is she? What is she doing?"

I've found her, "he repeated stupidly. "Where is she? What is she doing?"

I've found her, "he repeated stupidly. "Grant here was a good deal of talk about her—some against. We ain't so big in Minona but everybody knows about every here for being envious and all that; but I was a great deal more foolish than she was. She what you did, John," she said tremulously. "It's not what you might have done, but were saved from. That's not it. It's that woman in there—so plain and bent—and so beautiful!" Her lips, close to his ear, faltered. As her head dropped to his shoulder she whispered.

"The fact is-well-she won't ever do it, on account of my position there. But with another man. But even then I felt

Mrs. Dutcher contemplated her lap, "That resolution also formed itself stantaneously.

"Way back, it appears, Dutcher had a part of silent partner. The man's name as Alvah Steele—a loan shark and alloround skinflint, out there in Minona, as made it. No doubt he furnished some made it. No doubt he furnished some stantaneously.

"That resolution also formed itself tune. He's entitled to no consideration. There's floretta—a young lady that I hear exceedingly dubious stories about, one of them being that she run off with a disreputable man. She's not entitled to no consideration. There's floretta—a young lady that I hear exceedingly dubious stories about, one of them being that she run off with a disreputable man. She's not entitled to no consideration. There's floretta—a young lady that I hear exceedingly dubious stories about, one of them being that she run off with a disreputable man. She's not entitled to no consideration. There's floretta—a young lady that I hear exceedingly dubious stories about, one of them being that she run off with a disreputable man. She's not entitled to no consideration. There's floretta—a young lady that I hear exceedingly dubious stories about, one of them being that she run off with a disreputable man. She's not entitled to no consideration. There's floretta—a young lady that I hear exceedingly dubious stories about, one of them being that she run off with a disreputable man. She's not entitled to no consideration. There's floretta—a young lady that I hear exceedingly dubious stories about, one of them being that she run off with a disreputable man. She's not entitled to no consideration. There's floretta—a young lady that I hear exceedingly dubious stories about, one of them being that she run off with a disreputable in a hard, ungraceful knot. She smiled a little, apologetical all, at sight of Belford; gave him a hard, ungraceful knot. She smiled a little, apologetical all, at sight of Belford; gave him a hard, ungraceful knot. She smiled a little, apologetical all, at sight of Belford; gave him a hard, ungraceful slowly remaking the pleat in her skirt. ing except a monosyllable in reply to his when I says, 'This is what he done. have you done?' So I got the child she left with her folks up in Minnesota. They're awfully poor and ignorant. You Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. him now to my sister's in Wisconsin He's a nice, bright boy, four years old. She reflected a moment, mechanically smoothing down her hair, as she strove

> when Margaret gets out of school, what then? Why, maybe Morser will give her then? Why, maybe Morser will give her a job typewriting at ten dollars a week! child—touching it, even with words and the like of that. It stands there now, good and plumb. That mis take I made was wrong to him, too. So now I want to make it plumb and true as ter's husband was a farmer there. Yes, the Minona house was empty. This surprised Belford. Carefully, he pressed for "I want the income fixed so's if anything happens to me the boy will have four hundred a year out of the twelve, same's he will have while I'm alive. I know Margaret will think it right when I

explain it to her. It's what Orrin's widow and daughter ought to do." "Of course, it can be arranged-if wish," said Belford vacantly. "Well, that's what I come for." She put her work-marked hands on the arm of the chair to arise, and smiled at them apologetically. "I'm afraid I been keep-

ing you up.' They protested emptily, and stood with a sort of helplessness when she did. She looked up at Jane, as knowing where sympathy would be, smiling gently. "I can be thankful the wrong didn't go any further," she said. "Floretta—that was her name—died pretty soon after she run away. She might have lived on and got into bad ways—being the kind she was—and that would have put a heavy weight

on me. A person can't be too much afraid of making such mistakes." It occurred to both of them that, perhaps, in her humble way, she meant it for advice. That thought checked and even rebuked Jane's impulse to fold Ma Dutcher in her arms. They stood in their tracks until the door closed upon her broad, bent back. Then Jane turned to her husband with awe.

little shiver and stepped noiselessly to his

"Do you suppose she told us all?" she said in his ear-"all that she knew about Floretta-and him?"

"Who knows?" he replied, half absent-"What difference? She buries it. It's just as though Ma took the box in her faithful, pious hands and buried it. You see, I've been lying to you right along," he went on, in that toneless and stupid manner. "Dutch must have left that last crazy part of him in the box. I began thinking of the half million I was going Jane—a soft, little cry from her throat, "I never thought about it as I might have while he was alive," Mrs. Dutcher ventured to say, after a little

-as though it tollowed quite as a matter "When of course. She merely asked quietly, under- "How, dear?"

"It was the way I told you at first," he explained, if that could be called explanation. "And after I got well into it I found that Dutch had taken his half. It was when he was hard up, crazy to get hold of money. Morser sold out the Steele stock then, and divided with Dutch. Dutch took his half.'

prehended how battered and numb he "You help me," he said. "We'll was. burn it

"Yes! Yes!" she assented under her breath.

Moving warily, as though they really ford with an earnest questioning in her look. "I want to arrange it so's part of went to the cubby. Belford stood aside, Oddily enough, he thought, Jane shook her!"

Oddily enough, he thought, Jane shook her head, held up a hand warningly, started quickly toward him.

Some of the skirts are being made apprehensively at the bed room out the corselet finish—that is to sa extension above the belt.

Mrs. Dutcher is here."

what it was in Minona, and me being his tioning, dreading. There must be, it seemed, very much to be said between

Minona but everybody knows about every. dropped to his shoulder she whispered, "That's why-I want to cry."-By Will Bayne, in the Saturday Evening Post.

"The fact is—well—she won't ever do anything more. What I found is—why, I wouldn't do it. When I wouldn't open just the wreck of her. You see, she's the door to her, nobody would. I guess her husband was mean to her. He was voice again, and he did not hear the step an awful stingy man. They said her not you leading people sort of But I and did with a warning being taken up by leading people sort of the spring and go on their way rejoicing. But he doesn't know whether the water will quench his thirst shades, brightened with tiny colored Fancy a man dying of thirst, by the side a million look so important.

"No, I'm not in the stock market," he said, with something of the coldness of virtue unjustly accused.

"But I'm going the dollar the water will quench his thirst shades shades with unjustly accused.

"See here," he replied with energy.

"See here," he replied with energy.

"See here," he replied with energy.

"Holding up the digits of his left hand, he virtue unjustly accused.

"But I'm going against her. Pretty soon she will quench his thirst or not. He never will quench his thirst or not. spring is evidence enough. There are people bearing the burdens of disease, who are offered healing in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has healed hundreds of thousands whose lungs were diseased, whose blood being impure bred disease in other organs nourished by the blood. And yet these people have never yet made the trial of this great remedy. They are not sure it will cure them. has cured ninety-eight per cent. of all who have used it. It always helps. It almost always cures.

When there is constipated habit use

Strange Defects of Memory.

Many strange defects of memory are known to exist and of these an interest-

ing example may be given. A business man of keen mind and good general memory, who was not paralyzed in any way and was perfectly able to comprehend and engage in conversation, suddenly lost a part of his power of read-

ing and of mathematical calculation
The letters b,g,p,x and y, though seen perfectly, were in this case no longer recognized and conveyed no more idea to him than China's charter would to most of us. He had difficulty in reading-was obliged to spell out all his words, and could read no words containing three letters.

He could write the letters which he could read, but could not write the five letters mentioned. He could read write certain numbers, but 6, 7, and 8 had been lost to him: and when asked to write them his only result, after many attempts, was to begin to write the words six, seven, and eight, not being able to finish these, as the first and last contained letters (x and g) which he did not know

He could not add 7 and 5, or any two numbers whereof 6, 7, or 8 formed a part, for he could not call them to mind. He could no longer tell time by the watch. For a week after the beginning of this curious condition he did not recognize his surroundings. On going out for the first time the streets of the city no longer seemed familiar; On coming back he did not know his own house. After a few weeks, however, all his memories had re-turned excepting those of the letters and figures named; but as the loss of these put a stop to his reading, and to all his business life, the small defects of mem-ory was to him a serious thing. Experience has shown that such a de-fect is due to a smll area of diseases in

one part of the brain

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

The immense revers that almost amounted to a small shoulder cape are disappearing, to be replaced by smaller revers. Some dresses being ordered for Blarritz are made like the soutane of a priest, entirely devoid of revers, and the effect is striking and novel. A double row of buttons runs down each side, coming almost to a point in front.

Some of the revers put on the latest gowns are small, hardly extending half way across the shoulders, and they are made scalloped. The scallop craze has caught every part of the dress, it would seem. Some of the jackets are cut scalloped about the adde and exists executed. loped about the edge, and skirts are cut both in large and small scallops. The ef-fect is pretty, and is a happy change from the otherwise plain finish. However, it is a novelty, and will hardly last longer than the winter. Such cuts are attractive, but that very virtue causes them to be sought by every one, and so after a popular and beloved reign they die a quick death.

The panel that came in last spring made from a kind of long flap on the short jacket to the skirt panel that extended to the hem of the skirt, has left fashion's realms. The panel was graceful, but it was always in the way, and when sat upon it was crushed and looked untidy. Then, when leaded, as it had to be to be kept from flying, it had a way of knocking one on the heels and producing an unpleasant sensation. Nothing re-places the panel, but the skirt has little pleats let in at the side which only show

The pleats are done in small groups at either side, or sometimes in the front, where they are triangular in shape. They give fullness without taking from the narrow effect. And the skirt being made indicating this item and that, while she since the beginning of October is an inch knelt before the box and took out what or two wider than that of a month ago. He directed. It made a good armful, which she carried to the grate. He stood but it is the couturier, tired of the nar-

Some of the skirts are being made without the corselet finish-that is to say, the

for the dinner or evening gown, and some of the newest are made in points, the train coming from the side or back in one, two or three pieces And then sometimes the train is a short square one, only lying on the floor a few inches. Trains are not long, nor does the front drag on them as it has done in past years.

Jackets are apparently getting longer.
The short ones that appeared in the late spring had no success in Paris, and those shown now are fully half a yard below the waist line, and are getting longer. They are only half tight, but the form is easily discernible, for nearly all the fabrics employed this season are soft and

Did you know a lighted match or taper would do wonders with the sewing ma-chine? Try it some day. Light a candle or just a match and apply it to different parts of the wheels and cogs. Lint and threads will burn, the char can be wiped off, and the machine will run twice as easy. When a machine gums, it is advisable to remove the head, place it in a tub and cover with gasoline. It makes a new machine from an old one, and often corrects some defect which will cost you more than the price of that much gaso

One of the newest features in hats is One of the newest features in hats is plush covering. The kind of plush used this year is not the ordinary plush seen for some time past; it is a fabric that looks like stiff fur, so long and heavy is the pile. It is handsome and so well finishes a hat that little else is necessary. It is rather new for hats, since shapes are only reproductions of what they were during the summer, but during the past days many chic women have been wearing little shapes that cover the ears and half the head. These are almost the same as what has been worn for auto-

mobiling, except they are more dressy.

A great deal of velvet and plush is used to make the caps or bonnets, and almost the only other garnish is the addition of heavy embroidery put on a band at the back, at the front or on the sides of the cap. Aigrettes and plumes are seen, of course, but this trimming will be and is so dear that it is only the well-endowed woman that can afford to invest in it.

Instead of always cleansing the tips of the fingers with water and soap, try using cold cream now and then. There is nothing so beneficial to both the texture and the shapeliness of even, well-kept finger nails.

When the surface of the nail appears rough or ridged, soak the finger tips in warm sweet almond oil for five min-utes every night. The oil should be tepid in temperature, and the same bath may be used many times.

Vaseline is really more effectual than cream in nourishing the nail structure. Apply it with the fingers after the oil bath, being careful to rub it carefully into every crevice at the side and base of the nails. Rub with a piece of chamois to drive in the grease, and then with the flat end of an orange wood stick push back the flesh and cuticle from the base of the nail. Clip ragged edges of the cu-ticle with a sharp manicure scissors, but do not trim the cuticle itselt. Rub in the vaseline and make a second application.

Curried Chicken.-Cut up the chicken, Curried Chicken.—Cut up the chicken, place it in a deep saucepan and fry to a light brown color in butter. Take out the chicken, and fry chopped onion in the same butter until pale brown; add one dessertspoonful of curry powder and fry a little, constantly stirring; put the chicken in again, with one dessertspoonful of grated cocoanut, three cloves and a small stick of cinnamon. Mix well. Add one gill of tomato pulp and one-half gill of stock or water. Boil up and skim. Cover and let simmer 40 minutes. Ten minutes before serving salt to taste and add the juice of one-half a lemon. Serve with plain boiled rice.