

The Woman.

(Continued from page 6, Col. 3.)

I lived for you. Every thought and word and act of mine was shaped for you. And for you alone. I knew you. I knew your faults, your follies, your brute savagery. And I loved you for them as well as for the good that was in you. But what was it you loved? The woman you married—or a snow-white saintly reputation? If you cared only for the reputation—that is gone forever. But if you loved me—the woman I am—then I've been everything you thought I was and wanted me to be—ever since the first moment you had the right to think of me at all. I gave you my life, from that time on and forever. And it has been all yours. Before then, it was mine.

"And yet you let me believe it was everything—your whole life—your first love."

"It was. All that was worth the giving. All that had ever been worth the giving. It was my self. Oh, can't you see that a woman's body and heart and soul belong not to her first lover but to her first love? No woman can even guess what love is until she has found it. And I found it only when I knew you. I gave you everything."

"I'm trying to make it easy. We've never had a real quarrel, you and I, Mark. So don't let us wind up our married life with one, now. You are in the right. I am hopelessly in the wrong. I have cheated you. I admit it, and I'll accept the consequences. It is in the blood. There is much in heredity. My father is a politician. I don't know who my grandfather was. And if he had been worth knowing about, I'd know. There is a bad strain running through the family. It cropped out in me. Yes, I have cheated you. You had the right to demand in our bargain the hard-and-fast terms the world has decreed: All of a wife's life in exchange for a frayed and battered remnant of her husband's. I can't meet those terms, though I tried to fool you into believing I could. So I must meekly give up the love whose price I can't pay. Don't let's make it harder by having a scene over it. Good night. I'll stay with father until you can decide just what you want to do and on what basis we're to separate. If it would do any good to ask your forgiveness I'd ask it. That's all. Good night, Mark."

She held out her hand with a shy wistfulness. He was staring straight into her tortured eyes and did not see the gesture. The hand dropped back limply to her side, and she moved to rejoin Blake.

But at the first step, Mark barred her way. She looked at him in tired wonder. His face was set and hard. He made no move to touch her. His voice, when he spoke, grated like a file, as he forced it between his unwilling lips.

"Grace," he began, "I've told you my love is dead. And I lied when I said it. I planned to put you out of my life. And, even while I planned, I knew I couldn't do it. It doesn't matter what I want to do or what I ought to do. Out of all this hideous tangle, blazes forth just one thing that I must do whether I want to or not. I must go on loving you with all my strength and life."

"Do you mean," she panted wildly, "do you mean that you can—that you will—"

"I mean," he cried brokenly, his self-control smashing to atoms under the hammer blows of his heart, "I mean there is nothing in all this world for me, dear love, away from you! I love you. And I can't go on without you. You are earth and heaven and hell to me. I love you. And I have forgotten everything but that. Girl of my heart, will you let me make you forget, too? Oh, I love you! I love you!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Victor?

"They didn't seem exactly to be hankering after my society in there," observed Wanda Kelly, "so I came back."

Jim Blake turned from the window at sound of the telephone girl's purposely raised voice. Just within the threshold from the inner rooms of the suite, Wanda, with elaborate care, was shutting the door behind her.

Blake glanced quickly about the room.

"Yes," said Wanda, answering the question in his look and jerking her pretty head back in the direction of the rooms she had just quitted. "In there, I wouldn't worry if I were you."

Jim Blake's grim face took on a light as incongruous as the play of sunset rays on a mummy. The mask of age and defeat seemed to melt beneath it. He took an eager step toward the inner door.

"Just a minute," Wanda halted him. "You asked me to wait. If you don't need me here any longer—"

"Yes," hesitated Blake, trouble flitting across the new light in his eyes. "I wanted to ask you—to not to let Tom know about this. His sister—"

"I'll never tell him," she promised. "I sent him away so he wouldn't find out."

"You're white, clear through," grudgingly admitted Blake. "Will you do one thing more?"

"What?"

"Bring him back to me."

"If I meet him again," she assented primly, "I'll send—"

"I didn't say 'send,'" corrected Blake. "I said 'bring.'"

"That's different. I—"

"I'm out of politics. My own game has broken me at last. I'm old. I

How to Vote for John W. Kephart

Of Cambria Co. For Superior Court Judge

THE BALLOT

(Not Official) (VOTE FOR ONE)



Table with names of candidates for Superior Court Judge: James Alcorn, Herbert T. Ames, George W. Bacon, Cornelius Comegys, Harry K. Daugherty, O. B. Dickinson, E. D. Fulton, J. M. Galbreath, Webster Grim, John J. Henderson, John W. Kephart (marked with X), Edward Kiernan, James B. Reilley, Paul Reilley, Wm. D. Wallace.

To vote for JOHN W. KEPHART for the nomination for Judge of the Superior Court place an X opposite his name.

CUT THIS OUT AND TAKE IT with you to the polls September 16, 1913, and use as a guide in voting.

know it now. I never did till tonight. I'm old and I want my children around me."

"I'll tell Tom," she agreed, softened despite herself by the new suppleness in a voice that had never before been turned to the uses of entreaty. "I'll tell him. I'm sure he'll come back to you—when he understands. Good night, Mr. Blake."

"There's another thing," he broke in roughly, staying her departure, "a thing that isn't easy to say."

"Then, why say it?"

"Because," he growled, "like all things that aren't easy to say, it's a thing that's got to be said. Miss Kelly, hasn't tonight pretty nearly squared the old debt between you and me? You and yours have suffered a lot at my hands. But, after what's happened here this evening, I guess you'll admit, as far as suffering goes, you haven't got much on me. Haven't I paid? Won't you say we're square?"

"We're—we're square, Mr. Blake," she returned in a tone she could not make wholly steady nor impersonal.

"And," pursued Blake, "and—Tom?"

"That's different, too," she faltered.

"—"

The jangle of the telephone interrupted her. Blake, who was beside the desk, picked up the instrument.

"Hello," he called into the transmitter.

"Ye—yes—she's here. Who wants her? Oh! Yes, put him on this wire."

He lowered the telephone.

"Some one to speak to you, Miss Kelly," he reported.

Mechanically, she took up the receiver, and, by long habit, her voice took its professional drone:

"Hello!" she called.

"Then, turning on Blake, in surprise, she cried:

"Why, it's Tom!"

"Yes," drawled Blake. "So I gathered from the name. I'm glad. Glad clear down to the ground. For both of you. Tell him so, won't you?"

"—"

The winter sun was butting its way over the eastern sky-line. The dawn was bitter-cold, mercilessly clear.

And into the track of the first white glittering rays walked a tired man. A man who that night had won a mighty victory. A victory that foreshadowed the richest gifts his country could bestow. Before him the future stretched bright as that winter's dawn. As dazzlingly brilliant, and as cold and starkly empty.

In Matthew Standish's ears, as he returned toward the loveless abode that he hated to call home, still rang echoes of the pandemonium that had broken loose in the house when the Mullins bill had gone down to defeat. His arms still ached from the pump-handling a host of shrieking admirers had forced on him.

"There is only one lasting victory," he muttered disjointedly to himself, as he moved onward in the dazzling ice-cold trail of light. "At the last, it won't be the world's applause that the world's great men will remember. It will be the love smile of a Woman. And—I shall never have known that memory. What is the rest worth?" (THE END.)

Tiny Fish Tie Up Steel Mills.

Gary, Ind.—Thousands of tiny fish driven by the heavy sea on Lake Michigan choked the intake pipes supplying the steel mills with water the other day and forced the shut-down of three blast furnaces until the water pipes could be cleared. When the mains were opened they were packed like sardines in a box with a wriggling mass of fresh water herring. Men with shovels were required to remove the fish before the blast furnace could be started again.

TEST YOUR BAROMETER.

It is a Tricky Instrument and Must Be Treated With Respect.

Don't expect a barometer to tell you the truth about the weather until you have tested it thoroughly. Two common causes for unreliability are air and water mixed with the mercury in the tube. These can be expelled by boiling the mercury.

In order to test a barometer let it hang for a time in the proper position, then gently and with care incline it so that the mercury may strike against the glass tube. If there is no air within you will hear a sharp metallic click, but if the sound is dull and muffled it indicates the presence of both air and moisture. The presence of air alone is shown by minute bubbles.

If at any time the mercury seems to adhere to the tube even in the slightest degree and the convex surface assumes a more flattened form it is safe to conclude that either air or moisture is present. In any of these cases the instrument should be put into expert hands for rectification.

There are several kinds of barometers. The ordinary "weather glass" in common use is more or less unreliable and is easily made more so by careless handling. In fact, any barometer must be treated with great respect in order to retain its usefulness. —Harper's Weekly.

Practical Course Coming.

"Father," asked the girl who was going to marry a poor man, "do you think I ought to take a course in household economics? They offer a lovely one at Bryn Moore for \$300."

"No," replied father grimly. "You will get one for nothing after you are married." —Judge.

Had Four Legs Anyhow.

Chollie had decided to give up the sporting life and settle down to farming and was now buying a cow. "Now, here's a cow," said the agent, "that I can highly recommend to you. She has won several prizes at our county fair, and—"

"Renhily!" said Chollie, looking the animal over admiringly. "Er—trotting or steeplechase?" —Harper's Weekly.

Genius.

At his villa in Biarritz Sarasate, the great musician, was once called a genius by a famous critic. But Sarasate frowned and shook his head.

"A genius!" he said. "For thirty-seven years I've practiced fourteen hours a day, and now they call me genius!"

It Reminded Him.

"The dev is falling," she said. "Let us go in before it settles."

"Yes," he answered, but a worried look stole into his face. Little did she dream that with him many dues were falling and that he was utterly unable to settle. —Magazine of Fun.

The Result.

"What was the result of that popularity contest?"

"It spoiled the dispositions of a whole lot of fellows who thought they ought to have won the prize." —Washington Star.

Here is the place, now is the time, for the very best work of which we are capable.

To Make Things Better.

It's good to be cheerful, but one way to make this old world better is for the fellow that can't sing to stop trying. —Washington Post.

PLANNING A ROBBERY.

This London Thief Was Quite Deliberate in His Preparations.

This story of an elaborately prepared crime was told by Sir Robert Anderson when he was connected with Scotland Yard, London. A criminal marked a millionaire as his quarry and rented a bedroom near the railway station from which the rich man took the train for town. Well dressed and well groomed, the criminal took his seat in the same compartment, attracting notice only by his apparent desire to remain unnoticed while he dealt with the papers he carried in a stylish hand bag.

One morning after a few such journeys he gave vent to his annoyance at having forgotten his keys. A stranger sitting in the opposite corner politely offered him his bunch in the hope that he would find on it a key to open the bag. But none of them would fit the lock. At the suggestion of the stranger, who, of course, was an accomplice, the millionaire then produced his bunch of keys, and a few seconds sufficed to enable the thief to take a well-impresion of the key of the rich man's safe.

A few weeks later the millionaire's safe was rifled, and before the crime was discovered the thief was across the channel with his rich booty. —Liverpool Post.

DAINTY COBWEBS.

How Spiders' Fine Spun Threads Compare With Human Hair.

It is hard to realize how small a spider's web really is. A famous microscope once made some interesting comparisons of a cobweb with human hair.

"I have often compared the size of the thread spun by full grown spiders with a hair of my beard," he says. "I placed the thickest part of the hair before the microscope, and, from the most accurate judgment I could form, more than 100 of the spider's threads placed side by side could not equal the diameter of one such hair. If, then, we suppose such a hair to be of a round form it follows that 10,000 threads spun by the full grown spider, when taken together, will not be equal in substance to the size of a single hair."

To this, if we add that 400 young spiders at the time when they begin to spin their webs are not larger than one full grown one and that each of these minute spiders possesses the same organs as the larger ones, it follows that the exceedingly small threads spun by these little creatures must be still 400 times slenderer, and consequently that 4,000,000 of these minute spiders' threads cannot equal in substance the size of a single hair."

A Playful Prelate.

Dr. Magee, who was for a brief period archbishop of York, was once induced by a friend with whom he was staying to go and hear a certain preacher. Asked afterward what he thought of the sermon, Dr. Magee answered that he thought it was rather long. "Yes," agreed his host, who was a great admirer of the preacher, "but there was a saint in the pulpit!" "And a martyr in the pew!" was the doctor's prompt return. The same prelate in giving advice to a newly appointed suffragan said, "They will send for you to open churches, cemeteries, schools, vestries and cloakrooms, and to unveil windows and clocks, and it may be that eventually they will want you to open an umbrella!" —London Mail.

Little Things as an Index.

"Here," said an observer, "was a machine upon which appeared the name plate of the manufacturer; a small and not essential feature, but this plate had been set on true, and then the screws by which it was held in place had all been turned up until the slots in their heads all showed in precisely the same position, alike, uniform."

"Whoever put this plate on made a nice, finished job of it, and I should be inclined to think that a shop that had such pride in even the minor details of its work would do good work throughout." —New York Sun.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Utterly Wretched

NERVOUS PROSTRATION LONG ENDURED BEFORE REMEDY WAS FOUND.

Miss Minerva Reminger, Upper Merion, Pa., writes: "For several years I had nervous prostration, and was utterly wretched. I lived on bread and beef tea because my stomach would not retain anything else. I took many remedies, but obtained no relief until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, when I began to gain at once. I am now cured."

Pure rich blood makes good, strong nerves, and this is why Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and enriches the blood, cures so many nervous diseases. Hood's Sarsaparilla effects its wonderful cures, not simply because it contains sarsaparilla, but because it combines the utmost remedial values of more than 20 different ingredients.

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Wonders Where He's At. From the Dallas News. The last heard from Gen. Felix Diaz he seemed not to be certain whether he was up a tree or in a hole.

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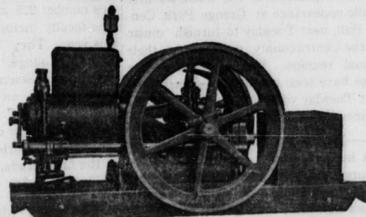
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