## DRIFT.

As spar meets drifting spar, On ocean's breast Then part, to wander far, One east, one west;

So, on Life's restless sea, Souls meet and blend Then part, no more to be Friend linked with friend.

But parted souls shall meet On distant shore-Their pilgrimage complete

-Joseph A. Torrey.

THE LOST BOY.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

[Continued from last issue.] The soft tread of bare feet among the bushes behind him roused the Boy. sprang up and saw a man with a stern face and long hair and beard, looking at him mysteriously. The man was dressed it all wrong, You spoil the game. We in white, with a leathern girdle round his are tired of it. Can you run? Can you waist, into which a towel was thrust. A leathern wallet hung from his neck, and

he leaned upon a long staff. Peace be with you, Rabbi," said the Boy, reverently, bowing at the stranger's feet. But the man looked at him steadily, and did not speak.

The Boy was confused by the silence.
The man's eyes troubled him with their secret look, but he was not afraid. "Who are you, sir," he asked, "and what is your will with me? Perhaps you

are a master of the Pharisees, or a Scribe! But no-there are no broad, blue fringes on your garment. Are you The man shook his head, frowning.

despise the priests," he answered, "and I abhor their bloody and unclean sacrifices. I am Enoch the Essene, a holy one, a perfect keeper of the law. I live with those who have never defiled themselves with the eating of meat, nor with marriage, nor with wine: but we have all things in common, and we are baptized in pure water every day for the purifying of our wretched bodies, and after that we eat the daily feast of love in the kingdom of the Messiah which is at hand Thou art called into that kingdom, son; come with me, for thou art called.'

The Boy listened with astonishment. Some of the things that the man said for instance, about the sacrifices, and about the nearness of the kingdom-were already in his heart. But other things puzzled and bewildered him.

"My mother says that I am called," he answered, "but it is to serve Israel and to help the people Where do you live, sir, and what is it that you do for the

We live among the hills of that wilderness," he answered, pointing to the south," in the oasis of Engedi. There are palm-trees and springs of water, and we keep ourselves pure, bathing before we eat and offering our food of bread and dates as a sacrifice to God. We all work together, and none of us has any-We have forsaken the uncleanourselves from defilement. If we touch anything that is forbidden, we wash our hands and wipe them with this towel that hangs from our girdle. We alone are serving the kingdom. Come, live

with us, for I think thou art chosen. answered. he said, "but the rest of it is far away from my thoughts. Is there noth- her neck. A sweet perfume like the ing for a man to do in the world but to breath of roses came from it as she movthink of himself-either in feasting or un- ed. Her voice was soft and kind. cleanness as the heathen do, or in fast-How can you serve the kingdom if you turn away from the people? They do brother that I had long ago. Come with three domesticated toads would keep the not see you or hear you. You are sepa- me. I will take care of you." rate from them—just as if you were dead without dying. You can do nothing for them. No, I do not want to come with them. No, I do not want to come with you and live at Engedi I think my Father will show me something better to

"Your Father!" said Enoch the Essene.

"Surely," answered the Boy, "He is the same as yours. He that made us, and made all that we see—the great world for us to live in."

"Dust," said the man, with a darker frown—"dust and ashes! It will all perish, and thou with it. Thou art not

With that he went away down the hill: and the Boy, surprised and grieved at his rude parting, wondered a little over the meaning of his words, and then went back as quickly as he could toward the

When he came to the olive-grove, they were gone! The sun was already high, and his people had departed hours ago. In the hurry and bustle of breaking camp each of the parents had supposed that You shall sleep here to-night—you shall the Boy was with the other, or with some live with me and I will be good to you of the friends and neighbors, or perhaps running along the hillside above them as he used to do. So they went their way cheerfully, not knowing that they had left their son behind.

When the Boy saw what had happened, he was surprised and troubled, but not frightened. He did not know what to do. He might hasten after them, but he could not tell which way to go. He was not even sure that they had gone home; for they had talked of paying a visit to their relatives in the south before returning to Nazareth; and some of the "I have no husband," she said. "Ah returning to Nazareth; and some of the remaining pilgrims to whom he turned for news of his people said that they had taken the southern road from the Mount of wickedness. I am a sinner, a sinner, as inof Olives, going toward Bethlehem.

The Boy was at a loss, but he was not disheartened, nor even cast down. He felt that somehow all would be well with through her fingers like rain. The Boy him; he would be taken care of. They looked at her astonished and pitiful. We would come back for him in good time. He moved nearer to her, after a moment, Meanwhile there were kind people here who would give him food and shelter. "I am very sorr who would give him food and shelter. "I am very sorry, sister," he said—and There were boys in the other camps with as he spoke he felt her tears falling on whom he could play. Best of all, he his feet—I am more sorry than I ever could go again to the city and the Temwas in my life. It must be dreadful to ple. He could see more of the wonder-ful things there, and watch the way the God is our Father, and fathers know how people lived, and find out why so many of them seemed sad or angry, and a few proud and scornful, and almost all looked unsatisfied. Perhaps he could listen Sould listen Soul to some of the famous rabbis who taught the people in the courts of the Temple, and rose, pushing back her hair "No dear little master," she said, "you a few more first class sows and make

gone into the city. Outside the gate a outside of the city, and you will forget few boys about his own age, with a group one whom you comforted for a moment." of younger children, were playing games.
"Look there," they cried—"a stranger!
Let us have some fun with him. Halloo,

Country, where do you come from""
"From Galilee," answered the Boy.
"Galilee is where all the fools live," cried the children. "Where is your home!

What is your name?

He told them pleasantly, but they laughed at his country way of speaking, and mimicked his pronunciation.

"Yalilean! Yalilean!" they cried.

"You can't talk. Can you play? Come

and play with us."
So they played together. First, they had a mimic wedding-procession. Then they made believe that the bridegroom was killed by a robber, and they had a mock funeral. The boy took always the lowest part. He was the hired mourner was followed the bedry was in a was a second to the second the was the hired mourner. who followed the body, wailing; he was the flute-player who made music for the

wedding guests to dance to. So readily did he enter into the play that the children at first were pleased with him. But they were not long contented with anything. Some of them would dance no more for the wedding; others would lament no more for the funeral. Their caprices made them

quarrelsome "Yalilean fool," they cried, "you play
"Yalilean fool," they cried, "you play
"You spoil the game. We throw stones?

So they ran races; and the Boy, trained among the hills, outran the others. But they said he did not keep to the course. Then they threw stones; and the Boy threw farther and straighter than any of the rest. This made them angry. Whispering together, they suddenly hurled a shower of stones at him. One struck his shoulder, another made a long cut on his cheek. Wiping away the blood

with his sleeve, he turned silently and ran to the Sheep-Gate, the other boys chasing him with loud shouts. He darted lightly through the crowd of animals and people that thronged the gate-way, turning and dodging with a sure foot among them, and running up the narrow street that led to the sheepmarket. The cries of his pursuers grew fainter behind him. Among the stalls at the market he wound this way and that way, like a hare before the hounds. At last he had left them out of sight and

Then he ceased running and wandered blindly on through the northern quarter of the city. The sloping streets livened with bazaars and noisy work-shops. The Roman soldiers from the castle were sauntering to and fro. Women in rich attire, with ear-rings and gold chains,

with hunger and heavy at heart to take an interest in these things. He turned back toward the gate, and, missing his are well formed in the pod, even freezing But one of the porches was empmats. ty, and here the Boy sat down.

He was worn out. His cheek was bleeding again, and the drops trickled down his neck. He went down the broad steps to the pool to wash away the blood. But he could not do it very well. thing that he calls his own. We do not go up to the Temrle, nor enter the synaback to the porch, unwound his little turban, curled himself in a corner on the beans from lying on the ground too long, ways of men. Our only care is to keep ban, curied minister in a corner in the band upon his arm, and ways of men. went sound asleep.

He was awakened b him, a hand laid upon his shoulder. He looked up and saw the face of a young woman, dark-eyed, red-lipped, only a few years older than himself. She was clad The Boy thought for a while before he aswered. "Some of it is good, my mashead, gold coins in her hair, and a vial of gardener has been fully established on alabaster hanging by a gold chain around

> "Poor boy," she said, "you are wounded; some one has hurt you. What are

> The Boy rose and tried to go with her. young woman beckoned to a slave who followed her. He took the Boy in his big black arms and so carried him to a pleasant house with a garden.

There were couches and cushions there, in a marble court around a fountain. There were servants who brought towels and ointments. The young woman bathed the Boy's wound and his feet. The servants came with food, and she made him eat of the best. His eyes grew bright again and the color came into his heeks. He talked to her of his life in Nazareth, of the adventures of his first journey, and of the way he came to be

She listened to him intently, as if there vere some strange charm in his simple talk. Her eyes rested upon him with pleasure. A new look swept over her face. She leaned close to him.

"Stay with me, boy," she murmered,
"for I want you. Your people are gone.

-I will teach you to love me

The Boy moved back a little, and looked at her with wide eyes, as if she were saying something that he could not un-

"But you have already been good to me, sister" he answered, "and I love you already, even as your brother did. Is your husband here? Will he come soon, so that we can all say the prayer of thanksgiving together for the food?"

Her look changed again; her eyes filled with pain and sorrow; she shrank

ner of the city. How could I pray?"
With that she fell a-sobbing, rocking

herself to and fro, and the tears ran

the Sheep-Gate by which he had always gate, and you will return to your friends

The Boy turned back as he stood in the doorway. "No" he said, "I will not forget you. I will always remember your love and kindness. Will you learn

to pray, and give up being a sinner?"
"I will try," she answered; "you have made me want to try. Go in peace.
God knows what will become of me." "God knows, sister," replied the Boy gravely. "Abide in peace."

So he went out into the dusk with the Nubian, and found the camp on the hill-side and a shelter in one of the friendly tents, where he slept soundly and woke refreshed in the morning.

## FARM NOTES.

-Never shout to a young horse when you are breaking it. It frightens him and it will take double the amount of coaxing to get him quieted again. Gentle persuasion, with firmness, will do the business quicker than anything else. The main thing in breaking a colt is to teach him what you want him to do. The colt has not the least idea what he can do, or what he is expected to do. tiny wick laid in and lighted; they look-The fitting of the collar and harness should be just one step in leading up to pulling in them. Teach the colt the A, B C of work, do it right, and you will make a valuable horse. Do it wrong and A little farther on, the houses with upyou have ruined a horse

gating the subject carefully believes that In the big bazaar, where the rich merthe quiteness of the cow regulates the presence of fat to a large extent. He believes that if the cows are kept quiet they will increase the production of fat, while if they are constantly disturbed, the quantity of fat will be greatly reduced. He says that the system of tethering cat-tle praticed in the Island of Jersey results in freedom from excitement, and that this quiet has resulted in the course of generations in very greatly increasing the quantity of fat in Jersey milk. Many American dairymen will accept this theory quite readily, as they have them-selves found that any unusual disturbance among the cows affects the butter production.-Even if gentleness and quietness do not produce this particular result in butter making, there is some satisfaction to the milkman that calmness of temper on his part is generally reflected by a similar attitude on the part of the cow, so the milking process proceeds without interruption.

-Cut grain when the pods begin to turn yellow or black, or when nearly matured. If the seed is very ripe cut while the plants are still damp from dew in the morming. If the fall is very dry, passed by with their slaves. Open market-places were still busy, though the afternoon trade was slackening.

cut for seed as soon as the pods are changing color; if wet, wait until most of the leaves have dropped. If the ground But the Boy was too tired and faint is wet when ready to cut for seed, wait way a little, came to a great pool of wa- will not injure their germinating power ter, walled in with white stone, with five porticos around it. In some of these porticos there were a few people lying upon value and even the coarse stems are greedily eaten, especially by steers and sheep. If you intend to feed the entire crop, threshing is unnecessary. If grain alone is fed, remember that it is equal to oil meal and feed sparingly. Soy beans cut for seed require about the same handling in the field as soy beans cut for time to time in order to prevent the causing them to mold.

-Few well-meaning creatures have the homely, meditative and retiring toad. Formerly the toad was considered a venomous reptile, but in our day its habits have been more carefully observed aud its great value to the fruit grower and account of its propensity for destroying insects. We should, therefore, cultivate the friendship and assistance of the insectivorous reptiles, including the striped snake, as well as that of birds.

Every tidy housekeeper detests the more generally desirable than a cat, as The toad is possessed of a timid and retiring nature, loving dark corners and shady places, but under kind treatment

becoming quite tame. Many instances might be cited of pet toads remaining several years in a family and doing most valuable service with no other compensation than that of immunity from destruction. In Europe toads are carried to the cities to market and are purchased by the horticulturists, who by their aid are enabled to keep in check the multiplication of insect tribes which prey upon their fruits and flowers —Dr. Deonard Keeue Hirshberg, Maryland.

-A swine breeder in the Indiana Farmer hits a center shot in the following: Many beginners make the mistake of buying cheap stock to begin with. They hope to breed up by putting better stock into their herd and gradually eliminating the poorer animals. It would be better to buy a first class sow, and pay a good round price and have nothing but first class stuff from the start. It takes a little longer to get a large herd, but there are abundant compensating advantages. Not the least of these would be the reputation of having fine stock, which would help in the hoped-for future day of larger things. The early habit of stuyding the points which go to making high bred animals is of great value. One practicing this soon becomes quick to see d fects and valuable features in hogs wherever found. In this way one can more easily keep inferior animals out of the herd and be fit-

ted to judge correctly of quality in hogs.

It is a fatal mistake to think all the increase are suitable for breeders because they happen to be thoroughbreds. Cut carefully and everything that does not score up well fatten for market and send out only fine specimens for breeders.
Thus a really desirable reputation is gained and the stock of the country improved. It sometimes occurs that farmers who saise coarse, growthy, ill-shaped grades claim that their hogs are better than the thoroughbreds of their community, because some of the culls off the latter are retained as breeders instead of being sent to the shambles. There will always be culls in every crop of pigs, no matter how superior the old stock may be. Every breeder should have as his ideal to improve his own stock and the stock of the entire country, not just seeking to see how much money he can make out of hogs. This is a low selfish aim.
The higher idea would lead him to keep

## FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. A Hindu Feast Day. How They Decorate Their Houses. The Lack of Water and a Hysterical People.

JHANSI, NOVEMBER 22nd, 1912. Dear Home Folk:

This has been a feast day among the Hindus, and after the hospital was taken Miss Lawton, of California, came over and we went off to see the city. The night was dark, dark, but as I have said, the houses are all white, and just why, I She Told Because She Thought Her Victim have never found out, but nearly all of them have little niches on the outside-not windows, just little recesses and-as we drove along the steps-some are broad and some narrow--all exquisitely attractive with tiny little lights, made by taking a shallow earthen dish, about one and one-half inches in diameter, into which was put a little native oil, then a ed like fairy lights. In all the niches there were these little lights, until the entire house looked like a Jack-o-lantern. per balconies and sloping roof would be -An English dairyman after investi- entirely outlined with these tiny lanterns. chants are, there were designs carried out with these lights upon the roof and one house had three big torches burning on the top, while the entire place was a mass of twinkling lights.

It was at one of these stores that we got out of the tonga and went in to see the display near at hand. We found the store full of men dressed in their best. jewelry on every spot possible, squatting around a gambling table. The storekeeper came out and offered us cardimon seeds and attar of roses and thus knowing we were welcome we stepped in. I wish you could have seen the grotesque images painted all around that think that they were pictures of their idols. All was exquisitely neat and clean and brilliant with lamp light. The street was full of people with fire-crackers, fizzers, and magic wires, and reminded me of a night at the World's fair (of course only a small section.) We drove down one street and up another for about an sire. hour and a half and finally went home, still-not a breath of wind stirred, else these little lanterns would have blown out all too quickly. Just why the night was so calm I do not know, for the wind during the day had reminded me of the rainy season, when the elements were preparing for war, but I guess the "goddess" of wealth, that all were doing "puga" to that night, must have kept the

lights going. The grass is all gone and the glare is again so bad we must all be disfigured with dark, even black glasses and if you do go out without, a bad headache keeps you company for the next two or three days. This eternal sunshine. I am afraid. is not good for me. The dust is inches deep and the poor trees and vines are almost dried up for want of water. I suppose if I had never known anything different it would not matter but when I guided Mrs. Timberlake was that withthink essential for good crops and health I am surprised that this is as fine a country as it is; though the great bulk of the crops and the rich people are in the irrigation belt, it is a question of water after

I have sent you a copy of our morning paper, just to let you see what our daily news is. It has taken me a long time to learn to read it, but a year will do many things and I have become quite accustomed to seeing every little thing that is worth mentioning in America, printed and very hatefully commented upon. No good can come out of America, according to the Anglo-Indian mind. I won-

der why they dislike us so much? There is a bunch of heliotrope standing on my desk, which I picked from the garden this morning. It is really too frail for this country, but there are two pots of it here (great tub-like earthen things) and these are carried in and out of the sun, in the way all things are cared for here if one wants them to live. I have not yet become accustomed to the fear of the sun, for just now it is not hot and one wonders why "topes" are necessary, yet I never venture out of the house without mine on my head.

The holidays of the natives are still going on and consequently our hospital is rather empty; perhaps this is very healthy weather, but it is liable to make me a bit more lazy and indifferent than I already am, and that will not suit me when again I must take up work among But the rushing people at home.

This morning in the dispensary I am trying to sandwich a letter between hearing various aches and ills and looking at such horrors as only India produces, for had I am perfectly certain that although I hear them use the word clean, they sure- after ly never know what it means, or if they parte do never by any chance put into practice. all th Just here a tiny girl of seven years was brought into the room and she has a facial paralysis of the entire right side I thou and when I ask who she is I am told she is a daughter-in-law, her husband being ten years of age. Of course I know this because the child wears a ring in her the nose, which is used here instead of a finger ring, and I suppose it is not any more cruel than to pierce the ears; it is h' only what we are accustomed to. These people can describe their ailments in the most graphic manner I have ever seen, which his Father had chosen him to do. Shall not stay in this house—not an hour. So he went down the hill and toward My Nubian shall lead you back to the reach the standard of a desirable breeder. Truly your "yellow journals" are meek

and mild in comparison. If they think to her mother, to remain until he could you are not interested their voices go clear himself of a grave charge that vp, up, up, their eyes roll and the ges- had been made against him. His wife tures, Oh me! the stage has never pro- would not have listened to it had it duced such actresses. It is effective at any rate and I think if you were deaf and dumb, but not blind, you could easibit of information. It was then given. ly get all you wished without a single after which the writer continued by word. It is a good way to keep your saying that she did not see how he wits stimulated, but unfortunately they could possibly disprove the statement, are nearly all hysterical and are very apt since he was seen, not by some gos-Hindus, and after the hospital was taken to overdo everything and when they care of and the dinner gotten out of sight are a little ill it is very bad. (Continued next week.)

THE TALE-BEARER.

Ought to Know It. BY GENEVIEVE HOWE.

"Mrs. Waters," said Mrs. Timberlake, "I have called to ask you which side you're going to take in reference to Mr. Perkins. Are you going of our church or our getting some one

Mrs. Timberlake had not called for any such purpose. She had made up her mind to oust Mr. Perkins from his pulpit and had laid her plans to do so without Mrs. Waters' assistance. Mrs. Timberlake had a mania. She could his club. not bear to see any one enjoying a Mrs. Waters, though she could not comfortable position. This was supplemented by a special faculty for getting others out of comfortable positions, and it is an undisputed fact that persons are drawn to do what they do

Mrs. Waters had been recently married and was very happy with her husband in their own little home. This was not pleasing to Mrs. Timberlake. and she was seized with a desire to oust Mr. Waters from his wife's affections, though in justice to her it must be admitted that a certain sympathy for his wife was the first cause of her applying herself to the work. She had Fred. seen a man who resembled Mr. Waters shop porch; you would have smiled to entering the home of a married lady living opposite her own house at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs. Timberlake was instantly seized with commiseration for Mrs. Waters. The tenderness of Mrs. Timberlake's heart welling up in her bosom, mingled with indignation against the recreant husband, gave birth to an irrepressible de-

"She ought to know it," she said to completely tired out. The night was so herself. "It's a shame that such a nice little woman as Bertha Waters should

be so treated." And thus it came about that. Mrs. Timberlake's peculiar trait having derness of her heart and her sense of justice, she could not rest till she had imparted what she had seen to the Waters some intimation of what she had seen the first time they met. But to restrain herself till then was like endeavoring to hold the lid on a caltain household work she would call on turn. the injured woman and tell her what ought to know. It occurred to her that she might make a pretext for calling of the work she had undertaken with reference to the minister. The result of all these noble impulses that remember the amount of water you all in twenty minutes after she saw, or, rather, thought she saw, Fred Waters enter Mrs. Mainwaring's house she posted around to his home to inform his wife of the fact.

But to return to the meeting of the two ladies and the dialogue which was opened by Mrs. Timberlake asking Mrs. Waters which side she would take in the impending crisis in the church.

"I haven't been a member of the church long enough," replied Mrs. Waters, "to warrant my taking any part in the matter. Fred prefers that I shall keep out of all contentions."

"Very wise. Your husband has always had a reputation for being politic."

The word "politic" nettled Mrs. Waters. She understood it, when applied to social matters, to mean one who will draw out all the information possible without imparting any. However, she made no reply to the innuendo. "By the bye," Mrs. Timberlake continued, "I was not aware that you

knew the Mainwarings." "I don't know any one of that name." "Don't know that pretty Mrs. Mainwaring! Why, I supposed you were very intimate with her."

"What ade you think that?" "Your sband knows her, doesn't

am aware of." "Not Timberlake made the ex-"Oh! she would retreat from clamat She turned the subdelica that she thought it ject 1 re would be snow. not propose to Timberlake's leave allus plar

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been made in the nature of a charge: lake, the mother of grown children and a woman respected by all who knew her.

"Thank heaven!" muttered Waters. "For once the poor, gossiping old maid is not called upon to endure the responsibility of making trouble."

Mr. Waters, never having seen or heard of the Mrs. Mainwaring referred to, was only troubled that his wife had been made a dupe. It occurred to him that it might be well to forestall in futo advocate his remaining the pastor ture any such information given his wife. He had no respect for a talebearer, be the person man or woman, and did not propose to enter a defense against such a person to his own wife. He dined alone, telling the maid that his wife had gone to visit her mother and her return was uncertain. Then, lighting a cigar, he strolled away to

conceal from her mother that there was trouble on her mind, resolutely declined to tell why she had come. Her husband usually returned to his home about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and an hour more would be required for a telegram denying the charge to reach

No telegram arrived within that time or double that time. Indeed, no message whatever arrived that night. Mrs. Waters, not having slept any, went downstairs in the morning expecting that the postman would bring her a letter. The postman's whistle and ring were heard, as usual, but no letter from

The trouble that had been brought about by the information "she ought to know" had increased and multiplied overnight. First, her husband, if innocent of the charge, would surely have denied at once. Surely he must be guilty. Then came fitful flashes of terror lest something had happened to him the night before and he had not reached home at all. Perhaps he had been run over by an automobile. Heavens! Could it be that he was lying mangled and bleeding in a hospital? If he had not been killed a telephone would have been sent to her at home. But she was not at home, and no one there knew where she was. been aroused and fortified by the ten- The contingency, though remote, was appalling.

There are two powerful agents-the one silence, the other nonresistance. injured wife. She would give Mrs. Both these seized upon Bertha Waters. Her scheme of withdrawing as a dignified wife should withdraw from a husband who had been proved unfaithful had been a failure. She could not dron of boiling water. She determined stand this anxiety for another day or that as soon as she had finished cer- even another half day. She must re-

> first question she asked her maid was whether her husband had been at home and been given her note. Answered in the affirmative, she did not demean herself by asking how he had received the note, but she did ask whether he had slept at home. She was informed that he had, and the maid did not mention that he had looked especially gloomy or had been heard pacing the floor at midnight. On the whole, his wife could not discover that he had been especially moved. She began to dread facing him after what had occurred. She concluded to call him up by telephone at his office and hear what he had to say. This was the brief dialogue between them: "Did you get my note?"

"Yes." "I suppose since you have not denied that the information is true it is true.'

"I'm not in the habit of denving the stories of talebearers, especially to my own wife."

"Do you call Mrs. Timberlake a tale bearer because she has told me what she considered I ought to know?" "I do."

"Is her story true or untrue?" "I decline to answer." "Why?"

"Because when she told you the story it was your duty to have asked her to leave your house.' There was no reply to this for some

time, when Mrs. Waters asked if he would be home to dinner. He replied that he would, provided no mention would be made of Mrs. Timberlake or her story. After a slight hesitation the promise was given; there was a click, and Mrs. Waters, leaving the telephone, was obliged to content herself till 5 o'clock, when her husband would be home. She had made up her mind from his action that there was nothing in Mrs. Timberlake's story. and her anger began slowly to rise against that lady as a blood red sun climbs the eastern sky on the morning of a hot day.

The Waterses dined together somewhat coolly, and after dinner the husband voluntarily denied the charge hat had been made against him. Be ore retiring Mrs. Waters called up Mrs. Timberlake on the phone.

"My husband informs me that he m't know any woman of the name Wainwaring.

doesn't?" incred lously. pesn't." there's

and the