The Lady of the Night Wind

By VARICK VANARDY

Author of "The Two-Faced Man," "Alias the Night Wind," etc

He could hear every sentence that passed between Belknap and the other man

THIS STARTS THE STORY

A house party is being given at the country home of Katherine and Bingham Harvard. Among the guests is one Conrad Belknap. Katherine discovers him cheating at cards. Convinced that he is concealing his real identity and that he is there for some ulterior purpose, Katherine determines to ferret out the mystery. She has formerly had experience as a police headquarters detective and has been known as Lady Kate of the Police. She intercepts a telephone call of Belknap's to a woman confederate named Roberta, and, in turn, speaks to the woman. Realizing that he is suspected by Katherine, Belknap threatens to accuse of a crime her brother, Roderick Maxwilton, who is believed to be dead. Bingham Harvard, who once bore the title of the Night Wind, becomes suspicious of Belknap and of Katherine's attitude toward him. Roberta arrives on the scene under the name of Senorita Cervantez, a pianist, who is to entertain the guests. At midnight Katherine discovers Roberta in the grounds with a strange man whom she believes to be her supposedly dead brother Roderick. Belknap accuses Roberta of deceiving him. She admits the presence of Roderick. Her love for him is revealed. A stranger named Carruthers, with a scar on his face, comes to the house. Rushton, a detective, appears on the scene. Katherine's father suspects that Belknap is really named Belding. A man named Belding once was hanged for murdering his wife. A child survived.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES.

Black Julius Rides

JUST why Belknap was startled by the sudden appearance of Bingham Harvard he could not have told himself.

Possibly it was because it interrupted his train of thought engendered by the senator's remarks—perhaps they had stirred latent memories in the back of Belknap's mind. Possibly it was because Harvard's sudden appearance brought to mind Roberta's suggestion that it might have been the Night Wind himself who had attacked him under the tree after he had caught the old letter which Katherine had unknowingly dropped into his grasp from her balcony, and after he had received the note which Roberta had dropped to him—neither of which he had had a chance to examine.

Whatever reason there might have been for it, he was entirely his cool and smiling inscrutable self by the time that Harvard joined them—and if he had harbored any real fear, it was instantly dispelled by Harvard's cheery greeting.

"Monday morning, and all's well," Harvard said after he greeted them. "I feel like a schoolboy on the first day of his summer vacation; I don't know what to do with myself. I see that you"—addressing Belknap directly—"are togged for the saddle. If I had known it I'd have gone with you."

"Mr. Belknap is waiting for Katherine," the senator remarked.

"Ah? That's odd. She was dressed and ready to come down when I left her just now, but not in her riding togs. Perhaps she forgot——"

Belknap laughed pleasantly.

"Mrs. Harvard doesn't know that I'm waiting for her," he said. "I was only hoping that she would let me go with her if she was riding this morning. You see, I didn't read my watch correctly when I got up. I thought it was two hours later than it was. I think that I'll go ahead, alone, if you don't mind. Will you suggest a horse for me, Harvard?"

"Yes—if you want a real one—one that will make you pay more attention to him than to the scenery. Ask for Comet."

When Belknap had gone the senator linked his arm in Bing's, and as they started along one of the paths he asked in his deep-toned, leisurely manner—a manner which any one of his old colleagues of the Senate chamber would instantly have recognized as indicating extreme interest, although not a suggestion of it appeared:

"Is Mr. Belknap an acquaintance of long standing, Bingham? Do you know him well?"

"Oh, he is new to all of us." Bing replied carelessly, "ever to the Archers, who are responsible for his presence. But he seeks a likable chap, don't you think? Then, without waiting for a reply, he changed the subject. "Jove! but I'm glad that I took the figurative bull by the horns and decided to give myself a vacation this week—particularly because you and mother are here with us."

"I am glad, too," the senator rejoined earnestly. Then: "I quite took a liking to your friend Saulsbury last night, Bingham, although I saw next to nothing of him. He is an old friend, isn't he?"

"Yes, indeed. He is considerably older than I am; graduated at Harvard two years before I matriculated. His father and Mr. Chester are great cronies. I have known him since I can remember."

"Fine chap; I like him," the senator remarked with emphasis, and they strolled on in silence for a time. Then: "What about his friend—that Mr. Carruthers?" The senator chuckled and went on before Bing could reply: "I reckon that when one gets to know him well enough not to see that scar he'd be a fascinating sort of a chap, eh?"

"Yes," Bing replied. "I liked him at once—and you may be sure that anybody whom Mort Saulsbury vouches for is all white, clear through."

Followed another silence until they were within sight of the stables and saw Belknap riding down the driveway on Comet, which was dancing and cavorting with tripping feet and arched neck and tail. But Belknap sat him like a Centaur, with perfect poise and loose rein, thoroughly at home in the saddle.

"That chap rides like a Kentuckian," the senator remarked.

"Or a cow-puncher," Bing suggested.

"Both," the senator rejoined. Then he stopped in the path, thus forcing his son-in-law to pause also, and, in a tone that was at once serious and dramatic, and which carried a little more of pleading in it, he said:

"Bingham, yesterday morning when we were breakfasting your mother mentioned the name of our son, Roderick. I gathered from the expression of your face at the moment that you had not known till then that Katherine ever had a brother. Is that true?"

"Why, yes; but——"

"Pardon me, Bingham. Perhaps Kitten should have told you about him; possibly she thought best not to do so. But, now that his name has been mentioned, I feel that it is my duty to——"

"Please, senator—please, father, wait a moment. Forgive me for interrupting you. I know by your manner and your words that it is a subject that you would prefer not to discuss. Will you, to please me, let it rest where it is? If there is anything that needs to be told to me, Katherine will tell it in her own good time, and I prefer that it should be left that way. I have never had occasion yet to see unwisdom in our Katherine's judgment."

The senator sighed, plainly relieved; and as they started on again, remarked:

"I think, Bingham, after breakfast, I'll try that Erin-hawss of yours—that Irish hunter."

"Do, father. He's a wonder, really. You'll like him—only, he isn't gaited like one of your Kentucky horses. He is—— Hello! Now what do you suppose is taking Julius off for a cross-country ride at this time of day, and all by himself? Some errand for Katherine, doubtless."

He had seen Julius in the act of taking a fence beyond the pasture behind the paddock—saw him for an instant only before he disappeared from view, and thought no more about it.

Black Julius was not, however, on an errand for his mistress, although he was, most certainly, bound upon one which he thoroughly believed to be definitely in her interest.

Julius did not like Conrad Belknap—had not liked him from the moment of his arrival at Myquest—had taken one of those instinctive dislikes to the man which are characteristic of the loyal and faithful colored folks of the South whenever a person who is inimical to those they serve appears.

He had kept a furtive eye upon Belknap from the first. He had seen and taken mental note of as many trivial incidents as had Betty Clancy, or Tom, or Bing himself; not the same ones, perhaps, but as many, or more; and his devotion to his mistress had made him, even more surely and more quickly than others, determine intuitively than the man was a fly in the ointment of that house party, and that Katherine disliked him—and for some inexplicable reason, feared him—or dreaded him—or at least would be glad to be rid of his presence at Myquest.

It had so happened that Julius was talking with the butler at the moment when the telephone call from Washington came over the wire, and while the butler was gone to summon Belknap, Julius had not hesitated to plug the switchboard in such a manner that by making haste to his own cottage he would be enabled to "listen-in" to a part of the conversation that was to follow, at least.

If Julius had been thoroughly versed in contemporary slang he would have said that he did it because he considered it an opportunity to "get a line on Belknap's curves."

Anyhow, he made the most of it, and although he did not hear the beginning of the talk, he did hear much of it, and although he did not get the line on the curves that he might have wished for, he did discover that a friend or an associate of Belknap's in Washington was warning him against the appearance at Myquest of a man whom they both had good reason to fear and that Belknap was requested to meet a messenger at a stated time and place the following morning, who would impart such further information on the subject as was not wise to discuss by telephone.

Julius had heard enough to make him want to hear more. Also he believed that the appointed place was such as to afford him every opportunity to do that very thing if only he could get to it before Belknap arrived.

There are still in existence in various places on Long Island the picturesque ruins of two-century-old (and more) saw and grist mills, some of them tide-water mills, some of them otherwise, which the owners of the estates upon which they are situated have preserved for their picturesqueness. The telephone-made rendezvous was at one such, and was on the Myquest estate.

To get to it by following the highways (as Belknap had been directed over the wire), was a roundabout route that covered three miles or more; by the route that Julius selected, over fences, through by-lanes, and across fields, the distance was barely a mile.

Thus, he did get there first, so that he had ample time to tether his mount where it would not be discovered, and to creep into the ancient edifice and conceal himself before either of the parties to that arranged interview arrived.

He was well hidden, where he could hear without fear of discovery, when Belknap, who was the first of the two to arrive, appeared.

The Man from Washington

BLACK JULIUS, after all, had his labor for his pains.

He could hear every sentence that passed between Belknap and the other man at that meeting in the old tide-water grist-mill, but he could not understand a word of any of it.

The two talked in a language that Black Julius did not know, although he rightly assumed that it was Spanish.

Nevertheless, he was no wiser when he went away—a full half-hour after the two had gone—than when he arrived; no wiser save in so far as his intuitive perceptions, and his steady regard of their faces while they talked, rendered him. But he was more than ever convinced of his opinion of Belknap.

Nearly all of the guests were assembled at the breakfast table when Belknap joined them. Asked, casually, where he had been, he replied, addressing all of them generally,

"I don't know, exactly, only that I found the shore, and an interesting old mill that must be two or three hundred years old if it's a day."

"Two hundred and forty-two." Tom Clancy announced solemnly. "It was built in 1676. I wasn't present, but I've been told about it."

"I ran into a chap while I was there, and we got to talking, which explains why I am late," Belknap added, and thus accounted logically for the incident in case he had been seen in the company of that other man.

When they left the table he managed to place himself beside Katherine, to whom he said, in a sharp undertone:

"I must have a talk with you, Mrs. Harvard, as soon as possible, and where there will be no fear of interruption."

"We will walk down the—" she began, but he interrupted.

"No," he said decidedly, and in that tone of command which he had assumed toward her of late which he seemed so greatly to enjoy for the sole reason that he knew that she so bitterly resented it. "We will ride, if you please—or whether you please or not—in your roadster; and without a passenger in the rumble. You will invite me, presently, to drive with you to some point of your selection."

Katherine turned to face him, to resent, hotly, his assumption of giving orders, but already his back was toward her and he was moving leisurely away.

She flushed angrily, bit her lips, then smiled, and accepted the situation—for Katherine had decided that morning to meet Belknap on his own ground, henceforth, and to puzzle him, even to receive him, by an outward appearance of entire acceptance of the inconceivable situation.

"Oh, Mr. Belknap," she called to him, and he paused and turned. "It has just occurred to me," she went on, "that since you seem to be interested in old mills, there is another one about twenty miles from here that is even more interesting than ours. If you will go to the garage, I'll join you there, presently, and take you to see it."

"Why can't we all go?" Betty Clancy demanded.

"You can," Katherine replied. Suppose we do! We will picnic there; it is a beautiful spot. I will give directions about the hampers, now, and the rest of you can trail along as soon as you are ready. Mr. Belknap and I will go on ahead in my roadster."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DAILY NOVELETTE

SPOOKS

By Pearl B. Meyer

MAIBELLE skipped out of the back door, down the path and around the barn. From there she darted through the meadow and scrambled over the fence into a neighbor's field, where stood an old tumble-down barn used now only to store hay. Its yawning entrance did not appear exactly inviting in the twilight, but Maibelle had no time to waste on such thoughts—she knew that her white dress would betray her and she was determined not to be found. Just inside the doorway was an upturned crate. She seated herself and peered cautiously out.

Around the house she had just left came her father with a young man. They were heading straight for the stable.

A scornful little smile curled Maibelle's pretty lips. She nodded sagely. "Dad's new trotter," she murmured. "That'll take fifteen minutes at least. Then the chickens. Goodness knows how long they will hang over the fence admiring the new litter of pigs. After that, if there isn't anything else left for Dad to show him, he will casually inquire if I am at home. Being left to the last, I'm the least important one on the place, I suppose."

The familiar landscape faded slowly as night closed down. The wind whispered around the dilapidated building. The nearby brook murmured a mysterious message. It grew cool.

Maibelle shivered. The shuffle of her feet as they moved on the dusty, straw-littered floor sounded abnormally loud. Could it be? She sat motionless, her ears straining to catch the slightest sound. Yes. There was a rustle in the hay behind her. Her heart seemed to stop beating for an instant. Then she drew a relieved breath. Undoubtedly it was the wind blowing through the numerous cracks in the boards.

Suddenly she recalled what had happened in that barn when she was a child. A chill ran down her spine. Old John, the white-bearded dwarf, had hanged himself there.

He had been a queer old creature who had gone about muttering to himself. Maibelle remembered how she used to hide when she saw him coming, bent over, not much taller than a good-sized child, his thin white beard almost sweeping the ground.

Something moved again slowly, cautiously, in the hay. Maibelle clutched the side of the door with a shaking hand, and turned her head until she could see over her shoulder. For an instant everything went black before her eyes. A thing was there, swaying under a beam above the piled hay, swaying back and forth as though the wind impelled it. The meager light remaining from the day was not strong enough to plainly expose it, nor could the encreeping night succeed in hiding it. Back and forth, back and forth it swayed—a head with a long white beard!

Maibelle sprang to her feet. The rustling in the hay sounded again, louder. Followed an ear-piercing shriek, whether from her own lips or behind her, Maibelle could not tell. When she came to herself she was flying in leaps and bounds over the home-meadow. She did not even recall climbing the fence. All she knew was that behind her in the awful dimness of the barn hung old John's head, and that before her—oh, knight to the rescue—was a certain tall young man into whose open arms she was running.

Trembling, with quivering breath, her limbs so weak that she had to cling to him, she let her head fall against his encircling coat sleeve. There was only one course to follow in such a case, and the young man proved he was quite equal to the occasion.

"Whatever sent you there, Maibelle, after dark?" he queried finally. "I thought all the time you were out with that Clifford chap. I was waiting for a chance to get a word in with your dad——"

"Old John's head," stammered Maibelle in a muffled voice. "It's hanging in the barn!"

"What?" The young man started to smile, thought better of it, and tucked her arm snugly into his. "Let's go back and see what it is," he suggested.

Maibelle did not move. "I'll never go back," she declared.

"All right, you stay here. I'll go alone."

"No you don't," cried Maibelle, clinging bravely to his arm. "Take me with you."

This time Maibelle knew when she went over the fence—she was lifted over. The tall young man advanced in the direction of the barn door, Maibelle following close at his heels. But before they could reach it they heard a sudden capering of small hoofs on the floor. A long-drawn-out "Mah-ah-ah-ah" rent the evening stillness.

Maibelle buried her face once more on the young man's inviting coat sleeve. "Oh, my goodness," she gasped, choking with a sudden mirth, "a goat!"

The next complete novelette—"I'll Say So."

His Journeyings

"Whoopler claims to have traveled extensively."

"Yes. Ever since I have known him he has been going from bad to worse."—Kansas City Times.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"GRASSHOPPER HOP"

(Peggy and Billy seek to save the corn fields of Farmer Dalton from a grasshopper army. With the aid of Darter, a Fairy-Humming Bird, they become as small as hoppers, and try to lure the army into an oil-covered lake.)

The Charm Works

THE huge grasshopper army, hopping and eating, was sweeping like a river toward Farmer Dalton's corn field, as if about to swallow it up, when the song of Peggy and Billy made itself heard among them.

"Fair fields lie beyond the lake,
Would you of their joy partake?"

That was just the kind of a song to make the grasshoppers stop and take notice. They didn't care a snap about the pleading song that the children had first sung, but when they heard about the fields where "eats await," they were ready to listen.

The onward march of the army halted. The ranks turned toward Peggy and Billy, and soon the grasshoppers were crowding around them so thickly that they could scarcely breathe.

"Our charm is working," whispered Peggy to Billy. "They are under our spell just like the rates of Mamelin Town were under the spell of the music of the Pied Piper."

"Yes, but the spell will be our ruin if we do not do something in a hurry," answered Billy. "We must stop their crushing in upon us this way."

"We will lead them to the lake," answered Peggy, then she sang the second part of the song:

"Hasten, hasten, eats await;
Hurry, hurry, don't be late."

A raspy whisper ran among the grasshoppers: "Eats for me and eats for you; eats for all in pastures new." They surged forward in a mass, and Peggy and Billy would have been buried in a tangled, fighting heap of hoppers if they hadn't quickly leaped away.

"We've got to flee for our lives," cried Billy to Peggy. "We'll be squashed flat if we don't."

"Flee toward the lake," answered Peggy. "We've got them coming!" And they did have the hoppers coming—coming faster than the children wished. Peggy and Billy took long and desperate hops to get out of the crush, but the hoppers hopped after them until, before they knew it, they found themselves in a mad, whirring, leaping, flying race, with the grasshoppers forcing them on and on and on. It was like fleeing before a rushing railroad train. They had to keep ahead or be ground into the dust by the mass of hoppers.

"Blue Heron is fishing in the shallow water"

Peggy no longer sang, and neither did Billy. They needed all their breath to hop, hop, hop. But the hoppers rasped out their whispery, rustling song, even as they raced along: "Eats for me and eats for you; eats for all in pastures new."

The grasshoppers were no longer stopping to eat. They were rushing with all their might toward the "fair fields beyond the lake" which were promised in Peggy's song.

They came out upon the top of a hill, and down below them lay the oil-covered lake.

"When we get to the lake, the hoppers will fall in and we will be safe," panted Peggy.

"No," answered Billy. "We can't stop. This rush will carry us right into the oil and water. We will be finished with the hoppers."

Peggy felt that what Billy said was true. The waves of grasshoppers were surging down the hill with a force which the children couldn't possibly resist. Peggy and Billy had been caught in their own trap and there seemed no chance for escape.

But Peggy, leaping high, saw something ahead which made her shout with hope.

"Blue Heron is fishing in the shallow water along the shore," she cried to Billy. "Perhaps he will save us."

(Tomorrow will be told how the grasshoppers go swimming against their will.)

THE BUSINESS DOCTOR

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint" and "Bruno Duke—Solver of Business Problems"

Professor Whitehead, contributor of this department, bases it upon practical and not theoretical knowledge.

At the age of fourteen he began work in a retail store. At nineteen he went on the road, selling goods throughout America and Europe. Later he managed a chain of retail stores. Then he acted as business counselor for a number of large corporations and is now professor of trade relations in the College of Business Administration, Boston University.

Through his articles, carried daily in this column, and through his answers to readers' business questions appended thereto, he will not only interest but help that enormous army of men and women who continually seek ways and means of advancing their fortunes, great and small.

What IS Business?

BUSINESS is the calling or occupation by which we make a living.

I shall consider business from the most liberal interpretation of the definition. For instance, the woman who "washes" for us—and by some mysterious process separates vital buttons from their moorings—is in business.

The preacher today must be "in business," for a successful management of a parish requires the application of business principles—otherwise the long-suffering congregation will be forever struggling under a load of liabilities.

The housewife who mismanages her household affairs has plenty of opportunities to bewail her manifold misfortunes. Business principles are as applicable in the home as in the office.

We all know the story of the young bride who had an allowance of $30 a week and was asked by her hubby to keep account of it. At the end of the week she presented the following statement to her adoring one:

Jim gave me	$30.00
I spent at grocer's about	10.00
Carfares	.20
Candy	1.60
Other things	18.20
	$30.00

We smile at it, but—"poor hubby," we say, "what a handicap he has in his fight for success."

I believe that the foundation of a business success or a business fizzle is in the home. In the house that is conducted in a loving, cheerful, businesslike way, you'll find the successful man.

The boy who sells and delivers newspapers and who keeps his sales up and his payments collected is emphatically in business. And a splendid training it is for any young man.

In a word, everybody is "in business" except those poor unfortunate creatures who work hard at trying to amuse themselves and to spend money, the value of which they have no conception because they never earned any.

My articles are written, therefore, for every one, except the trifling group mentioned. To business men and women, to housekeepers and home builders, to women who while not in business want to be, to boys and girls with ambitions to make good, to professional men and women, to the shopkeeper, to the traveling man, to the bookkeeper, to the laboring man, to all such people as these I hope to be of some help.

Episodes of what others have done, plans for choosing an occupation, examples of how business men have overcome obstacles and solved business problems, stories of how the untrained woman of middle-age who is unexpectedly compelled to "do something" have found a way through their troubles to a happy useful life. These are some of the things I shall write about.

Incidentally, I shan't be above stealing anything good (saying where I stole it from) that I get hold of in current business and trade journals and books.

I want my readers to help me to make this the most helpful column possible on making good in business. Send me in your good ideas, good business episodes (and don't forget the humor), and anything worth while on business that helped you. Let's pass along the good ideas for the benefit of one another.

Tomorrow I'll have something to say on the causes of business failures.

Readers' Questions Answered

Mr. Whitehead will answer in this column questions on marketing, buying, selling, advertising, letter-writing, business education, and on matters pertaining to the choice of a vocation. All questions will be answered in the order of receipt. No anonymous correspondence can be acknowledged. Reader's initials only will be published. It will take from four to fifteen days for a reply to appear.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Candy's Influence on Love-Making

IT WAS the famous old "conversation love lozenges," the sentimental coughdrop, that put Worcester far in the lead as a center of commercial sweetness in the parlous days that followed the Civil War.

A brilliant Worcester youth who worked in a candy factory invented or discovered the "love lozenge" and several Worcester candy men made a fortune out of it in connection with other sweet goods. The sentimental coughdrop was modeled in Worcester's past and gone candy makers, Marsh & Royce, while the conversation lozenges helped to make wealthy Moses D. Gilman and his successors in the candy business.

Mr. Gilman is seventy-three years old, but probably, if he lives to be 173 years old, he will never see another such epidemic of activity in the candy market as that which ushered in the love lozenge. As a short cut to quick love-making it had the sentimental coughdrop beaten all hollow.

The coughdrop was stamped with the one talismanic word "Kiss," but the conversation lozenge of forty or fifty years ago had a different sentence or word on each piece of candy to suit most any condition that might arise. The lozenges were flat and were neatly printed in sweet red.

The city was full of worthy young men lately discharged from the Union army, eager to take hold and make homes for the dearest girls in the world, but most of them, like all heroes freshly back from the firing line, were bashful.

So this genius in the candy business invented or evolved a heart shaped flat lozenge, on which he inscribed in cochineal ink, "I love you."

The heart-shaped love lozenge looked so good to him that he invented a whole lot of similar designs, including "I'm ready, but not rough," "Want to be my queen?" "Good for one kiss," "Dost love me?" "When may I see U home?" "You're the only one," and a whole barrel of similar short, snappy short cuts to courtship.

The love lozenges went with a whirl. Every bashful fellow in Worcester stocked up with them. Diffident rookies just out of their faded uniforms of blue invested in pound bags. Gallant lads who faced the rebel shot and shell at Antietam and Gettysburg, but who became speechless when they called on the only adorable girl in all this blissful world, found the love lozenges a great help to them in their sparking.

A fellow who blushed like a bandanna handkerchief and who choked up and stuttered dreadfully when he only wanted to say "Pleasant evening," found a pound of these lozenges of the greatest help.

A great favorite was the lozenges with a picture of Cupid thereon, clad only with his bow and arrow, and a line underneath where Dan'l was flying with gauze wings, "Kiss me, quick, dearest."

This most always brought results and in the years between 1865 and 1870 there was a surprising spurt in the marriage market. It was the little conversation love lozenge that did it and there was some talk about getting it patented and selling state rights.

Worcester became so renowned as a candy center with sweet nonsense printed on the Cupid kind that Moses Dudley Gilman, who was in the West campaigning in the United States army against the frisky red man, gave up his sport out on the plains as soon as his enlistment expired, and came back to Worcester to go into the candy business.

It was an attractive business in those days and a kid could get a plentiful allowance of sweet stuff for a nickel. It was the halcyon day of the big, round jawbreaker, the candy marble, the long candy cane and the grab bag for a cent. Candy was cheap and good because sugar was selling at twenty pounds for $1, and no war tax. It was, in fact, the day when the candy kid's taste had not been perverted, and the grand, juicy morsel of all boyhood was a stick of licorice. The kid could get his licorice in two kinds, the well-known and justly renowned black strap that looked like a piece of harness and tasted like a fire in a feather factory, and the other kind that looked just like a small bough off a tree.

There were also sucking sticks that were neatly colored to look like a barber's pole and sold six for a nickel. The jawbreakers lasted all day. The gumdrops never failed to stick a kid's teeth together just at the fatal moment when dear teach asked him to parse parsimony. It always took some time to get his face loosened so that he could answer. Until his jaws were pried open he couldn't parse parsnip or anything else.—Worcester Telegram.

Everything Lovely.

"Howdy, Gap!" saluted an acquaintance, upon meeting the well known Rumpus Ridge citizen on a shopping expedition in Tumlinville, Ark. "How's everything going with you?"

"Finer'n frog hair, Jurd!" triumphantly replied Gap Johnson. "Of course, my wife has been sorter puny, yur of late, and several of the children have got the measles an' mumps and one thing and another, and the lightning struck the chimbley of the house tuther night and liked to a-tore the whole place to pieces, and one of the kids fell out of a tree and broke his arm, and a feller took a shot at me day before yesterday and ventilated my ear, and such as that, but I swapped for a running horse last week, and a couple of my hounds have got six pups apiece. Ow, I tell you, they can't keep a good man down!"—Kansas City Star.

DOROTHY DARNIT—A Sooty Joke!

By Chas. McManus