

away among the palms and flowers on must snub Langley well. the roof of the houseboat Sunshine, A silver moon topped the pine-clad hills in a desultory sort of way, neither reabove Wargrave.

The hush of the bright July night was broken only by a rich baritone As Langley handed them into their voice singing a Southern love song to carriage at Paddington he made a seema banjo accompaniment on one of the ingly pointless remark. "By the way,

every now and then the jarring sound I think he is afraid of it." Then bow-of "No trumps." "May I play?" "Having he hastened away.

"Oh, well, it does not matter, they failed to upset his good humor. are so much alike. But seriously, Bob, I don't think mama has an idea in life beyond bridge and getting me married."

"H'm, I suppose not," he answered, obviously thinking of something else. "I have been turning out on an aver-

Silence followed and the man began

The girl turned to him. "Bob, dear, please spare me the trouble of saying I will be a sister to you."

"Why, what do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, you see I know the symptoms.

When you are going to propose you take your handkerchief out of your pocket, put it back with the purpost process of the propose to the propose you handkerchief out of your process of the propose your process of the process of t care, then find your cigarette case and there's a-legacy." suddenly remember that you can not "That's not up to your usual form, decently ask permission to smoke while Jackson, and besides it is more or less

"Oh, come, Madge, you're a bit hard on a fellow.' "Do you know," she continued, "that

you have proposed to me?"

'Why won't you marry me?" "Really, I don't see why I should." "But surely I'm as good as most 6." other fellows?

other fellows.' There is nothing to dis- taken't tinguish any of you except your waist-

"That's rather cruel," he observed. "Because it's true?" she said.

"But what on earth do you want me "But what on earth do you want me to do?" he asked. "You say I ought to be different. Well, if it will please you I will put on a frock coat and silk hat to-morrow and punt you down to Henley in a canoe."

"Don't be flippant," the girl remarked, half laughing, half annoyed.

"Look here," he said, "what do you really want me to do? I have dabbled in most things and"—

which wald have aroused the envy of a rhinocero he had never yet had the courage to onve himself.

He rose length, dressed with the utmost care all lunched at his club. At 3:30 his car was announced. He got into his enormlys motor coat, put on his goggles, and ald the chauffeur to go to 207 Brook structure.

The car shot forward darted in and out of the traffic, and aber whizzing

and going to the front—for six months.

You write half a play—you—oh, you just dabble, Bob. There's nothing determined or permanent about you."

Then, laughingly she continued "You." Then, laughingly she continued, "No, I really don't see why I should marry you, and, as mama says, Lord Daventry is a much better match.

What!" he exclaimed. "You don't seriously mean to tell me that you are going to marry that young ass, Daven- ring."

"I fail to see why I shouldn't," she answered, concealing her amusement. in her dainty motor suit he though "You are much alike" (here she nearly he had never seen such a charming pic laughed outright "and he has the ad- ture. She hesitated, tooking up and vantage of being a viscount and a down the street, though she hardly future earl, while you are merely Mr. knew what she expected to see. Bot Robert Langley."

"Yes; but you can not be in earnest head.

"Be careful, Bob," she answered. "You are going just the right way to work to make me want to marry him." "Look here," he said, coming back and standing in front of her, "at the risk of becoming tedious I have to repeat, Miss Heathmere, that you shall never marry Daventry."

Looking up at him the girl suddenly realized that she loved him. It had ship needed just this touch of masterfulness on his part to bring the long-suspected fact clearly before her.

"Lord Daventry has invited mama and me to tea at Ranelagh on Tuesday next. He is going to drive us down in

his new car."
"Well, of course you will not go now," he remarked.

"Why not, pray?" she asked.
"Because I don't want you to,
Madge; really I don't." "Just now when mama nobly an-nounced her intention of sacrificing a

whole afternoon's bridge to my interests I said I would not go, but now since you forbid it, Master Bob, I most decidedly shall." "Please, Madge-as the first favor

that I have ever asked—I beg of you not to go. Let me drive you and your mother down." "Don't be absurd. Of course I shall

go with Lord Daventry," she answered.
"Very well, then I shall stop it."

"How, pray?"
"That will be as I may think fit. But be certain of one thing, Miss Heathmere, that you shall drive down to Ranelagh with me and not with Daventry, and you shall take tea with me and not with Daventry."

On the following day the week-end house party broke up, and Bob Lang-ley traveled back to town with mother and daughter, much to the former's an-

Mrs. Heathmere sat in one corner of the carriage and wondered why she had lost that last rubber and inci-dentally why people who were not wanted could never take a hint when they were given one. It was a well known fact that Langley had ten thou-sand a year, but then Daventry had as

They were sitting in chairs hidden | much and a title as well. Yes, she

The other two talked commonplaces ferring to their conversation of the pre-

As Langley handed them into their don't know if I told you that Reggie From the room below there came Daventry can not drive his own motor.

The girl turned to her companion. Lord Daventry sat up in bed and "I really believe that when mama dies began his breakfast. He was feeling she will turn into a bridge marker."

The man gave a short laugh. "Yes, it's almost sacrilege to play bridge on a night like this. 'In such a night Medea gathered the enchanted moreover, his new pink silk dress moreover, his new pink silk dress moreover, his new pink silk dress moreover, had greated quite a sense. waistcoast had created quite a sensa-"Oh, Bob, don't get poetical; besides, tion even among chosen companions I hate Kipling."

"I can't help being poetical, and I was quoting Shakespeare, not Kipling."
he remarked.

who were more or less accustomed to bask in the sunshine of his genius.
Even the coming of his man Jackson with a blank sheet of paper in his hand

"What! no epigrams again this morning?" he exclaimed. "Why, you only

age six epigrams a day for your lord-ship for the last two years, and I am beginning to 'dry up,' if you will pardon

pocket, put it back with the utmost proverb such as 'Where there's a will

a pun, and you know I hate puns."
"I am afraid it's the best I can do

this morning, milord." "Well, never mind. Telephone to the if I had not stopped you this would stables that I shall want the car at the have been the seventeenth time that club about 3:30. I am going down to

"Will your lordship drive yourself?" "You know very well that I never

her fellows?"
"That's just it. You are exactly like month's lessons your lordship has

"That will do, Jackson. Telephone." It was a sore point with Daventry that although he possessed one of the largest ars in town and a motor coat which would have aroused the envy of

"Dabbled! That's it," she cried.
"You read for the bar; you stand for Parliament; the war breaks out, and the side of his seat, pulled up at 267

The chauffeur remained silent. "Why don't you speak, man?"

"Because, milord, I have a very bad cold and have lost my voice," replied the chauffeur in a hoarse whisper. "Oh, all right then. Get out and

Mrs. and Miss Heathmere promptly appeared, and as the latter came out Langley's words were ringing in her head. "You shall drive down to Raneabout marrying him. You shall not lagh with me and not with Daventry. Marry him. I say you shan't," he exclaimed, and getting up, began to pace the deck.

I say you shall not lagh with me and not with Daventry. You shall take tea with me and not with Daventry," and though she had not confessed it to herself she had half hoped that he would succeed in making good his words. Greeting their host

they entered the car.

"Ranelagh," his lordship said, and with a jerk the huge machine started again. They tore down Brook street, shot across Park lane and flashed round into the park.

"Drive slower!" screamed his lord-

"Can't—the engine's got—out—of—control" panted the chauffeur, as the car dashed along. "Put the brakes on !" yelled his lord-

"I'm trying. They won't act." Just as they were nearing Shepherd's Bush the brakes seemed suddenly to

"I think I can hold her while you get out," shouted the chauffeur.

Heathmere out, and was just turning to

Mrs. Heathmere screamed and drop-ped in the middle of the road. "What has happened?" she walled.
"Oh, why did you make me risk the life of my only child in your terrible machine? What will happen to her?
Oh, do you think that she will have a painless death?"

"I'm afraid it has got out of control gain," began his lordship feebly. Why could not the d—d idiot hold the infernal thing another minute?"
"Why don't you do something," she cried, "instead of standing there and

By this time a crowd had collected anxious to know what had happened.
"I think we had better take the Tube back and inform the police," remarked his lordship dolefully. "I don't see what else we can do." And so saying he selzed the unfortunate Mrs. Heathmere and bundled her into the stuffy

In the meantime the car had continued its mad career. Miss Heathmere, after she had recovered from the first shock, resigned herself to her fate.

he could not turn back and find the flouring mill in the North.

The farm mill with insufficient aparatus gets hardly more than half the

The chauffeur calmly got down and \$75 to \$150 ar handed her out. Taking off his cap cotton brings. and mask he cooly remarked:

"Where to?" he asked.
"Where you left mama, of course." "My dear girl, you don't imagine motor to come back and pick her up." "I don't believe the motor ever did

run away," she remarked. "Of course it didn't," he observed. "And I think we had better have some

"I shall do no such thing. Besides, it would not be proper with you alone,' she added.

"Oh, yes you will," he answered, "and it will be quite proper, as we are engaged." "What do you mean, Bob? After

our disgraceful behavior do you think For answer he took her in his arm and kissed her.

A quarter of an hour after when they were sipping their tea on the lawn she asked: "How did you manage to change places with the chauffeur?" "Oh, a ten-pound note and a promise o take him on if he got discharged did the trick," he answered.

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about one-third. It is estimated by the Department of horses, and finds it not only successful

question, is our largest agricultural export, and excepting it no two other staples exported by us equal the value of the sugar imported. All the live small per cent. of the commercial maple

After a minute or two the pace had acre as syrup, and the latter could be somewhat slower, and the made still more profitable by replacing hauffeur seemed able to steer with its manufacture by the usual crude methods with the improved mill, after Just as she was going to ask him if the style of the creamery and custom

Juice, and still the farmer realizes from \$75 to \$150 an acre, double the amount

To set the pace for the Southern "I gave you due warning that Daven- syrup maker, the Department of Agritry should not drive you down here to- culture has established an experimental day."

"Bob!" she exclaimed. Then, suddenly remembering how indignant she ought to be, she turned to him. "How dare you! This is nothing more nor caramel and flavor than the light ess than a gross piece of impertinence. more caramel and flavor than the light Never speak to me again. Mama will—varieties. Artificial makes of syrup Oh, it's disgraceful! Drive me back at are usually light and while perhaps not injurious, they lack the flavor and tone of the real article.

Diversity is making gains in the agricultural methods of the South as it is in the North and West, and when that your respected parent is still siting in the middle of the road at this improved system becomes an es-Shepherd's Bush waiting for a runaway tablished fact in our Southern States a prosperity unknown since early days will take hold of the country.

Experiments are being made in va-



bagasse, or waste, from cane mills, using it as an absorbent to make the molasses available as dry stock feed. Commenting on these experiments the Agricultural Department recently predicted that the time will come when the manufacture of stock feeds containing molasses will be a great industry. The belief is expressed that the sugar cane world will find in molasses feed for ing molasses with the feed for its truck Agriculture that not less than 140,000 square miles of country in the Gulf and South Atlantic States will grow good sugar canes, a region sufficient to make all the sugar we need.

Cotton, a product of the States in the sugar was a region sufficient to make all the sugar was need.

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OLD FASHIONED SYRUP BOILING.

crop to other Southern States and we The and sugar is a spurious article.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, Chemist of the De with the deh to syrup and sugar, but partment of Agriculture, who has ex-haustively investigated the sugar and adulterate it in article and mix and syrup possibilities of the Southern States, says that the people of this country are singularly ill informed concerning the household value of a pure article of cape syrup he always keeps.

stock exported does not represent one half the value of he sugar brought in every year from for on lands.

Our Southern States one could promable trees has decreased during the duce all our sugar, to so notifier of the last decreased during the duce all our sugar, to some could prothe sugar possible from bound in the North and West. The sugar in the beet crop of 1904 amounted to me tons or 121,000 tons less than the dissurance produced in Louisiana alone. Extend the sugar produced as a diversified crop to other Southern States and a sugar is a spurious article.

have achieved one more agricultural ducergilt does not lie with the pro-triumph. Shaking with fright, Daventry cerning the household value of a pure ings of vanilla or extracts R flavor-umped from the car, handed Mrs. article of cane syrup; he always keeps cobs and stalks. Formerly the corn

a good deal of maple sugar produceras the South, but now Vermont, New York and Ohlo are the largest producers. Attempts have been made in the West to produce sugar from sorghum cane, but the syrup can not be successfully granulated, and so far the manufacture has been limited to the making of molasses for local use.

A GIANT BRIDGE.

Clear Span of Third of Mile.

The St. Lawrence is soon to be bridged at Quebec with a bridge having a span of 1,800 feet, being the largest span in the world, exceeding the Firth bridge in Scotland, with its 1,710 feet, and that of the Brooklyn bridge, with 1,680 feet. The weight of the new bridge will be about 35,000 tons and its total length 3,300 feet. It is 150 feet above the highest tide and carries a double track railroad, a double track railroad, a double track trolley, a highway and two sidewaiks. Of course, an American bridge-building concern is to build the structure, which is to be completed in about two years.

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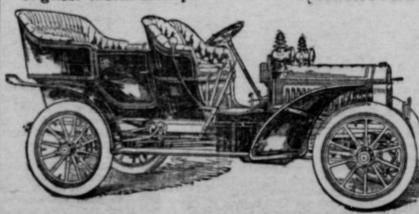
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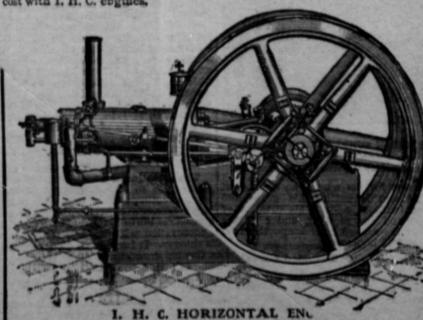


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