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A thip coiling, on a contact the river outskifts of town, where the river drive swept into our little park-how offent 1 remembered it in after days. There Adelaide and her father spect their quet, happy life. The professor was absorbed in his books; this daughter moved quety around the house, or attended her father spect sit was when I called a few uights it was when I called a few uights were on. I had ample leisure and though the professor told me bland it may brief the professor told me bland it mays a seven a leisure and leisure make. For two years 'more oil Market did myself credit in certain studies, although the professor told me bland it to any parents wallowed without to any parents swallowed without to any parent in studies. They can be would not that it to essary to examine me, which explain to any parent is head of years and the had posted in certain too any parent is head of years and the had posted in certain studies. They can be would not that the essary to examine me, which explain to any parents swallowed without the and a gain of years and the professor told me bland to ther stat he would not that it to explain the makes yon the. There is that he would not that the oto-the draw and a diploya. They came from several nearing sole, storing that the voters- the nation the makes yon this. They came for a stat he this bickerings and plot-the the that of the that of yone. They face and the kind of yone the makes yon this.

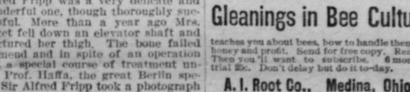
The next moment there was a hub-bub in the hall. "The King!" I heard them cry. "The King!" "Come with me quick," said Adelaide, in an ex-excited whisper. "It is our only chance!" And taking me by the arm, she drew me into the ball-room and up on to the starg. The crowd ap she drew me into the ball-room and up on to the stage. The crowd ap-proached us on tiptoe with excitment, for Trastamara had undoubtedly spread the news. In the front came the king, with brilliant robes and jew-elled crown. How old and feeble he looked. How worn and tired. But he had lost none of his pread amount he had lost none of his proud anger of old days. Raising his mace he called aloud: "That man is an inter-leper. He has designs on the body of

The operation Mrs Arthur Paget un-derwent recently at the hands of Sir derwent recently at the hands of Sir Aifred Fripp was a very delicate and wonderful one, though thoroughly sue-cessful. More than a year ago Mrs. Paget fell down an elevator shaft and fractured her thigh. The bone failed to mend and in spite of an operation her and kissed her passionately be-crowd:--"The princess is my affianced



Homes and Family Legends." "Suddenly," so the story runs, "a cold blast

denly," so the story runs, "a cold blast stole into the lady's room, extinguish-ing the light by her bedside. She saw a talk malled figure pass into the dressing-room. Immediately there-after there was a shrick from her child in an adjoining room. Her maternal instinct was aroused. She rushed into the dressing-room and found the child in an agony of fear. It described what it had seen as "a giant," who came and leaned over its face." The operation Mrs Arthur Paget un-derwent recently at the hands of Sir



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"There's a Reason."





'KISSED HER PASSIONATELY BEFORE THEM ALL."

think I far out-valued the heart, for there never was another like it, and none ever will be. But at my pater-nal home, Charter's Court, there was blood on the face of the moon, and a leather strap awaiting the youthful scion. So I deviated and spent a bliss-tri month in France nending a radius. ful month in France, pending a reduc-tion of the tempest. For I had told them of my engagement to Adelaide, and my desire to marry her immedi-tately and bring her home. "It will blow over," I said to myself, laugh-ing at love letters from Adelaide, and Toward morning I, was awakened. The above most of the palace closed with a secret spring, but not soon enough to keep back old looking very odd in his short tunic and bare head—shorn of his kingly habiliments. But it slammed in the face of the crowd. blow over," I said to myself, laugh-ing at love letters from Adelaide, and writing her a stream of tender re-plies. Then I got mad. For she told me her father, old Henry, had thrown a fit when she spoke of her contem-plated co-operative association. I chased back to Ferriby and dropped in at the house about tea time I ate a formi supper. Out Henry's manner chilled me to my spurs, and I could think of nothing but army gossip, for I had graduated into an organization of prospective army officers. Ther I broke loose and told him

army officers. Then I broke loose and told him what I wanted, while Adelaide dis-creetly withdrew. He was a stone post to my entreaty, my demand, my storm. So as I had put pride beneath my heel, and could not give her up. I offered him a home, an annuity, an indefinite leave of absence, with pay and expenses—any old plan that would give a fair exchange for his sorrow. He shook his head. He even swore at me in French. And then he called her in and made her dismiss me, though she did it in terrs. From India to Africa, from fee to

dismiss me, though she did it in tears. From India to Africa, from ice to equator, I moved about through Eng-lish Army Stations. We were on a tour of England's outposts—one of the first school trips of the young officer. I attained new grades and donned new uniforms. I added stars and bars, cords and fringe. I had be-come a real soldier. I even got into some scrimmages with the blacks in Egypt—a gang of robbers who inhab-ited an abandoned city. And after five years knocking about, I returned to England. But my heart was still at the little cottage, and thither I went on the first train. It was empty. Adelaide the

wife!" I cried. "I 18 my am wife!" I cried, "Let him who dares of the injured bones by means of the put foot on this platform!" Roentgen rays, which showed that the

I drew my sword just in time. Brave as a lion. Trastamara leaped upon the platform and came at me sparling. He held a short knife in sparling. He held a short knife in his right hand, and circled for an opening. "Dog!" I cried. Letting out with my sword I fetched him a mighty stroke across the temple, and he rolled back into the crowd. There was now a babel in the hall. The possibility of defense was at an end, for I heard orders outside and knew that soldiers were approaching. A door stood open behind us, I took Adelaide by the shoulders and pushed her through it. "To the south gate." I whispered in her ears. "For your life, darling!"

Down the stairs we ran lightly. Behind swept the king, the courtiers, and the crowd of gay dancers. Old John Henry had thrown aside his long robes and his crown, and was

nting after me in excellent style, At the bottom of a long fligh of stone steps, we opened a massive door, and found ourselves at the great southern gate of the palace. A two-horse car-riage stood outside. "It is my own." cried Adelaid. "It has been waiting since noon. We are saved!"

Toward morning I was awakened slammed in the face of the crowd,

fracture was as bad as ever. It was necessary to make an incision so that the fractured bones could be reached. These were screwed together with ivory, and it is confidently believed that in a few months' time they will knit and become strong enough to bear the weight of the body. In spite of the agony extending over thirteen months which Mrs. Paget has endured, she is able to drive out every day in an open carriage. Mrs. Paget recently visited the new ward at Charing-Cross Hospital, built from the proceeds of a great charity bazaar she organized, and called the Minnie Paget ward. It contained may for a characterized and

contained many fracture cases ,and Mrs. Paget cheered the sufferers greaty by her hopeful conversation, which was appreciated even more than the gifts of fruit and flowers she bore to each patient.

Of Abdul-Hamid's two predecessors, the one was assassinated, the other went mad and was deposed. These two tragical events have made the Sultan immensely suspicious. Always keeping watch against conspirators, he regards as his most faithful and useful servitors the men who spend their time in discovering his enemies, in finding out their plans, and in prevent-

ing the execution of these plans. The best rewarded will be he who has given his Majesty the most exhaustive Information. As everybody wants to obtain such

reward, all keep busy collecting information. Constantinople is a erfect paradise for the secret police. In all classes of Ottoman society you encounter the secret agent: and the very highest dignitaries gladly furnish the Sultan with confidential information.

Encouragement to Young Writers.

To young and ambitious writers, who become discouraged at the non-acceptance and non-appearance in print of their accepted articles_it will be interesting to know what Edward Clarence Stedman writes in a current magazine, that Mr. Fields of the Atlantic Monthly once advised him that he had lots of stuff, which had been in an unpublished state for five years. Stedman adds that one of his famous "South Sea Idyls" remained in their office for seven years before it found its way into print.

The Green Prevailed.

A green little boy in a green little way A green little apple devoured one day. And the green little grasses now tenderly wave

O'er the green little apple boy's green little grave.

The oldest tombstone in New York is in Trinity Churchyard. It is inscribed, "Richard Clemdle, 1681." The remainder of the inscription has been away from the stone by wind and rain.

The great rock of Gibraltar is crumling and the rotting masses of the rock must be continually bound to gether with huge patches of masonry and cement.

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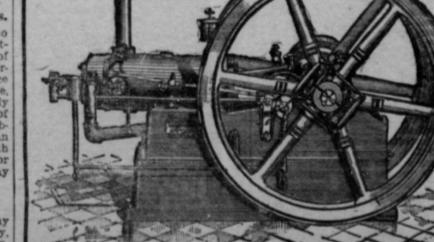
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