

The Path of Duty

By JESSIE ETHEL SHERWIN

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Miss Eleanor Radcliffe was cherished as an institution of Grayville. She had rented one of the best residences in the town, seemed to have plenty of money, engaged two servants and led a quiet routine life, responding to all calls for public welfare or charity, but mixing little with the people.

There had been a hint that, serene-faced and cheerful as she was, Miss Radcliffe had sought seclusion because of a disappointment in love. Nobody knew the details—it was all rumor and gossip, but it was current that a man she regarded with affectionate devotion had married another. Certainly, with her fair, expressive face and winning manner, she was worthy of interested attention, but she in no way encouraged it and her secret was her own.

Miss Radcliffe was a great lover of animal pets. At the first she kept two beautiful collies, but one was poisoned and the other run over by a wagon. A handsome high-bred cat was next adopted, but some one stole the animal and its successor was short-lived.

"Well, what do you think?" exclaimed a neighbor to the next-door resident. "Miss Radcliffe has a new pet—a baby!"

"For mercy's sake! Whose?"

"Nobody knows. She went away Monday and came back Wednesday with the child—a little girl about two years old."

"There's a mystery here, and romance," was darkly suggested; but the gossips got no further with their surmises and curiosity. Miss Radcliffe engaged a nurse and the little child became the object of her tender care. Then Miss Radcliffe was reported going to a distance on the train each week. Finally there was an explanation. A visiting relative of a Mrs. Rose happened to see Miss Radcliffe pass the house.

"Why, I know that lady!" he declared. "She's the one who bought a place called the Hermitage."

A few weeks later Miss Radcliffe, the baby, nurse and the servants left Grayville for good and took possession of their new island home. About a month later the man who had spoken of the Hermitage revisited Grayville.

"Well, those Radcliffe folks have settled down at the Hermitage," he said, "and just as secret and exclusive as ever. They've taken in a new member of the family—a woman. The doctor goes there regularly to attend her and I hear that she is out of her mind."

"What a mixup!" was the vigorous comment.

It was indeed a "mixup" to all save Miss Radcliffe. What a story she could have told, if so inclined! What a heart history, tender, sad, involving disappointment, sacrifice and the fulfillment of a duty grandly, unselfishly and sincerely! Eleanor Radcliffe had mourned when Warren Lee had married Esther Valle. Then she had removed to Grayville. Later she learned that the woman he had married had become a frivolous, wayward woman, whose extravagance had driven him to use money placed in his trust. He had been prosecuted and sentenced to a term in a penal institution. Eleanor learned that his wife had become insane and their little one was left to the cold charity of the world. A mighty impulse had swayed her. She had gone after the child, and then the affliction of the demented wife, too, appealed to her and she had assumed a new burden.

For over a year Eleanor Radcliffe devoted her life to little Lella and her invalid mother. Gradually the woman faded away. The only letter Eleanor had ever written to Lee was waiting for him the day he was released from prison. It bade him come to "friends at the Hermitage." He was electrified when he was shown into the presence of his first love. His head bent low, his tears fell as he listened to the plain, clear story of all that Eleanor had done for him and his wife and child. He was too broken down to speak. Oh, how she must have loved him. Suddenly the nurse entered the room.

"Miss Radcliffe," she spoke, in her trained, subdued way. "Mrs. Lee has passed away."

To his dead wife and his child Eleanor left the crushed husband and father. She removed to the town hotel. Thither at the end of the week came Warren Lee. He was like a being dumbfounded by a conception of the service of this peerless being.

"You are to have the Hermitage for your own and for little Lella," she told him. "Until you are strong enough again to face the world, you must allow me to be your friend."

"And you?" he quavered.

"Will be happy in knowing that you will nobly redeem the past. I shall go back to my lonely life, regretting little Lella, but oh! infinitely glad that I have helped you and yours."

He sought her out six months later. A relative had placed him once more on his feet financially. Little Lella was with him. It was while she was clinging to her "dear aunt," that Warren asked Eleanor to bless them with her continual presence. There was the surety of fidelity and devotion in the future, and the woman who had faced duty and sacrifice like a heroine weakened like a woman and could not face another parting.

SOME FAMOUS BEST SELLERS

Often, Like "Innocents Abroad," They Have Been the First Books of the Authors.

Many best sellers have been the first books of their authors. Mark Twain, then an impecunious newspaper man with little more than a local reputation for journalistic practical jokes, persuaded the publishers of a western paper to pay his expenses on the widely exploited excursion of the Quaker City. The letters which were the result of this journey grew into the book "The Innocents Abroad" and the name of Mark Twain became an American household word.

Archibald Clavering Gutter, who had been a mining and civil engineer and a broker on the San Francisco exchange, possessed a manuscript that no established publisher could be induced to touch. So he issued it at his own expense and in a very short time the question of the hour became "Have you read 'Mr. Barnes of New York?'"

The pastor of a church in a small town on the Hudson river visited Chicago just after the great fire, saw in the catastrophe the background of a novel with a strong religious appeal, and in the course of a few months awoke to find himself famous as the author of "Barriers Burned Away."

An impetuous southern woman, the author of one or two books that had been lost in the turmoil of the great civil struggle, went to New York at the close of the war with the manuscript of a novel and a year or two later the traveler in southern states was progressing on land by St. Elmo coaches, on water by St. Elmo steamboats, staying in St. Elmo hotels, smoking St. Elmo cigars and drinking St. Elmo punch.

It was a very different matter with Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," says the Bookman. That book was the work, not of a novice, but of a writer who knew her métier, who had years before won a reputation for imagination and good workmanship and who had already produced eight books of conceded quality.

French Youth to Learn Chess.

A quaint petition has just been presented to the French Minister of Public Instruction. At the famous cafe de la Regence there meet daily and nightly groups of chess players who have formed themselves into an association known as the Chess Federation of the Cafe de la Regence. Here the most important chess championships in Paris are decided. The committee of the association have just approached the minister with the request that a series of chess manuals, which they themselves have selected, shall be distributed with other books as prizes at the end of the school term to the pupils of the various lycées. The chess players are anxious that a knowledge of their favorite game should penetrate among the younger generation, conscious as they are of the importance of chess in building up character and forming the mind. The minister has granted the request, and France may expect to see grow up among them a generation of chess devotees, just as it is now nurturing a generation of football players.—Paris Correspondent London Globe.

Cracker Lunches.

New York city alone has nearly 750,000 children attending the public schools. What a splendid opportunity to provide this vast army of healthy youngsters with a wholesome and appetizing cracker lunch, done up in a neat package and still cheap enough to be within the reach of even the poorer parents.

We once saw one of these cracker lunches as got up by a large biscuit concern in Germany. The paper box contained six delicious crackers with a marmalade filling, and there was an empty compartment for a nice red apple or a couple of plums, which of course were added by the mother of the child. These school lunches, exclusive of the fruit, were sold at 5 pfennings, or about 1 1/4 cents.—Baker's Weekly.

The Air-Sacs of Pigeons.

The air-sacs of the pigeon constitute a system of interstices the value of which lies in their absence of weight and resistance.

Flying is possible only to a body of high mechanical efficiency divested of all superfluous material. The original reptiles, which by evolution became birds, were divested of superfluous material, and the body spaces thus obtained were filled with air-sacs. The body wall, adapting itself to the mechanical requirements, became a hollow cylinder serving as a support for the organs of movement, the mobility of whose parts was assured by the surrounding air-sacs. The air cavities in the bones of other birds are similarly explained.—Harper's Weekly.

Consequences.
Consequences are unpitiful. Our deeds carry their terrible consequences, quite apart from any fluctuations that are hardly ever confined to ourselves. And it is best for us to fix our minds on that certainty, instead of thinking what may be the elements of excuse for us. Sooner or later what we really believe will work its way into action, and what we think and what we do will one day be in accord. That is one great danger of unrestrained thought.

Her Specialty.
"I thought you said George had married a good manager."
"He did."
"I called on her yesterday and the house was in terrible disorder. It looked as if everything had been left to take care of itself."
"But you should see her managing George."

Superior.
"They're very superior people aren't they?"
"Very. They play nothing but grand opera records on their phonograph."

Delivering the New Suit.
Customer (telephoning tailor)—"You send out the clothes and if they're O. K. I will send you my check." Tailor—"Won't do it. You send me the check first and if it is O. K. I will send you the clothes."—Judge

Wales' Last Wolf.
The last wolf in Wales was killed on Cader Idris in the year 1768.

Daily Thought.
Good manners are made up of petty sacrifice.—Emerson.

Concerning Box Wood.

The manufacturing of boxes and crates in the United States consumes one-tenth of our output of lumber every year. In some cases, says the American Forestry Magazine, the odor of a wood adds to the value of the article shipped in the package. Cigars in Spanish cedar boxes furnish an example. It is widely believed that butter is better if it touches no wood except ash, and a similar belief prevails regarding tea, which, it is said, should be shipped and kept in the Chinese wood in which the orientals pack it. The notion in regard to the tea might lose some of its popularity if it were generally known that the wood of which the tea boxes are made did not grow nearer China than several thousand miles. Some of it comes from Russia. The Chinese paste paper over the boxes, stamp them with Chinese characters, and fill them with tea for foreign markets.

Human Good-Will.

With all your exuberant good-will you haven't altogether got beyond the theory that the first cave-dweller bestowed on his neighbor the bone he himself didn't need, and established the pleasant relation of benefactor and beneficiary. It gave him such a warm feeling in his heart that he naturally wanted to make the relation permanent. First cave-dweller felt a little disappointed next day when second cave-dweller, instead of coming to him for another bone, preferred to take his pointed stick and go hunting on his own account. It seemed a little ungrateful in him, and first cave-dweller felt that it would be no more than right to arrange legislation in the cave so that it should not happen again. Christian charity is a beautiful thing, but sometimes it gets mixed up with these ideas of the cave-dwellers.—Samuel M. Crothers.

Calling New Jersey "Spain."

Referring to New Jersey as "Spain" came about in this way: Joseph Bonaparte, the eldest brother of Napoleon, came to America and occupied the place called Point Breeze, at Bordentown, N. J. He was ex-king of Spain, but, disclaiming his legal rank, he lived there for several years under the title of Comte de Survilliers, endeavoring himself to his neighbors by his liberality and graciousness of manners. He was chosen a member of many learned and philanthropic institutions, and in 1817, an act was passed by the legislature enabling him as an alien to hold real estate within the state. Ardent Republicans, as well as neighbors out of good-natured rivalry, for this reason called the state his kingdom of Spain.

Stranger Than Fiction.

Among the advertisements on the first page of an Austrian rural newspaper appears one tradesman's praise of the "beautiful fresh bread" he distributes, and another tradesman's acclaim of the "beautiful Cavendish bananas" he has for sale. After reading further and finding with relief that at least one individual deals in "beautiful art" in this day of post-postism, one is naturally led to wonder just when Lewis Carroll was exercising his imagination and when he was merely setting down faithfully what he had heard when he penned such poems of praise as that Alice in Wonderland lyric which concludes:

Soup of the evening,
Beautiful soup.

Machine Shapes Masts.

A machine has been built which will shape masts up to 100 feet in length and three feet in diameter. The timber is set up in the machine and revolved at a speed of 50 revolutions a minute, and it is shaped by a cutter head which is electrically driven at the rate of 700 revolutions a minute. This cutter head is mounted on a carriage, which is moved along the timber against a rail set to give the proper profile to the mast. Heretofore this work has been done by hand and required skilled workmen. At best it has been a slow and laborious task.

Life Made Beautiful.

"The part of life which we really live is short," said Seneca. "Exigua pars est." Perhaps it is true, as this wise old pagan has said. And yet it ought not to be true. All of life should and can be made beautiful. The best that is in us should not assert itself infrequently, but at all times. The time we spend in the effort to satisfy our greed, the time spent in envy of our neighbors, in anger, in any unworthy spirit whatever, is assuredly time spent ill. It is that part of life in which we really do not live at all.—Los Angeles Times.

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ivory Mats.

There are but three mats of ivory in existence. The largest one measures eight by four feet, and although made in the north of India, has a Greek design for a border. It is used only on state occasions, like the signing of important documents. The cost of this precious mat was almost incalculable, for more than 6,400 pounds of pure ivory were used in its construction. Only the finest and most flexible strips of the material could be used, and the mat is like the finest woven fabric.

Task for Mamma.

Ben was visiting his aunt, who so far forgot herself as to use a "swear word." The youngster was horrified, and upon arriving home he began to tell his grandfather about the occurrence. When he reached the place in his story where the "swear" had to be repeated he stopped and said appealingly: "Mother, won't you say it just once so grandpa can hear how awful Aunt Sue sounded?"

Plodders Have Their Uses.

It is the men who have had vision who have moved the world forward. The rest of us are plodders. We are good plodders and we all do the best we can, but we are really followers in the footsteps of others. If we follow well, and if we plod patiently and tirelessly we also may claim our meed of praise. Also we shall surely be given our reward.—Exchange.

Red-Tapeism.

A young detective was enthusiastic but inexperienced. Rushing into his chief's office in great excitement, he cried, "I've found the murderer! I've got him cornered so that he can't escape!" The chief regarded him with withering scorn. "Allow me," he said, "to draw your attention to the fact that at present we are looking, not for the murderer, but for clues!"

On Riches.

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue. For as the baggage is to the army, so is riches to virtue. It cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hinders the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.—Bacon.

Quite Right, Auntie!

Aunt Nancy listened with horror to the language of a fat old gentleman who had been forced to climb six flights of stairs to his office because the elevator wasn't running. "There," she said, sagely. "There is an example of what we may expect from a man who has had no bringin' up."

Life's Turning Point.

When you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you couldn't hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time the tide will turn.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Pity the Manicurist.

Of course you have your little worries and moments of vexation while going about your daily tasks, but suppose you had to listen to all the fubdub and mushy talk a manicurist has to listen to while she goes about hers?—Macon Telegraph.

Art for Art's Sake.

"The desideratum of things artistic," mused the guy with the temperament, "would be a wedding between the girl on the front page of a current magazine and the fellow on the collar advertisement."

Remember One's Limitations.

In the moral world there is nothing impossible, if we put a thorough will to it. Man can do everything with himself; but he must not attempt to do too much with others.—Humboldt.

Not Fair Division.

We do not wisely when we vent complaint and censure. We cry out for a little pain, when we do but smile for a great deal of contentment.—Feltham.

The Largest Butterfly.

The largest butterfly known is found in British New Guinea, and there only. Measured across the wings, specimens are often from 8 to 11 inches wide.

Few Chinese-Built Lines.

Of the 15 lines comprising the system of Chinese government railways only one was built by the Chinese themselves.

Chance for a Fat One.

Advertisement—"Good opportunity for a bright woman with a large corporation."—Boston Transcript.

Can't Stop Him.

A man will surmount all obstacles when he shows a natural tendency to make a fool of himself.

Wales' Last Wolf.

The last wolf in Wales was killed on Cader Idris in the year 1768.

Daily Thought.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifice.—Emerson.

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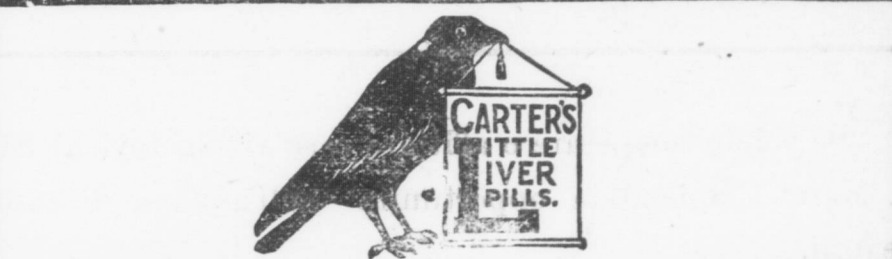
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Wealth does not come by the most diligent saving, but by the most diligent producing. Men and nations who pinch the pennies hardest are never the richest.

Size of the Foot.
The foot should be as long as the ulna, or chief bone of the forearm—that is, from the small head of the bone to be seen at the wrist to the point of the elbow should be the length of the foot.

How Could He!
"I'm terribly worried," I wrote Jack in my last letter to forget that I had told him I didn't mean to reconsider my decision not to change my mind, and he seems to have misunderstood me."—Life.

Psychologically Tested.
Psychological tests are being used by the United States employment service in New York to aid in determining the work for which applicants are best fitted.

Grandmother's Economy.
Another reason why your dear old grandmother didn't think she could afford silk stockings was because she thought she ought to wear six or seven petticoats.—Dallas News.

Salute to the Flag.
The salute to the flag is given by raising the right hand, palm outward, until the index finger is even with the lower edge of the forehead, and standing at attention.

Use Reason.
You've got to leave your work with some planning and thought. A fireless cooker doesn't do the business until heat is applied.

Beef Suet Not Indispensable.
Norway has discovered that beef suet is not absolutely necessary to the manufacture of margarine. Cod liver oil, herring oil and other fish oils are said to be excellent substitutes.