

The Hollow * Of Her Hand George Barr McCutcheon Corynight, 1912 BY GLODD, MEAD & COMPANY



CHAPTER I.

March Comes in Like the Lion,

still, with many an ear-splitting sigh, alongside the little station, and a re- tioned. That is why I called you up. luctant porter opened his vestibule I trust, madam, that I am mistaken." door to descend to the snow-swept platform: a solitary passenger had of snow and sleet screaming out of the than a single word, which signified him until Drake came in this evening. blackness at the end of the station neither acquiescence nor approval. building enveloped the porter in an inetant, and cut his cars and neck with have engaged a room for you at the stinging force as he turned his back inn, Mrs. Wrandall. You did not bring against the gale. A pair of lonely, half-obscured platform lights gleamed fatuously at the top of their lcy posts if youat each end of the station; two or three frost-incrusted windows glowed dully in the side of the building, while I came alone by choice. I shall reone shone brightly where the operator | turn to New York tonight." sat waiting for the passing of No. 33.

An order had been issued for the stopping of the fast express at B---a noteworthy concession in these days of premeditated haste. Not in the previous career of flying 33 had it even so much as slowed down for the ineignificant little station, through which start now, Mr. Drake? I am-well, it swooped at midnight the whole year you must see that I am suffering. I ductor received a command to stop sentence, but hurried past him to the sleep or rest for many hours, 33 at B- and let down a single pas- door, throwing it open and bending senger, a circumstance which meant her body to the gust that burst in upon trouble for every dispatcher along the them. line.

The woman who got down at Bential porter, and who passed by the the lee of the building. conductors without lifting her face, clogged window, peering through veil got his presence in the car. and frost into the night that whizzed | Into the thick of the storm the mothat brought the porter with the word woman closed her eyes and waited. that they were whistling for B---. outer door and lifted the trap. A sponse to them. single word escaped her lips and he station, the name of which he did not far away and yet were close at hand.

She took several uncertain steps in swerved from the road a few moments the direction of the station windows later. d stopped, as if bewildered. Already the engine was pounding the air with quick, vicious snorts in the effort to get under way; the vestibule trap and crashed against the thin veil, blinding from the car,

the platform opened and a man rushed toward her.

"Mrs. Wrandall?" he called above the roar of the wind.

She advanced quickly, "Yes."

"What a night!" he said, as much to himself as to her. "I'm sorry you would insist on coming tonight. To morrow morning would have satisfied | thing hot to drink, madam," the land-

"Is this Mr. Drake?"

They were being blown through the door into the waiting room as she put the question. Her voice was muffled. The man in the great fur coat put his weight against the door to close it.

Yes, Mrs. Wrandall. I have done all that could be done under the circumstances. I am sorry to tell you



A Man Rushed Toward Her.

that we still have two miles to go by motor before we reach the inn. My car is open-I don't possess a limou. a 'road house'?" she asked dully, her sine-but if you will lie down in the eyes narrowing suddenly as if in pain. tonneau you will find some protection from-

She broke in sharply, impatiently, "Pray do not consider me, Mr. Drake. I will say, however, that Burton has I am not afraid of the blizzard."

"Then we'd better be off," said he. shall drive cautiously. Ten minutes, Don't whine about it." perhaps. I-I am sorry you thought best to brave this wretched-

Drake, but for you. You have been but you can see how-" most kind. I did not expect you to

meet me." "I took the liberty of telephoning to bling. ment, staring at her as if trying to you if you should require anything

a withering gale of sleet all the way may be wrong. Still, the coroner-and er-ordeal tonight." up from New York, came to a stand- the sheriff—seemed to think you "I prefer going up there tonight," should be notified-I might say ques- said she steadily.

a maid, I see. My wife will come over from our place to stay with you

She shook her head. "Thank you, Mr. Drake. It will not be necessary.

"But you-why, you can't do that," he cried, holding back as they started toward the door. "No trains stop here after ten o'clock. The locals begin running at seven in the morning. Beuntil morning if necessary. But not sides-

She interrupted him. "May we not

He sprang after her, grasping her arm to lead her across the icy platin the wake of the shivering but defer- form to the automobile that stood in

Disdaining his command to enter was without hand luggage of any de- the tonneau, she stood beside the car scription. She was heavily veiled, and and waited until he cranked it and warmly clad in furs. At eleven o'clock took his place at the wheel. Then she that night she had entered the com- took her seat beside him and permitpartment in New York. Throughout ted him to tuck the great buffalo robe the thirty miles or more she had sat about her. No word was spoken. The alone and inert beside the snow- man was a stranger to her. She for-

past the pane, seeing nothing yet ap tor chugged. Grim and silent, the parently intent on all that stretched man at the wheel, ungoggled and beyond. As still, as immobile as tense, sent the whirring thing swiftly death itself she had held herself from over the trackless village street and the moment of departure to the instant out upon the open country road. The

You would know the month was Without a word she arose and fol- March. He said: "It comes in like lowed him to the vestibule, where she a lion," but apparently the storm swalwatched him as he unfastened the lowed the words for she made no re-

They crossed the valley and crept held out his hand to receive the crum- up the tree-covered hill, where the pled bill she clutched in her gloved force of the gale was broken. If she fingers. He did not look at it. He heard him say: "Fierce, wasn't it?" knew that it would amply reward him she gave no sign, but sat hunched forfor the brief exposure he endured on ward, peering ahead through the snow the lonely, wind-swept platform of a at the blurred lights that seemed so "Is that the inn?" she asked as he

> Yes, Mrs. Wrandall. We're here. "is-is he in there?"

"Where you see that lighted window upstairs." He tooted the horn vigdoor closed with a bang; the wheels orously as he drew up to the long, low were creaking. A bitter wind smote porch. Two men dasked out from the her in the face; the wet, hurtling sleet doorway and clumsily assisted her

The door of the waiting room across Drake. "I will join you in a jiffy." She walked between the two men into the feebly lighted office of the

looking person with dread in his eyes hurried forward. She stopped, stock still. Some one was brushing the stubborn, thickly caked snow from her long chinchilla coat. "You must let me get you some

lord was saying dolorously. She struggled with her veil, finally tearing it away from her face. Then she took in the rather bare, cheerless

her eyes.

"No, thank you," she replied. "It won't be any trouble, madam, urged the other. "It's right here. The sheriff eays it's all right to serve it, although it is after hours. I run : respectable, law-abiding house. wouldn't think of offering it to any

one if it was in violation-" "Never mind, Burton," interposed blg man, approaching. "Let the lady choose for herself. If she wants it, she'll say so. I am the sheriff, madam. This gentleman is the coroner, Dr. Sheef. We waited up for you after Mr. Drake said you'd got the fast train to stop for you. Tomorrow morning would have done quite as well. sorry you came tonight in all this blizzard."

He was staring as if fascinated at slender figure. She was young and tense pallor that overspread her face. looked up into his with an expression dread, horror, doubt and a smoldering other emotions that lay revealed to

"This is a-what is commonly called "It is an inn during the winter, Mrs. Wrandall, and a road house in the summer, if that makes it plain to you This is the first - er - real bit of not to come for the tray until morna note of anxiety in his voice-a cer- trouble he's had, and I won't say it's ing. tain touch of nervousness. "I drive his fault. Keep quiet, Burton. No one my own car. The road is good, but I is accusing you of anything wrong.

"But my place is ruined," groaned the doleful one. "It's got a black eye "I am not sorry for myself, Mr. now. Not that I blame you, madam, she went down the hall. It seems murderess may have taken all of

in her eyes, and turned away mumyou. It was well that I did it early | "There is a fire in the reception in the evening. The wires are down room, madam," said the coroner; "and don, Mrs. Wrandall!" He hesitated for a mo- the proprietor's wife to look out for

penetrate the thick, wet veil. "I may Will you go in there and compose the actual crime is concerned. There that very particular," said Mrs. Wran looking, as motionless as the object on have brought you on a fool's errand. yourself before going upstairs? Or, were signs of a struggle-but it isn't dall in such a self-contained way that which she gazed. Behind her were the You see, I-I have seen Mr. Wrandall if you would prefer waiting until necessary to go into that. Now, as to the three men looked at her in won-The train, which had roared through but once, in town somewhere, and I morning, I shall not insist on the- their arrival at the inn. The blizzard der. Then she came abruptly to her whom seemed to breathe during the

The men looked at each other, and intensity of her emotion. It was as band. It's an ugly affair, Mrs, Wranout of curiosity you might say. For He was ill at ease, distressed. "I your sake, I hope he is mistaken."

"Would you mind telling me someam quite calm. I am prepared for anything. You need not hesitate." "As you wish, madam. You will go

into the reception room, if you please. Burton, is Mrs. Wrandall's room quite ready for her?" "I shall not stay here tonight," in-

erposed Mrs. Wrandall. "You need not keep the room for me." "Eut, my dear Mrs. Wrandall--" "I chall wait in the rallway station

The coroner led the way to the cosy little room off the office. She followed with the sheriff. The men looked worn round. Just before pulling out of New must see, I must know. The sus- and haggard in the bright light that York on this eventful night the con-pense-" She did not complete the met them, as if they had not known

> "The assistant district attorney was here until eleven, but went home to get a little rest. It's been a hard case for all of us-a nasty one," explained the sheriff, as he placed a chair in front of the fire for her. She sank into it limply.

"Go on, please," she murmured, and shook her head at the nervous little woman who bustled up and inquired if she could do anything to make her more comfortable,

The sheriff cleared his throat, "Well, it happened last night. All day long we've been trying to find out who he is, and ever since eight o'clock this morning we've been searching for the woman who came here with him. She



She Sank Into It Limply.

has disappeared as completely as if "Go right in, Mrs. Wrandall," said swallowed by the earth. Not a sign of a clew-not a shred. There's nothing to show when she left the inn or by what means. All we know is that inn. The keeper of the place, a dreary the door to that room up there was standing half open when Burton passed by it at seven o'clock this morning-that is to say, yesterday morning, for this is now Wednesday. It is quite clear, from this, that she neglected to close the door tightly when she came out, probably through haste or fear, and the draft in the hall blew it wider open during the night. Burton says the inn was closed for the night at half-past ten. He went room with a slow, puzzled sweep of to bed. She must have slipped out after everyone was sound asleep. There were no other guests on that and graceful like, in spite of the big floor. Burton and his wife sleep on coat." this floor, and the servants are at the top of the house and in a wing. No one heard a sound. We have not the remotest idea when the thing happened, or when she left the place. Dr. Sheef says the man had been dead six or eight hours when he first saw him, and that was very soon after Burton's kind that usually comes out here on discovery. Burton, on finding the door such expeditions, he admits. She did open, naturally suspected that his not speak to anyone, except once in guests had skipped out during the very low tones to the man she was night to avoid paying the bill, and lost no time in entering the room, "He found the man lying on the bed.

dead as a mack-I should say, quite dead. He was partly dressed. coat and vest hung over the back of her. The waitress went up with a spethe white, colorless face of the woman a chair. A small service carving cially prepared supper about half an who with nervous fingers unfastened knife, belonging to the inn, had been the heavy coat that enveloped her driven squarely into his heart and was found sticking there. Burton says strikingly beautiful, despite the in- that the man, on their arrival at the inn, about nine o'clock at night, or-Her dark, questioning, dreading eyes dered supper sent up to the room. The tray of dishes, with most of the pagne bottle, was found on the service anger that seemed to overcast all table near the bed. One of the chairs was overturned. The servant who took woman was sitting at the window just as she was when she came into office.' the place. The man gave all the directions, the woman apparently paying no attention to what was going on. The waitress left the room without this woman?" always kept well within the law, seeing her face. She had instructions

> "That was the last time the man sheriff, was seen alive. No one has seen the woman since the door closed after been a merry feast! I beg your par- start."

"Go on, please," said she levelly.

of course, as there is no moon, but it am ready to go upstairs, Mr. Sheriff." was clear and rather warm for the time of year. The couple came here Drake is reasonably certain that it is the sheriff spoke. "Mr. Drake is quite about nine o'clock in a high power run- your husband," said the coroner un-"Yes," she said shrifly, betraying the confident the-the man is your hus- about machine, which the man drove. They had no hand baggage and appar- pared for the shock thatreached the journey's end. The swirl if she lacked the power to utter more dall. We had no means of identifying ently had run out from New York. Burton cays he was on the point of is my husband I shall ask you to leave Her head dropped slightly forward. refusing them accommodations when me alone in the room with him for a the man handed him a hundred-dollar little while." The final word trailed body. The coroner started forward, bill. It was more than Eurton's cu- out into a long, tremulous wail, showthing about it before I go upstairs? I pidity could withstand. They did not ing how near she was to the breaking register. The state license numbers point in her wonderful effort at selfhad been removed from the automo- control. The men looked away hastbile, which was of foreign make. Of course it was only a question of time three deep, quavering breaths; they until we could have found out who the car belonged to. It is perfectly obvious why he removed the num-

> At this juncture Drake entered the room. Mrs. Wrandall did not at first recognize him.

"It has stopped snowing," announced the newcomer.

"Oh, it is Mr. Drake," she murmured. We have a little French car, painted youred," she announced to the sheriff without giving Drake another thought, posed calmly. "If what we all fear "And this one is red, madam," said

the sheriff, with a glance at the coroner. Drake nodded his head. Mrs. Wrandall's body stiffened perceptibly. as if deflecting a blow. "It is still standing in the garage, where he left it on his arrival. "Did no one see the face of-of the

woman?" asked Mrs. Wrandall, rather querulously. "It seems odd that no one should have seen her face," she went on without waiting for an answer

"It's not strange, madam, when you consider all the circumstances. She was very careful not to remove her veil or her coat until the door was locked. That proves that she was not the sort of woman we usually find gailavanting around with men regardless of-ahem, I beg your pardon. This must be very distressing to you."

"I am not sure, Mr. Sheriff, that it is my husband who lies up there. Please remember that," she said steadily. "It is easier to hear the details now, be fore I know, than it will be afterward if it should turn out to be as Mr. Drake declares." "I see," said the sheriff, marveling.

"Besides, Mr. Drake is not positive." put in the coroner hopefully. "I am reasonably certain,"

Drake. "Then all the more reason why l

should have the story first," said she, with a shiver that no one failed to ob-

The sheriff resumed his conclusions Women of the kind I referred to a ment ago don't care y seen or not. In fact, they're rather brazen about it. But this one was different. She was as far from that as it was possible for her to be. We haven't been able to find anyone who saw her face or who can give the least idea as to what she looks like, excepting a general description of her figure, her carriage and the outdoor garments she wore. We have reason to believe she was young. She was modestly dressed. Her coat was one of those heavy ulster affairs, such as a woman uses in motoring or on a sea voyage. There was a small sable stole about her neck. The skirt was short, and she wore high black shoes of the thick walking type. Judging from Burton's description she must have been about your size and figure, Mrs. Wrandall, Isn't that so, Mrs. Bur-

The innkeeper's wife spoke. Mr. Harben, I'd say so myself. About five feet six, I'd judge; rather slim

Mrs. Wrandall was watching the woman's face. "I am five feet six," she said, as if answering a question. The sheriff cleared his throat some

what needlessly, "Burton says she acted as if she were a lady," he went on. "Not the with, and then she was standing by the fireplace out in the main office, quite a distance from the desk. She sprawled out, face upward and as went upstairs alone, and he gave some orders to Burton before following her. His That was the last time Burton saw

> hour later." "It seems quite clear, Mrs. Wrandall, that she robbed the man after stabbing him." said the coroner.

Mrs. Wrandall started, "Then she was not a lady, after all," she said quickly. There was a note of relief he was never to forget. It combined food untouched, and an empty cham- in her voice. It was as if she had put aside a half-formed conclusion.

> "His pockets were empty. Not a penny had been left. Watch, cuff the meal to the room says that the links, scarf pin, cigarette case, purse and bill folder-all gone. Burton had with her wraps on, motor veil and all, seen most of these articles in the

"Isn't it-but no! Why should ! be the one to offer a suggestion that might be construed as a defense for

"You were about to suggest, madam. that some one else might have taken the valuables-is that it?" cried the

"Had you thought of it, Mr. Sheriff?" "I had not. It isn't reasonable. No the servant, who distinctly remembers one about this place is suspected. We hearing the key turn in the lock as have thought of this, however: the pretty clear that the man ate and those things away with her in order He qualled before the steady look drank but not the woman. Her food to prevent immediate identification of remained untouched on the plate and her victim. She may have been clever her glass was full. 'Gad, it must have enough for that. It would give her a

"Not an unreasonable conclusion. when you stop to consider, Mr. Sher-"That's all there is to say so far as iff, that the man took the initiative in of this view, who thought he was modern society."

comfortably. "You may not be pre-"I shall not faint, Dr. Sheef. If it

ily. They heard her draw two or could almost feel the tension that she was exercising over herself.

The doctor turned after a moment and spoke very gently, but with professional firmness, "You must not think of venturing out in this wretched night, madam. It would be the worst kind of folly. Surely you will be guided by me-by your own common sense. Mrs. Burton will be with "Thank you, Dr. Sheef," she inter

should turn out to be the truth, could not stay here. I could not breathe. I could not live. If, on the other hand, Mr. Drake is mistaken, I shall stay. But if it is my husband, I cannot remain under the same roof with him, even though he be dead. I do not expect you to understand my feelings. It would be asking too much of men-too much." "I think I understand," murmured

Drake. "Come," said the sheriff, arousing

himself with an effort, She moved swiftly after him. Drake and the coroner, following close be hind with Mrs. Burton, could not take their eyes from the slender, graceful figure. She was a revelation to them Feeling as they did that she was about to be confronted by the most appalling crisis imaginable, they could not but marvel at her composure. Drake's mind dwelt on the stories of the guillotine and the heroines who went up to it in those bloody days without so much as a quiver of dread. Somehow,

to him, this woman was a heroine. They passed into the hall and mounted the stairs. At the far end of the corridor a man was seated in front of a closed door. He arose as the party approached. The sheriff signed for him to open the door he guarded. As he did so, a chilly blast of air blew upon the faces of those in the hall. The curtains in the window of the room were flapping and whipping in the wind. Mrs. Wrandall on the point of faltering. She dropped farther behind the sheriff, her limbs suddenly stiff, her hand going out to the wall as if for support. The next moment she was moving forward resolutely into the icy, dimly lighted

A single electric light gleamed in the corner beside-the bureau. Near the window stood the bed. She went swiftly toward it, her eyes fastened upon the ridge that ran through the center of it: a still, white ridge that eemed without beginning or end.

With nervous fingers the attendant lifted the sheet at the head of the bed and turned it back. As he let it fall across the chest of the dead man he drew back and turned his face away. She bent forward and then straight-

ened her figure to its full height, without for an instant removing her gaze from the face of the man who lay before her: a dark-haired man gray in death, who must have been beautiful to look upon in the flush of life. For a long time she stood there

Frost and Drought Very Much Alike

in Their Effects Upon Good

Old Mother Earth.

their results, or at least their effects.

A winter meadow, bare of snow but

frozen hard, is not very dissimilar to

after haying. Color is gone, growth

is short, stones show like land turtles.

the soil is impenetrable, the wheel of

nature is on a dead point. Only the

hedgerows, in either case, retain some

You look at the footbole pits in the

ground, made when you rode that way

last fall or spring, as the case may

be, and wonder that the ground would

ever have been soft enough to receive

face of a frightened cowboy, is pale

and, again like the cowboy, this only

departs when he draws rein at home.

Then it is good to see, even in win-

Farmer's Notebook," by E. D. Phelps.

Rude Shock.

Americans traveling abroad soon

find out that the language they speak

is not looked upon always as genuine

English, either by the haughty Eng-

life and color.

AS SEEN BY NATURE LOVER | hardened to it, got the rudest shock

Frost and drought are not unlike in called "llow to Learn Spanish," anoth-

the same meadow during a dry spell pression suddenly changed to one of

such impressions, while that pools of forgotten for the hasty reply, the un-

water could ever have stood upon it kind retorts that kindle the fire of ill-

seems impossible. The earth, like the feeling and are the outcome of dis-

to the obliteration of its natural tan; sentment on account of lacking in the

ter, how the tints hasten back, and chooses to dwell in the home where

brown skin and stubby beard assume the spirit of unselfishness, of self-

their natural hues; for even in win- control, of thoughtfulness and of

ter there is color, whenever a spell charitableness makes the atmosphere

lishman or the natives of the con- a proletarian morality, to speak only

tinent of Europe. One already aware of the three greatest subdivisions of

of mild moisture comes.-From "A sweet.-Exchange,

of all last summer.

he read on its cover:

saw several little red books.

tense, keen-eyed men, not one of had not set in. Last night was dark, feet. "It is very late, gentlemen. I grim minutes that passed. The wind howled about the corners of the inn, "I must warn you, madam, that Mr. but no one heard it. They heard the beating of their hearts, even the ticking of their watches, but not the wail

> tenseness, went slowly to her temples. and a great shudder ran through her expecting her to collapse.

Let me stay here alone for a little while."

That was all. The men relaxed. They coked at each other with a single



Body.

question in their eyes. Was it quite safe to leave her alone with her dead? They hesitated.

She turned on them suddenly spreading her arms in a wide gesture of self-absolution. Her somber eyes swept the group.

"I can do no harm. This man is mine. I want to look at him for the last time-alone. Will you go?" "Do you mean, madam, that you in

tend to-" began the coroner in alarm. She clasped her hands. "I mean that I shall take my last look at him now-and here. Then you may do what you like with him. He is your dead-not mine. I do not want him. Can you understand? I do not want this dead thing. But there is something I should say to him, something that I must say. Something that ne one must hear but the good God who caught her breath. For the briefest knows how much he has hurt me. I instant it seemed as though she was want to say it close to those gray, horrid cars. Who knows? He may hear

Wondering, the others backed from the room. She watched them until they closed the door.

Listening, they heard her lower the window. It squealed like a thing in fear.

Ten minutes passed. The group to the hall conversed in whispers. "Poor thing," said the impkeeper's

"Well," said Drake, taking a deep breath, "she won't have to worry any more about his not coming home nights. I say, this business will create a fearful sensation, sheriff. The Four Hundred will have a conniption fit."

"We've got to land that girl, who ever she is," grated the official. "Now that we know who he is, it shouldn't be hard to pick out the women he's been trailing with lately. Then we can sift 'em down until the right one is left. It ought to be easy." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

In a Paris book store window he

"How to Learn German," was the

title of one of them. Another was

er "How to Learn Italian," and so on.

with an uninterested air when his ex-

utter amazement. Casting his eye

on still another of the little red books

Family Dissensions.

from a lack of humility and too much

presumption on the part of the differ-

ent members of the family. "The soft

answer that turneth away wrath" is

orderly minds which are prone to re-

gentle grace of humility. Love does

not linger in the house where petty

pride shows its unlovely qualities. It

Sees Class Morality.

vannitti opens up an interesting discus-

sion: "All social morality today is

class morality. We have a capitalistic

morality, a middle class morality and

The following assertion of A. M. Glo-

Dissensions in families often rise

"How to Learn American!"

The American was looking at them

of the wind. At last her hands, claw-like in their with shapeless nails, a one-night r cura treatment works wonders. "Please go away," she was saying rections: Soak the hands, on in an absolutely emotionless voice. ing, in hot water and Cuticura & Dry, anoint with Cuticura Olatme and wear soft bandages or old.



"I've given you," panted out the ing woman, "a great deal of trop Just Noises. "Look here!" shouted the

be "thanks."

in my lake when it's posted? "Aw, go on!" sneered the tough "Make a noise like a hoop roll away." The old farmer took out his

farmer. "What are you doing fit

and cut off a section of birch. "Sonny," he said solemnly, "I m veou'd be better making a noise

Tommy-Why do ducks dive? Harp-Guess they must w

Examine carefully every both CASTORIA, a safe and sure remed

infants and children, and see

Children Cry for Fletcher's Gas

trust a girl with a secret. It

hard for the average girl to ke

secret as it would be for her to

her slashed skirt with the slash

toned up when she had a new n

RED, ROUGH HANDS MA

SOFT AND WHITE

For red, rough, chapped and bi

ing hands, dry, fissured, itching, b

ing palms, and painful finger-

gloves during the night. These pa

sweet and gentle emollients press

the hands, prevent redness, roughs

night that velvety softness and wh

and chapping, and impart in a s

ness so much desired by women

those whose occupations tend to

ticura Ointment are wonderful.

jure the hands, Cuticura Soap and 6

Cuticura Soap and Ointmen

throughout the world. Sample of

free, with 32-p. Skin Book, Address;

A testator, after citing the

tions he was under to a pa

friend, bequeathed to him at th

tom of the first page of his will

thousand-dollars, of course, the

the delighted legatee, but on tur

the page he found the missing we

lady who, in her last illness.

ised the priest to leave him

of money for parish purposes.

she was dying she asked the pri

out: "Father-I've-given-you

come nearer the bedside, and gas

"Stop," said the priest, anxiou

have as many witnesses as poss

"I will call in the family," and o

ing the door, he beckoned them all

A similar story is told of an

Turning the Page

card "Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston

silk stockings on."

Impossibility. George Ade, cynical as usual at the Chicago Athletic club:

iquidate their bills.

Bears the Signature of

locomotive for the next few "Like a locomotive, old clover sed

And the next moment the yells

emanated from the clump of b made a noise like a band of ludi on the warpath, that could be be for miles away.

So Glad.

A story is going the rounds to effect that at a performance of nard Shaw's delightful play of tony and Cleopatra," by Forbes-l ertson, the following conversation heard between a sprightly damse her friend:

"Do you know, this is the very f of Shakespeare's plays I have seen!" The friend: "No, really? so glad we came."

Precipitate. Baby Camel-Mamma, can I

drink? Mamma Camel-Shut up! Why was only five weeks ago that I st

The Point of View. "Health is wealth," quoted the st "Oh, no, it isn't," replied the stange I am a doctor."

HAPPY NOW Family of Twelve Drink Postum

"It certainly has been a blessing" our home" writes a young lady in " gard to Postum.

"I am one of a family of twelft who, before using Postum, would make a healthy person uncomfortable their complaining of headache, dit ness, sour stomach, etc., from drinks coffee.

"For years mother suffered free palpitation of the heart, sick hi ache and bad stomach and at time would be taken violently ill. About year ago she quit coffee and best

"My brother was troubled will headache and dizziness all the tis he drank coffee. All those troubles my mother and brother have dis peared since Postum has taken the place of coffee.

"A sister was ill nearly all her !! with headache and heart trouble. about all she cared for was coffee st tea. The doctors told her she mil leave them alone, as medicine did no permanent good.

She thought nothing would tall the place of coffee until we induce her to try Postum. Now her trouble are all gone and she is a happy little woman enjoying life as peop should."

Name given by the Postum Co. Bi tle Creek, Mich.

Postum now comes in two forms Regular Postum - must be boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum-is a soluble per der. A teaspoonful dissolves quick in a cup of hot water and, with cres and sugar, makes a delicious bever Instantly. 30c and 50c tins. The cost per cup of both kinds

about the same. "There's a Reason" for Postum

-sold by Groos