THE FULTON COUNTY NEWS, MCCONNELLSBURG, PA.



SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrandall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wran-dall is summoned from the city and iden-tifles the body. A young woman who sc-companied Wrandall to the ion and sub-sequently disappeared, is suspected. Wrandall, it appears, had led a say life and neglected his wife. Mrs. Wrandall starts back for New York in an auto dur-ing a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrandall.

CHAPTER IL-Continued. "There was nothing left for me to do but that."

'And why did you rob him?" "Ah, I had ample time to think of all that. You may tell the officers they will find everything hidden in that farmhouse cellar. God knows I do not want them. I am not a thief. I'm not so bad as that."

Mrs. Wrandall marveled. "Not so bad as that!" And she was a murderess, a wanton!

'You are hungry. You must be famfahed."

"No, I am not hungry. I have not thought of food." She said it in such a way that the other knew what her whole mind had been given over to since the night before.

A fresh impulse seized her. "You shall have food and a place where you can sleep-and rest," she said. "Now please don't say anything more. I do not want to know too much. The least you say tonight, the better for-for both of us."

With that she devoted all of her attention to the car, increasing the speed considerably. Far ahead she could see twinkling, will-o'-the-wisp lights, the first signs of thickly populated districts. They were still eight or ten miles from the outskirts of the city and the way was arduous. She was conscious of a sudden feeling of fatigue. The chill of the night seemed to have made itself felt with abrupt, almost stupefying force. She wondered if she could keep her strength, her courage-her nerves.

The girl was English. Mrs. Wrandall was convinced of the fact, almost Immediately. Unmistakably English and apparently of the cultivated type. In fact, the peculiarities of speech that determines the London show-girl or music-hall character were wholly lacking. Her voice, her manner, even under such trying conditions, were characteristic of the English woman of cultivation. Despite the dreadful strain under which she labored, there were evidences of that curious serenity which marks the English woman of the better classes; an inborn composure, a calm orderliness of the Mrs. Wrandall was conemotions. scious of a sense of surprise, of a wonder that increased as her thoughts resolved themselves into something less chaotic than they were at the tim of contact with this visible condition. For a mile or more she sent the car along with reckless disregard for comfort or safety. Her mind was groping for something tangible in the way of intentions. What was she to do with this creature? What was to become of her? At what street corner should she turn her adrift? The idea of handing her over to the police did not enter her thoughts for an instant. Somehow she felt that the girl was a stranger to the city. She could not explain the feeling, yet it was with her and very persistent. Of course, there was a home of some sort, or lodgings, or friends, but would he girl dare show herself in familiar haunts? She found herself wondering why the poor wretch had not made way with herself. Escape seemed out of present. Tomorrow we can plan somethe question. That must have been clear to her from the beginning, else why was she going back there to give herself up? What better way out of it than self-destruction. She would advise the girl to leave the car when they reached the center of a certain bridge that spanned the river! No one would find her. Even as the thought took shape in her mind, she experienced a great sense of awe, so overwhelming that she cried out with the horror of it. She turned her head for a quick glance at the mute, wretched face showing white above the robe, and her heart ached with sudden pity for her. The thought of that slender, allve thing going down to the key waters-her soul turned sick with the dread of it! In that instant, Sara Wrandall-no philanthropist, no sentimentalistmade up her mind to give this erring one more than an even chance for salvation. She would see her safely across that bridge and many others. God had directed the footsteps of this girl so that she should fall in with the one best qualified to pass judgment on her. It was in that person's power to save her or destroy her. The commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," took on a broader meaning as she considered the power that was hers; the power to kill. A great relaxation came over Sara Wrandall. It was as if every nerve, every muscle in her body had reached the snapping point and suddenly had given way. For a moment her hands were weak and powerless; her head fell forward. In an instant she conquered - but only partially-the strange feeling of lassitude. Then she realized how tired she was, how flercely the strain had told on her body and brain, how much she had really suffered.

The Hollow * Of Her Hand George Barr McCutcheon COPYRICHT, INA BY GEORGE DARK MECUTCHEON : COPYRICHT, INA BY GEORGE DARK MECUTCHEON : COPYRICHT, INA BY DODD, MEAD &- COMPANY

"They send them to the electric Please try to remember that it is I | "If I feel like lying down, I shall | reading the story with no little inter- | ciled. chair-sometimes," said Mrs. Wran- who am suffering, not you." A sleepy night watchman took them dall

There was a long silence between them, broken finally by the girl. "You have been very kind to me,

madam. I have no means of expressing my gratitude. I can only say that I shall bless you to my dying hour. May I trouble you to set me down at the floor in a heap. the bridge? I remember crossing one.

I shall be able to-" soft, persuasive words. "Get up at "No!" cried Mrs. Wrandall shrilly, once. You are young and strong. You divining the other's intention at once. You shall not do that. I, too, thought must show the stuff you are made of now if you ever mean to show it. I of that as a way out of it for you,

but-no, it must not be that. Give me cannot help you if you quail." The girl looked up piteously, and a few minutes to think. I will find a then struggled to her feet. She stood way." before her protectress, weaving like

The girl turned toward her. Her eyes were burning.

"Do you mean that you will help lips me to get away?" she cried, slowly, "I will not give way like that again. incredulously.

"Let me think!" "You will lay yourself liable-"

"Let me think, I say." "But I mean to surrender myself

try to obey." "First of all, get out of those muddy, "An hour ago you meant to do it frozen things you have on." but what were you thinking of ten Mrs. Wrandall herself moved stiffly minutes ago? Not surrender. You and with unsteady limbs as she began were thinking of the bridge. Listen to to remove her own outer garments. me now: I am sure that I can save The girl mechanically followed her exyou. I do not know all the-all the ample. She was a pitiable object in the strong light of the electrolier. circumstances connected with your association with-with that man back Muddy from head to foot, waterstained and bedraggled, her face there at the inn. Twenty-four hours

streaked with dirt, she was the most passed before they were able to idenunattractive creature one could well tify him. It is not unlikely that tomorrow may put them in possession of | imagine. These women, so strangely thrown the name of the woman who went together by Fate, maintained an unwith him to that place. They do not broken silence during the long, fumbknow it tonight, of that I am positive. You covered your trail too well. But ling process of partial disrobing. They you must have been seen with him scarcely looked at one another, and

during the day or the night-" The other broke in eagerly: don't believe any one knows that Ithat I went out there with him. He arranged it very-carefully. Oh, what

a more pronounced effect on the a beast he was!" The bitterness of stranger than on her hostess. that wall caused the woman beside her to cry out as if hurt by a sharp, al-"It is good to feel warm once more," she said, an odd timidness in her manmost unbearable pain. For an instant she seemed about to lose control of ner. "You are very good to me." They were sitting in Mrs. Wran herself. The car swerved and came

dall's bedchamber, just off the little dangerously near leaving the road. A full minute passed before she sitting-room. Three or four trunks could trust herself to speak. Then stood against the walls. it was with a deep hoarseness in her

She robbed me," said Mrs. Wrandall. volce volcing the relief that was uppermost "You can tell me about it later on, in her mind. She opened a closet door and took out a thick elder-down not now. I don't want to hear it. Tell me, where do you live?" The girl's manner changed so abso-"Now call up the office and say that lutely that there could be but one inyou are speaking for me. Say to them ference; she was acutely suspicious.

that I must have something to eat, Her lips tightened and her figure seemed to stiffen in the seat. "Where do you live?" repeated the

other sharply. "Why should I tell you that? lie there beside you." The girl stared. "Lie beside me?"

"Yes. Oh, I am not afraid of you, up in the elevator. He was not even You interested. Mrs. Wrandall did not child. You are not a monster. are just a poor, tired-" speak, but leaned rather heavily on

"Oh, please don't! Please!" cried the arm of her companion. The door the other, tears rushing to her eyes. had no sooner closed behind them She raised Mrs. Wrandall's hand to when the girl collapsed. She sank to her lips and covered it with kisses. "Get up!" commanded her hostess Long after she went to sleep, Sara sharply. This was not the time for

Wrandall stood beside the bed, looking down at the pain-stricken face. and tried to solve the problem that suddenly had become a part of her very existence. "It is not friendship," she argued,

flercely. "It is not charity, it is not humanity. It's the debt I owe, that's all. She did the thing for me that I could not have done myself because a frail reed in the wind, pallid to the l loved him. I owe her something for that.'

Later on she turned her attention to the trunks. Her decision was made. I dare say I am faint. I have had no



Pile Is Mine, the Gay The Black Pile Is Yours!"

With ruthless hands she dragged gown after rown from the "innovations" and cast them over chairs, on the floor, across the foot of the bed; smart things from Paris and Vienna; ball gowns, tea gowns, lingerie, blouses, hats, gloves and all of the countless "I dismissed my maid on landing. things that a woman of fashion and means indulges herself in when she goes abroad for that purpose and no other to epeak of. From the closets she drew forth New York "tailor-sults" and robe, which she tossed across a chair. other garments.

Until long after six o'clock she busied berself over this huge pile of costly raiment, portions of which she no matter what the hour may be. I had worn but once or twice, some not will get out some clean underwear for at all, selecting certain dresses, hats, you, and- Oh, yes; if they ask about slockings, etc., each of which she laid me, say that I am cold and ill. That carelessly aside; an imposing pile of



All my life I shall feel that I est. The only new feature in the case, have been cheated," she said. He looked up sharply. Something in therefore, was the identification of Challis Wrandall by his "beautiful her tone puzzled him. "Cheated, my wife," and the sensational manner in dear? Oh, I see, Cheated out of years which it had been brought about.

With considerable interest she noted

the hour that these dispatches had

been received from "special corre-

Mrs. Wrandall returned to her post

beside the bed of the sleeper in the

adjoining room. Deliberately she

placed the newspaper on a chair near

the girl's pillow, and then raised the

window shades to let in the hard gray

permitted.

mystery!

him?"

light of early morn.

She bowed her head. Neither spoke for a full minute. "It's a horrible thing to say, Sara. but this tragedy does away with an-

spondents," and wondered where the shrewd, lynx-eyed reporters napped ternative; the divorce I have been while she was at the inn. All of the urging you to consider for so long." dispatches were timed three o'clock "Yes, we are spared all that," she and each paper characterized its issue said. Then she met his gaze with a as an "Extra," with Challis Wrandall's sudden flash of anger in her eyes. "But name in huge type across as many would not have divorced him-never. columns as the dignity of the sheet

Not a word of the girl! Absolute

She stopped him with a sharp excla-The past came to an end night roll. before last, so far as I am concerned. I

She was quick to see that she had offended him.

triends," she cried earnestly. He smiled. "If you will take present advice, Sara, you will let go of yourself for a spell and see if tears

loved the life that was in it. It was the life of him that I loved, the warm, His family had resented their mar-

Some one less amiable than I suffered at his hands and-well, that is enough. I hate the dead body she left behind her, Mr. Carroll." not so remote as his. She found a

from his brow.

"I think I understand," he said, but ly and surrendered to her with such he was filled with wonder. "Extraorbitterness of heart. She had not been dinary! Ahem! I should say-Ahem! good enough for him; that was their Dear me! Yes, yes-l've never really attitude. Now she was returning him thought of it in that light."

"I dare say you haven't," she said, lying back in the chair as if suddenly Evasive.

body by the nose." 'The story is miss-leading.'

Be sure that you ask for Wright's Indu

Vegetable Pills, and look for the size ture of Wm. Wright on wrapper and ba for Constipation, Billousness and India ion. Adv.

"Well," replied the patient may 'that's what I get for worrying my self half to death trying to think a something to be optimistic above

BLOTCHES COVERED LIMBS

and years of happiness. I see."

other and perhaps more unpleasant al-

You understood that, didn't you?" "You couldn't have gone on for ever,

my dear child, enduring the-" mation. "Why discuss it now? Let the past take care of itself, Mr. Car-

want advice for the future, not for the past." He drew back, hurt by her manner.

It was not her present intention to arouse the wan stranger, who slept as one dead. So gentle was her breath-"I beg your pardon, my best of ing that the watcher stared in some

fear at the fair, smooth breast that seemed scarcely to rise and fall. For a long time she stood beside the bed, looking down at the face of the sleepwon't relieve the tension under-"

er, a troubled expression in her eyes. "Tears!" she cried. "Why should I "I wonder how many times you were give way to tears? What have I to seen with him, and where, and by weep for? That man up there in the whom," were the questions that ran in country? The cold, dead thing that a single strain through her mind. spent its last living moments without Where do you come from? Where a thought of love for me? Ah, no, my did you meet him? Who is there that friend; I shed all my tears while he knows of your acquaintance with was alive. There are none left to be shed for him now. He exacted his Her lawyer came in great haste and full share of them. It was his pleasperturbation at eight o'clock, in reure to wring them from me because sponse to the letter delivered by one he knew I loved him. She leaned forof the messengers. A second letter had ward and spoke slowly, distinctly, so gone by like means to her husband's that he would never forget the words. brother, Lesile Wrandall, instructing "But listen to me, Mr. Carroll. You him to break the news to his father also know that I loved him. Can you and mother and to come to her apartbelieve me when I say to you that I ment after he had attended to the rehate that dead thing up there in Burmoval of the body to the family home ton's inn as no one ever hated before? near Washington square. She made it Can you understand what I mean? 1 quite plain that she did not want Chalhate that dead body, Mr. Carroll. I lis Wrandall's body to lie under the

appealing life of him. It has gone out. riage. Father, mother and sister had objected to her from the beginning. not because she was unworthy, but because her tradespeople ancestry was

The lawyer wiped the cool moisture curious sense of pleasure in returning

down to open the door and ent the minister, Mr. Black, while ished dressing. When she

worthless. She would have no more exhausted. By the way, my dear, have you the little kitten ran in breakfasted ?" and the tiny maiden jumpos "No. I hadn't given it a thought. down and screamed at the top Perhaps it would be better if I had volce: "Oh, kitty, kitty, go out some coffee-" "I will ring for a walter," he said, 'Daughter, what makes you at springing to his feet. "Not now, please. I have a young that Mr. Black's sermons were friend in the other room-a guest who to make a cat sick,' and 1 don't H arrived last night. She will attend mine sick." to it when she awakes. Poor thing, it

Triumph of Russian Art.

ing the land, all winter produced mar-

vels of delicate lace and of wood carv-

ing as fine as any weft made on the

pillows during the summer. Recently

the industries have become known be

yond the confines of a district that for

Credulous.

"Yep," said Enoch Flint, lounging

comfortably on the porch of the

Squam Corners grocery, "when I was

queer critter that they called a calf,

for want of a better name. Its mother

was a cow, an' it had the body an'

legs of a calf, an' the feet, wings an'

bill of a goose. On its head it had

daytime it bleats like a calf, an' at

night it honks like a goose.'

"They say that girl can lead any

Overexertion.

"You frown like a pessimist."

19 Roach St., Atlanta, Ga .- A fer months ago I had some kind of sky eruption that spread until my limb and feet were covered with blotches and watery blisters. It looked like eczema. When the trouble reached my neck and face I was almost drives frantic. It itched and stung so is tensely that I could not sleep or way any clothing on the affected parts An er two months 1 commenced to us

Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after two days I noticed improvement and in six days the trouble left. My sin was fair and smooth again and the eruption never returned.

"My cousin was a sufferer from phy-ples, known as acce, on his face an seemed to grow worse all the time [recommended Cuticura Soap in Ointment to him and now his face is smooth for the first time in three years and he owes it all to Cutien Soap and Ointment." (Signed) We

ter Battle, Oct. 7, 1912. Cuticura Scap and Ointment and throughout the world. Sample of an free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address por card "Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston "-Ad

Army's Fight on Typhold.

The efficacy of the treatment of phoid by vaccination is establish the remarkable statistics to United States army during last when only two cases of typhold fe among the enlisted force were recorded. Of the two ca was that of a man who had no treated with the vaccine; the was among the troops in China. man had been immunized in 10 the history of the case is in de Before the vaccine treatment adopted the typhoid average was 1.000; in 1910, before inoculati practised, the rate was 2.32 a in 1911 it dropped to 0.80, and in

Couldn't Blame to Pump.

to 0.26 .- Engineering Record.

A lumberman having awak a Sunday morning in a "dr ofter a big spree of the nigh searched his pockets in vain. very thirsty, he remembered bling over a pump in the aller of the hotel.

He hastened to the pump and gan pumping, but without resul the pump had not been primed slowly backed away and, eyelas pump, said: "Well, I don't blamt for not working, anyhow. I would patronize you when I had money.

Pleasant for Preacher. A mother sent her little da

The mother was horrified, at

"Well, mother, dad said last

Consolation.

Her blurred eyes turned once more for a look at the girl, who sat there. just as she had been sitting for miles. her white face standing out with al most unnatural clearness, and as rigid as that of a sphinx.

The girl spoke. "Do they hang wom an in this country?" Mrs. Wrandall started. "In some of

the states," she replied, and was unable to account for the swift impulse to evade.

"But in this state?" persisted the other, almost without a movement of the lips.

not know you. You-"You are afraid of me?"

"Oh, I don't know what to say, or what to do," came from the lips of the hunted one. "I have no friends, no one to turn to, no one to help me. You-you can't be so heartless as to lead me on and then give me up to-God help me, I-I should not be made to suffer for what I have done. If you elder-down dressing-gown, who gave only knew the circumstances. If you only knew-"

"Stop!" cried the other, in agony. The girl was bewildered. "You are to strange. I don't understand-"

"We have but two or three miles to go," interrupted Mrs. Wrandall. "We must think hard and-rapidly. Are you willing to come with me to my hotel? You will be safe there for the thing for the future."

"If I can only find a place to rest for a little while," began the other. "I shall be busy all day, you will not be disturbed. But leave the rest to me. I shall find a way."

It was nearly three o'clock when she brought the car to a stop in front



She Sank to the Floor in a Heap.

of a small, exclusive hotel not far from Central park. The street was dark and the vestibule was but dimly lighted. No attendant was in sight. "Slip into this," commanded Mrs. Wrandall, beginning to divest herself of her own fur coat. "It will cover your muddy garments. I am quite warmly dressed. Don't worry. Be quick. For the time being you are my guest here. You will not be questioned. No one need know who you

are. It will not matter if you look distressed. You have just heard of the dreadful thing that has happened to me. You-" "Happened to you?" cried the girl,

drawing the coat about her. "A member of my family has died

They know it in the hotel by this I was called to the death bedtime. tonight. That is all you will have to know.'

"Oh, I am sorry-'

"Come, let us go in. When we reach my rooms, you may order food | cannot take your bed. Where are you and drink. You must do it, not L to-"

is sufficient. Here is the bath. Please be as quick about it as possible."

"I beg your pardon," she murmured.

food, no rest-but never mind that

now. Teil me what I am to do. I will

yet they were acutely conscious of the

interest each felt in the other. The

grateful warmth of the room, the ab-

rupt transition from gloom and cheer-

lessness to comfortable obscurity, had

Moving as if in a dream, the girl did as she was told. Twenty minutes later there was a knock at the door. A waiter appeared with a tray and service table. He found Mrs. Wrandall lying back in a chair, attended by a slender young woman in a pink hesitating directions to him. Then he was dismissed with a handsome tip, produced by the same young woman. "You are not to return for these things," she said as he went out.

In silence she ate and drank, her hostess looking on with gloomy interest. It was no shock to Mrs. Wrandall to find that the girl, who was no more than twenty-two or three, possessed unusual beauty. Her great eyes were blue-the lovely Irish blue-her skin was fair and smooth, her fea tures regular and of the delicate mold that defines the well-bred gentlewoman at a glance. Her hair, now in order, was dark and thick and lay softly about her small ears and neck. She was not surprised, I repeat, for she had never known Challis Wrandall to

show interest in any but the most attractive of her sex. She found herself smiling bitterly as she looked. But who may know the thoughts of the other occupant of that little sitting-room? Who can put herself in the place of that despairing, hunted creature who knew that blood was on | it was the wife of the dead man speakthe hands with which she ate, and ing. whose eyes were filled with visions of the death-chair?

So great was her fatigue that long before she finished the meal her tired lids began to droop, her head to nod in spasmodic surrenders to an overpowering desire for sieep. Suddenly she dropped the fork from her fingers and sank back in the comfortable chair, her head resting against the soft, upholstered back. Her lids fell, her hands dropped to the arms of the chair. A fine line appeared between her dark eyebrows-indicative of pain. For many minutes Sara Wrandall watched the haggardness deepen in

the face of the unconscious sleeper. Then, even as she wondered at the act, she went over and took up one of the slim hands in her own. The hand of an aristocrat! It lay limp in hers, and helpless. Long, tapering fingers and delicately pink with the return of warmth.

Rousing herself from the mute contemplation of her charge, she shook the girl's shoulder. Instantly she was awake and staring, alarm in her dazed, bewildered eyes.

"You must go to bed," said Mrs. Wrandall quietly. "Don't be afraid. No one will think of coming here." The girl rose. As she stood before her benefactress, she heard her mur-

mur as if from afar-off: "Just about your size and figure," and wondered not a little. "You may sleep late. I have many

things to do and you will not be disturbed. Come, take off your clothes and get into my bed. Tomorrow we will plan further-"

many hues, all bright and gay and glit tering. In another heap she laid the

somher things of black; a meager assortment as compared to the other, Then she stood back and surveyed the two heaps with tired eyes, a curious, almost scornful smile on her "There!" she said with a sigh. lips. "The black pile is mine, the gay pile Is yours," she went on, turning toward the sleeping girl. "What a travesty!" Then she gathered up the solled garments her charge had worn and cast them into the bottom of a trunk, which she locked. Laying out a carefully se-

lected assortment of her own garments for the girl's use when she arose, Mrs. Wrandall sat down beside the bed and waited, knowing that sleep would not come to her.

CHAPTER III.

Hetty Castleton.

At half past six she went to the tele phone and called for the morning newspapers. At the same time she asked that a couple of district messenger boys be sent to her room with the least possible delay. The hushed, scared voice of the telephone girl downstairs convinced her that news of the tragedy was abroad; she could imagine the girl looking at the headlines with awed eyes even as she re sponded to the call from room 416, and her shudder as she realized that

One of the night clerks, pale and agitated, came up with the papers Without as much as a glance at the headlines, she tossed the papers on the table. "I have sent for two messenger boys. It is too early to accomplish much by telephone, I fear. Will you be so kind as to telephone at seven o'clock or a little after to my apartment ?--- You will find the number under Mr. Wrandall's name. Please inform the butler or his wife that they may expect me by ten o'clock, and that I shall bring a friend with me-a young lady. Kindly have my motor sent to Haffner's garage, and looked after. When the reporters come, as they will, please say to them that I will see them at my own home at

eleven o'clock." The clerk, considerably relieved, took his departure in some haste, and she was left with the morning papers, each of which she scanned rapidly.

The details, of course, were meager There was a double-leaded account of her visit to the inn and her extraordinary return to the city. Her chief interest, however, did not rest in

these particulars, but in the speculations of the authorities as to the identity of the mysterious woman-and her whereabouts. There was the likelihood that she was not the only one who had encountered the girl on the highway or in the neighborhood of the

inn. So far as she could glean from the reports, however, no one had seen the girl, nor was there the slightest hint offered as to her identity. The papers of the previous afternoon had published lurid accounts of the mur-

"But, madam," cried the girl, "I der, with all of the known details, the name of the victim at that time still in the course of their travels. being a mystery. She remembered

Carroll, her lawyer, an elderly man of vast experience, was not surprised to find her quite calm and reasonable. He had come to know her very well in the past few years. He had been her father's lawyer up to the time of that excellent tradesman's demise, and he had settled the estate with such unusual dispatch that the heirs-there were many of them-regarded him as an admirable person and-kept him busy ever afterward straigtening out

f him!

roof that sheltered her.

to them the thing they prized so high-

to them, as one would return an article

that had been tested and found to be

their own affairs. Which goes to prove that policy is often better than honesty.

"I quite understand, my dear, that have gone." while it is a dreadful shock to you, you are perfectly reconciled to the er-to the-well, I might say the culmination of his troubles," said Mr. Carroll tactfully, after she had related for his benefit the story of the night's adventure, with reservation I sent for you at this early hour. Mr. concerning the girl who slumbered in

"Hardly that, Mr. Carroll. Resigned, perhaps. I can't say that I am recon-

"May I inquire--' "A girl I met recently-an English girl," said she succinctly, and forthwith changed the subject, "There are a few necessary details that must be attended to, Mr. Carroll. That is why

the room beyond.

"What a farce it is going to be!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)



thumb and finger. of Truth. "Now," he said, holding them at arm's length, "now I understand the

In a letter to a friend at a great meaning of that saying about "filthy moral crisis in his life Darwin exlucer." pressed an observation which is con-The

firmed by general experience. action which had suggested itself to Russian art has captured the world. him when he first faced the crisis he and today many influences are accepthad condemned as dishonorable. On further consideration, when he was ed from the Slavonic people. Not in opera and dancing alone, says the Pall sorely tempted to proceed, he told his Mall Gazette, do the subjects of the friend of the struggle he was having. but added. "First impressions are gen-Tear excel, but long centuries ago the peasants in remote and snow-bound erally right," and he proposed to stand districts had evolved art ideas for by his first impression that the course themselves, and they worked away in view would be dishonorable. quietly during the winter evenings.

When a moral question involving difficulties is put up to a person his first impression is on the merits of the question, without reference to the difficulties of the course. Later the difficulties begin to loom up, and caution is apt to get the better of the doubter.

seven months in the year holds its folk Reflection on a matter of disagree able duty often paralyzes action. The snowed up in their humble houses. adage, "He who hesitates is lost," em-

The discovery that Scottish banknotes have actually been forged with- over to Russetville I seen a mighty in the walls of Peterhead convict prison recalls an amusing incident. Unlike the notes of the Bank of England (which are destroyed as soon as they find their way back to the bank), notes on Scottish banks are put feathers in the place o' hair. In the in circulation again and again. The result is that some of these notes get very dirty, the one-pound notes getting particularly grubby and worn

ed Jason Squanch. "I must go right home and tell mother about that." An English barrister who was once

has been dreadfully trying for her." "Good heaven, I should think so," Yeast-It is said that one said he, with a glance at the closed milk will be given by a con door. "Is she asleep?"

sung to as she is milked. "Yes. I shall not call her until you Crimsonbeak-After all, the to be some good reasons why shodid thank his lucky stars was not born a cow.

> Some men are troubled with rary deafness; it all depends (is talking and what is wanted

Leslie Wrandall will take charge-Bad luck is one of the think Ahl" she straightened up suddenly. comes to those who sit down and

> LIVING ADVERTISEMENT Glow of Health Speaks for P

> It requires no scientific trait discover whether coffee disagr

Simply stop it for a time a Postum in place of it, then not beneficial effects. The truth all pear.

"Six years ago I was in a ve condition," writes a Tenn. lads suffered from indigestion, at ness and insomnia.

"I was then an inveterate drinker, but it was long before I be persuaded that it was come hurt me. Finally I decided to la off a few days and find out the "The first morning I left I had a raging headache, so I must have something to place of coffee." (The he caused by the reaction of the

drug-caffeine.) "Having heard of Postum thread friend who used it, I bought a pat and tried it. I did not like it it but after I learned how to ma Hands, horny with the toll of cultivatright, according to directions et I would not change tack to com

anything. "When I began to use weighed only 117 lbs. Now 1 170 and as I have not taken any in that time I can only attribu present good health to the used

tum in place of coffee. "My husband says I am a lith vertisement for Postum." Name given by the Postum (N

tle Creek, Mich. Postum now comes in two i Regular Postum - must boiled, 15c and 25c packages Instant Postum-is a soluble der. A teaspoonful dissolver in a cup of hot water and, with and sugar, makes a delicious age instantly 30c and 50c tink The cost per cup of both p

"Wal, I'll be gol-twisted!" ejaculatabout the same "There's a Reason" for Pe -sold by

Saying Came True.

bodies a store of wisdom.