By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

(Copyright by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

CHAPTER XIII-Continued.

Trying not to seem over-eager, he took it and read the postmark and the signature. It was Hill's and came from Jersey City! At last the scent Diplomacy, diplomacy!

"You are treated better than I am!" he complained whimeically. "I haven't even had a card! But then, you are a lady, which makes all the difference. Ah! weman, levely woman! How you fascinate and abuse us!"

She giggled self-consciously. "So this is the latest news of Hill!"

said Pedro. "I suppose you write to each other frequently?" "Well, no!" said she. "You see, I'm engaged. I told Mr. Sam it was use

less, but he's so persistent." She giggled again. "Poor Sam!" said Pedro. "You are

"Do you happen to know his Jersey

present whereabouts. "Oh! he was only there for a day!" said Pedro, putting the coin which she out his hand, "you are-what does one time. If he does, tell him Pedro was you will not disturb yourself." asking for him, will you? And now good-by; I must be off!"

As Pedro joined his waiting companion outside he was met with a string of reproaches.

"Never before have I seen you tarry so long with a woman, oh, waster of precious moments!" said "How shall it benefit

"It has already done so!" declared Pedro. "Come, hasten with me. We of this addition to their party. are going to Jersey City. I shall explain on the way."

So off they went to the ferry, Mr. Jones, the inadvertent detective, shuf- a-goin' to make the sacrifice this

To discover where the picture postcard had been purchased would have been almost impossible; but to locate the district in which it had been mailed was easy enough, and that, combined with the hour which had been stamped upon it, was sufficient evidence to show that Sam had been near the water-front at some time between eight and ten o'clock on the evening of the previous Monday. Consequently, the next problem that confronted them was what Hill had done after dropping this exquisite chromo into a district "X" pillar-box? Pedro a likely place." at once tried to picture his own probin such a district at such an hour, with, presumably, no company but Mr. Jones! Ah! of course! the cabarets seemed the obvious answer, but he consulted with Beau-Jean, to be cer-. Yes, Beau-Jean would

had probably done the same. Thus it came about that the shades of evening found them loitering from one low-browed ramshackle dive to another, ever inquiring for Hill, of whom they found no further sign. Finally, when nine o'clock had come, and still nothing had been discovered, Beau-Jean suggested that they postpone their effort until the following day, and rest their weary brains and bodies for a while. But Pedro would have none of these suggestions.

"But I am hungry!" protested the giant. "Here it is, of an hour, and we have eaten nothing since noon. Moreover, the bear is famished. Presently he will begin to growl."

"Well," admitted Pedro reluctantly, "I am hungry myself. Let us go and eat and smoke. Afterward, we shall feel more inclined to search. Where shall we go?"

"I think there is a lunch-wagon down by the dock," said Beau-Jean, "let us make an examination."

"All right," Pedro assented, and they set off at a brisk pace, in the direction of the lights.

Sure enough, there was a lunchwagon backed up against the ferryhouse, and as they approached, it took on an increasingly familiar air. Pedro's interest was now quickened by more than the thought of food. Where had he seen that gaudy decoration before? . . . Holy saints! it was his own! At the same instant Beau-Jean recognized the movable hostelry of Mr. Isaac Lovejoy, with a whoop of glee, and they quickened their pace to a run. The worthy proprietor was occupled in serving a pair of customerscar conductors, or ferrymen, they appeared to be-but when he caught sight of Pedro he dropped the slice of pumpkin ple that he was in the act of transferring from platter to plate. mishap, he stretched out both hands spreading over his now ruddy face.

"The great little feller! and the big husky one, too! Well, well, ain't this tion of the newcomer. At the same erywhere and nowhere. grand? Come in, come in and eat. It certainly does my eyes good ter see

A very different person from the fat have Mr. Jones perform. but despondent lunch-wagoner whom Pedro had met in the grimy little suburban square was the present smiling and prosperous I. Lovejoy, who beamed, who laughed, who pressed his best viands upon them. True, he was still very fat-fatter than everbut the world had gone well with him. and he seemed to have used his smiling likeness on the wagon's exterior as an example to be lived up to.

"Well, well! What brings you way off here?" he asked, when they had

For a moment Pedro hesitated, and here, from what that fellow said."

lated the cause of their sudden appear- or Spikey Joe's place." ance in the wilderness of the Jersey

"You don't say!" said the fat man, who had listened with great interest was getting warm. What good for and attention. "You don't say! Why, tune! But he must not seem too I seen the very feller! A likely lookin' Pedro, the noted Spanish painter, went anxious, or she might grow reticent. chap he was, too-and a friend of my girl's."

"Really? What good fortune!" cried Pedro. And then Lovejoy went on to the Peacue party went next. Here the describe the meal that Hill had eaten with him.

"And what are you a-goin' to do now!" he concluded.

7 don't quite know," admitted Peme sure that we are on the right track. We might keep on going through the saloons near by." The fat man looked thoughtful for

a moment, scratching his head in silence. Then: "Lookey here!" he burst out, "them low-down money-gettin' dives are no ladies' cafes, and it ain't safe to wander round 'em 'cept address?" she asked, thereby giving in company, Now I like you—you done Pedro the information he wanted, to for me what I can't repay, but I'll have wit: that she was unaware of Hill's a try. I'm a goin' to lock up this place and I'm a-goin' with you."

"Good!" exclaimed Pedro, holding indicated out of his handful, upon the say-a brick! Isn't he, Beau-Jean, eh? counter. "He might drop in here any But it is not necessary, and I beg that

"'Twon't disturb me none," said Mr. Lovejoy, "and I liked that young feller. I hate to think he may be a-lyin' dead and cold in some wine-cellar, who my rival is." plerced through the heart with a dagger, or a hatpin, maybe. I'm a-goin' ter help you re-venge him, yes, if I lose money by it, by jingo!"

"I beg that you will do nothing to Jean, who did not relish the prospect "Although every fifty cents lost

my Lola," said Lovejoy solemnly, "I'm ers to do likewise,

Wherewith, he concealed a long bread-knife in the inner pocket of his up, and perforce they had to cross the overcoat, and, extinguishing the light, announced that he was ready for ac-

"Where now?" asked the giant, as the three, followed, of course, by Mr. Jones, strode out into the night

"There's Beer Peter's," suggested "No," responded Pedro, "where is

"Follow me," directed Lovejoy, "it's

They set off at once, and trudged on

able actions were he to find himself in silence until a low frame building. abutting on the river and built par- to that glorious country!" he said im- courage gave way. open the felt-covered doors, Lovejoy -the saloons of the dance! That paid for their entrance, and in another moment they were in the long, low-cellinged room that formed the main portion of the building. A devastating odor rushed out to meet them, make straight for the cafes, and Hill like a blast from some evil furnace. The place was blue with tobacco smoke, and at the far end, beyond a sea of little tables, a girl was singing to the accompaniment of a cracked piano.

At one end of this charming resort, which was typical enough of its class, stood the glittering bar with a shining array of glasses, mahogany and polished metal, while opposite the entrance, in what appeared to be a single-storied addition, was a room for dancing. Near the wide opening



"You've Got the Coin, Ain't You?"

into this section, sat Theodore Pell, and, entirely disregarding this small the reporter, in company with three companions-Elloch, the painter, and to the boy, a broad smile of welcome two women. They were all very hilarious, but catching sight of Pedro, Pell "Well, well, I'm blessed!" he cried. excused himself, and began a some-darkness began to swarm with strugwhat uncertain progress in the direcinstant a man who seemed to be in authority there accosted the three and demanded to know if they wanted to

"The house takes half of what you get," he added.

"Do you often have dancing bears here?" asked Pedro.

"but it might go. Try it on after the next dance, if you like,'

"Maybe I will," replied the other, Then, as the proprietor moved away, he added, speaking to Lovejoy in a low tone, "Let us get right away. This place is too open. Nothing serious could happen here, and besides I am almost certain that Hill has not been

decided to give his confidence and re- might try the back room at Murphy's was already quite a fierce struggle, and

tling them out before Pell could reach whom he was confronted had an overthem. This escape did not, however, whelming advantage in height and prevent the morning papers from bear- weight, while Pedro was slight and ing an account of how Signor E. C. soft, and, truth to tell, rather badly slumming in disguise.

It was to the little unnamed wine-

cellar known as "Spikey Joe's" that aged to win, or the police arrived. But very soum of the docks was gathered, and the women were of a kind one never sees by daylight. There were thisres and pickpockets, dancing and amening themselves just as though dra, but what you have told us makes they were human; and sickly-faced young men whose profession is unnamable; a terrible group of weary young people, calloused, yet sensationhungry. The three companions had scarcely entered before it became evident that here at least was a place in which Hill had been, for a girl with flaming cheeks and an unbelievable cofffure turned and pointed to the bear, with a scream.

"There's a Teddy," she called out, 'a cute little Teddy-bear, just like the other guy had.

"Dancing a bear must be a swell business!" she remarked. 'You've got the coin, ain't you, sweetheart?" and she stretched out her hand to touch his face. Fedro had her glass refilled.

"Tell us about the other bear-fellow," he suggested. "I'd like to know

"Sure, Cutie, I'll tell you," she smiled. But all she had to say was that a nice, fresh feller (presumably Hill) had been there three days ago, had made his bear perform, got no make yourself a loss!" cried Beau- money for it, and had gone away peaceably. When it was clear that neither she nor anyone else there could give him any further informakeeps me just that much further from tion, Pedro arose and signaled the oth-

Now it happened that they soon came upon a portion of the one-sided street where the walk had been torn that he might light a cigarette. Beau- solutely ineffectual. Jean followed suit, and Lovejoy, saying that he had promised Lola not to smoke, shook his head, and stood lookthe dock entrance. "Venezuela Fruit Steamship Com-

He spelled it aloud slowly A strange expression crept over Pedro's face as he listened.

tially on piles, was reached. Pushing pulsively. And they began moving "Au soucceur!" he screamed. "A toward the ill-lit entrance. The gates moi, Beau-Jean! Au soucceur!" were open, and in the dim light some men were working about the hold. As in what manner, the giant was beside they approached they saw that a small him, and the black menacing shape of corrugated iron house, a story and a the other man hurled through space half in height, was jammed up against and landed among his fellows, scatter-

> perhaps, or the company's offices. "What the devil do you want to go Lovejoy. "The cold is something stood.

flerce!" "Just a moment!" pleaded Pedro, "I

love that country so-Venezuela!" "What's he up to?" Lovejoy whispered to the giant. But before Beau-Jean could reply a lot of things began

In the absorption of the moment Pedro had slackened his hold upon Mr. Jones' chain, and the bear, giving a self beside the Frenchman, feeling, no sudden tug, found himself free, and doubt, that it was desirable to fight bounded off toward the little corrugated iron house, some twenty feet ful person. away, and at once began scratching men ran after him. "Come here, you bear!" yelled Love-

"Don't! Let him alone!" cried Pedro. What on earth could the creature's action mean? Then knowledge the door at which Mr. Jones was now up a hand which warned the others to face of Mr. Lovejoy. silence, he spoke in a distinct but quiet voice.

"Are you there, Sam Hill?" After a breathless pause, as if of gasp; inbelief on the part of the occupant of the room beyond, came the answer:

"Yes; who are you?" "Pedro," was the reply. "Are you

prisoner?" "Yes!" said the voice of Hill. "Good neavens! how did you come to find-" The rest of the sentence was lost in a shout for help from Lovejoy; there was a sudden sound of scuffling, and cudgel, evidently the leg of a table Pedro, turning to his aid, was met by a blow on the head from a burly fist. prison,

CHAPTER XIV.

To the Rescue. With magical swiftness the semi-

gling shapes, which sprang from ev

Returning the blow of his assailant aged to scramble into position with his within, he could still hear Hill's voice were unintelligible to his distracted at-"Nope, never yet," said the man, Jean's string of rough oaths roared upon the turmoil, and Lovejoy began yelping for the police. At this latter quickly mended by a new onrush,

then, looking into the honest, red face. "All right," replied Lovejoy. "we splendid lack of discrimination. But it filling the air with white petals,

Pedro very soon began to find it diffi-"Good!" said Pedro promptly, hus- cult to keep his feet. The man with frightened. If only he could manage to keep the fellow from knocking him out till Beau-Jean and Lovejoy man-

> what if he should fail? is seemed as though they had an army against them, though as a matter of fact, there were not more than ten in all. Twice he with difficulty suppressed the temptation to call upon his friends for help, and with sobbing indrawn breath fought on wildly, elusively, striving desperately to prevent



"Open the Window."

A solitary policeman (a night roundscobblestones beside the water. Here man) had come up. Pedro could hear were some covered piers, and beside him shouting above the din, but his one of them Pedro stopped the trio efforts at establishing order were ab-

By now Pedro was fast losing strength. It seemed to him that at any instant he must succumb, and sink to the new member, "have you tried ing up at the semicircular sign above the ground. Only a horror of being trampled on sustained him, and his head was growing light. Then his an- quarrel, eh?" tagonist, who was bent upon his injury or capture, infuriated at being held off so long by this mere slip of a boy, managed to get a leg hold upon "Let us look at the boat that goes Pedro. It was too much, and the boy's

Then somehow, he never quite knew the dock; the watchman's dwelling, ing the fighters for an instant. Then Hill's voice arose again, and this time, Pedro, leaning breathless and panting nosing around here for?" complained against the house, heard and under-

> "Open the window," Hill was yelling, "it's fastened from the outside. Open the window!"

> With aching arms, Pedro strove to obey, but the heavy fron bar that held the galvanized shutters closed, resisted his effort. Beau-Jean, meanwhile, was a veritable windmill, and one of the stevedores had ranged himwith, rather than against this power-

"Open the window!" yelled Hill frantically upon the door that opened | ceaselessly. Pedro bent all his strength upon its porch. Instantly the three to another effort, and at the same moment there came to his ears the rapping of the lone policeman's club upon the pavement, a signal that was not wholly without effect upon the entire crowd. Again the heavy iron bar of the shutter lifted an inch or two, and came to him in a flash, and running to again it slipped back into its socket. Then some one struck him upon the sniffing and giving little growls of joy, shoulder and turning to defend himhe put his ear to the panel. Holding self, he looked up into the fat dripping

"God bless me!" puffed that worthy, "that was a near thing! Thought you was the enemy!" Pedro managed to

"The shutter-bar! Help me!"

In the twinkling of an eye the heavy iron lath had been extracted and was being brandished over the lunch-wagoner's head, a deadly weapon that swept a space clear about the window, which now burst open to emit the disheveled furious figure of Samuel Hill. who was armed with an improvised taken from the furnishings of his

"United we stand!" he shouted, springing into the fight with relish. Then came a cry that was echoed on all sides.

"The reserves, the reserves, the po lice!" and the crowd began to scatter. Almost as magically as they had been surrounded, they were left alone, but now, to be so left was fraught with with all his puny strength, Pedro man- almost as many dangers as had beset them a moment sooner; for that the back against the house, where, from police should not lay hands upon them was the paramount thought in the shouting directions which, however, minds of all. Hill was the first to act.

"This way!" he called, darting off tention. Somewhere near by, Beau- toward an ill-lighted, ill-paved street, flanked only by poster-covered fences. By great good luck the rescue party managed to escape pursuit, and in less cry there was a slight wavering among than half an hour they were seated their unknown assailants, but it was (somewhat weary, but except for a few bruises none the worse for their The men who had been working at experience) in the light and warmth the ship now left their tasks and of Levejoy's wagon, while they disjoined the fracas on general prin- cussed their adventure over hot coffee ciples, siding with neither party, but and the inevitable doughnuts. Outside. laying about them with vigor and a the beginning of a new snowstorm was

"And why, in the name of the gra- prepare to pay up! When will you see cloue Madonna, were you locked up?" inquired Pedro. "I cannot understand

"There is some mysterious illegal | Pedro. "She is to be there." business afoot among that crowd," said Hill thoughtfully. "They have got that boat chock full of ammunition and arms, and all under cover of being the city, and he had not yet finished. pianos, and such stuff. It's against the law, you know. They sail the day aft- to my own part of the story. You peo er tomorrow, at dawn, and as I had ac- ple know nothing about me. Well, cidentally stumbled upon their tricks, am-but no, I shall not say that until they decided to keep me safe until I have to. But this I must tell you. they got away. I've no doubt they By some strange circumstance, the would have let me go after that, with character of which I have not yet out any fuss, but it was beastly un- solved, my mother is in New York in pleasant being locked up that way." is Ricardo Valdez, an ex-minister of "You must give the information to

the authorities," said Pedro.

friends who had risked so much for "You see," he began, "there is some-

body-that is to say, somebody's near relation-mixed up in this, and Iwell, damn it all! I can't very well give him away!" Instantly a thousand conjectures

sprang to Pedro's mind. "Is it-is it Iris' father?" he said nesitatingly. Hill stared at him in amazement, a

"Great Scott! How did you know? he exclaimed.

"Because-well, I'll tell you later. But the reason is that which made me come and look for you," he answered. 'You'll excuse us," he added to Lovejoy, "but it's a private affair, about a

"I will indeed," responded the fat man, "ah! ladies, ladies!"

lady."

"We must talk this over at once!" exclaimed Hill, glancing at the clock, which showed that the hour was almost 1 a. m. "Come, let us go!"

The three arose, and with many expressions of gratitude to their host, took their departure, and were soon settled upon the dingy benches of the north-bound ferry. They were almost the only passengers on board, and lulled by the warmth of the cabin, Beau-Jean fell asleep, using Mr. Jones for a pillow, and the bear, also glad of the rest, followed suit. Here, then, was an excellent opportunity for talk, and the other two immediately proceeded to take advantage of it. Pedro spoke first, and related the

story of his acquaintance with Iris and her request for his help in the matter of her father's secret trouble. From this narrative he omitted nothing except her infatuation for himself, and at the end, came to the little paper on which she had written her promise. At this point Pedro began to mix fic tion and fact. "I could not undertake to help her,"

he said, "because I soon discovered; that some one dear to me would be involved, and would in turn involve me; but, more of that later. I then suggested that you be called upon, but she was unwilling-you have had a little The speaker watched Hill's eager

face closely, to note the effect of this remark. The result was confirmatory to his own deductions.

"Yes," said the elder man, "it was a

silly quarrel about nothing." "Aha!" said Pedro, "so I felt sure. But she-ah! she thought you would not come to her aid. I knew differently, and so I told her. Then she wrote this little paper (he spread it out upon his knee) and I set out to find you and give it to you."

Hill took the fluttering bit of white, and read, with glad incredulous eyes:

day you can tell me my father is not being subjected to danger, or has been rescued from that, if any, which now imperils him. And I furthermore agree to overcome any debatable objections you may have to the marriage.

IRIS VANDERPOOL "For me!" said Hill tensely. "She

There was an instant's pause, and then Pedro lied manfully.

"Yea!" said he. Hill let out such a whoop at this that Beau-Jean and Mr. Jones woke up long enough to shift their positions.

"Tell her that I shall claim the reward within the week!" Hill ex-

the Venezuela government. He is as Sam seemed to be in some doubt much a villain as my dear mother, my about this, but at last he decided that lovely girl-mother, is an angel! Until an explanation was due to these good a few days ago I imagined her safe in her own home, and now I discover her here, and with that man! Some reason that seems good to her must have brought her, but what it is, I cannot even guess. But this I know-what ever of evil Valdez is engaged in, she is taxecent, and to you I must confide her materests, and beg that you allow no barm to touch her." "But why don't you look after her rogreent?" gasped Hill in amazement. "I cannot!" cried Pedro, his eyes -oh, long, long ago, because she would have forced me to-oh! I cannot explain! But if she once saw me,

"Tomorrow night there will be

masquerade at the Milligans," replied

But Pedro stopped him, for every

"I will," said he. "But listen now

company with Rowe, whose real name

moment was bringing them pearer to

"Then tell her-" Hill began,

full of distress. "You see, I ran away doughnut arrested half-way to his she might betray me to that Valdez gang-for my own good, as she thinks -and then I would have to go off to a far country, and take up a job I loathe -that would kill me, that would stop my being a painter! And even for my mother, I could not submit to that!" "But how the devil can she make

you go against your will?" demanded Sam. "And why did you leave her in the first place? It's all very mysteri-

"Yes, I know it sounds strange," replied Pedro, "but I can only explain a little. You might take her side. Indeed, almost every one does, except Old Nita. They seem to think that to be rich and powerful . . . Oh, they do not understand. They have given me too much freedom for their purpose, and now they cannot tie me down. . . . As for having left her, it was really she who left me. I had a little escapade-very harmless mischief it really was-but afterward Valdez told me that my mother would not receive me any longer. I gave him a letter to her in which I begged her to relent, but she never answered it, nor my others. Were it not for my love of her, it would be a relief to have severed my connection with my past, because of the different life I would lead should I go back, and now that I have begun to paint, to lead my own . . . But, please, I beg of you, as I have served you, promise to protect her, and ask me no more. Some day I may be able to tell you everything, but not now."

"Very well," assented Hill reluctant ly, "But I may call upon you to get her out of a difficulty if it should prove absolutely necessary to do so?"

"Yes," returned Pedro. "But remember that for me to take any active part in the matter would have terribly serious results for me. Now tell me

about Mr. Vanderpool." "I don't know much to tell," replied Hill. "He recognized me, allowe self to be persuaded that I should be locked up till this damned boat had reached its port, whatever it was, and gove orders that I was not to be hurt. Then he went off before I could get a word in edgewise, and I haven't seen

him since." The ferryboat had reached its slip, and they aroused their sleeping companions.

"Will you go to the studio?" Pedro asked when they had landed. Hill considered for a moment.

"No," he said, "I shall go back to Jones street with Beau-Jean and the bear. I'm going to get at the bottom of this business before tomorrow-that is, today-is over. I have not yet decided on a plan of action, but in all probability, I shall be better able to work from the stratum of the tenements than as myself. In the meantime, thanks, and good night, and God bless you for this!" He tapped the breast pocket wherein lay the promissory note signed by Iris.



Sacred Spot to Hindus, Its Claim Is Supported by Most Students of Indian History.

Which is the oldest city in India?

An attempt has been made to identify the Purana Kila at Delhi as built little doubtful whether he, or the othon the site on which was situated the Indraput, mentioned in the Mahabharata as the capital of the five Pandavas. That is quite possible, but in for a berth. any case Indraput disappeared long ago. Current Indian beliefs is that as a city Benares is absolutely the from history that though in past cenmagnificence, the conquerors left it of Panares, and this is the more curious because it stands on one of the highways of commerce in India. Its position on the Ganges would naturally make it a big center. We know that to Hindus, Benares or Kasl, is the most sacred spot on earth, and that those who die there are forgiven all their sins. It is to the special interposition of Providence that Hindus ascribe the freedom of Benares from the sackings and devastation that have been the fate of other great Indian cities. In any case Benares ought to offer much good to any Indian antiquary. The archaeological department has, of course, to leave it alone, because it is still the center perience I've had in winding up comof a living Hinduism.

Suggestion Made by Smart Young

Man, Though, Was Not Altogether a Pleasing One, There is a certain middle-aged and old-fashloned business man who is a

er, carried off the honors of war in an

interview given to a smart young man.

The smart young man was applying "Let me see," said the merchant, "you've called on me before, but not on your present errand. The first time oldest in India. So much we do know you represented Up-to-Date, Limited, and offered to put our concern on modturies it rivaled Delhi in wealth and ern lines. Then you came on behalf of Systems and Files, and said you were alone. There has never been a sack business doctors. And after that you came as the publicity expert of the

Newest in Ads company." "That is so, sir." "And are all these-er-companies dead?"

The young man reluctantly admitted that they were.

"Yet, after coming here three times to offer to teach us our business, when your concern go down you coolly solicit a berth in this poor effete old firm. Why, what use are you to ue?

The optimist countered that easily. "You never know, sir. I might be very useful. Look what a splendid ex-

Look at your record!"

MRS. THOMSON TELLS WOMEN

How She Was Helped During Change of Life by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I am just 52 year of age and during Change of Life I suffered for six year terribly. I triedser, eral doctors but non-



go to bed. At lar a friend recomme ded Lydia E. Piel ham's Vegetable Compound to me and I tried it at one and found much relief. After that had no pains at all and could do m housework and shopping the sar as always. For years I have praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Con pound for what it has done for me and shall always recommend it as a w man's friend. You are at liberty tous my letter in any way."-Mrs. THOMSO 649 W. Russell St., Philadelphia, Pa

Change of Life is one of the mo critical periods of a woman's existent Women everywhere should rememb that there is no other remedy known! carry women so successfully through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham Vegetable Compound. If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Me

icine Co. (confidential), Lyn Mass. Your letter will be open read and answered by a womand held in strict confidence. Don't try to convince a mule that

is stubborn. He knows it YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL IN "re Murine Eye Hemedy for had, Weak, Sa. Byen and Granulated Byyddia!" No Sauth itial Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the by mail Free. Murine Eye Hemed Co. the

The woman who wants her own can't understand why her l

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy infants and children, and see th Bears the Signature of Chart H. Flatcher

in Use For Over 30 Y

Children Cry for Fletcher's Casto Trained for It.

The Cynic-I don't see how

managed to down that walras

boot with so much relish when were exploring in the arctic. The Explorer-Why, man, I'd a homemade pies in a boarding home The Forward Turn.

Pierre Rodjestvensky, the Ru consul to San Francisco, said l recent military argument: "These assailants of the Rs campaign are ignorant. Their great as the sea ignorance that

shown by the young tripper at first visit to Coney laland. "As this tripper and his girl s on the Coney Island beach, the re woman said:

"Al, is the tide going out at ing in? 'Coming in, of course, you de Al answered. 'Can't you see "
way the waves are turnin' over"

A Truth From Germany. Hans Diedricht of the German sulate in Charleston was arguing lucid eloquence and irrefutable in a Charleston club on the disposition of the kniner. A Charleston banker intern

Mr. Diedricht, but the latter i firmly and calmly to his argus intricate thread. The banker interrupted a s time, but, as before, Mr. file

kept on unmoved. But when for the third time came an interruption rage got better of the German diplomatist striking the table with his is shouted in a loud, flerce voice: "Empty stomachs make the

> Tone Up! Not Drugs Food Does

-wholesome, appeting food that puts life at vigor into one, but does clog the system.

Such a food is

Grape-Nut

The entire nutrition wheat and barley, cluding the vital miner salts—phosphate of po ash, etc.-

Long baked, east digested, ready to eat; ideal food with cream milk, and fine in ma combinations.

"There's a Reason Grape-Nut