seemed to take in everything.

Frederic.

was a baby.

was it not?"

"I am sure I shall be very happy it

James Brood started. Unnoticed by

"But of course this was her home

"I don't know," said Frederic, un

But even though you never knew

years ago. One may never have seen

Instinctively, she glanced at Fred-

eric's face. She saw the muscles of

the jaw harden and an angry light

gance fell away. "I beg your pardon,

Mrs. Desmond. I have many bad hab-

its. Now will you kindly show me

not of the servants should be my

guide. Au revoir, Frederic. Till tea-

Her eyes were sparkling, her husky

voice once more full of the appealing

quality that could not be denied. The

flush of injured pride faded from Mrs.

Desmond's brow, and a faint look of

surprise crept into her eyes. To her

further amazement, the younger wom-

an laid a hand upon her arm and gave

The men watched them in silence as

they left the room, side by side. A

noment later they heard the soft

laughter of the two women as they

"She's splendid, father," he said,

Brood's face was still clouded. He

did not respond to the eager tribute.

Father and son faced each other

They were a striking pair, each in

his way an example of fine, clean

She Said, Quickly.

manhood. The father was taller by

couple of inches than the son, and yet

Frederic was nearly six feet in his

stockings. Both were spare men,

erect and gracefully proportioned.

Brood gave out the impression of

great strength, of steel sinews, of in-

vincible power; Frederic did not sug-

gest physical strength, and yet he was

a clean-limbed, well-built fellow. He

energy, and a face that denoted tem-

character. It was not a strong face,

nor was it weak; it represented char-

On the other hand, James Brood's

lean, handsome face was full of

of nearly a year, yet his greeting had

been cold, casual, matter-of-fact. Fred-

eric expected little more than that;

still he felt in a vague way that now,

if never again, the ice of reserve

might be broken between them if

willing to do his part.

only for a moment. He was ready and

Brood was studying the young man's

face with an intensity that for the

moment disconcerted him. He seemed

mind's eye, as if his memory had once

played him false and should not do

bent on fixing certain features in his

acter without force.

hair was quite gray.

Frederic drew a long breath.

It a gentle, friendly pressure,

mounted the stairs together.

time, James.'

impulsively.

comfortably. "I suppose so. I-I came

this dear old house," she said quietly.

SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood Dawes and Riggs, his two old pensioners and comrades, await the coming of and comrades, await the coming of Brood's son Frederic to learn the contents of a wireless from Brood, but Frederic a wireless from brood, but Frederic, after reading, throws it into the fire and leaves the room without a word. Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his finnese, that the message announces his father's marriage and orders the house prepared for an intendiate homeocopie.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

"It proves that your father has made no mistake in selecting his friends, my My dear husband used to say that he would cheerfully die for James Brood and he knew that James Brood would have died for him just as readily. There is something in friendships of that sort that we can't understand. We have never been able to test our friends, much less ourselves. We-

"I would die for you. Mrs. Desmond," cried Frederic, a deep flush overspreading his face. "For you and Lydla.

"You come by that naturally." she said, faying her hand upon his arm. Blood will tell. Thank you, Frederic." She smiled. "I am sure it will not be necessary for you to die for me, however. As for Lydia, you must live, not die for her.'

"I'll do both," he eried impulsively. "Forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," she said simply. "And now, one word more, Frederic. You must accept this new condition of affairs in the right spirit. Your father has married again, after all these years. It is not likely that he has done so without deliberation. Therefore, it is reasonable to assume that he is bringing home with him a wife of whom he at least is proud, and that should weigh considerably in your summing up of the situation. She will be beautiful, accomplished, refined-and good. Frederic. Of that you may be sure. Let me implore you to withhold judgment until another and later day."

"I do not object to the situation, Mrs. Desmond," said he, the angry light returning to his eyes, "so much as I resent the wording of that telegram. It is always just that way. He loses no chance to humiliate me.

"Hush! You are losing your temper again."

"Well, who wouldn't? And here's another thing-the very worst of all How is this new condition going to affect you, Mrs. Desmond?"

She was silent for a moment. course I shan't stay on here. Frederic. I shall not be needed now. As soon as Mrs. Brood is settled here I shall go." "And you expect me to be cheerful and contented!" he cried, bitterly.

'Something of the sort," she said. My father objects to my going into business or taking up a profession. I am dependent on him for everything, But why go into that? We've talked It over a thousand times. I don't understand but perhaps you do. It's a dog's way of living."

Your father is making a man of

"Oh, he is, eh?" with great scorn. "Yes. He will make you see some day that the kind of life you lead is



She Was Slient for a Moment.

not the kind you want. Your pride, will make something out of life for riously pallid, perfectly modeled face: Desmond?" yourself."

to make it impossible for me to marry, traordinary impression that the slim, last letter you instructed her to finish Mrs. Desmond. I've thought of it a lithe body was never cold; that she thatgood deal."

"And is it impossible?" No.

I shall marry Lydia, even get at it."

"I wouldn't try to get at it, my dear," she said. "Wait and see. Come, you must have your coffee. I am glad you came down early. The old gentlemen are at breakfast now. Come in."

He followed her dejectedly, a pereptible droop to his shoulders.

Mr. Dawes and Mr. Riggs were seated at the table. Lydia, a trifle pale and distrait, was pouring out their third cup of coffee. The old men showed no sign of their midnight ex-They were very wideawake, clear-eyed and alert, as old men will be who do not count the years of life left in the span appoint-

Good morning, Freddy," said they, almost in one voice. As he passed behind their chairs on his way to Lydia's side, he slapped each of them cordially on the back. They seemed to swell with relief and gratitude. He was not in the habit of slapping them on the back.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said he. Then he lifted Lydia's slim fingers to his lips. "Good morning, dear." She squeezed his fingers tightly and her eyes; she drew a long breath.

She poured his coffee for him every morning. Her hand shook a little as she lifted the tiny cream pitcher. "I didn't sleep very well," she explained in a low voice. His hand rested on her shoulder for a moment in a gentle

careas. "Poor old Jimt" sighed Mr. Dawes He'll probably have to ask us to vamose, too. I imagine she'll insist on making a spare bedroom out of our room, so's she can entertain all of her infernal relations. Jones, will you give me some more bacon and another

"And I thought it was nothing but a shipwreck," murmured Mr. Riggs. plaintively.

Frederic hurried through breakfast. Lydia followed him into the library. "Are you going out, dear?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes. I've got to do something I can't sit still and think of what's going to happen. I'll be back for lunch-

Half an hour later he was in the small bachelor apartment of two college friends, a few blocks farther uptown, and he was doing the thing he did nearly every day of his life in a Mrs. Desmond. surreptitious way. He sat at the cheap upright plano in their disordered living-room and, unhampered by the presence of young men who preferred music as it is rendered for the masses, played as if his very soul was in his fingers.

CHAPTER III.

The Bride. Frederic flatly refused to meet the tomed to the cold."

steamer when she docked. As if swayed by his decision, Dawes and was determined that his hand should Riggs likewise abandoned a plan to be against her in the conflict that was greet the returning master and his bound to come. And now, in a flash, bride as they came down the gang- a strange, new emotion rushed up plank. But for the almost peremp within him like a flood. A queer, tory counsel of Mrs. Desmond, Brood's son would have absented himself from | had done the trick. Something in the house on the day of their arrival. the touch of her fingers on his arm Jones and a footman went to the pier completed the mystery. He was conwith the chauffeur.

It was half-past two in the after noon when the automobile drew up in front of the house and the furcoated footman nimbly hopped down and threw open the door.

James Brood, a tall, distinguishedthe ilmousine. For an instant, before turning to assist his wife from the car. he allowed his keen eyes to sweep the windows on the lower floor. In one of them stood his son, holding the lace curtains apart and smiling a welcome that seemed sincere. He waved his hand to the man on the sidewalk. Brood responded with a swift, almost perfunctory gesture and then held out his hand to the woman who was de-

scending. Frederic's Intense gaze was fixed but his eyes were charged with an it be a good beginning." expression of acute wonder. He had never looked upon a more beautiful creature in all his life. A kind of stuperaction held him motionless until he heard the door close behind them; in the brief interval, bowever, a picture had been Impressed upon his senses that was to last forever.

She was alightly above the medium the long, thick coat that enveloped of jet black hair; of a firm, sensitive "Well, it looks to me as if he means chin. Somehow he received the exexpressed in some indefinable way the unvarying temperature of youth.

though I have to dig in the streets the latent spur of duty. He heard his ten at half-past four?" for her. It isn't that, however, There's father's warm, almost gay response to some other reason back of his atti- the greetings of the old men, whose eric to Mrs. Brood. tude, but for the life of me I can't hands he wrung with a fervor that was unmistakable. He heard him for she gave no sign. She was look so again. It was a habit of Brood's.

present them to the new Mrs. Brood as "the best old boys in all the world," and they were both saying, with spas modic cackles of pleasure, that she 'mustn't believe a word the young rascal said.

He was struck by the calm, serene manner in which she accepted these the others, his fingers tightened on jocular contributions to the occasion, ithe gloves he carried in his hand. Her smile was friendly, her handshake cordial, and yet there was an unmistakable air of tolerance, as of one who is accustomed to tribute. She merely smiled and thanked them in simple. commonplace phrases. Her voice was low-pitched and marked by a huskiness that was peculiar in that it was here a few years ago and-" musical, not throaty. Frederic, on her, there must still be something first seeing her, had leaped to the conclusion that her English would not be here that-that-how shall I say it? I mean, you must feel that she and perfect. He was somewhat surprised you were here together years and to discover that she had but the faintest trace of an accent. He awoke suddenly, however, to the realization that he had been looking into his new stepmother's eyes for a long time and that spiritual-inshe was returning his gaze with some intensity. curiously harsh.

"And this?" she said, abruptly breaking in upon one of Danbury's hasty reminiscences, effectually ending it

this is Frederic?" She came directly toward the young man, her small, gloved hand extended. Her eyes were looking into his with an intentness that disconcerted him. There was no smile on her lips. It leap into his eyes. Instantly her arrowas as if she regarded this moment as a pronounced crisis.

Frederic mumbled something fatuous about being giad to see her, and to my room? I prefer that you and felt his face burn under her steady gaze. His father came forward.

'Yes; this is Frederic, my dear," he said, without a trace of warmth in his voice. As she withdrew her hand from Frederic's clasp, James Brood smiled. A look of relief leaped into extended his. "How are you, Frederie?" "Quite well sir."

They shook hands in the most perunctory manner.

"I need not ask how you are, father," said the son, after an instant's hesitation. "You never looked better sir."

"Thank you. I am well. Ah, Mrs. Desmond! It is good to be home again with you all. My dear, permit me to introduce Mrs. John Desmond You have heard me speak of my old comrade and-"

"I have heard you speak of Mr. Desmond a thousand times," said his wife. There may have been a shade of emphasis on the prefix, but it was so slight that no one remarked it save the widow of John Desmond, who had joined the group.

"Will you go to your room at once, Mrs. Brood?" asked Mrs. Desmond. The new mistress of the house had not offered to shake hands with her, as James Brood had done. She had moved closer to Frederic and was smiling in a rather shy, pleading way, in direct contrast to her manner of the moment before. The smile was for her stepson. She barely glanced at

"Thank you, no. I see a nice, big fire and-oh, I have been so cold!' She shivered very prettily.

"Come!" cried her husband. "That's just the thing." No one spoke as they moved toward the library. "We must try to thaw out," he added dryly, with a faint smile on his lips.

His wife laid her hand on Frederic's arm. "It is cold outside, Frederic."

He was prepared to dislike her. He wistful note of sympathy in her voice scious of a mighty surge of relief. The horizon cleared for him.

"We shall do our best to keep you warmth," he said quite gayly, and was somewhat astonished at himself.

They had preceded the others into the library. James Brood was divestlooking man of fifty, stepped out of ing himself of his coat in the hall, attended by the leech-like old men. Mrs. Desmond stood in the doorway, a detached figure.

"You must love me, Frederic. You must be very, very fond of me, not for your father's sake but for mine. Then we shall be great friends, not antagonists."

He was helping her with her coat. "I confess I looked forward to you with a good deal of animosity," he said.

"But I shall not be a stepmother," on the stranger who was coming into she said quickly. Her eyes were seri. power. His gray eyes were keen his life. At a word from Brood, she ous for an instant, then filled with a steady, compelling and seldom alight glanced up at the window. The smile luminous smile. "I shall be Yvonne still lingered on the young man's lips. to you, and you Frederic to me. Let

> "You are splendid!" he cried. "It's not going to be at all bad."

> "I am sure you will like me," she said composedly.

Brood joined them at the fireside. "My dear, Mrs. Desmond will show ing to say. "She is very attractive, you over the house when you are father," said the young man at last, ready. You will be interested in seeing the old place. Later on I shall it, but he was groping for sympathy. height, slender and graceful even in take you up to my secret hiding place, as they say in books. Ranjab will quarter of an hour, after an absence her. She did not wear a veil. He had have the rooms in order by this eveyour ambition will rebel. Then you a swift but enduring glimpse of a cu- ning. Where is your daughter, Mrs.

> "She is at work on the catalogue, Mr. Brood in the jade-room. In your

"But this is a holiday, Mrs. Desmond," said he, frowning, "Jones, He hurried into the hall, driven by will you ask Miss Lydia to join us for

"You will adore Lydia," said Fred-

Apparently she dld not hear him,

work to all American girls,--Mme. Evening Post.

"A troglodyte, my son," said J

trousers so neatly that you could not in Chicago I am very sorry; but I I strongly recommend that kind of by wavings of the gur-randold ful-lag. and the jungles of Wall street."who votes for the glorious old party of Kansas City Star. Schumann-Heink in the Saturday What's his name because his father

ing about the room with eyes that after prolonged separations, to look room was darkened by means of for something in the boy's face that heavy window hangings; the effect he wanted to see and yet dreaded, him when in daily contact with him. Your own mother must have loved it, head slightly, although one could not length of the room. In the very cenhave been sure.

"I never knew my mother," said tive, Frederic," he said, with a faint in a remote corner of Siam, screnely the young man. "She died when I flush of the enthusiasm he suppressed. "Who is she?" asked his son, without realizing the bluntness of his

eager question. "Who is she?" repeated his father, raising his eyebrows slightly. "She

is Mrs. James Brood." "I-I beg your pardon," stammered Frederic. "I didn't mean to put it in that way. Who was she? Where did you meet her and-Oh, I want to know all there is to tell, father. I've his mother, yet he can always feel heard nothing. I am naturally curi-

her. There is something-shall I say Brood stopped him with a gesture. "She was Yvonne Lestrange, before Her husband broke in upon these unwelcome reflections. His voice was we were married-Mademoiselle Lostrange. We met some time ago at the house of a mutual friend in Paris. 'Mrs. Desmond is waiting, Yvonne. I assure you, her references are all She drew herself up. "Are you in such great haste, Mrs. Desmond?" she | that could be desired." His tone was asked in a voice that cut like a knife. sareastic.

Frederic flushed. "I'm sorry I asked the questions, sir," he said, stiffly, Brood suddenly laughed, a quiet laugh that had some trace of humor and a touch of compunction in it. "I beg your pardon, Frederic. Come up to my room and smoke a cigar with me while I'm changing. I'll tell you about her. She is wonderful."

To his own surprise, and to Frederic's astonishment, he linked his arm in the young man's and started toward the hall. Afterward Brood was to wonder even more than he wondered then what it was that created the sudden desire to atone for the hurt look he had brought to the eyes of Matilde's son-and the odd longing to touch his arm gently.

CHAPTER IV.

In the Jade-Room.

Lydia met Brood and Frederic at the top of the stairs. She had received the message through Jones and was on her way to dress for tea. The master of the house greeted her most cordially. He was very fond of this lovely, gentle daughter of John Desmond. Into their association had stolen an intimate note that softened the cold reserve of the man to a marked degree. His chief lov was to chat with her over the work he was doing and to listen to her frank, honest opinions. She regarded herself as his secretary-or his amanuensis. in the strict sense of speaking-but he considered her to be a friend as well. and treated her with a freedom that

was not extended to others. A faint gleam of astonishment lurked in the girl's eyes as she stood before the two men. Never, in her experience, had there been such an exhibition of friendliness between father and son. - A curious throb of joy rushed up from her heart and lodged in her throat. For the first time she found it difficult to respond with composure to Brood's lively comments Tears were lying close to the surface of her eyes-tears of relief and gratitude. The buoyant expression in Frederic's told a new story. Her heart to see you, Miss Desmond." rejoiced.

said Brood when she announced that she was going to moment. please me.

"A tea party and an autopsy are very much alike, Mr. Brood," said stuffy room. One could not help draw-Still, if you'd like to have Mrs. Brood see me as I really am, I'll appear sans | ties. plumage."

"I'd like it," said he promptly. "I am sure you will like each other, Lydia. "I am glad you did not say we would admire each other," said she quaintly.

You look very happy, Mr. Brood, she went on, her eyes bright. "I believe I am happy," said he.

"Then we shall all be happy," was her rejoinder.

She returned to the jade-room on the upper floor, where she had been at work on the catalogue. Brood had had a fine head, a slim body whose a very large and valuable collection every movement proclaimed nervous of jade. The jade room, so called, was little more than a large closet off the perament of the most pronounced remarkable room which James Brood was pleased to call his "hiding place." or on occasion, his "retreat." No one ventured into either of these rooms except by special permission.

Ranjab, his Indian servant, slept in an adjoining room, and it was whispered about the house that not even with warmth, His jaw was firm, James Brood had viewed its interior. square, resolute, and the lines that sank heavily into the flesh in his This silent, unapproachable man from cheeks were put there not by age but the mysterious heart of India, locked his door when he entered the room by the very vigor of manhood. His and locked it when he came out. No one, not even the master, thought of Frederic waited for his father to entering. Mr. Dawes, in his cups or speak. But James Brood had nothout of them, was responsible for the impression that the man kept deadly serpents there. As a matter of fact, almost wistfully. He did not realize Ranjab was a peaceable fellow and desperately afraid of snakes. Brood had been in the house for a

Lydia loved the feel of the cold, oily lumps of jade. There were a few pieces of porcelain of extreme rarity and beauty as well, and several priceless bits of cloisonne, but it was the jade she loved. There were two or three hundred objects of various sizes and color and all were what might be called museum pieces.

She had been at work for half an hour or longer when a noise in the outer room attracted her attention. She had the odd feeling that some one was looking at her through the open door, and swiftly turned. Except when occupied by Brood the

was that produced by the gloaming something that might have escaped just before the stars appear. Objects were shadowy, indistinct, mysterious. Now, at the end of the rather offen- The light from the jade-room door sive scrutiny, he seemed to shake his threw a diverging ray across the full ter of this bright strip sat a plantd "And as charming as she is attrac- effigy of Buddha that Brood had found stolid on top of its thick base of bronze and lacquer, with a shining shrine for a background. In the dim edge of the shadow, near the door at the far end of the room, Lydia made out the motionless, indistinct figure of a woman. The faint outlines of the face were discernible but not so the



A Noise in the Outer Room Attracted Her Attention.

features. For a moment the girl stared at the watcher and then advanced to the door

"Who is it?" she inquired, peering. A low, husky voice replied, with a suggestion of laughter in the tones.

"I am exploring the house." Lydia came forward at once. "Oh. it is Mrs. Brood. I beg your pardon. Shall I switch on the lights?"

"You are Lydia?"

"Yes, Mrs. Brood." "I have been prowling everywhere Your good mother deserted me when my maid arrived with Ranjab a short time ago. Isn't this the dreadful bluebeard room? Shall I lose my head if am discovered by the ogre?"

would pass the examination. The girl felt the spell stealing over her. The low voice of the woman in the shadow was like a sensuous caress. She experienced a sudden longing to be closer to the speaker, to listen for the very intake of her breath.

"You have already been discovered by the ogre. Mrs. Brood," said Lydia, gayly, "and your head appears to be quite safe.' "Thank you," rather curtly, as if re

pelling familiarity. It was like a dash of cold water to Lydia's spirits. "You may turn on the lights. I should like

The girl crossed the room, passing close to the stranger in the house The fragrance of a perfume hitherto change her gown. "You never looked unknown to her separated itself from so pretty, my dear, as you do at this the odor of sandalwood that always Come just as you are, to filled the room; it was soft, delicate, refreshing. It was like a breath of cool, sweet air filtering into a close, "One can learn a lot at either. ing in a long, full breath, as if the lungs demanded its revivifying quali-

> A soft, red glow began to fill the room as Lydia pulled the cord near the door. As the light grew brighter and brighter the eyes of the stranger swept the room with undisguised wonder in their depths.

"How extraordinary!" she murmured, and then turned swiftly toward the girl. "Where does it come from? I can see no lights. And see! There are no shadows, not even beneath the table yonder. It-it is uncanny-but, oh, how lovely!"

Lydia was staring at her with wideopen eyes, frankly astonished. The eager, excited gleam vanished from Mrs. Brood's lovely eyes. They narrowed ever so slightly.

"Why do you stare at me?" she demanded. "I-I expected-" began Lydin, and

stopped in pretty confusion. "I see. You expected a middle-aged lady, al-e? And why, pray, should James Brood marry a middle-aged

"I-I don't know. I'm sorry if have offended you."

person?"

Mrs. Blood smiled, a gay, pleased little smile that revealed her small, even teeth, "You haven't offended me, my dear," she said. "You offend my husband by thinking so ill of him, that's all." She took the girl in from head to foot with critical eyes, "He said you were very pretty and very lovable. You are lovely. No one wants to be pretty. Yes, you are just what I expected."

Lydia was the taller of the two women: a matter of two inches perhaps, and yet she had the curious feeling that she was looking upward as she gazed into the other's eyes. It was the way Mrs. Brood held herself. Sending a swift glance around the room, she went on: "My husband delights in having beautiful things about him. He doesn't like the ugly things of this world."

(TO BE CONTINUED.) It's a great old world, and if there's

a better we've never been in it.

SINGER'S RECIPE FOR HEALTH and I could patch a pair of officer's often when visitors come to my house and makes her fit to fight the world. | fied to have every complaint answered | prevalent in the swamps of Arkansas

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Said a society woman at a mu sicale at her Fifth avenue house: "New York society is less given to lion hunting than London society There is a countess in London who is such a lion hunter that a man once said of her: 'Why, she always has the most fashionable surgeon of the

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Does Egg Dance at Seventy-Eig Albert Pankopf, seventy-eight old, bent and white-haired, d blindfolded among 18 eggs, laid two rooms at intervals of a foot several minutes without breaking shell. For more than fifty years ! fessor Pankopf has been perform this feat, but at the annual Schle fest of the Saxonia and General man Benevolent association be dan as never before. The years drop from him as he danced. When music stopped the old man fell the arms of a spectator. heart," he gasped. He soon re ered himself and bowed in respo to the cheers.-St. Paul Dispatch.

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hole near the neckband of a shirt so ing. that you could not tell there had ever been any hole; in fact, it is due to developed in me a constitution that member her, with her little fine hands this experience of mine that I have has been one of my most valuable pos-

never employed a maid. And I learned to cook, too. And to everything herself. She thought it did this day I love to do it. I do not cook | Sweeping, wrestling with a feather not harm a daughter of a major or a in the American, but in the Austrian bed, or pushing furniture out of the less because they have signed them, try to do it.

"Although indigenous to all localicaptain to do her own work. From her style; but everybody who tries my way while she sweeps, develops her who lives in abject terror of being un-

tell where the patch was. And, what cannot see them because I have my was more difficult still, I could darn a apron on and am in the kitchen, cook-

sessions. There is no work that does more to promote health in a girl. What the Troplodyte Is, and Why.

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did, and who is afraid that anything and everything that has not been done before will disturb business. He is the joy of the professional politician and the despair of those eccentric souls who believe that because some thing ought to be done they ought to

I learned to sew and daru stockings, cooking knews it is all right. Very back and her bust at the same time, constitutional, who is perfectly satis ties, he is especially and painfully hour to carve her Christmas turkey."

Prepared by GILBERT BROS. & Co., INC. BALTIMORE, MD.