said his wife simply.

as my friend, not as my housekeeper,"

"By jove, and that's just what I should like," he cried.

"There is but one way, you know,"

"She must be one or the other, eh?"

"Precisely," she said with firmness.

'In my country, James, the wives of

"She has a small income, and an an-

"I understand, James. You are very

generous and very loyal. I quite un-

"I am quite competent, James," she

said brightly. "You will not miss her,

"Are you laughing at me, darling?"

She gave him one of her searching,

"Isn't it your mission in life to

"I love you, Yvonne-Good God, how

l love you!" he cried abruptly. His

eyes burnt with sudden flame of pas-

slon as he bent over her. His face

the fierce spasm of an uncontrollable

body to his breast in the supreme

She surrendered herself to his pas-

sionate embrace. A little later, she

withdrew herself from his arms, her

of his kisses. Her eyes, dark with

transfigured face for a long, tense

pered. "Is this the real, true love?"

be?" he cried. He was sitting upon

You Will Not Miss Her, I am Sure.

the arm of her chair, looking down at

"But should love have the power to

"Oh, it is not you who are fright-

ened," she cried, "You are the man.

He stared. "What an odd way to

put it, dear." Then he drew bank,

struck by the curious gleam of mock-

"Was it like this twenty-five years

He managed to smile. "Are you

His face hardened. "Some other

"You have never told me her

He faced her, his eyes as cold as

steel. "I may as well tell you now,

Yvonne, that her name is never men-

She seemed to shrink down farther

"Why?" she asked, an insistent note

"It isn't necessary to explain." He

walked away from her to the window,

and stood looking out over the bleak

little courtyard. Neither spoke for

many minutes, and yet he knew that

her questioning gaze was upon him

and that when he turned to her again

she would ask still another question.

He tried to think of something to say

that would turn her away from this

"Isn't it time for you to dress, dear

est? The Gunnings live pretty Tar up

north and the going will be bad with

"Doesn't Frederic ever mention his

"I am not certain that he knows her

name," said he levelly. The knuckles pray?"

mother's name?" came the question

that he feared before it was uttered.

of his hands, clenched tightly behind

his back, were white. "He has never

She looked at him darkly. There

was something in her eyes that caused

him to shift his own steady gaze un-

comfortably. He could not have ex-

curiously uneasy feeling as of im-

pending peril. It was not unlike the

queer, inexplicable though definite

Fifth avenue piled up with snow-"

But I-ah, I am only the woman."

the singularly pallid face.

ery in her eyes.

ago?" she asked.

time, not now,"

tioned in this house."

in the chair.

in her voice.

hated subject.

heard me utter it."

"Tell me about her."

fealous ?"

TINTHE -

"Frighten, my darling?"

"Is this love, James?" she whis-

"What else, in heaven's name, can it

unfathomable glances, and then smiled

"No," said he soberly.

am sure."

with roguish mirth.

ecstasy of possession.

moment.

d)

amuse and entertain me?"

guil depths of great forests.

unfaithful to you? Was-"

it is because I am-jealous."

more in his veins.

most thoughts.

winter?

wonder and perplexity, regarded his You shouldn't expect it, dear."

a year or two," said he at last.

too. It seems-forgive me, James.

Really, you know, I cannot always

you should inquire," he said resignedly.

"Of my servants" she added point

He flushed slightly. "I dare say I

deserve the rebuke. It will not be

necessary to pursue that line of in-

quiry, however. I shall tell you the

story myself some day, Yvonne, Will

She met the earnest appeal in his

eyes with a slight frown of annoyance.

"Who is to tell me the wife's side

The question was like a blow to him.

He stared at her as if he had not heard

aright. Before he could speak, she

"I dare say there are two sides to

He winced. "There is but one side

"That is why I began my inquiries

with Mrs. Desmond," she said enig-

matically. "But I sha'n't pursue them

any farther. You love me; that is all

"I do love you," he said, almost im-

He felt the cold sweat start on his

"And now," she went on, as if the

matter were fully disposed of, "we will

"Yes." said he, rather dazedly.

"I am very, very fond of your son

He eyed her narrowly. How much

"I am surprised at your liking him.

"Not by nature, however. There is

a joyousness, a light-heartedness in

"Yes. And you talk of sending him

"He has wanted to go abroad for

years. This is a convenient time for

"But I am quite sure he will not

care to go at present-not for awhile,

"In love!" he exclaimed, his jaw set

not in a position to marry, that's all."

"Poof!" she exclaimed, dismissing

the obstacle with a wave of her slim

hand. "A cigarette, please. There is

another reason why he shouldn't go-

"The reason you've already given is

sufficient to convince me that he ought

to go at once. What is the other one,

She lighted the cigarette from the

match he held. "What would you say

if I were to tell you that I object to

"I should ask the very obvious ques-

"Because I like him, I want him

without him," she answered calmly.

"You?" he cried. "Why, you've

his going away-at present?"

never known anything but-

He swallowed hard. "Yes."

"And why not, may I ask?"

"He is in love with Lydia.

"I'll put a stop to that!"

"Because he is in love."

his character that has never got be-

yond the surface until now, James."

Yvonne. He is what I'd call a diffi-

"I haven't found him difficult."

"Morbid and unresponsive."

must be to have such a son.'

discuss something tangible, eh? Fred-

care to know-or that I require."

to this one," he said, a harsh note in

it, James. It's usually the case."

you not bear with me?"

of the story?"

went on coolly:

his voice

ploringly.

hang, ch?"

mace.

eric.

'Frederic.'

his wife?

cult young man.'

"Until now?"

away. Why?"

him to go."

at least."

ting hard.

mimicked.

"Financially?"

an excellent one."

tion."

plained what it was, but it gave him a like me, and I shall be very lonely

with love.

pened to make you so bitter toward

"Good God, Yvonne!" he cried, an

angry light jumping into his eyes—the

eyes that so recently had been ablaze

SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood Dawes and Riggs, his two old pensioners and comrades, await the coming of Brood's son Frederic to learn the contents of 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 fiancee, that the message amounces his father's marriags and orders the house prepared for an immediate homecoming. Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, tries to coot Frederic's alking at first meeting changes. Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's alking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood meet in the jade-room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary. Brood's secretary

## CHAPTER IV-Continued.

Lydia filnehed, she knew not why There was a sting to the words, despite the languidness with which they were uttered.

Risking more than she suspected, she said: "He never considers the cost of a thing, Mrs. Brood, if its beauty appeals to him." Mrs. Brood gave her a guizzical, half-puzzled look. "You have only to look about you for the proof. This one room represents a fortune." The last was spoken has-

"How old are you, Miss Desmond?" The question came abruptly. "I am nineteen."

"You were surprised to find me so young. Will it add to your surprise if I tell you that I am ten years older than you?"

"It doesn't seem credible." "Are you wondering why I tell you my age?"

"Yes," said Lydia, bluntly,

In order that you may realize that I am ten years wiser than you, and that you may not again make the mistake of underestimating my intelligence."

The color faded from Lydia's face. She grew cold from head to foot. Involuntarily she moved back a pace. The next instant, to her unbounded surprise. Mrs. Brood's hands were outstretched in a gesture of appeal, and a quick, wistful smile took the place of the imperious stare.

"There! I am a nasty, horrid thing. Porgive me. Come! Don't be stubborn. Shake hands with me and say that you're sorry I said what I did." It was a quaint way of putting it, and ber voice was so genuinely appealing that Lydia, after a moment's hesitation, extended her hands. Mrs. Brood grasped them in hers and gripped them tightly. "I think I should like to know that you are my friend, Lydia. Has it occurred to you that I am utterly without friends in this great city of yours? I have my husband, that te att."

The girl could po more withstand the electric charm of the woman than she could have fought off the sunshine. She was bewildered, and com pletely fascinated.

"It's-It's very good of you," she murmured; her own eyes softening as they looked into the deep, velvety ones that would not be denied. Even as she wondered whether she could ever really like this magnetic creature, she felt herself surrendering to the spell of her. "But perhaps you will not like me when you know me

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Brood, calmly, almost indifferently, and dismissed the subject. "What an amazing room! One can almost feel the presence of the genii that created it at the wish of the man with the enchanted lamp. As a rule, oriental rooms are abominations, but this-ah, this is not an oriental room after all. It is a part of the East itself-of the real East. I have sat in emperors' houses out there, my dear, and I have slept in the palaces of kings. I have seen just such things as these, and I know that they could not have been transported to this room except by magic. My husband is a magician." "These came from the palaces of

kings, Mrs. Brood," said Lydia enthuclastically. "Kings in the days when kings were real. 'This rug-" "I know," interrupted the other, "My

busband told me the story. It must have cost him a fortune."

"It was worth a fortune," said Lydia, A calculating squint had come into Mrs. Brood's eyes while she was she were trying to fix upon the value of the wonderful carpet.

"A collector has offered him-how much? A hundred thousand dollars, is not that it? Ah, how rich he must

"The collector you refer to-"

"I was referring to my husband," said Mrs. Brood, unabashed. "He is very rich, isn't he?"

Lydia managed to conceal her ansoyance. "I think not, as American

fortunes are rated." "It doesn't matter," said the other, carelessly. "I have my own fortune. And it is not my face," she added, with a quick smile. "Now let us look further. I must see all these wonderful things. We will not be missed, My husband is now telling his son ell there is to be told about me-

came to marry him, but-the other way 'round. It's the way with men past middle age."

Lydia hesitated before speaking. 'Mr. Brood does not confide in Frederic. I am afraid they have but little in common. Oh, I shouldn't have said that!"

Mrs. Brood regarded her with narrowing eyes. "He doesn't confide in Frederic?" she repeated, in the form of a question. Her voice seemed lower than before

"I'm sorry I spoke as I did, Mrs. Brood," said the girl, annoyed at hernelf

"Is there a reason why he should door. dislike his son?" asked the other, regarding her fixedly. "Of course not," cried poor Lydia.

There was a moment of silence. Some day, Lydia, you will tell me about Mr. Brood's other wife." "She died many years ago," said the

girl, evasively. "I know," said Mrs. Brood, "Still I should like to hear more of the woman he could not forget in all those years-

until he met me." She grew silent and preoccupied, a slight frown marking her forehead as she resumed her examination of the

room and its contents. Great lanterns hung suspended beside the shrine, but were now unlighted. On the table at which Brood professed to work stood a huge lamp with a lacelike screen of gold. When lighted a soft, mellow glow oozed through the shade to create a circle of golden brilliance over a radius that

of the table, yet reached to the benign countenance of Buddha close by. Over all this fairylike splendor reigned the serene, melting influence of the god to whom James Brood was wont to confess himself! The spell of the golden image dominated every-

extended but little beyond the edge

thing. In the midst of the magnificence moved the two women, one absurdly out of touch with her surroundings, yet a thing of beauty; the other blending intimately with the warm tones that enveloped her. She was lithe, sinuous with the grace of the most seductive of dancers. Her dark eyes reflected the mysteries of the Orient; her pale, smooth skin shone with the clearness of alabaster; the crimson in her lips was like the fresh stain



"I Must See These Wonderful Things."

of blood: the very fragrance of her person seemed to steal out of the unknown. She was a part of the marvelous setting, a gem among gems. She had attired herself in a dull in-

dian red afternoon gown of chiffon. The very fabric seemed to cling to her supple body with the sensuous joy of contact. Even Lydia, who watched her with appraising eyes, experienced a swift unaccountable desire to hold this intoxicating creature close to her own

There were two windows in the room, broad openings that ran from near the floor almost to the edge of the canopy. They were so heavily curspeaking. To Lydia it appeared as if tained that the light of day falled to penetrate to the interior of the apartment. Mrs. Brood approached one of these windows. Drawing the curtain apart, she let in an ugly gray light, from the outside world. She looked down into a sort of court-

yard and garden that might have been transplanted from distant Araby, Uttering an exclamation of wonder, she turned to Lydia.

"Is this New York or am I witched?"

"Mr. Brood transformed the old carriage yard into a-I think Mr. Dawes calls it a Persian garden. It is rather | manner. bleak in wintertime, Mrs. Brood, but in the summer it is really enchanting, See, across the court on the second floor where the windows are lighted, and it is still half an hour till tea- those are your rooms. It is an enormous house, you'll find. Do you see the little balcony outside your win- that. You have spoiled her, my dear." who and what I am, and how he came dows, and the vines creeping up to it?

to marry me. Not, mind you, how I You can't imagine how sweet it is of

a summer night wkn the moon and

"But how desolate it looks today, with the dead vines and the colorless stones! Ugh!"

She dropped the curtains. The soft warm glow of the room came back and she sighed with relief. "I hate things

that are dead," she said. At the sound of a soft tread and the best friends haven't the same moral gentle rustle of draperies, they turned. standing that they appear to have in yours. Oh. don't scowl so! Shall I Ranjab, the Hindu, was crossing the tell you that I do not mean to reflect room toward the small door which gave entrance to his closet. He paused on Mrs. Desmond's virtue-or discrefor an instant before the image of tion? Far from it. If she is to be my Buddha, but did not drop to his knees friend, she cannot be your housekeepas all devout Buddhists do. Mrs. er. That's the point. Has she any Brood's hand fell lightly upon Lydia's means of her own? Can shearm. The man turned toward them a second or two later. His dark, handafter her poor husband's death. We some face was hard set and emotionless as he bowed low to the new miswere the closest of friendstress of the house. The fingers closed tightly on Lydia's arm. Then he smiled upon the girl, a glad smile of derstand. Losing her position here, then, will not be a hardship?" devotion. His swarthy face was transfigured. A moment later he unlocked his door and passed into the other room. The key turned in the lock with a slight rasp.

"I do not like that man," said hirs. Brood. Her voice was low and het eyes were fixed steadily on the closed

## CHAPTER V.

Husband and Wife.

The ensuing fortnight brought the expected changes in the household. James Brood, to the surprise of not only himself but others, lapsed into a curious state of adolescence. His in- desire to crush the warm, adorable fatuation was complete. The once dominant influence of the man seemed to slink away from him as the passing days brought up the new problems of life. Where he had lived to command he now was content to serve. His lips still quivering with the fierceness friends, his son, his servants viewed the transformation with wonder, not to say apprehension.

It would not be true to say that the remarkable personality of the man had suffered. He was still the man of steel, but retempered. The rigid broad-sword was made over into the fine flexible blade of Toledo. He could be bent but not broken.

It pleased him to submit to Yvonne's commands. Not that they were arduous or peremptory; on the contrary, they were suggestions in which his own comfort and pleasure appeared to be the inspiration. She was too wise to demand, too clever to resort to cajolery. She was a Latin. Diplomacy was here as a birthright. Complaints, appeals, sulks would have gained nothing from James Brood. Nor. would it have occurred to her to employ these methods. From the day she entered the house she was its mis-

There were no false notions of sentiment to restrain or restrict her in the rearrangement of her household. She went about the matter calmly, sensibly, firmly; even the most prejudiced could not but feel the justice of her decisions. The serene way in which she both achieved and accepted conquest proved one thing above all others: She was born to rule.

To begin with, she miraculously transferred the sleeping quarters of Messrs. Dawes and Riggs from the second floor front to the third floor back without arousing the slightest sign of antagonism on the part of the crusty old gentlemen, who had occu pled one of the choice rooms in the house with uninterrupted security for a matter of nine or ten years. Mrs. Brood explained the situation to them so graciously, so convincingly, that they even assisted the servants in moving their heterogeneous belongngs to the small, remote room on the third floor, and applauded her plan to nake a large sitting-room of the chamber they were deserting. It did not occur to them for at least three days that they had been imposed upon, cheated, maltreated, insulted, and then it was too late. The decorators were in the big room on the second floor.

They had been betrayed by the wife of their bosom friend, Is it small cause for wonder, then, that the poor gentle men as manfully turned back to the tipple and got gloriously, garrulously drunk in the middle of the afternoon and also in the middle of the library, where tea was to have been served to a few friends asked in to meet the

The next morning a fresh edict was issued. It came from James Brood and it was so staggering that the poor gentlemen were loath to believe their cars. As a result of this new command, they began to speak of Mrs. Brood in the privacy of their own room as "that woman." Of course it was entirely due to her mischievous, malevolent influence that a spineless busband put forth the order that they were to have nothing more to drink while they remained in his house. This command was modified to a slight extent later on. Brood felt sorry for the victims. He loved them and he knew that their pride was injured a great deal more than their appecite. In its modified form, the edict allowed them a small drink in the morning and another at bedtime, but Jones, the butler, held the key to the situation and-the side board. And after that they looked upon Mrs. Brood as the common enemy of all three.

The case of Mrs. John Desmond was disposed of in a summary but tactful

"If Mrs. Desmond is willing to re main, James, as housekeeper instead of friend, all well and good," said Mrs. Brood, discussing the matter in the seclusion of her boudelr. "I doubt, however, whether she can descend to

He flushed. "I trust you do not

mean to imply that-"

-From "Eugene Field, Lover of Child by Hildegrade Hawthorne, in the St. Nicholas Magazine.

Sanitary Sandwiches Latest

Enter the sanitary sandwich. Many of the New York cafes have adopted a machine for their free lunch counters, that delivers a sandwich without a hand touching it, or the neces-

of bread drops out on the platform. If you want a ham sandwich, press the lever and a knife cuts off a slice of ham an eighth of an inch in thickness and drops it on the bread Another push at the bread lever and your sandwich is complete. The new ma chine can make a sandwich every

"One can be lonely even in the heart "I should like to have Mrs. Desmond | sensing of danger that more than once | of a throng," she said cryptically. "No, he had experienced in the silent, tran-James, I will not have him sent away." He was silent for a moment. "I wonder what could have hap-

will leave it to Frederic," he said. Her face brightened. "That is #11 her," she went on, still watching him through half closed eyes. "Was she ask. He will stay."

There was another pause. "You two

have become very good friends. Yvonne."

"He is devoted to me." She blew cigarette smoke in his fac



He Was Silent for a Moment.

keep my thoughts from slipping out. and laughed. There was a knock at the door. "I suppose it is only natural that

"Come in." she called. Frederic entered.

CHAPTER VI.

The Spreading Glow.

Yvonne Lestrange, in a way, had been born to purple and fine linen. She had never known deprivation of any description. Neither money, position nor love had been denied her during the few years in which her charm and beauty had flashed across the great European capitals, penetrating even to the recesses of royal courts. It is doubtful if James Brood knew very much concerning her family when he proposed marriage to her, but it is certain that he did not care. He first saw her at the home of a British nobleman, but did not meet her. Something in the vivid, brilliant face of the woman made a deep and lasting impression on him. There was an instant when their eyes met through an opening in the throng which separated them. He was not only conscious of the fact that he was staring at her, but that she was looking at him in a curiously penetrating way. There was a mocking She stroked his gaunt cheek. "Then smile on her lips at the time. He saw we may let the other woman-go it fade away, even as the crowd came between. He knew that the smile had not been intended for him, but for brow. Her callous remark slashed his some of the eager cavallers who surfiner sensibilities like the thrust of a rounded her, and yet there was somedagger. He tried to laugh, but only thing singularly direct in the look she succeeded in producing a painful gri- gave him.

That single glance in the house proved to be a fateful one for both. They were married inside of a month. The virile, confident American had conquered where countless suppliants of a more or less noble char-

acter had gone down to defeat. He asked but one question of her, James," she said. "How proud you she asked none of him. The fact that she was the intimate friend and associate of the woman in whose home he of the horrid story did she know? How met her, was sufficient proof of her much of it had John Desmond told to standing in society, although that would have counted for little so far as Brood was concerned.

She was the daughter of a baron she had spent much of her life in Paris, coming from St. Petersburg when a young girl; and she was an orphan with an independent fortune of her own. Such common details as these came to Brood in the natural way and were not derived from any effort on his part to secure information concerning Mademoiselle Lestrange. Like the burnt child, he asked a guestion which harked back to an unforgotten pain.

"Have you ever loved a man deenly. devotedly. Yvonne-so deeply that there is pain in the thought of him?" She replied without hesitation. There is no such man, James. You

may be sure of that." "I am confident that I can hold your love against the future, but no man is vital enough to compete with the past. Love doesn't really die, you know. If like coffee, "And why, may I ask?" she a man cannot hold a woman's love "Because-why-" he burst out, but against all newcomers, he deserves to lose it. It doesn't follow, however, that instantly collected himself." "He is he can protect himself against the man who appears out of the past and

> claires his own." "You speak as though the past had played you an evil trick," she said. He did not mince words. "Years ago a man came out of the past and

> took from me the woman I loved and cherished." "Your-your wife?" she asked in

voice suddenly lowered. "Yes," he said quietly She was silent for a long time. "

wonder at your courage in taking the risk again," she said. "I think I wonder at it myself," said

he. "No, I am not afraid." he went on, as if convincing himself that there was no risk. "I shall make you love me to the end, Yvonne. I am not afraid. But why do you not ask me for all the wretched story?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

After a man has met his wife's re tives who live in the East he c to be afraid of them.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL Y

A Feminine Failing. Polly-What would you do if h were in my shoes? Dolly-Buy a pair a size smaller,

The Finest Horse Liniment Is Yager's Liniment. B. L. Tat Salem, N. J., says, "In 20 years' a perience of training horses, Yager's the most wonderful Liniment I en used." For spavin, gall, sweeny, collabolls, wounds, etc., it has no equa The finest external remedy for man beast. Largo 25-cent bottles dealers. Prepared by Gilbert Br & Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.-Adv.

Safety Assured.

Mistress-I will have to leave to alone in the house for a few days. you feel afraid?

Pretty Domestic-No. indade, n Oi know plinty av policemen w w'u'd just die fu. me.-New Y Weekly.

## TOUCHES OF ECZEMA

At Once Relieved by Cuticura Quit Easily. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Continent to soothe and heal. Nothing better than these fragrant supe creamy emollients for all troubles s fecting the skin, scalp, hair and hand They mean a clear skin, clean scal good hair and soft, white hands. Sample each free by mail with Book

Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XI Boston. Sold everywhere .- Adv. Fable Up to Date.

A counterfeiter was once walking along a lonely side street when he was stopped by a bold, bad robbe The robber presented a large operaced revolver and demanded coin. He got it-about two gallons of lead do lars fresh from his victim's private Next day the robber bought himsel

sign, a weapon which he had long co-eted. He paid for the gun out of the proceeds of his latest haul and wa immediately haled before a magis trate and sent up for a long term d years for counterfeiting. Moral-If they don't get you for what you've cone, they'll get you for

something else.

The Telephone Pole.

The employer of a Polish girl wh has learned quickly to speak English tells of her attempted mastery of the telephone. After its use was explained to her, she was eager to answer eve A ring came and she jumped to call. "Hello," came from the receiver.

"Hello," answered the girl, flushed with pride at being able to give the proper answer "Who is this?" continued the voice

"I don't know," exclaimed the ma "I can't see you."-Harper's Weekly. The Wherefore of School. Little Herman was a very backwan

scholar and his teacher frequently los all patience with him. One day, when he seemed to

more dense than usual, the teacher exclauned: "It seems you are never able to a

swer any of my questions, Herman Why?"

"If I knew all the things you as me, ma'am," replied Herman, "m father wouldn't go to the trouble of sending me here!"

"There is gossip about Mi Mayme's fixing up her eyebrows What do you think?" "I don't think tuey're as black they're painted."

Never Satisfied. "He gives twice who gives quickly." "That's right, Those charity colle

tors always come back for more." The Mormon church was organize at Manchester, N. Y., by Joseph Smith

in 1830.

A FOOD DRINK

Which Brings Daily Enjoyment A lady doctor writes:

"Though busy hourly with my ow affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes b tell of the enjoyment obtained daily from my morning cup of Postum. is a food beverage, not a stimular

"I began to use Postum 8 years ago not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made m nights long, weary periods to be dress ed and unfitting me for business dur ing the day. "On advice of a friend, I first trie

Postum, making it carefully as sur gested on the package. As I had a ways used 'cream and no sugar.' mixed my Postum so. It looked good was clear and fragrant, and it was pleasure to see the cream color it my Kentucky friend always wante her coffee to look, 'like a new saddle

"Then I tasted it critically, for I has tried many 'substitutes' for coffee. was pleased, yes, satisfied with mi Postum in taste and effect, and am yel-being a constant user of it all these

"I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like Por tum in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gaine weight, can sleep and am not ner OUB.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well ville," in pkgs. Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum - must be

boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—is a soluble por der. A teaspoonful dissolves qui

in a cup of hot water, and with creatand sugar makes a delicious bevers Instantly. 30c and 50c tins. Both kinds are equally delicious at

cost per cup about the same. "There's a Reason" for Posts

Operation of Instrument That Makes Possible Deadly Gunnery of the Present Day.

One of the most important instru-Without this instrument it is practically impossible to aim the guns surately without incurring a serious delay in getting the range by trial Range finders all work on al-

HOW RANGE FINDER WORKS ship or other object sighted on being riggings and funnels will appear to be from wan crowded with toys, queer streaming down his cheeks, and went glasses, one located near each end and of the ship so long as the instrument on the side of the tube, being reflected is not set for the correct range. and refracted by a system of mirrors and prisms, so that both are brought to the eye of the observer, who looks prisms, and this sets a scale that ments used on a warship is the range through the eyepiece, located at the shows the distance in yards to the middle of the tube and on the oppo- ship. site side from the object glasses. The right-hand glass transmits only the up per half of the object signted on and the left-hand glass the lower half. most the same principle, images of the When sighting a ship, for example, the trouble to make a child happy. His he came limping downstairs, the tears ligent mechanism consists of a num-

images then are brought together by thumb screw that moves one of the

Eugene Field Loved Children. It was children whom Field loved best, and he would take all sorts of

ran about, or boxed, or nodded strange heads, or performed tricks. His study door was never shut to a child, and he had many child friends his family knew nothing of. His brother tells how, a few bours after his death, a little crippled boy came to the door and asked if he might go up and see Mr. Field. He was taken into the room where the gentle, much-loved figure lay, and left there. In a little while sity of tipping the carver. This intel-

received through the two object offset horizontally from the lower part dolls, funny little mechanical toys that silently away known to nobody there

ber of vacuum tubes of glass, each containing ham, corned beef and cheese. Push the lever and a slice ond and give it away, which should just about keep up with the capacity of some of the hungry ones.