### THE FULTON COUNTY NEWS, MCCONNELLSBURG, PA.

Brood was watching him closely, a

enced a feeling of shame.



SYNOPSIS.

-65-7 es changes in the household ann s her hasband's consent to send Mrs nead and Lydia away. She tries to one the mystery of Brood's separation a his urst wife, and his dialike of his Tails. Mrs. Brood faschates They visit Lydia and her moth-r new apartment. Mrs. Brood 3.84 Frederic. They visit toment. Mrs. Brood er in these new apartment. Mrs. Brood begins to fear Ranjab in his uncanny appermanents and disappearances and Fred-sric, remembering his father's East Indian steries and firm belief in magic, fears un-known eril, Ranjab performs feats of angle for Dawes and Riggs.

## CHAPTER VII-Continued.

Then, before their startled, horrorstruck eyes, the Hindu coolly plunged the glittering blade into his breast, driving it in to the hilt! "Good Lord!" shouted the two old

men. Ranjab serenely replaced the sword in its seabbard.

"It is not always the knife that finds the heart," said he, so slowly, so full of meaning, that even the old men grasped the significance of the cryptic remark.

"A feller can be fooled, no matter how closely he watches," said Mr. Dawes, and he was not referring to the amazing sword trick.

"No. sir," said Mr. Riggs, with gloomy irrelevance, "I don't like that description. Never a kind look. Can't woman."

The old spell of the Orient had fallen upon the ancients. They were hearing the vague whisperings of voices that came from nowhere, as they had heard them years ago in the his plea for forgiveness. mystic silences of the East.

"Sh! One comes." said Raniab. softly. "It will be the master's son." closed noiselessly behind him and the Yvonne. I adore you. You are everyold men were alone, blinking at each thing in the world to me. I-" other. There was no sound from the

tained door. At last they heard footthe young. Frederick strode rapidly into the room

CHAPTER VIII.

"He Killed a Woman." His face was livid with rage. For closet. An odd expression of alarm crept into her eyes. "Frederic," she said, softly, almost

timorously He lifted his head quickly, and then sprang to his feet. His eyes were wet party, so why exclude them? Be and his lins were drawn. Shame pos- quick!" sessed him. He tried to smile, but it was a pitiful failure.

"Oh. I'm so ashamed of-of-" he began, in a choked voice.

"Ashamed because you have cried?" she said quickly. "But no! It is good broad couch and stretched her supple to cry-it is good for women to cry. body in the ecstasy of complete relax-But when a strong man breaks down ation. and sheds tears, I am-oh, I am heartbroken. But come! You must go to been most distressing. Up to the inyour room and bathe your face. Go at stant of the outburst her husband had once. Your father must not know that been in singularly gay spirits, a ciryou have cried. He-'

"D-n him!" came from between party wondered not a little. If the Frederic's clinched teeth.

glance at Ranjab's door. She would derstood him better than anyone else have given much to know whether in the world; she read his mind as she the Hindu was there or still below stairs. "You must not say such-" "I suppose you're trying to smooth

him a brute. Is that It?" "Hush! Please, please! You know leashes.

that my heart aches for you, mon ami. It was cruel of him, it was cowardly, yes, cowardly! Now I have said it!" She drew herself up and were vastly more successful than his turned deliberately toward the little door across the room.

His eyes brightened. The crooked sneer turned into an imploring smile. Yvonne could not endure him. "Forgive me, Yvonne! You must

see that I'm beside myself. I-I-" "But you must be sensible. Remember he is your father. He is a strange man. There has been a great deal of hitterness in his life. "He-" "But I can't go on the way things are now. He's getting to be worse

you understand how it goads me to-"I am your friend," she said slowly. "Is this the way to reward me?" He dropped to his knees and covored her hands with klases, mumbling

"I am so terribly unhappy," he said over and over again. "I'd leave this her face.

"You will forgive me?" he cried, coming to his feet. "I-I couldn't help champagne," begun the young man in saying it. It was wrong-wrong! But amazed protest.

you will forgive me, Yvonne?" She turned away, walking slowly toward the door. He remained rooted "I think you would better take my ha sold levally

a soft light about her, so radiant was with Miss Followell. He took in the situation at a glance. Was it relief the shoen of the satin skin. She moved closer to him, and with that sprang into his eyes as he saw deft fingers applied her tiny lace the two old men?

Frederic came down from the winhandkerchief to his flushed cheek and dow, somewhat too swiftly for one who eyes, laughing audibly as she did so; a low gurgle of infinite sweetness and is moved by shame and contrition, and faced the group with a well-assumed concern.

look of mortification in his pale, He stood like a statue, scarcely twitching face. He spoke in low, rebreathing, the veins in his throat pressed tones, but not once did he throbbing violently. permit his gaze to encounter that of "There!" she said, and deliberately

touched the mouchoir to her own smil- his father. "Im awfully sorry to have made a ing lips, before replacing it in her nuisance of myself. It does go to my bodice, next to the warm, soft skin. "I head and 1-1 dare say the heat of have been thinking, Frederic," she said, suddenly serious. "Perhaps it the room helped to do the work. I'm

all right now, however. The fresh air would be better if we were not alone when the others came up. Go at once overlook my foolish attempt to be a and fetch the two old men. Tell them devil of a fellow." He hesitated a mo-I expect them here to witness the ment and then went on, more clearly. magic. It appears to be a family happen again, I can promise you

He dashed off to obey her command. She lighted a cigarette at the table, her unsmiling eyes fixed on the door intended that his father should take of the Hindu's closet. Then, with a It as a threat, not as an apology. little sigh, she sank down on the

The scene at the dinner table had cumstance so unusual that the whole

others were vaguely puzzled by his "Hush!" she cried, with another high humor, not so Yvonne. She unwould have read an open book. There was riot, not joy, in the heart of the brilliant talker at the head of the it over so that they won't consider table. He was talking against the savagery that strained so hard at its

At her right sat Frederic, at her left the renowned Doctor Hodder, whose feats at the operating table efforts at the dinner table. He was a very wonderful surgeon, but equally famous as a bore of the first rank.

Mrs. Desmond and Lydia were there. This was an excellent opportunity to entertain them on an occasion of more or less magnitude.

Frederic, deceived by his father's sprightly mood, entered rather recklessly into the lively discussion. He seldom took his eyes from the face than ever. I never have had a kind of his beautiful stepmother, and many word from him, seldom a word of any of his remarks were uttered sotto voce for her ear alone. Suddenly James Brood called out his name in a sharp, commanding tone. Frederic, at the moment, engaged in a low exchange of words with Yvonne, did not hear him. Brood spoke again, loudly, harshly. There was dead silence at the table

"We will excuse you, Frederic," said He Was Getting His Few Things To house tonight if it were not that I he, a deadly calm in his voice. The An instant later his closet door can't bear the thought of leaving you, puzzled expression in the young man's into his ear that caused him to look face slowly gave way to a steady glare of fury. He could not trust himself "Get up!" she cried out sharply. He to speak. "I regret exceedingly that hall. They waited, watching the cur- lifted his eyes in dumb wonder and you cannot take wine in moderation. questioning tone, "I beg your pardon ?" adoration, but not in time to catch A breath of fresh air will be of benefit steps on the stairs, quick footsteps of the look of triumph that swept across to you. You may join us upstairs later and she repeated her remark. OD.

Frederic went deathly pale. "Very

well, sir," he said in a low, suppressed

voice. Without another word he got

is, Mr. Brood." Then she added: "Do "I haven't drunk a full glass of you know, I've never noticed it until tonight. It's really remarkable.

Brood smiled indulgently, but there was a sinister gleam in his gray eyes.

He came swiftly into the room from the hall, and not from his closet. The look of rellef in Yvonne's eyes was short-lived. She saw amazement in the faces of the two old men-and knew!

"After we have had the feats of magic," Brood was saying, "Miss Desmond will read to you, ladies and gentlemen, that chapter of our journal-" "My Gawd!" groaned both of the

middle-aged gentlemen, looking at their watches. "-relating to-"

"You'll have to excuse me, Brood. really, you know. Important engagement uptown-'

"Sit down, Cruger," exclaimed Hoddid me a lot of good. Hope you'll der. "The lady won't miss you." "-relating to our first encounter

with the great and only Ranjab," pursued Brood, oracularly. "We found I'm all right now, father. It shall not him in a little village far up in the mountains. He was under sentence that." A close observer might have of death for murder. By the way, seen the muscles of his jaw harden Yvonne, the kris you have in your hand is the very weapon the good felas he uttered the final sentence. He

low used in the commission of his crime. He was in prison and was to his head. Then he turned toward the die within a fortnight after our arrival door, shamed and humiliated beyond puzzled expression in his eyes; gradu- in the town. I heard of his unhappy words

ally it developed into something like plight and all that had led up to it. admiration. In the clamor of voices His case interested me tremendously. that ensued the older man detected One night, a week before the proposed execution, my friends and I stormed the presence of an underlying note of the little prison and rescued him. We censure for his own behavior. For the first time in many years he experi-

years ago. He has been my trusted out ceremony. Someone was speaking at his elbow. Janey Followell, in her young, body servant ever since. I am sure enthusiastic voice, shrilled something written about that thrilling adven-

> ture." Yvonne had dropped the ugly knife upon the table as if it were a thing ure.

that scorched her fingers. "Did he-really kill a man?" whispered MIss Janey, with horror in her

eyes. "He killed a woman. His wife, Miss Janey. She had been faithless, you see. He cut her heart out. And now, Ranjah, are you ready?"

The Hindu salaamed. "Ranjab is always ready, sahib," said he.

# CHAPTER IX.

#### The Sorceress.

The next day, after a sleepless night, Frederic announced to his stepmother that he could no longer remain under his father's roof. He would find something to do in order to support himself. It was impossible to go on pretending that he loved or respected his father, and the sooner the farce was ended the better it would be for both of them.

She, too, had passed a restless night, night filled with waking dreams as vell as those which came in sleep. There was always an ugly, wriggly kris in those dreams of hers, and a brown hand that was forever fascinating her with its uncanny deftness. Twice in the night she had clutched her husband's shoulder in the terror at her in utter amazement. It was so of a dream, and he had soothed her astounding that he could not believe with the comfort of his strong arms. he heard aright. He mumbled in a She was like a little child "afraid of the dark."

AL THE IS

gether in His Room.

"How wonderfully like you Frederic

"It is a most gratifying discovery,

sidered it later on.

Brood ?"

asked, bitterly, in lowered tones,

old girl," he whispered brokenly,

"See here, old chap," said one of the

middle-aged gentlemen, again consult-

for you. It was dreadful."

Her fingers touched his. "What did

"Don't take it so seriously, Lyddy,

Her influence alone prevented the young man from carrying out his threat. At first he was as firm as a rock in his determination. He was

getting his few possessions together in his room when she tapped on his said he, and turned to speak to Mrs. door. After a while he abandoned the Desmond. He did not take his gaze task and followed her rather dazedly from Frederic's white, set face, how- to the boudoir, promising to listen to

She laughed. "I shall nay no at You are an tention to such nonsense. honest fool and I don't blame you. Wiser men than you have fallen in love with me, so why not you? I like you, Freddy, I like you very, very much. I-"

"You like me because I am his son," he cried hotly.

"If you were not his son 1 should despise you," she said deliberately, cruelly. He winced. "There, now; we've said enough. You must be sensible. You will discover that I am very, very sensible. It is Lydia whom you love, not L"

"Before heaven, Yvonne, I do love her. That's what I cannot understand about myself." He was pacing the floor.

"But I understand," she said, quietly. "Now go away, please. And don't let me hear another word about leaving your father's house. You are not to take that step until I command you to go. Do you understand?"

General Roofing Manufacturing Ca. He stared at her in utter bewilder-World's largest manufacturers of Booking and Building Papers ment for a moment, and slowly nodded New York City Baston Chicago Philadelphia Atlanta Cleveland St. Lonis Clarinanti Kanaas City San Francisco Scattla London Hamb

As he went swiftly down the stairs his father came out upon the landing above and leaned over the railing to watch his descent. A moment later Brood was knocking at Yvonne's door. were just getting over the cholera and He did not walt for an invitation to needed excitement. That was fifteen enter, but strode into the room with-

She was standing at the window you will be interested in what I have that opened out upon the little stone balcony, and had turned swiftly at the sound of the rapping. Surprise gave way to an expression of displeas-

> "What has Frederic been saying to you?" demanded her husband curtly, after he had closed the door.

> A faint sneer came to her lips. "Nothing, my dear James, that you would care to know," she said, smoldering anger in her eyes.

"You mean something that shouldn't know," he grated. "Are you forgetting yourself,

James?" coldly. He stared at her incredulously. 'Good Lord! Are you trying to tell

me what I shall do or say-She came up to him slowly. "James,

we must both be careful. We must not quarrel." Her hands grasped the lapel of his long lounging robe. There was an appealing look in her eyes that checked the harsh words even as they rose to his lips. He found himself looking into those dark eyes with the same curious wonder in his own that had become so common of late. Time and again he had been puzzled by something he saw in their liquid depths, something he could not fathom

no matter how deeply he probed. "What is there about you, Yvonne that hurts me-yes, actually hurts me -when you look at me as you're looking now?" he cried, almost roughly, There is something in your eyesthere are times when you seem to be looking at me through eyes that are while the other went to Milwauke not your own. It's-it's quite uncanny. If you-"

"I assure you my eyes are all my own," she cried, flippantly, and yet there was a slight trace of nervousness in her manner. "Do you intend

Time."

to be nice and good and reasonable,

know what you are doing to the boy?"

His face clouded again. "Do you

"Quite as well as I know what you

He stiffened. "Can't you see what it

"Yes. He was on the point of leaving

doesn't know how to earn a living.

"And who is to blame? You, Jamer

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Goes the Limit.

Famous Jewel Long Forgotten.

are doing to him." she replied quickly.



Illiteracy in United States. The figures of the federal buress show a striking decrease in child illi eracy in this country for the last # teen years. Only fifteen out of even one thousand children from ten t fourteen years in the United States are now unable to read and write. It 1900 the proportion was forty-two is

Without Hurry.

Hurry is a great thief of time.

prevents the full and efficient use d

the present moment.' It steals from

the present, for the sake of the future

because of some failure in the pas

A great man is quoted as saying that

he was too busy ever to be in a hurry

One who lived for some months !

the home of a widely known Christian

leader and prolific worker said that

she had never known him to hurry e

cept when someone else had cause

the delay. And even in those case

there was no "hurried feeling." Th



RHEUMATISM

infants and children, and see that i Bears the Cart Hiltchirt Signature of Chart Hiltchirt In Use For Over 30 Years.

JOHN ANTERMAN, Clermont Mills, M4. JOHN ANTERMAN, Clermont Mills, M4. Larger Hottle, 25c., at all dealers GILBERT EROS. & CO., Inc., Mfrz., Ballimore, M4.

Off the Shelf.

Why sen

away for

bargai

PAINS

ACHES

THERE IS

NOTHING

SO GOOD AS

your mon

roofing" when you can

get the best roofing at a rea

sonable price of your own loca

dealer whom you know?

Buy materials that la

ertain-teed

Roofing

is guaranteed in writing 5 years in 1-ply, 10 years for 2-ply, and 15 year for 3-ply, and the responsibility of our big mills stands behind this gua-antee. Its quality is the highest an

its price the most reasonable.

difference between romance and re ity.

the thousand

"When their father died and M will divided his money, one investe his inheritance in castles in Spain and bought a brewery."

Children Cry for Fletcher's Caston The Difference. "Those two brothers represent the "How so?"

moment he glowered upon the two old men, his fingers working spasmodically, his chest heaving with the volcanic emotions he was trying so hard to subdue. Then he whirled about, to glare into the hatl.

"In God's name, Freddy, boy, what's happened?" cried old Mr. Riggs, all a-tremble.

Some minutes passed before he could trust himself to speak. Ugly veins stood out on his pale temples, as he paced the floor in front of them. Eventually Mr. Dawes ventured the vital question, in a somewhat hushed voice. "Have you-quarreled with your fa-

ther, Freddy?" The young man threw up his arms in a gesture of despair. There was a wall of misery in his voice as he grated out:

"In the name of God, why should he hate me as he does? What have I done? Am I not a good son to him?" "Hush!" implored Mr. Dawes, nerv

ously. "He'll hear you."

"Hear me!" cried Frederic, and laughed aloud in his recklessness "Why shouldn't he hear me? God, I'll not stand it a day longer. He wouldn't think of treating a dog as he treats me. God, I-I, why, he is actually forcing me to hate him. I dismay, do hate him! I swear to heaven, it was in my heart to kill him down there just now. I-" He could not go on. He choked up and the tears rushed to his eyes. Abruptly turning have explained the unaccountable imaway, he threw himself upon the pulse that forced him to fall back a Her voice sank to an imperative whiscouch and buried his face on his arms. few steps as she approached. Her eyes per. He listened in sheer amazement, prise, and a soft sigh escaped them.

sobbing like a little child, The old men, distressed beyond the power of speech, mumbled incoherent words of comfort as they slowly edged out toward the door. They tiptoed into the hall and neither spoke until their bedroom door was closed behind them. Mr. Dawes even tried it to see that it was safely latched.

The curtains parted and Yvonne looked in upon the wretched Frederic There was a look of mingled pain and commiseration in her wide open eyes. For a moment she stood there regarding him in silence. Then she swiftly crossed the room to the couch in the She was standing quite close to him corner where he sat huddled up, his now, her slender figure swaying night air, and she was blithely regalshoulders still shaking with the misery that racked him. Her hand went out to touch the tousled hair, but stopped before contact. Slowly she velvety again; her smile tender and she told it, it was a most amusing Almost instantly the voice of the Hindrew back, with a glance of apprehension toward the door of the Hindu's arms and shoulders seemed to shed 4

Inhabitants of Arras Have Great

Faith in Sacred Relic Most Care-

fully Guarded.

Devastated Arras possesses an an

zient church, Notre Dame des Ardents,

nearly 1,000 years old.



"We Will Excuse You, Frederic."

to the spot, blushing with shame and

him?" he gasped.

red lips were parted.

your cheeks."

"Where are you coing? To tell

She waited an instant, and then

came toward him. He never could

"That is as it should be," she was

He obeyed, but his lips still quiv-

ered with the rage that had been

checked by the ascendency of another

and even more devastating emotion.

rhythmic melody to which the heart

appealing. The vivid white of her

saying, but he was never sure that he

up from the table and walked out of the room. He spoke the truth later on when he told Yvonne he could not understand. But she understood. She knew that James Brood had endured the situation as long as it was in his power to endure, and she knew that it

was her fault entirely that poor Frederic had been exposed to this crowning bit of humiliation. As she sat in the dim study await

ing her stepson's reappearance with Dawes, who iled prodigiously in a the two old men, her active, far-seeing frenzy of rivalry. mind was striving to estimate the cost of that tragic clash. Not the cost to herself or to Frederic, but to James front of the idol. "How perfectly Brood! The Messrs, Dawes and Riggs, inor-

dinately pleased over their rehabilitation, were barely through delivering themselves of their protestations of undying fealty, when the sound of voices came up from the lower hall.

Frederic started to leave the room, not caring to face those who had witnessed his unmerited degradation. Yvonne hurrled to his side, "Where are you going ?" she cried,

sharply. He stared at her in wonder, You cannot expect me to stay here-"But certainly," she exclaimed. "Listen! 1 will tell you what to do."

were gazing steadily into his, and her his face growing dark with rebellion as she proceeded to unfold her plan for a present victory over his father. weeks.

"No, no! 1 can't do that! Never,

Yvonne," he protested. heard the words. His knees grew "For my sake, Freddy. Don't forget weak.' He was in the toils! "Now, you must pull yourself together," she that you owe something to me. I his host, "can't you hurry this percommand you to do as I tell you. It formance of yours along a bit? It is went on in such a matter-of-fact tone is the only way. Make haste! Open after ten, you know." that he straightened up involuntarily.

'Come! Wipe the tear stains from the window. Get the breath of air he prescribed. And when they are Brood. "Be prepared, ladies and gen-

> When Doctor Hodder and Mrs. Gun- the prince of darkness." ning entered the room a few minutes He lifted his hand to strike the

later young Brood was standing in the gong that stood near the edge of the open window, drinking in the cold table. Involuntarily four pairs of eyes fasslightly as if moved by some strange, ing the blinking old men with an actened their gaze upon the door to the Hindu's closet. Three mellow, softly count of her stepson's unhappy efforts beat time. Her eyes were soft and to drink all of the wine in sight! As reverberating "booms" filled the room.

du was heard. James Brood was the last to "Ai-ee, sahib!"

ever! and, despite the fact that he reason. For an hour she argued and knew the girl had uttered an idle compleaded with him, and in the end he monplace, he was annoved to find agreed to give up what she was himself studying the features of Mapleased to call his preposterous plan. tilde's boy with an interest that "Now, that being settled," she said. seemed almost laughable when he conwith a sigh of relief, "let us go and talk it all over with Lydia.'

His guests found much to talk about He started guiltily. "I'd-I'd rather in the room. He was soon being not, Yvonne," he said. "There's no dragged from one object to another use worrying her with the thing now. and ordered to reveal the history, the As a matter of fact, I'd prefer that use and the nature of countless things she-er-well, somehow I don't like that obviously were intended to be the idea of explaining matters to her." just what they seemed; such as rugs, She was watching him narrowly. "It shields, lamps, and so forth. He was has seemed to me of late, Frederic, ably asisted by Messrs, Riggs and that you and Lydia are not quite sowhat shall I say ?- so enamored of each other. What has happened?" she "What a perfectly delightful Budinquired so innocently, so naively, dha," cried Miss Janey, stopping in that he looked at her in astonishment. "I am sure you fairly live at her house. lovely he is-or is it a she. Mr. You are there nearly every day, and yet-well, I can feel rather than see Frederic joined Lydia at the table. the change in both of you. I hope-'A delicious scene, wasn't it?" he

"I've been behaving like an infernal sneak, Yvonne," cried he, consciencestricken. "She's the finest, noblest he mean, Freddy? Oh, I felt so sorry girl in all this world, and I've been

treating her shamefully." "Dear me! In what way, may he said, squeezing her hand gently

inquire?" Both of them realized that it was the "Why we used to-oh, but why go James? I mean about poor Frederic?" nearest thing to a caress that had into all that? It would only amuse passed between them in a fortnight you. You'd laugh at us for silly fools. or longer. A wave of shame swept But I can't help saying this muchthrough him. "Dear old girl, my dear she doesn't deserve to be treated as It's

I'm treating her now, Yvonne. Her eyes radiated joy, her lips parthurting her dreadfully and-" ed in a wan, tremulous smile of sur-She laughed softly. "I'm afraid you are seeing too much of your poor "My dear, dear boy," she murmured, stepmother," she said. and was happier than she had been in

your house, never to come back to it His eyes narrowed. "You've made again. 'That's what it is coming to," ne over, that's true. You've made all she said, lively. of us over-the house as well. I am "Why-why, he'd starve!' cried the ing his watch as he loudly addressed not happy unless I am with you. It man, shaken in spite of himself. "He used to make me happy to be with has never done a day's labor, he

Lydia-and we were always together. But I-I don't care now-at least, I Haam not unhappy when we are apart. "I will summon the magician," said You've done it, Yvonne. You've made

you! You have tied his hands, and have penned him up in-" see everything differently. You-" "We will not go into that," he inter-She stood up, facing him. She aprupted coldly.

peared to be frightened. "Are you trying to tell me that you are in love with me?" she demanded, and there was no longer

mockery, raillery in her voice. His eyes swept her from head to foot. He was deathly white.

"If you were not my father's wife incidentally, just what she thinks oth-I would say yes," said he, hoarsely. er people think of him.

efficient life in Christ may be lived without the strain of the wrong sol of haste. Our Lord himself ofte urged an eager and immediate "haste." But there was no sense d hurry in his life. Let us live in the present, though not for the present using to the full, in hurry-free spirit "the eternal now." IN A SHADOW Have Advised Him

to Bide His Tea Drinker Feared Paralysis.

> Steady use of either tea or coffe often produces alarming symptom as the poison (caffeine) contained is these beverages acts with more p tency in some persons than in other "I was never a coffee drinker writes an Ill. woman, "but a tea drink er. I was very nervous, had freque spells of sick headache and heaf

trouble, and was subject at times severe attacks of billous colic. "No end of sleepless nights-would have spells at night when my right side would get numb and tingle like a thousand needles were pricking mi flesh. At times I could hardly put mi tongue out of my mouth and my right eye and ear were affected.

"The doctors told me to quit using tea, but I thought I could not live with out it-that it was my only stay. I had been a tea drinker for twenty-five years; was under the doctor's care for fifteen.

"Very well. I have advised him to "About six months ago, I finally quilt tea and commenced to drink Postum "I have never had one spell of sick headaches since and only one light attack of bilious colic Have quit having those numb spells at night, slow When a woman is angry she tells a man just what she thinks of him-and, well and my heart is gotting stronger all the time."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

.Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal-the original form-must be well boiled. 15c and 25c pack ages.

Instant Postum-a soluble powderdissolves quickly in a cup of hot we ter, and, with cream and sugar, make a delicious beverage instantly, 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup. "There's a Reason" for Postum

-sold by Crocerk

of Jean de Sasquepee, lord of Baudi- malady, mont and owner of Arras, and a curious history is attached to it. It appears that in May, 1105, the Holy Virgin appeared during the night to two minstrels

A terrible plague depopulated Arras destruction. which remained uninjured despite the at that time, and the Virgin-so goes recent terrific bombardment, and the legend-gave the two minstrels a which contains a unique relic that is candle, which they in turn gave to Bishop Lambert of Arras and told

The relic is known as the holy them that the hot wax of this candle chorus of singers is rare. candle. It is guarded in a richly enam- mixed with pure water would cure the word is "choir."

The remedy proved efficacious, and a grateful populace erected the monastery of Ardents. The candle has been carefully guarded, and it is the firm belief of the inhabitants of Arras that

experiment.

it frequently saved them from utter

Choir and Quire.

The word "quire," as applied to a The proper

Construction of the Marvelous Zeppe lin Aircraft Not a Matter Which Can Be Hurried.

The building of a Zeppelin is not the work of a day. The mere work on the vessels takes an entire year, and

when that work is done another three months must be spent in testing Stretched in a framework of girders there are from seventeen to twenty

(these and over the girders is an outer | ing and sighting apparatus is installed. skin of proofed canvas. Slung under as well as the wireless plant.

Right in front is the station of the lookout man, who is in charge of the

starting and the landing; he has an-A famous jewel, presented by a London broker in 1789 to the presichors slung beneath him. In the first boat, which is entirely covered in, are dent of Dartmouth college and detwo petrol engines. Behind this boat signed to be worn by him on occasions

is the gangway, fitted up with sleeping of state, has been found in the vaults berths for the crew. In the center is of Parkhurst Hall, where it has lain the observation station. It is from forgotten for many years. President here that the bombs are dropped, and Nichols may resume the old custon five balloonettes from end to end. Over it is in here that the marvelous steer of wearing it on state occasions,

41

he asked bluntly

is coming to?"

bide his time."

CANDLE MANY CENTURIES OLD | eled silver casket, made to the order | inhabitants of Arras of the dreadful | IS WORK OF MANY MONTHS | the great length is a series of cabins.

all here, apologize for your condition!" tlemen, to meet the devil. Ranjab is life worth living. You've made me