SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood, his son, Frederic, receives a wireless from him. Frederic relis Lydia Desmond, his flancee, that the message amountees his father's marriage, and orders Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, to prepare the house for an immediate home-coming. Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood met in the jade-room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary. Mrs. Brood is startled by the appearance of Brood is startled by the appearance Hanjab, Brood's Hindu servant. gales changes in the household and gui her husband's consent to send Mrs. De seond and Lydia away. She fascinal Frederic. Bhe begins to fear Ranjab rederic. She begins to fear Ranjab in last uncanny appearances and disappearances, and Frederic, remembering his father's East Indian stories and firm belief in magic, fears unknown evil. Ranjab performs feats of magic for Daws and Riggs. Frederic's father, leadous, unlistly orders his son from the dinner table as drunk. Brood tells the story of Ranjab's life to his guests. He killed a womsh, who was unfaithful to him. Yronne plays with Frederic's infatuation for her lier husband warms her that the thing must not go on. She tells him that he still loves his dead wife, whom he drove from his home, through her, Yyonne, Yvonne plays with Brood, Frederic and Lydia as with figures on a chess board. Brood, mindly jenious, tells Lydia that Frederic is not his son, and that he has brought him up to kill his happiness at the proper time with this knowledge. Frederic takes Lydia home through a heavy storm and spends the night at her soother's house.

## CHAPTER XII-Continued.

"She was jealous. She admitted it, dear. If I don't mind, why should you

"Do you really believe she-she loves the governor enough to be as jealous at all that?" he exclaimed, a curious gleam in his eyes-an expression she did not like.

"Of course I think so," she cried emphatically. "What a question! Have you any reason to suspect that she does not love your father?"

"No-certainly not," he said in some confusion. Then, after a moment: "Are you quite sure this headache of yours is real, Lyddy? Isn't it an excuse to stay away from-from Yvonne. after what happened last night? Be honest, dear."

She was silent for a long time, weighing her answer. Was it best to be honest with him?

"I confess that it has something to do with it," she admitted. Lydia could not be anything but truthful. "I thought so. It's-it's a rotten

shame, Lyddy. That's why I want to talk to her. I want to reason with her. It's all so perfectly silly, this misunderstanding. You've just got to go on as you were before, Lyddy-just as if it hadn't happened. It-"I shall complete the work for your

or three days more will see the end, months. I've just got to end it, Lyddy. my presence will be required over

"You don't mean to say-" he began, unbelievingly.

I can think of them just as well here as anywhere else. No; I sha'n't annoy Mrs. Brood, Freddy." It was on the tip of her tongue to say more, but she thought better of it.

"They're going abroad soon," he wentured. "At least, that's father's plan. Yvonne isn't so keen about it. She calls this being abroad, you know, Besides," he hurried on in his engerness to excuse Yvonne, "she's tremendously fond of you. No end of times she's said you were the finest-" Her amile-an odd one, such as he had never seen on her tips before-checked als eager speech. He bridled. "Of course. If you don't choose to believe me, there's nothing more to be said. She meant it, however." "I am sure she said it, Freddy," she

hastened to declare, "Will she be pleased with our-our marriage?" It required a great deal of courage on her part to utter these words, but she was determined to bring the true situation home to him.

He did not even hesitate, and there was conviction in his voice as he replied. "It doesn't matter whether she's pleased or displeased. We're pleasing ourselves, are we not? one else to consider, dear."

Her eyes were full upon his, and there was wonder in them. "Thank theyou-thank you, Freddy," she cried. "I-I knew you'd-" The sentence remained unfinished.

"Has there ever been a doubt in a moment. He knew there had been ardly?" misgivings and he was ready, in his self-abasement, to resent them if the blood rushed to his face. given the slightest opening. Guilt made him arrogant.

"No." she answered simply. The answer was not what he ex-

pected. He flushed painfully. "I-I thought perhaps you'd-you'd go" a notion in your head that-" He. words to express himself without committing the egregious error of letting | dear?" her see that it had been in his

thoughts to accuse her of jealousy. She waited for a moment. "That I might have got the notion in my head don't blame you. But I want you nowyou did not love me any longer? Is that what you started to say?"

"Yes," he confessed, averting his

but that is all," she said, steadily, adrift. I need you." "You see, I know how honest you

really are. I know it far better than you know it yourself."

He stared. "I wonder just how honest I am," he muttered. "I wonder what would happen if- But nothing can happen. Nothing ever will happen. Thank you, old girl, for saying what you said just now. It's-it's bully of you."

He got up and began pacing the She leaned back in her chair, deliberately giving him time to straighten out his thoughts for himself. Wiser than she knew herself to be, she held back the warm, loving words of encouragement, of gratitude,

But she was not prepared for the impetuous appeal that followed. He threw himself down beside her and grasped her hands in his. His face seemed suddenly old and baggard, his eyes burned like coals of fire. Then, for the first time, she had an inkling of the great struggle that had been going on inside of him for weeks and weeks.

"Listen, Lyddy," he began, nervously, "will you marry me tomorrow? Are you willing to take the chance that I'll be able to support you, to earn

"Why, Freddy!" she cried, half starting up from the couch. She was dumfounded.

"Will you? Will you? I mean it, he went on, almost arrogantly.

He was very much in earnest, but alas, the fire, the passion of the im-She portunate lover was missing. shrank back into the corner of the couch, staring at him with puzzled eyes. Comprehension was slow in arriving. As he hurried on with his plea she began to see clearly; her sound, level brain grasped the insignificance of this sudden decision on his part.

"There's no use waiting, dear. I'll must." never be more capable of earning a Hving than I am right now. I can go and I-1 think I can make good. God knows I can try hard enough. Brooks says he's got a place there for me in much at first, but I can work into a fallpretty good-what's the matter? Don't you think I can do it? Have you no Lyddy, I'llfaith in me? Are you afraid to take a chance?

She had smiled sadly—it seemed to him reprovingly. His cheek flushed. "What has put all this into your head, Freddy, dear?" she asked shrewdly.

His eyes wavered. "I can't go on father, Freddy," she said quietly. "Two living as I have been for the past few After that, neither my services nor You don't understand-you can't, and



Marry Me Tomorrow?"

there isn't any use in trying to explain

"I think I do understand, dear," she said, quietly, laying her hand on his. isn't any use in your trying to explain. your mind?" he asked, uneasily, after But don't you think you are a bit cow-"Cowardly?" he gasped, and then

"Is it quite fair to me-or to your a moment and then went on resolutely. "I know just what it is that you are afraid of, Freddy. I shall and lifeless to him. marry you, of course. I love you more than anything else in all the world. too, stopped for want of the right But are you quite fair in asking me

"Before God, I love no one else but you," he cried, earnestly. "I know Lydia?" what it is you are thinking and I-I good God, you don't know how much I need you now. I want to begin a new life with you. I want to feel there?" that you are with me-just you-"I've been unhappy at times, Freddy, strong and brave and enduring. I am

"If you insist, I will marry you to I do you?"

morrow, but you cannot-you will not ask it of me, will you?"

"But you know I love you," he cried. There isn't any doubt in your mind, Lyddy. There is no one else, I tell you.

"I think I am just beginning to un

derstand men," she remarked enigmatically. He looked up sharply. "And to won der why they call women the weaker

sex, eh?" "Yes," she said so seriously that the wry smile died on his lips. "I don't believe there are many women who would ask a man to be sorry for them. That's really what all this amounts to, isn't it, Freddy?"

"By jove!" he exclaimed, wonderingly.

"You are a strong, self-willed, chiv of asking a woman to protect you against yourself. You are afraid to stand alone. Wait. Five minutesyes, one minute before you asked it of me, Freddy dear, you were floundering in the darkness, uncertain which way to turn. You were afraid of the things you could not see. You looked for some place in which to hide. The flash of light revealed a haven of refuge. So you asked me to-to marry you tomorrow." All through this indictment she had held his hand clasped tightly in both of hers. He was looking at her with a frank acknowledgement growing in his eyes. "Are you ashamed of me, Lyddy?" ie asked. It was confession.

"No," she sald, meeting his gaze steadily. "I am a little disappointed, that's all. It is you who are ashamed." "I am," said he, simply. "It wasn't

"Love will endure. I am content to wait," she said, with a wistful smile. "You will be my wife no matter what happens? You won't let this make any difference?"

"You are not angry with me?" "Angry? Why should I be angry with you, Lyddy? For shaking some sense into me? For seeing through me with that wonderful, far-sighted brain of yours? Why, I could go down on my knees to you. I could-

He clasped her in his arms and held her close. "You dear, dear Lyddy!" Neither spoke for many minutes. It was she who broke the silence,

"You must promise one thing, Frederic. For my sake, avoid a quarrel with your father. I could not bear that. You will promise, dear? You His jaw was set. "I don't intend to

quarrel with him, but if I am to reinto the office with Brooks any day main in his house there has got to "Promise me you will wait. He is

going away in a couple of weeks.

"Oh, if it really distresses you, "It does distress me. I want your

"I'll do my part," he said, resigned-"And next fall will see us married, so-

The telephone bell in the hall was ringing. Frederic released Lydia's hand and sat up rather stiffly, as one ing spied upon. The significance of below. the movement did not escape Lydia. She laughed mirthlessly,

"I will see who it is," she said, and arose. Two red spots appeared in his from his brow. It did not occur to intelligence to give utterance to a cheeks. Then it was that she realized all along for the bell to ring; he had been expecting a it seemed quite natural that she should

" he began, somewhat disjointedly, but she interrupted him.

Will you stay here for luncheon, Frederic? And this afternoon we will go to- Oh, is there a concert or a recital-

Yes, I'll stay if you'll let me,' he said, wistfully. "We'll find something to do."

She went to the telephone. heard the polite greetings, the polite cold, two or three laughing rejoinders to what must have been amusing comments on the storm and its effect on timid creatures, and then:

Yes, Mrs. Brood, I will call him to the 'phone.'

CHAPTER XIII.

Two Women.

and closed the door. He was not con- flights. scious of any intention to temporize. ashamed.

Almost the first words that Yvonne self." He was silent. She waited for directly upon his own previously

"Have you and Lydia made any He made haste to declare their intento marry you while you are still afraid. tion to attend a concert. "I am glad I should plead a headache and yet run night?" she asked, sitting down beside his son to you?" she said, almost in a

"Yes. She's trying to pick up that

"Yes. "I will be home for dinner, of course.

"No," she said. Then, with a low made it absolutely imperative for her and not without misgivings. "I should laugh: "You may be excused for the to act without delay. day, my son. Your father and I have been discussing the trip abroad."

"I thought you-you were opposed you not coming, too?" to going.

"I've changed my mind. As a matter of fact, I've changed my heart."

"You speak in riddles." She was silent for a long time. Frederic, I want you to do something you here?" for me. Will you try to convince Lydia that I meant no offense last night when I-"

"She understands all that perfectly, Yvonne.

"No, she doesn't. A woman wouldn't understand."

"In what way?" There was a pause. "No woman likes to be regarded as a fool," she alrous man, and yet you think nothing | said at last, apparently after careful reflection. "Oh, yes; there is some



We are dining out this evening." "You and I?" he asked after a mo

"Certainly not. Your father and I. was about to suggest that you dine with Lydia-or better still, ask her over here to share your dinner with

He was scowling. "Where are you going?".

"Going? Oh, dining. I see, Well," slowly, deliberately, "we thought it Delmonico's and see a play after-"What play are you going to see?

the bond department. It won't be When he returns-later on-next production. "Well, I hope you enjoy governor today? In a good humor?" for a moment and then called out: 'Are you there?"

"Good-by," came back over the wire He started as if she had given him a slap in the face. Her voice was cold and forbidding.

ting-room he was standing at the win- waist. who suddenly suspects that he is he- dow, staring across the courtyard far

him to resent her abrupt, uncompro- statement in which there was convicmising question. As a matter of fact. out the question in just that way, "If it's for me, please say-er-say flatly, incisively. He considered himself, in a way, to be on trial.

"No, I'm not," he replied. "You did not expect me to forget, did you?" He was uncomfortable under her honest. inquiring gaze. A sullen anger against himself took possession of him. He despised himself for the feeling of loneliness and homesickness that suddenly came over him,

"I thought-" she began, and then her brow cleared. "I have been lookassurances that she had not taken ing up the recitals in the morning paper. The same orchestra you heard last night is to appear again today

"We will go there, Lydia," he interrupted, and at once began to hum the gay little air that had so completely Oh, it is not a dream, for my dreams charmed him. "Try it again, Lyddy. are of something or someone else-You'll get it in no time."

After luncheon, like two happy children they rushed off to the concert, Frederic had the feeling that he and it was not until they were on their slunk to the telephone. The girl way home at five o'clock that his enhanded the receiver to him and he thusiasm began to wane. She was met her confident, untroubled gaze for quick to detect the change. He bea second. Instead of returning to the came moody, preoccupied; his part of sitting-room where she could have the conversation was kept up with an heard everything that he said, she effort that lacked all the spontanelty like that." They were still facing the in his beautiful stepmother, is that went into her own room down the hall of his earlier and more engaging

Lydia went far back in her calcula-I understand so completely that there but it was significant that he did not lious and attributed his mood to the all. Day and night. He can read my ing herself. speak until the door closed behind promise she had exacted in regard to thoughts, Lydia, as he would read a her. Afterwards he realized and was his attitude toward his father. It oc- book. Isn't-isn't it disgusting?" Her that suddenly took the place of appreunder the restraint that his promise ficial. uttered were of a nature to puzzle involved. She realized now, more and irritate him, although they bore than ever before, that there could be my thoughts," said Lydia. no delay, no faltering on her part. formed resolution. Her voice, husky She would have to see James Brood ent. I have thoughts sometimes, my out her tongue the instant the words and low, seemed strangely plaintive at once. She would have to go down dear, that would not-but there! Let on her knees to him.

plans for the afternoon?" she inquired, said, as they approached the house. A cigarette, then. No? Do you for described it to herself as baleful. "Mr. Brood will think it strange that give me for what I said to you last you are going to do that," she went on. off to a concert and enjoy myself when the girl on the chaise longue. "You will stay for luncheon with he is so eager to finish the journalespecially as he is to sail so soon. I ought to see him, don't you think thought. Of course I was hurt at the ago-long, long ago?" thing of Feverelli's-the one we heard so? Perhaps there is something I time. It was so unjust to Mr. Brood. last night." There was silence at the can do tonight that will make up for It wasother end of the wire. "Are you the lost time." She was plainly nerv-

thought it would serve his purpose," that I love you? That I love you very has he said to you about Frederic-You-you don't need me for anything, said Frederic, gloomily, and back of dearly, very tenderly?" that sentence lay the thought that I Lydia looked at her in some doubt

"I will go in for a few minutes, mittally she said, at the foot of the steps. "Are

l do not blame you. i have given you He had stopped, "Not just now, much pain, much distress Lyddy. I think I'll run up to Tom's am far away you will be glad-you flat and smoke a pipe with him. will be happy. Is not that so?" "But you are coming back," said Thanks, old girl, for the happy day Lydia, with a frank smile, not meant we've had. You don't mind if I leave to be unfriendly.

Yvonne's face clouded. "Oh, yes, I Her heart gave a great throb of relief. It was best to have him out of shall come back. Why not? is this the way for the time being. not my home?" "You may call it your home, Mrs "Well-so long," he said, diffidently Brood," said Lydia, "but are you quite

So long, Lyddy." "So long," she repeated, dropping into his manner of speech without I thinking. There was a smothering course."

sensation in his breast. He looked back as he strode off in the direction from which they had an American." come. She was at the top of the steps, changed the subject. "You have had a her fingers on the electric button. He nice day with Frederic? You have wondered why her face was so white. been happy, both of you?" He had always thought of it as being full of color, rich, soft and warm.

the girl, simply. Inside the door, Lydia experienced a strange sinking of the heart. "Is Mr. Brood at-" she began, nervously. A voice at the top of the stairway interrupted the question she was putting to the footman. gan to thump queerly. She felt that

"Is it you, Lydia? Come up to my room.

The girl looked up and saw Mrs. sort Brood leaning over the banister rail. She was holding her pink dressing lips. The word was drawn out as if gown closely about her throat, as if in one long breath. Then, to Lydia's it had been hastily thrown about her astonishment, an extraordinary change shoulders. One bare arm was visiblecompletely so.

"I came to see Mr. Brood. Is he-"He is busy. Come up to my room," repeated Yvonne, somewhat imperiously.

As Lydia mounted the stairs she had a fair glimpse of the other's face. Always pallid-but of a healthy pallor-it was now almost ghastly. Per-thing for Frederic to do? I-I feared haps is was the light from the window that caused it, Lydia was not sure. but a queer, greenish hue overspread the lovely, smiling face. The lips were red, very red-redder than she had ever seen them. The girl suddenly re- know-oh, you cannot realize how well called the face she had once seen of 1 know. You must not hesitate." The a woman who was addicted to the drug habit.

Mrs. Brood met her at the top of the stairs. She was but half-dressed. Her lovely neck and shoulders were now almost bare. Her hands were extended toward the visitor; the filmy lace gown hung loose and disregarded about her slim figure.

"Come in, dear. Shall we have tea! would be great fun to dine alone at I have been so lonely. One cannot find a way. I-" read the books they print nowadays. Such stupid things, ai-e?"

She threw an arm about the tall he cut in. She mentioned a Belasco girl and Lydia was surprised to find that it was warm and full of a gentle it, Yvonne. By the way, how is the strength. She felt her flesh tingle ingly on the girl's face, to which the with the thrill of contact. Yes, it There was no response. He waited must have been the light from the window, for Yvonne's face was now aglow with the iridescence that was Mrs. Brood," said the girl coldly. so peculiarly her own.

A door closed softly on the floor above them. Mrs. Brood glanced over her shoulder and upward. Her arm about-what has Mr. Brood said to When Lydia rejoined him in the sit tightened perceptibly about Lydia's you?" Her heart was cold with ap-

"It was Ranjab," said the girl, and instantly was filled with amazement. Are you going?" she asked, steadily. She had not seen the Hindu, had not He turned toward her, conscious of even been thinking of him, and yet the telltale scowl that was passing she was impelled by some mysterious tion, not conjecture. "Did you see him?" asked the other,

looking at her sharply.

"No," admitted Lydia, still amazed 'I don't know why I said that."

Mrs. Brood closed her boudoir door behind them. For an instant she stood staring at the knob as if expecting to see it turn-

"I know," she said, "I know why you said it. Because it was Rantah' She shivered slightly. "I am afraid of that man, Lydia. He seems to be watching me all of the time. Day and night his eyes seem to be upon me." "Why should he be watching you?"

asked Lydia, bluntly. Yvonne did not notice the question. Even when I am asleep in my bed. in the dead hour of night, he is look ing at me. I can feel it, though asleep

never of him. And yet he is there, looking at me. It-it is uncanny." "An obsession," remarked Lydia. quietly. "He never struck me as es-

pecially omnipresent." "Didn't you feel him a moment ago?" demanded Yvonne, irritably, The other hesitated, reflecting. "I

door, standing close together. "Why not so? Poof! It has nothing to do do you feel that he is watching you?" with it." Her eyes were sullen, full

curred to her that he was smarting laugh was spiritless, obviously arti-"I shouldn't object to his reading pressed it.

"Ah, but you are Lydia. It's differus speak of more agreeable things, tering with a light that she had never "I feel rather guilty, Freddy," she Sit down here beside me. No tea?

> "It was so absurd, Mrs. Brood, that "It is like you to say that," cried

Yvonne. "You are splendid, Lydia. "He'd work you to death if he Will you believe me when I tell you

> your time and energy. It is better to run away from certain things than to let them irritate you. Such martyrdom is usually unnecessary and bad

Handed Him One.

Jill-He certainly did. He gave the

NEBERREREES. like to believe it," she said, non-The General Says: "Ah, but you doubt it. I see. Well,

When I

## Lertain-tee

Roofing

GENERAL ROOFING MFG. O

## LADIES!!-JEWEL TALCUM POWDER

people; Perfume Fich, lasting, quisite; Powder of velvety flo In Glass Jars-15c, and 25c,

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din was terrific. Suddenly a war s

respondent, one of the favored i

permitted to see a little real fights

clapped his hands to his ears p

cried, "I fear my tympanum is spir "Too bad!" roared a friendly "Te

thread in my kit, if that'll help g

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day and was treated by the best

doctors. I took a bottle of your tre

ment. Whatever was the matter h

disappeared and I feel as well as ev

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intestinal ailments. Eat as much a

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after eating, pressure of gas in the

stomach and around the heart. Get on

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on an absolute guarantee—if not satisfactory money will be returned.—Adv

As the man is in the integrity of his

character, so is his strength. Bein

is everything. It conditions happ

ness; it determines and measur

service. A man's happiness depend

upon what he is in himself. A man

service to others is conditioned upon what he is in himself. Being is basic

-"I have suffered three years eve

F. A. REEDER. Helena, Md-

two users have written:

I am 63 years old."

to every one.

"I've got a needle and so

**GET QUICK RELIE** 

"Tomorrow?" fell from Yvonne's The Transfer Lumber & Shingle Co. came over the speaker. "Yes, yes, it should be-it must be tomorrow. Poor boy-poor, poor boy! You will marry, yes, and go away at once, al-e?" Her An artillery battle was raging. 7 voice was almost shrill in its intensity,

anxious. "I- Oh, Mrs. Brood, is it for the best?" cried Lydia. "Is it the best you might object. I am sure his father will refuse permission-

her eyes were wide and eager and-

sure your thoughts always abide here!

mean in the United States, of

Yvonne had looked up at her quick-

"Yes-very happy, Mrs. Brood," said

"I am glad. You must always be

happy, you two. It is my greatest

Lydia hesitated for a moment

Frederic asked me to be his wife-

tomorrow," she said, and her heart be

she was approaching a crisis of some

wish

"Oh, I see. No. I shall never be

Then she abruptly

"But you love each other-that is enough. Why ask the consent of anyone? Yes, yes, it is for the best. woman was trembling in her eagerness. Lydia's astonishment gave way to perplexity.

"What do you mean? Why are you so serious-so intent on this-"Frederic has no money," pursued

Yvonne, as if she had not heard Lydia's words. "But that must not deter you. It must not stand in the way. I shall find a way, yes, I shall "Do you mean that you would pro-

vide for him-for us?" exclaimed Lydia.

"There is a way, there is a way, said the other, fixing her, eyes appealflush of anger was slowly mounting. "His father will not help him-if that is what you are counting upon, "I know. He will not help him.

no. Lydia started, "What do you know



No, I Shall Never sinuate that I have no mind t

prehension. "Why are you going away next week? What has happened?" Brood's wife was regarding her with narrowing eyes. "Oh, I see now. You think that my husband suspects suppose it must have been something that Frederic is too deeply interested "I don't know. I just feel it, that's of resentment now. She was collect-

The girl's eyes expressed the disdain hension in her thoughts. A sharp retort leaped to her lips, but she sup-

"Mr. Brood does not like Frederic." she said instead, and could have cut were uttered. Yvonne's eyes were glitseen in them before. Afterwards she "So! He has spoken ill-evil-of

monotone. "He has hated him for years-is not that so? I am not the I have scarcely given it a moment's original cause, ai-e? It began long

"Oh, I beg of you, Mrs. Brootbegan Lydia, shrinking back is dismay. "You are free to speak your thoughts

to me. I shall not be offended. What and me?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

When you feel it coming on plunge at once into some task that will take all for you all round.

Bill-Did you say the father of the girl he wanted to marry handed him

tissue.

"There's a Reason"

Grape-Nuts

with cream or good milk, supplies the food

elements in excellent

proportion for build-

ing brain and muscle

## EARLY RIVAL OF NEW YORK

Eastern Metropolis of the United States Might Have Been in Staten Island.

We are reminded that New York

termined that it was built not later bay, followed he example of the origland by the announcement that the on Manhattan island. Now it stands pioneer among many. In fact, as his- Science. famous Cubberly cottage, with all its at the intersection of New Dorp lane torical records show, the new settle furnishings, has been donated to the and Cedar Grove avenue. At the ment on Staten island grew so rappublic by its owner, Dr. Nathaniel time when the builders put on the last idly at that time that some people Britton. The structure is one of the coat of paint and told the Cubber- thought it might outgrow New Amfinest examples of the so-called lys to move in it was surrounded by sterdam. The Cubberly cottage came but it is quite possible to put on the

"colonial" architecture extant, and it | tributary acres constituting a spien- | into the possession of the Brittons in | brake, as it were, and not let the

is in an excellent state of preserva- did estate, and the Dutch aristrocats | the year 1695, when it was deeded to | nerves run away with us. tion. It has been satisfactorily de of New Amsterdam, across the upper Nathaniel Britton, an ancestor of the owner who has given it to the public than 1680, and most of its furnishings inal Cubberly promptly in establish as a historical relic. The cottage, antedate that year. It was in all ing themselves upon the salubrious with all its contents, will be kept open probability a finer rural residence at and picturesque hills of Staten island. to the public under the charge of the eams mighty near being on Staten is the time of its completion than any The Cubberly cottage was but the Staten Island Association of Arts and

No one can help feeling nervous at times in this age of rush and racket,

If people fret you, it is not necessary to be rude to them. Try, instead, to avoid them.

Don't read books that irritate you. Books are plentiful, therefore put away the offending volume and choose another.

If a noise at night worries you, don't let it continue to do so. Get up and see to the matter and put it right.

Don't let yourself get into the habit being bored. It is not worth while. I daughter away at the altar, you know.

to doing. As the speed of the electric car is determined by the energy stored in the power house, as the power of the piston rod is determine by the push of accumulated steam so personal power is determined and measured by character. This is spreme power, a character filled with the divine presence and radiant with

a divine holiness.

Not His Doing. His Sister-It makes me laugh ever time I hear you talk about changing your mind.

change? His Sister-Oh, no: but your wift always makes the change for you.

Might Mark the Spot.

They were two days out, and the

young bride was dreadfully seasick

Her Brother-Do you mean to !!

'Henry, dear," she moaned, "if I should die and they bury me here you'll come sometimes and plant flow ers on my grave, won't you?"-Boston Transcript.

Quite So. "What is the first step necessary in cultivating an artistic tempers Finding somebody to stand for it

The most complicated task is the of getting a meal in a cafeteria