SYNOPSIS. -10-

In the New York home of James Brood. his son, Frederic, receives a wireless from him. Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his flances, that the message amounces his father's marriage, and orders Mrs. Desmond, the houseseeper 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 vefled hostlitly to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood meeting. Brood shows dislike and vefled hostlitly to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood is in the jade-room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary. Mrs. Brood is startised by the appearance of Ranjab. Brood's Hindu servant. She makes changes in the household and guins her husband's consent to send Mrs. Desmond and Lydia away. She fascinates Frederic. She begins to fear Ranjab in his uncanny appearances and disappearances, and Frederic, remembering his father's East Indian stories and firm belief in magic, fears unknown evil. Ranjab performs fears of magic for Dawes and Riggs. Frederic's father, jealous, unjustly orders his son from the dinner table as drunk. Brood toils the story of Ranjab's life to his guests. "He killed a woman" who was unfaithful to him. Yvonne piays with Frederic's infatuation for her. Her husband warns her that the thing must bot go on. She tells him that he still loves his dead wife, whom he drove from his home, through her, Yvonne piays with Brood, Frederic and Lydia as with figures on a chess board. Brood, madly jealous, tells Lydia that In the New York home of James Brood. Yvotne piays with Brood, Frederic and Lydia as with figures on a chess board. Brood, andly jealous, 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 mother's house. His wavering allegiance to her is strengthened by a day spent with her. Yvonne over the phone rouses Frederic's infatuation for her again, Lydia goes to beg Brood not tell Frederic of his unhappy parentage, but is turned from her purpose. Frederic, at dinner with Dawes and Riggs, is selzed with an impulse of filial duty, and under a queer impression that he is influenced by Ranjab's will, hunts up his father, who gives him the cut direct.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### A Mother Intervenes.

Long past midnight the telephone in the Desmond apartment rang sharply, insistently. Lydia, who had just fallen asleep, awoke with a start and sat bolt upright in her bed. A clammy perspiration broke out all over her body. She knew there had been a chat. catastrophe.

She sat there chattering until she heard her mother's door open and then the click of the receiver as it was lifted from the hook. Then she put her fingers to her ears and closed her eyes. The very worst had happened, she was sure of it. The blow had fallen. The only thought that seared her brain was that she had failed him. failed him miserably in the crisis. Oh, if she could only reclaim that lost hour of indecision and cowardice!

The light in the hallway suddenly smote her in the face and she realized for the first time that her eyes were rail. tightly closed as if to shut out some abhorrent sight.

"Lydia!" Her mother was standing in the open door "Oh, you are awake?" Mrs. Desmond stared in amazement

at the girl's figure. "What is it, mother? Tell me what

has happened? Is he-"

very queer-" The girl sprang out of bed and hur-

ried to the telephone.

"Don't go away, mother-stay here," she cried as she sped past the whiteclad figure in the doorway. Mrs. Des- Mrs. Desmond. mond flattened herself against the wall a statue, her somber gaze fixed on her may enjoy your long walk."

is it, dear?" Her voice was high and

His voice came jerking over the wire, sharp and querulous. She closed her eyes in anticipation of the blow. her body rigid.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," he was shaking his fist at the door. saying, "but I just had to call you

mind. You did right. What is it?" ther spoke for a moment. "I want you to release me from my promise."

will be your wife, no matter what has Yvonne smiled slightly,

happened, no matter-"

to my father-"O-oh!" she sighed weakly, a vast note of anxiety in her voice. wave of relief almost suffocating her.

"He has made it impossible for me that they will quarrel?" to go on without-

cried, in sudden alarm. "Oh, I'm all right. I shan't go home.

you may be sure of that. Tomorrow will be time enough." "Where are you? I must know. Yvonne, lightly.

How can I reach you by telephonequestions. I'll see you in the morning. Good-night, sweetheart. I've-I've told of voice, Mrs. Desmond." you that I can't stick to my promise. Tell your mother I'm sorry. Good- before it has gone too far."

"Freddy, listen to me! You must wait until 1-Oh!" He had hung up ly?" cried Yvonne, angrily. the receiver. She heard the whir of

Being Crewded Out of the Ark Is a Pretty Story, but Not Science's Explanation.

fection cannot prevent a little shiver. been warm since because the nose is so cold. Why is ferent from all the rest of him?

warm, why should this one spot be dif- dog's nose is, it says, due to the fact nose is very sensitive, but this sensi-

There was little comfort for her cussed the possibilities of the day so tell you why, but-" near at hand. She could see nothing nothing but her own lamentable weak- when it burns them." ness in shrinking from the encounter

that might have made the present situation impossible. She tried to make rebellious, sullen expression died out light of the situation, however, prophesying a calmer attitude for Frederic after he had slept over his grievance, which, after all, she argued, was doubtthe morning, and to plead with him to this house.' be merciful to the boy she was to marry, no matter what transpired. The

It was four o'clock before they went back to bed and long after five before either closed her eyes.

the most earnest opposition.

at the little clock on her dressing table | the crisis has come." and gave a great start of consternation. It was long past nine o'clock. While she was dressing, the little mald Brood," said Mrs. Desmond, deliberservant brought in her coffee and toast ately. and received instructions not to awaken Miss Lydia but to let her have her | the other's eyes. The watcher expeleft the apartment and walked briskly pity for her-she who had been despisaround the corner to Brood's home. Fearing that she might be too late.

quite out of breath when she entered | pacing the floor, her hands clinched. the house. Mr. Riggs and Mr. Dawes were putting on their coats in the hall preparatory to their short morning constitutional. They greeted her effusively, and with one accord proceeded to divest themselves of the coats, announcing in one voice their intention to remain for a good, old-fashloned "It's dear of you," she said, hur-

riedly, "but I must see Mr. Brood at once. Why not come over to my apartment this afternoon for a cup of ten and-

Mrs. Brood's voice interrupted her "What do you want, Mrs. Desmond?" ame from the landing above. The visitor looked up with a start, not so much of surprise as uneasiness. There was something sharp, unfriendly in the low, level tones. Yvonne, fully dressed-a most un-

isual circumstance at that hour of the day-was leaning over the banister "I came to see Mr. Brood on a very

mportant-'

"Have you been sent over here by meone else?" demanded Mrs. Brood "I have not seen Frederic," fell from her lips before she thought.

"I dare say you haven't," said the other with ominous clearness. "He "He wants to speak to you. He is has been here since seven this morn on the wire. I-I- His voice sounds ing, waiting for a chance to speak to his father in private."

ly, almost lazily, as she uttered the great mistake in driving that other remark. "They are together now?" gasped it, Mrs. Desmond."

"Will you come into the library?

and remained there as motionless as Good morning, gentlemen. I trust you "But he does not think so. He is a

Mrs. Desmond followed her into the "Yes, Frederic-It is I-Lydia. What library. Yvonne closed the door almost in the face of Mr. Riggs, who "It is I-Yvonne Lestrange-who prohad opened his mouth to accept the invitation to tea, but who said he'd to see him suffer. I-"be d-d" instead, so narrow was his escape from having his nose banged. He emphasized the declaration by

The two women faced each other. The words were disjointed, as For the first time since she had know fully justified in the attitude he has if he forced them from his lips one Yvonne Brood Mrs. Desmond observed taken this morning. His father huby one in a supreme effort at coher- a high touch of color in her cheeks. miliated him last night in a manner Her beautiful eyes were alive with an that made forbearance impossible "Yes, yes-it's all right. I don't excitement she could not conceal. Nei- That much I must say for Frederic

Brood," said Lydia Desmond's mother, than sinning." "You mean-the promise-but, Fred- sternly, accusingly. She expected a dy, I can't release you. I love you. I storm of indignant protest. Instead, Brood."

"Oh, Lord, Lyddy-it isn't that! It's discover that Frederic is a man and ing coffee. You look surprised. Yes, the other—the promise to say nothing not a milksop," she said, but despite I was having breakfast with my hus her coolness there was a perceptible band. I knew that Frederic would

"You know, then, that they are-

Where are you, Frederic?" she to do so when he came here this first words on entering the room were morning. He was still in his evening these-I shall never forget them: 'Last clothes, Mrs. Desmond."

"Where are they now?"

Mrs. Desmond regarded her for a "Don't be frightened, dear. It's got moment in perplexity. Then her eyes that I thought I loved you last night to be, that's all. It might as well be flashed dangerously. "I do not think as a son should love a father. I just was laid on tonight. Now, don't ask Where are Frederic and his father?"

You'll understand. I couldn't rest un- said the other, succinctly. "You do voice. Forgive me for calling you up. mean. I insist on going up to them

"Will you be so good, Mrs. Des-

least remain here to assure Frederic of my sympathy, to help him if I can, to offer him the shelter of my home."

ously "If what I fear should come to pass, he will not stay in this house another her as- Just then my husband found | tend to marry Lydia this very day." hour. He will go forth from it, cursing James Brood with all the hatred I've never seen such a look of rage. that his soul can possess. And now, I thought he was going to strike Fred- his features were not clearly dis-Mrs. Brood, shall I tell you what I eric and I think I screamed-just a think of you?"

"No, it isn't at all necessary. sides, I've changed my mind. I'd like horrible the way he said it—'You fool you to remain. I do not want to mys tify you any further, Mrs. Desmond, in his face and cried out, unafraid, 'I'm in the hope held out by her mother but I now confess to you that I am glad you call me a bastard! By God, as they sat far into the night and dis- losing my courage. Don't ask me to I'd rather be one than to be your son.

but disaster, and she could think of those who play with fire. They shrink

Mrs. Brood looked at her steadily for a long time without speaking. The of her eyes. She sighed deeply, almost despairingly. "I am sorry you think ill of me, yet

I cannot blame you for considering me less exaggerated. She promised to to be a-a-I'll not say it. Mrs. Desgo with Lydia to see James Brood in mond, I-I wish I had never come to "Permit me to echo your words."

"You will never be able to undergirl at first insisted on going over to stand me. And, after all, why should see him that night, notwithstanding I care? You are nothing to me. You the hour, and was dissuaded only after are merely a good woman who has no real object in life. You-" "No real object in life?"

"Precisely. Sit down. We will wait here together, if you please. I-I am Mrs. Desmond, utterly exhausted, worried. I think I rather like to feel was the first to awake. She glanced that you are here with me. You see, "You know, of course, that he turned

Something like terror leaped into sleep out. A few minutes later she rienced an incomprehensible feeling of

one wife out of this house, Mrs.

ing her so fiercely the instant before. "He-he will not turn me out," murshe walked so rapidly that she was mured Yvonne, and suddenly began



"I'd Like You to Remain."

Stopping abruptly in front of the other She was descending the stairs slow- woman, she exclaimed: "He made a woman out. He is not likely to repeat

"Yes-I think he did make a mis take," said Mrs. Desmond, calmly man of iron. He is unbending."

"He is a wonderful man-a great splendid man," cried Yvonne, fiercely, claim it to the world. I cannot bear

"Then why do you-" Mrs. Brood flushed to the roots of her hair. "I do not want to appear unfair to my husband, but I declare to you, Mrs. Desmond, that Frederic is And permit me to add, from my soul, "You are accountable for this, Mrs. that he is vastly more sinned against

"I can readily believe that, Mrs "This morning Frederic came into "It will not hurt my husband to the breakfast room while we were hav come. That was my reason. When I heard him in the hall I sent the serv ants out of the dining-room. He had "I fancy it was in Frederic's mind spent the night with a friend. His night I thought I loved you, father, but I have come home just to tell you "I think he has them on," said that I hate you. I can't stay in this ruthlessly, jumping at conclusions in house another day. I'm going to get his new-found arrogance. out. But I just wanted you to know "I am not accustomed to that tone I don't believe he knew I was there. I shall never forget the look in James awestruck way. I'm going to get out," said Frederic, his voice rising. 'You've I'm through. I sha'n't even say good-"No," said the other quietly. "I sup- by to you. You don't deserve any to spare the boy. pose I am too late to prevent trouble more consideration from me than I've I

see you again. If I ever have a son squared his shoulders. I'll not treat him as you've treated "Do you really believe it will don't deserve to have a son. I wish not come. Brood was regarding him damnable village-" come to that?" she demanded, nerv- to God I had never been obliged to call with eyes from which every spark of you father. I don't know what you compassion had disappeared. did to my mother, but if you treated it may interest you to know that I inhis voice. He sprang to his feet, and him. In the subdued light of the room little scream, of course. I was so ter- shadowy; only the eyes were sharply rified. But he only said—and it was you bastard!' And Frederic laughed It would at least give me something "I suppose it is the custom with to be proud of-a real father." "Good heaven!" fell from Mrs. Desmond's white lips.

Yvonne seemed to have paused to catch her breath. Her breast heaved convulsively, the grip of her hands tightened on the arms of the chair. Suddenly she resumed her recital, but her voice was hoarse and tremulous.

"I was terribly frightened. I thought

of calling out to Jones, but I-I had no voice! Ah, you have never seen two angry men waiting to spring at each other's throats, Mrs. Desmond. My husband suddenly regained control of himself. He was very calm. 'Come with me," he said to Frederic. "This is not the place to wash our filthy family linen. You say you want something to be proud of. Well, you shall have your wish. Come to my study." And they went away together, neither speaking a word to me-they did not even glance in my direction. They went up the stairs. I heard the door close behind them-away up there. That was half an hour ago. I have been waiting, too-waiting as you are waiting now-to comfort Frederic when he comes out of that room a wreck."

Mrs. Desmond started up, an incredulous look in her eyes. "You are taking his side? You are

against your husband?. Oh, now I know the kind of woman you are. I know-" "Peace! You do not know the kind of woman I am. You never will know.

Yes, I shall take sides with Frederic.' "You do not love your husband!" A strange, unfathomable smile came into Yvonne's face and staved there. Mrs. Desmond experienced the same odd feeling she had had years ago on first seeing the Sphinx. She was suddenly confronted by an unsolvable

"He shall not drive me out of his house, Mrs. Desmond," was her answer to the challenge.

A door slammed in the upper regions of the house. Both women started to their feet. "It is over," breathed Yvonne, with

a tremulous sigh. "We shall see how well they were able to take care of themselves, Mrs. Brood," said Mrs. Desmond in a low

"We shall see-yes," said the other, mechanically. Suddenly she turned on the tall, accusing figure beside her. "Go away! Go now! I command you to go. This is our affair, Mrs. Desmond. You are not needed here. You were too late, as you say. I beg of you, go!" She strode swiftly toward the door. As she was about opened from the other side, and Ranjab stood before them,

"Sahib begs to be excused, Mrs. Desmond. He is just going out." "Going out?" cried Yvonne, who had

shrunk back into the room. "Yes, sahibah. You will please excuse, Mrs. Desmond. He regret very much.

Mrs. Desmond passed slowly through the door, which he held open for her. As she passed by the Hindu she looked full into his dark, expressive eyes and there was a question in hers. He did not speak, but she read the answer as if it were on a printed page. Her shoulders drooped.

She went back to Lydia.

# CHAPTER XVI.

"To My Own Sweetheart." When James Brood and Frederic left the dining-room nearly an hour prior to the departure of Mrs. Desmond, there was in the mind of each the resolution to make short work of the coming interview. Each knew that the time had arrived for the parting of the ways, and neither had the least desire to prolong the suspense.

The study door was closed. James Brood put his hand on the knob, but, before turning it, faced the young man with an odd mixture of anger and pity in his eyes.

"Perhaps it would be better if we had nothing more to say to each other," he said, with an effort. "I have changed my mind. I cannot say the thing to you that I-"

"Has it got anything to do with Yvonne and me?" demanded Frederic stiff lips.

Brood threw open the door. inside," he said in a voice that should have warned the younger man, it was saded now as later on. The last straw you misunderstood me, Mrs. Brood, wanted you to know it.' He did so prophetic of disaster. Frederic not even look at me, Mrs. Desmond. had touched the open sore with that unhappy question. Not until this instant had James Brood admitted to "I am no longer your housekeeper," Brood's face. It was as if he saw a himself that there was a sore and that it here in this pocket-case, over my ghost or some horrible thing that fas- it had been festering all these weeks. til I'd told you and heard your dear not realize what this quarrel may cinated him. He did not utter a word, Now it was laid bare and smarted with the money in the world. When I look but stared at Frederic in that terrible, pain. Nothing could save Frederic at the dear, sweet, girlish face and her after that reckless, deliberate thrust at the very core of the malignant mond, as to leave this house instant- treated me like a dog all my life and growth that lay so near the surface. It had been in James Brood's heart

Hot words were on Frederic's

tinguishable. His face was gray and defined. They glowed like points of light, unflickering. "I shall be sorry for Lydia," he said

Brood advanced a few steps toward

levelly. "You needn't be," said Frederic hot

"She understands everything." ly. "Have you told her that you love her and no one else?"

"Certainly!" "Then you have lied to her." There was silence-tense silence. "Do you expect me to strike you for

that?" came at last from Frederic's lips, low and menacing. "You have always considered yourself to be my son, haven't you?" pursued Brood deliberately. "Can you say to me that you have behaved of late as

a son should-" 'Wait! We'll settle that point right now. I did lose my head. Head, I say, -1 can't, for that matter. As for Yvonne-well, she's as good as gold. honest men lose their heads somefor my-we'll call it infatuation. I and looked at the pure, lovely face, Ishall only admit that it has existed and that I have despaired. As God is my witness, I have never loved any one but Lydia. I have given her pain, and the amazing part of it is that I can't help myself. Naturally, you can't understand what it all means. You are not a young man any longer. You cannot understand."

"Good God!" burst from Brood's lips. Then he laughed aloud-grotesquely. "Yvonne is the most wonderful thing

that has ever come into my life. I adored her the instant I saw her. I have felt sometimes that I knew her a thousand years ago. I have felt that I loved her a thousand years ago." A calm seriousness now attended his speech, in direct contrast to the violent mood that had gone before. "I have thought of little else but her. I confess it to you. But through it all there has never been an instant in which I did not worship Lydia Desmond. I-I do not pretend to account for it. It is beyond me."

Brood waited patiently to the end. Your mother before you had a som what similar affliction," he said, still in the steady, repressed voice. "Perhaps it is a gift-a convenient giftthis ability to worship without effort.' "Better leave my mother out of it."

said Frederic sarcastically. A look of wonder leaped to his eyes. "That's the first time you've condescended to acknowledge that I ever had a mother." Brood's smile was deadly. "If you

have anything more to say to me, you would better get it over with. Purge your soul of all the gall that embitters

A spasm of pain crossed Frederic's "Yes, I am entitled to my inface. nings. I'll go back to what I said downstairs. I thought I loved and honored you last night. I would have forgiven everything if you had granted me a friendly-friendly, that's all-just a friendly word. You denied-"

"I suppose you want me to believe you slinking to the theater," said the other ironically.

"I don't expect you to believe anything. I was lonely. I wanted to be derstand how lonely I've been all my mother's innocent, soulful face tolife? Can't you understand how hungry I am for the affection that every voice. His clenched hands were raised other boy I've known has had from his parents? I've never asked you about for me to tell you the truth about this my mother. I used to wonder a good deal. Every other boy had a mother. I with you. I am not your father. You never had one. I couldn't understand. are-I no longer wonder. I know now that she must have hated you with all the that my mother was not a good womstrength of her soul. God, how she an, I want to go on record in advance must have hated to feel the touch of of anything you may say, as being your hands upon her body! Something glad that I am her son no matter who tells me she left you, and if she did, I my father was. I am glad that she hope she afterwards found someone loved me because I was her child, and who-but no, I won't say it. Even now if you are not my father then I still I haven't the heart to hurt you by say- have the joy of knowing that she loved ing that." He stopped, choking up with the rush of bitter words. "Well, broke off the bitter sentence and with why don't you say something?"

"I'm giving you your innings Go on?" said Brood softly.

she wouldn't have married you. She ashamed of yourself. Can you stand must have loved you or I wouldn't be there and lie about her after looking here in this world. She-" "Ha!" came sharply from Brood's

"-didn't find you out until it was too late. She was lovely, I know. She was sweet and gentle and she loved happiness. I can see that in her face, tended. in her big, wistful eyes. You-" "What's this?" demanded Brood,

"Oh, I've got her portrait-an old photograph. For a month I've carried heart. I wouldn't part with it for all eyes look back into mine, I know that she loved me."

startled. "What are you saying?"

"Her portrait?" said Brood, unbelieving "Yes-and I have only to look at it

to know that she couldn't have hurt

between those two men, but I shall at received from you. I hope I'll never They were alone in his room. He you-so it must have been the other way 'round. She's dead now, I know. "I suppose you think I am in love but she didn't die for years after I was your son. By God, you don't deserve with her," he said defiantly. He waited born. Why was it that I never saw A spasm of alarm crossed Yvonne's the honor of being called father. You a moment for the response that did her? Why was I kept up there in that

"Where did you get that photograph?" demanded Brood hoarsely. "Where, I say! What damned, interfering fool-"

"I wouldn't be too hasty, if I wer you," said Frederic, a note of triumph in his voice. "Yvonne gave it to me. I made her promise to say nothing to

you about it. She-" "Yvonne found it? Yvonne? And gave it to you? What trick of fate is this? But-ah, it may not be a portrait of your-your mother. Some old

photograph-" "No, it is my mother. Yvonne saw the resemblance at once and brought it to me. And it may interest you to know that she advised me to treasure it all my life because it would always tell me how lovely and sweet my mother was-the mother I have never seen."

"I insist on seeing that picture," said Brood, with deadly intensity.

"No," said Frederic, folding his arms tightly across his breast. "You didn't deserve her then and you-" "You don't know what you are say

ing, boy!" "Ah, don't I? Well, I've got just a litnot heart. I shan't attempt to explain the bit of my mother safe here over my heart—a little faded card, that's all -and you shall not rob me of that. She understands me better than I un- Last night I was sorry for you. I had derstand myself. She knows that even the feeling that somehow you have always been unhappy over something times. I can say to you now that I that happened in the past that my would sooner have cut my own throat mother was responsible for. And yet than to do more than envy you the when I took out this photograph, this possession of one you do not de tiny bit of old cardboard-see, it is so serve. I have considered myself small that it can be carried in my your son. I have no apology to make waistcoat pocket-when I took it out



"I Shall Be Sorry for Lydia," He Said Levelly.

by heaven, I knew she was not to blame. Mr. Jabbins. "Have you finished?" asked Brood,

wiping his brow. It was dripping. "Except to repeat that I am through with you forever. I've had all that I it. I grant you that privilege. Take can endure and I'm through. My greatest regret is that I didn't get out long ago. But like a fool-a weak fool, I kept on hoping that you'd change and that there were better days ahead for me. I kept on hoping that you'd be a real father to me. Good Lord. what a libel on the name!" He laughed raucously. "I'm sick of calling you father. You did me an honor downstairs by calling me 'bastard.' that it was love for me that brought by heaven, if it were not for this bit You had no right to call me that, but, of cardboard here over my heart, I'd laugh in your face and be happy to shout from the housetops that I am no son of yours. But there's no such with you and Yvonne. Can't you un- luck as that! I've only to look at my

"Stop!" shouted Brood in an awful above his head. "The time has come innocent mother of yours. Luck is

"Wait! If you are going to tell me some one man well enough to-" nervous fingers drew a small leather case from his waistcoat pocket. "Be fore you go any farther, take one look "She must have loved you once-or at her face. It will make you into-He was holding the window curtains

apart, and a stream of light fell upon the lovely face; so small that Brood was obliged to come quite close to be able to see it. His eyes were dis-"It is not Matilde-it is like her but- Yes, yes, it is Matilde! I must

be losing my mind to have thought--" He wiped his brow. "But, good God, it was startling-positively uncanny." He spoke as to himself, apparently forget ting that he had a listener. "Well, can you lie about her i

demanded Frederic. Brood was still staring as if fas cinated at the tiny photograph. "But I have never seen that picture before

She never had one so small as that (TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHY DOG'S NOSE IS COLD | Noah tried to get all the animals into | smell. And, of course, as the mois- | nose is dry and warm he is iii and | there are a lot of things missing right | like as the old round iron stoves that here. Where are the big, comfortable used to decorate every hotel lobby? No sir-e-e. Give me the old-fashioned

> Mandy-What foh yo' been goln' to de post office so reg'lar? Are you cor responding wif some other female?

Rastus-Nope, but since Ah been a disdainfully about the gold and gilt to be. Suppose you think they make trimmings of the music room at the Waldorf-Astoria. "But let me tell you have feel as some feel as som

Because of Terrible R. ache. Relieved by Lydi ble Compound.

E. Pinkham's Vegeta.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I suffered to nflammation, and such pains in a backache so the could hardly sto I took six bottle. Lydia E. Pinkhar V egetable Co

pound, and now le do any amount work, sleep good, good, and don'th a bit of trouble recommend Lydi Pinkham's Vegetable Compound every suffering womam."—Mrs.Ha FISHER, 1625 Dounton St., Nicetown,

Another Woman's Case. Providence, R. I.—"I cannot put too highly of your Vegetable Compass it has done wonders for me awould not be without it. I had a placement, bearing down, and backs until I could hardly stand and was to oughly run down when I took Lyda Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, helped me and I am in the best of he at present. I work in a factory all a long besides doing my housework son can see what it has done for ms. It you permission to publish my name as speak of your Vegetable Compounds many of my friends."—Mrs. ABELLAR TOWN 196 Limits 55.

son, 126 Lippitt St., Providence, RI Danger Signals to Women are what one physician called backet headache, nervousness, and the bla In many cases they are symptoms some female derangement or an info-matory, ulcerative condition, which be overcome by taking Lydia E. Pal ham's Vegetable Compound. Thousand of American women willingly testify its virtue. When a married man disappear

relatives drag the river. But the tectives look for his "lady friend" YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL H Fry Murine Bye Remedy for Red, Wesk Wo Byes and Granulated Myelids; No Sam-just Bye comfort. Write for Book of the my mail Free. Murine Mye Remedy to. Can

Mighty Slow Pay. Staylate-I always pay as I go. Miss Weary (yawning)-Your o tors have my sympathy. No matter how insignificant a m

may be, he is firmly convinced that

superiority will some day be re ELIXIR BABEK WORTH ITS WEB IN GOLD IN THE PHILIPPINES. I contracted malaria in 1896, and after IN GOLD IN THE PHILIPPINE.
I contracted maiaria in 1895, and after years' fruitiess treatment by a promise Washington physician, your Elixir Habentirely cured me. On arriving here in down with taopleal malaria—the worth to worth your elix vaine. It is worth its with Gold here. Brasie O'Hagan, Troop & IU. S. Cavairy, Balayan, Philippines.
Elixir Babek. 50 cents, all druggistars' Parcels Post prepaid, from Kioczewski & Washington, D. C.

The Brighter Side, "The European war affords mad source of consolation, anyway," is

"I'd like to know what it is," s Mr. Snoozedorf. "It is impossible for some of wealthier neighbors to go gailed about Europe this year and then turn home and make me feel a hadn't been anywhere because I me

ly went to Colorado." Quite a Difference. Della, after a rain, begged to go

side to play. "You may go," said her mother, you will stay on the walk, and make mud-pies." It was not long before Della si leaning suspiciously far over the si

I thought you promised not make mud-ples," ,mother called. "I'm not, mamma," replied Del 'I'm making doughnuts."

Baby's Bedroom.

The room in which a baby she should contain no upholstered for ture or heavy curtains on which and germs can find a lodging breeding place. The walls, if possil should be so finished as to allow quent wiping with a damp cloth. I temperature of the baby's room she be kept not higher than 68 or 78 a grees in winter and in summer sh be kept as cool as possible with an ings and shutters. The win should be kept open day and night summer and in winter the room shou be aired two or three times a day.

## GET POWER The Supply Comes From Food.

If we get power from food, why strive to get all the power we can. The is only possible by selecting food the exactly fits the requirements of the stripe of the control of the stripe of the selection of the stripe of the strip body.

"Not knowing how to select the ris-food to fit my needs, I suffered size ously for a long time from stemas trouble," writes a lady from a list Western town. "It seemed as if I would never able to find out the sort of food is was best for me. Hardly anything is I could eat would stay on my stome." Every attempt gave me heart-burn filled my stomach with gas. I got the

ner and thinner until I literally came a living skeleton and in time compelled to keep to my bed. "A few months ago I was persua-to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had so good effect from the very beginn that I kept up its use. I was surpris at the ease with which I digested it. proved to be just what I needed.

"All my unpleasant symptoms," heart-burn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain, disappear My weight gradually increased from to 116 lbs., my figure rounded out. strength came back, and I am now! te do my housework and enjoy Grape-Nuts did it."

A ten days trial will show any some facts about food.

Name given by Postum Co., Ball Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road Wellville," in pkgs, "There's a Reason Ever read the above letter? A re-one appears from time to time. In are granuse, true, and full of has

the ark some of them were trouble- ture is evaporating all the time, it needs doctoring. some, and he had to get a dog to help keeps his nose cold. him drive them in. Because of this A dog depends a great deal on his the dog was the last to enter the ark. powers of smell, especially in the wild There was no room left, so he had to state, and it is because of his keen-When your faithful old dog pokes stand in the doorway with his nose ness of scent that he is valuable to his nose into your hand, even your af outside in the wet, and it has never man for hunting purposes. In addi-

it? When the body of a dog is so tion of the matter. The coldness of a whole black membrane around the that it must be kept moist all the tiveness can only be retained by mois-The old fable tells us that when time in order to sharpen his sense of ture. Thus it is that when a dog's

tion to the olfactory or smelling Science gives quite another explana- nerves inside a dog's nostrils, the

chairs a fellow can sit in while he That the big New York hotels are looks through a big plate glass winnot homelike or comfortable is the dow at the crowd passing on the plaint of a western Pennsylvania man street? Maybe you think your reguwho makes frequent trips to New lar hotel dweller doesn't miss that "I suppose this is New York's window, but you're wrong. idea of what a regular hotel ought to steam radiators, all gilt and silver or Walderf-Asteria. "But let me tell you home feel so comfortable and home ministah what married us.

rests his feet on the brass rail and hotels every time."-New York Times.