CHAPTER XXVII-Continued.

He obeyed. "See! There is no one hall. "You must speak quickly. I am

given the hour." "Ah, I can see by your face that you thing. It is but little, I know, after this miracle. all I have wished for-but it is something for me to treasure-something one sacred little spot in this beasily her terror-stricken soul.

"Am I not beautiful, Frederic? Tell me!" She came quite close to him. "You are the most beautiful woman

has not been destroyed! It is still with me, is it not? I have not lost it in-"You are beautiful beyond wordsbeyond anything I have ever im-

agined," said he, suddenly passing his hand over his brow.

not been for Lydia?"

"I couldn't have helped myself. 1-

way behind them-a cry of pain and anger that struck terror to their souls. They had not heard his approach.

The Shot That Failed.

Transfixed, they watched him take two or three steps into the room. At same was run to earth. his back was the swarthy Hindu, his eyes gleaming like coals of fire in the shadowy light.

"James!" fell tremulously from the lips of Yvonne. She swayed toward him as Ranjab grasped his arm from behind. Frederick saw the flash of something bright as it passed from the brown hand to the white one. He did not at once comprehend.

"It happened once," came hoarsely from the throat of James Brood. "It shall not happen again. Thank you,

Rantab. Then Frederic knew! The Hindu had slipped a revolver into his mas-

to relieve you of that damned, rotten, worthless thing you call your life."

As he raised his arm, Frederic sprang forward with a shout of horror. Scarcely realizing what he did, he burled Yvonne violently to one side.

It was all over in the twinkling of an eye. There was a flash, the crash of an explosion, a puff of smoke and the smell of burnt powder.

instant, facing the soft cloud that rose from the pistol barrel, an expression of vague amazement in his face. Then his hand went uncertainly to his

snowy white of the broad shirt bosom. horrid spot, he stood there with the pistol still levelled in a petrified hand

"Good God, father, you've-why, you've-" struggled from Frederic's writhing lips, and then his knees the floor.

quick and spasmodic. At the same inand grasped his master's arm. He had turned the revolver upon himself! The muzzle was almost at his temple grip of iron.

from the stiff, unresisting fingers, he hurled it across the room.

body swerved forward, but his legs refused to carry him. The Hindu caught him as he was sinking limply to his knees. With a tremendous effort of the will, Brood succeeded in conquering the black unconsciousness that was assailing him. He straightened up to his full height, and with trembling fingers pointed to the prostrate figure on the floor, "The pistol, Ranjab! Where is it? Give it me! Man, killed my son-my own son! Quick,

men!"
"Sahib!" cried the Hindu, wringing his hands. "I cannot! I cannot!"

"I command you! The pistol!" Without a word the Hindu, fatalist, slave, pagan that he was, turned to do per. his master's bidding. It was not for him to say pay, it was not for him to

All this time, Yvonne was crouching against the table, her horrified gaze voice. upon the great red blotch that grew to dead I shall kill you with my own terrible proportions as she watched. She had not moved, she had not breathed, she had not taken her hands from her ears where she had placed them at the sound of the explosion. he grew faint with it.

"Blood! It is blood!" she monned and for the first time since the shot was fired her husband glanced at the near." He held open the door to the one for whom the bullet was intended. An expression of incredulity leaped to leave this house in an hour. I was into his face, as if he could not believe his senses. She was alive and unhurt! His bullet had not touched her. His hate him! It is well. That is some brain fumbled for the explanation of

"Blood!" she wailed again, a long, shuddering word that came not from for me to take back with me to the her lips but from the very depths of

> the maze. His shot had gone straight, but Frederic himself had leaped into its path to save this miserable creature who would have damned his soul if life had been spared to him.

covered with one arm, the other extended. Blindly the master felt for the pistel, not once removing his eyes from the pallid figure against the table. His fingers closed upon the weapon. Then the Hindu looked up, warned by the strange voice that spoke to him from the mind of his master. He saw the arm slowly extend itself with a sinister hand directed straight at the unconscious figure of the woman. This I fear 1-faltered in my- Good God, time Brood was making sure of his are you still trying to tempt me? Are aim-so sure that the lithe Hindu you still asking me to go away with had time to spring to his feet and grasp once more the hand that held the weapon.

Brood turned to look at his man in sheer bewilderment. What could all this mean? What was the matter with the man?

"Down, Ranjab!" he commanded in a low, cautious tone, as he would have used in speaking to a dog when the

"There is but one bullet left, sahib," cried the man "Only one is required," said the mas-

"You have killed your son. This bul-

let is for yourself." "Yes! Yes! But-but she! She

The Hindu struck his own breast significantly, "Thy faithful servant remains, sahib. Die, if thou wilt, but leave her to Ranjab. There is but one bullet left. It is for you. You must not be here to witness the death Ranjab, thy servant, shall inflict upon her. Shoot thyself now, if so be it, but spare thyself the sight of-" He did not finish the sentence, but his strong, bony fingers went through the motion that told a more horrible story than words could have expressed. There was no mistaking his meaning. He

had elected himself her executioner. A ghastly look of comprehension flitted across Brood's face. For a second his mind slipped from one dread tures that he had searched for in a piteous appeal in their depths-an struggled to clear a way to the open.



fanatic's face to the white, tender, hoarse gasp broke from his lips.

"No! No! Not that!" he cried, and man, can I live after that? I have as the words rang out, Yvonne removed her horrified gaze from the blot of red and fixed it upon the face of her husband. She straightened up slowly and her arms fell limply to her sides. "It was meant for me. Shoot, James!" she said, almost in a whis-

The Hindu's grasp tightened at the convulsive movement of his master's oppose the will of the master, but to hand. His fingers were like steel there. It was another-Matilde!

> "Shoot!" she repeated, raising her "Save yourself, for if he is hands. This is your chance-shoot!" on the revolver. A flerce, wild hope took all the strength out of his body-

> ing for what was becoming, not only

for herself but her friends, and was

he determined to do professionally.

She let her friends know that for a

not killed him. He shall not die-he ofshall not-" Flinging the Hindu aside he threw himself down beside the body upon her, actually stepping across the on the floor. The revolver as it dropped, was caught in the nimble For many seconds they stood with hand of the Hindu, who took two long their faces close together, he staring swift strides toward the woman who wildly, she with a dull look of agony now faced him instead of her husband. in her eyes, but unflinching. What he There was a great light in his eyes as, saw caused an icy chill to sweep he stood over her and she saw death through his tense body, and a sickness staring out upon her.

But she did not quail. She was past all that. She looked straight into his eyes for an instant and then, as if putting him out of her thoughts entirely, turned slowly toward the two men on the floor. The man half raised the pistol, but something staved his hand something stronger than any mere physical opposition could have done. He glared at the half-averted face,

confounded by the most extraordinary impression that ever had entered his incomprehensible brain. Something strange and wonderful was transpir- before. ing before his very eyes-something so marvellous that even he, mysterious seer of the Ganges, was stunned into complete amazement and unbelief. That strange, uncanny intelligence of his, born of a thousand mysteries, was being tried beyond all previous exactions. It was as if he now saw this woman for the first time-as if he had never looked upon her face before. A mist appeared to envelop her and through this veil he saw a face that was new to him-the face of Yvonne and yet not hers at all. Absolute wonder crept into his eyes.

As if impelled by the power of his what seemed hours to him, but in eyes looked deep into hers. He saw at last the soul of this woman and it was not the soul he had known as hera up to that tremendous moment. And came to know that she was no onger afraid of him or his powers. His hand was lowered, his eyes fell and his lips moved but there were no words, for he addressed a spirit. All the venom, all the hatred fled from his soul. His knee bent in sudden submission, and his eyes were raised to hers once more, but now in their somber depths was the fidelity of the dog!

"Go at once," she said, and her voice was as clear as a bell.

He shot a swift glance at the pros trate Frederic and straightened his tall figure as would a soldier under orders. His understanding gaze sought hers again. There was another command in her eyes. He placed the weapon on the table. It had been a distinct command to him. "One of us will use it," she said

monotonously. "Go!"

With incredible swiftness he was gone. The curtains barely moved as he passed between them and the heavy door made no sound in opening and closing. There was no one in the hall. The sound of the shot had not gone beyond the thick walls of that proscribed room on the top floor. Somewhere at the rear of the house an indistinct voice was uttering a jumbled tion fell from his lips as she suddenly stream of French.

Many minutes passed. There was not a movement in the room. Brood. unintended victim, was staring at the see! graying face with wide, unblinking He turned. Frederic's eyes were eyes. He looked at last upon the fea- open. He was looking up at them, with valn through afl the sullen years. There was blood on his hands and on ness. his cheek, for he had listened at first for the beat of the heart. Afterward his my son-" He dropped to his knees agonized gaze had gone to the blood- and frantically clutched at the hand dumb wonder possessed his soul. He figure. The pain-stricken eyes closed knelt there petrifled by the shock of slowly. discovery. In the dim light he no longer saw the features of Matilde, but saw a slim white hand go out and near him in spirit, that there was an his own, and his heart was still. In touch the pallid brow. that revealing moment he realized that he had never seen anything in Frederic's countenance save the dark, never-to-be-forgotten eyes-and they Your poor wretched soul may rest sewere his Matilde's. Now those eyes were closed. He could not see them, and the blindness was struck from his own. He had always looked into the meant for me. I owe my life to him, boy's eyes-he had never been able to seek farther than those haunting, in- have yet to pay a greater debt than quiring eyes-but now he saw the this can ever become. He is your son. lean, strong jaw, and the firm chin, You owe another for his life-and you the straight nose and the broad forehead—and none of these were Ma- even in hell, James Brood." tilde's! These were the features of a into his mirror at twenty-one!

it was too late for him to atone. His like that! Matilde was gone foreverthe eyes were closed-but he was

Her hands were clasped against her tell you. Are you so damned-" breast and her eyes were lifted heaven ward. She had not moved throughout

that age of oblivion. He saw ber and suddenly became rigid. Slowly he sank back, his eyes distended, his jaw dropping. He put out a hand and saved himself from falling, but his eyes never left the face of the woman who prayed-whose whole being was the material repre-Yvonne, his wife, that he saw standing

"My God, Matilde-Matilde! Forgive! Forgive!" Slowly her eyes were lowered until they fell full upon his stricken face.

"Am I going mad?" he whispered Brood's fingers relaxed their grip hoarsely. As he stared, the delicate not help thinking, as he now worked, tion. He had accepted the statements ing his comrade, "I see she's going to he again saw the brilliant, undimmed shilling at thirty paces. features of Yvonne. "God in heaven,

He sprang to his feet and advanced body of his son in his reckless haste. to enter his soul. He shrank back.

"Who-who are you?" he cried out in sudden terror. He felt the presence of Matilde. He could have stretched out his hand and touched her, so real, so vivid was the belief that she was actually there before him. "Matilde was here-I saw her, before God, I saw her. And-and now it is you! She is still here. I can feel her hand touching mine-I can feel-no, again. I-

The cold, lifeless voice of Yvonne was speaking to him, huskier than ever

"Matilde has been here. She has always been with him. She is always near you, James Brood." "What - are - you - saying?" he

gasped. She turned wearily away and pointed to the weapon on the table.

"Who is to use it, you or 1?" He opened his mouth but uttered no ound. His power of speech was gone. She went on in a deadly monotone. 'You intended the bullet for me. It is not too late. Kill me, if you will. I give you the first chance-take it, for if you do not I shall take mine."

"I-I cannot kill you-I cannot kill gaze, she faced him once more. For the woman who stood where you are standing a moment ago. Matilde was reality only seconds, his searching there! She was alive, do you hear



"Matilde Had Been There."

Alive and-ah!" The exclamaleaned forward, her intense gaze fixed on Frederic's face.

"See! Ah, see! I prayed and I have beside the outstretched figure of his been answered. See! God in heaven,

> could not penetrate nor his physical appeal for help, for life, for conscious-"He is not dead! Frederic, Frederic,

Someone knelt beside Brood. He

"I shall save your soul, James cure. I shall keep death away from him. You shall not have to pay for this-no, not for this. The bullet was you shall owe his to me. But you will never be out of her debt, not

Slowly Frederic's eyes opened man-and of but one man. He was see- again. They wavered from one face tions. It was not an intangible shadow ing himself as he was when he looked to the other and there was in them the that he now had to contend with but unsolvable mystery of divination. As something definite, something that All these years he had been blind, the lids dropped once more, Brood's all these years he had gone on curs- manner underwent a tremendous bitter indictment against circuming 'ils own image. In that overpower- change. The stupefaction of horror ing hought came the realization that and doubt fell away in a flash and he was again the clear-headed, indomitmind slowly struggled out of thrall able man of action. The blood rushed in its disordered state he had pictured that held it stupefied. He was looking back into his veins, his eyes flashed things that did not exist. It was only at his own face-dead! He would look with the returning fire of hope, his reasonable to assume that he had sufvoice was steady, sharp, commanding, fered from the effect of a startling,

there, going grayer and grayer of face ear, as his strong fingers went out to a strange, insistent voice somewhere He had forgotten the woman. She quick! Send for Hodder. By heaven, him against his will that he had actualwas standing just beyond the body we must save him." She did not move. It seen the face of Matilde. that stretched itself between them. He whirled upon her flercely. "Do as I

"Doctor Hodder is on the way now," operations as if checked by a sudden paralysis.

"On the way here?" he cried incredulously. "Why-

"He is coming," she said flercely. Stanch the flow of blood. Do somesentation of prayer. But it was not thing, man! You have seen men with mortal wounds-and this man must be

He worked swiftly, deftly, for he did know what to do. He had worked over men before with wounds in their breasts—and he had seen them through fully, little realizing how closely the the shadow of death. But he could trite old saying applied to the situawan face of Matilde began to fade and that he was never known to miss a of Yvonne and Ranjab as to the acci- nurse Freddy. Well, sir, if I was you, She was speaking. Her voice

You did not shoot to kill-him. The world shall never know the truth-unless he dies, and that is not to happen. You are safe. The law cannot touch you, for I shall never speak. This is between you and me. Do you understand?" He glanced at her set, rigid face. Yes. It was an accident. And this is it later on. Now I see you as you are -as Yvonne. God, I-wonder-" His hand shook with a sudden spasm of indecision. He had again caught that

baffling look in her dark eyes. "Attend!" she cried, and he bent to the task again. He is not going to die. It would be too wel if he were to die now and miss all the joy of victory over you-his life-long foe. He-"

The door opened behind them and they looked up to see the breathless Hindu. He came straight to the woman.

"He comes. Ranjab has obey. I have told him that the revolver was discharge accidentally-by myself, by the unhappy son of a dog. I. It is well. Ranjab is but a dog. He shall die today and his lips be sealed forever. Have no fear. The dead shall be silent-" His voice trailed off into a whisper, for his eyes were looking into hers. "No," he whispered, after a moment-"no, the dead are not silent. One who is dead has spoken to Ranjab. "Hush!" said the woman. Brood's

hands were shaking again, shaking and uncertain. "The doctor? He comes? "Even now," said the Hindu, turn-

ing toward the door.

CHAPTER XIX. The Voice of the Wind.

Hours afterward Brood sat alone in the room where the tragedy occurred. Much had transpired in the interim to make those hours seem like separate and distinct years to him, each hour an epoch in which a vital and memorable incident had been added to his already overfull measure of experience. Underneath all was an everpresent sense of insecurity, as if the whole order of life had been suddenly deprived of foundation or support. No matter where he looked, there was not the slighest ray of light in the darkness that enveloped his understanding. Something tremendous had happened, aside from the visible, physical incident that had stunned him temporarily at the outset of the tragic era, something that was beyond comprehension and intangible and which continually loomed up before him as a specter that had neither shape nor substance and yet was as completely positive as anything else that had transpired. He could account for the shooting, the emotions preceding that unhappy occu-rence, the intervention of fate that saved Yvonne from death and laid low the substitute, the sense of horror that ensued, the sudden rev elation that came to him as he looked

into Frederic's face with its closed

eyes, and the agony of suspense that

now consumed him, but a cloud still

hung over him that his intelligence

being dispel, no matter how hard he him had been overpowering. The fortitude of a lifetime had been shattered in a single instant of contact with the influence that had at last made itself less face. There it was arrested. A that lay stretched out beside the limp felt in physical manifestation after all these years of spiritual attendance. He had never been completely free from the vague notion that Matilde was actual identity to the presence that filled his dreams and denied him the Brood," a voice was saying, but it boon of forgetfulness for a single inseemed far away. "He shall not die. stant of the hours when he was awake. He had never tried to banish her from his memory. He wanted to forget her, to put her out of his thoughts altogether, for obvious reasons, but the fact that she remained the dominant figure in his present despite the past was proof, even to him, that she was and always would be the controlling

force in his mind if not in his heart. Now he was ordering himself to face new complexities. He was confronted by the most improbable of hallucinatook shape and mocked him. In his stances, he argued that his brain was momentarily unbalanced following the shock caused by the shooting, and that "The doctor!" he cried in Yvonne's vivid hallucination, and yet there was tear open the red shirt bosom. "Be in his clearing mind that persuaded

Admitting that he had been deceived by a trick of the imagination, there still remained certain indisputable she said dully. His hands ceased their facts to confound him. First of all, the absolute conviction that Yvonne had the power to preserve the life that hung so precariously in the balance. He could not overcome the amazing belief that she, and not the skilled sent for him-ages ago. Don't stop surgeon, would check the sure progress now-be quick! You know what to do. of death. Something told him that she represented a force even mightler than death and that she would prevail, no matter what betide.

He had refused to see the newspa per men who came. Doctor Hodder wisely had protested against secrecy "Murder will out," he had said fret dental discharge of the weapon, but I'dfor some reason had refrained from

"God, he-he can't be dead! I have it was Matilde! What accursed trick low and husky once more, with a per- asking Brood a single question, sistent note of accusation in it. "It though he knew him to be a witness to the shooting.

was an accident, do you understand? Yvonne saw the reporters and later on an inspector of police. Ranjab told his unhappy story. He had taken the weapon from a hook on the wall for the purpose of cleaning it. It had been hanging there for years, and all the time there had been a single cartridge left in the cylinder unknown to anyone. He had started to remove the between you and me. We shall settle cylinder as he left the room. All these years the hammer had been raised; death had been hanging over them all the time that the pistol occupied its insecure position on the wall. Somehow, he could not tell how the hammer fell as he tugged at the cylinder. No one could have known that the revolver was loaded. That was all that he could say, except to declare that if his master's son died he would end his own miserable, valueless life,

His story was supported by the declarations of Mrs. Brood, who, while completely exonerating her husband's servant, had but little to say in explanation of the affair. She kept her wita about her. Most people would have made the mistake of saying too much She professed to know nothing except that they were discussing young Mr. Brood's contemplated trip abroad and that her husband had given orders to his servant to pack a revolver in his son's traveling bag when the time came for his departure. She had paid but little attention to the Hindu's movements. All she could say was that it was an accident-a horrible, blighting accident. For the present, it would not be possible for anyone to, see the heart-broken father. Doubtless, later on, he would be in the mood to discuss the dreadful catastrophe, but not now, etc., etc. He was crushed with the horror of the thing that had happened.

The house was in a state of subdued excitement. Servants spoke in whispers and tip-toed through the halls. Nurses and other doctors came. Two old men, shaking as with palsy, roamed about the place, intent only on worming their way into the presence of their friend and supporter to offer consolation and encouragement to him in his hour of tribulation. They shuddered as they looked into each other's faces, and they shook their heads without speaking, for their minds were filled with doubt. They did not question the truth of the story as told, but they had their own opinions. In support to the theory that they did not believe there was anything accidental in the shooting of Frederic it is only necessary to speak of their extraordinary attitude toward Ranjab. They shook hands with him and told him that Allah would reward him! Later on, after they had had time to think it all out for themselves-being some what slow of comprehension-they sought out James Brood and offered to accept all the blame for having loaded the revolver without consulting him, their object having been to destroy a cat that infested the alley hard by They felt that it was absolutely necessary to account for the presence of the unexploded cartridge.

Brood, coming between them, laid his hands on their shoulders, shaking his head as he spoke to them gently.

"Thank you, old pals. I understand what it is you are trying to do. It's no use. I fired the shot. It isn't necessary to say anything more to you, I'm sure, except that, as God is my witness, I did not intend the bullet for



Two Old Men, Shaking as With Palsy, Roamed About the Place.

Frederic. It was an accident in that respect. Thank you for what you would do. It isn't necessary, old pals. The story that Ranjab tells must stand for the time being. Later on-well, I may write my own story and give it to the world."

"Write it?" said Mr. Dawes, and Brood nodded his head slowly, signifi-"Oh, Jim, you-you mustn't do that!"

groaned Mr. Dawes, appalled. "You ain't such a coward as to do that." "There was one bullet left in the re volver. Ranjab advised me to save it -for myself. He's a thoughtful fellow," said Brood. "It has been re-

moved, of course, but-" "Jim," said Mr. Riggs, squaring himself, "it's too bad that you didn't hit what you shot at."

"Jim," interrupted Mr. Riggs, ignor-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EXPERT ADVISER ON DRESS in dress. She had an instinctive feel- [tions as to what each dress or suit or | rials; she has addresses of tailors, | is for. The fearsome legend about the | children were ordered to "come in out of the night air." It is perhaps fortunate for the children living in the Arctic circle, where the nights are six months long, that the Eskimo mothers do not entertain this crude

That is Harmful, The warm weather has brought birds again. Their chirping and ing make a morning symphony the of which can be heard from no train orchestra. They dot the landscaper a beauty that no artistic skill rival. They are beautiful, useful their destruction of harmful is pests and ald us mightily in appre

GOOD WORD FOR THE BIR

Beautiful, and Useful in Their

struction of Much Insect Life

Now, then, is a good time for newed appeal for the lives and being of birds.

ing the joy of living.

The best instincts of the human are devoted to the saving of all h of life, and sanction the taking of only when such destruction series purpose useful to mankind.

This cannot be urged in the car the birds. For the most part they not food animals. The higher in gence and spiritualism of huma should bring about a concerted m ment for small bird protection,

It Really Happened. "You must bring little Gertrude; and let me take her picture se time. "You can't take her picture, ?

Lewis." "Why not?" "She's too wormy." "What?"

Difficult Task.

bachelor. "It must be awfully h for them to refrain from repeating smart things their children are;

A Peanut Millionaire. Gyer-A man in our town whom his start as a peanut peddler, wit capital of 7 cents, left over a mi when he died. Myer-Dollars? Gyer-No; peanuts.

you want money. She-Good gracious, John, isn't often enough?-London Mail.

"Many marriages are simply "Perhaps it is because there is a lot of miss-taking in marriage

An Oddity. "The auto face is a fixed one" "Yes, strange to say, it is not

Girls should beware of young who pose as candy kids; as hus they are apt to develop into in

assistance to nature.

seem to have an opinion. Age before beauty-when the co man calls.

The majority of men are like

you wanted to how! like a dog! And the tightwad who has money than friends is glad of it

To Build Strong Childre

Supply their growing bodie with right food, so that Brain and Muscle, and Bone deve opment may evenly balant

Grape Nuts

was originated to supply, proper proportion, the vi elements required by human body for growth To supply children a da

sturdy health.

of Grape-Nuts and cree

Grape-Nuts

Sold by grocers.

er, and this is how site does it: ployer and looks over everything the ing what looks bopeless. She can also Breathe all the air you can get, were wont to caution their offspring to patience. Her one talent lay in her good taste lady bas. She gives definite instructed where you should go for mate-night and day. That's what fresh air "be careful about the night air," or despair. patience, or a great deal heavier by

well with her, and might be of use to Pittsburgh Dispatch. She lives at home, but must help the family exchequer, and this is bow she does it:

Woman Has Achieved Success In Oc-

cupation That Is Something of

I heard lately of a plan adopted by

one young woman that has worked out | certain sum she would give advice on

a Novelty.

-12-

world of men and women."

"You are the most incomprehensible-

in all the world." he said abjectly. "And I have wasted all my beauty-I have lent it to unloveliness and it

"You would have loved me if it had

you?"

A hoarse cry came from the door-

CHAPTER XVIII.

ter's hand! "It gives me great pleasure, Yvonne,

Frederic stood perfectly still for an

Already James Brood had seen the red blotch that spread with incredible swiftness-blood red against the Glaring with wide-open eyes at the

sagged; an instant later they gave way with a rush and he dropped heavily to There was not a sound in the room. Suddenly Brood made a movement stant Ranjab flung himself forward

when the Hindu seized his hand in a "Sahib! Sahib!" he hissed. "What would you do?" Wrenching the weapon

"My God!" groaned Brood. His tall

Slowly Brood's mind worked out of

Ranjab crawled to his side, his eyes

"Master! Master!" he cried out.

ives! She-"



"Sahib! Sahib!" He Hissed. this man of his. He remembered the story of another killing in the hills of India. His gaze went from the brown

lovely throat of the woman-and a

costumes, helping to arrange a whole someone else, says a writer in the wardrobe, and from friends she soon branched out to regular clients. a good deal by her cleverness in adapt-She goes to the house of her em-

waist requires to bring it up to par. dressmakers and sewing women, and baleful influence of "night air" is only She advises as to the most becoming knows they can do what they promise the purses of her various clients. She has made a success. Many womsults them best, what to put together

often called in to consult over a pro- styles and colors, and lists what new She is thoroughly up in her chosen spective new gown. So that is what garments are necessary. Of course she job, in fact. She also makes a point regulates the expenditure according to of attending carefully to the details en do not know what to wear, what tremely interesting, and it pays both her and her clients. She tells them. She also saves them Get Your Share of Air.

another of the carefully nursed insanttary bequests from our ancestors, according to Senior Surgeon Banks of the United States public health servof a costume, making sure that each ice. Whence this superstition arose item will harmonize. The work is ex may only be surmised. Perhaps it is a survival of the primeval cult of sun worship, which led the ancients to classify as evil anything outside the sphere of solar influence. Our forbears

notion about night air, else their progeny would spend half the year indoors. Patience and Despair.

There is no calamity so great that it cannot be made a little lighter by

"Yes, sir, Papa Lewis, she squi all the time." "The responsibilities of parents very great," remarked the proof "Undoubtedly." rejoined the

What Was He Kicking About He-You only kiss me now

Undoubtedly. Little Lemuel-What are stenes, paw?" Paw-They are the kind the hard on shoe leather, son.' Accounting for It.

Speaking of the capacity to as late punishment, a Pennsylvania has taught school for more than years.

drops. When it comes to a woman's plexion, art can be of conside

It is safer to burn the bridge front when a powerful enemy is a other side of the creek. The most stubborn fellow in 1 box is generally the one who doe

Many a patent leather shoe hi aching corn. As a rule it is better to chlor the sleeping dogs.

either too fast or too slow. Did you ever get so lonesom

for breakfast regularly, if start them on the road "There's a Reason"