CHAPTER XIX-Continued. -13-

Brood stopped him with an impa-

going to do it." substituted Mr. Riggs, Ranjab today and he obey." somewhat hastily. "She's a wonderful nurse. She told me a bit ago that of the doctor.'

manded Brood, pausing in his restless pacing of the floor.

"He says the poor boy is as good as dead," said Mr. Riggs.

"Ain't got a chance in a million," said Mr. Dawes.

They were surprised to see Brood in the olden days. His nerve was going back on him, that's what it was, poor Jim! Twenty years ago he would have stiffened his back and taken it like a man. It did not occur to them that they might have broken the news to him with tact and consideration.

But you can depend on us, Jim, to pull him through," said Mr. Riggs "Remember how we saved you back there in Calcutta when all the foul doctors said you hadn't a chance? Well, sir, we'll still-"

"If any feller can get well with a bullet through his-" began Mr. Dawes away. Near the door he stopped stockencouragingly, but stopped abruptly still and listened intently. when he saw Brood put his hands over his eyes and sink dejectedly into a chair, a deep groan on his lips.

"I guess we'd better go," whispered Mr. Riggs, after a moment of indecision and then, inspired by a certain fear for his friend, struck the gong re- look into them. There would have soundingly. Silently they made their been hatred in them-hatred for me way out of the room, encountering and I-I could not go. I was a coward. Ranjab just outside the door.

Mr. Riggs sternly. "With your dying breath," added Mr.

Dawes, and the Hindu, understanding. gravely nodded his head.

'Well?" said Brood, long afterward, raising his haggard face to meet the his lips, "I am afraid-I am afraid. gaze of the motionless brown man who God, Ranjab, you do not know what it had been standing in his presence for many minutes.

"Miss Lydia ask permission of sahib to be near him until the end," said the fell-where his blood flowed-and that Hindu. "She will not go away. I have heard the words she say to the sahibah, and the sahibah as silent as the tomb. She say no word for herself, dull, wondering gaze to sink to his just sit and look at the floor and never move. Then she accuse the sahibah of where Frederic had fallen. There was being the cause of the young master's | no blood there now. The rug had been death, and the sahihah only nod her removed and before his own eyes, the head to that, and go out of the room. and up to the place where the young master is, and they cannot keep her der. All this seemed ages ago. Since from going in. She just look at the woman in the white cap and the woman step aside. The sahibah is now with the young master and the doctors. She is not of this world, sahib, but of another."

And Miss Desmond? Where is she! "She wait in the ball outside his door. Ranjab have speech with her She does not believe Ranjab. She look into his eye and his eye is not honest -she see it all. She say the young master shoot himself and-"

"I shall tell her the truth, Ranjab," said Brood stolldly. "She must know -she and her mother. Tonight I shall see them, but not now. Suicide! Poor poor Lydia!"

"Miss Lydia say she blame herself for everything. She is a coward, she say, and Ranjab he understand. She came yesterday and went away. Ranjab tell her the sahib no can see her."

"Yesterday! I know. She came to plead with me. I know," groaned Broad hitterly. "She will not speak her thoughts to

the world, sahib," asserted Ranjab. "Thy servant have spoken his words and she will not deny him. It is for the young master's sake. But she say she know he shoot himself because he no can bear the disgrace-"Enough, Ranjab," interrupted the

master, "Tonight I shall tell her everything. Go now and fetch me the latest

word.

anside the door. His eyes were closed. The winds speak to him. The young when Lydia came and he denied himmaster is alive. The great doctor he self to her. The coming of the police, blouse, open at the neck. The cuffs search for the bullet. It is bad. But the nurses and the anesthetician, and were rolled up nearly to the elbows, the sahibah stand between him and later on, Mrs. John Desmond and the evidence that she had been using her death. She hold back death. She laugh at death. She say it no can be. he had listened at a crack in the open had either forgotten or neglected to re-Ranjab know her now. Here in this door. And he had heard his wife's store the sleeves to their proper posieyes of another who does not live in is full of light-a great big light, sahib. It was filled with ghosts! Thy servant would kill his master's On the corner of the table lay a voice was low, huskier than ever, but are not here to mystify each other but master's wives stand before him-two

not one-and his hand is stop." you saw it too?" he gasped.

serpent in his master's house, but the serpent change before his eye and he become the slave. She speak to him tient gesture. "I must ask you not to on the voice of the wind and he obey. discuss Mrs. Brood, Joe-or you, Dan." It is the law. Kismet! His master I was just going to say, Jim, that if have of wives two. Two, sahib-the I was you I'd thank the Lord that she's | living and the dead. They speak with

There was dead slience in the room for many minutes after the remarkable she was going to save his life in spite utterances of the mystic. The two men, master and man, looked into each "What does Doctor Hodder say?" de- other's eyes and spoke no more, yet something passed between them.

"The sahibah has sent Roberts for a priest," said the Hindu at last.

"A priest? But I am not a Catholic nor Frederic."

"Madam is, The servants are say ing that the priest will be here too wince, He hadn't been so thin-skinned late. They are wondering why you have not already killed me, sahib." "Killed you too?"

"They are now saying that the last stroke of the gong, sahib, was the death sentence for Banjab. It called me here to be slain by you. I have told them all that I fired the-"Go down at once, my friend," said

Brood, laying his hand on the man's shoulder. "Let them see that I do not blame you, even though we permit them to believe this lie of ours. Go, my friend!"

The man bent his head and turned 'The sahibah comes."

"Ay, she said she would come to me here," sald Brood, and his jaw hardened, "Hodder sent for me, Ranjab, an hourago, but-he was conscious then, His eyes were open. I-I could not Yes, a coward after all. She would "You must stick to it, Ranjab," said have been there to watch me as I cringed. I was afraid of what I might do to her then. "He is not conscious now, sahib,"

said the Hindu slowly.

"Still," said the other, compressing means to be a coward! You-' "And yet, sabib, you are brave enough to stand on the spot where he

is not what a coward would do." The door opened and closed swiftly

and he was gone. Brood allowed his feet. He was standing on the spot swift-moving Hindu had washed the floor and table and put the room in or-



Brood Allowed His Dull, Wondering Gaze to Sink to His Feet.

that time he had bared his soul to the himself. The curious experience of the smirking Buddha and, receiving no morning had been a phantasm, an ficonsolation from the smug image, had lusion, a mockery. There was nothviolently cursed the thing. Since then ing in this woman's smoldering eyes The Hindu remained motionless just he had waited—he had waited for to suggest the soft, luminous levelimany things to happen. He knew all ness of Matilde's. He drew a long, "Ranjab talk to the winds, sahib. that took place below stairs. He knew deep breath of relief. reporters-all this he had known, for room he see the two woman in her, calm, authoritative voice in the hall be- tion. A chic black walking-skirt lent and he no more will be blind. She low, giving directions. Now for the to her trim, erect ngure a suggestion night in London, Istand there before Ranjab, who would first time he looked about him and felt of girlishness. kill, and out of the air came a new himself attended by ghosts. In that spirit to shield her. Her eyes are the instant he came to hate this once-loved sides, limply it would have seemed at room, this cherished retreat, and all first glance, but in reality they were the flesh, and Ranjab bends the knee. that it contained. He would never set rigid. He see the inside. It is not black. It his foot inside of its four walls again.

wife-but, Allah defend! He cannot great heap of manuscript-the story of without a tremor of excitement. "You to-" kill the wife who is already dead. His his life up to the escape from Lhasa! did not say you would wait for me The sheets of paper had been scat- here, but I knew you would do so. The course. You are looking. What do of calling her Therese as if he had tered over the floor by the ruthless hour of reckoning has come. Brood was regarding him through band of the surgeon, but now they wide-open, incredulous eyes. "You- were back in perfect order, replaced by another hand. He thought of the afraid of what you may say or do, is familiar to you, when it speaks to "The serpent is deadly. Many time final chapter that would have to be First of all, it is expected that Frederic you out of-" Ranjab have take the poison from its written if he went on with the journal. will die. Doctor Hodder has proclaimed fangs and it becomes his slave. He it would have to be written, for it was it. He is a great surgeon. He ought would have take the poison from the the true story of his life. He strode to know. But he doesn't know-do you along. Today I was convinced that self. Somehow, I am glad that my of course.

stant the work of many months would have been torn to bits of waste paper. But his hand was stayed. Someone had stopped outside his door. He could not hear a sound and yet he knew that | not discuss Frederic. What we have | tioned your too solid friend over there a hand was on the heavy latch. He sud- to say to each other has little to do dealy recalled his remark to the old with that poor wretch downstairs. This the quiet of certain lonely, speculative men. He would have to write the final chapter after all.

He waited. He knew that she was for the coming interview. She was that was so near at hand. To his own himself trembling and suddenly desituation after all, notwithstanding his wantonly sought to entice Fredericshe had planned to dishonor her husome and false and her heart was evil! And yet he wondered whether he would be able to stand his ground against her.

So far she had ruled. At the outset tains?" he had attempted to assert his authority as the master of the house in this trying, heart-breaking hour, and out the pitiless glare. she had calmly waved him aside. His first thought had been to take his proper place at the bedside of his victim and there to remain until the end, but she had said: "You are not to go in. You have done enough for one day. If he must die, let it be in peace and not in fear. You are not to go in," and he had crept away to hide! He remembered her words later on when Hodder sent for him to come down. 'Not in fear," she had said.

On the edge of the table, where it had reposed since Doctor Hodder dropped it there, was the small photograph of Matilde. He had not touched it, but he had bent over it for many minutes at a time, studying the sweet, never-to-be-forgotten, and yet curiously unfamiliar features of that long-ago loved one. He looked at it now as he waited for the door to open, and his thoughts leaped back to the last glimpse he had ever had of that adorable face. Then it was white with despair and misery-here it looked up at him with smiling eyes and the languor of unbroken tranquillity.

He clenched his strong, lean hands to keep them from shaking. A new wonder filled him as he allowed his eyes to measure the distance to the floor and to sweep the strong, powerful frame that trembled and was cold. He was a glant in strength and yet he trembled at the approach of this slender, frail creature who paused at his gates to gather courage for the attack! He was sorely afraid and he could not understand his fear. With one of his sinewy hands he could crush the life out of her slim, white throat-and yet he was airaid of her-physically afraid of her.

Suddenly he realized that the room was quite dark. He dashed to the window and threw aside the broad, thick curtains. A stream of afternoon sunshine rushed into the room. He would have light this time; he would not be deceived by the darkness, as he had been once before. This time he would see her face plainly. There should be no sickening illusion. He straightened his tall figure and waited for the door

CHAPTER XX.

A Sister's Story.

mmmon the courage to face the man who would demand so much of her, there was nothing in her manner now o indicate that such had been the She approached him without a ymptom of nervousness or irresoluion. Her dark eyes met his without wavering and there was purpose in

She devoted a single glance of surrise to the uncurtained window on enering the door and an Instant later crutinized the floor with unmistakable nterest as if expecting to find some thing there to account for his motive n admitting the glare of light-something to confound and accuse her. But there was no fear or apprehensiveness n the look. She was not afraid.

Brood remained standing, a little be sond the broad ray of light, expecting shadow opposite. It was he who moved forward into the light, and there was a deep searching look in his eyes. In an instant it was gone; he had satisfied

She had put on a rather plain white hands in some active employment and

Her arms hung straight down at her

"I have come, as I said I would," she said, after a long, tense silence. Her nothing," he broke off harshly. "We ened by your slience, James, nor am I Are there not moments when my voice

let him die." "One moment, if you please," said her husband coldly. "You may spare me the theatrics. Moreover, we will is your hour of reckoning, not his. Bear that-"

"You are very much mistaken," she out there, collecting all of her strength interrupted, her gaze growing more fixed than before. "He is a part of our fortifying herself against the crisis reckoning. He is the one great character in this miserable, unlooked-for surprise and distress of mind, he found tragedy. Will you be so kind as to draw those curtains? And do me the prived of the fierce energy that he had honor to allow me to sit in your presstored up for the encounter. He won- ence." There was infinite scorn in her dered whether he would command the voice. "I am very tired. I have not been idle. Every minute of my waking righteous charge against her. She had hours belongs to your son, James Brood-but I owe this half-hour to you. You shall know the truth about me, as band—she had proved herself unwhole- I know it about you. I did not count on this hour ever being a part of my life, but it has to be, and I shall face it without weeping over what might have been. Will you draw the cur-

He hesitated a moment and then jerked the curtains together, shutting

"Will you be seated-there?" said quietly, pointing to a chair at the

end of the table. She switched on the light in the blg lamp but instead of taking the chair indicated, sank into one on the oppo-



"Do You Remember When You First Saw Me, James Brood?"

site side of the table, with the mellow light full upon her lovely, serious face. "Sit there," she said, signifying the chair he had requested her to take. 'Please sit down," she went on Impaforbiddingly from his position near the window.

cantly.

"Do you expect me to plead with you for forgiveness?" she inquired, with an unmistakable look of surprise. "You may save yourself the humilia-

tion of such-" "But you are very gravely mistaken, she interrupted. "I shall ask nothing of you,"

"Then we need not prolong the-" to tell you why I married you. You do you know why I married you? Isn't accounts of your goodness, your devowill not find it a pleasant story, nor it clear to you? Well, I have tried tion, I-I allowed my hatred to die. I will you be proud of your conquest. It to do all these things so that I might forgot that you had robbed me. I came will not be necessary for you to turn break your heart as you broke hers. I to look upon you as the fairy prince, me out of your house. I entered it came to make you pay!" She was after all. It was not until she came all with the determination to leave it in speaking rapidly, excitedly now. Her the way across the ocean and began to my own good time. I think you would voice was high-pitched and unnatural. die before our eyes-she was years in better sit down."

ment, as if striving to materialize a ing him down as though with a giant's hatred." thought that lay somewhere in the hand. "The little, timid, heart-broken back of his mind. He was vaguely Therese who would not speak to you, conscious of an impression that he nor kiss you, nor say good-by to you place. In heaven's name, what was to could unravel all this seeming mystery when you took her darling sister away without a suggestion from her if given the time to concentrate his mind on more than twenty years ago. Ah, how the vague, hazy suggestion that tormented his memory.

He sat down opposite her, and rester to advance into its full, revealing about his mouth were rigid, uncomproglare. She stopped, however, in the mising, but there was a look of wonder in his eyes.

better to watch the changing expression in his eyes as she progressed with taking her away across the awful sea worst possible way; by having Maher story. Her hands were clenched tightly under the table's edge.

"You are looking into my eyes-as said after a moment. "There is someyou for ages. Do you remember when wretched photograph lying there in away with him, leaving you to think you first saw me, James Brood?"

He stared, and his eyes widened. "I never saw you in my life until that

more than doubt in your mind as you look into them now?" "I confess that I have always been puzzled by-by something I cannot understand in- But all this leads to

"To explain mysteries, that's it, of We you see? Are you not sure that you must pay, both of us. I am not fright- looked into my eyes long, long ago?

> He sat up, rigid as a block of stone. "Yes, by heaven, I have felt it all

He stopped short, something that-"

his lips parted. She waved her hand in the direction of the Buddha. "Have you never peti- Therese. I have held her sister in my to unravel the mystery for you? In It is a dream. I-" hours have you not wondered where you had seen me before-long, long before the night in London? In all the his fist. His eyes were blazing. years that you have been trying to convince yourself that Frederic is not were you planning to do to that unyour son, has there not been the vision happy boy-her son? Are you a flend

"What are you saying to me? Are you trying to tell me that you are Ma- what manner of woman I am," she intilde?

"If not Matilde, then who am pray?" she demanded.

trick a lodging place in you, and have you been sent to curse me for-"

leaning farther across the table. "Yes. She was a good woman. Do you hear? James Brood, I represent the spirit of And you put a curse upon her and Matilde Valeska, if you will have it so. drove her out into the night. That Not sent to curse you, but to love you. was not all. You persecuted her to the That's the pity of it all. I swear to end of her unhappy life. You did that you that it is the spirit of Matilde that to my sister!" urges me to love you and to spare you now. It is the spirit of Matilde that tered thickly. stands between her son and death. But it is not Matilde who confronts you here and now, you may be sure of that. after all the misery and suffering you Matilde loved you. She loves you now, had heaped upon her. No woman ever even in her grave. You will never be endured the anguish that she suffered I persisted in their use and in one able to escape from that wonderful throughout those hungry years. You love of hers. If there have been times kept her child from her. You denied I know-when I appeared to love you him to yourself. Why did you keep for myself, I swear to you that I was him from her? She was his mother. moved by the spirit of Matilde. I-I She had borne him, he was all hers. am as much mystified, as greatly puz- But no! It was your revenge to dezled as yourself. I came here to hate prive her of the child she had brought you, and I have loved you-yes, there you.'

into each other's eyes, neither possessing the power to break the strange spell of silence that had fallen upon "No, it is not Matilde who confronts you now, but one who would not spare

you as she did up to the hour of her death. You are quite safe from ghosts spirit of his mother, but you-ah, no! You have seen the last of her. Her blood is in my veins, her wrongs are in my heart. It was she with whom you fell in love and it was she you married six months ago, but now the curtain is tiently, as he continued to regard her | lifted. Don't you know me now, James? Can your memory carry you back twenty-three years and deliver you "I shall be better able to say what I from doubt and perplexity? Look have to say standing," he said signifi- closely, I say. I was six years old then and-

Brood was glaring at her as one are-you are the little sister? The little Therese?"

She was standing now, leaning far over the table, for he had shrunk down into his chair.

"The little Therese, yes! Now do "I have come to explain, not to you begin to see? Now do you begin dure for long? When her happy, joyshe went on resolutely. "I want to realize what I came here to do? Now Her eyes seemed to be driving him dying-it was not until then that I be-He looked at her fixedly for a mo- deeper and deeper into the chair, forcfrom the Bristol in the Kartnerring I loved her-how I loved her! And first time her eyes began to waver. how I hated you for taking her away from me. Shall I ever forget that wed- night I met you at the comtesse's dined his arms on the table. The lines ding night? Shall I ever forget the ner. It was a wonderful, a tremendous grief, the loneliness, the hatred that dwelt in my poor little heart that first my real self revolted, but as time night? Everyone was happy-the She leaned forward in her chair, the | whole world was happy-but was I? I married you, James Brood, for the I was crushed with grief. You were sole purpose of hurting you in the -and you were to make her happy, so | tilde's son strike you where the pain they said-ai-e, so said my beloved, would be the greatest. Ah, you are joyous sister. You stood before the thinking that I would have permitted you have looked a hundred times," she altar in St. Stephen's with her and myself to have become his mistress promised-promised everything in them that has puzzled you thing. I heard you. I sat with my bad. I would not have damned his since the night when you looked into mother and turned to ice, but I heard them across that great ballroom in you. All Vienna, all Budapest said that betrayed my sister in that way. Far London. You have always felt that you promised naught but happiness to they were not new to you, that you each other. She was twenty-one. She that it was my plan to make him fall in have had them constantly in front of was lovely-ah, far lovelier than that love with me and in the end to run front of you. It was made when she that the very worst had happened. But was eighteen. She did not write those it would not have been as you think. words on the back of the card. I wrote He would have been protected, my them-not more than a month ago, be- friend, amply protected. He-"Look closely. Isn't there something fore I gave it to Frederic. To this house she came twenty-three years don't you see that you would have ago. You brought her here, the happi-

> send her away? How?" He stirred in the chair. A spasm of happiest man in all the world," he said hoarsely. "You are forgetting one thing, Therese." He fell into the way known her by no other name. "Your himself as my son?" sister was not content to preserve the happiness that-"

"Stop!" she commanded. "You are not to speak evil of her now. You will never think evil of her after what I am street-paving bills?" about to tell you. You will curse your-

swiftly to the table. In another in- | hear? He does not know. I shall not | the unbelievable had happened. I saw | plans have gone awry. It gives me the opportunity to see you curse yourself.

"Her sister!" uttered the man unbelievingly. "I have married the child arms all these months and never knew.

"Ah, but you have felt even though

He struck the table violently with 'What manner of woman are you? What

"In good time, James, you will know

terrupted quietly. Sinking back in the chair she resumed the broken strain, all the time watching him through He sank back, frowning. "It cannot half-closed eyes. "She died ten years be possible. I would know her a thou- ago. Her boy was thelve years old. sand years from now. You cannot She never saw him after the night you me into believing- But, in turned her away from this house. On God's name, who are you?" He leaned her deathbed, as she was releasing her forward again, clutching the edge of pure, undefiled soul to God's keeping, the table. "By heaven, I sometimes she repeated to the priest who went think you are a ghost come to haunt through the unnecessary form of abme, to torture me. What trick, what solving her-she repeated her solemn magic is behind all this? Has her declaration that she had never wronged soul, her spirit, her actual being found you by thought or deed. I had always believed her, the holy priest believed her, God believed her. You would She rose half-way out of her chair, have believed her, too, James Brood.

"And yet you married me," he mut-

"Not because I loved you-oh, no! She loved you to the day of her death,

-and heaven knows there were many, him to her, even though you denied into the world. You worked deliberatewere moments when I actually loved by in this plan to crush what little there was left in life for her. You kept Her voice died away into a whisper. him with you, though you branded him For many seconds they sat looking with a name I cannot utter; you guarded him as if he were your most precious possession and not a curse to your pride; you did this because you | ter, with an escort holding tight. "She knew that you could drive the barb | said I had had two; then she wouldn't more deeply into her tortured heart. You allowed her to die, after years of pleading, after years of vain endeavor, on saying what a nice husband I had without one glimpse of her boy, withfrom this hour on, my friend. You out ever having heard the word mother will never see Matilde again, though on his lips. That is what you did to you look into my eyes till the end of my sister. For twelve long years you time. Frederic may see, may feel the gloated over her misery. Oh, God, man, how I hated you when I married you!" She paused breathless.

"You are creating an excuse for your devilish conduct," he exclaimed harshly. "You are like Matilde, false to the core. You married me for the luxury I could provide, notwithstanding the curse I had put upon your sister. I don't believe a word of what you are saying to-"

"Don't you believe that I am her sis-

ter?" "You-yes, by heaven, I must believe stupefied. Suddenly he cried out in a that. Why have I been so blind? You loud voice: "Heaven help me, you are the little Therese, and you hated me in those other days. I remember well the-"

"A child's despairing hatred because you were taking away the being she loved best of all. Will you believe me when I say that my hatred did not enous letters came back to us filled with gan to hate you with a real, undying

"And yet you gave yourself to me." he cried. "You put yourself in her

be gained by such an act as that?" "I wanted to take Matilde's boy away from you," she hurried on, and for the "The idea suggested itself to me the thought that entered my brain. At went on the idea became an obsession. but you are mistaken. I am not that soul in that way. I would not have more subtle was my design. I confess "But you would have wrecked him-

wrecked the life you sought to protect? est girl in all the world. How did you How utterly blind and unfeeling you were. You say that he was my son and Matilde's, honestly born. What pain crossed his face. "And I was the was your object, may I inquire, in striking me at such cost to him? You would have made a scoundrel of him for the sake of a personal vengeance. Are you forgetting that he regarded (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Their Use.

"Why do you advocate blanket "To cover the beds of the streets

forth in his might." There is no pa-

triotic poem to compare with it.

Restricts Sale of Weapons. A Greek law of July 30, 1914, prohibits the importation, manufacture and sale of certain weapons, including stilettos, Jaggers and spring or double-edged pocket knives. The importation of firearms of all kinds without government permission is likewise

FUN'S FABLES UP TO DATE

This is About the Literary Man Wa Insisted on Writing Just What He Wanted to Write.

Once there was a literary man who decided to write for posterity. He re-fused to be guided by what the editor

said the public wanted, but wrote whe he thought it ought to want. According to all the rules of the game he should have starved to deat In very short order, but for once, the

rules didn't work. Did the public suddenly wake up to the fact that a genius was in the midst? And did the editors camp a

his door clamoring for the product e his pen? Oh, no, dear reader, nothing like the at all

A rich aunt died and left him half s million dollars, and he kept right of writing stuff that nobody wanted to read Whether posterity will read it s

mains to be seen. As for the moral, well, you've got

guessing.-Magazine of Fun.

SULPHUR—THE GREAT HOME REMEDY

Mr. Warren C. Gares, 108 So. Ohls Ave., Columbus, Ohio, writes as follows: "I suffered intensely from Eczema which covered my bott and arms. After trying three physiclans and one skin specialist and 2 different ointments and lotions, I as cidentally learned of Hancock's Su phur Compound and Ointment. I triel them and the first application gave me instant relief from that awful itching week I had hardly a trace of the erap tion." If any reader questions this testimonial as not being bona fide and unsolicited, an inquiry sent to the address above, enclosing postage will convince anyone beyond question.

Hancock's Sulphur Compound and Ointment are sold by all dealers. Has cock Liquid Sulphur Co., Baltimore Md.-Adv.

Grass Widow's Grievance. "That fortune teller got all mine

up on my husbands," said the grass widow as she left the seventh daugh say I would have three. I thought now, what a fine man he was and all that idlocy. Why, my husband is the meanest little brute that ever livel I haven't laid eyes on him for two years. Now, why do you suppose that fortune telier kept on saying he was such a nice husband?" she demanded "That's easy," said the escort. thought I was your husband and she'd get to tell my fortune when she had finished yours."

Proved Himself an Impostor. "What kind of a show do you give, mister?" asked Broncho Bob.

"I'm a mind reader." "They won't pay no attention to you

nere in Crimson Guich. The last mist reader that was here could tell m what numbers we was thinkin' about an' look right through the wall an' tell you what was in the next room An' then he set into a poker game an' bet three of a kind against nearly every flush that was held."

Hard on the Prosecutor.

A lawyer who was engaged by the city to prosecute one James Mages for keeping a gambling house, warming up to his subject, shouted: "James Magee has kept a gambling

house, does keep a gambling house I have proved it again and again. have said once and for all it is a gambling house, and I maintain it." "That's right, your honor," said the culprit. "I'd have failed long ago but

for the patronage of the honorable Generous. "We've won that suit of Thompson's

against the railroad company," said

the junior partner. "What shall we charge him?" "Let me see," said the senior partner. "What was the amount of the

damages?" "Twenty thousand dollars." "Make the bill out for nineteen thou sand five hundred. He's entitled to something for giving us the case."

Crawford-I see the belligerents at calling out the older reservists. B you think that married men should be compelled to fight? Crabshaw-Why not? They are used to it.-Life.

Fond of Powder.

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Most of us who attempt to wear the mantle of greatness are disappoint

Mag Who Made Bronze Bust of Head of Church Impressed With His Appearance. Raffaelle Romagnoli, the Florentine

sculptor, who was summoned from Pe- sittings. trograd to Rome to make a bust in bronze of Pope Benedict, gives an interesting account of his work in the Vatican.

The pope refused to git more than ing head-large forehead and cranium three times, and even then the sit characteristic of a serene, well-bal with his approval.

self well pleased, gave the artist an autograph portrait and said:

benediction." Romagnoli describes the pope's features thus:

"His holiness has a most interest-

SCULPTOR TALKS OF POPE tings were short. When the cast was anced mind. The aquiline nose and IS GREAT PATRIOTIC POEM awakening—the gathering together of mice perish, O Lord; but let them that shown him the pontiff expressed him- deep-set eyes show force of character and intelligence; the eyes, though short-sighted, gleam with intelligence. "I thank God that I am now done The large, well-shaped mouth shows with all painters and sculptors. You constancy of purpose. The chin is are the only one who has had three prominent, of the classical shape of Now, go. You have my Julius Caesar's and Napoleon's."

> His Intent. "See how that dog is licking your hand." "I suppose he wants to stamp

ways, the ruined villages, the cowardice of the past.

Put by Many at the Head of

and of penmen, scorn for the faint Deborah's Song of Victory Has Been hearted, curses for the treacherous-Asher, Reuben, Meroz. From these the song flames up again

Deborah's song of victory: "Praise ye stars and prancings, narrows its view the Lord for the avenging of Israel"- to the tent of Jael, to the mother of the triumphant onset dies down to a Sisera hearkening in vain at her win beautiful lament for the forsaken high dow for the sound of the chariot wheels and the son that will never return, and sinks like the peace of eve Then comes the call to arms, the ning to its close: "So let all thine ene-

Every element of patriotism is in into imaginative splendor, with its

the loyal princes and governors, yes. love him be as the sun when he goeth