CHAPTER XXIII-Continued.

-15she, sagely. "It isn't the way with tune. It may not have been love that body are quite two different-

exclaimed in amazement.

is this: we are going away tomorrow, little Therese as one of the witnessesin St. Stephen's we are to be married. She will not be there. She is not asked to come with us. She is barred out. Isn't it the refinement of-cruelty?"

"Cruelty, Lydia? I'd hardly call it that, It's the order of destiny, or something of the sort. She gambled with fate and lost out. She's a good loser. She hasn't squealed once. "Squealed? I hate that word."

"I hate squealer worse," said he. "But seriously, it knocks me all out whenever I think of her. I've hesitated about speaking to father, dear. You see, I'm in rather a delicate posifatuated with Yvonne. I don't deny it-and he knows all about it. Gad, I'd give ten years of my life if she I'd give more than that to see this whole unhappy business patched up so that they could start off anew. But I'm afraid he wouldn't take it well from me if I asked him to include her in the-er-party. It's his affair, not be able to understand things better mine, you see. He'd be justified in ! considering me selfish in the matter. It might seem as though I didn't care a hang for his personal feelings and-" "She's his wife, however," said

Lydia, with a stubborn pursing of the it. Well, that something-whatever it lips. "She didn't wrong him and, after ail, she's only guilty of-well, she isn't She is not the same. Yvonne is Theguilty of anything except being a sis- rese. She is not the woman I loved ter of the girl he wronged."

"I'll have a talk with him if you think best," said he, an eager gleam in his eyes.

"And I with Yvonne," she said quickly, "You see, it's possible she is the one to be persuaded." "He'll never ask her," said Frederic,

after a long period of reflection. "What is to become of her?" asked Lydia, rather bleakly.

be the end

Preddy," she said, a trace of tears in I did when she looked at me with your

He swallowed hard. Then he cleared his throat briskly. "Of course you've the same." observed that they never see one another alone. They never meet except when someone else is about. He rather resents the high-handed way in which she ordered him to stay away from me until I was safely out of danger. He has spoken of it to me, but, for the life of me I can't tell whether he holds it up against her or not. He says she saved my life. He says she performed a miracle. But he has never uttered a word of thanks or gratitude or appreciation to her. I'm sure of that, for she has told me so. And she is satisfied to go without his thanks. She rather likes him the better for the way he treats the situation. There's no hypocrisy about him. There's no use shamming, Lyddy."

"I see what you mean," she said, with a sigh. "I suppose we just can't understand things."

"You've no idea how beautiful you are today, Lyddy," he said suddenly, and she looked up into his glowing eyes with a smile of ineffable happiness. Her hand found his and her warm, red lips were pressed to its palm in a hot, impassioned kiss. "It's great to be alive! Great!" 'Oh, it is," she cried, "it is!"

They might better have said that it is great to be young, for that is than I was fifteen years ago. That's am able to look back upon what you what it all came to in the analysis. what I am afraid of-this youth I real-Later on Brood joined them in the courtyard. He stood, with his hand way to it now I'd-well, I would be me in time of trouble. I owe a great on his son's shoulder, chatting care- like putty in her hands. She could deal to you, Yvonne. You will not lessly about the coming voyage, all go on laughing at me, trifling with me, accept my gratitude-it would be a the while smiling upon the radiant fooling me togirl to whom he was promising paradise. She adored the gentle, kindly gleam in these one-time steady, steellike eyes. His voice, too, of late was something in life that was constantly surprising and pleasing him. fresh fields of exploration and finding | me thatthere something that was of inestiday he was growing richer, happierand yet poorer when it came to selfappraisement. All his life he had boarded the motives and designs that applied to self. He had laid by a great store of hard things for his old an. age; they were being wrested from him by this new force that had taken absolutely sure of it." possession of him and he saw how illy he had invested his powers. He chance. appraised himself very lowly and with | way?"

ever, was he in humility, conscience remorse; on these three treasures he "And I'm not so sure of that," said laid the foundation for his new for-

He spoke of the morrow without the he felt for the physical Yvonne, but it faintest indication in his manner that wasn't Matilde that he held in his it was to bring a crisis in his own afarms. You can't get around that nor fairs. His brow was clear, his eye can be. Matilde's soul and Yvonne's sparkling, his serenity undisturbed. If there was a thought in his mind "Gad, you are analyzing things!" he of Yvonne he did not betray it by a single outward manifestation. His in-"But all this is neither here nor terest was centered in the two young there," she said, flushing. "The point | people and their immediate future. It would have been easy to believe, as for heaven knows how long-you and he stood there chatting gayly, that I, my mother and your father. We there was no one else in all the world are going to Vienna and in St. Ste- so far as he was concerned. Quite phen's cathedral-where your father casually he expressed regret that poor and mother were married with poor old Dawes and Riggs were to be left behind, but of Yvonne not so much as

Lydia was something of a diplomatist. She left father and son after a few minutes, excusing herself on the ground that she wished to have a good, long chat with Yvonne. She did not delay her departure, but hurried into the house, having rather adroitly provided Frederic with an opening for an intercession in behalf of his levely stepmother. Her meaning glance was not wasted on the young man.

He lost no time in following up the advantage. "See here, father, I don't like the idea of leaving Yvonne out in tion. Six weeks ago I was madly in the cold, so to speak. It's -it's pretty darned rough, don't sou think? Down in your heart you don't blame her for what she started out to do, and after were going along with us tomorrow. all she's only human. Whatever happened in the past we-well, it's all in the past. She-"

Brood stopped him with an imperative gesture. "My son, I will try to explain something to you. You may than I. I fell in love with her once because an influence that was her own overpowered me. There was some thing of your mother in her. She admits that to be true and I now believe was-is gone. It can never return, two months ago. She-"

"Nor am I the boy you hated two months ago," argued Frederic. "Isn't there a parallel to be seen there, father? I am your son. She is your

There never was a time when I really hated you, my son. I tried tobut that is all over. We will not rake up the ashes. As for my wife-well, I have tried to hate her. It is impossible "I suppose she'll go away. It will for me to do so. She is a wonderful voman. But you must understand on "I-I don't think I could bear it, the other hand that I do not love her. momer's eyes and spoke to me with your mother's lips. But-she is not

"Give yourself a chance, dad."

"Just this: You will come to love her for herself if only you will let go and then strode quickly toward his of yourself. You are trying to be wife. hard. You-

dark with pain.

"You don't know what you are saying, Frederic. Let us discontinue the renely. subject." "I want you to be happy-I want-

"I shall be happy. I am happy. Have I not found out the truth? Are you ing his voice with an effort. not my beloved son? Are-" "And who convinced you of all that,

sir? Who is responsible for your present happiness-and mine?" "I know, I know," exclaimed the fa-

ther in some agitation. "You'll regret it all your life if you fall her now, dad. Why, hang it all, part. He did not know whether to feel you're not an old man. You are less an fifty. Your heart hasn't dried up et. Your blood is still hot. And she is if I hadglorious. Give yourself a chance. You lion, and-she's yours! She has made anything of you." you happy-she can make you still

happier "No, I am not old. I am far younger ly never possessed till now. If I gave

"She wouldn't do that!" exclaimed his son hotly.

"I don't blame you for defending her. It's right that you should. I, too. pitched in a softer key and ther, was defend her in a way. You are forgetthe ring of happiness in its every ting the one important condition, hownote. It was as if he had discovered ever. She has a point of view of her own, my son. She can never reconcile herself to the position you would put you, Yvonne. You are my wife. I seemed always to be venturing into her in if I permitted you to persuade

"I can tell you one thing, father, mable value to his new estate. Every that you ought to know-if you are so blind that you haven't discovered It for yourself. She loves you."

> graver mystery than you can possibly to steady herself against the door. suspect-the secret heart of a wom

"Well, I'm sure of it, father-I am

"You speak of giving myself a

"Because it's the truth," proclaimed have not loved their husbands and yet all that time?"

"You've missed a good many things, father, because you never gave yourself a real, honest chance. I-" "We'd better drop the subject, Fred-

eric," said Brood, an abrupt change in his manner. "There is nothing more to be said. Matters have shaped themselves. We will not attempt to alter them. I cannot reconstruct myself in a day, my boy. And now, let us talk of Lydia. She-

"All right, but bear this in mind: Lydia loves Yvonne, and she's heartbroken. Now we'll talk about her, if you like."

Lydia had as little success in her rather more tactful interview with Yvonne. The incomprehensible creature, comfortably ensconced in the great library couch, idly blew rings of smoke toward the ceiling and as idly disposed of her future in so far as it applied to the immediate situation.

"Thank you, dear. I am satisfied.

Everything has turned out as it should. The wicked enchantress has been foiled and virtue triumphs. Don't be unhappy on my account, Lydia. It will not be easy to say good-by to you and Frederic, but-la, la! What are we to do? Now, please don't speak of it again. Hearts are easily mended. Look at my husband-ai-e! He has had his heart made over from top to bottom-in a rough crucible, it's true, but it's as good as new, you'll admit. in a way, I am made over, too. I am happier than I've ever been in my life. I'm in love with my husband, I'm in love with you and Frederic and I am more than ever in love with myself. So there! Don't feel sorry for me. I but I shall never sit-by-the-fire, my dear. Tomorrow you will go away, all of you. I shall have the supreme joy of knowing that not one of you will ever forget me or my deeds, good and bad. Who knows! I am still young. you know. Time has the chance to be very kind to me before I die."

That last observation lingered in Lydia's mind. Hours afterward she thought that she had solved its meaning and her heart was sore.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I Cannot Come to Him."

The next day came, bright and make it for one who looked aloft. But eyes are not always turned toward the unclouded sky. There are shadows below that claim the vision and the day is bleak The ship was to sail at noon.

At ten o'clock the farewells were being said. There were tears and heartaches-and there was fierce rebellion in the hearts of two of the voyagers. Yvonne had declined to go to the pier to see them off and Brood was going away without a word to her about the future! That was manifest to the anxious, soul-tried watchers. In silence they made their way out to the waiting automobile. As Brood was about to pass through the broad front door, a resolute figure confronted him.

hard into each other's eyes, and then, as if obeying an inflexible commend. the former turned to glance backward into the hallway. Yvonne was standing in the library door. "Sahih!" said the Hindu, and there was strange authority in his voice. Tell her, sahib. It is not so cruel to tell her as it would be to go away with-

For a moment master and man stared

out a word. She is waiting to be told that you do not want her to remain in Brood closed his eyes for a second,

"Yvonne, they all want me to take Again Brood interrupted. His face you along with us," he said, his voice had gone very pale and his eyes grew shaking with the pant-up emotion of

weeks. She met his gaze calmly, almost se "But of course, it is quite impossible," she said. "I understand,

James." "It is not possible," he said, steady

"That is why I thought it would be better to say good-by here and not at the pier. We must have some respect for appearances, you know." She was absolutely unmoved.

He searched her eyes intently, looking for some sign of weakening on her disappointed or angry at what he saw. "I don't believe you would have gone

"You need not say it, James. You know that she's one woman in a mil- did not ask me, and I have not asked

"Before I go," he said nervously, "I want to say this to you: I have no feeling of resentment toward you. I would have done without a single thought of anger. You have stood by farce to offer it to you under the circumstances. But I want you to know that I am grateful. You-

"Go on, please. This is the psychological moment for you to say that your home cannot be uffne. I am expecting it."

He straightened up and his eyes hardened. "I shall never say that to shall expect you to remain my wife to the very end."

Now, for the first time, her eyes flew open with surprise. A bewildered expression came into them almost at once. He had said the thing she "My son, you are dealing with a least expected. She put out her hand

> she said wonderingly. "You are my property. You are bound to me. I do not intend that you part." shall ever forget that, Yvonne. I that is not the point. Other women

"Within these four walls," said he, -yet they have been true and loyal and his face was very white. to them." "Is that your sentence?"

"You-you amaze me." she cried. "Call it that if you like, Therese." watching his eyes with acute wonder in her own. "Suppose that I should refuse to abide by your-what shall I call it?"

put foot outside of these premises?" head. "My keepers? Who are they "Decision is the word," he supplied to be? The old men of the sea-" grimly. "Your keeper will be the thing you

with fine irony in her voice.

he, slowly.

of my prison."

disdain.

the pier. Standing in the center of

cell in her prison with a sort of calm

"He has taken the only way to con-

quer himself," she mused, half aloud.

'He is a wise man-a very wise man.

might have expected this of him.'

She pulled the bell cord, and Jones,

"When Mr. Dawes and Mr. Riggs re-

shall expect them to have luncheon

"By the way, Jones, you may always

Jones blinked. It was a most un

usual order. He had been trying to

his mistress' plans were for the im-

mediate future-whether she intended

to travel, should he dismiss the serv-

ants, would she spend the heated term

dered why the master's wife had been

left behind. Her instructions, there-

he expressed it to the cook a few min-

men. They bored her to distraction,

according to Celeste. And now he was

to lay places for them-always! It

A cold, blustery night in January,

six months after the beginning of

On the corner of the table lay a long,

yellow envelope-a cablegram ad-

see what's inside," complained Mr.

"It's her business, Joe," said Mr.

"Maybe some one's dead," said Mr.

"Like as not," said his friend, "but

"What of it, you infernal-but, ex

cuse me, Danbury, I won't say it. It's

against the rules, God bless 'em. But

I will say that if anybody else had

asked that question I'd say he was a

blithering, unnatural fool. If any

"But supposing nobody is dead."

body's dead, she ought to know it."

they write? Answer me, Joe."

dead or dying or in trouble or-

"Maybe it's from Jim," said his

"I-I hope it is, by gee!" exclaimed

friend, a wistful look in his blear old

for the tenth time. "I wish he'd tele

"Foolish questions like that-"

Dawes, pulling hard at his cigar.

Riggs, dolorously,

protested Mr. Dawes.

what of it?"

dressed to Mrs. James Brood.

was most extr'ordernary!

with me. 'That's all, thank you."

who had just re-entered the house,

came at once to the room.

"Yes, madam."

"Yes, madam."

set the table for three."

"Well-what then?" "You will abide by it, that's all. I call Love," said he. am leaving you behind without the slightest fear for the future. This is thisyour home. You will not abandon it." to remain here until I return, Therese. "Have I said that I would?"

She drew herself up. "Well, I shall now tell you what I intend to do-and have intended to do ever since I discovered that I could think for myself here until you turn me out as unworleave me here feeling very sure of that. I shall go on caring for you all the rest of my life. I am not telling you this in the hope that you will say that you have a spark of love in your soul for me. I don't want you to say it now, James. But as sure as there is a God above us you will say it to me one day, and I will be justified in my

own heart." "I have loved you. There was never in this world anything like the love I of you now. You will find me here had for you-I know it now. It was not Matilde I loved when I held you in my arms. I know it now for the first time. I am a man. I loved you-I loved your body, your soul-

"Enough!" she cried out sharply. "! was playing at love then. Now I love shall end my virtuous days in peace, in earnest. You've never known love such as I can really give. I know you well, too. You love nobly-and with out end. Of late I have come to be lieve that Matilde could have won out against your-your folly if she had been stronger, less conscious of the pain she felt. If she had stood her ground-here, against you, you would have been conquered. But she did not have the strength to stand and fight as I would have fought. Today I love my sister none the less, but I no longer fight to avenge her wrongs. am here to fight for myself. You may go away thinking that I am a traitor to her, but you will take with you the conviction that I am honest, and that sweet, and as fair as a blue sky could is the foundation for my claim against

> "I know you are not a traitor to her cause. You are its lifelong supporter. You have done more for Matilde than-

"Than Matilde could have done for herself? Isn't that true? I have forced you to confess that you loved her for twenty-five years with all your soul. I have done my duty for her. Now I am beginning to take myself into ac-



Yvonne's voluntary servitude in the Has Turned Out as It "Everything prison to which her husband had com-Should."

count. Some day we shall meet again and-well, it will not be disloyalty to Matilde that moves you to say that you love me. I shall not stay out of your life forever. It is your destiny and mine, James. We are mortals, flesh and blood mortals, and we have been a great deal to each other."

He was silent for a long time. When at last he spoke his voice was full of "I do not love you, gentleness. Yyonne. I cannot allow you to look forward to the-the happy ending that you picture so vividly in your imagination. You say that you love me. I shall give you the opportunity to prove it to yourself if not to me. When I came back to you a moment ago it was to tell you that I expect you to be here-in this house-when I return in a year-perhaps two years. I came back to put it to you as a command. You are more than my wife. You are my prisoner. You are to pay a penalty as any convicted wrong-doer would pay if condemned by law. I order you, Therese, to remain in this house until I come to set you free."

She stared at him for a moment and then an odd smile came into her eyes. "A prisoner serving her time? Is that

it, my husband?" "If you are here when I return I shall have reason to believe that your love is real, that it is good and true and enduring. I am afraid of you now.

I do not trust you." Her eyes flashed ominously. She started to say something, but refrained, closing her lips tightly.

"You used the word prisoner," Brood "Do-do you mean that, James? resumed levelly. "Of course you understand that it is voluntary on your eyes.

"For a year-or a year and a half, Why do you put it in that don't believe you really love me, but that's what it will come to," she mused. "I am to stay in this house

ture." with the federal department of agri- tomatoes are ripe, the girls meet first in 12 states was \$21.98. In the four over the head. Since that primitive ingly into the bore. The reward of sulture, have not only taught thou- at one home, then at another, to can years the canning clubs have been in implement went out of fashion they his courage was this damaging discov- in the North American Review.

She's never had a line from him Maybe this is something at last."

"What puzzles me is that she always seems disappointed when there's noth-"Do you mean that I am not to ing in the post from him, and here's a cablegram that might be the very she asked, wide-eyed. He nodded his thing she's looking for and she pays no attention to it. It certainly beats me.

"You know what puzzles me more than anything else? I've said it a hundred times. She never goes outside "Do you expect me to submit to this house-except in the garden-day He held up his hand. "I expect you or night. You'd think she was an invalid-or afraid of detectives or some did not intend to impose this condithing like that. God I nows she ain't a sick woman. I neve saw a healthier tion upon you by word of mouth. I was going away without a word, but one. Rain or shine, winter or summer you would have received from Mr. she walks up and down that courtyard Dawes a sealed envelope as soon as till you'd think she'd wear a path in and not for Matilde. I intend to stay the ship sailed. It contains this ver- the stones. Eats like a soldier, laughs dict in writing. He will hand it to you, like a kid, and I'll bet she sleeps like thy. I love you, James. You may of course, but now that you know the one, she's so fresh and bright-eyed in contents it will not be necesary to-" the morning."

"Well, I've got this to say, Jo-"And when you do come back am I to hope for something more than Riggs: she has been uncommonly deyour pardon and a release?" she cried. cent to you after the way you used to treat her when she first came here. "I will not promise anything," said She's made you feel everlastingly ushamed of your idiotic behavior-"

She drew a long breath and there "I beg your pardon, Danbury," exclaimed Mr. Riggs, striking the table was the light of triumph in her eyes. Laying her slim hand on his arm, she with his bony knuckles so violently said: "I am content, James. I am sure that the books and magazines bounced into the air. "Don't you ever say any thing like that again to me. It's when you choose to come back, be it against the rules for me to call you a in one year or twenty. Now go, my man! They are waiting for you. Be scoundrelly liar or I'd do it in a sec kind to them, poor souls, and tell them ond." all that you have just told me. It will

"For your sake, sir, I'm giad it's against the rules," said Mr. Dawes, make them happy. They love me, you flercely. "I'm mighty glad." "Yes, they do love you," said he, put-Mr. Riggs allowed a sheepish grin ting his hands upon her shoulders. to steal over his wrinkled visage.

They smiled into each other's eyes. apologize, Danbury, Good-by, Therese. I will return." "And so do I," said his friend, where "Good-by, James. No, do not kiss upon they shook hands with great cordiality-as they did at least a dozer, me. It would be mockery. Good luck and-God speed you home again." times a day since the beginning of the new regime. Their hands met in a warm, firm clasp. I will go with you as far as the door

"She's the finest, lovellest woman on earth," said Mr. Riggs.

From the open door she smiled out "I never knew I could be so happy as I've been during the past six upon the young people in the motor and waved her handkerchief in gay months. Why, this house is like a bird cage filled with canaries. I somefarewell. Then she closed the door and walked slowly down the hallway times feel like singing my head offto the big library. She was alone in and as for whistling! I haven't whisthe house save for the servants. The tled for years till now, I-"

old men had preceded the voyagers to "Sh!" hissed Mr. Riggs, suddenly backing away from the table and trythe room, she surveyed this particular | ing to affect an unconcerned examination of a worn spot in the rug.

Mrs. Brood was descending the stairs, lightly, eagerly. In another instant she entered the room. "How nice the fire looks," she cried

crossing the room. Never had she been more radiantly, seductively beautiful than at this very instant. "My cablegram-where is it?" The old men made a simultaneous dash for the long-neglected envelope.

turn from the ship, tell them that I Mr. Dawes, being fat and aggressive, succeeded in being the first to clutch it in his eager fingers. "Better read it, Mrs. Brood," he panted, thrusting it into her hand.

Maybe It's bad news." She regarded him with one of her most mysterious smiles. "No, my screw up his courage to inquire what friend, it is not bad news. It is good news. It is from my husband."

> "But you haven't read it," gasped Mr. Riggs. "Ah, but I know, just the same," She

deliberately slit the envelope with a in the mountains, etc., etc. He, as well as the rest of the servants, won- slim finger and held it out to them. "Read it if you like."

They solemnly shook their heads, too amazed for words. She unfolded fore, to lay three places at the table took him completely by surprise- the sheet and sent her eyes swiftly until you know him better?" "knocked the breath out of him," as over the printed contents. Then, to their further stupefaction she pressed the bit of paper to her red lips. Her utes later. She had never been known eyes flashed like diamonds, to take a meal with the garrulous old

"Listen! Here is what it says 'Come by the first steamer. I want you to come to me, Therese.' And see! It is signed 'Your husband.' " "Hurray!" shouted the two old men

"But," she said, shaking her head slowly, "I shall not obey." "What! You-you won't go?"

gasped Mr. Riggs. "No!" she cried, the ring of tri-

mitted her. In the big library, before umph in her voice. She suddenly a roaring fire sat the two old men, clapped her hands to her breast and very much as they had sat on the December night that heralded the aputtered a long, deep sigh of joy. "No. proach of the new mistress of the I shall not go to him.' The old men stared helplessly while house of Brood, except that on this she sank luxuriously into a chair and occasion they were eminently sober.

They felt their knees grow weak under the weight of their suddenly inert "It's been here for two hours and bodies. "But, Mrs. Brood, he wants you!" she don't even think of opening it to came almost in a groan from the lips Riggs, but entirely without reproach.

stuck her little feet out to the fire.

of Mr. Riggs. She lighted a cigarette. "If he wants

me, Mr. Riggs, let him come and get me," she said sending a long cloud of smoke toward the ceiling as she lay back in the chair and crossed her feet in absolute, utter contentment. 'He will come, my dear old friendsoh, I am sure that he will come." "You-you don't know him, Mrs.

Brood," lamented Mr. Dawes. He's made of steel. He-"He will come and unlock the door. Mr. Dawes," said she, serenely, "He is also made of flesh and blood. The steel you speak of was in his heart. It.

has been withdrawn at last. My friends. "There's no use arguing with you." he will come and get me-very soon. "She'll read it when she gets good Ring for Jones, please.' and ready. At present she prefers to "Wha-what are you going to do?" d the letters that just came from Mr. Dawes had the temerity to ask. Freddy and Lyddy. What's a cable-"Send a cablegram to my husband gram compared to the kind of letters

saying-" She paused to smile at the flaming logs, a sweet, rapturous smile, that neither of the old men could com-"Haven't you had letters from them? You've been tickled to death over their "Saying-what?" demanded Mr happiness and their prospects and-Riggs, anxiously. "That doesn't prove that they're not

"That I cannot come to him," she sald, as she stretched out her arms toward the east. THE END.

First English Medals Issued.

the other, and then they got up and went over to examine the envelope Medals as decorations for military service were first issued in England graph or write or do something. Dan | by Charles I in 1643.

Immutability.

In a field that I passed there was unearthed, not long ago, the great country grange of a Roman settler. with its refectory, its little cloistered court, its baths and chambers, and storehouses. And it may all last on, hardly changing, for another thousand years, or longer still.-A. C. Benson

COULD NOT STAND ON FEET

Mrs. Baker So Weak-Con Not Do Her Work-Found Relief In Novel Way. Adrian, Mich. - "I suffered terri

with female weakness and backacher got so weak that could hardly do m work. When washed my dishes had to sit down a when I would swe the floor I would g so weak that I wo have to get a drie every few mi and before I did m dusting I would be

so poorly that my folks thought I we going into consumption. One day! found a piece of paper blowing areas the yard and I picked it up and real h It said 'Saved from the Grave,' I told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegen ble Compound has done for women showed it to my husband and he sai 'Why don't you try it?' So I did as after I had taken two bottles I for better and I said to my husband, 'I don't need any more,' and he said 'You ha better take it a little longer anyway. So I took it for three months and pa well and strong." - Mrs. ALONZO BAKER, 9 Tecumseh St., Adrian, Mic

Not Well Enough to Work. In these words is hidden the traget of many a woman, housekeeper or was earner who supports herself and is often helping to support a family, on mean wages. Whether in house, office, fac should remember that there is one tris and true remedy for the ills to which women are prone, and that is Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, promotes that vigor which makes were easy. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medica Co., Lynn, Mass.

DROPSY TREATER, usually gives on removes said and short breath, often gives entire reli 15 to 25 days. Trial treatment sent FR DR. THOMAS E. GREEN, Successor in H. H. Green's Sons, Box A. Chatsworth

Second Flea-Nope, on a tramp-Penn Punch Bowl. LOOK YOUR BEST

Hard Work.

First Flea-Been on a vacation!

As to Your Hair and Skin, Cuticun Will Help You. Trial Free. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. The

fragrant super-creamy emollients pr

serve the natural purity and bear

of the skin under conditions whi

if neglected, tend to produce a sta of irritation and disfigurement. Free sample each by mall with Book Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XL Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv.

Taking No Chances. "So you're leaving to get married Mary?"

Yes, mum. "And how long have you known the

young man?" Three weeks, mum. "Isn't that a rather short time

Don't you think you ought to v "No, mum. I've tried that several times, and every time the man chan

his mind when he got to know t better." The Floor Did.

Jimmy, five years old, had discorered that he could do a few turns of the swinging rings in the gymnas of the Boys' club, following the ath letic example of his older brother. Bo as all joy must end, so ended the hap piness of the young swinger. His hol slipped and he landed on the floor

His brother rendered first aid. 'Did the rings hit you?" he asked. "No," Jimmy replied between sobi but the floor did."

No War This Time. Critical Husband-This beef lsn't fi to eat. Wife-Well, I told the butcher that

if it wasn't good I would send 508 around to his shop to give him a thrashing; and I hope you'll take someone with you, for he looked prety flerce, and I didn't like the way he handled his big knife. Husband-Humph! Oh, well, I must

say I've seen worse meat than this.

Men Out

appreciate that brain, nerves and muscles can be kept up to par only by right living and careful selection of food.

Thousands of such men

Grape-Nuts because this food yields

the maximum nourishment of prime wheat and barley of which it is made.

Grape-Nuts also retains the wonderful mineral elements of the grains so essential for the daily repair of brain and nerve tissue, but which are so often lacking in the usual dietary.

"There's a Reason"

Grape-Nuts

-sold by Grocers

Lesile's. The girls' canning clubs, or to teach her how to select the seed, financial profit, as well as practical inganized throughout the South by the to plant, cultivate and perfect the struction and social pleasure. The class of estimable people who dread general education board, co-operating growth of the tomato plant. When the average profit made by girls reporting the new. Their instinct is to club it

an ever-increasis r shame. Rich, how-

Indirect Method and Concrete Example Alike Praised by Writer In

Magazine.

home system and home development, cleanliness and sterilization. Canning social influences on hundreds of farm- importance in which all of the family The indirect method and the con- ing communities. The method has been are included, so that indirectly the more far-reaching results, crete example are the most effective to assign to each girl joining a can-clubs have belied to awaken a comways to teach, according to a writer in ning club one-tenth of an acre, and munity social spirit. There has been

EFFECTIVE WAY TO TEACH | sands of girls how to can scientifically, | the product. Everything is done in | operation the number of girls has in- | have carried an antique flintlock pis- | ery; The Old Wheez; is loaded with but have indirectly opened the eyes of the most up-to-date style, and the girls creased from 325 to 30,000, and the apas many mothers to the possibilities of are taught the necessity of scrupulous propriation of the general education board has advanced from \$5,000 to and have exerted strong and helpful club day becomes an occasion of social \$75,000. The board has spent no money anywhere that has secured better or

The Old Wheeze.

The world is eternally plagued by a

noise which follows is: "Of course there is some truth in what you say, but you can never change human na-Now while old campaigners like Columbus, Darwin, Cromwell and Glordano Bruno could view this weapon with equanimity, it did often terrify amateur rebels into silence, until one bolder than the rest looked unflinch-

tol known as an old wheeze. With nothing but blank cartridges.-Seythis they take deliberate aim and the mour Deming, in Atlantic Monthly,