SYNOPSIS.

Addle to Chesnayne, a belte of New France, is among conspirators at her uncle's house. Cassion, the commissaire, has enlisted her Uncle Chevat's aid against La Saile D'Artinny, La Saile's friend, offers his services as guide to Cassion's party on the journey to the wilderness. The uncle informs Adele that he has betrothed her.

An orphaned girl of seventeen pledged against her will by a coarse male relative to marry a man she loathes, needs a good and strong friend at this time more than anything else in the world. To whom can she turn for friendship when she has but two acquaintances? - young Sleur Rene d'Artigny, frontiersman and gentleman of France, and Sister Celeste at the convent. How Adele met her probiem is told in this installment.

CHAPTER II .- Continued.

"Oh, you're aweet enough with words. I have heard you before, and found you a sly minx-when my back was turned-but this time it is not I alone who will watch your netions, I have pledged you a husband."

I got to my feet, staring at him, the indignant words stifled in my throat. He laughed coarsely, and resumed his

"A husband, monsieur? You have pledged me?"

"Ay! why not? You are 17, and 'tis my place to see you well settled."

"But I have no wish to marry, monsleur," I protested. "There is no man for whom I care.' He shrugged his shoulders indiffer-

ently, and laughed.

"Pooh! if I waited for that no doubt you would pick out some cockerel without as much as a spur to his beel. "Tis my choice, not yours, for I know the world, and the man you need. Monsieur Cassion has asked me to favor him, and I think well of it."

"Cassion! Surely you would not wed me to that creature?"

He pushed back his chair, regarding me with scowling eyes.

"And where is there a better? Sacre! de you think yourself a queen to choose? "Tis rare luck you have such an offer. Monsieur Cassion is going to be a great man in this New France; already he has the governor's ear, and a commission, with a tidy sum to his credit in Quebec. What more could any girl desire in a husband?"

"But, monsieur, I do not love him; I do not trust the man."

"Pah!" He burst into a laugh, rising from the table. Before I could draw back he had gripped ine by the "Enough of that, young lady. He is my choice, and that settles it. Lovel who ever heard of love nowadays? Ah, I see, you dream already of the young gallant D'Artigny. Well, little good that will do you. Why what is he? a more ragged adventurer. without a sou to his name, a prowling wolf of the forest, the follower of a discredited fur thief. But enough of this; I have told you my will, and you obey. Tomorrow we no to Quebec to the governor's ball, and when Mon-



Do You Think Yourself a Queen to Choose?"

sieur Cassion returns from his mission you will marry him-you under-

The tears were in my eyes, blotting out his threatening face, yet there was unught to do but answer.

"Yes, monsieur."

"And this D'Artigny; If the fellow fingers." "Yes, monsieur."

"To your room then, and think over all I have said. You have never found me full of idle threats I warrant."

"No, monsieur." I drew my arm from his grasp, feeiing it tingle with pain where his fin- I may tell him all, and beseech his gers had crushed the flesh, and crept sid. up the narrow stairs, glad enough to get away and be alone. I had hever loved Chevet, but he had taught me his nature on which I could rely for him my story."

To his mind he did well by me in thus finding me a husband. I sank on my knees, and bid my face, shuddering at the thought of the sacrifice demanded. repent to her all I have learned. It Cassion! never before had the man appeared so despicable. Yet what could I do? It was useless to appeal to Chevet, and the governor, La Barre,

would give small heed to a girl objecting to one of his henchmen. D'Artigny! The name was on my lips before I realized I had spoken It, and brought a throb of hope. I arose to my feet, and stared out of the window into the dark night. My pulses throbbed. If he cared; if I only knew he cared, I would fly with him anywhere, into the wilderness depths, to

But how could I reach him with my

escape Cassion.

tale? There was but one opportunity -the governor's ball. He would be there; he had said so, laughingly glancing toward me as he spoke the words. the flash of his eyes a challenge. But it would be difficult. Chevet, Cassion, not for a moment would they take eyes from me, and if I failed to treat him coldly an open quarrel must re-Chevet would be glad of an excuse, and Cassion's jeniousy would spor him on. Yet I must try, and, in truth, I trusted not so much in Monsleur d'Artigny's interest in me, as in his reckless love of adventure. Twould please him to play an audaclous trick on La Salle's enemies, and make Cassion the butt of laughter.

CHAPTER III.

I Appeal for Ald.

It had been two years since I was at Quebec, and it was with new eyes of appreciation that I watched the great bristling cliffs as our boat glided silently past the shore and headed In toward the landing. Cassion met us, attired so gayly in rich vestments that I scarcely recognized the man, whom I had always seen before in dull forest garb, yet I permitted him to take my band and assist me gallantly to the shore. It was evidently a gala day, for flags and streamers behind her, framed in the narrow door were flying from every window of the lower town, and the narrow, crooked streets were filled with wanderers having no apparent business but enjoyment. Never had I viewed so motly a throng, and I could but gaze about with wide opened eyes on the strange passing figures.

It was all of such interest I was glad enough to be finally rid of him, and be greeted so kindly by Sister Celeste.

"Three years have changed you greatly, my child," she said gently, ter Celeste hath told me your story, touching my cheeks with her soft and if it be sin for me to grant your hands: "but bright as your eyes are, request then must I abide the penance, descend from the chair, we advanced it is not all pleasure I see in them. for it is in my heart to do so. Until slowly, over a carpet of clean straw older man, I take it, was your uncle, with Monsleur d'Artigny." Monsieur Chevet."

"Yes." I answered, but hesitated to add more.

"He is much as I had pictured him. bear of the woods,"

"He is rough," I protested, "for his the life is lonely that I grow old." "No doubt, and the younger gallant?

He is not of the forest school?" "Twas Monsieur Cassion, commis-

salre for the governor."

"Ah! 'tis through him you have inlintion to the great ball."

I bowed my head, wondering at the kind questioning in the sister's eyes. could she have heard the truth? Perhance she might tell me something of the man.

"He has been selected by Monsieur hevet as my busband," I explained loubtfully. "Know you aught of the uan, sister?"

Her hand closed cently on mine.

"No, only that he has been chosen y La Barre to carry special message o the Chevaller de Baugis in the Illiiols country. He hath an evil, sneering face, and an insolent manner, even an described to me by the Sleur d'Artigny."

I caught my breath quickly, and my hand grasp tightened.

"The Sieur d'Artigny!" I echoed, startled into revealing the truth. "He has been here? has talked with you?" "Surely, my dear girl. He was here with La Saile before his chief sailed for France, and resterday he came again, and questioned me." "Questioned you?"

"Yes; he sought knowledge of you. and of why you were in the household of Chevet. I liked the young man, and told him all I knew, of your father's death and the decree of the court, and of how Chevet compelled you to leave the convent. I felt him to be honest and true, and that his purpose was

"Sister, you must hear me," I said. I have no mother, no friend even to whom to appeal; I am just a girl all although he seldem made beast of it slone. I despise this man Cassion; I afterwards. And so this Hugo Chevet ever dares come near you again I'll do not know why, but he seems to be threatened me! I am not of the blood, groups, grush his white throat between my like a snake, and I cannot bear his mademoiselle, to take such things presence. I would rather die than lightly. Yet walt-why came you to marry him. I do not think Chevet me with such a tale? Have you no trusts him, either, but he has some hold | friends?" and compels him to sell me as though I was a slave in the market. I am to be made to marry him. I pray you nuns to whom I went to school, and let me see this Sieur d'Artigny that

"But why D'Artigny, my girl? What

is the boy to you?" "Nothing-absolutely nothing." I

to fear him, for more than once had confessed frankly. "We have scarcely I experienced his brutality and physi- spoken together, but he is a gallant cal power. To him I was but a chat- of true heart; he will never refuse aid charge of me because the law so or him to outwit this enemy of La Salle. dained, but I had found nothing in All ! ask is that I be permitted to tell

sympathy. I was his sister's child. Celeste sat silent, her white hands

waif. More, he was honest about it. | window. It was so still I could hear | mademoiselle, for I stand between you my own quick breathing. At last she spoke, her voice still soft and kindly. "I have no power, child, but I will speak with the mother superior, and

> shall be as she wills. Wait here, and you may trust me to plead for you.' She seemed to fade from the room. and I glanced about, seeing no change once I was there before—the same are walls and floor, the rude settee,



Her Hand Closed Gently on Mine.

he crucifix above the door, and the one partially open window, set deep in the stone wall.

Soon I was dimly aware that some one had entered the spartment. It "a gallant man. But come, the mother was the mother superior, looking smaller than ever in the gloom, and way, his eyes smiling as though in en oyment of my confusion, stood D'Artigny. I climbed down from the bench, feeling my cheeks burn hotly, and made obeslance. The mother's soft hand rested on my bair, and there was silence, so deep I heard the poundng of my heart.

"Child," said the mother, her voice eyes hold knowledge of sorrow. Sisyour life. The I send the slater you may speak alone

She drew slightly aside, and the young man bowed low, but in hand, then stood erect, facing me, the light from the window on his face.

"At your command, mademoiselle," he said quietly. "The mother tells me life has been hard, yet has given me you have need of my services. This no reason to complain. 'Tis because Hugo Chevet-he is a brute. I knowis his abuse beyond endurance?"

"No, no," I hastened to explain, "In his way be is not unkind. The truth is he has lived so long in the woods alone, he scarcely speaks. He-he would marry me to Monsieur Cassion."

Never will I forget the look of sheer | kind." felight on his face as these words burst from me. His hand struck the sench and he tossed back the long

hair from his forehead, his eyes merry with enjoyment. "Ah, good! By all the saints, 'tis even as I hoped. Then have no fear of my sympathy, mademoiselle, Nothng could please me like a clash with

that perfumed gallant. He doth perecute you with his wooing?" "He has not spoken, save to Chevet;

ret it is seemingly all arranged without my being approached." "No doubt they are hand in glove

in the fur trade, and the commissaire has La Barre's car just now. He rode by yonder in the carriage a moment since, and you might think from his bows he was the governor. And this marriage? when does it take place?" "On monsieur's safe return from the

great West. The smile came back to his face,

"Not so bad that, for 'tis a long ourney, and might be delayed. I ravel with him, you know, and we lepart at daybreak. What else did this Chevet have to sny?"

"Only a threat that If ever you came near me again his fingers would feel your throat, monsieur. He spoke of inte between himself and your father.' The eyes upon mine lost their tolerant smile, and grew darker, and I

narized the fingers of his hand clinch. "That was like enough, for my father was little averse to a quarrel,

"None, monsieur," I answered grave ly, and regretfully, "other than the they are useless in such a case."

He walked across the room, once, had angered him. "Have I done very wrong, mon-

stear?" He stopped, his eyes on my face. He must have perceived my perplexmy hand gently,

jet no more to him than some Ind'an clasped, her eyes on the stained glass but seek the best plan of service, supply.



and this sacrifice with much pleasure. You shall not marry Cassion while I wear a sword."

"But not violence, monsieur!"

"Planning and scheming is not my way, nor am I good at it. A soldler of La Salle needs more to understand action, and the D'Artigny breed has ever had faith in steel. I seek no quarrel, yet if occasion arise this messenger of La Barre will find me quite ready. I know not what may occur. Mademolselle: I merely pledge you my word of honor that Cassion will no longer seek your hand. The method you must trust to me."

Our eyes met, and his were kind and smilling, with a confidence in their depths that strangely heartened me. Before I realized the action I had given hlm my hand.

"I do, monsieur, and question no more, though I pray for peace between you. Our time is up, sister?"

"Yes, my child," she stood in the doorway, appearing like some saintly mage. "The mother sent me." D'Artigny released my hand and bowed low.

"I still rely upon your attendance at the ball?" he asked, lingering at the

"Yes, monsieur,"

"And may bespeak a dance?" "I cannot say no, although it may

ost you dear." He laughed gayly, his eyes bright ith merriment.

"Faith! most pleasures do I find; the orld would be dull enough otherwise. Fill then, mademoiselle, adieu." We heard his quick step ring on the stone of the passage, and Celeste smiled, her hand on mine.

"A lad of spirit that. The Sieur de la Salle picks his followers well, and knows loyal hearts. The D'Artignys never fail."

"You know of them, sister?" "I knew his father," she answered. half ashamed already of her impulse, would have you visit her."

CHAPTER IV.

In the Palace of the Intendant. The huge palace of the intendant, between the bluff and the river, was ablaze with lights, and already crowded with guests at our arrival. I had seen nothing of Chevet since the morning, nor did be appear now; but Monsieur Cassion was prompt enough, low but clear. "Rise that I may see and congratulated me on my appearyour face. Ah! it has not so greatly ance with bows, and words of praise hanged in the years, save that the which made me flush with embarrass-

An officer met us, pointing out the way, and, after he had assisted us to toward the gayly lighted entrance. Soldiers lined the walls on either side, and overhead blazed a beacon suspended on a chain. It was a scene rather grotesque and weird in the red glow, and I took Cassion's arm gladly, feeling just a little frightened by the strange surroundings.

"Where is my Uncle Chevet?" I asked, more as a rellef, than because cared, although I was glad of his absence because of D'Artigny.

"In faith, I know not," he answered lightly. "I won him a card, but he was scarce gracious about it. In some wine shop likely with others of his

There were servants at the door and an officer, who scanned the cards of those in advance of us, yet passed Cassion, with a glance at his face, and word of recognition. I observed him turn and stare after me, for our eyes met, but, almost before I knew what had occurred. I found myself in a side room, with a maid helping to remove my wraps, and arrange my hair.

I will not describe the scene in the great ballroom, for now, as I write, the brilliant pageant is but a dim memory, confused and tantalizing. I recall the bright lights overhead, and long the walls, the festooned banners, the raised dais at one end, carpeted with skins of wild animals, where the governor stood, the walls covered with rms and trophies of the chase, the guard of soldiers at each entrance, and

TO RELIEVE CITY CONGESTION:

Massachusetts Legislature Considers Measures Encouraging "Back-tothe-Land" Movement.

Two unusual measures have been under consideration by the legislature of Massachusetts. One provides for an appropriation for homesteads or small houses with plots of ground for mechanics, laborers and other persons in the suburbs of cities and towns. The supposed to be mingled according to other bill authorizes any city to acquire land for the purpose of teaching | ed here in Saxon times, and remained agriculture to its inhabitants, including schoolchildren, adults and family a close affinity to piment, which in The bills are really complementary. Their purpose is to encourage the "back-to-the-land" movement and to re- Elizabeth's time hippocras was usual-

lieve congested districts. They are sponsored by the Massachusetts homestead commission, which believes that there is a strong disposition among put into good temper." Apparently it escape from these to pleasanter and don Chronicle. twice, his head bent in thought, and more healthful surroundings. The I watched him, half frightened lest commission, in fact, made a canvass of 500 typical tenement families. It discovered that no fewer than 168 families, with 896 children, were anxious to move to suburban surroundings ly, a salutary custom which one docwhere they could have a garden and tel, an incumbrance. He had assumed to a maid like me. It will be Joy for ity, for he smiled again, and pressed till the soil. The chief difficulties in means of grip prevention, the idea betheir way, of course, are lack of capi-"If so the angels must judge," he tal and lack of knowledge of garden- where and on whom they breathe and answered stoutly. "As for me, I am ing or farming. These lacks the two very glad you do me this honor. I bills in the legislature would seek to tribution at a rather respectable low

the mass of people grouped about the

Many a name reached my ears famous in those days, but forgotten long since; and once or twice, as we slowly made our way through the throng, Cassion pointed out to me some character of importance in the province. or paused to present me with formality to certain officials whom he knew. It was thus we approached the dais. and awaited our turn to extend felicitations to the governor. Just before us was Du L'Hut, whose name Cassion whispered in my ear, a tall, siender man, attired as a courier du bols. with iong fair hair sweeping his shoulders. I had beard of him as a daring explorer, but there was no premonicion that he would ever again come into my life, and I was more deeply interested in the appearance of La Barre.

He was a dark man, stern of face, and with strange, furtive eyes, concealed behind long lashes and overhanging brows. Yet he was most graclous to Du L'Hut, and when he turned and perceived Monsieur Cassion next in line, smiled and extended his hand cordially. "Ah, Francois, and so you are here

at last, and ever welcome. And this," he bowed low before me in excess of gallantry, "no doubt will be the Mademolsell. la Chesnayne of whose charms I have heard so much of late. By my faith, Cassion, even your eloquence bath done small justice to the lady. Where, mademoiselle, have you hidden yourself, to remain unknown to us of Quebec?"

"I have lived with my uncle, Hugo Chevet."

"Ah, yes; I recall the circumstances now-a rough, yet loyal trader. He was with me once on the Ottawaand tonight?"

"He accompanied me to the city. your excellency, but I have not seen

him since," "Small need, with Francois at your beck and call," and he patted me playfully on the cheek. "I have already tested his faithfulness. Your

father, mademoiselle?" "Captain Pierre la Chesnayne, sir." "Ah, yes; I knew him well; he fell on the Richellen; a fine soldier." He turned toward Cassion, the expression

of his face changed. You depart tonight?" "At daybreak, sir."

"That is well; see to it that no time s lost on the journey. I have it in my mind that De Baugis may need you, for, from all I hear Henri de Tonty is not an easy man to handle."

"Ay! the lieutenant Sieur de la Salle left in charge at St. Louis; an Italian



they tell me, and loyal to his master. "Tis like he may resist my orders, and De Baugis hath but a handful with which to uphold authority. I am not sure I approve of your selecting this lad D'Artigny as a guide; he may play you false." "Small chance he'll have for any

INTERPORTATION OF THE REPORT OF THE PARTY OF

Psychologists-scientists of the human mind-say that the big emotions are born and developed in one's unconscious mind and gradually are ushered into the conscious mind; for instance, that you may be in love long before you are actually aware of the fact. What about D'Artigny and Adele?

CTO BE CONTINUEDO

In support of the measures it is re marked that auccess has attained similar efforts in some European countres, in Australian states and some South American countries.

Hippocras-the Liquor. That Pepys should have drunk hippocras at the Guildhall in 1663 without knowing that it was an intoxicant is somewhat remarkable. For this aromatic cordial, which originally was the recipe of Hippocrates, was importa popular liquor for conturies. It bore the year \$17 was forbidden to the clergy, except on special occasions, by the council of Aix-la-Chapelle. In ly served at the beginning of a banquet, being "of so comforting a nature that the stomach would be at once persons in congested city districts to | had an opposite effect on Pepys.-Lon-

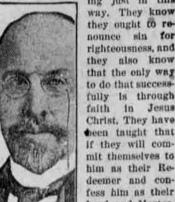
Good Japanese Custom. Polite Japanese never have the grip because they commit "iki wo hiki." that is drawing in their breath sharp tor has declared incomparable as a ing that Japanese are careful as to so keep the percentage of germ dis-

Halting Between Two Opinions

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. Dean of the Moody Bible Inst of Chicago

TEXT-How long halt ye between two opinions?-I Kings 18:21.

There are many people more or less under conviction of sin who are hult-



ing just in this way. They know they ought to renounce sin for righteousness, and they also know that the only way to do that successfully is through faith in Jesus Christ. They have been taught that if they will commit themselves to

Lord and Master, he will not only deliver them from guilt, but endue them with the power to overcome sin and lead a godly life. And yet for all this they are halting, and trying to decide whether to put their trust in

him and openly confess him or not. What are some of the reasons given for this indecision? Or, to put it in another way, what are some of the obstacles which the evil one is setting before them to hinder them in their progress towards salvation through Christ?

Not long ago we were speaking of this subject from another point of view, and dwelt on two or three very common objections such as that there are hypocrites in the church, or the profit and pleasure that must be given up if one becomes a Christian, or the fear of not being able to hold out in Christian life, etc.

But there are other objections than these. One is the remark, "I am not good enough to become a Christian." This sounds like humility, but in reality is spiritual pride, for it is based on the supposition that one can make himself good enough without Christ. But if so why need a Savior, and why should the Son of God have suffered and died? If we can make ourselves partially holy, we can make ourselves absolutely holy, and therefore the work of atonement was unnecessary and a crime. A convincing answer to this is the testimony of our Lord himself that he came not to call the righteaus but sinners to repentance.

The great Augustine prayed, "O Lord, I am so great a sinner, I must flee into thine arms!" That is the place for the sinner to flee just because he is a sinner.

(2) "I do not know how to believe," is sometimes put forth as a reason, And yet "believe" means simply "to trust," "to commit one's self" to the Saviour in order to be saved. Indeed, the difficulty is not so much in the meaning of the word, "believe," as in waiting for feeling to accompany the bellef.

A woman once gave this excuse to pastor who was urging her to accept Christ. And he said to her, "Do you own the house you live in?" To which she answered, "Yes." And then he added, "How do you know you do?" After reflection she said, "Because my title deed is recorded in the office of the county clerk."

She was not waiting for feeling to know that she owned her house, and no more should we wait for feeling to know that we are saved. It is recorded in the word of God, that "God hath given to us eternal life and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life and he that bath not the Son of God hath not life." And it is written again, "He that believeth not God hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave his Son."

The sinner who is waiting for feeling before he believes that faith saves him is not only doing himself the greatest injury, but is dishonoring

3. Another common reason for halting is no reason at all, viz., that the time has not yet come to take the step. It is the excuse of Felix, who trembled when, in his presence, Paul reasoned of "righteousness, temperance and indement to come," and who answered, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will call for thee."

If today this message is coming to one under conviction of sin and feeling the need of a Savior, God forbid that he should put it off and say, "Go thy way for this time." Who knows whether the "convenient season" will ever come? "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

There is a law of mental science that impressions frequently repeated and unheeded, lose their power to impress.

How often have you heard this in vitation and warning, and turned a deaf ear to it? Does it influence you as strongly today as it did the first day you heard it? It may be doubted if it does, and that fact in itself should sound the alarm causing you to hasten from the impending doom.

Daily Living.

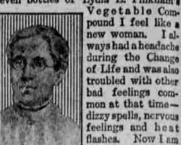
Our daily habits carry in them the buds and prophecies of our future character. The question is not what point have you attained? but, which way are you tending? Is your character compacting toward patience, gentleness, truth, love? or toward impatience, harshness, falsehood, and selfishness? We grow in the direction of our daily living. If we train ourselves to look upward, to walk erect, to gather our soul's food from the tree of life, our whole being will grow toward spirituality and heaven liness .- J. R. Miller.

Every temptation resisted makes the next one easier to conquer. The devil repulsed weakens his power of

HEAT FLASHES, DIZZY, NERVOUS

Mrs. Wynn Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her During Change of Life.

Richmond, Va. - "After taking seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's



Vegetable Compound I feel like a new woman. I al-ways had a headache during the Change of Life and was also troubled with other bad feelings common at that timedizzy spells, nervous feelings and heat

in better health than I ever was and recommend your remedies to all my friends."—Mrs. LENA WYNN, 2812 E. O Street, Richmond, Va. While Change of Life is a most critical period of a woman's existence, the annoying symptoms which accompany it may be controlled, and normal health restored by the timely use of Lydia E.

Such warning symptoms are a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and

Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For these abnormal conditions do not fail to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Wedding Presents. "I want to get something suitable for a wedding present."

"Yes, ma'am. Miss Brown, please show the lady something for about \$3 that will look as though it might have

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We are pleased to handle Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for our customers are al-ways satisfied with the results obtained from its use. Our present manager whe is an old time drug man has used it with good results in Kidney trouble and does not lose an opportunity to recommend as fine a medicine. Very truly yours,
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Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size hottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores. Adv. stores .- Adv.

WHERE WOMEN SELECT MATE In New Guinea It Is Considered Beneath the Dignity of Men to Take Time to Court So far as proposals of marriage are concerned, in New Guinen it is always leap-year, for in that island the men

> tice women, much less to make overtures of marriage, Consequently, the proposing is left to the women to do When the ebony belle falls in love with a man she sends a piece of string to his sister, or, if he has no sister, to his mother, or another of his lady relatives.

consider it beneath their dignity to no-

Then the indy who receives the string tells the dusky brave that the particular damsel is in love with him. No courting follows, however, for it is considered beneath a New Guinea gentleman's dignity to waste time in sucpursuit. If the man thinks he would like to

they decide straight away whether to marry or drop the idea. In the former case the betrothal is announced. The man is then branded on the back with charcoal, while if

wed the lady, he meets her alone, and

mark is cut into the woman's skin. No breach-of-promise actions are possible in New Guinen, though if the lady is jilted her friends may hunt her lover up and "go" for him. On the other hand, if the dark damsel provel faithless, she is liable to be eaten by her betrothed if he catches her.

"Yes, I'm dropping him a line."-Boston Evening Transcript. The Fine

Flavor-

What Bait?

"Are you inviting that queer fish

Mr. Jimson?"

the delicate taste of malted barley blended with the sweets of whole wheatis sufficient reason in itself for the wonderful popular-

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"There's a Reason"

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