REAL ADVENTURE

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

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AFTER A VERY SERIOUS TALK WITH HER SISTER PORTIA, WHO HAS SACRIFICED MUCH. ROSE ALDRICH COMES TO THE CONCLUSION THAT MARRIAGE CALLS FOR MORE THAN SHE HAS GIVEN IT

Rose Stanton, student at the University of Chicago, is put off a street car in the rain after an argument with the conductor. She is accosted by a young man who offers help and escorts her home, About two months later, the young man, Rodney Aldrich, well-to-do lawyer, marries Rose and this obscure girl is thrown into Chicago's most exclusive social set. She is surrounded by luxury, but becomes dissatisfied with ease. She tries to help her husband, but he laughs good naturedly at her efforts. Rodney's married sister, Frederica Whitney, and Rose are chummy,

CHAPTER VIII-Continued.

He saw her when she reached the great, anyway. Come here and give as if she didn't want him to see. me a kiss."

She hesitated, a little perplexed. "spare" her, as he'd have said? The side of it." kiss she gave him had a different quality from those that ordinarily constayed there.

and then, "Don't you care, Roddy!" He returned the caress with inter-

different significance of it. Then he pushed her away by the shoulders and face." held her where he could look into her

pretense, and yet, of course, it must be. ing was the matter. "Don't," she said. "Because I know. I've known all day. I read it in the that her maid came into her bedroom, paper this morning."

his face took on a deeper intensity. her. "Tell me what it is," he said very quietly. "I don't know. I didn't read the paper this morning. Is it Harriet?" Harriet was his other sistermarried, and not very happily, it was count.

A revolution - a sort of sick mischeeks. "It isn't anyone," she said. by a sister who inflexibly opened her "It's nothing like that. It's-it's that little shop at half-past eight, regardyou. Didn't you know?"

did you happen to see it in the paper? and whatever perfunctory commisera-

argued it," she said unevenly. "And skeptical. when I found they printed those things

the queer, ragged quality of his voice Twice she had walked by the perdrew her eyes back to his, so that fect doorway of the McCrea house beshe saw, wonderingly, that they were fore she entered it, because she bright with teats. "And you never shrank from the ordeal that awaited said a word, and you've been bother- her in there. ing your dent little head about it all the time. Why, you darling!"

He sat down on the edge of the at his face; she knew that there was the Stantons on Sunday. a smile there along with the tears.

with a big hand. "But that's all in interest in the Woman Movement-



"What Do You Mean?" He Asked.

somewhere near as often as I win. A man couldn't be any good as a lawyer, if he did care, any more than a surgeon could be any good, if he did. You've got to keep a cold mind or you done your best work, there's nothing to care about. I honestly haven't

She couldn't see how it was, that was plain enough. What he very reasonably expected was that after so lucid an explanation, she would turn ward. "Oh, don't stand there where I You're the lucky one, Portia." her wet face up to his, with her old can't see you! Tell me what it is."

and pulled herself away from him, and by, of course, a fatal one." stituted her greetings, and the arms Then she controlled herself and, in that went round his neck didn't give answer to his look of troubled amaze- the window. She knew Rose was cryhim their customary hug. But they ment, sa'd: "It's all right. Only it ing. She had heard the gasp and "You poor, dear old boy!" she said. d-doesn't know how awfully funny it ment of the news, and since then, irreally is." Her voice shook, but she regularly, a muffled sound of sobbing. est, before he seemed to realize the mean anything by that. Here! Give the young, stricken thing there on the

face. "What do you mean," he asked. again next morning until he left the "Don't care about what?" It didn't house, she managed to keep him in the Because Portia couldn't cry. seem like bravado-like an acted out only half-questioning belief that noth-

It was about an hour after that, where she had had her breakfast, and fornia, if she's carefully watched all From puzzled concern the look in said that Miss Stanton wanted to see

CHAPTER IX.

The Damascus Road.

It argued no real lack of sisterly beginning to appear, to an Italian affection that Rose didn't want to see Portin that morning. Even if there had been no other reason, being found giving-took the color out of Rose's in bed at half-past ten in the morning Her lips stumbled over the less of bad weather, backaches, and title of it. "It's been decided against other potentially valid excuses, was enough to make one feel apologetic For a moment his expression was and worthless. Rose could truthfully simply the absence of all expression say that she was feeling wretched, say it, whatever. "But how the dickens did But Portia would sit there, slim and "I was in the court the day you look of her fine eyebrows would be

But Rose's shrinking from a talk in the paper, I kept watch. And to- with Portia that morning was a mild feeling compared with Portia's dread "Why, you dear child!" he said. And of the impending talk with Rose,

They had been seeing each other with reasonable frequency all winter. The Aldriches had Portia and her table, and pulled her up tight into mother in to a family dinner pretty his arms again. She was glad to put often, and always came out to Edgeher head down-didn't want to look water for a one-o'clock dinner with

Mrs. Stanton had taken a great lik-"And you thought I was worrying ing to Rodney. His manner toward about it," he persisted, "and that I'd her had just the blend of deference be unhappy because I was beaten?" and breezy unconventionality that He patted her shoulder consolingly pleased her. He showed an unending the day's work, child. I'm beaten never tired of drawing from his mother-in-law the story of her labors and the exposition of her beliefs. Sometimes he argued with her playfully in order to get her started. More often, and so far as Portia could see, quite seriously, he professed himself in full secord with her views.

The reason why these family parties were at an end was what Portia came to tell Rose this morning. She hoped she'd be able to tell it gently.

Rose greeted her with a "Hello, angel! Why didn't you come right up? Isn't it disgraceful to be lying around in bed like this in the middle of the morning?"

"I don't know," said Portia. "Might as well stay in bed, if you've nothing to do when you get up." She meant it to sound good-humored, but was afraid it didn't. "Anyhow," she added after a straight look into Rose's face, "you look, this morning, as if bed was just where you ought to be. What's the matter with you, child?" "Nothing," said Rose, "-nothing that you'd call anything, at any rate."

Portia smiled ironically. "I'm still the same old dragon, then," she said. And then-"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that, either. I've had a-rather worrying sort of week." "What is it?" said Rose. "Tell me

about it. Can I help?" "No," said Portia. "I've thought it

over and it isn't your job." She got up and went to the window and stood looking out where Rose couldn't see her face. "It's about mother," she concluded. Rose sat up with a jerk. "About

ill again this week? And you haven't can't do your best work. And if you've let me know! It's a shame I haven't been around, but I've been busy"-her day to this. Don't you see how it course I was going this afternoon."

wanted to see you alone first."

wide smile on it. But that was not "I'm going to," said Portia. "You before Rose noticed that Portia had nothing. And then, a week ago, there only about 23,000,000 can be cultivated.

what happened at all. Instead, she | see, I wasn't satisfied with old Murjust went limp in his arms, and the ray. I thought it was possible, either ter's voice, and the tragic irony in her for it. sobs that shook her seemed to be that he didn't understand mother's face, was almost terrifying. But the lower landing, and came to meet her. meeting no resistance whatever, case, or else that he wouldn't tell me "Oh!" he said. "I thought you were At last she controlled, rather sudden what he suspected. So a week ago going to be off somewhere with Fred- ly, her sobs, sat up, wiped her eyes, today, I got her to go with me to a erica this afternoon. It's been a great and, after a fashion, smiled. Not at specialist." Her voice got a little day. I hope you haven't spent the him, though; resolutely away from harder and cooler. "Mother'll never be whole of it indoors. You're looking him, he might almost have thought- well, Rose. Her heart is getting flabby-degenerating, he called it. He "That's right," he said, craning says we can't do anything except to round to make sure that the smile retard the progress of the disease. It haps it may do you some good. But Did he mean not to tell her-to was there. "Have a look at the funny may go fast, or it may go slowly. That that's not why I'm doing it. I'm doattack she had was just a symptom, She winced at that as from a blow he said. She'll have others. And by

> Still she didn't look around from happens that you're the one who choke that followed her first announcegot it in hand again. "No, I don't She wanted to go over and comfort me a kiss and then let me wash my bed, but she couldn't. She could feel nothing but a dull, irresistible anger And for the whole evening, and that Rose should have the easy relief of tears, which had been denied her.

"He said," she went on, "that in this climate, living as she has been doing, she'd hardly last six months, but that in a bland climate like southern Calithe time to prevent excitement or overexertion, she might live a good many years.

"So that's what we're going to do. I've written the Fietchers to look out a place for us, and I've sold out my business-took an offer that I refused a month ago. As soon as we hear from the Fletchers, we'll begin to pack. Within a week, I hope."

Rose said a queer thing then. She cried out increduously: "And you and mother are going away to California to live! And leave me here all alone!" "All alone with the whole of your own life," thought Portia, but didn't

"I can't realize it at all," Rose went you know anything about it? How erect, in a little straight-backed chair, on after a little silence. "It doesn't seem-possible. Do you believe the How did you know the title of it?" tion she might manage to express, the specialist is right? Can't we go to someone else and make sure?"

"What's the use?" said Portia. "Be sides, if I drag mother around to any more of them, she'll know."

Rose looked up sharply. "Doesn" she know?" .

"No," said Portia in that hard, even voice of hers. "I lied to her, of course, You know mother well enough to know what she'd do if she knew the truth about it. Don't you know how it's always pleased her when old people could die-'in harness,' as she says?"

The ordeal, or the worst of it, was over. Rose was drooping foriornly forward, one arm clasped around her knees, and she was trying to dry her tears on the sleeve of her nightgown. The childlike pathos of the attitude caught Portia like the surge of a wave. She crossed the room and sat down on the edge of the bed. She'd have come still closer and taken the girl in her arms, but for the fear of starting her crying again.

"Yes," Rose said. "That's mother. And I guess she's right about it. It never forget to be proud of it so long must be horrible to be half-alive-to know you're no use and never will be. And you've gone through this all alone -without ever giving Rodney and me a chance to help. I don't see why you dld that, Portla."

"Oh, I saw it was my job," Portia said, in that cool, dry tone of hers. "It had to be done, and there was no things straightened out, so that her one else to do it. So what was the use of making a fuss?"

"Well, there's one thing," Rose said. "I believe it'll do you as much good as mother. Getting a rest. . . . And a nice little bungalow to live in-just you and mother. . . . I-I sort of things didn't come out that way-at wish I was going, too."

sounding laugh that brought a look of puzzled inquiry from Rose. "Why, nothing," Portia explained.

Portia laughed-a ragged, unnatural

'It was just the notion of your leaving Rodney and all you've got hereall the wonderful things you have to do-for what we'll have out there. The idea of your envying me is something worth a small laugh, don't you think?" Rose's head drooped lower.

buried her face in her hands. "I doenvy you," she said. There was a cold," she said. "So has mother. I'm dull, muffled passion in her voice. "Why shouldn't I envy you? You're so cold and certain all the time. You make up your mind what you'll do and you do it. I try to do things and just make myself ridiculous."

"You've got a husband," said Portia mother!" she echoed. "Has she been in a thin, brittle voice. "That might count for something, I should think." "Yes, and what good am I to him?" Rose demanded. "He can't talk to it. So I took you on instead. smile reflected some of the irony of me-not about his work or anything thought about the thing once from that Portia's-"and rather miserable. Of like that. And I can't help him any way. I'm something nice for him to "Yes," said Portia, "I fancied you'd make love to, when he feels like docome this afternoon. That's why I ing it, and I'm a nuisance when I make scenes and get tragic. And "Alone!" Rose leaned sharply for that's all. That's-marriage, I guess.

The silence had lasted a good while

not stirred; had sat there as rigidly came the doctor and cut off that still as a figure carved in ivory. Becoming aware of that, she raised

hands.

"It needed just that, I suppose," she heard her older sister say between differently? I've lived the kind of life almost motionless lips. "I thought it they preach about-a life of 'noble was pretty complete before, but it sacrifice.' It hasn't ennobled me. It's took that to make it perfect—that you made me petty-mean-sour. It's think I'm the lucky one-lucky never withered me up. Look at the differto have had a husband, or anyone else, for that matter, to love me. And your big, free spaciousness-your powlucky now, to have to give up the only substitute I had for that."

"Portia!" Rose cried out, for the mordant, alkaline bitterness in her sisoutcry might never have been uttered The only thing I could ever hate you for any effect it had.

"I hoped this wouldn't happen," the words came steadily on, one at a time. "I hoped I could get this over and get away out of your life altogether can't. Perhaps it's just as well-pering it for myself. Just for once, I'm going to let go! You won't like it. You're going to get hurt." Rose drew herself erect and a curl-

ous change went over her face, so that



"I'm Something Nice for Him to Make Love To."

you wouldn't have known she'd been crying. She drew in a long breath and said, very steadily: "Tell me. I sha'n't try to get away." "A man came to our house one day

to collect a bill," Portia went on, quite as if Rose hadn't spoken. "Mother was out, and I was at home. I was seventeen then, getting ready to go to Vassar. You were only seven-I suppose you were at school. Anyhow, I was at home, and I let him in, and he made a fuss. I knew we weren't rich, of course-I never had quite enough pocket money. But the idea of an old unpaid grocery bill made me sick. I talked things over with mother the next day-told her I wasn't going to college-said I was going to get a job. I got her to let me run all the

everything. And I got a job and began paying my way within a week." "If I had a thing like that to remember," said Rose unsteadily, "I'd

as I lived."

accounts after that, and to attend to

"I wish I could be proud of it," said Portia. "But I couldn't help making a sort of grievance of it, too. In all these years I've always made mother afraid of me-always made her feel that I was somehow contemptuous of her work and ideas. I grubbed away until I got income was enough to live on-enough for her to live on. I'd pulled her through. But then . . .' "But then there was me," said Rose

go," Portia went on inflexibly. "But least I couldn't make up my mind to make them-so you went to the university. I paid for that, and I paid by the aviator and his corps of asfor your trousseau, and then I was through." Rose was trembling, but she didn't

flinch. "Wh-what was it," she asked quietly, "what was it that might have been different and wasn't? Was itwas it somebody you wanted to marry -that you gave up so I could have ods for this work. He sends a beam my chance?" Portia's hard little laugh cut like a

not, really. I'm-the other way. I don't believe there ever was a girl that at last, and for a while I thought I would. Just-just for the sake of marrying somebody. He wasn't much, but he was someone. But I knew I'd come to hate him for not being someone else, and I couldn't make up my mind to

a way, I succeeded. I was beginning to get real jobs to do-big jobs for big people, and it was exciting. That made it easier to forget. I was beginning to think that some day I'd carn American. my way into the open, big sort of life that your new friends have had for

chance.

"And yet-" she leaned suddenly her head. Portia wasn't looking at forward, and the passion that had her, but down at her own clenched been suppressed in her voice till now, leaped up into flame-"and yet, can you tell me what I could have done ence between us! Look at you with er of loving and attracting love! Why, you even love me, now, in spite of all I've said this morning. I've envied you that-I've almost hated you

"No, that's a lie! I've wanted to. for would be for falling. You've got to make good! You've had my share as well as yours-you're living my life as well as yours. I'm the branch they cut off so that you could grow. without letting it happen. But I If you give up and let the big thing slip out of your hands the way you were talking this morning, because you're too weak to hold it and haven't pluck enough to fight for it . . .' "Look at me," said Rose. The

words rang like a command upon a battlefield. Portia looked. Rose's blue eyes

were blazing. "I won't do that," she said very quietly. "I promise you that." Then the hard determination in her face changed to something softer, and as if Portla's resistance counted no more than that of a child, she pulled her sister up in her arms and held her tight. And so, at last, Portia got the relief of tears.

The breach of misunderstanding widens between Rose and Rodney. Rodney longs for his old free life and Rose thinks that she is a useless butterfly. An unusually interesting scene is described in the next install-

(TO BE CONTINUED.) HOW DIFFERENT SHIPS SINK

Nearly Every Class or Design of Vessel Has a Particular Way of Going Down.

Nearly every class or design of vesel sinks in a particular way. For instance, the old type of single-bottom steamers, with few or no bulkheadsthat is, in the modern sense of the term-almost invariably founders on from Christ, Lesson 8-Temperance more or less of an even keel, which reform. Lesson 9-The Holy Spirit in means that they sink level, and not everyday life. Lesson 10-How Christ with their bow or stern up in the air, London Tit-Bits says. This is accounted for by the fact

that at whatever point the water may enter, it practically finds it own level, as there are no subdivisions to obstruct It.

Now, in the case of a modern vessel, which is built with numerous subdivisions, it invariably happens that she founders with her bow or stern high out of the water; or else she sinks with a heavy list, or cant, to one side or the other. The reason for this is that the bulkheads prevent the water which enters the vessel from finding its level; consequently, when one particular portion of the ship is full of water, while the remainder is practically watertight, that part which is water laden sinks first, owing to its

greater weight. It is for this reason that such terrible loss of life frequently occurs in modern shipwrecks. Owing to the uneven sinking, it is often found impossible to lower the majority of the lifeboats, as they would fall to reach the water.

Seaplanes Fold Their Wings. Owing to the large number of sea-

planes employed by the entente naval forces in the present war, especially in the waters of the near East, the British and French aircraft designers have developed a special type of hydroplane provided with folding wings, notes the Scientific American. This feature results in a great saving of space on board a warship or special mother ship when a large number of seaplanes are carried. The wings are "I thought I was going to let you hinged to the fuselage so that they can be swung back when the craft is to be stored away, yet the seaplane can be made ready and equipped for sustained service in the space of a few minutes sistants. Analyzing Waters.

by means of the spectroscope, as shown by M. Jacques Bardet, and this is likely to prove one of the best methof light through the water to be analyzed and thence through the specknife. "You have always thought me troscope prism, in order to permit of examining the spectrum, this method revealing very minute traces of metals. He finds the most varied metals wanted love and marriage more than in different samples of mineral water, I. A man did want me to marry him and even the rarest metals, such as germanium and gallium, which are very rarely found in nature.

Mineral waters are easily analyzed

Might Feel Badly. Mrs. Flatbush-See how that hen holds up its head?

Mrs. Bensonhurst-Don't speak so "I stopped hoping, you see, and loud; it will hear you. It doesn't tried to forget all about it. And, in know we are boycotting its product.

> Also Substitute for Thirst. Can't our scientists find some pubstitute for an appetite?-Baltimere

Of Chile's 187,000,000 acres of land

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL

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LESSON FOR JUNE 24

THE PURPOSE OF JOHN'S GOSPEL (REVIEW-READ JOHN 21:15-25.)

REVIEW-Read John 21:15-25. GOLDEN TEXT-These are written, that you might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believ lag ye might have life through his name. -John 20:31.

There are a variety of methods to be followed in reviewing the work of the past six months and to give variety. Teachers of classes, or superintendents of schools, may select one or combine several, as their judgment dictates. Of course, the easiest way is to procure a good speaker who is familiar with the Gospel of John and the lessons of the past quarter, and let him bring out in the review its most outstanding and salient features.

One method would be to have oneminute talks either by members of the class or persons selected from the school. Each of twelve scholars could be assigned one minute, each to have one of the lessons of the past quar-Another good way would be to take

the outstanding and significant verses from the lessons of the quarter, not the golden text, but verses which seem to emphasize the outstanding features of the six months' work. "Behold the Lamb of God," (Ch. 1:36): "Ye must be born again," (3:7); "Come see a man which told me all things that ever I dld; is not this the Christ?" (4:29): "Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation but is passed from death unto life," (5: 24). "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work; "I am the light of the world; "He is of age, let him speak for himself; "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I can see." Thus go on through the Gospel and take the significant texts in this way. It will not do to take too many texts or go over too many verses, or perhaps cover all of each verse.

Another method of review would be, particularly in the adult classes, to have each lesson with its present-day emphasis. For instance, the past quarter: Lesson 1-The Christian in his dealing with blindness. Lesson 2-Modern wonders of healing and medical missions, Lesson 3-The shepherding of church members. Lesson 4 -Do we know how to give? Lesson 5 -Is Christ supreme in our national life? Lesson 6-Ambition and its cure. Lesson 7—The world's good springing is betrayed and denied today. Lesson 11-The uplifting power of the cross. Lesson 12-Why men believe in im-

mortality. A good method of review would be to have someone take up each of the golden texts, announcing it in advance that pupils may be prepared for this method. The teacher would write the texts of the quarter, each on a separate piece of cardboard, and lay them face down on a table; pupils would then draw the golden texts, one at a time, and tell what the lesson is to which this text belongs, giving as full an account of the lesson as possible, the teacher helping out with questions where necessary.

It will be of great value to the pu-

pils if they can get in this review a

clear outline of the main events of Christ's last weeks upon earth, covered particularly by the past quarter. There are forty standing events of the past quarters: (1) The healing of the man born blind; (2) Jesus the good Shepherd; (3) Jesus sending forth the seventy; (4) Jesus in Berea; (5) The raising of Lazarus; (6) The ten lepers healed; (7) Bartimaeus at Jericho; (8) Jesus visits Zaccheus; (9) Jesus anointed by Mary; (10) The fig tree; (11) Triumphal entry; (12) Cleaning the temple; (13) Weeping over Jerusalem; (14) The widow's mite; (15) The Greeks seek Jesus; (16) Preparation for the passover; (17) Washing the disciples' feet; (18) The Lord's supper; (19) The farewell discourse; (20) The farewell prayer; (21) The agony in Gethsemane; (22) Judas betrays Jesus; (23) The arrest of Jesus; (24) Peter denies Jesus; (25) Jesus before Ananias; (26) Jesus before Caiphas; (27) Jesus before the Sanhedrin; (28) The mocking of Jesus; (29) Jesus before Pilate; (30) Jesus before Herod; (31) Pilate condemns Jesus; (32) The sorrowful wait; (33) The crucifixion; (34) The seven last words; (35) Jesus dies; (36) Burial; (37) Resurrection; (38) Appears to Mary; (39) Appearance during the forty days; (40) The ascension. As brought out heretofore, John sets forth the purpose of this Gospel;

namely, that "Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing on him we might have everlasting life, eternal life in his name." (See golden text). Whatever method be the review, we must constantly keep before us the idea to make Jesus as real as if we were with him as his disciples. The word is now dwelling among us "full of grace and truth, giving daily of his fulness and grace for grace." Jesus exhausted the language in giving us comparisons and similies; he is the way, the truth, the life, the bread, the shepherd, the door, the water of life; and in each of these he sets forth some attribute, some manifestation of his life, for he was the way; he himself is the life, the source of life, the life itself; the true life on earth and the eternal life which is to abide forever. The entire review centers about Jesus Christ. A map would be of

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I will have to die as there is me.' She got me one of pa books and my husband said is one bottle. I stopped the medicine and took Lydia E. M Vegetable Compound. It son change in me and now I am and do all my work."-Mrs. in BAUGHMAN, Box 86, Enhant, h Why will women continue

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Sedgwick, in the Atlantic A torpid liver condition professional food assimilation. Tone up go Wright's Indian Vegetable Fiss gently and surely. Adv.

Girls Won't Apre While we cannot wholly plan to impose an extra in elors, we are frank to say, be one for many years, that it is -Topeka Capital.

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When Your Eyes No. Try Murine Eye R