Her Face of Youth. By WILLIAM STANHOPE

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"The Dead sea fruit of ashes, that is all life has meant for me. I wonder"-But here Mrs. Ellery St. John drew herself up with a start. "What!" she thought. "Talking to myself like an old woman! Really I must not be so much alone."

Being alone at all was new to Mrs. St. John. She had always been on the qui vive from her brilliant girlhood through the ten years of her married life and nearly ten of her widowhood, and the restlessness told on her.

Fine lines about the eyes and mouth told of the nerve destroying pace of a modern woman of fashion. Margaret St. John seemed possessed with a spir-it of unrest and had forgotten how to

relax This year she seemed too listless to plan her usual spring trip and was staying in town. But she must be amused. She turned from the desk, where a bundle of old letters had given a melancholy drift to her thoughts, and took up one of the club calendars. Ah, there was miniature day at the Women's club. That looked promis-ing. "An exhibition of old miniatures"

ing. "An exhibition of old miniatures would certainly be amusing. These ob-solete things would afford more tl a passing smile, and there was sure to be good music. Mrs. St. John lis-tened not only with her ears, but with her heart, to a fine volce. The was followed by envious glances as she entered. Her parfect gown

as she entered. Her perfect gown, with the delicate bits of old lace, was worn well. The women of the club thronged about her, each with some special bit of gossip, the ambitious, pushing ones on the edge, glad of a smile or bow that held out hopes for

social advancement. As the president took her place they settled into their seats to listen to the brief program. A brilliant harp, piano



IT WAS TO SIT IN THE DIM TWILIGHT AND LISTEN TO MARGARET SING.

and violin trio, the first number, ended with a flourish. Then, following a few sweet bars on the plano, came a voice so pure, so rich, so clear, that an utter quiet settled on the audience. "O del mio dolce ardor!" sang the girl. A critic might have found flaws in the execution, but it was a voice that sank

into one's heart. Mrs. St. John gave the singer her utmost attention. She had no program —in fact, never cared who these people were who amused her, but some note in that girl's pure voice stirred her strangely like this had called to her heart, but she was not allowed to respond. Her parents were too world-

wise to permit any wandering from prearranged plans. But in her moments of self communn Margaret St. John always heard

"Oh, the picture was father's! It was so beautiful I offered it to the adies for the exhibit. I do not know hose it is." "Tell me of yourself," the worldly

woman said as her gaze searched the Woman said as her gaze searched die face of the girl, whom she had drawn beside her on the divan. "Oh, I have been singing at the clubs this winter—just the smaller ones at first, you know. I was very fortunate to have the opportunity of this after-

"But your childhood," eagerly asked Mrs. St. John-"your father, your mother?" Mrs.

Bit by bit Mrs. St. John got the whole story. Margaret was the daugh-ter of the lover of her youth, Elwood Delaffeld, who had married an Italian woman while studying abroad Both

parents were dead, Margaret told her, and the friends of her father in the American colony in Rome had advised her to come to America, where there were many opportunities to add to her Mrs. St. John said impulsively to

Margaret: "Come home with me, dear. I knew your father very well, and I must know his daughter too." At dinner she watched the girl reflec-tively. Every tone in her voice was

full of memories. Long they talked that evening in Mrs. St. John's luxurious room. "Stay with me, dear. I am a lonely woman. We will see about cultivating that glorious voice." And

she held her in her arms and kissed her good night. her good night. Margaret Delafield went away full of delightful dreams of a rosy future. How could people say Mrs. St. John was cold and haughty? Why, she was

was cold and haughty? Why, she was as sweet and tender as a mother. Far into the night Mrs. St. John mused, looking at the pictured face. So he had kept it all these years, and the girl was called Margaret. She would keep her for her very own, and every act of kindness would be as a recompense for all she had denied her-self. She should have the best may

self. She should have the best mas-ters, but there would be no more sing-ing at the clubs. Margaret was for It was a nine days' wonder. "Just a sudden fancy," said some of her wo-men friends, while others said, "Mrs. St. John looks like a woman who had an interest in life for the first time

since I have known her." She had an interest indeed. It was to sit in the dim twilight and listen to Margaret sing. Then she asked always for the old songs, the songs of her girlhood. when Margaret Delafield's father had called to her heart, but fate forbade her answering.

To the Highest Bidder. Even tobacco buyers have then trou-bles. One of them, who represents a

New York house, met a Connecticut man who had sold his crop. The buy-er was amazed at the price the man said he had received.

"You have been cheated," said he. "You are entitled to more money than that. "Well," replied the farmer, "nothing

has been paid to bind the bargain." "Then I'll give you 5 cents more a pound and a bonus of \$100 for the crop.

"Agreed," exclaimed the farmer, and he received a check for the full amount

'Oh, by the way," observed the buy er, "who was my rival in this transac

He was informed "I might have known it," said he "That man is my partner." New York Press.

Saved by Fireflies.

The gigantic tropical firefles which warm in the forests and canebrakes most of the low lying West Indian lands once proved the salvation of the city of Santo Domingo. A body of tecaneers, headed by the notorious homas Cavendish, had laid all their ans for a descent upon the place, in-

nding to massacre the inhabitants and carry away all the treasure they conveniently could, and had actually put off their boats for that purpose. As they approached the land, however, As they approached the land, however, rowing with multied onrs, they were greatly surprised to see an infinite number of moving lights in the woods which fringed the bayou up which they had to proceed, and, concluding they had to proceed, and, conclusion that the Spaniards knew of their ap-that the Spaniards knew of their ap-

proach, they put about and regained their ship without attempting to land. His Conciliatory Way. Pickaway, although Mr. and Mrs. Pickaway, really fond of each other, had frequent quarrels owing no doubt to infirmities of temper on the part of both. Mr.

Northport's Mystery. By ALEXANDRA DAGMAR

Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press. She came to Northport alone and unannounced, an entire stranger to everybody. She boarded at Mrs. Polk's, and it was thought that when fall came she would go away, as did the few other city dwellers who were able to get summer accommodations in the conservative old town. But when fall came she bought a pretty cottage on a

quiet street. The first thing Mrs. Wrest did after going into the house was to hire Cor-nelia Bangs, partly as a servant, partly as companion. Cornelia was a peculiar old soul, but respectable and a good worker, and the position Mrs. Wrest offered must have been a real godsend. Of course all the ladies in the neigh-

borhood went to call upon the new resident. She received them graciously resident. She received them graciously and served them with tea and cakes made in Cornelia's best style. But she told them nothing that they had comto hear, and they went away with their

with the second chose, but they could find out nothing

Cornelia Bangs, being proverbially close mouthed, was as impenetrable as her mistress. She didn't know. That the answer she made to all

was evident that Mrs. Wrest It meant to live very quietly and cared very little for social doings. Most of her time she passed in reading or playing upon her violin or doing little kindnesses for the sick and needy. Mrs. Wrest attended all the services

of the church, although she had pre-sented no letter for membership. She dressed always very beautifully in black, but she wore no fewelry save a large pearl brooch, which Mrs. Hay



MRS. WREST MOVED A LITTLE AND LIFTED HER EYES.

the lewcler's wife, said was the finest of the kind she had ever seen. No other woman in Northport had such a way of wearing her clothes, of

6

carrying herself, of tilting her chin. And no other woman was as beauti-ful. If she had not been beautifu

there would not have been so much said or thought about her. She had a calm, pale face, surround-ed with dark hair as with a frame. Her eyes also were dark, inscrutable Her

in their depth and stillness. Her mouth drooped a little, but then some mouths are not shaped for constan smiling. It was not a sad mouth, and it was not a happy one. It was just still, like the rest of her face. If she had had a great sorrow she

tain.

Mrs. Wrest had indeed refused him. It was incredible. Peter took it very hard. It was his first experience in hard. It was not not experience in not getting what he wanted. Instead of being grateful to Mrs. Wrest for not accepting him, every unmarried woman was angry with her. It was not long before scarcely a wom-an save Mrs. Howland visited Mrs. Wrest. She was at liberty now to read and play the violin as much as she chose and to sew for all the poor that

needed new garments, all because she had refused Peter Meredith, whom nobody wanted her to have. Why had she done it? There could be only one reason. She had no bust-

ness to marry! She had a husband living from whom she had no divorce! living from whom she had no divice: Though Mrs. Wrest was apparently conscious of the increasing feeling against her, she made no sign. She still attended church regularly, wearing black and sitting alone in her pew, apparently unconscious of all who were so fiercely conscious of her. She was sitting thus one morning perfectly

still, with her small hands folded and her face lifted to the minister. The church was unusually well filled, and Mrs. Wrest's pew was the only one where there were vacant sittings The ushers understood that when there ceased to be room elsewhere strangers might be shown to places beside her,

might be shown to places beside her, and so now, when a man entered the vestibule very late, he was taken at once to Mrs. Wrest's pew. He was a tall man, with a pointed blond beard and blond hair just slight-ly gray, distinguished looking and handsome. Mrs. Wrest moved a little and little her even. Then her face and lifted her eyes. Then her face went suddenly white, and she crumpled forward in a dead faint.

The stranger lifted her up and without noticing any one's interference bore her into the vestibule. Mrs. Howland and a few others rose instantly and

followed after the twain. "This is my wife," the stranger ex-plained tersely. "Is there anything you can do for her?"

She opened her eyes and looked straight into those of her husband, who was holding her as if he would never let go again. "Gordon!" she said and fainted away

again

Next day Mrs. Wrest had ceased to be a mystery, for Mrs. Howland told all she knew, and she knew a great deal. She had heard the whole story from Editha, while her husband sa by ready to affirm every word. Gordon Wrest was the heir of an old uncle who had once been in love with Editha's mother. Not feeling able in justice to provide for Editha as he wished, he left his money to Gordon, only on the condition that he marry her. So Gordon carried out the old man's wishes and became possessed both of Editha and the fortune.

All went well till Editha found out the condition of the will, and of course she immediately thought that Gordon had married her for the money's sake alone. She was young and foolish and passionate, and without stopping to ask her husband a question or reason with herself sie gathered up what was hers and fied. She thought she would seek out some little place, make herself a home and settle down to a life of seclusion and

ood deeds. Her husband had found her by the merest chance. "I have spent three years of my life looking for you," he said. "When a wreck delayed me here for a few hours and I decided to go to church I had no idea of the con-sequences. It seems as if a kindly fate must have led me to your very side. Editha, if our long separation has accomplished nothing more it must at least prove to you that I love you

"And the future," Mrs. Wrest said, looking up into his face with such a smile as her face had never before been seen to wear, "must prove that-I love you.

AN EXCITING RIDE.

Galloping Over a Rough Mountain Road in the Andes. In going over one of the mountain

roads on the way to the crest of the Andes the traveler has need of steady nerves. A passage in "The Andean Land," by C. S. Osborn, describes the

journey. The road is narrow and rocky and rutty and steep, with no walls to speak of except tumbledown ones that increase the danger by their false suggestion of safety, and in one place the wagon would fail 2,000 feet if it should roll off the edge of the moun-

Cupid and Conversation. By SUSAN H. MORLEY. Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

Mrs. Naughton came out of the par

or and shut the door carefully behind "It's too cold for you to set in there

tonight," she said. "My, you can't see out of the windows! There's no sense In freezing this room to let the heat go in there. She knelt down before the battered

sheet iron stove and ran the poker vig orously through the redhot coals with in. "You can set in here tonight, Dena," she went on. "For myself I prefer this room any day to the par-

Dena listlessly swept up the ashes and did other trivial things, as her mother directed. The room had the shabby, much used look which no amount of care could transform into cheer or even homeliness.

Dena felt it anew each time she re-turned to it after her absence as a dis-trict schoolteacher. If she could have bought a new carpet and a chair or two and a stove with isinglass and nickel she might have made it look to her liking, but her mother would not

allow it Beauty in Mrs. Naughton's eyes was of trivial consequence indeed, although there were times when she regretted volubly her daughter's apparent lack

Mrs. Naughton unfolded her skirt and smoothed out an imaginary crease "You better set the teakettle on. Dena And stir up the kitchen fire. It han't quite supper hour yet, but I like to have everything ready in time." Dena hurried from the room. There

were tears in her eyes, and her face looked flushed and wistful. What was the use of it all? she thought bitterly

as she filled the teakettle. Had she not dressed obedient to her other's bidding these four Saturday



nights in succession in the foolish hope that he might come? She set the tea kettle on, stirred the fire and went up

stairs. In the second drawer of the bureau lay the pink albatross waist folded in white tissue paper and sprinkled with rose leaves gathered the summer be-fore from the La France rosebush that

stee in the yard. She had worn it four times values and twice not in valm—those two pre-cious evenings when he had really come. She would not put it on tonight no matter what her mother said. She could not bear to sit another evening in it waiting and listening to every footfall with hope and longing and ul

Nick in an embarrassment of silence EATING OF GRAIN she been permitted. she been permitted. Never had her mother been so volu-ble with that destructive volubility which wearies and sickens. At inter-vals she glanced at Nick's puzzled. amused face and clasped her hands

BY MANKIND

High Priced Food Remedy Urged

by a Scientist.

DIFFERENT RATION FOR CATTLE

Dr. H. P. Armsby Believes In Cutting Animals Down to a Coarse Fodder

That Human Beings Cannot Assimi-late-Declare We Would Save on Big.

Dr. Henry Prentice Armsby of State

out a new ration for the animals. And yet that idea when worked out means that millions of bushels of grain that now go into the nation's animal food, and dairy products will be directly available for human consumption and that we will have the beef and the butter and the cheese as well. As Dr. Armsby casually tells it:

utilize our grain crops for man's con-sumption entirely and feed cattle on coarse fodders not palatable to human-beings. Animal food and dairy prod-ucts make up 45 per cent of the food consumed by the people of the United

States. By using a cheaper ration for animals we will get that 45 per cent of our daily food cheaper and thereby

relieve in a measure the ordinary wage

All very plausible, all simple enough to hear it told, but a program that

has not been worked out in its details -a program that Dr. Armsby has, however, advanced further than per-haps any other scientist.

Steer In a Calorimeter. Steer In a Calorimeter. The experiment is centered around a calorimeter and a steer. The steer is just a steer. The calorimeter suggests in appearance a huge refrigerator. The

box consists of an inner chamber of sheet copper that can be tightly closed. sheet copper that can be upinty costant surrounded by two wooden walls, leav-ing a dead air space of about four inches between. It is in the closed in-ner chamber, lighted by plate ghas

windows and supplied by a cons current of pure air, that the State

lege steer, which may become historic

lives. The temperature of the chamber can-be regulated to the hundredth part of

a degree. Every physical change with-in it can be weighed down to the hun-

dredth part of an ounce. The amounts of food energy given off in heat 19 measured, the amount of food energy

used for mere physical upkeep is measured, and the rate of growth is meas-ured. The experiments show exactly

ing the surrounding atmosphere

A Saving of Millions of Dollars.

The practical man, however, is inter-ested in results, not mechanism. What

do all these experiments amount to?

Where do they lead? They lead to an era of cheaper production, says Dr.

Armsby. They amount to this: What. Dr. Armsby can do others can do after

him, and already the State College experiments have laid the basis for an

economy in animal rations that if an

"As the density of population and

earner of his fight to feed his family.

Percentage of Food.

amused face and clasped her hands harder to keep from crying out. All that week her mother discussed her prospects and gave the advice her own experiences warranted. Once Dena cried in agony, "But can't you see that he may not even think of marrying me?" and fell thereafter into tearful subset. silence.

slience. But the following Saturday evening he came again, and again Mrs. Naugh-ton sat in the room and talked every minute. Nick and Dena parted with-out basing and he again mode, it out having said half a dozen words to

each other. But this time Nick looked neither puzzled nor amused. His eyes nar-rowed speculatively as he watched

Mrs. Naughton. When at last he went away Dena knew to a certainty that he would never come again. But each Saturday College, Pa., who is a great expert in animal nutrition, says we waste too much good food on our animals and evening her mother made her take up that we should use grain ourselves and grow coarse fodder for our ani-mais. By so doing we would save largely on 45 per cent of our daily to dress and sit and wait. Tonight she would not-she would

not. For once in her life she would food, and that ought to have a lot of effect on high prices. The Armsby program is simple enough. It amounts to little more than this: That the time has come for assert independence.

"Now run up and get ready," her mother commanded as they rose from the table. "I'll do the dishes." Dena turned and faced her desperate. the American people to begin eating the food that they have been throwing to the steers and the hogs and work out a new ration for the animals. And

"You ain't? Do you want him to

see you in your common clothes?" "He won't see me." "What do you mean? What ails you?" Mrs. Naughton was astonished.

Dena turned wearly away. "I mean hat he won't come again-ever," she said and escaped upstairs to her room Mrs. Naughton looked after her, her restless eyes steady enough for once and her restless tongue still.

butter and the cheese as well. As Dr. Armsby casually tells it: "You see, we are already confronted with a food problem, and one of the potent factors toward its solution is Dena heard her moving about; the dishes ratiled violently. Presently she called from the foot of the stairs: "I'm going out for a spell." Dena was lying on her bed crying now unrestrainedly. She lifted her to ascertain a more economic ration for cattle. We must learn how to ob-tain animal food and dairy products

by feeding cattle on a ration that contains nothing that can be assimilated by human beings-that is, we must utilize our grain crops for man's conhead and managed to ask:

"Where?" "Over to Mis' Henderson's."

Dena's head went down with a roan. She knew that her mother would drag her poor little secret forth ad diseaset it and dissect it mercilessly before the hungry eyes of the old gossip who was almost her only friend. The outer door opened, closed, and then all was still. Dena cried until she could cry no longer. The doorbell jangled, and she spran

off the bed, polished her cheeks hur riedly with her damp handkerchief and ran downstairs. Her hands tremble as she opened the door, too dazed to realize who was waiting to enter. "Good evening, Dena," said a pleas ant volce. "May I come in?" ant volce. "May I come in?" He put her aside gently, entered and closed the door himself. Dena stoor motionless with surprise and joy. "Aren't you glad to see me? Diby you think I was never coming again?"

He took her hands and looked down a her tenderly. Then Dena's voice came

"Yes, I did think so. And I didn' blame you, for I understood. Gh

He took her into his arms. "But i

found, dear, that nothing on ear was a sufficiently big obstacle to kee

he from loving you and wanting and seeing you again to tell you so. I I come back in a month for you, ca you, will you be ready to go with me? "Oh, Dick!" Dena cried, and her si

weeks of trouble and doubt and despai melted from her like a garment snow in this new sunshine.

Koenit was a member of a gang of

Apaches, the murderous Parislan hoo-ligans. Another member of the gang, Colney, had been denounced to the po-

lice by a woman named Sarah Baron-maer. A court of Colney's associates had tried the woman in her absence condemned her and by lot had chosen

Camille Koem .o carry out their sen

"Make up your mind you have to

and she looked up at him.

Paris.

life

Paris Letter.

that voice call to her out of the si- Pickaway was telling his troubles to lence. Now it seemed to her almost as if this secret of her heart was being proclaimed to all the world.

proclaimed to all the world. She looked eagerly at this girl whose wolce charmed them, a stender figure in a black gauze gown, dark eyed and foreign looking. "O del mio dolce ar-der" field, into a faint winner and foreign looking. faded into a faint minor, and Mrs. St. John roused herself at the

sound of soft clapping of gloved hands. She did not applaud. Another number or two of instrumental music followed, then a soft hum of conversation everywhere the teacups were handed about. ? St. John moved with the rest toward

the ministure exhibit. Delighted little peals of laughter told of the öddities in these old pictures of the past that Companion. the wave of fashion had left stranded.

Mrs. St. John glanced over them in her bored way. Really, except for that solo, it was scarcely worth the trouble of coming, she thought. Then face to face, her youth her. It was her own pic-looked at the card. "Lent suddenly, face looked at her. She looked at the card. "Who is Margaret Delafield," she read. said aloud.

"Why, our sweet singer, Mrs. St. John. Hasn't she a suppr voice?" an-swered the president. Mrs. St. John-

put out her hand. "Where is sheh Take me to her "

The president slipped her arm around her, for she looked as if she would faint, and turned to the door of the antercom. "Here, dear," she said; "I will send her to you," and asked one of the ladies to see that Miss Delafield came to thera at once.

When the door opened and the young girl entered the president left them. Mrs. St. John reached out her hands

to this girl. "Where did you get that old miniature?" asked she. "It is so interesting. Whose picture is it?"

his elderly maiden aunt. "I try to be as good a husband to Bertha as I know how to be," he said, "but we don't seem to get along. It takes so little to irritate her, and when she starts to scolding she never knows when to stop. She takes offense, too, at such little things."

"Then don't say those little things, Joshua," said his aunt. "When she cross you must try to be concilia-

"I am conciliatory, Aunt Betty," he answered. "I often say to her, 'Ber-tha, I know the utter uselessness of trying to reason with you, but will you listen to me just a minute?' and she gets mad even at that."-Youth's

tory.

Odd Mcde of Naval Warfare. Leroy Tobey of Penn Yan, N. Y., has a new scheme of naval warfare. He has written a long letter to the navy department at Washington in which he offers it to the government. He proposes that battleships be equipped with a large supply of fenceposts and barbed wire. When the enemy's vessels come within range pay out the wire and posts in such a way as

to encircle the enemy's vessels. The wire will get tangled in the enemy's propeller, and then it will be easy enough for the American naval commanders to lay slege to the disabled ship or fleet until hunger and thirst force it to capitulate. Mr. Tobey was

d that the department could not adopt this new method of warfare.

His Stroke of State. She—I'll wager you have told lots of ther girls that you loved them. He— Well, if such has been my misguided career it is now in your hands to put a stop to it.

Without foresight judgment fails by Its own weight -Horace

hid it skillfully or else she had no heart. There were a great many won-en who thought she had no heart. That is often the first accusation brought against a beautiful woman by others who are not so beautiful She had lived in Northport two years when something happened. Peter Meredith fell in love with her. Of course there might have been other men than Peter in love with her and probably were, but Peter was the only one that advertised his regard boldly

advertised his regard boldly. All the young unmarried women were simply dying for Peter. In the first place he was rich, and in the next his good looks would have made him eligible without the addition of money His married sister took him to task as soon as she suspected his infatua-tion. She had kept him from marrying a good many years, because she wanted the money for the small Pe-ter, her, son, and she did not intend to outwitted now by a woman who had nothing but her handsome face to recommend her. "You don't know anything about

she urged. her,'

"I don't ask to know anything that he does not choose to tell me. I love she does not choose to tell me. I love her well enough to trust her." Peter

"Good heavens! She may be an ad-

venturess!" cried his sister, losing her

Then Peter lost his and declared that Then Feter lost his and declared that he was going straight to Mrs. Wreet to ask her to marry him. He went, Mrs. Howland, who lived opposite, saw him go to the door, saw Cornella Bangs admit him and take him into the parlor. Then she flew for the spy-glass which had belonged to her father, an old sea captain. But the spyglass was, after all, very inadequate what was said, though she drew her own conclusions when Peter came forth, dejected.

round, easy curves as it takes its way up the titanic heights, but rather it sigzags like the teeth of a saw, ascending in short stretches and doubling back at sharply acute angles, leaving very little room for a team and wagon to turn in when driven slowly and

carefully and two abreast. Now, imagine, if you can, the horses driven madly in a gallop, no trot-that would be slow-but in quick, short, jerky jumps, such as the mustang-like animals would make under the saddle when pressed.

The short, high coach follows the cavorting horses, jerking, careening and springing like a small boat sall-ing in a wildly choppy sea. You perceive that the wheels are strong and the springs, too, and the whole rig evidently intended for charlot racing The driver groans, yells, whistles shrilly, cracks his thick rawhide whip, lashes his horses and does everything he knows that will inspire fear and induce speed. All this you become ac-customed to in a measure on your dash up the narrow road dug into and blown out of the giant ribs of the tow ering mountains.

Move to Abolish Tips. Waiters, porters, bellboys, barbers and others will lie in wait for Representative Murphy of Missouri, who has introduced a bill in the house to make tipping in the District of Columbia an Introdu offense punishable by fines varying from \$5 to \$50. Mr. Murphy expects to receive cold soup and poor service at the hands of any waiter who recognizes him and looks forward to suffer ing under the shears of barbers. He will also carry his own suit case on trains if the porters know him. His bill provides that the person who gives a tip shall be guilty equally with the person who accepts it. Representative Murphy believes that the cost of living would be materially reduced if his bill should become a law.

timate despair. A sob burst from her, and she flur berself upon the bed, with her hands over her face. But she did not cry. She dared not. It would not do for her mother to see her tears or to suspect that she cared poignantly.

Why could not her mother see that he would not come again and cease torturing her with expectations? Her little first romance was over almost before it had begun, and in her heart she knew what had ended it. It shamed her to think of it; but, aft-

er all, she could not blame him. And she could not blame her mother either, foolishly ignorant of the ruin she had wrought.

Dena was twenty-four years old, and she had never had a lover. For six years she had taught steadly without anything happening, and she was growing very three when he came. He was the son of the people with whom she boarded, and he had been away a long time.

Dena liked him instinctively. She Dena liked him instituctively. She had never seen any one she liked so well-so strong and thoronghly self reliant he looked in the week that was left to her before her school closed. They became good friends, and he told her when she went away that he world come to see her would come to see her. The doctor told Dena when she went

ome that she must rest for the re mainder of the winter. Her mothe grunbled openly. She did not like to see the girl idle, but she became recon-clied to it when she discovered that Dena had an admirer.

It was her belief that every girl should marry before she was twenty-five, and in Dena's case there was litthe time to lose. She set about hurry

ing up this possible match. The first evening Nick came it was she and not Dena who entertained him. Her nimble tongue scarcely paused. She gave him Dena's exact history from her first tooth to that day. Dena sat by and heard with

wretched woman summoned up cour says Dr. Armsby, "the stock feeder is age to leave the place. She was hardly constrained to use the cheaper byin the street before Koenit sprang upon her with an open knife and the economic viewpoint, then, it is struck her to the heart.

A Dismal World.

should look so dismal. What is it! Have you heard bad news from

"No, no: it isn't that. I'll try to

"Well, if you must know, I've just heard that the Snobleighs next door

struck her to the heart. Koenit was arrested, but owing to our national wealth represented by

A Parisian Tragedy. "I am here to kill you for denouncing Colney!" The speaker was a may named Koenit and the scene a small. I to produce meat or milk or work and the formation of the food energy of the scene a small.

die," continued the man callously. "I economy in animal rations that if ap-give your a quarter of an hour to settle piled throughout the nation would your affairs." With these words he

Some twenty minutes later the the demand for breadstuffs increase

rate cafe in a mean street in how much is simply used up in heat-

the foolish leniency of French criminal these inedible products should be util-law escaped with penal servitude for ized to the best advantage, yielding a more liberal supply of food to

This story reads like cheap fiction. sumer.

it is, however, an absolute fact, and any one acquainted with criminal life meter is showing us how to conserve any one acquainted with criminal life meter is showing us how to conserve in Paris and other great cities knows our grain to feed the men, women and well that organized crime never fails to take terrible vengennee on those who betray their fellow criminals.-Paris Letter. and substituting in its stead present fodder crops, new fodder crops and more grain byproducts."

"Why are you sad, my dear? You ought to be supremely happy. Here, I've just inherited a fortune, and ev-erything looks rosy. I can't under-SOMETHING erything looks rosy. I can't under-stand why at such a time as this you

A Reliable

TIN SHOP

throw it off. I suppose I'm foolish not to be thoroughly happy. Let us not mention the matter again." "But I insist on knowing what it is that so depresses you. If it's anything that I can belp I shall"-Fer all kind of Tin Roofing: Spouting and General Job Work,

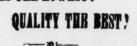
> Stoyes, Heaters, Ranges, Fumaces, etc.

are going to move away, so she'll not be bere to feel jealous of me when we begin to put on style after you get your money."--Chicago Record-Heraid. PRICES THE LOWEST!

Streets of Rubber

A new process for paving streets with vulcanized rubber has recently been invented by a Brazilian and promises to revolutionize the rubber trade in that country. Vulcanin, as the compound is called, is a mixture of crushed stone or coarse sand with a vulcanizing medium, the composi-tion of the latter being a secret of the

manufacturers.



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