-Lurana W. Sheldon, in the New York Times

The Madness of Pierrette.

By May Isabel Fisk.

Pierrette fidgeted about for some moments, and then arose from the with her chin in her upturned palms. cloud upon which she had been seated. "Now that—that is real life," she "What's the trouble, little one?" muttered to herself, "and this is mere

stretching himself lazily. watched the tiny black dots darting I know how. I wonder if I dare-" hither and you like so many ants on

some moments and then approached forging into one great blur all the her. Gently he put his arm across her countless twinkling lights. Suddenly shoulders, but with an alien impa- she let herself go and began to sliptience Pierrette jerked away.

"Why, sweetheart!" exclaimed Pier

"Oh, I'm tired of everything," said Pierrette sullenly, and became engrossed in watching the mortals be-"Yes, I am," she continued, turning upon Pierrot with a sudden mighty roar, and what had looked like fierceness. "You needn't look so hurt and surprised; it won't make the least above became smoke discolored housdifference. I tell you I'm tired of everything-"

"Hush!" responded Pierrot quietly "you don't know what you are saying." He tried to take her hands, but again she pulled away.

He drew her, still resisting, to a low cloud and forced her to sit beside him. "Now tell me all about it. What's upset you so?"

Pierrette tried ineffectually to rise "Let me go," she whispered; "I hate sitting on these damp old clouds." Pierrot instantly loosened his hold, but he arose with her and followed to spread beneath.

"They're all real down there. I'm real here, we make believe all the time. I tell you I can't stand it any longer. I want real things, real people, real emotion, real everything. She ceased abruptly; but Pierrot stood motionless and silent at her side. Presently she resumed:

"Down where they're busy and gay and have such jolly times. I've often seen them-the women in such lovely frocks going to dinners and receptions and theatres, and such splendid men in their beautiful straight black clothes and the nicest white shirts and monocles. I've often watched out here at night when you've thought I was safe in bed. I've looked into where all those little pin spots of light come They're restaurants and hotels, and it's all bright and beautiful, and the most extraordinary and delightful things to eat, and the men whisper the welfest things to the women and the women smile and look happy over it; and up here it's all dark and dull and stupid-no pretty electric light, nothing but these stupid old stars and that freaky and irresponsible moon. It's all make believe, and I hate it-hate She broke off and buried her face in her hands, while her body was shaken with soundless sobs.

Pierrot sighed deeply, and took the little, still resisting figure in his arms and caressed the soft rings of hair nestling on the head that reached just as high as his heart.

"I was afraid it would come some day," he whispered. "You won't take my word for it that here only are you safe and happy. Yes, happy," he repeated, in response to a violent wriggle of protest from Pierrette. "All the beautiful things you have seen have been but the outer signs-you have not looked into the hearts and known as I have. That is because you are young and have not known what suffering is yet. And I had hoped, dear heart, to keep it all from you, perhaps forever."

"I not know suffering!" indignantly broke in Pierrette. "Did I not lose that shining gold-and-silver ball you gave me, and did not that lemon ice u made from the first winter's snow dve me most frightful distress? Don't tell me I have not experienced suffering both mental and physical-of the worst kind. And I don't want any more long, lugubrious lectures about being content with what we have up here and no crying after the unattainable, and all that rubbish. The unattainable' is just what I wantand, moreover, intend to have-so you needn't say any more about it or try to make me sorry, because I shan't be, no matter what you say or look, so

Again Pierrot sighed deeply, drawing away, stood silent with folded arms and eyes very grave. He regarded with deepest concern Pierrette's ushed and angry countenance. He knew it would be useless to argue or entreat or be harsh. He could only wait and watch the outcome.

As dusk drew on the deepening tur-noise of sky and dimming disk of setig sun made each cloud look porten and lowering.

Pierrette sat apart and brooded, "Now that-that is real life," she

inquired Pierrot with a yawn and ly dulness and stagnation personified. I'm glad I was beastly to Pierrot, and tain diffidence that sat upon him with Pierrette did not reply but walked I'm glad I've found I've a horrid tem- an unaccustomed air. restlessly about, and finally, leaning per, and I'm glad I'm just as hateful over the rim of a near-by cloud, gazed as I am, and I'm going to be as much hungrily down to the earth below and worse as I can-just as wicked as ever

She arose and timidly climbed out an anthill, but apparently without so on a further jutting bank of the clouds. much method in what they were about. She looked down. A gray haze was Pierrot regarded her intently for ushering in the coming night and slip.

And then she found herself floating slowly and gently, downward. Larger and more distinct grew the great stars below, until they finally resolved rette carefully within it and themselves into broad belts of illumi-Through the crowded streets

rushed huge, mysterious vehicles, pro pelled by no visible means, each guided by a wild and soiled looking person on the front seat. The whole affair left a frightful odor in its wake. Swarms of mortals filled the roof and inside and were constantly making their way up and down the narrow stairway.

Pierrette chose one of the most bril liantly lighted thoroughfares in which to alight. Her feet first touched the earth directly in front of one of the great show windows, through whose where she leaned over and stared with transparent protection she gazed in growing fascination at the panorama rapture at the dazzling array of feminine apparel. It must be from a place like this that those gorgeous costumes tired of all this pretending. Nothing's worn by the women she had watched great eyes filled with tears. were taken. She fairly gloated over the display of soft silks and shining gowns. Ah! if she could just for once don one of those exquisite frocks.

mating monocles. She paused for a moment in front of one of these houses and as she did so her own cloak slipped from her shoulders to the ground. She stooped to pick it up, when a voice said, "Allow me," and turning, Pierrette looked straight into the eyes of one of the men she had been admiring in the window.

Pierrette smiled sweetly at him. She had no conception of her exquisite ethereal loveliness as she stood full in the flood of illumination from the uncurtained windows.

"May I take you to your carriage or motor, or whatever you have waiting?" inquired the man,

Pierrette laughed outright at this. But I have no motor or anything

waiting." The man drew a step nearer and regarded her more closely. He looked puzzled. "But surely you are not

here alone—and like this?" "Oh, but I am," returned Pierrette

with glee. The man did not respond at once but continued to regard her perplexedly. When he spoke it was with a cer-

"Would-would you care to come and dine with me?" he asked at

"Do you mean in one of those beautiful big hotels, with all the lights and music?" demanded Pierrette, her eyes sparkling with anticipation.

"Why, of course, like." "But I don't know. You choose:

shall be sure to be pleased wherever you take me."

Presently an electric brougham that had been waiting in the shadow, drew up at the curb, and the man put Pierplaced himself beside her. This was nation; a faint hum intensified into a another of those mysterious vehicles that ran without visible means, but strange dun colored beehives from this one had no stairway outside it and it went quietly and with no dreadful odor.

When they were seated at a delightful little flower-laden table in a screened corner and the silentfooted walter had been given the order, the man turned and looked long and earnestly at Pierrette before speaking.

Pierrette blushed and hung her head under the close scrutiny, although she was pleased and greatly excited.

"I want you to understand," he said quietly, "that while I do not know just what it means I do comprehend there is something unusual about all this. You may tell me or you may not-it doesn't matter. I shall not ask any questions if you do not wish me to. I want you to feel-" He paused almost in embarrassment. Pierrette's

"Oh, dear!" she cried, "your tone is so severe. I believe you are going to satins and the glittering sequined tell me you don't think you will like

The man stared at her with a sud-

SAVED FOR THE FARM.

By Edgar L. Vincent.

"Joe's got a new camera, Pa. He stopped and showed it to me this morning. It's a dandy, too! He's going to take pictures for the farm papers when he gets it learned. They want all kinds of 'em-cows, horses, hens, trees, and, oh, everything you can

Father straightened some of the kinks out of his back and ilstened to the boy's story of the fine acquisition which had come to the neighbor boy. He knew what the light in the lad's eye meant, too; it was the fire of a wish and a beautiful hope deep down in

But how was that wish to be gratified? Could he get the means to gratify the hope which he knew was in his boy's soul for

a camera just like Joe's? While the boy went on, in his heart something like this was

"Times have been pretty snug for a few years. Not much money above a living. Sometimes a tight nip to make ends meet. I don't see where the money is to come from to get the camera."

Then swiftly came this other thought: Ben's getting a bit uneasy lately. The old farm doesn't have the charms for him it used to have. Wonder——"

Then very quietly the words came from the lips of the hard-

working farmer:

"And my boy would like a camera, too? Is that it?"

"How in the world did you guess, Pa? I never said so, did I?"
Ah, the heart of the true father! How keen it is to know the secrets of the boy he loves! Words never spoken; thoughts never put into language; hopes which live only in dreams, he understands them all. And somehow the money came for the new camera. Just how it was done father and mother alone could tell you. Surely it meant the cutting off of some things which seemed very necessary before, but which love could leave out when the time came for it.

And there were many dollars needed after that. Films, developers, paper, trays-these all cost money; and yet there never was a word of fault found. The apprentice must spoil a lot of material before he gets to be an expert.

But what do all these things amount to as long as through it all father sees the old love for the farm and its scenes coming back and coming more strong than ever? If the links may be more tightly riveted, holding the lad to the old place and giving him a better grip on himself than he ever had before, is it not worth all the sacrifice and the work? Manhood is counted up, not in dollars, but in heart-beats.-Progressive Farmer.

embroidered in silver, and the seagreen shining wrap, with the jewelled

buttons. No one seemed to see or notice her about her the cloak that rendered her and strange meeting." invisible to mortal gaze. She slipped into the shop just as the last attendant was leaving. With trembling hands she tore the shining frock and coat | them. from the window and clad herself in flung her own cloak and then went out again. Whither now?

She ran lightly along the same street, which soon brought her to a cherry."

park on one side and opposite houses Pierre

There—that one with the white tulle, | den amazement, which quickly gave "You are the most beway to a smile. wildering creature I have ever met." He shrugged his shoulders. mind; I shan't try to fathom you yet. and then she remembered she had Here is something to pledge our recent

> Two tiny glasses of a pale amber liquid, in which a bright red cherry bobbed merrily, were placed before

"How pretty!" said Pierrette, and the shimmering mass. Over all she held the miniature goblet to her lips. Wait," said the man, putting out a restraining hand. "Just one sip of that for you; you may have the

Plerrette obediently relinquished the with brilliant lights, in the windows of which sat many of those lovely men in those beautiful black suits with the with a pungent and burning fluid that

white shirts, and many wore the fasci- but her tongue but held an insidious

"Oh! but I like it," she cried. Presently she was gazing with eager attention at the crowd of diners now rapidly filling the room. "How lovely the women all are!" she said softly.

The man raised his eyebrows. "H'm yes-if any of it is real." "What "Real!" echoed Pierrette.

do you mean?"
"Why, even with your evident inexperience you must know that the deep rose of those cheeks, the shadow be neath the eye and the very scarlet lins have all been assisted in their va-

rious colorings." "Really!" exclaimed Pierrette, in disappointment. After a moment, "Then-then I must be very ugly indeed, for I have nothing put on like that.

A sudden flame leaped into the man's eyes as he looked across at the charming face upraised to his.

"You are like a lovely lily in a garden of very perfect artificial flowers." Pierrette's heart beat quite madly. This was like the fascinating things she used to overhear the men saying to the women when she had looked down to earth and listened. And now they were actually being said to her, little Pierrette. She just wished that Pierrot could hear-he wouldn't think she was such a child and so unimportant.

Aloud she said: "Oh, how beautiful! Do say it again; I was so afraid you were not going to tell me lovely things like that, and I did want to hear them so."

Again the flame sprang up in the man's eyes and his voice was a bit unsteady when he spoke.

"I wonder if you are the unsophisticated child you appear to be, dropped from heaven knows where, or is it possible you are a very clever woman of the world?"

Pierrette clapped her hands and laughed and then pouted. "I am not a child," she said in an agrrieved tone, "and I am a very clever woman of the world."

The man threw back his head and gave way to unrestrained mirth.

"Out of your own mouth you are convicted. The woman of the world would have insisted she was a child. What manner of stray nymph or dryae or sprite are you?"

"Why, I'm just Pierrette," replied Pierrette, gravely.

"'Pierrette'; the name suits you wonderfully, so let it be Pierrette if that is your whim; you certainly are not of the earth earthy."

Pierrette was enchanted with all the strange dishes, and when with a loud pop that almost terrified her from a dark green bottle something bub-bled forth that fizzed delightfully, she looked at her host with pleading eyes. "May I have just a little?"

"Yes, but only a very, very little." Pierrette sipped daintily and with great appreciation.

"It is quite, quite perfect. It feels like heavenly sweet little needles pricking my throat. Don't let us have anything more to eat; I much prefer this beautiful drink."

The man was greatly amused, but promptly denied the request. After a time he asked her very gently, "Would you care to tell me anything about yourself? Not that I want to pry," he added quickly, "but I am greatly interested. Do just as you feel about it."

Pierrette crumbled a bit of bread and looked thoughtfully at her vis-avis. She hesitated prettily before re-

'Well," she began slowly, "I-I have just come-and-and I shan't stay very long-and-and-I'm quite alone and I want a perfectly heavenly time. No," she corrected, "I want a nice earthy time. That's it-real and things-and-and you are not saying to me all the lovely things I had hoped you were going to. Perhaps I am very dull-or something."

The man had listened to this recital with varying emotions. Then he leaned across the table and covered the small fingers lying there with his own.

"Don't," he said sternly. "Don't, child or not, you must not say such things; you don't know what you are He pushed her hand away a doing." trifle roughly.

Pierrette shrank back in her chair, hurt and afraid. Her eyes filled with

"I'm so sorry if I have offended you," she said brokenly. "You are so beautiful in your straight black clothes and that white shirt and the little eyeglass; and I had hoped you were going to like me so much and tell me such fascianting things. I'm disappointed, that's all.

There, there, little Pierrette, I did not mean to wound you-inexplicable whimsy that you are. I don't understand at all, so I shan't try. Lift up your head and smile again. We won't think for the moment. We will just be happy and pretend—"

"No, no!" interrupted Pierrette, shaking her head vigorously, "that's exactly what I don't want! everything must be real-real," With sudden suspicion, "Were you only pretending when you said I was much nicer to look at than those other ladies with stuff on their faces?"

"I certainly do mean you are the very lovellest thin, I have ever looked upon; there is a mysterious ethereal something about you I cannot fathom which puts you in a place quite by I don't at all understand; yourself. you are stirring elements in me I never knew I possessed-stald, settled man of the world as I am, you have completely bewildered me. very much to tell you something."

"Yes, yes," encouraged Pierrette, breathlessly. "Well?" "That I love you," he whispered, and under the cover of the kindly flowers reached across the table again and imprisoned the small fingers ly-

Oh!" exclaimed Pierrette, "how perfectly delightful! I have little tingles down to my finger tips-the ones you are squeezing and the others and I feel all bubbly near my heart, just like that liquid in your glass. And is that what all the other men are saying to the ladies here that makes them smile

and look so pleased?" Once more, after a puzzled look, the man gave vent to prolonged laughter. "I give it up," he said at last. only know you are the most entranc ing and bailling bit of femininity l have ever encountered in my varied career."

Later as they were sipping their coffee the man inquired, "What would you like to do now? It's rather late for the theatre; would you care to

look in at a ball?" Pierette considered and pursed her

pretty mouth in the effort. "I think I should like to ride in the carriage you brought me in; that didn't make a noise or smell horribly. May we?"

"Certainly; anything you like." Soon they were dashing through brilliantly lighted and thronged thoroughfares to plunge suddenly into a still and silent street lined with dignified and solemn houses. Then again the glare and noise and movement. After a time Pierrette said, "And now would like intense quiet and peace and green trees and gardens."

Obedient to her whim the motor was whirled about, and ere long they were rolling smoothly into fresher, sweeter air and along silent roads. Above a young spring moon made shadows of swaving branch and leaf. Pierrette sank back against the cushions with a sigh of supreme content.

"What a glorious night!" said the man, looking up at the stars.

"Don't," murmured Pierrette ner vously. "Pierrot might"-"What did you say?" inquired man.

"Oh, nothing." She shivered a lit The man reached for her own cloak lying on the opposite seat, but Pierrette stopped him. "No, no, I'm not cold yet."

Presently she found one of her gloveless hands nesting contentedly in that of the man. She liked the warm human clasp. She was very well satisfied and leaned a little nearer to

"And this is really real, isn't it?" she whispered.

"It seems to me more like a dream than anything I have ever experienced," said the man quietly. Very tenderly he put an arm about her and drew her to him. She did not resist, but trembled with shyness and a certain sweet delight. She lay against his arm, her heart beating to suffocation, but with an infinitely pleasing palpitation.

In the penumbra of a long line of drooping trees the man bent to her lips. For an instant she yielded to the new, divine madness; she became giddy, then, burning through her brain like a white hot iron searing all else away was the thought, "What would Pierrot say?" She could not tell him this.

She tried to draw away, but the man held her close.

"No, no, sweetheart; I can never let you go. Witch or sprite-whatever you are-you have woven a spell about me that I cannot understand, but I know you can never break. I care not who nor what you are: 1 want you and shall have you and keep you with me forever, though I fight the whole world to get you. Dearest, look at me: let me see your eyes."

Ah! this was real, real. Pierrette struggled frantically to free herself. "You must let me go! You must let me go!" she panted,

Why won't you let me go?" "Because I love you." "No, no; this is not love. I know

now-this isn't real. Real love means sacrifice, subservience of self, and all devotion"- She broke into sobs and fell back quivering. "I'm cold, so cold, and frightened."

The man caught up her cloak and put it carefully about her, and then-Softly but swiftly she floated up in the still night air-and on and on, up and up. The noise and roar of the city's streets gave way to an ineffable silence and coolness; the great belts of Illumination became again tiny points of light. Sweet and fresh the rarefied night air fanned her hot cheeks.

With a little cry of joy and relief she slipped upon a low hanging cloud and began to scramble up its side. There, in the half-light was some one standing, who now came to her with outstretched arms.

"Pierrette!" "Pierrot!" And she was sobbing on his breast and clinging to him with frantic clutch. "Never, never let me

go again; I found all the real things down there were only pretence while all we pretend here is really real."-The Tatler.

Baton Came Into Use.

When was the musical baton first used in this country? Present musical festivals have provoked query. It was surely at the Philharmonic concerts in 1820, when Spohi used it, to the great astonishment of the audience. It was not until 10 or 12 years later, however, that the baton came into general use. A German conductor who wielded it pro duced such worderful results with his orchestra that it was thought there must be some magic power in the baton, and it consequently be came popular with conductors all over the country. Before the advent of the baton time was kept by the first violinist or by the planist .-London Chronicle.

MUNYON'S EMINENT DOCTORS AT YOUR SERVICE PREE.

Not a Penny to Pay For the Fulless Medical Examination.

If you are in doubt as to the cause of your disease mail us a postal requesting a medical examination blank, which you will fill out and return to us. Our doctors will carefully diagnose your case, and if you can be cured you will be told so; if you cannot be cured you will be told so. You are not obligated to us in any way; this advice is absolutely free; you are at liberty to take our advice or not as you see fit. Send to-day for a medical examination blank, fill out and return to us as promptly as possible.

and our eminent doctors will diagnose your case thoroughly absolutely free. Munyon's, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Law of the Household.

Would we codify the laws should reign in households, and whose daily transgression annoys and morlifies us, and degrades our household life—we must learn to adorn every day with sacrifices. Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices. Tem-perance, courage, love, are made up of the same jewels. Listen to every prompting of honor.—R. W. Emerson.

BACKACHE IS KIDNEYACHE.

Usually There Are Other Sypmtome to Prove It.

Pain in the back is pain in the kidneys, in most cases, and it points to the need of a special remedy to relieve and cure the congestion or in-flammation of the kidneys that is interfering with their work and causing that pain that makes you say:
"Oh, my back!"

Henry Gullatt, of Greensboro, Ga., says: "Two years ago kidney disease fastened itself on me. I had awful dizzy spells, headache and urinary irregularities. My back was weak and tender. I began using Doan's Kid-

was soon restored to complete good health." Remember the name—Doan's, Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a bot. Fos-ter-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

ney Pills and found quick relief. I

Alaska a Good Investment. It is just a little more than 46 years ince Gen. Grant's administration since Gen. Grant's administration closed a deal by which Russia ceded Alaska to the United States. The price was \$7,000,000, and the Czar took about half the amount in old gun-boats, of which we had a surplus left over from the war. Since then we have taken out of the territory products amounting to about \$227,000,000, or \$8,175,000 per year, a good bit over 100 per cent per annum on As we got little profit during the first 20 years, we are now taking out omething like 200 per cent of original cost. But as Alaska contains a timber supply to last for centurles, if properly taken care of, and coal to last for years to come, the bargain was a good one. The fisher-ies and other wealth producing resources of Alaska may be made sources of Alaska may be made per-petual. Yet a great cry was raised against the government for the purchase, and the General bore most of it.-Los Angeles Times.

Medical Advertising in Japan. In future no licensed medical practitioner will be permitted to advernedical treatment success of such methods. Doctors and dentists connected with hospitals or engaging in general practice will not be allowed to advertise any information beyond that indicating their degrees and specialties. In this respect the ordinance approximates perhaps more to the American idea of what is legitimate, for it is quite common to find in trans-Atlantic journals small rectangular spaces containing the name, address and elephone number of some practitioner, with an indication of the branch or branches of work in which claims to be specialy adept and instructed.-Dundee Advertiser.

A BANKER'S NERVE Broken by Coffee and Restored by Postum.

A banker needs perfect control of the nerves and a clear, quick, accurate brain. A prominent banker of Chattanooga tells how he keeps him self in condition:

"Up to 17 years of age I was not allowed to drink coffee, but as soon as I got out into the world I began to use it and grew very fond of it. For some years I noticed no bad effects from its use, but in time it began to affect me unfavorably. My hands trembled, the muscles of my face twitched, my mental processes seemed slow, and in other ways my system got out of order. These conditions grew so bad at last that I had to give up coffee altogether.

"My attention having been drawn Postum, I began its use on leaving off the coffee, and it gives me pleasure to testify to its value. I find it a dellclous beverage; like it just as well as did coffee, and during the years that I have used Postum I have been free from the distressing sympto that accompanied the use of coffee. The nervousness has entirely disappeared, and I am as steady of hand as a boy of 25, though I am more than 92 years old. I owe all this to Postum." "There's a Reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville,"

in page. Grocers sell. Ever read the above letter? A ne one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of humas