

No Woofing Cows

Samuel Goldstein, age three, North, Illinois' street, recently returned to the circus by his father...

He then called out his last-minute talents and gave what proved to be a realistic interpretation of an angry lion.

Did you hear an animal that said 'Woof! Woof!' 'Woof! Woof!' were wren't any cows there, Samuel.—Indianapolis News.

Public Property "great ponds" of Massachusetts lies of fresh water more than 300 miles in extent. In 1641 the Massachusetts Bay colony decreed that should be open forever to the fisherman.

Simple how do scholars know when a fish child—can't they read the fish as well as the rest of us?

Whisk Brooms new the life of whisk brooms, ends of even, tie a rag around them, holding it straight, and it will sweep for an hour.

Incompatible it made the middle-man's wife (him?) says he's too self-centered.

Is that a countryman feels the sees a brushfire reach a nest.

er still might youth be If it think it simply had to entangle tions somewhere.

advice you give a man has been given him many times

ines, religious or political, need 100 years' mastication.

ould be a wonder if wonders wait for things to turn up; go and turn them up.

NTIPATION RELIEVED Carter's Little Liver Pills

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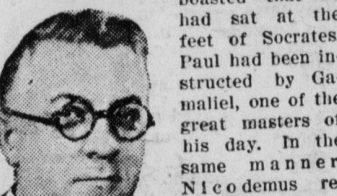
... PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

(Continued From Page Three)

Table listing various businesses and their locations, including restaurants, hotels, and shops across different townships.

Experience, a Great Teacher By REV. W. TAYLOR JOYCE

With pride Aristotle referred to having studied under Plato, and Plato boasted that he had sat at the feet of Socrates.



Rev. W. T. Joyce. He was a great teacher, the greatest teacher who ever taught.

Laban, father-in-law of Jacob, who uttered the words of the text, had also been to school. He had sat under a great teacher—experience.

WORLD CREATION TOLD BY CHINESE

Earth Made by Giant Hatchet-Man Who Hewed Out Universe.

Shanghai.—The Chinese schoolboy has his own idea of the world's creation. To him the huge task was accomplished by a giant who wielded a monstrous hatchet and upon his death became the earth.

The Chinese myth of the creation is narrated by Rev. H. G. C. Hallock, an independent missionary who has been teaching the Biblical version in his Sunday school for Shanghai boys and girls for more than a score of years.

Pan-Ku was this legendary first man, born of two principles, "yang" and "yin." He had two horns and was a short, stubby fellow, but he was endowed with prodigious ability to grow.

Grew Six Feet a Day. So fast did Pan-Ku grow that he added six feet to his stature every day for the first 100 years. With an axe he managed to hew out the universe, but in order to complete his work he had to die.

His head, according to the myth, became the clouds, his breath the winds and clouds, his voice the thunder, his limbs the four quarters of the earth, his blood the rivers, his flesh the soil, his beard the constellations, his skin and hair the herbs and trees.

His teeth, bone and marrow and the metals, rocks and precious stones, his sweat the rain, and "the insects growing over his body became human beings."

Pan-Ku, however, failed to put the sun and moon in their proper places and they went away into the sea and the people were left in darkness. A messenger was sent to ask them to go into the sky and give light. They refused. Pan-Ku was called and said Buddha's direction wrote the character "zeh," sun, in one hand and "yui," moon, in the other. Going to sea, he stretched out his hands and called the sun and moon, repeating a charm devoutly seven times, when they ascended into the sky and gave light day and night.

Eighteen Levels of Hell. In his scheme of things, Pan-Ku made 51 levels, or stories. Of these 23 were for heaven and 18 below the earth were for hell. The heavens were graded for good men and the floors below the earth were for the bad. The Chinese children, the missionary says, are taught that if one is the very best of all he can go to the thirty-third heaven.

Even in 18,000 years the work of creation was incomplete. A cavity was left through which many fell to the bottom. After a long time a woman, Nu-Ku, took a stone and blocked up the hole and so finished his work.

Bluebird Nests in Auto; Owner Surrenders Car Gilmer, Texas.—Out of consideration of the domestic claims of a bluebird to his automobile, William Connor of Gilmer denied himself the use of the car for a few weeks. The automobile had been standing idle in Connor's open garage for several days and when he lifted the hood to look at the engine he discovered a bluebird's nest concealed there. In it were two eggs.

The mother bird hovered around while Connor was making an investigation. She showed such solicitude over the situation that Connor decided to allow the bird the exclusive use of the car until her eggs hatched and the offspring were big enough to leave the nest.

THE BEST NEWS "What's the best news?" said Sir Alfred Lord Tennyson one day to an old lady. "Good news, Sir Alfred Tennyson," said she. "Good news—What news?" said the poet. "God sent His only son into the world to die for us," said she. "The best news this world has ever heard," said Tennyson.

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"But in removing the original bookplate in order to conceal the certificate, he thought she must have torn the former. Hence the need to make a copy, as I had seen her do. Incidentally, grandfather was much vexed that that original should have disappeared, for it was a real Colfax engraving, the only copy he had of his father the doctor's bookplate."

If Mr. Almy hadn't interrupted, I should have had to, I was so bursting with curiosity, and I should have not been able to compel the answer he received.

"One minute, MacVior. How did your grandfather happen to own a Colfax bookplate?"

"Hugh Colfax made it just before his death—it was, in fact, his last work—in gratitude for the doctor's having saved the life of Colfax's son, who was a British naval officer, when he was stricken with yellow fever in South America," answered MacVior, briefly, merely whetting my curiosity; but he had to go on with his story. "But the main thing was that the birth certificate was missing. Grandfather knew Case had it, and Case had gone abroad directly after your mother's death, Julia, and Prof. Royall Harrington, to whom your mother had referred by name—Have you ever heard of him?"

"I think I've seen his name in the paper," said Julia, reflecting. "Well, he is your father's elder brother."

"Yes, your uncle. He had gone to Oxford the previous summer, on a year's leave from the university. Grandfather knew Case must have taken him the book, that your mother must have told Case the secret in it. He knew Harrington would try to trace you, so he sent you away and kept you away all those years."

"And took my name from me, so you might claim all the property?" "Well, partly; not altogether."

"What other reason could there have been?" "Your name was Harrington."

"I don't understand!" MacVior pointed to the certificate. "Your father came from Elliott's Crossing, Virginia. So did the Grosvenor family. There was a feud between those families for decades—"

"Yes; and it started so long ago that even grandfather had only a vague idea of what began it. He thought it was a political duel, around the year eighteen hundred, in which a Grosvenor was killed. Of course his father, a boy at that time, hated the very mention of the name Harrington. Grandfather was a hidebound conservative, you know, knew the family traditions and held to them fast. So when he learned that his daughter had married a Harrington, of all people in the world—"

"Where? How?" interrupted Julia eagerly. "I've never known," confessed MacVior. "He never told me. Maybe he didn't know everything about it himself; it was a secret marriage, of course. But when he learned the main facts about it, I'm sure he resolved to wipe out all traces of it. That was what made him so bitterly determined to recover that bookplate. After Professor Harrington returned from abroad, grandfather made various attempts to regain that book."

"You mean, of course, to steal it?" suggested Mr. Almy. "Harrington never would have sold it."

MacVior nodded. "And five years ago, he nearly got it. The professor's library was stolen—"

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Almy. "A number of rare books were taken, and some of them turned up later in various parts of the smaller cities, though the thief was never traced. You mean to say Mr. Grosvenor instigated that?"

"He did; he hired the thief, but he did not remarkably through job. He took a lot of books besides the one that you examine; and he himself, besides taking his wages! However, that failure started my grandfather collecting Virginia. He knew if he was known as a collector, he would be notified of all the Virginia books that came up on the market. So he went to examine all libraries put up for sale, have the run of second-hand shops. But he certainly was astonished that evening when you read out the title of the very book he wanted. And there was one thing he did not that would identify the book absolutely."

"Not the bookplate?" demanded Mr. Almy. "Something besides that," answered MacVior, and pointed to the spring-panet, which was still in Mr. Almy's hand. "He told me when I went to Richmond, to notice, in addition to the bookplate, whether there were a number of small parallel scratches here and there on and inside that book. He had made them, when a boy, with that old instrument of his father's, he remembered; he had been punished for doing so. I think that was the reason he had the spring-

panet with him that Monday in Darrow's—to compare the scratches that instrument would cut."

Of all the revelations of the afternoon, this was so far the most satisfactory. Hitherto there had been none as to why the spring-panet had been taken to Darrow's. And now MacVior was proceeding directly to the close of his story:

"It was that long strain of the pursuit of that book, and the fear that somehow the copied bookplate would be noticed, and maybe the hidden birth certificate discovered, that broke grandfather down. He was afraid his secret would be revealed; his confidence would never let him forgive your mother or you, Julia. He wouldn't have been here much longer, in any case."

"Oh, why did he treat her so?" cried Julia. "His unhappiness was a judgment on him! Why did she endure his unkindness?"

"She had never disobeyed him except by her marriage, I suppose; she was dependent on him, as her husband had been before you were born. No, I don't know how. His brother, who would doubtless have helped her, was abroad; her health was falling, you had to be thought of. And you know your mother, her sister, never came home here. Her divorce had vexed grandfather very much. So your mother was cut off from practically everybody. But she did get grandfather to promise her, when she was actually dying, that he would have you brought up and educated properly. Julia, he did better by you than by me. You see what I can do today, in his work—"

Charles MacVior gave a laugh so bitter that it was dreadful to hear. For the first time he aroused my sympathy. The one thing he cared for, the Grosvenor estate, for which he had agreed to a shameful silence that had defrauded his cousin for years of her birthright, was to be largely lost to him, after all; and it had taken that loss to show him his own worthlessness. Julia gazed at him sorrowfully. She could not have found in her heart a spark of her old cousinly regard for him; yet her true, womanly loyalty prompted some speech that might yet revive his manhood.

"Listen, Charles," she said gently, at last; "I'll never forget how you went to Darrow's that night, for me. I thought—mistakenly, you know—that you went on your own account, after I told you where the spring-panet was. I shall always be grateful for that, because you did it when you thought I was guilty, and you wanted to help me."

And then, where opposition and anger and severity had only aroused defiance in that cold and mercenary heart, the free forgiveness of that bitterly injured girl, who had sacrificed herself time and again for him, broke it completely. MacVior collapsed, groaning aloud.

"Don't, Julia! don't!" he cried. "I had no idea whatever what had happened to grandfather, but I always knew you must be absolutely innocent. I only wanted to keep you from getting that bookplate; I wanted time to get it myself, for God forgive me! I lied!"

He hid his face. Silence descended on the room. Julia sat motionless, looking at him. She was cleared, vindicated; if she had wished it, fully avenged. But all that anyone could have read on her face was compassion. Presently she rose, went to him, and laid her hand on his head.

And as Mr. Almy and I found ourselves in the hall, we met Peter Burton coming up the stairs. He started to greet us; suddenly I

saw his eyes become fixed on some thing behind me, his hand grasped the banister, his face blanched, the greeting died on his lips. Next instant, however, he had commanded himself. Mr. Almy signed to him, and we all went downstairs and out of the house together.

We turned upstairs. Peter walked along with us in silence, which Mr. Almy presently broke.

"Lots of water has flowed under the bridge since you left on your trip, Burton. Some of the news is good, and some's very bad."

I looked at him in surprise. All the news I had heard seemed to me extremely good. My glance crossed Peter's; he was still very pale. I said:

"Mr. Almy, the fact that Miss Grosvenor is no longer under suspicion ought to counterbalance any bad news, I should think."

"What's happened?" demanded Peter, in a strangely incredulous tone, before Mr. Almy could answer.

"Well, let's have the good news first," agreed Mr. Almy. "That's quite true, Burton: Miss Grosvenor is cleared. But we can't call her that any longer! And as Miss Fulmer is responsible for that fact, she can tell you all about it."

Taking this statement as an order, I then told Peter, as succinctly as possible, all about the discovery of the birth certificate. Still, as full clarity involved a recital of the strange and numerous adventures of Claribew's "Notes" during his absence, the story took some little time. When I had finished, he turned to our companion.

"Do you know anything more than that scamp, MacVior, told?" he demanded.

"Yes," replied Mr. Almy, as if he had received a good opening. "I know where Miss Julia Harrington's parents were married."

Peter and I registered amazement at this unexpected reply.

"I've known only since this morning," continued Mr. Almy. "It was on Almy's island, up in Carroll Bay, where my folks have always been. I might tell you now that my special interest in this Grosvenor case dates from the minute I read the preliminary report of it, and learned that Professor Harrington was one of those in Darrow's last Monday morning. You see, though I never knew him personally, I knew who his brother was."

"You knew who Miles Harrington was?" I exclaimed.

Mr. Almy nodded. "In the village called Carroll Bay, which is on the mainland a few miles up from our island, there's a cenotaph I was serving in the Philippines when it was erected; but when I returned home I learned it had been put up in memory of the younger of two brothers of that name, who had been drowned saving some fishermen in a storm. They were often summer visitors at Carroll Bay; the elder was a professor in a New York college."

He went on; but I couldn't listen. Broken sentences went ringing through my ears, sentences I had forgotten entirely.

"I've had an invitation . . . my summer playground . . . Carroll Bay's the name . . . I stick to the old traditions . . . My brother was highly romantic . . . We're not all well suited to stand the blows of life . . . The icy fingers of premonition grasped me, and I heard Peter's voice saying heavily: 'Not our Professor Harrington!'"

Mr. Almy nodded reluctantly. "He's under arrest." I stopped short in the street in horror.

Life in Middle Ages Miserable for Most

The average expectation of life—tasted fresh meat, and the other half ate meat only once a week. A hole in the roof drained off some of the smoke. The house servants—miserable creatures, earning 30 shillings a year and shoes—went about nearly naked, such garments as they had being utterly filthy, and slept on the vile rush floor at night. Men were old at forty and women even earlier.—J. George Fredericx, in the New Age Illustrated.

Eat Eels for Long Life

Eat eels and live long is the slogan of those in Japan who enjoy the dish and claim that it is nourishing and healthful, although somewhat of a luxury for many poor people. During the recent "eel day" festival many instances of old persons who were fond of the elongated fish were cited. Among these was Kihachiro Okura, who is called an eel epicurean. Another champion of the eel is Matsunosuke Onoye, aged eighty-five, an actor of the Imperial theater, Tokyo.

Personality Vs. Learning

A school teacher died in Indianapolis of whom the Indianapolis News editorially stated that "she was greatly beloved by her pupils." A teacher who is greatly beloved by her pupils is a great teacher, no matter whether she is a very learned person or not.—Topeka Capital.

THE COLFAX BOOKPLATE

By AGNES MILLER

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"He's not the suspect you mentioned to Julia Harrington when you told her she was cleared?"

He nodded again. "Now you see why I put it that way."

"But he's her uncle!" I gasped. "Oh, if this is your bad news, it certainly is very bad!"

"Then she does not know it yet, does she, Almy?" demanded Peter vigorously.

"Not yet. But the evidence against him is very strong. She'll have to know it soon."

"Tell me first what has happened," urged Peter. "What's this evidence? And finish about that marriage on Almy's island. . . . This is terrible!"

"To begin with the evidence," answered Mr. Almy. "All along there was a tiny gap in Harrington's alibi that didn't appear to many observers, and might have been unimportant. There were three or four minutes when he was alone in the aisle, ostensibly looking at books on the table there, that were not accounted for in detail. We started to look him up, and found directly that his birthplace was Elliott's Crossing, and the old Grosvenor homestead; and while the Grosvenor-Harrington feud seemed rather remote as a motive for an attack on Mr. Grosvenor, it was well remembered as very bitter down in that section. So there it was, a factor to be remembered, and there were the proud, conservative characters of those two elderly men."

"An investigator went up to the celebration at Carroll Bay, and there, talking to the older townsfolk about young Miles Harrington, stumbled on a trail which led finally to the unearthly of that secret marriage. The man who performed the ceremony was a who performed the peace in the one little town on Almy's island twenty-odd years ago. He's a miserly old character; I know well who he is. Miles Harrington was spending his vacation alone at Carroll Bay that summer, as his brother had just gone to Oxford; Mary Grosvenor was up there with a party of artists who had come to paint the coast. When they decided to get married, it was easy to sail down the bay to that remote island and bribe the old J. P. to hold his tongue. It was equally easy, a day or two ago to bribe him to loosen it."

"Then we learned that Claribew's 'Notes' had belonged to the professor's library, and had been stolen; that it had turned up again and had been sought by many people, among whom Mr. Grosvenor was included, without doubt, for he and his granddaughter had been engaged in controversy over a book, and that book was the one she was so eager to obtain. That it was certainly of extraordinary interest seemed proved by the presence of the cleverly forged bookplate concealing the key—"

"The key!" I interrupted. "I dug it on that table in the living-room!"

"You'll have to leave it there now," said Mr. Almy; "perhaps that's the best place for it. Well, to cut a long story short, it seemed as if Professor Harrington might be among the persons interested in recovering that book, perhaps the most so, since it was his own possession. He had had opportunity to try to do so last Monday morning. Of the five persons in the shop then suspected of trying to get the book, four were gradually eliminated. Mr. Grosvenor was attacked; MacVior obviously never got a chance at the book; Mr. Case—"

"Case?" interrupted Peter, incredulously. "You never suspected that correct person of assault and robbery?"

"Yes; he was absent from the conference Monday morning, and was seen in the shop just before the clock struck eleven. He finally admitted that he had formerly known Mr. Grosvenor, and he gave indication of a remarkable personal interest in Claribew's 'Notes.' But now he is eliminated. The second click of the spring-panet at ten-fifty sets the time of the attack, and Mr. Case did not leave the conference until ten-fifty-five. By the way, you haven't seen the lanceet, have you, Burton? I brought it along."

"I'd like to," said Peter, receiving the little brass box from Mr. Almy's hand and looking at it with close attention. He worked the flashing knives once, then returned it, as Mr. Almy went on:

"We have to thank Mr. Case at least that Claribew's 'Notes' didn't leave Darrow's. He could have accepted the Juddes offer tentatively in Mr. Darrow's absence, but he turned Miss Wilkes down. Of course, the fourth suspect was Miss Grosvenor, as we then called her, and the one thing that saved her was that though she remained in the shop, there was no way of connecting her with any weapon."

"None," agreed Peter. "So only Harrington remains. Why is he held?"

"He was seen behind the law-book alcove at ten-fifty o'clock last Monday; in fact, on the occasion of that second click of the spring-panet which was also heard by the witness."

(TO BE CONTINUED)