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Cocoa, Chocolate, Chocolate Bonbons

weather is bad, and you will have plenty of fine days later."  
Bower crept nearer. His action suggested stealth. Though the wind was howling under the deep eaves of the hut, he almost whispered. "Yes, you are right—quite right. Let us go now—at once. With you and me, Mr. Spenser, Miss Wynton will be safe—safer than with the guides. They can follow with the stores. Come! There is no time to be lost!"  
The others were so taken aback by his astounding change of front that they were silent for an instant. It was Helen who protested firmly enough.  
"The lightning seems to have given us an attack of nerves," she said. "It would be ridiculous to rush off in that manner."  
"But there is peril—real peril—in delay. I admit it. I was wrong."

BOWER'S anxiety was only too evident. Spenser, regarding him from a single viewpoint, deemed him a coward, and his gorge rose at the thought.  
"Oh, nonsense!" he cried contemptuously. "We shall be two hours on the glacier; so five more minutes won't cut any ice. If you have food and drink in there, Stampa certainly wants both. We all need them. We have to meet that gale all the way. The two hours may become three before we reach the path."

Helen guessed the reason of his disdain. It was unjust; but the moment did not permit of a hint that he was mistaken. To save Bower from further commitment—which, she was convinced, was due entirely to regard for her safety—she went into the hut.

"Stampa," she said, "I am very much obliged to you for taking so much trouble. I suppose we may eat something before we start?"

"Assuredly, *fräulein*," he cried. "Am I not here? Even if it began to snow at once, I could still bring you unharmed to the chalets."

Josef Barth had borne Stampa's reproaches with surly deference; but he refused to be degraded in this fashion—before Karl too, whose tongue wagged so loosely.

"That is the talk of a foolish boy, not of a man!" he cried wrathfully. "Am I not fitted, then, to take *mademoiselle* home after bringing her here?"

"Truly, on a fine day, Josef," was the smiling answer.

"I told monsieur that a gale was blowing up from the south; so did Karl; but he would not harken. *Ma foi!* I am not to blame." Barth, on his dignity, introduced a few words of French picked up from the Chamonix men. He fancied they would awe Stampa and prove incidentally how wide was his own experience.

The old guide only laughed. "A nice pair, you and Karl!" he shouted. "Are the voyageurs in your care or not? You told monsieur, indeed! You ought to have refused to take *mademoiselle*. That would have settled the affair, I fancy."

"But this monsieur knows as much about the mountains as any of us. He might surprise even you, Stampa. He has climbed the Matterhorn from Zermatt and Breuil. He has come down the rock wall on the Col des Nanillons. How is one to argue with such a voyageur on this child's glacier?"

Stampa whistled. "Oh—knows the Matterhorn, does he? What is his name?"

"Bower," said Helen.—"Mr. Mark Bower."

WHAT! Say that again, *fräulein!* Mark Bower? Is that your English way of putting it?

Helen attributed Stampa's low hiss to a tardy recognition of Bower's fame as a mountaineer. Though the hour was noon, the light was feeble. Veritable thunderclouds had gathered above the mist, and the expression of Stampa's face was almost hidden in the obscurity of the hut.

"That is his name," she repeated. "You must have heard of him. He was well known on the high Alps—years ago." She paused before she added those concluding words. She was about to say "in your time"; but the substituted phrase was less personal, since the circumstances under which Stampa ceased to be a notability in "the street" at Zermatt were in her mind.

"God in heaven!" muttered the old man, passing a hand over his face as though waking from a dream. "God in heaven! Can it be that my prayer is answered at last?" He shambled out.

Spenser had waited to watch the almost continuous blaze of lightning playing on the glacier. Distant summits were now looming through the diminishing downpour of sleet. He was wondering if by any chance Stampa might be mistaken. Bower stood somewhat apart, seemingly engaged in the same engrossing task. The wind was not quite so fierce as during its first onset. It blew in gusts. No longer screaming in a shrill and sustained note, it wailed fitfully.

Stampa lurched unevenly close to Bower. He was about to touch him on the shoulder, but he appeared to recollect himself in time.

"Marcus Bower," he said in a voice that was terrible by reason of its restraint.

Bower wheeled suddenly. He did not flinch. His manner suggested a certain preparedness. Thus might a strong man face a wild beast when hope lay only in the matching of sinew against sinew. "That is not my name!" he snarled viciously.

"Marcus Bower," repeated Stampa in the same repressed monotone. "I am Etta's father!"

"Why do you address me in that fashion? I have never before seen you."

"No. You took care of that. You feared Etta's father, though you cared little for Christian Stampa the guide. But I have seen you, Marcus Bower! You were slim then,—an elegant, is it not?—and many a time have I h-

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Do you sit down where you used to stand? Do you ride where you used to walk? Are you disinclined to walk? Do you wear the soles of your shoes on the inside? Look to your shoes; look to the heels of your shoes particularly. These symptoms and many others arise from improper attitudes in walking, bringing disproportionate weight on the inner or weaker side of the feet.

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If all people wore Heels of Live Rubber and had them put on by shoemakers who understood their work, they would be wearing heels of one inch high and long enough to receive that portion of the weight which ought to be supported by the breast of the heel and to relieve the strain upon the instep arch.

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If Heels of Live Rubber are helpful along these lines, isn't 50c. a low price for them? Isn't it almost a shame to substitute ash-barel rubber stuffed with rags when Live Rubber is the only article that will fill the mission of the rubber heel? But that is the situation; if you want Live Rubber you must demand O'Sullivan's. The few cents more profit that the substitute leaves the dealer explains why he makes his little speech as to why they are "just as good."

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**McCray Refrigerators**  
(Keep things fresh)

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