HOME

A Story of Today and of All Days

By
GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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SYNOPSIS.

—13—

Alan Wayne is sent away from Red Hill, his home, by his uncle, J. Y., as a moral failure. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday. Judge Healy defends Alan in his business with his employers. Alan and Alix, Gerry's wife, start a flirtation. Gerry, as he thinks, sees Alix and Alan eloping, drops everything, and goes to Pernambuco. Alix leaves Alan on the train and goes home. Gerry leaves Pernambuco and goes to Piranhas. On a canoe trip he meets a native girl. The judge fails to trace Gerry. A baby is born to Alix. The native girl takes Gerry to the ruined plantation she is mistress of. Gerry marries her. At Maple house Collingeford tells how he met Alan—"Ten Per Cent Wayne"—building a bridge in Africa. Gerry begins to improve Margarita's plantation and builds an irrigating ditch. A baby comes to Margarita. Collingeford meets Alix in the city and finds her changed. Alan meets Alix, J. Y., and Clem, grown to beautiful womanhood, in the city and realizes that he has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Kemp and Gerry become friends. They visit Lieber, and the three exiles are drawn together by a common tie. Lieber tells his story. In South America Alan gets the fever and his foreman sends him to Lieber's. Alan tells Gerry the truth about Alix and Gerry tells him of Margarita and the baby. Alan wonders and is disgusted. A flood carries away Margarita and her baby, despite Gerry's attempt at rescue.

To be exiled 3,000 miles from home is as trying to an American's soul as serving a long term in prison. Consider Gerry's situation. He has lost Margarita and his boy. He longs to go back to Alix and Red Hill, but the shock of recent events have sapped the nerve he needs to make the start for home.

CHAPTER XXVI

A sharp attack of fever followed Gerry's exposure and immersion. The old woman of the inn knew no medicaments, but she knew fever. She piled blankets on Gerry and let him sweat it out. On the third day nature, assisted by his magnificent physique, finally routed the attack.

He called the old woman. He asked her if she remembered him. She peered at him. "No, master," she said, "I do not remember you. You are like the foreigner who was drowned, but he is dead."

Gerry shook his head. "Not dead," he said, "only disappeared."

"You are not he," said the old woman. "He could not talk words that one could understand."

Gerry nodded gravely. He felt as though words could never make him smile again. "I have learned," he said. "Now tell me what became of the things I left here?" He went through the list.

The old woman checked off each item and then shrugged her shoulders. She led him to a little dark room whose only light came from the interstices of the tiled roof. As his pupils expanded he began to make out one after another of the bags that had made up his traveling kit.

"There is a letter," she said, and went off to fetch it. Gerry dragged the bags out into the light. Their locks were all sealed with the seal of the American consulate at Pernambuco. He started knocking off the brittle wax. The old woman came back with the letter and handed it to him. He tore it open. It was a note from the consul saying that by order of Gerry's wife his things had been sealed and left at the inn, telling him where to find the keys. The room, he learned from the old woman, had been paid for regularly, at first by the month, then by the year. She felt no resentment at his return, only resignation. "You are the only guest I've had since you went away," she said quaintly and with a sigh.

"Fear nothing," said Gerry kindly. "You have been faithful. You may consider the room engaged by me for the next ten years."

He carried his bags into the room overlooking the river and then lay down. He was too tired after the fever to open them. He knew that the opening of those dust-covered bags with their rusted metal fittings was going to be another ordeal.

The next day Gerry sat before his unpacked bags. He had turned out all their contents. On the bed, the floor, the table and the chairs was piled such an array of linen and shoes and suits of various cut and weight as he had once deemed the minimum with which a man could decently travel. Now they seemed to him wasteful and futile. The clothes did not carry his mind back as he had expected. The starch in the linen had gone yellow. He had always hated yellow collars. The suits struck him as belonging to someone else—all except one. One sturdy suit of tweed had a cut that was different from the others. Of all the clothes it alone seemed to have a personal note—the note he had expected to find in the bags and had shrunk from.

Then he remembered. This suit had been made by his own tailor. He had worn it during a flying visit to Red Hill. He had had it on the day he left New York. He had worn it that morning in Alix' room. Red Hill came back to him, Alix stood before him. Through the suit he saw her room, the shimmering blue of her dressing gown, her crown of hair and her thin fingers busy with it. He felt again the nip of the dear air as it had streamed in through the open window.

The worst of the flood was over. Gerry engaged a search party. All day long they sought for Margarita and her child. Towards night they found them, the little boy tight clasped in his mother's arms. Gerry laid them tenderly in the canoe and in silence the party crawled back up the river to Piranhas. No one looked curiously at the burden they carried up through the main street. Eyes were tired of the familiar sight. The hour of weeping, the allotted tears, were long since spent. They buried them that night. Gerry went back to his room. He sat for a long time looking out on the starry river. Then unconsciously he picked up the old tweed suit and hung it carefully on a chair. The rest of his scattered things he swept unceremoniously upon the floor and threw himself full length on the bed. He was exhausted and slept.

He was up early the next morning. He made the old woman bring water and bathed in his room. "It is wise," she said. "For many days there will be poison in the river." Gerry did not answer. He closed the door and went through his ablutions and toilet with great care. His beard he had always kept close clipped. Now he shaved it off. The tan of his face looked like a mask above the fresh white of his newly shaved jowls and chin. He picked out the best of his linen and dressed. Lastly, he put on the old tweed suit. It fell naturally to the lines of his body all except the waistband of the trousers. He drew the back strap as close as it would go. Still the trousers were a little loose at the waist. At first he was puzzled, then he understood. He looked at himself in the broken glass with a gorgeous but sadly tarnished frame that hung on the wall. His shoulders seemed to carry the coat better than before. He could hear Jones & Jones say. "A splendid fit, sir. You can't pick it up anywhere."

Gerry turned from the glass with a sigh. He was restless. The heavy tweeds seemed to bind his limbs and chest, but he would not take them off. He sat at the window and watched the little stern-wheeler splash up to the bank. Luckily for her, she had been three days late in starting up the river, else that trip would have been her last. Gerry tried to exert himself to the trouble of packing and getting on board, but he felt listless. Why should he hurry back? Alix had waited, was waiting, but not for him. He had not

"So," Said Lieber, "You Escaped?"

waited for her. He must go back and tell her, of course, but what then?

A cavalcade came down the street. At its head was carried a litter and on the litter lay Alan. He had refused to ride in a hammock again. Behind him rode Lieber and Kemp. Gerry drew back from the window and watched them make their way down to the little stern-wheeler. She had brought little freight, there was none for her to take away. By three o'clock she gave a long shriek of warning, and half an hour later she warped out into the river and chugged away down stream. At the last moment Gerry had sent down to Alan a note addressed to Alix.

Lieber turned from watching the boat out of sight. It was bearing Alan away with Kemp installed as nurse as far as the coast. Lieber stumped heavily up the street, leading his horse. From his window Gerry called to him. Lieber took the reins from his arm and handed them to a boy. He climbed to Gerry's room and sat down on the bed. Gerry had never seen him look so tired.

"So," said Lieber, "you escaped."

Gerry nodded gravely. Lieber looked at him with dull eyes. "We passed Fazenda Flores. The house still stands. It's on a little island." Gerry nodded again. Lieber shrugged a shoulder impatiently. "Why aren't you up there?"

Gerry braced himself and told him. In a dispassionate tone he told him the history of those terrible moments of destruction and death. "I am not there," he finished, "because there is nothing left. Three years—all my life here—have been wiped out. Margarita—she knew from the beginning. From the beginning she hated the ditch. I have been a curse. I have brought ruin." Gerry stared before him. His face was white and drawn.

Lieber shook his head judicially. "No, it would have been the same, except that without you there would have been nothing to sweep away. Margarita would still be alive. There would have been no boy." He paused. "Somehow," he went on, "I don't believe Margarita would have chosen to have things different. She got her jour d'extase and died before it was over. I—I don't think we need be sorry for her. Why didn't you go away on the boat?"

"I don't know," said Gerry. "I tried to, but I couldn't. I just buried her and the boy last night. I couldn't run away like that, as though it were all over. Of course I know it is all over, but when one falls an endless depth in sleep and suddenly wakes in a cold sweat it takes time for the mind to catch its balance. It's that way with me. I've fallen from a height. I've waked to a cold sweat. I must take time to get the balance of life and get it right. You can't hurry over these transitions, because somehow it wouldn't be decent."

Lieber nodded. "You don't feel like riding back with me?" he asked hesitatingly.

Gerry shook his head. "No," he said. "I can't do that. I'm just going to sit here and wait for a while and then I'm going home. There's something I've got to straighten out. After that, I don't know. But there's something I wish you'd do for me, Lieber, and that is to look after old Dona Maria and those two old darkies at Fazenda Flores. They won't last long, any of them, and I don't want them to lack for anything. I'll square up with you."

Lieber nodded listlessly. "I'll look out for them."

The next morning early Gerry saw him off. There was a wistful look in the old man's eyes as from the top of the cliff he turned and gazed down the river. "Lieber," said Gerry, "you can count on me to do what I can for you when I get home. Do you understand?"

Lieber flushed. Their eyes met. He took Gerry's outstretched hand and gripped it hard. Then he rode away without a word.

Lieber threw his horse into a rapid rack that was faster than a gallop. It was a killing pace, but he knew the mettle of his mount. Late in the afternoon he came to the confines of his ranch. The broad-eaved house in the distance looked very still and deserted. Beyond it loomed the solitary joa tree. Something had happened to the joa tree during the two days he had been away. It had become a beacon. He remembered the giant Bougainvillea vine that covered the tree. The Bougainvillea had bloomed into a tower of mauve flame. It stood out in daring contrast to somber desert and brown-tiled roofs. Its single, defiant and blaring note struck an answering chord in Lieber's heart. He took courage of that brave burst of color, so jarring in a garden, but in a desert a thing of glory. Lieber passed into the loneliness of his deserted house with a firm step.

Gerry spent many days at Piranhas as he had planned in thought. He went over his life in a painstaking retrospection. His mind lingered long on the last three years, their fullness, their even upward trend. Could a man live three such years and lose them? In a ghastly half hour the flood had wiped out the tangible results of three years of labor. But what about the intangible? He had sinned against Alix and against her faith, but had he sinned against himself? He felt infinitely older than the first Gerry Lansing, but would he change this thinking age for his unthinking youth? What if he had learned three years ago that Alix had saved herself and his name? Would it have meant loss or gain to him today? Something within him cried, "Loss! Loss!" but he dared not take courage from the inward cry. He could not know, he reasoned, until he had seen Alix.

Twice, three times, the little stern-wheeler drove her nose into the mud bank at Piranhas, called her hoarse warning and departed. From some distant cliff Gerry saw her come and go, or, miles away, walking himself tired across the desert, heard her throaty siren cry and did not heed it.

Chapter XXVII

It was with some misgivings that Kemp left Alan at the coast. Alan was still very weak. Kemp stood, more incongruous than ever, against the rail of the little coaster bound for Pernambuco and eyed Alan, whom he had made comfortable in a camp bed on the deck.

"It seems to me, Mr. Wayne," he said, "that there mought be business waitin' for me at Pernambuco thet I do'n' know nothin' about. I've got a hunch I'd best go along of you and see."

Alan smiled. "I know what your hunch is, Kemp, and it's a wrong one. I'm all right. Weak, but I'll make it. Don't worry."

Kemp was standing in angles. His hands were thrust in his trousers pockets, but even so his elbows were crooked. One foot was raised on a rail. He was coatless as usual. His unbuttoned vest stuck out behind. His Stetson hat was pulled well down over his eyes. His eyes had taken on the far-away and slightly luminous look that always came into them when he was about to speak from the heart.

"Mr. Wayne," he said, "I've tol' you some things about Lieber an' you've seen some more. You know how he stands. Lieber's livin' in hell, like a rich greaser in the Bible with his tongue stuck out beggin' for one drop of water, only Lieber hain't got his tongue stuck out—he's bitin' it."

Kemp paused and Alan nodded.

"I was thinkin'," Kemp continued, "thet perhaps you'n Mr. Lansing, with yo' folks he'pin', mought chuck him that drop o' water when you got back to heaven, meanin' Noo Yawk." Kemp brought his eyes slowly around and rested them on Alan.

"Kemp," said Alan, "don't you worry. If J. Y. Wayne & Co. haven't gone to smash or the world otherwise come to an end, you can be sure Lieber will get his water in a full bucket."

Kemp nodded and with a "S'long and good luck," disappeared down the gangway.

At Pernambuco Alan found an accumulation of mail awaiting him and a liner bound for home. The liner was too big to get into the little harbor behind the reef. She rode the swell a mile out from shore.

Alan lost no time in making his transfer. From the tender he was winched up to the deck in a passenger basket. As he left the wicker coop he smiled at himself in disgust. Ten Percent Wayne had often jumped for a gangway from the top of a flying sea; never before had he gone on board as cargo. But the smile suddenly left his face. He reeled and put out one hand toward a rail. Somebody caught his arm and led him to a long chair. He sank into it and shivered.

It was a girl that had helped him. As soon as she saw he was not going to faint she left him, to come back presently with the doctor and a room steward. They took charge of him.

Day after day Alan lay in his cabin, listless, before he thought of his batch of letters. They were still in the pocket of his coat. He asked the stew-

"Well, Is That All You Have to Say?"

ard to hand them to him, looked through them, picked out one and laid the rest aside. The one he picked out was Clem's.

With her own peculiar wisdom Clem had written not about him or herself, but about Red Hill. Alan read and then dropped the letter to his lap. His hands fell clenched at his sides. His eyes, grown large, stared out down the long vista of the mind. Walls faded away and the sounds of a great ship at sea were suddenly dumb. To his ears came instead the caroling of birds in evening song after rain, to his eyes a vision of Red Hill dripping light from its myriad leaves and to his heart the protecting, brooding shelter of Maple House—of home.

It cleanses a man's soul to have been at death's door. Sickness, more than love, leads a man up. Alan was feeling cleansed—like a little child—so it seemed a quite natural thing that the girl who had taken charge of him on his arrival on board should knock at his door and then walk in. She drew out a camp-stool and sat down beside him.

She was very small and very young, not in years but with what Alan termed to himself acquired youth. Her nearsighted eyes peered out through big glasses. They seemed to see only when they made a special effort, and yet they seemed to give out light.

"You are better?" she asked, and smiled.

Alan caught his breath at that smile. "Yes," he said, "I am much better today. I have had a letter from home."

"You must get up now and come up on deck," said the girl. "I'll wait for you outside." Her voice had a peculiar modulation. It attracted and soothed the ear.

Alan frowned and then smiled. "All right," he said, "wait for me." He dressed laboriously. His hands seemed weighted.

On deck she had his chair ready for him beside her own. She tucked his rug about him and then sat down. "Don't talk ever, unless you want to," she said. "Silent people are best."

"Why?" asked Alan.

"They are springs. Their souls bubble."

"And the people that chatter?" asked Alan.

"They are geysers," said the girl, and smiled.

Alan was entertained — almost amused. "What do you do when a geyser spouts?" he asked.

"What do you do?" replied the girl. "I run."

"I'm afraid I haven't run—always," said Alan. "I generally try to clap a tin hat on them."

"You must be strong to do that. I'm not very strong."

Alan glanced over her frail body. "What are you?" he asked.

"I'm a missionary. At least, I was a missionary. I've had to give it up. One needs so much to be a missionary."

"I never thought of it that way," said Alan. "I always thought that it was the people that were unfit for almost anything else that turned to missionarying as a last resort."

"Oh, no!" said the girl, sitting up very straight in her chair and fixing her eyes on his face. "How wrong you are! Missionarying, as you call it, is just another name for giving, and how can one give a great deal unless one has a great deal to give—strength and youth and vitality?"

"And you have given all?" asked Alan.

The girls eyes filled.

"No, you haven't given all," went on Alan quickly. "You are still giving. I must not borrow your last mite. But—your voice is like a nurse's hand."

When Alan went to bed he could not sleep. For a while the little missionary girl held his thoughts. He was filled with wonder, not at her, but at himself. For once in his life he had not been flippant before grave things.

From the girl his thoughts turned to Alix. He could have cabled to her about Gerry from Pernambuco, but he had not done so. The note that he was carrying for Gerry was light—only a half-sheet, probably. The lightness of it told Alan that the things Gerry had to say to his wife could not be put on paper. Alan had almost cabled. Now he was glad he had not done so. "Alix," he said to himself, "isn't waiting, she's trusting. A cable would have lengthened waiting by a month."

Then, without volition, his mind wandered from Alix and raced ahead to the goal of his journey. What was the goal of his journey? Whither was he bound? He reached for Clem's letter and held it in folded hands. He had no need to read it again. The words were nothing; the picture was all. It stretched before his mind, a living canvas.

Once when Alan was wandering with an Englishman in the hills above Granada, a faint odor had brought them to a sudden halt. It was the Englishman who made the surprising discovery first. "Blackberries, by Jove!" he had exclaimed. "Good old blackberries." And then they two had stood together, yet half a world apart, and stared at the berry-laden bush. What vision of a tangled, high-walled garden burst upon the Englishman Alan never knew, but to himself had come a memory of East mountain in autumn, so clear, so poignant, that it had brought his throbbing heart into his throat.

It was so now with Clem's letter. The words were but a hurried daub, but they touched his eyes with a magic wand. The daub became a scene, a picture, a world—his world.

Red Hill was spread out before him, a texture where the threads and colors of life were blended into a carpet soft but enduring. Men walked and little children played on it. Alan closed his eyes and sighed. What had he been doing with life? Making sacking? Sacking was commercial. It paid in cash. It was the national industry. But what could one do with sacking on Red Hill?

Then, almost suddenly, the full spirit of Clem's letter seized him. One did not take gifts to Red Hill. To every one of its children Red Hill was the source of all gifts—the source of life. On that thought he slept.

When he was back once more in his rooms, before Swithson had had time to open a bag, Alan re-directed Gerry's note to Alix to Red Hill and sent Swithson out to post it. He did not try to temper the shock of the note with a covering letter. He was too weak and tired. Besides, he felt that the note carried its own antidote to joy.

The next morning a message came by hand to Alan's rooms. Alix had come to town and wished to see him at once. Would he please come around? He replied that he was too ill. Half an hour later Swithson answered a ring at the door and Alix slipped quickly past him into Alan's sitting room. There was a flush of anger in her cheeks, but Alan was pleased to see no trace of tears in her eyes. A woman's crying always touched him on the raw and seldom awakened his pity.

At sight of him Alix forgot her concern for herself. "Why, Alan!" she cried, "what is the matter?"

Alan laughed. There was a pleasant note in his laugh she had never heard before. "I'm all right, Alix. Don't make any mistake. I'm a resurrection in the bud. Doing fine. I don't have to ask how you are. You're well. You're looking just as well as a little slip like you can ever look. Sit down, do."

Alix' thoughts went back to herself and immediately the flame burned again in her cheeks. She pulled Gerry's crumpled note from her glove and tossed it open on the table before Alan. He read the two or three lines in which Gerry told her he would arrive shortly. The brief note was intentionally colorless. "Well?" he asked.

Alix turned flashing eyes on him. "Well? Is that all you have to say? Alan, it is not well. I've come here because you must tell me—somebody must tell me—now—all the things that that note hides behind its wonderfully blank, weazened, little, hypocritical face."

How much of the truth of Gerry's life during the last three years will Alan tell Alix? And when Alix has heard it, will she ever want to see Gerry again, and be his wife?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Plea for Quiet.

Anybody who lives in the vicinity of a noisy railway yard might try writing to the officials of the road a copy of this letter, sent to officials of a Dallas railroad office, signed "Unfortunates Who Try to Live and Work and Sleep in the Vicinity:"

"Gentlemen—Is it absolutely necessary, in the discharge of his duty day and night, that the engineer of your yard engine should make it ding dong and fizz and spit and clang and bang and buzz and hiss and bellow and wail and pant and rant and yowl and howl and grate and grind and puff and bump and click and clank and chug and moan and hoot and toot and crash and grunt and gasp and groan and whistle and wheeze and squawk and blow and jar and perk and rasp and jangle and ring and clatter and yelp and croak and howl and hum and snarl and puff and growl and thump and boom and clash and jolt and jostle and shake and screech and snort and snarl and scrape and throb and crink and jangle and quiver and rumble and roar and rattle and yell and smoke and smell, and shriek like—?"

Of course, the officials make reply: "It is."—Boston Globe.

Good Roads and Bicycles.

The expected revival in the popularity of the bicycle is here—perhaps as one result of the general improvement in roads. Last year 400,000 bicycles were sold in this country, the largest number in any year since 1896, when the wheel reached its greatest popular favor.—Youth's Companion.

EASTER JOY

By Kathleen Wheeler Ross

We might have known in the winter
That spring would come again;
We might have known that the future
Would bring an end to pain.
But, oh, to be sure that the suffering
Is over, and all made clear,
And to feel 'neath the blazing sunshine
That spring is really here!

We might have known through the snowtime
That flowers were underneath;
We might have sensed the Eternal
Knows no such thing as death.
But, oh, the joy of an Easter
After long winter drear
And to feel by the soul's awakening
That spring is really here!

We might have known mid the darkness
That sorrow with joy is blent,
And that gladness would end in the morning
The night of our discontent.
But, oh, to forget the shadows;
To mock at unfaith and fear!
And to laugh like jubilant children,
Now spring is really here!

EASTER OF 1776

Feminine Finery Hard to Procure in That Year of Revolutionary War.

THERE was a famine of finery in immediate prospect for the women of the American colonies at Eastertide in the year 1776. They were destined thereafter, through a long and very dark period, to undergo many severe deprivations in this respect—not the least of them being lack of pins. Think, O ye fair ones, of trying to get along without pins! But it had to be done, for the colonies were dependent upon Europe for their supply of pins, as well as for many other things, and this was cut off by the war. Even the most fashionable ladies of Boston and other centers of population were compelled to have resort to thorns for the fastening of their garments, and history tells us that the spines of certain cacti actually were utilized to a considerable extent.

Ours is supposed to be the age of luxury par excellence, in dress as in other matters, and yet the women of today are not more beautifully attired than were those of the well-to-do class in the colonies during the period just before the Revolution. They wore silks, satins and laces as exquisite as any that can be found in our modern shops—fetched, of course, by trading vessels from France—together with all sorts of other costly feminine gear, including ribbons, trimmings, stockings, gloves, shoes and dainty materials for the making of undergarments.

There were, however, a great many women in the various colonies who, long before the coming of the war, had made up their minds to do without pretty things, so far as was practicable. We read of pretty Patty Parsons, during the British occupancy of Philadelphia, who cut up the embroidered sky-blue satin waistcoat which her grandfather had worn at the English court, and made out of it a "jockey"—deemed by admirers most becoming. And of another girl, a friend of Patty's, who converted a trooper's scarlet coat into a jacket, using the leftover pieces to make a pair of warm gloves, which she bound with gray squirrel fur. The collar and cuffs of the jacket were likewise of squirrel fur, which excellently matched a gray homespun skirt.

In those times it was no very serious undertaking for a young woman to make a pair of gloves for herself. Indeed, though fine and expensive gloves were imported from France, ordinary ones for every-day wear were commonly manufactured at home.

Mrs. Alice M. Earle (to whose books of high historic value the writer acknowledges indebtedness) says that of all deprivations suffered by women during the Revolution none was so severe as that of gauze. At that period the fashions demanded this material for an astonishing variety of purposes. There were gauze caps, gauze bonnets, gauze aprons, gauze ribbons, gauze kerchiefs, flounced gauze petticoats, and even gowns of gauze. But most of all was gauze needed for the high head-dresses of that epoch, which could hardly be put together and held in place without it.

So late as the year 1782, in a London fashion journal, a tonsorial "artist" is found advertising "a new method of stuccoing the hair in the most fashionable taste, to last with very little repair during the whole session of parliament. Price only five guineas. N. B.—He takes but one hour to build the head and two for baking it."

The Eastertide costume of a lady in 1776, when she walked on the street, was likely to include a mask of white or colored silk. If she rode on horseback she would wear a "riding mask"; and the very latest fashion at that period was such a mask provided with a flat silver plate, to be held between the teeth for securing it in position. It should be understood, however, that these masks were worn not for a disguise, but to protect the complexion. The women of today still wear masks for the same purpose, but call them veils; and they are made of net or lace instead of silk.

To Clean Spring Mattresses.

Save all old quills or wings from hats and use up for working the dust out from the space between the block of wood and spring mattress that runs at each end of the bed. Push the wings or quill in the space and work up and down until all dust is removed. I have found this works splendidly.

To Detect Bad Meat.

When doubtful as to whether a piece of meat is good or not, put it in brine; if it rises to the top it is unfit to eat.

Meat Makes Bad Kidneys

Too much meat is just as bad as not enough. Such a diet is apt to load the blood with uric acid and to injure the kidneys. Bad backs, blue, nervous spells, dizziness, rheumatic pains, and bladder troubles indicate weak kidneys, foretell danger of gravel and Bright's disease. Don't neglect this condition. Use Doan's Kidney Pills.

An Ohio Case

A. S. Moreland, 123 N. Fourth St., Ironton, Ohio, says: "I suffered for a long while from irregular action of my kidneys. I had much pain in the small of my back and lameness across my loins. The kidney secretions were unnatural. I finally used Doan's Kidney Pills and soon all symptoms of kidney trouble were removed and I felt better than ever before in my life."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Sociability.

"I hope you are not one of those men who go home and find fault with the dinner."

"No," answered Mr. Growcher, "my wife and I eat at a restaurant where we can both find fault."

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Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

On With the Dance.

"I could die dancing with you," said Jones' partner as she placed her No. 11 on his corn-upholstered trilby.

"The sentiment is mutual," was all poor Jones could gasp.

Much happiness or misery lies within the circle of a wedding ring.

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