A Question of Money

By FRANK H. SWEET

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May Allyn stepped from the elevator with a bit of lace in her hand and walked through the rotunda, looking to right and left among the massive pillars that were both emphasized and screened by the drooping palms. There were few persons in sight, a semi-invalid or two lounging about, an old gentleman reading a newspaper, and now and then a sightseer with upturned face and curious eyes. Most of the guests were over on the beach, for it was the bathing hour; a few were up the lake boating or fishing, and a few others out on the ocean pier or wandering among the many trails. May went nearly across the rotunda before she found the object of her search, a woman in a retired corner reading a novel.

"Here you are, mamma," she exclaimed rebukingly; "and reading that novel, as I might have expected. Don't you know the characters in it would stay exactly where you leave them if you should close the book for a few hours, and this glorious weather outside is something of the present. But see here," holding up the lace for inspection; "do you think this will do?"

"For what?"

"Oh, you know, mamma. I'm to be Betty the Maid in the play we're getting up, and am to have the white badge of servitude on my head and wear a white apron and carry round a broom or something. I've told it all over before, only your head's in that book. Do please shut it up."

The older woman did so, with a sigh, and took the bit of fleecy lace between her fingers.

"No, it won't do at all, May," she decided instantly, a ripple of amuse-

For a Moment She Looked Puzzled.

ment breaking the dreamy quietness of her face. "It wouldn't be appropriate."

"But why, mamma?" with an air of disappointment. "It is so pretty."

"Yes, and costly. Child, child, don't you know that bit of lace is worth as much as Betty the Maid could earn in years. You must have something cheap to be in character."

"I don't believe I have anything."

"No, I suppose not. You will have to try at one of the stores. You will need—" Mrs. Allyn's gaze went inquiringly about the rotunda until they found one of the hotel maids dusting a plant. She waited until she caught the girl's eye, then raised a finger.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," she said as the girl approached, "but my daughter here is to be in the church benefit, and will have to wear a costume something like yours. Would you mind my looking at your pretty lace cap a moment?"

The girl removed it with a pleasant look.

"This is exactly what you want, May," went on Mrs. Allyn, holding it up critically. "You—"

But May had snatched the little cap from the upraised fingers and placed it upon her own fluffy brown hair.

"Now let me have your apron a minute, please," she cried merrily. "Thank you," as the girl complied and fastened the apron to her waist with deft fingers. "And now the dusting brush. There, mamma, how will this do?" with a flourish of the brush and a sweeping courtesy.

The girl laughed, and even Mrs. Allyn smiled indulgently as May danced away toward the middle of the rotunda flirting the brush indiscriminately over jardinieres and palm leaves as she passed. Soon pillars and palms intervened and concealed her from their view.

Count l'Ortegan and a young American sculptor were just entering the rotunda. They had known each other in Paris, and met again on the steamer coming over, and now they had come south together, not because they had much in common, but they were acquainted and all the people around were strangers.

May had not noticed them until they stopped beside her with exclamations of astonishment and pleasure.

"Mlle. Allyn, ees it possarble!" cried the count rapturously. "Eet is in Paris that you vanish this three mont', and we nevaire know to where. Some say to Ital'ee, and some that you fly back to heaven where they keep ze angels. But eet is heaven that you make anywhere. Now I know why the place here seem so beautiful, eet is the angel."

May laughed and gave him her hand. "Thank you, count," she said. "I am glad to see you, also. You are sure to like it here—even with the angel. And you, too, Mr. Bethune," offering her hand to the sculptor. "Can you not make a pretty speech like the count?"

"I am afraid not," smiling down at her. "Only that I am very, very glad to find you here, Miss Allyn. Your presence will add much to—to our pleasure at Palm Beach."

"Why, really, that does very nicely."

She twirled the brush with a pretty unconscious movement that caused the tips of its feathers to flicker across one of the palm fronds near. The motion caught the count's attention, and with wondering consternation his eyes went from it to her white apron and to the badge of servitude upon her head, and his sloping shoulders stiffened suddenly into protesting reserve.

"Pardonnez," he rebuked, "but eet is so hurry I am now. I will see—Mons. Bethune will tell you we have not register yet. I will do eet now."

May watched him hurry away with an odd look of inquiry in her eyes.

"What's the matter with the count?" she asked innocently. "Has he forgotten something?"

Bethune laughed joyously. A moment before there had been both reserve and repression in his eyes: now they were suddenly eager, glowing, determined.

"The count's an odd sort of stick," he answered, "and his visit here is confessedly in search of a rich American wife."

He raised his hand significantly toward his head; but for a moment she looked puzzled, then a quick, comprehending flush rose to her face.

"Oh, that," she said thoughtfully. "And you?"

Bethune laughed again. He could not help it.

"Can't you see, Miss Allyn?" he demanded. "I fancied it was sticking out all over me. Over yonder I was a poor devil of an artist, and you a rich heiress; and now—Oh, May!"

There was the soft rustle of silk moving across the carpet. May raised her finger.

"Mamma is coming," she warned.

"I don't care," impetuously. "I've got to speak now. I can't wait another day. Where can I see you alone?"

She hesitated, then appeared to consider.

"The maids and nurses usually walk on the beach at about three o'clock," she said demurely. "I expect I shall be there."

At four o'clock two wheel-chairs swept leisurely down the bicycle avenue and on past the Breakers toward the beach. It was the hour for Mrs. Allyn's daily outing, and she preferred to take it in a wheel chair, and leisurely. The occupant of the other chair was Count l'Ortegan, and from the satisfaction in his face he had evidently discovered the mistake. As they turned toward the beach path they saw two figures approaching them only a few yards away.

"There's May now," exclaimed Mrs. Allyn. "Suppose we wait a few minutes. She will be glad to see you, count—"

The count's face grew eager, and words of an elaborate apology began to form in his mind; but as the figures drew near and he saw the expression on their faces as they looked at each other the apology died away and a Parisian oath, muttered under his breath, took its place. He merely bowed politely, and then waited for Mrs. Allyn to give the signal to go on.

If a man does right from the highest standard that he knows of right, he is entitled to as much mercy as his nobler brother who has done more good because of his good fortune in having obtained a higher conception of what good really is.

Large Imports at New York.

Imports at the port of New York are growing rapidly, showing an increase of from 35 to 50 per cent. over the values of a year ago. Receipts of from $1,000,000 to $1,070,000 are not unusual in a day.

New Conception of Death

Few, indeed, are the men and women of full age—say 25—who have not yet contracted the malady that will kill them, according to that distinguished scientist and physician, Dr. Felix Regnault. Normally, as contemporary investigators are beginning to find out, it takes 20 years for a fatal malady to kill a patient. It may take 30 years. The popular impression is that a man may die suddenly or that he may require only a year to die in or six months. To be sure, a man may be killed or a child may die in a few months at the age of one year. But ordinarily speaking, all deaths are very slow, indeed, and about 95 per cent. of civilized adults are now strucken with a fatal disease. They do not know it. They may not suffer from it. In due time they will have their cases diagnosed as cancer, or as tuberculosis or diabetes or what not. But so inveterate are current misconceptions of the nature of death that the origin of the fatal malady—in time—will be miscalculated by from ten to thirty years.

In the case of human beings, death—barring accident—is nearly always caused by some specific malady. This malady is as likely as not to be cured—what is called cured. The cure, however, no matter how skillful the treatment or how slight the disease, has left a weakness behind in some particular organ of the body. One of the organs is, if not prematurely worn out, at least so worn that its resisting powers are greatly diminished. All of us in this way when we have reached a certain age possess an organ that is much older than the rest of the physique. One day we shall die because of this organ. Even if we live to be very old, indeed, we shall not die of old age, but of weakness of the lungs, or of the kidneys or of the liver or of the brain.—Current Literature.

One touch of envy makes a whole street kin.

MISSOURI NEWS

Makes Mother-in-Law His Wife.

Independence.—Frank M. Searcy, a retired farmer, was married to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Susan E. Rogers. Searcy is 61 years old, and this was his third marriage. The bride is 55. Searcy has two boys, and the new Mrs. Searcy is not only their grandmother, but their stepmother as well. The question has been asked as to what relation the bridegroom is to himself.

Ducks Shocked to Death.

Chillicothe.—One of the queerest freaks from lightning in this vicinity this season occurred at the home of Jacob Bruner, a farmer living south of here. During a severe electrical storm a flock of ducks flew over the Bruner home, when a flash of lightnine killed the entire flock, numbering 56. The birds fell in Mr. Bruner's yard.

Jiu Jitsu at Missouri U.

Columbia.—To promote jiu jitsu in the University of Missouri, the Cosmopolitan club has completed arrangements with Toyo Yoshida, formerly an instructor in Japan, but now a student in the School of Engineering here, to give instruction to its members and a limited number of students who may be interested in this science.

644 Hunters in Audrain County.

Mexico.—County Clerk E. H. Carter has issued 644 hunting licenses for Audrain and adjoining counties. Ages of the applicants range from 10 to 73 years.

King's Daughters Elect.

Chillicothe.—The annual meeting of the King's Daughters of the state was brought to a close with the election of the following officers: State secretary, Miss Emma Glazebrook, St. Louis; recording secretary, Miss Carrie Davis, St. Louis; state treasurer, Mrs. Bridgeford, Mexico. Mexico was chosen as the place of meeting next year.

Teachers to Meet at Rolla.

Rolla.—The seventeenth annual session of the South Central Missouri Teachers' association will be held in Rolla, beginning the evening of November 25, and closing on the 27th. Dr. A. Ross Hill, president of the University of Missouri; Howard A. Gass, state superintendent of schools; Dr. W. J. Hawkins, president of the Warrensburg state normal; Professor W. T. Carrington, president of the Springfield state normal, and many other distinguished educators will address the association.

Sunday Law Test is Made.

Montgomery.—The Missouri Sunday law was on trial in the circuit court here in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Berton Waltam, of Greenfield, Ind., a young couple arrested at Marshall, Mo., charged with performing unnecessary work on the Sabbath for the Corn Belt Nursery company, of Bloomington, Ill. The alleged offense was the delivery of catalpa trees to farmers. The defendants claim they were perishable goods.

Plan to Make Gordon Audit Accounts.

Jefferson City.—The deputy hotel inspectors, Martin and Clark whose expense accounts for the month of September were held up by State Auditor Gordon are preparing to mandamus the state auditor to compel him to audit accounts. This proceeding will thresh out the merits of the case. It is understood that Gov. Hadley insists upon this course as the proper settlement of the controversy.

Game Law Brings Cash.

Jefferson City.—The new game law seems to be working quite satisfactorily, judging from such reports as reach State Game and Fish Commissioner Jesse A. Tolerton. While all the October licenses fees have not been reported to the state treasurer, yet about $30,000 has already been received and several thousand will undoubtedly be added.

Judge Lawson to Go Abroad.

Columbia.—The board of curators of the Missouri university has granted a leave of absence to Judge John D. Lawson, dean of the law department, beginning January 1. Judge Lawson has been made a special commissioner of the American institute of criminal law and criminology to study criminal jurisprudence in Europe.

Fire Insurance Company Elects.

Pilot Grove.—The Cooper County German Fire Insurance company held its eighteenth annual meeting here, and elcted J. A. Hosp, president; C. H. Toellner, secretary; Henry Fricke, August Stegner, John Oerly, Emil Bittner, John Kaiser and Peter G. Meisenheimer, directors.

Use Auto Lines at Cape.

Cape Girardeau.—Two automobile garages are being built in this city by competing firms, who have started auto service between here and Jackson, the county seat. The cars are running on regular schedules and it is possible to get transportation at any hour of the day.

"Drys" Win at Kennett.

Kennett.—In the local option election here the "drys" won by a vote of 326 to 228. The vote is the heaviest ever polled here.

901 Hunters in Stoddard County.

Dexter.—Nine hundred and one residents of Stoddard county have obtained hunters' license. The issuance was progressing at the rate of about twenty-five a day, when the supply of blanks ran out.

Iron Mountain Expands.

Jefferson City.—The St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway company filed with Secretary of State Roach a certificate of increase of capital stock from $26,500,000 to $37,000,000.

A GREAT ANNOYANCE.

Kidney Disease Shows Many Painful and Unpleasant Symptoms.

George S. Crowell, 1109 Broadway, Helena, Mont., says: "I was troubled with a disordered condition of the kidneys, some backache and irregular passages of secretions. At times I was obliged to get up out of bed at night, and the urine was unnatural in appearance. On the advice of a friend I procured Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. This remedy helped me at once, strengthened my kidneys and corrected the disordered condition."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A BOY TO ADMIRE.

Gallant Bob (slipping from his father's knee in the car, to lady)—Won't you take my place, madam?

SKIN TROUBLES CURED.

Two Little Girls Had Eczema Very Badly—In One Case Child's Hair Came Out and Left Bare Patches.

Cuticura Met with Great Success.

"I have two little girls who have been troubled very badly with eczema. One of them had it on her lower limbs. I did everything that I could hear of for her, but it did not give in until warm weather, when it seemingly subsided. The next winter when it became cold the eczema started again and also in her head where it would take the hair out and leave bare patches. At the same time her arms were sore the whole length of them. I took her to a physician, but the child grew worse all the time. Her sister's arms were also affected. I began using Cuticura Remedies, and by the time the second lot was used their skin was soft and smooth. Mrs. Charles Baker, Albion, Me., Sept. 21, '08."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

A Hero.

Tommy's mother had made him a present of a toy shovel and sent him out in the sand lot to play with his baby brother. "Take care of baby now, Tommy, and don't let anything hurt him," was mamma's parting injunction.

Presently screams of anguish from baby sent the distracted parent flying to the sand lot. "For goodness' sake, Tommy, what has happened to the baby?" said she, trying to soothe the wailing infant.

"There was a naughty fly biting him on the top of his head, and I killed it with the shovel," was the proud reply.—Exchange.

Suspicious.

The father of Judge W. H. Wadhams had a chicken-coop and a dog and a stable hand. It began to look to Mr. Wadhams as though some one had discovered the combination. So he kept the coop and the stable hand, but he got a new dog. Next day the bent old negro who groomed the Wadhams' horses came to him. "You los' you affection foh me, boss?" he asked. "No, Scipio," said Mr. Wadhams. "I like you as well as ever." "Then," said Scipio, peevishly, "w'yn't you tie Old Rover in de chicken-coop, 'stid of dat new dorg?"

It Cured My Baby—Hereafter I Will Always Keep It in the House.

I cannot speak too highly for Resinol Ointment. It cured my baby boy of Eczema. He had a very severe case and numerous other remedies failed to do any good. I would not be without Resinol Salve in the house. It is good to apply in cases of burns, cuts or sores of any kind.

Mrs. F. Cox, Chicago, Ill.

A Lay Matter.

"Would you like the floors in mosaic?" asked the architect.

The Springfield man looked dubious.

"Would you like the floors in mosaic patterns?"

"I don't know so much about that," he finally said. "I ain't got any prejudice against Moses as a man, and maybe he knew a lot about the law. As regards laying of floors, though, I kinder think I'd rather have 'em unsectarian."—Harper's Weekly.

The next time you feel that swallowing sensation, the sure sign of sore throat, gargle Hamlins Wizard Oil immediately with three parts water. It will save you days and perhaps weeks of misery.

After our subtlest analysis of the mental processes we must still say that our highest thoughts and our best deeds are all given to us.—George Eliot.

FOR DEEP-SEATED COLDS and coughs, Allen's Lung Balsam cures when all other remedies fail. This old reliable medicine has been sold for over 60 years. 25c, 50c, $1.00 bottles. All dealers.

Difficulties may surround our path, but if the difficulties be not in ourselves, they may generally be overcome.—Jewett.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. You pay 10c for cigars not so good.

As long as a man can find something to kick about he feels that life is worth living.

GOING UP!

City ways were not altogether new to him, but, as he waited at the elevator shaft, in one of Omaha's large office buildings, he said to his companions.

"Well, I'll be hanged if that isn't a beater."

"Why, what?"

"Just look at that confounded railroad advertising on an Omaha elevator—UP! What won't they do next?"

His companion replied, "Sh—, Sh—, those letters mean 'up.'"

When I see that word, this jingle always comes to my mind:

'Whenever the little word 'up' you see,
Think of Safety, Speed, Service via U. P.'

You will see that word at almost every passenger elevator in the country, but before you leave for the West, be sure to buy your ticket via "The Safe Road to Travel."

Embarrassing.

Not only the houses of the Mexicans, but whatever you admire is yours. If you express a sentiment of approbation of anything, the owner at once says: "Senor, it is yours;" but he simply intends something flattering, and you are therefore not expected to accept anything that is offered to you. An amusing story is told of Sir Spencer St. John, the English ambassador, which illustrates how this national courtesy often provokes embarrassment. Sir Spencer, who is a gallant old bachelor, was promenading with some ladies in the park, when he met a nurse girl with a bright-eyed baby. The ladies stopped to admire the little one, and Sir Spencer asked whose child it was. "Senor, it is your own," replied the nurse, with a courtesy. Sir Spencer has never inquired as to the parentage of pretty children since.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Comparative Honors.

First Freshman—Prexie has asked me to dinner next Sunday.

Second Freshman—That's nothing. The football captain just bowed to me.—Yale Record.

Bridge.

Miss Cheatham—I believe I shall have to give up bridge.

Miss Frank—Really? Wasn't the game worth the scandal?

PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER should be taken without delay when sore chest and tickling throat warn you that an annoying cold threatens. At all druggists in 25c, 35c and 50c bottles.

Crude.

"This is crude," said John D. as he tasted oil in the milk.—Cornell Widow.

Smokers find Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar better quality than most 10c cigars.

It's a lot easier for a child to inherit red hair than brains.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

A little learning makes a bore doubly tiresome.

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In the Future.

Knicker—Well, my dear?

Mrs. Knicker—Wipe your wings before you come into the house.

There are men who divide most of their time between patting themselves on the back and kicking themselves.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

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