

The ISLAND of REGENERATION

By
**CYRUS TOWNSEND
BRADY**
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS
CHAPTER I.

The Primitive Norm.

Whether she had fainted or fallen asleep, she did not know, but this one thing she was sure, it had been dark when consciousness left her and it was now broad day, although the light seemed to come to her with a greenish tinge which was quite unfamiliar. The transition between her state of yesterday and that of today was as great as if she had been born into morning from the womb of midnight and like a young animal she drank it in blindly with closed eyes. She could hear the thunderous roaring of the breakers crashing upon the barrier reef. Alone—her boat had been wrecked in the darkness of the night before—the sound softened and mellowed by distance came to her in a deep, low accompaniment to the sharper and nearer sounds of the birds singing and the breeze rustling gently through the long leaves of the trees overhead.

The dry sand on which she lay was soft and yielding and made a comfortable bed for her tired body racked with weary days in the constraint and narrowness of a small boat. It was warm, too. She had been drenched when she scrambled on the shore and fell prostrate on the beach, retaining just strength enough and purpose enough to crawl painfully inward to where the tall palms grew before she lapsed in whatsoever way it might have been into oblivion.

Incoherent thoughts raced through her bewildered brain; each one, however, bringing her a little nearer the awakening point of realization. Then there ran through her young body a primal pang which dispelled the tremulous and vague illusions which her fancy had woven about herself as she lay warm and snug and sunny at the foot of the tall trees, and she realized that she was frightfully thirsty, so thirsty that she did not know how hungry she was.

The demand for the material awakened the animal in her. Her thoughts centered instantly; they were at once localized on one supreme desire. Coincidentally her eyes unclosed and she sat up blinking in the strong light. The rising sun still low on the horizon smote her full in the eyes and left her for the moment dazed again. She sat leaning upon her hands extended behind her back staring seaward, saying nothing, thinking nothing, until a strange sound to the right of her attracted her attention. It was a sound made by a human voice and yet it was like nothing human that she had ever heard. It was a wordless, languageless ejaculation, but it roused her interest at once despite her material cravings.

She weakly turned her head and there standing erect with folded arms looking down upon her was a man. He was unclothed entirely save for a fantastic girdle of palm leaves about his waist. She stared at him puzzled, amazed, affrighted. He returned her look with an intent curiosity in which there was no suggestion of evil purpose, rather of great incomprehension, an amazing wonderment. There was nothing about him, save the fact that he was there, which should have caused any alarm in her heart, for with a woman's swift mastery of the possibilities of the other sex, she noticed in her vague terror and wonderment that he was remarkably good to look at. Indeed, she thought that she had never seen so splendid a specimen of physical manhood as that before her. In color he was white. Save that he was bronzed by the tropic sun, he was perhaps whiter than she was. His hair, which hung about his head in a wild, matted tangle, not unpicturesque, was golden; his eyes bright blue. Beneath his beard, unkempt but short and curly, she could see his firm, clean-cut lips. His proportions were superb. He was limbed and chested like the Apollo Belvedere. In him grace and strength strove for predominance. He was totally unlike all that she had read of the aborigines of the South seas.

It was the man who broke the silence, as it had been the man who had broken the spell of her slumber. He made that queer little chuckling noise in his throat which sounded familiar enough and yet she had heard it from the lips of no man before. It meant nothing to her except that he who stood before her at least was not dumb, although the noise he made was certainly no articulate speech as she knew speech or could imagine it. At any rate it was a stimulus to her. She opened her own parched lips and strove to make reply, but her throat, with a rising terror and nervousness made her dumb and no sound came forth. The man might be preparing to kill her. He could do so, if he would, she thought, but she must drink or die. If she could not speak, she could make signs. She leaned forward raised her arm, hollowed her hand and dipped as if from a well and made as if to pour it into her lips. Then she stretched out both her hands to him in the attitude of petition. The man stared hard at her. His brow wrinkled. It was such a simple sign that any savage would have comprehended it, she thought, and yet it appeared to her, watching in despair, that it took a long time for the idea to beat into his brain. She could wait no longer. She rose to her knees and stretched out her hands again.

"Water!" she gasped in a hoarse whisper. "Water, or I die!" The man had started violently at her speech. Giving him no time to recover, she went through the motion again, this time with greater effect, for the man turned and walked to the water. She sank down on the sand too exhausted to follow him even with her eyes. If he brought the water she would drink it and live; if he did not, she would lie where she was and die. She did not care much, she thought, which

would happen. She had so sickened of life before she essayed that open boat, that she believed it was simply an animal craving in her which would make her take the water in case it should be brought her. And yet when he did appear with a clear, sparkling liquid, she felt as though the elixir of life had been proffered her.

She seized the shell with both hands which yet so trembled that most of the precious water spilled on her dress as she carried it to her parched lips. This was good in the end, for if that vessel had been the famed Jotunheim drinking horn, she would have drained it dry ere she set it down. As it was, she got but little; yet that little was enough to set her heart beating once more. Emptying the shell of the last drop—and with that keenness of perception which her long training had intensified and developed, marking the while that it had not been cut clean by any knife or saw or human implement, but was jagged and broken as if from a fall, she dropped it on the sand and looked again toward the man. He held in his hand fruit of some kind, she did not know what it was. It might have been poison. What mattered it? Having drunk she must also eat. It looked edible, it was inviting to the eye and smell, and as she sunk her teeth into it, she found it agreeable to the taste also. He had brought it to her. If he had meant harm, present harm, surely he would not have given the water. She ate it contentedly.

As the man saw her partake of what he had given her, he clapped his hands and laughed. She was grateful for that laugh. It was more human than the babbling sounds which he made before.

There was but little of the fruit, just what a child would have brought and this again was good for her, for had there been an abundance, in her need she would have eaten until she had made herself ill. When she had partaken, she rose to her feet. Before doing this she had extended her hand to him as if seeking assistance, but he had simply stared at her uncomprehending and she had been forced to get to her feet unaided. Once standing, she trembled and would have fallen, but that she caught his arm and steadied herself by holding tightly to it. The man started back at her face; little shudders swept over him; his mouth opened; he looked at her with a singular expression of awe not unmixed with terror in his eyes, for this was the first time in his recollection or what would have been his recollection if his retrospective faculties had been developed, that he had ever felt the touch of a woman's hand, of any human hand upon him.

Noticing his peculiar demeanor in the to her, perfectly natural situation, the woman summoning some of the remains of the reserve of force which is in every human body until life is gone, released his arm and stared about her leaning against the trunk of the nearest palm. This time, and for the first time, she took in that expanse of sea, lonely yet beautiful, upon which her eyes were to look so often. Out of the deep and the night she had come, into what deep and into what day had she arrived?

She turned and surveyed the shore. The beach curved sharply to the right and to the left, the long barrier reef following roughly its contour until the land obscured it on either side. Back of her stretched a grove of palms and back of that rose a hill; its crest bare and craglike towered above a sea of verdure. Through a chance vista she saw the mass of rock as a mountain peak. On one side high precipitous cliffs ran down close to the shore and shut out the view. Over them water fell to the beach.

Save in the person of the man beside her there was not an evidence of humanity anywhere. No curl of smoke rose above the trees. No distant call of human voices smote the fearful hollow of her ear. The breeze made music in the tall palms and in the thick verdure farther up the hill side, birds sang softly here and there, but there was a tropical stillness to which the great barriers was a foundation of sound upon which to build a lonely quiet. Human beings there might be, there must be, on that island, if island it were; but if so, they must be abiding on the farther side. She and the man were alone.

Standing on her feet, with a slight renewal of her strength from what she had eaten and drunk, the woman now felt less fear of the man. He had treated her kindly. His aspect was gentle, even amiable. He looked at her wistfully, bending his brows from time to time and ever and again shaking his head, as a great god looks at the master with whom he would fain speak, whose language he would fain understand, to whom he would fain impart his own ideas if he could.

She stared at him perplexed. She was entirely at loss what to do, until her eyes roving past him detected a dark object on the water line just where the still blueness touched the white sand. The sunlight was reflected from gleams of metal, and she thinking that she recognized it, she stepped from the shade of the palms and made her way unsteadily toward it. The man, without a sound, followed closely at her side.

Her vision had been correct, for she drew out of the sand a leather hand-bag, such as women carry. It had been elaborately fitted with bottles and mirrors and toilet articles. Alas, it was in a sad state of dilapidation now. The bottles were broken, their contents gone. The bag had been lying in the boat when it had been hurled on the shore and it also had borne the battering and its contents were pitifully ruined. With eager eyes and fingers she examined everything. She drew intact a little mirror, a pair of scissors, a little housewife which was not a part of the fittings and she won-



"Water!" She gasped in a hoarse whisper.

dered how it failed of being washed away, two combs and a package of hairpins.

She had fought against starvation and thirst and loneliness and despair as she had fought against men and she had not given way. She had set her teeth and locked her hands and endured hardship like the stoutest hearted, most determined soldier in the history of human struggles. But as the realization of this small misfortune burst upon her, she sank down on the sands and put her head in her hands and sobbed. Tears did her good. She had her cry out, utterly unheeded, for the man stood by, shaking his head and staring at her and making those strange little sounds, but offering in no way to molest her.

The water was beautifully clear and she could see on the other side of the barrier the remains of her boat. Perhaps some time, if there were need, she could get to that boat, but for the present all the flotsam and jetsam of her wild and fearful voyage lay in a water-soaked bag full of broken glass and battered silver from which she had rescued a pair of scissors, a mirror, two combs, a housewife full of rusty needles and some hairpins. O vanitas vanitatum!

She was wearing a serviceable dress of blue serge with a sailor's blouse and a short skirt. Putting her precious treasure trove within the loose blouse and carrying the battered bag which she meant to examine more carefully later, she turned and made for the shade of the trees again. For one thing the sun rising rapidly was gaining power and beating down with great force upon her bare head. She had enjoyed the protection of a wonderful platted straw hat on her long voyage else she could not have borne the heat, but that, too, was gone.

As she walked inland, she noticed, again off to her right that stream of water which dropped over the tall cliff in a slender waterfall a sweet inviting pool at the base before it ran through the sands toward the sea. She made her way thither and at the brink knelt down and took long draughts of it. Eating and drinking evidently went together in the mind of the man, for when she raised her head, she found him standing before her with both hands filled with some of the fruit she had partaken of before and other fruit. She thought she recognized the breadfruit and a species of banana. At any rate, she ate again and having by this time recovered to some extent her mental poise, she ate sparingly and with caution.

Then having satisfied her material needs, she knelt down by the stream and washed her face and hands. How sweet was the freshness of that water to her face burned by the sun and the wind and subjected for a long time to the hard spray of the briny seas. She would have been glad to have taken off her clothing and plunged into the pool, for she had washed the salt of days from her tired body, to have had the stimulus and refreshment of its sparkling coolness over her weary limbs. But in the presence of her dog-like attendant this was not yet possible.

Still she could and must arrange her hair. Of all the articles in her dressing bag, she was more fervently thankful at that moment for the combs than anything else, the combs and the little mirror and the hairpins—small things indeed, but human happiness as a rule turns on things so small that the investigator and promoter thereof generally overlook them. And she knew not the significance of the little until upon some desert island we are left with only those.

It was still early, about eight o'clock. How was she to pass the day? She must do something. She felt she could not sit idly staring from shore to shore. She must be moving. No business called her; she must invent some. The compelling necessity of a soul not born for idleness was

sell, she and the man were alone upon it. The thought oppressed her. She strove to throw it off. The silence of the man oppressed her as well. She turned to him at last and cried out, the words wrung from her by the horror of the situation.

"Man, man, whence came you? How are you called? What language do you speak? Why are you here?" The sound of her own voice gave her courage. Waiting for no answer, and indeed she realized that none could come, she stepped to the brow of the hill where the trees happened not to be and raising her voice called and called and called. There were answering echoes from the jagged crag behind her, but when these died away there was silence unbroken save by the queer babbling, chuckling noises of the man.

She looked at him with a sudden sinking of the heart. Had this godlike creature roaming the woods, this faun of the island been denied a brain, articulate speech? Was she doomed to spend the rest of her life alone in this paradise of the Pacific with a harmless madman forever by her side? What a situation was that in which she found herself!

She was a highly specialized product of the greatest of universities. In science and in philosophy she was a master and a doctor. She should have had resources within herself which would enable her to be independent of the outside world, a world in which her experience, self-brought, had been bitter, in which the last few weeks had been one long disillusionment. And yet she was now overwhelmed with craving for companionship, for articulate speech, as if she had never looked into a book or given a thought to the deep things of life. If this man beside her would only do something, say something, be something rather than a silent satellite forever staring in wonder, if she could only solve the mystery of his presence, answer the interrogation that his very existence there alone presented.

Her future, her present, indeed, should have engrossed her mind. What she was to do, how she was to live, the terrible problems in which his presence on the island involved her should have been the objects of her attention; they should have afforded food for thought to the keenest of women. She simply forgot them in her puzzled wonder at him. It would have been much simpler from one point of view if she had found the island uninhabited, and yet since the man was human and alive, in spite of her judgment, her heart was glad that he was there.

She motioned to him to sit down and then she sat in front of him and studied him. He looked as little like a fool as like a knave. She could, indeed, detect no evidence of any intellectual capacity, but she thought, as she studied him keenly, that he possessed unlimited intellectual possibilities. There was a mind back of those bright blue eyes, that broad nose, that brow, but it seemed to her a mind entirely undeveloped, mind utterly latent. Here was a soul, she thought half in fancy, half in earnest, that was virgin to the world. How wise, how deeply learned she might be she was face to face with this primeval norm.

Could she teach this man anything? He seemed tractable, reverential, deferential now. Knowledge was power. Would it be power with him? Could she open those sealed doors of his mind, what floods would pour out therefrom, of power, of passion? Would she be swept away? It mattered not. She must try. The impulse seized her to begin now. Fixing her dark eyes upon him, she pointed directly at him with her finger.

"Man," she said clearly and emphatically.

He was always looking at her. He had scarcely taken his eyes from her since she had seen him in the tall grass by the shore, but at her gesture and word his eyes brightened. There was that little wrinkling of the brow again which she had noticed, outward and visible sign of an inward attempt at comprehension.

"No, no!" she cried imperatively, making backward threatening motions with her hands, whereat he resumed his sitting position, staring at her until he lost her among the trees.

Presently she turned and came back to him. It was so deathly lonely without him. He leaped to his feet as he saw her coming and clapped his hands as a child might have done, his face breaking out the while into a smile that was both trustful and touching. She felt better since she had him under this control, and together they walked on under the trees.

CHAPTER II.

Conscious of His Manhood.

High noon and they were back at the landing place and she at least was very tired. Accompanied by the man, who made not the slightest attempt to guide her, after some difficulty she succeeded in forcing her way through the trees to the top of the hill. Part of the time she had followed the course of the rivulet from which she had drunk at the foot of the cliff. She was determined to get to the top, for she must see what was upon the other side. Humanity's supreme desire was when facing the hills has always been to see what was on the other side. The stimulus of the unknown was upon her, but it was coupled with a very lively desire begot of stern necessity to know what there was to be known of the land upon which she had been cast up by the sea.

Her view from the hilltop—she did not essay the unclothed and jagged peak; she could make her way around its base and see all that there was to see—was not reassuring. She could detect on the other side of the island no more evidence of life than were presented by that she had first touched upon. In every direction lay the unpeopled sea. The day was brilliantly clear; there was not a cloud in the sky. No mist dimmed the translucent purity of the warm air. Nothing broke the far horizon. The island, fair and beautiful, was set alone in a mighty ocean. In so far as she could

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"Man!" she said passionately. "Man," she repeated over and over again.

And then the unexpected happened. After innumerable guttural attempts, her unwitting pupil managed to articulate something that bore a distinct resemblance to the clearly cut monosyllable.

"Man!" he said at last. It was a tremendous step in evolution, almost too great for any untutored human brain, for at once the man before her received a name and the idea of name as well. In that instant, on the heaven kissed hill, he was differentiated from all the rest of creation forever. His consciousness hitherto vague, floating, incoherent, indefinite, was localized, given a habitation and a name. He knew himself in some way to be.

"Man!" he cried, growing more and more confident with every repetition and more and more accurate in catching the very intonation with which she spoke.

"Man!" he cried, laying his hand upon his breast. "Man!" He leaped to his feet and stretched out his arms. The doors were open a little way. Ideas were beginning to edge their way through the crack.

"Man! Man! Man!" he cried again and again, looking eagerly at her. She rose in turn and patted him on the shoulder encouragingly as she might a dog. And again the touch, the second touch that she had given him, affected him strangely, so strangely that for a moment she felt the soul within her shrink, but realizing instantly that her domination over him was spiritual and immaterial and that the slightest evidence of timidity would be translated into universal language which even the lowest creation understands and that her dominion would go on the instant, she mastered herself and mastered him. Although she was but a woman whom he might have broken in his hands, she dominated him as the conscious soul ever dominates the unconscious soul.

She essayed no more lessons, but she turned and retraced her way to the shore where she had landed, which because she had landed there, she called home. On the way she attempted an experiment. She plucked from a low bush a bright colored fruit of whose quality and characteristics she was ignorant and slowly made as if to convey it to her lips.

"Man!" cried the voice behind her, uttering its only word. She turned to find her companion looking fixedly at her and proffering other fruit which he had quickly gathered. She handed him that she had plucked in exchange. He shook his head, not in negation but rather in bewilderment and threw it from him, and then she understood in some way that the fruit was not good for food. How he had divined it, she could not tell. Some compensating instinct, sharpened by use into a protecting quality, had taught him. She had no such instinct. She had learned to depend upon reason and observation, and these failed her in the presence of this unknown. She was humbled a little in this thought.

She craved meat and salt, having been trained to these things, the artificial diet and stimulant to which she had become accustomed, and her craving was the more insistent because she had been without them all that time in the boat. And yet when she had eaten the fruit that nature had provided in that tropic island, her craving was abated and she was satisfied. She felt that she could soon grow accustomed to such a diet if it were necessary. So musing she passed on under the trees and sat down on the sand again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DOWNWARD COURSE.

Kidney Troubles Grow Worse Every Year.

Charles S. Bailey, 808 Locust St., Yankton, S. Dak., says: "I suffered agony from kidney complaint and was almost helpless. The disease grew worse each year although I doctored and used many remedies. There were excruciating pains in my back and the urine passed too freely. Doan's Kidney Pills gradually helped me and soon I was cured. Some years ago I recommended them and have had no trouble since."



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

SURE.

Bingo—What does a man have to be to be buried with Masonic honors? Bingo—Dead.

HIS HANDS CRACKED OPEN



"I am a man seventy years old. My hands were very sore and cracked open on the insides for over a year with large sores. They would crack open and bleed, itch, burn and ache so that I could not sleep and could do but little work. They were so bad that I could not dress myself in the morning. They would bleed and the blood dropped on the floor. I called on two doctors, but they did me no good. I could get nothing to do any good till I got the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. About a year ago my daughter got a cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and in one week from the time I began to use them my hands were all healed up and they have not been a mite sore since. I would not be without the Cuticura Remedies. They also cured a bad sore on the hand of one of my neighbor's children, and they think very highly of the Cuticura Remedies. John W. Hasty, So. Edingham, N. H., Mar. 5 and Apr. 11, '09."

No Encouragement.

The family had stood the long strain of Uncle Hobart's illness well, but the peculiarities of the physician, chosen by Uncle Hobart himself, had been to say the least, trying. "Do you really think he will recover, Doctor Shaw?" asked the oldest sister of the invalid, who had borne with his vagaries patiently for years.

"I know how you feel, with Thanksgiving coming on and all," said the doctor, peering at her from under his shaggy eyebrows, "but it's too soon to tell. He may get well, and then again, he may not; I can't encourage you yet—either way."—Youth's Companion.

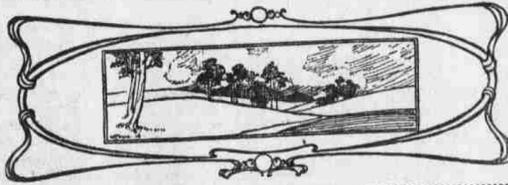
It Seemed So.

The little son of the family happened to be idling his time in the kitchen when the colored porter came up out of the cellar, where he had been shoveling coal into the heater, grasped the white towel hanging on the door and passed into the hall. For an instant the youth gazed awestruck at the coal dust impressions left on the towel, then yelled after the retreating negro:

"Oh, Sam, your color's coming off!"—Judge.

An Eternal Reason.

"You seem to be awfully bitter against old Busby. What's the cause?" "Oh, a money reason." "I didn't know you had any business dealings with him." "I don't. I hate him because he has more money than I have."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



In Early Days of Coffee

Beverage Met with Strong Disapproval of English Sellers of Strong Liqueur.

There is a quaint reference to coffee in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." "The Turks," writes Burton, "have a drink called coffee (for they used no wine), so named of a berry as black as soot and as bitter (like that black drink which was in use among the Lacedaemonians, and perhaps the same), which they sip still of, and sip as warm as they can suffer; they spend much time in those coffee houses, which are somewhat like our own ale houses or taverns, and there they sit chatting and drinking to drive away the time and to be merry together, because they find by experience that kind of drink so useful to help digestion and procureth alacrity."

The introduction of coffee into this country dates from the period of the protectorate, says the London Chronicle. According to a restoration pamphlet, "Coffee and commonwealth came in together." The first coffee house in London was established in 1652 by Pasqua Rosea, the Armenian servant of a city merchant. Others were quick to follow. Naturally the publicans and owners of licensed houses viewed these innovations with alarm. Mr. Hackwood in his recently published book on "The Inns, Ale and Drinking Customs of

Old England," recalls the case of one James Farre, who was accused of "making and selling a drink called coffee, whereby in making the same he annoyed his neighbors by evil smells, and for keepings of fire for the most part night and day, whereby his chimney and chamber had been set on fire, to the great danger and affrontment of his neighbours."

Increase of Wealth.

If the total wealth of the United States in 1790 (on the basis of the present standard of values) be accepted as approximately \$1,000,000,000, the increase from 1790 to 1900 approaches ninetyfold. During the period mentioned the population of the United States increased fourteenfold; hence, while the population increased at a rate far in advance of that shown by any other civilized nation during the same period, the increase of wealth in the United States far outstripped that of population.

Looking Out for Him.

Yeast—Looking for some one you expected to come back for old-home week?

Crimsonbeak—Yes.

"Can I help you?"

"Perhaps. I was looking for a fellow who borrowed \$5 from me ten years ago and who forgot to pay it back. I thought perhaps he'd come to town and try to borrow \$5 more."

Cheerful homes

Many things combine to make home cheerful, but no one thing plays so important a part as artistic taste in wall decoration. Beautiful, cleanly and wholesome is

Alabastine

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