FRAN

BY

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O·IRWIN·MYERS

(COPYRIGHT 1912 BOBBS-MERRILL CO.)

SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him. Laughs during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. Fran declares the secretary must go. Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home. Abbott, while taking a walk alone at midnight, finds Fran on a bridge telling her fortune by cards. She tells Abbott that she is the famous lion tamer, Fran Nonpareil. She tired of circus life and sought a home. Grace tells of seeing Fran come home after midnight with a man. She guesses part of the story and surprises the rest from Abbott. She decides to ask Bob Clinton to go to Springfield to investigate Fran's story. Fran enlists Abbott in her battle against Grace. Fran offers her services to Gregory as secretary during the temporary absence of Grace. The latter, hearing of Fran's purpose, returns and interrupts a touching scene between father and daughter. Grace tells Gregory she intends to marry Clinton and quit his service. He declares that he cannot continue his work without her. Carried away by passion, he takes her in his arms. Fran walks in on them, and declares that Grace must leave the house at once. To Gregory's consternation he learns of Clinton's mission to Springfield. Clinton returns from Springfield and, at Fran's request, Ashton urgest him not to disclose what he has learned.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

It was impossible for Abbott to receive all this as a whole; he took up the revelations one at a time. "Is it possible that Fran is Mr. Gregory's daughter?"

"Oh, she's his, all right, only child of his only legal wife—that's why she came, thinking her father would do the right thing, him that's always praying to be guided aright, and balking whenever the halter's pulled straight."

"Then," Abbott stammered, "Mrs. Gregory is . . ."

"Yap; is with a question mark. But there's one thing she isn't; she isn't the legal wife of this pirate what's always a-preying upon the consciences of folks that thinks they're worse than him."

"As for Mr. Gregory," Abbott began scornly—

Robert pursued the name with a vigorous expletive, and growled, "One

"Is It Possible That Fran Is Mr. Gregory's Daughter?"

thing, Mr. Gregory has done for me, he's opened the flood-gates that have been so long dammed—yes, I say dammed—I say—"

"Bob," Abbott exclaimed, "don't you understand Fran's object in keeping the secret? It's on account of Mrs. Gregory. If she finds it out—that she's not legally married—don't you see? Of course it would be to Fran's interests—bless her heart! What a—what a Nonpareil!"

"Tain't natural," returned Clinton, "for any girl to consult the interests of a woman that's supplanted her mother. No, Fran's afraid to have it told for fear she'd be injured by your cut-glass paragon, your religion-stuffed pillow that calls itself a man."

"Fran afraid? That's a joke! I tell you, she's thinking only of Mr. Gregory."

"I'm sorry for Mrs. Gregory," Robert allowed, "but Grace Noir is more to me than any other woman on earth. You don't see the point. When I think of a girl like Grace Noir living under the same roof with that—that—"

"Mr. Gregory," Abbott supplied.

"—And she so pure, so high, so much above us. . . . It makes me crazy. And all the time she's been breathing the same air, she's thought him a Moses in the Wilderness, and us nothing but the sticks. Think of her believing in that jelly pulp, that steel engraving in a Family Bible! No, I mean to open her eyes, and get her out of his spider's web."

"I see your point of view."

"You do if you have eyes. Think of that perfect angel—but just say Grace Noir and you've called all the virtues. And her in his house!—"

"You still believe in angels?" inquired Abbott gravely.

"Yap; and devils with long sort-of-curly hair, and pretty womanish faces, and voices like molasses."

"But Fran wants Mrs. Gregory spared—"

"Abbott, when I think of Grace Noir spending one more night under the roof of that burrowing mole, that crocodile with tears in his eyes and the rest of him nothing but bone and gristle—"

"Bob, if I assure you that Miss Noir will never spend another day under his roof, will you agree to keep this discovery to yourself?"

"You can't make no such assurance. If she ain't put wise to what branch of the animal kingdom he twigs to, she'll not leave his roof."

"Bob, if she leaves that house in the morning, for ever, won't you agree to silence, for Mrs. Gregory's sake—and because Fran asks it?"

"Fran's another angel, bless her heart! But you can't work it."

"Leave it to me, Bob. I'll be guided by the spur of the moment."

"I need a bookkeeper at my store," Robert said, ruminating.

"I promise you that Miss Noir will soon be open to offers."

"See here, Abbott, I can't afford to lose any chances on this thing. I'm going to see the feathers fly. No—I don't want Mrs. Gregory to learn about it, any more than you or Fran; but I'll limit the thing to Grace—"

"She'd tell Mrs. Gregory."

"Don't you say anything against Grace Noir, Abbott, for though you are my friend—"

"I say nothing against her; I say only that she's a woman."

"Well," Clinton reluctantly agreed, "I reckon she is. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go with you into that wolf's den, and I'll let you do all the talking; and if you can manage things in half an hour—just thirty minutes by my watch—so that Grace leaves there tomorrow, I'll leave you to steer things, and it's mum for keeps. But I'm going to be present, though I don't want to say one word to that—that—But if he don't crawl out of his wool far enough to suit the purpose, in short, if he don't cave, and in half an hour—"

"Half an hour will do the business," said Abbott stoutly. "Come!"

"Be sure to call for Mr. Gregory by himself," said Robert, as they walked swiftly back to the Gregory residence. "If Grace comes into the room while we're talking, or Mrs. Gregory—"

"If they do," Abbott said quickly, "you are not to utter one word, not one, about Springfield—you understand? It's a bargain, and I shall hold you to your word of honor."

"For half an hour I won't say a word," Clinton declared, "unless it's some word just drawn out of my bosom by the sight of that villain. Come!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Just Thirty Minutes.

During the week spent by Robert Clinton in search of Fran's life-secret, a consciousness of his absence and its cause was like a hot iron branding Gregory's brain. What a mocking fatality, that it should have been Grace to send Robert on his terrible errand—an errand which must result in ruin!

Mrs. Gregory would be pitied when it became known how she had been deceived; Fran would be pitied because she was a disowned daughter; Grace would be pitied for trusting in the integrity of her employer—but Gregory, who of all men needed pity most, would be utterly despised. He did not think of himself alone, but of his works of charity—they, too, would fall, in his disgrace, and Walnut Street church—even religion itself—would be discredited because of an exposure that could avail nothing.

Gregory had been too long proclaiming the living God not to feel Him as a Presence, and in this Presence he felt a shuddering fear that could suggest no relief but propitiation. He as well as Abbott Ashton had kept himself informed of Robert's movements as far as they were known to Miss Sapphira, hence the day of Robert's return found his thought of atonement at its most frenzied stage.

As evening wore on, he made up his mind to the fatal step.

Before Robert could oppose him, Gregory would confess. Now that the last hour had come, he sought his wife, reeling like a sick man as he descended the hall stairs.

Mrs. Gregory was softly playing an old hymn, when he discovered her presence in the brilliantly lighted parlor. Grace was expecting a visit from Clinton and had made the room cheerful for his coming, and Mrs. Gregory, looking in and finding no one present, had sunk upon the stool before the piano. She did not see her husband, for her face was bent low as she feelingly played, "I Need Thee Every Hour."

Gregory, well-nigh overwhelmed with the realization of what he meant to do, grasped the door for support. Presently he spoke, brokenly, "Lucy, how true that is—we do, indeed, need Him every hour."

She did not start at his voice, though his presence had been unsuspected. She raised her serious eyes, and observed his haggard face. "Mr. Gregory, you are ill."

"No—the light hurts my eyes." He turned off the lights and drew a chair near her. The room was partly revealed by an electric arc that swung at the street corner—its mellowed beams entered the open window. "Lucy, I have something very important to say to you."

Her fingers continued to wander among the keys, making the hymn barely audible, then letting it die away, only to be revived.

"Lucy, I have never spoken of this before, but it has seemed to me for a long time that we have wandered rather far apart—yes, very far apart. We sit close together, alone, our hands could touch, but our souls live in di-fway?"

She ceased playing abruptly, and ferent worlds. Do you ever feel that answered almost in a whisper, "Yes."

"Perhaps it is my fault," said Gregory, "although I know that if you had taken more interest in what interests me, if you had been true to the Faith as I have tried to be—"

"I have been true to you," said Mrs. Gregory.

"Of course—of course—there is no question of our being true to each other. I feel that I am not wholly to blame. Lucy, it has been my fault and it has been your fault—that is how I look at it."

There was silence, then she said, "There seems nothing to be done."

"How do you mean? You speak as if our love were dead and buried—"

She rose abruptly, saying, "And its grave unmarked."

"Sit down, Lucy—I haven't told you what I came to tell—you must listen and try to see it as I see it. Let us be reasonable and discuss the future in a—in a sensible and matter-of-fact way. If you will agree—"

"I will not agree to it," she answered firmly. "Let me go, Mr. Gregory, there is no need ever to bring up that subject."

He had risen, and now in blank amazement, he stared at her, repeating, "You will not agree to it? To what? You are unreasonable. What subject have I brought up?"

"It is very true that we have drifted too far apart to be as we were in the beginning. But there is still something left to me, and this something I shall cling to as long as I can. I mean to avoid the publicity, the open exposure, the shame of—of—a neglected wife."

"My God!" whispered Gregory, falling back, "then somebody has told you about Springfield—it was Fran!"

"I don't know what you mean," she returned, apparently without emotion. "What I mean is, that I shall never consent to a divorce."

"A divorce? Good heavens, Lucy, are you mad? Do you think I want a separation because you disown the church? What have I ever done to make you imagine such an absurdity?"

She answered gently, "Yes, it seems I misunderstood. But you said you wanted me to discuss the future in a matter-of-fact way, and I couldn't think of the future as having any other matter-of-fact solution."

Gregory was hotly indignant. "Lucy, if that is meant as an insinuation against—"

Mrs. Gregory raised her hand compellingly. "Do not speak any name," she said, looking at him steadily. "I can endure much," she went on, in a milder tone, finding him silent; "I often wonder if many women could endure as silently—but there must never be a name mentioned between us."

Her manner was so unwontedly final, that he stood looking at her, not knowing how to resume the pressing subject of his past. They were in that same silent attitude when Grace Noir came in from the hall.

Grace turned up the lights, and then—"Oh!" It was impossible to prevent an unpleasant compression of the mouth at discovering Gregory so near his wife. "Am I in the way? I am looking for company, and I heard the doorbell—please excuse me!" she added, biting off the words.

"Of course you are not in the way," Gregory returned desperately. "Company, you say? And you heard the doorbell—is Bob Clinton—" He grew white. "My eyes are bad, for some reason," he muttered, and switched off the lights again.

"How very dark you have it in here!" said Grace reprovingly. "Of course Mr. Clinton has been shown the back-parlor, where it is light. I will go to him there, and leave you two—" she paused irresolutely, but neither spoke.

Grace had no sooner gone than Gregory with an effort found his voice. "Lucy, my conscience has tormented me until it will not let me rest—about you. It's right to know something more about my life than I have ever told—"

"Right in there," said the maid's voice, from the hall, and Abbott Ashton and Robert Clinton entered the half-light.

While Robert was greeting Mrs. Gregory with exaggerated pleasure, in order to escape facing her husband, Abbott spoke to the other with an odd sense of meanness, as if he partook, by mere nearness, of the other's cowardice. "I wish to speak to you for a few minutes, Mr. Gregory."

Gregory, like an animal brought to bay, said, "I suppose you've some excuse about playing cards with Fran."

"More important than playing cards," Abbott returned.

Gregory rought off the inevitable: "If you refer to losing your position at the public school—"

"No, Clinton has come home from Springfield, and we have a matter—"

"It's pressing business," spoke up Robert, who all this time had been asking Mrs. Gregory if her mother was well, if Simon Jefferson was no worse, if Fran was hearty, if Grace Noir was at home—"and private business."

"I have no business," Mr. Gregory exclaimed, in fear, "that my wife need not know."

"This is—" cried Robert. Then remembering, he struck the keys a resounding chord.

Mrs. Gregory was about to leave the room.

"No, no!" exclaimed Mr. Gregory, starting to the door to intercept her, "I want you to stay. I'll have no secrets from you, Lucy. I want you to hear what these gentlemen have to say." He glared at Abbott as if daring him to speak the words that must destroy his wife's last feeble hold on her position.

"I hope Mrs. Gregory will excuse us," said Abbott, smiling at her as cheerfully as he could, "but she knows that there are matters of business that women don't understand, or care to learn. This is something that relates merely to you, Mr. Gregory, and ourselves."

"Of course I understand you, Abbott," said Mrs. Gregory gently, "and Mr. Gregory is wrong to insist on my interrupting—women are always in the way—" She smiled, and, slipping around Gregory, had reached the door, when she came face to face with Grace Noir, entering. At sight of her—for Grace did not pause, but went over to the piano—Mrs. Gregory apparently reconsidered, and stepped to her husband's side.

"So you did come," Grace said, smiling at Robert. "Shall we go into the other room?"

Robert reveled in her beauty, and to that extent his anger against Gregory flamed higher. "Pretty soon," he said, "pretty soon, Miss Grace—in just twenty minutes—" he looked at his watch, then at Abbott.

"I must tell you, Mr. Gregory," Abbott began rapidly, "that i had just thirty minutes to consummate the matter with you—just half an hour, when we came here, and ten minutes are already gone. Only twenty minutes are left."

"What do you mean by your twenty minutes being left?" Gregory blustered.

Abbott spoke carefully, at the same time drawing a little farther away from the man he despised: "Bob has been to Springeld about that matter, you understand."

"No, I don't," cried Gregory. "Or if I do—tell it out—all of it."

"He has been to Springfield," Abbott went on, "and he got on the inside of the business, and the interests are determined that—that they will retaliate on you for your successes in

"My God! Then Somebody Has Told You About Springfield. It Was Fran!"

the past, and at the same time be a help to Bob."

"I don't understand," Gregory gasped blankly.

"Me neither," muttered Robert.

"It's very simple," Abbott maintained. "The Springfield interests want to give you a blow, and give Bob a helping hand. Therefore, you are to transfer your secretary to his store, where a bookkeeper is needed."

"Oh, indeed," interposed Grace Noir icily. "I am a mere pawn, I presume, to be sent where I am wanted. But I would like to ask Mr. Clinton if he found out anything about Fran, while he was in Springfield?"

"Fran is all she claims to be," Robert declared bluntly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Never Satisfied.

When a man gets something for nothing he is pretty sure to think it might have been something better.

MUCH VIRTUE IN GOOD YAWN

Beneficial Exercise, Though It Might Be Well for One to Select the Time and Place.

Yawning may be rude—especially in company—but it is a good thing for you to do.

For one thing, it ventilates the lungs. When you take an ordinary breath the lungs are not completely filled, nor are they thoroughly emptied by an ordinary respiration. There is a certain quantity of air left in the lungs always, which physiologists call "residual air."

This air in time becomes foul and affects the blood, and through the blood the nervous centers. Certain nerves get tickled, as it were, and the result is a yawn, stretching the lungs to their fullest extent, filling them with clean, fresh air and driving the foul air out.

That's one reason why it is good to yawn. For another, yawning opens and stretches and ventilates all the various passages leading to the lungs. You will perhaps be surprised to know that yawning is even beneficial to your hearing.

The cracking sound which you so often hear when giving an extra big yawn is due to the stretching and opening of the eustachian tubes. These tubes communicate between the ear and the back of the throat. If they are congested, which happens when you have a bad cold in the head, people complain of deafness.

If you feel inclined to yawn, then, do so. It is Nature's way of cleaning out your lungs and air passages.

Knew His Work Well.

Some years ago an ass was employed in the Isle of Wight, in drawing water by a large wheel from a very deep well. When the keeper wanted water, he would say to the ass, "Tom, my boy, I want water, get into the wheel, my good lad," which Thomas immediately performed with promptness that would have done credit to a nobler animal; and no doubt he knew the precise number of times necessary for the wheel to go around on its axis, to complete his labor, because every time he brought the bucket to the surface of the well, he constantly stopped and turned his honest head to observe the moment when his master laid hold of the bucket to draw it towards him, because he then had just one more turn to make to bring the rope to the top. It was pleasing to observe with what steadiness and regularity the poor animal performed his labor.

Pawnshop Sentiment.

A watch had just passed from the hands of a seedy young man into those of a pawnbroker. Before the young man got out of the shop the broker called him back.

"Here's a picture—a woman's picture—in the back of this watch," he said. "You'd better take it out."

The young man flushed.

"It isn't worth while," he said. "I'll redeem the thing in a week or two."

"Maybe you will and maybe you won't," the broker retorted. "You never can tell about these things. I may not be strong on sentiment, but one thing I insist on is that no man shall leave a woman's picture in a watch that he pawns here."

DEATH FROM ELECTRIC SHOCK

Cessation of Life Is Due to Contraction of the Fibrils or Muscular Fibers of the Heart.

While every one knows that an electric shock, if powerful enough, will cause death, there are very few who know exactly the cause, and from a description given in a recent English magazine, quoting an authority on the subject, the whole matter is simple.

Death produced from electric shock, says this magazine, usually is the result of contraction of the fibrils or muscular fibers of the heart, or of paralysis of the respiratory organs.

While doctors have been unable to find any treatment that will cure the former, artificial respiration often overcomes the respitatory paralysis.

The effects of direct and alternating currents vary with the current strength, the duration of contact and the path through the body; and with alternating currents low frequency usually is more dangerous than high. The lower animals are more susceptible to electric shock than man, dogs often being killed by a direct current of 70 volts. In the average man a direct current of 100 volts is scarcely felt, 200 or 300 volts give rise to muscular cramps, while 520 volts will stop respiration suddenly.

Uncle Ike to Dear Bertha.

Do you know "Dear Bertha" or "Uncle Ike?" If so you are in a position to do one or both a favor and incidentally aid the employes of the Winsted postoffice in the performance of their duties. There is a card at the office for Bertha, and the message that it contains is such that Postmaster Glynn and his clerks are anxious to have it reach its destination. The message is as follows:

"Dear Bertha: If you go to the church I left some cheese on the plate near the organ. Will you take it away, if there is any left, and put it in the furnace? UNCLE IKE."

The writer neglected to add Bertha's address, and consequently when the card reached the office it was posted in the lobby with the dozens of others that are held for one reason or another.—Hartford Courant.

LURE OF LOG CABIN

Rich Philadelphians Show Preference for Structures.

John T. Morris of Quaker City Seeks Quietness and Seclusion in One on His Estate at Chestnut Hill—Others Do Likewise.

Philadelphia.—The boyish fancy for building a log cabin and playing Indian is being exemplified in children of a larger growth. On many of the estates of rich men log cabins are being built. Thus in a secluded corner of the estate of John T. Morris at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, a tiny log cabin has been erected.

The interior consists of only one small room, neatly furnished in conventional log cabin style, with a Navajo blanket on the floor and a few simple articles of furniture. Here the owner of the mansion and its big grounds retires to read when he has a fancy for complete isolation.

A little rustic bridge leads across a brook in front of the little cabin, and in fine weather the owner of the cabin can sit on a tiny porch and listen to the rippling water and be happy in complete seclusion and quietude, far from the big house and free from the annoyance of such modern demons of unrest as the telephone.

Wealthy Man's Log House.

Another log cabin has been erected on the estate of W. H. Newbold in one of the suburbs of Philadelphia. This is a more pretentious structure than that of Mr. Morris. It is modeled after the log cabins that sheltered the patriots at Valley Forge.

The floor is well waxed for dancing and there is little furniture except the setees around the wall. A feature is an immense fireplace for the burning of logs. A more interesting place for a country house jollification can scarcely be imagined.

BIG FLEET OF DIRIGIBLES

German Inventor Would Carry 300 Passengers Across the Atlantic in Sixty Hours.

Vienna.—The German airship inventor, A. Boerner, is here trying to raise capital to finance a line of transatlantic dirigibles each capable of carrying 300 passengers and of crossing the Atlantic in 50 hours.

French experts state that the new airship certainly is the most practicable yet designed for long voyages. The inventor says it will bring Vienna within 60 hours of New York. The ships are to be as luxurious as the Imperator, with a length of 800 feet and a width of 80. There are to be 300 cabins, dining and smoking rooms, a promenade deck, kitchens and electric lights. Built in a semi-rigid car running the entire length of the ship will be 34 motors of 150 to 200 horse power each, so arranged that no ballast will be carried.

Engine breakdown or explosion will be theoretically impossible. Three separate gasbags in a single envelope will lift the ship. The ship will be able to make a nonstop flight of 4,000 miles at an average of 68 miles hourly, landing without external aid.

It can descend on the water, along the top of which it can travel 35 miles hourly with no danger of a wreck.

Boerner is trying to raise sufficient money to build six ships requiring $5,000,000.

BOUND BOY TAKES TO HILL

Youth Rolls Himself Almost Back to School After Hold-Up by Bandits.

Pottsville, Pa.—The State police are investigating a queer hold-up reported to them by the school authorities. James Wentzel, a thirteen-year-old boy, while on his way to school, stood near a stable and overheard two men plotting to steal horses.

The men caught Wentzel eavesdropping and bound and gagged him, leaving him, as they supposed, helpless. Although unable to break the thongs, Wentzel was able to roll himself out of the stable, and then he allowed himself to roll down the steep Race street hill.

This loosened the ropes about his feet, and in this bound-and-gagged condition Wentzel was able to shuffle along, and presented himself to his teacher, Miss Mae Snyder, in the Jackson street building.

WASHINGTON AD IN OLD PAPER

Baltimore Publication of 1773 Says General Has 20,000 Acres for Lease.

Johnetta, Pa.—In searching among old books and newspapers which had come into his possession, I. E. Allen of this place found a copy of the first edition of the Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser, dated August 26, 1773. The paper, yellow with age, contains an advertisement inserted by George Washington. The advertisement states that George Washington has obtained patent to 20,000 acres of land along the Ohio and Kanawha rivers and he offers to lease the land at "reasonable rates." Thomas Brereston, a broker, advertises that he wishes to purchase a "negro girl about twelve years old."

How They Love Each Other.

Maud—The man I marry must be well off.

Kate—And not know it.—Boston Evening Transcript.

A Bet Either Way.

Matron—Baby is crying, Mary. I expect he wants his bottle.

Mary—I just give it to 'im, mum.

Matron—Did you? Then I expect he doesn't want it.—Judge.

Many School Children Are Sickly.

Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, and are recommended for complaining children. A pleasant remedy for worms. Used by Mothers for 34 years. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Think What They Say.

He—I like to hear a man say what he thinks.

She—But people who say what they think generally think such disagreeable things.

Cause for Appeal.

This story is related of an old time judge in Sullivan county, New York:

During a session of court there was so much talking about laughter going on that the judge, becoming angry and confused, shouted in great wrath:

"Silence, here! We have decided half a dozen cases here this morning, and I have not heard a word of one of them."

A GRATEFUL OLD MAN.

Mr. W. D. Smith, Ethel, Ky., writes: "I have been using Dodd's Kidney Pills for ten or twelve years and they have done me a great deal of good. I do not think I would be alive today if it were not for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I strained my back about forty years ago, which left it very weak. I was troubled with inflammation of the bladder. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of that and the Kidney Trouble. I take Dodd's Kidney Pills now to keep from having Backache. I am 77 years old and a farmer. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial, and you may use my picture in connection with it." Correspond with Mr. Smith about this wonderful remedy.

W. D. Smith.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Stated a Fact.

In a private sitting room at a certain hotel sat a party of merrymakers, when there came a knock at the door, and an attendant announced:

"The compliments of Mr. —, the author, who is in the next room, and he says you are making so much noise that he cannot write."

"He can't write, eh?" said one of the prettiest of the party. "Why tell him everybody who has read him knows that."

New Light on the Bible.

"Faith, you wufless ones, you mus' hab faith!" shouted the colored preacher. "Look at dat ar' Dan'l! Dey drapped 'im in among de lions an' did dey eat 'im? No, sah; he jes' squelched 'em. He done had faith! Dem dar lions—"

One of the younger negroes rose up, and inquired:

"Say, pahson, wuz dem lions big as de kind we has now?"

"Cose not, cose not," retorted the preacher. "Dey was B. C., meanin' befor' circuses."

Seasonable Dialogue.

The shades of the goose and turkey were discussing the circumstances which had attended their respective deaths.

"Did you offer any objection when first the cruel farmer laid hands on you?" sympathetically inquired the gobbler.

"Yes," replied his gooseship; "I cried out, 'Halloa! what's this?'"

"What did you say next?" inquired the now thoroughly interested turkey, as the other paused for a moment.

"Oh," the goose replied, "I did not say anything more just then; I was wrung off."

SELF DELUSION.

Many People Deceived by Coffee.

We like to defend our indulgencies and habits even though we may be convinced of their actual harmfulness.

A man can convince himself that whiskey is good for him on a cold morning, or beer on a hot summer day—when he wants the whiskey or beer.

It's the same with coffee. Thousands of people suffer headache and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee fiend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every afternoon.

"My folks thought it was coffee that ailed me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me.

"Finally, the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on pkg.) and told me to see what difference it would make with my head, and during that first week on Postum my old affliction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee—headaches are a thing of the past and the whole family is in fine health."

"Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good, and does good to the whole body."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.